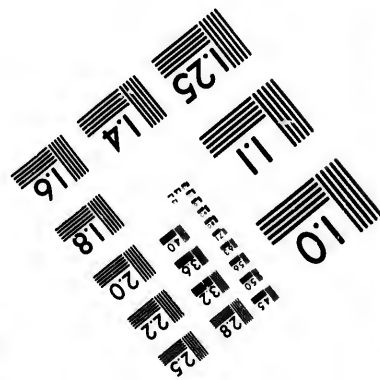
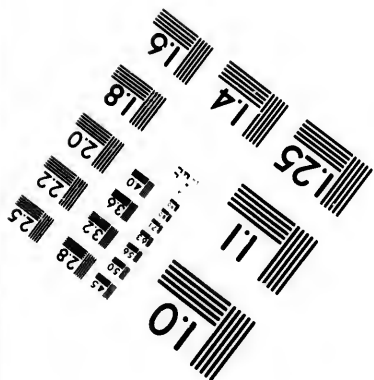
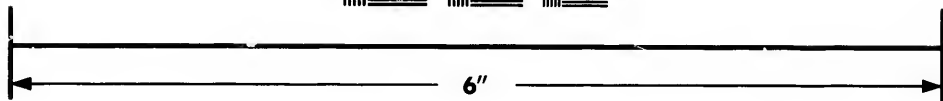
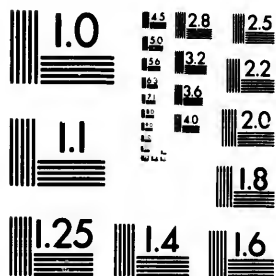
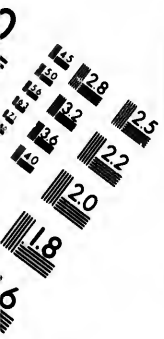


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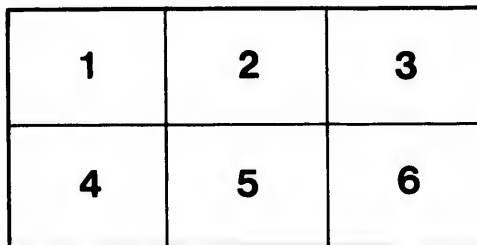
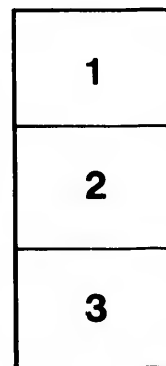
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T H E
G R E A T C O N V E N T I O N :

**BEING A FULL ACCOUNT OF ITS INCEPTION, RECEPTION, DECEPTION
EXCEPTION, AND CONCEPTION.**

BY A YOUNG DEFORMER,

**WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY, PAYS THE TAXES, AND, BEING OUT OF DEBT, DON'T CARE
A BOGUS BILL FOR ANY BODY.**

~~~~~  
**THIS IS THE ONLY TRUE**

**SOLUTION AND DILUTION OF THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.**  
~~~~~

**N. B.—Take notice, oh Reader, that thou oughtest to be plagued
and physicked for thy stupidity, if thou findest not instruction as well
as pleasure in the within pages.**

—————
T O R O N T O :
P R I N T E D F O R T H E A U T H O R .
1859.

1859
(79)

CHAPTER I.

The mellow beams of the Indian summer sun had scarce penetrated through the dense woods that environned the ancient, loyal, retrogressive, aggressive, and enlightened Village of Small, when Squire Little briskly sprang from his couch, and prepared to don his nether garments. Great was the wonder of his loving spouse at his unwonted agility; and multitudinous were the enquiries with which she endeavoured to penetrate his designs.

To all her enquiries, however, he was as deaf as a post, or to use a more apt similitude, as the *Post-master General*, when a question relative to the irregularity of the mails has been unexpectedly propounded by an impertinently inquisitive member. But for all that the Little Squire—Squire Little was his proper name—was so uncommunicative to the wife of his bosom, a stranger—supposing such an individual to have intruded himself into such an awkward position as the Squire's bed-chamber—could not have failed to perceive that matters of the greatest importance occupied his attention. At times he would sigh deeply, and mutter incoherent sentences about "ruination, starvation, spoliation, tergiversation, and damnation." Then he would suddenly break out into a brilliant apostrophe, as if addressing an admiring audience, and ask the basin-stand, with all the gravity in the world, if it "was going to stand it any longer?" concluding his query by giving it such a thump that this article of domestic economy more than once gave unmistakable signs of *not* standing it any longer. Nor did the eccentric conduct of the good squire stop here. At breakfast he partook of raw beefsteaks, much to the horror of his wife, whom he appeased by stating that "the situation of the country was such that no man, deserving to be called a man,—the squire was always magnificent on his manhood—should be particularly fastidious as to a shade of Brown; and, if anything, blood agreed with his present disposition." He then struggled into his top coat—it would be ironical to call it his big coat—and having girded on an old rusty sword that had been his grandfather's, and embraced his weeping wife, who was now sure that the poor man was clean daft, he sallied out, swearing by the dust of his father's bones that the crisis of the country had come at last, and denouncing vengeance and heaping responsibility upon those by whom it had come."

