

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!

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

BY CAPTAIN MAIN RESID.

CHAPTER VI.—A LAND FLOWING WITH MILK AND MOLASSES.

(At the conclusion of the last chapter it will be remembered that everything was still.)

With a heart beating with apprehension, Mary rushed up to the spot from whence these appalling sounds had come, and found her first fears realized: At the foot of a large straight tree, which she at once knew to be the cow tree, (arbor vacca-rinus,) with his stony gaze fixed upon his peg-top trousers, sat Sandy weltering in fresh milk, which was still pouring from a fearful gash in the tree. "What, is the matter, Sandy?" she cried in an highly agonized voice. "The milk has ruined my pants! my only pair of well built pants! Oh, where shall I ever find a Messrs. Moses and Aaron in this howling wilderness," and as the despairing reflection that they could never be replaced forced itself upon his mind, that fortitude, which had carried him through Sea-serpents, separation and sorrow, deserted him, and his tears welled forth. Knowing that in a case like the present, sympathy would be worse than useless, Mary left him to recover his calmness, while she filled her jug with milk, which was still running in a bountiful stream from the ghastly wound. This done she turned round to see whether he was all serene, when her eye fell upon a smaller tree of a kind of Canadian grey color, towards which she sprang with a yell of the wildest sort of delight, and with a few blows of the hatchet, brought down a fork of the tree in the shape of a big Y of which the bark stripped easily without tearing in the least. This was the rarely found Bags-elm, (ulmus unmontionabilis) so much prized by travellers who have the misfortune to be shipwrecked upon desert islands where it grows, before completing their toilette. Sandy jumped into the sit-upon, inexpressibly delighted indeed, and declared that Mary had hewn them in the most artistic style. Buttonwood trees were no rarities on Sea-serpent island, so the necessary fastenings were soon tacked on and the job neatly finished. By this time the thought of breakfast was extremely welcome, and Sandy lost no time looking after the stimulant for his pancakes, which soon showed itself in the Great Golden Syrup Bamboo (arbor molasses) which, when tapped, yielded a quantity of the finest treacle, and this done the youthful Slogasses jogged back to their hut on the hill. It may be needless to state that there was not much of that jug of molasses left when the breakfast table was cleared.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CAPTAIN GOES FOR AN AIRING, AND GETS 'ALICK' BUT NOT 'SANDY.'

It will perhaps be remembered that we left Capt. Slogs lying on the beach upon a clean pocket handkerchief, amusing himself by cursing his natal day; but the Captain being a man of strong religious impressions, soon began to see the folly of this employment, and went up the cliff to inform the household of what had happened, and to consult his own Mary Ann as to the best means of recovering their lost prodigies. Upon the news being told Mrs. Slogs, her hair gradually turned three shades greyer, otherwise, to all outward appearances, she was quite calm; in a close observer might however have remarked that in the mighty effort to control herself, she bit the end

of her tongue off and swallowed it—such is the force of maternal affection!

The result of their conference was that Capt. Slogs packed his carpet bag, and ordered his balloon to be filled and brought to the front door; he had intended taking his faithful old negro servant Green Jake with him, but was told at the last moment that the poor man had been snapped up by another Sea-Serpent, supposed to be the mate of the first one, so he was obliged to set out upon his journey alone. All through the long day, the Captain sailed along at the rate of about 100 miles an hour, eagerly scanning the sea beneath him for some trace of the centipede, but none appearing, he steered directly for Sea-serpent Island, (the latitude and longitude of which he happened to know,) and had the satisfaction of dropping his balloon upon it, about ten o'clock the same night, though unfortunately upon that part of it which was farthest from the landing place of his children. His impatience would not allow him to await the dawn, and tying his vehicle to a stump, he began to make the best of his way out of the wood. After walking about a couple of miles, he came upon a collection of huts grouped together upon the bank of a river, and feeling rather exhausted, he made his way up to the principal of them, from which lights were streaming, and sounds of the barbarous instruments, and ballads of the Ethiopians issuing, and knocked at the door; in a moment the melody was hushed, and a voice demanded "Who's that knocking at de door?" Capt. Slogs remarked that it was "a friend," whereupon a gigantic negro, of a fierce and forbidding aspect, pushed aside the door, and knocked him senseless with the but end of a banjo!!!

