

A PUZZLE.

Our worthy Custom House Officer, late everything-you-could-mention, and present figure-head of the Reform Society of Teetotalers, took it into his wise head the other day to sell out bag and baggage. Why he did so is no business of ours; nor would we allude to the matter at all, except to notice a very apparent paradox in the transaction. It is said that the only articles of the Honorable Gentlemen's domestic wares which he retained are, a copy of the civil service bill and a piano. Why this reservation? our readers will ask. Really we are at a loss to imagine. As is well known that Mr. Spence was the author of the civil service bill, the fundamental principle of which is that no person shall receive an appointment in the civil service except by promotion from the lower offices in the departments. Now, as the appointment of Mr. Spence was the first violation of the principle of his own bill, we don't see why he should cling to it with such death-like tenacity. And as for the piano,—well, we don't care to say much about it, but, as it was an useless piece of furniture, why retain it? This is the puzzle. Why of all the articles in the house keep those two that were never used? Perhaps future generations will be able to solve the mystery—we cannot.

N. B. The sale was the best of the season; every article brought the highest price. We cannot tell why this was the case; we merely state, *en passant*, that the auctioneer was elosseth with the ex-auctioneer for three consecutive nights previous to the sale.

THE COOPER OPERA TROUPE.

It is with much pleasure we welcome this talented Troupe back again to Toronto after an absence of five months. Every lover of music joins heartily with us, we are sure, in this welcome, and the large and appreciative audiences which have nightly assembled at the Prince of Wales Theatre have given expression to this feeling. Although there have been a few changes in the Troupe, it is substantially the same and it still keeps up its well earned reputation. Annie Miller sings as sweetly as ever, and never fails to charm her hearers. She acts in her many difficult and laborious parts, with her wonted vivacity and good taste. "Lo! hear the gentle lark" we are never tired of hearing. We can hardly say in which Opera we prefer to hear her; for Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, Marie in the *Daughter of the Regiment*, Amina in *La Sonnambula*, and Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*, seem to be equally well sustained. Miss Payne, as formerly, pleases by her almost perfect personations of the different characters in which she appears. Miss Kemp possesses a very fine contralto voice, and her *naïve* acting and tasteful singing have rendered her extremely popular. Her singing as Lisa in *La Sonnambula* is well worthy of praise. Mr. Bowler, the tenor, has we think improved considerably, and is on every occasion well received. He performs well in his various characters, and sings with great taste and correctness. He is becoming exceedingly popular. Mr. Budinot the Baritone possesses a very good voice, but he is evidently rather young in his profession; his acting in *The Waterman* was capital, and his "Dr. Bartolo," although different in some respects from Mr. Rudolphson's was a creditable performance. Mr. Budinot will

make a good singer with a little more experience. Mr. Cook, the basso, is one whom everybody knows and everybody appreciates. He is greeted with the most rapturous applause on every appearance. His name will go down to future Torontonians generations connected with "Simon the Cellarer;" the mere mention of the one always suggesting the other. The chorus under the leadership of Mr. Bruno is well trained and efficient.

This evening "the Bohemian Girl" will be performed, and we have no doubt that there will be a crowded house, as it is to be for the "benefit" of Mr. Cook. No one should lose the opportunity of seeing Mr. Cook in his great character of "Derilshoof."

RECEPTION DAYS.

DEAR MR. GRUMBLER.

I am the wife of a wealthy Merchant; no I mean Tradesman, (I regret to find myself getting snobbish). Well, the other day I was endeavouring to engage a cook, yes Mr. Grumbler a cook, and what do you think was her objection to entering my service; it was because I wouldn't let her have her *reception days*, at the same time remarking that others little better than cooks had them.

I am, of course,
Yours truly,

MARIA NOVODONT.

P. S.—Where *will* these things end. Mr. Grumbler suggests that some people are not *always* fit to be seen, and only want people to come as cook says, after they have cleaned themselves.

PUGILISM.

The *Globe* expresses the most virtuous horror at the recent mill between Sayers and Heenan. If the *Globe* went no farther than denouncing the affair, we would not have a word to say about it. But it does not content itself with this, but expresses the utmost indignation that any journals should be found to publish an account of the fight. Now, what will our readers think when they learn that this self-same *Globe* actually did, but in a sneaking way, what it denounces other journals for doing. Out upon such hypocrisy and cant! But listen to one of the arguments used by the *Globe* against pugilism! It says: "The taste for the prize fight was almost extinguished in America for the time by the death of a man named McEoy in a fight near New York, and no one will regret the recurrence of a similar incident."

What a pity that either Sayers or Heenan did not get a finishing blow! then our cotemporary would have been satisfied. Now we cannot understand this sort of argument. Says the *Globe* "I'm opposed to fighting—at least it is discreet to appear so—it's brutal that one man should strike another; but let him kill him outright and I'm satisfied." Well if our cotemporary has satisfied his conscience with this species of effusion he's welcome to it; for our part we are glad that neither of the champions came out of the fight worse than they did.

Malicious Rumor.

—The *Grumbler* indignantly denies that the money which was collected a few years ago for the "Wellington monument," has been handed over to Sandford Fleming, to aid in the extension of the "Ghosts" or "Princes' Walk."

HEENAN AND SAYERS.

Buffeller younigtied
Stats

Dear Grumbler,
I iz no kind of skolor as I noes of, but yet I goss I will jist rite to you and ask ye what's yer pinnon about this heer fight as cumd of on the 17 april be tween the henglish chmpurn Tom Sayers—and the hamerikan chmpurn the bincsesha boy. I hear such a tarnashun pile of tawkin and hargumenting that I be blowd if I can tell which of them thero men whipt. sum siz as how Heenan fote 14 rounds after he was blinded by sayers. if that's so I say hemfatically that he's the best man, but others siz as how sayers stood 37 of Heenans nok down blows and then came up to time. Give us yer pinnon lik a brik and when ye cums to Bufellor I'll stand the liker.

one of the pugs.

The Best Families' Ball.

—This distinguished Assembly took place at the city of Carlton on the evening of Wednesday the 18th ultimo. We were unable to give an account of the proceedings sooner because our own correspondent only reached our office at a late hour last night, having tried to walk to town on the Railway track, but going in the wrong direction did not discover his mistake till he got to Sarina; as he arrived too late for publication, we must defer our account till next issue.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARAMELIA JANE.—The Rev. Gentleman was not at all tired that night.

HAMLEY.—The greatest living Tragedian, in our estimation, is Mr. J. C. Fredericks.

BENICIA BOY.—Mr. Heenan has not yet been presented to Her Majesty, but will be when he can beat Tom.

SKADBOGROK SOCKER.—We are inclined to doubt the statement that fourteen hundred chests of Tea fell upon you, you must send us an affidavit before we can publish your letter.

GEORDIE.—We decline publishing pugilistic challenges, we refer you to the *Leader*.

SOPHIA ANN.—We are sorry to say that we are married—almost despair of Mrs. G. dying soon.

BILL SYKES.—We do not receive Bull Pups in payment of subscriptions, if you have any old rye, send it along.

JOHNY MAGEY.—We have good reason to believe that Dr. Ryerson will not challenge Heenan, on his return, as it is difficult to say whether he, Dr. Ryerson, may recover from the licking he got the other day from the Caledonian Phenomenon.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Because they can't climb a tree.

NOTICE.

Our rates for advertising will for the future be at the rate of eight cents per line. No advertisement will be inserted for less than 50 cents.

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