A short walk brought the squire to that time-honored building which the sportive citizens of Small Village had misappropriately christened the "Town Hall." Having ascended one flight of steps and fallen down another, owing to his sword getting between his legs, he entered the building in which the trusty burghers of Small had been duly summoned by sound of Bell and Proclamation to meet, in order that they might deliberate on the state of the Nation, and devise such remedies for its dreadful condition as seemed best to their enlightened wisdom. The body of the Hall could not be said

to be "crowded," or "jammed to the door," or "filled to suffocation," or any thing of that sort, indulged in by mendacious penny-a-liners. Nor, on the other hand, could it be said to be empty: it was occupied by one tabby cat, who licked her whiskers and basked in the sun, as if Upper Canada were serenely happy instead of being on the brink of destruction.

On the platform were four men, who rose to greet the Squire, or rather to pick him up, but he was too nimble for them. The first individual, Ebenezer Longlegs, the editor of the *Small Sneezer*, was a tall, thin man. The squire was a short fat man, hence they were called the long and the short of the village. The second was a gruff, middle-sized, pudding-headed rascal, named Nathan Numskull. He was a lawyer by profession—a loafer by trade. The third was a good-humored, pleasant man, named Jack Jolly; and the fourth was a snivelling, cringing hound, known as Sam Sneek.

As soon as the squire had taken his seat,

Mr. SNEEK moved that Squire Little do take the Chair.

Mr. LONGLEGS seconded the motion, and the Squire accordingly, figuratively speaking, took the Chair, and was soon lost to sight in its ample proportions.

Recovering himself, or to speak more correctly, discovering himself, with a little difficulty, the Squire read the requisition calling the meeting. It was a weighty document, and set forth that whereas the present administration was conceived in sin and begotten in perdition; and whereas, Upper Canada was ruled over with a rod of iron by Lower Canada; and whereas, Upper Canada paid all the taxes and Lower Canada spent them; and whereas, Upper Canada yielded all the revenue and Lower Canada received all the income; and whereas, Lower Canada was a beastly ignorant place and had no confidence in George Brown, or any ministry he might form; that therefore, meetings be held all over Upper Canada to elect delegates to attend a great meeting to be held by George Brown in Toronto, for the purpose of demanding a Dissolution of the Union, and securing the overthrow of the present office-loving ministry, and the installation of the said George Brown.

The CHAIRMAN offered a few remarks on the above. The people of the Western Province, he said, and especially the thinking portion of the inhabitants of the illustrious village of Small then assembled, had suffered in silence the great and hideous wrongs which were daily being inflicted upon them by the present corrupt ministry. They had forborne until forbearance ceased to be a virtue; and now the time for action had arrived. (Cheers.) The manner in which the country was to be saved was very simple. The inhabitants of his illustrious native village then assembled could do it—nay, would do it—but that it might seem presumptuous in them to monopolize all of the good work to themselves. Toronto, Hamilton, and other places of some note—though none of them could boast of men of the same grasp of intellect as his native place could—yet, they had a right to be heard on the present occasion, and in accordance with

that right he desired the Smallions then present to elect delegates to go down and hear them.

After reading the requisition, the election of delegates commenced.

MR. SNEEK moved, that inasmuch as the present meeting, composed of the enlightened inhabitants of Small, had full confidence in the integrity of Squire Little, and in his ability to save Upper Canada from the pit of destruction, over which she was at present hovering, that therefore the said Squire Little be elected a delegate.

The motion was carried amid enthusiastic applause.

NATHAN NUMSKULL moved that Ebenezer Longlegs, Esq., the talented editor of *Sneezer*, whose articles shook monarchs on their thrones and decided the destinies of nations, be elected a delegate.

Carried amidst tumultuous cheering.

JACK JOLLY moved that Numskull be elected a delegate, as he was a good hand to mix whiskey punch, and had credit at most of the taverns on the road.

Carried *nem. con.*

SQUIRE LITTLE, left the chair and moved that Jack Jolly be elected a delegate, because he was a capital hand to tell good stories and loved his country withal.

Carried unanimously.

SAM SNEEK, as nobody else would do it for him, moved that he himself be elected a delegate; and as none of those then assembled took any notice him, he considered himself elected.

CHAPTER II.

The village of Small is distant from Toronto about six and sixty miles, and the road which connects those famous places is generally passable in fine and impassable in bad weather. There are no railways in the regions surrounding this famous village.

The morning was bright and clear in which our five heroes found themselves seated in a box waggon, and jogging along at the rate of three miles an hour to Toronto. But although the pace was slow the way did not seem to be tedious to the travellers. They beguiled the time by dwelling on the grievous wrongs of Upper Canada.

