

### Passports.

It would have thought that "Abner" would come  
 such a groveling Yankee trick,  
 When all his gold was spent "to hup"  
 A hybrid sort of tax to stick  
 Upon his neighbors, who have taken  
 His greenbacks, though their faith was shaken.

An' adage says that drowning men  
 Will catch at straws before they sink,  
 Since Cass has failed, one Fessenden  
 Has found the country on the brink  
 Of ruin, and he now is willing  
 To grab at every golden shilling.

They have oppressed with all their might  
 The simple gulls at home, and now,  
 Since whipped in every manly fight,  
 They cast about them, to see how  
 They can redeem in some slight measure  
 The gold which Yankees so much treasure.

They urge that passports will prevent  
 The raids they charge that we have aided.  
 We "guess" their revenues are spent,  
 And though they find themselves upbraided  
 Their conscience to their interest leaves,  
 The end will justify the means.

They're even lost their ancient tact,  
 If they suppose "I will stop a raid."  
 Or else they've done it to exact  
 A sort of penitential aid,  
 Because just now they have the power,  
 But time will make them rue the hour.

### The Volunteers.

We are informed that our gallant volunteers  
 have begun to grumble already about their rations.  
 Can these be the men who, a few weeks since, in  
 the drill shed; while the fife and drum were dis-  
 couraging their soul inspiring strains, stepped to the  
 front "as one man" and declared they were will-  
 ing to die in defence of their country and their  
 Queen? Why cannot they put up with a little in-  
 convenience or a little starvation? Is not the  
 honor and glory of protecting their country's fron-  
 tier against the invasion of enemies, or quieting  
 any excursions of raiders from our soil sufficient to  
 sustain them in their work? Are not the eyes of  
 the whole country upon them, watching their every  
 action? Cannot they submit to a few inconveni-  
 ences while they occupy such an honorable posi-  
 tion, while they are permitted to act as arbiters of  
 the destinies of "bounty jumpers" and outlaws of  
 the dominions of Uncle Sam? May not they en-  
 joy the luxury of standing on the banks of the ma-  
 gestic "Niagara," and gazing down upon its sur-  
 face (frozen to the depth of two feet) while the  
 thermometer is ten degrees below zero, and the  
 sharp chilly winds of January are howling o'er  
 their devoted heads. Are not these honors and  
 pleasures sufficient to allure men away from their  
 homes in the depth of winter—if they are not,  
 then we must consider that patriotism has forsaken  
 our land and we are not fit to enjoy freedom.

### Kingston Correspondence.

The good old name of Gentleman,  
 Borne without abuse,  
 Defamed by every charlatan,  
 And spoiled by all ignoble use.

It is generally taken for granted that Officers of  
 Her Majesty's service are gentlemen, and to a cou-  
 ple of residents of Kingston, belong the honor of  
 dispelling the vulgar error and delusion. "On  
 Sunday evening last at St. George's in the East,  
 these persons were guilty of an act in the Lords  
 Sanctuary, which for gross indecency and unchar-  
 itableness is almost without a parallel in the an-  
 nals of christianity. According to the announce-  
 ment of the Church Wardens of this somewhat  
 famous temple that the service would be free to all  
 comers on Sunday evening, a couple of young  
 men apparently mechanics attended the Cathedral  
 and in their innocence entered a pew in which this  
 brace of worthies was unseated. What was the  
 conduct of two servants of Her Majesty, towards  
 the strangers! to supply them with books and on-  
 able them to follow the service would be the na-  
 tural impulse of a gentleman and an English  
 Churchman! not such indignant reader was the  
 conduct of these officers—they promptly ordered  
 the young men out, and although more than one  
 Christian member of the congregation threw open  
 his pew to them—they were so mortified with the  
 rude rebuff that they left the church. Not the  
 least deplorable feature of the rude act is that  
 these young men were dissenters and must have  
 gone away with a poor opinion of the doctrine  
 which inculcates such morality in its disciples.  
 This is the way to carry the good intention of the  
 Church Wardens into effect. This is the way to  
 reclaim lost souls led astray by false doctrines.  
 This is the way to prove to dissenters the superi-  
 ority of English Church discipline with a vengeance.  
 Far be it from the writer to impugn the  
 honor of these British officers as the representa-  
 tives of a class; but there are black sheep in every  
 fold.

