

Ho. Tedy
Richardson

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1858.

NO. 34.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I trelie you tent it;
A chiel's naanng you takin' no't o'
And, faith, he'll mend it."

SATURDAY, NOV. 6, 1858.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

We are so enamoured of the pithy and pointed style of that prince of "firing" correspondents, the New York gentleman who enlightens the readers of the *Globe*, that in humble imitation of our august, but sometimes stupid, contemporary, we have engaged a rival to "Britannicus," who will furnish us with all the small "tork" of Gotham, in the true Yankee-o-phobic style. But why should we thus weary our readers? we will at once introduce our new acquisition.

New York, 1st Nov. 1858.

YANKEE MORALS.

Two men got tipsy yesterday (a common occurrence in this enlightened (?) Republic, and after a quarrel which is said to have lasted seven minutes, one of them named Tomlin, stabbed the other with a bowie-knife and swore several oaths afterwards.

MOB TYRANNY.

A man in Kracknobsky, in Nobraska, was put under the pump for publishing an attack on the Hon. Solon Spicky. What an illustration of American liberty.

A XANTIPPE.

A woman was brought up this morning for tearing her husband's hair off. The latter was an Englishman, and of course the case was dismissed: This is called justice.

MORB CRUELTY.

Three little boys with that precocity in crime which is the sad characteristic of American youth, were caught dipping a kitten's tail in turpentine, with a view of igniting the same, the police-constable (Q 50 I think), arrived just in time to prevent the *cat*-astrophe.

NATURAL DISGUST.

A Dutch black-log named Schmidenschorledowers Wirelowitz, has been unconstrained to leave this wretched country in consequence of the number of tricks and knaveries practised at Bluff, which he is ignorant of. Even gamblers cannot subsist here.

CIVIC DEPRAVITY.

I have just seen two Aldermen of the city, go into Taylor's and no doubt they will get intoxicated there. Such are our rulers. I heard an Irishman declare yesterday, that his cousin had often heard it said that it was commonly reported that the Mayor consumes two dozen of champagne weekly.

NEW PUBLICATION.

A very interesting work has been issued, which

you should read—Scavenger, or Washington proved to have been the son of a Dustman." The way in which the hero of the Yankees is demolished is quite edifying. Several houses in Chatham street look as if they were going to fall soon. I hope in my next to give you a list of Americans killed there.

BRITANNICULUS.

Squabbling Again. Prototype vs. Free Press.

When will the press of Canada eschew those gross personalities which disgust the common sense reader? Metropolitan dailies, pretentious weeklies and obscure village journals are all open to the charge of waging this petty and disgraceful warfare; but for grossness and puerility we believe during the past few months the London *Prototype* has stood without a rival.

It may be very clever, very manly, to attempt to be witty upon the shape of one neighboring Editor's nose, or the amount of flesh upon another's body; to term one *Snouter* and the other *Starveling*, but if so, Mr. *Prototype*, we really can't appreciate either the wit or the dignity of the attempt; on the contrary, we are conscious of something approaching to a settled conviction that if betrays a childish spitefulness utterly disgraceful in the conductor of a daily journal.

Of the *Free Press* we can say but little, not having ready access to its columns, but of this we are sure, if the editor of the *Prototype* wishes to retain or secure the respect of his readers, he must cease to issue his almost daily dose of personal abuse, and puerile witticisms.

THE THEATRES.

We again call the attention of our readers to the new Theatre which was opened by Mr. Patrie last Saturday in the Ontario Hall. The building is neatly and comfortably fitted up, and the acting, especially of the Manager, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and Miss Carroll, decidedly above the usual standard of stock playing. Mr. Hardenburgh, an old favourite in Toronto, and several of the Company are expected to-day. Miss Wyette, the Florences, and young Booth, are to appear in rapid succession; all that is wanting is a larger share of popular support. This the Manager's arduous exertions for the cause of popular amusement entitle him to expect, and it will be a disgrace to the play-goers of Toronto if he is disappointed.

At the Lyceum, Mr. and Miss Coyne have been drawing respectable houses, and the worthy Manager has received a first-rate benefit. During the week a splendid Silver Trumpet, made by W. O. Morrison, was presented to Captain Jacques, his Company, (No. 2, Rescue,) having sold the greatest number of tickets for the Fironen's benefit. Next week Cooper's English Opera Troup will give four entertainments at the Lyceum, we hope with every success.

POLICE INCOMPETENCY.

