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1870.
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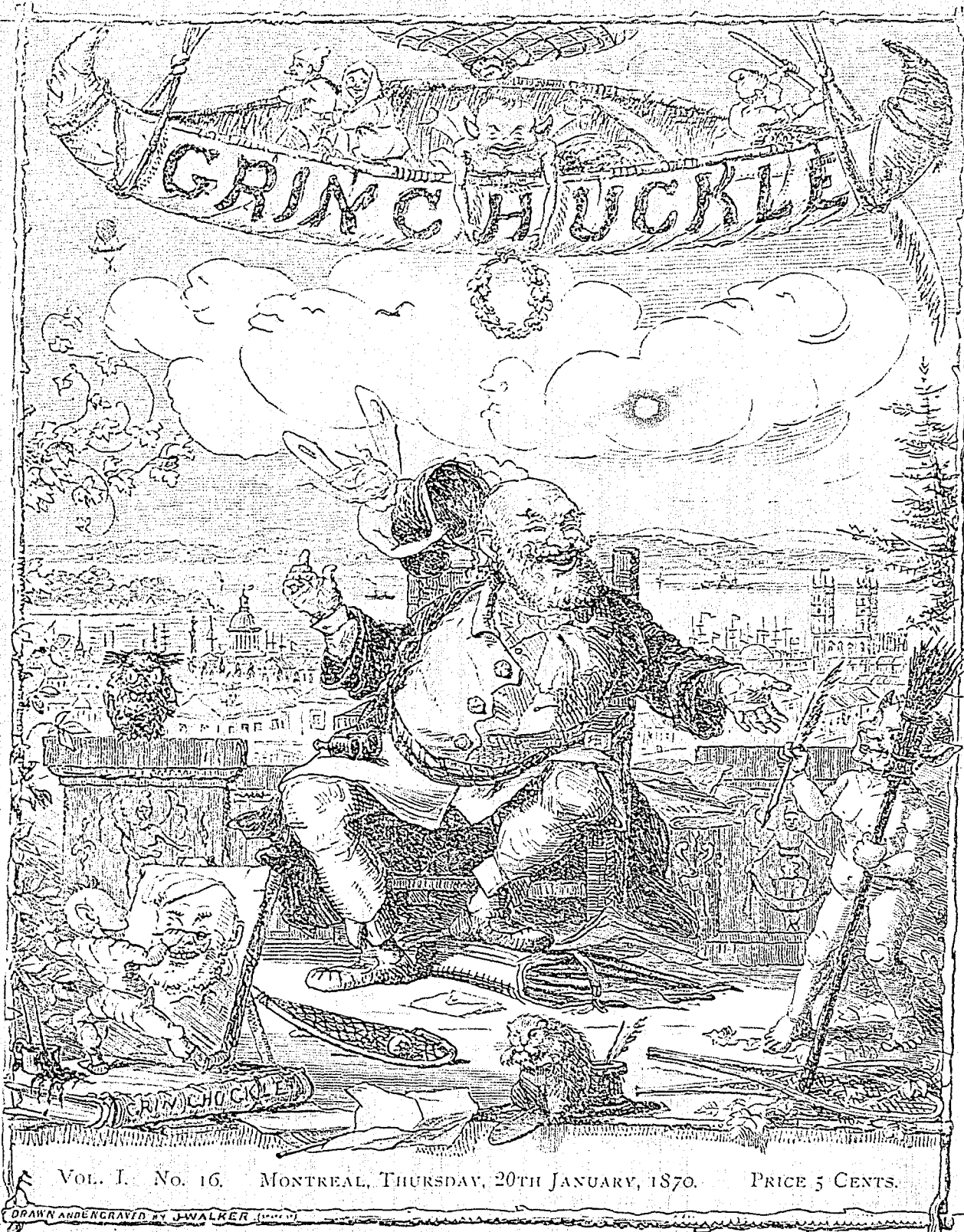
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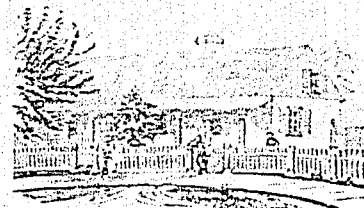
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GRINCHUCKLE: Come out of that tub, you young rascal. You require to be well cleansed, for the smell of your cigars taints the whole atmosphere. Let go your ear? Not till you make a clean breast of the whole matter. You'll shy a brick at me? You've been throwing dirt all round, but you've only managed to foul your own fingers. What do you mean, you young scamp, by swaggering about, with your cap on one side, insulting everybody, abusing Darcy as an old villain, swearing at honest tradesmen as swindlers, while all the time you were making the scent of your own petty priggish penetrate every cranny of the building? You saved money did you? Yes, your pocket allowance, and indulged your tastes at other people's expense. Let me know the price of the best Havanas. Thomas the Rhymer can tell what profit you got from the last lot. Be honest. Pay up. Refund to the city the price of your smoking. Wash your face; live cleanly; retire from public life for a time, and try to imitate the conduct of your namesake, as reported in the little well-known story, when he said, "Father, I'll never tell a lie." Don't wriggle and squirm. It only hurts you more. Own up, there's a good boy. You have not been a *Prodigal Son*. You're too mean for that; but, if you go on in this way, you may have to be sent off to a far country. You never tried to sell a bogus quarry? You never sold bricks to the Corporation? You never were in the ring? Boy! boy! I'm ashamed of you. If you had not the genius to make a big haul, why did you try the little business of petty hooking? Do you not know that the vilest criminal confessed his first attempt was at stealing a pin? Promise you'll join the anti-

