

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

TORONTO, SATURDAY APRIL 23, 1864.

VOL. 2.—NO. 21.



BROWN.—GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! IT'S NO GAME, UNLESS I SHUFFLE THE CARDS.
JOHN SANDFIELD.—DON'T MIND HIM, OLD CORRUPTIONIST, YOU MAY DEAL AND LEAD, I'LL TAKE A HAND AND STICK
TO YOU THROUGH THICK AND THIN.
CARTIER.—'VELL! 'VELL! SALL I DEAL, VID TO HAVE DE LEAD! IN DAT CASE, DEN IT IS ONLY FOR YOU BOVE TO OUT

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every SATURDAY MORNING, in time for the early Train. Copies may be had at all the News Dealers. Subscription, \$1: Single copies, 3 cents.

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 chiel's amang 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 *appropos*. 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.*

HON. GEORGE TO REP. BY POP.

Remind me not, remind me not
Of those beloved, those vanished hours,
When all my soul was given to thee;
Hours that may never be forgot,
Till time unweaves our vital powers,
And those and I shall cease to be.

I dreamt last night our love returned,
And, sooth to say, that very dream
Was sweeter in his phantasy
Than if for other cries I burned,
For smiles that ne'er like thine could beam
In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not
Of times which, tho' forever gone,
Can still a pleasing dream restore,
Till thou and I shall be forgot,
And senseless as the mouldering stone
Which tells that we shall be no more.

CORRUPTION! ARSON! MURDER!!!

The Quebec correspondent of the *Globe* has just telegraphed that voracious and disinterested journal that, just before the recent re-election of the Hon. John A. Macdonald, that vile and infamous rebel—that murderer, sorcerer, robber and Thug—that partner of the assassins, incendiaries, and highwaymen McGee and Foley, absolutely broke open the public chest and stole three millions sterling, which he divided between Dr. Barker of the *Whig*, and the proprietor of the *Kingston News*. Guardians of the Commonwealth, John Sandfield and Macdougall, where are you? Stalworth Brown, with your invincible body guard—McKellar, the two McKenzies and the Chartist of Elgin—are you asleep? Don't be afraid if your followers, like the famous men in buckram, have dwindled down, thus, to a mere mouse's tail—step forward and rescue the country from absolute annihilation. Nail your colours to the mast!—Charge down upon them, whose afraid? "Come on again, you bloody army! as the woman said to the one soger."

Extreme Piety.

— We understand that the new Cathedral store, of Mr. John Macdonald, M.P.P., and wholesale Dry Goods man, Wellington Street, is to be opened and closed morning and evening with singing and prayer. We learn also that the proprietor being convinced that 33½ on cottons is rather more than is warranted by Scripture, has decided to make off the third; but at the same time, to allow but thirty-four inches to the yard—quite a complicated affair, to be sure; but then John has been recently studying politics and sees his way through it. We are not aware as to whether the Dry Goods Conventicle is so have a steeple or otherwise.

Low indeed.

— At a public meeting held in Waterloo, a few days since, McKellar stated that he was stumping the county at the request of the Reform party. How the mighty have fallen! What would the Hon. Robert Baldwin have thought if he had been told that such a man as McKellar would represent the Reform party in Upper Canada.

THE SIDE-WALKS OF OUR CITY.

Verily our facetious Corporation deserves no end of thanks for the magnificent side-walks they have provided for our good citizens. In truth, an amount of ingenuity has lately been displayed in regard to them that is highly creditable. At various intervals in King Street nails have been placed which catch the skirts of the fair pedestrians, jerking them back to an angle of forty-five degrees. It frequently happens that serious damage is done to the hoop and that the wearer is obliged to put into the nearest port or door, to rest. These nails are admirably adapted also for penetrating the soles of thin boots and tearing the upper leather. Then there are sundry elevations of one plank above another which constantly catch the toes, especially if fast walkers, and jerk them violently forward considerably out of the perpendicular. There are also sundry small holes distributed with great tact for entrapping the soles and heels of boots and wrenching them out of the proper position. The most ingenious contrivance, however, is the "tilting" board, which being stopped on at one end rises suddenly up at the other, bringing the foot passengers to mother earth with a great fall and hitting him violently in the descent. There are, besides, a quantity of pit-falls and precipices which are placed with much judgment in the darkest streets and at long distances from any lamp. Into this the unwary are sure to tumble. We sincerely trust that our good citizens will not fail to bear these pleasing little circumstances in mind at the next election.

