

THE PICKPOCKET'S VICTIM.

—
AIR—"THEY STOLE MY CHILD AWAY."

I had a purse within my pocket lying,

A purse well filled with X's, Y's and I's,

When other folks for dollar notes were sighing,

Oh, how I chuckled o'er my rich supplies.

Last night I hugged that little purse so cozy,

And thought what scrumptious things I'd buy to-day;

But oh! this morn, when all was bright and rosy,

They stole, they stole, they stole my port monnaie.

Oh I hear them now calling for bills I must pay.

My heart aches fit to broaking,

For my purse, my purse they stole away,

Chorus—Oho! where's dat purse? Oho! where's my cash?

There's no reply, there never will;

My hopes are faluter, faluter still;

They stole, they stole, they stole my purse away;

They stole, they stole, they stole my purse away.

Oh! thou I'm done up, cleaned out and dejected,

Hungry, I seek the Torraip in vain;

I never dream of being thus disaffected;

Confound these tears, they trickle down like rain.

The archins barefoot gaze upon my sorrow,

And staring, whisper "een the man be sane?"

I'm mad! I'm mad! I can't go home to-morrow,

I've nary dollar left to pay the train.

My purse is stole, is lost to mo forever;

I'll never see them dollar notes again.

They stole, they stole, they stole my purse away!

Chorus—Oho! where's the police, Oho! Peeters come!

They don't reply, they never will;

My hopes are fainter, fainter still;

They stole, they stole, they stole my purse away;

They stole, they stole, they stole my purse away.

ADVICE TO VISITORS AND OTHERS.

We are requested by the Local Committee to give publicity to the following bits of advice to sight-seers:

When you arrive by the cars, hurry on to King Street, and promenade for an hour with your carpet bag swinging on a stick over your shoulder, as if you had the title deed of the thoroughfare.

Be sure and give cabmen whatever they ask, it is not gentlemanly to banter that ill-used class of men.

Let your lady friends enlarge their wonted amount of crinoline, there is plenty of room in the Crystal Palace, and hoops will isolate them from the vulgar.

When you are looking at a picture, stop backward two or three feet and tread on the next lady's toes with your hob-nailed boots.

Be sure and *encore* the opening performances of the Choral Society, it is usually done on such occasions, and would not cause the least trouble.

If you want a policeman, leave the Palace and go to the extreme north-west of the grounds, where you will probably find them speculating on the breed of some fat pigs.

If it should be necessary to drive back a crowd, policemen should swear a little at the front rank, and if they won't jump back through those behind them, strike them with their batons.

Visitors are requested to test all the agricultural implements, lay hold of every plough and wriggle it about a little, by this means you show your skill in husbandry.

When you travel round among the live stock, talking loudly of the Southdown cows, the Cotswold pigs and the Devon ewes, you will pass for a great agriculturist.

Don't say that you have ever seen any of the

lithographs or portraits at any of the previous exhibitions, that would be rude.

Be sure and leave a fac-simile of your fingers on Mr. Fleming's shiney apples, it is no trouble to give them another wipe.

If you are looking at a large pumpkin, be sure and say you have one twice as large at home, you will thus strike awe into the by-standers.

If you are in a crowd and have gone up one of the passages, persist in going back by the same way, and turning everybody else with you.

Go prowling about the ground for Professor Buckland, or Mr. McDougall, and you will be looked upon as a man in high authority.

METROPOLITAN CHORAL SOCIETY.

We desire to draw the attention of all lovers of music, who may be in Toronto during the Exhibition, to the inaugural performances of this talented Society. The Choruses will be sustained by 250 ladies and gentlemen, and the Orchestra, which is under the guidance of Mr. Noverre, comprises a large number of our most talented and celebrated performers. Among the names of the vocalists we recognize those of Madame and Miss Woolky, Miss Hickok, Miss Searle, Messrs. J. D. Humphreys, Laing, Hickok, and other celebrated favorites; while the instrumental portion of the performance will be strengthened by the invaluable assistance of Messrs. Crozier and Schenck. This evening a Grand Miscellaneous Performance takes place, for which a most attractive programme has been issued, and to-morrow the Oratorio of the Creation will be repeated. The Society has been established as a nucleus out of which a Canadian Academy of Music may be formed, and we would strongly recommend our numerous friends from the country, not to lose an opportunity of advancing so laudable an object, and at the same time of listening to the largest chorus that has ever been trained in Canada, and which, we doubt not, will give full effect to the grand conceptions of the great German masters.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

On Monday last we wended our way to the Palace, with nothing more sociable in our company than a walking stick. From a distance we saw a dull, leaden colored building, which, on enquiry, turned out to be the Crystal Palace itself—though, dear knows, it was rather stretching a bright idea to call it so. When we arrived at the entrance, a man with a short black pipe in his mouth, abruptly placed his walking stick across the narrow doorway, and coolly went on smoking. As we like cool people, we only laughed, and showed him our badge, at which he grinned and allowed us to walk inside. On a nearer inspection, the appearance of the building did not at all improve in our eyes. It appears all angles, and the roof seemed like a half inflated balloon. Having satisfied our curiosity on the outside, we turned into the inside—not as we turn into bed, but by walking straightforward, and turning a little to the left, to avoid being run over by a two-forty horse which just then came galloping past.

The view presented inside the building reminded us strongly of chaos. Half-opened cases were strowed about, displaying their contents in the most extraordinary positions. Coming suddenly on a

grey wig and block, protruding from a quantity of straw in a corner, we rushed to the rescue, thinking somebody had done up William Lyon McKenzie in this manner. Strolling along in this manner, we came to the stand erected for the use of the vice regal party, and being in a talkative humour, we ascended it, and in a twinkling had a large audience surrounding us, when we made the following eloquent speech:

"GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.—Standing as I do in the very centre of the civilization of this noble Province, (hear, hear, and cheers,) and viewing, (*aside*) as I don't,—the youth, beauty, and intelligence of the greatest embryo nation that ever (tremendous applause) kicked up diodes, (deafening cheers,) on a great occasion like the present, (cheers) allow me to assure you, in the face of the world, [hear, hear] and I challenge contradiction to what I am now going to state, [intense silence,] that if the plan of the glorious exhibition in which we now stand had never been conceived, it never would have been executed, [fearful cheering and waving of hats, which lasted for five minutes.] And if those mighty wonders of the ingenuity of the *genus homo*, [A voice, none of your blarney now, if ye please,] had not been brought together, and deposited in this Temple of Fame, it is beyond my poor comprehension to inform you in what corner of this sun-lit Province, [cheers,] they would at present have been lying. [Enthusiastic row which lasted for ten minutes.] Now, gentleman, having in the clearest, [A voice, yes, you have] and most lucidest [Several voices, your father before you was a gentleman] manner possible, explained to you the nature and importance of this vast undertaking, [renewed cheering] allow me to do myself the honor, [cheers] the pleasure, [A voice: Begorra, it's himself can do it,] the exquisite happiness, of asking you all toicker at your own [dead silence,] will, [cheers,] but at my [cheers again] expense. (At this juncture we were forcibly seized upon, the horses were taken out of our carriage—that is, the legs were taken from under us, and we were carried in triumph, amidst the wildest enthusiasm, to the nearest saloon, where we endeavored to improve the occasion by mixing a little wholesome advice with the unwholesome brandy and water which we swallowed to the health of the crowd.)

It is needless to say, that we did not see much more of the wonders of the Exhibition that day; as we had become so popular, that we could not escape from the attentions of every one with whom we met.

THE GRUMBLER

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