

THE MODERN EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the States a poor rebel from Ireland,
The slink robe of treason en shrouded him still,
For his country he left one sunning mornin,
To graze wild the flocks on an Australian bill;
But his fancy contracted a queer kind o' notion,
For it appeared to be kept on that Isle in the ocean;
So, bold in the heat of his now-found emotion,
He cried 'H. B. C. P. for the States, then hurrah!

Oh hard in my case said this Fitzlyan stranger;
I once could go roamin', or get on a spree,
Nath'ar this is o'er, for some duced prison ringer
Keeps constant an argus-like watch upon me;
Oh never again in treason's grim bowers,
With my colleagues in guilt shall I spend the long hours;
A cloud of manufacture on our project now lowers,
And dampens our ardor for Eri-ga-bragh!

Oh Erin my country, though by me now forsaken,
I love the old soil I've oft trodden o'er;
But alas! in the South my fortune I'm woe-in,
And I sigh but for niggers to add to my store;
But should a kind fate by chance ever place me
On a cotton plantation where no red-cods could chase me;
Oh then should the rascals by a look e'er of diplacé me,
I'd say their black backs to Eri-ga-bragh.

UNPARALLELED INCREASE OF CIRCULATION.

(From the Leader.)

We believe we are correct in stating that in the pre-Adamite ages, newspapers were on the whole not much encouraged. The causes which led to this lamentable state of things may be said to be the heavy postage, the high price of subscription, and the small number of the reading population. These or any other reasons may be assigned for the above result at the will of the reader.

However, this state of things could not last. Somewhere about fifty, or five hundred years ago—there or thereabouts—this continent was discovered by one Gaymes Esseto, who immediately started a newspaper, and taught the aborigines how to read. Its circulation was naturally limited, and probably was inside of a hundred thousand. Since then the circulation of the paper—which, by the way, was first called the *Liar*, but subsequently the *Leader*—has gone on increasing in such an enormous ratio, that it has been thought by some persons skilled in statistics to exceed the number of the inhabitants of the Province.

As this is not an article on the progress of the Province, we may be excused from doing more than expressing our belief that the *Leader* has done more to civilize the native savages of this place, to enlighten and instruct the foreign population in politics, arts, and manufactures, to increase the revenue of the province and swell the population, than any other journal, real or imaginary, that was ever known to exist.

Coming to modern times, we find the circulation of the *Leader* steadily on the increase. Last year its circulation was thought, in round numbers, to exceed calculation. This year, the same creditable state of things remains to be told, while in addition we have the gratifying intelligence to announce that there has been an increase of, perhaps, less than twenty-five thousand observable in the circulation this month over that of last month, which would give, on the average a yearly progressive cir-

ulation to the *Le der* of probably three hundred thousand annually. This in a hundred years would leave us a circulation over and above our present circulation, of something like thirty millions.

With such a prospect before us, we cannot be expected to ignore our own existence, and although it would be unpardonable to make such a flourish about journals of less note than the *Leader*, yet, we are sure, that no one will construe our remarks into egotism, or attribute to us any other motive than simply a desire to afford the public a memorable instance of the progress of the Province, in the immense increase in the circulation of the *Leader*.

With such a character and circulation as the *Leader* possesses, there is no knowing what our ultimate destiny may be. Already our influence is beginning to be felt in the European cabinets; and we have it on undoubted authority that the Emperor Napoleon was heard to exclaim the other day, that the existence of the *Leader* was the only fact that deterred from an immediate invasion of Canada. Such an event would of course be followed by a war in which every nation in the world would have to engage, and there is no knowing what the consequence would be.

The prodigious and unparalleled success of this paper is indeed a sight for angels to gaze upon with admiration; but what shall we be when all the papers not only on this continent, but in the whole world shall be sunk in the *Leader*; when the *Times*, the glory of the English nation; the *Herald*, the bright particular star of the American republic; *La Presse*, the mother of French literature, shall be merged, annihilated, and swallowed up in the ample folds of the *Leader's* garment, and the *Leader* alone shall illumine the news-paper firmament of the world? Then, and not till then shall the *Leader* have attained maturity; and then, and not till then will the proprietor and editor of this journal take credit to themselves for the excretions they have made directly for the public weal, indirectly for themselves. Hoo-rah!

