

THE GREAT CRICKET MATCH.

The Yankee Cricketers Skinned Alive.

(From our own Correspondent.)

New York, Oct. '59.

The infernal lies, Mr. Editor, which newspaper correspondents are in the habit of telling, has made the proverb to "lie like a penny-a-liner," proverbial all over the world. But in the whole course of my professional career, I never saw or heard of such barefaced lying as has been practiced on the public at large in regard to the great cricket match lately played at Hoboken. I need not refer to particulars, but any one who will compare the following report of the match with those already published cannot but see that there has been dreadful misrepresentation somewhere or other. I feel somewhat reluctant in thus in a wholesale manner making my brethren of the goose-quill amenable to public strictures; but honesty is the best policy as the thief said when gazing on the royal jewels in the Tower of London. It is comforting, however, to reflect that Canadian journalists wishers are unwraving in this matter—since the reports that have been hitherto published have all been American.

The following report, Mr. Editor, you may rely upon as correct, as I witnessed every action I here record with my own eyes:

The game commenced at a quarter past twelve a. m. The twenty-two best cricketers that could be scared up in all America went in in high feather—showing their muscle and developing tricks with the ball in such a manner that the batting immediately rose to 60 to 1 against the Britishers. However, when the game commenced the eyes of the Yankees were opened somewhat, and their countenances began to wear a kind of "skered" expression, which time, which cures all things, failed to remove. You know the result, the Yankees were skinned to death—only making 38 runs.

The Britishers went in, and now commenced some tall playing. The first ball was delivered by the American Wright. You'd think from the manner he sent it in that the Britishers was about to be bowled out of the world immediately. A cheer rose from the Americans as the ball whizzed from the hands of the Almighty Wright. But it was of short duration. The Britisher let drive with the bat—and instantly the ball was seen to make a bee line for the Alleghany Mountains and then was lost to sight. The running commenced. The two Britishers scored 156 and then sat down to smoke until the ball was found. The Yankee twenty-two rushed pell mell in a body after the ball, which they pursued for about two miles and a half, when, to their great relief, its further progress was arrested by Policeman X. Y. Z., who restored it to their custody. The Britishers might have objected to this as unfair, but they scorned to do so.

Play commenced again—as soon as the Yankee twenty-two arrived on the ground. The next ball was a slow one—one of those cute balls that slip under the bat unawares and put the batter out. The English fellow saw the dodge. The assembled thousands hung in anxious suspense on the effect of the ball. It came along in a sneaking manner. Just as it reached the bat the Britisher let drive like lightning. The ball disappeared as quickly!

Here was a mess for the Yankees. The English scored 116, and sat down to lunch. Meanwhile the American twenty-two turned out to look for the ball. Various large rewards were offered for information respecting it. Messages were dispatched by telegraph to all parts of the Union, enquiring if the ball had been seen—and if so to have it at once stopped, and sent back. After an hour's fruitless search, the ball was at last discovered in the breast pocket of the long-stop. It had been so skillfully played by the Britisher, that the Yankees never felt it dodging into his pocket, and it was only in looking for his life preserver, that he discovered it.

Play again commenced. This time the Yankees were determined not to lose sight of the ball.—"Flora Temple," "Greased Sneaker," and some other of the best trotting horses in the country were harnessed close at hand. Men with telescopes were stationed at all parts of the field, and one or two express trains were chartered to start at a moment's warning, if the ball should be seen to take its flight in their direction. Everything was done that Yankee ingenuity could devise.

The exciting moment at last came. Away went the ball with desperate precision towards the wicket. Bang went the Britisher's bat! Away flew the ball, with forty thousand balloon power! and away flew hither-skelter, pell mell, topsy-turkey one over the other, the United States twenty-two, the trotting horses, the crowd, the express trains, and about 150 cabs and carriages in pursuit of the ball. Never was seen such a chase and a race since the world began. The women screamed, the children roared, the men yelled, tore their beards, and cursed their natal days!

