

# THE GRUMBLER.

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### THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,  
I rede you tent it;  
A chie' namang you taking tude,  
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 fellow-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 [corps.]

## HARD TIMES, OR NOTHING TO EAT.

At a certain time in a certain year,  
 There was plenty to eat and nothing to fear;  
 The farmer's crops had all sold very well,  
 And their price and their purses began to swell.  
 Money was plenty, and trade very brisk,  
 And towns and villages rose in a whisk.  
 For leagues and miles throughout the country,  
 You'd hardly suppose there was so much as one tree,  
 Or swamp, or forest; but all was villa,  
 Park and farm lots. You had to fill a  
 Few sheets of paper with street upon street,  
 And two or three stations where railroads should meet.  
 With a site for a market, a site for a pump,  
 And you sold off your wilderness all in a jump.  
 A. went to Dry Goods expecting to make  
 A respectable fortune in half a week;  
 While B. became grocer with views of retiring  
 In a fortnight or two; at the same time admiring  
 A one country house than which might count as snugger,  
 For a man who had thoughts beyond cheese, tea and sugar.  
 And how did this fortunate people behave?  
 Did they spend? did they lend? did they squander or save?  
 Why, of course, they expected good fortune would lead,  
 And like youthful Charles Edward they went it quite fast;  
 So that many a man considered worth luck,  
 Came at last to a most lugubrious creak.  
 There was a man who nameless shall be,  
 Say if you please, Mr. A., B., or C.,  
 With an unknown sum of the needful, say z,  
 (Now gone to the bottom amongst other wrecks)  
 Three daughters—Sapphira, Maria, and Ann,  
 Three sons—Poter James, Percy Thomas, and Dan;  
 His fortune was gained, we need not say how,  
 For a dollar is always a dollar for show.  
 By the good times inflated beyond moderation,  
 He launched into wild but gaudy speculation;  
 Successful in this, for the *beau monde* soon sighting,  
 A family mansion of course thought of buying;  
 And, making a diligent search up and down  
 Within a convenient distance from town,  
 He purchased an ample luxurious manor;  
 Adorned it with lawn, screen, and "forte-piano"—  
 English-plate was each mirror, fine damask each curtain.  
 And the "Brussels" went right to the attics, I'm certain.  
 (The men say, if he'd used a little more three-ply,  
 He would not have drawn on his banker so deeply.)  
 But that was not all, for, in this world of sinners,  
 There are no things so scarce as gratuitous dinners,  
 So our friend had to furnish his table in etate,  
 With wine-glasses, tumblers, decanter, and naplate,  
 For no miser must he be who strives to belong  
 To the graceful, capricious, delicious *beau monde*.  
 Our friend was successful so far as this went.  
 To send for invitations most cordial were sent.  
 The parvenu "look" and was voted of, ton,  
 The position he made was secure and was strong.  
 Meanwhile, what became of the sons and the daughters?  
 The daughters of course made their usual laughters  
 'Mong the swell, and upon the pocket paternal,  
 For they spared no expens on a spicy external.  
 The sons went it fast with dogs, horses, and women,  
 While for a short season affairs went on swimming;  
 But races, cigars, oyster suppers and drink,  
 Go on for a time, but soon drain off the clink.  
 For a very short time matters went on quite smooth,  
 While treacherous hopes the poor creditors soothe,  
 Of coming, when matters appear very bad,  
 Down on the purse of their opulent dad.  
 But the daddy in his own peculiar way,  
 'Stead of putting by "brads" for a rainy day,  
 Goes on speculating, borrowing, spending,  
 In fact quite the converse of saving or lending.  
 Now the milliners, tailors, dry-goodsman and bakers,  
 Barkeepers, gunsmiths, billiard-makers, shoemakers,  
 Begin for their long promised money to hanker,  
 And wonder how *somebody* stands with his banker.  
 The creditors all, both butcher and grocer,  
 Respond to all orders with an obstinate "No Sir,  
 "We give no more "lick" not the worth of a pin,  
 "For the way you've behaved is a shame and a sin,  
 "We've given you credit for more than a year,  
 "And until you pay, nothing goes out of here."  
 From store to store in the dusk he strays,  
 And on each credulous tradesman preys,