THE HAMILTON ELECTION.

We hope the friends of Mr. Buchanan will spare no effort to secure the return of that gentleman and sign the death warrant for ever of Grit-ism in Hamilton. It is true that Mr. McElroy, from his position as Mayor, will receive no luke-warm support, but we hope to see him in such a position on the second days polling, that he may be led to exclaim with the poet—

"Ah! who can tell how hard a thing it is
To climb the steep where fame's proud temple
shines afar."

Especially when slander, blackguardism and bribery are made the stepping-stones on the which "to mount the higher spheres." Let Hamilton follow the example of West Northumberland, and, notwithstanding the disreputable means which the enemy are resorting to in order to elect their *pro-lege*, return the President of the Council by, at any rate, a respectable majority.

Hon. Wm. McDougall.

— We hear Mr. Wm. McDougall has finally made up his mind to go into the vinegar business. McKellar and McKenzie are likely to join him in his new enterprise. We wish them success.

Lightfoot Superseded.

— We regret to find that our fat friend Baxter has allowed Lightfoot to be superseded and has bought a new pacer by the name of "fat Jack," who, it is said, has made good time on the Brampton race track.

Vox Populi v. Closing the Whiskey Shops at 7 on Saturday Nights.

The *Prince* of Proclamations has been and done it again. Another, and yet another, of his sickly posters adorn the walls and fences of the "Queen City"; this last, by the way, being a far more "disgusting exhibition" of weak-mindedness than the last offensive placard we were compelled to notice editorially, relating more particularly to the much persecuted individuals of the canine persuasion. The fat has gone forth; but "*Fiat justitua ruat cælum*," which being interpreted, is, "Just fight it, Soels will rue it," and so will many other respectable saloon-keepers if their remunerative Saturday night business, be wrested from them in this high-handed manner. Now will some of our civic authorities see what a mistake they have made in trying to deprive our illustrious chief of his evening potations. He has, indeed, adroitly turned the tables on them. They can now no longer have a comfortable Saturday night booze away from their palatial residences and their better halves, but will have to carry their tangle-leg home in their pockets, and get miserably drunk by their own firesides. Served the beggars right! But we know and you know, O! discriminative reader, what is coming to pass. Picture to yourself the corner of Yonge and King Street at six p.m. on Saturday, waiting thereat a street car, labelled "Temperance!" Early closing movement! The conductor, a "heavy" gentleman with red whiskers and moustache, wearing sky-blue kids, a blue coat with much braid, and a cloth cap with more gold lace, whom, we think, you will recognise his photograph, and pouring into the car a stream of self-satisfied looking individuals, some with black bottle necks peeping from their pockets; some with parcels done up to represent dry goods, but looking far more like wet goods; and others with nothing on their persons, but having demijohns on the roof, and a strong smell of the Curse of Canada pervading the vehicle. This is what will be the matter. What shall we erect to the memory of the men who have brought things to this whiskey pass? Let us have a statue of Prince, Nasmith, and Medical, in the attitude and generally accepted dress of the Moses; a dismounted Bacchus and dand dogs in the background, and the pedestal inscribed with the names of the saloon-keepers become bankrupt in consequence of their philanthropic proclamation. Will not this be a fitting tribute to their pious and immortal memory?

City Brevities.