For the benefit of the Conservative Independent Anti-Clear Grit Mixed candidate for Mayor, and all, who, like him are determined to sustain "our brother-in-law," and to maintain the Police force as at present (dis)organized, we record a few of the complaints we have received, and shall repeat the dose if necessary, weekly, till the election.

1. Every Sunday afternoon a large number of dissolute-looking boys may be seen perched upon the gates of the Collego Avenue, entirely unmolested by the Police, to the great annoyance of every passer by.

2. Last Sunday evening a drunken man disturbed a congregation in the centre of the city, and not a constable could be found though all the vicinity was scoured to get one. They appear to be above walking the streets now they have such accommodating Commissioners.

2. Every Sunday evening for the last six months at least, a crowd of loafers have loitered for several hours at the corner of Yonge and Queen streets, insulting and shocking every one who passes by.—Whistling, chuckling, indecent and blasphemous language are the amusements of these gentry; and they generally have the policeman as an auditor, who seems to think the entertainment a great relief. Last Sunday not less than thirty boys were standing at the corner; how much longer shall this abominable nuisance be tolerated and patronized by the police force?

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.

The man who does the Leaders for the daily *Atlas*, has evidently been out on a tour of discovery and the following sentence culled from Monday morning editorial sets before the public the result of his observations. We beg our readers to pause, and prepare themselves for something startling.

"Things are dreadfully flat. As you ride through the country there are no crops, no foliage, and the unevenness of the ground are bare and disagreeable."

Surely, the public are deeply indobted to the *Atlas* wisecrack for the above. "Things are dreadfully flat." What depth of research must have been necessary to arrive at this conclusion, seeing it has been the universal cry for twelve months past. "As you ride through the country there are no crops." How remarkable! especially as they were gathered in some two months since. "No foliage." Perfectly amazing in November, when old mother earth is, of course, usually clothed in her brightest dress. "The unevenness of the ground are bare and disagreeable." Absolutely startling that the ground should be bare when there are no crops, and no foliage. We do hope the *Atlas* in future will have some little consideration for our nerves; it's quite too much to expect us to bear up against the shock such a list of miraculous discoveries is calculated to inflict.

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.

THE LAST NEW PARADE IN TWO AGES—A REGULAR SPOKEMAN.
[As performed at the new George Platt Theatre.]

SAM PLATT, Manager.
PARSON ROPE, Chief.
CORNER POTTER, Captain of the Living Brigade.
MR. CRAWFORD, Unsuccessful Victim.
MR. P. A. O'NEIL, Taken in and done for.
Together with a variety of other side spitting characters performed by the whole strength of the Company.

ACT I.—SCENE 1st.

Room in a 3rd class Tavern—SAX PLATT elevated on a broom stick, the rest of the Company scattered around in picturesque confusion.

Sax Platt—From my loft pedantol do call,
You noisy chaps in order. Silence I all,
Let Potter speak, and every soul be mum,
Or else I knock you all to "kingdom come."
Potter, come forth! perform your brawny duty
Straight, but your Bow(e)s and wing your chosen beauty.

Cor. Potter—Dread potent chief, as pondorous as you're fit,
Most doleful, sir! I smell an ugly rat,
Fact, on me you've got for me to care,
The Clear Grit Mayor, will prove the better Mayor.
We can't stand that, so 'neath your acrimonious nose,
I'll bond my bow, and straight bring forward Boves.
A staunch old boss, while others come off flying,
Great as a trot, but greater still at lying.
A hoes, good sir, at which 'twere wrong to sneeze,
He'll carry off ten thousand pounds with ease,
Hurrah! for Boves, he's run the course afore.
Hip! hip! for Boves, he's been ten thousand more.

Spoony McGee—That thro agree with my peculiar notion,
So if you please, I'll second that there motion.
Capt. Moodie Bob—By thunder, sir, I likes that Boves horse well;
Why pale, time back, he wore the jolliest hair;
That eat up didoes, yes, and run the rig
As fine as any horse you'll see.

Parson Rope—Crawford's the horse, I'll bet he'll win the race,
The drinks all round on Crawford's stumping pace,
Crawford's the one, no spot or blemish near him,
Sound in the wind, no ugly spavin bars him,
Twenty to one, by all the Grecian Gods,
I'll bet on Crawford—say—Who'll take the odds?

Major Tompson—Bravo! my bully parson, that's a stunner!
I'll back up Crawford as the fastest runner.
Keep 'er hot drink, I deem it wondrous funny,
If out of Crawford we can't make our money.

