

"Expositor" to the *Globe*, more with a desire to contrast the Broddingnag with the Lilliputian, than with any other definite object in view, and we were most particular in correcting what certainly, in its then state, made nonsense of the paragraph. We have never troubled ourselves about it since, conceiving that the guilty deserter had been restored to his place in column. On referring to the number however, this morning, which we did after perusing the article in the *Globe*, we find the deficiency had not been supplied, while no vestige of the corrected proof can be found.

We are however, surprised that, the discovery of the magnanimous *Globe*, has been limited to this mere oversight of the printer.—Had he dipped as deeply into some other parts of the editorial matter, he would have found more legitimate cause for criticism. It is not our province to point out to others what occurred to ourselves, even before the edition had issued from the press, and we therefore leave it to the microscopic eye of the Leviathan to detect where the principal error lies.

We very much incline to think however, that, had the "WEEKLY EXPOSITOR," while professing its hostility to the acts of the present Administration, proclaimed its adhesion to the Radical ranks, the powers of wit of the *Globe* would never have been strained in the manner we have seen in the paragraph, or rather article, above quoted from its columns. It is for the simple reason that it is Conservative, without being the organ or advocate of the present Government, that the "WEEKLY EXPOSITOR" is termed a "nondescript." The "half-snob, half-tiger" appellation given to it we confess we do not quite understand.—Of the meaning of the former word we are ignorant,—it is not in any dictionary into which we have looked, but we assume, that it is intended in a complimentary sense, and with a view to qualify the tiger-like attributes. For this at least we are indebted to the courtesy and good taste of the *Globe*.

The remarks which have been elicited on the subject of the wealth, probity, and intelligence of the leading men of this city, are perfectly correct, and apply we believe to all parts of Canada. "Wealth" gives education,—education "intelligence,"—and the result of intelligence is, or ought to be, "probity." We have no doubt it is much the same thing in Toronto that it is in Montreal; but rather than appear obstinate in the eyes of the great *Globe*, we will, on any future occasion of the kind, and when we find it necessary to make allusion to the subject, transpose the words as he may be pleased to suggest. We are only a humble minnow among tritons, and glad to escape being swallowed up in their capacious maws, on any terms.

We cannot but feel that we have given a great deal of space to this subject, which might have been devoted to a better topic; however, we have an object in this.—It was our design, from the first, not to have noticed any attack whatsoever made upon the "WEEKLY EXPOSITOR," where the slightest

personal matter was introduced, by those who might differ from us in their political views. Nor should we have done so here, had the *Globe* not aimed his lance at a most sensitive point. We are not inclined to yield our claim to a knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language in which we usually write to any one, and it therefore became an imperative duty not less to the public, for whom we do write, than to ourselves to offer an explanation, which has, in a great degree, been drawn from us by the false position in which the *Globe* sought to make us appear. Ninety and nine men would, of course, understand and account for the error wittily pointed out by our contemporary, but we can ill afford that even the solitary hundredth should question our claim to that which constitutes at once our treasure and our pride.

We therefore trust that the *Globe* will be more generous in future, and abstain from making a subject of unfavorable comment that which he himself must know to be a typographical error, and to which his own and all other papers are equally subject. If we are again attacked, that attack will fall upon an unresisting enemy.

We cannot but return our acknowledgments to the *Morning Courier*, for the prompt manner in which it has thrown its protecting wing around us, and fired its heavy guns in defence of the "little *Experiment*"—or rather the little "Expositor."

MORE GOVERNMENT BUNGLING.

It is truly surprising that, considering the general dissatisfaction that prevails throughout the Province against the existing Government, and more particularly against that branch of the public service which they have so immediately under their own control,—the Board of Works,—some steps are not taken by them to redeem their character from the imputation, either of wilful wrong, or culpable neglect. Let our readers judge from the following paragraph, taken from the *Church*, how bitterly, and in the voice of one, they are cursed by a whole District. But, negotiations with these he fears may yet supplant him in power torn the principal occupation of Mr. Draper—not the means of redressing the grievances of the country, or removing the seeds of desolation and death from their homes. But are not his own days numbered? What a picture to look upon! The corn ripe, but no one to gather it! for the mismanagement of the Government has prostrated all the physical energies of those whom it has not absolutely cut off from the human race:—

"A correspondent has lately furnished us with a deplorable account of the state of health in some of the rear townships of the Colborne District. He writes as follows, and we take the liberty of quoting from his letter, because we conceive the Government ought to take so grave a matter into their earliest consideration:—

"Our part of the country (the neighbourhood of Fenelon Falls) is one unvarying scene of sickness and death. The cruel malady (severe intermittent fever,) broke out amongst us all at once. I attended the sick all round for miles every day, with medicines and such assistance

and consolations as God had been pleased to enable me to impart; but at the expiration of a week, I was prostrated myself, and have been so now for about ten days without any apparent alleviation of the disorder. I have to prescribe for myself, and not a soul to consult with; to weigh out my own medicines, and for my sick neighbors too. I think it would be difficult to imagine a scene more truly melancholy. . . .

"The grain is dead ripe, and there is no one to gather it in. My own man was, for some time, pretty well, and was kept employed a great part of some days digging graves for the public: now he is sick; and my crop of oats, the forthcoming winter's supply, is falling to the ground.

"The cause of this is unquestionably the *Nob-cagean Dam*. It floods the country for three quarters of the year; and then as soon as the dry season commences, the works being so imperfect, the water all runs off, and leaves a vast extent of mud and decomposed logs, exposed to the intense rays of the sun; and thus the seeds of death are scattered amongst us.

"Had the Government left us alone, we might have been in a perfectly healthy country, or had their work been done properly, so that the water were retained, the salubrity of the air might not have been decreased. But as it is, we have only to contemplate a "job," which is a benefit to no one, and a local curse. The works, which cost thousands, and which were never of any use, but rather a nuisance, after six or seven years have gone to ruin, leaving a grave-yard around them!"

"It is needless to lament what cannot be remedied,—the profligate expenditure of thousands—there as in other places, from which there will never be any return. But it is possible to remove the causes of this annual pestilence, either by leaving open the usual course of the waters or keeping the dam in a state of efficiency. The health of the population of several townships is a matter of much weight and concern, and we trust not a moment will be lost in applying some effectual remedy to the great and fearful evil complained of.

THE CROWN LANDS DEPARTMENT.

There is no department under the Government, next to the Board of Works, against which there is more universal and bitter complaint than that of the Crown Lands. But not only the people of Canada themselves cry out against the system as one destructive of the best interests of individuals—a lazy interminable attempt at the fulfilment of one of the most important, yet most neglected, public duties; but even a sister colony raises her voice in indignation, not at their supineness in this instance, but at the actual fraud with which the department is charged. As the paper from which we extract the subjoined truly remarks, a close investigation should be made into the merits of the serious charge which has been preferred against those who preside over the Crown Lands Office:—

We mentioned in our last that a case had just been tried at the Circuit Court in this city—Tibbets and others against the Crown—which in some measure involved the right of the respective Provinces of Canada and New Brunswick to cut timber on that part of the territory lying on the borders, now in dispute. Several of our lumberers—among whom were Mr. Tibbets & Company—professed to have obtained permits from Canada to cut timber on the disputed territory. This province—through which the timber must necessarily pass on its way to the ocean—forbade the parties from cutting the timber, and threatened, if they persisted, to confiscate it. Subsequently, the Executive—acting in accordance with the power delegated to them by one of the provincial acts—considering probably that confiscation would not only tend to trouble with Canada, but also prove ruinous to the parties engaged, issued an Order in Council that the timber should be allowed to proceed to port, and there