

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1869.

WHOLE NO. 71.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in 'your coat
I rode you test it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1869.

TRIP ROUND LAKE SIMCOE.

BY A FELLOW WHO IS NOT OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Before turning into my crib late on Monday night. I made the arching of our back seats ring with the name of our servant girl, and having perceived, after some half dozen exclamations, that a night cap and a pair of sleepy eyes had hove in sight, I gave orders that I might be called, breakfasted, and all wed to depart from my domicile at an early hour in the morning.

Thanks to these timely directions, or rather un-time'y directions, for it was past bed time, I found myself next morning on board the cars, bound for pleasure, in company with some two hundred daughters and sons of St. George. Away we dashed, as soon as, I had taken my seat, which, I may as well tell you was on the bottom step of the last car; not a very soft one, but rendered tolerably comfortable by my having placed a copy of the *Leader* under me,—a contrivance which also served the purpose of preserving my expressions from the paint. Away we dashed, as I said before; clattering along at a tremendous pace when going down grade, and pinning up the grade with as much energy as if the locomotive had a tender conscience as well as a tender behind, and saw in every stump a creditor whose feelings it did not wish to hurt by remaining long in sight.

The engine watered twice, and we lickered once on the road. At half-past breakfast time we arrived at Bell Busby, and were received by the *élite* of that village, which consisted of three handsome girls, a blind beggar, a quinn, and four suspicious looking dogs. Having paid my respects to the inhabitants, and kicked one of the canine gentlemen for taking an unwarranted liberty with my breeches, I hastened on board, when the captain weighed anchor, while I weighed out a moderate dram, which was soon found wanting.

The trip to Point Jackson was exhilarating. Two caps were lost overboard, and six jokes perpetrated in the space of half an hour. At Jackson's Point or Port Jackson, or whatever the deuce it is called the aboriginals turned out strong to meet us. We played "Rule Britannia" to them,—that is, Maul's excellent brass band did,—for the two hundredth time since we started; and they hallooed and cheer-

ed back to us, just as if they understood all about it. Having ascertained that there was no danger of my being scalped, I unhesitatingly went on shore.

The scenery here, I have no doubt, will bear the severest criticism; an ordeal through which I would have put it, were it not that I had scarcely commenced to search out its beauties, when I stumbled on a large picnic party, to which I was immediately invited. As the invitation was given in good English fashion, and as the viands looked very tempting, and as I was very hungry, I soon drowned all thoughts of the scenery in flowing tankards of that beverage commonly known as "ale."

As I never attempt to give after dinner—or even after lunch—descriptions, I shall not call into play my descriptive powers. Suffice it to say that we "ate, drank, and were merry." Cigars followed dinner, wine followed cigars, songs followed wine, wit followed the songs, and I followed the bent of my own inclination, which was to enjoy all six.

At half-past three, as well as I can remember, we took an affecting farewell of the aboriginals, and having bid "Rule Britannia" once more for them, and given them our blessing, we started across the lake at a rate that would cause the *Firefly* to split her timbers or burst her boiler with jealousy. We had a splendid passage across. I don't know whether it is attributable to the lunch or no, but on the passage we lost double the number of caps that we did coming over, and to cap the climax, a regular fusillade of jokes was kept up until we arrived at Barrie.

At Barrie we were received by a miscellaneous crowd, the chief characteristic of which was the hungry look each inhabitant wore. This may be accounted for from the fact, that in an adjoining shed a dinner was laid out for us. To this oasis we repaired in a body, but comically enough just as we got in sight of the tables, our further progress was stopped by a rope stretched across our path. Across the rope we all stared with necks outstretched like asses in pound,—though not enduring the rays of the hot sun with that Christian-like humility which is characteristic of the assine species. As this delay touched all true Englishmen in a tender spot, I was apprehensive of the consequences. But luckily we got into the shed soon, and sooner still committed the direst depredations on the good things before us.

The usual toasts preceded the unusual ones, and then we all proceeded to the cars, preceded by our band, and our "Rule Britannia," and our "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves." We left Barrie at nine o'clock, all well pleased with the excursion, and I woke up in Toronto at half-past twelve, just in time to hear the last quaver of "slaves" dying away on the night air.

BUTTER.

P.S. I rode in the cars coming home.

COLOR AND GENTILITY.

Some time ago a weak-minded member of the Press announced to the world through the means of some hole-and-corner, out-of-the-way journal, that during the sitting of the late Synod the remarkable sight was seen of two colored clergymen sitting down to breakfast with several white clergymen. *Old Double* who is ever on the look-out for what is ridiculous immediately pounced on the fact, and again gave it to the world in her own peculiar way. The sitting down of the white clergymen, beside colored gentlemen, was, in an infernal manner set down as a most astonishing instance of humility and forbearance. Pains were doubtless taken to ascertain whether the white clergymen actually rubbed skirts with their black brethren—whether they used gloves when passing the salt or in performing other acts of civility, and whether they used jockey-club or rose-water on the occasion.

For our part, we do not think the breakfasting together of a Synod of Church of England ministers with two black ministers of the same persuasion a fact of sufficient importance to trumpet forth to the world. And we would not now notice the subject, were it not that in one of the latest editions of *Old Double*, it has been revived, and the birth, education, age, precise shade of black, of the two colored gentlemen, commented on in a letter from some reverend person. We can hardly imagine that the Reverend white gentlemen who assisted at the Synodical breakfast wish to take credit to themselves for sitting beside colored clergymen. But we have heard so much of the matter, that we cannot help calling to mind the oft-expressed humility of *Uriah Leep*.

However, we do not think that this continual parade, which must be so offensive to every colored person in Canada, is attributable to anything but, in the first place, the stupidity of some foolish penny-a-liner, and in the next place to the officiousness of some weak-minded reverend gentlemen.

Feeling a Mell.

—The *Glue* occasionally perpetrates some rich nonsense. Yesterday it began an account of a fire by stating that as two watchmen were sitting together, they felt a very strong smell of burning! Would our contemporary be good enough to inform the public what the smell felt like? The answer would form a valuable addition to science.

A Just Judgment.

—A correspondent writes to inform us that he believes that the accident which happened to the *Ploughboy* was solely owing to the fact that the Postmaster General was on board—the great crime of that person in framing the infernal newspaper tax having enraged the very elements against him. We only wish that we were on board. We should have insisted on his being treated like another *Jogah*