"Yes, sirs," says Mr. Longlegs, "for years and years past I have pointed out, through the *Sneezer* the dreadful calamities towards which the present corrupt ministry were steering the Provincial Bark—but my warning voice was unheeded. It was in vain that I warned the people from Gaspe to Sandwick that unless my advice was taken the Constitution could not be maintained intact. All was in vain. The crisis has at last come. The constitution must be set aside, and a new order of things instituted."

MR. SNEEK—"What did the Attorney General say to your last article, Mr. Longlegs?"

It is said," quoth Mr. Legs, "that when he read it he grew pale, and called for"—

"Pale brandy," suggested Mr. Jolly.

"Not so," says Legs," "he called for Smith, the P. M. G., and says he,

'Smith, my boy, we can't hold out much longer against articles like this,' pointing out the one in question.

'It's pretty hard indeed,' says Smith.

'Sposin' we make him a Sheriff?' says the Attorney.

'He can't be bought nor sold,' says Smith.

'We'll have to resign then,' says McDonald.

"You don't say so," says old Jolly, who didn't seem to believe the story.

"Oh, the country's in an awful position," again breaks out Mr. Longlegs, closing his eyes, and throwing himself back in a woeful manner—to signify that the recovery of the country was extremely doubtful.

"Dreadful," responded Sneek.

"Excruciating," replied the Squire.

"Fearful," says Mr. Numskull.

"Exactly" chimes in old Jolly.

"The people of Toronto," says the Squire, "are, I understand, in a great excitement to know what part we will take in the Convention. I only hope they will allow us to go to our hotels in quietness, and dispense with levees, torch-light processions and such nonsense."

"Let us hope so," says Sneek.

With these and such like reflections, our five heroes travelled on, until they came to the first halting place, where they had dinner. After dinner Squire Little was so affected at the dreadful position of the country, that he was observed to weep. Shortly afterwards he became speechless—and finally he had to be carried back to his place in the box waggon, and deposited at the bottom of it, among the straw. Mr. Jolly said the Squire was drunk. None of the other delegates seemed to be in a position to correct this slander on the Squire's character. Mr. Longlegs would have done so, no doubt, but he was too busily engaged in climbing into the waggon, with the aid of Mr. Sneek—a feat which he did not accomplish until he had slipped twice or thrice, to the great damage of his inexpressibles and to the wounding of his shins. Numskull did nothing unusual, except driving the horses into the inn door in making a weak-minded attempt to turn them round the other way. Mr. Longlegs sat on one end of the waggon composing aloud a smashing article for the *Sneezer*. Mr. Jolly took his place and lit his pipe at the other end, as if nothing was the matter; and Mr. Sneek made himself as small as possible in a corner of the waggon. The jolting of the waggon soon roused the Squire from his stupour, produced solely by his reflections on the state of the country, and, taking a fancy to driving, he demanded the reins from Numskull.

"Let's have the re-reins, Numskull, said the Squire, "you know you're in-in-intossicated and ca-can't drive."

Mr. Numskull excused himself, as the horses were rather flighty, and as the Squire thought undoubtedly tight, could not hold them tightly enough.

At this the Squire waxed wrathful, and, getting up in the waggon, aimed a fierce blow at the driver. Perhaps it was owing to the fact that he saw two drivers or to some other cause that the Squire missed his mark. However it was, his arm passed harmlessly through the air, and instead of assailing Numskull, he fell over with the momentum of the blow and embraced him round the neck; so suddenly and unexpectedly was it done that the reins fell from Numskull's hands, and in a trice the box-waggon and its occupants were going down the road at a runaway pace.

The fright of the travellers was great. Mr Longlegs bellowed for mercy, vowing he was the greatest sinner live, and the Squire the greatest fool unhung. Mr. Sneek fell into the bottom of the waggon and howled for help. The Squire and Mr. Numskull fought savagely, unconscious of all danger; and Mr. Jolly sat in a corner and quietly dropped out when he came to a soft spot in the road. After the horses had run a quarter of a mile, a sudden turn in the road occurred, where was a ditch, into which the travellers were unceremoniously turned, waggon and all. There they lay groaning, until some persons came to their rescue, and in consideration of their mission, helped them out, mended their waggon, and put them once more on the road.

CHAPTER III.

Arrived in town our five friends were agreeably surprised—at least they said so—to find that the people of Toronto were not guilty of the bad taste of meeting them with any public demonstration.

“Such things” said they, “would do very well if the country were not in such a diabolical position; but as it is, it is the mark of true greatness to labor unrecognized for the public good.”

As our friends had a day to spare, they concluded that despite the dreadful position of Upper Canada, they would make themselves comfortable. Accordingly they adjourned to the Rossin House.

Mr. JOLLY proposed that they should go to the Theatre in the evening, and finish up with any oyster supper in the Terrapin. To this they all agreed.

SQUIRE LITTLE suggested that, it would not be a bad idea if they would call on the Attorney General and ask him what he meant by treating Upper Canada as he did.

Mr. JOLLY overruled this suggestion, and proposed that until the theatre opened they should amuse themselves pitching pennies.

