

THE CORRECT REPORT.

It is almost impossible to account for the strange freaks the editors of our dailies play off on the public. As a case in point, let us refer to the McGee banquet of Wednesday last. The reports published in the daily papers were, we say it advisedly, deliberately and unhesitatingly, false. We took care to have our reporter in the Hall, and from his notes we give the only true and reliable account.

The Chair was occupied by Ogle R. Gowan. Grace was said by the Rev. Nassau Gowan, and after considerable eating, and not a little drinking, the cloth was removed, and the "usual loyal toasts" having been drunk, the chairman rose and proposed the health of Bishop Ombartoulet. He made some remarks upon the eminent qualifications his lordship possessed to fill the mastership of an Orange Lodge, and breathed a desire that the episcopal shadow might never grow less.

Air: The Protestant Boys—sung by Mr. Moylan with great effect.

Father Bruyere replied in a very telling speech, sparkling with wit. He said that, in being privileged to meet so many of those illustrious in the history of Candairn Orangeism, he was not at that moment exactly aware whether he was planted upon his cranial or pedal developments.

A voice from a sleek young man in the crowd: "Nuff sed."

For his part he had a great reverence for the "pious and immortal memory," in fact he whistled "Boyne Water" in the cradle. It was a stupid prejudice for Protestants to suppose that they had any deep-rooted antipathy to the life and drum. In fact last twelfth of July he felt strongly inclined to —

Sleek young man: "See justice done."

Father Bruyere:—Yes, as my pale-faced young friend has it, to see justice done in the matter of the procession.

The worthy padre went on in this happy way for about half an hour, and sat down amidst loud applause.

The Chairman then rose to propose the toast of the evening. His eloquent friend on his right was peculiarly endeared to him as an ex-Grand Master and Sovereign of the Scarlet. It was, if he might use the *ter-rum*, in his ex official position he proposed, T. D'Arcy McGee, Esquire, the member for Montreal, may be our next Grand Master. Drunk with unearthly enthusiasm.

Mr. McGee rose to reply. We cannot pretend to give anything like even an outline of the honorable gentleman's very eloquent harangue. Suffice it to say, that he traced the benefits of Orangism up to St. Patrick, who, he said, was the first Grand Master, and although a Scotchman, wasn't to be sneezed at by any means. Something good occasionally came out of Galilee. (Loud and explosive laughter.) It had also been the case hero. Mr. Brown was also a Scotchman, but he ought to have been an Irishman by rights, he was so much a man after his (McGee's) heart. (Prolonged stamping and glass clinking.) Then turning upon the corruptions of the Government, he floored Cartier by one blow, scattered Sidney Smith's brains about like one o'clock, and ended by expressing the satisfac-

tion he felt in the election of Mr. J. H. Cameron to the Grand Mastership. He had always loved his honorable friend, but now he perfectly adored him, in fact, he had been so overcome that he went immediately to their worthy chairman, and begged him to propose him as a member of a Loyal Orange Lodge. The hon. gentleman then resumed his seat. Air—Croppies, lie down.

Mr. McGee again rose, and proposed the Chairman's health, which was drunk very freely, rather too freely indeed by some merry but enthusiastic youngsters.

Mr. John Wilson then sang the "Shan Van Vocht."

Mr. Gowan's speech sent our reporter to sleep but no doubt he was stupid as usual. After sundry minor guns had exploded their little charges, the meeting broke up with three cheers for McGee, three for "the pious and immortal," three for Gowan, and another three for Cameron.

