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MESSRS. T. P. POWELL & CO.,

67 ST. JAMES STREET.

Are the Sole Agents of this Paper. Advertising, and all other business arrangements, to be made with them.

FINNAN  
HADDIES

Cured by  
THOS. McEWAN  
Portland, Maine,  
and  
Campo Bello, N.E.  
Constant supplies  
at the  
Italian  
Warehouse.  
ALEX. MCGIBBON

Bake your  
own Bread,  
and use the  
Cook's Friend  
Baking  
Powder.  
Use it once and  
you will take no  
other afterwards.  
Always on hand  
at the  
Italian  
Warehouse.  
ALEX. MCGIBBON



Just arrived, per  
"Moravian."

HYACINTHS,  
TULIPS,  
NARCISSUS,  
CROCUSES,  
IRIS'  
SNOW-DROPS  
&c., &c.

Hyacinths of Red,  
White, Blue,  
Yellow & Black,  
(a very choice se-  
lection,) Hyacinth  
Glasses, Dried  
Moss and Dried  
Grasses, &c.

The Subscriber is  
also Wholesale  
and Retail  
Agent for Harry  
Lewis' Carbolic  
Disinfectant Soap  
and  
Dog Medicines.

JAMES GOULDEN  
DRUGGIST,

(Near the Market.)  
177 & 179  
St. Lawrence St

Vol. 1. No. 2.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1869.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY J. WALKER (1869)

DEVINS & BOLTON'S PURE MEDICINAL COD LIVER OIL

Prepared with great care from Selected Fresh Livers. Large Bottles, 50 cents;  
Sample Bottles, 25 cents.

DEVINS' VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES

Are now acknowledged to be the safest, simplest and most effectual remedy for  
Worms. 25 cents a Box. Try them and be convinced.

DEVINS & BOLTON,  
APOTHECARIES' HALL, NEXT THE COURT-HOUSE, MONTREAL,

## NOTICE.

IT is the intention of the Publishers of this paper to make it, in every respect, a first-class COMIC ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL. They believe that there is a good field and an abundance of encouragement to be found for such a paper in Canada; and they have determined to make the attempt to place a paper in the hands of the Canadian public worthy of their support. An able Literary Staff is in the course of organization, and as soon as it gets into harness the paper will be filled with matter of a literary character not to be excelled, while there will be a still greater improvement in the engravings, and more of them given.

The public can do their share in the establishment of such a paper by bestowing a liberal advertising patronage.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Canvassers will solicit advertisements not only in Montreal, but also in Quebec, Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, and all the principal cities of the Dominion, and in which every exertion will be made to obtain a large circulation.

## AGENTS.

The Agents for the sale of *Grinchuckle*, in the city, are Messrs. POWELL & Co., Advertising Agents, 67 St. James St. Arrangements for Advertising can also be made with them.

Quebec, - - - C. E. Holliwell.  
Toronto, - - - C. A. Backus.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

Contributors will please address, at present, to Box 526½.

## COLIN CAMERON &amp; CO.

Auctioneers &amp; Commission Merchants

For the sale of all kinds of  
MERCHANDISE, REAL ESTATE,  
FARM STOCK, FURNITURE, &c.,

131 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
MONTREAL.

Advances made on Consignments.  
Sale-rooms large and commodious  
for the display of Furniture and all  
kinds of Merchandise.

Sales at Private Residences carefully  
attended to, and returns of proceeds  
made on day of sale; trusting, by strict  
attention to business, to merit a share  
of public patronage.

COLIN CAMERON &amp; CO.

## WE NOW HAVE THEM.

Only Thirty-six Hours out of the Sea.

SHELL, CAN AND BULK  
OYSTERS.Large, Fat and Sweet,—direct from our  
Beds.We are the only direct Shippers of  
Oysters in the city.

Leave your orders at head-quarters

AMERICAN OYSTER CO.

J. B. BUSS,

17 Place d'Armes,

## "THE BISHOP,"

OF

ST. JAMES STREET,

Inform us that his "SURPLUS" of  
RUSTIC INITIAL PAPER is fast disappearing. Parties wishing a supply are  
respectfully requested to call at

65 ST. JAMES STREET,

from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M.

## PEAVEY &amp; CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

FOREIGN &amp; DOMESTIC FRUITS

No. 10 ST. JOHN STREET.

MONTREAL.

Choice Grapes, Apples, Pears, Peaches,  
Plums, &c., received daily.

F. COLLIN,

ARTIST PAINTER,

209 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Artists' Colours and Materials of  
every kind.HAND-MADE  
BOOTS & SHOESCONSTANTLY KEPT ON HAND  
AT BRODEUR & BEAUVAIS,  
273 NOTRE DAME ST.

We are now prepared to furnish our  
friends and the public with Boots and  
Shoes sewed by hand, of the best ma-  
terial and workmanship, so that we  
can guarantee our work as first quality.  
We will also make to order all kinds  
of Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Gentle-  
men and Children intrusted to us, at  
the shortest notice. We have selected  
a few lots of Ladies' Balmoral Boots,  
that we will sell at cost to make room  
for Fall Stock.

Please to favour us with a call, and  
examine for yourselves.

BRODEUR & BEAUVAIS,  
Successors to J. & T. Bell,  
273 Notre Dame Street.

F. S. BARNJUM

GYMNASIUM ESTABLISHMENT

19 UNIVERSITY STREET.



J. H. WALKER,

ARTIST

AND

ENGRAVER ON WOOD

13 Place d'Armes,

MONTREAL.

Illustrations made for Books and  
Periodicals.

## "Once Used Always Used"

'THE COOK'S FRIEND'

## Baking Powder.

For making without Yeast, and by a  
more wholesome process, all kinds of  
Bread, Rolls, Buns, Tea Cakes, and  
Pancakes; also, Pie-Crust and other  
Pastry.