CHAPTER VIII.—EL KISSMET—IT IS FAT(VEH).

When Capt. Slogs came to his senses, he was lying on a heap of skins on the floor of the hut in which he had been knocked down; the only other occupant of the room was a young girl about eighteen years of age, and, as he thought, one of the most perfectly beautiful specimens of the pure negro race he had ever seen; he thought he would never have been tired of gazing at the dark masses of her raven wool, which were becomingly twisted into small horns, and tied up with strips of red bark. Her nose and mouth were large, and would by many have been considered beautiful, though the Capt. thought they were a little too much spread over her face. But the effect of all this loveliness, and of a complexion which seemed to have borrowed its delicate coloring from the rarest anthracite, was rather marred by two large bone rings which passed respectively through her nose and lower lip. Capt. Slogs was just beginning to lament the barbarous custom of ringing such a belle as this, when the damsel perceived that he was awake, and looking scornfully at him, addressed him in the musical language of the Wisby-Washies:—"The head of the pale face is soft as a ripe banana, and his eye-lids are very heavy; two suns have gone down since the banjo of Jimero fell on him, and he has slept ever since. Jimero is a great chief, and Diniero is his sister." Capt. Slogs had read a good deal in the Wisby-Washy tongue, and understood it perfectly, so desiring to conciliate the charming Diniero, he replied, adopting the figurative idiom of the language: "The head of Slogs is like a bruised pumpkin, and his eyes are bunged up, his throat is dry and dusty as the desert, let Diniero, the maiden of the bounding heel, bring him a drink." Pleased

with the delicate compliment to her attractions, she filled a large gourd with delicious drink, made from cocoa-nut oil and molasses, again and again, until he lay back satisfied, and remarked "Slogs is a great chief of the pale faces: did Jimero think that Slogs was a dog when he banjoed him?" "Jimero was not such a fool! his eyes are not shut, and he is one of our greatest chiefs." "Then why did Jimero punch Slogs' head?" "The flesh of the pale face is sweet, and Jimero's net had made many dry hauls; Jimero has a big appetite, his banjo is heavy, and he is very strong; let the pale face dry up, Diniero's jaw is weary with talking." Capt. Slogs thought that Jimero's sister was very strong too, that hot weather, but he did not say so; she had fallen into a sullen silence, and all his prayers to her to explain herself produced no answer except that "Jimero was a greatchief." Suddenly his eye fell upon the gourd containing the dregs of the last cocoa-nut juice, and he recollected that that unguent was very nut-ritive. He put his hand to his side, he could not feel his ribs for rolls of fat! he sprang to his feet, he could not see his knees! the horrible truth flashed upon him that the Wisby-Washies were cannibals, and he was being fed for Jimero's larder!—

(To be Continued.)

AFFECTING SCENE.

Dramatis Personæ:

LOVING FATHER OF 50 AND DUTIFUL SON OF 14 YEARS.

Affectionate parental relative meeteth his little responsibility after an absence of several years, during which said responsibility hath cut his eye teeth.

PATIENT, LOQUITUR:

Come here my son, my darling boy,
Haste to thy father's arms
And fill an old man's heart with joy,
Here rest from all alarms.

UNROMANTIC RESPONSIBILITY:

Governor! well I like you—I do,
You're got such a darned sweet lingo,
Come shell out, and I'll give you a chew
And then let us liquor, by Jingo!

Patient beginneth to doubt the sanity of his responsibility and we can imagine his answer.

CORPORATION BLOWERS AGAIN.

They have fitted up a smoking room.—Leader.