tobacco association, and I'll let you down, and subscribe for a twelve months' issue of all the *Witness'* publications. That's right. Now, run away home like a good boy, and never let me hear more complaints about you, and don't write any more lies under the disguise of an old collar-maker. If you do, I'll collar you. Zeke Trimble, forsooth. Take care or I'll make you *trimble*, as our Irish friends would say.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

I wonder who'd guess
That poor G— W— S—
Would be found in so nasty, so filthy a mess,
So disgustingly bad,
So sickeningly sad,
It has quite turned the stomach of his cute Yankee dad.

It's more than a joke
That just stealing a smoke
Such a terrible row about town should provoke.
G. S. is the man
Cigar-smoking began,
Yet he slipped up in trying the cute Yankee plan.

The whole City is sick,
And means, with a kick,
To remove the sad nuisance that played such a trick.
The poor fellow feels hard
At being debarred
The very great pleasure of smoking his ward.

FENIANISM.

There is one marked contrast between the Irish outbreaks in '98 and 48, and the Fenian movement of to-day. The former were indigenous to the soil—the outcroppings of disaffection and active treason from within. But the latter, so far as Ireland is concerned, is an imported evil.

PUBLIC DINNERS.—In answer to many enquiries we would say that officially GRINCHUCKLE attends no public gatherings. If he can only doff his *bouquet bleu*, *moccasins*, &c., &c., and get in as a private gentleman, all well and good, but it need not be inferred that he has nothing to say about these things.

United States papers speak of the excellence of marine acephalous, molluscs of the *lamelli brachiati* order of the *genus ostra*, on the half shell. Bivalves were always first-rate under their old name, but it is not improbable that the long-winded classico-generic—ordinal nomenclature may add to their relish, as they may be continually rolled both over and under the tongue.

There is a rumour that the conduct of Alderman Bastien will be made the subject of debate before the Council. We hope so, and that the permanent orator of that body will lay the "Rod-on."

A TRUE REPORT.

The St. Patrick's concert and ball came off with great spirit in St. Patrick's Hall, on Monday evening. There was the usual number of celebrities on the platform, amongst whom we noticed the leading spirit, the worthy President, who spoke to the vast assembly of wealth, beauty and fashion to the following effect:—