This valuable preparation entirely  
dispenses with Yeast in the making of  
Healthy and Nutritious Bread.

In making Pie-Crust and Pastry, the  
aid of a small quantity of the Cook's  
Friend will enable thrifty housekeepers  
to save three-quarters of the usual quan-  
tity of shortening; and Pastry made  
with it is lighter and more healthy  
than when made with Butter alone.

Full directions for use are on each  
packet, also the registered trade mark,  
without which none is genuine. Partic-  
ular attention is asked to this, as the  
great success of the Cook's Friend has  
called forth numerous imitations, but  
not one rival.

It needs but a single trial to secure  
its further and constant use, and verify  
the quotation at the head of this:  
"Once used, always used."

The Cook's Friend Baking Powder is  
manufactured only by

W. D. McLAREN,

MONTREAL,

And is for sale by respectable Grocers  
and Druggists throughout the Provinces

## F. X. BEAUCHAMP,

(Successor to D. SMILLIE.)

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

## JEWELLERY.

PRECIOUS STONES kept in Stock.  
Cut, Polished and Set in the Latest  
Styles.

WATCHES and JEWELLERY

Carefully and Promptly Repaired.

134 St. Francois Xavier Street,

CORNER MARIAN HALL.

MONTREAL.

## J. B. PHRAYNE,

Proprietor of the

## Montreal Carriage Factory

Nos. 614, 616 &amp; 618

ST. CATHERINE STREET,

MONTREAL,

Manufactures and repairs Carriages,  
Sleighs, &cAll orders promptly executed—  
Charges moderate.

FOR SALE,

LEHIGH,

PITTSTON,

SCOTCH STEAM

COAL.

ARCHER, LABELLE &amp; CO.

10 PORT STREET.

## WHITESIDE'S

## PATENT SPRING BED

is being used extensively throughout  
Canada.

The most perfect Bed in America.

Sole Agents for Montreal,

H. WHITESIDE &amp; CO.,

156 St. James Street.

## S. DAVIS,

Manufacturer of the

CABLE CIGARS,

And Importer of

FINE HAVANAS.

OFFICE AND SALEROOM—OTTAWA HOTEL  
St. James Street.



THE STRIKE OF CRISPIN.

Strike, boys! Strike!  
 Our leading men are sages.  
 They rule in wisdom  
 And we must all obey.  
 We lay down our *awl*,  
 And strike for higher wages.  
 We are *waxing* stronger,  
 And must obtain the day.

March to the rescue.  
 Ye tag, rag and bob-tail.  
 The "bosses" are tyrants,  
 The foremen are knaves,  
 And till we succeed,  
 We won't drive a hob-nail;  
 The sons of St. Crispin  
 Shall never be slaves!

RATHER AN ILL-NATURED REMARK.

There is a light and airy costume mentioned in *Rabelais*, which consisted of "nothing before and nothing behind, with sleeves of the same." Ladies of the present day seem desirous of imitating this *toilette* in the ball-room *deshabille*, which is now demanded by fashion.

At the grand ball which was recently given at Quebec, two highly respectable old gentlemen were engaged in watching the dancers. "Really," exclaimed one of them indignantly, "the girls of the period seem to rival the beauties of Charles II in the profuse display of their charms!"

"*Outstrip* them, you mean?" replied his more cynical friend.

LAWYERS.

Some one defined Webster: "A long-clawed, strong-jawed, tough-hided devil."

Well, I see no reason why Dan should be so more than any other lawyer.

I have passed twenty months in an Attorney's office, have heard opinions both *pro* and *con*, and am therefore able to speak with *connaissance de cause*. Well, to premise.

Lawyers belong to the genus *homo*. This was for a long while the subject of many geologists' researches, but, notwithstanding anything to the contrary, I think my opinion the most conformable to reason and sound doctrine. Of course, I do not include notaries and clerks of the peace; as they are asses of another color. Although being cloven-footed like their respectable ancestor, (*Vide* Scripture, "The Devil is the father of all.....") they are nevertheless *ruminating* animals. Watch him at the Enquête Court, if you do not credit my theory. Sheridan says they are carpenters; because they can *file* a plea, *bore* a witness, &c., and another writer of equal celebrity calls them amphibious, on account of their being equally fond of rum and water, and milk and punch. Now taking into consideration all these various preliminaries, we have in truth a very queer animal. We have an amphibious, ruminating carpenter, of the genus *homo*; but amphibious are not *ruminantia*, *ergo*, a lawyer is a horrid and quite contradictory conglomeration.

Besides having two stomachs, most of the species are endowed with two faces, and a curious lens attached which resolves the two in one.

I do not coincide with Sheridan in his opinion. There is more of the *Tinker* than the carpenter in an Attorney. All swindlers know, (*ergo* you know,) how he can box up, and arrange, and solder, and brighten an old case, which has been dinged, and squeezed out of all shape by some bungling notary or client. My assertion gains weight from the fact of their evident partiality for *mugs* and *cups*.

All creatures have been made for an object. A lawyer's seems to me to be that of doing the greatest harm with the least possible effort, and of never paying his debts.

A lawyer should wind-up by being a judge. That is not always the case appears from the fact that one of the *force* found an untimely grave at the bottom of a stone-quarry last summer. He would have preferred, poor fellow, a stone-*jar*, if he had had a voice in the matter.

As I am beginning to be personal, I will here conclude, being afraid of a *sub-pana*.

DARIUS WINTERTOWN.

BOARD vs. BED.

It is said by the London (Ont.) *Prototype*, that during the Exhibition week over five thousand persons were supplied with beds and board at the Tecumseh House. Many, it might have added, had a great deal more *board* than bed. It is usually the case on such occasions.

