

## THE GRUMBLER

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Persons enclosing their cards and \$1 will be favored with a special notice.

Correspondents will bear in mind that their letters must be pre-paid, that communications intended for insertion should be written, and only written on one side of the paper. Subscribers must not register their letters; for obvious reasons it is exceedingly inconvenient to us.

All letters to be addressed "The Grumbler," P. O. Toronto, and not to any publisher or news-dealer in the city.

## THE GRUMBLER.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

### OUR CARTOON.

The reader must, indeed, be fastidious and unjust who does not accord to both ourselves and our artist the highest meed of praise for the spirited illustration of the beauties of Clear Gritism which we publish to the world to-day, and which will doubtless command more than usual attention. From a glance, it will be perceived that the engraving involves the pith of the whole political career of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald and that of Mr. Brown, the agile trimmer of the *Globe*. When the cards dropped, through the incapacity and corruption of the late Government, into the hands of the Constitutional party, John S., it will be remembered, sought privately to form an alliance under the leadership of Mr. Cartier, and quite irrespective of anything like principal, the interests of his colleagues or those of the party he assumed to represent. Brown, perceiving the danger of this co-partnership to his own pocket and influence, stepped in upon the platform, denouncing any combinations that had not his sanction, and ignoring a coalition, although he had previously advocated one on the floor of the House and through the columns of his paper. It is at this point that our artist takes up the subject; and most faithfully has he dealt with it. Here we have the fallen and dishonest Premier ready and anxious to betray his party and his sworn colleagues once more; while Mr. Brown drops in upon the discarded traitor in the foul agony of his treason and forbids the banis; not from the conflicting or heterogenous character of the parties concerned, but from the fact that he himself is ignored by the Premier in the proposed compact. To a coalition he had no objection whatever; but it must be composed of ingredients that could be made to lie, when necessary, at the bottom of his breeches pocket. The strength and humour of the observations of Mr. Cartier are at once striking and *apropos*. He laughs in his sleeve at the long, lank, lean beggar, and the sorry plight of the collapsed thunder. In the word "cut," we have the whole point of his bitter sarcasm, and the assurance that he understands their petty game and disreputable object. The propriety of intro-

ducing a pack of cards will not be questioned when it comes to be understood that Mr. Sandfield Macdonald is one of the party; although we are of the opinion that "three loaded dice" would have answered quite as well.

If we meet the encouragement which we hope to obtain for our new enterprize, it is our intention to continue these illustrations weekly or from time to time as objects of interest present themselves; and in this view of the case, we trust our friends will exert themselves, and afford us that substantial aid which is quite necessary to the success of every project of this description.

### A NEW ORATORIO.

"Esther, the beautiful Queen," an *Oratorio*—a *Yankee Oratorio*! Is it possible? Is there no limit to the impertinence of those people? Is there nothing that is high, nothing that is sublime, safe from their degrading influence, from their desecrating finger? Oh! honoured shades of Handel, Beethoven, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, is it to be permitted that this insult be offered to an artistic form which has been sanctified by your pens, over which your sublime genius has shed its lustre? Is it to go by unnoticed and unpunished, when such a fabrication is called an *Oratorio*? Oh! that we could dip our pens into the scornful ink of Swift, that ours were the cutting satire of Thackeray, to lash, with deserved severity, productions of this kind! If Mr. Bradbury, the noble compiler of "Shawms," of "Jubilees," and who knows what else, if he had called this, his miserable attempt, a "*Medley*," we could have passed it over silently with becoming contempt. A *medley* it is; and, Oh, ye Muses! what a *medley*! Let us see. "Come, come away;" "Of in the stilly night;" "Fest March;" "Camptown Races;" "Fisherman's glee;" "The Bny of Biscay, O!" recitatives reminding the listener of the horrible story of "Blue Beard," as told by Sam Cowell; and all these mixed with stirring waltz and quadrille melodies and contorted pilferings from Operas, and explained by readings which remind one of the poor linner, who, after finishing his tavern sign and doubtful of its likeness to nature, thought best to write over it, "This is a horse."

Nay, in the name of charity, do not, Oh, ye good people! punish us with such performances! Do not, in pity, lend your voices to such desecrations! If you have a worthy object in view, like the one for which this "pseudo-Oratorio" was performed, give us something, if not good, at least bearable. Your efforts are unworthily bestowed. Turn away from such puerilities, leave Mr. Bradbury, and his like, to those who cannot appreciate better men; but, at all events, if you again perform "*Medleys*," do not call them "*Oratorios*."

We should like to praise your efforts for a worthy object; but we cannot praise when we have to turn away in disgust; we cannot express delight when sacred things are dragged through the mire. *Sup. suff.*

### TO EXCHANGES.

Exchanges will please notice this issue of the GRUMBLER.

### HAMILTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Hamilton has election on the brain very bad just now. Even the burglars have suspended operations, *pro tem*, and are picking up whatever the may find "lying around loose" at the meetings. Early on Monday morning the altar, upon which the electors have been so often immolated, was again erected in the Market Square, and everything indicated a lively scramble for the next show of hands. Somehow, last week, there was exhibited among the tribe of Isaac a disposition to "bolt," and rumour lath it that it was owing to the gentleman's refusal to "come down" strong enough with the sinews of war—in other words, he declined to be bled at the awful rate proposed by his patriotic supporters. Be that as it may, Isaac "appealed to the country" most literally, and by ten o'clock the appeal was answered by the arrival of forty or fifty waggons well laden with all that goes to ensure the priority of elections. Meantime, the Mayor, with his body-guard of two or three hundred street scrapers, had been scraping votes out of every mud-hole in the city, and aided by McDougal and McGiverin, and Mr. Buchanan's speeches, was enabled to make a formidable show of strength, resulting in complete discomfiture to the President and his party.—(See *Leader* of Tuesday.)

Hamilton is terribly Grit-ty at this present time of writing. Never was there so much dust at this season of the year. Every man you meet has grit in his hair, grit in his eyes, grit in his mouth, grit all over. Another spoke in the wheel—another job—more votes—"down with the dust." Isaac, having an abiding faith in his plan of putting down the dust, (at election times,) takes this his first defeat, with great complacency, while it is observable that the late sulkiness of his supporters has given place to renewed zeal. Simon acknowledges the corn. We have a faro bank—no branch concern—but the original "institoosun," run at present by a six foot skeleton, lang sync known as "lightning rod," aided, counselled and assisted by a little black imp of the brand "Ike," or "Isaac," with which this afflicted city abounds. Simon learns that the animal made a furious attack upon a gigantic individual who came lumbering up this way last week, and who declared it to be a more voracious critter than the celebrated one that devoured several droves of cattle, (the doover escaped with his life,) somewhere in the vicinity of Toronto. Simon has various matters on hand that he "can't tell till after election," so don't grumble. SIXOX.

### East York.

We believe there is no truth in the report that Mr. Amos Wright is about opening school for Grammar, and that A. M. Smith, Joe Gould, California Medcalf and Charles Edward Romain, are to be his first pupils.

A tailor named Peter McCallum—the second of the Grit candidate—at the election on Thursday, in Cobourg, voted by mistake for the Solicitor-General West. Never mind, Peter, it's all the same, *measures, you know, not men.*