

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863.

(VOL. I.—NO. 30

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. Copies may be had at all the News Depots. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I redo you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 27 1863.

Ballad of the Two Syr Johnnes.

It is Syr Johnne of Wellington,
Ye valiant dry-godes knight;
Has laid his clothyard baton downe,
And girded him for fight.

"Now rouse thee, Syr Johnne Robinsonne,"
"Cry up thy kith and clanne;
"See from the town comes thundering downe,
"Ye valiente drygodes manne."

Shimmer of steel, and smelle of meal,
Telle of a northern foe;
"Now rouse thee Syr John Robinsonne;
"Sith thou wilt come to woe—"

Syr Johnne has roused him uppe, and called;
"Seud Mulvey straight to mee,
"A better squire none wold desire
"In this extremittee."

No squire came to his lorde's desire,
Backe, backe, the menials ranne;
"Sir knight," they said, "Mulvey is dedde,
"Or—with the drygodes manne."

"Now, arm me, varlets," quoth ye knight;
"Fast rivet every guard;
"For in this field, I'll shake the shield,
"They call Saint Patrick's Ward."

Forth went the knight, his armour dighte;
Two courses fiercely ranne,
But from the selle, starke dedde he fell;
Slaine by the drygodes manne.

Then o'er his corse, touched with remorse,
Thus said the victor knight,
"He'd ne'er been slaine, and he had tacc,
"Saint Patrick's Ward arighte."

ELECTION SCENE.

C. G. COMMITTEE ROOMS, TORONTO JUNE 19, 1863.

Chairman and Committee assembled.

Chairman (grizzled and Scotch) rises and addresses the meeting;—

Gentlemen, we haec meetit here the day for an extraordinary purpose. Noo, gentlemen, is the xara time to show the hail country that Scotchmen sticks shoulther to shoulther, we have met here I say, to show the proud Englisher, and the be-nighted Irisher, that Scotchmen is puttit forward by a maist gracious Providens, to tak this pair deestackit country in hand. Oh mon! I wad say gentlemen, when ane conseders the awfu waste that gaes on, frae ane yeare end to tither; the millions of bushels o grain manufactured into whiskey; (o' which nae drap ever gangs doon my thrapple) while nitreal is scarcely kenned, and parritch altogether neglectit; when we see siccan things as these, and when we see even the bread grippit awa' by they, wha sits under the shade of the Mither o' Hairlots, frae the maist honestest Tradesman; (but I winna speak o' that for ye maybe wad say I was praising mysel). "Cries of no! no!" "well said," "Honest John" "Weel, weel, gentlemen, since ye haec ben broachit the subject, I will na stick to say that a thee griddle cakes, I wad say loaves, was maist unjustly seizit by the followers of the woman in scarlet. If loaves is forgettit thretty or forty hours—But wha's this? Mr. Smith? My gracious, how's a the day wi ye, Mr. Smith? gentlemen, three cheers for Mr. Smith, the People's Candidate." (Committee cheer lustily, honest John leading.)

Honest John.—How's a the day wi you, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith.—Brawly, brawly, Jock, how's a we ye gentlemen? I come up honest Jock, as we purtly agreed on down bye, you nicht, to try how I could innange in the speakin department. Ye see gentlemen, my hairnin was much neglectit, for my nuld father had enough to do to find seventeen of us in parritch, let alane schule lair—sae I thoct, and honest Jock here thoct, that I wadna speak to a crowdit assemblage till I tried my eloquensh on a few half drucken blinguards, wha wad cheer a' ye say sae long as ye keeppit the whiskey ganging; Jock! I haec ye gotten 'em a ready?

Honest John.—"A' ready, Mr. Smith, there's about thretty or mair of 'em, they haec drinkit sax gallons the noo, and wad haec been too drucken to cheer, but I stoppit the lecqour, sae just gang forrit and open the light, and mak your speech; haed well to the English: pit yer address intill 'em, mon? (Mr. Smith steps forward and opens the window).

