

# THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

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NO. 52.

## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a bebin in your coats  
I'll show you the way;  
A clere's aining you taking water,  
And, faith, he'll protest it."

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

### THE REVEREND DR. RYERSON.

Dr. RYERSON'S LETTERS in reply to the attacks of the Hon. GEORGE BROWN, M.P.P. Toronto, Lovell Gibson. p. 110.

We can hardly describe the deep feelings of regret with which we have taken up this extraordinary pamphlet. That a government official, whose conduct has been severely censured, should feel desirous of refuting the charges of his assailant is only natural, but that the head of the Educational Department should deliberately edit such a mass of loose and ungrammatical composition, and that a Minister of the Gospel should defile his sacred vestments in the mind of Billingsgate, is marvellous indeed. The first point that strikes us is the astounding ingratitude of the Reverend Doctor to the *Leader* and *Colonist*. After deluding these papers into publishing his literary abortions, and marring their columns with these interminable tirades of abuse, he actually put out the publication of the pamphlet to competition, and gave it to the lowest bidder, much to the disgust of the dailies, to whose long-suffering patience he was indebted.

The Doctor evidently thinks that he has weighty claims to the title of the Canadian Junius. He delegates his Letters to the people of Canada, and attempts to a weak imitation of Junius' celebrated address to the people of England. His "fellow Christians" are invited to patronize a publication of which every page is marked by anti-christian abuse and vituperation. Take a few of the gentle words used by this apostle of the gospel of peace:—"Disgusting, filthy, cringing, wolf-like, unscrupulous, unmanly, pitiful, dishonest, calumnious, vile, silly, larceny, forgery, venom, malicious, unprincipled, common sewer of slander, bullies, ribaldry, shabby, absurd, scribbles, double-dealing, groody, crooked, vindictive, corrupt, low, mercenary, noisy Scotchman." Pretty good for an expounder of that religion which exhorts its adherent "to keep his tongue from evil and his lips from speaking guile." The Doctor of Divinity's answer to the Apostle's inquiry, "How often shall my brother offend against me and I forgive him?" would have been "until seven times? bless you, no; pitch into him, call him an unprincipled knave, write letters and publish them for 7d a copy; that is the Christian way to punish the offender." But next to his bitterly "vindictive" spirit, the most marked feature in this extraordinary publication is the looseness and clumsiness of its composition.

In the first place his sentences are fearfully long and complicated. He begins with one idea, and 30 or 40 lines afterwards finishes with another. He opens with a protest against separate schools, and ends his sentence with a description of McGee's intended visit to Ireland. On page 95 is a sentence 40 lines long; on page 15, one 26 lines long; on page 65, one 28 lines long, and on page 89 he actually begins a sentence which extends over 53 lines. Conjunctions which couple nothing, relatives whose antecedents no one can discover, bewildered the reader on every page. Take an example at random:—

"Even the kidnapped Mortara could not find space in your columns for a decent account of his sufferings, (except some statements of a London letter writer), until ten days after I drew attention to the subject in my fourth letter, and that copied from the *New York Times*, &c."

Now, can anybody tell what the pronoun "that" refers to? Is it the "kidnapped Mortara," "The decent account," "The London letter, or Dr. Ryerson's fourth letter" which was copied from the *N. Y. Times*?

Again:

"I will not stop to speak of the atrocious falsity of Mr. McGee's statement • • • nor of his groundless statement," &c.

"Nor" for "or."

Again:

"Of your nine columns and a half of statements, &c., those • • • appears to me the most untruthful, &c."

A plural nominative and a singular verb.

"In all fairness, • • • you are bound to show, &c., or acknowledged, &c."

Past tense for the present infinitive.

In numerous other instances mistakes of a like character are committed; They are the result of the idiosyncrasy and unwieldy style in which they are composed; the reverend politician actually forgets how he commenced his sentence, and he passes on without the slightest regard to syntactical connection.

