

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 4.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 56.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I reide you test it;
A chie's namang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prevent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. X.

I. HOGAN THE GREAT.

Puffed up with smoke of vanity
And with self-loved personage deceived,
He goes to hope of men to be received,
For such as him thought or fain would be
But for in court gay portance be perceived,
A gallant show to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoons to court he cast 't advance his first degree.
Spenser.

The author of the Faery Queen must certainly have had a prophetic vision of John Sheridan Hogan, when he penned the lines we have just quoted. "Puffed up with smoke of vanity," Hogan to a dot. "With self-loved personage," &c., we think immediately of the "hair" and as if to complete the picture, the man has actually stood up in the House to boast of his visits to the vice-regal court.

The *Globe*, with its usual temerity, dared to assert that the Governor was such an odious man that no member of the Opposition could endanger his moral purity by visiting him. Mr. Hogan rises in the House big with words of mighty import. He begged to state, as an independent member, that the *Globe's* insinuation was false. He desired it to go forth through B. N. America, the United States, and even to the Antipodes, that the *Globe's* boast was false. "Know all men by these presents," that I, John Sheridan Hogan, the great "I do say," the Knight of the Curlews, the worshipper of Edmund Burke, and a member of the Opposition, have paid my respects to the Governor, and will do so while the Queen allows him to represent her. The *Globe* respectfully jumps to the rescue of him of Grey. We have as large a circulation in New Zealand, St. Helena, and the Sandwich Islands as any of our contemporaries, and we gladly apprise our readers there that Hogan has paid his respects at the Government House. Let Emperor Solonque, that type of fallen greatness, General Walker, Brigham Young, Commissioner Keying, Nena Sahib, and Bomba, take notice of the fact,—Hogan has tipped the vice-regal wine, and gnawed the vice-regal biscuits. If we had subscribers in Jupiter, Sirius, or the Moon, we would repeat the words of Iago:—

Witness ye ever burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round above!
Witness, that Sherry Hogan hath give up
The execution of teeth, lips and palate
To wronged Sir Edmund's service.

And to Sir Edmund we say, be thankful for small mercies; when all forsake, you yet have Hogan and as long as you have good cheer in larger and cellar

you may count on one friend, an Adonis, whose winking locks and winning ways may dazzle and adorn your court.

Though ruthless Alkina stands from thee apart,
And Brown repels thee from his Clear Grit heart,
Though neither Clark nor Walbridge will admit,
Sir Hogan cleaves to thee, so be content.

What if so sullen Grit adorns thy court,
Sweet Hogan and his curls shall be thy sport,
New fangled notions hence! Live the (1) School,
Where every sotoigna bestowed on court fool.

II. ALMOST A DUEL.

Gre.—Do you quarrel, sir?

Abt.—Quarrel sir? no sir.

Romeo and Juliet.

We have just passed through a week of warlike words. We have had two false alarms of a duel. In the first place, that most spunky of Premiers, Cartier of Windsor, promised to have an early meeting with the Clear Grit chief to a breakfast of gunpowder and coffee at cock-crowing some fine morning. Next we had the grand flourish between Desaulles and Tache, in which the latter said "He never sent a challenge, nor declined one." The cautious knight, like Sampson in the tragedy, wanted the "law on his side" and waited for his opponent "to begin." But much as we have longed for some show of valour, we have as yet caught no scent of gunpowder. Mr. Cartier's a Froochman and a Premier, ought certainly to have set a better example to his followers. We begin to fear that the beneficial effects of his visit to "Vindsor," are wearing away. He came back a perfect Don Quixote in loyalty and knightly spirit. But now instead of boldly throwing the glove at his adversary, he has left the lists of honour and retains no relic of the cavalier, but words much too gignatic for so feeble a digestive apparatus. Why not leave these empty threats and let us have a healthy combat on the Garrison Common? We have had enough quarrelling, why not take refuge in fighting? Think of the renown a duel gives a man; even Gowan might earn some little claim to our respect, if he would only fight. It seems to us, however, that the day of bravery is past. Gowan has forgotten sword exercise since he left his weapon in the lime-kiln, after the bloody and disastrous battle of the Windmill; Playfair has left warfare for preaching and Sunday dancing, and Cartier and Tache content themselves with empty threats. O Tempora! O soro!

ALARMING CASE OF DESTITUTION.

Every now and then our ears are pained by the recital of some sad story of neglect and destitution, and sometimes we feel ashamed of our common humanity. Within the past few months these terrible instances have been more than usually frequent, especially among the Government officials, and now it is our unhappy duty to have to chronicle a case more than usually painful, occurring in

the town of Berlin, Waterloo. Our pen is too weak to do justice to the details, and we will allow the unhappy subject of the neglect himself to give the facts:—

To the Hon. J. A. Macdonald,
Attorney General West.

DEAR SIR:

Understanding that the Government are about to create a new office—Pound-keeper—I venture to be applicant for the same. I have plenty of spare time on my hands, having only the following thirteen offices:—Post Master, County Clerk, Issuer of Marriage License, Division Court Clerk, Town Clerk, Commissioner, Notary Public, Secretary Board of Public Instruction, Conveyancer, Land Agent, Telegraph Agent, Express Agent, and Collector of Debts. My brother was Bank of Upper Canada Agent, but did not suit, and is now Sheriff.

The times are dreadfully hard, my income is barely sufficient for my wants, and I earnestly hope you will impress upon the Government the necessity of appointing me to the Pound Keepership. Be assured I am

Your most humble servant

WILLIAM DAVDS-N.

We hope the attention of Parliament will be called to this matter. Mr. Davidson should certainly be relieved. Can't his case be included in Mr. Foley's Relief Bill?

THE OLD LION;

21, Nordheimer's Buildings,
April 7th, 1859.

DEAR FELLOW,—Give us your paw—or to use a more elegant expression, tip us your slipper—and tell us, private and confidentially of course, what made you reverse the fable the other night in the Legislative Council, and don the ass's skin. You are aware, most worthy Lion, that we allude to your attack on our relative, the *Leader*.

Now, if you did not happen to be a favorite with us, we would proceed forthwith to cudgel you right heartily. But as you are a testy old fellow, and an excellent old lion at heart, and above all, as you voted and spoke against that sinner Campbell's compulsory drunkenness bill, we will not be harsh with you on this occasion. However, you must not make such an exhibition of yourself again.

You must not call the Press ungentlemanly names, or else you will show your own want of wit. You must not lose your temper in debates, because thereupon, you will surely merge the animals mentioned in the fable.

In conclusion, dear animal, write to us the next time you feel yourself aggrieved, and we will take care that your wrongs are righted. But do not burn your paws by attacking the Press in your place in the House. It's not fair, and dictatorially we tell you "it can't be did."

Yours, &c.,

J. Prince, M. L. C.

GRUMBLER.