And now some simple shop-keepers cajoles  
 Into trusting for bread or a few butter rolls.  
 But is it too late to turn and reform?  
 A little tight saving would weather the storm.  
 "No! No! I must keep my fair fame for a while,  
 "Wait just a month longer and fortune will smile.  
 "We must keep up appearances, hold our heads high,  
 "Keep our debts and creditors from the world's eye."  
 Thus matters go on, but no good luck arises,  
 Till they come at the last to a desperate crisis.  
 In come the accounts in a avalanche urgent,  
 While each creditor screams like a *sans-culotte* insurgent,  
 And soon there's a sheriff comes poking his nose in;  
 To say, not to visit, the *beau monde* new goes in;  
 An immense scarlet flag, torn out at the door,  
 And the "Brussels" is born from the drawing room floor.

### MORAL.

But let no one imagine our sapient moral,  
 Is aimed at one person; 'tis meant indeed for ye all.  
 Ye all may be rich, ye all may be thriffliss;  
 Your own faults and follies may render you shiftless.  
 Seek not the *beau monde* till your fortune's well made,  
 And leave not the substance, to grasp at the shade.  
 Tho' you daily shake hands with the mobs and *cite*,  
 And the "upper crust" greet you with warmth in the  
 street;  
 "Upper crust" is poor feel when you're NOTHING TO EAT.

## OPENING SPEECH.

The following is the speech which will be delivered by His Excellency at the opening of the Exhibition to-day. As it is uncertain whether Lord Napier will be present or not, the first part of the first paragraph, our readers will see, dexterously rides the fence:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Whether Lord Napier were here or not, the great object for which we are all met would still be accomplished. If he were here, it is good; and, as Charley Romain would say, if he weren't here it is gooder. Now, gentlemen, how the dickens, to use a mild expression before ladies, how did it happen that you allowed a blundering, ignorant fool named Horris or Chorris, or something of that sort—Norris, eh! thank you—to go to England as your envoy to entice Her Majesty the Queen out here; when the darned rascal—excuse me ladies; I'm excited—can not read or write. You must disown him, gentlemen, and be yourselves once more.

As to the purposes of the Exhibition, ladies and gentlemen, you know all about them; and those among you who do not had better learn as soon as possible, for ignorance, you know, is sin, and sin is damnation, and damnation is—ladies and gentlemen, do you know what that is? Very well then.

With these remarks, ladies—upon my honor, you do all look lovely to-day—and gentlemen, I pronounce this Exhibition to be open, although you all know very well that it was, in a certain sense of the word, open before and behind too, before I came here. Therefore, my friends, you need not open your mouths and stare that way any longer; but go and enjoy yourselves in the most convenient manner you can.

### Shocking.

—What plank in the Crystal Palace gives it its greatest strength?  
 The Board of Arts and Manufactures.

### Query.

—Why was the Nomination on Monday last like a well-known constellation?

Answer.—Because it was Charles's Wano [Wain.]

## UNSUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.

We have been urged to give to the world the following list of contributions for which the judges decline to give prizes at the present Exhibition. We accede to the request the more readily as we think every contributor should at least have his entry recorded, whether he obtains the Society's premium or fails to do so.

### LIVE STOCK, &c.

A choice bull-dog, from the Speaker's chair.  
 A decided bore (boar) from a law office in this city.  
 A polar bear at the head of a pole (poll) in South Oxford; by Dr. Connor.  
 A Clear Grit hog, the one with which Charley Romain went the "entire animal." Bristles singed at the laze nomination.  
 A rat from the *Colonist* office, decorated with Orange ribbons.  
 A calf from "the last leg on which the Government is standing;" by Mr. Brown.  
 A wing of the Fire Fly; singed by popular indignation.  
 A bottle of blue blood; by Mr. Walbridge; turned green by the sun of public favour.

