

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

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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' note,
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 Adventuros of the ye Editor of ye Grumbler at ye 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 house, 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.

THE BUILDING OF THE WIGWAM OF PEACE.

In the land of the Canadians,
 In the land of furs and beaver;
 In the land of wheat and pumpkins,
 Did the people build a wigwam,
 By the margin of the blue lake,
 On the common of the people;
 Built it up of glass and iron,
 Built it strong and fit for service,
 Covered in from wind and weather;
 And to make it good and lasting,
 To keep out the wind and weather,
 Did they take from out the forest,
 Trees of oak and trees of walnut;
 And they said unto the Forest,
 Give us of your trees, oh! Forest,
 Give your trees of oak and walnut,
 Give your trees of beech and maple,
 And your trees of pine and poplar,
 For to build our spacious wigwam;
 And to earth they said, oh, Mother,
 Give us of your ores and slims,
 Give us stone for our foundation,
 Give us stone to make it solid,
 To endure the test of ages,
 That old Time may not molest it
 With his sickle of destruction.

Give us of your iron, Mother,
 To secure its safe erection,
 To protect it in its weak place,
 To support its roof from falling
 On the heads of all the people.

Give us of your tin, oh, Mother,
 To enclose our peaceful wigwam,
 To keep out the rain and tempest,
 To prevent the snows of winter
 Drifting round our fires at midnight;
 And they said unto the Glass works,
 Give us of your glass, oh, Glass works,
 Give us of your crown and plate glass,
 To give light unto our wigwam.

Then they took from out the forest,
 Timbers of the proper nature,
 Cut them down with axe and hatchet,
 Put them in the mill and sawed them,
 Planed them down and made them handsome;
 Took from out old nature's mine pits,
 Ores of tin and ores of iron,
 Smelted them with fire of charcoal,
 Ran them into cunning molds;
 Polished them with lead and blacking,
 Made them ready for the using;
 And they took from out the glass works,
 Crown glass clear and quite transparent,
 Placed it all about the building
 To let in the light and sunshine.

Thus they reared the mighty structure,
 Bound it tight and strong together,
 Braced it with the bands of iron,
 Made it handsome and enduring.

Then the people came unto it,
 Brought their mitts and bolts of wampum,
 Brought the buffalo and bear skin,
 And their implements of warfare;
 Curious sculptures also brought they,
 Wrought in many cunning methods,
 Many skins of picture writing,
 Hung they on the walls about them;
 And the sachems they the wise men,
 Read them to the assembled people,
 And the Squaws with modest bearing,
 Brought their work of beads and wampum
 To adorn the happy wigwam.

Then assembled all the wise men,
 All the sages and the sachems,
 And proclaimed unto the people,
 That no more should be divisions,
 No divisions in the new land.
 Hereforth love should dwell amongst them,
 And at each returning twelfth-moon,³

They should meet again to honor
 This, the building of the wigwam,
 Then should the people shout,
 Raised their voices in song and psalms,
 Of the peace amongst the nation,
 And the building of the wig-warm.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

On Monday evening last the men to whose care the gutters, drains, and ash-pits of Toronto City are confided, met once more in solemn conclave. Nearly all the members were present, and it was abundantly evident that some knotty question, which would puzzle the heads of the most sapient, was to be discussed. Frequent were the consultations held between Mr. Carr, Fox, and Charley Roman's English tutor. Mr. Councilman Ardagh, and Councilman Spratt looked ready to go up "bang," Councilman Lennox was as usual, studying that speech which he has composed and re-composed, but never yet delivered. Mr. Alderman Carr was conveniently absent; Councilman Mitchell looked vacant, and not only looked so, but was, despite the most strenuous efforts of nature, to fill up the vacuum, while Mr. Wilcock was occupied more of the evening in communicating, by the most dismal contortions of his countenance, his approval or disapproval of the sentiments enunciated by the various speakers.