## UNCLE WORLDLY'S LETTERS TO HIS NEPHEWS.

No 2.

ON PRINCE ARTHUR AND POLITICS AS CONNECTED  
WITH BUSINESS.

You ask if Prince Arthur's visit is to be turned to any account in business. Certainly it should be, or you will be much to blame. Whatever Republicans may say, there is one great use in Royalty. There are always pickings to be made out of it. Had monarchy existed in the neighbouring States, it would long ago have died of starvation. It would have been preyed upon by contractors, impoverished by speculators, and its credit exhausted by designing ministers. The Crown jewels would have become Wall Street securities; the sceptre a centre ornament for the dinner-table of a wealthy Fifth Avenue citizen, who held it in pawn; and the signature considered merely as something to attach to greenbacks, that is, so long as the signature commanded credit. Now, we use monarchy in a different way. We have an old fashioned idea that the British monarchy is a source of strength, stability and dignity to the nation, three things which we cannot do without. Therefore, we have never made of monarchy and its attributes a commercial transaction. Now, in the United States things are different. Their Government never had any dignity—wants none. Americans do not understand the meaning of the word, though they frequently use it. Dignity with them would only be valuable as another Wall Street security.

In general politics, as indeed in everything else, you must try to be all things with all men. I know that this is difficult, but you must boldly face the difficulty. Beware, at least as yet, of compromising yourself with the Annexationists. You know that my advice has no maudlin sentiment about it, but I have always found it to pay best in the long run. Loyalty, generally, has the most money—therefore, court it. It is astonishing to what a degree loyalty and a balance at our bankers mean the same thing. Annexation means more goods on hand than we are able to sell,—notes that we are unable to meet, and bilious headaches consequent thereon. Annexation is a periodical epidemic, like cholera. I remember three visitations of it. Scarcity of food for the financial stomach; extravagant diet (*i.e.*, fancy speculation); and want of cleanliness (*i.e.*, credit in bad odor), are its usual causes. When any body gets into a scrape from his own fault, he always blames Government for it. At present we are angry with the Imperial Government for moving the troops away from Canada—and why? Not from any exaggerated loyalty or questions of defence—that is all bunkum. But because the loss of the troops involves the loss of so much money. We can no longer let our buildings to Her Majesty for exaggerated rents, nor have we a large body of individuals to spend money in our midst. Mamma Britannia has said to her Colonial Family, "My children, I have given you a good education, and shewn you a good example; I will always help you through life in every difficulty, so long as you stick to me; but you must not suppose that I am going to allow you as much pocket money as before." The youngsters get sulky, and think of

crossing the way to Mrs. Columbia's candy shop, to see if she has any situations vacant.

Now, I repeat, there is no reason why Prince Arthur should not be utilized for money-making purposes. His presence creates new wants. Cultivate snobdom for the time. This is a large circle in Montreal. There is not a single matron in connection with that circle but believes that, in the course of the winter, either herself or one or more of her grown-up daughters will, at some party or parties unknown, dance with Prince Arthur. This must necessitate new dresses. Bill! be equal to the occasion. Get some new tickets made. What think you of "Prince Bombazines," or "Paniers d'Arthur?" If you have any old stock of shirts, collars, neckties, or other men's gear of quite an obsolete pattern, you can easily sell them by labelling them "Collars as worn by Prince Arthur." They will go off before the purchasers find out their mistake, and then if they remonstrate, of course you cannot be responsible for a sudden caprice in the fashions of royalty.

As regards drugs and such like, Sam will find it more difficult. "Prince Arthur's Bitters" would hardly be respectful, and "Prince Arthur's Purgative" still less so. The Prince, unfortunately, belongs to a very healthy family, and, as a matter of consequence, is not in the habit of using patent medicines. Try something sensational in the way of toilet articles and perfumes. By the way, my dear Sam, how is it that you do not advertize more? Why let "Devins' Vegetable Worm Tablets" occupy all the best places in the newspapers?

In my next, I will give you some rules as to your conduct in private life.

Your affectionate uncle,

EBENEZER WORLDLY.

## A LITTLE MIXED.

The correspondent of the *New York World*, in his account of the great boat race, says:—"During the first mile and a half of the race, Burnham received the back wash of the Oxfords, by keeping all the time in a line behind their boat, a blunder that actually called tears of rage to the eyes of Americans on the steamers." Considering the fact that Harvard led by about a length and a half for nearly the distance mentioned above, it is hard to realise how they could have received the back wash of a boat behind them. No doubt the correspondent meant to say directly the opposite to what he did; and while we are perfectly willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, we cannot help remarking on the great failing American newspaper correspondents have of writing directly the opposite to what really occurred. Of course, it is all done by mistake. Who would be so uncharitable, so foolhardy as to say it was not? Not we, certainly.

The *Evening Telegraph* of the 25th inst., says, "that at noon of that date there was literally not a breath of air stirring." No doubt this accounts for the great difficulty so many people experienced, at that date, in raising the wind.

## HIGHLY COLORED CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. WHITE APPLIES TO BE FINANCE MINISTER.

SAM:—I wus sittin' de oder day coagitating on de grateness ob de problematical nater ob de questions submitted to de Ministers ob State, when my brudder Julius kums in, wid a telegram addressed to meselb. Me hart it den begins to go ker flap in my breast, an' nearly suffocates me risin in my throat, for, sez I, on seein' de telegram, dere is annoder ob de family ben put in office in de 'Nited States, an ob course he bez sent fur munney to buy a suit ob kulloze, so dat he kin enter de offise 'spectable like. But de telegram, it wus from a perlitical fren ob mine in de sitty ob Ottawa, and to de followin' 'fect:—

"JOHN WHITE, Esq., Montreal.