'Tis me plasin' duty to welcome the whole of ye to this concert to-night, and to return ye all the sancare thanks of the St. Patrick's Society for yer presents to-night. We will be most happy to avale ourself of yer quarters,—manein' yer money or loose change. This bein' our annual concert in aid of charity, I hope it will sute well, and, if it doesn't bate me expectations, will come near \$500, which will cause ye all to open yer mouths and say, "Well done, Frank; we're glad we made ye President." Now, whare's yer loyalty? Thousands flock in just for the curiosite, to see how I will address the Prins.—Poor sowl, how I loves him and his Ma! (I beg pardon, yer majestie.) I know she knows me, bekase she gived the Prins a litter of introduction to meself when he was comin' out, with a requisit that I would give him all the information which he required while in this kountrie; an' in the evint of his payin' a visit to the United States, if I would favor him with an introduction to General O'Neil, or some one compitent to give him a korriect estimate of the fitin' kapacity of the Fanian legions, which, av koorse, I will be glad to do, with a requisit that he will take care to dine with the ambassador what likes him best. As a matter ov koorse, I will instruct the residents of the capital to faist his roil 'ighness in a manner becomin' the worthy visitor.—(you know I must drop royalty in Yankee land.) I would caution and remind you that you will have another chance of hearin' my flowin' vice, on another occasion,—the Lord spare me to yez,—on nixt St. Patrick's day, or rather the nite, for that's the time fools have their money loose. I don't like the custom of going away from your homes, unless you know that I am somewhare in the neighborhood to advise and korriect yez. For instance, to be plane with ye, I acually see young min in the room trying to intice Mr. Grinchuckle to join a lot of harem-skarem, devil-may-karem kind of chaps to go out to a place kalled Lachine, for the purpose of givin' certain fair creatures the chance of tasting the cratur' to the tune of "Tom and Jerry," which no doubt they will rilish at their journey's ind. The Lord bliss the mark, who will pay the piper? I can assure ye all, gintlemin and ladies, it won't come out of the funds of the Society, nor out of me hard arnins aither, but to the tune of two-fifty a head, supper included. I trust, me bise, ye will be in a position to take care of yersels, and not lave it to the fair ones who shares yer pleasures to do it. No, bise, it wouldn't be gentlemané, nor yet becomin' Irish gintlemin, which, unquestionably, ye all are,—only the girls who are supposed to be ladies, and who doubts it? Now, me hearers, let the bill of fare fare well, and let there be no intoxicating lickens in the house. No smacking lips or close huggin' during the drive. It is hard to avoid it, provided the temperature is below zero; but it can be done, if all the ladies will sit on one side of the

"King-fisher" an' the gintlemin fornint them. Now me bise ye hunderstand me—ye will in the koorse of the evenin' be 'dressed by men of distinction like meself, but the one I would have been delighted to see on this platform, Mr. GRINCHUCKLE, declines, on the score of great business engagements, but encloses a \$100 bill apology, for which he'll except me thanks, whin he gets it. Letters of apology was also received from min of distinction, such as Sir George Cartier, who every body knows is a Knight, but didn't like to go out to-night! Poor Sir Geo! No more vacancies in the Post-office! Sir Francis, the once celebrated Colonial Governor, but now the Financial Agent of the Society, and who informs me I can draw on him to any extent I plases, also apologised. The next was from Mr. Hearn, of Quebec notoriety, who says "to have the pleasure of being for an evening in the midst of so large a number of Irishmen 'tried and not found wanting.'" What does he mane by "found wanting?" Does he mane the men in the gap? No, he was once tried by the Quebec Corporation. We trust that his period of exile is at an end; we should like to see him a resident of this place, for Quebec must be too narrow to hold him!—The next apology is from a thorough Irishman, and one who has the blood of the Blake within him. I trust he is plased with the Portrait we sent him. Letters were also received from many celebrated Canadians, known only by name.

Neither Judge Coursol nor the Recorder could be present, for fear of making the acquaintance of some of the spectators a few hours earlier than they otherwise should. So much for having liquor in a ball-room!

Mr. Huntington then addressed the audience; he alluded to the manner in which his loyalty had been impugned, and professed, in the words of O'Connell, that his was a disinterested loyalty, the result of judgment and principle. Poor man! who ever thought he had either one or the other. We trust he will know what loyalty is before long, and that when he does he will appreciate the model set to him, and all others of the worthy Society! Our worthy representative of the Western division made a few remarks. It was more his misfortune that he didn't say more; as it was he hoped every man present would one day occupy the very distinguished and high position which he held; but, although high he was, he was no less the better judge of pork!

