

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

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THE GRUMBLER

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Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I trowe you trowe it;
A child's anong you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

Ye Ballad of the Wornocute Warhorae.

"Whose cruel rede, thou ancient steede;
"Turned thee on evill daye,
"And changed the shoute of battaile route.
"The roaring of the fraye."

"For this dull rounde of barren grounde;
"Where weeds and Hemlocks grow;
"Where onné thee beates ye sunnes fierce hents,
"Ye driftes of wintrie snowe?"

Dropped that old steede, ye mumbled weede;
Uppelife his hollow eye,
And shooke againe his tangled mane,
Or ever he made replic.

"Noe more fierce frayes, noe glorious dayes,
"Nor battaile's rushing roar.
"The bugle blaste, for mee hath past;
"Lord George, me rides noe more."

"That battaile grime, I carried himme,
"When he the Premiere slewe,
"When for two dayes, hee made a raise,
"Ilimme, and his Clear Grit crewe.

"Those dayes are o'er—not anic more
"Shall I eat of the goode oatmealne,
"Or fall on the foe, like a whirlwinde goe,
"At the touch of a Northern heele."

The old steede snide—when over heade,
Sol the Cartier eagle screame—
In great surprize, I ope'd mine eyes,
Behold—I had dreamt a dreamee.

Thence in haste I ranne, to a cunning manne,
"And tell me, Father, aright,
"Of ye steede so olde, and the Baron bolde,
"Of which I have dreamt this night?"

"Lord George, said he, thou mayest nowe see

"Is none butte Syr Geordie Brown,
"A factious chield, as Johnnie Sandfild
"Will finde, whenne he joustes himme downe."

"And ye sorrre steede, that mumbled ye weede,
"Was Syr. Geordie's favorite backe,
"Nowe manie a daye he's been putte awaye,
"No Syr Geordie upon his backe.

"Nunc and pedigree I giv unto thee,
"He was foaled in ye Clear Gritte shoppe,
"Where he once was a pette, and had mummie a
swette,
"And his name it is—Reppe by Poppe."

The Capture of Washington.

Washington is fallen, and the capital of the Northern States, with all its magazines, innumerable stores of material, munition, archives, &c., &c., is in the hands of the Confederates, and at the mercy of General Lee. The president, secretaries Seward and Welles, together with Major General Halleck—the notorious parson—Brownlow, II. B. Stowe (whose published departure for Europe is thus proved to be a canard) Horace Greeley of the *Tribune*, are all prisoners of war. The first named four having their liberty on parole. This most important news we received exactly two hours and ten minutes since; and, such are the resources of the GRUMBLER, now give to the world, we append three letters, which bear from their originality and simplicity the stamp of truth. Mr. Grimes's letter to ourselves is written by one of the oldest half-pay officers of the British army: long a most respectable inhabitant of Washington. He accompanied the Duke of York in his expedition in Holland toward the close of the last century. The second letter is written by a singularly intelligent coloured barber, long a resident in Toronto, to his brother who carries on the same profession in this city. The third is from a brave Irish soldier (Andy Hogan) long one of President Lincoln's body-guard; and is addressed to his cousin, an employe on our staff. We may say of the letters of the gallant veteran, that his memory though perfect as regards recent conversations, or events, in using scientific military terms, is sometimes at fault, apart from that the information given is wholly reliable, we give the letters precisely as they are written.

(To the Editor of the Grumbler.)

WASHINGTON, June 29, 1863.

RESPECTED SIR,—Trusting this said letter will find you enjoying of good health, as it leaves me at the present writing—I take the opportunity of rehearsing the capture of this city, yesterday June 28th by the Confederate forces under General Lee,

knowing said capture would prove interesting.

