

THE GRUMBLER.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 57.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat
I telt ye tent it;
A chief's among you takin' noes,
And, bith, he'll pent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. XI.

I. Ye BAILIFF HYS IMPUDENCE.

In spite of the jealousy with which the British Constitution has guarded the privileges of the popular branch of the legislature, we have heard with the greatest terror and alarm that they have been assailed during the past week in a most outrageous manner. Be not unnecessarily agitated, gentle reader, neither Sir Edmund Head, nor Cartier, nor the Speaker, is the culprit, it is a rude, unfeeling, unpoetical bailiff. The Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, and the Habeas Corpus Act are still intact, and the country may yet be saved. Some unfeeling and irrational brute of a tailor or shoemaker has taken it into his insane head that a debt is due him by some member of the House, and not content with harbouring so treasonable and incendiary a notion, he has actually taken legal means to enforce the silly fancy of his plebeian brain. And in further pursuance of this revolutionary hallucination, a bailiff, (one's blood boils at the idea) a wretched insect of a bailiff, a legal bratwale, has served a veritable writ on one of the spouts of the great fountain of law. Was ever such an outrage known before? For our part we can only attribute the atrocious act to ignorance of the most fundamental rule of constitutional law,—that none but law makers are permitted to be law breakers. Insane creditors ought to understand that members of parliament move in a higher atmosphere where vulgar notions on pecuniary matters never trouble their heads, and where they inspire an air untainted by the breath of Mammon. In the words of the great novelist:—"Base is the slave that pays," and we wonder that even bailiffs can harbour the growling idea that in spired the foul action complained of. Fancy the rude shock it must give an honorable member who has just been enlightening the House on the Independence of Parliament, the Rights of Upper Canada, or the evils of Free Trade, to be stung back into life by the rude apparition of a Writ cooling, ordering him—*him*, a pillar in the temple of law, to cause an appearance, &c., otherwise judgment. We are glad to see that Mr. Speaker took so proper a view of the matter, and we trust that, in future, creditors will disabuse their minds of stupid fancies, and that bailiffs will recognize the hand which shelter, legislators from the remorseless talons of the law. Writs are only for plebeians; it is the peculiar function of the legislator to pity and forgive the tradesman he has designed to patronize.

II. UNRECOGNIZED VALOUR.

We were perfectly startled the other day in the House by the discovery of an immense mine of military worth, where no one could possibly have suspected its existence. Of course every one has heard of the brilliant generalship of Playfair, and also of the valiant bearing of Gowan at the battle of the Windmill, but who would have thought of Simpson and Sandfield Macdonald as men of war from their youth? One would as soon have charged Benjamin with proficiency in gymnastics, or Ferguson with excessive politeness, or Ferres with modesty, as these gentlemen with military ardour. Yet they did attempt to catch the hubbly reputation at the mouths of two or three rusty old muskets in the great and decisive battle which resulted in the capture and triumphant distinction of Montgomery's. Let McGee and his Siberian army, let Yankee filibusteres and Canadian malcontents hear it and tremble. Who will despair of the country's safety with Playfair as commander-in-chief, Gowan as Adjutant and Simpson and McDonald as Majors-General. If we had no other argument against the removal to Ottawa, the folly of carrying from the frontier, these flowers of our chivalry should serve to knock the idea on the head. Let us at once reorganize the militia and give due preference to the heroes who this week walloped in the puddle of their military glory and joyously told their battles o'er again. Gowan's bravery is undoubted for he alone captured a limbeck which might have been assailed by the enemy, and rifled the pockets of a fallen general with as much ease as he would scoop out the bowels of an egg. Simpson and McDonald were unfortunately in the rear of the army at Montgomery's but they succeeded we believe, in rescuing several bottles of brandy which the routed enemy had left behind.

Some brag of General Jackson and some of Isaac Brock, And divers other heroes who've stood the battle's shock; But of all the gallant sgers, there's none that can compare With Gowan, Sandfield, Simpson, and the veteran Playfair.

Yon Greelans and Phoenicians, also Leonidas, Napoleon and Lyndner and the doughty General Cass, At fighting, boys, we're handy, but, as it now appears, Not fit to hold a candle to Canadian volunteers.

The Austrians and Persians came boldly to the fight, Not all those world-famed heroes their gallant souls could fight;

But when our bravo defenders to enemies gave chase, No rebel dared to meet them or look them in the face.

Then let us, without flinching, fling our challenges to the world; Let our banner (if we've got one), be fearlessly unfurled, If Macdowd, Scott, and Bonaparte, were driven into one, We've Gowan, Simpson, Playfair and the field would soon be won.

Catching a Turk.

—In one of the city papers we read of the matrimonial alliance of a Mr. Webb to a Miss Turk. The cuteness displayed by this *reel* in catching his spouse, makes us secure in the hope that though he has got a *Turk*, it will not prove that he has caught a Tartar.

THE LIBEL CASE.

Before another number of our paper issues from the press, the action brought against our publishers will in all probability have been tried and decided by a jury of "these United Counties." It would be improper for us to enter into any lengthened remarks on the case, or to forestall the arguments of our counsel by any appeals of our own; to them we leave the defence of our course during the past year. We might show that we have laid the public under some obligations to us for the amusement we have afforded them during the year; we might make some strictures upon the character of the "barrister" whose feelings have been so deeply wounded; we might justly ridicule the whole affair; we shall follow neither of these courses. We leave the matter where Allen desires it to be decided, and we have not the slightest fears of the issue. We must, however thank publicly our brethren of the press who have so generously extended their sympathy and proffered substantial aid.

The former we gladly accept, the latter, we have no apprehensions that we shall require. To those legal gentlemen who have placed their talents at our disposal we are also deeply indebted; no better evidence of the legal *status* of our opponent could be offered in our defence.

We shall have something to say in our next on other matters connected with this foolish case; in the meantime, nothing but a desire not to treat the sanctity of the law with levity restrains us from a powerful temptation to treat the case with that scorn and ridicule it deserves.

Lost, Stolen, or Strayed.

—Missing from the Parliament House' one of the days of last week, known as THURSDAY! The Guder will be handsomely rewarded on bringing the article or the animal—the gender is a matter of taste—to the Speaker of the Assembly. Any expense incurred for feeding the thing will be refunded by order of the House.

Absurd, according to her wont.

—Old Double undertook in a late issue to give a summary of English news. The following is a specimen of the creature's finished style:

"Sam Slick has been lecturing at Isleworth, a pleasant village near London, where he has now taken up his permanent abode, on the North American Colonies."

Sam Slick lectures in a village near London, where he now lives, in the North American Colonies! Who would have thought the Editor of *Old Double*, with all his faults, so ignorant, as to place London, England, near the North American Colonies! But perhaps, what the old creature meant to say was, that Samuel Slick, Esq., was lecturing on the subject of the North American Colonies, in this particular village, situated near London. If so, why did not the wise nincompoop say so.