



"So the world wags."

It would be a very good thing if some judges would take a leaf out of the book of Mr. Justice Maule of England; an illustration of whose method of treating the verdict of some juries is given in the short and pithy anecdote, a perfectly true one, appended below. His snub to the jury was a pretty severe one, though it is very doubtful whether there was sufficient intelligence amongst the twelve "good and true" men to convey the fact that they had been snubbed to them. Judge Maule's head is decidedly level.

#### HIS SENTENCE.

Mr. Justice Maule sentenced a rural prisoner in England in the following words: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent, the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent, I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty,' and it remains that I should pass on you the sentence of the law. That is, that you be kept imprisoned one day, and as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business."

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Truly there are different ideas of hospitality. An Englishman will insist upon his guest, who is visiting at his house, which is of course his castle, making himself entirely 'at home,' wearing his host's garments and so forth: in fact he will want him to do exactly the same as if he were in his own house. Every one knows what a jolly host the genuine Irishman is, but for an eccentric idea of a tempting bait to induce a friend to pay him a visit, commend me to Mr. Rory McRanter, treated of in this anecdote.

#### HIS INDUCEMENT.

Scene—St Enoch's Station. Time—Afternoon. Rory McRanter, a prosperous butter merchant, meets an acquaintance, a young man of slight build and meek disposition. McRanter (heartily)—"Losh, Simpson, a'm awfu' gled tae see ye, man. A'm jist gaun awa tae catch ma train. A'm stayin' doon the watter the noo—ta'en a hoose in Gourrock for the simmer. Gie's a look doon some Saturday efternoon, an' stay tae the Monday, ye'll be made welcome. Come doon an' get the fresh air aboot ye. We've gotten a fine garden—plenty o' vaegetables and frit—and a've bought a new set o' boxin' gloves; come doon an' a'll knock the face aff ye."—*Glasgow Bailie.*

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That gifted rhymester, W. S. Gilbert, has remarked that "things are not what they seem," another way of saying that "all is not gold that glitters." No one doubts the truth of both statements. One can see it proved every day. It isn't the elder or deacon who pulls the longest face and grinds out the most lengthy prayer, who should, invariably, be given the longest credit at the corner grocery; nor is it the merchant who makes the biggest

display who should be considered, as a rule, the wealthiest man. Others have made similar remarks before me, so I won't continue them, but merely introduce a case in point.

#### DARE TO BE RIGHT.

I once heard a boy going down street singing at the top of his lungs, "Dare to be right, dare to be true!" singing it so loud that he woke up all the babies on the block and set every last dog in the ward to barking, and as he sang he smashed a window in the parsonage, broke a chicken's leg with a stone, "sassed" a market woman, shot a farmer in the eye with a "nigger-shooter," hit a dog a crack with a shinny club that made poor Carlo howl till his back ached, pulled a picket off a fence, slapped a little boy and took his cookey away from him. He disappeared inside the school-room, and above all other voices I could hear his soulful shriek in the morning song, "Oh, how I love my teacher dear!" And before prayers were over he inked a boy's nose, put two bent pins where they would do the most harm, salted a claim of shoemaker's wax on the teacher's chair, scratched his name on his desk with a pin, ate an apple, and fired the core into the ear of the good boy with a thin neck, who was never absent or tardy.

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I have related a little story about a jury; here is a "catechism," from *New York Life*, touching upon the same subject. I don't however, think our Canadian jurors are so bad as those on the other side; our grand juries being in fact, as a rule, composed of very intelligent men:

What is this? An intelligent jury, darling. But these men who look like ignorant and vicious loafers? They are jurors, dear. And that wall-eyed chucklehead in the middle? Sh! He is the foreman. Why is he made foreman? Because he knows less than the others.

My! But what is a jury for? A jury, my precious, is a body of men, good and true, who decide questions of justice for the people.

How is the question submitted? Why, the lawyers talk and chew tobacco and abuse the witnesses, while the judge and jurors take a nap, and the judge is waked up by the clerk and gives his charge.

