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VOL. I. No. 1.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1869

PRICE 5 CENTS.

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Plums, &c., received daily.



ENTER GRINCHUCKLE—" So here am I, and the Dominion before me."

PRINTER'S DEVIL—" Please, Sir, the foreman wants the copy for the opening address."

GRINCHUCKLE—" Bother the address. I forgot all about the stereotyped thing."

OMNES—" Then, old fellow, if you are going to make an address, don't make it one of these stale, dry prospectuses, as they call them, which they always shove into a paper about what they won't do, and a great deal they can never do. By the way, what sort of hand are you at that kind of thing?"

GRINCHUCKLE—" It's not much in my line, I confess; but I can do my best,—so here goes. Just give me a hint or two, will you? 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—You see before you one who—(ahem)—on this occasion—(ahem)—comes before you for the first time, as it were—(ahem)—to—to—that is—(ahem)—to say which—'

OMNES—" That won't do. That won't do at all. You are making a fool of yourself. That contradictory, stuttering style won't do at all."

GRINCHUCKLE—" Well, I'll try again. 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—The art of making an opening address is at all times a difficult one. To—'

OMNES—" Too stale, too stale and hackneyed,—too practical, man. You are not replying to a toast at the baptism of your fifth child."

GRINCHUCKLE—" Well, how will this do? 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—Never before, in the whole course of my existence, have I had so much pleasure in appearing before any public—'

OMNES—" That's downright nonsense. Why, your existence is only beginning, and how can you 'have appeared before any public before?'

GRINCHUCKLE—" That's a fact. Will something of this kind take? 'Ladies and Gentlemen,—As the adamantine rocks of time split asunder, and from the dark crevices issue the loud rumblings of the internal volcano—!'

OMNES.—“ Stop! stop! If you go on in that style you will frighten half the people out of their wits. What you want is something novel, spicy, and to the point.”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ Oh, something spicy! Very well, here goes. ‘ Ladies and Gentlemen,—From the earliest days of my childhood, when I could first recollect my respected and departed Uncle, who was a grocer—’ ”

OMNES—“ Hold on! Hold on, you blockhead. You don't expect to get into decent society, do you, if you begin to tell everybody that your Uncle was a grocer?”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ Come, now. Don't they say Great Britain is a nation of Shopkeepers; and who can beat her on land or sea, eh?”

OMNES—“ Oh! I see you are bidding for the advertisements of the storekeepers. That's your policy, eh? But go on with the address, and don't forget you have to circulate among all classes.”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ It's all very fine for you to be ordering and criticising, but just try it yourself, and see how you like it. Well, here goes to embrace all classes. ‘ Ladies and Gentlemen,—I love you all—!’ ”

OMNES—“ Now that's a pretty thing to say. Single ladies might have no objection! but d'ye think any married man would permit of such a protestation being made to his wife?”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ I forgot all about that. It's hard, I say, to do the thing in a novel way, eh?”

OMNES—“ Try again. Tell them who you are, and what you intend to be.”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ I ain't going to be one of your stale, heavy ones, at any rate!”

OMNES—“ Well, tell them so.”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ All right. Here goes for who I am. ‘ Ladies and Gentlemen,—My name is Grinchuckle. I sprung to life in the City of Montreal. I am going to be a tip-top Comic paper, if I can get enough advertisements to support me. I am glad to meet you—!’ ”

OMNES—“ That's better; but be a little freer in your style. You are talking as if you were giving your evidence at the Recorder's Court!”

GRINCHUCKLE—“ There hasn't been a Comic paper of any kind, ladies and gentlemen, that has appeared in the history of Montreal, but has told you that it would not be personal; its object was only ‘ to cause the smile of pleasure, not the smart of pain,’ &c., &c. Well, I can assure you that I am not such an old fool as to commit suicide by indulging in personalities; but I shall keep a sharp look out for snobs, political and corporation jobs, and similar delightful family compacts, or rather contracts. My best endeavors will be made to furnish you with plenty of fun, in the shape of genuine nonsense, roaring burlesque, and sometimes sober truths. But I think I hear you say, ‘ let your actions prove you,’ and I agree with you; so hoping to meet with a cordial reception, and soon to make many friends,

“ I am,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ GRINCHUCKLE.”