"The port-folio of Finance Minister is about to be catered for. Better send in your application or come yourself. You will have a deal of opposition."

On readin' dis, I gits quite pale, and Julius seein' me change kuller, sez, "You seems to be much 'fected. Is dere anyting rong wid de family, John?"

"Read dat, Julius, read dat, an' see if dat is not 'nuff to make de pulses ob yer hart beat with fervor."

"Dis is wat I sed you wud kum to, allus 'ritin' on de poletics ob de kuntry," sed Julius.

"I mus sackrifice me own feelins fur de good ob de kuntry, and I mus go to Ottawa." So den I arribes at Ottawa.

MR. WHITE IS CORDIALLY RECEIVED AT OTTAWA.

On meetin' de ministers, dey received me berry cordially.

"We iz gullad to see you, Mr. White. We hab missed you muchly in de late kritical crises," sed Sir Maedonald.

"Kommong, White," sed Sir Cartier, "vere you keep yourself dis long time past?"

"I is bin out of de perlitical horizon, an' kums back at dis time to make applikashun fur de Finance Minister's bert."

"Hush," sez Sir John, "you must speak ob dat vakancy berry privately, fur we hab sent fur a man to de ole kuntry to fill de plase."

"An' dus yer mean to say," sez I—de bullud risin' in my vains—"dat dere is no pussons in dis kuntry wil brains to fill de plase, dat yer hab to send fur wun."

"De trute is," said Sir John, "he kummed widout being axed, an' he ses he is berry poor, an' mus make a libin."

"Who is dis pusson den," I axes.

"De pusson is—Incks," whispers Sir John, "an' he mus be perwided fur."

"Him," sez I, "dey say dat he tuk 'nuff wid him wen he wus las heah to keep him kumfurable fur de res of his days."

"But he has spent de munney by dis time, in bein' gubner of so menny ob de Islands in de West Indies, an' we mus do someting fur him," remmarks Sir John.

"I hab bin de bes fren ob de koalition gubberment, ob which you is de hed, an' I kin tell you dat if you makes dat man de Minister ob Finance dat berry day

you mus prepare fur de smashin' up ob de koalition," sez I.

"I is gallad you hab spoke so freely on de subjeck, but what am to be done? I hab to get a Minister ob Finance, an' we mus get rid of ob dis man, and we kinnot till we gibs him sumting to do," ansers Sir John,

My persishun is drefful.

"Dere am but wun ting to sabe yer gubberment," sez I.

"What is dat?" axes Sir John, kotchin' me by de han. "Tell me, Mr. White, wat is dat?"

"You mus make sum 'sponsible pusson de Minister ob Finance. Dere am lots ob good 'spectable white folk to chuse from. An' if dere is nun 'mong de white folks, dere is meselb and my brudder, who am berry 'spectable in dere way."

"Tank you, tank you, White" sez he, aringin' my han', "I mus get sum one else, an' if I kinnot git any 'spectable white man, I will gib you de port-folio."

It was den my turn to 'ring his han', an' I left wid my heart bustin' wid de satisfakshun ob habin' de prospeck. Wedder I get de plase or no, de Koalition Gubberment mus sabe itself by leabing de travelling agents of Ole Kuntry Banks and Raleroad Kumpany's to demselves, an' fillin' de vakancies wid de men who hab dun sumting fur de Kuntry. Am I not right?

Yours kullured,

JOHN WHITE.

## FROM KINGSTON.

## MILITARY.

WANTED BADLY, a full return of the men borrowed from the P.W.O. Volunteer Rifles, by the 47th and 48th Battalions, Volunteer Infantry, while performing their annual drill at the Crystal Palace Camp, as such an exchange of courtesies between the different corps is highly commendable, and will render it an easy task for the Militia authorities to compile an accurate return of the active Volunteer force.

A Volunteer officer also desires affectionately to enquire the safest and surest way of returning the borrowed men on the pay list, without detection.

SQUINT EYE, Kingston.

\* \* \* We regret that we are not in a position to give our correspondent the desired information, but the Militia authorities may be able to throw some light on the matter.—Ed. GRINCHUCKLE.

## PARTINGTONIAN.

Mrs. Partington said the other day that they made a great fuss about the Sublime Porte, but wondered she heard nothing of sublime Sherry. She considered the one drink just as good as the other.

The same lady, on reading an advertisement—"Wanted, a good plain Cook," remarked that she was not surprised at people wanting plain cooks, for the last good looking one she had, got married a week after she came into her service.

Montreal Citizens of sterling worth. Dr. Schilling and Mr. Penny.



MR. HUNTINGTON'S LATEST IMPORTATION.

FRENCH CANADIAN FARMER—"Vat beast you call dat, eh?"

FIRST ENGLISH FARMER—(smiling)—"That! Oh! it's Huntington's new 'Independence' breed he wants to introduce here."

SECOND ENGLISH FARMER—(soliloquising)—"It won't do for these parts. It's the ugliest, most senseless brute I ever clapped eyes on!"

### THE BEAUTIES OF THE JURY SYSTEM.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

CASE, MURDER. WITNESS IN THE BOX.

*Prosecution.*—You know the Prisoner.

*Witness.*—I do.

*Prosecution.*—You knew the deceased.

*Witness.*—I did.

*Prosecution.*—Relate what you saw on the occasion of the murder of the deceased.

*Witness.*—On the twentieth of last month, I saw the Prisoner seize a knife and strike the deceased to the heart. Deceased died without a struggle.

*Prosecution.*—You saw the Prisoner strike deceased down dead.

*Witness.*—I did, on my oath.

Several other witnesses are called, all witnesses of the act. For the defence the plea is set up that the man must have been mad or he would never have committed the deed in the presence of so many spectators.