Scene.—A back yard with the free and indepen-

dent Electors in readiness.—Honest John, "Cheer Boys, Cheer, here's yer ain man, (hooray for Smith, hooray, hooray, Smith for ever, &c.) Honest John continues, "He's yer ain man; nae o' your gentlemen, naething o' the gentleman about him, I'm proud to say; wha has nae thoct for the struggling purt body, and wha disna ken, and dinna care, whot the purt man wants;" Irish Elector, "I want tin dollars, the divil a rap less; Didn't Crawford?"—Assemblage generally: "Shut up your head, Tim, all in good time, Mr. Smith's a gentleman." Honest John resumes: "Wha disna ken I say, what the purt man wants;" English Elector: "I want two pound, Queen Vic's heads, mind, or I'm not going to vote for any d—d Scotch;"—General assemblage: "Shut your mouth, silence, go on John;" Honest John continues: "I was sayin when ye puttin me out, wha disna ken what the purt man wants;" Scotch Elector partly drunk: "Bide a wee, bide a wee, Johnny; brawly I ken what I want; ye see Jock, I rentit a bit place for two dollars and a-half, and I'm maist twal dollars wrang, and ——" Honest John retires in despair and brings forward Mr. Smith. Cries of "order, order, silence, silence; three cheers for Mr. Smith, Hurray for the man o' the people, go it Smith, give it mouth, you'll do, d—n your education?"

Mr. Smith.—"Gentlemen.—Free and Independent Electors of the Eastern Division of Toronto. Gentlemen, I appear before you,"—Irish Elector, "Sure there he's right, he's at the windy." Cries of "order, silence;" (Orator continues,) "Unaccustomed to specifying, but this I must say, as will be found per address, that I shall emulate and strive to have the Government in Toronto right off, or leastwise till the Public Houses in Ottawa; I should say Public Buildings, are finished." Coloured Elector, *sotto voce*, "Pubberlick Houses? My golly, what dat?" "For I don't think, or consider, though in course every one have his own opinions, and some likes apples, and some inions." (Great laughter, and "Brayvo Smith, you writes for the GRUMBLER,") "That Quebec is, as a body may say, exactly the thing for Upper Canada." Loud Cheers.

"I think that all Bankrupt Estates should be give up right off; and when the bankrupt has surrendered he should be showed quarter, as per last address; and obligated to begin the battle of life as good as new"—Brayvo Smith. "I shall put forward all as lies in my power for a renewal of the American Atrocity Act, which expires next year." I am opposed to the Intercolonial Railway, for burdens should not be throwed on the country which are embarrassing—"Well done Smith". The Locks on the St. Lawrence Canals should be both enlarged, and oiled if necessary, and with Rock Oil at 40 cents per gallon; the country will have no

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 Masther 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.

A Senator—hoots, hoots, mon, ye're a grocer.
It's no mysel—it's some deluding devil.
Examino noo yoursel—could ye sup parritch?
Hae ye a prawdilection for yere sneeshin?
Div ye retain yere awnient luvre for sheephead?
Gie me them a'—its me—I'm joost the member.
Weel, weel, I wuss—I wuss I had mair schulin;
But ye mun try for separavited schuler.
And the canals, nae doot, they mun be weeneded.
Toronto noo, mun, hae her share o' barbees.
Yon lies a decent chiel that voted for me—
Saf mair yere slumbers, be my bonny lad—
Lang life, an health, an rowth an plenty too ye.

(Enter the Shade of MacDONALD.)

Shade.

Gude even, freend—asleep—I beg yere pardon.
Weel, I'm a chosen vessel o' the commons,
To Parliament I maup gie exhortations,
Yet dinna ken precessely hoo to do it.
"Dearly Beloved, noo I beg to move"—na—
"I call the congregawtion noo to order."—
It wanna do—I hae anither style yet—
"This bill I hae the honour o' proposin',
Is the best article in a' the markot.
Weel warranted, and noo in great demand—
The verra thing required in a society."—
I'm no sae sure o' thae expressions either,
Ha, in yon lad I recognize a voter.
My freend, I wuss ye peace, an joy, and gladness,
An een promotion sic as I hae gotten. [Exit.]

Elector. (Waking.)

Now, by my whiskey jug, shadows to-night
Hove bothered and confused my inmost soul,
More than ten thousand real candidates,
Dressed all in black, and roaring for my vote.

[Exit.]

OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION GONE.

