

The September number of the *Presbyterian* contains an article, in which the propriety of providing funds for the Leitch Chair is most energetically pressed on the public. It is mere waste of time to recapitulate the claims set forth in that miserable record of tea-drinking, subscription lists, vain-glorious accounts of donations, trashy obituary notices, and eulgings from their publications, yelet the *Presbyterian*. Dr. Leitch needs no monument, no memorial chair. While the faintest remembrance of Queen's College exists his name will be connected with it. Has he not made it what it is? Before his advent it was simply an educational institution, doing its work unostentatiously, sending forth young men who have distinguished themselves in the learned professions, and other creditable walks in life, but then it was little known—very much thrown into the shade by its richer neighbor in Toronto. Now its fame is spread not only over the Province, but across the Atlantic. How great then the debt of gratitude due to the author of this distinction, and his true, worthy abettors. On his arrival in this country Dr. Leitch found men employed in the College who had spent years in the faithful discharge of their duties. One of the number had toiled in its service when its prospects were so gloomy that it was almost "hoping against hope" to expect it would ever rise—not only taking more than his own classes when they were deserted by a more worldly, wise colleague—but superintending a school in which the imperfectly educated were fitted for College. But these men obstructed Dr. Leitch's plans, not by obstructing him, for with that he never charged them, yet they were in his way, and must therefore be removed. As they could not be charged with faults sufficiently grave to warrant their dismissal, what remained for him to do, though his benevolent spirit recoiled from the bare idea of distressing his brethren, but to contrive some means by which he could accomplish his purpose whenever it suited his views to get rid of them. Will the world; will prosperity believe that in the nineteenth century men could be so wrong-headed as to cavil at such proceedings? Yet such is the melancholy truth. Nearly all murdered, and one who was pretty generally known in the literary and scientific world of Europe, though he had never appeared in the pages of *Good Words*, had the temerity to turn up his nose at the University and its gifted Principal, and leave this for another Province, though by so doing he broke down the Botanical Society, which had been in "so flourishing a condition that the venerated gentleman had almost appeared to have adopted it and an observatory when on a recent visit to Scotland. Soon after the dean of the medical faculty thought it beneath his dignity to be put down and picked up at will, and has resolved to have the rights that were guaranteed to him by the Royal Charter. The unhappy man was so entirely left to his own guidance that he would neither be brow-beaten or cajoled into holding his tongue when it was his pleasure to speak, and in

consequence he took his measures with his characteristic, sturdy independence, resigned his chair, and removed the valuable preparations that he would have left for the use of his successor had he been treated with ordinary civility. Civility to him was out of the question, to get rid of him was the object. The zeal and fidelity with which he had labored for the promotion of Science, and the prosperity of the medical school, undecieved, but of what avail was that? He would not be a fool.

Next on the list of abominations was one so hateful to a pious friend of Dr. L.'s that it was as great a grievance to his spirit to see him in his place in the College as it was of old to Harman to see Mordecai sitting at the King's gate. Can it be a matter of surprise that the fatherly love and Christian sympathy, so prominently brought before the world by the press, (if in no other way) should be enlisted in this same pious friend's behalf, that the statutes, their conjoint work, should be forced to rid him of a man who for years had the power of convicting him of deliberate falsehood. Instead of walking off, as it was reasonable to expect a poor friendless man would do, the wretch has appealed for redress to the laws of his country. Who that was acquainted with the over-to-be-lamented dignitary will doubt that had he had the slightest idea of such a course being resorted to he would never have put the College funds into the imminent jeopardy that now threaten them, or risked the very impertinent liberties that may be taken in the witness box. A very small part of the benefits conferred on the University have been hinted at, Dr. L. not only sought to break down, but to build up! Look at the professional status of the men he selected to fill the chairs in Queen's College. There rests his fame. No memorial chair need be endowed for him while so many may justly be regarded as proofs of his wisdom, tact and self-abnegation.

#### Dramabus in Kingstonibus Rodivivibus.

What says she, John; at it again? Yes, my dear. Well, says she, so long as you continue to perform as you did last night, fire away my funny fellow, my smiles approve you—so says "Thalid" to Mr. John Townsland, and so says the *Grumbler* on Saturday morning. Mr. John Townsend hit the right clout nail on the head when he served up comedy, garnished with farce, to the flints of the quarry last night. Mr. Townsend has given ear to the counsels of the *Grumbler*, which are never unwise, or followed in vain. Mr. Townsland has acted wisely in discarding the push and scarlet rags of the flunkey, for the sober and discreet garb of independence, which, however threadbare and seedy, conquers even Syeophants to respect. And in the bill of fare of yesternight evinces a subtle discrimination. What could be more to the taste of the scandale-monging, peeping, prying, satirical community of Kingston than a representation of their favorite diversion? In no place where the sun shines does the appetite for scandal and exaggeration exist like it does in the quarry, and in confirmation of our opinion we'll wager a tin sixpence on it against any place of a like population

in the world. It's no wonder then Paul Fry took like turpentine with a Kingston audience, and that at each "hope I don't intrude" of Mr. Lasene, with the simultaneous hoisting of his eye light, the house fell. By the way, Mr. Lasene plays Paul Fry well; excellently, if such can be said of any amateur who essays the part. He was text right, well-dressed, and that peculiar kink in his neck wonderfully heightened the effect of his performance, and enabled him to execute a flank movement on the pit without changing his base. Miss Florence played charmingly, "Oh that estates, degrees, &c., were purchased by the merit of the wearer." This young lady has all the requisite for perfection in her profession. *Naivete*, judgment, good looks, sweet sonorous voice, splendid articulation and never is unfaithful to nature. Our prognostication is that the highest niche in the temple of fame, is reserved for hers as a dramatic artist. Fame awaits the bidding of her genius and grows impatient of delay for the summons to adorn her brows with his immortal wreath. What disgust one turns to the minor parts which were filled up by louns and lumpkins. Of Mr. Robb we expected better than to grin and giggle like a cheshire cat when the part demanded gravity and an ovly expression of countenance, his articulation too, was wretched—

"He spoke and bowed with muttering jaws,  
The wondering circle grinned applause."

We understand the difficulty of amateurs doing the thing well, but, better for them to keep off the boards than mar the play, and make asses of themselves, intentionally—*verb. sap.* Mr. Franks would have played better if he had fumed and strutted less; be faithful to nature Mr. Franks for the futuro. A first rate bill is proposed for the next performance of the Amateur Company, it consists of the low comedy of "The Hole in the Wall, or, the Jailer Sold," written by Dick Corbett, and the hair curling, side splitting, roaring farce of "Furzer and the Sheriff, or, A Hard Road to Travel," with songs by Robert Mathews, Esq.

#### La Rue's Panorama of the War.

This extensive and well-known Panorama will exhibit in Toronto on Monday, and continue every evening during the week. Our exchanges are loud in their praises of it, and pronounce Mr. Whiston's entertainment fully worth the price of admission.

#### Furness and Monopoly.

— Mr. Furness thinks he has the citizens of Toronto in a tight place, and therefore insists that a very large amount should be paid for the supply of water to the citizens. We hope the members of the Council will not give in to him, but take the opinion of the rate-payers before allowing themselves to be fleeced by Furness & Co.

#### Statistics.

— We see it stated in a New York paper that there are no less than six thousand Brokers, and by a strange coincidence, six thousand Barbers—thereby, as we (the *Grumbler*) understand it, making in all "twelve thousand shavers."