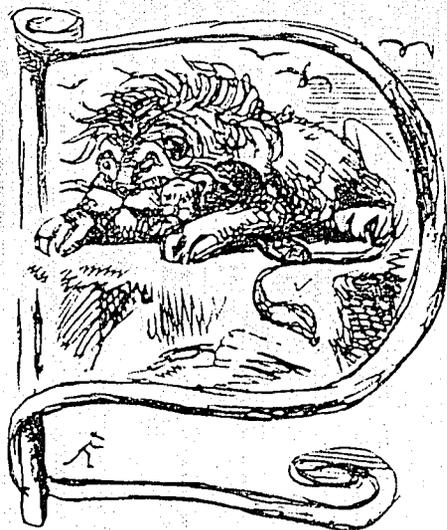


## WHAT IT COSTS TO BE MAGNANIMOUS.



ROBABLY nothing more comical could have rewarded GRINCHUCKLE, in his search of the laughable, than Mr. Glackmeyer's bill against the Arts and Agricultural Association of London. That body seems inclined rather to dance to the piping than to pay the piper. The claim, as every one knows, is for \$2,800, which most people seem to

think rather too much. In the opinion of GRINCHUCKLE it is exceedingly moderate when some of the items are taken into consideration. The actual cost incurred on account of His Royal Highness was *nil*, but "the accompanying circumstances" were dreadful. Little did Mr. Glackmeyer foresee what he was bringing on his devoted head when he placed his hearth—Lares and Penates included—at the disposal of Canada's illustrious guest. A guard of volunteers, two hundred strong, took possession of the lower regions of his house, and devoured four hundred pounds of grapes—it reminds one of the Peninsular Wars—which hung in inviting clusters in his hot-houses. The apple trees were stripped as clean as if the garden had been visited with a plague of locusts, and two cavalry horses kept their eyes—and their entertainer's mind—on the rack, until the last particle of hay in the loft had disappeared. This was, surely, bad enough, but it was not all. Every cab in the Forest City was in requisition to run to and fro, like the messengers of truth, and the knowledge of the Association is increased thereby to the tune of \$4 an hour for each conveyance. GRINCHUCKLE, who appreciates champagne, does not find much fault with "the assistants of the Prince's suite" for evincing a liking for that beverage, but he thinks they showed lack of discernment in indulging indiscriminately "in all kinds of drinks and things." Champagne, if the genuine article, is good enough for GRINCHUCKLE, who thinks those gentlemen might have restricted themselves to it. Mr. Glackmeyer discloses more palpable grievances to the sympathetic public. He asserts, on his honour, that he has a bath in his house—special attention is called to this remarkable feature of his domestic economy—but a military officer, attendant on the Prince, instead of performing his ablutions in the bath, ordered two tubs to be sent to his private room. Why he required *two* tubs the public has yet to learn; the Polar bear in the Zoological Gardens, who is probably more aquatic in his tastes, finds one tank sufficient. Nor are we informed what use was made of this prodigal supply of water. Amid all this painful uncertainty it is gratifying to discover something beyond question, namely, that the external application of water

produces extraordinary effects on the gallant officer, for next morning the tubs were found upset, and the room was flooded with soap-suds, which changed the hue of "a splendid Brussels carpet," on the magnificence of which Mr. Glackmeyer mournfully discourses. What could the gallant officer be doing? Did he imagine himself a mermaid, or a member of the Indian tribe of which His Royal Highness is now a chief?—or was the soap too strong for a sensitive skin?—or was he performing chemical experiments on the transmutation of colours in textile fabrics? The solution of these interesting questions is probably as distant as the settlement of Mr. Glackmeyer's little bill, which GRINCHUCKLE fixes at a rather remote period. He passes over a long category of losses—unrelieved by a single gain—to comment on an item worthy of remark, namely, the mysterious disappearance of every pair of stockings, save one, pertaining to Mr. Glackmeyer's sister. Who had the meanness to deprive that estimable lady of those rather necessary habiliments? But GRINCHUCKLE is overwhelmed with astonishment and grief, and cannot proceed. Even the goblin, who, with his usual audacity, has quizzed the quick movements of GRINCHUCKLE's goose-quill, can no longer watch for weeping

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