A Grievance.

—According to the new by-law of the City Council all saloons must be closed at eleven o'clock each evening. Such a law becomes an intolerable hardship when we come to consider that scarcely any place of amusement is closed until at least that hour. Now there is no time at which "a horn" is absolutely necessary as when coming out of a crowded theatre or other place of amusement into the cold midnight air. We therefore suggest that one or two respectable saloons should be specially licensed to remain open until a reasonable time after the closing of any place of amusement. A well established restaurant of the first class where supper could also be procured would be the proper place to confer such a necessary distinction upon, for there is no time at which a quiet oyster, or an amicable prairie hen, is so much sought after and required as at such times. The necessity of such an arrangement is the more apparent from the fact that the convenience of a horn is a luxury denied to the majority of the bachelors, young and old in our community.

READING ROOMS.

The Secretary of the Mechanics' Institute has written a letter to *Old Double* denying the truth of our strictures on the reading room over which he presides. We do not care to expose the feebleness of his intellect in misunderstanding terms, or to dwell on the childish disregard for common sense which he displays when he attributes motives to us other than a desire for the public good. We do not think that even if we were to try that we would be enchanted at the delightful description which he had drawn of his reading-room, which he says "is neatly papered, well lighted, and thoroughly clean!" Our knowledge of reading-rooms in general has indeed prepared us to hear that Toronto could boast of a "clean" one—though perhaps we are not quite prepared to hear that in addition to this luxury it was also "papered!"

However, we fly at higher game than the Secretary, so we will pass him by in good natured silence. We want to draw public attention to the fact that as regards reading-rooms and public libraries, Toronto is disgracefully backward. And as regards the Mechanics' Institute, it is a cheerless place, filled with old newspapers, and frequented, for the most part, by musty o'd bachelors, and husbands with cross wives.

The man who fondly hopes to enjoy a couple of hours reading in a room, cheerful, cosy, and elegant, must give up the idea of such happiness yet a while. Any one who is insane enough to join one of our public institutions with an eye to the lectures, the balls, the concerts, the various devices for public amusement and instruction which similar institutions in other countries provide from time to time will find himself fatally mistaken. Would it were otherwise. But wouding it were otherwise is no use. The attention of the public must be drawn to the actual unhealthy state of things.

Even the Secretary, with all his anxiety to preserve the good name of the Institute over which he presides, is forced to admit that the present reading-room of the Mechanics' Institute is far from what it should be. But when the Government goes to the inner regions we are promised a new ball.—The sum of the whole matter is undeniable; there is not a reading-room or public library in Toronto worthy of the capital city of Western Canada; or indeed of any city, and the sooner a reformation is effected the better.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Residents in the Western end of the city will find it to their advantage to visit the establishment of Messrs. Wright & Armstrong, corner of King and York Streets, in which there are to be had the best varieties of Flour, meals, &c., together with Potatoes, Oats, Peas, and food for both man and beast. They have experience in buying, and from the facilities they possess, we are assured that they will sell, only good article, and these at moderate rates. They have a neat store, and we hope, as young beginners, they will have a liberal patronage.

We beg to direct those of our readers who may require the services of a Dentist to Mr. J. W. ELLIOTT'S Rooms, on King Street, a few doors west of the Globe office. We can speak from personal knowledge in the highest terms of Mr. Elliott's skill in every branch of his profession, and are sure that any one suffering from decayed or otherwise diseased teeth, will do well to place him or herself under Mr. Elliott's care. Mr. J. W. Elliott has now resided some two years in Toronto, and is rapidly becoming distinguished as one of the most, if not the most, skillful and attentive Surgeon Dentists in Toronto. Remember Mr. J. W. Elliott, King St., between Yonge and Bay Streets.