

## Concerts in General and Two in Particular.

We have, hitherto, been most indulgent in our criticisms, rather declining to name at all, than find fault with persons who, out of good nature, volunteer on different occasions, and do their best to entertain us; but we are a critical Grumbler, a just Grumbler, and the time has come to put a stop (if we can,) to the system of dragging people out from their firesides and social circles to listen to what is announced as a concert, but what we conceive to be an imposition on the public, to afford Miss Jones, Mr. Smith, or Mrs. Brown, the gratification of exercising their musical (?) talents—but more of this anon. A few nights ago we went to a concert, which was announced by posters the size of a house, as “a grand instrumental and vocal concert,” and as such an announcement would lead one to suppose, we naturally expected to hear instrumental (such as violin, flute, violoncello, and piano-forte,) solos, as well as vocal music. Instead of which we had the express gratification of hearing one singer during the whole evening, and a pianist, who, as such, would have disgraced the commonest “lager beer” saloon. This individual was announced in the programme as “Thalberg's favourite pupil,” and indulged us with a very harmless rendition of the “Java March,” or some such march from a little school book called “piano without a master.” It is well for poor Thalberg that his reputation is made. This “Java March” which the programme informed us would be splendid, formed the whole of the announced “instrumental” music of one part of the concert, and a second edition, worse than the first, was the “instrumental” feature of the second part. Much as we were pleased with the “Black Swan's” extraordinary voice, the whole evening's entertainment at the above named concert was spoilt by the monotony of hearing her sing ten or twelve songs, one after the other. We were, however, fortunate in only hearing “Thalberg's favourite pupil” twice during the evening, which was twice too often. “Though last, not least in our dear love” of grumbling, we have been endeavouring to make up our minds which was the worst—the music, or the addresses at the last “Reunion;” but we have not yet succeeded. Surely, Mr. Farley, Professor Siddons, and Miss Agnes Cameron, would have been a host in themselves to entertain an audience, without all the ridiculous attempts we were witness to—but the persons who get up these things, appear to think that the public require quantity not quality,—thus an entertainment which might have been good, becomes a most ridiculous and childish affair—you expect to hear the persons on the platform, like children at play, get up and say—“There, now it's my turn—now I ought to sing, Glory Hallelujah!—and then you ought to get up and say—what do you think of Ten?” which latter interesting subject was the principle feature of one of the addresses of the evening. We subjoin the programme of a Concert, THE GRUMBLER means to give—some of those days.

### GRUMBLER'S HALL.

A Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert will

be given at the above Hall, on which occasion all the best and most celebrated vocalists and instrumentalists who can be procured for—nothing—will have the honor of assisting. The fascinating Cantatrice and Prima Donna,

MISS JONES,

from the “Opera Dramatico Bumbastico,”—Milan, Naples, Van-demon's Land, and Dixie Land, &c., will sing some of her best Cantatas, Cavatinas, and Chansonnettes, and will perfectly cleorify the audience with her new “Fandango Fantastico Voco! ! ! !”

Dr. Murdero Musico, (Master Willie Smith's favourite pupil,) will play some of his favourite gamuts, and lessons on counting time—also his Chef Doevre, “In my cottage near a wood,” (with gigantic variations,) during which the audience are requested not to applaud, as it causes interruption.

### PROGRAMME—PART FIRST.

1. Grand Fantastic Fantastique (“splendid”), entitled “Oh dear what can the matter be,” &c., by Dr. Murdero Musico; 2. Song, Miss Jones; 3. Song, Miss Jones; 4. Song, Miss Jones; 5. Song (by desire), Miss Jones; 6. Song (by request), Miss Jones.

### AN INTERMISSION OF ONE HOUR—PART SECOND.

1. Grand Sonata Nigmarola (piano), entitled “Then away with melancholy,” by Dr. Murdero Musico, who for the encore will respond with Beethoven's “College hornpipe,” M. S.; 2. Song, Miss Jones; 3. Song, Miss Jones; 4. Song (by command of H. M. the Queen), Miss Jones; 5. Song, Miss Jones.

