

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. 2.—NO. 4.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 56.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I reide you test it;
A chie's namang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prevent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

PROVINCIAL SPOUTING APPARATUS No. X.

I. HOGAN THE GREAT.

Puffed up with smoke of vanity
And with self-loved personage deceived,
He goes to hope of men to be received,
For such as him thought or fain would be
But for in court gay portance be perceived,
A gallant show to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoons to court he cast 't' advance his first degree.
Spenser.

The author of the Faery Queen must certainly have had a prophetic vision of John Sheridan Hogan, when he penned the lines we have just quoted. "Puffed up with smoke of vanity," Hogan to a dot. "With self-loved personage," &c., we think immediately of the "hair" and as if to complete the picture, the man has actually stood up in the House to boast of his visits to the vice-regal court.

The *Globe*, with its usual temerity, dared to assert that the Governor was such an odious man that no member of the Opposition could endanger his moral purity by visiting him. Mr. Hogan rises in the House big with words of mighty import. He begged to state, as an independent member, that the *Globe's* insinuation was false. He desired it to go forth through B. N. America, the United States, and even to the Antipodes, that the *Globe's* boast was false. "Know all men by these presents," that I, John Sheridan Hogan, the great "I do say," the Knight of the Curle, the worshipper of Edmund Burke, and a member of the Opposition, have paid my respects to the Governor, and will do so while the Queen allows him to represent her. The *Globe* respectfully jumps to the rescue of him of Grey. We have as large a circulation in New Zealand, St. Helena, and the Sandwich Islands as any of our contemporaries, and we gladly apprise our readers there that Hogan has paid his respects at the Government House. Let Emperor Solonque, that type of fallen greatness, General Walker, Brigham Young, Commissioner Keying, Nena Sahib, and Bomba, take notice of the fact,—Hogan has tipped the vice-regal wine, and gnawed the vice-regal biscuits. If we had subscribers in Jupiter, Sirius, or the Moon, we would repeat the words of Iago:—

Witness ye ever burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round above!
Witness, that Sherry Hogan hath give up
The execution of teeth, lips and palate
To wronged Sir Edmund's service.

And to Sir Edmund we say, be thankful for small mercies; when all forsake, you yet have Hogan and as long as you have good cheer in larger and cellar

you may count on one friend, an Adonis, whose winking locks and winning ways may dazzle and adorn your court.

Though ruthless Alkina stands from thee apart,
And Brown repels thee from his Clear Grit heart,
Though neither Clark nor Walbridge will admit,
Sir Hogan cleaves to thee, so be content.

What if so sullen Grit adorns thy court,
Sweet Hogan and his curls shall be thy sport,
New fangled notions hence! Live the (I) School,
Where every sotoigna bestowed on court fool.

II. ALMOST A DUEL.

Gre.—Do you quarrel, sir?

Abt.—Quarrel sir? no sir.

Romeo and Juliet.

We have just passed through a week of warlike words. We have had two false alarms of a duel. In the first place, that most spunky of Premiers, Cartier of Windsor, promised to have an early meeting with the Clear Grit chief to a breakfast of gunpowder and coffee at cock-crowing some fine morning. Next we had the grand flourish between Desaulles and Tache, in which the latter said "I never sent a challenge, nor declined one." The cautious knight, like Sampson in the tragedy, wanted the "law on his side" and waited for his opponent "to begin." But much as we have longed for some show of valour, we have as yet caught no scent of gunpowder. Mr. Cartier's a Froochman and a Premier, ought certainly to have set a better example to his followers. We begin to fear that the beneficial effects of his visit to "Vindsor," are wearing away. He came back a perfect Don Quixote in loyalty and knightly spirit. But now instead of boldly throwing the glove at his adversary, he has left the lists of honour and retains no relic of the cavalier, but words much too gignatic for so feeble a digestive apparatus. Why not leave these empty threats and let us have a healthy combat on the Garrison Common? We have had enough quarrelling, why not take refuge in fighting? Think of the renown a duel gives a man; even Gowan might earn some little claim to our respect, if he would only fight. It seems to us, however, that the day of bravery is past. Gowan has forgotten sword exercise since he left his weapon in the lime-kiln, after the bloody and disastrous battle of the Windmill; Playfair has left warfare for preaching and Sunday dancing, and Cartier and Tache content themselves with empty threats. O Tempora! O soro!

ALARMING CASE OF DESTITUTION.