— In view of the fact that under the above heading our contemporary of the *Leader* crowds subjects of the peculiar character of elopements, crimes, accidents, the proclamations of Captain Prince, &c., we would beg to suggest that "City Levities" would be a much more appropriate caption.

"Indulgence" for the City Clerk.

— Our new City Clerk, ex-aiderman Carr, has been looking about for "indulgence" during the past week, and, eventually, has applied to the Council for the same. We beg to inform him that it is to be found in the *Dictionary*.

THE AMBITIOUS LITTLE CITY.

We have often had striking illustrations of the homely expression, "biting your nose off to spite your face," but never until the present moment have we met with a case so flagrant in this relation as that now present by Her Majesty's lieges of the flourishing mistress of Burlington Bay. Rushing hot-headed into the very teeth of all reason and common sense; some of them—a minority, of course—oppose the re-election of the Hon. Isaac Buchanan, an old, wealthy, and most influential resident, whose interests are identical with those of the city and whose name, both at home and abroad, is a guarantee of the benefits he is competent to bestow upon it. The question is, who has heard of Mr. McElroy and who has not heard of Mr. Isaac Buchanan? One dozen scratches of the pen of the latter or his individual yes or no in the Councils of the County, would be more forcible and effective upon any question of note than would the labours of such men as Mr. McElroy if pursued even honestly for years. We can't see then what has come over the spirit of the dreams of our neighbours, unless, indeed, they have been completely bewitched by Mr. Washington Macdougall and the late tricky Premier or by the ridiculous ravings of Mr. Brown of the *Globe*. However this may be, we can assure our friends of Hamilton, that should they succeed in returning Mr. McElroy in place of Mr. Buchanan—which we admit next to an impossibility—the successful candidate would have to occupy one of the Opposition benches for the present, at least, as the defeat of the President of the Council could not possibly disturb the security of the present Government which is destined to rule this Province for many years to come.

A CONSTABLE DEROBED.

A Chief of Police of the grade of captain in the regulars may suspend peccant policemen, and police commissioners may complete the work by dismissal; but it takes a railway magnate to *disrobe* a constable. The illustrious Durand has, in his day, undergone the ungoing process; but as he is supposed to be a grade above or below a constable, (we cannot decide which) his case is not a precedent for the one which will hereafter render the already be-puffed name of Cumberland (see a stray copy of the defunct *Illustrated Canadian News*) immortal. The Northern Railway Company had, the other day, two officials: a managing director, and a station constable. Said constable was accused by said manager of permitting one cab to stand where no other cab stood; and the accused, not at once admitting his error and going down on his marrow-bones to beg pardon, Bashaw Cumberland cast a crushing glance upon him, saying, in tones of annihilating thunder: "Caillif! strip off the honorable dress that distinguishes the company's service, this instant!" The affrighted constable obeyed so far as to take off his coat; and the great man enjoyed his triumph. Thus it is that great natures domineer over small. Let Osgoode Hall profit by the example.

ATROCIOUS COLLOQUY.

SCENE.—*The Club—Mr. B.—and Capt. E.—in conversation over a pint of ink.*

Mr. B.—I say E—, wont you take a ticket for the St. George's dinner?

Capt. E.—Don't know. What's the figure?

Mr. B.—Two dollars—pint of wine included.

Capt. E.—Can't afford it; but tell you what, E—, shall have no objection to go in for the Ten-cent-and-ten-ready arrangement!

Here the colloquy was suddenly cutshort, through Mr. B.— throwing open the window, and calling "Police! Police!" with a view of giving the miserable punster, E—, into custody, who so twisted "Tercentenary" into a shape so ridiculous.

TO NEWS AGENTS.

Country News Agents will please note that all orders for this week's issue of the *Gumbler* should be forwarded to our office immediately, either by post or telegraph. By extra facilities, we are enabled to put our country edition to press in time for the late mails on Friday night, and our city edition, as usual, at three o'clock on Saturday morning. The wholesale price of the *Gumbler* is \$2 per hundred, and all orders, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the cash.