Little Davy Read was made chairman of a committee of the whole. He had been previously speaking, had asked leave to "move" a petition, besides talking of various matters in rather a disconnected strain. The utter nonsense he spoke, however, is attributable to the promptness of Mr. Wilcock, who, until sternly rebuked by Ald. Dunn, persisted in supplying his friends with material wherewith to edify the remainder of the Council. Well! Davy, having been made chairman, asked leave to keep his hat on, but soon repented, for the brick in it was so heavy that he could not bear the weight. The subject under discussion was the re-issue of tenders for the construction of a model lodging house, something similar to that now kept by Mr. G. L. Allen.

In the exercise of that wisdom with which they are so plentifully blessed, our City Fathers had ordered new tenders to be sought. It may not be believed, but we give it as an indisputable fact, nevertheless, that the committee on police and prisons had the audacity to ask for a reconsideration of this resolution, never thinking for one moment that the determination that the Blowers may come to is so unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, of which fact let their pig and their pig and license laws bear witness! But what better than an act of such sublime stupidity could be expected from a committee of which Ardagh, Fox, and Strachan, form part? Much lowly language did they use in order to mollify the rage of the offended dignitaries; they thought "poor creatures," as it was a serious matter the subject deserved a consideration and had therefore ventured to ask as much. Solemnly was the decision affirmed, and one additional clause inserted, by which the Clerk of the Council was vested with power to carry it into effect, should the Committee again prove obstinate. Thus is the City again launched into a sea of law suits, thus again must the people mourn while the lawyers dance. Having accomplished such a successful morning's work, the *Blowman* adjourned as usual, to take a spiritual night cap.

THE MUSICAL PERFORMANCES.

The most successful musical entertainments ever given in Toronto, have signaled the week now drawing to a close. The inaugural performances of the Metropolitan Choral Society have been in every way satisfactory, and the patronage accorded by the public extremely encouraging. The conductorship of Mr. Lazare, the excellent orchestra under Mr. Noverre, (including the admirable flute playing of Mr. Schenck), the ability and taste of the solo performers, among whom we might particularize Madame Wookey, the Misses Searle and Hickok, and Messrs. Humphreys and Briscoe, as well as the powerful and well trained chorus, are all worthy of more cordial commendation than we have space to give. On Tuesday next, Haydn's Creation will be repeated under the patronage of the Masonic fraternity, and we would strongly urge all to go, who were so unfortunate as to miss the previous performances.

We regret that Mr. Carter's rendering of the Creation did not meet the success to which his musical ability entitled him. He is all that can be desired in a leader, and with the very able assistance of the Misses Davis and Kemp, Messrs. Roche and Sugden, and a first rate orchestra, he certainly should have received a more liberal public support. Taking into consideration, however, that a series of rival entertainments monopolized the Hall during the Fair week, we are not so much surprised. We trust Mr. Carter's next performance will be more largely attended.

It is much to be regretted that all attempts to unite the musical talent of Toronto, of which we have good reason to be proud, have as yet proved unavailing; we know little and care less about the squabble between the two parties, but we do trust that the unseemly breach will be healed, and that the rivalry which now exists, may be amicably terminated. It would really seem as if Nature had decreed an eternal divorce between musical talent and sweetness and harmony of disposition.

A BACHELOR ON HOOPS.

MR. GRONBLER.—Why in the name of the seven plagues of Egypt, will the ladies persist in wearing hoops at all to assail our shins on the public high way; and why, in the name of all the furies, the gorgons, the satyrs and all the abominations of the river Styx, are they so insane, so stupid, so absurd so everything that is contrary to common sense and common humanity, as to bring those same diabolical contrivances, the invention of which must belong to the dark ages, into a crowded assemblage such as they must have known, if they are capable of knowing anything, would have been present at the opening and subsequent days of the Provincial Exhibition?

When I think of what I suffered on those occasions from being brought into violent contact with these hoops, from becoming entangled in them at every step, from having my corns—oh! good gracious, my corns! mangled, flattened out, pounded into mummy, I become incapable of doing anything, of thinking anything, of saying anything, of writing anything, but subscribing myself,

Yours in agony,
 CORRY CALORIC.

