

**Ye Knight of yo Curls goeth to yo Governor
General.**

One foggy morn, 'twas in December time,
(A drizzling, shivery, half and fish day,
One of those days, we've had been blessed withal
Now good old Canuck freezing's out of fashion,
And yields the palm to Cockney mists and rain.)
The sun looked like a sickly onion 'f the fog.
The chimney-eyes sulkily forebore to smoke,
Or fitfully in turns puffed up and down.
And all things had a moist and dampish smell,
Save one dry, wild and baggard man,
Who paced the lightheous pathways of the town,
Like a revived Egyptian mummy.

Solaced was his shirt, his boots were ditto, ditto,
Suggesting thoughts of midnight oil and garret,
Of washing bills unpaid, remorseless tailors,
And all the evils of these luckless times,
At Simcoe stood he jawed and looked askance
Through the left corner of his dexter eye,
To where Sir Edmund holds his royal court—
'Th' abhorred of Grits, the mighty "Shall and Will,"
"I shall go in, Brown will not hinder me,"
He said, regardless of Sir Edmund's look,
Pulled down his dicker, cleared his drooping frill,
Gave a last twist to that prodigious hair,
Then passed the gate; the sentry wrapped and mute,
Gave place with awe and in Sir Hogan went.
"Give to his Excellency this my card,
And tell him that I wait his pleasure here,"
Quoth Hogan to the footman in the Hall.
The squire went, and now abed all alone,
Straugo thought, I veen, Sir Hogan's brains employed
Fantastic structures reared he in the air,
As cheap and needless too, as ever youth
In playful fancy joyed himself withal.
He thought when gazed with titles and the place,
How he would grace the gubernatorial chair,
What wines he'd have, what gorgeous "fixings" eke,
What mighty speeches also would make, and then
How he would tongue Cartier and Brown,
And crush the minions who his pleasure, crossed
Till when the footman came to welcome him,
Hogan was bowing out some fallen ministers,
Adjusting cabinets, finishing a crisis,
Giving his foe a mighty deal of pain,
Till, laughing at these fictions of his brain,
He rose, with countenance serene and clear,
And how he thrived 'f the sequel shall appear.

SCENE—RECEPTION ROOM.

Sir Edmund.—Dear Mr. Hogan, let me welcome you,
Thou only Grit of gallant soul and true,
Give me your hand, you choicest of the trumpets,
You came to cheer me, I was in the dumps,
Things are not going with us, as I wish,
Cartier is tetchy Galt's a slippery fish;
How could I, Hogan dear, give you a call,
To take your proper place in Council Hall,
Mistrust with his bosom ne'er could lurk,
If I were counsellor by a second Burke.

Hogan.—Dear Head, I thank you, for you fool, I guess,
This mighty compliment in your address;
Feelings of pity all my tender heart
And though I stand alone, I'll take your part,
Despite the Grits and Brown, you still shall stand,
By my sole aid in triumph and command,
Do not express your gratitude, I see
You're for eternally in debt to me.

Sir Edm.—My heartiest felices you may well desire,
(Retaliate, bid the buff fetch the wine,
Ungentful Grits, all saving one, forsake,
Fering bring up a slice or two of cake,
No helping hand but thine, have I at court,
(Will you take Sherry, Hogan, Hoek or Port,
This cruel treatment is a heavy shock,

Hogan.—(Thank you, I'll take a little drop of Hoek.)

Sir Ed.—Thou think I'm happy to'ing here in wealth.

Hogan.—(Well, good Sir Edmund, here's your royal health.)

Sir Ed.—But this sad wrong 'ing early mars my lot,
(The same to you, sir, I had him forgot.)

Would that you might be "officer of mine."

Hogan.—(Great Cear, but this look is very fine.)

Head.—You at the helm, I'd eat and drink, lo morry,
(Perhaps you would like to try my golden sherry.)

You are the only statesman in the crew,
Fox, Pitt and Burke were nothing, sir, to you
That mainly brow, that noble head of hair
Give you, I flatter not, a noble air,
Give me a curl, I pray you, noble air,
I promised Lady Head, I'd get it her.
Fogon.—(Rising) In aught but that, I'm yours, Sir Edmund Head,
And that I'll let you have, when I am dead.
But till this noble heart in death shall stop,
No one may dare a single look to creep,
But now, adieu, and if you still retain
This royal place, I'll call on you again.
Drows, Foley, Connor and the clear grit crew,
May let their thunders fall on me and you,
But trouble not, Sir Edmund, I am by,
With you to live and thrive, with you to die;
Though Brown at us his loudest thunders hurle,
Fear not, you're shotored by my knightly curl.
McGee may clamour till the echoes ring,
You're rashly once mored beneath my precious wing,
There's one, beside you, Edmund, "I do say,"
Who'll drive your bitternest of foes away,
One not alarmed by Tory, Grit or Dogan,
That man am I, John Sherry Hagan.