One sentence begins in this unwieldy manner:

"My recent remark relates to your charge that my reply to your attacks," &c.

In another place we are told that education is "a non-political interest of national philanthropy;" what may that mean?

"And here coming events cast their shadows before," as you found in the *Globe* of the 6th of May, for the first time in your life," &c.

Can the Doctor mean that Brown never heard of Campbell's couplet before? If not, what does he mean?

We have heard of men repeating a laugh, but the ventriloquist is beaten by Mr. Campbell, who according to the Doctor "re-echoed his laugh." We have heard of things appearing above the horizon, or being on or below it; but the idea of "phenomena appearing in our political horizon," is extraordinary. We always thought that the horizon was the line which bounded human vision; "phenomena appearing" in a thing without breadth must indeed have been "the strangest ever beheld."

This extraordinary awkwardness of composition is

apparent through the whole volume, and we certainly never read such a raw and uncouth style in our lives. If it had been the result of hurried composition for the newspaper, we should not be surprised but that a man can gravely "edit" such marvellous English, is beyond our understanding. We have no space to extend our remarks further. The offensive egotism of the Reverend gentleman leads him to awful lengths.

He says that he is a "dead lion," and that George Brown is an "ass" kicking him. In his last letter he whines in this miserable fashion:

"Though you may reduce me to want, you cannot unmake me a slave, (sic) though you may leave me to die a very poor man, you cannot prevent me from dying a freeman."

One would think that this excellent imitator of the "Vicar of Bray" was a poor darkey, and that the slave-driver was trying to coax him over the boundary line. Surely he must be "doting" indeed.

### THE NEWS BOYS.

Up and down the streets they fly,  
Battering all the passers by;  
Rags protruding intent nose,  
"Hags" from which to pick and choose.  
Here ye are I Evenin' Colonial, only a copper, sir!  
All about the "Clear Grits."  
Helter skelter, up to time,  
With a yell, a screech, or whine,  
Shurtfellow's voices of the night,  
Yammering out with all their might  
Daily Globe, sir! only three coppers,  
All about "fraud and corruption."  
Dashing, splashing, through the crowd,  
Spite of curses deep and loud,  
Merry dogs, with all their expere,  
Thrusting north your nose their papers.  
Buy the *Leader*, sir, a big paper, hold three loves of bread.  
Wrangling, scrambling for the coppers,  
Pushing sale for city "whoppers,"  
In groups where groups should never stand,  
They shout about a noisy land—  
Poker, sir? unhol' Poker, death on fan,  
Leader Extra into the bargain!  
Bumping, thumping, folks against  
Portly folks, who get incensed,  
Hurry, Scoury—still they cry,  
Rags for coppers, who will buy,  
Buy THE GRUMBLER, sir, do you good,  
And put you in a merry mood.

### The Member for Gray Sings Small.

—What is our old friend Hogan about this Session? We have waited in vain for him to distinguish himself by some of those bursts of eloquence which delighted the House last year.—Scarcely a debate has been culminated with his emphatic "I say, and I do say, Sir." Really its too bad! We think of circulating a petition among the members, (of course we shall obtain all their signatures) praying that the owner of "those graceful curls" may be induced to remove from his shell, and astonish the nations as of old.

## JUDGE LAFONTAINE DREAMS A DREAM.

Chief Justice Lafontaine undoubtedly reads the newspapers, but whether he has seen a report of the speech in which Mr. Attorney General Cartier threatened to "strug his shoulders and commiserate the ignorance" of certain Lower Canadian judges—or whether having seen it, it would produce the following remarkable dream, we are unable to determine. Our readers must decide upon the balance of probabilities for themselves.

Midnight has thrown its solemn gloom around,  
Lafontaine sleeps a broken, troubled sleep.  
Through his still active brain with awe profound,  
Dark and mysterious visions slowly creep.  
First through the solemn darkness of the night,  
A gloomy mass looms up,  
Dimly distinct and threatening to his sight,  
As though it came to sup  
And gobble quickly poor Lafontaine up.

