

THE GRUMBLER.

S—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

NO. 10.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a'your coats
I rede you tant it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

OBITUARY.

We regret to inform our readers that early this week that debilitated battling "Joint Authority" which had been ailing ever since its birth, came to an untimely end. Doctors McDougall and Mowat and the wet-nurse, Mrs. George Brown, used every exertion, but all to no purpose. Rev. George Sheppard tried to turn the unfortunate invalid from the error of its ways with very indifferent success. We regret that our duty compels us to say that though young at the period of its dissolution, it was neither pure nor simple; the evil instructions of its nurse had so warped its tender intellect and stifled every noble emotion. Dr. J. A. McDonald pronounced the disease general debility, and gave us to understand that it would not have surprised him if it had been still-born. The poor thing expired on Tuesday. In the words of Mr. Joseph Gould,—

"Affliction sore,
Long time it bore
Petitions were in vain,
The years and days
Out short its days,
And now it's out of pain."

On Wednesday, the last sad offices were performed for the poor departed. The procession started from the Parliament Houses at 10 a. m. The hearse was decked with white feathers in token not only of its youth, but also of its shameful surrender of vitality. In the first carriage, as chief mourners, we noticed Mrs. Brown, drowning sorrow in a small flask of *eau de vie*; Mr. Gould was spelling out the responses in the funeral service. The "Coon" slobbered convulsively into a red pocket-handkerchief. Sandfield Macdonald with ill-timed levity was making grimaces at Mrs. Brown, and treading on that amiable old lady's corns after a cruel fashion. In other carriages we caught a glimpse of the rag-tag and bob-tail of the Grit party, the Mueros, Shorts, and other mediocrities. Behind the carriages came a general band of Ministerial dummies, such as Gowan, Ferguson and men of that kidney, who grinned and snickered, as they walked, in mockery of that solemn procession. Messrs. Foley and Connor in compliment to their silence on the debate, were appointed *mutes*, a position they filled admirably. Doctors McDougall and Mowat rode with the undertaker in front of the hearse, and showed all the signs of genuine distress.

On arriving at the gate of the burying ground the mourners were horrified to see the cadaverous countenances of Dr. J. A. Macdonald and Little Cartier

peeping through the railing. A policeman was, however, at once obtained who took those individuals to the lock-up, where they spent the night. The procession then passed in and the coffin was borne to the grave. As soon as it was let down by ropes made of old copies of the *Hamilton Times* and *London Free Press*, the mournful wail-like chorus,

Joint Authority's dead,
Lay it down in its bed
Gently, gently,

was chanted slowly while Mrs. Brown, at intervals, introduced the following,

The spark of life has fled,
And here it lies quite dead—
Poor Joint Authority.
While she who gave it birth
Wails here upon the earth,
In speechless agony.

The solemnity of the scene impressed the Rev. Mr. Sheppard to such a degree that he too fairly blubbered. For some time tears flowed and sorrow rendered them incapable of proceeding with the ceremony. After this burst the funeral service was read amid the deepest silence. Soon the clay was thrown in and all turned to depart, but to their intense horror the sound of voices was heard in the neighboring brushwood singing boisterously,

"It lived, it breathed but a few days, few days."

On hearing this all started in search of the sacrilegious wretches, but the only persons to be seen were Messrs. Benjamin and Rose, who were making tracks across the graves in the speediest manner possible. The procession again reformed and all marched with measured tread out of the burying ground. Rev. Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Foley supported Mrs. Brown, who at intervals ejaculated incoherently. The words "poor little joint authority" seemed to be the burden of her song.

With great difficulty they got her home, after which she went to bed.

AWFUL DEPRAVITY.

Prior to the prorogation of Parliament, Mr. Joseph Gould, the learned representative for North Ontario, moved that each member of the House be supplied *gratis* with a copy of Worcester's new Dictionary, that being the best *pronouncing* authority extant. Atty. Gen. Macdonald, with his usual disregard for the welfare of the country, and the prosperity of its people, spoke against the motion, and brought up his hiring crew from Lower Canada to vote down this useful measure. When will Upper Canada receive her just rights in the legislation of the country? When will she cease to be trampled on by those ignorant *moutons*?—*Globe*.

Engagement at the Theatre next week.

"The Temple of Love." Beneficents are forbidden admission at any price. The performance, we take it from the announcement, is intended only for those who are making preparation for the Hymeneal altar. How very delightful it must be!