### AGRICULTURAL AND DAIRY PRODUCE, &c.

A bushel of the seeds of discord; by the *Globe*.  
 A peck of wild oats; sown by Messrs. Macdonald and Foley.  
 A little marrow; from a bone of contention.  
 The cream of a joke from the *Globe*; turned sour by the *Leader's* thunder.  
 A keg of consistency; from the *Colonist*; article very inferior. No prize.  
 A long beet (beat); by a policeman.  
 A canister of bull's eyes made from the sweets of office; by Robert Spence.  
 A jar of the "pitch to which corruption has reached in this province."  
 A little cement for stopping up the "crack of doom."

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A small piece whittled off a point of order; by Speaker Smith.  
 A blush from Mr. Ferres; soiled with ink from an editorial in the *Montreal Gazette*.  
 The *pitch* of a promissory note (A flat).  
 The fragments picked up, after a burst of eloquence; by D'Arcey McGee.  
 A map from the *Atlas* of the straits into which the Brown-Dorion Government were driven by a Head wind.  
 A pipe filled from one of Coleman's plugs.  
 Some soft soap made from the lies (lyes) of the *Atlas*.  
 An old scratch, from the 91st clause (claws); exhibited by a government official.  
 A towel for the use of the "great unwashed;" by the *Colonist*.  
 Some wool to pull over the public's eyes, shorn from Fergusson's lambs.  
 A map of Holland (John) and the Low Countries; from the *Atlas*.  
 An Orange circular (saw) for ripping up the Grit Platform; by Ogle R. Qowan.

### Ye Adventurers of Mr. and Mrs. Smith during their visit to Ye Exhibition.

The day was breaking fast,  
And the sky grew bright and clear,  
When Mr. Smith unto her lord  
Spoke softly thus, "My dear,  
We've been married something near some twelve or thirteen year  
And never yet together in Toronto did appear;  
So I think 'twill be but fair,  
As the Exhibitor's there,  
We should follow in the mode, and leave our old abode.  
For a visit to Toronto by the Grand Trunk Road.

Now, as Mr. Smith was kind,  
He the project in his mind  
Revoled, and soon resolv'd not his love to be beblud;  
So out of bed they jump,  
Sixteen stone each in a lump,  
And prepare to leave all care for a time behind them there,  
Whilst they a visit pay to the great Provincial Fair.  
Soon all preparation made,  
Each in their best array'd,  
They sallied forth together with a dignified parade;  
But first as Smith was bold,  
He secured a pistol old  
To defend himself and love with their goodly stock of gold,  
And a bottle of old whiskey to protect them from the cold.

At the station, all alive,  
Soon the loving pair arrive;  
So likewise does the train, and they straight begin to strive,  
All a puffing and a blowing,  
For a place in which to stow in,  
For 'twas quite a cram and jam as all the world was going  
To have a peep like them at the great Toronto showing.

I am sorry to repeat  
That there was no vacant seat;  
So Mr. Smith and Mrs. had to stand upon their feet  
Till they could no more endure;  
For like rivers on the floor,  
From body, face and shoulders 'gan the perspiration pour.

Said Mrs. Smith at length,  
With a sad and touching moan,  
"Fast falling is my strength,  
To a whisper sinks my tone.

I am fainting, oh I sink" [here came in a fearful groan,]  
"I am dying, dearest deeling. I must leave you all alone."  
With dire and sad alarms,  
Smith caught her in his arms.  
Dut strove alas, in vain, sixteen stone weight to retain;  
For the jolting of the train  
First bumped him swiftly forward, and then bumped him back  
again.

Till at length all bruised and sore  
From knocking 'gainst the door  
An extra woful jolt sent them tumbling to the floor,  
When the Smiths could bear no more,  
So they started all on board with a most unearthly roar.