And what is that? As intelligent a summary of the laws bearing on the question as he can improvise.

Well, after the poor judge has delivered his charge? Why, then the jurors wake up and go off to decide the case.

But they have heard nothing of the evidence. No.

Nor of the law. No.

But is not that awful? No, it makes no difference.

Gracious! why? Because they could understand neither if they did hear.

Then what do they do when they go off? Play poker.

My! but is that not a wicked game? Very.

How long do they play poker? If no one has fixed them, they play until one man is fractured.

How fractured? Broke.

And then? He amuses himself by working out a verdict.

And the rest? Sign it.

Then this is the way the law is administered? Every time.

But you said this is the way the jury did if no one had "fixed" them? Yes, sweet.

How is a jury "fixed"? That is a secret.

Well, when a jury is "fixed," how is the verdict? Immensely satisfactory.

Always? Always.

To whom? To the side that did the fixing.

If I want further information on this subject to whom shall I go? To Mr. Ingersoll,

#### AN EFFORT.

THE BEST THE "HEATED TERM" PERMITS.

Hoopla! hi, hi! University editors, college journalists, come here: got a classical joke for you. Run, quæck!

"Did you get that spool of thread as I asked you?" enquired Mrs. Blimblespook of her husband as he came home one evening.

"I told you I wouldn't shop for you any more, and I won't, I'm blest if I will," was the ingracious reply.

"Well of all the obstinate, thick-pated mully men I ever saw your the worst," said the wife angrily.

"Hm! if I'm mully, you must be mulier," and Blimblespook snickered.

The laugh is due here and all who see the joke will please cachinnate: it will soothe us.

#### LETTER WRITING AS IT SHOULD BE.

DEAR GRIP,—I send you herewith a copy made by myself of a genuine letter sent to the postmaster of a town in Western Ontario. It is copied verbatim, spellatim and punctuatim, except as to names. I don't know how it may strike you, but the matter and manner of it seem to me about as rich as anything I ever saw.

I am, yours truly,

G\_\_\_\_\_.

DETROIT, Jan. 21st, 1873.

Postmaster, St—.

DEAR SIR,—Under the circumstances you will excuse. But I would like to make a few inquiries regarding a family in your vicinity who is my grand parent and from some cause which I do not understand I cannot in no wise here from them.

My grand parent is C— R— he lives some 3 miles north of S— and some 8 or 9 from T—, if the Old Jent is dead I wish you would let me know. My mother was his C— R—'s daughter. I have never seen my grand parent since I was a babe and that I do not remember and from all accounts the cruel way he treated my dear mother it might go hard with him for me to meet him. God forgive him for I never shall the memory of my dear mother is too dear.

If you will answer this I will not forget it to you. It is not the stile of the breed I descend from to forget a kindly act. I don't mean the R— breed no., no., I mean my father's tribe he was no Canadian although omne solum forti patria and I will hope as did my savior when he said Palma non sine pulvere,, palmam qui meruit ferat,, pari passu,, pro tempore,, per se. I am none of the R— tribe and they may yet learn that I am one of those who cry out non generant aquilae columbas meaning by this that eagles dont bring out young pigeons and they may yet have to learn that for the many trials they gave my poor mother I shall not altogether die but I shall keep myself nunquam non paratus and they may yet learn that ncellum tempus occurit regi,, odi profandum vulgus et arceo,, God will not let me do otherwise but in my case necessitas non habet leges and I will nil desperandum,, spes mea in deo,, stadiis et rebus honestis,, sua cuique voluptas,, suaviter in modo for titer in re,, fearing that I have already intruded to long on you a stranger I beg a thousand pardons but remember me and my motto Fiat justitia ruat coelum.

Yours truly,

J. B. C.

That chap understood human nature quite well when he remarked: "When your pocket-book is empty, and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends in it, and it won't bulge out worth a cent."