

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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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 redo you tent it;
A chief's aming you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll print it."

SATURDAY, JUNE 6 1863.

The Normal School Picture Gallery.

In our official character, as Protector of the Public Morals, we lately paid a visit to the Normal School Gallery of Paintings. Nothing could exceed the urbanity with which we were received by Dr. Ryerson, (the Founder and Filler of the Gallery;) the clerks; and other officials; and the janitor.

If we should, in the course of our remarks, let fall a word unfavorable to any work exhibited, let not the public suppose we do it from a love of fault-finding. When the GRUMBLER complains, something is wrong! let other periodicals do as they will, we stand for the truth—and the Public, whose servant as well as protector we are, shall know the truth also.

The Rev. Casual, in designing and bringing to pass this gallery, has done a good thing and we honor him for it.

Many of the paintings here stored are good copies of celebrated works; for instance, "St Jerome's last Communion," from Domenichino; "Hope," from Guido Reni; the "Madonna della Seggiola," from Raphael; the "Mother of Sorrows," from Sassoferrato. But then again, the Doctor has some how got into his hands, some of the most unhappy failures, pompous turgidities, and profane comicities that ever kept the flies off a newly papered wall; so we much fear that an ingenuous public might receive more harm than good from a general inspection. We ourselves have an interesting family, and we are anxious to give them every advantage of moral and aesthetical culture; but they shan't see the "Scourging of Christ," nor the "Ecce Homo," no,—not if we know it.

Ancient medals and traditions represent Christ as having a countenance, not beautiful, but expressive and finely formed. Titian, as copied by some unknown graceless vagabond, presents him to us

with a retreating forehead; lack-lustre eyes which don't match either in shape or color; mouth, chin, and beard apparently tied together, but slipped out of place; unclean eruptions of yellow starting out of the head at intervals; the whole having the appearance of having been broiled to remove any possible sharpness or brightness of tint. But this effort is masterly compared with the "Incredulity of St. Thomas." Alas, poor Rubens! here is his name tacked to one of the most imbecile villainies that ever fetched a crown, frame included: Christ, on the left, is more meanly handled than in the last. Some miscreant, with a complexion of leathery red; vacant eyes, set unequally in the head; and a shock of hair strongly resembling a used up quid in color and texture, is trying to look him in the face; another figure, still more savage, the face turned partly down to conceal a hideous squint, but allowing us to see enough to make our blood curdle, is leering upon him in front; while a harmless looking party on the right seems to be unceasingly trying to discover what it can all be about. So great is his eagerness to see what is going on, that his eyelid has outrun the eyes, and stands beyond it at least half an inch.

Nor does Murillo fare any better. Some individual (whom we hope Botany Bay may receive) has copied his "Adoration of the Shepherds." About the best thing in it is a brownish red earthenware basin at the foot of the bed. The head of the babe is idiotic; that of the mother reveals a type of ugliness so extreme that it approaches nothing we ever saw so much as the female head over the entrance to the Ontario Bank. The most sensible face in the whole group belongs to the dog.

Oh, Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Ryerson, why didn't you take us with you to help you make your selections! Well may the old masters say "From all bungling copyists, and careless collectors, posterity deliver us!"

The Wandering Jew.

What's the matter with McDougall? He's strolling about the country from one county to another like a disembodied spirit, to which indeed he is the nearest corporeal resemblance we know of. With his gaunt, smileless face, which seems perpetually haunted with the ghost of the old *North American* newspaper, the *Agriculturalist* or *Rep. by Pop.*, he seems everlastingly on the move. From Perth to Oxford, from Oxford to Ontario, as if he were convinced one trial were severe enough for any constituency. We suppose he will next turn up in Huron and Bruce, or perhaps, like the late Mr. Baldwin, he will be Rimouski-ed, Eugène Sue, might re-write the Wandering Jew with great advantage after consulting Mr. D.'s biography.

Our Special Telegraphs from Vicksburg.

Of course our readers wish for some really reliable and uncontradictory intelligence of the great series of battles and assaults, and we lay before them all we have yet received from the Federal reporters:—

May 24.—The Stars and Stripes swim over Vicksburg—the victory is complete—we have captured a million prisoners, 20,000 cannon, and innumerable stores and provisions. (This report I believe rather more true than the Bible, but wish Grant had signed it—President U. S.)

May 25.—We are on the instantaneous point of taking Vicksburg—it is holding out still, but it is systematically, morally, strategically, and simply impossible that it can hold out more than the hundredth part of a second, allowing for the variation of clock.