Every now and then our ears are pained by the recital of some sad story of neglect and destitution, and sometimes we feel ashamed of our common humanity. Within the past few months these terrible instances have been more than usually frequent, especially among the Government officials, and now it is our unhappy duty to have to chronicle a case more than usually painful, occurring in

the town of Berlin, Waterloo. Our pen is too weak to do justice to the details, and we will allow the unhappy subject of the neglect himself to give the facts:—

To the Hon. J. A. Macdonald,
Attorney General West.

DEAR SIR:

Understanding that the Government are about to create a new office—Pound-keeper—I venture to be applicant for the same. I have plenty of spare time on my hands, having only the following thirteen offices:—Post Master, County Clerk, Issuer of Marriage License, Division Court Clerk, Town Clerk, Commissioner, Notary Public, Secretary Board of Public Instruction, Conveyancer, Land Agent, Telegraph Agent, Express Agent, and Collector of Debts. My brother was Bank of Upper Canada Agent, but did not suit, and is now Sheriff.

The times are dreadfully hard, my income is barely sufficient for my wants, and I earnestly hope you will impress upon the Government the necessity of appointing me to the Pound Keepership. Be assured I am

Your most humble servant

WILLIAM DAVES-N.

We hope the attention of Parliament will be called to this matter. Mr. Davidson should certainly be relieved. Can't his case be included in Mr. Foley's Relief Bill?

THE OLD LION;

21, Nordheimer's Buildings,
April 7th, 1859.

DEAR FELLOW,—Give us your paw—or to use a more elegant expression, tip us your slipper—and tell us, private and confidentially of course, what made you reverse the fable the other night in the Legislative Council, and don the ass's skin. You are aware, most worthy Lion, that we allude to your attack on our relative, the *Leader*.

Now, if you did not happen to be a favorite with us, we would proceed forthwith to cudgel you right heartily. But as you are a testy old fellow, and an excellent old lion at heart, and above all, as you voted and spoke against that sinner Campbell's compulsory drunkenness bill, we will not be harsh with you on this occasion. However, you must not make such an exhibition of yourself again.

You must not call the Press ungentlemanly names, or else you will show your own want of wit. You must not lose your temper in debates, because thereupon, you will surely merge the animals mentioned in the fable.

In conclusion, dear animal, write to us the next time you feel yourself aggrieved, and we will take care that your wrongs are righted. But do not burn your paws by attacking the Press in your place in the House. It's not fair, and dictatorially we tell you "it can't be did."

Yours, &c.,

J. Prince, M. L. C.

GRUMBLER.

WAR IN THE WIGWAM.

By the lake of blue Ontario,
Near its banks of mud and gravel
Stood the wigwam of the nation,
Where the Sachems of the people
Talked of battles and of warfare,
Warfare of their growing nation;
That is they would have talked so
Had there ever been occasion
For their talk about such matters;
But they never found occasion,
But instead they talked of sugar,
Sugars coarse and sugars bastard;
Brandy also did they talk of,
And they put a tax upon it;
Talked they also of the dylog,
How they left their kinsmen nothing,
Gave their war clubs and their wampum
To the men of other nations;
And the Sachem he the tall one,
He the Gili, the great Onontio,
Talked of men who came about them,
Clothed in black with muslin chokers,
Prowling round for holy pickings;
Said "twas bad and very wicked
That the squaws should be deprived
Of the beads for their papposes,
When their chiefs were dead and buried.
Thou the little chief the barkor,
Wearer of the Terrier totum,
Yelled and shrieked his little whistle,
Made his ugly puppy faces,
Barked away at the Onontio
Till he made him riled and angry,
Very angry at his barking,
Till he told him tales to slant up,
Wipe his nasty mug and dry up,
Slumber down and stop his conscience,
But the little Terrier would'nit,
Said he'd fight the Clear Grit chiefstain
With the sword he wore at Windsor,
In the house before the Spentor,
Or with pistols on the common,
In the yard or any place else.
Then the Sachems laughed and sniggered,
Held their sides and burst out laughing
At the savage little young'un,
At the great big Gritly chiefstain,
Who could chin him up and eat him,
Eat him without salt, for breakfast.
He would not fight because he durst not,
And the little one he knew it,
Or he would not have talked so;
And they knew they both were cowards,
Who would'nit fight because they durst not.

WOMAN-HATING.

