

tions and not quite satisfied with the finale, passed through the lobby of the opera house into the apartment where one hundred angry men were demanding bits of printed cardboard to be exchanged for great coats and Inverness wraps.

"I will have it," says an excited English man, his temper not improved by the prospect of losing, through the shameful carelessness of cloak-room managers, his six guinea great coat. "Och sure and done out of me great coat as well as the supper," says the Irishman. "Ye may say I canna tell, but the law will make you to-morrow. You undertook charge and you are responsible," is the rather calculating remark of a Lanark man, as for the twentieth time he commences to search for a plaid No. 3,059, which he trusts may yet make its appearance among that heap of coats and hats fifty feet long and six feet high; though despair has seized him when he finds No. 3,050 and No. 6, No. 2,000 and No. 4 reclining together most amicably.

With an inward congratulation that no great coat had he, Captain —, of the —, retires from the noise and confusion, crushed though the new chace is, still he has it, and hailing a cab the British volunteer retires to his hotel near Covent Garden. The day great with his fate ended, and on his return to tell his friends of all he did and saw on that eventful day of March, 1860; he can feel for the individual reduced thus to ad-vertise:

"Lost at the Volunteer Ball,"

"A grey great coat lined with silk. In the pockets were, a box of vesuvians, a meerschaum pipe, some tobacco, a lady's fan, a return ticket, a pair of buckskin gloves, a lady's small box, and a pair of American overshoes. Apply to X. Y. Z."

THE REVIEW IN TORONTO.

(From the Globe of the 14th inst.)

The ubiquitous individual to whom mythology has consigned the care of the weather must have been in anything but a placid humor yesterday, judging from the disagreeable day experienced on one of the occasions when Toronto entire is more than usually liable to be seized with the military fever, and its masses, male and female perambulators, and all make up their minds to be spectators of one of those pageants now necessary to satisfy the military ardor of our citizens. It seemed, in fact, as if Pluvius and old Sol had, after some weeks of quiet, self-complacent agreement, suddenly fallen out, and the former had determined to give vent to spite on incessant, unoffending citizens seeking to do honor to their country's defenders. The serenity of the preceding night had changed early in the morning to a misty haze, and threatening clouds darkened the sun and threw an equally dense shadow of disappointment over those whose minds had been made up, since the review was first mooted, to be amongst the spectators. Nor did the smothered rain that alternately came, and alternately didn't, hinder these from carrying out their determination; and although rain it did, still the crops were so mist-like as to afford grounds for the hope that a better prospect was in store for the gallant troops. Before their arrival there were crowds—in carriages,

those who probably could and some who couldn't afford it, but the majority on foot. Probably not less than 5000 people were on the ground during the day. As the troops entered the field, they scattered liberally over the ground, and left out stray spaces on which they should deploy, and it was with some difficulty that they regained the formation originally assumed on Wellington Place; but about three o'clock the long line had formed, the right resting away to the north of the ground, and the other extreme crossing the road that faces St. Stephen's Church. Of these, the cavalry, Col. Jenyns, held the right flank, the Grey and Bay batteries next, the 17th, Major Coulston; the 10th Royals, Lieut. Col. Brunel, and on the extreme left the Queen's Own, Lieut. Col. Gilmour. In consequence of the near approach of the Queen's birthday, the Grand Trunk battalion found it impossible to be present, not being able to suspend their ordinary work for two days in one month, while somewhat similar causes prevented appearance of the Volunteer Artillery Battalion, and Governor General's Body Guard. Still, the display was a good one, and so far as the Volunteers were concerned, the best that has taken place for some time. Without detracting any from the creditable display made by the other corps, the marked improvement observable in the 10th Royals was a feature gratifying to the friends of the Volunteer force—its band under Mr. Toulmin, the men and officers, presenting an appearance never before attained by the same corps.

