

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. RYERSON.

When Pharaoh Necho, King of Egypt was burned out of his country villa, on the banks of the Hoangho, one paper alone escaped the devouring element. It was a small sheet of Bath post containing a mysterious prophecy from the oracle at Delphi, couched according to Herodotus in the following language:—"When Edgy appears, be up to snuff; he's a cute 'un." The ancient philosophers, especially Plato, spent many an anxious night, and prodigally expended many thousand feet of the Athenian Gas and Water Company's illuminating power in the attempt to expound this alarming announcement, but in vain. This first allusion to my illustrious, though humble name will, I flatter myself, be of great interest to the readers of your valuable sheet. [But still more remarkable to say in the reign of Edward III. of England, two flaming letters glared one dark November night across the murky fog of London; "E. R." were the mystic symbols. Vulgar people and sycophantic courtiers interpreted them "Edward Rex;" posterity, the (Edipus of all historic riddles, has deciphered "Egerton Ryerson." I was born of Jewish parents in Houndsditch. The event was not altogether unexpected, if I may give credence to my immediate progenitors; but to the best of my recollection I did not, at the time, feel any particular interest in what imparted so much joy to them. I may remark, *en passant*, that my father was descended from one of the best families; his thirty first ancestor was a posthumous son of Shylock by a sister of Launcelot Gobbo. This circumstance will perhaps account for my attachment to "filthy lucre." The first word I uttered to the wet nurse is said to have been "give;" the second was "take;" and I think I may safely appeal to my bitterest foe whether I have not improved upon the precocious utterances of infancy by shouting the first and acting upon the second ever since. The first castigation I remember receiving across the knees of my paternal relative was for corresponding with a celebrated Etonian in *Bell's Life* on the subject of fobbling marbles; a practice which I considered justifiable on the grounds of expediency, and American practice. I would republish the whole thirty-five letters in your columns, but I suppose that your space is limited.

At the age of four I was sent to a ragged school in Field Lane where I received a moral training, the effects of which will I trust, never be effaced. The teacher, a Mr. Stobbington, strongly inculcated the sound maxim that no man should hesitate to "nobble" (to use his classical expression) whatever he can grab. He is now suffering a cruel imprisonment in Botany Bay for availing himself of the funds entrusted to him; but though he has fallen a martyr to his moral principles, I trust I shall ever respect his character and humbly emulate his career. "Casual advantages" is no reproach in my eyes.

After completing my studies in Mavor's spelling book, I was bound apprentice to a barber, but not being then so expert at shaving, as I have since become, I was soon sent about my business. After trying several other trades in which my success was equally discouraging, I resolved to try in the Church. I will not say that my education or moral proclivities were the best qualifications for the cloth, yet I flatter myself that like charity it can shroud a vast multitude of peccadilloes. I soon found however, that convenient as the title is as a cloak to trickery, it

required the performance of duties which I was not competent to perform. I therefore began the epistolary business with a view of insinuating myself into the favour of the great. Slipping over to America, I found an ample field for my unscrupulous pen; I saw that hypocrisy was at a premium and roguery entitled smartness. And well have I crawled and scrawled over it. My profession forbids my engaging in the profane habit of betting, but if I could, I would lay a heavy wager with Mr. Brown or any of my other defamers that there never has been a bad cause which I have not endeavored to plaster up with my interminable foolscap. Find me a tyrannical or unconstitutional ruler that I have not been on hand with my sophistries.

I have contended for separate schools and I have struggled against them. I have contemned sectarian education, and I have struggled to foist it on the community. I have aided in framing the curriculum, increasing the expenditure and establishing the building of the Toronto University, and I am now doing my best to destroy it. My letters, (which I purpose publishing in forty octavo volumes) fill a good sized garret, and if you will do me the favor to inspect them, you will see that I have spent a life-time in alternately propping up and razing every institution with which I have come in contact; and yet so adroit have been my tactics that I have always contrived to be in the wrong. Give me a good cause and I advocate it till it is irretrievably lost; show me a bad one, and, still more in my element, I will daub it into respectability. In short, from the time that Legion trounced Leonidas till Brown lashed me in the University Committee, I have been a consistent schemer, trickster and sycophant. If your readers like the picture I will hand down to posterity, in a more extended form, my autobiography at present adieu.

