

The Theatre.

We read with pleasure the notices of Mr. Buchanan's impersonations of Shakespeare's characters. We went to the Lyceum and were disappointed. It is an imperative duty to the public that we present in fairness our opinions of such entertainments and any other course we hold to be a fraud against them.

Although willing to accord full praise to the management of Mr. Myers, and to acknowledge his efforts in our behalf fully commensurate with the support he gets. We are not, therefore, expected to applaud and puff the company including stars. To do this would be a fraud upon our citizens, who thus deceived, might waste their time and monies recklessly, attending stage performances. More than this, it would publish our incompetence as a people to appreciate the drama and discredit our intelligence in foreign estimation. To the numerous urged objections against the stage our only answer needs be—that under proper management and support, we thence may learn the highest uses of our language—its power, purity, correct pronunciation and melody.

Under the ordinary patronage of a Toronto audience, we have not the right to look for this perfection, and as a general principle we attack not the stock actor. But when a star walks our boards under superior pay, and heralded by European testimonials, we rightfully hold him responsible for his assumption and may grumble at his short-comings. Viewing the glaring panegyrics stereotyped and presented in our prints in favor of Mr. Buchanan, we might, upon the custom of advertising more than we ^{should} on hand, justify their publication; but in strict truth we must either disbelieve their authenticity or pity the innocence of a European press that could utter such twaddle. In short, to assert that "Mr. B. stands alone, superior to any actor of the present day" is simple nonsensical untruth. His voice is unmusical; his syllabic articulation is imperfect; his rendering of the text extremely faulty, and with many other defects it is apparent to any educated listener that his education is shockingly defective. In the pathetic he is sometimes ludicrous, so much so that we more than once heard several laugh when deep pathos was intended. His voice, we think, at one time may have been good, but at present it is of that husky guttural order that dissipates half-fashioned from the lips; and in those whispering tones of low soliloquy, &c., frequently the most beautiful passages of the play, you hear nothing—even on the nearer seats but a low rumbling noise.

We fully admit that in what is termed "stage business" Mr. B. appears familiar, and although in his speech, and gesture there are occasionally too much rant and wildness and an absence of that temperance that should "give it smoothness"—his action is good. Yet from the masters of the drama we want more than this. We must have chastity of style and purity of pronunciation. The pure English undefiled delivered from the text and cannot countenance such utter disregard, especially for Shakespeare as is constantly evinced by Mr. B.

It is known that many talented actors and actresses have in stage parlance "near been damned" for false rhythm, loose omission or interpolation of the text, an instance of which was the case of substitution of the word *kill* for *murder* in the line of Hamlet—"What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?" and knowing those things to be true, what fate could we assign Mr. B. We hope he is not too old or proud to be instructed, and we do not speak in malice when we direct his attention to some of the numerous and in his case inexcusable errors of his commission. We have not space to deal with many, but we will mention some that fell so gratefully upon our ears, the discord haunts us still. Othello, addressing the Duke and Senators—

"Rude am I in speech,
And little" *gilded* "with the set of phrase of peace."

Again to Iago:
"Thou hadst better have been born a dog,"—*a dog Iago.*

And "I'll tear her all to pieces"—*to pieces Iago,*
Also, "Nor scar that whiter skin of hers thou snow,"
"And (as) smooth as monumental alabaster."

In Richard:
"Have no delight to pass away" *my hours.*

And in the last act:
"Armed" (*all*) "in proof and led by shallow Richmond."

The italics mark the interpolations and perversions of the text, and surely none with any ear for poetry or music could justify or palliate the offence. And no man with such imperfections, so ignorant or reckless of the rhythm, prosody and structure of our language, can expect position with our first class readers. Not to mention names beyond the knowledge of our citizens, it must be palpable to every member of the audience who has heard Mr. Couldock or Mr. Vanderhoff, that in them there is such contrast of scholastic polish and refinement as strikes Mr. B. below the level of fair mediocrity. Of his "young, beautiful, and talented daughter," it is unnecessary to say more than that she has much to learn ere she can move as more than satellite to her father.

Farini.

Last night we had the pleasure of witnessing the astonishing feats of this world renowned acrobat, and we are glad to say the house was crowded to excess. The audience seemed to thoroughly appreciate Farini's extraordinary agility. His appearance altogether is prepossessing, and the coolness with which he goes through the most difficult and perilous feats create a feeling akin to awe in the minds of his spectators. The wire rope on which his performances take place is about forty feet high, as high as could be strung in the city. During the performance he seemed perfectly at home whether with baskets on his feet, enveloped in a sack, turning a somersault or hanging by an arm or leg it was all the same. Owing to a bad stay in the rope Farini was unable to carry a man on his back as advertised, he will however perform the feat to-night. There will also be a performance on Monday and Tuesday evening, he well deserves crowded houses!

The Rinks.

The skating has, on the whole, been excellent on the various rinks. The "Yorkville" and "Toronto" seem to lead the van, followed closely by the "Royal," "Victoria," and "West End." Dr. Agnew has been rather unfortunate in the flooding of the "Royal," but all difficulties have been overcome and a "merry crowd" sport themselves on its glassy surface every evening, while on gala occasions the band of the "10th" makes things "gay-er and merrier than ever."

St. James Ward.

Let every independent voter, every man who has the interest of the city at heart, and who wishes to see good, sound, solid business men in the Council, go early and record his vote for Beard as Councilman. He who is able to manage with success his own private affairs is just the man we want at the Council Board.

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