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

We clip the following from the N. Y. *Heart*:—

EVENING SESSION.

The Business called the meeting to order at the appointed time, in order to demonstrate practically that women could be punctual. The hall was about half full, but a crowd was still pouring in of dilatory ones, probably belated by waiting for the company of unpunctual men, and before long the line of vacant seats had nearly disappeared.

Mrs. ELIZABETH F. ROSE, from the Business Committee, presented a series of resolutions, which were read by Miss ANTONY, the Secretary, as follows:—

Resolved, That inasmuch as man, in the progress of his development, found that at each advancing step he wanted places, customs, creeds and laws that in any way crippled and fettered his freedom of thought, word or action, it is his duty to stand aside and leave to woman the same rights—to grow up into whatever the laws of her being demand.

Mrs. J. ELIZABETH JONES next addressed the meeting. She offered and spoke to the following resolution:—

Resolved, That woman's sphere cannot be bounded. Its prescribed orbit is the largest place that in her intellectual development she can fill. The laws of mind are as boundless as are those of the planetary world, and the true woman must ever revolve around the great moral sun of light and truth.

Capacity, she said, determined the sphere of action.

Well, certainly the Yankee ladies deserve credit for their originality, and praise for the business-like manner in which they treat the subject of "Woman's Rights." The ponderous periods of their resolutions almost stun any individual who is hardy enough to attempt to read them. When we think that these resolutions passed unanimously, we are almost tempted to acknowledge that man should step aside and let women wear the pants; and let laws be made securing the "rights" which she is so desirous of having. We are quite willing that such laws should be passed, and to prove our willingness we will undertake to prepare several bills which we shall use our influence to have introduced into the Canadian Legislature, if some ladies will lend us their assistance. The bills would run thus: "Acts for the better securing to woman her national rights."

Her Majesty by and with, &c., enacts,

1. That Woman from henceforth is allowed to speak just as much as she pleases, and when she pleases, and to whom she pleases.
2. That she is hereby allowed to wear pantaloons whenever and wherever she may choose so to do.
3. That a married woman may henceforth whip her husband as much as she pleases.
4. That a wife may henceforth wear as large hoops as she likes, &c., as she likes, &c., &c.

So much for the first resolution. Now for the next.—"Resolved, that Woman's sphere cannot be bounded." Now we submit that after supporting the former resolution we may be allowed to object to this. Dear knows the ladies wear large enough crinolines as it is, and although, in reality, they wear just as large hoops as they like, still, we don't like to see it in print and be forced to confess it to publicly. Ladies, wear what you like, but don't make us acknowledge that your sphere *cannot* be bounded. Spruce us, at least, the semblance of authority, tho' perhaps we may not be able to exercise it much.

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[Our clairvoyant reporter continues his account of the manner in which the Prince of Wales was received in this city.]

The burly President of the Council having read the address of the Corporation to His Royal Highness, Captain Bob suggested that he might be dry, and the weather being rather warm, asked all hands to drop into Jim Smith's, and called for drinks all round. The youthful Prince looked rather astonished at this demonstration of good nature on the part of the skipper Alderman, and seemed inclined to back out, but Bob was inexorable; His Rile Highness must indeed give in, and have a round from him who respected so deeply the pious, glorious and immortal memory; anything he pleased—brandy-smash—gin-cocktail—streak-o'-lightning—arf-and-arf—soda-water—anything in fact, even lager beer, for which latter drink, as the worthy Captain afterwards remarked, the Prince might have a particular relish on account of his German connexion. But the Prince couldn't descend to drink of that nature. Fearing that if he refused to join in with the city Fathers, he might be charged with a violation of the conventionalities of that class of people, he at last consented to take a whisky-cock-tail, which he pronounced excellent.