COOPER'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

During the week Mr. Cooper's Company have performed five of the best operas to the musical people of Toronto. We have not room to give at any length our opinion of the merits of these performances. That duty devolves upon the Daily papers, and we are sorry to say that it is very miserably performed. The *Leader* has made some ambitious attempts at operative criticism, the other dailies are as good as mum on the subject. It is enough for us to say that the company has never been in better condition than it is now. Miss Milner, always attractive and pleasing, seems to have lost none of her charms since we saw and heard her last. That one beautiful song, "Lo hear, the gentle Lark," is worth more than the price of the entire performance. Mr. Cook sings and acts with even more spirit and power than before. His *Dulcamara* and *Figaro* kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter, whilst in such parts as the *Count* in *Trovatore*, he displays great power of voice and action. Mr. Bowler, it seems to us, has also greatly improved in every way during his absence from Toronto, whilst Mr. Rudolphsen is the same "old reliable" as ever. We must beg Miss Payne's pardon for having omitted to mention her excellent rendition of the character of *Auencas*; it certainly is as a powerful piece of acting as we ever saw.

The chorus, though small, is very effective; we notice that the recruiting sergeant of the company has induced two of our Toronto musicians to enlist into the service; we hope when the troupe visits Toronto again, to see them filling respectable positions in it. So much for the performance, now for the audience. We are well aware that the Lyceum is a very bad building, uncomfortable and ill adapted for sound; damp, dirty and miserable as a general thing; but we do protest against the very inadequate patronage accorded to this company on the present occasion. It is really too bad that whilst nigger bands and conjurers and thousands of patrons, scientific music of the highest order, rendered in the best style, counts its lovers by scores, for we can scarcely say hundreds. The hardness of the times has, of course, much to do with it, still those

who could afford to patronize the stale tricks of Jacobs and the idiotic freaks of his man Sprightly, cannot plead that excuse. It is certainly a reproach to our citizens that this reproof is needed.

Mr. Cooper will, we presume, remain with us during some portion of next week, and we put it to the good taste of Torontonians, whether performances which are worthy of every one's countenance and support, shall be so poorly attended.

WHICH IS TRUE?

It is astonishing how party spectacles alter cases. A party meeting, a political banquet, or an agricultural show can be made successful or unsuccessful, well or barely attended at pleasure. The *Globe's* reporter at the Kingston Fair, telegraphs "Visitors are not at all numerous, and things generally are dull." Now whether the expression that "things are generally dull" is intended as a general dictum or merely as applied to the Fair does not appear; yet it seems evident that in the *Globe's* eye, the fair is a failure. *Audi alteram partem*, the *Colonist* to wit: "This morning the crowd of visitors was very great."—Now which fibs, the Grit or the moderate?—Let us have some idea of the truth for once in your editorial lives. It would puzzle a stranger to understand the rationale of this depreciation on one side and laudation on the other. It "is all along" of Adam Fergusson. John A. Macdonald is Attorney General West, and was fed and toasted to satiety by the local committee at Kingston.—Mr. Brown got no dinner from the committee. Adam Fergusson witholds his Durhams from the fair, and it must be made a failure by all good Grits. The same cause operating in the other way on *Old Double*, produces a glowing report; hence the contradiction. Oh if Adam had only sent his bulls and John A. had not been gorged, what a different sight the fair would have been.

OLD DOUBLE AT SEA.

One would think that a retired parson like *Old Double*, would still retain memory enough not to misquote Scripture. The study of a life-time ought not, we should think, to be effaced even by twelve year's dotage. It is not so, however, poor old creature, she has survived the last trace of memory and understanding. In a number this week, the poor creature, speaking of the opposition, says, that in it we have "Isaac's voice with Esau's hands" referring we presume to the narrative of Jacob's deception. The illustration itself is not introduced in the most reverent style imaginable, but to mistake the father for the son, the deceiver for the deceived, shows a state of dotage, we never anticipated even from the *Rev. Old Double*. Won't some energetic M. P. introduce a law next session to prohibit parsons from occupying the sanctum and wielding the editorial quill. The most insolent and unreasonable political papers in this country are edited by parsons; the most unchristian language is penned by lips that ought to be the first to utter words of charity. The government would do a real service to the community by despatching every one of them to Vancouver's Island, as missionaries.