Jimmy Spence—Go for Boline, he's the properest nag,
He's got a Compact tail, whose graceful wag
Sottles the bash; but next to him I know
No boss can run like that there old boss Boves.

Tooby John—I'd stick to Boves the crack ten thousand pounder
But that I fear the poor old boss might founder

Dusty Will's Son—That tail of Boline, lad, is all my eye,
Hors Boves could beat the Compact easily;
He's let from being in his last kick
But still can lie, or run, sir, like a brick;
But after all, if truth must be confessed,
The Crawford nag might perhaps run in the best.
He's younger, sounder, likelier, on the whole,
To be the first to reach the winning pole.

Mrs. Lewey Rice—Oh dear! good sir, pray spare the modest blusher
Of an old lady—oh!—which ever juskes,
I merely come to tell you once for all,
That poor, dear, old Boss Boves won't run at all.

Ogling Rogue Gowan—[sighingly].
Here, take a chin, Mr. O'Neil, dear! how you resemble
My poor dear Grandmama, there, there, don't tremble,
I'll take good care of you, but deary me,
I'm sorry Boves don't run, he'd win you'd see.
Boline's a useful nag, not worth a song,
So I say 'b'oyas for Crawford lets go strong.
He's just the nag if trained with proper care,
To beat that trumped up, dun Brown, Clear Grit Mayor.

Green T.—His trial bred, and bang me, sir, the thing we
We looked some fifteen min in this here cell,
There's many race run but by some hotch potch,
The winner proves to be a dirty Scotch.
You can't rely unless your ligote quite
To back this Crawford nag with main might.

Green T.—So Boves won't run—I'm glad, for on the sly,
He's fit for nothing now, innit, but to lie.

Coroner Cotter—Who talks of lying? lie yourself, you cheat,
I tell you, sir, if Boves would run he'd beat,
Yes, beat them all. What if he choose to lie?
You'd lie yourselves, you scamps, and so would I,
I'd could bear you mounted noble people.
Why after that I'd lie all night and day.
Zounds! I sir, my life should be a canonical lie.
Falsify! men, I'm sick to death of such a sanctatory.
[Exit in a rage.]

Sax Platt—Well, who's the favorite? Come gods, please decide,
I'm rather tired of my unpleasant ride.

[On the bromstick we suppose he means].
Several voices—Bottle's the nag, we'll back him every hair!
General shout, headed by Parson Rope.
Crawford's the boss! he'll beat the Clear Grit Mayor!
Upstairs and confusion, shouts of Crawford! Boline! Crawford!

Sax Platt—Confound you, rascals, won't you please be mum,
Or must I knock you all to "kingdom come!"
Silence! there all, sounds I mean, the first who speaks
Shall feel my foot in contact with his brock.
So I go! that's better, now, you, Jimmy Spence,
Do you still back up Boline for the fence?

Jimmy Spence—I diana ken.
Several voices—Oh I give him up man do I!

Jimmy Spence—Well hold hard men; don't raise this horrid
slew.
Since if I must I must—there—I coustant.

Parson Rope—Aht aht old chap, you're forced, I guess you meant.
Sax Platt—Well gents, 'tis understood then, I suppose,
That in for Crawford all ro bullock goes,
Well, be it so. Now raise our jolly shout,
Then let me go, for zounds I'm tired out.
First understood though Crawford must appear,
And be trot out, when next we gather here.
Now shout! boys shout!

All the voices—Hurrah boys, Crawford's out!
Hip! hip! Hurrah!

[Curtain Falls.

ACT 2nd.

*In which strange as it may appear the Crawford Horse speaks
English—Scene same as before—Sax Platt again mounted
on the bromstick.*

Sax Platt—Well, gents, to business, is the Crawford here?
Ogling Rogue Gowan—The nag, most noble sir, will soon ap-
pear.

Pat Collins—Well, Parson Rope, about that bet, old stunner,
Will you give odds, still on the Crawford runner.

Parson Rope—That bet! what bet? you'll make me, sir, your
debtor,
If you can prove I ever was a better.
My calling, sir, would cause me to forgo,
All sinful bets, and that you ought to know.
But no no bets, my parson's gown forbids,
Or else I'd jolly soon, well punch your ribs.

Spoony McGee—No! Parson Rope, why thut the bot dooty,
The fellow, man, says you did so do I.

Parson Rope—The fellow's mistake, makes a mistake,
Such wicked dodging really makes me quake.

Dusty Will's Son—Pshaw! Parson Rope, out-face it like a man.
You know you bet the odds ad safely can.