An entirely new version of “God Save the Queen” will conclude the programme, in which the audience are requested to join, as the Dr. is not very conversant with the air, words, or time of the N. Anthem.

N. B.—THE GRUMBLER will be present to see that the race between the accompanist and singers is carried on with the utmost fairness, it being generally the accompanist's evident desire to get to the finale or “winning post” first.

Due notice will be given when the above “grand” concert comes off. In the meantime all subscribers to the GRUMBLER will be entitled to a free ticket—on paying 50 cents for same.

### GRIEVANCES.

Every man has his grievances, and every man if so disposed, has a right to make his grievances known—which is a grievance in itself. We shall make our grievances known, at least a few of them, for we are not so wanting in commiseration for our fellow-beings, as to thrust our whole burthen on them. Passing over the universal and orthodox grievances so ably catalogued by Hamlet:

• “The whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes!”

Let us enumerate a few ever changing but ever recurring grievances with which we are afflicted.

Amongst the chiefest is the American war, with its endless, pointless and truthless telegrams, its records of expeditions, skirmishes, glorious encounters, and victories about to be, filling up every available column of our daily papers, and giving us an unhealthy literary appetite only to be appeased by well-seasoned lies and gross fabrications, such as the capture of Charleston, “from secession sources,” or the evacuation of

Richmond, “by a gentleman of eminent position just from the South.”

The lengthy reports of Parliamentary proceedings are a grievance, inasmuch as they occupy the place of much more interesting matter; so are the “Chronicles of Carlingford,” published in the *Globe*, for the same reason.

The tortuous articles in the *Leader* which try to prove that Separate Schools are baneful, but that the extension of their privileges is highly judicious, these are grievances nonsensical and illogical, but very like the *Leader*.

It is a grievance, and a great one too, to know that there are so many Mac Sycophants in Western Canada, that enough could be got in the City of London alone, to present an address to the military, after being lashed and insulted by General Williams and publicly branded by him as a people “who are so constituted by nature, that they are without any sense or knowledge of right or wrong, of honour or justice, until it reaches their sense or understanding through their pockets.”

It is a grievance to be unable to attend a public meeting and express your views on a public question, without a fearful and not a causeless dread that your head may be broken to facilitate your utterance. And it is more particularly a grievance that that very feeling gives the lie to the boasted freedom of speech of which we sometimes prate.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR MR. GRUMBLER.—I want so much to say a few words about this *shocking, dreadful, horrible*, affair on Gerrard Street. *Poor Mr. Dame*, I am sure he is innocent, and the ferocious female, who I, myself, saw out of our window, pulling his poor whiskers in the most cruel manner, I hope will be prevented from future wickedness. But it affects us Canadian young ladies seriously, Mr. Grumbler. There are so many charming young gentlemen with such moustaches coming here now from the States; people spitefully say that they come from fear of having to fight, but I know their courage is undoubted, and they only come here from a most praiseworthy dislike of killing their countrymen—I have heard several of them declare it in such a manner, it was impossible to disbelieve them. Now only suppose, Mr. Editor, that one was to enter into—I mean to form an—to contract a—that is, to fall in—to get married to one of these delightful gentlemen, and was living comfortably—just think of the horror of being at any moment confronted by a terrible woman with a revolver, or a forty-pounder, or an iron-clad, or some of those dreadful war things in her hand. I should die of fright. I could never arm myself like the other dreadful woman did. I believe those Yankee women are made fiercer than the men. Now, my dear sir, you have great influence, and know all the magistrates and constables and members of Parliament; could you not—will you not, there's a dear, make them pass a law that *everybody* coming here shall bring a certificate from the President that he is not married, and avert this *dreadful* uncertainty?

Yours ever,

LETITIA BRIGHT-EYES.

Elm Street, Wednesday.