### Missus Reed's 'boordin hous'

Kingston, Canada, Jan'y 12, 1865.

Missus Editor

Dear Sur—

I write these few lines to tel you us how the  
 grate & beautiful market hous heer ware consocod-  
 ed by the devaurin element last nite, I rekoid it was  
 about as imposin a ediffas as the stoopendus mind  
 of man ever prodooed from his brane & the suti-  
 lins genus what planned it. I have hearn loosed  
 his intilltoles in consokanso uve the grate trouble  
 he had a preparin uve the plans & a matoroin uve  
 the drawins fur this ere grate bildin, his name war  
 brawn & he war a citizin uve the glorious union  
 whose perpetooil progris is a bein parraillised by  
 this ere frattersidal war down South, which is  
 zaxita the admirin gase of wonderin cruds thro-  
 out the almitly univarse, whariver the star spang-  
 led banner flotes and the name uve Sooard is hearn  
 the tirent trimbels and Kings & pottnitates foll  
 prostrait in the dust, say nothin uve liberatin  
 niggers and irishmen from the oldum; the ractt  
 place uve Mister brouns berth is wol noth in York

state, Jefferson County, which is kalled arter him  
 brounsvill, & has a popollation uve 200 & 12 soles  
 & severil eminent bildins & a semenary whar the  
 ded is entered in volts, includin the diseased Mis-  
 ter brown & his widder who surprised him butt a  
 breef time on arth, a grate menny passons uve  
 noat is berried hear to, namely, a grate gronsov. of  
 Rip Van winkel who xpired in the year 1700 & 16  
 The cox uve the fire is supposed by sum too B the  
 huxtirs what occupies the sellers & which kias  
 uve the kommaneteer ar mutch adickt too smok-  
 ing uve short pipes among the straw in the sellers  
 butt Doctur Skinner, a vary larned kemnist hear,  
 says as how in his opinun the fire was cozed be  
 'spuntanus kumbustin uve the taller in the shambils,  
 as grate quantites uve meet was kep thar fur  
 the use uve the citizens, which is a lastin stigmo  
 on the peepil of this provinsie to canvarf sutch  
 a klassick ediffas dezzined by a American  
 citizin too a commin meet shop fur the butchers.  
 Sick transact glorious Monday—the conflagrashun  
 war mitey sli tremenjus & the broed arch uve hevin  
 war loaited with the reflexshun uve the flames,  
 & the smel of burnin meet, the sparks was a flyen,  
 the dorgs war a barkin, then men was a hollarin,  
 the wynd was a blowin, the sno war a driftin, the  
 frust was a freesin, the flames was a blazin, & the  
 ingines war tremenjously a squirtin uve woter up-  
 the doownd ediffas, & the roastin meet which they  
 tried too saave fur the poor which is vary thick  
 hear as it war kookd which wood saave fowel  
 as kordwoods hi hear. I am engaged lecturin hear  
 on the futir uve Kennady & Cunfederashun which  
 is purty lookative too me; likewise the statesmen  
 uve Kennady which toooney smokes & severil uve  
 the commin koincil come to here and cheered; but  
 my lectur was doomed to breef doorashun as the  
 fire bells begun a ringin, & the odiense d rampa-  
 gin & peakin thro the vinder uve the lectur room.  
 I seed the grate bildin rappt in flames & the spire  
 & klok to in the generel conflagrashun which is a  
 grate los to the corporashun, particularly the spire  
 which was noo & surmounted by a yaller tin-roog-  
 which was erocketd last year be a sadlor feller  
 at a grate cost with a rops round his boddy fur  
 feer heed sol down frum so grate a hite, which is  
 300 & 10 feat hi. The diskripshun uve the grate  
 fire aint vary grafack, but i hope u will xkuse the  
 haaste uve

A WARD.

### The Passport System...Identification.

The following is part of a conversation between  
 two Yanks, which took place lately at the American  
 Hotel:

1st Yankee—What's the news?

2nd Yank—Oh! nothing much, they talk of  
 moving Canada further West.

1st Yank—Well, why don't they do so?

2nd Yank—[It can't be done, requires a pass-  
 port.

1st Yank—Why don't they get a passport?

2nd Yank—Well you see, the country is so  
 unlike what it used to be, it can't be identified.