Parson Rope—[in a rage].
Thunder and turf! I can't, sir, calmly sit
And be insulted by your ribald wit,
No sir, I'll shake the dust from off my feet,
And seek with indignation dire, the street.

[Leaves the room amidst ironical cheers, with an awful
assumption of dignity.]

P. A. O'Neil—Our meeting I conceive is called to hear
A two-fold work—first, bet the Clear Grit Mayor,
For that our boss is training, but to stick,
We must, for other races, nags provide.
Now sir, I do most solemnly protest
Against Orange horses running all the rest.
Such partizanize never should be seen,
I claim, sir, equal justice for the Green.

Ogling Rogue Gowan—Who'd like of green? there ain't a boss
among 'em.
Half world a dump. I'd talk ago hamstrung 'em,
Had I my will, each, all, yes, every one.

Bully Mitchell—You thundering scamp! that's sooner said than
done,
Confound you, sir, you ugly dirty thief,
I'll knock full soon your nursing soul to grief,
If you once more should dare insult the green.

The Crawford Nag—Frieds, backers, trainers, I with pain
have seen,
This noisy rumpus, really it will spoil
The just reward of all our arduous toil.
If excuse like these occur, it's wile to hope
That I myself successfully can cope
With that fast Clear Grit Mayor. I do not mean
To be the special pet of backers green.
Or brag of owners and that Ogling Rogue
To be the Hobby horse of both to beat the Mayor.

P. A. O'Neil—No doubt it would be pleasant to forget
The Green troop altogether, sir, but yet
You'd find that ugly work. I still demand
That justice thro be done at our hands.

Green T.—Justice is dealt to green and orange camp.
Bully Mitchell—I say it ain't and you're a lying scamp.
The green are nowhere and that Ogling Rogue
Would bring the orange nag's alone in vogue.

Ogling Rogue Gowan—Of course, I've told you once, you
senseless lump,
There ain't no stand there worth a single dump.
P. A. O'Neil—I'll not grant that.

Bully Mitchell—By jabers nor will I.
You sneaking, knock bug, sounder, sir, you lie,
I'll teach you, not your poisonous tongue to stretch,
Take that—and that—and that—you murderous
wretch!

**Strikes him, a general uproar ensues, the Ogling Rogue
covered with blood, makes his escape with difficulty as the cur-
tain slowly falls.**

ACT 3rd.

Scene same as before.

P. A. O'Neil—[Rushing in.]—The Crawford horse won't run.
Dusty Will's Son—The deuce he won't,
Well which on earth must run if Crawford don't?

Ram Ramsey—The Boulton nag, of course, for I suppose
He no less thinking of the old Boss Boves,
I'll back the Dollin, he'll go in and win,
What nag can be more likely to beat in.

Jim Dayafter Tomorrow—Ah! ah! them's jest my sentiments;
I vow,
I'll go in strong for backing Boline now.

Ogling Rogue Gowan—[With his face bound up and a patch
over one of his eyes].
Indeed you will, you obstinate old miso,
I thought, but now I'm certain you're a fool,
Boline shan't run, I'd rather fight the crowd,
Than have such right down lumbung, sir, allowed.

Ram Ramsey—I say old black bug, ain't you fought enough?
O'd rabbit it, you're haudied pretty rough
It's ows to me already, but by thunder
If that's your game, we'll make you soon knock under

Jim Dayafter Tomorrow—Yes, lynch the rascal! why on earth
should he,
The high horse ride in this hero company.

Sax Platt—Order! you blackguard, order! how the deuce
Can I stay here unless you make a trace.
Ram, Ramsey—Do off then, no one axes you to stay.
P. A. O'Neil—I'm off myself.

Jim Dayafter Tomorrow—And I, come load the way.
Ogling Rogue Gowan—Yes mizzle, hang you! mizzle will you can,
You'll find it perhaps the safer, wiser plan.

Parson Rope—I think 't's better that we all retire
From this disgraceful scene.

Ogling Rogue Gowan—Who called the Globe a liar?
Was that unsuccessful?

Parson Rope—Don't insult me, sir,
Unless you want't to raise a louder stir.

Ogling Rogue—Oh! oh! more threats, sir, perhaps you'd
better try.

Parson Rope—Indeed!
Ogling Rogue—Yes, hurry up and black my other eye,
You're wondrous warlike, come and take your fill.

Parson Rope—Here goes then, hang you, if you want a mill.
He pitches into him right and left with first-rate success, the
other members of the convention being protest highly wrought,
follow suit indifferently. Poor Sax Platt get a windor and
sprawl on the floor. Ram Ramsey seems in his element, and
his performing wonderful feats as the curtain falls.