Floer the phantom grows,  
Taller still—well, heaven knows  
It seems a double Sampson in its might,  
A son of Anak in its towering height.  
When lo! a pale and flickering ghostly light,  
Reveals the features of the monster there.  
The Cartier's phiz,  
Adorned I wiz,  
With Cartiers brushed up—very brushed up hair.

One forward step the grizzly phantom takes,  
One single step—the very chamber shakos.  
Then slowly places sturdily a kimb,  
Its arm gigantic and looks stornly grim, though  
A gheastly amilo  
As if the thing were bored with too much bile,  
Broke o'er his features gloomily the while.  
Lafontaine looked,  
And perhaps he thought his passage hence was booked.

Be hushed each breath—the dark mysterious phantom  
Looks very much as though it meant to rant some.  
Slowly it points,  
Its massive finger joints  
To where Lafontaine on the bed lay quaking,  
Then shaking  
With frown most ominous, 'tis frizzly head,  
It raised its shoulders with a mighty shrug,  
And said  
In squeaking tones that pierced the chamber through,  
"Poor wretch, I pity you."

No sooner had the squeaking phantom spoken,  
Than straight the spool was broken,  
A laugh rang out, a merry laugh and clear,  
For judge Lafontaine even in his dream,  
Know well that scream,  
Could come from none but Efficence Cartier;  
But when he burned to take a closer look,  
In vain he searched each nook,  
His pitying visitor had left the coat quite clear.  
But perched upon one corner of the bed,

He saw instead,  
With hair brushed up and eyes and mouth agape,  
A little ape.  
With features that the judge could swear with ease,  
Were like to Cartier's as could be two peas.  
It chattered loud, incessantly and long,  
But still its song  
Bore but one burden all its chattering through—  
"Poor wretch, I pity you."

Amused the judge looked down,  
And saw the little thing attempt to frown;  
Then with an effort strug his shoulders high,  
So fanily,  
That once again Lafontaine's in his dream;  
Laughed clear and high,  
When Presto! fly!  
The little ape had vanished with a scream,

Just such I deem  
As Cartier gives when he gets up the steam.  
But still the dream was not yet quite completed,  
For seated  
On the same spot with impudenco profound,  
A terrier hound,  
Dressed out in Cartier's flashy features too,  
Kept up the cry  
"Poor wretch, I pity you."  
Accompanied with shrugs so monstrous high,  
That Judge Lafontaine deemed he'd really die  
Laughing.

So loud, so hester were the peals that broke  
From the Chief Justice that he soon awoke,  
And pondering o'er his three-fold funny dream,  
The strange, the ditty, the Cartierian scream,  
Was fairly lost,  
To say which of the pitying phantoms three,  
In his degree,  
Resembled poor George Efficence the most.

## THE TARIFF.

*Reductio ad absurdum Tariffico.*—Horace.

Notwithstanding the turmoil and agitation in Europe, which threaten terror, war, and other things hostile to the whole world—hostile more particularly to one's feelings, as fighting is sore upon the eyes, we think the favored citizens of Toronto might not only contemplate complacently the aspect of Poruvian domestic affairs, but even rejoice in that perfect bucket of security and happiness which has like a bucket of water been thrown around them. What though the rugged Russian rides his rough-ribbed racker to the raid; what though the sledged Polack, whom the ambitious Norway slew, should from the basty deep arise, and ope his ponderous and marble jaws to bellow forth revenge; what though Napoleon, like another Marinnon rushing furious through the fight, should cry "give me another horse, bind up my wounds, my name's Micawber;" what though all this should occur, have they to fear? Aye more:

Should assault hurt our brain new chief,  
And battery soil the gold-laced coat of Prince,

We still might live content under the protecting shadow of the deputy, seeing our vices and fixteens supported by his tall trunk, for he it knows, the tariff is reduced, and brandy's once more cheap.

