

A COLONIAL CLUB.

Does anybody intend to go to the capital of England? Let him become a member of the Colonial Club about to be formed in Toronto. Does anybody know anybody, who intends to go, or even who knows somebody else, who intends to go to England. If so, let him, them or any, or each, or all of them be first enrolled members of the Colonial Club. The advantages are manifold. In the first place, the members pay—we quote from *Old Double*—an annual subscription of one—only one, mind—guinea per annum, “with a fee however of one guinea additional to be paid every year, where its making use of the club room.” In the next place, the comfort of colonial visiting London will be increased “in a thousand ways.” Of course it would occupy too much of *Old Double's* valuable space to enumerate the thousand different ways in which a Colonial Club would add to the comfort of Canadians visiting England; therefore it confines itself to the enumeration of a few one of the thousand ways. The first way is as follows:

“Every one who has travelled even but a short distance from home, knows the delight with which the face of an acquaintance is welcomed, how warmly one with whom he has perhaps not been on friendly terms is greeted if met with in a foreign land, and how much the loneliness of a great city would be alleviated, and how much the pleasure of travelling would be increased, by the knowledge that in a certain spot friends might always be found to aid or sympathize.”

Delight, dirt cheap, we should say, at a guinea per annum, and an additional guinea every year. What thrills of bumptious joy would circulate through the veins of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, for instance, if he should one day be in London, England, and the next day, say, behold the well known lineaments of R. M. Allan, Esquire's countenance behind a newspaper and a mug of stout, and view his muscular body deposited on the easiest sofa in the Colonial Club Room. How his Lordship's soul would pour forth its thanks to ex-Sheriff Jarvis for first inventing Colonial Club rooms, and to *Old Double* for developing their advantages—all to be had for one guinea per annum, and an additional guinea per year! Wouldn't the “loneliness of a great city” be alleviated though—as the Chief Justice and Robert would go round to see the sight. And then how cheering the reflection that “in a certain spot friends might always be found to aid or to sympathize.” With such a prospect, who would care a pinch of snuff for headache or blue devils. The swell mob might play their infernal tricks, a bloated aristocracy might cut their unkindest cuts, a purse-proud middle class might elevate their noses the highest, and poor Colonists might be snubbed the snubbiest. But “in a certain spot friends would always be found,”—provided always a guinea per annum, and an additional guinea per year were first paid—“to aid or to sympathize.”

But this is only the first advantage to be gained by gaining admission into the Colonial Club. The second is, in *Old Double's* words:

“Again, a friend in England wishes some trifling commission executed—a message or a parcel delivered in Canada, for which it is not worth while to

go to the expense of freight or brokerage—or he desires to obtain reliable information regarding the country;—were there some general Canadian rendezvous established, how easy for him to have his wishes accomplished!”

Again! One advantage treading on the heels of another, so fast they come. Let us not however be carried away by frantic enthusiasm; but express our admiration calmly and dispassionately. “A friend in England wishes some trifling commission executed—a message or a parcel delivered in Canada for which it is not worth while to go to the expense of freight or brokerage!” Glorious opportunity. If the Colonial Club were formed, in the words of *Old Double*, “how easy for him to have his wishes accomplished.” If the Club is not formed, what a miserable state of things must exist! This is undoubtedly an overwhelming argument in favor of establishing the Club. Indeed, the benefit that must accrue to all its members from the latter advantage, are such, that we would suggest to Sheriff Jarvis to raise the price of membership to two guineas per annum, and two guineas additional every year. It should also be a standing rule of the Club, that every member should carry with him an extra carpet bag or two, for the convenience of his friends in England.

Besides saving the expense of freight and brokerage to their friends in England, the members of the Colonial Club could further add to the obligation by giving them “reliable information regarding this country,” in case they should want it.—Another advantage to Colonists, far too cheap at a guinea per annum, and a guinea additional every year. Yet another advantage:—

“Again, a Canadian entrusted with important business of a private or public nature goes to London. He knows that there are perhaps a dozen influential Canadians in the neighborhood who would and could give him valuable aid, but he does not know their address, or where to look for them. How much more readily, pleasantly, and effectually could his business be transacted, if, at some known place of public resort, he could either find his friends or ascertain their whereabouts.”

If the friends of all persons about to be, or ever likely to be even in the most remote manner “entrusted with important business of a public or private nature,” do not instantly enroll themselves in the Colonial Club, and go to London, England, in order that: they may be on hand to give the aforesaid Canadians valuable aid, a degree of turpitude will be by them exhibited which would be disgraceful in any, much less a Canadian community. The outlet to gain such an advantage is a mere bagatelle: a guinea per annum, and a guinea additional every year. In return for which will be assured, the pleasant and effectual discharge of the public and private business of Canadian friends. And here the reflection naturally forces itself upon us: if the friends of the members of the Colonial Club will enjoy such unheard of privileges, what will be the advantages flowing to the members of the O. C. themselves: Incalculable, we should say—and all for a guinea per annum, and an additional guinea every year. But there is yet another advantage:

“And, again, many people at home would be glad to show civilities of various kinds to colonists visiting England, but may feel doubtful as to the character or respectability of those they meet, or who

may be casually introduced to them, whereas, if there were a place to which reference as to their whereabouts could at once be had, the convenience of both parties would be served.”

A sort of General Intelligence Office we should say; where accurate information, as to the “character and respectability” of Canadians could be justly established—that is, provided they had character and were respectable; and which would effectually prevent any of your swabs, or rag tag and bob tail persons, from passing themselves off as distinguished foreigners! Just so. A registry would of course be kept in the Club Room, open to the inspection of the British public. The entries would no doubt be something like the following:

Jacob Switz, Barrister, Toronto, stripped of his gown last year. Britons beware.

Mordcai Mudhouse, Blacksmith Ironville, Hamilton—not respectable.

George Iliio, Merchant, Montreal—absconding debtor, but respectable.

Dick Dunce, Esq., gentleman, Toronto—highly respectable.

Wm. Workhard, tradesman, Kingston—not respectable.

Henry Scamp, Broker, Canada, supposed to be of O.C. character, but not vouched for by the Colonial Club.

These and such like entries would quite attain the object of the Colonial Club. Some notorious pimp will of course have to be employed by the Club to ascertain the character and respectability of Canadians visiting London. But the object is such a laudable one, that no doubt the ex-Sheriff will have no difficulty in finding a zealous Paul Pry ready to undertake the task. In conclusion we can only say that we have pointed out the advantages of the Club as clearly as we could, and have dwelt perhaps in a somewhat lengthy manner on the low price fixed for admission—a guinea per annum, and an additional guinea every year. It rests now with the public to take the idea up and bring it to perfection. For ourselves, we wish the Colonial Club all the success it deserves.

A BRIGHT CORRESPONDENT.

A Canadian in Illinois, addressed a letter to a friend of his in our city the other day, which his friend was so lost to common sense as to send to the *Leader* for publication—that portion of it which asked after Jenny, and Polly and all the young ones and old ones and bequeathed lore to the adopted being of course, first cut out. The published part of the letter commences in the following odd manner: “This place, and in fact all the western country is a mockery, a delusion, a snare.”

The place, which in the first place is counted a mockery, a delusion, a snare, is no less a place than Jefferson, Illinois. But not only is Jefferson City a delusion, but in fact, says the correspondent, “the whole western country” is a delusion—a mere myth, having no existence in fact, but owing its supposed existence to the heated imaginations of historians and census takers. The Canadian who went to Jefferson, and found that Jefferson was not Jefferson at all, but only a delusion, is certainly a clever man, and his letters ought to be extensively published, and widely read.