

AN ARTICLE WHICH NEEDS NO HEADING.

Reporters cannot always be relied on. GRINCHUCKLE who watches anxiously over the interests of the Dominion, specially over those of Montreal, on seeing Professor Stone's advertisement in the papers, took the necessary steps to give the public a faithful report of the entertainment. A promising young man, who professed to be equal to the graphic, having applied for a vacancy on the staff, he was allowed to try his hand on the Professor. GRINCHUCKLE has since found reason to decline his services, but his report on the occasion referred to having been paid for there is every reason why, true or false, it should be made use of. The reporter did his utmost, but, being a stranger in the city, it is possible he has not given correctly the names of the persons who came up for examination. The report, however, is as follows:—

One of the first who responded to Mr. Stone's invitation was Patrick O'Toole. The lecturer had some difficulty in operating on this specimen of humanity, who, on being told to shut his eyes, said they always shut themselves without his interference. When O'Toole had been reduced to the passive state, the Professor proceeded to experiment on his organs of speech. "Now, do what you will you can't utter a word." "Bedad, but I can," was the answer. "I defy you to do it," said Mr. Stone. "No more I can at all at all." This proof of the power of animal magnetism was greeted with loud applause.

The next subject was Cousin Sandy. The experiments in this case were very diverting, and showed how completely the senses of the person acted upon were at the Professor's command. Having placed a large haggis before his subject, Mr. Stone assured him that it was eatable, whereupon Cousin Sandy inserted his knife and fork in the—[I wish I could find an epithet for it]—and commenced eating. The Professor, fearing to carry the joke too far, suddenly broke the charm, and the poet's feelings on coming to himself may be better imagined than described—as *one* has said,

A man named John A. Macdonald next presented himself, and was required to deliver a lecture on Natural History, which he did as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, the spec'men which—hic—I have the honour now to present to—hic—you—is of the genus Politician and species Canadian. It is not—hic—rare, and in appearance is nothing—hic—attractive. It is a bird of prey, and is remarkable for its voracious appetite and the size of its stomach. The places which it principally frequents are canal banks and projected lines of railroad, where it picks up an ample subsistence. It is not gifted with song—except after a gorge of carrion, and then is noisy rather—hic—than musical. Formerly it was migratory in its habits, but Ottawa is now the only place where it can be secured. It submits to confinement if fed well, and looked after, but"—Here the lecturer kindly tapped his subject on the back of the head, and Macdonald hastily retired, evidently feeling that he had said too much.

The City Surveyor was next introduced to the audience. The Professor having first intimated that he could compel persons to do what was exactly opposite

to their inclination, persuaded his subject that the platform was St. George's street, and ordered him to inspect it. Instantly the City Surveyor seemed to be wallowing to the neck in the mire of ages, and called loudly for assistance. The scene was painful in the extreme.

Next a Mr. Irvine appeared on the platform, and in answer to Mr. Stone, avowed a decided preference of vocal over instrumental music. The only objection he had to the former was that the singer was obliged to use the organs of the voice, but if this could be remedied—as doubtless it would be at the General Assembly,—all would be quietness. He then sang a few stanzas of "Holy Willie's Prayer," and was allowed to come to himself. He hadn't far to come.

The entertainment closed with an examination of GRINCHUCKLE'S goblin. This was the feature of the evening. To save time, the lecturer talked to his audience while passing his hands over the goblin's head. "This gentleman"—the Professor calls them all "gentlemen"—"is largely gifted with benevolence." "Stop it," ejaculated the goblin, "you've got hold of my left ear." "Ah! bless me, so I have. As I was remarking, this gentleman is largely endowed with benevolence; he would not even correct a proof. His appetites are well under restraint. ("They'd need to be on GRINCHUCKLE for they don't half feed me.") "and his intellectual faculties are well developed. Pray, sir, what is your age?" "A cycle before the first Olympiad," answered the goblin, with a grin. "You will remark that his regard for the truth is great; he would not diverge from the straight line to a venison pasty to save the life of his step mother."

Unhappily the lecturer's voice here became so indistinct that our reporter did not like to risk his character for accuracy, but made his way to the head of the stairs, having, however, promised (for a consideration) to say that the Professor had had a *bumper* house.

PAVEMENT MOSAIC.

The disgusting thaw put an end to—my conscience! what a nose—for Thanksgiving Day—he fell on his back—the ground plan is more to my fancy than the elevation—what's your dog's number?—twenty next birthday—if she curls—his fingers are never out of—5-20's—my darling—the mummy—said nonsense!—and he cried like a baby—such a duck of a schooner for Quebec—pigs, you know, ain't pleasant neighbours—for a Recorder—say what you will—shut up!—the House of Correction—is good enough for a tea meeting—turn off the water, and—you're ruined for ever—so far as girls go—they squint too much—the bonnet which I trimmed with—shavings burned splendidly—the Intercolonial has—got into my furs and eaten—a splendid haunch—of Cæsar, that lovely black and tan—broke his arm—and pleaded Guilty—which made him cough—till her skates were ground—to a fine powder—mixed with cream—kept three years in the Penitentiary.

According to the Quebec papers, Berkshire pigs are short-horns.

Not a Free Mason. The whiskey detective.