

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE GRUMBLER

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rode you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prevent it."

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

PEACE.

There's a sweet and a tender trace of thee,
A down in the green wood glade;
And a delicate track beside the sea,
Of the print that thy foot hath made.
But the sand has filled the print by the sea,
And the leaves the tender trace;
And I fear there shall never be rest for me,
On this old earth's weary face.

THE EDITORIAL EXCURSION.

(Correspondence of the "Leader.")

BY FORT A. TOM.

In accordance with the instructions from our *sanctum* (as well as in free obedience to the Emersonian mandate, that "fools should travel,") I took the complimentary ticket sent to Mr. Bealy, for the excursion on the New York Central Railway, and started off—with my trunks in an ambulance brought by me, some time ago, as a trophy, from the Potomac. I shall furnish the readers of the *Leader* as "concise" an account as possible of the trip. All health and *enmii* de-travelling will prevent me giving as full a description of the affair as there should be in a paper such as ours; and which every one said I represented in a most creditable manner. Indeed, I may here state that on the return home, at Albany, a resolution (in series) was unanimously carried, to the effect that the gentleman representing the Toronto *Leader* *Apollo* of the party: pretty, but not gaudy; unique, without being painfully symmetrical; witty, but not clownish; and intelligent, without any liability to the accusation of being a masculine blue-

stocking. Well, let me proceed; facts, and no more. I stepped aboard the cars at the Union Depot, and immediately took possession of the four seats secured in advance for me by the kindness of the Great Western people—not an extravagant number, neither, considering that I never, for a moment, forgot who I was. I had to get-off the cars to buy a *Leader*; I got on soon again, and remained there until we reached Oakville, where I stepped out and bought an orange and some green peas from a little girl. At Hamilton I purchased a hunk of pumpkin pie, and proceeded to the Bridge. And so the journey continued to Buffalo, where I had a great feast of pop-corn, roasted pea-nuts, and raisins. I then despatched my first letter home, to let the readers of the *Leader* know that I was that far safe and sound. I spent a few hours in visiting the canal boats, and afterwards sought the "Tip-top House," where, at dinner, I told the miscogenerator who waited on me to give me everything on the bill of fare; of course I had all the delicacies of the season, with a nice little bit of cocoa-nut for *desert*. Ah! with such luxuries, I began to think that there was considerable of a reality about old Emerson's locomoting "Paradise." Our ride on the "Central," to New York, was a nocturnal one; the cars were "blaweted" close, and the atmosphere strongly impregnated with the poisonous perfumes permeating the berths, from whence was emitted most unpleasant exhalations of vapory effluvia, which strode audaciously through the car, much to the inconvenience of myself, and diabolically unmindful of my presence. However, I had to bear with it all, in addition to the most provoking stoppages, made every hundred miles to "wood and water." Besides all this, several of the other editors snored awfully, and, consequently, kept me from reposing as calmly as if I were less disturbed. I was, also, compelled to lay along side of a fellow-traveller, instead of having a whole berth to myself; that, too, was a great bore, as one could not enjoy a participation in those somnambulistie gyrations in which a "living, a sensible, corpse" so fondly loves to revel, during the presence of extemporized unconsciousness. Truly, it was then I thought of homo and its sweetness, and the classic banks of the Humber and Don, with its voluptuous banks, and the free, virtuous air prevailing in Toronto. I felt big and courageous enough until we reached New York, in the morning, when I at once and intuitively took hold of the hand of my friend of the *Spectator*, who led me safely through the crowd of coaches, omnibusses, and expressmen. Thus embarrassed in that great city, and sensitive of one's own puniness, well did I find cause to exclaim: "God of our fathers; what is man?" Arriving at the St. Nicholas, I registered my name; and the book-

keeper immediately sent off two boys with a telegraph message, to let Mr. Bealy know that I was all right. A great many persons of distinction called upon me to inquire about the *Leader*, and to express cordial feelings of approval of the course our paper pursued with regard to the war. I thanked them very kindly, and was very much obliged to them for their attention; and, concomitant with their retreating footsteps, I could hear disconnected expressions of "fine fellow," "quite a gentleman," "very intelligent," "a credit to Canada." Of course, while this was just the same old story as to my *personnel* where I went, still it being *New York opinion*, I felt very considerably flattered, and inwardly congratulated the people on their sense and soundness of first impressions. On Sunday I was perfectly bored with the wives and daughters of senators, and ex-congressmen called upon me with invitations to drive in their carriages to various churches. I was compelled to decline one and all, in the face of the fact that there were some deuced fine girls among my visitors, said, too, to have money, and that, you know, is a man's great aim—to get a girl who has the "consols." I was determined, however, from the start, not to neglect my duty, but to look after the interests of our readers, who, I well knew, were anxious to hear the full particulars of the "Editorial Excursion." Thus I refrained from attending church, and spent what leisure time I had in explaining fully and concisely, to some distinguished ladies and gentleman from Washington, the Canadian opinion on the American war, and the cause of that opinion. They all wanted to know what sort of a man Mr. Bealy was, in consequence of the *Leader* taking the side of the South so strongly. They had heard of him, and wondered if he would ever come to New York and give them a speech. I said I could not tell. On Monday we had a grand sail round by Sandy Hook, and away upon the broad unfettered Ocean. Whilst thus out upon the ungovernable waters of the Atlantic, by request, I gave tuneful voice to

"The sea, the sea, the open sea!"

and, afterwards, I made an oration about the Press and its usefulness. My remarks were well received, and the next day I received many pressing invitations to at once become a citizen of the United States. Of course I had to decline the honour. The rest of our trip was all that could be expected, and I returned home very much pleased with the whole affair. The presents I received while away were nearly as numerous as those heaped upon the Japanese, and will be placed upon exhibition just-so soon as I can get them placed in catalogue and in order.

FORT A. TOM.