E. RYERSON.

SUPPLEMENTARY ESTIMATES.

Through the kindness of the Inspector General, we are enabled to lay before our readers the supplementary estimates, which will be submitted to Parliament in a few days. The Government organs, especially *The Leader*, will doubtless endeavour to discredit our statement, but [the public may rely upon it that if there be any truth in Galt, it is correct:—

Aid to Ald. Carr to establish a yacht club on the ditches on the Toronto esplanade.....	\$1000 00
Aid to J. A. McDonald to secure the services of an eminent oculist to repair his moral vision	50 00
Aid to Barney French to purchase shille-lags and whiskey for the East Middlesex election.....	250 00
Aid to Bob Moodie to enlarge the Fire-fly.	500 00
Aid to Sidney Smith to mend his broken English.....	1 50
Aid to Oglo R. Gowan for establishing a Jesuit College in Nassau Street, Toronto.	1000 00
Aid to T. D'Arcy McGee to pay his initiation fee in L. O. Lodge No. 301.....	10 00
Aid to Dr. Ryerson to pay his passage as a missionary to the Tahitians.....	500 00
Aid to W. L. McKenzie to secure the stoppage of the "Message".....	500 00
Aid to Mr. Allyn to bring over his European voters.....	3000 00

YOU ASK IF I'M IN LOVE, ANNIE.

You ask if I'm in love, Annie,
—Your question's but to try,
For whom I love you know, Annie,
You've read it in mine eye.

You ask if I'm in love, Annie,
You know it all the while;
What proves you know full well, Annie,
Is that bowitching smile.

You ask if I'm in love, Annie,
You need not ask your heart;
'Twill speak more plain than words, Annie,
—Just try before we part.

You ask if I'm in love, Annie,
And then you laugh and pout;
As if you'd like to find, Annie,
Some cause may my love to doubt.

Ah, yes, I am in love, Annie,
And here I now confess
A man's first, deepest love, Annie,
For her whose hand I press.

QUEBEC ELECTION.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

QUEBEC, April 17, 1860.

A few weeks more and we shall be in the midst of another election contest. The Ministry are in the greatest state of indignation with the Carleton Beauty, and it is currently reported that Allyn sent him a polite note requesting him to appoint his seconds, and prepare for a brush on the Commons; but Powell distinctly declined having anything to do in such an engagement. All the old members are in the field again. Allyn is limping about from house to house, smoking dirty little pipes, and drinking *à vie* with the *montous*. He's going to run for the lower town, where all the roughs take up their habitation. Should he be defeated the beautiful slipper which has done him so much service, off and on, during the past few years, will be sent to Mr. Nettle to be converted into a miniature ovarium. Some unscrupulous wags may be inclined to infer from this that Allyn is rather *fishy*, and that the slipper will thus be placed to its natural use. The remark, however, is only true in so far as refers to the 'little Milesian's' propensity to *fish* for office. Dubord, in anticipation of the great event, is stamping the middle-class electors, and denouncing the Government in no measured terms. The greatest activity prevails in his ship-building yards, and 500 hands have already been added to the staff. Simard is doing the business quietly among the upper class.

It is not likely that there will be as many votes cast for the different candidates this time as at the last struggle; but I have it on good authority that the Queen, Napoleon and Punch will cast their votes now, as before, for the Ministerialists. A special courier is in town from the Queen, requesting that the election should be postponed until the arrival of the Prince of Wales in this country, who will act as proxy for Her Majesty. Napoleon intends sending the Duke of Malakoff to express his attachment for *Bas Canada* and to record his vote in favor of Cartier's followers. Napoleon wrote to Cauchon first requesting him to act on his behalf, but having specified that gentleman's name *Cauchon*, he distinctly declined the honor. Punch, it is said, will request the editor of *The Grumbler*, who is incomparably the cleverest politician in Canada to act proxy for him; but should Mr. Punch desire to cast his vote with the Corruptionists, I question if he will receive any aid from you. Palmerston, it is reported, will give authority to John Ross, who is now in England, to throw his vote and influence with the John A. Cartier crew. I shall send you more anon as the election progresses.

Yours,
ARGUS.