*The Judge's Charge.*—Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the evidence of six respectable witnesses for the Crown, who were all eye witnesses of the act of murder, murder of the most horrible and cold blooded nature. It is your duty to return, without a moment's hesitation, a verdict of Guilty.

The Jury retire, and after half an hour's absence return.

*Clerk of the Crown.*—Gentlemen of the Jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?

*Jury.*—We are.

*Clerk of the Crown.*—Do you find the Prisoner at the bar guilty, in manner and form as laid in the Indictment, or not Guilty?

*Jury.*—Not Guilty.

*Counsel for Defence to Associate.*—There is no system so glorious as that of our Jury system, is there?

*Associate.*—You'd better believe not.

### PERSONAL.

DIOGENES did *not* pay a visit to Van Amburgh's "Great Golden Menagerie." This was owing to the fact that he entertains a strong antipathy to the *Cynus* (*Necus*)!

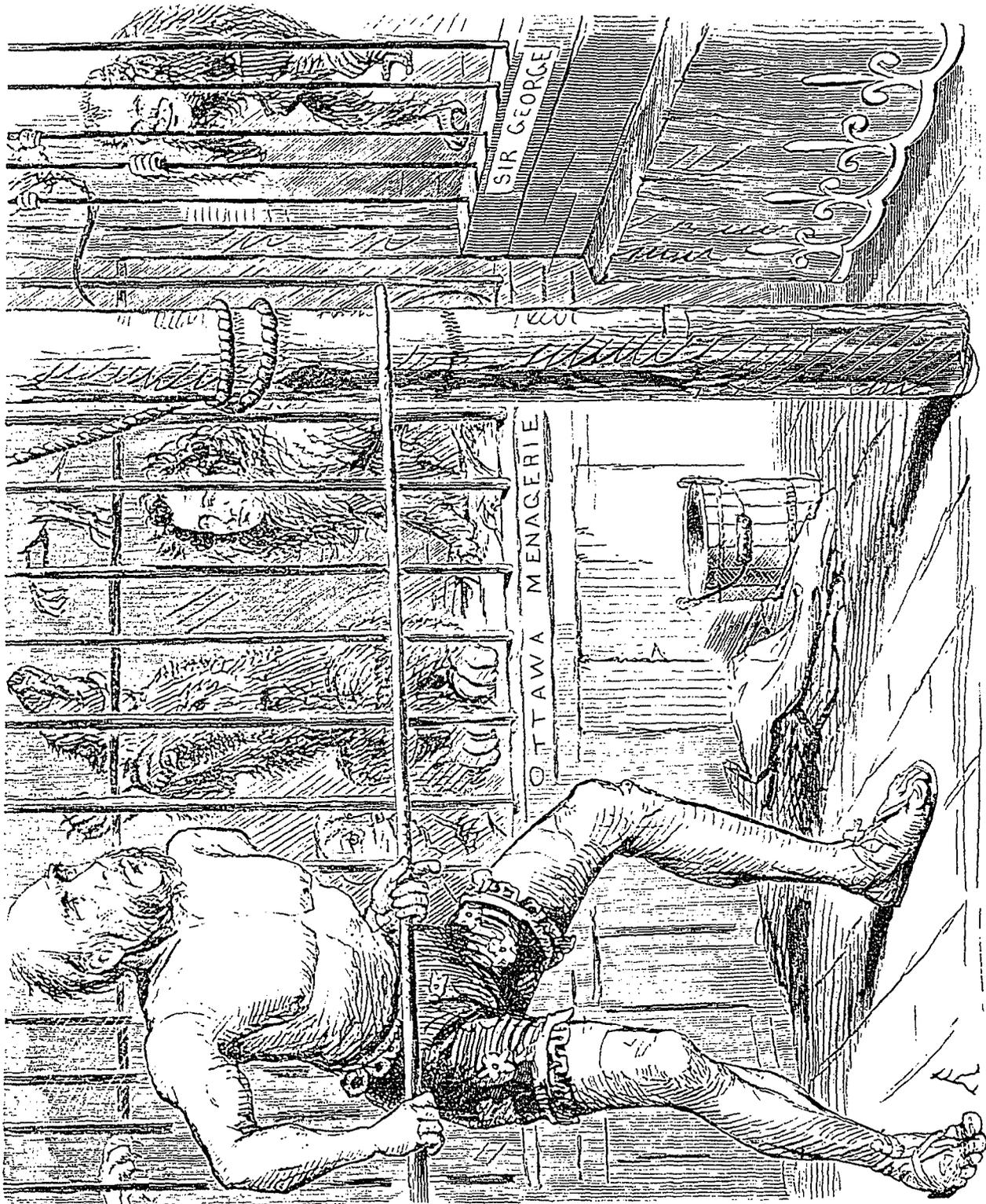
Why is a Chimney-cleaner's Sunday jacket like a spare hand on board ship? Because the one decks the sweep, and the other sweeps the deck.

There is no reason to believe that Noah gave its name to the Arctic Ocean.

MUSICAL complains that, after many attempts, he finds he cannot do Bass. Try Allsop.

New Version—A bud on the bush is worth two in the hand.

Ditto—Many a slip of the cup by the lip.



STIRRING TIMES AHEAD.

Mr. GEORGE BROWN WILL PROBABLY SOON RE-ENTER THE POLITICAL ARENA.—*Tidgum.*



## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A FINNAN HADDIE.

