

his brains to make conundrums for the amusement of the beloved object. Devotion, and yet safe from a jury.

No. iv.

From a man of few words to his affianced :—

JENIMA,—Yours received. I am well. Went fishing. Caught a cold. Saw James. Looks well. No more. Yours,

RICHARD J.

Although curt, we have evidence of affection in the above, in that the writer saw James, probably a relation of the young lady, and he mentions the circumstance in order to afford her the gratification of knowing that he is well.

No. v.

From a sentimental young man to the woman he has pledged his word to :—

DEAR ANGELINA,—The sublime rays of the moon yet dazzle my eyes, as I dwell on the sublime scene I witnessed from the balcony of my boarding house the other evening : and as I write through the medium of pen and ink, I address you as it were by word of mouth. I had the pleasure of witnessing the large Corporation roller, weighing several tons, at work yesterday. The wonderful mechanism that permitted of such enormous weight being drawn over the rough stony ground with such ease, was truly a triumph of man's skill over that of all others. I live in fond anticipation of receiving a loving epistle from you at an early date.

Your subscriber,

ADOLPHUS DEMENTED.

There is certainly not much sentiment after all in the above : but it would be so much the more safe in the hands of a jury.

No. vi.

From a not over well educated young man, to the choice of his heart :—

MY DEAR MARY,—I write for to tell you I did not write before, for I was sick, that I am better I am glad to say. John and I went to see your aunt yesterday, she was well but looked pail. yesterday I bought some pails and they have not agreed with me. you must be careful in eating unwipe fruit. right soon to me.

Yours, so long.

JOHN PERCIVAL.

In the writer's solicitude that the young lady should not eat unripe fruit, love may be detected. Profiting by his own experience, he warns her not to be guilty of the same foolish act.

These letters GRINCHUCKLE is certain will be found to answer the purpose admirably. They are really safe, and the style is so thoroughly non-committal that a jury may be defied. GRINCHUCKLE hopes to see them at once adopted.

A HINT TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MR. MACKENZIE TO THE RESCUE.

By the Cross of St. George, Sir, but there is horrid cruelty to animals practised under your very nose, Sir. We call upon you to save the Judges on the Bench the infliction of fearful torture, in being made the subjects for young barristers to practise on, every term of the Court of Queen's Bench. These young men themselves do not know what they talk about, and how do they expect either Judge or Jury to interpret them?

Mr. Secretary, look to this, Sir, and do your duty.

TO MRS. H. B. S—E.

The Ghost of Byron loquitor.

Mrs. S—! Mrs. S—!
From the realms of—yes
From the realms of—elsewhere I've wandered,
To ask why my name
You have held up to shame,
And your own reputation have squandered!

Know you he who bespatters
With mud and such matters
His friend, or his foe, or his neighbor,
Should betimes recollect
That the common effect
Is to soil his own hands for his labor.

My fame is so high,
That whate'er you might try
Would not harm it or reach it,—in short, madam,
Though a little the worse,
I must own, from the curse
Bequeathed us by old Father Adam!

And I say without platitude,
It is of ingratitude,
The blackest and foulest in Hades,—
For I always, on earth,
Praised the land of *your* birth,
And, moreover, was fond of the ladies!

I know that when here
I was thought rather *quer*,
And my faults I am ready to own 'em;
But there is, ne'ertheless,
An old adage which says,
De mortuis nil nisi bonum!

SENT TO THE WRONG SHOP.

A correspondent (whose initials we omit for obvious reasons.) has sent us an epigram so diabolically cynical, that we are persuaded it was intended for one of our neighbours. It is entitled—

"ON THE DEATH OF MY WIFE."

Two bones of my body have taken a trip,
I've buried my *rib*, and got rid of my *Hyp!*

The following extraordinary advertisement appeared in the *Witness* a few evening's ago :—"WANTED, Six or Eight strong Boys for Strawing Earthenware." We know of one boy, although not very strong, who is a capital hand at *destroying* the brittle substance: but, of course, he is not the party wanted.

Why is a News-agent like a Colonial Corporation? Because the first pulls the prints, and the second the Prince. (Our contributor asks us to insert this to please a fond mother. No other consideration would have weighed with us.)

Colossus of *Rhodes*.—The two-ton roller.

Checkmating.—Locking out a bacchanalian husband.