Parliaments must multiply!

A PEW-SEVITE.

Rev. H. Ward Beecher evidently knows how to hit the taste of his people. He was guilty of one of the most bare-faced and shameless offences against common decency that could have been committed, and has immediately had his salary raised to \$20,000. The pews in his church are let by auction, and an Auctioneer, hammer in hand, stands in or near the pulpit, to knock them down to the highest bidder. It is the days of "Knocks" revived in a new form—Knox and Pewseyism. Knox, the hatter, was the highest bidder, his appearance being for-bidding.

No matter how long you have been married, never neglect to court your wife.

YE GOUVERNEUR REMONSTRATES.

We once were foes, my brave Sir Knight,
But since we friends have been;
Of late you've played a double game,
Thinking you'd not be seen.

But I have seen you through and through,
Have proved you insincere,
And if you do not change your ground,
Will make you feel quite queer.

You sent me to Red River,
The *Metis* wild to rule;
But they would not have me nor mine,—
They said I was your tool

And so it was I've found you out,
I understand you well,—
Instead of standing by me,
You made up with Riel.

Through him and you I have been foild,—
I'm left out in the cold;
What must I do? I now demand
My ancient seat to hold,

Besides all this, I want some cash,—
My purse is getting low;
And if you don't accede to this,
Across the House I'll go.

The Parliament will shortly meet,
You'll sadly need my aid,
And when we next meet in the House
Tremble and be afraid!

Sir John looked up, and with a look
Which William well might know
Meant scorn and withering contempt,
Answered, him sternly, "Go!"

CRUELTY.

The Society are out with a long report on the success of their efforts to prevent cruelty to animals. They have a majestic superintendent, not unlike a field officer, who has been detailed to watch over the interests of the brute creation. Have we no claim for pity?

We would earnestly call the attention of Mr. Fred. McK— to the following gross cases of cruelty attempted to be perpetrated:—

The long reports by Dr. P. P. C—, Shall these initials ever mean *pour prendre congé*, and will he ever take leave of his ill-digested statements about smells? We protest against being compelled to read his twaddle. Can Frederick the Great humanitarian not help us?

Can the aforesaid Frederick not relieve the agony of people with corns, who have to walk the streets just now? Would hanging the City Surveyor, or strangling Alderman Bernard, assist this most desirable end?

We cheerfully give them both up, and would even sacrifice Alderman David if necessary.

Will Frederick not put an end to dreary lectures at concerts? If people go to hear music, why should they be bored with rubbish?

Will Frederick not compel the *Gazette* to stop the insertion of long letters respecting ritualism, praises of the Year-book, and Sunday School lessons? Some remedy can surely be found for such cruelties.

Can the truly benevolent Frederick not prevent the self-immolation of the victims of the religious anniversaries? Suttee was abolished in India—why not rescue the victims here?

When these are attended to, we shall give Frederick the Good, and his truly regal sub, a fresh list.

A RARITY.—AN HONEST REVIEW.

The Bee, as the copy-book proverb says, sucks honey from every flower,—cauliflowers included; but GRINCHUCKLE, whose natural bent is to find the elements of the absurd in all mortal things, has for once been completely non-plussed. The friend who put into his hands the volume of poems of Mr. McGee must have given GRINCHUCKLE credit for unlimited joke-extracting power. He had just demolished a sham—the ruins of which will be seen in another column—and was lifting his heavy bludgeon, to deal a thundering blow at another, when the book was thrust into his hand. Instantly the bludgeon fell! the victim, who had thought his fate already sealed, took advantage of the opportunity, and made a summary bolt for life; and GRINCHUCKLE was too much absorbed in recollection and anticipation to go in pursuit. The familiar name of McGee summoned to his mind reminiscences which he "would not willingly let die;" "some natural tears he shed," and probably would have been shedding them to this very hour, had not a thin pale boy whispered in his ear the talismanic words, "Copy, sir." This was enough. He had not read the book;—Montreal editors never do. But he had known the author,—known and loved him, and from the deep fountain of hallowed recollections could draw copy enough to fill the maws of a legion of printer's devils. Of all the elements of the poet not one was lacking to D'Arcy McGee. With an eye quick to note the ceaselessly changing aspects of Nature to which his soul was wedded, with a hand whose felicity in delineating what he saw was unrivalled, with a memory so tenacious that nothing generous ever slipped from its grasp, with Hibernian blood, which boiled at every tale or spectacle of wrong—he was qualified for the sacred mission of the bard. With the high qualifications just enumerated, he had an adequate sense of the greatness of his calling. He never extolled what was paltry, or passed contemptuously by what was feeble and forlorn. He sang for love of song; he loved song only as a potent instrument for heightening the joys and lightening the sorrows of his kind.