The first I knew of matter in hand was yesterday, being up at daybreak; being uneasy as to rumours. I was hardly dressed, and had not opened store, (you remember I keep a green grocery) when I was sent for by hands of Andy Hogan, which his letter is enclosed, to wait on General Halleck immediate—he having asked my advice many times during this bloody war; though never as I call to mind taking the same. I went up immediate, as I would to my old commander, His Royal Highness; whereby on the road I asked Andy if the report was true, "That the President had gone off in the night?" "Divil a fut," says he in his Irish way of speaking, "for," says he, "the ould man was down to the Jeneral before the light, and was atin taykettle broth with him, when the Jeneral orthered me to bring ye up at wanst Miesher Grimes." Says I, "Andy, Jin feared there's trouble coming?" "Thrubble," says he, "ye may say that same. By the Rock of Cashel, if the rebels aint here this day I niver cut turf. But whist!" says he, "here we are, and ould Abe is at the windy, telliu some of his quare stories, and atin the broth like a gossoon in Galway." So Andy shloved me up, and the General came out, and says he "Good morning, Grimes?" I saluted them both, and then General Halleck says, sharp out, "Grimes, Lee and the rebels is in force only four miles from the place we stand, and we have sure information that the assault will be made to-day. What shall we do?" "Muster all the men at the works, General Halleck," says I, "that the reserves shall be ready in case the redoubts are stormed, and have covering parties at all the salient angles."

The President and II, Greeley was took, I hear, in the disguise of niggers, blacked faces and all. Secretary Gideon Welles, and Secretary Seward, was took easy, both being in liquor, to drown trouble I do suppose. General Halleck was catched in the act of asking his own servant girl to hold his sword; that he might fall on it, as he told her Generals did years ago, when unlucky, whereby she getting frightened, likewise thinking the General had too much drink in him, she got frightened, and hollered, "thunder and fire;" immediate when the Confederate patrol came in and took him. But this should not be counted against him, as he had several glasses of rum and milk with the President; and had eat nothing but crackers and cheeso for four days, from over anxiousness.

Parson Brownlow was took in the disguise of a scavenger, which was very fitting to him, as he is a big blaggard, and a disgrace to his cloth, his language being always most ferocious. He went down on his knees to General Lee, and asked him to pardon him, and he would tell him many things,

but General Lee said he was too low a wretch for any Christian man, or gentleman, to speak to, and ordered him to close confinement. He went off crying, and saying he had never meant what he said, and would take his oath of allegiance immediate to the South, if they let him, for his heart had been always with them, but being a poor man with an expensive family; he had been drove to say what he had. He went snivelling along the streets to prison, and hollered the last thing, "God bless noble General Lee, and darn that old ass, Abe Lincoln," wherefore the officer in charge gave him three or four good ones with the flat of his sword to stop his blaggard mouth.

H. B. Stow' who they likewise took, dressed like an old woman, was dreadful cast down. he thought he was going to be hung, for stirring up the niggers; and when he was brought before General Lee, he whipped out a pocket Bible, and swore in a loud voice, before they could stop him, that he never wrote one word of "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." He said his wife made him put his name to it, and that was all; and he said, she was a terrible ferocious woman, being part negro blood, though she went on writing about Eva's, and Uncle Tom's, and such trash. He told all this in the Guard House, where he was put, at first, and the soldiers giving him drink from their canteens, seeing he was low-hearted, he got quite jolly, and hollered: "I didn't write a word of the cursed 'key.' The only key worth a darn is a Turkey." I heard that the President visited General Lee, who is still in Camp, last night; and that one of the sentries heard 'em laughin, and the President say, "confound the niggers, they're a nuisance anyway," so, perhaps, they're settling matters up. But, perhaps, Andy will know something of this, as he was with the President.

I am, Respectfully Sir,

Your faithful servant to command,

SAMUEL GRIMES.

Late Quarter Master, H. M. S.

BIIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

THE LAST OF THE TORONTO ELECTION.

THE BATTLE OF THE POLLS.

Scene, *Terrault Street.*

Enter Captain Moodie and the Committee.

Capt. M.—"Pray be seated, gentlemen, our noble friend will be here very shortly, he promised to be here in half an hour. Meantime, give your orders—" *Jem*, (to attendant) have ye brought up the water? Cold Spring water!

Jem.—Yessir, one bucket, Sir.

Capt. M.—Shove along, bring another. (Exit *Jem.* *Capt.* soliloquises.

