

CASTLE BUILDING.



PERHAPS some malignants may doubt the wisdom of Fraser de Berry's proposal to expend half a million on a Castle for the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. GRINCHUCKLE has soberly considered the matter, and thinks the money could not be laid out to more advantage. If our country roads were susceptible of improvement, our canals of extension, and our population of increase, the case would be different, but as things are we cannot grudge so small an amount as half a million to make His Honour comfortable. It is gratifying to see that the matter has taken so practical a shape as it has. There was a rumour that it would be proposed to erect a *palace*, but a *castle* is far more in accordance with the wants of the times. Royalty in the present day is rather belligerent than magnificent. The fate of ex-King Macdougall has probably opened the eyes of the Chief of the clan Fraser to the necessity of providing for the security of royal personages. There is no knowing to what humiliation petty sovereigns may be subjected. If one can be deliberately pushed out of his realm, why may not another be pelted, bonneted, and otherwise maltreated by his subjects? A castle is evidently what is wanted. Then as to the site. GRINCHUCKLE heartily agrees with Fraser de Berry that no situation in the world could be more suitable than the Heights of Abraham, except, perhaps, some peak on the Himalayas; but that might be beyond the confines of the Province. GRINCHUCKLE is decidedly in favour of the Heights of Abraham; we shall then have a castle in the air, as well as a castle of indolence—a pleasing admixture of fact and fancy.

May not a low Churchman who takes a whole pew in a church be said to be inclined to *pewseyism*.

POLICE.—When a Sergeant-of-police visits the *beat* does he not rather go to see what is likely to *turn up* (turnup)

When a policeman goes on his beat are we to infer that his duty is to trash any one or every one.

What in the heavens is like an engagement with a young lady? A meet her (meteor) on a moonlight evening.

When may a ship be said to take her rest? When found on the bed of the ocean.

When is a ship like a nobleman stocking his cellars? When she lays in port.

What instruments are used in levelling an accusation? A rarity—A clean sweep.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES.

Viewed from the outside—Patrick and Sandy looking in at the window at a party of ladies and gentlemen, who are searching for microscopic objects among sand.

PAT.

Arrah! thin, Sandy, me boy, come near;
Look in at the window, and see what you hear.

SANDY.

Gude faith! Pat, but you're blithe the nicht,—
Ye'll be spearin' next, can I hear by the licht?

PAT.

There ye're at it again; troth, a boy would need
To spell out his words, and then let ye read;
But, just for a minute, come here, take a peep,
An' if ye're not charmed, it's yerself I'll not keep.

SANDY.

Some mair o' your fooleries, Pat, I'll be bound;
If ma head was na steady, you'd soon turn it round;
But just tae please ye, I'll e'en hae a peep—
Sakes alive! has the company a' fa'en asleep?
Or been turned into saut, like Lot's puir wife,
For nane o' them a' looks as if they had life.

PAT.

Ye'll never see nothing till it's knocked in ye're ear;
That they're searching for gould to me is quite clear;
An' the lady's found something—What is it, mavourneen?
There, she's putting it now on the weighing machine.
Now don't hurt ye're eyes, my darlins so fair—
You'd need to find diamonds to make fortunes there.

SANDY.

Noo, Patrick, my lad, I think ye're clean wrang—
It's a wee pickle sand they're glowerin' amang;
Ye see folks maun aye be working at something,
An' when they don't need to, they just tak' to naething
An' gie it a name that will end in an *iffic*,
An' this, I am thinkin', they ca' scientific.

BEAUPORT BLOSSOMS.

Who is the coldest customer in the world? A Pole-ice-man.

What difference is there 'twixt a king and a quoit? The one is there on the throne, the other is thrown in the air.

What guage does a man run on, when going back in the world? The Mortgage.

What ancient is a ferryman like? A Roman (Rowman.)

How is a horse like a bank? Both increase their circulation on Notes "oats."

Why is a silent King like Great Britain? Because it is a king' dumb.

What is the difference betwixt a king and a bridge? The one is a monarch—the other is an arch, man.

Why is a darkey like an illusionist? Because he is a Negro-man-sir! (Necromancer.)