

## TIM TO BARNEY O'S LIVERY.

Oh Barney, dear, these few lines here,  
Is all, my honey, for to let you know,  
About how I've been and what I've seen,  
At that great mighty Crystal Palace show.

The wonders great which sure does hate  
Almost all every thing I've ever seen,  
Except the Hogs and darling hogs  
Of our own native Isle of green.

Och! how delightful the great big sightful,  
Of the party palace, all made of glass,  
All covered in not rooled with tin,  
And not so nicely on the velvet grass.

It's lofty doom in which there's room  
For one thousand persons t'ot to take;  
A purlier spot I'm sure there's not,  
For a right good jolly Irish wake.

Not to except the fine transport,  
And spurious galleries all round about;  
And by your love, they've got a nave,  
I wonder they didn't leave the ravel out.

And in the centre, just as you enter,  
Only a little further down the way,  
Without drop o' dirt in its waters spurlin,  
A crystal fountain is in purty play.

And down the way is the Governor's dais,  
With purple chunak all fitted out;  
'Tis from this spot the big bug lol,  
Their great orations sure did spout.

And up above you'd fall in love  
With the purty pictures there to show;  
Both oil and crayon is there displayin'  
Their rosy tints of green and indigo.

Sweet parlor chairs and other wares,  
Likewise on-exhibition there was seen,  
And many maps filled up the gaps,  
All palated o'er with yellow, white, and green.

But what did surpass the palace of glass,  
By the howly St. Patrick and D'Arcy McGee,  
Was a cabin of wood, where a thorsy man could  
Get the best whiskey you's iver did see.

When you lave the shebeen, you may light your dindeed;  
And mender about round the animah' pens;  
Where the bulks and the cows and the shape and the sows,  
And the other prize birds are as well as the hens.

Then you trow to the fence, the soight is immense  
Of illigant ploughs and great cultivators,  
And things to exshreat the slumps wid great tact,  
And cutters to choice up your mealy pertaters.

'Tould into th' Assyrians, likewise the Tyrians  
The Sikhs, and other European boys;  
Tamerlane the Tartar, and every howley martys,  
To guess the use of half the farmer's toys.

But Barney my jowel, 'tould kinde the fuel,  
That's ready to thare in an Irishman's heart,  
To see all the girls wid hair all in curls,  
But none like my Molly of Ballinacart.

Do you mand her my Barney, when we visit to Eilharney,  
How purty she looked in the fine jaunting car;  
I shall no'er be so moony, as since in old Kerry,  
I kissed her and left her,—to wander afar.

You persore my condition; the great Exhibition  
Fades away when I think, my dear Molly, of you,  
I'd melt into tears, but truth I've my fears,  
They've locked up the gate, so I did you aden.

### New Style of Criticism

Speaking of the performance of the  
"Cretion" by Mr. Carter's choir, the musical, or  
rather the mad critic for the *Leader*, says that one

of the singers sang "from the crown of his head  
to the points of his toes;" and so captivated  
was he by the singing of one of the female  
performers, that he could only describe it by  
tating that the lady *resembles Queen Victoria*.  
If this style of criticism is to be persevered in,  
we shall have priuaa donnas described as "shaking"  
the hooks and eyes out of their dresses; and cele-  
brated tenors as singing so high that they would  
rise completely out of the view of the audience;  
while bassocs would have to be dug out of the  
bowels of the earth, to such a depth would they be  
described as descending in their best song.

### DIARY OF A PICK-POCKET.

The following interesting diary was picked up on  
King Street, yesterday:

*Tuesday*—Came into town on Western train, and  
put up at Rossin House. Bad day for my business.  
People scarce.

*Wednesday*—Rose with a presentiment that I  
would make a good day of it; and breakfasted  
heartily.

*Nine o'clock*—Picked a farmer's pocket of an old  
newspaper.

*Ten o'clock*—Eased a lady of her gold chain, and  
took \$20 in gold from a young spark who was fond  
of display.

