

call to be at great expenses—(loud cheers). With regard to the University it should be kept a going, though a man myself of limited education—(Irish elector, "Shure ye write yerself A. M., honey, and that's Master of Arts.") I think the Militia should be called immediate to action, if needful, and I should like to put a stop to the borrowing of money right and left, as the saying is. I am in favor of opening the great Northern Territory, and for the general exploring of the Arctic regions—(loud cheers). I will oppose grants of money to religious houses. The love of money, as you who kin write seen in your copy books, "is the root of all evil," and every tub should stand on its own bottom—(cheers). If elected, I shall do my best to put down Sectarian Schools, and as Upper Canada has suffered considerable in that way, I shall do my best to put matters straighter than a dog's hind leg, by a long chalk—(Laughter and cheers). In conclusion, gentlemen, I shall keep a careful eye on the measures of this city, including weights. My interests lie in Toronto, and I am determined to lie where my interests are concerned, as most men do; and now, gentlemen, I have to thank you for your patient attention, and to wish you many happy returns of the day. (Loud and long continued cheering.) *Exeunt omnes.*

CONCERT.

ARTISTIC ANALYSIS.

In the style of the Metropolitan Daily Press.

In referring critically to the late Concert given by Mr. John Jones, at Music Hall, we beg to observe, that Herr Flynn was too weak on the violin and that his *Carnival de Venus* was rather strong in one part. On the whole, however, he acquitted himself in a most creditable manner, and we trust that he shall soon have the pleasure of hearing him again.

We cannot praise Miss Simpkins's singing too highly. She has a voice of great power, and some of her high notes are unexceptionable. She sang that beautiful "aren" from "*Gadza Lather, Her*,"—"Still so gently o'er me stealing,"—with great effect, especially in the soft parts, and was deservedly encored. Miss Simpkins is destined to make a noise in the world some day or other.

We regret that we are unable to say much in favour of the performance of Mr. Butler. He has, we admit, a very fair bass voice; but his low notes are too short and not of sufficient power to meet the exigencies of the case. His shake would have been better also, if it had been taken at the ending part of his solo, rather than where it was. This, however, will be remedied by care and practice, when, no doubt, he will excel.

The piano-forte, played by Professor Snubbs, was very fine indeed. His imitation of thunder was exceedingly loud and effective, while the soft parts, when it was over, could scarcely be heard, they were so soft, almost amounting to zephyrs. His rendering of the "Prairie Flower" was so entrancing towards the middle that it brought the audience to their feet, and elicited the most rapturous applause. In fine, taking the Concert all in all, it will be a long time before we shall hear its like again.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

UNCORRUPTIBLE SIR.—Feeling confident, as I do, that you will lend me the aid of your powerful journal to expose the glaring acts of corruption and instances of bribery which have disgraced our fair city during the past week, I send you the following for insertion.

"On Saturday evening, as I was passing one of the workshops in the city, I saw, I repeat it, I saw with my own eyes, a man distributing money among a lot of mechanics, giving five dollars to one man, eight dollars to another, ten to another, and so on. Now, sir, some I acknowledge may be simple enough to believe that those men were getting paid for their labor, but, sir, I entertain a very different opinion. Is it customary I would ask in their latter days to pay men for their labor; you know sir, and I know, and everybody knows, that that custom has long since died out. What then is the inference that remains, but that those men were being basely bribed to barter for filthy lucre that glorious privilege which ought to be held inviolate by every man who appreciates the value of the liberty of the subject. And so I am confirmed in my belief that these men were bribed, from the fact that as soon as they received the money they thrust it hastily into their pockets, as if they were ashamed to be seen holding in their hands that which had been the cause of their vending their glorious birth-right, the privilege of recording their vote for the man of their choice. Some of your more cynical readers may insinuate that the presence of such a suspicious looking individual as myself was sufficient excuse for their putting their money so quickly out of sight; but, sir, I treat such an innuendo with the contempt which it deserves. Again, sir, I saw as I was taking my usual evening walk, a Clear Grit of the deepest dye, and a Scotchman too, deliberately take from his vest pocket a cent (not a copper, remember) and purchase an *Evening Leader*. Now sir, is not the motive quite apparent, that the object was to induce the young girl by this extravagant expenditure of money, to use her influence with her parent to vote for the Clear Grit candidate. I think there can be no doubt of it. Besides, was a Scotchman ever known to spend so much money without having some ulterior design in view. I feel assured, sir, you cannot furnish an instance to the contrary; if you can, I will withdraw the charge. I omit the many glaring instances of corruption that disgraced the day which is the best of all the seven, when collections were taken up by prominent Clear Grits in many of our principal churches, for what purpose it is easy to imagine, especially after the statement of the *Leader* that the box was taken round by several leading G.'s. But the corrupt acts of last week pale before the more disgraceful acts of Corruption perpetrated on Monday and Tuesday. Previously the bribing was confined to the lower orders, but on those days, many if not all our leading merchants and storekeepers were seen in the broad light of open day unblushingly taking money over their counters, and in their offices. The Banks too, were not free from the general contamination; and when

we know that nearly all of these men voted either one way or the other, i. e., for the Grits, we must acknowledge that the *Leader* had ample grounds for the charge: of corruption and bribery which it brings forward. I am informed that even some of our ministers were tampered with, but that after receiving money from both candidates they refused to vote for either on conscientious grounds. One only I am informed was found possessed of sufficient virtue to resist "the temptation of the hour, and that, sir, was myself. Though besieged by both parties, though offered fabulous sums for my services, I am happy to inform you, sir, that my well known character for honor and integrity has come out of the ordeal purer than ever.

Yours in opposition to corruption and bribery,
JOHN CARAYAN.

P. S.—Some malicious people are spreading the report that I received a pair of leather breeches—I trust I mean, for my services, but there is no truth in it.

J. C.

SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE.

The Night after the Battle of the Polls.

TORONTO ELECTOR ASLEEP IN HIS TENT.

(*Enter the Shade of CRAWFORD.*)—*To Elector:*
Shade.

This is the very bitterness of fortune;
This is the extremest point of all my misery;
The mass, the bulk, the upshot of all horror.
Oh, that I ever ventured to the House!
Oh, that I never, never more may go!
Ungrateful wretch, that liest in slumber balmy—
Think on my brains in committees destroyed—
View my frail form, in long debates consumed—
Remember all the bills I meant to carry;
Remember how I almost fixed your meter;
If Orange, call to mind thy base desertion—
If Roman, think upon their wretched failure—
Fiends and venomous demons dog thy slumbers.
Think, think on Crawford, down, despair and die.
[*Exit.*]

(*Enter the Shade of ROBINSON.*)
Shade.

Now, by great Jove, of whom I heard at College,
Here is a turning of the polling tables.
What is the matter with the horrid people?
What one objection could they find against me?
Am I not one of the aristocratials?
Did I not speak for our Representation?
Did I not ask for much for our Toronto?
—An easy task—and did I ever fail
In making pledges at election times?
Am I not known to be a man of muscle?
Have I not carried Bills, and would I not
Have here conveyed the Seat of Government?
Lo, now no more am I a President!
No more am I an anything remunerative!
Electing brute, that liest in slumber snoozing—
Destruction fetch the biggest nightmares to thee.
Think now on Robinson—despair and die. [*Exit.*]
(*Enter the Shade of SMITH.*)
Shade.

I fain wad houp that I retain my senses;
But canna yet believe myself a moonbaker.