

The Chief Commissioner of Public Works has suddenly undergone a complete metamorphosis into Mr. Sicotte. So thorough is the transformation that you cannot trace a single point of similarity between them. The men who loathed the Commissioner are enamoured of Mr. Sicotte, and those who were perfectly satisfied with the former, have discovered no end of flaws in the latter. Mr. Commissioner Sicotte was three days ago a paragon of a statesman, a Bayard in manners, and a Burke in genius; but the Mr. Sicotte of to-day is a perfect failure; the *Leader* measures his merits, points out his failings, and gauges his entire capacity with all the nonchalance of an excise officer. The *Globe* on the other hand which has been abusing him ever since he entered the Government as little better than a Judas, who had betrayed his country for the spoils of office, now makes an injured Samson of him, and while deploring his fall, gloats over the idea that the ark of Dagon and all the Philistines must perish with him. Will anybody tell us the meaning of all this? Has Mr. Sicotte really become an incapable in a single day? A sage and a philosopher last week, a disgraced abortion to-day. Yesterday the author of that wise and necessary masterpiece of legislation, the fishery bill, now solely responsible for a miserable failure, the same fishery bill. Yesterday had anybody dared to insinuate that the Commissioner was not as clever as some considered him, that he was arrogant and self-sufficient; the *Leader* would have branded the slander as little else than profanity; now all these drawbacks deform the character of Mr. Sicotte. The Commissioner of Public Works was immaculate, but Mr. Sicotte is no better than he should be. He might have been Commissioner till the crack o'clock, and never a speck would have been seen upon him, but the moment he becomes plain Louis Victor Sicotte, he becomes singularly deformed and faulty.

He might have been as great a cipher as the rest of his colleagues, as incapable as Alley, as ignorant as Smith, as crotchety as Cartier, but the *Leader* would have made a saint of him; the celebration of his departmental diligence, his masterly strokes of policy would only have ceased with the pap that inspired them. Break the charm and all is over: treason to Cartier pollutes the fairest heart and tarnishes the brightest talents. Sicotte's name to which Dian's visage was not a circumstance in point of "freshness" is now "begrimed and black" as Othello's face. With the *Globe* again things have taken the opposite turn. In this country every man's reputation, and it would seem even his talents, are always on the see-saw; now they come up with the Grits, and down with the Moderates, again they are up with the Moderates and down they drop with the Grits. It is not "in ourselves that we are thus and thus," it's just as the exigencies of party warfare make us or as the hirling pencil depicts us, and we have neither talents nor honesty nor ought else except as we receive them on the papers we feed to sing our praises. So now we find an appropriate niche reserved for Mr. Sicotte in the Grit

Pantheon, from which the Commissioner of Public Works would have been repelled with scorn. And instead of the miserable charlatan and pretentious lumbag, he is if not in the highest circle clearly one of the *dii minorum gentium* in the Globular Olympus. Who would't be a politician in Canada to be so properly appreciated? Who would think of hinting that such a course as this is utterly degrading to the press and unworthy of the country? The man who considers that politics in this country are anything better than a series of blackenings and whitewashings is far in the rear of this enlightened age. We have got beyond the weakness of estimating a man upon his merits; we gauge him by his party worth; the moment he has served that purpose we strip him of his factitious value; crop him close, deprive him of his good name and let him loose among your enemies without a shred of ability or a rag of character left to cover him. Honest, honest politics! no wonder that Dr. Ryerson and all the parsons cannot cleanse the filthy slough.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

In a few days will be seen what the new City Council will be composed of. It may be that we shall have a worse Council than at present—though that is well nigh impossible. Very probably we shall have a Council composed of honest men, and gentle ones to boot. The by-law which excludes tavern and saloon keepers, and such gentry, may have the effect of keeping out a bad class of men, but we hope that the free and independent electors will not put in a worse class. As a general rule, we advise those exercising the franchise, to vote for no man who has been dishonest in his private transactions—for such a one will invariably turn out a public chiseller the very first opportunity he gets. We would also say—do not vote for a man whose knowledge of English grammar is not equal to that of a school boy emerging out of pot-hooks and hangers—for such a one will be sure to disgrace your Ward in particular, and the whole Council in general.

As to the Mayor, there are three candidates. Our advice to the public is, that they vote for the best. Vote for the man whose honesty has never been impugned, whose general character is above reproach. If such an one cannot be found among the candidates—and we have pleasure in saying we doubt it—vote for the man who has done least harm, and who is likely to do most good—such is the sage advice which we hesitate not to give in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.

Not so bad as we seem.

—We are glad to inform our readers that what really seemed very like old fashioned impudence in Mr. J. G. Bowes is really very praiseworthy. He is desirous to be Mayor in order that he may save money enough to pay the money he did dingle the city out of a few years ago. a chance.

ELECTION ADDRESS.

We give one of the candidates for the Mayoralty distinction. We insert his address in our editorial columns *gratis*; we only extend our courtesy so far in consideration of our high sense of the sublimity of his presumption and impudence.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto:
GENTLEMEN,

When my name was brought before you at the nomination it was only one of my jokes, but now my friends insist upon my standing. I do so much against my will, not that my modesty troubles me, but because my conscience smites me rather sorely. As this is the eleventh hour, I cannot attempt to explain a lengthy platform; the platform I stand on is rather broad than long—it is the platform of self interest, and if I can only get enough of fools to unite with the knaves, I shall get in.

If I should be returned, I will do my best to reduce the taxes by rendering the unproductive property (I give in payment of my debt to the city) productive. Having pledged myself to refund £4,000 (which the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have decided, I took from you wrongfully, I have a vital interest in the affairs of the city.

The *strict impartiality* which marked my course, and "the want of candour" and the £10,000 job combined, will no doubt be remembered. I have always found that the honest fool runs the worst chance of preferment, and that he only can gain the favour of his citizens who abuses the trust conferred upon him,

I am, &c.,

J. G. BRAUN.

THE POST OFFICE CLERKS.

The cross and cranky manner in which the editor of the *Leader* attacked the Board of Trade for memorializing the Governor General to close the Post Office at six o'clock, p. m., instead of seven, is the greatest indiscretion that gentlemen has been guilty of in his public career for some time past. The very small soul which the editor thus shows himself the possessor of—not larger, we think, than a cheese mitre two seconds old—has leaked out on more occasions than one. Some time ago he exhibited the same spirit when some drapers' assistants started an early closing association; and not content with advancing several absurd arguments relative to public convenience, he had the impudence to impute base motives to the originators of the scheme. Now he is again ridiculing the good intentions of the Board of Trade, and singing a vicious psalm over the failure of the movement. We hate every action that appears contemptibly small; and it pains us to class this action of the *Leader's* as the smallest of the small. If the *Colonist* had thus acted we should not have been surprised.

The "Fern" and "Olympic."

—"Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil," is a trite and true remark. It is surely bad enough that disreputable tavern-keepers must ply their trade in the byways of our city without intruding themselves on our best streets. Toronto cannot boast of two King streets; therefore the one that is should be kept clear of such dens