

NON-COMMITTAL LOVE LETTERS FOR  
YOUNG MEN CONTEMPLATING MATRI-  
MONY.

The inaction of marrying men at the present day is such as to cause the greatest anxiety and alarm to the fairer sex, who find with this horrible fact, the no more consoling one staring them in the face, that as the world grows older so does their per centage steadily increase over that of the sterner sex; their chances of marrying thereby being still more lessened. How to check or in some way remedy this disastrous state of affairs is a subject that now engrosses the attention of numbers of the gentle victims, and we have received numerous communications urgently requesting us to make some suggestion or devise some plan of conduct, whereby the growing calamity may be alleviated. Should GRINCHUCKLE succeed, he will unhesitatingly consider the fair sex under a lasting obligation to him. First, then, the cause of the diffidence on the part of the male or advancing parties may be found in the fact that they are thoroughly intimidated. The fair sex have themselves, at any rate, many of themselves to blame for this. It is the direct result of their want of co-operation. Each as it were goes on her hook, preferring to advance her individual interest at the cost of the common weal. In their haste so to do they forget that one Breach of Promise Case, while it may be of pecuniary benefit to one of their number, ruins the chance of a hundred others. Nothing is so frightful to the opposite sex as the horrors of a Breach of Promise Case; the most terrible feature of which, is the reading of the tender love epistles, so peculiar to the blissful engagement season, to a gaping, vulgar crowd in a Court Room, only to be read next morning in every newspaper in the city. Aye, rather than run this mortifying risk 'twere better to die a thousand deaths of single misery. For instance, Charles William is engaged to the fair Wilhelmina Jane. Charles William is at first all love and sentiment, then he turns cool and finally false. Is it a wise policy then for the fair and injured Wilhelmina Jane, under such circumstances, to seek redress in a Court of Justice? No, her sex should combine, and by every possible means prevent her from adopting so fatal a proceeding. They should state to her that while she might be solaced in the shape of a few paltry hundreds of dollars, they would suffer from such conduct to an incalculable amount. Their chances of matrimony would be destroyed for years to come, at least. Their policy should be to say to her, "dry your tears, bestir yourself like a true woman of the period—that you are—and look about for another opportunity!" All Charles Williams cannot be false, but thousands of Charles Williams can be "scared" from the proposing point. The logic is plain. Women must be disinterested and combined. Surely no woman, angelic creature, that we are taught she is can be found so indifferent to the interests of her sex, as to decline sacrificing her own feelings and a handful of dollars for the common good? The male being the advancing agent, everything should be done to encourage him, not intimidate him.

It is with the object of putting it in the power of the matrimonially intending young men of the city to enjoy

all the bliss of a correspondence during the engagement period, without giving a jury the slightest ground for a verdict, that GRINCHUCKLE submits to them the following letters.

No. I.

Specimen letter from an engaged young man to his intended in the country:—

MY DEAR BERTHA,—The weather to-day has been beautiful; the mountain looking to me as it never looked before. You know the last time I saw you, you kindly lent me twenty-five cents, and I know you are anxious to know what I have done with it. Well, just as you would say, I bought a pipe and tobacco with it—"naughty fellow," I think I hear you say;—but that's honestly what I did with it. I went to the Negro Minstrel troupe the other night, and enjoyed a hearty laugh. I would like to say something affectionate, but then—Hoping to have a letter from you soon, full of the most tender compliments.

I remain, yours affectionately,

JOHNNY JONES.

Now, what could be more affectionate and unpromising than the above. The fair one has the satisfaction of not only knowing the movements of, but also sharing in her lover's joys—his joys, of course, being hers—for he tells her, with true lover's devotion, that he had a hearty laugh at the Negro Minstrels, in order to afford her an opportunity of laughing also.

No. II.

From a young man, a day or two after proposing to his betrothed, in Quebec:—

DEAR JANE ANNA SOPHIA,—I got up this morning at nine o'clock, shaved myself (economical you see I am getting), and went down town. While I was going down a big dog bit me on the leg. You need not be alarmed, it did not hurt me; and the dog, I am certain, was not mad. It was a very little dog, and had hardly any teeth. There has been a great deal of weather here, and I hope you are enjoying the same in Quebec. I broke a tumbler at Mrs. Jenkyn's the other night, and felt so ashamed of myself that, like the Ostrich, I could have buried my head in sand, but there was no sand near. Write to me soon, and tell me how much you love me.

Yours sincerely,

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

P.S.—I have since heard that the dog had no teeth.—F. W.

What love! what sentiment! Remark the opportunity given to the fair girl to sympathise with her lover, and share his pain, the result of the dog having bit him. What more lovable could be desired?

No. III.

From a facetious young man to his intended:—

DEAR MARIA,—I found out a splendid conundrum to ask you, and I have waited impatiently all day for the mail train, so that I could send it you. I have been told it is very good. Here it is: "Why is a paper hanger a cruel man?" Ans.—"Because he hangs paper." It's a good one, isn't it? I was thinking of sending it to the *Witness*. Talking of the *Witness*, I have another good conundrum I made up to-day.—"Why would the *Witness* make a splendid fire engine?" Ans.—"Because it is continually throwing cold water on things." Write a long letter next time.

Yours affectionately,

THOMAS JAMIESON.

The love of the writer is plain, without the slightest danger, in the above letter. For he has him puzzling