Ald. Carly was about "bleeding" at this stage of the proceedings, or in other words calling for another round, when a mighty host of the most inveterate water-drinkers, yclept teetotellers, headed by the Prince of the tribe, the Hon. Robert Spence, made their appearance at the door; the latter bearing an address, which he intended presenting to His Royal Highness on behalf of the millions of his followers who have been induced to take up their abode among the unenlightened, besotted, incorrigible whisky-drinking people of this Province. Just as the honorable Robert graced the floor of the saloon with the shadow of his puny frontispiece, his eyes fell upon the emptied glass which the Prince still held in his hand; the shock was too great for the worthy gentleman; his hands shook, his lips quivered, his eyes failed him, and he tumbled to the ground with a force which made the glasses and decanters rattle. The Prince gazed upon the fallen body with amazement, doubting what all this might mean; Ald. Carr rushed to his assistance with all the energy and activity which he could muster. Bob Moodie shouted with all his might for a glass of brandy, which had the effect of temporarily arousing the recumbent disciple of Neal Dow and the "Coon," the thousand-and-one followers of their once mighty but now fallen chief, rushed to his side to discover the cause of the unexpected *denouement*. With faces eridincing the greatest anxiety did they watch the every moment of the muscles of his face, and as firm believers in the recuperative power of water, they dashed it on him in perfect torrents. Captain Bob was horrified at this unnatural proceeding. Let him have the brandy; that was the stuff; and in spite of all the protestations and entreaties of the water-drinkers be poured a rousing glass of the fiery liquid down the throat of the honorable Robert. The brandy and an instantaneous effect; the man who but a few minutes before lay motionless on the ground now rose smiling to his feet, though somewhat bewildered at the events which had taken place, and which were seen floating mistily through the brain. Two minutes

more, and the brandy did its work complete; Robert was himself again, to the great joy and relief of his anxious followers. Having thus recovered himself, his first anxiety was to present to the fair young Prince, the address, which it had taken so many days and weeks to prepare. But, alas the parchment had vanished! He knew he had it in his hand when he was about to enter the saloon, but where it was now no one seemed able to tell. What was to be done? No address; no presentation! There was no help for it. With down-cast eyes and countenance did he turn to his anxious followers and inform them of the sad calamity which had befallen them, and ordered them to fall into line and march back as they had come, *minus* the address. The order was at once obeyed, and to the great relief of Skipper Bob, did they shew their backs to the declining sun, and the City Fathers at the same time.

Now, as it is our business to give a true and faithful account of everything that transpires, we cannot allow the mystery which seems involved in the transaction just related to pass by without a word of explanation. That little animal in the pea jacket and sou'-wester who appeared to be boiling over with mischief as well as loyalty, was the cause of the whole trouble. With that natural aversion which he possesses to any sort of drink weaker than Morton's proof, he determined to thwart the ends of the Maine Law men, and how he succeeded our readers are already aware. While performing the very humane act of restoring the unconscious leader of the party to his senses, he managed to reward himself for his labor by pilfering him of the parchment—a feat which he succeeded in doing with the utmost cleverness—and deposited it in the depth of one of the pockets of the monkey-jacket. On relating the circumstance afterwards to his friends and *collaborateurs*, he was warmly applauded for the nimbleness of finger which he had displayed, and was treated to a drink by the President as a mark of esteem for the brave and worthy act which he had performed.

As the reception of the Prince was entirely in the hands of the City Council, they stuck to him like leeches, and loth as we are to keep such company, we must follow them in their ramblings. After the drinking ceremony in Jim Smith's Saloon was got through, the President shouted "All, ho!" for the Island. To convey the dignified body of municipal legislators and the distinguished recipients of their hospitalities to that monument of Corporation negligence and imbecility, the Fire Fly was chartered for the sum of £500—an amount which the worthy skipper thought low enough, considering the great event which they were celebrating, and the innumerable number of drinks he had to stand. During the passage over, the Prince, who sat side by side with the Duke of Newcastle and the Monkey—(Jacket), under the waving banner of the haughty England, spoke in very flattering terms of the little ferry boat and drew all sorts of comparisons between her and the Osborne, his Royal mother's yacht, which Bob failed to see in their true light; he could not imagine for a moment that the Prince would jibe him, but so it was. Landed on the sandy beach, the Capting again persisted in treating all hands, and the Prince being still new to such life, and fearing to break through the rules of etiquette which it is necessary to adhere to in such company, consented to drain another horn; after which they all sallied out to take an airing. We shall not relate the little incidents of

the few hours which passed in these peregrinations; we shall not take our readers through the details of the amusements which were indulged in; we shall not pitch with them those quots which have been pitched so often before on the same ground, nor give our lady friends a ride upon that time-honored swing. We shall return as hastily as possible from the monument of ruin and decay and ask our readers to come with us for a few moments to the Prince's Walk.