This was finally agreed upon; and a sufficient supply of lemon whiskey, hot water and sugar having been brought in, the door was shut, and the game commenced. In the course of an hour, Mr. Jolly won every penny in the company—except from Sneek, who wouldn't play.

At seven o'clock they adjourned to the theatre and took their places in the pit. Here they were soon surrounded by a dozen wags, who neither respected their country, nor looked upon its saviours with becoming reverence.

"May I enquire," said one of them to the Squire, "who had the honor of making your tile!"

"How is the Convention, sir?" says another.

"Pray, sir, does your mamma know you are out?" enquired a third.

"I beg your pardon, sir," says another who had knocked the wind out of the poor Squire, by a hearty thump on the back, "I mistook you for Jones!"

"How's Smith, from your part of the country?" enquired a young gentleman with an eye-glass, of Mr. Longlegs. "Be kind enough to remember me to him when you go back."

"Have you got such a thing as an acre of land in your pocket, sir?" asked a tall man of Numskull.

"What's your opinion of the concretion of abstract matter, taken in a uniform manner, and apart from the recognized principles of political economy, sir?" another asked.

To these questions, the Squire and Numskull made what they considered suitably polite answer—except to the last which was a staggerer. Just as the play commenced, there was the usual cry of "hats off." The moment was too exciting to allow of Numskull paying any attention to it, and in a moment he suddenly found himself in the dark—his hat being driven over his eyes by a dexterous youth. All this time Mr. Sneek and Mr. Longlegs sat as mute as mice—while Mr. Jolly sat and laughed until he had like to split. Indeed, Sneek afterwards said it was Jolly who "bonneted" his friend, Numskull.

The play passed off without any incident worth mentioning, except, that (during the performance) some sacrilegious person filled the Squire's pockets with paving stones and painted a ridiculous cartoon on the broad back of Mr. Numskull's white top coat. Mr. Longlegs on looking for his hat was also horrified to find it under the seat full of water; and Mr. Sneek on rising to go away was in no small degree astonished to find his coat tails inextricably tied to the feet of his seat. With these little draw-backs our heroes enjoyed the play vastly.

After the curtain fell on the last piece, they adjourned to the Ter-rapin according to determination, and had a glorious oyster supper—over which the quintette once more grew eloquent over the wrongs inflicted upon the country and its terrible position. This theme was so exciting that the Little Squire at last insisted on getting upon the table and making a speech, which, no doubt, he would have done if had not quickly fallen from his elevated position on top of surly Mr. Numskull, who took it in such ill part that the police were on the point of being called in to settle the dispute.

After this, these five saviours of their country prepared to go home. No sooner, however, had they reached the street than the Squire's limbs failed him, and in a vain attempt to support him, Mr. Numskull had the misfortune to fall down, bringing with him by way of company, his other three companions. There those poor men lay in the mud, quite weighed down by the dreadful position of the country, until the night-watch found them, and packed them off to the Station House in a cab.

CHAPTER IV.

The long-looked for 9th of November, which was to decide the fate of Canada—to extinguish all her evils and introduce a long reign of prosperity—at last, arrived. Delegates from all parts of Western Canada were assembled in the St. Lawrence Hall. What a motley collection! Broken down Editors,—political black legs, idiotic backwoods man, half starved reeves, ragged members of Parliament, hungry lawyers, simple-minded yeomen and cunning sharks—to say nothing of the honest men present, and our five friends from the Village of Small.

At twelve o'clock, SAM. SOMEBODY, Esq., moved that Mr. Numskull take the chair, he being one of the oldest and most enlightened Reformers above ground.

SQUIRE LITTLE was proceeding to take umbrage at being thus overlooked, but before he could make himself seen, the motion was carried, and he had to suffer in silence the cruel mortification of seeing such a fellow as Numskull preferred before him.

Letters of apology were next read from many of the leading men of the world. The following are some of them :

From Garribaldi.—(Translation)

ITALY, Oct. '59.

DEAR SIR—

I am sorry that I cannot attend the Convention. My hands are full now. I have the Pope in one hand and the Emperor of Austria in the other—and with my feet I am kicking the Emperor of the French. Were it not for that I would come over and drive the French out of Lower Canada in short time, very.

Wishing you a speedy riddance of them,

I remain, yours, &c.,

GARRIBALDI.

P.S.—If Mr. Brown says he is a relation of mind, both our families having come from the same place in Scotland, it must be so—though I have no recollection of him, his family or country. G.

From the Emperor of Morocco.—(Translation.)

PALACE, Oct., '59.

TO THE TORONTO CONVENTION, GREETING—

We would to a certainty do ourselves the pleasure of being present at the convention to be held on the 9th Nov., but that we are just now engaged in licking the blackguard Spaniards, whom may his Infernal Majesty for ever confound.

Touching the Convention, we advise you to have an immediate dissolution of every French Canadian in the Province. If you would prefer it we will place a desert Island at your disposal, to which you can banish them as St. Patrick banished the reptiles from Ireland.

(Signed)

IZLBUKTOOYEOT.

Emperor of Morocco.

From the Emperor of China.—(Translation.)

