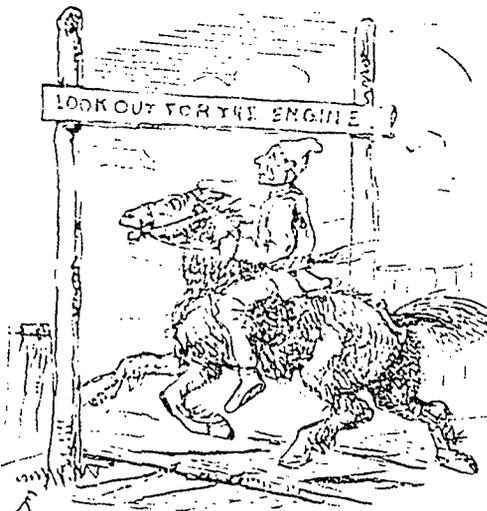


GRINCHUCKLE'S non-appearance during the past three weeks has, we know, caused profound regret to thousands upon thousands of intelligent Montrealers. [To the Printer—On no account omit this; it's rather indefinite, but sounds well]. Rumours have been rife as to the cause of the stoppage, and the chances of GRINCHUCKLE'S again appearing on the stage of action. One young man of fervid imagination suggested that G. having found an original joke in *Diogenes* had died of mortification, but this idea was in every way so wildly improbable that no one entertained it for a moment. It was next hinted that GRINCHUCKLE had been invited to a seat in the Cabinet, and had snatched the interval between the invitation and the public announcement of his appointment to have a political creed made to measure. Then came ominous whispers of financial embarrassment; but the general feeling was that if this was the case there was everything to hope for, as a suspension—still better, a bankruptcy—is indispensable to commercial success in Montreal. It is infinitely amusing to GRINCHUCKLE to find that the real cause of the stoppage has not been guessed by the most ingenious; and now that the fit is over, and G. is "himself again," he candidly confesses that for three long weeks he has been a victim to the tender passion. Yes! GRINCHUCKLE has been in love. As his bewitchment is now a thing of the past, he can afford to be merry over it, but it was no joke at the time. His system was so entirely out of order, that the editorial apologies of the *Witness* had none of their usual brilliancy; the *Herald's* announcement that "Lard—Keith-rendered," was dull and declining awoke no responsive chord in his bosom; and he did not even notice the absence of the bard's effusions from the pacific columns of the *Daily News*. When he has said this he feels that he cannot better depict his woe-begone state. Every upward wrinkle in his jovial face took a downward direction; his vigorous pen was unequal to a pun, and drivelled love ditties, and his faithful goblin would have committed suicide, had he not been made of indestructible materials.

— LE BEAU SENE. —



the quarrel can be made up."

A profound knowledge of woman kind is involved in

ORACE WALPOLE was once told that two ladies of his acquaintance had quarrelled desperately, and called each other very hard names. He appeared anxious, and asked, "Did they call each other ugly?" On being assured "No," his face brightened and he declared, "Then,

his seemingly simple remark. Women forgive anything, rather than the imputation of ugliness. As a rule, indeed, they obstinately refuse to believe in their accidental want of charms; and even a lady, who (like the famous one described by Sir Anthony Absolute) possesses "a skin like a mummy and the beard of a Jew," has more than a suspicion that there is "something rather taking" about her.

The "Saturday Reviewers" for the last few years have revelled in saying hard things about modern women. But even they, in their most reckless tirades, have refrained, with instinctive prudence, from calling them ugly, and are, therefore, not yet beyond the pale of woman's forgiveness. It was reserved for a French novel-writer,—a favourite author of the "politest nation of the world"—to utter the following malicious libel on the gentler sex. The hand of GRINCHUCKLE trembles with emotion, as he translates, for feminine execration, the shocking assertions of a coxcomb, who is the hero of a notable romance: "I went into the streets, and 'eyed' all the women,—looking more closely at those who seemed to be worth the examination. Some of them assumed a sublimely virtuous air, and passed by me without deigning to lift their eyes. Others appeared, at first, a little astonished, and then smiled—if they happened to have fine teeth. Some turned round after a little time to look at *me*, when they thought I was no longer looking at *them*, and reddened like cherries when they found themselves face to face with me. Nevertheless, I must confess—notwithstanding all the respect that I entertain for this interesting portion of the human race—that what we have agreed upon calling the 'fair sex' is most abominably ugly. Out of a hundred women there was scarcely one that was even passably good-looking. One had a *moustache*—another, a bluish nose. Others exhibited red spots in place of eye-brows. One, again, was not badly made, but her face was speckled like a turkey's egg. The head of a second was charming, but she could scratch her ear with her shoulder. A third would have shamed the work of Praxiteles, for the roundness and softness of certain outlines, but she marched along upon feet that were like Turkish stirrups. Another displayed the most magnificent shoulders that we could wish to see; but, to counter-balance this advantage, her hands, as regards form and size, resembled those enormous scarlet gauntlets that are hung out as a sign at a glover's. And, generally speaking, what fatigue on their faces! How their features are faded, tarnished, and ignobly disfigured by petty passions and petty vices! What an expression they too often wear of envy, curiosity and shameless coquetry! Assuredly, a woman who is not beautiful, is far uglier than a man who is not handsome!"

An Ottawa journal says, "Lord Derby is dead, having expired."

We are informed that a newspaper, called the *Zinn*, has just started at Embro, County Oxford. It intends to star in the Provinces.

When is Scotch snuff at its best? At a pinch.

When a candidate is defeated at the poll, can he be said to be knocked on the head?

Repeal of the Union—A divorce.

A large corn has lately been extracted from "the light fantastic toe."