Well, who can say that we have not a model Corporation? We seriously advise all city Corporations to follow the example set by our illustrious Blowers and make themselves comfortable. If so—why not? Why should they not make everything comfortable! Why should they not have a saloon fitted up in the City Hall for their especial benefit and accommodation? We see no reason why they should be prevented from doing all this and much more, except that they are doing it with the citizens' money. The citizens have to pay for it—well, why shouldn't they? They are well able, therefore go on Messieurs Blowers—go on; never mind expense—hang expensio!! Spend as much as you can. Make the city pay for your beer and cigars, crackers and biscuits. The smoking-room is an excellent thing. The idea is worthy of our Blowers. They should make the City provide the tobacco also—no one will object. Go in Blowers—make yourselves comfortable. Never mind expense. We say again go on in this way, we shall all be delighted and future Corporations will follow example.

INSTRUCTIONS IN DANCING THE QUADRILLE.

RINDY AND MOST CONDESCENDINGLY DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THOSE VERY SEAMEN-LIKE AND NAUTICAL MEN COMPOSING THE ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

BY THE GRUMBLER.

Le Pantalou.

1st. FIGURE—Haul upon the starboard Tack and let the other craft pass, then bear up and get your head on the other tack. Regain your berth on the port tack, back and fill with your partner and boxhaul her—wear round twice against the sun in company with the opposite craft, then your own, afterwards boxhaul her again and bring her up.

L'Eté.

2nd FIG.—Shoot ahead about two fathoms till you come stern on with the other craft under weigh, then make a stern board to gain berth and side out for a bend. First to starboard, then to port, make sail and pass the opposite craft, then get your head round on the other tack, another side to starboard and port—then make sail to regain your berth, wear round, back and fill and boxhaul your partner.

La Poule.

3rd FIG.—Heave ahead and pass your adversary yard-arm to yard-arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order. Take your station in a line with your partner, back and fill, fall on your keel and bring up with your partner; she then manœuvres ahead and heaves all aback, fills and shoots ahead again and pays off along side, you then make sail in company till nearly stern on with the other line, make a stern board and cast her off to shift for herself. Regain your berth all taut and let go your anchor.

La Brenise.

4th FIG.—Wear round as before against the sun twice, boxhaul the Lady and range up along side her, and make sail in company. When half way across to the other shore drop astern with the tide, shoot ahead again and cast off the Tow; now back and fill as before and boxhaul her and yourself into your berth, and bring up.

La Pastorale.

5th FIG.—Shoot ahead along side your partner, then make a stern board—again make all sail over to the other coast—let go the hawser and pay off into your own berth and take a turn. The 3 craft opposite range up opposite you twice and back astern again—now manœuver any rig you like, only under easy sail, as it always light light winds—Zephyrs—in this passage. As soon as you see their helms down, haul round in company with them on port tack—then make all sail with your partner into your own berth and bring up.

FINALE—Wear round to starboard, passing under your partner's bows—sight the catheads of craft on your starboard bows—then make sail into your own berth, your partner passing astern your bows. Now proceed according to the second order of sailing; to complete the evolutions shoot ahead and back astern twice in company with the whole squadron in the circular order of sailing.

Tow her into Port and take a glass of Sherry.

THE REV. SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS ON ANOTHER TRIP OF MEDITATION.

On Dit.—The Rev. Dr. Ryerson, having failed in the practical application of his lofty mountain meditations, leaves by the next steamer, to complete his scheme of spoliation, upon the peaks of the Andes. It is said that the Rev. gentlemen is sanguine that meditations at a greater altitude than the loftiest mountains of Europe afford, will yet produce the required result. In the Andes, the Doctor will no doubt find a stand point, sufficiently elevated to raise his ideas to the task he assumed. Mr. Grumbler would, however, insinuate, in the most delicate manner possible, to the Rev. gentleman, that a loiter among the ruined cities of Central America, and a close application to the study of the grimaces upon the stone idles of the decayed temples will furnish the learned Doctor with new figures of speech for his next escapade against University endowment. If it will not be thought an intrusion, we would also recommend the Doctor to pass a few months under the tuition of the erudite padre, Don Santiagos, and study moral philosophy as compared with the Devil worship depicted on the aforesaid ruins. If our advice be followed we may expect shortly after the Rev. Doctor's descent from the ice-clad peaks, to have another refrigerated edition of cool impudence.