PALACE, PEKIN, 1859.

GREETING—

We never allow Conventions in our realm. Conventions, it seem to us, always produce contentions and with us such things immediately end in detensions and extentions.

As, however, you want to get rid of those French fellows, and as we don't love them in our heart, we will send you over our great captain Yeh with a picked band of Executioners, and if all the Lower Canadians in Canada are not decapitated before they are aware of it, then may China, to use a homely expression, "dry up."

TSU FEW KEW.

Emperor of China.

From the Proprietors of the "Great Eastern."

LONDON, Oct. 1859.

DEAR SIRS,—

In reply to your urgent demand, as to whether the owners of the *Great Eastern* would place that vessel at the disposal of the Convention for the purpose of transporting all the French Canadians into the middle of the ocean, and there scuttling her, we beg to say that we cannot comply with your request, unless you hand us over first the sum of £2,000,000 sterling.

If you do this you can have the ship, and do whatever the devil you like with her.

Yours, &c.,

SCOTT RUSSELL,

For the owners.

From Virginian Brown.

STATE PRISON, VIRGINIA, Nov. '59.

DEAR CONVENTIONIST,—

I would most willingly attend the Convention if Wise would let me. However, he is too wise for that.

Perhaps I'll drop in and see you in the spirit, if they drop me in time. Being a spirit by that time, I wouldn't take it unkind if you had a drop in the bottle for me.

Yours in trouble,

JOHN BROWN.

From an Eminent Engineer.

LONDON, Oct., 1859.

DEAR SIR,—

In reply to your note of enquiry, I beg to state that I have devised a plan by which the waters of Lake Ontario might be suddenly turned

loose over the whole of Lower Canada. If my plan were adopted, I would engage to drown every mother's son in Lower Canada any night in the year.

If you wish you can advertize for tenders.

Yours, &c.,

NENA SAHIB.

From Squire Jones.

OTTERVILLE, Nov. 7, '59.

DEAR SIR,—

I would most willingly attend the Convention but that the Missus has locked up my boots and clean shirts, and says I shan't go.

Yours in sorrow,

SQUIRE JONES,

From Billy Barlow, Esq.

SNOWVILLE, Nov. 8, '59.

DEAR SIR,—

I intended to go to your Convention, but you see as how Molly, the mare, has got the heaves pretty bad, and Jack, the ould horse, is lame, and Jenny, my wife, has got a cold in her head, and two o' the children has got the measles, and Tim, the boy, nearly cut his fut off with the reapin' hook, and you see I'm pretty much on my own hook.

However, I'd be obliged to you if you'd tell the people of Toronto that them's my sentiments to a dot, and I'll stick them while there's a blast of breath in

Yours for ever

WILLIAM BARLOW.

CHAPTER V.

The letters having been dispatched, the work of the Convention commenced.

The CHAIRMAN called on the delegates to unravel the bright and glorious schemes for the redemption of their country, which were entombed in their ponderous brains. The time was when he little thought—he had no allusion to his friend Squire Little—that he would be called upon to play so prominent a part in the affairs of state, and although the present moment was the proudest one of his life, yet he could wish from his heart that the occasion for it had never arisen. (*Symptoms of drowsiness manifested amongst the audience.*) They all knew the objects for which they were met there that day.

Mr. JOLLY.—I'll be shot if I do!

CHAIRMAN.—His friend, Mr. Jolly, was pleased to be in a merry humor; and, of course, notwithstanding his assertion, the delegates would please to take notice, that Mr. Jolly *did* know what he was at present in the St. Lawrence Hall for.

Mr. JOLLY.—I tell you I don't! (Applause.)

CHAIRMAN.—And I tell you you do! (Sensation.)

Mr. JOLLY.—I don't! (Cheers.)

CHAIRMAN.—I say emphatically, you do, sir! (Excitement.)

Mr. JOLLY.—And I say, most emphatically, I don't, sir-ee! (Great excitement.)

CHAIRMAN.—Haven't you met here because the country's in an awful state? (Cheers.)

Mr. JOLLY.—I don't know. (Counter cheers.)

CHAIRMAN.—You do! (Great applause.)

Mr. JOLLY.—I don't! (Violent excitement.)

CHAIRMAN.—Isn't the country ruined? (Cheers.)

Mr. JOLLY.—Devil a bit! (Cries of "Hurrah!")

CHAIRMAN.—Don't swear, sir!

Mr. JOLLY.—I didn't.

Capt. ROBERT MOODIE.—As the question is an open one, let the gentlemen toss up to see who is right.

Hon. GEO. BROWN, M. P. P.—Phew—ew! How did you get in here, you pickled adjunct of Charon's ferry boat! (Hear, hear, from several people.)

Capt. MOODIE.—Why, you see, gentlemen, as you were scurvy enough to slam the door in my face, I took the liberty of coming in through the window; and now that I am here, there ain't a man in the room fit to put me out; and I'll stop here. By the sacred tip of Neptune's terrible trident, I will, and have my share in saving the province. (Cheers and hisses.)