*Quarter past*—Asked a middle aged clergyman-  
looking fellow what the hour was, and lifted his  
watch as soon as he told me.

*Half-past*—Fell in with a drunken farmer, and  
told him that I had been robbed. The trap suc-  
ceeded. The green horn showed me where he had  
his mosey; and fibbed it all in two minutes after.

*Mem.*—Met him on the ground afterwards, and had a  
horn with him, in condolement for his loss.

*Twenty minutes*—Went up in cars to Fair ground,  
and on an average appropriated sixteen handker-  
chiefs. Persuaded one handsome lady that I had  
found her's on the ground, and handed it back to  
her. Thereby got introduced to her masculiao  
friend, for which he had to pay me \$36.

*Three quarters*—Walked about the ground and  
robbed farmers indiscriminately. *Mem.*—Contem-  
pibly easy to rob a farmer.

*Eleven*—Saw a drunken fellow displaying his  
mosey, and took it from him for fear he should  
lose it, before he could wink.

*Half-past*—Had a narrow escape. The dupe,  
very smart; but exclaimed that he stood on my  
toes, and so got away.

*Three quarters*—Calculated that I made \$250 al-  
ready. Robbed two Toronto policemen out of fun,  
and put their dirty handkerchiefs in one of their  
companion's pockets.

*Twelve*—Squeezed my way into building, and got  
into a respectable crowd, which I soon cleaned out.  
Picked Mr. Sherwood's pocket, and only got a cigar  
stamp. After a great deal of trouble, succeeded in  
extracting a watch from a swellish-looking fellow,  
and found after all that it was pinback.

*One o'clock*—Got tired of this sort of thing, and  
went and had a good dinner. Got introduced to a  
good family, and promised to go to church with  
them on Sunday.

## OUTRAGEOUS PERSECUTION.

Our readers will probably remember the exploits  
of Thomas R. Ferguson at the polls during the late  
North Wellington Election, and his famous descen-  
dant *gun in hand* upon the village of Elora. Whatever  
view of his conduct the general public may entertain,  
the Editor of the *Barrie Spirit of the Age* evidently  
believes him to be an ill-used individual, as the fol-  
lowing extract from the last issue of the *Spirit* will  
show:—"A persecution has been commenced  
against Thomas R. Ferguson, Esq., for having the  
courage to drive into the village of Elora *alone* and  
*unprotected*."

Thinking the Barrie Editor might not be  
content with the above expression of sympathy, we  
place the following ode at his disposal, a copy of  
which he should get printed immediately upon fine  
white satin and forward to Tommy, with his com-  
pliments.

TO THOMAS R. FERGUSON, M.P.P.

And have these murdering Gifts,  
The vile malignant crew,  
Dear harmless Tommy dar'd  
To pounce upon you?

Sweet lamb, dear gentle lamb,  
Fear not their base, foul hate;  
Malice must harmless fall  
On your soft pate.

Keep cool, oh noble sire,  
Nor let your neck, your just,  
Your true, chivalrous heart  
With indignation burst.

Unaided all alone  
You faced the blood ripe throng,  
Heaven, don't I wish  
I'd been along.

But, no, the glory all  
Is thine alone my boy;  
Bright champion, noble chief,  
In glowing terms, though brief,  
I wish you joy.

## BUSINESS NOTICE.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the fact that  
Messrs WILMAN & Co., have removed from their old stand to the  
premises lately occupied by Mr. Bailey the hair dresser. The  
store has been refitted, and nothing will be wanting on Wilman  
to ensure a continuance of his well earned success in  
News business. He always has the English and American pa-  
pers and periodicals in advance of the trade, and Canadian pa-  
peritions as they are issued. Everything that energy, per-  
severance, and an obliging and gentlemanly demeanour can ac-  
complish by this enterprising firm, and we are sure  
support of the public will follow them in their new position.  
Remember the Store is No. 33, King Street West, opposite  
Apollo Concert Rooms.

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