

**Election Intelligence.**

**CARLETON.**—We protest against any attempt to oust "the beauty." Such a pretty compound of good-looks, self-conceit and impudence, is not met with every day.

**DURHAM EAST.**—If the Opposition candidate should be defeated, he will be Burton *ait-ing*. His spirits must be kept up. Do our readers see the joke?

**ELGIN W.**—If Mr. Scoble should be defeated, the election will be upset for bribery, for it will be evident that this constituency has its *Price*.

**ESSEX.**—The ex-Yankee lancer is trying hard to secure *Rank-in* a higher position.

**FEONTENAC.**—It's no use Mr. Ferguson, you can't lodge here. Sir H. Smith is working Knight and day.

**GRENVILLE, S.**—Where is the *Canadian Freeman*, while (St.) Patrick opposed by Shanly?

**HALTON.**—The same question applies to Halton, where a *White-boy* is in jeopardy.

**KENT.**—Northwood might oust McKellar, but that side of the forest is always in the shade and chilly, and the electors may give him the cold shoulder.

**LANARK, N.**—Shaw ought to have a good chance, for his opponent never speaks; he is always a dumb-Bell.

**LEEDS AND GRENVILLE.**—Jones, the bore, is *surveying* this constituency we hope he won't cost as much to it as he did to the government when he trailed his chain through the Township of Canonto.

**NORTHUMBERLAND, E.**—The old member is unopposed. This riding is growing fast, for in Parliament it is *Biggar* every time.

**ONTARIO, S.**—Mowat says he hopes the electors will reject his opponent and say "Go, La(t)lg," to him.

**OXFORD, S.**—The Brown Horse, (aged), expected to walk the course, but there is a horse of quite another color out.

**PEEL.**—It will be rather a shabby thing if the Grand Master be rejected in Orange Peel.

**PERTH.** We hope the old member, will not be rejected; he lives by politics, and it would be a shame for Perth to deny him *Da(t)ly* bread.

**PETERBORO.**—It appears that the Conger-cel will slip in unopposed. It is the nature of the beast.

**RUSSELL.**—The jail-bird Fellowes deserves credit for his impudence in coming out; either he or the pick of the Penitentiary should be returned.

**STORMONT.**—There are two candidates. A Cockney says between opinions he thinks he shall *halt* (Ault).

More anon,

**Egotism.**

—One dollar reward will be paid to any one who can inform the public how many times the first personal pronoun in the nominative, possessive and objective cases was employed by Mr. D. B. Read on Thursday night; also, a philological declination of the organs of self-esteem and love of approbation. Mr. Robinson in his selection of chief speaker on Thursday, was leaning on a broken *Reed*.

**Lincoln and the Black Art.**

"*Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*"

Alas, poor Abe! Fairly earthed at last. Where can he turn for consolation or advice? With a discordant cabinet of incapables, an army gradually melting away by expiry of time, generals wrangling and incapable, foreign credit *nil*, foreign sympathy chilled and repelled by the impudence of Seward and Wilkes, and the South still unconquered, where can he turn for succour? As a *dernier resort* he has tried table-rapping, but it must be confessed with very indifferent success. The *Herald* gave us a few days ago an account of the first appeal to ghostly counsel, and by special report, we have now the pleasure of giving our readers the second. It will be seen that the spirits were not, by any means, as communicative as the honest figure-head at Washington might have desired and some of them are positively rude. On Wednesday last at midnight, Pro-fessor (accent on the first syllable) made his appearance. By the way, where do all these Yankee professors come from? What seats of learning boast of these lights of learning? Surely they must belong to that greatest of all American seminaries, the University of Humberg, of which P. T. Barnum is Chancellor. Well, the Pro-fessor began by a very sociable dance amongst the furniture, the music being played by invisible hands on the piano-forte. This was followed by a *pas seul* by the piano itself, keeping time to its own music. The dance over, the professor desired poor Abe to go a-head. This meant that the President might proceed with his inquiries. He desired the pleasure of a few minutes conversation with Alexander the Great. Some dispute appears to have arisen as to the particular Alexander intended. Alexander Pope, Pope Alexander VI. and an old King of Scotland contesting the matter with the conqueror of the world. The dispute being set at rest, Abe proceeded.

*Abe.*—What's to be done with this war?

*Alexander.*—Bow-string all your generals, disband your armies, and go at something you understand.

*Abe.*—But the Union?

*Alexander.*—A plague on the Union and you too. I'd have conquered the whole of you with my phalanx in a week, in spite of your pop-guns and smoke.

*Abe.*—Can't you give Hooker a hint or two?

*Alexander.*—Yes, to go and hang himself, for a blustering, bungling, incapable—

Upon this a band was seen extended and shortly afterwards a nose, and, we relate it with surprise, the thumb of the former was brought in contact with the latter and then disappeared.

The piano rousing itself to activity began to play "Dixie," and, when the professor remonstrated, he was informed that it was only Stonewall Jackson endeavouring to cheer up old Abe. The next was the Duke of Wellington, but on being asked to show his credentials or at least his nose, he retired in disgust. The next visitor announced himself as the Duke of Marlborough, and began to talk of Blenheim, Oudenarde and Malplaquet; but Abe thought there was something suspicious about him,

for after asking his advice, which was to arm the negroes against their masters, kill all the slave holders, keep Hooker in command, and make his advance, as well as to insult England and France. Abe began to stagger, as the lights were burning blue and desired his visitor to stop for that evening. "You're sold, Abe," said he, "don't you know who I am? I'm—," here he stopped, but after his departure there was a very peculiar odor something resembling the burning of matches. This broke up the second spiritual session rather abruptly; but a third was spoken of, to be held by day-light, to which we may perhaps gain admittance. Meanwhile, poor Abe is not in very good health, and is wishing that another year had come and gone. Moral.—The great are not always happy.

**Something in a Name.**

—We congratulate Captain Stevenson on his success in the race for the Garrison Plate, which was won by our namesake "GRUMBLER." We have not the slightest doubt that if the horse had unluckily received any other cognomen, it would never have gained the Plate, even with all the advantage of the Captain's skilful horsemanship. In spite of "Sweet William, the swan of Avon," there is something in a name, and in this case a great deal. Those who desire success in the future have our permission to follow the Captain's example.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

Thomas Walls & Co., Auctioneers of Dry Goods, King St., seem to be the only Firm in Toronto that are doing business in these dull times. The continual rush toward their America rooms every evening from 7 p.m. to 10, started us. The crowd don't rush—no, not at all—why you can't pass out the south side of the street. Pay them one visit—the goods are actually thrown away. Just call.

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