

Fair Memories.

(Extract from a private letter.)

—VILLE, Sept. 27, 1874.

My Dear —,

Well, we've been to the exhibition, had our fill of pleasure on half railroad fare and double hotel bills, dust, mud, crowd, crush and dirt. We've seen the fatted calf and pig,—the big squashes, turnips, and generalities. Oh! it's all very nice, very pleasurable, exciting and exhilarating—and, well yes—agonizing —. The first thing was we, that's wife, babies, and I (the other half), went pell-mell, hurry-scurry, down to the R. R. station, half an hour before the time, in hopes that we'd be before the crowd. 'Twas a phantom and a vain imagination of our simple minds, for hundreds were there before us, and we wept with disappointment, or perhaps with the punches in the ribs, or knocks in the stomach, or the gentle promenades made 'round and upon our petted corns. As for the twins, we suppose they cried out of sympathy for us both, at all events they wept—audibly. On the train we got. Such a rush and crush; such a jolly exciting race for seats at half-price never was seen before. The gentlemanly young men were excessively anxious that the railway officials should not be put to any trouble in finding them seats, and very particular in not delaying the train by their tardiness to get settled, and when settled, with what heroic manliness, they intimated their intention to "stick" to their seats or die—is only known unto such unsophisticated mortals as dared to ask for a seat "for a lady," or for a "little weakly child." We tried with tears in our eyes—'twas no use; crush or no crush, two in a seat was the rule. "Women could stand as well as men." They called themselves "men!" Ye gods, defend us! But women couldn't sit as well as men—of course not.

If you ever travel exhibition time when fares are half-price, and trains are crowded, and there is a tremendous crush, our advice is: Go down to the station two hours before train time, take a camp-stool with you, having previously made a contract with the express company or a "cabby" to bring you and your luggage down—two weeks previously, to your train. Having got a seat as you're a man, be true to it, and look with a scorn upon all weak and helpless females. Heed not the tired look nor the appealing countenance, wan and pale, of the poor frail woman, or of the tottering old man, but sit complacently in your place, and spit tobacco juice on people's dresses and boots. Don't by any means offer to lend your seat for a little while, that would be weak, and show you're not up to the ways of the world. Unheeded by you the manly occupant of a velvet cushioned seat, let women be crushed, children faint, the conductors talk of men being ungentlemanly who sit while a woman stands; no matter, as long as you're able to be comfortable keep your seat. On every occasion possible spit and swear, people will then think you know something; and if there are females near be sure and talk "fast" and wink knowingly, as then you'll be sure to be taken for a gentleman, a man of the world, and "up to snuff." Tramp on everybody's feet, jostle everybody—rush, crush and push; respect no one, young or old, consider none but yourself. That's the way all the lords of creation do.

We are just recovering from the effects of our pleasure trip. We saw little, felt much, and had our patience and endurance tried to the utmost. Thank Heaven, it's over, and we have made a vow never to be caught going to an exhibition again on an excursion train with our precious infants.

The Literary Milkman.

THE *Orillia Packet*, which the *Mail* a few days ago classed as a Grit paper, is really a Conservative sheet dyed-in-the-bristles—it's too obstinate to have wool. It advocates temperance; we dare not say the temperance reform—it's too Conservative for that,—let's then say "temperance conservatism"—conservatism as understood in its veneration for the good old customs, the ancient toddies and punches, the constitutional acts of our ancestors in the matter of mint-juleps and tanzy-whiskey. True to its principles, political and otherwise, it publishes a weakly letter from a Toronto penny-a-liner who affects sherry and bitters, and whose prolific pen, proves the philosophy of the milkman, that a little of his commodity will go a great way by liberal dilution. Last week this literary huckster somehow discovered that the Reverend Chief Superintendent of Education had been elected President of the Methodist General Conference, and alluded to the fact by writing for the refreshment of his benighted readers on the shores of Couchiching the words "our old friend, Dr. BYERSON." While EGERTON remained simple Superintendent of Education for Ontario, this brilliant correspondent of the great *Orillia Packet* did not deign to notice him; but when the old veteran becomes President of all the Methodists he is then claimed as an "old friend." EGERTON will no doubt thank the powers that have restored him such a friend.