The Scottish Agricultural Musician, of plough notoriety, has lately, much to my annoyance, been doing his best to broil me in the public press, by writing my Natural History. Now, Mr. Editor, it may be interesting to those whose merits are obscure, or equivocal, to procure the services of that sombre scribe to *Gazette* them in two columns, at so much a line; but I have a strong repugnance to that, or any other line. Oh! no! I am not to be baited in that way; I can perceive the hook without entering the examining warehouse. But if I am to have my merits paraded in the press, I prefer to be advertised in the usual way, in the columns set apart for that purpose. I must be permitted to declare that, although I am a fish, I am not so scaly as to consent to be whistled into notoriety by such an instrument, leaving the world to infer that I have entered into a league with the used-up leaguer; I'll be flogged if I will have him for a colleague; and it must be evident to those who have floundered through his lucubrations, that his sole aim is to angle for popularity through the respectability of my name, although he shows himself as awkward as a *Star*-fish apeing respectability, and is oblivious of my history as he has shewn himself ignorant of the pedigrees of those whom he has advanced to unending fame—for a consideration. The mouthing musician of St. Andrew's hotel says I am Finnan, because my forefathers were natives of the brine surrounding the shores of Findhorn, a fishing village in Morayshire, on the frith of that name, whereas "Aberdonian" claims that they germinated in the German Ocean, in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, near Findon, or Finnan, so called by the natives, where curing is carried out to the greatest perfection—the devil's cure to them, say I. (I mean the sea-devil, this is to placate the *Witness*). It's a well known fact, that in my native brine, I am of retiring habits, and it has cost me many a salt tear, to think the Whistler had no other fish to fry than to parade me like a puffing tradesman; but I am somewhat consoled to think he has since gone into the marble line, which I trust may be more enduring, and more remunerative.

Now to those who are incredulous respecting transmutation, or development theories, it must be evident that my progenitors were finny; and as finny is as near an approach to Finnan, as haddy is to haddock, we may fairly infer that to be the origin of the name.

Now, as our mortal enemy, McEwan, was in town when the original essay was concocted, for the purpose of making him bleed, and he (I am told) showed no signs of weakness in emitting the life-giving fluid, I shall dispose of him for the present, and with my tail, proceed with my narrative.

My story is easily told. In my native state I was a haddock before I was manufactured into a haddie. If my forefathers anticipated Columbus in discovering the American Continent, they have left no record of the voyage across the Atlantic; we have, therefore, every reason for believing that we are aboriginal inhabitants of Columbian waters, and that my tribe roamed on the coast, as did the red man on the prairie and in the forest, with no one to say black was the

white of our eye, or to make a bye-word of the dulness of our visual organ. No shark came near us, as we never got into hot water; and as we experienced no danger in running a creek, we kept our natural enemy, the porpoise, at bay. We lived by picking up inconsiderable trifles, for then, as now, we found little fishes were sweet, and in our peregrinations we always avoided Cape Cod; but the curse of civilization brought that Scotsman to make us martyrs for the benefit of human society, by luring us to our destiny; having us beheaded, embowelled, split open, putting salt on our tails, and consigning us to a fiery furnace, to be hung in the smoke, until we had gone through our purgatorial course of preparation for another world. This he calls curing us. The maxim with the medical profession is, kill or cure, but this process is kill and cure. He then, in his own quiet way, used to consign us to McGibbon, bright, sweet and clean, who did well by trading on our reputation; and if any thing could atone for our being taken from a watery grave, it was the instinctive knowledge that we were the admired of all admirers. Delicate ladies handled us without gloves, held us to their classically-chiselled nasal protuberances, had us done up in soft paper, deposited in their reticules amongst their perfumes, cosmetics, and—I will not finish the sentence.

But, alas! since we were blown upon by the breath of the whistle, our brightness has been dimmed, our fragrance has evaporated, our value has become deteriorated, and if the truth must be told, we have through this vile Summer, or Sommerville,—“for fame sounds the heroic name both ways.”—been threatened with patrid fever. I have fancied (I hope it is a fancy) that I have had a pain through the two black spots on my shoulder, bequeathed to us by an early progenitor, through being handled by Peter with dirty fingers.

Now, Sir, if you will have the goodness to make interest with the man “wha tak's chairge,” and induce him to order the Whistler to apologize for obtruding his “offishusness” on respectable fishes, and we shall endeavour again to come to market sweet and clean; if not, we shall call a meeting and remove our marine school to another locality.

Yours truly,

A FINNAN HADDIE.

## USEFUL HINTS TO THE “TUPPERS” OF THE DOMINION.

If any man at present exists in the world who has published worse poetry (and more of it) than MARTIN F. TUPPER, that man undoubtedly is J. E. CARPENTER. Not content, however, with having composed a cart load of the most dissonant doggerel, he appears desirous that metrical indulgence should become an epidemic among the English-speaking population of the globe. This insane desire can be his only excuse for having lately published in London a neatly printed volume, with the following imposing title: “*A Handbook of Poetry: being a clear and easy guide, divested of technicalities, to the art of making English verse.*”

The old theory about poetry was, *poeta nascitur, non fit*. That theory is now exploded. *Nous avons changé*

*tout cela.* In the present day the poet's art can be acquired, like writing and book-keeping, in a dozen lessons; and the work above-mentioned is designed to teach the art by a short and simple process.

It may readily be supposed that GRINCHUCKLE has not bought the book. He is far too sagacious to be guilty of *that* folly. But he has seen the book—at Dawson's—and can form a shrewd suspicion of what it is. In fact, even at the risk of an action for invasion of copyright, he will give a few hints on the subject of the volume. If any of them are included in J. E. CARPENTER'S book, it is not the fault of GRINCHUCKLE. J. E. CARPENTER should have sent him a copy.

The hints and instructions with which we are about to furnish young poets are, we need hardly say, founded upon a close and critical examination of some of the best works of various modern bards.

First, then, the young poet should always keep in mind the dignity of poetry. He should never allow the flights of his imagination to be restrained by any trivial considerations which seem to bind mere prose writers. On the contrary, he should, on all occasions, make the most of the poetic license.