A stupid correspondent of the *Leader*, whose shame we spare by concealing his name, writes a senseless tirade on "Men's Rights." He hails from Cooksville, and we sincerely hope that all the girls in that little "clearing" will forthwith horsewhip him into mental sobriety. He thinks it a horrid hardship that a man should have to pay for monopolizing a lady's time and affections for several years, and then sending her about her business. We hope he has been made to smart for his own trifling, though we certainly cannot compliment the young lady who brought the action for "breach of promise," on her taste in choosing such a mate. Marriage, he tells us, is man's "ruin in time and perhaps in eternity." Ten married women out of a dozen, he tells us, are "useless, expensive, domineering, and tyrannizing toys." As a special favorite and admirer of the fair, we repel the brute's accusation with scorn, and it did not need the request of our fair correspondents, "Julia," "Chloe," an

others to remind us of our duty, though we feel proud of their high opinion of us. Let us hear a portion of the complaints of this Cooksvillain:—

"In fact she is all in all over her husband, she can go to bed when she likes, she when she pleases, and where she listeth, and come home when she has a mind, dress as she chooses, &c.

Well, and why shouldn't she, you old Bashaw? you? Upon our word, things have come to a pretty pass, indeed; not only is the aid of the law invoked to prevent a young lady extending the diameter of her skirts, but it is a crying evil of the time, that women are allowed to go to bed when it pleases them. What next? we wonder. But that is not all, this Algerine monster, usurping the editorial "we," in order to cloak his brutal opinions, goes on:—

"We might refer to the wife's power of binding her husband over to the peace, and that in order to get more scope to carry on her own brawls, &c., or of sending him to jail, whilst she hops the twig with another, which, by the bye, has been done repeatedly."

Now, this is really past endurance. As our fair correspondent "Julia" remarks, "I would not blame a woman if she did run away from such an odious, horrid creature. It's a pity that they let such unfeeling bears go about, to abuse our sex; they ought to brand their cheeks with a big B, so that they might be prevented from doing further mischief. Ugh! the brutes." What injured chickens we men are, to be sure. For ourself we never had an idea of it before. Our first wife, the primeval Mrs. GUMMLEN, (be von rest her soul!) was a little tetchy and cross, but we never had any trouble. It's all in the way you manage them; if like the Cooksvillain you try to curb them with rules for eating, drinking, sleeping, and shopping, you'll get a sound dressing, and, if you meet your deserts, a good scratched face. But that's not the right way to go about it at all. We'd tell you, gentle youngster, trembling on the brink of matrimony, how to make your life happy, if we could write in a whisper, but that brutal correspondent would hear, and we want him to be worried out of existence. But look at the other side of the picture. Think of the wife-beating, wife-stabbing, wife-poisoning, wife-forsaking which are always before our eyes in the daily papers. Talk of female liberty, look at the drunken brutes whose wretched partners carry about a canker in their hearts where they had vainly dreamed of perennial joy and happiness. And this Canadian Bey talks of shopping and gossiping as counterparts to the story of female sorrow, one title of which has never reached the light of open day. Let us hear the creature again:—

"Now, sir, whatever is (sic!) or has (!) been the rights of woman; * * * whatever has been the amount of evil flowing from the unreasonable, unscriptural (!) and ungodly (!) usurpation of the wife over her husband; I say whatever has been the amount of drunkenness, idle, dissipated husbands, created by this power and usurpation, all is lighter than vanity when compared with the evil workings, effects, and consequences of that base, abominable and man deprecating act now pending over our adopted country, viz: an act to "secure married women."

The gallantry and humanity of this lucid sentence are only surpassed by the correctness of its grammar and the purity of its diction. We thought that perhaps the whole letter was a clumsy attempt at a joke, but the hoof comes out too plainly here to be mistaken. It's the old story over again: Adam casting his sins on Eve's back;—"The wo-

man gave to me and I did eat." The difference is this—that man transcends the lessons of his erring progenitor, and lays all his sins to her charge. To this Graud Turk and all who admire his philosophy (we are surprised at the editor of the *Leader*, he at least ought to know better,) we have one word further: don't get married; preserve your boasted freedom, and leave the ladies to those who are willing to enslave themselves to bright eyes and true hearts.

If this gynophobic wretch is not married, we charge our lady friends to hunt him into eternal celibacy; if he is married we trust his life will be a real exemplification of the foul slanders with which he has aspersed the female name.

THE THEATRE.

The performances at the Lyceum during the past week have been good, inasmuch, as in addition to the new company, whose faces have as yet a certain amount of gloss, we have had Mr. Bass, whose *Sir John Falstaff* was one of the best renditions we ever saw. Mr. Bass dressed the character admirably, and gave the text in true Shakesperian spirit.

Before alluding to the new company it is proper to notice a marked improvement in Miss Glenn, who is in some danger of being spoiled by the flattery of the audience. We trust in her good sense, however, and pass on to Mrs. Marlowe, who, together with Mr. Marlowe, we are glad to see are getting free from stage mannerism and acquiring an easy and perfectly-at-home style on the boards, which is a delightful contrast to the stage-abyness which afflicts some actresses and actors.