May 26.—As we expected yesterday, it has held out another day, but its capture is so sure that Gen. Pemberton has abjectly begged leave to surrender, if his life be spared—his troops be agrees shall be executed.

May 26, 12 noon.—Gen Grant accepts the offer, on condition that Pemberton shall sing "Hail Columbia," and "Droits always shall be slaves," standing on his head.

May 26, 1 p. m.—Pemberton accepts, if he is allowed an aide-de-camp to hold his feet up. Gen. Grant indignantly refuses. Capitulations are broken off. We are closing around the doomed city—it is ours in an hour—the rebellion is squashed—nations of the world, walk in—the Mississippi is open to commerce—England, your time is come. France, tremble. Hail, O! Columby!

May 27.—We have attacked it irresistibly—our forces have buried themselves upon it—we have slaughtered the rebels—hardly one is left—Vicksburg is almost ours—we have been repulsed at all points—we have lost 2,000 killed—we feel all the better for it. Let none be discouraged.

May 28.—Another assault—we have made an awful impression—the rebels are determined to surrender in three minutes—they repulsed us merely mechanically—we have lost 3,000—we are delighted.

May 29.—Nothing can be more certain than that our next assault would have succeeded, as we were all aware that the rebels had laid down their arms, fell on their knees, and were practising a cry for mercy, to be repeated on our entrance—but the President has sent us word to take the place by regular approach, as the hot season is now here, and he wishes us to accustom ourselves to the yellow fever.

May 30.—Gen. Johnson this morning threw 10,000 troops into Vicksburg—and then took breakfast. Let him throw—the more he took the more prisoners we shall take.

May 31.—All the above is confirmed.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Some of our mercantile friends, disgusted with the inaccuracies of market reports, have done us the honor to wish that we were in the habit of collecting them, in which case, they remark, "they'd know where they were." Right—and they may depend on the following:—

Considering the excessive heat of the day, the market was well supplied. Fresh meat getting high rapidly. Fresh butter inclined to be slippery, and went off quickly—in the sun. Tub butter not firm, but some of it very strong. Eggs brittle, but generally well sustained; however, with careless holders, fell rapidly. Wool, since the President's Proclamation, has risen greatly in importance, and is more plenty. The market has been excited by the news of a number of holders being decidedly in a state of suspension, Helena, Arkansas. Chickens were unsettled and squawky. Ducks in tremendous supply—particularly those in crinoline; the former variety reasonable, the latter the contrary—both kinds very noisy. Geese plenty—particularly those who ran about, gabbling of the capture of Vicksburg—all of this class were sold. Oats were heavy; but an arrival of Scotchmen calvened the market—and no oats are now to be had. Barley dull, except in its liquid form, which was placed in immense quantities, and holders became very lively. Rye was active—some large consumers of old ditto became so excessively active that they were fined by Mr. Boomer. Calves were lively and skipping. Pigs went off rapidly—down the wrong street. Not very quiet—especially when being stuck. Donkeys dull as usual—one very great one—couldn't understand the GRENADIAN. Pork—the market so greasy that our reporter slipped off.

Letter from an Old Salt.

JUNE 1ST.

MUSTER GRENADIER.—Split my canvas! I were at the review on the Queen's Birthday, and seed the volunteers, and the wrigglers, and the artillery snlutin—salutin indeed! if they'd seed us a'pavin out a salute in the old "Kill-ease," they'd have freshened their daylight's a bit; but what I were goin to make so bold as to speak of—I seed the Naval Brigade. Ay, ay, the Navals! Surely, it bothered me summat to see em, not but what they were rigged out all ataunto, jackets, trousers and hats, as if prayers were about to be said, and the decks all clear on a Sunday—but if they be in the service, why, snup my marl inspike, but it's not like the service under Nelson, as I were in, many a year ago. Precious little us claps in the "Victory" cared about muskits and bagnits—they was jollies tools, and good enough for em—but we was up to haadlin a cutlash—give and take, yard-arm to yard-arm, ay, ay, I says nothin, but can show some good slashes from the Mounseers—us claps could handle a ship's pistol too, none of your volvercers, but a good flint lock. Where were I? Blowed but I've lost reckonin. Avast there, here it were. I hails an old craft as told me as they was a splendid body o' sailors, as how they practised at targets on an island, 70 fathoms away, and drilled at the small-arms in a shed, and worked big guns on