ADDRESS TO THE COMET OF 1858.

Welcome, mysterious, long-filled stranger,
So brightly shining in sweet ovoidity;
But thou been long amongst the Stars a ranger.
That now thou seek'st the sun as Bridge; oom seeks his Bride?

Is the earth changed to thee, since last you viewed it?
Has the darned crisis made it look more glum?
Yes, (though "hard times" for long months have pursued it.)
Don't you still think our Exhibition's "a some?"

Of course you've seen them from your nucleus bright,
The horses, cattle, poultry, sheep, and pigs;
Guess you peeped in, and wagged your tail for epite,
To see light-fingered gentry play their "rigo."

But you—confound you—say of what you've made,
Thy tail is this, thy body all seems light,
Have you pure spirits, wiles, and ginger-ade,
Or are thy children all testafestals quite?

Thy politics—are they eccentric too,
To watch thy course, now here, now there by fits?
Eet thou thy Newspapers, both *Rouge* and *Bien*,
Those, hating *Moderates*, those revelling *Grits*.

How good Sir, do pray be warned by us,
Get up some bozino and costume the whole;
Let them not breed the same cantankerous mias,
Of barefaced lies that vex our Grumbling soul.

We counsel you, from off your confines whip
Gloves, *Leaders*, *Atlas*, all such tasteful food;
But if you've owe too GRUMBLER—let her rip,
She'll cure your spleen and do you heaps of good.

Have you a telegraph electric laid,
'Neath your big ocean right from shore to shore;
Which just some six short messages conveyed,
Thee sulkily refused to carry more.

And say, oh Comet, can you furnish proofs,
That India in your circles of *haut ton*,
Are just twice fifty feet of brazen hoops,
Or is the rage for crinoline more strong.

And oooo more, have your City Councillors run
Reckless and wild? Then ask them all to sup
Kibbin one House, and as you near the sun,
Just let the shingles catch and burn them up.

THE THEATRE.

The Lyceum has been crowded to excess every night during the past week, by strangers who came to visit the Exhibition; and in honor of the occasion our manager got up several grand holiday performances, which, nearly all invariably commenced with the "Corsican Brothers." Why this piece was selected we cannot imagine, unless it was to astonish the country bumpkins who came to visit us. It may be that Mr. Nickinson had in view the bringing out of those stunning artists who are just now rising into view. We mean the Masters, the Allans, the Frans, whose highest flights of genius have hitherto been confined to the taking of the important character of a private in any piece in which fighting was to be done; or the shifting of a scene on an emergency. We hope the manager will persevere in his efforts; and in future ages we shall be enabled to look back with fond regret at those days, and point them out to our offspring at the Augustan age of the Toronto drama.

We are glad to see that Mr. Nickinson has not forgotten his promise to give us a new Theatre. The four new lamps erected opposite the Theatre alley, being we suppose, the first instalment of it. Our manager is right not to commence such an undertaking in the dark.

WHAT BELLA THOUGHT OF THE EXHIBITION.

DEAR MR GRUMBLER,—I do not know what to think of you at all. Sometimes you are very kind to us ladies; at other times you are as cross as two sticks, and as impertinent as young Augustus of our place, who endeavored to kiss me this day week while coming from the ball. But, bless my heart, what am I saying, to be sure! It is all about the way in which I was treated at the Exhibition that I wanted to tell you. Well, you must know that on Wednesday I went to the York Street Station, where there was a great crowd of people waiting for the train; and as soon as it came up, all the big, strong men on the platform began to fight their way into the cars; and it was only when all those rude fellows had crushed their way in, that we that is the females, could get in; and then we had to stand, for all the seats were filled, and not one of those masculine creatures would stir to let us sit down.

At the Exhibition, I need not tell you, there was a great crowd; so much so, that all my hoops were smashed to pieces. After a great deal of work, I succeeded in securing a good place in the gallery, and I thought how lucky I was, when a big fellow crushed himself before me, and it was only under his arm that I could see the opening ceremony, which I declare was not worth looking at. First, I could see a man shaking hands all round, until I thought his hand would be wrung off, and then there was a great deal of dumb-show speaking, that did not look half so well as the pantomime at the theatre; and then we had the singing, which was of course very good; and then it was all over. I do declare, Mr. GRUMBLER, that the only objects worth looking at were the cocked hats and uniforms of the soldiers; and what brought any body there, I am sure I do not know.