THE WEATHER.

For the last week, the weather has been
formidably wet and gloomy, and has produced the
most extraordinary array of Macintoshes, India Rub-
bers, and Umbrellas, that has ever been seen in
Toronto. Moreover, most unexampled atrocities, as
well as most amusing adventures are detailed with
regard to these articles of apparel. Reliable men
depose that Mr. Geo. Brown found Mr. Daniel Mor-
rison in the Exchange Alley, defending himself
against four men, who wished to deprive him of his
macintosh or his life, while their victim was evi-
dently disinclined to part with either, especially the
former,—that Mr. Brown magnanimously rescued
Mr. Morrison, who thereupon offered Mr. Brown his
blue cotton umbrella "to keep,"—that Mr. Brown
said loftily, "Nay, friend Morrison, my feelings are
my best reward!" It is said that this incident is
likely to be the foundation of a lasting friendship
between the two gentlemen, as they went into
Schroeder's together, and swallowed each 10 glasses
of Lager Beer—a most solid pledge of mutual affec-
tion.

It is even whispered that a dry goods clerk, who
ventured to walk down King Street on Wednesday
last with nine umbrellas under his arm, was garrot-
ted, and the precious articles borne away. What
makes our suspicious of foul play very definite, is,
that half of the clerks in the Bank of U. O. are
sporting now umbrellas. Where did they get them?
They could not have bought them. They must
have—we will say no more.

Too Much.
—The people of Toronto deserve almost
any punishment for placing their affairs in the
hands of such a Council as the present, but it would
be too bad to have them bow (Boves) strung.

ASTOUNDING DEVELOPMENTS!!!

BLACK MAIL STILL RAMPANT!!!

READ AND TREMBLE!

The *Colonist*, in an able article has exposed the hideous espionage attempted to be established in Toronto. Ever since the publication of that withering attack, clothed as it was in all the horrors of typography, we have been on the alert for further revelations and we have not searched in vain. We thought at first that it would be but fair to our contemporary to give him the raw material and allow him to work it up in his usual Plutonic style, but reflecting that the sanity of many of his readers is not beyond dispute, we felt compelled to take up the matter ourselves rather than jeopardize the nerves of any of the Partington patronizers of the *Colonist*.

Imagine then, gentle readers, our columns draped in editorial mourning, (as our neighbor's were, seemingly to deplore the loss of his senses) and the most diabolic of black letter headings making our goodly sheet hideous, and all will be as it should be. The following portion of the black mail books was picked up in Colborne Street yesterday morning:

MR. AUGUSTUS SNOOKS—Born at Botany Bay, lost fifty marbles while playing with Cooper, a pal of his; embarked as a cabin boy in a man-of-war, and lost his hat in a gale. Married a tinsmith's daughter, and won a prize in a lottery. Set up an Everton Toffee establishment and failed—liabilities £2; assets, 3qd. A dangerous customer.

MR. ABRAHAM ABRAHAMS—A lineal descendant of Shylock, not through Jessica, but a step-sister by the Jew's twentieth wife. Had his beard cut off while inspecting a thrashing machine. Walks on Front Street about once a month, with a basket on his arm, and stay-laces hanging over its side.—Worth about 2s. 6d.

JOE JONES—Born at the village of Botzville, in the State of New York, on 29th February, 1804, at ten minutes before three p. m. His mother was a little lame, but whether in the right or left leg we have not yet ascertained. Had the small pox three years ago, and cut his finger the day before yesterday. Was once seen in church, but left before the sermon.

TIM MCGUIRE—An Irishman from Clonmel. The first thing he did after his birth was to apply the tip of his thumb to his nose and stretch out his fingers when his nurse was dressing him. Her name is Margery, and she is now living in County Kerry. Came to this country in 1844, and has been engaged as a Policeman for some years, a sort of sinecure in this barbarous country. He may be trusted, for he's sure not to leave a situation in which he is well paid and clothed and has nothing to do.

What will our readers think of the above? Is it not enough to make one's whiskers assume an erect position? We do not wonder at the *Colonist's* strong opposition to the Commercial Agency, for who would like to have one's history so minutely told, especially if one had jumped Jim Crow a dozen times, or was in the market for the highest bidder, or wanted credit when there was no prospect of pay.

