



The Canadian Punch

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 12, 1868.

No. 2.

COMPRESSED NOVELS.

No. I.

GRANDSPILL DE CREAM.

Motto.—A young man married is a man that's married (after a while).—SHAKESPEARE.

BY WRIDER.

CHAPTER III.

The bells pealed forth merrily in the morning. Flags were flung out from house-tops, groups of delighted tenants assembled, and many a loud laugh betokened that something out of the common was about to happen. Such was the fact.

The owner of the estate was to be married. Grandspill, the last of the De Creams, was to lead to the altar the lovely "Tricosis."

And the young people laughed joyously to think that their turn might come next, while the more ancient in days and experience laughed to think that two more victims were about to be sacrificed on the altar of Hymen.

The day hurried on, the ministers were in the ancient cathedral awaiting the arrival of the happy pair. The charity children sat prim and quiet, thinking of tea and buns. They at any rate were happy.

Grandspill and I sat together under the shade of an ancient elm. He was proud, and in a great hurry to get married. His mother, who had in vain opposed the match, walked listlessly to and fro, pale as a ghost. Grandspill glanced haughtily at her. They had quarrelled.

"One cocktail more," said he; "one more while I am still a bachelor."

We took two more while he was still a bachelor, and might probably have taken a third, when we were told that the carriages were waiting. He hastily chewed up some tender *cepulæ*, in which his flower garden abounded, to hide the odour of the cocktails, and we adjourned to the house. Arrived at the church, we found the bishop of the cathedral, assisted by several inferior prelates, handling a huge knot. This was the nuptial tie. Grandspill advanced fearlessly to the altar, and they began tying the knot. The "Tricosis's" eye gleamed supernaturally as the ceremony proceeded. As the ring was placed upon her finger a shriek rang through the aisles of the old cathedral.

Some one had fainted!

It was Grandspill's mother that had uttered that fearful wail. Grandspill glanced round (haughtily of course.)

"Carry out the old woman," he said to the sexton; "go on old cock," he said to the bishop. Both did as they were told. The ceremony was concluded, and Grandspill clasped the "Tricosis" to his heart.

Congratulators surrounded the couple, and I was the first to tender my good wishes. As I caught a withering glance from the eye of the "Tricosis," a frightful suspicion thrilled through me. "Can it be?" "Is it possible?" I was struck, as Milton says, "all of a heap." I had seen that face before! I laughed at my fears however, and went with the newly married couple to the rostrum. The articles of agreement had to be signed by the combatants; that is to say the marriage had to be duly registered.

Grandspill signed his name with the same flourish that the "original perch" of yore used to give to his tail. The trembling bride took up the pen, she glanced fearlessly round the room, sent through Grandspill a withering glance and wrote on the Book,

"THE TRICOSIS," ALIAS "SUSAN BROWN,"!!!

My brain jumped up and down in my head, Grandspill's brain must have done the same thing on the double. He stood like a marble statue, his lips slightly parted and quivering. She elevated her magnificent head, and glanced round the room with cold disdain. The game was out. The "Tricosis" Grandspill had just married, and the "Susan Brown," the love of his tender boyhood, were one and the same. And the object of our admirable novel is to show how wrong it was of her thus

"to cruelly deceive him,"

not taking into consideration the fact that years before he had as cruelly deceived her.

* * * * *

Some months after this, we, (Grandspill and I, of course,) were sitting together of an evening over our 6th cocktail, when he broke the silence.

"I am going to Canada," said he.

I admired the project, for I knew that change of air would do him good, and that the cocktails of that country would suit him admirably.

"When do you start?" said I.

"To-morrow morning."

The silence remained unbroken for some minutes.

"Where do you think *she* has gone to?" he said to me in a low tone, with an involuntary shudder.

I told him I thought it was very probable she had gone to the d——. Evil be to him who evil thinks.

This was the last time he ever spoke to me of her.

The next morning saw me making a farewell to my heart broken friend. A few minutes more and his white sail was far out to sea, bobbing up and down on the waves like one o'clock.

CHAPTER IV.

Grandspill had returned from Canada. He had quieted down during his tour, which had taken up twenty years of his life. He was in England, in his yacht, a mere impetuous child of twenty-five; he had returned, per Canadian packet, a mature youth of fifty, with cooled blood, more common sense, quieted passions; and to all intents and purposes, was a much more desirable companion than of yore.

We were once more together; once more we were *sant*-ing to one another over a creamy cocktail, once more we blew a common cloud to the heavens, (*i.e.*, ceiling) between us. And our peace was unbroken for a time, until another young beauty stopped on the scene.

And the whole of the ancient Grandspill impetuosity returned! He fell in love! But, alas! He was married already!!! He laughed at this obstacle. He had travelled in the Western States, and had frequently seen divorces sold for a quarter.

Would she fly with him there. Doubtless, she would; but alas, another obstacle stood in the way. By a strange concatenation of events, it turned out that the new aspirant to the hand of Grandspill was the aunt of a friend of his, to whom he had sworn to be a *brother for ever*. Now being unabsolved from this oath, the lady was his *aunt for ever*, and Grandspill had read his *BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER*; at any rate that part of it which told him that a man cannot marry his grandmother, no, nor aunt either. Here was a predicament; the oath he had taken made him his lover's nephew, twist it this way, or twist it