A "great steeple chase" over the mountain, *open to all whites*, takes place to-day. The word *all* is exceedingly comprehensive, and may, perhaps, include horses, &c. It is to be hoped that in this case, for once, the *biped* may beat the *quadriped*.



OPENING THE BALL.

A member of the firm of Roads & Bridges entertained Prince Arthur and a select company at Chandos House the other day. The affair was said to be magnificent. We wonder whether any of the Prince's connections have anything to do with the Grand Trunk, and the officials wish to secure his good offices?

Mr. Balmer promises to give something more soothing to the nerves of G. W. S. upon the "issue of fact" between him and the Councillor who seems to be trying to prepare himself for the practice of perpetual motions.

THE GREY MARE THE BETTER HORSE.—We learn that by a large number of French-Canadians, the serviceable horse, Liberal Conservatism, is to be replaced by the grey and long ago worn-out mare, Rank Toryism. It seems, however, not impossible but the old mare may, at no early date, founder, and be of no use to any but *cochons*.

The "Waterloo," at Petite Cote, was lately the scene of a large dancing party. It is needless to say that many "petti-coats" were there.

Ottawa is exercising itself anent amusements for the coming season. The capital complains that things "don't run." How would it be to have nothing and try a dose of total abstinence?

Why was Caldwell, when he left Montreal, like Sarah's lover?

Because he "called" on "Sally" at the "well."

Why does the Chief of Police lie in bed longer than most men? Because he's a longer man.

A GIFT INDEED.

Ye author readeth that, a fair ladye did, on the night of the 31st of December last, wilfully, maliciously and of malice aforethought, present ye fair ladye's husband with a New Year's gift: to wit, a babye.

Hail, season of delight! from out thy vast
And bounteous lap, what various treasures spring!
O! round my head thy inspiration cast,
To aid me, while this wondrous gift I sing.

The bard hath sung, in never-dying strains,
"The varied seasons in their annual round";
But thou, O! Season, offspring of their pains,
With fruits of all their labours dost abound.

First-born of time! as when primeval man
First saw thy gifts with lavish hand displayed,
Still is thy advent, since the world began,
With garlands of beneficence arrayed.

Pleasures of Hope, Anticipation, see
Rising triumphant over Age and Care,
With busy hands they rear the fruitful tree,
Bedeck thy pathway, and thy blessings share.

With fond impatience, Childhood prattles on
Of all the pleasures thy return will bring,—
Counting the moments ere the year be gone,
Which once they welcomed as the flowers of spring.

Like dying monarch, on whose lingering breath
Expectant hangs his all-ambitious son,—
The hoary year at last succumbs to death,
And thou art seated on Creation's throne.

Then loud rejoicings,—then deep-throated bells
Peal forth their merry chimes, to hail the morn,
Mixed with the shouts of Bacchanalian swells;
Whose drunken mirth on midnight air is borne.

Then friend meets friend, and many a greeting
change,
Of "Happy New Year," and, "The same to you,"
Then many a well-wrought gift of curious, strange
Device and meaning, first appears to view.

But what a gift is this! a thing of life
And being, beauty, grace and form divine;
The glad donation of a loving wife,—
A priceless offering on th' Hymeneal shrine.

Thrice happy man! whene'er thine eyes do rest
On this the gift of thy fair loving spouse,
What pleasures then will swell thy manly breast!
What deep emotions all thy soul arouse!

What visions sweet of future bliss will rise
Of days and nights of happiness in store,—
Of paregoric and of baby's cries,
And midnight airings on the chamber floor.