Hail Galt! great whiskey's champion robe thee in the mantle of thy fame, and while the merry god doth weave thy chaplet, we'll sing the Chorus—

Fill up ye gods his cup of joy,  
Heap blessings on the brink;  
Oh, may his bliss ne'er know alloy,  
The cove what cheapens drink."

**Symbolic Name.**

—The Hon. Mr. Morris has been puzzling his brains and moving, if not heaven and earth, several addresses to the Queen, praying that the name of the honorable body to which he belongs may be changed from "Legislative Council" to something else,—he does not on the present occasion say what. As we always sympathize with struggling genius, and are ever ready to help out a bright idea, we beg to suggest that the name of the "Legislative Council" be changed to that of "Little-to-do Convention." The appropriateness of this name is unquestionable; while it has this advantage, that the abbreviations "M.L.O." will not require to be changed.

## JAMES FLEMING.

We regret to observe the course taken by the Rev. Mr. Marling in regard to the fate of this unhappy youth. We are disposed to speak with due forbearance on a delicate matter of this sort; particularly as we know Mr. Marling to be a good-hearted, earnest, and pious man. At the same time we must remonstrate with that gentleman on the extraordinary procedure of this week. He may, indeed we believe he did, disavow the desire to minister to an improper curiosity, but we know very well it was only to gratify that curiosity that so many crowded the Temperance Hall on Wednesday evening.

If they received little satisfaction they only retired disappointed. If it is to be established as a rule that the struggles of a guilty man are to be paraded in a popular lecture; that not even the prison walls are to cover one single word of conversation; if the poor culprit's movements and words are all to be laid bare to the eyes of the curious by him who should be the first to reprove their morbid inquisitiveness, we shall at any rate protest against it.

Mr. Marling has a congregation of his own, and he, in common with his fellow clergymen of Toronto had a perfect right, indeed it was his and their duty to impress their warnings upon the young; but the idea of issuing placards with the name of the boy in flaming capitals, and making a hero of himself for an hour, was beneath Mr. Marling's position and unworthy of his sacred calling. It was virtually exclaiming to the people, "I am the man who converted Fleming, I know all about him, I watched his every sigh, caught up every secret prayer; come to the Temperance Hall and I'll tell you all about it." We have too much of this minute photography of criminal life already. The N. Y. Police Gazette, Frank Leslie, and the American dailies are not the best examples for a minister of the gospel. These papers are full of the most particular descriptions, and they are as careful as Mr. Marling in warning the people against the criminal's course, and disclaiming a desire to gratify curiosity. A thought should also have been bestowed on the poor heart-broken father who must have already suffered sufficiently for his son's notoriety; and the pain of such prolonged reference to his lost son might have been spared the poor inmate of the House of Providence.

Mr. Marling must excuse us if we fail to see the advantage of such an extraordinary course. If he is to be justified, why should not the hangman reveal to us Fleming's last prayer, and expatiate on the agony of fear to which guilt had reduced him? Why not hear the governor of the jail who had more intercourse with him, and knew far more of his antecedents? Our convictions on this subject are confirmed when we see a "Committee" advertising the repetition of this *ad captandum* *exposé* at the small sum of 7½d a head. Serpentine-halfpenny for a full account of Fleming's crimes and repentance by a minister of the gospel!

**Erratum.**

—The last number of THE GLOBE was by a typographical mistake numbered "50" instead of "61."

## GALT AND THE TARIFF.

Cheer boys cheer, don't dream of lile sorrow,  
Galt and his tariff shall guide us on our way;  
If you've no cash, why hang you can't you borrow,  
And quite forget, as a thing of course, to pay.  
Ye cheer boys cheer, though taxes grind and crush, yet  
Some things are left us cheaper than before;  
Brandy, for instance, no please the pigs, we'll lush yet,  
And hurrah! for Galt and his tariff evermore.