(Exit in a fever.)

FOLLY IN THE JURY BOX.

I may not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Shakespeare.

The frequent exhibitions of folly and stupidity in the jury box, almost shake one's faith in that much vaunted popular institution. A curious volume might be written on the wrongs and blunders committed by ignorant or infatuated jurors, and Canada has just furnished a fresh chapter of the history at the Cobourg assizes. Dr. King was tried for an offence of the blackest character; if guilty of it, he is one of the most hardened villains who ever disgraced the form of humanity. According to the evidence for the crown, he had conceived a passion which rendered the removal of his poor wife necessary to its satisfaction. Taking advantage of a temporary indisposition, he administered arsenic; and eagerly anticipating the issue with a brutality scarcely ever surpassed, he told her that she could not live a month.

Confiding in him, despite its fiery taste, and the pains it gave her, she took the poison from his hand. The effects of every dose were made the reasons for administering another; neither love nor pity stayed his hand; her womanly confidence in his ability, stirred no remorse; he sat beside her bed with words of affection on his lips, watching the writhings of the poor girl, till, impatient at her tardy death, with a dose of opium he consigned her and her unborn infant to the sleep which knows no waking. Talk of your vulgar assassins, talk of the man who feels his wife with one blow of the axe, or stabs his fellow when overcome by drink and passion, he is spotless when compared with him, who answers looks of confidence and love by anxious words of well-feigned pity, while day after day he is administering the deadly cause of sickness to the poor victim of his adulterous passion, and grazing, without one pang, upon her pains, can coolly and persistently ply his awful trade. We say, if he is guilty he is indeed a wretch of the most hardened and infernal type. The evidence satisfied the jury of his guilt, yet what was their verdict? Let it not be whispered in Arkansas and Indiana, for our just ridicule of Western juries will be turned upon ourselves—"Guilty with a recommendation to mercy."

Why mercy? Show us a man whose crime should deprive him of that recommendation, if this culprit is worthy of it. If they had doubt of his guilt, why not give the poor wretch the benefit of it by acquitting him; but finding him guilty of the crime and then asking mercy, is a treason to humanity and their oaths, we did not expect from Canadian jurors. It speaks badly of the humanity of men, when the name of mercy can be dragged down to shield a crime so terrible as this most atrocious murder.

WHAT NEXT?

Walking through the streets of the city yesterday, a haunting yellow placard caught our eye. It was headed "A Spicy Number," and turned out to be a device for extending the circulation of the *Weekly Globe*. Of course we pass no censures so obviously legitimate a mode of advertizing, we merely desire to direct our readers' attention to the qualifications which go to make up "A Spicy Number" according to the delicate and intellectual taste of the *Globe's* publishers. The first is an elaborate account of the "Great King Poisoning Case, tried at the Cobourg Assizes." The second, "The Mitchell Wife Murder." These seem the spiciest points in this spicy number.

Now we once for all protest against the attempt the *Globe* is making to inoculate the public mind in Canada, with that Yankee sensation system, which is led by *Harper, Frank Leslie, The Herald, Police Gazette*, and a legion of others. We do not know what the *Globe's* notions of a family paper may be; it pretends to sensitive morality and decorum, and yet week after week, we hear of "spicy numbers" filled with stories of crime and horror. We should like to ask our contemporary, if a system which makes a hero of a villain and familiarizes the mind with the disgusting details of a culprit's life and crimes, can have any other but a vitiating effect upon the popular mind. "Wild Cat Banking" and "no retrenchment" are harmless enough, but if the *Globe* is really desirous of subserving the interests of Canadian morality, let us hear no more tales of horror, no mere "spicy numbers."

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Economy in the consumption of gas is a most desirable consumation, most likely to be accomplished through the instrumentality of a new patent Gas Burner, manufactured by Messrs. Cummings & Wolfe, and sold by Mr. Pearson. The saving effected by the burner is one-third. The best evidence of which is to be found in the fact that the Gas Company have adopted them for use in their street lamps.

THE GRUMBLER

Is published every Saturday morning, and is for sale at all the News Depots, on the Cars, by all the News Boys. No city, subscriptions received, opportunity being afforded for its regular purchase. For the convenience of persons residing in the country, THE GRUMBLER will be regularly mailed, at ONE DOLLAR per annum. Address pre-paid "THE GRUMBLER," Toronto. Correspondents will oblige by not registering money letters for reasons sufficiently obvious. Publishing Office, No. 21 Macaulay Hall, (Northwester's New Buildings), Toronto Street.