Happy recipient, when, in future years,
Thy precious gift is prattling on thy knee,
And thou in all a father's pride appears,
Think of last New-Year's—and then think of *me*.



SCENE IN NOTRE DAME STREET,

JANUARY 14TH, 1870.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S WELCOME
TO ARTHUR.

A million welcomes, Prince, to thee,
Son of the sire of high renown,
Whose royal deeds are as a crown
Encircling his posterity!

For his sake and for her's, whose name
Is linked with his in bonds so strong,
It needeth not an idle song
To wed them to immortal fame,

We give thee welcome! deep as e'er
Came from a people's heart, to prove
The surety of mighty love,
Throughout this Great Republic.

O, Royal Lady! Mother, Queen,
Beloved, revered through all these lands,
We seem to touch two royal hands—
Thine, and another hand unseen.

O, favoured spirit! wheresoe'er
Thy regal slight impels thee on—
See, we embrace thee in thy son,
And hold thy blessed memory dear.

O, Prince! if there be aught in blood—
If true nobility can claim
Transmission of a princely name,
Thou should'st be noble, great, and good!

Not with vain pomp or outward show,
With fond device or flowery phrase,
But through the simple strain we raise,
Throughout this Great Republic,

A welcome pealed from Yankee throats!
Full of the vigour of our prime—
Full of the vigour of our clime—
Or joyous sound of belfry notes.

NATURAL HISTORY SERIES.

No. 1.

Linnaeus, the great naturalist, divided the world into three kingdoms, viz: Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral. These are again divided into different *geni* or families, which are again divided into various species, bearing an affinity to one another, in a greater or less degree. We propose, by the light of modern science, and of more recent knowledge and experience, to consider a few of these, commencing with the highest order of created things, the *genus*—Man.

In the first place, a word as to the origin of the term. It is generally conceded, that, the first language spoken was derived, principally, from an imitation of the sound or property of the thing which each word was intended to represent, on which principle, indeed, a great many words are formed at the present day, and to this theory, we believe, we must look for the origin of the term—Man.

Thus the first sound uttered by the infant is "ma," to which, there can be no question, an "n" (the first

particle of the negative) was added to signify that the child had arrived at the years of *maturity*, and was no longer dependant on *maternal* guidance.

As a part of the creation, Man is of considerable importance, especially in his own estimation. The female is called "Woman." The origin of this term it is hard to *determine*. Some suppose it to mean—woe be to the man who is unfortunate or foolhardy enough to rouse her animosity, or trust himself in her power. But this idea we utterly reject, as the invention of some miserable wretch, whose happiness or features had been marred by her just anger. Another theory is, that, the female acts as a check to the impetuosity of the sterner sex, and is by this word represented as saying, "Wo! man," much as we say now-a-days, "Wo! horse." This appears to us a much more reasonable explanation, though we would by no means insist on its correctness.

The sustenance of man is drawn from a multifarious variety of materials. Man is at once carnivorous, graminivorous, fishivorous, wine-and-beerivorous, and a host of other "ivorouses" too numerous to mention. These are obtained in a similar variety of ways, but the way is not considered of much importance *as long as they are obtained*.

This genus is *par excellence* a beast of prey, preying not only upon every other part of creation, but also on each other, without pity or remorse. It is indigenous to every climate, and possesses the power of travelling from any part of the known world to another, provided it has got the funds,—hence its superiority to all other animals.

It is supposed, by some, to have been first created with tails, like the Chimpanzee or Ourang-Outang; but this, is only a *tail*, in fact the only *tail* it ever had.

It was more universally supposed to have been created with brains, and a superior order of intelligence to other animals, but judging from some of the finest specimens of later times, modern philosophers are of the opinion that this is merely a *tail* likewise.

It is divided into a great many different kinds or species, under different names, such as Kings, Princes, Governors, Politicians, Lawyers, Doctors, Preachers, and so on, the consideration of which we leave to another number.

The editor of the *Tilsonburg Observer* is conscientious and does not carry his money in his pocket-book. He apologizes for not inserting a notice of a tea-meeting at the time he received it, because it was handed him during the election, when he put it in his pocket-book, and forgot all about it.

