

### MODEST JUDGE CARON.

Mr. Justice Caron,  
Who's a modest man,  
Like a German baron,  
Seizes all he can.

From out the Upper Chamber,  
Went he as a Judge,  
Yet he tries to clamber  
Back, but none will budge,

To even make a motion,  
To relieve his doubt;  
For they've got a notion  
That he's better out.

Rejecting his petition  
In politest French,  
Because no politician  
Should be on the Bench.

## THEATRE ROYAL.

### GRAND GALA NIGHT.

### NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.

The manager of the C—p—r Opera Troupe begs to announce that Messrs. Brown, Foley and Connor, of the Parliamentary Opposition, have been engaged to sing the "laughing trio" on the occasion of the next Concert. He does not take it upon himself to guarantee that the aria will be *Martini's "Vadassia via de la qua;"* but as the three gentlemen have recently shaken hands in the most unaccountable manner, and sunk all petty differences—at least for the present—he has no doubt the trio will be executed by these three performers, *con amore*. No additional charge for reserved seats. Particulars will be made known on a future day.

[Mr. Grumbler begs to intimate that he will be present on the occasion, and, as the performance is a delicate one, he promises not to be hypercritical.]

### THE GREAT FIGHT FOR THE BELT.

*Correspondence of the New York Clipper.*

Mr. Editor,—

The great event has at length been decided. The American Eagle soars triumphant o'er the defeated and degraded, the much vaunted Lion of England. In spite of the persecutions and deceptions of Victoria, Queen of England, and her bloated and dissipated ministry; in spite of the hollow and base machinations of Palmerston, Russel, and others of the gang, the stars and stripes now wave o'er the boasted flag of Cressy and Poitiers, and the British Lion now lies like a cur in his kennel cowed down by the great and glorious American Eagle; and Heenan, an illustrious champion, the representative of all that is noble in manly grace, and of that glorious republic which was nurtured in the bosoms of patriots, and cemented with the blood of heroes; that is looked upon with envy and apprehension by all the priest-ridden and aristocracy crushed powers of tottering Europe, reclines in his bed of fame with the everlasting halo of fistic glory round his angelic brow. Let us not rest here, Mr. Editor, but in the event of Heenan not receiving the trophy of his prowess, let us insist on the recall of our Ambassador, the surrender of British Columbia and enthralled Canada, and that the sway of our great and liberal

institutions be extended from Terra del fuogo to Penotanguishene. Hoping this may suit your ideas believe me friend Frank,

Your's fraternally,  
**RACE HALLEDAY POPKINS SMITH,**  
Col. Washington Lavenders.

### RUMORS.

That Cap. Moodie is about to resign the command of the Fire Fly, and accept immediately the appointment as principal tenor in the Academy of Music, New York. His numerous friends will be happy to learn that his ascension with Steiner in the balloon has materially improved his upper notes.

That it is the intention of the Prince of Wales to become a candidate for initiation in the Sons of Malta, and that Mr. Wooton, of Caer Howel Hotel, with true characteristic British loyalty, has offered to put down five "*suverius*" to pay the "inshishashan" fee.

That a collection is to be taken up in the several churches at an early date for the purpose of forming a fund to provide, gratis, the poorer members with copies of the rules of the London Prize Ring, and that Dr. Ryerson has headed the subscription list with ten cents; he has also signified his intention of being present at a benefit for the Sayers fund when he will wind up with a set-to with Professor Spaulding.

That it has been discovered that the lowest tender for the removal of the Government to Quebec, last fall, was that of Mr. Kelly, the *spirited* cab proprietor of Toronto. Strange that the *Globe* has not found out this, the latest and most diabolical act of a rotten and corrupt Ministry. We believe Mr. Rose, the Commissioner of Public Works, tries to make it out that the sureties were not responsible parties.

### SOUTH SIMCOE ON THE FLOOR.

Jolly Tom Ferguson, representative-extraordinary in Parliament, of the Simcoe lambs, has either a queer opinion of the purchasability of his constituents or a very plain way of telling the government that they are not forking over the necessary. When the resolutions of the November Convention were up before the House the other day, our burly Irish orator declared that the people of Upper Canada were indignant at the manner in which they were being governed by Lower Canada. Mr. W. F. Powell rushed to his feet and denied the charge. Mr. Ferguson repeated his statement, remarking that if the people of Carleton were satisfied "they must be getting more from the public purse than he was aware of." The argument is plain. If Carleton is satisfied, it is because she gets the pap. If Simcoe is not, it is because she gets no pap. But pap is the thing to quiet opposition, give us more and we will be silent. Now, we must enter our protest against this sort of thing. Mr. Ferguson has no right to libel his constituents in the way he has done; and if he thinks that he is not well enough paid for his support of the Ministry, let him not declare it so unblushingly on the floor of Parliament. But the honorable gentleman has got a most unfortunate habit of "putting his foot" in everything he does, and perhaps after all he did not mean what he said. Parliamentary orators have a peculiar weakness in this respect.

### A Desperate Joke.

—Why are the opposition not *unit-ed*?  
Because they're at *sizes and sevens*.

### THE COOPER OPERA TROUPE.

During the week our citizens have had the pleasure of listening to the Cooper Opera Troupe at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Every night the house has been crowded with admiring audiences. This favorite company appears to grow more in favor with us every time they appear. We have not space to particularize the splendid acting and singing of Miss Milner, Mr. Cook, Mr. Bowler, Miss Payne and Miss Kemp, and the efficiency of the chorus under the leadership of Mr. Bruno; nor have we room to speak more fully of the delightful playing of Mr. Cooper on the violin, and Mr. Miller on the piano. Suffice it to say, that nothing is left us to be desired. Last night Miss Milner created quite a *furor* as *Lucrasta*. To-night we are to have "The Daughter of the Regiment," with the second act of "La Sonnambula," and on Monday "Der Freyschutz."

### THE NATIONALITY OF SAYEERS.

Important Communication.

Toronto, 10th May, 1860.

MISTER GRUMBLER.

I have heard a grate deal o' blowin as how Tom Seeyers is a hirishmun, and as all is pluck comes o' that bein the case, now on the contrary witch can be proved. I deny it—Tom Seeyers is no more a hirishmun than you be. *Tom is a bricklayer,* and was my mate four year, workin in the same yard, and I was the first man as put up the first foive soverins for Tom to foight fur, witch can be vouchsafed fur by them as knows, or if you loike you can rite to Bell's Life and I wont say nothin.

Yours & so farth,

TOM OOTIN.

### OH! ROBERT MOODIE.

The following paragraph appeared in the *Colonist* of the 8th inst:—

THE WHICH SCALES.

Aid, Moodie gave notice that he would move, that the Chamberlain be instructed to lay before the Council the amount received by the *weight scales* up to this date.

We should like to know whether this is a true copy of Bob's motion—if so, Bob is, undoubtedly, a man of genius—one well calculated to inquire into the most subtle mysteries and search out hidden truths. Bob has evidently discovered a mare's nest somewhere, and is determined to bring up every one and every thing, from the scalesman down to the scales, so as to get the desired information.

The Millennium coming at last.

—Those who remember the strenuous exertions made by Mr. B. French, (commonly known as "foul mouthed Barney") at the last East Middlesex Election, to have Mr. Blackburn, the then Reform Candidate, ridden on a rail in London Township, will be astonished at the turn affairs have lately taken. These two worthies now seem to have entirely buried the hatchet, and are Mr. Johnson's two warmest supporters in the present contest, working hand in hand for him, the one using his eloquence and the other his paper.

Was there ever a more thorough instance of the lion lying down with the lamb?

### THE GRUMBLER

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