HIGHLY COLORED CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. WHITE ON THE POLITICAL CRISIS.



AH:—Bress me, heah I is gwin to rite fur anudder papah, as I ses to Julius, my brudder, de oder nite. "Dese highly kullured 'pistles am like de kullured man in de 'Nited States, dey am in high faber."

"De kullured man am berry kumfurable in de States at dis time," ses Julius.

"Julius," I ansers, "what dus yer kno' 'bout de perlitical sitwashun ob de kullured man in de States. Yer per-sumpshun am un-

ekalled."

"I is not de korrisspondent dat you is John, but dis chicken sustains de 'pinion dat de day is not far obb wen a kullured pusson will be de President ob de 'Nited States."

"You is rite dere, Julius. I coicides wid you. You is rite, an yer knoledge ob de poletics ob dat kuntry, am kreditible to yerselb an de family. It am certain dat sich a ting is a berry black look out fur de 'Nited States, but it am better any day to hab a brack, but honest nigger fur President, den a drunken and tiefn white beast."

"Does yer tink John dat de soshul platform ob de kullured man in Kanaday okkipies de elumvated per-shishun dat it shud?"

"I doos, Julius, fur I seed de oder day dat a kullured pusson wus fined fur trashin' a white chile, an den ses I dat is justice, fur if de chile had 'saulted de kullured individual instead, ob course it wud hab ben de wun fined. So dat it showed in de fus place, dat de nigger wus wurt finin' an in de nex dat de white chile wud hab received de same kondemnation had it been de kriminal. So dat proves de ekality ob de soshul per-shishun."

"You is a clebber argumentater, you is," ses Julius, "an fit to be in de Hofe ob Commons. But what am yer 'pinion ob de poletics ob dis kuntry, at dis kritical krises ob its history."

MR. WHITE'S OPINION OF CANADIAN POLITICS.

"Julius," I ripplied, you is my brudder an I res-specks you fur dat, an as sich I is allus willin' to gib you any infurmashun on de perlitical krises ob dis cold but grate kuntry. Dere am at dis time, in de poletics ob dis kuntry konfusion twice dum-founderered. Dere is wun kullas acallin' fur de se-

pration ob de place frum de mudder kuntry, fur dey dus not like to hab it told dem dat dey is de grate refrigerator fur de Ole Kuntry—dat is de place where de ise kums frum. Den anudder kullas says dat dey mus hab annexashun, bekasin' dere taxes am too low and dere *prestigis*, I tink dey kall it, am not sich as it wud be under de kalico flag ob de union. Dere is oders ob dis kullas who dus not like de 'Ropean style ob bildin' de jails in dis kuntry, bekase dey am too solid an hard to get out ob, an dey says de 'Nited States dus not make dese bildins so firm, an dey gits better catin' in dem. Dese people am more kunnin' den de oders, fur der hab bote eyes to dere futer. De independents dey say dat we is groanin' under de British trone. Dat we habs no freedum. Dat we kinnot git as much saleries frum de storekeepers an oders, bekasin' we habs to pay so much fur de sup-port ob de bulloated Britons, who am dere faders, an widout hoom dere wud hab ben no independents dis day.

THE WAY TO DEAL WITH THE KRISES.

Now, de way, Julius, to deal wid bote parties am dis. Dey shud be 'rayed 'gin wun anudder, an set fitin; wid de real loyal people ob de kuntry lookin' on to see fair pley. Den de loyal foks shud set upon de party dat wins an 'nihilate dem. Dis wud be de bes way ob dealin' wid de kritical krises.

MR. WHITE INDULGES IN A PERORATION.

Dis is a fair an a free kuntry, an I is not gwin' out ob it. Don't ax me Julius to go bekasin' I won't. I won't, what fur? Bekase if dis kuntry am seprate frum de Ole Kuntry, dey will hab a Rippublic and den any man's chances will be good fur 'bein' President. Dey mus 'lect de man frum de lowest klasses, or dey kan't be as de grate 'Nited States Rippublic am. Den wen dis kuntry am a Rippublic, an meselb, or sum oder 'spectable an 'telligent brack man or white man am President, den will de gullorious sun ob freedum rise. Den will de peoples 'kno, no fear ob de 'Nited States, fur dey won't hab de hated soldiers ob Albine to get dem into a fite. Den will be de beaver lay down wid de skunk, an de flag ob de new Rippublic wabe in triumph ober an 'nited peoples ob French, English, Indians, and Canadians, speakin' de same tongue an springin' frum de same stock. How am you now?