When the little tug arrived at the wharf, the "nigger-band," which had been engaged by Mr. Sanford Fleming, played up "Hail Columbia," "God Save the Queen" and "Yonkee Doodle" in the most glorious state of confusion. The Prince was mounted upon a chair and carried to the Walk by Mr. Mink (colored) and Mr. George Platt (muddled)—two of the stoutest men that could be found in the crowd. A guard had to be kept near the latter gentleman in case of accident. They succeeded, however, in bearing their burden to the walk with safety, the band playing, "See the Conquering Hero comes," (which had reference no doubt to the Prince) and "The Rogue's March," (which, it was said, referred to the members of our darling Corporation.) The stereotyped ceremony of planting a tree was then proceeded with, and the Prince, followed by his retinue, walked from one end of the little row of saplings to the other at the request of the founder of the walk—a task which tickled his Royal Highness amazingly. Then he was carried off by his aid-camp of City Fathers to dear-knows-where, for we were not able to watch his farther proceedings on account of the unfortunate sequel. When the Prince had left the ground, a lot of the "bhoys" from St. John's Ward seized Mr. Fleming, head and crop, and rode him on a rail, and afterwards tarred and feathered him. In the *melée* we got our eyes gouged out and our readers must excuse us if our account of this interesting reception ends here. The remainder will be found in *The Leader*, *Globe* and copper *Colonist* a few months hence.

Fun.

At the celebration of the Queen's birthday at Ottawa, airth inspiring society glorifying in the high sounding name of the Physiocarnivalogicalists, is to contribute to the fun—*Leader*.

We wonder how much they would take and come up to Toronto. If they could be seduced into taking a trip in this direction they would be paid liberally as those who went go to pic-nics on the Queen's birthday, will positively die of *ennui* and disappointed expectation. This funny society should be engaged by all means. Its name alone would do great deal to raise people's spirits. By the way, what does the word Physiocarnivalogicalists mean, it may [mean something funny but we "can't see the joke," will an Ottawa paper enlighten us?

If they can't be engaged we would suggest that the City Council have a meeting during the day and crowds would flock to hear them as our Councilors are notoriously a funny lot. A scene in their chamber is the next best thing to a Punch and Judy show or a performance of the above named funny society.

Fugilistic.

—Which is the more *spirited* of the international milling champions, old Tom Sayers or the young B. Boy?

Old Tom, of course.

THE YOUNG DRAGGED AWAY; OR THE SOLITARY SEA-SERPENT ISLANDERS.

BY CAPTAIN MAIN DEID.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED)—AS I GO ROLLING HOME.

Transfixed and pale the youthful Slogesses stood for one moment, and one moment only, and then, grasping their hats, rushed to the door. As they did so the forest near the house rang with a myriad of guttural shouts. It was as if all VanAmburgh's animals had broken loose and come to picnic upon one another, and the tigers hadn't been left behind. Across the open space between the forest and the hut Green Jake was seen rolling at a 2.40 rate a huge mountain of flesh over which his head just appeared; only a few paces behind him in hot pursuit (at about 2.38) were an immense troupe of infuriated blacks braad-ishing their instruments of warfare, and making the rosy morn hideous (not to say disgusting) with their shouts. The young Naturalists were just in time, and the Wisly Washies, taken aback by the energy with which the cannon (which fortunately happened to be loaded and pointed the right way,) retreated to the cover of the woods. As soon as they began to do so, Jake lifted his burden to its legs and revealed to the astonished prodigies the familiar, but alas now flabby features of their father! * * * * * Yes, it was indeed Capt. Slog! but how changed! The once slender symmetry of his manly form had given place to a hoxposity, beside which Daniel Lambert himself would have appeared but a whipping post. While he was recovering himself a little from the fatigues of the previous night, he gave me a sketch of the extraordinary time he had had since their parting, and of the manner in which he had acquired his present Great Eastern proportions. It appeared that he had been compelled to continue his cocoa oil diet until he was judged to be in tip-top condition, even by the fastidious Jimero, who, on the strength of his prize-ox dimensions, had invited a large party of the neighbouring tribes to take dinner with him on that very day. The evening before, however, the Capt. found means to escape and dragged himself in the woods all night. Toward morning he heard the cries of his hungry pursuers close behind him, and had just put his back against a tree and determined to sell his life as dearly as he could with a bough of ironwood and a pocketful of stones, when Green Jake fortunately fell in with him, and finding he could run no farther, had hit upon the happy expedient of rolling him to the hut, like a barrel which he accomplished with out *bung*-ling in the least as the reader has seen.