I never see a man drink so much water afore. Now, gentlemen, what is it to be?

Com.—Brandy, Brandy, Cap'n, we don't kill a pig every day.

Capt. M.—Certingly, gentlemen. Fourteen brandies, *Jem*! Well, gentlemen, here's luck, the Governor will be here directly, he's goin to address the electors out of the window, I see there's

quite a smart crowd down there; Ask them what they'll drink, *Jem*?

Door opens and enter Mr. J. McDonald. Committee cheer lustily, *Capt. M.* leading.

Mr. M.—Good evening, gentlemen, good evening. Moodie, a glass of water. I'm thirsty, gentlemen, from being in the dry goods line, Eh, gentlemen?

Com. and Capt. M.—Capital! Capital! Dry Goods, we're all dry goods here, Sir. Here's your health, *Mr. McDonald*.

Capt. M.—Now, Sir, if you are ready, the electors are waiting, (cheers from below of "McDonald for ever," Hooray, Hooray, Hooray." *Mr. McDonald* appears and bows gracefully. Hooray, Hooray, McDonald and Dry Goods for ever.

Mr. M.—Have ye plenty of water, Bob?

Capt. M.—Yes Sir, two buckets.

Mr. M.—All right, if I get bothered, Bob, wave your hand, and set em cheering—comes forward—Gentlemen, free and independent electors, I meet you here this evening with a great degree of pleasure, for I wish before the election, to put my views fully before you, to show you the whole piece, as well as the pattern. I am no orator, but, neither am I the nominee of any man, I am a plain merchant, with little knowledge of politics; but, a thorough knowledge of Dry Goods. Gentlemen, am I to blame? (No! no! and loud cheers.) My political education is hardly begun, but to no man, not even to George Brown himself, talented as you know him to be, will I tamely yield, if I may use the term, a Dry Goods precedence. The unthinking may laugh, but I will prove that Politics, and a knowledge of my profession are it not identical, inextricably woven together. Define the word Politics, that is, the course necessary to be pursued by any collection of individuals for their common welfare? Then let us examine man; he is defined by some Philosopher, as a plumbless, shivering biped; connect the man into Dry Goods, and he becomes what it is,—un clothed; not in connection with Dry Goods, he is scarcely above the Orang outang, or Chimpanzee; Clothe him, and he becomes what he is in his noblest type, the patriot, Philosopher, Sage, (tremendous cheering, go it *Macdonald*) Gentlemen, I think I have shown that a member of my profession may reasonably aspire to Parliamentary honors, in spite of illiterat, and may I add, ill-clothed Journalists. Gentlemen, thanking you sincerely for your custom, I would say, courteous attention, I devote this bumper to your very good healths; (Tremendous and long continued cheering, during which *Mr. Macdonald* disappeared and from Irish electors, "By Japers, 'twill bate Prince Rupert on his dhrop; but, asthore where are yez?" Electors rush into Saloon, and Scene closes:

Scene Third.

Front of a Polling Booth, Toronto, June 23, 1863: 12 30, p. m. Irish Elector and Election Agent.

Fresh Elector.—An now, Mister, God betune us na harrum! Ye wouldn't stick out wid a poor divil like me, for a paltry five dollar bill, an you wid the tashtins of money this day?

Agent.—I have positive orders, and must stick to 'em. Five dollars aint a bad days work, Tim? *Irish E.*—Tin dollars is better, sure didn't Crawford?

Agent.—Well, well, take hold, Tim, and go straight over, I'll go with ye. I've known people lose their way.—*Exeunt.*

Same Scene, 1, p. m. Enter English Elector and *Agent.* *English E.*, surlily.—I never got less than five pound at home, and I'm damned if I sell my vote for less than two here, that's ten dollars.