Yours Kullured.

JOHN WHITE.

MORE PROTECTION WANTED.

The people should now see the necessity for a higher protective tariff on metals, in order that they may be saved from further importations of such *brass* as lately arrived in the shape of Sir Francis Hincks.

THE DOMINION, OR CANADA, WHICH?

Scene—The great Champion Lacrosse Match.

FAIR INNOCENT TO DEAR WILLIAM—The Montreal Club are champions of the Dominion, are they not?

WILLIAM (patronisingly)—Of Canada, my dear,—of Canada.



CANADA'S WELCOME TO PRINCE ARTHUR.

Welcome Prince! our monarch's son,
 Brother to our future King,
 Well hast thou thy course begun
 In thy manhood's hopeful spring,
 One who lacketh will to prate,
 One who never bent the knee
 Cringingly to titled state,—
 Tunes his humble harp to thee.

Thou wilt ne'er meet aught of rudeness,
 In this bleak and stormy North,
 For we love thy Mother's goodness,
 And we priz'd thy Father's worth.
 Let us then not hope in vain
 That their virtues all may be,
 Without baleful speck or stain,
 Foster'd and matur'd in thee.

Thou art no mere sickly branch
 Of the despot's waning tree,
 But a Briton, true and staunch,
 With a kindred brave and free.
 We are no mere men of rest,
 Ling'ring on a teeming soil,
 But we cultivate the waste
 By our unremitting toil.

Look around, not shy or stealthy,
 All our institutions scan,
 This young land is growing wealthy
 By the enterprise of man.
 We're content, we ask no other,
 And our homage ne'er can fail
 For thy pure and spotless Mother,
 For her sake, we wish you well.

NOT EXPECTED TO LIVE.

Alas! alas! it must ever be so. *Tolle est in vie.* Old age is but second childhood,—that's a fact; and to all of us who may be permitted to reach that period, the day will surely come when the panorama of life will appear to our eyes as blurred and indistinct as a Leggotype cartoon! It is impossible to state the case more strongly. Another symptom of approaching dissolution will be, that we shall gradually lose our memories. The faces of familiar friends will be mixed up—as in a dream—at random, and even the names of our favourite authors will be hopelessly confused by us in our garrulity.

These remarks at the present time are painfully applicable to the case of GRINCHUCKLE'S moribund *onfrère* DIOGENES. His constitution is broken down, and undertakers are watching his doors! He babbles unintelligibly like a child, and *his memory is quite gone!* Last week he summoned up sufficient nerve to write a paragraph for his periodical. His hatred of the *Daily News* lent a factitious strength to the decrepit Philosopher. Part of the paragraph ran thus: "We have it on the authority of Shakspeare, that '*a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.*'" Truly, it is a lamentable occurrence when a Philosopher, in better days reputed for accuracy, attributes to Shakspeare, with whom he was once familiar, a hackneyed sentiment *that was penned by Garrick.* Even now, this blunder of drivelling senility would have been passed over in silence by GRINCHUCKLE, had not DIOGENES, himself, been a pretender to extreme exactness, and sneered so often at the blunders of others,—blunders real or blunders supposed,—as in the case of Commander Ashe. Should not people who live in glass houses be very careful about throwing stones?

That the tone of this paper is high, is evident from its colour.

A GOOD CRY FOR TEMPERANCE MEN.—Elevate the masses.

AH! HA!—Lord Lytton said that the pen is mightier than the sword; but GRINCHUCKLE thinks an old Cheese is *mitier* than either.

THE MOST ELEVATING KIND OF EXHIBITION.—A Whiskey *chand.*

NO DISCOUNT ON THIS!

A GROWL FROM ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

OLD BROKER TO YOUNG BROKER—(with animation).—
 "Talk about the French Emperor influencing the New York Gold Market. Don't affect it half so much as a CANADIAN KING!!"