With that, Bob took off his coat, and danced about in such an excited manner, that no one had the courage to touch him, and the discussion of how to save the nation was renewed.

The CHAIRMAN resumed, and after a few remarks, drew attention to the fact that Lower Canada, with a population not half as large as that of Upper Canada, made all the laws for the province, spent all the revenue of the province; yet that she contributed none of the taxes—that her debt was paid by Upper Canada—that her inhabitants were slaves and tools of the priests—that not one in every ten thousand of them could read—that they could be bought and sold like sheep at elections—and in short, Lower Canada, he believed, was a part and parcel of the lower region, and all the Lower Canadians had the mark of Cain upon them. (Tremendous applause.)

Squire HAZY (Delegate from Nowhere.)—Concurred in the remarks that had fallen from the worthy chairman. It was quite true the Lower Canadians were a marked race. (Hear.) It was also true that they had tails, —(Hear, hear,)—which showed that they were not many degrees removed from monkeys. (Hear, hear, hear.) Was Upper Canada going to be rid rough-shod over by such abortive specimens of the *genus homo*? (Cries of Lower Canada that were many and great. In the first place, the people were "No, no!" and "Who's he?") Other charges were brought against Frenchmen. Now, what right had they to be Frenchmen? Why couldn't they be Dutchmen, Irishmen, or even Musselmen, as well as Frenchmen? In the second place, Lower Canada had not the same population as Upper Canada. Why was this? He sought no physiological reason,—though,

perhaps, one could be found. The true reason was greed:—Lower Canada wanted to monopolize all she could, and to divide it amongst as few mouths as possible. In the third place, Lower Canadians were Roman Catholics, and lived on frogs,—both of which were insuperable objections to the maintenance of the Union. (Cheers.) In the fourth place, Lower Canada will not assimilate her laws to ours. What right had Lower Canadians to have different laws, manners, and customs from Upper Canada? It was presumption in them to do so. It was part of that system by which they hoped one day to sweep away Upper Canada altogether; but it wouldn't do. Upper Canada was now going to assert her rights. (Great applause.) In the fifth place—

FARMER TOM NODDY (Delegate from Mudville.)—Would like to know how many more places Squire Hazy had. (Hear, hear) He seemed to have as many places at his disposal as a Minister of the present corrupt Government. (Laughter and violent demonstrations.) He (Tom Noddy) didn't come down to hear Squire Hazy's opinion of things in general. (Cheers) He came down to give his own opinion. (Great applause.) And his opinion was that the present state of the country was very bad, and that it was the duty of the people to make it better. (Applause.) There was no denying that the state of the country was very bad. (Hear, hear.) The *Globe* said so—the *Sneezer* said so—the Reformers said so—that is, some of them—and it must be so. (Cheers.) Well then, there was no denying that the country was ruined. Was there? (Cries of "No, no.") Very well then. Now for the second part of his argument: namely, that it was the duty of the people to make the state of the country better. Would any one say that it was *not* the duty of the people to make the state of the country better? (Cries of "No, no," and "Yes, yes.") Very well. Would any one deny that a country *could* make a country better? (Applause.) Very well, then; let *us* make the country better as soon as possible. (Applause.) Will we do so or will we forbear? (Cries of "Certainly not," "Never," and "Decidedly so.") Very well. How are we to do so? The question only admitted of one answer—"a dissolution of the union!" (Wild applause.) With these few remarks, containing in his (Tom Noddy's) opinion, a clear view of the dreadful position of the country, and its only cure—he begged to take his seat. (Tremendous cheering.)

EBENEZER LONGLEGS, Esq., had listened with intense delight and unbounded satisfaction to the eloquent speech of his friend Tom Noddy. That gentleman had taken a correct and statesman-like—indeed, he might say, *the* only correct and statesman-like view of the subject—(hear, hear.) Thomas Noddy was a man of no ordinary grasp of intellect, as they all knew—(cheers)—and as his telling speech had evinced—(cheers.) That gentleman had been pleased to refer to his feeble efforts (cries of "no, no, strong efforts,") he felt flattered, but must persist in repeating, his feeble efforts in the good cause, through the columns of the *Sneezer*. He could say without being guilty of egotism, that the *Sneezer* was a great——

JACK JOLLY—(sol.)—Humbug! (applause.)

Mr. LONGLEGS thought that some persons had brass enough in their faces to bottom the *Great Eas'ern*.

CAPT. MOODIE, would like to enquire of that son of a sea gull, Longlegs,

what he meant by speaking of a ship's bottom being covered with brass?—(hear, hear, and cheers.) Every fool knew—though that was not the reason he, [the Captain] did—that a ship's bottom was covered with copper.—(cheers). Mr. Longlegs of the *Sneezer*, was a pretty specimen of a delegate to be sent to save the country from ruination and damnation, and all the other ations that afflicted it—when he did not know what a ship's bottom was covered with.—(wild cheering.)

JOSEPH GOULD, M.P.P.—Thought it was a very little matter what a ship's bottom was covered with as long as she held water.