Thus, in regard to grammar. Many critics, in their ignorance, assert that, though the poet may soar beyond the realms of fact—though even, to some degree, the laws of probability may be disregarded,—the laws of Syntax are immutable. A moment's consideration of the works of many popular poets will at once show the fallacy of this strange idea. Were poets compelled to write grammatically, of what possible use would the "poetic license" be? The following lines are therefore perfectly admissible:

" Him and me  
Was happy and free  
As the bright blue sea!"

If the author of these charming lines had been obliged to use the nominative case, and say "He and I," the beauty of the verse would inevitably have been destroyed. In fact, he might as well have written prose at once.

Again. It should be borne in mind by the young poet that, far from intelligibility's being essential to poetry, the want of it is frequently the principal—and in some cases the only claim to excellence in many of our modern poets. In proof of this, out of a thousand specimens that could be given, GRINCHUCKLE will only instance the well-known lines:

" When hollow hearts shall wear a mask  
"Twill break your own to see."

This is poetry, *pure et simple.* For if poetry appeals to the imagination, and not to the reason, GRINCHUCKLE fancies that it would be difficult to find anything more thoroughly poetic than these lines. Reason has nothing to do with them, and can make nothing of them. But the imagination is left free to picture, if it can—how hollow hearts can put on a mask, and how, when they have done this, the fact of their having done so will break your own mask. This is what poetry should be. Let it be taken as a rule, from which there are no exceptions,

that the poet who wishes to be thoroughly appreciated must on no account ever allow himself to be understood.

Again. The young poet should be very careful in avoiding anything like common-place expressions. If he wishes to say anything is red, he must refrain from using that word alone, but call it "celestial rosy-red, love's proper hue." Blue is "heaven's own azure." Green may be termed "bright emerald hue of spring." If anything black is mentioned, "night's sable mantle" must be said to be thrown over it. White is "the hue of innocence"; and so on.

Example is better than precept; so a few lines of blank verse will best illustrate these remarks:

" Tell me, thou busy, circulating brain!  
If of that fish, which, when endowed with life,  
And sporting in its native element,  
Seems of a hue in which are shadowed forth  
A mixture of its own pure innocence  
And of yon azure sky, 'neath which it dwells,—  
But which same fish, when caught by cruel man,  
Salted and cured, becomes of ruddy hue—  
If of this fish one sample and a half  
Can be obtained for three small copper coins,  
By men called half-pence—then, how many can  
Be purchased for a round and silver disc?  
Tell me, sweet friend, I pray thee, quickly tell,  
How many for a shilling can be bought?"

This is poetry. The same question propounded in more vulgar terms, becomes mere prose. It is the school-boy's problem—"If a herring and a half cost three half-pence, how many can you get for a shilling?"

With the sincere hope that these few lines may not prove utterly devoid of interest or value, GRINCHUCKLE, for the present, dismisses the subject of poetry. He will, probably, revert to it in an early number.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. V. B.—Your note received. Many thanks.

VIXEN.—Short spicy contributions will be inserted with pleasure.

A. B., Dunham—Paper sent. Will be happy to hear from you.

AGNES.—No, you must not blush should your intended meet you at the train and kiss you. Silly girl, you ought to be only too happy to have somebody to kiss—or kiss you.

FASHION.—We are making arrangements to have an experienced lady at the head of our fashion department, and after next issue will be happy to answer any queries directed to us from our fair readers.

MARY.—Yes, it is better to tie the *haggis* in a bag before boiling it, as otherwise it might be very difficult to get together again. 2. No, you horrid creature, snuff is never put into it, and whether or no, it is a dish not to be sneezed at.

TIMID.—"If you go to church with an old gentleman, and take him into the same pew with you in church, and he falls asleep, snoring very loudly, what would you do?" Take care not to go to church with him again, that's all.

SCENES IN COURT.

THE DEAF FEMALE WITNESS.

Of all witnesses to deal with, the deaf female witness is about the worst. And it often happens that she is the principal one. On this occasion an elderly lady, with vacant countenance, takes up her position in the witness box.

CLERK OF THE COURT—Take the book.

The witness leaves the dock hurriedly.

CLERK—Stop that woman. Bring her back.

SERGEANT (shouting to witness)—Come back. Nobody told you to go.

WITNESS—Eh?

SERGEANT (red in the face)—Go back to the witness box.

WITNESS (vacantly)—Oh! I thought they said I could go.

CLERK—Take the book.

CONSTABLE (roaring)—Take the book in your hand.

Witness takes the book and the oath.

CLERK—Now kiss the book.

CONSTABLE (shouting)—Kiss the book.

WITNESS (indignantly)—Me kiss him. I never did. I didn't come here to be insulted. Young man, you'd better be careful.

COURT—I am afraid she is very deaf.

CONSTABLE (breathless)—I know she is, your Honor.

COURT—Tell her she must kiss the book.

CONSTABLE (taking a long breath)—You must kiss the book.

WITNESS (furious)—I never kissed O'Rouke or any man in me life. I ain't going to be insulted.

CONSTABLE (roaring still louder)—I say you must kiss the book.

WITNESS—Oh! why didn't you say so before?

She kisses the book.

CLERK—What is your name?

Witness looks quite calm.

CONSTABLE (gasping)—What is your name?

WITNESS—Yes. I saw him do that same—

CONSTABLE—No, no. What is your name. Your name.

WITNESS—Oh! Mary Wilson is me name.

COURT (very loudly)—You saw the Prisoner strike Complainant?

Witness looks blissfully ignorant of any sound being made.

COURT—Dear me, she is very deaf. Constable, ask her the question.

CONSTABLE (making an effort)—You saw Prisoner strike Complainant?

WITNESS (in a passion)—I know I am a plain looking woman, but this is no place to say to it in, you impudent man.

CONSTABLE (purple in the face)—I don't mean that. Did you see Prisoner strike Complainant?