No, the thing should be put down. Mr. Alexander the man who is promoting an opposition institution, and the Editor of the *Colonist*, should be thanked for their efforts to crush this diabolical inquisition, which presumes to afford protection to honest and solvent men, and an effective barrier to the machinations of dishonest and unworthy traders. It has never been needed in Canada; English merchants have never lost anything on this side of the water, and our own dealers have never encountered dishonest or unworthy creditors. No, it should be crushed, and the *Colonist's* the man to do it.

FARCE PERFORMED IN THE CITY HALL, 1858.

(After Addition—a long way.)

Nov. 6th, 1859.

Students of history, especially that portion of them who have endeavoured to gain a correct idea of the feelings and sentiments, the passions and prejudices of those who have gone before us; have always received much assistance from the perusal of old plays, which are to a certain extent pictures of the times. It has been our good fortune to alight upon a piece performed in the City Hall of Toronto just one hundred years ago. The object of the farce, for farce it is, appears to have been to ridicule the municipal institutions of the period, and all with which they had to deal. There is no plot in the piece, no denouement, notwithstanding which defects, the interest of the audience continues by numerous little incidents to be excited to the end. The Mayor (dressed in all the paraphernalia of the period) in the presence of the City Council, charges the head of the police, a man named Sherwood, with insubordination, and with liberating three thieves without an order from a magistrate. It is unnecessary to enter any further into an explanation of this matter, because it has little to do with the farce which follows; the author in pursuance of his task as a delineator of olden times, having represented the members of the Corporation as ignoring the real point at issue, in order that they may indulge in personalities of the most degrading kind. We have, too, a representation of the audience wont to congregate in the Council Chamber, and which perhaps may be taken as a sample of the electors of the period. The matter which formed the basis of the play was of great importance to the thieves, rogues, and vagabonds of the city, who collected together in considerable numbers to see what would be the fate of their friend and protector. These men frequently interrupt, by their noisy plaudits, the advocates of disorder and dishonesty. A character, represented by Mr. Ramsay, supports the bill of indictment preferred against the Chief, in a speech of some length, ignorance and impudence being its foremost characteristics. He talks much about law and order, but as was the case with members of the Corporation in those days, he is well represented by the author as knowing nothing of either. Such knowledge was no more to be expected of him, than it was likely one of the police which he helped to appoint, would catch a thief unless forced to do so. The next character is that taken by Mr. Craig, and he supported it well. As soon as he began to speak, a lusty bulldog is hurried from the chamber, it being anticipated that the poor animal, already giving signs of

weakness, would be irretrievably ruined by the excruciating torture this manulways inflicted upon his hearers. On the occasion in question he seems to have exceeded his former efforts; his speech is worthy of the cause he undertakes to defend. His principal efforts seem directed to the reduction of all around him to his own level, a task which, had as many of them seem to have been, was too herculean to succeed. His sagacity is wonderful, the beautiful cannot escape him, neither can the truth! Gall and wormwood course through his veins, for sure the warm life blood that animates the breasts of other men must have been unknown to the system of that creature who would drag private griefs before the public eye. *Appropos*, about this time we read something about a deficiency of lunatic asylums accommodation. To this fact alone we can attribute it, that if such a character as Craig ever existed, he was not placed in confinement, instead of being elected to the City Council unless indeed "all the men were mad as he." Sad indeed must have been the condition of our forefathers when they could choose such representatives.

The character performed by Councilman Craig, is to a great extent a counterpart of the others. One man, Alderman Carr, seems to have been placed in the Council for the express purpose of demonstrating that good clothes do not make a gentleman. The scene in which several members rise together, and indulge in mature recrimination, bawling across the table, and shaking their fists in one another's face, is highly amusing, though we must think somewhat exaggerated; the grossest language being used, order and decency being set at defiance.

The author, that he might the better bring out in relief the great degradation of the Corporation in general, has placed in the mouths of the Mayor and of Ald. Mowat, two able and logical speeches; in which the point in question is fully and closely discussed. From the stage directions given, we are enabled to appreciate the effect these speeches would produce upon such an audience; blinded for the most part by partizan feeling, if not by ignorance. The consequence is that the faces of the gentlemen round the board assume a complete blank; they can understand nothing but abuse, relish nothing but low personalities. The most pointed logic finds no entrance through their thick skulls;—they are dead to all sense of respectability. Among the men of this class who stand prominently forward, is a Councilman Smith. So great an adept was he considered in those qualifications which were thought necessary for the complete City Councillor, that the friends of Alderman Mowat proposed that he should take lessons off this individual. The end of the farce is that the Chief of Police is sustained, and the Mayor, disgusted at the admiration of his colleagues for a nincompoop, resigns his office.

