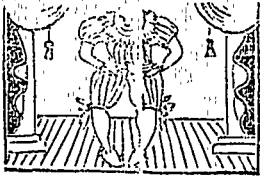


A Monsieur E. BURROUGHS,

J'avais l'autre jour un de vos couplets sous ce qui ne m'arrive pas souvent, mais bref je les avais, je voulais les passer, on ne voulait point les prendre, je me dis d'abord: c'est égal, quel qu'un le prendra bien: c'est Monsieur Burroughs de la Cour; j'essayai de les donner en vingt occasions, mais inutilement, votre credit n'est établi nulle part; je suis fâché de vous le dire. Il n'est pas agréable de perdre 12 sous dans des tems aussi durs que ceux dont nous sommes menacés, je vous envoyai votre billet afin d'obtenir quelque chose de plus orthodoxe, mais il faut que votre nom soit bien mauvais puisque vous le refusez vous-même, car vous l'avez refusé, disant que vous n'en prenez, que pour la valeur d'une pistre!

Je me mis à la recherche de nos billets, dans le but de compléter le montant que vous exigez, mais inutilement car je n'en pus trouver nulle part personne ne voulut en accepter. Que faut-il donc que je fasse, s'il vous plaît, Mr. Burroughs, maintenant de men 12 sous? Je vais être honni, si la devise de "honni soit qui mal y pense" que vous avez fait imprimer se trouve accomplie... Je vous l'offre pour six sous, voyons, soyez un peu moins arabe qu'à l'ordinaire et envoyez-mes six sous à l'éditeur du Fantastique qui me donnera j'en suis sûr pour cela un numéro de son journal qui vaut je vous l'assure plus que vos billets de 12 sous quoiqu'il ne se vende que quatre.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, monsieur,
A. C. A. G.



THE FUN TASK.

Mr. Editor,
Within the last few days I have observed articles in the several newspapers of this City, headed "Glorious news", "Important news" and other expressions significant of rejoicing, but one forthcoming important event, appears, (notwithstanding the publicity given to it,) entirely to have escaped the public notice.

In the Mercury of Tuesday last, I perceived an announcement of the sale, by Mr. Balzaretti—and under the superintendance of Mr. De Lery, of "whigs and Lady's Frisets." Now I would ask what intelligence could be more acceptable to a Loyal man, a later of publica-

nism, than a sale of "whigs?—Poor whigs—they must indeed have fallen from their high estate, when one see them advertised for sale in conjunction with combs, scratches, tooth powder, and "Lady's Frisets;" and that too by a common Auctioneer, the King's Auctioneer is not even requested to officiate on the occasion. When however, one considers the specimen of the party sent out here, no great surprisa can possibly follow the notification that they are to be sold, and referring again to our Quebec sample, we find at once an elucidation of the sale at the same time of "Lady's Frisets;" as he (and we judge of the others, by him) is by all acknowledged to be nothing better, than an old woman.

JEREMY DINNER.

POETRY

THE SEA—THE SEA.

The following Parody, on Barry Cornwall's song appears in the August number of Fraser's Magazine:—

The Sea! the Sea! Oh me! oh me!
The pail—be quick! I quail—I'm sick,—
I'm sick as I can be;
I cannot stir, I cannot stand;
I prither, steward, lend a hand.
To my cabin I'll go,—to my berth will I hie,
And like a cradled infant lie.
I'm on the Sea—I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would never be;
With the smoke above, and the steam below,
And sickness wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come, no matter I wot:
To the bottom I'd go—as soon as not.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
In a neat post-chaise, with a couple of bays,
And a pretty girl by my side!
But oh! to swing amidst fire and foam,
And be steamed, like a mealy potatoe at home,
And to feel that no soul cares more for you,
Than the paddles that clatter as onward they go.

The ocean's wave I ne'er moved o'er,
But I loved my donkey more and more,
And onward flew to her bony back,
Like a truant boy, or a sandman's sack;
And a mother she was; and is to me;
For I was—an ass—to go to sea!

The fields were green, and blue the morn,
And will as a mouse the little house
Where I—where I was born;
And my father wistled, my mother smiled,
While my donkey brayed in accents mild;
Nor ever was heard such an outcry of joy
As welcom'd to life the beautiful boy!
I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
With my peaceable donkey and termagant wife:
With a spur for the one, and a whip for the other,

Yet ne'er have wished, to change with a
And a proverb of old will apply well to me—
"Who is born to be hang'd will not die on the gall!"

AUCTION.

For Sale 30th November, inst.
The Todyfied, well executed, new and complete set, of St. Andrews Banners.—Volunteer and other corps will find the present a good opportunity of procuring at a moderate rate, what sundray simple sawneys have had to sell out pretty freely for.

Baillie Jarvie,
A. & B.

WANTED.

To form a Cavalry Corps.—A few gentlemen Riders, whose self-esteem will allow them to accept commissions under the "Old Lady" in whose gift they are at present.—For further particulars apply to
Lt. Col. E. B. O'Callaghan.

WANTED.

A supply of loyal volunteers to join several corps of officers already raised should the supply not be forthcoming, it may be an inducement to many to join to know that it is in contemplation to allow any one so joining to rate not lower than captain.

By Order of the
Genl. Cong. field-marshal Brown.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

For the St. Patrick's Church (being nearly the only english speaking one in Quebec not possessing the article) a Bigoted Irish Priest (a Scotch one might do) who will use his utmost diligence to impress upon his flock the necessity they are under of cordially hating and living upon the very worst terms with their neighbours of other congregations. Early application is requested as the present incumbent is in bad bread with his masters.—Apply to the Beeble of the Parish, or at the Funtask Office.

WANTED

By the St. Andrew's Society; no association with St. Patrick or St. George.
By order of the chief cook of the establishment.

Little use,
First Secretary,

WANTED AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

A Congregation, that will on no account whatsoever enter the doors of any other church.—For further information apply on the 1st of March next, to the vacant pews, in the building, or to
The Dougald Creature.