Nevertheless, he commences the account, "A tea-meeting was held last night," oblivious of the fact that several weeks had elapsed. Election times *do* try the memory.

"A grave-digger in Winterberg has been convicted of exhuming dead bodies, which he fed to his swine, using the grave clothes for clothing his children, and selling the coffins for firewood."

Is there anything half so heinous in this as in the conduct of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, rooting in the foulest corruption to make a little money?



WANTED A WIFE.

DEAR GRINCHUCKLE:

I wonder when women will again be women—helps for man—instead of a woe to him? Here have I been for some time striving to find a real woman and cannot. Whenever I go to see any of the sex I find them not in the kitchen, where they should be, but in the parlour—talking place—or outside gossiping, to the neglect of those duties whose performance is their proper sphere of action. If you can find me a wife worthy of the name—alike at home in the parlour and kitchen, you will confer a great favor upon

A YOUNG MAN.

MINISTERIAL INFALLIBILITY.

The subject of Infallibility is one of considerable interest and importance now-a-days, when one requires to know whether his banker, employer or what not, is infallible, and can pay twenty shillings to the pound. But this is not the infallibility at present to be considered, though it might be a fitting subject for some, who, in the meantime, are recommended to consult the books of some commercial agency. We all know that the term infallible will not apply to Ministers of the Crown, for their promises fail, being "like pie-crusts, made to be broken." Politicians, too, come under the same category, whether in Opposition or not, for they persist in making promises, which, in the very order of things, cannot but be broken. But we now come to Ministers—real live Ministers, banded and gowned, with this degree or that degree, *honoris causa*, &c. These last we know to be nearly all fallible, for they failed in their preliminaries, and just for the say of the thing, beg or buy what they could not win. But the majority of the clergy are fallible, and to this conclusion we have come through a careful study of facts. They are men—the same as the rest of us—"chips off the same block," and "things that are equal to the same thing (or sprung from the same thing) being equal to one another," they are our equals. They are, some of them, warriors like Grant, and like him, when tired, exclaim—"Let us have peace," but, unlike him, fight not with the sword, but with the pen or tongue, which

are far mightier. Their fallibility comes out strongly in the report of a Vestry Meeting, in the introduction to which, especially, is this point brought out. Here they are painted—some of them in glowing colours,—but nearly all are shown to have a love for the "root of all evil," and an inclination towards money-grubbing. This inclination sometimes promotes quarrels and disputes, like as it does with others not as high up in the world, and not so far removed from its snares. Some of them are tainted—we use no stronger term—with ambition, and try to get above their fellows, sometimes by fair and sometimes by foul means, thus showing fallibility in another particular. But the crowning point is that, like others, they can occupy, in the heart of the church, unchristian positions towards one another, rendering it necessary for their superior officer to call upon them to resign their commissions. These things should not be, but it is to be hoped that, like as the quarrels of lovers are said to be, the renewals of love, the quarrels of the clergy, fallible like the rest of us, may have no worse effect than that of opening their eyes to their weaknesses and inducing them to cultivate "love," assured that they cannot "lose more" by it.

POLITICAL.

Joseph Howe is said to be a candidate for the Governorship of Red River! Wish he may get it.

"Set a rogue to catch a rogue" is the old motto. The Finance Minister is doing good service in this particular. He is said to be unearthing some of that villainy continually being dug up at Ottawa, but doesn't take decisive measures against the offenders, who are well connected. We suppose that this being a free country, the public purse is a free one, and its strings may always be carelessly left untied.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHYLOCK.—The suggestion you have made us is a good one, and we may avail ourselves of it. Should be glad to hear from you again.

L. H. D.—If your communication had been not quite so coarse it would have appeared this week. It will keep, and it might be advisable for you to call for your copy and revise it.

GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—We know of no association of the kind you refer to.

THOMASINA.—Such Christian names as those you suggested are positively ridiculous, and are suitable for codfish aristocrats only.

X. Y. Z.—The subject of your piece is a good one, but you have made too much of it. If it were inserted it would fill more than half the paper.

JANE.—Your husband should be a judge of the merits and demerits of the case. GRINCHUCKLE does not propose to intrude in a matter in which husband and wife are alone concerned.

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