YOUNG CANADA—"WE DON'T WANT YOU HERE!"
JOHN BULL—"THAT'S RIGHT, MY SON. NO MATTER WHAT COMES, AN EMPTY HOUSE IS BETTER THAN SUCH A TENANT AS THAT!"

THE AVONDALE HORROR.

Another horror! What is this?
Another tale of death and woe!
See where the burning vapors hiss,
Deep, in the miners' black abyss.
They lie below!

No epidemic foul and dread,—
No battle's bloody course they mark;
No friendly hands their pillow spread,—
They lie distorted, blacken'd,—dead!
Where all is dark.

They left their couch, perchance with faith
In many future years. Alack!
They little dreamed that death,—grim death!
Was on their track.

But onward on his charger pale
He moves, unseen by mortal eye;
With fatal hand he draws the veil,
And loud is heard the widow's wail
And orphan's cry.

A hundred earnest hearts that hied
At early morn to manly toil,—
A hundred hardy forms that plied
The vigorous oar on life's rough tide.
Now sleep in silence, side by side,—
Of worms the spoil!

See! a fond mother comes to seek
Her darling son,—her life's own stay;
She tries, but tries in vain to speak:
She sees him,—and with piercing shriek,
And quivering lip, and pallid cheek,
She faints away.

One of a hundred! what a tale!
With what cold apathy we hear;
A hundred more will not avail
To penetrate our coat of mail,
Or cause a tear!

Still wrapt in self and worldly lust
No timely lesson we descry;
Forgetful that we are but dust,—
That high and low, depraved and just,
Are soon to die.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

DIODENES has again thought fit to attempt to be facetious at the expense of Commander Ashe, R.N., whom he sneeringly entitles, "Fellow of all Societies, Literary and Royal." Considering the wholesome castigation that he lately received from the Commander in the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, it would perhaps have been more prudent, certainly more decorous, had the Philosopher fought shy of him for all time to come. "But fools rush in where angels fear to tread" and DIODENES seems particularly anxious to be again belabored with a stout *ash* stick.

As the readers of GRINCHUCKLE may not have seen Captain Ashe's reply to his imbecile critic, we here reprint his letter from the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*.

(To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.)

DEAR SIR,—I have just seen, under the head of "Astronomical and Nautical," which appeared in *Diogenes* of the 13th inst., some information kindly given to the public by Commodore Diogenes, in which is pointed

out some supposed mistake made in the "Notice to Mariners," which appears daily in the *Quebec CHRONICLE*.

I must say that it shows great shrewdness on the part of the Commodore to find out mistakes that several admirals, and an officer of such scientific attainments as Captain Orlebar, have failed to discover.

The Commodore says that he entered the service when competitive examinations were unknown. Now, without wishing to be severe on our gallant friend, I must remark that perhaps it is just as well for him that they were unknown.

Without going fully into the matter, I think it right, for the sake of those who are not so well up in nautical astronomy as *Diogenes*, to offer a few remarks on the subject.

With respect to the supposed error pointed out by *Diogenes*, viz.: "If a ship is only half way across the Atlantic it is plain as a 'pike staff' that her chronometer should shew only half of the difference in time between Greenwich and Quebec. And, if the ship could see the ball drop at Quebec, it would be the difference in time between—not 5h. 44m. 49s., which is the time at Quebec—but 2h. 52m. 24½s.; and the time shewn by her chronometer, which would be its *true* error on Greenwich time."

I beg to observe that the correction on the part of *Diogenes* is not as plain as a "pike staff," but on the contrary is full of unpardonable mistakes, and were he to navigate his Tub on this principle he would soon come to grief.

Now, the longitude of Quebec is 4h. 44m. 49s., and when the ball drops at one o'clock it is evidently 5h. 44m. 49s. at Greenwich, and could any one see the Greenwich clock when the Quebec ball drops, it would be found that the hands pointed to that time; and *all* chronometers keeping *correct* Greenwich time would show 5h. 44m. 49s. But the Commodore assures us that when it is 5h. 44m. 49s. at Greenwich, a chronometer half-way across the Atlantic, keeping Greenwich time, would only show 2h. 52m. 24½s. Now, I should like to ask the Commodore if when it is 5h. 44m. 49s. *Greenwich time* at Quebec, can the Greenwich time be any other than 5h. 44m. 49s. elsewhere. Trusting that the Ocean steamers, for their own sakes, will continue to keep my time and not that of Commodore *Diogenes*, I am, &c.