A HAPPY BEING.

We are strangely constituted beings at best. There's not one of us that don't love a little of the filthy mammon of the world. Even the Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, meek, humble, self-denying soul that he is, likes the rattle of the tin in his pocket. At the risk of trespassing on our columns we copy, the following item from the last number of the *Christian* (!) organ:—

BEAT THIS WHO CAN.

The Rev. John Gemley sends us from Montreal Centre Circuit, a cheque for \$53 21 for the Guardian, with the names of twenty-seven new subscribers, all having paid in advance; and closed his business-like letter by saying—"All the subscribers on my Circuit have now, I think, paid up with the exception of two who are perfectly reliable." Mr. Gemley will please accept the Book-steward's kindest thanks for his three days service. If all the Ministry would go and do likewise, or if they would even collect what is past due, and remit soon, it would enable us to go to Conference with a smiling face. Who will make the effort?

So this is the kind of work our reverend friend wishes all the Ministry to be engaged in—collecting his old debts? In our simplicity we thought preachers were designed to be engaged in work of a very different kind; but we find we were mistaken; and the Editor of the *Christian Guardian* is right. Ministers are not, now-a-days, to be preachers of the gospel. No, their occupation is collecting old debts; they are to steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. Our reverend friend of the *Guardian*, we presume, has some knowledge of scripture; at least he would be dispensed if he should say he had not. Well then, does he remember those words which say, you cannot serve God and mammon? A Minister is put in charge of a circuit to preach the gospel, we take it; but the *Christian Guardian* says, "no," that's not your work; go and get me subscriber, cash on the nail; collect my old debts, and I will go to Conference with a smiling face." Smiling face! it's a libel on the world. The man hardly knows what a smiling face is; certainly he never carries one himself. Pray gentlemen, hurry up the cakes, and see if it is not possible to raise a smile! Hurrah for the new debt-collectors and down with Division Courts!

MOTHER CANADA AND HER BABY.

Poor little Baby,
Want's some more suck?
You're hungry maybe,
My dear little duck.

Tho', Baby dearest,
You make me bleed,
Yet, Baby dearest,
You will have your feed.

Tho' you've got enough
Yet still you cry
In accents so rough
'That tears fill my eye,

Long you're been tugging
To get some pap;
Instead of a hugging,
You want a good slap.

I cannot resist
Your mild request,
Yet you'll not desist
From doing your best.

So squeeze out some suck
From my dry paps,
I know its my luck,
Yet you deserve raps

STRANGE CRITICISM.

Old Double is a funny creature at times. Although in the sear and yellow leaf of a strange and chequered existence, she becomes quite nimble now and again, and says very droll things. Speaking of the performance of the "Barber of Seville," by the Opera Company the other night, our octogenarian cotemporary thus holdeth forth:—

"Our sides all ache from witnessing the very ludicrous parts which were so effectively rendered by them."

Now, if it were not for the age of the dear old creature, we shall be somewhat surprised at this sort of criticism; but when we think of a solitary matron of 80 witnessing the inimitable drolleries of "Figaro" and "Dr. Bartolo" we do not wonder at her sides aching. Poor dear soul, we recommend to your favorable consideration a speedy trip to the White Mountains!

A Word to the Wise, &c.

—University "hoods" were never intended to be worn for the gratification of a childish vanity. When they are made use of for the mere purpose of attracting attention, they do so, but not in the way desired; or for making the wearer unnecessarily conspicuous on the public promenade, they cease to beget respect, in the minds of the public, towards those who are so foolish as to wear them for the purpose of display. University graduates please take notice.

The Unterrified Democrats.