Then cheer boys cheer for brandy, cheaper brandy;  
Cheer boys cheer for the luscious eau de vie;  
Cheer boys cheer for cigars and wines to favour,  
Cheaper and better each jolly, roaring bravo.

Cheer boys cheer, though ancient ladies splutter,  
Over new taxes on sugar, coffee, tea,  
Though grasping merchants froit and fume and flutter,  
And all books are taxed ten per cent, hah what care wo?  
We've long bled for our horns, boys, pretty smartly,  
But good times are coming, for Galt's a jolly soul;  
Ho make the poor man pay high for books and sugar,  
Whilst on the drink, why ho lovers lads, the toll.

Then cheer boys cheer for brandy cheaper brandy;  
Cheer boys cheer for the luscious eau de vie;  
Cheer boys cheer, and toast Galt right and left too,  
Whene'er you meet for a jolly roaring spree.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The agony is over Mr. Poll and his Walks and Gardens have triumphed by a majority of one, and the eastern people are to have a park, notwithstanding the selfish opposition of western members. We understand that Mr. Poll,—whose efforts are really praise-worthy in this matter—has slept soundly ever since, and that he has pledged himself not to mention the "Walks and Gardens" in the council more than twenty times during the next two meetings. Beyond the settlement of this question no business was transacted at the first meeting.

On Thursday night, however, considerable progress was accomplished, in the course of which developments of rather an extraordinary nature, were made, through the instrumentality of that ever-vigilant sentinel of the city interests, Mr. Councilman Finch. A piece of corruption on the part of the police committee of the last council had been perpetrated, by which Mr. W. Hopkins, the oratorical tailor, was benefited to the extent of \$400. The job consisted of an order for sixty over-coats for the policemen at \$17 each, amounting in all to over \$1,000, which coats although made according to the pattern coat, were to'ally unfit for the purpose, and not worth half the amount paid for them. The parties who awarded Hopkins the contract, (notwithstanding a lower tender from Hughes Bros.) were four of the most immaculate members of the old council, viz., Messrs. Strachan, Carr, Fox, and Boulton. It did not matter to them whether the cloth was rotten or not; it was but of slight importance whether the coats would last a month, or whether they would drop to pieces if held at arms length. It was sufficient for them to know that Mr. Hopkins was an Orangeman, and that his competitor for the contract was a Catholic, to award the job to the former. It wasn't the cloth that came into question at all, it was "Brother" William Hopkins. A few will be disposed to blame Hopkins, but beyond the fact that he was tempted by the opportunity to make a haul,—the committee,—the four of "glorious and immortal memory" are the parties who really perpetrated the robbery,—and if

there is anything like a punishment for such a want of common honesty in the transaction of public business, it is surely found in the fact that every one of these gentlemen were deprived of their seats at the Council Board, although all but Alderman Carr were up for re-election.

The most mysterious part of the business is how Hopkins over got his money, before the matter came before the council, and that just in time to allow that gentleman to display his loyalty and eloquence at the Orange meeting in the St Lawrence Hall. Can it be possible that there is yet corruption in the council? By what jugglery Alderman Brunel and the Chamberlain, the latter especially, could pay the account, we can't understand, except one or the other had some share in the plunder. It may be that through some misunderstanding the money was thus illegally paid, but the thing looks mighty like the nether part of a very nefarious job.

It was a sight good for diseased optics to watch the countenances of the members of the council during these developments. Finch was full of importance; Taylor's expressive features became still more radiant; Brunel nervously hitched in his chair; Sterling underwent a process of perspiration, while Winan in his delight at something against Hopkins, (who gave him such a tongue-lashing at the Orange meeting), absolutely bounced from his chair, and was hardly sane during the remainder of the evening.