The Honorable John McMurich, M. L. C., of
Upper Canada, begs to inform his friends and the
public that he has retired from mercantile pursuits,
and has opened an office in rear of Mr. Grand's
Livery Stables, Wellington St., where he is prepared
to transact business as a general agent.

Copying, Collection of small debts, Election
Lists, Canvassing Books and the duties of Election
Clerk or Scrutinizer carefully prepared and attended
at reduced rates.

References kindly permitted by Mr. Geo. Brown,
Proprietor of the *Globe* newspaper, and Mr. John
McDonald, Merchant, Wellington St.

FOUND.

By a respectable Merchant in this City between
Yonge Street and the Custom limits of the City a
Seat in the Provincial Legislature as the property
is quite unsuitable to the finder, the owner may ob-
tain it upon paying the cost of this advertisement
and other incidental expenses.

Apply to No. 77 and 79 Front Street.

WANTED! A handy carver to fix a shade over the
eyes of the lady over the doorway of the Ontario
Bank, as it is feared that exposure to the sun may
injure her sight. For particulars apply inside the
Bank.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

To the Hon. Mr. McGee, down at Quebec, Member
of Parliament, or elsewhere, &c., &c.

STANLEY STURBERT, 26th, June 1853.

So, there you are ashoroach, landed wass more
on the goat-hand side of the Spaker, clear and
clane out of the Governmint, but, at the same
time, wid minny an ugly word in your mouth flut-
therin to get out on the flure of the House till the
showldder rises on you like a fightin pig.
Well, allanah, what's the differ? You're as
sthrong a man as iver you were, and will continue
to be so as long as you have command of that bad
tongue of yours and rely upon your round thump-
in heart, and your huge, dusky napper. Blur an
turf, shure you couldn't expect to be in always,
and it's time, if it ever will be, to give an impatus
to the Oat Male market and the "Ould Hundred,"
both of which have apparently been, for some
time, rather in the back grounds.

Ann't I the boy that knew you'd sweep Mon-
thearal wid a new beosom? and what I wondher at
is, that your late collagues didn't see that same;
for the moment Michael and yourself were forced
out of the ship, begorra, well I knew that Ireland
wint wid ye. No matter! apples will grow
agin; and although you may now have to dive into
an occasional baggis at the Governor's table and
snap an odd oaten bannock betune your teeth,
never fear, it wont last always; although the devil
a much difference it makes to the country,
whether it does or not.

You have harde, of coorse, that we have gone
completely to blazes up here. Nothin short, if
you plaze, then a swaddler and a Prosbetarin
woud do us as representative. The Thirty Nine
Articles, and the Scharlett Lady—as that blaggard
Tom Fergusson has it—are condolin wid aich
other in a manner the most distressin. Darcy,
mavourineen, 'twould brake the heart of a stone to
see the way that birth and eddication has suffered
up here. Only fancy these two min, who are bar-
ly a year or so out of pot hooks and hangers, batin
two lawyers, one of them smackin of a baronetcy
and the other amazinly clever in a quiet way.

Now, avick, takin this latter view of the case
into consideration, dont you think your new pro-
ject of sindin us a king—as explained recently in
the *Ladher*—is somewhat premature, if not alto-
gether out of the question? By the mortal man,
mind my words for it; we have too minny Yankee's
here, and are by far and away too independent for
anythin oven approachin a monarchy; altho' the
devil a sound day's governmint we'll iver have
without one. But don't you see that a monarchy
can exist only in ould countries which are dinsel
populated, and where the rich-afe very rich, and
the poor are very poor. There is here no nobility to
stand betune the masses and the throne, and no
material for a native, standing army; consequently
we'd be all wantin to dine wid the king and shake
hands wid him, and would become so familiar wid
royalty, that it woudn't be worth tuppence as a
sight; and instead of bein looked upon as what it
rarely is—a gin of the first wather—it would fall
into disrepute, and be regarded as an impy-

bauble the mere heritage of slaves. Ah! begorra,
this is the wrong plaze and payriod to set up king
craft in. We want twinty millions of people and
immuise hords of wealth scattered at intervals
throughout the colony. We want the laws of pri-
mogeniture enforced, and a thorough recognifican
of the various grades of society, as in the ould
country; for at present we are free and easy on this
score while there is no rale poverty among us. Every
man who is possessed of a town lot or fifty acres
of a farm here, considhers himself equal to the
best specimen of humanity that ever stepped in
shoo leather, and will be very reluctant to ac-
knowledge any slupiarion. That's the fact, a mock,
and he who attmpts to gainsay it, or to urge a
king upon us at this particular juncture of our
history, is not over clear sighted and might be
better employed in taclin his motther hoo to milk
ducks.