Shortly after three o'clock the officer commanding the district, Major Gen. Stisted, with a staff consisting of Capt. Fryer, A.D.C., and Capt. Moorsom, extra A.D.C., Captain Parsons, Brigade-Major, Col. Mountain, Commandant of this garrison, Lieut. Col. Durie, A.A.G. of Volunteers, Lieut. Col. Sir Henry Havelock, Quartermaster-General; Lt. Col. Hassard, R. E., Lieut. Col. Denison and Lt. Col. Dennis, Brigade-Majors of Volunteers, and others, entered the field, and were received by a general salute. The whole of the troops were then formed in hollow square facing inwards, the General and staff in the centre, when a most interesting ceremony took place. The Brigade-Major called two members of the Hussars to the front, and read an order from the Horse Guards aloud to the troops. The communication stated that under Her Majesty's sign manual of the 24th of April, the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, had ordered Privates Morris White and William Simms each to receive a silver medal for good conduct and long services. Both of these have served over 21 years in the army without a dishonorable mark being recorded against them, while the Crimean and Sebastopol medals with clasps denote that the gallant fellows had taken part in the notable engagements at Alma, Inkerman and Balaklava, and showed that they were both good and brave soldiers. Both are of the honored few left left of those who took part in the celebrated charge of the "Light Brigade," the famous 600, at Balaklava, and by their conduct since have added lustre to the fame there acquired. The presentation of the medal also carried with it a gratuity of £5 sterling.

Immediately on this interesting ceremony being completed, the troops re-formed into column and marched past. But the rain, if it injured the infinitesimal substitutes for bonnets of the fairer sex, or the neat holiday attire of their escorts, did damage more generally observable in the subsequent movements of the troops. The rain had

allayed any semblance of dust, but instead left a soft surface, into which horses and men sunk in rather indiscriminate confusion, rendering many of the manoeuvres irregular and sometimes perplexingly queer. The multitude of spectators, too, as if desirous of being as wayward as the weather, appeared at every stage just where they were in the way, and from these combined causes the review, as a military pageant, was somewhat less successful and considerably inferior to what all fondly look for on the Queen's birthday. It is strange that no sense of propriety will make people keep at a respectful distance. The cavalry charge mixed up men, women, and children, and horsemen indiscriminately ran down several families, if we may judge from the groups upset, but fortunately hurt few, and none seriously.

After marching past at open quarter distance column, line was re-formed on the original ground, and the infantry brigade ordered to advance in direct echelon of battalions, under cover of the cavalry and artillery. An endless line of carriages in the centre of the field prevented full effect being given to this order; and after various efforts to arrive at the point aimed at without making an enemy of the mass of people in front, the whole line formed in square, with a few random shots from the artillery, which found an echo in the sharp crack of the carbines of the cavalry, whose skirmishers had by this time advanced a quarter of a mile to the front. These retiring, the flank was changed, and line of battalions formed in echelon, and a desire apparently expressed, through the movement just finished, to open fire on the woods, in the direction from which the cavalry had just retired, but only the 17th were provided with blank ammunition, and thus one of the pleasures of the day had to be abandoned. After a variety of other movements, more designed to try the ability of the troops in executing manoeuvres than to follow out the sketch originally adopted for the day's programme, the troops again formed line; the infantry—or such as heard the order—darted off at the charge, which being finished, all re-formed into battalion, when the General, placing himself between the two regiments of Volunteers, addressed them, saying—I have seen many Militia and Volunteer regiments, but I have never in my life seen any move better than those now before me. I consider that you are quite fitted for the field; your manoeuvres have been as good as many in Hyde Park on review days. I had no idea that you would do so well, and I am proud to have such men as you to rely upon in case of necessity. The safety of the country depends much on the military ardor that pervades its inhabitants, and I hope that you will continue in the same state of efficiency, in order that our country may be defended as long as it is under the dominion of Great Britain. You certainly deserve great credit for the proficiency you display, and I hope to see you again on the Queen's birthday.

The troops then left the field, it being about a quarter after five o'clock.

The various companies of the Garrison Artillery in conjunction with the Gloucester corps turned out on the Rideau plains, yesterday afternoon, and went through various battalion manoeuvres, after which they were practiced in firing with blank cartridge. From the activity prevailing among all branches of the service, Regular and Volunteer, we should judge that a rare treat in the way of a military display is in store for Ottawa on the approaching Queen's birthday.—[Citizen, 14th.