## WHO IS HE?

The other day the *Leader* published a very extraordinary article about the Chief of Police; headed "Who is he?" The writer evidently intended to be witty, or humorous. He says he met a friend on King St. This friend, it appears, was a congenial spirit; and like pleasant souls they began to discourse. The following the writer tells us is its substance. We shall call the writer Tom, and his friend Dick, for the sake of perspicuity:—

"We are a fast people," says Tom.  
"Everything denotes it," says Dick.  
"Bankruptcies are sudden," says Tom.  
"Fast young men wear peg tops," says Dick.  
"Murders are looking up," says Tom.  
"Custom Duties are looking down," says Dick.  
Suddenly the Chief of Police appears in the distance:

"Who's him?" says Tom.  
"Him's not known to we," says Dick.  
"What whiskers," says Tom.  
"What moustache," says Dick.  
"What breeks," says Tom.  
"What hauteur," says Dick.  
"What, who," says Tom.  
"O tempora," says Dick.  
"O mores," says Tom.

The conversation does not appear to go any further, but we think we have given enough of it to present a tolerably good picture of the wits of the town.

Conundrum for a Parson.

—Why are the new twenty-cent pieces like the majority of the people who were present at the recent executions?

Because their "impressions" will soon wear away!

## SPENDTHRIFTS.

We observe from the votes and proceedings of Wednesday last, that Mr. McKellar introduced a Bill "for the protection of spendthrifts, and for the management of their estates for the benefit of their families." The Hon. gentlemen has entered upon a new field of legislation, and we confess we are rather curious to know how large he intends to make that field, or rather where he is disposed to draw the line of demarcation between the spendthrift and the ordinary denizen of this lower sphere. Does he mean to take under his special care every lucky youngster whose Grandmama presents him with a dollar, which said dollar may of course be squandered within the hour for "lollipop" and marbles? There's the spendthrift in embryo, and legislation should always strike at the root of an evil. Or will he leave the youngster unchecked, and throw his fatherly care around the thoughtless clerk, whose quarter's salary disappears like the snow drift in the river, "One moment his, then gone for ever?" If not,—where does he mean to begin? How decide, who is a spendthrift and who not? How determine how far Mr. So and So's estate will bear the annual expenditure of the Proprietor before it shall be landed over to the tender mercies of a Commissioner, to be "managed for the benefit of the family?" We don't profess to possess too large a share of worldly wisdom ourselves, and we may possibly become obnoxious to the provisions of Mr. McKellar's bill. But fortunately in our case, as the future Mrs. GRUMBER has not been led, all blushing, to the altar; our family happens to be remarkably small, and as for our estate, why—we shall resist all intermeddling with it, as an unwarrentable interference with the liberty of the subject. But seriously—if the title is a proper index to the contents of Mr. McKellar's Bill it must be a very funny one. Had Gowen introduced it, we should have supposed at once that he was fishing for a permanent "commission" to enquire into other people's business, and have a finger in the "management of other people's estates." Possibly Mr. McKellar is only desirous of building for himself an enviable reputation as a philanthropist *par excellence*, and as a first step undertakes the management of half the estates in Canada, for that we take it, will be the result if every spendthrift amongst us is to be looked after.

## THE THEATRE.

We are glad to see that the Royal Lyceum is about to be re-opened, under the management of Mr. Marlow, this evening. A new company is to be brought from New York, and in the meantime the public taste for theatricals is to be occasionally indulged. After the long fast which our theatre-going community have had from the drama, the present opportunity will be eagerly seized on, and a crowded house may be expected to-night. The pieces to be performed are good.

Mr. Marlow's ability as a manager has been already tested, with a favorable result, and we have no doubt of his success. We hope, however, that he will prove himself skilled in choosing a company. Our theatrical taste has grown nice, and we shall expect something very good.

## 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 is my case said this Fitzlyan stranger;  
I once could go roamin', or get on a spree,  
But now this is o'er, for some duced prison ranger  
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 misfortune on our project now lowers,  
And dampens our ardor for Erin-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-coats could chase me;  
Oh then should the rascals by a look o'er diplicate me,  
I'd lay their black backs to Erin-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 Esqeto, 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 woulding 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.