The same gassy genius in another paragraph of his letter, (sold to the *Packet* by lineal measure), quotes approvingly from a Yankee paper a denunciation of the system of fostering emigration by agents. In this connection he then says: "Hamilton, Toronto and other cities are now swarming with thieves, rowdies and loafers." We hope the reader

will charitably place him at the end of his own sentence when we tell them it's not a very great while since the precious pen-profaner was an emigrant himself. We need scarcely add that the city, the country, and probably his patron the *Packet* would survive, and not grieve greatly did he again become an emigrant.

Political Fleas.

GRR has some notion of compiling a book containing the opinions of great men on the subject of "Political Apostasy." Here is a sample of the available material. The editor of the *Guelph Herald* says:

"In the midst of the exposures and humiliations that have overtaken the Come Along John Party in connection with the recent elections, they have found little satisfaction in the "stepping down and out" from our ranks to theirs of Mr. J. J. HAWKINS, of Brantford. That this individual defection will in any way affect the ultimate issue of the struggle between the two parties we cannot for a moment believe; and were it not for our esteem for Mr. HAWKINS personally, and the sudden shock which he has given to his own character for sincerity, we could wish the come-along-Johns joy of their bargain. As it is, we cannot suppress a smile at the gushing manner in which the Grit organs expatiate upon the merit and abilities of a man whom a few short months ago they professed to regard with contempt. We know Mr. HAWKINS to be blessed with a goodly share of ability, together with many amiable qualities of heart and temper, but we feel that in so suddenly discovering that he had for years been only a factionist and a sinner, he has largely destroyed his influence and aroused the distrust of both parties. A habit of being always on the stronger side was brought into disrepute long ago by the Vicar of Bray, and Mr. HAWKINS will find it exceedingly difficult to make the public believe that his conversion is not due to very questionable "means of grace." Had his departure been in the opposite direction he would have been followed by torrents of Globular abuse, but as it is, he merely carries with him the pity of former and the distrust of present allies, the latter of whom will make all possible use of without respecting him. We can only say—Go along, JOHN JOSEPH, and put down bribery and corruption, a la WALKER."

The editor of the *Brockville Recorder* states his views as follows:

"The editor of the *Guelph Herald* has been airing his eloquence at the Conservative Convention at Toronto, and giving his views upon the political situation. His remarks in reference to the Hon. C. F. FRASER cannot be considered complimentary. We trust the Hon. member for South Grenville will not resign his position in the Cabinet in consequence of the strictures that have been fulminated by the young orator from Guelph. He must talk; it is chronic or constitutional, we are at a loss to decide which. He varies his views to suit the company in which he may be found. At one time a rampant Grit—the next month a duplex Tory of the first magnitude. At the Ancestor pic-nic, at which Mr. Somerville was presented with a valuable testimonial for his services to the Reform party, ye editor of the *Herald* was present, and in the course of his remarks declared that he would suffer the loss of his right arm before he would prove untrue to the cause. We beg to enquire mildly, very mildly, *Where have you buried that arm?* We would not for a moment mention the word "renegade" in connection with this subject, and we spare the *Herald* the trouble of convincing us that the change has been superinduced by broader views and better lights, shed by increased age, upon the political questions of the day. We are willing to acknowledge all this and even more, and we would scorn to entertain for a moment the idea that a nomination for the Local would for a moment influence in the slightest degree, or disturb the firm foundations upon which the political principles of the editor of the *Herald* are based.

Notes from Grip's Private Box.

THE ROYAL has entered upon the star season with a display of enterprise that does great credit to the management. The engagement for three nights of Mrs. F. W. LANDER and her combination was quite successful in all respects. JOHN BROUGHAM, a dramatist and actor whose name is a household word, now occupies the boards, appearing nightly in a series of his famous impersonations.

The beautiful drama of "Charity" has drawn large and fashionable audiences to the Grand Opera House this week. The role of *Ruth Tredgett*, a tramp, gives Mrs. MORRISON an opportunity of displaying her splendid powers of conception and delineation. Mr. COVLDOCK has firmly established himself a "first favourite" with the Toronto public, his impersonation of *Mr. Smalley*, in this play, being a peculiarly acceptable performance. The stock company is well balanced and each part is done with care and efficiency. "Charity" is the latest and one of the best efforts of W. S. GILBERT, being brimful of humor and pathos while utterly destitute of vulgarity. It is perhaps superfluous to say that this latter quality distinguishes the management of the House; in the words of the *Globe* the performances this far have been "at once innocent and intellectual."