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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I rede you tent it;
A chie' wannag you taking tuder,
And, faith, he'll pent it."

WED' DAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1858.

GRUMBLER'S TORONTO GUIDE.

For the convenience of the respectable farmers who have come, perhaps for the first time in their lives, to Toronto, we offer some needful instructions and directions, together with various useful cautions which may not be altogether out of place in connection with our magnificent, but vicious, metropolis.

You are supposed to have come into town perfectly sober, and to have gone to rest in a comfortable bed, for there are of course in town many commodious

HOSTELS.

The Rossin House is vulgarly supposed to be the best hotel in the city, but to strangers who desire cheap and easy quarters, we have a little advice to give. The most reasonable hostelry in the city is kept by Mr. G. L. Allan. It is at the east end of the city, built of stone in the Turpin style of architecture, and generally known as Allan's Boarding-House. The peculiar advantages of this as a house of entertainment, are the select character of the boarders and the remarkable system of amusements provided for the guests.

The first object is secured by a strict examination, which toppers are obliged to pass before the bartender, Mr. Gurnett, prior to being accommodated with quarters. The latter, which is a new feature, is intended to relieve strangers afflicted with *ennui*, by giving them a little healthy manual employment; the ordinary one being the trituration of geological specimens from the neighborhood of Toronto. Science and amusement are thus identified, and much of the time which hangs so idly on the hands of hotel-boarders, is profitably occupied. Of other houses, *Swords*' is one of the best; the bed-rooms are airy and comfortable, the lake view is superb. We have heard that on a clear day the city clock of Buffalo can be seen; that is, it could have been if it had not been turned the other way. The only drawback in this Hotel is that it is at present closed, the landlord has removed and no guests are admitted.

You are supposed to have slept comfortably, and to have risen about half-past ten, A. M. It is to be hoped you are not going to join the crush at the opening of the fair. You need not expect, if you do go, to see any body but your country neighbour, who owes you for a span of horses; or the country shop-keeper, to whom you owe your three month's account for tea and sugar; or the village blacksmith, who gave your son a walloping last new-year's day. You will be crushed and battered; your

wife and children will be crying and grumbling; and you will wish you had never left home. You had far better get drunk quietly in a respectable bar-room. But you must devote Wednesday to all the sights of the city. Your first visit should be to the

LUNATIC ASYLUM,

Where you will be surprised not to find some of the ex-Aldermen and ex-Councillors of the Toronto Corporation. You will, strange to say, find no die-a-pointed politicians; you will find there neither Mr. Cayley nor Mr. Hogan, Mr. Brown nor Mr. Drummond. You will find yourself sent there perhaps when you go into fits, because your fat pig, your horse, or your ox, didn't get the first prize, or even honourable mention. But you needn't think of that just now, "enough for the day is the evil thereof." As soon as you have become tired of thinking how many of your best friends would be better in the asylum than out of it, you can take the cars to town, and then get to the

NORMAL SCHOOL

the best way you can. You will there find Dr. Ryerson and T. J. Robertson, Esq., who will only be too happy to conduct you all through the building, and show you the pictures and busts. (As you may be a married man, take an advice and don't have anything to do with any other sorts of "busts.") The Dr. will show you his own bust, but you will see others much finer, for instance that of Michael Angelo, and that of Napoleon. You need not pay any fee unless you like; the Dr. however is an urbane man, and would not refuse a "quarter" for fear of offending.

UNIVERSITY GROUNDS.

These grounds contain not only the University Buildings, but also an edifice pertaining to a "sister institution," viz., the "Female Branch of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum." You will be pretty sure to find in the neighbourhood one or two of the professors. Mr. Chapman perhaps is engaged in breaking up with his hammer a large granite boulder, in which he expects to find a "fossil salamander;" the non-existence of the azoic period is a hobby of his. You will find Dr. McCaul searching in the grass for the remains of a Roman wall; and Dr. Hinecks up a maple tree hunting catarrhills. Professor Croft will be in his laboratory seeking for the philosopher's stone. Any one of them will see you to the new University for 25 cents, and to another place for nothing if you ask them too many questions.

It is needless to expatiate on the architectural beauty of the edifice. The panloaf and sugarloaf schools form the basis; the dining hall is principally in the bread and butter style; garlands of pickled cucumbers done in oak, adorn the ceiling of the Convocation Hall, suggestively reminding students undergoing examinations, of the necessity of keeping cool; all monstrosity is expelled from the front

elevation by several deeply mullioned towers, after the antediluvian school, profusely decked with tessellated cauliflower, of the Dorico-Corinthian pattern. About this time the shades of evening will insist on "coming o'er you," and it will be your most prudent course to return to the city, and see the

COMET.

Don't be persuaded to look through any of the telescopes which will abound throughout the city. They are swindling contrivances, no better than thimble-rigging, meant to distract your attention, while your pocket is picked. Besides, the comet looks much better at a distance.

Next day, after sauntering round the "Crystal Palace" till your head aches, you will do well to visit

THE ISLAND.

Strangers should not fail to visit this delightful watering place. It is easily accessible by any description of boat except a butter-boat, but the most fashionable conveyance is the *Fire-fly*, commanded by Capt. Moodie, and manned by a fireman and a supernumerary of the boy kind. The Island is chiefly composed of a delicious loam, slightly sandy, and is supposed to have been made by one of the big swells from Noah's Ark, when that proto-navigator was cruising in these waters. The mineral spring, which is strongly recommended by the faculty, gives a copious supply of what is called fire-water, and is usually taken by invalids with a little hot water and a lump of sugar. Naturalists are invited thither as the best hunting-ground for the Canadian species of Batrachian, vulgarly known as the bull-frog, and for several singular varieties of mosquito. Natural philosophers may find opportunities for studying hydrostatics in the abundance of standing water there, which is only waiting the inspection of science. The principal vegetable production is a beautiful description of bull-rush, which is said to sustain the entire population during the winter. Visitors may never have another opportunity of seeing this delightful retreat, as it is being gradually devoured by the enemy, the waves of Ontario. The Corporation, which is now too sleepy a body to look after this noble pleasure-ground, intend building an artificial Paradise when the present Toronto Nahant is swept away.

After getting back safely to Toronto from the Island, you will be qualified to take care of yourself pretty well. For the general principles which should guide you in your visit to other Institutions, and in your behaviour to your follow-visitors, we refer you to our article headed "Advice to Visitors."

Ignorance.

— Some correspondent who is evidently an ignorant man, sends the following:

Why is No. 3 Rifle Company like Curtius, who sacrificed his life for his country?

Because it is a volunteer corps [corpse.]