Agent.—My dear friend; don't talk quite so loud, step over with me, I dare say we shant disagree. *Exeunt.*

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

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

STANLEY STRETT, 11th July, 1853

Bad scan to me, but betune politics and the weather, if people of full habit, up here aren't sufferin at the rate of a dozen pocket-handkerchers a day; although in most cases I am free to confess that they seek to arrest this profusion of moisture on approved homeopathic principles—"like cures like"—notwithstandin that the medicine may be a little over hated and of a deeper color than gingerly makes its way through a wather tap. Well you me consias, 'twould amuse you to see the cool way in which the long, lane, thin follas, that you couldn't scrape an ounce off wid an oyslher-knife, occasionally eye the fat, round, squat jokers as they waddle along in the meltin sun, wid the bades glistenin on their forehead as thick as on a crapper of politien that was jest powered out of a tin gallon kag. Faith, my word to you, it is midlin hot anyway; and I was thinkin that maybe the New Ministry in their ardhour for economy and re-turinchment would advise our adoptin, durin the dog-days at laste, of the costume of the New Zealanders, which is simply a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs. I know, alannah, that minny a fella wouldn't look over well in them; but I'll hold you a taster, that the Irish will pass muster if the suggestion be adopted; and that's more then I can say for some other gentry that I could mention as aisy as I could say "Jack Robinson."

Well, begorra, the County of Essex is in for a perfect millianium! Isn't it a fortunate thin for it if it can only be kept up? Accordin to the returnin officer at the declaration, the divil a representative it has got. Ah! then, it would be well for half the constituencies in Kinnada, aist and west, if they were similarly situated, instead of lookin for an extension of the franchise, and slipin a few more bagles on our thrack. The divil a bit o' me but would rather have the ould Governor and Council at work agin, then see our intherests intrusted to the keepin of a pack of omadhawns who scarcely know who made thin, except through common report, or have sinse enough to stand from under the dhrop whin it rains. Be japers! Constitutional Government has come to a purly pass whin it has only got sich implennints to work

wid; but I suppose there's no use in takin or puttin onceself in a pashion about it.

I have just larned, on good authority, that His Excellency, the Governor General, out of compliment to our Representatives here and some Members of the Cabinet, is about to import from Scotland a kennel of bag-pipes and a cargo of oatmeal—the sulphur is kept in the back-ground. Well, of course, he must be politic and endeavor to sulate the tastes of all; but sartin I am, it goes agin his grain to work himself into this fit of music and strabout, God help him in his present distracted condition; for well I know, that he doesn't know what the devil to make of the whole of yez—box and dice. You keep yourself out of the fire, any way, until you see a fair opportunity of turnin an honest penny; thin, do like the rest of thin; and you know what I mane by that.

Shure we'er goin to have the parliament up here, right away, accordin to all accounts; and will you bleve me whin I tell you that iver since the news came, eggs is riz and butter is rizzer in the property market and every other market? Still, and withal, I'm not so shure that the Frinch are goin to let go their grip of it so aisy, nor do I suppose that much will be said about it whin the House opens. Whin you vote on the question, keep your finger on the pulse of Montreal. *Verb. Sap.* as our old Milloy used to say—the heavens be his bed.

Do you think the *Ladher* is well informed on the subject of Michael's political wicreabouts? Do the virtue of my oath, if a body is to take that same paper as authority it would be hard for him to tell whilch thimble the pea is undher. At present I'm playin brick at the loop myself wid half a dozen of yez, for I might as well be thyrin to keep out the tide wid a pitch-fork as be endeavorin to make yez out. Yet I have confidence in Michael, and am satisfied he will do the claue thing, if he even makes a summer set at self.

Darcy, dear, this counthry is very extensive, but its badly finced. Rely upon it that it is just what Lord Palmerston termed it, an over-grown municipality. All our fine airs and official bearin, are not worth tuppence. We have neither money nor lineage, nor traditions, for a solid substratum. We are all at a game of "devil take the hindmost," and I'd advise you strongly not to be in a position in the race, so as to give that same blackvizid gentleman an opporiteny of touchin you on the shoulder. No matter what the game, he who wins is an embodiment of human perfection. Have the pewther in your pocket, my boy, no matter where it comes from, for silver, although it sometimes helps a jackdaw to spake whin his tongue is split wid a six-pence, can byo silence in this enlighened and moral age, and stifle all enquiry, to perfection.

Your lovin cousin,
TERRY FINNEGAN.