Soon commenced a fearful crushing,  
Soon echoed was the scream,  
Every soul on board was rushing,  
For all sorts of rumours teen  
Of "accident," of "danger," and none knowing what to dream;  
More furious grew the uproar, till the driver shut off steam.  
Meantime pressing to the door,  
Whore, extended on the floor,

Lay Mr. Smith and Mrs. came at least a double score,  
Who soon, (doubtless for their sins,)  
Fell in contact with their shins,  
The hobnailed pair of boots that adorned our hero's pins.

But we haste to draw a veil  
O'er this section of our tale,  
And to close this Brat mishap that befel them on the rail.  
Let us order then restore,  
Pick the Smiths up from the floor,  
Set Mrs. Smith a seat just convenient to the door,  
And rattle off to Town with nought further to deplore.

Both safe arrived at last,  
Set their minds to go it fast!  
And so drive off to the Resin to obtain a slight repast.  
Mrs. Smith here oped her eyes,  
To four times their usual size,  
And stared with wide stretched mouth in a wonderful surprise,

Said she, "Surely we must make  
Just a stupid, big by mistake,  
I'd bet tuppence to a loane, 'tis the Gov'nor General's house;  
Oh I'd like to serve that Cobby, as a cat would serve a mouse."

With this idea impressed,  
Mrs. Smith could take no rest  
Till a man in uniform with timid mien addressed;  
Court'ing very, very low,—  
"Good day, sir! no offence, would you kindly let me know  
If this big house belongs to Sir Edmund Head or no,  
You're an Omsifer I see,  
Sure the Cab's to blame, not we,  
If we've bin made to trespass where we never ought to be."

With slightly scornful pride,  
The bold Omsifer replied,  
"Good woman, from the truth you are stumbling pretty wide,  
So calm at once your fears,  
Whilst I whisper in your ears;  
This House is called the Rossin, famed for brandies, wines, and  
beers,  
And I am Captain Campbell of the Rifle Volunteers."

Mrs. Smith at once was ill,  
So she curtsied deeply still  
To the six foot soldier Captain who was never known to kill.  
But reassured at last,  
They despatch their slight repast,  
And armed with dollar badge seek the exhibition fast,  
But tis doleful to relate,  
All the scaly tricks that fate  
Played Mr. Smith and Mrs. at the opening in state.

Think reader, if you please,  
What a mighty scrumptious squeeze  
Our thirty-two stone couple must have met in times like these.  
First round the door were seen,  
Some fat, some fair, some lean,  
At least five hundred thousand tricked out in Crinolines.  
There were half a million there,  
Puppy, monkey, swell and bear,  
Who sported coats and breeches with a beaver on their hair.  
There were English and Choctaws,  
Yaukees, Irish, Johnny ravs,  
With a fairish sort of sprinkling of Canadians and Squaws.

'Twould tire a very saint,  
If he strove the times to paint  
That our heroine avowed she felt ready quite to faint.  
She was puffing and conspiring,  
She was screeching at the firing,  
And at home five hundred times her precious self dearing.  
She was jostled, squeezed and crushed,  
She was kicked and pinched and pushed,  
And at length knocked fairly down by the crowd who onward  
rushed.

Smith raved and stamped and swore,  
Kicked behind him and before,  
But his wild attempts were vain, for he never reach'd the door  
His pocket some one tries,  
Snap! his watch chain quickly flies,  
Whilst a swell cove more polite knocks his beaver o'er his eyes,  
And at once prepares to grab, all his pocket still supplies.

But the pistol still was there,  
Mr. Swell cove thought it fair  
That, tho' should be transferred to his much superior care.  
Smith raved and stamped and swore,  
Kicked more wildly than before.  
Clutched the pistol, pulled the trigger with a most unearthly  
roar.

