

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

NO. 8.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a your coats
I retele you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

OPERATICS.

As it is evident that the Operas of the most celebrated composers do not represent in their plots a true picture of human life and society, we purpose supplying this manifest want by writing an opera ourselves, which will be set to music by Verdi. We merely intend to sketch a plot; this plot will, we flatter ourselves, be a true picture of the course of true love. The operas now performed always leave the parties, represented therein, on the eve of marriage. This we think highly reprehensible and we intend to show how the lovers get on after they have been joined in the bonds of matrimony. With this object in view and with the assistance of Mrs. GRUMBLER, we have penned the following

GRAND TRAGIC OPERA.

ACT I.

Two devoted lovers (Tenor and Soprano) having been persecuted and tormented by their hard-hearted parents determine to fly from their respective paternal roofs (on opposite sides of — street) at the midnight hour. They procure rope-ladders and the lady (Soprano) climbs up the chimney from her bedroom to the roof of the house; the gent (Tenor) gets out of the garret window (having been locked in the garret for some misdemeanor) of his mansion. Each, by good luck, having found a piece of a clothes-line, slides down, hand under hand, to the ground; while sliding down they sing a sentimental duet, interspersed with shakes, trills and runs. He (Tenor) drops into a pool of water which was immediately under him, and sings an affecting solo. She (Soprano) sings in reply a recitative in the key of B quiet. The lady (Soprano) then advances towards him, throws him a rope and drags him safely out of the water. They then hail a cab, which happened by chance to be passing just then, and drive off.

ACT II.

They are being married now; the gent (Tenor) having obtained the assistance of another gent (Basso) who acts as father and gives the lady (Soprano) away. The gent (Tenor) during the ceremony, tears the tenth pair of white kids that he had put on that morning. The gent (Tenor) in the middle of the ceremony sings a solo, drawing attention to the fact that he now belongs to the lady (Soprano). The lady (Soprano) joins in and declares her determination to keep possession of aforesaid gent (Tenor). As the bridal party is going out, the bride (Soprano)

in a beautiful solo draws the attention of the gent (Tenor) to the fact that she will pull his ears if he attempts to flirt with ladies any more. They then sing a duet and the act ends with "The Bride's-maids' Chorus." The bride and bride-groom get into a "two-horse shay" and take the train for the Falls to spend the "honey moon."

ACT III.

(Tenor and Soprano seated at a table partaking of their mid-day meal; Alto waiting on them. Contralto doing some plain sewing; Baritone singing in the yard, while grooming the horses.)

The aforesaid lady (Soprano) and gent (Tenor) sing a duet, in which they refer to their respective tempers, and compliment each other generally; The lady (Soprano) declares that she is ready to maintain her side of the question at all hazards, and signifies her willingness to do so. The gent (Tenor) assures her in high words that he'd like to perceive her settling about it. Both rise from the table, and the music gets faster and more stirring. The lady (Soprano) seizes on the broom and pursues the gent (Tenor) round the room, while babies in the next room start up the "crying chorus," better known as "infant squalling." Alto joins in the fight and assists Soprano in the pursuit; all singing vehemently and gesticulating violently. "The Huntsmen's chorus" is now introduced. Contralto gets Tenor by the coat tail as he is running past her, and we have a quartette, and chorus of babies at intervals. Baritone rushes in to the rescue of his master, (Tenor) and having effected it, sings "The heart bowed down" and "A husband's life's a scene of strife." Tenor in the far corner of the room sings

"Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Memory will bring back the feeling."

Soprano makes another dart at Tenor and he again runs round the room pursued by the crowd. The music now gets terrific and we hear a grand chorus. At last unable to bear it, or rather, run it any longer, Tenor makes a dart for the open window and leaps out. He falls a distance of 679½ on to the stone pavement below, singing on his way down, "My fame at stake." He stops falling suddenly, as soon as he reaches the ground, and lies stretched out at full length in a dying condition. He raises his head on his elbow, and sings, "All is lost!" and "Then you'll remember me." Suddenly he leaps to his feet, points to the fatal window, gives above "A" lines in good style, staggers and falls down dead. [Grand chorus of policemen and bystanders. Curtain falls to slow music.

N. B. The copy right is secured, and a patent taken out for this style of composition.

RAMONA.

It is currently reported that a certain tradesman, or rather merchant, on King Street, is about to challenge the Inspector of Weights and Measures, as champion of the Light Weights—Pshaw! (Shaw.)

MR. GRUMBLER TO TOM SAYERS.

Say Tom my gallant lad
And hast thou fought the Yankee chap,
The Boy Benicia whom erst we heard
Could whop the world?

Hast thou thy mauleys
Properly put in and, planting thy punchers
Plump on his mug, plugged his peepers,
Aye I yes that did thou, and to some purpose,
Punched his piggy head, who dared thy prowess;
You gave it him my playful pet, pitched in in style.
That belt thy steady loins shall ever gird
Though from Columbia's farthest shores—reared,
Trained for no other purpose; on Thorley's food for cattle fed
Benicia Boys in dozens come to wrest it from thy waist.

THE UNITY OF THE OPPOSITION.

There's nothing like putting on a bold face in times of difficulty. Some one says it's half the battle, and we believe it. But there's a mighty difference between a bold face, and down right fibbing. What's the use in the *Globe* telling us the Opposition were never more united than they are at present, when everyone knows it's not the case. Unity, forsooth! What a nice unity there is between Mr. Sandfield Macdonald and Mr. Brown, between Mr. Foley and Mr. Brown, and between Dr. Connor and Mr. Brown! What a oneness of sentiment! So the *Globe* says. But let us look at the facts. Mr. Brown throws up his hat, shoots with all the might of his stentorian lungs, for "Joint Authority," and says that strange, and as yet undescribed thing, is the only safety for our down-trodden and fast-going-to-the-dogs country. Jolly Mike Foley rushes into the arena, and says "hold on sir, you're not the man for this sort of thing; you're long vexed and worried the Reform party, and it's high time to get rid of you; you talk about my coquetting with the Government, but let me tell you, sir, that no man knows the science of political coquetry better than you, sir." "Just so," cries out Connor, "Foley, you're a brick; Brown says my majority of one is entirely due to him, but its untrue, —a lie, sir,—positively a lie sir!" But where's the use in multiplying instances. We are really sorry to see our old friends in such a sad state of cross-purposes, and would advise them by all means to try and heal these old sores as fast as possible, and not be displaying their pugilistic tendencies on the floor of the Legislature. But we object to being told that all is unity—that the smoothest, calmest, most un-ruffled state of things imaginable exists, when we know it's a whopper. Fiat justitia ruat cælum.

Aww! yet too true.

—Our funny cotemporary *The Leader*, in a whining paragraph referred, the other day, to the scarcity, the positive dearth, of matter for stunning "paragraphs." We can readily understand and fully appreciate the position in which the worthies of *The Leader* find themselves. Alas! nothing but fires—nothing but fires! Oh! cruel Fate!