The tumult was awful! The ball was seen about a mile and a half in the distance, making dreadful headway for Canada. An express engine on the Troy road was almost upon it. But the ball regularly dodged the engineer every time he made a grab at it, and he lost it altogether by the engine running off a bank 200 feet high. The great trotting horse, "Flora Temple" was next upon the track. The gallant mare seemed imbued with the national ardour so infectious under the "stars and stripes"; for she "out-fraided" herself entirely. She took houses and hills in splendid style—leaped six canals, each sixty feet wide—threw sixteen somersaults, and twice actually caught the ball in her teeth, but unfortunately it dropped out again, and poor Flora was at last obliged to give in, having run into a deep morass, when she sunk up to her nostrils. The poor girl, like a true American horse, was observed to weep when obliged to give up the chase. At the time I am writing this dispatch, she is engaged in digging herself out of her unpleasant situation.

It is hard to say what became of the ball. It is stated that Messrs. L. Mountain and Haddock, the lost balloonists, who recently so inconsiderately turned up like barnacles on a ship's bottom in the inhospitable regions of the Hudson's Bay Company, far beyond the bounds of civilization, after their families had gone to the expense of ordering several suits of mourning—it is said that those gentlemen, when making their unpropitious descent, saw something like a cricket-ball proceeding through the air

with unabated speed in the direction of the north pole.

So ended the great International game, M. Editor, in which the Yankees were skinned alive, much to the satisfaction of every Canadian, and to none more so than to

Your faithful correspondent,
HOCKEY BACON.

DOCTORS DIFFERING:

On Saturday afternoon last Dr. Geikie appeared before the Hospital Board with a black eye and a broken nose. He commenced by reading to the meetings the regulations relating to the subject of doctors visiting patients. These regulations he said effectually allowed any physician to do anything he *darned-pleased* in the hospital, and he begged to inform the gentlemen of the Board that while attempting to do so, he had been knocked and kicked and hampered by the irascible Dr. Richardson. Dr. Richardson had been treating a patient for compound fracture of the thigh, and he (Dr. Geikie) had ventured to undo some of the ligatures applied by his medical friend and cut off the limb in question. Dr. Richardson had resented this behaviour out of pure jealousy, and frowned and looked contemptuous. Now he (Dr. G.) didn't like this.—Nothing ever made him feel so mean as an expression of contempt on the countenance of a medical friend. It always made him feel like a whipped puppy dog. On another occasion he had watched him in his treatment of a rupture, and had taken the liberty of jerking Dr. R.'s arm, whereat Dr. R. was so ill-natured as to frown again. On another occasion that old lamb, Dr. Rolph, ventured to place his hand on Dr. Richardson's hand while the latter was bleeding his patient in the neck. It is true that the jugular vein was severed in consequence, but Dr. R. had no right for any such light provocation to kick the aforesaid mild and inoffensive creature out of the room.

Dr. Richardson then rose, and said that he didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, but thought it was most probably the former. He said he considered himself too good to be mentioned in the same week, nay, even in the same month with Dr. Geikie, the shiny offspring of Victoria College. He said he considered Dr. Geikie had no right to be finding out all his patent operations, and spying out his preparations. He acknowledged that he had looked contemptuously at Dr. Geikie. Indeed it would take a very good Christian to do otherwise. He (Dr. R.) had drawn himself up to his full height, and had, in fact, got upon a table in order to crush his enemy with a still greater weight of moral indignity. He intended to treat Dr. Geikie, and, in fact, every one who attempted, to "dog" him around as that gentleman had done—like a whipped spaniel. In fact, he would make a dogged resistance to all such puppyish conduct.

Dr. Rolph then wished to say a few words. He could certify that Dr. Geikie hadn't much harm in him. In fact, he was as harmless as a homeopathist's drugs, or a rattlesnake with his teeth pulled out.

Here Dr. Geikie threw his case of instruments at Dr. Rolph's head, and the meeting retired in confusion, without coming to any definite decision.