CHAPTER XII.—THE HISTORY OF A FREE FIGHT.

Just as the Capt. had finished his story, Green Jake, who had been on the lookout, put his head in at the door to announce that the whole army of the Wisly Washies was advancing in battle array, looking as if they had determined to win or loose, or die in the attempt. With calm resignation to their fate, this estimable family prepared for the worst, and, girding on all their available weapons, advanced to the unequal conflict with undaunted hearts, though each expecting every moment to be his next. On they came, that lean and hungry band of famished blacks, singing their war song of "what's de matter Susy?" and led by a giant who Capt. Slogs at once recognized as Jimero, from the determined and carving-

knife-and-forkish expression of his expressive phiz. Is it necessary to describe the prodigies of valor performed by every member of the Slog family? How they hurled themselves at the foe, and how the foe didn't seem to mind it, and hurled them back again; how Green Jake, after the custom of his race fought anon with the crown of his woolly head, and anon with the toe of his spread eagle foot. The Wisly Washies, too, fought as only men can fight, who, having been asked to a dinner party, have waited twenty-four hours for their victuals and got nothing at that! But hark! What are those sounds like the explosion of sixty-four pounders, which rise above the din of the battle? And why does the head of that great chief, Jimero, fall from his quivering shoulders as if a cannon ball had struck it? The reason is sufficiently obvious: those sounds, like the explosions of sixty-four pounders, are the explosions of sixty-four pounders, which fact being established the other is easily comprehended. Immediately both parties drew back to see what was up, and the next moment a crew of American Seamen rushed past with a gleaming mass of gold lace upon their caps and the light of rumpus upon their faces, delivering a truly Yankee cheer, with thrilling effect through their nostrils. In a few moments more the conflict was over and another great victory was added to the long list of those won by Columbia's gallant sons: and the chances of the Wisly Washies of getting any dinner were, to borrow the soul stirring words of the poet, "Gone up Salt Creek."

CHAPTER XIII.—THE YOUNG DRAGGED AWAY AND THEIR FRIENDS MAKE THEIR PARTING BOW.

Everything was soon explained, the American frigate "Benicia Boy," (Capt. Hezekiah K. Bliggs) happened to be cruising in that part of the world, and just turned a corner of the island as the fight began and seeing some negroes making a noise, very properly opened fire upon them.

But little more remains to be told. Capt. Bliggs kindly offered to take Capt. Slogs and his family back to Clamville, and before evening they were ready to embark. As they were leaving the island, however, an unforeseen delay occurred; Capt. Slog's weight was found to add so much to the draught of the "Benicia Boy," that she (or rather he) could not get over the coral reefs which surrounded the island, and they were obliged to put back to it and endeavor to reduce him. For a long time they were puzzled how to accomplish this desirable object, and various means were tried without success. The surgeon attempted to bleed him but could get nothing but oil, and that in very small quantities. At last the desperate expedient of boiling him was tried and happily with perfect success. He was allowed to simmer in a boiler of water for a whole day, and the quantity of oil skimmed from its surface was immense—being of a superior quality it was used to burn in the ship's lamps for months. When he was taken out he remarked that he felt a good deal like "going on the loose," but the only inconvenience he ever experienced from it was from a quantity of *b-oils* which made their appearance all over him. The delay caused by this process was not regretted by Capt. Bliggs, as it enabled him to capture a number of Wisly Washies, who were sold at New Orleans afterwards for a sum sufficient to enrich him and his whole ship's company.

Capt. Slogs and our young friends, his prodigies,

are, we are happy to learn, quite well, though, at last advices, suffering slightly from chillblains. With regard to the Capt. himself it is a singular fact, that, to this day, the sight of a drop of cocoa nut oil adds considerably to his weight.

Green Jake of course came home with his master and Dinrico, who happened to be one of the prisoners in the vessel. They met this swartly son of Africa and this wild and untamable though corpulent Wisly Washy maiden, and they loved each other as only too such natures as theirs can love: they were married and have several children, for whom Jake's constant prayer is, that they may never have to do dry nurse for a Sea-serpent.