shore, like a dock-yard resarce at Woollage; but bless your eyes, we dosen't call the Woollage chaps a Naval Brigade. Shut my dead-lights, says I, why if that's all their eddication, they'd all be sea-sick when the decks was cleared for action. Work guns ashore! my eyes! How'd they work a 42 in a gale—why, when they loosed a tackle they'd let the gun slap through the other side of the frigate, and send the hands to Davy Jones. What does they larn of the rise of the ship and allowance for motion? How'd they board, with a cutlash between their grinders, ay, or with a becket even to keep all fast? Bless em, they'd be worse than babbies. Now, if so be as how they'd listen to an old chnp as broke biscuit afore any on 'em was born—and mind you, although I dislikes their eddication, they're a fine-lookin lot as were on the ground, and looked as if so be they knowd how, they'd teach the Yankees a trick or two—if they'd got an old schooner and clap their guns aboard, cruise round a bit and practise in all weathers, larn boardin and cutlash exercise, I'm blest if they mightn't fetch in one o' them Yankee coal scuttles as they call Monitors, yet.

Your honor's sarvant to command,
TOMAS TOUGU.

P. S.—The Yankees brag as how they beat us on the lakes. Well, your honor, we were half manned with chaps eddicated like these—Newfoundland Fencibles—the called 'em, brave boys as ever lived, but only in the wag aboard ship, and so we lost our craft, and poor Tom Tough lost his star-board fin—which he don't vally a pinch o' biscuit. God save King George—I means Queen Victory.

ROBINSON AND MOODIE.

A DIALOGUE.

Robinson.

Ah! Bob, my boy, how get you on to-day? Stand here, for I've a thousand things to say; That old pea-jacket and those brilliant buttons— But as the French say "we'll to our nutsons."

(Bob stares)

O, Moodie, friend, say that the tale's not true, That I'm deserted to my fate by you. Many a time, when heavy cares of state Have racked my nerves, and addled my poor pate,

Has thought of thee dropped o'er me like a charm And storms of trouble lulled into a calm; Yet now—but say you still are true to me; And earn the grateful thanks of poor J. B.

Moodie.

Hold hard, my cove, I'll give that gas a stopper, If I said that, I'd tell a jolly whopper, I'm goin dead agin you, now d'ye see? You aint stud up for Upper Canadec; I'm for a man wot sticks to Rep. by Pop., You're not the cheese, so try some other shop. The Seat of Government and fewer taxes, And that the poor man gets whate'er he axes; Them's my opinions and by them I sticks, And so, J. B., I'm into you like bricks.

Robinson.

And does no pang of conscience e'er intrude In slumber, for this, base ingratitude?

Did not I perch thee, at thy ardent wish, (I mean no pun) as Overseer of Fish! 'Gainst Rep. by Pop., I went to please John A., But oft I voted quite the other way; My Georgian Bay speech, full of Attic salt, Figures which beat a Gladstone or a Galt, And eloquence that thrilled the House, Which all the while was silent as a mouse.

Moodie.

All gone to sleep. Robinson.

Think of my aching head And all the hours of which I robbed my bed.

Moodie.

Oh, pawaw! that's bosh; may do for a marine, But don't think Captin Bob so precious green, As for your spouting figures, I demur, You stole them all from ancient Rowland Burr And for your sleep, who think you'd care a winkle,

If you snored on as long as Rip Van Winkle? John, you're played out, so without being rude Ie Bids you a last adieu; that's Captin Moodie.

Robinson.

But don't you see, Bob, they can't last these Grits?

At the first vote, we'll knock them into fits; Then stick to me, your gain shall be my care, The fattest berth we make and have to spare.

Moodie.

It aint no go, your wheedling days are o'er, I'm for the poor man, Rep. by Pop., and sing "Hurrah for progress" and that sort of thing. Your hulk is leaky, sure to make a mull, Sea-weed and barnacles cling to your hull; Into dry dock, get snugly trimmed and taut, And folks may trust you, if indeed they ought.

Robinson.

Oh, treachery! foul as coal oil unrefined, The basest vice that taints the human mind; Great Caesar felt thee stab with Brutus' knife, Dante and Edwin James an exiled life Spent or is spending (as the case may be) Oh, Bob! to think thy shaft should injure me.

Moodie.

Oh! well you'll suffer in great company.

Robinson.