E. D. ASHE,
Commander, R. N.

Quebec, Aug. 17, 1869.

THE COURTSHIP OF MAY AND DECEMBER, IN COURT.

December met May, and, said he,
With a galvanized sort of a glee
That played round each frosty wrinkle,
You are cast in a beautiful mould,
And I have oceans of gold;
This made young May's eyes twinkle.

Said May to the frosty swell,
"I've a tender young heart to sell,
"Though it isn't very impressible."
The old one began to stew,
Though he lik'd the outside view,
The interior was inaccessible.

And he said, "Dearest May, much I fear,
You to some younger month are dear,
Whom you love and admire without wearience."
May replied, with a leer, "it is true,
But I mean to be *dearer* to you,
With all your fatal experience."

Young May was both dashing and bold,
And December was feeble and cold,
And in temper by no means congenial.
He had lost—which caus'd him a bother—
His heart, and had not found another,
And he feared an alliance hymenal.

So December his suite withdrew,
And to May bade a *cold* adieu;
She was young, and not old and besotted.
A heart she could buy for herself,
If she had but the old man's pelf;
So she sued for a portion, and got it.

SCENES IN COURT.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF BEING A WITNESS.

Have you ever been a witness? If not, come to the Recorder's Court. The case to-day is that of Mrs. Murphy McFlail against Ann O'Rourke, for no less an offence than that of throwing a cup of "bilin' wather" over her person. For the prosecution there is a lawyer, and for the defence there is counsel also, of course. Mrs. Murphy McFlail having stated her grievance, a witness is called to corroborate, and from a small host Mrs. Bridget McRavety, relict of the late Patrick Ravety, is called, and steps into the box with trepidation painful.

CLERK OF THE COURT—You have not been sworn, have you?

WITNESS (horrified)—I never swore in my life, Sir, an' it's not now I am goin' to begin the dirty habit.

CLERK—I mean, you have not taken the oath.

WITNESS—I never took an oat in all my life.

Witness here takes the "oat" in a very excited manner.

CLERK—What is your name?

WITNESS—Mrs. Michael McRavety, please the Court.

THE COURT—That's not your own name, surely?

WITNESS—It was the only name me husband gave me, Sir.

CLERK—What was your maiden name?

WITNESS—Bridget McClinker, which was me mother's name, more power to her.

CLERK—You are the relict of Michael Ravety?

WITNESS—No, Sir; I am a widdy three years gone last May, and a dacent —

CLERK—No doubt of it. You have heard the deposition read to you?

WITNESS (vacantly)—No, Sir; he never read to me in all his life, a dacent —

CLERK—This is what you swore to, yesterday, is it not?

WITNESS—Certain it is, if you say so, Sir.

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION (with important air)—Now, my good woman, just relate to the Court what you saw on this occasion.

WITNESS—As I am on my solemn oat, Tim McGinn was standin' wid me, dressed in his new coat —

COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE (loudly)—On your oath, now, was the coat Mr. McGinn had on not his other coat?

COUN. FOR PROS.—I object to that. It's no business of yours whether the coat was the one or the other.

COUN. FOR DEF.—You think so, eh? I insist, your Honor, for on the question being answered depends my case.

COURT TO WITNESS—Answer the question.

WITNESS (puzzled)—The coat I mean —

COUN. FOR DEF.—That's it. Now, on your oath, do you not swear that the coat McGinn had on would have been the same coat you mean, had it not been the other?

WITNESS—Ov coorse it's the same coat I mean.

COUN. FOR DEF. (triumphantly)—Ah, then, it was *the other* coat he had on. Will your Honor please make a note of that?

COUN. FOR PROS.—Your Honor will do no such thing. Now, my good woman, answer me. Don't be afraid. State whether the coat McGinn had on was the one coat or the other; and if not the other, whether it was the tother, and so on.

WITNESS (hopelessly puzzled)—It was the one coat he had on, and it was not the other.

COUN. FOR DEF. (excitedly)—Then it was the tother. It must be the one or the tother, sure. Your Honor, the case is clear.