The latter fact shows that although the Municipal institutions of those days had ceased to be useful, there was still some sense of decency left; the germs of future good. Altogether, we think our readers will from the above remarks, be able to gain a pretty accurate idea of the state of affairs, though it will ever be a matter of wonder, how society could exist amidst so much rascality, ignorance and corruption.

THE THIEVES CONVENTION,

OR A REPORT OF A MEETING WHICH DID NOT TAKE PLACE IN NEW YORK, NOV. 1ST, 1858.

From our own Correspondent.

I reached this town, my grumbling friend,
Three or four days ago;
Since which the time has gone the rounds,
Believe me, wasn't slow.
As last night turned out rather showery,
I thought I'd look in at the "Drovers";
When the Bar Tender whom I knew
To be a covey stunner and a true—
His name is Will—
Out of his pocket pull'd this bill:

**THIEVES, BURGLARS, PIMPS,
ATTENTION!!!**

To-night at Five Point Jakes is held
A GRAND CONVENTION!

Then asked me if I'd like to go.
The way I thanked him was not slow,
So off we started,
Through many a lane and alley darted,
And reached full soon
Black Jakes's cellar or saloon;
Within its soot-stained walls there sat
A motley crew,
As Hogarth in his "Frontico rakes"
Distinctly drew.
My friend at once called on the "rinks,
Exchanged around some knowing winks,
When one, who had of grog his share,
Proposed his "pal" should take the chair.

All owned it right,
When he immediately arose
To open the business of the night:

"Since last we met in this ere spot,
I've been a sight or two;
So by jingo, boys, a tale I've got,
Which I'm bound to tell you;
Tired of hum, I thought I'd try
A trip to a furin nation;
To raise of "blunt" a fresh supply
By active speculation.

We laid a plan to raise the dimes
Three or four weeks therafter,
But missed the game and all got "lagged,"
I own we should be smarter.
I thought our dough as good as baked,
But the Chief of "Charles's" thro
Turned out to be a famous trump,
And let us off, I swear,
To make him then some slight return,
We called this here convention;
The Chairman said it should be done—
Do you think it a good suggestion?"

Then up there jumped a rummy cove,
Who wore a hieadud bonnet,
And said "ho'd got a hint to go
Upon it.
As dead like this should be precarrit,
As some guile gift is weel desarrit,
In mony a country I have been,
Prigged mony a "wife" in Lunnon town
And Glasgow green.

Felt I for one had naice would rove
To have a stoup was sic a cove;
I vote to send a ram's horn mull—
Of guile Scotch snuff let it be full—

[A voice.] "Or Irish blackguard"
"Oa ye the theels a Scap' in,
And mair in keepin'."

At this stood up a full built swell,
A regular out and outer;
Looked round with a lifeliftin' air,
And said, "at this you shout.
"Glow a gemman for to speak,
Wot knows a thing or two;
Can teach you how to bluff a "beak"
Or fool a "Blue."
"Dead Rabbits" "Drovers Boys," and "prigs,"
Hators of stone-jugs and "big wigs,"
Lead me your cars.

First—Sawney's proposition
Is worthy ansers;
For if you send a snuff-box to him,
Why every joker round that knew him
Would say, "I was sent him by some rough"
To him he wasn't "up to snuff";
No doubt you'll all admit, by gum,
I know the ropes am pumpkins sum,
For each detective in the nation
Hangs up my picture in his station."
Thus havin' got some notoriety,
As President of the Thieves Society;
This very night, the first November,
I propose Sam as Honorary member.

With eager yells the crowd assented,
Shook hands and laughed as if demonted;
Kept up the night with hum and song,
And many a round of whiskey strong,
Till naught but struggling through the pane
Gave warning day was come again;
Then one by one they all
Sneak homeward to their beds of straw,
And I stole back with aching head,
A burning tongue and eyes like lead,
Swallowed another dose of dram,
And sent off this by telegram.

HILDEBRAND HARDOASE.

THE BOWLEG CORRESPONDENCE.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 7.