John Sandfield was up here durin our election,
and, poa mo sowkins, he appeared in good aperrits,
and seemed to take things in quite a good-humored
way. The say he took tay wid Bishop Lynch,
upon whom he droppen in unawares, and that he
had been scarcely swaited at the table until in popped
John Beverly and Crawford, who in turn were fol-
lowed by George Brown and his two candidates.
Only that the Bishop is a gentleman and a Chris-
tian, and that John Sandfield behaved very well on
the occasion, the very devil would have been to
pay. They all want to secure the approx smiles
of his Lordship; but I am happy to inform you,
that, barrin the premier, ivery man Jack of thim
was shoun the doore, although previously, aich,
unknown to the other, offered privately to read his
reantation, if his Lordship ouldy guaranteed the
success of the Ministry in this city and in Peel.
Who'd ever believe that sich a thing could have
happened. Shurely sich min are totally unworthy
public confidence, and ought to be held up to the
finger of scorn and the thumb too, if it could be
thrown in by way of a tilly

Whin you resume your sait in the House, be very
pleasant and obligin to the Ministry, murrayah!
till you're able to plant your fist clane betune their
eyes. Don't waste your strinch on scrimmages,
but always gie a fut wid your slap—the lather
uudher the left ear and the former uudher the right
ankle. Thiggin thit? But don't be too usarly,
for the Cabinet will be re-moddled shorly after
parlemint meets, and you and Mike won't be over-
looked, I'll warrant you. Bad cess to me, but the
Opposition will have a tight scratch of it, neverthe-
less, as the Ministry are playin' rathoch up here.
Lower Kinneeda, tho', has somethin to say in the
matter; and here your only hope lies. Stick to the
Frinch, for they're gentlemn any-way, and
that's somethin on a pinch.

Since the flare up, I suppose yez are great frinds
with John A. Now mind you, although that same
clap has a minny corners on him as there is on a
sack of straddles, there is somethin good and
noble in him. Be the man o' the moon, I think
mysel, that the two Mac's might meet aich other
in sich a way as to secure a nate thing of it out
of the public chest, so as that both their mouths

as well as the eyes of the electors would be completely closed up. Should this come to pass you won't be far away; so I would advise you, when you think they are about to form a partnership, to watch the lid of that same important repository, and have your right arm bared to the elbow ready to make a dive wid the rest.

Let me hear from you at waist.

Your lovin' cousin,
TERRY FINNEGAN.

St. John's Concert.

So intently did we watch the late elections, on behalf of our beloved public, that we hardly felt inclined to show our benevolent countenance at the Concert, on Tuesday evening last. But so pressing was the invitation from the august lady under whose auspices it was given that we found it impossible to refuse, and went; and were rewarded by hearing (and seeing, which is sometimes better than hearing,) one of the best concerts that has taken place for some time. It pleased us, also, to notice the good effect of our remarks in last week's Gleaner, in the varied and generally interesting style of the music, and the promptitude with which the performance was carried on.

But for goodness sake, Ladies and Gentlemen, don't imagine that the performances were perfect; far from it! Did not the horns play the opening movement of the Overtures out of tune? Was not the Duett which followed loaded with very unnecessary and unsatisfactory *foriture*? Did not the offending word "blow" get enough power expended upon it to knock the pretty angels on the ceiling down among the audience? And Mr. Gilbert's "M. Jacio," though sung so well that we shall be glad to see that lady often again at our concerts, would have been decidedly improved by a little more vivacity. Herr Doehler played as only artists can play; his soft passages beautifully delicate, and his pizzicatos, octaves, harmonics, and other show portions, executed as well as we wish to hear them. But surely Messrs. Harvey and Woodfall could have chosen something more bold and telling than "Trnst her not." To be sure the Duett is graceful, though our old friend Balfe has clustered more dolorous phrases round the picture of a pretty girl, with "eyes so soft and brown;" than we like to see there, be she false or true. Mr. Harvey's voice, always sweet, came out effectively, though we should like to hear some of his words more distinctly. Dr. Woodfall's part did not suit his voice at all, which is a *Basso Profundo* of considerable power, and was heard to much greater advantage in the Quartette.