COUN. FOR PROS. (producing volume)—Your Honor, Chipman, in his second page, 414, on coat, says: "A man wearing a coat can't have his other coat on."

COUN. FOR DEF. (producing another volume)—That's perfect nonsense, for Chipman, the same author you notice, your Honor, in his second page, 514, on coats, says: "A man having his other coat on, can't have but the same coat on, provided he has no other." Now the witness swears McGinn had on no *other* coat but the tother, and as the tother is not the same coat as that she means, of course it must be the other, as stated in the second answer of witness.

COUN. FOR PROS.—On the contrary, the witness says, your Honor, the coat she means, and which McGinn wore, was not the coat that she didn't mean—that is, she means the coat that McGinn didn't wear was the coat that she didn't mean; and, consequently, it was the other. Now, as the other must in such a case be the tother, for here, your Honor, we have the other and the tother. It is as clear as daylight that McGinn had not on then the other coat, but the tother, or the one that the prisoner means.

COUN. FOR DEF.—Now, I will ask the witness to prove I am right. Now, on your oath, Mrs. McRavety, which was the coat McGinn didn't wear?

WITNESS—It was the tother.

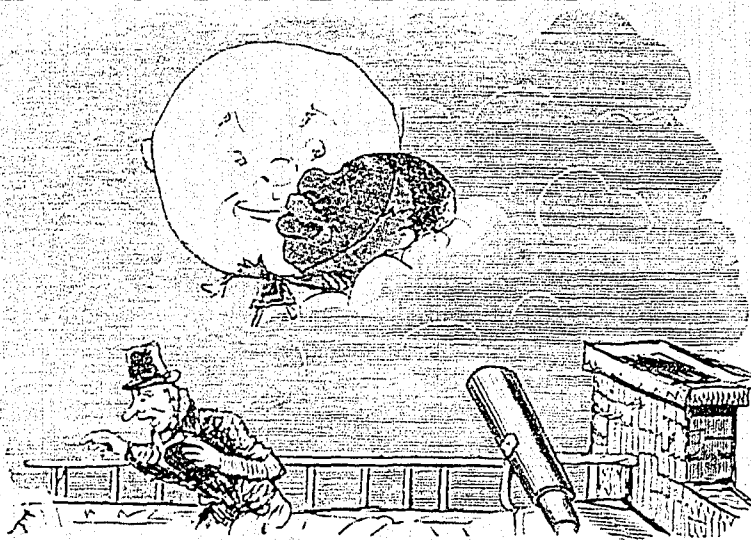
COUN. FOR DEF. (triumphantly)—Then the coat he wore was the other, and as McGinn had on a coat already when witness said he was standing by, you have the impossibility of a man's wearing his other coat when he has got the only one he possesses on his back.

COURT TO WITNESS—Now, be careful, Madam, and do not make any such mistakes again.

The interesting point being settled, the witness resumes her story.

AGRICULTURAL.

GRINCHUCKLE is informed by several young men from the country, that disease is very prevalent among the Potatoes. He is confident in his belief that it is *all rot*.



SIGNIFICANT.

WHAT AN ENTHUSIASTIC ABOLITIONIST SAW WHEN HE LOOKED AT THE ECLIPSE.

UNCLE WORLDLY'S LETTERS TO HIS NEPHEWS.

No. 1.

ON LYING.

MY DEAR BOYS,—I am glad to hear that you are both now thoroughly established in business in Montreal; Sam as a druggist and Bill in the dry goods way. You ask me to give you advice on points about which you are doubtful. I shall do so with pleasure, and thank you for paying me the compliment of asking me. I did not carry on a business for thirty-five years without, as you may imagine, learning something.