— We are glad to see that a "civic dignitary," high in office, is making rapid improvement under the care of the *Professors* we alluded to last week. At the Reunion the other evening he actually soared so high amidst the clouds of metaphor and imagery, that we held our breath in dire suspense, fearing that ere he concluded the slender thread might break and he be dashed to pieces on the very rocks from which he had so fearlessly risen.

The Rheu-matic Scale.

— The New York *Post*, having still some music in its soul, suggests that the key in which American harmony (!) should be "pitched," is B natural. We entirely sympathize with our unfortunate contemporary, but B natural requires five sharps, and, if we may judge by the singular madness which possesses both rulers and people, we hardly think they can command so many. They might as well rest satisfied with a semitone lower, and, although it is on the descending scale, it is admirably adapted to the insane simplicity of our infatuated neighbours. It is B. flat.

Foley's Medicine.

— It is reported that Mr. J. E. Bowman is to be put under careful medical supervision, after Saturday evening. Having proved his ignorance of political archery, this *Dore*-man is to be treated to arrow-root and sudorifics. We hope soon to report his convalescence.

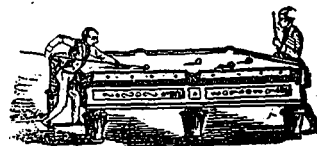
Walk up, Walk up!

— The Great American Circus, under the management of Messrs. McDougall, McKellar, McKenzie & Co., are now passing through the North Riding of Waterloo, in company with Bowman, the great William Tell of the 19th Century. This unrivalled troupe is entirely running on its own individual hook; no connection with one Brown, running a one-horse mancarriage in Toronto.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. J. SHARP'S

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First Class Marble or Slate Bed Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$375, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

Presuming that our readers are of literary habits and requirements, we take this opportunity, most gracious patrons, of introducing to your very favorable attention and support our friend Charley Backus of Toronto Street, as a noble specimen of the *genus* Bookseller-Stationer-and-News Dealer. Though he is related to the Divinities,—being great grandson of the Jolly God—he is not above requiring and receiving the aid of us mortals, and we solicit for him, therefore, the patronage of this intellectual community, promising that pleasure and satisfaction await his patrons. His Stock of Novels, Fashion Periodicals, and Fancy Stationery, is selected with a view to pleasing our fair readers, and for the sterner sex he has sterner stuff.

SEWING MACHINES, &c.

Norris Black, No. 18 King Street East, offers for sale a superior collection of Sewing Machines of the best and most approved patterns, which he is prepared to dispose of at prices that defy competition. He is also a Patent Leg and Arm manufacturer, and has acquired a celebrity therefore, throughout the Canadas, unsurpassed. We would recommend those in quest either of a superior Sewing Machine, or those who have been afflicted with the loss of an arm or a leg, to give Mr. Black a call; and we feel certain he will fulfil their wishes in such a manner as to secure entire satisfaction.

DRUGS, &c.

Messrs. Hugh Miller & Co., Druggists, King St. East, a few doors below St. Lawrence Hall, keep on hand and offer for sale every description of *pure* Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, and the other numerous articles usually sold by Druggists. Physicians prescriptions carefully filled up under the immediate supervision of Mr. Miller, personally, and all orders from Country Druggists promptly attended to. The name of "Hugh Miller" is a household word in Toronto; and we are sure that any patronage he may be favored with will not be uselessly bestowed.

HATS THAT ARE HATS.

We beg to call attention to the splendid stock of Spring and Summer Silk, Felt and Straw Hats, of every description and of the newest styles, which the Messrs. Weisner and Warner now offer for sale at their depot, No 55 King Street, foot of Toronto Street, which cannot be excelled in Toronto, either for variety or style. The most recent novelties in London and Parisian Silk Hats, are now received, and we would strongly advise those in quest of a superior article, to give them a call. If one cannot be suited where Hats that are Hats are sold, he cannot be in Upper Canada.