

A LETTER FROM A FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTOR OF RENFREW.

"Honesty is like wit,—much talked of, not to be defined;
He that pretends to most, has least share in't.
'Tis a ragged virtue.

Honest men are the soft, easy cushions
On which knaves repose and fatten."

OTWAY.

It must have been Ottawa, and the poet didn't know how to spell his name. He knew a great deal about the ways of our section. Now, Mr. GRINCHUCKLE, I am determined that no knave shall impose on me through that failing, and as I think you are honest, because you make no large political professions, I am going to repose upon you. When I saw some of my simple neighbours running after the so-called honest candidate, I felt pity, mixed with contempt, for them, because I believed he would soon rank with Rankin, and sell himself, if elected, to some seedy superannuated governor out at the elbows; and if he could sell himself after procuring our confidence, why could not we sell ourselves, who have no one's confidence? The fact is, although, in politics, I am an Anythingarian, I am always loyal to the man who boasts of his loyalty; and when I heard that Sir Francis boasted that the Queen had honoured him with a title,—not that such things are of much value here,—but when I hear a man parade his friendship for our Monarch, to whom no one is unfriendly, I know his principles are nothing to boast of, and that he is only throwing the dust of loyalty in our eyes till he can come down with the "dust" for our sweet voices; and when I heard that my neighbour Tompkins had returned the fifty dollars which had been left with the partner of his bosom for his vote and influence, I thought of the curtain lecture he would have to listen to from his sleeping partner for his disloyalty. I saw Sir Francis smile upon me from the hustings—(I knew it was me that he smiled upon).—so I saw him at his own place,—the place where the *Daily News* says he sacrificed himself by sleeping,—and besides giving me something to drink his health with, he promised to have a ditch made at the bottom of my garden by a "drain" from the Treasury. I don't know that the ditch will be of any service, but then it will be of as much use as that larger job, the Intercolonial, and it will cause the money to be spent amongst us while the work is going on; and what's the use of raising taxes if we don't have a portion spent amongst ourselves for what they call material improvements? When Sir Francis sent word that he was coming to honour me with a visit, my wife had all the children cleaned except our little Mary, and he stooped to kiss her, saying he had no objections to the unwashed when he could turn them to account; and when I complimented him on his condescension, he remarked that he had never been above stooping to a dirty job, for if he had been an upright minister, he would not be in his place. The worthy knight then hinted about a situation for young Tom in his own department; and oh! it was delightful to hear him talk. When I had returned from handing the dear old gentleman to his carriage, we looked upon Tommy as an embryo minister, or, what is more respectable, the incipient head of a department; and when I saw the now-defeated candidate

trying, without treating or bribing, to climb to the head of the poll, I said, "Ah! vain endeavour,—honesty is a useless ingredient in a contested election, where you have the Ministry to oppose you!" In fact, under any circumstances, in Canadian politics, it is but a "ragged virtue." It was not for honesty that McDougall was sacrificed and sent to the Nor'-west to look after the Red Indians; neither was it by riding such a stupid "hobby" that Howland was made Governor of Ontario. Joseph Howe saw that, and started a "hobby" of his own, or, rather, a velocipede, to ride into power,—and he succeeded; while big George, who, when he saw he had put his foot in it by stepping into the Cabinet of curiosities, and tried to retrace his steps, was ejected from Parliament altogether by the grateful Grits, and is now a solitary recluse, moaning over the one false step. Hard-headed Cameron is compelled to plead the cause of malefactors for a living. Holton is resting on his oars, watching how the wind blows, so that he may discover the current of opinion; and John Young, after all his honest exertions, is even refused a channel for his enterprise and patriotism;—and when I saw the discarded pensioner at the head of the poll, I rejoiced that Canada was true to her antecedents, and that Renfrew had profited by the bright example set it by Canadian statesmen.

HECTOR HOMESPUN,

THEATRE ROYAL.

Preparations for the re-opening of this delightful place of resort are being made on a large scale. Three of the scenes have been re-painted at a lavish expenditure, and the grooves have been liberally greased. The most recent additions to the "property" are two chairs, in an antique style; a brass candlestick; a deal table, which, if judiciously placed, may stand on its three legs; a tomb-stone—"Sacred to the memory of Sarah;" and a pair of tights, which, being small but elastic, will fit any one. The enterprising manager has also formed a dramatic corps, which will bear comparison with any troupe west of the Rocky Mountains, and which includes Mdme. Eleonora Stikphast, Mr. Alphonse Buffa, and other distinguished actors. The "Royal" will re-open on Tuesday, weather and treasury permitting, when the heart-harrowing five-act drama of *The Blood-thirsty Baronet, or Exposed at Last*, will be presented. It is hoped by all well-wishers of the Thespian art, that the performance *will bring down the house*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is rumoured that Mr. G. W. Stephens has been engaged for some weeks in the preparation of a curious collection of by-law motions and amendments, which he will shortly read for the diversion of the learned Society of which he is so distinguished a member. It is believed that these recent productions of his fertile pen will display all the originality of conception and elaborateness of execution which characterize all that emanates from him, and we have no doubt some of them will lead to animated discussion. It is to be hoped that the friends of the author will secure the valuable MSS., and if they can do so before the evening of the meeting—so much the better.