In my last letter I promised to say a few words about Liverpool, but "there isn't no use in trying that ere on," as the people here say, when they mean to affirm anything, for barrin' the smoke and the beggars there is nothing in it—a remark made by Sir Charles Coldstream, while lighting his pipe at Vesuvius. The smoke is the awfulist concern I ever saw, and I feel convinced that if it could only be bottled and sent over to the pork-slaying district of Cincinnati, that community would enjoy a monopoly of the best smoked bacon in the world. What's the use in having all this smoke I cannot comprehend, unless it is to carry on manufacturing works, and even in this case there is no absolute necessity for it, especially as manufacturers cannot be expected to thrive without a protective tariff. Neither is there any use that I can see for the paupers, that are as numerous here as bugs in an antiquated bedstead. Several excellent plans have been, from time to time, proposed to get rid of this nuisance, and thus lower the poor-rates, the best of which, in my opinion, is, that the pauper parents should eat their own children. This has, I believe, been aggravatingly enough demurred against by these unreasonable beings; and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge has undertaken to meet the exigency of the case by sending out an army of Missionaries, who will disperse themselves through the border-districts of the city, bring all the beggars to convenient depots to be erected for the purpose, give them a dinner, expostulate with them on the evils of their life, read the burial service over them, and then slay them. From a calculation laid before the House of Commons, it appears, if this idea were carried out, that in three months there would not be a beggar in England. The same plan might be adopted with every prospect of success in Toronto; for it is painfully evident that, notwithstanding the urgent appeals made to them through the columns of the *Colonist*, on the evils they must entail on society, the pauper population is on the increase.

Before I proceeded on my journey, I visited all the places of public amusement and instruction. Of the former, there are several theatres, which could compare favorable even with Mr. Nickinson's Lyceum; but I understand there are some in London that beat it all to bits. The course of instruction is varied and extensive, but the people are so irreligious, that no attention is paid to a religious education. In some of the schools I have been told that the Koran and the "Whole Duty of Man," are taught in the same breath. It is well for Canada that she has two such men as D'Arcy McGee and George Brown to take care of the rising generations. For as both gentlemen hold the same religious views, and pull together with christian-like amity, their example must have such a beneficial effect on the community, that I would not wonder if, in a short time, the Churches were all closed, for want of something to do in their lae.

I had intended to say something regarding the shipping, but owing to the smoke and the fogs that brood over this melancholy place, I have not as yet seen anything worth mentioning. I spoke to several Captains whom I met relative to Captain

Moody of the *Fire Fly*; and it seems that he is well known here. The first person I addressed asked me was he not a son of old Moody's, and on my saying that I supposed he was, he assured me that he knew him very well. I told him the Captain was a candidate for the Mayorality of Toronto; and he said he was blowed if he wasn't glad to hear it. By the way, you will have to send me over some funds by the next steamer, for somehow or other I have not as much as would jingle on a tombstone. I had to pop my watch, as they say here, to raise the wind to pay my hotel bill. I had a good deal of the ready yesterday, but unfortunately I met a gentleman who said he had known me very well in Toronto, and insisted on me driving to visit a remarkable echo in the neighborhood. We stopped at a very romantic and lovely spot, and he proposed, as he did not exactly know the precise place where the echo lodged, that we should separate, and go in different directions, shouting until we found it. I went on hollering as loud as I could, raising my voice, until at last I heard a response in the distance, when I was sure that I had found it. But it turned out to be three or four men, who it appears were also looking for the echo. After some conversation one of them asked me what o'clock it was, and on my taking out my watch, he asked to look at it. After an attentive perusal, he said he was sure it belonged to his uncle, who lived up the Spout. I protested that I had never seen the gentleman, and did not know in what part of the country the Spout was. But he assured me that it was a very fashionable watering place, and that I must know it very well, and the old gentleman in the bargain. I was getting very angry, when another of the company asked me aside, and confidentially told me that I had fallen into the hands of thieves. In my distress at this intelligence, I readily agreed to his proposition, that he should take charge of my purse. He further assured me that the best thing I could do would be to go home, and leave him to recover my watch, which he said he would not fail to do. Accordingly he gave me his name and address, and I went home, but whether I took the directions down wrong, or he made a mistake in giving them, I cannot say; but certainly, although I called on him fifty times, I never could find him at home.

A Crumb of Electioneering Wisdom.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Hon. J. A. McDonald.)

Endorse the notes of your candidate at the Government bank, just before an election. Pay them if he is successful; but if not, let the fool smart for his pains. We leave the application of this profound maxim to the Conservative candidate for South Wellington, at the General election and to the County Treasurer.

Delinquency.

—We have sent out this week a number of bills to our friends in the country, many of whom have been frequently requested before to square their accounts. This is the last time of asking, and Tom Grumbler will make short work of those who do not "pony up" by next Saturday. They will obtain a notoriety they never dreamed of.