CAPT. MOODY would like to know if he was obliged to stand this.—(Cries of certainly not.?) There was a man—he was going to call him an old reprobate, but he would'nt—(cheers), that actually had 'he impudence to say that it didn't make any matter what a ship's bottom was covered with.—(Sensation). He was a pretty man to be connected with the vessel of state. (Applause.) He was a fine specimen of a dry-land sailor.—(Cheers.) And then the idea of a ship holding water! He (Capt. Moodie) was not an old man, but he could conscientiously say that he was—

MR. JOLLY—(sol.) An ass—(rapturous applause.)

CAPT. MOODIE would like to know who said that? Was it Mr. Brown? (Hear, hear.) Was it Squire Small?—(Hear, hear.) Yes, he thought it was Squire Small—the mean, sneeking, puny villain, sitting there in the corner, and pretending to be asleep.—(Cheers.) But he'd rouse him up, so he would. He'd knock the priggish marine into the middle of next week, so he would

And so he did. That is, he knocked the innocent and unsuspecting little Squire, who had been dozing over the wrongs of his country in a corner, into the middle of the platform, where he lay utterly confounded under the table. As soon as the Squire recovered himself, he drew his old rusty sword and ran at the Captain with indescribable fury, and indeed it would have fared bad with him if Mr. Jolly had not caught his little friend in his arms and carried him off.

As soon as order was restored,

Dr. CONNOR remarked, that as a dissolution of the union seemed to be the intention of the Conference, he would wash his hands of the matter. For his part he placed more faith in the dissolution of the ministry, than in a dissolution of the union. There was an old saying that union was strength, and like an old fogey as he was, he believed that it was true.—(Hear, hear, and cheers.) He did not believe that the people of Upper Canada wanted a dissolution of the union,

MR. BROWN.—The hon. gentleman is mistaken. Public opinion demands a dissolution of the union.—(Cheers.) The Press has demanded it.

Dr. CONNOR was not aware that public opinion demanded the dissolution of the union, or that the Press demanded it. It was true that the *Globe* demanded it; and that some miserable, sniveling weaklies in the country, that took all their opinions from the *Globe*, had demanded it. But these organs—he meant penny whistles—did not constitute public opinion.—(Cheers.) Public opinion was a sacred thing. It was universal. It sprang, not from a clique, but from the people. It was supported by men of all political creeds, and was as irresistible as the mountain avalanche or the mighty Niagara.—

(Applause.) Now, what person present would dare to say that Upper Canada as a whole, or even the half or the quarter of it demanded a dissolution of the union? No one three degrees removed from the state of a dangerous lunatic, would dare to say so.—(Great cheering). And yet some representatives of the people—some men who hoped to guide the reins of state, had stirred up this Convention for the express purpose of bringing about a dissolution of the Union.—(Cheers.)

Mr. BROWN was astonished to hear his learned friend ramble on in that incoherent ridiculous style.—(Sensation.) There could be no question but that a dissolution of the Union was demanded. As long as there was a maintenance of the Union, the present ministry would remain in power; and as long as the present ministry remained in power there was no chance for any other ministry getting into power—and consequently Upper Canada would be ruined past redemption in a very short time.—(Cheers.) It was true that if the present ministry would resign, there would be no use for a dissolution of the Union—but the present ministry would not resign as long as they could get Lower Canadian support. Therefore, it was plainly proved that there must be a dissolution of the Union.—(Cheers.)

J. S. McDONALD, M.P.P., had sat for some time in silence listening to the honorable member, and trying to understand what he could be after. But he could not make head or tail of it. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) He thought the decisions arrived at rather premature, and wished that the meeting would take a sensible man's advice, and not rashly adopt a policy which might turn out as erroneous as if a man should cut off his leg because his toe ached. (Cheers.) He had great hopes in the future of Canada. Hope was the ruling passion of his mind. (Hear, hear.) He believed in hope—

ADAM HOPE (delegate from London) would immediately insist upon shaking hands with his honorable friend for saying so. He was delighted to hear such confidence expressed in him, by one to whom he must be comparatively speaking a stranger. (Cries of "go it, old beeswax.") He was not a "beeswax" (Cheers.) He was a plain, simple body from London—born and bred in the noble mysteries of the "monger" business; and he had come to town not so much to attend the meeting, as that he had heard that Mr. Brown was about to write another letter to him, relative to the Dissolution of the Union, and as the former letters from Mr. Brown had almost ruined his trade and destroyed his credit all over the country, he had come down to beg of him as a christian man, not to do so.—[Great applause.]

Mr. BROWN did not want the time of the meeting occupied by the rambling remarks of an itinerant tinker.—[Cheers.]

M. H. FOLEY, M. P. P., thought an itinerant tinker as good as Mr. Brown any day.

Capt. MOODIE thought him much better.

M. H. FOLEY would like to know who had directed any part of their conversation to such an ignorant jack-pudding as Capt. Moodie.