Such is life!

A DRINKING SONG OF THE ANCIENT BUMONS.

If a body meet a body
Going in to drink;
If a body ask a body
In—why need he shriek?
Some take beer and some take brandy,
None of such will I;
And, tho' the crowd may smile at me,
I'll take some neat "old rye."

If a body meet a body
Coming up the street;
If a body ask a body
In—must he not treat?
Some take beer and some take brandy,
None of such will I;
And, though the crowd may smile at me,
I'll take some neat "old rye."

If a body treat a body
When they two, first meet;
Shouldn't he, tho' the treated body,
"Medately re-treat"
Some take beer and some take brandy
None of such will I;
And, tho' the crowd may smile at me,
I'll take some neat "old rye."

(SECOND VERSES.)

If a body see a body
Going round at night;
Need a body tell somebody
That he saw him tight?
Some take beer and some take brandy,
None of such will I;
And tho' the crowd may smile at me
I'll take some neat "old rye."

If a body meet a body
Courtin' 'round the town
If a body wink at a body
Need that body frown.
Some take beer and some take brandy,
None of such will I;
And, tho' the crowd may smile at me,
I'll take some neat "old rye."

Everybody has his weakness,
So they may have I;
A real love, I do confess,
For a glass of good "old rye."
Some take beer and some take brandy,
None of such will I;
And, tho' the crowd may smile at me,
I'll take some neat "old rye."

P. E. —The best paying business, just now, seems to be the *millin* business, vide, Heonan vs. Sayers, reported in all the newspapers.

Doubtful. —Whether it can be said with propriety, that one who drowns himself in a *river*, is a *felo-de-se.*

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S SPEECH.

[Special report for the Grumbler.]

QUEBEC, May 19, 1860.

At three o'clock to day His Excellency came down and prorogued Parliament with the following speech.

Honorable gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly.—

It gives me great pleasure to meet you again at the end of another session.

You have now sat nearly three months, and done a good deal of labor. What with buying out old Baby, deepening Lake St. Peter, and other equally valuable works, you have managed to increase the public debt in a very handsome manner.

You have franked during those few months fearful piles of letters and printed documents. You have wasted tons of paper and precious (?) breath ad libitum, for which you have richly earned \$600.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly.—

Thanks to my friend Galt, who holds the purse strings, you have not been called upon to alter the tariff. It is still as high as ever, and must remain so, for which you deserve the eternal gratitude of your country.

You have received copies of the consolidated statutes, which I hope you will make proper use of, so that when you meet again you may see the necessity for less legislation. [Here Gould was forced to remark, "He's a cunning old fellow; he's afraid of John A. being defeated if the session should be very long."]

Gentlemen of the Legislative Council.—

You are still the same old fogies you ever were. You have done nothing for which I render you my thanks. It is better to do nothing than be in mischief. However you have managed to draw your allowance very regularly.

Honorable gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly.—

During your short meeting you have managed to waste \$400,000 of the country's money, for which no doubt you have returned them full compensation.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to release you from your duties. Return to your homes and kiss your wives and children, you who have them, and let the youthful Legislators learn wisdom from their seniors. I dismiss you, go!

THE SECRET OUT.

Says the Colonist of Friday:—

"Yesterday having occasion to buy a good trout for a friend, we wended our way towards the St. Lawrence Fish Market, when we had the pleasure of beholding a splendid supply of fresh trout and white fish, just arrived by Vicker's Express from Collingwood and Cape Rich. Our readers must follow our example and visit this market."

Well, this is the richest joke of the season—an editor turned fishmonger—ha! ha! ha! But there is more in the paragraph than that. We have often asked ourselves why the articles in our cotemporary have been so exceedingly stupid; but never before have we been able to find out the secret. The fishy style of composition is now fully explained. Who would not be an editor?

A joke from a Grit.

—An ardent Grit is very fond of saying with a significant leer that Atty. Gen. Macdonald is never inclined to place confidence in any statement or allegation, until he gets something in the way of proof (Morton's)

THE COOPER OPERA TROUPE.