With the *danceuse*, Miss Hughes, we are pleased. Her style at once recommends itself to the audience, and we should think one of her brilliant little dances enough to draw a crowded house of itself. On second thoughts we will not say anything about the new company—as although there are some of them good, there are others who halt miserably; and we would like to give the latter a chance of sudden improvement. Mr. Den Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hill of course will known to our playgoers. However, we have no hesitation in saying that the present company at the Lyceum have even now furnished a Shakesperian cast that could not fail to please the most fastidious of our theatrical friends.

NEGRO MINSTRELST.

The admirers of the melodies of negro minstrelsy will be gratified to have the opportunity of witnessing excellent delineations by Birch & Donkour's Troupe in St. Lawrence Hall on Saturday a Monday night. The press in various cities of the United States and Canada speak in high terms of their singing.

Ungentlemanly.

One of the most ungentlemanly and uncalled for paragraphs we ever saw in a Canadian paper, appeared in the *Globe* the other day, with reference to the member for Elgin, Mr. McBeth. We do not think that the Editor of that paper could have known of the insertion of the paragraph in question, and rather attribute it to some small-minded being, whom we should be sorry to claim as an Editor and a gentleman.

OLD DOG TRAY.

Sung with great applause by Samuel Sherwood.

My term of Chief is past
And Prince is in at last,
I've lost both my horse and my once handsome pay,
And the men I once did lead,
Giro now no daily feed
At my request to old dog Tray.

And when police we've passed,
His eyes were on me cast;
I know that he'd bite them if I would only say,
For these men I called my own
Have now no pompous grown,
They don't touch their hats as once was their way.

But now St. George's Ward
My merit shall reward,
An Alderman they want since Bruel's gone away,
Of course they'll put in me,
Then they'll represented be
By both Sammy Sherwood and his old dog Tray.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

BY PROFESSOR JOLLYNOSE.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—The subject of the present lecture being a dry one, I have provided sundry pots of half-and-half, and several bowels of that vulgar drink known as punch, in order that you may yet your thirsty souls when the heat of the arguments which I mean to advance against temperance,—I mean intemperance,—has dried up your intellect and scorched your livers to the dryness of Mead Dow's nose, which I learn, on good authority, has become so dry and hard, that one can strike fire from it with a flint. The evils of intemperance, ladies and gentlemen, are most awful, and if I were in the humour, which, thanks to the concocter of this glass of punch, I am not, I could give you many sad instances of the truth of what I say. I once knew a man—shall I call him a man—who drank himself out of house and home. Not that houses and homes have distinct meaning. But the circumstances are these. The unfortunate man, who was a distiller, had a wife, such an angelic being,—whose only failings were, that she had a deuced bad temper, and was addicted to sleep walking. Well, one morning the wife was missed—searched for, and found not. The husband bore his loss with christian resignation. Some time afterwards, however, the brewer was dining with a friend, and the peculiar flavor of a pot of heavy was the topic of conversation. It was from the brewer's own vat, and such was its excellent flavor, that even he was at a loss to account for it. He pondered long on its strength, sharpness, and body; and as if to get at the bottom of the mystery, several pots of heavy were emptied—without, however, solving the mystery.

Just as the brewer was about to give up the point and subside under the mystery and the table at the same time, the secret leaked out. The brewer had raised the heavy to his anxious lips, and was taking a desperate draught, when he suddenly dropped the precious liquor, and became pale—no, that was impossible—became dusky. To the anxious enquiries of his friend, he slowly took from his mouth a brocho, and enquired with a quaver of his tongue, what initials were engraven upon it. It is needless to dwell on the harrowing nature of the discovery—J. H." the initials of his lost wife, revealed a tale

of horror, and satisfactorily accounted for the strength and excellent flavor of the heavy. Walking in her sleep one night, the unfortunate female had tipped into the vat, where she soon imparted to the beer that strength and sharpness for which she had been noted through her life time. Man and wife, continued the lecturer, being one flesh, the bereaved husband had the melancholy satisfaction of "drinking himself," and this too, in a friend's house, and therefore "out of house and home." Let's drink to her memory, ladies and gentlemen. In the words of a great poet—

"She died, and now she's dead."

Another case that fell within the scope of my own knowledge, the lecturer went on to say, after he had hauded round several beautiful pewter pots filled with half-and-half, was that of a man who "killed himself drinking." He had a very large wife and family to support, and a devilish small salary to support them on. He was also a respectable man, and if he only had abstained from drinking, he might have attained a high position in society, and been one day gazed at, with wonder and awe, by the assembled thousands who usually frequent hangings. He took to drinking one night, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. The unhappy adult had got up in the night, and drank himself to death by imbibing one of his wife's cosmetic washes through mistake.

