

# THE GRUMBLER.

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## THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat  
I ricks you test it;  
A chile's among you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1858.

### THE STATE TRIALS.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER,—I sometimes read the *Globe*; but don't prejudice me on that account, for it is only occasionally, when I feel my feelings too elastic, that I venture on that spiritual condenser, the Grit organ, where I never fail to get a damper which keeps them down for a week after. An old maiden aunt had just left a fat legacy last week, and I was so elated and transported by the intelligence that a copy of the *Globe* was actually necessary as a sedative. On opening it I was thrown into a state of intense excitement when I found that the constitution was to be tried that morning by their Lordships of the Queen's Bench. Feeling some little interest in the article in question, and being desirous of seeing its fate, I spent two days in the courts with what profit I am going to communicate.

First, let me premise that I know nothing of law, and would almost as soon read an editorial in the *Colonist* and *Atlas* as a chapter of Blackstone, or a page of Coke upon Lyttelton. During the first day I was in such a chaotic state of bewilderment that I can hardly describe the proceedings; I have an indistinct recollection of three stately-looking gentlemen behind a long table, one with a handsome face and a faultless Roman nose, another with a portly person, eternally taking notes in a book in which his face was almost buried, and the other, a gentleman in manners and (to my uneducated taste at any rate) an ornament to the judicial dignity. These were the Judges, and, with their appearance and conduct, I, as a Canadian, was well satisfied. The rest is chaos. I had some impression that Mr. Wilson was very erudite, Mr. Patterson tolerably clear, Mr. Cameron intensely bombastic, Mr. Eccles rather noisy, Mr. Blake very promising, and Mr. Harrison deucedly ditto. In the middle of Mr. Cameron's "constitutional—aw argument" I went down to Mr. Molloy's, lost my appetite at his table, and recovered my spirits by borrowing from his decanter. I lingered through the day without receiving a single notion of the drift of the arguments; the only thing that pleased me was the conclusion. For, after a forcible appeal to the court not to endanger the constitution, and that its measure should at once be taken by the undertaker, if their Lordships had any idea of giving judgment against "my client,"—the Chief Justice, as if quite used to that sort of summery, quietly called "Mc-Nish and Chivy," (the next case) as much as to

say "We'll go on in the usual way in the meantime at any rate"—I retired home, and to bed—got the nightmare, in which I imagined that I was being crushed by a cart-load of statutes, that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Cameron were jaying at each other on the top of them, while Mr. Eccles and Mr. Harrison were dancing an Irish jig round the whole. Next day I determined to master the whole affair—I repaired to the Common Pleas, where I found two Judges, one with an extremely comfortable-looking person, decidedly a man of weight, and the other a smooth, gentlemanly, clear-headed, good-tempered, jocular sort of old gentleman, whose complacent smile was my only consolation through that awful day. I took notes, which I give for the benefit of your readers, I don't pretend to comprehend them even now, but here they are:—

Mr. Gwynne rose behind a rampart of books (nasty yellow sheepskin-covered things) and spoke for two hours. I give the gist of his argument as I understand it. My Lords, this is a very important case—liberties of the people—independence of Parliament—Magna Charta sanctity of an oath—responsible government—20th Victoria, cap. 22.—In the first court we say that he voted—in the second, that he sat—in the third, that he voted, and in the fourth, that he did both, &c., &c. Colourable and fraudulent Post Master General—Snooks *versus* Stykes, 501 Pork Chops Reports, Tip *versus* Snip, 11st, E. & U. 703—"or" ought to be construed copulatively, not disjunctively, as the maniac Murray will have it—if your Lordship's "or" is the same as my "or" judgment for plaintiff—defendant didn't resign the office of Attorney General properly—can't do indirectly what he can't do directly, Hamlet *vs.* Luertes 701, Shakspeare's reports, Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce 200th, Dicken's reports, also, Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, 1st Dicken's reports marginal notes as good as the text.

Cameron: You've nothing but the mragin left (maiden joke very heavy).

Gwynne: Only change once—qua Executive Councilors—judgment for plaintiff.

Mr. Anderson made a few observations in a tolerably common sense way, but was too overcome to report them.

Mr. Cameron, Q.C. (Quirky Codger).—Must put—aw—common sense out of view—has nothing to do with—aw, the law. Present enlightened House of Assembly—aw, has given the verdict for defendant—Lerdships will not intawfeaw—Act—distinctly says—aw—"whenevaw" now whenevaw means at any time that is whenevaw—hav'nt got a leg—aw—to—aw—stap upon—plaintiff used up—aw—Why—aw—dont they leave it—aw—to Fellowes and Angus Morrison and Forgebson and—aw—Gowan to decide—they have said no, we'll come into the Cawis of Law—judgment for defendant.

Mr. Eccles—Had heard four counsel, my lords,—flatter myself I know all about it (he must be a

clever man then) have fooled juries and bamboozled witnesses—going to try it on yer lawdships—Un-constitutional—Queen's assent—no go. Smith was a fool when he drew up act. Felt pretty well satisfied with himself, whatever their lordships might think—can't stultify yourselves by giving verdict for plaintiff.

I fell asleep here, and didn't wake till the officer of the court aroused me; went home very wise, and quite satisfied that the bar is a great institution.

Yours, diffidently,  
A GREEN HORN.

### GEORGE BROWN AND HIS PIG HEAD.

(IN EASY LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG)

George Brown has got a pig, and his name is Head, and he could not get him to go home. "Do go home, dear lit-tle Head," said the Grit, "I want to make a meal of you; our sky does not agree with you, and we want you to go home, and on my knees I beg you to go, and we will thank you v-ry much. But the pig would not go till he was re-called.

Then George Brown puff-ed the great Bul-wer, and said, "Dear Cax-ton, do get this tire-some Head to go home, and I will read "My nov-el," and praise it in the *Globe*, and say you are a clever-man, and a great states-man."

But Bul-wer would not hear him.

Then George Brown met a lot of Eng-lish Ed-it-ors, and he begged them to make Bul-wer call the lit-tle pig home.

But the *Times* an-swer-ed, "No, lit-tle George, you are a bad boy, and a noi-sy fel-low, and we can-not help you a-ny more."

So George was very an-gry, and he call-ed on a mob of peo-ple to get up a row, and meet in a force, and pass re-so-lu-tions, and make the *Times* rage Bul-wer to call the pig home. But the crowd said, "We are sick of your naugh-ty ways, and you must be a good boy, or we will have you smack-ed and put to bed.

Then George went to the par-ty and said, let us have our din-ner, and make a noise in the streets, for I am hun-gry, and want some meat and some pud-ding, and we will shout till we shall make the peo-ple to get rid of the row, and force the *Times* to com-pel Bul-wer to call Head home."

So they had their din-ner, and made a bad noise, but they did not get the par-ty to shout loud enough to make the peo-ple com-pel the *Times* to force Bul-wer to urge Head to go home.

So George went to Sheep-pard and said to him, "George pitch into Head in the *Globe*, and a-rouse the par-ty to a-gi-tate the peo-ple to urge the *Times* to com-pel Bul-wer to call Head home. But it was no go; for the par-ty is qui-et, and the peo-ple are not mov-ed, and the *Times* is mu-ti, and Bul-wer is writ-ing "What will he do with it," (the pig) and the pig is at the sty, and will not get over and go hame.