The performances of the accomplished *Artistes* comprising this Troupe have, as during the previous week, drawn large audiences. The success of the whole engagement has been most signal and speaks well for the musical taste of Toronto. *Der Freyschutz* was performed on Monday evening in a very creditable manner, notwithstanding the many difficulties with which they had to contend with in the way of producing anything like a proper scenic effect in such a small Theatre. The great success of the week was however, *Lucrezia Borgia*. In this, every one of the performers appeared to great advantage. Annie Milner, as the *Duchess*, exceeded any of her former efforts, delighting every one with her exquisite singing and spirited acting.

Miss Kemp as *Orsini* was everything that could be desired. Her graceful carriage, and captivating features tend to make her an universal favorite. Her singing was loudly applauded and *Il Segretto* met with a well merited encore. Mr. Bowler as *Genaro* sustained his part with great ability, singing *Di pescatore* with much taste. We should notice his performance in *Lucie de Lammermoor*, as it is in that Opera that he appears to the best advantage; his singing and acting reflect the greatest credit upon him. Mr. Bowler is an artist of no ordinary talents and has always been well received. Mr. Cook continues to increase in popularity, and is vociferously applauded on his every appearance. As the *Duke* in *Lucrezia* he covered himself with honor. We have referred before to the different characters in which he appears, and it is unnecessary to repeat what we before expressed. Seldom, indeed, have we had in Toronto a singer of such a standing in his profession, or one who was so well liked by musical people generally. We omitted above the name of Miss Payne who is equally at home in tragedy or in comedy, and always pleases by her correct singing and true personations.

Mr. Boudinot possesses a fine deep voice though not one of sufficient compass to enable him to sing with effect. The Chorus in which we notice particularly the powerful voice of our old friend Mr. Bruno is in good training. We need hardly refer to Mr. Cooper and his wonderful performance on the violin; suffice it to say that it is one of the chief attractions at the various performances. Mr. Miller, the pianist, since his previous appearance in Toronto with the Troupe, has improved greatly; his excellent playing is well worthy of praise.

We are sorry that the Troupe is about to leave for a year's tour in the United States, and we hope as to night's will be their last performance in this city, that they will have an overflowing house. The opera for this evening is *Lucrezia Borgia*, after which the musical farce of "the Quaker" will be given.

Next week the great ventriloquist and magician Love, who has been astonishing the Hamiltonians for some time past will appear at the Theatre.

A Police Item.

—On *Dit*, that our military Chief of Police was actually seen to put his hand to an unruly person at a late fire. Were there not the best testimony for the truth of this statement, we should be inclined to doubt it. But strange things do happen occasionally, and this is not the least strange thing that has come to our notice lately.

M. P.'S. AT A FOOT RACE.

The Parliament "Coon" and the Israelite member for North Hastings had a trial of speed at foot race the other day in Quebec. The former carried a weight of 200 pounds; the latter carried nothing but himself; the former won. The only point in the affair which we desire to call attention to is this: The greater disparity in weight than appears at first sight. The "Coon" has had no government pickings during the present session; the latter has had to the tune of £500, which considerably lightened his heart. He must be very lazy to allow himself to be beaten with such odds in his favor.

Cricket.

—Before the commencement of the present session, the Opposition organs told us the ball was rolling, which was no doubt a fact. It is said that Mr. John Beverley Robinson, the junior member for this city, has made such exertions in stopping that ball, that he will be able to handle the bat, on his return, with more agility than ever. He is not a good felder, particularly in the political cricket ground. He lost his "hales" very easily on a late occasion.

Verdant.

—A rustic friend of ours, who attended the Opera this week, says that Opera airs are beautiful, but the words to which the airs are set, are extremely nonsensical. He listened attentively to one air, and distinguished the following words which, however, did not enable him to see the drift of the song.

Ah..... you.....they
Oh..... will.....but
Aye..... oh.....die
O.....

PIC-NIC.

We have great pleasure in informing the readers of *The Grumbler* that there is a prospect of their being able to spend the Queen's Birthday this year in an agreeable manner. Sunnyside villa, than which no pleasanter spot could be had within many miles of Toronto, has been obtained for the occasion, and the arrangements are in the hands of persons who will see that everything will be done that can be done to make the time pass pleasantly. For those who do not desire to take conveyances of their own, omnibuses will leave Richmond street, in the rear of Knox's Church, at eleven o'clock in the morning. Let there be a good turn out.

REMEMBER

THE ONTARIO PIC-NIC,

AT SUNNYSIDE VILLA,

ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY,

Thursday, the 24th Inst.

THE GRUMBLER

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