WITNESS (brightening)—Oh! faith, an' I did. He struck her with the tea-pot, right on the nose.

COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE—I should like to ask her a question, your Honour.

COURT—You are at perfect liberty to do so, if you can make yourself heard.

COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE (squaring up)—Was it not with a coffee-pot?

WITNESS (bending down)—Eh?

COUN. (bellowing)—Was it not with a coffee-pot?

WITNESS (angrily)—Go to pot did you say? All right, you impertinent man. I'll have you up for using bad language.

COUN.—Dear me—(standing on tip toe)—I didn't call you names. I wanted to know if it was not a coffee-pot Complainant was struck with?

WITNESS—She was struck with no man. She is a quiet married wumman.

COUN. (perspiring)—Listen, listen. Was it not a coffee-pot Complainant was struck with, instead of a tea-pot?

WITNESS—She never complained of the tea-pot in her life.

COUN. (breathless)—It's no use, your Honour.

COURT—I think not. Constable, tell her she can go.

CONSTABLE (bawling)—You can go now.

WITNESS—Yes, I think we'll have snow; but I don't want you to be making yourself familiar to me.

CONSTABLE (gasping)—You are not wanted.

WITNESS—Not wanted. What do you mean, you impudent man?

CONSTABLE (distracted)—You can go. You are not wanted any more.

WITNESS—Oh! you should have said that at first.

And away the witness goes, to the relief of the Court, and every one present.

A FAIR JOKE.

"None but the brave deserve the *fare*," as the Street Railway Car Conductor said, when he pocketed the loose change.

A PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

To our Scotch brethren.

Q. What is the most agreeable pun a man can make?  
A. A five *pun'* note.

We have received an elaborate essay on early beans, but have no room for vegetable matter.

A new "Tale of the Dismal Swamp"—Mrs. Stowe's Byronic revelations.

Free and Uneasy—An uncaught flea and its victim.

Why is the Atlantic cable like a middy? Because the one is submarine, and the other a marine sub.

Barbarity—Stoning raisins.

Literary item—To be *continued*: "The Tail of a Pup."



### A SCENE IN PLACE D'ARMES GARDEN.

GARDENER—"Take care, Miss. Young ladies with puppies must be careful not to lose them here!"

### STRANGE SIGHTS IN CANADA.

A youth who respects his sire,  
 A lady in modest attire,  
 A parsonage without pride,  
 A church where the poor reside;  
 A woman who ever was known  
 The owner of hair *all* her own,  
 A poor man without any pains,  
 A rich one without any stains;  
 A man who will boast of his blood,  
 With brains any clearer than mud.  
 A patriotic minister  
 Of state, with nothing sinister,  
 A sane, and sensible man,  
 Who is one of the Fraser clan.  
 A benevolent benefactor,  
 An honest city contractor,  
 A placeman who feels no vexation  
 At the thought of Annexation.  
 An editor who will essay  
 To write without Government-pay.  
 A pest who apes not the sage,  
 A widow who owns to her age,  
 A lady who does not evince  
 A wish to run after the Prince.

A jilt who was never outwitted,  
 A dunkey whose coat ever fitted,  
 A Yankee with naught of the rowdy,  
 A Scotsman who never eats crowdie,  
 A Cockney, where'er he may roam,  
 Who is not always talking of "ome."  
 An Irishman who never sings  
 That he springs from a long line of kings.  
 A statesman who never refused  
 A place,—or a drill-shed that's used  
 For the Volunteers to drill;  
 An artist not proud of his skill,  
 A parson regardless of self,  
 Rejecting with scorn,—the pelf.  
 An actress content in the shade,  
 A mechanic proud of his trade,  
 A clerk who believes,—as a rule—  
 His principal aught but a fool.  
 A Member of Parliament, whose  
 Merits are statesman-like views.  
 An old man, with very young wife,  
 Who is not wedded to strife,  
 Or anything jolly or funny  
 In a man who worships money.  
 An apostate that isn't greedy,  
 A lawyer that isn't needy,  
 A Radical losing a chance,  
 When Tories invite, to advance,  
 Or a Tory loyal a day  
 Longer than he thinks it 'll pay.  
 Poetical variety  
 From the Caledonian Society.  
 A priest with a parson at tea,  
 A knight with a pedigree.—  
 And if any thing further is needed,  
 A strike that has ever succeeded,  
 Or a meeting for eating and drinking,  
 That shows what the people were thinking.

MONTREAL, 28th September, 1869.

DEAR GRINCHUCKLE:—Is it not the height of meanness for a man to cut, or cause to be cut, both artist and engraver's names from the wood cut engraving forming the cover of a paper. Yet this very small thing was done under our very noses. Does not such a trick show to what length a narrow-minded person will go for the gratification of his spite, and in order to deprive people of the credit,—if any there be:—the reward of their labour, to which they are surely entitled. Although the instance I refer to is the first on record, I did not intend to draw your attention to it, taking it for granted that the individual, ere now, would have shown some regret for such an act. Were it not that he is constantly boasting about the "highest style of art" and his relationship thereto, I would not now notice him. It is but little of "art," a man that would act in such a manner can know. *Specimens* to prove his ignorance can easily be seen.

It is well to be "dignified," but it is quite a different thing to interfere with the business of another, or to circulate and print false reports, with a tendency to deprive that person of any credit that he is entitled to. No gentleman could be guilty of such conduct, besides, it is very ungrateful.

Yours truly,  
 JOHN GREEN.

P.S.—I notice that the monogram of Richard Doyle, the former artist of London *Punch*, is still on the cover of that paper, although Mr. Doyle had a very serious quarrel with the proprietors of the paper, and had not no connection with it for probably twenty years. But his mark remains to this day.—J. G.