Add taunt to injury, but mark me well, You soon may have another tale to tell; McDonald's not elected yet, my boy, Mayhap to sorrow I may turn your joy, For if returned, and once more at my post, Call me a Clear Grit, Bob, if you don't roast. But come, once more I'd woo thee to my side, As the fond lover wos his youthful bride.

Moodie.

Say are you crazy, J. B.? pooh! man, Don't speak to me as if I was a woman!

Robinson.

You do not understand, I talked in tropes, But plainly, Bob, come, do not jump the ropes; Leave that low herd, take up your right position, That which befits one of your high condition; Enrol yourself in my refined Committee, And in two years, be Mayor of the city.

Moodie.

I won't, I won't and now, I'll add by jingo,
(The strongest oath that ever stains my lingo)
I'll work like tiger preys for a week,
Each street I'll scour and every vote I'll seek;
And "the low herd" (*canals* the Frenchmen say)
Shall show your lordship what's the time of day;
Good bye, John B. just keep your spirits up,
I know you're drinking down a bitter cup.
Now to the contest, fight's the thing for me,
Moodie, McDonald, votes, and victory.

Exeunt ambo.

*Bob perhaps means *canaille*.

The Wrath of Foley and McGee.

Sing to us, *Grumbler* impartial, the terrible wrath
Of Mike Foley.
Sing, said the stout jolly stranger, immortalize
Foley in verses,
Sing, said his friend, a Milesian, forget not the
Celtic docile D'Arcy.

This is the song of the *Grumbler* rehearsed in
the ears of the stranger,
Commenced after due invocation of Spirits and
Aries and Muses.

Why is the stout Michael filled with wrath?
Therefore does he of the unruly tongue refuse to
be soothed by an Office?

Why disclosest he to the *Leader* the dire tale of
corruption indulged in by the Clear Grits? And
by both the Milesian, D'Arcy, matter in tones in-
dependent?

Alack! lend your ears to a story that is mellow-
somatic and brimful of sorrow.

Down in the ancient capital with Wilson, Mc-
Dougall, and others, sat Sandfield of the slender
opus, erect, looking angry. The clement Celtic
was absent, Mike the portly and D'Arcy, professor
of blarney.

"Why be these seats unfilled," cried Sandfield the
leader; "whither wander in times of peril, two of
my pole-jumping lambskins? Know they not that
the wolf is abroad now, prowling and howling
around us—us folio have fattened in Office? Twig
they not the designs of the Dodger—the wiles
of McDonald the artful. Ho Rykert of the hun-
gry ear, come forward my precious. What news
from the caucus. Say you, O Rykert, assembled
with Tories in Caucus. Mike the portly or D'Arcy
professor of blarney! No! they've escaped them
the net of McDonald, McDonald the artful."

Dark was the brow of Sandfield; Sandfield the
slender was wrathly.

Down sank he, exhausted with fury, muttering
words of ill omen.

"Tell me O ye my companions: resolve me
this riddle perplexing. What shall we do with
the Celts. Sphinx like I proffer the riddle; who
shall be *Œdipus* for me.

Nothing was vouchsafed in answer, all his
companions were silent. Naught was now heard
but the rattle of brains in the various caputs.
Dreadful was the puzzle; awful the ominous si-
lence.

At length on the back stairs a footstep re-
sounded like the tread of Titan. Terror was in

each face, pallor spread over each frontispiece.

The door slightly creaked on its hinges, and
admitted a mighty proboscis.

Surely 'tis the book of Brown, aye, 'tis the
nasal ornament of the great Orentio. Thus ran
the thoughts of Sandfield, thus cogitated Mc-
Donald the slender.

"Let the Celts be discharged, O McDonald,
give their places to others more worthy. Take
Moyatt the prim and the natty, and Wallbridge
the wondrous amalgam. Let these be installed
in the places of Celts who have forfeited favor."
Thus spake the voice through the portal, 'twas
the voice of George Brown the destroyer.

Again the door creaked on its hinges, and
quick disappeared the proposers. Silence supreme
for a moment reigned in the Executive Chamber.
Vox et fraterrea nihil, save a mighty proboscis!
Well might they all look astonished, well might
they all quake and tremble.

At length, up rose Sandfield the slender;
Sandfield of the slender form was the first to
get over his terror.

"Accept, O my comrades, the omen—let us
give this our greatest attention.

All clustered round him and listened, till mid-
night closed in on them talking.

At nine in the morning, precisely, the ele-
ment Celtic was walking. Foley of the manly
chest, D'Arcy of the roguish eye and unruly mem-
ber. Arm-in-arm were they walking together, de-
termined to stand by each other.