—The Americans are truly a great, free and enlightened people. The other day in the Charleston Convention one delegate (as it is reported in the *Tribune*) said, across the floor, to another "If the gentlemen did not mean anything personal let him call at my room to-morrow and take a drink."

A great country, certainly, is America, and we are glad to see the Democrats so worthily represent it.

A Bush-whacker's Joke.

—How did the Queen recognize the Hon. Henry Smith (on his first appearance abroad) as being a Canadian?
By his bushy head.

A PUZZLE.

Our worthy Custom House Officer, late everything-you-could-mention, and present figure-head of the Reform Society of Teetotallers, took it into his wise head the other day to sell out bag and baggage. Why he did so is no business of ours; nor would we allude to the matter at all, except to notice a very apparent paradox in the transaction. It is said that the only articles of the Honorable Gentlemen's domestic wares which he retained are, a copy of the civil service bill and a piano. Why this reservation? our readers will ask. Really we are at a loss to imagine. As is well known that Mr. Spence was the author of the civil service bill, the fundamental principle of which is that no person shall receive an appointment in the civil service except by promotion from the lower offices in the departments. Now, as the appointment of Mr. Spence was the first violation of the principle of his own bill, we don't see why he should cling to it with such death-like tenacity. And as for the piano,—well, we don't care to say much about it, but, as it was an useless piece of furniture, why retain it? This is the puzzle. Why of all the articles in the house keep those two that were never used? Perhaps future generations will be able to solve the mystery—we cannot.

N. B. The sale was the best of the season; every article brought the highest price. We cannot tell why this was the case; we merely state, *en passant*, that the auctioneer was elosseth with the ex-auctioneer for three consecutive nights previous to the sale.

THE COOPER OPERA TROUPE.

It is with much pleasure we welcome this talented Troupe back again to Toronto after an absence of five months. Every lover of music joins heartily with us, we are sure, in this welcome, and the large and appreciative audiences which have nightly assembled at the Prince of Wales Theatre have given expression to this feeling. Although there have been a few changes in the Troupe, it is substantially the same and it still keeps up its well earned reputation. Annie Miller sings as sweetly as ever, and never fails to charm her hearers. She acts in her many difficult and laborious parts, with her wonted vivacity and good taste. "Lo! hear the gentle lark" we are never tired of hearing. We can hardly say in which Opera we prefer to hear her; for Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, Marie in the *Daughter of the Regiment*, Amina in *La Sonnambula*, and Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*, seem to be equally well sustained. Miss Payne, as formerly, pleases by her almost perfect personations of the different characters in which she appears. Miss Kemp possesses a very fine contralto voice, and her *naïve* acting and tasteful singing have rendered her extremely popular. Her singing as Lisa in *La Sonnambula* is well worthy of praise. Mr. Bowler, the tenor, has we think improved considerably, and is on every occasion well received. He performs well in his various characters, and sings with great taste and correctness. He is becoming exceedingly popular. Mr. Budinot the Baritone possesses a very good voice, but he is evidently rather young in his profession; his acting in *The Waterman* was capital, and his "Dr. Bartolo," although different in some respects from Mr. Rudolphson's was a creditable performance. Mr. Budinot will

make a good singer with a little more experience. Mr. Cook, the basso, is one whom everybody knows and everybody appreciates. He is greeted with the most rapturous applause on every appearance. His name will go down to future Torontonians generations connected with "Simon the Cellarer;" the mere mention of the one always suggesting the other. The chorus under the leadership of Mr. Bruno is well trained and efficient.

This evening "the Bohemian Girl" will be performed, and we have no doubt that there will be a crowded house, as it is to be for the "benefit" of Mr. Cook. No one should lose the opportunity of seeing Mr. Cook in his great character of "Derilshoof."

RECEPTION DAYS.

DEAR MR. GRUMBLER.

I am the wife of a wealthy Merchant; no I mean Tradesman, (I regret to find myself getting snobbish). Well, the other day I was endeavouring to engage a cook, yes Mr. Grumbler a cook, and what do you think was her objection to entering my service; it was because I wouldn't let her have her *reception days*, at the same time remarking that others little better than cooks had them.

