

THE MAD CRITIC AGAIN.

The *Streetsville Review*, since it has fallen into the hands of poor Mr. Robert M. Allen, has been filled with the wildest nonsense, that the wildest madman ever penned. This, of course, was naturally to be expected. Probably the poor fellow from keeping company—in a professional manner—with servants who had lost their characters, has arrived at the conclusion that it is a bad thing to lose one's character, and therefore he is determined to maintain his own in all its original luster. However it is, Mr. Allen does not scruple to publish in the most persistent manner, articles which are unapproachably ridiculous. As the *Theatre* is a weak point with him, we will treat the public to his opinion of the present opera troupe. The article commences as follows:

"The pleasing monotony of *tragic*, comic, and farcical theatrical amusements, have been temporarily superseded by the *higher class* of vocal dramatic entertainments."

This is certainly the first time a critic made the absurd mistake of classing tragedy amongst the *lower class* of dramatic entertainments. Again,

"The performance commencing with the exquisite, *unique play* of 'La Sonnambula.'"

Those who effect taste in theatrical matter, generally call "La Sonnambula" an *opera*. But with Mr. Allen, the case is different—"La Sonnambula" is a *play*—*unique play*! On the same principle that this critic calls an *opera* a *play*. Mr. Cooke, the *basso* of the troupe, is compared with *Mario*, the *tenor*; and naturally enough, unfortunate Mr. Cooke is found wanting:

"Mr. Cooke representing Count Rodolph, who although, a very superior singer, cannot by any means compare with the inimitable tenor, *Mario*."

But now comes the brightest sally of the critic:

"Miss Milner was the *Sommabulist*, and a *more exquisite artiste never before*, we understand, sung so sweetly, so correctly, or so powerfully, as this gifted, tiny and highly gifted songstress."

The critic understands that "a more exquisite singer than Miss Milner never before sang so well as Miss Milner." The understanding of the critic is evidently, to use a common expression, "no-where." A better singer than Miss Milner never sang so well as Miss Milner! We defy bedlam to beat that. Mark the adjectives, too! Miss Milner is "gifted, tiny and highly gifted." How elegantly expressed! *Gifted and highly gifted!* Why not *small and tiny*? Either of the latter adjectives would be equally true.

Passing over a barren joke, perpetrated by the critic regardless of consequences, we come to the moral of the critique. To judge by its strain, it is evident that Mr. Allen is weak-minded enough to indulge in hopes of future happiness. The moral is contained in the following solemn nonsense:—

"If, as we read, the entertainments of another world principally consist in the vocal strains of praise that bursts incessantly from angelic lips, it is an *unmistakable evidence* that if vocal amusements are preferred on earth, that our *origin was for*, and our *tendencies are and should be* always directed to those realms of happiness where matchless songs of everlasting happiness never have an end."

Reduced to a recognizable shape, this extraordinary conclusion to a theatrical critique stands thus: If operas (for they are "vocal amusements") are

preferred on earth, it is "unmistakable evidence" that "our origin" was for "realms of happiness." This strange deduction is made dependent upon the realization of what "we read of the entertainments of another world." It is quite evident, from this bit of theology, that the law is not Mr. Allen's forte, since he sets down as *unmistakable evidence* what at best, according to his own showing, is only an *inference* depending upon two *ifs*. However, while saying this, we are forced to admit that Mr. Allen is evidently a loss to the Church. As it is, and we say it under correction—he may never attain to the dignity of Chief Justice of Upper Canada. But in the Church what is there to prevent him from attaining to a Bishopric? He is *young, handsome, of good education*, and has an elegant brogue. With these accomplishments, it is a pity he lies down his soaring intellect to the dry study of the law. Mr. Allen is, we are glad to see, a poet. At least, he shows good taste in his selection; for he winds up his theatrical notice by wishing, in the words of the poet, that he

—"were the viewless spirit of a sound!"

A wish that all his friends and enemies heartily concur in.

COOPER'S OPERA TROUPE.