A COURT OF ERROR WITHOUT APPEAL.—The Division Court.

N.B.—This is by a man on whom the 91st clause has done its worst.

TROUBLE AMONGST THE LADIES.

(To the Editor of the Grumbler.)

DEAR SIR.—I can bear it no longer. Our once happy home is made miserable; I and my sisters, from being the merriest and busiest of girls, are fast becoming the veriest mopes. And I dare not complain unless I am willing to have the whole house laughing at me. Now you know, dear Mr. GRUMBLER, that women like well enough to be petted and caressed, but not to be laughed at; so I am compelled to suffer in silence, without a word of sympathy to support me or soothe my troubled spirit.

A year or two ago we were the happiest family in Toronto. My sisters and myself spent the mornings doing household work and marketing; after lunch we used to read and sing for a while, then walk out and enjoy the pleasant afternoon air, and chat to a friend we met down in the city; then our evenings—oh those sweet and delicious evenings, when we all sat in the drawing-room together, one at the piano, one turning over drawings and engravings with some friends, another, (that's me,) doing fancy work, whils some one (no one in particular, I assure you,) sat very near by, and took interest in the work, and chatted pleasantly as I got on. And, indeed, my needle work was always considered very clever, if you had only seen the bread-cloth that I made in crotchet! why apa stood looking at it all bewildered the first time it was put on the table, and held the knife in his hand without cutting any, so long, that somebody burst out laughing; then he started up and began. All my friends are crazy after my card baskets, and I know that none of my acquaintances can come near me at Tatting, Flemish point and Applique work. Well, about year ago Mamma bought a sewing-machine, and she is regularly out of her wits about it; she makes us do all our dressmaking at home, and wou'd let us put out even a handkerchief, though the poor girls who used to sew for us, call now and then, looking just as thin and miserable as they can, and willing to work almost for nothing. More, every evening when we settle down after tea, that nasty thing is brought out, and some one has to sit down to it; while the rest get the work ready, and finish up the button-holes and such things. I declare we work like a parcel of work-house people! Of course nobody comes to see us, for who would like to listen to that burr-r-r-r a whole evening, and have to shout so loud to us, that everybody in the room would know what he was saying! Ah, no, nobody comes; and we are glad to get to bed by ten, or half past. Mr. GRUMBLER, isn't it a very strange way of being economical, to save a few dollars and make us poor girls miserable.

And then, one does not like wearing a dress half so well if one has to make it oneself. Why, just go to the kitchen and see about cooking the dinner for once; the heat, and steam, and flurry destroy your appetite completely, and when the dinner is cooked you can't eat a bit of it; and its just the same with making your own dress; by the time you have leaned over that machine for hours, and

sewed, and basted, and trimmed it, you are got sick of it, and never want to see it again. Oh, how I enjoyed working my last mat for the flower vases! He helped me to choose the pattern, then it was so pleasant to sort out together the shades of violet, scarlet, and green, and all the while I was counting, and putting in the stitches, his voice was near me, talking softly, and not nonsense either; but now it's all gone, and that buzzing come instead. Dear Mr. GRUMBLER, can't you do anything for us?

Yours truly,
SARAH SCALLOP.

President Lincoln's Speech at Washington, July 7.

A Procession with bands of Music proceeded to the Executive Mansion, this evening; the President appeared, and spoke as follows;—

"Fellow Citizens, I thank you for this call, and sincerely thank Almighty God for the occasion on which you have called; (Cheers and cries of "You should have thanked God before." It is now more than eighty years ago, on July 4, that this nation declared "That all men are created equal," (Cheers and cries of "so they are, except the darned niggers!")—That was the birth-day of the United States; and, until Death is swallowed up in Victory, never again will the Eternal Sun, look down on such an aggregate of Jye, Peace, and Content. Two most amazing men framed and supported this Declaration—Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. John, not being able to write, sez he to Thomas, "You kin write—write it out, and I'll do the holterin." And so, feller citizens, these two great men divided the labor and the tile, (Cheers and cries of "That's the way to get along"—Fifty years after, gentlemen, they had put their hands to the dokymnt, (which John made his mark) they "shuffled off this mortal kyle," and now on this 1st 4th of July, those as wanted to upset and claw up the glorious and jynt work of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, and jined agin that precious dokymnt—I say these men turned tail, and ran, as if resolved to show men are not ekal. Feller Citizens, I agree with these darned Rebels, men are not ekal. Lee and his cursed vagabonds never can be, and never will be ekal, to our brave troops, our bustin, latherin lads. (Tremendous hurst of cheering, in which the President joined) I shall say no more at present, gentlemen, for fear I should forget names I oughter remember, and forget myself; but when I think of these cusses, and the darned yaller-bellied—However, gentlemen, I will say no more, but will now proceed to harmony, and take the Music." (Loud and continued cheering.)