Suddenly the General-Postmaster was handed a
strange looking letter.

Quickly he opened and read it, read it aloud with
an effort.

My eyes! what a strange transformation! what
anger, what passion, what fury! Torn was the
strange looking letter, plucked into the three sand-
pieces. Stamped upon, spat upon, jumped upon.

Dismissed, aye dismissed, were the Celts, throw
in their bars were the doughty Milesians. No longer
companions of Sandfield, no more the assistants
of Scioote.

Great was their wrath and justly, terrible was
the shock of dismissal.

Hence, is the stout Michael, wrathly; hence is
independence on the lips of D'Arcy. Hence doth
Mike consort with the *Leader*; hence D'Arcy cut
adrift from the Clear Grits; hence this song of the
GRUMBLES, be it known to unborn generations.

Extremes Meet.

—It has often puzzled us to give a reason for
the name "extreme party," as given to the minist-
erialists. They seem to let all things remain *in*
status quo; they make and dole out fat offices and
in most other respects are similar to their fortorn
predecessors. It appears, however, that the com-
parative heights of the leaders is the only assign-
able reason. Sandfield is six feet two, and Dorton
five feet nothing, in his stocking feet. Hence the
name given to the party. In case of defeat, Bar-
num intends to engage their services under the
titles of the Glengarry giant and the Gallic
Bantam.

LOST.

25 CENTS REWARD.—An Israelite named George
Benjamin, of moderate height, cannon ball head,
Hebrew complexion and nose, measures 4ft. 6in
from nape of the neck to the heel and the same
across the shoulders. Generally wears specs and
talks of printing-contracts. As he is the only
man of weight in the whole Assembly, his loss is
felt.

10 CENTS REWARD.—A quantity of Morton's
Proof lost or stolen from the House of Assembly.
Used to occupy the seat of Sir H. Smith. Apply
to J. A. McDonald.

20 CENTS REWARD.—A gentleman of maly complexion
named Carling. Although much given to
hops at home, he was as quiet as a mouse in Parli-
ament, always voting with John A., and conduct-
ing himself generally with propriety. Although
Nature has been rather grudging in the matter of
beard, he is a tall respectable looking man. Apply
to Mayor Cornish, of London, or to the Editor of
the *Prototype*.

P. S.—This is withdrawn; Carling is so quiet
that we thought he was lost, but he is all right.

5 CENTS REWARD, for each of the following:—
Dr. Clarke of Guelph, a noisy gentleman, allopathi-
cally inclined; when last seen he was compound-
ing soporifics, in anticipation of the defeat of some
of his friends. Mr. Sherwood, of Brockville, a mild
easy, good natured sort of nobody; his friends fear
that, as he is easily led away, he may have gone
to Ogdensburg and enlisted in the American army.
Lastly, a *Bureau* used by the late government.
The Electors of Napierville will give 5 cents to
any one who will restore this piece of furniture.
It is supposed to be concealed in a Government
Office at Quebec. Several other parties are missing
and if they do not turn up before next week, re-
wards will be offered for their recovery.

A Question for Dr. Wilson.

The *Globe* has discovered a new English word
which rather puzzles us. It is "Scoto-phobia."
What is its meaning? To judge by the article of
which it is the heading we should be compelled to
find the *Globe* guilty of a gross offence against the
purity of its mother tongue. Is it possible that it
means to couple words of different languages in
one? *Scoti*, the Scots, a Latin word with *phobos*,
hate, a Greek one! Such a hybrid compound
would be almost as bad as the Yankee abomination
"lettergraph." We cannot entertain the idea for a
moment. The Editor of the *Globe* is too fastidi-
ous in his language and pure in his diction to be
guilty of such a monstrous crime. Still this is one
hour of the dilemma. The other is this. The
word may be derived from two Greek words, but
then our contemporary's English must be vindicated
at the expense of his political virtue. The Op-
position complain of underhand shuffling and
secret manoeuvring in the Government and "Scoto
phobia," as being drawn from *scotos* dark and
phobos. I hate, might be applied to their detesta-
tion of the underhand work of which Mr. McGee
complains. The word is none of the best even
then, but might pass in a daily newspaper.

On which horn will the *Globe* be impaled? We
hope the former, for we should not like it to be
said that it loves darkness rather than light, for a
reason we need not mention.

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 actually thrown away. Just call.

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