On Thursday I was in a pretty state. When it came on to rain I ran to the nearest shelter, but could get none, there was such a crowd before me, and then to the next, with the same bad success, and in fact, I thought I would have had to run about for a week before I could get a place to shelter myself in—and this too, with my light slippers on, and my dress tucked up, and of course every body laughing at me. At last I got shelter, and as soon as the rain was over, I picked my way through the mud, and went home as fast as I could.

Now, do you not think I was very badly used, and that the rudest and most unfeeling creatures on the face of the earth, are to be found among the male kind?

BELLA BUTEROUF.

GROANS OF THE FAT SHEEP.

Exhibition Fair Grounds, Wednesday.

HOMAN MR. GRUMBLER.—Mine is a heavy case, and I claim all your sympathy. You must know that I am the fattest sheep in the "hull crowd," as I hear the darned Yankees say. But, dear knows I pray enough for my distinction. For as sure as any body comes to look at me, if I am lying down, I am poked up with walking sticks, umbrellas, and things of that sort, and then by way of seeing how much wool I have on, I am pinched and pulled about until I am black and blue; and finally some farmer is sure to wrestle with me until he throws

me down on my back, as helpless as the lambs unborn, in order to see whether I am a sheep or not, I suppose.

I struggled hard against the first farmer that came to take the legs from under me. "No you don't," says he; straining at me very hard. And seeing that I was determined to stand it as long as I could, he kicked my shins, telling me that "it was no go, old feller!" until at last I lay panting on the broad of my back.

Now, Mr. Editor, such treatment is not to be borne by any body, much less by the sheep, who, although they are very patient, have their rights which must be respected; and I hope that you will use your influence to bring in a bill at the next session of Parliament to disfranchise these farmers, unless they use us a little more tenderly. How can the public expect tender and juicy mutton after we are dead, if we are to be treated in this way when living.

Yours respectfully,

BAAH.

WISE SAWS BY A SAWYER.

Never go to a Provincial Exhibition with \$100 in your pocket.

Never wink at a pretty girl when a fierce-looking savage is beside her.

Never spend five dollars when a York shilling will do instead.

Never kick up a row when the odds are two to one against you.

Never walk when you can ride.

Never commit suicide.

Never go to sleep on the railroad track.

Never speak well of any one, especially if you owe him anything.

Never put the lit end of your cigar in your mouth.

Never make love to a girl until you have seen every other girl in the neighborhood.

A JOKE FROM THE GLOBE.

In the *Globe* of Thursday last we actually found an attempt at fun. "Mr. Wm. Cook, of York Township, had nearly all the game fowls to himself, and he crowded not a little in consequence." Do you take, good reader? surely you cannot miss. You don't? Don't you see the connection between "game fowls" and "crowing"? Of course you do, and isn't it really good for a first beginning? The *Globe* will soon be equal to the *Colonist*, and reading the daily papers will be perfectly suicidal at breakfast time. The *Globe* speaking of one of these fowls, says that he is likely to stand there a long time before he finds an opponent so timorous as to enter the lists with him." That beats Dogberry's "flat burglary" out and out. *En passant* we may mention a rumour that the owner of these valiant birds, who has a vote for next Tuesday, has sold them at a high price to Charley Romain, and that if the "valiant chanticleer" is whopped by Sam Sherwood's gallinaccous biped he will vote for Charley. The fight is to come off on Saturday, so as not to break up the City Council on Monday night.

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 everything 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 spacious 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 lid,
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 animas' 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 jewel, '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 jaunty 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 troth 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 priua 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 basses 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 *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 Gills,
The vile malignant crew,
Dear harmless Tommy dar'd
To pounce upon you?

Swear 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-
verance, 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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