On the Procession reaching the War Department, Secretary Stanton appeared, and was loudly cheered. He said:—

"That the Huds of the Army of the Potomac covered them all with no end of lustre, and that he was confident in the early closing, he begged pardon, in the early brushing out of the War movement." General Halleck then came forward, and said:—

"That General Grant under his, General Halleck's command; had fought fifteen battles, and won thirty-five victories; being an average of 123 1/2 per cent, over an ordinary victory, like Waterloo, or the Alma; which Britishers were always crowning about. He claimed for the Army of the Potomac the highest average known. He was a Soldier, and no Orator, (Cries of "Go on, Halleck—you can talk darned slick,") so he hoped they would excuse him, but this he would say, that General was about as right as the Mail, and he would be in Port Hudson before sassage time, he mean breakfast-to-morrow." (Laughter and cheers)

On the Procession reaching the residence of Secretary Seward, and cheering, that gentleman came forward. He said:—

"Fellow citizens, I desired to put off this war, I kinder felt like it, I thought I oughter—if that is a weakness, I kic only say, I share it with our blessed Redeemer; (Frautic cheers for General Meade, for some minutes) Gentlemen, you slightly misapprehend me, I did not refer to General Mead, feller citizens, I referred to our Saviour; (Extraordinary bursts of cheering and "General Meade is our Saviour, is'nt he?") Gentlemen, I will leave that point—our beloved Brethren at the South come agin us first; and were sassy, and bumptious and we have only acted in righteous self-defence. The noble art of self-defence, gentlemen, is incumbent on all nations, and is taught to us by necessity (Voice, "And by Ikey Lazarus of New York at a dollar a lesson, I larned some"). If I should fall in this glorious contest, I hope to be buried, where the Pavior's Rammer may scund in my ears, until from my grave under the pavement, I shall kinder start up a Phoenix from the ashes, who will sweep those assassins of My Country, Liberty, to that foul place from whence they came, and to their father the Devil, who begot them." (Loud and continued cheering.)

TELEGRAM.

TO COME OVER THE WIRES IN A FEW DAYS.

Washington.

Lee has proved too much for Gen. Meade, he is now marching on this city. The President will leave for New York this p. m.; he is preparing his scotch cap and kilt.

Latest.

We still hold the Capital. The President has taken the Declaration of Independence with him so that the country is still safe. Gen. Halleck is confident of success. Seward has just left on a tour of inspection in Colorado territory. The city is tranquil.

Mr. Cockburn and The Irish.

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn is principal of the U. G. College; an unfortunate collector for the Irish relief fund, ventured to solicit a subscription. What was the principal's reply? "No, the Irish ought to help the Irish." He might have added, as the Scotch take care to help themselves. Mr. Cockburn took care to change the text-books of U. G. Oology to suit Messrs. Nelson's, of Edinboro', like a good Scotchman as he is. The Irish are only fit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, as men of the Cockburn family know.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

It is easier to paint the lily—gild refined gold—and add perfume to the violet than to do justice to our subject in stating that friend C. A. Beckles, of Toronto Street, is the "right man in the right place"—as Bookseller, Stationer, and News Dealer. His Stock is endless in variety, unsurpassed 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 GUMMER, and invest \$10 in Books, Stationery and Periodicals. He 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.

JAMES KNAPP,

BOATBUILDER, (FROM KINGSTON.)
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