Crash! bang! the crowd 'noll mell  
Rush forth and scream and yell;  
And oh! horrible to tell,  
The Poolers cease on Smith and denounce his purpose fell.  
Oh! wery worth the day  
Mr. Smith was borne away  
From the spot where speechless still his life's companion lay.  
A Peeler on each side,  
His footstep roughly guide  
To the Court where Chas Gurnett on his conduct must decide.  
There robbed and torn and sore,  
He sank breathless on the floor,  
And I grieve to say in whispers, most devoutly cured and  
sweat.

But his chiefest woes were past,  
Hope smiled again at last;  
The God heard the case, and, with bland and smiling face,  
Exonerated Smith from all guilt and all disgrace.  
Then in most respectful tone,  
Smith made his losses known,  
How his watch-chain, watch, and purse from his ownership had  
flown;

How the darling of his life,  
His true and lawful wife  
Had been knocked down, crushed, and trampled in the straggling  
and the strife.  
Now, the tale was scarcely told  
When they handed him the gold,  
The watch chain and the watch he had worn so long of old,  
Whilst at the moment sprung  
His wife the crowd among,  
And hugged him in her arms as she did when they were young.  
Smith stares with both his eyes,  
Stays not to make replies,  
But clutching all together, to the Union Station die,  
Wife and he jump on the train,  
And both together swear, they'll ne'er visit town again.

COMET - ARY CORRESPONDENCE.  
Mr. GRUMBLER—Say, old fellow, you'd better publish thal  
hero poem, guess its some pumpkins and you can't beat it.  
ZACHARY BYWATER.  
Say, ain't you seen that thore comet  
What sets folks star gazin'  
Du tell, can't you make nothing on it,  
A fizen and blazin,  
And raisin  
Its tail till it looks  
Most tarination amazin'  
Law sakes its an out and out spreader,  
And was from the startin.  
Guess nary on-gine can't head her,  
A rushing and dartin, ...  
And sartin  
For shains and polish,  
She wops Day and — Martin.

Guess she's a scrumptious sky rocket  
What allas is shyin  
Hull cart loads of sparks from her pocket,  
To light her in shyin  
And tryin  
To look like a monstrous  
Machine made for tryin  
DEAR GRUMBLER—Oh I do feel so nervous about the Comet.  
Only this mornin when washing the china, I let two cups  
ooo saucer, the cream jug and a basin fall, my hands shook  
so. Of course they were smashed, but oh dear I'm afraid its  
only the beginning of smashing, for if this Comet strikes  
us, what would become of us.  
Yours, in a sad quandary,  
ANITA.  
Mr. GRUMBLER—Have heard folks say that Comet's tails are  
made up of electricity. Wonder if this hero Comet has  
drawed all the electricity out of the kale, and if that's the  
reason it won't work.  
JOHN THOMAS.  
DEAR GRUMBLER.—I enclose [what I think I may term]  
an exquisite little "gem" upon the Comet. Of course you  
will publish it.  
AUGUSTUS FITZWILLIAMS.  
Illustrations victor I sublimely exqu岸ite,  
Whence comest thou?  
What, art thou silent? That I deem not right.  
So good bye now.  
Mr. GRUMBLER—Is this Comet that Comet which is going  
for to bump up agin the earth? and if this Comet isn't that  
Comet, please say which Comet this Comet is.  
TAFETY ANDREWS.  
DEAR GRUMBLER—Had the Comet anything to do with  
Charley Rossin's losing the show of hands at the Nomina-  
tion,  
SAM WATSON, NOW.

## 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 Wookay, 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 didoes, (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 to hicker 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

Is published weekly in Toronto at \$1 per annum, payable in advance. It is neutral in politics, attacking the weaknesses of all parties, and the follies and foibles of all classes. It has now entered upon the second half-year of its existence, and is constantly extending its large circulation. Letters addressed "THE GRUMBLER, TORONTO," will always find us, and remittances are at our own risk. Parties sending subscriptions &c., need not register their letters.

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