Take warning of these solemn instances, said the lecturer, and beware of drink. But if you must drink, and I confess human nature has a falling that way, as well as in the matter of hunger, take care what you do drink. One of the first maxims that should be taught to a young man is, "never mix your liquor," and the next axiom that should be instilled into the youthful mind is, that "half-and-half," and "punch" are exceptions to the general rule. With these remarks, ladies and gentlemen, I beg to propose your very good health, and confession to bad drink.

The toast was drunk with great applause, and the meeting broke up.

OVER THE WAY.

Perhaps next to being into for one's dinner, there is nothing so vexatious as to be crossed in matters of affection. It is true, that the sudden demise of a favorite lap-dog has drawn tears from eyes that wept not at the death of a friend, and the loss of a trinket, has caused more sleepless nights than the loss of friendship. But when a man is silly enough to fall in love, and then by some imprudent act, prejudice, or imagine that he prejudices himself, in the eyes of the object of his affections, then I say again, that there is nothing else in the world so trying—except to come late for dinner.

In my last, I told the gentle reader, and perhaps he told his belle, that I had made up my mind that I would go out and have a closer examination of the beautiful being who had enchanted me by combing her hair at an open window, on a particular Saturday evening, before mentioned. Well I did so. I am free to confess, that before I went out, I go into a pair of patent leather boots, after a great deal of violent exertion, which cost me one sprained back,

two swelled garters, a rent pair of trousers, and a decided loss of temper and perspiration. I also will not deny, that I became slightly excited, when I had tried on the tenth collar, without succeeding in hitting on the one. Nor will I attempt to excuse myself for putting the boot-jack into sudden motion as Jack, the man and boy of all work in our establishment, intruded himself with the evening paper. These events may have happened, and no looking back at them now through a long vista of years, my conscience tells me that they did happen. And furthermore, that on the occasion in question, I lost my temper with a waiter, who jostled me as I was going out, and boiling over at his impertinent remarks, furiously knocked him down, and after consigning the crowd who gathered thereupon, to a place which is rumoured to have an excessively warm climate, went on my way—but certainly not rejoicing.

To make a long story short, I did see a lady come out of the house which had lately ensnared in its two-pair-back, a lady—no, a being, I have a partiality to call the lovely portion of the sex beings—possessing, not probable a great deal of sense, but certainly a most fascinating manner of combing her hair.

I cannot say precisely how far I followed the lady in the hopes that she would turn back; and thus save me the pain—it certainly was a pain, considering the boots I had on—of walking like a two-forty horse, in order that I might meet her. But I thought her at the time the most remarkably long-walker I ever saw—not as to the size, however, but merely as to the length of ground she went over.

At last the lady stopped at the corner of the Parade ground used as a Promenade; and as, however I might wish it, I could not stop also, I was almost beside her in a minute. Just then a cow—I wonder ladies are so lost to common sense as to be afraid of cows—came trotting round the corner on the foot-path; and instantly the lady came trotting with a sudden shriek into my arms.

What could I do? Why hold her in my arms to be sure! I did so. I am not sure, but I have a dim recollection of murmuring something about "angelic cows" and "dreadful creatures;" for the occurrence was so sudden that it deprived me of the partial use of my senses. At the same moment, Young Jones of the Blazers stood before me—looking as wild as Othello when demanding the handkerchief from Desdemona.

"So," he exclaimed "I have caught——"

"The cow, sir," says a countryman running round the corner at the same time in pursuit of the animal who had caused the mischief.

"Look you, sir," says Jones to me, flaring up as if he had the whole fire of the Blazers at his command, "how dare you make love to that lady in that manner!"

"Says I," mildly, "Love is a flower of tender—"
"Stuff," says he, as he snatched the lady from me in such a rude manner, that I instinctively seized Jones of the Blazers by the collar, and propelled him through an apothecary's window near at hand, where he stuck fast, his legs protruding out, and looking extremely ornamental.

When I turned to the lady—she was gone.

**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 dickey, 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
Fanciful structures reared he in the air,
As cheap and baseless too, as ever youth
In playful fancy joyed himself withal.
He thought when gaced 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 trumps,
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,
Ungrateful Grits, all saying one, forsake,
(Irene 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 'f officer of mine."

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

Head.—You at the helm, I'd eat and drink, lo merry,
(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 lock to crop.
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 curls.
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 bittores of foes away,
One not alarmed by Tory, Grit or Dogan,
That man am I, John Sherry Hugen.

(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.

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