I am, of course,
Yours truly,

MARIA NOVODONT.

P. S.—Where *will* these things end. Mr. Grumbler suggests that some people are not *always* fit to be seen, and only want people to come as cook says, after they have cleaned themselves.

PUGILISM.

The *Globe* expresses the most virtuous horror at the recent mill between Sayers and Heenan. If the *Globe* went no farther than denouncing the affair, we would not have a word to say about it. But it does not content itself with this, but expresses the utmost indignation that any journals should be found to publish an account of the fight. Now, what will our readers think when they learn that this self-same *Globe* actually did, but in a sneaking way, what it denounces other journals for doing. Out upon such hypocrisy and cant! But listen to one of the arguments used by the *Globe* against pugilism! It says: "The taste for the prize fight was almost extinguished in America for the time by the death of a man named McEoy in a fight near New York, and no one will regret the recurrence of a similar incident."

What a pity that either Sayers or Heenan did not get a finishing blow! then our cotemporary would have been satisfied. Now we cannot understand this sort of argument. Says the *Globe* "I'm opposed to fighting—at least it is discreet to appear so—it's brutal that one man should strike another; but let him kill him outright and I'm satisfied." Well if our cotemporary has satisfied his conscience with this species of effusion he's welcome to it; for our part we are glad that neither of the champions came out of the fight worse than they did.

Malicious Rumor.

—The *Grumbler* indignantly denies that the money which was collected a few years ago for the "Wellington monument," has been handed over to Sandford Fleming, to aid in the extension of the "Ghosts" or "Princes' Walk."

HEENAN AND SAYERS.

Buffeller youingited
Stats

Dear Grumbler,
I iz no kind of skolor as I noes of, but yet I goss I will jist rite to you and ask ye what's yer pinnon about this heer fight as cumd of on the 17 april be tween the henglish chmpurn Tom Sayers—and the hamerikun chmpurn the bincsesha boy. I hear such a tarnasiun pile of tawkin and hargumenting that I be blowd if I can tell which of them thero men whipt. sum siz as how Heenan fote 14 rounds after he was blinded by sayers. if that's so I say hemfatically that he's the best man, but others siz as how sayers stood 37 of Heenans nok down blows and then came up to time. Give us yer pinnon lik a brik and when ye cums to Bufellor I'll stand the liker.

one of the pugs.

The Best Families' Ball.

—This distinguished Assembly took place at the city of Carlton on the evening of Wednesday the 18th ultimo. We were unable to give an account of the proceedings sooner because our own correspondent only reached our office at a late hour last night, having tried to walk to town on the Railway track, but going in the wrong direction did not discover his mistake till he got to Sarina; as he arrived too late for publication, we must defer our account till next issue.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARAMELIA JANE.—The Rev. Gentleman was not at all tired that night.

HAMLEY.—The greatest living Tragedian, in our estimation, is Mr. J. C. Fredericks.

BENICIA BOY.—Mr. Heenan has not yet been presented to Her Majesty, but will be when he can beat Tom.

SKADBOGROK SOCKER.—We are inclined to doubt the statement that fourteen hundred chests of Tea fell upon you, you must send us an affidavit before we can publish your letter.

GEORDIE.—We decline publishing pugilistic challenges, we refer you to the *Leader*.

SOPHIA ANN.—We are sorry to say that we are married—almost despair of Mrs. G. dying soon.

BILL SYKES.—We do not receive Bull Pups in payment of subscriptions, if you have any old rye, send it along.

JOHNY MAGEY.—We have good reason to believe that Dr. Ryerson will not challenge Heenan, on his return, as it is difficult to say whether he, Dr. Ryerson, may recover from the licking he got the other day from the Caledonian Phenomenon.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Because they can't climb a tree.

NOTICE.

Our rates for advertising will for the future be at the rate of eight cents per line. No advertisement will be inserted for less than 50 cents.

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