

Mistaken Mercy.

Perhaps he wished his neighbor's gold,
Perhaps his neighbor's wife,
Perhaps his neighbor's field or fold,
But he took his neighbor's life.

Perhaps for spiteful deed he did,
Perhaps for word he said,
Perhaps that wrong he had forbid,
But he struck his neighbor dead.

Perhaps he struck in the dead of night,
Perhaps at the dawn of day,
Perhaps at the height of noon-day light,
But there the murdered lay.

Perhaps in distant road it laid,
Perhaps beside the door,
Perhaps the moveless eyes for justice prayed,
And the blood cried evermore.

Yet whether the deed be far or nigh,
The motive concealed or plain,
Ever there rises the quavering cry,
That the slayer shall not be slain.

Give him the life of the prison wall,
The life of the dungeon fast.
Give him a life that for death shall call
While ever that life shall last.

Never you care what murders yet
Your mercy unmerciful cause,
Still in the way of true justice get,
Stand in the way of the laws.

Never you mind if Lynch grows strong
As he is elsewhere, you wot,
Where mobs deal death out right or wrong
Because the law will not.

Brother Jonathan to Canada.

Guess yew're *protected* over there, arn't yew? Get taken particular superfine care of under European *protection*, don't yew? Wa'al, I use yeur canals, and I shut yew out er mine. I use yeur fisheries, and won't give yew nothin' for 'em. I've got yeur St Lawrence navigatin' right; got yeur San Juan, got my *Alabamner* claims, and won't pay yew a damed cent for yeur losses by my Fenian citizens. Got a mother country takes care of yew, haint yew? Wa'al I guess I pull yeur ears just when I feel like it, and nobody says nothin' to me about it. Guess they knows just a little too much to venter on it. Calculate yeur *MACKENZIE* was just about right in sayin' "it was impossible to enforce treaties with the States." As to enforcin' the Amerikin eagle, that bird does just what it pleases, and means ter continny so. Fact is, I'm pokin' fun at yew all the time. Guess I've fractured yeur Washington treaty about fifty times, and don't calculate to mend it neither. Like the dooty off lobster cans, would'n't yew? Naow jist listen. I've got yeur Maine; got half yeur Oregon, and got yeur lakes and rivers navigatin', and when I want more I calculate to get it tu, and yeur European *protection* 'll help yew jist as it does now.

Would Like to be a School Trustee.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

Sir,—Observing that a party lately applied to you for your assistance in making him an Alderman, I wish you to have me made a School Trustee. Not that I am a man of education, but, in part, quite the contrary. I do not, however, wish the situation for the purpose of assisting the cause of learning; but simply for the purpose of assisting myself. I am aware of a certain city in which School Trustees are always building new schools. Some of them do this in good faith, believing the schools are wanted; but they are merely the tools of their colleagues, who have an interest in the jobs. One has a partner a painter; one a brother a carpenter, one knows where he can get a commission from a bricklayer. So the more building, the more cash certain members make. Now, they can compel City Councils to raise all the money they demand for these purposes. Of course, Mr. Grip, you see the road to wealth at once. I would not on any account state, that Toronto is the city referred to; but if the system be not fully developed here, I can soon get it in working order. Your influence, Sir, if exerted successfully in my favour, shall be rewarded by a thick slice out of the very next schoolhouse erected.

Yours,

Toronto, May 8, 1876.

A SPECULATIVE EDUCATOR.

The Sombra Tragedy.

IT is perfectly clear to the dullest comprehension that the murderer SMITH being proved innocent, grave suspicion would rest upon Mrs. FINLAY; and also that, Mrs. FINLAY being completely exonerated, there would be every reason to believe that SMITH might have been connected with the matter. But the case is better understood when it is remembered that, according to the solemn statement of Mr. SMITH, who was residing at the farm-house, the culprit SMITH had nothing to do with the murder, which was solely perpetrated by the wife of the murdered man. But the evidence of Mrs. FINLAY, who had excellent means of judging, tends strongly to exculpate the aforesaid wife. There is therefore, much to be said in defence of both the accused parties. GRIP therefore, having been applied to by the Hon. EDWARD for advice (MILLS having left) could not conscientiously recommend the execution of either, but if somebody *must* be hanged, thinks that it would be safe to execute a person named GLASS, who has been suspiciously connected with the case, and who is a lawyer, and a Grit, and probably, as Mr. BLAKE is no doubt aware, deserves death in either capacity.

Cross Readings.

We are happy to be enabled to state that in the course of the ensuing season the Honorable Mr.—SLACKJAW will undertake his celebrated performance on the tight rope, after which he will—Go to BADFIT'S for a cheap and nobby suit of clothes. He is the only Tailor who—met with a frightful accident by being thrown from his buggy, but fortunately Dr. BINDHIBONES who was—discharging Cargo at the wharf, including 40 Puncheons of Rum and 1500 bushels of Fall Wheat in fine condition—bit off his ear in the most brutal manner, and was proceeding to further atrocities when P. C. COPPIN—trotted the two miles in splendid style, and his spirited owner then offered to back him for \$1000 to—sell off the whole of his elegant and modern household furniture without reserve on Monday next at—BONES' Restaurant, where you can get Oysters in every style, Splendid Wines, Delicate—Baby Linnen to suit all customers—when a Resolution will be moved, that is expedient, under existing circumstances, in the interests of the State, that no Voter be allowed to—clear out his cesspools &c, before the 15th of the month, otherwise he will be liable to a penalty of \$5—Whoever will return the same to the owner will receive—the most murderous assault it has been our melancholy duty, for some years, to record.

Protection.

Where Nova Scotia miners
Lie idle on the strand,
Where Montreal refiners
Roll off to Yankee land.

From many a useless river,
From many a wheat-spoiled plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from Free Trade's chain.

What though each water-power,
That now unused doth flow,
Might yield returns each hour,
Yet man don't seem to know.

Though round, with lavish kindness
The means to make are strown,
Yet CARTWRIGHT, in his blindness
Won't let us use our own.

Ficked up near the Globe Office.

To the Editor of the Glob:-

SIR:—If a fellow is down you are always ready to kick him, but if he is doing something particularly creditable to himself you never think of giving him his meed of praise. Now a while ago, I was afflicted with rheumatics and did my work rather slowly, which you at once noticed, and continued daily to notice in your paper, much to my mortification and damage. You knew I was doing the best I could, but you had no mercy. Look at me now! Are you aware that I am making faster time between Toronto and London than any of my competitors, and am transacting my business to the complete satisfaction of the travelling public! You have never a word of compliment for my success. But No Matter,—as the tragedian says—perhaps I may find you on the track in front of me some day in one of my lightning trips, and I can tell you in advance, I will not have time to stop.

Yours in haste,

THE GRAND TRUNK EXPRESS.