The second, and we regret to say, last week of the engagement of this company, terminates this evening. We have seen with pleasure that their efforts have met so cordial and hearty a reception from our fellow citizens. During the week "Il Trovatore" and "The Barber of Seville" have been introduced, and several of the most successful operas produced last week, have been repeated. Did our space admit of it, we should desire to enter fully into the merits of each performance, but where such unqualified admiration has been expressed by every auditor, our task is comparatively easy. Miss Annie Milner's exquisite music, enchanting face and mischievous eye could not fail to elicit the most rapturous applause. Amongst the many beautiful airs she sang, we may venture to particularize "Lo, here the gentle lark," as the most pleasing and affecting. Miss Payne's acting in "Il Trovatore" excited unusual approval; she possesses dramatic talent of no mean order. Mr. Bowler combines with a sweet voice, great histrionic powers, and was heartily applauded in every character in which he appeared. Mr. Cook, the *basso*, though, as the sage of the *Streetsville Review* remarked, not quite as good a tenor as *Mario*, possesses an excellent voice and astonishing power of imitation and comic acting. His "Quack Doctor," in "L'Elisire d'Amore," and the Gipsy in "The Bohemian Girl" were extremely good.

Mr. Rudolphson has an excellent voice and great versatility in acting. In no character he has undertaken during this engagement, has he come short of our expectations, from Count Rodolpho in *Sonnambula*, to the withered old Doctor Bartolo, in "The Barber of Seville." His aria, "The heart bow'd down," in the Bohemian Girl, was most deservedly encored; indeed, we have noticed that he is, on the whole, the most reliable actor in the troupe. The whole company have deserved well of the public,

and though they have been liberally supported, Toronto has scarcely done its duty. This evening Miss Milner takes a farewell benefit, and the troupe make their last appearance in Toronto. We sincerely trust that the house will be worthy the occasion, and that the charming benefactress will find that Torontonians never weary in showing their appreciation of a sterling English artiste. We hope that arrangements will be made to insure their speedy return to our city; and in the meantime, we regretfully bid them farewell.

Mr. and Miss Richings, who were so extremely popular when they last visited Toronto, open their engagement on Monday. They are both capital performers; Miss Richings is an accomplished vocalist. We shall have something more to say about them next week; we trust we shall be able to say that they have been liberally patronized.

THREE CHEERS FOR GROGAN.

(From the *Streetsville Broadbrim*.)

The days of Head are numbered. He has been weighed in the Grit balances and found confoundedly deficient. The cries of Upper Canada have penetrated even the indurated tympanum of the Colonial Secretary. Canada will, we are happy to hear, soon be be-Headed. No more double shuffles, no more gubernatorial tyrannies; we shall now be righted, and Grogan is the man to do it. Perhaps some of our readers may desire to be informed as to the antecedents, character, personality, and probable future of Grogan. We know nothing of the illustrious Hibernian but his patronymic, but of this we are sure, Grogan may be ugly, Grogan may be greedy, Grogan may be ill-tempered, arbitrary and cantankerous, he is at least better than Head.

The very name of *Grogan* puts new spirits within us; we feel that the hour of deliverance draws nigh. Soon shall the tyranny which has so long overshadowed this fair Province, be blown like a traitorous seepoy, from the 68 pounder of retribution, and the lavender-water of reform shall deodorize the befouled garments of the body politic. We cry for a written constitution, but we will yield that, if we can only get Grogan in exchange. Let us rise in our might and yell vociferously for Grogan, till Imperial somnolency, shall vanish before our impetuosity. We do not speak without a due regard for historical precedent. Everybody knows what the people can do when they assume the birch-broom of indignation to cleanse the garret of iniquity. Why did Caesar cross the Tiber? To free his country. Why did Napoleon Bonaparte defeat Semiramis and plant the red-cross standard on the banks of the Mohawk? It was in defence of right; And shall we, the sons of sires who fought with Wolfe at the battle of the Nile, prove recreant? Never! Let us rush to the foot of the throne and demand Head's recall. If we are firm we may banish him to Botany Bay, and though he might survive, it would be capital punishment for *Head*. Let the war cry be Grogan; Grogan or Hincks, W. L. McKenzie, or John Mitchell, or even Sir John Dean Paul; anybody, everybody rather than that ogre, *Head*. A la lanterne with *Head*! Grogan for ever; Vive Grogan!