Your first question, I own, surprises me. You ask if, in business, it is ever lawful to tell a lie? Why—of course it is. Lying is the fulcrum on which the lever of business depends.—it is the language *par excellence* of business; I might almost say, business itself! Not that truth may not be hazarded sometimes, but it is a weapon which requires a very experienced hand to wield. I cannot advise you to try truth at present. You are too young and inexperienced. My dear boys, let no absurd ambition induce you as yet to play with edged tools. *Stick to good wholesome lies.* You know that I never was in the habit of wasting much time in reading, or, at least, in reading books unconnected with business. I have, however, been lately much delighted by perusing "Motley's History of the United Netherlands." It is a most instructive work. I did not before know that diplomacy was so akin to commerce. In those days, nations were goods to be sold and monarchs and heads of republics the buyers and sellers, statesmen and generals being the clerks and commercial travellers. Heavens! how wonderfully these royal merchants lied. I always had a great respect for Queen Bess; but I never before knew that she was so accomplished a liar. Why, all the great liars of the age,—Philip of Spain, Henry IV., Parma, and even her own great statesmen, were children to her. She could wind

them round her little finger. But I mentioned this book more to give an example of masterly truth-telling. Henry IV., of France, who was maintaining neutrality between Spain and the Dutch, (a lie, of course,) asked Spinola in what direction he was going to open the campaign next summer. The wily Italian saw through Henry in a moment, and deceived him. How, think you?—By telling the exact truth. He declared that it was his intention to move his armies to the coast of Flanders. Henry immediately informed Maurice of Saxony of what Spinola had told him. Of course, both thought it a lie, and Maurice moved his forces in a contrary direction, finding out soon that he had been circumvented by truth. This is marvellous as it is rare. My dear boys! *Never use truth except to deceive.*

In starting a new dry goods store, the first thing to be done is to intimate either by advertisement or placard, or both, that you *have only one price.* This is a lie not precisely meant to deceive. No woman would ever believe it, and not many men; but still, it looks the thing,

and may be useful in cases of strangers,—Yankee tourists especially. As you know, I am not so well acquainted with the dry-goods trade as with others, and therefore I can hardly advise you as to the practice of "ticketing" goods in the window. I should say, that, judiciously done, it must be very advantageous. As you say, some people do not consider it respectable. Now I cannot advise you to aspire to respectability *yet*, you are too young. It would be an insult to greater liars than yourself. I should think that "ticketing," done, as I said before, with judgment, affords great opportunity for sound lying. It is true that there is one disadvantage in it. The lie and its subject are here in juxtaposition. If not cleverly managed, this might be awkward. You can however remove or destroy the ticket at a moment's notice and dead tickets tell no tales, which is not the case when you lie in the advertizing columns of a newspaper. I once saw a most absurd instance of truth as applied to ticketing. I saw a very fine piece of plaid in a shop window labelled "All Wool." On examining it I perceived that this was no more than the truth. Could anything be more ridiculous? "All wool" when genuine requires no ticket, it carries its own character about with it; but where goods are not "all wool," and you wish to persuade us they are, it is then that the public require information, that is—lies. I cannot but think that in this and similar cases you can most appropriately lie by ticket. In selling dry goods, be very careful how you lie to ladies. For instance, you ticket goods twenty-five cents a yard, you sell the article to a lady at twenty cents the yard. And I do not think it advisable to ticket anything at much more than twenty-five per cent. above its real value. Be certain of this, that the lady will tell all her female acquaintance that she bought this at Worldly's and what she gave for it. Try then and find out who these female acquaintances are, and if, as you are sure to, you see some of them in your shop, do not tell *them* that you never sold this article for less

than twenty-five cents. The lie is useless and unbusinesslike, and you will only be despised for it.

In the druggist's trade labels are the great essentials of business. Lying, in this respect should be scientifically done. I have, lying by me a box of Seidlitz powders. The label informs me that they are "prepared from a recent analysis of the celebrated German spring." Now, there is no such spring in all Germany, but what does that matter? When you sell a new quack medicine, always attach to it a label of your own of a different color to the others. If this preparation should be a tincture made up in alcohol, state that the great merit of the compound is, that it contains no intoxicating stimulant. Should it be some compound of mercury, announce it as perfectly free from all "mineral poisons." Another good plan is to append to the drug a certificate of its efficacy from some doctor with a long name. You can easily invent a name. Do not use a real one, that would be forgery, and forgery is always discreditable when found out. It is not a bad plan to call the certifying doctor, Professor of Therapeutics in some German university. Allow me, my dear Sam, to make you a suggestion. Get some odd-shaped bottles made, and fill them with some dark colored liquid, very harmless, but extremely nasty; advertize it as "Professor Stinkwasser's invaluable remedy for Heart disease."

"DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—For an adult, seventeen drops is the proper dose. This to be taken twice a day in two table spoonfuls of water. During hot weather the addition of a very small quantity of the best table salt will much add to its efficacy.

"As an external remedy, it should be used as follows: On a piece of soft chamois leather spread a layer of 'Worldly's refined beaver tail unguent,' (large boxes \$1.00, small do. 50c.) On to this drop fifty drops of the liquid and apply to the minor dorsal region of the spinal chord. Renew night and morning."

I think this would sell. I have seen patent remedies by the dozen, for consumption, dropsy and other incurable diseases, but I never remember one for heart disease. Now, about every fifth man you meet imagines that he has heart disease. This is true in about two cases out of a hundred. The remaining ninety-eight per cent. are lies. Now, lies must be medically treated by lies. If a man with nothing the matter with him takes seventeen bottles of Dr. Stinkwasser's preparation and finds that it does him no harm, a very little persuasion will convince him that it has done him a great deal of good; in fact, that he has only to take seventeen bottles more to be cured of a disease which he never had. Thus, you become richer, and the patient happier, and all through the wonderful power of lying. It is true that somebody with real heart disease may take your medicine and die after all. But what of that? you do not profess to cure more than ninety-eight per cent. of suffering. If that be apparently accomplished, it is more than any physician in town can really effect.

I will write to you again on this all-important subject.

Your affectionate uncle,

EBENEZER WORLDLY.

A "party" that is always popular—An Evening Party.

HORRIBLE CASE OF SACRILEGE.

ROBBING A DEAD CLERGYMAN!

"DIOGENES" TURNED RESURRECTIONIST.

The sands of the miserable Cynic's existence are well nigh run. The brains are out, and the man must die. But he dies hard—very hard—hard and impenitent. What a melancholy sight, to be sure, does he present! Even with one leg in the grave, he has been guilty of an act of sacrilege, and has committed a bare-faced robbery on a poor dead clergyman!

He has been very weakly of late—poor old creature!—just like a piece of washed-out calico in a tub, and the end cannot be far off. Well, well! death, after all, will be a happy release for him. His dotage has been pitiable, but his criminality is now revolting. Driven to desperation by intellectual poverty, he has at length turned THIEF! Yes, Sir, ACTUALLY TURNED THIEF! and here's the evidence.

In the last number of his dreary journal, he printed thirty-seven lines of verse, which he called "Tale of the Tub" (*after Béranger*). The verses were undoubtedly good. Of course, therefore, they were *not his own*. At page 223 of "The Reliques of Father Prout," (*Bohn's* edition,) in an article on the Songs of France, a poem will be found, entitled "Good Dry Lodgings." This poem (incredible as it may seem) was body and bones stolen by DIOGENES last week, and appeared in his columns (like a patch of good cloth on a seedy old coat) under the title of "Tale of the Tub."

Fie, fie! old man! Shame on your grey hairs! What! use your lantern to pry into a grave, and rob poor dear dead Father Mahony? We all know you are poor—miserably poor,—but surely there is such a thing on earth as honest poverty. Burns, the Béranger of Scotland, seems to have believed in it. Degraded old Cynic! when next you regard yourself in a looking glass, you will assuredly not see the HONEST MAN of whom you profess to be in search!

A MISTAKE.

It is an error to suppose Mr. Driscoll, Q.C., is the Editor of this paper. We have also been requested to state that neither Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Geo. Cartier, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Galt, Jeff Davis, Gen. Grant, or John Smith, have any connection, editorially or otherwise, with GRINCHUCKLE. As we were going to press, the following communication was handed to us.

GREENVILLE, TENNESSEE,

18th September, 1869.

To the Editor of Grinchuckle:

SIR,—I take advantage of this, the first sober breath I have drawn for several days, to desire you to contradict a foul slander which has reached me here, to the effect that I am one of the principal contributors to your paper, about to be published. So delicate is my political situation here, that a rumour of the nature referred to above reaching the ears of the United States Government, might result in some frightful political convulsion. Hoping you will at once make the contradiction, I am, your obedient servant,

ANDREW JOHNSON, ex-President United States.

We have also several letters from clergymen, and others, to the same effect, but have no space for their publication in this number.

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