



THE NEW VICEROY TO INDIA.

*Grip to Dufferin.*—Accept the congratulations of Canada, my lord, on your advancement—may you be as great a success in the East as you were in the West.

THE LETTERS OF AUGUSTUS FITZGOBBE TO HIS MA.

TORONTO, Aug. 16th, 1884.

MY DEAREST MA:—

At last, at last, I find myself in the intelligent incropolis (or is the word *metropolis*? Please look it up for me) of my glorious country: at last I find myself on the way to the realization of my brightest dreams. Toronto is grandiloquent,—or perhaps I mean magnificent,—and seems to me considerably larger than Gobbville. Gobbville, as you may remember, dear Ma, from the extracts which I read to you from the last census, contained 3001 inhabitants, besides two chinamen, and a new-made knight. But Toronto boasts of a population approaching 200,000; and its population is increasing, which I believe is not the case with that of Gobbville. (Do not think I am forgetting the circumstance of Mrs. O'Montague's twins; but really, since my arrival in Toronto, *such minutiae*—this is a very literary word, Ma—have come to be of little importance to me. I aim, now, rather at large generousities and extractions. Besides, you know I have left Gobbville, and Mrs. O'Montague's brother-in-law came away last week to take up his impertinent residence elsewhere, so things are about even after all.) Really, Ma, the growth of Toronto is expoundingly rapid. I met a very polished gentleman of the Press, yesterday morning, before breakfast, in a charming sort of talking-room and place of intellectual refreshment called McCornell's, and he said that, according to last week's census, Toronto contained 120,060 souls besides uppers. This afternoon I met him there again, and he said that, by the newest confirmation we were approaching 200,000. "But," said I—"Mr. Mc-Khan, is not this a very ignorable ratio of increase?" "It's making good time," said he, "but you must bear in mind this is not all legitimate and nominal increase. We multiply and replenish the city, but the city also daily enlarges herself by the conquest of popular suburbs; and many of these suburbs themselves are nearly as large as Montreal." This led me to speak of Montreal, which I had read of in my geography, and of Hamil-

ton, which Shakespeare says that Brutus slew because it was ambitious. I learned with surprise that Hamilton was still alive, thanks to Toronto's fostering care, and had become an important suburb of this city; and that Montreal was decaying rapidly owing to its unhappy remoteness from Toronto. The gentleman of the press seemed sorrowful as he spoke this, and put me in mind of those delightful, tender, well-greaved Greeks which Homer tells me about; and he said Montreal was a fine city, and one which Toronto would not willingly let die. Then he went away to advocate a scheme for moving Montreal right down here, before it should be too late. It is a noble, a philanthropomorphic scheme. The city is to be put upon the Island, opposite Toronto, somewhere between Wiman's Baths and Mead's; and Mount Royal is to go somewhere near Hanlan's hotel, where it will add greatly to the attractiveness of that favorite summer resort. I want to tell you all about the Island, where the aristocracy of Toronto go every summer now that London and Paris and Venice have grown so cheap and common. But I must preserve this for my next or an early letter. I must speak to you now of my prospects here. I have not yet obtained any definite employment, but I have not yet sought for any. I am doing well, though, I assure you, my dear Ma. I have formed a host of acquaintances, delightful young men who know everybody and have promised to introduce me. I treat them to great many temperance drinks which go by such strange cognomens as "John-Collins's," "John-James's," "Cobblers," "Shandy-gaffs," etc., and which are much nicer to the educated palate than the blue-berry-vinegar we used to have in Gobbville. These young men accept my attentions with great politeness and no apparent reluctance, and their influence cannot fail to secure me one or more good editorships. I have told them all what I can do, what sort of work I am willing to accept; they are all looking out for me. If I fail to get an editorship I will get into some good firm as a barrister or perhaps as a judge; but the idea of failing to

get an editorship seems a very remote contingency. Besides such steady work, this is the place to pick up lucrative extras. This being the literary centre all the almanacs are made here, and orations for the members of parliament; and I have a splendid field before me, with prospect of fame, in the composition of poems about Warner's Safe Skewer, Blueberry Tooth Powder, and Shop Fitters. With such work as this for my leisure hours, and something steady like the poetical editorship of the *Globe*, for instance, or two or three of the vacant editorial chairs on the *Week*, I would be completely happy. In any case, dear Ma, Gobbville could no longer hold me. On Tuesday next I shall go in person and present my letters of introduction to the various editors and proprietors of the neopolitain journals, and I doubt not they will perceive it to their interest to procure me. I cannot attend to this to-morrow, because it is Sunday, and on Sunday there are no means of locomotion in Toronto saving bicycles, and the numerous boats and canoes upon the bay. The street cars are not allowed out, lest they should disturb the numerous gentlemen who gather in darkened rooms at the various hotels, to discuss in hushed tones quaintistic philosophy and ice water. Monday is the civil holiday, and I am going to get some impressions from a Lacrosse match. But on Tuesday I shall pay my numerous calls, and meet the leaders of our thoughts. I shall find myself among those mighty intelligences which constitute the society for which I feel myself fitted by kind and partial nature, who never intended me for Gobbville and its limitations. I shall write you speedily, dear Ma, about the Interviews; also about the Lacrosse Match, and the Island, and Niagara Falls (another suburb of Toronto), and Dr. Wild, and the "Zoo" (by the way, I think this expression is a mere bit of vulgar slang. Write and tell me if it should not be "Epi-zoo." Sorry I haven't forgotten all my Greek?) I shall probably go to church to-morrow. Of course, you know, dear Ma, I would never so pander to the conventionalities were I still in Gobbville. But here it is regarded as the correct thing for even the most enlightened to appear, not religious, exactly, but somewhat in sympathy with religion, and appreciation of its efforts for the benefit of the people, but I must close. On looking over this letter I see I have not attended to what you told me about breaking a letter up into numerous shapely paradoxes. It is written in one long paradox, but I hope you will forgive this, for the sentences are right, and some of them, I think, rather nice and full of promise. I shall have to buy a new stand-up collar this afternoon, and my navy-blue socks have a large hole in the heel, which I hope won't show in church. Good bye for the present. Ever your affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS FITZGOBBE.

P.S.—I think a postscript always looks so genteel; and I want to say that I have just thought how well it would suit my talents to be a Bystander. There is only one Bystander in Toronto, but he stands at the head of the profession, and stands by everything, except his own views, with unrivalled brilliancy and popularity. I shall consult him on Tuesday, having got a nice letter of introduction to him in the Editor of the *News*.

P.S.—I hear the *Mail* is going to amalgamate with *Truth*, but the report seems to me incredible on the face of it.

"Mr. Simpkins," said Johnny to his sister's beau, "please open your mouth."

"Why do you want me to open my mouth, my little man?"

"'Cause I heard sister say you had a mouth like a whale and I wanted to see what a whale's mouth looked like." Tableau.—*Bohemian*.