

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I rade you t'ent for;  
A chief's aamin' you takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858.

### THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

Toronto has good reason to be proud of the success of the present Provincial Exhibition. We cannot say that the number of entries is very much larger than usual, nor that the building is extremely marvellous in an architectural point of view; but yet still in the number of visitors who have flocked hither from all points of the compass, and in the number of entertainments provided for them, and the generous hospitality extended to them, the Toronto exhibition has never been surpassed in Canada. It is not our province, if indeed we had space to devote to it, to attempt a full description of the Fair; that has been ably done by our big brothers of the press, and to them be all credit for the industry and enterprize they have displayed; we merely desire to offer our opinion about the opening ceremony. The first blunder committed by the authorities, was in erecting a building, fitted only to destroy every sound which was intended to be heard. The second was in admitting the general public to the opening ceremonies. It was, of course, desirable that everybody should have an opportunity of being present; but the committee must have anticipated the confusion, not to say danger, which would necessarily arise from the efforts of 40,000 people to enter the building. It would surely have been better, that 4,000 or 5,000 people should enjoy the inaugural ceremonies properly than that everybody should be deprived of this pleasure. The Bishop's prayer was very suitable to the occasion, and formed a very becoming portion of the ceremony; but in the noise and jostling of the crowd, all its effect was lost upon all but about 50 of that immense audience. The Governor's speech was about as flabby as could possibly be imagined; it contained no expressions of congratulation, nothing worthy of so great an occasion; it was merely a puff for the Grand Trunk, and thanks for receiving "me" so warmly. The Vice-President introduced to the audience somebody who made a bow, and said "he was happy to make their acquaintance," and then the band played God save the Queen, and the affair was over. The musical performances were not well heard, whether it was the shape of the building or the constant uproar we cannot say, and except the pleasure of an asthmatic blast or two from a tramp on the platform, the immense audience went away as wise as they went, if not in as good a temper. We hope the lesson will not be lost on the committee, and that better arguments will be made at the next Exhibition which will be opened in Toronto.

### Ye Adventuroes of the yo Editor of yo Grumbler at yo Fair.

Having received from the Agricultural Association, a ticket signed Geo. Buckland, in a clear and legible hand, and with great taste, labelled "Admit Editor of Grumbler;" and not wishing to pay a dollar for a member's badge, we started for the Fair, on Wednesday morning, cursing the fate that compelled us to throw off our incognito. We proceeded without molestation till we arrived at the entrance gate. As soon as the gate-keeper saw our ticket he fainted away. We proceeded onwards with all the nonchalance imaginable, but very soon perceived that the cause of his swoon was understood by the multitude, and were much amused at their remarks upon our personal appearance. "Arrah and its a swate gentleman than I ever thought them Grumblers was," said an Irish washerwoman. "Has yer mother any more o'ye," said another. Leaving these people, we went among the "Upper Crust," and flattered ourselves we created a sensation. Five young ladies rushed frantically to us and implored us to take them in to the Palace. Mr. Brown spoke to us at the door, and assured us that the Governor General would not be worth hearing. We told him to mind his own business, and edged our way through the crowd right to the fountain, with a lady on each arm. Presently the Governor came and took his place in the Gallery. Mr. Ferguson, the Vice-President of the Association, read the following Address:

#### May it please your Excellency—

If there is anything that can enhance the enjoyment of this day to us all, it is the presence of your self, and your distinguished gu—gu—gu—(Hello! Stop!) said his Excellency, "Lord Napier isn't here," beg pardon, and your noble and distinguished—and distinguished self. (His Excellency bows graciously.) We, the Agricultural Association, are all plain agricultural men, and feel gratified to see a man of such scientific attainments as your Excellency, stoop, yes, we stoop, to the cultivation of the fruits of the earth; a condescension which has reaped its fruit in the production of the magnificent Colanthoropsis Podaliris, or Carribee Eggplant, to which alone of all the garden fruits, it has been thought fit to award the Governor General's Prize, so that your Excellency has had the distinguished honor of winning a prize offered for competition by yourself. [Enthusiastic cheers from the outside auditors.] May this not be the last Provincial Exhibition. May you grow Podaliris Eggphirus for twenty years to come, and grow proportionally in the favour of your subjects.—[Enthusiasm amounting to ecstacy.]

His Excellency then arose in the midst of a silence which would have betrayed the fall of a Victoria pin, and said:—Gentlemen, this is a great country. We all feel like a great country. When we see these crystal [hem] walls, we are apt to un-

dervalue what is done across,—but we must remember, pardon me, gentlemen, if I jest, that "people who live in glass houses should'n't throw stones." [Here the editors of the *Leader* and *Colonist* are ready to die with laughing, but Geo. Brown has just burnt his fingers with one of "Parson's Coal Oil Lamps," and can only utter a whew—ew—ew.] I regret exceedingly that Lord Napier could not be present, but being a family man, you know, I feel that I am addressing family men, [here four ladies faint in the crowd and are carried out.] I beg pardon, I hope I have said nothing to—he could not come because if he did he would have to bring his wife with him—[Loud cheers from gentlemen; cries of "the brute" from the ladies.]

I was pleased the other day by the quaint but cordial congratulations of an American gentleman, whom I met the other evening coming out of the Terrapin Saloon. Said he with that quaintness which peculiarly distinguishes Americans: "I guessed you was old Head, by the look on you. You've got a great country here, nearly as good as Michigan. I've got a nice place down there, and if you come to my horse, I'll show you some rare sport shooting raccoons." I gave him my card, thanked him and left him. Gentlemen, I have no more to say. The Exhibition must be open or you would not be here."

As soon as his Excellency had concluded, the multitude attempted to cheer, but the Orchestra, having been bribed by the Clear Grit party, struck up "we won't go till morning," and completely drowned the voice of the "many headed monster."

Soon after this we sauntered out among the refreshments booths, and saw Dr. Connor treating John A. McDonald and Sidney Smith to oysters; while Geo. Brown was wondering about alone, with his pockets full of pea-nuts.

We then visited Johnny Mackey's Sparring Booth, where our "Grumbler Ticket" procured us free admission and made quite a lion of us, Johnny Cope was being severely pumelled by the Beauty from Carleton, and was rescued only by our interference. We then put on the gloves with Mackey and to the astonishment of a queer looking set of speculators polished him off in 8 rounds. He was so much charmed with us that he asked us to liquor and said to us. "Now I likes to see the likes of you come to see us 'sparrows,' we all has one line, you has grumbling, literature, wit, learning, and study, and we has fighting, and boxing, and trainin, and bloody noses." We shook his hand warmly, gave him a copy of *THE GRUMBLER*, and returned home, pleased with our days adventure.

#### A Good Move

—In consequence of the failure of Mr. Norris's attempt to bring over the Prince of Wales, it has been decided to send over a better educated ambassador, and we believe public feeling at present points to Mr. Gould as the proper individual.