CAPTAIN MOODIE would like to know if free discussion was not to be allowed in the Convention. (Cheers.) He had been supremely disgusted just now to observe that his friend, Harry Henry, had already made several attempts to speak, and every time he had done so, Mr. Brown had stopped his mouth with a black bottle. (Great excitement.) That was the way

Mr. Brown attempted to stop every one's mouth. Was the Convention going to submit to that? (Great expressions of indignation.) Freedom of speech indeed! There was no more freedom of speech in the Convention than there was truth, honesty, or common decency in the bloated paunch of that turn coat, Malcolm Cameron, sitting over there in the corner. (Tremendous cheering.)

MALCOLM CAMERON, M.P.P., thought the gallant Captain had displayed a great deal of freedom of speech. (Hear, hear.) For himself he did not profess to belong to any political creed. (Cheers.) Like his friends, Mr. Hogan and Mr. Gowan, he was an independent member; and he had shown it by boldly renouncing all his former beliefs and professions, and coming forward to lend a hand in saving Upper Canada. (Rapturous applause.) He was jack-indifferent as to what motives the world would attribute to him. He always did what he liked, and liked what he did, and herein he was supremely independent, and he gloried in it. (Great cheering.)

OLIVER MOWATT, M.P.P., thought Mr. Cameron a great loss to the legal profession. He would make a capital Equity Judge. (Cheers and laughter.)

MR. FOLLY thought Mr. Cameron would make a better harlequin, because he threw somersaults so rapidly.—(Renewed cheering.)

W. L. MCKENZIE remarked that the ancient Romans were in his opinion a fine people—they made such laws as were acceptable, and therein they differed from the Egyptians, who were a priest-ridden people, and therefore in the same state as the Lower Canadians at present were.—(Hear.) It was a hard thing to discover a new and perfect system of government.—(Hear.) It took some time to discover America, and longer still to find out the source of the Nile.—(Applause.) But a remedy could be found.—(Cheers.) The Philosopher's stone, he believed, could be found if all the people in the world were only to turn out and look for it.—(Cheers.) And at all events a worse system of Government than the present, could not be found if it were sought for from Cape Horn to the North Pole.—(Renewed applause.) Let us then get rid of it, continued the venerable gentleman, by treating it as somebody just now proposed, to do with Captain Moodie: let us throw it out of the window.—(Great cheering.)

JOS. GOULD, M.P.P., did not profess to understand the arguments on either side, but he must say that John A. McDonald was a very bad man, and the Lower Canadian members supported him: therefore there must be a dissolution between Upper and Lower Canada.

CAPT. MOODIE never had an exalted opinion of Mr. Gould's talents, but he must confess that he now looked upon the honourable member as an antiquated specimen of a horse marine—devoid of common sense and all sensibility. (Cheers.)

MR. GOULD was obliged to his friend the Capt. for the frank manner in which he had stated his opinion of him. He [Mr. Gould], could return the compliment, and say that he always thought Capt. Moodie the most obdurate, pudding-headed, pig-tailed, hedge-hog he ever knew.—(Hear, hear, and cheers.)

THE CHAIRMAN thought the debate was becoming unparliamentary, and that therefore it should be stopped.

CAPT. MOODIE wouldn't stop for any man.—(Cheers and Excitement.)

SQUIRE LITTLE took that as an insult. Moodie was an unhung heathen, and if he didn't shut up at once he [Squire Little] would cleave him down to the brisket.—(Tremendous cheering.)

Saying this the doughty Squire made an onslaught on the gallant Captain, and came very near cutting the Chairman's head off, owing to the wild manner in which he flourished his family sword. Jack Jolly again came to the rescue, and once more carried off the valliant Squire foaming with choler.

The following resolutions were then put to the meeting and carried unanimously:

1. *Resolved.*—That Upper Canada is in a terrible state.
2. *Resolved.*—That this unfortunate state of things is solely owing to the fact that there is such a place as Lower Canada.
3. *Resolved.*—That as, however desirous it might be, it is impossible to blot out Lower Canada from existence, an immediate dissolution of the Union be at once demanded.
4. *Resolved.*—That Responsible Government is a failure.
5. *Resolved.*—That the Convention draft a committee to invent a new system of Government.
6. *Resolved.*—That an elective Governor be a new plank in the new Government.
7. *Resolved.*—That George Brown, Esq., be the first Governor, and the office to be made hereditary in his family for ever after.
8. *Resolved.*—That no one but a liberal be admitted into any office of trust in the Province.
9. *Resolved.*—That the present Judges be displaced, and Harry Henry be appointed a committee, to select new ones.
10. *Resolved.*—That Harry may be Chief Justice of the Common Pleas if he likes.
11. *Resolved.*—That the present Ministers of the Crown be declared felons without benefit of clergy.
12. *Resolved.*—That every delegate receive \$6 a day as long as he is a delegate.
13. *Resolved.*—That the members of the Convention be declared delegates for life.

The Convention then adjourned. By the latest account the Little Squire and his four friends were near home—all of them buoyant in spirits from the gratifying reflection that they had contributed their share towards saving their country.

FINIS.