And, by-the-by, we were very glad to hear that beautiful Quartette once more. To be sure, it was hardly so majestic as it would have been at Her Majesty's, perhaps; in fact, the soprano rather hurried the time at one place, the leading tenor delivered himself of a somewhat disagreeable note, (though, to be sure, it was a fearfully high one,) and the vocal parts got rather scanty support from the piano accompaniment at some points; yet, on the whole, we consider "A te O Cara," one of the most notable performances of the evening. Mr. Farley had previously sung "Eily Mavour-

neen," in his invariably artistic and refined manner.

Miss McDonald acquitted herself well in the "Curling Club Polka," a cleverly written *orceau* composed for her by Mrs. Stevenson, and well adapted to exhibit the brilliancy and compass of her fine voice. She also took part with Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Farley, in that exquisite trio "Te prego," which we like better the oftener we hear it. Mr. Harvey, besides his part on the programme, played several accompaniments very tastefully; and we cannot refrain from expressing our pleasure at the heartiness with which several of the officers in garrison here enter into the musical doings of our people. Long may it so continue.

To the satisfaction of the dancers the concert closed tolerably early; it would have closed earlier, however, and some very doubtful efforts been saved, had the worn out "Thou art so near and yet so far," been omitted. We didn't stay to the dancing; young folks like that sort of thing, but we, the parent of a large family, (nineteen,) like to be home betimes, and not to leave the partner of our bosom solitary. We are not the man to treat a lady neglectfully, even though she be *only* our wife! so we took a last look at the beauty present, wiped the lingering echoes of the "Merrinac" out of our ears, and left.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

It is easier to paint the lily—gold refined gold—and add perfume to the violet than to do justice to our subject in stating that friend C. A. Backus, of Toronto Street, is the "right man in the right place"—a Bookseller, Stationer, and New Dealer. His Stock consists in variety, untruncated in quality, and unequalled in price—(Cheap.) If our readers desire to escape the pressure and feelings of these hard times, we advise them, one and all, to give C. A. B. a call—purchase a *Hexagram*, and invest \$10 in Books, Stationery and Periodicals. We will be happy to see you.

"Walls have ears," the old saying has it, but the Walls to which we refer have not only ears, but hands to serve, and Argus eyes to detect the wants of their numerous customers. We allude to the enterprising firm of Walls & Co., Auctioneers, Dry Goods Dealers, &c. If the Roman soldier who first made his way over the fortified walls, deserved a mural crown; how many crowns would the soldier or civilian deserve who would come over our Walls? celebrated alike for sagacity, acuteness, and the admirable manner in which they cater for the wants of the public.

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 2. District Volunteer Prizes, eleven prizes: \$30, \$20, \$10, and 4 of \$5 each. Open to volunteers of the 10th Military District only; long Enfield rifle of Government issue; ranges, 200 and 400 yards—5 shots at each range.—Entrance 50 cents.
 3. Association gold medal, open to members of the Association only; long Enfield rifles of Government issue; ranges, 200, 400 and 600 yards; 3 shots at each range.—Entrance 50 cents.
 4. All Service Prizes, seven prizes, \$30, \$20, \$10, and four of \$5; open to every branch of the Service; long Enfield rifle of Government issue; ranges, 300 and 500 yards; 3 shots at each range. Entrance 50 cents.
 5. Marston Rifle Prizes, open to all comers; rifles of military pattern; ranges, 200 and 600 yards; 3 shots at each range.—Entrance 50 cents.
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 7. Long Range Prize, cup or money, \$40; open to all comers; any rifle; ranges, 500 and 700 yards; 5 shots at each range.—Entrance 50 cents.
- All competitors are required to enrol themselves as members of the Association. Fee (in addition to entrance) for Volunteers, 50 cents—all others \$1. All entrances to be made with the Secretary, on or before the 1st of July, after which date double fees will be charged.

Each volunteer to attend in uniform, and to produce certificate of enrolment signed by the Captain of his company.

Further regulations may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

THOMAS HODGINS,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Toronto, June 10.