

COOPER'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

The musical public of Toronto have not been backward in showing their appreciation of the rich treat that Mr. Marlowe provided for them this week. Notwithstanding the financial pressure of these hardest of hard times, the audiences have constantly increased till on Thursday the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. We were much pleased to witness the hearty welcome which greeted Miss Annie Milner on her re-appearance amongst us. Apart altogether from the sweetness and gracefulness of her singing, and the versatility of her acting, there are a pleasing and attractive manner and appearance which make their way into your good feelings and wishes whether you will or not. The ease and power with which she assumes every character, from the raging *Norma* to the coquettish *Adina*, is beyond all praise. We trust that whenever she visits Toronto she will meet that cordial reception to which so talented and pleasing an English *artiste* is entitled from a British Canadian audience. Mr. Rudolphsen, another old acquaintance, we were happy to see again on our boards. Mr. Bowler and Mr. Cook left nothing to be desired in their respective parts.

The engagement of the troupe was a fortunate hit for Mr. Marlowe. The houses each night were enough to make any young manager's mouth water. The stock company have, during this vacation, a chance to read up their old parts, so that when we have the pleasure of seeing them once more upon the boards our gratitude may know no bounds.

The Opera troupe, we understand, will be re-engaged. Therefore we may look for another week of crowded houses. It is quite wonderful what an effective orchestra Messrs. Cooper and Hoffman make. And as the custom of calling the performers before the curtain at the end of every act is now established, we would put in a good word to the pit for the two gentlemen we have mentioned. The audience should learn to have a little discrimination. What would the Opera be without the music?

From the Globe.

WHITHER ARE WE SHIFTING?

Ministerial prints are like mile-stones. They indicate how far we are on the road, but never aid us one step on the journey. The *Globe* does both. A faithful and unwavering index to the truth, it macadamizes the path of progress, and harnessed in the trappings of integrity, drags the car of politics safely into the lively-stable of security. "Every dog," said the poet, "has his day." Responsible government though not strictly of the canine species, has certainly had a prolonged one. Yet, if we are to trust the recreant *Times*, or the time-serving *Free Press*, we should lengthen out its wretched twilight by the rash-light of expediency.

We have tried everything; Rep. by pop. is in the expressive, but effete vernacular of the sixteenth century, "used up." Like a faithful shepherd, we have watched the flock. We have found at length, after all our care, a great cry, but a decidedly inadequate modicum of wool. "Whither

are we shifting?" We ask not in the spirit of senseless curiosity. We have higher aims to serve, nobler purposes to impel us. We have strained every string on the caught of the political fiddle; we have sounded every hollow in the loathsome murky quagmire of Canadian Government, and we can tell of but one cure to our political ills, one averter of the threatened social plithis; it is a universal panacea,—a written constitution. When we said pop. by pop. we meant a written constitution, for we never shift. Consistency has ever been the bull's eye of our journalistic target, though cabinets and coalitions pass away like porridge at the breakfast table, we shall ever remain steadfast. Thither we are shifting, to this we must come. Let us prepare for it, for come it will. No wretched traitor to the cause shall impede our destiny, &c. &c.

The Mayor of Montreal.

—By the Montreal papers it appears that the Mayor of Montreal is a disgrace, not only to his office, but to himself. For a man who could degrade the office of the first civic magistrate of a large city, by making a speech to the mob who infest the galleries, and this speech made up of the silliest trash imaginable, can be no man at all, but a madman, whom his friends ought in pity to take charge of. Perhaps the Mayor of Montreal was only drunk when he made such an exhibition of himself. However it was, we at a distance can only look upon the whole city council proceedings with contempt. Montreal should do better than return madmen for mayors.

A new simile.

—The following extraordinary occurrence, according to the *Leader*, took place one day in the past week:

"Then the leaden clouds were wafted away, and the sun shone out strongly for a few hours."

Following out this new style, we should have gentle zephyrs blowing a hurricane, cooling whirlwinds, summer clouds black and lowering, and the order of nature generally turned upside down.

BY GRUMLER TELEGRAPH!

The York Field Battery ordered to the seat of War.

COUNT HALLIWELL, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

PROMOTION OF MAJOR GENERAL CULL.

Captain Paterson and Sergeant Gray Suspended.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We desire to call special attention to the arrival at Mr. Seals' S. LOOK, King street West, of a large supply of Bass' Ale, imported direct from Burton-upon-Trent. Mr. Seals, at considerable trouble and additional expense, has imported this splendid Ale from the brewery, and our readers may depend upon its genuineness. As a summer beverage Bass' Ale is very excellent; it is light, mild and harmless, and if those of our younger readers who indulge, in the exhilarating cup would forego, especially in the summer the stuff sold as Brandy, Gin and Whiskey, and substitute a good glass of Seals' Ale, we should not hear so many complaints about drunkenness in Toronto. To our fellow-cricketers we need not recommend Mr. Seals, to others we say give him a call.

We have the greatest pleasure in recommending to the public the excellent assortment of all the luxuries derived from the growth and elaborate manufacture of good tobacco which are to be met with in the Divan of Mr. Daseauer. Any body who desires to clear his moonlight walks with a "sweet cigar," or to shed the very quintessence of fragrant comfort through his back parlour by the instrumentality of a pipe-full of splendid tobacco, or, lastly, who desires to tickle his olfactorios and clear his brain with a pinch of the best snuff, he should without delay seek the above mentioned place, where he will infallibly meet with full satisfaction.

Not very long ago our attention was drawn to a portion of the Romish buildings which had suddenly assumed an unusually attractive appearance, and that, too, all along of Mr. Tilley's Ice Cream Saloon. The display of all the bountiful and judicious gifts of prudent nature quite eclipsed the more trivial attractions of neighbouring Saloons, and we have for some time been a habitue of Mr. Tilley's Establishment, where, at a trifling expense, we have feasted upon Ice Creams, Soda Water, Oranges, cakes, candies, and count on other delicacies. Go, good public! and enjoy yourselves, as we have done.

In these days of misfortune how many poor fellows come under the hammer. Estates, stock, furniture are remorselessly knocked down to the highest bidder. The distress which envelopes the Province, and invades the happiness of thousands where misery never peeped before, is sad indeed; but it may have a bright feature. Whether choice or necessity impels a sale, the greatest luxury is that of being hampered by a good auctioneer. The legitimate successors of Geo. Robinson, in Toronto Messrs. WAKEFIELD, COATE & Co., are so well known to our citizens, that we need scarcely bespeak them with praises. All we desire to tell our readers, is,—their warehouses have assumed their spring garb; and that whether they have recourse to them as vendors or purchasers, Messrs. W. & D. will not merely do them justice, but with a knack peculiarly their own, will satisfy the vendor that the biggest price has been made, and the purchaser that real bargains are to be got at no other mart. We are glad to see that Mr. Wakefield, Jr., has mounted the rostrum and bids fair to rival our old friend at the head of the firm.

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