

company Officers is made chiefs and tattooed all over, wich is a tattoo they never expected to turn in with wen jining their mess;—and they makes a lanced corperl of a man in a minute, by touching him delegately up with a spear. O, Huggins, I wish the Oss Guards was up here dont I, that's all;—though I egspect, wen the Hiron Dook comes to hear of this, there'll be a crow to pluck with some folks in Canada, and no Saxe to hold the feathers. There's a scroo loose somewares, and if the Haboriginals hadn't been done by the Govmt, Mary Hann of Bay Street wouldn't ave to deplore the habsence of her true soger. We ain't wanted up here—that's the wust of it;—there's no breech of the peace, nor any breeches at all among the stowical red creechers as I can see, but a universal owl for justice goes up to eaven in a manner orrible to ear. There's a war dance or some sich selebrashun going on before my abused eyes this very minnit. Squaws of all sizes is dancing in a ring, to the mewsic of Ccheeks's bugle, he being out on paroll for that purpose;—there aint nothink much to talk of in the way of dress;—sich a peel of belles I never see. One of 'em dont dance so bad; and skantily decorated as she is with nothink on but my shako; her fine phigger shines out in the morning sun like a copper cast of Tallyony. Dont shew this to Mary Hann on no accounts; but give her the enclosed, containing my scalp, wich was obligingly removed for me by a fasceeshus young warrior friend. Poor Mary Hann!—she will sometimes ile the Lock of her Rifle with her tears. Ajew, Huggins, and pray eaven to put a more propishus sky over

Your unhappy comrade,

GILES GRUBB,

Rideman.

To Corperl HUGGINS,
Rifle Brigade, Toronto.

MONTREAL TWISTERS.

The following paragraphs are taken from the report published in the *Montreal Gazette*, of the annual Thistle Curling Club dinner.

"Mr. Shipway sang, "Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her."

Mr. A. Heward sang "Rule Britannia."

Now Messrs. Shipway and A. Heward are signers of the Address declaring that her Majesty's reign is by no means conducive to their individual prosperity or to that of the country they inhabit. They are not paid vocalists, who, for a guinea and a dinner, would sing "Here's a Health to old Satan," or "Rule Apollyon," with equal nonchalance and effect; but they are private gentlemen and good fellows, desirous of promoting the social enjoyment of their friends, therefore they do themeelves injustice; and wrong their friends by chanting loyal songs, the soul-inspiring words of which must fall from disloyal lips spiritless and tame,—and tame and spiritless singing is by no means agreeable. Punch pities the Curlers on the occasion alluded to, and recommends Messrs. Shipway and A. Heward, if they have any desire to do justice to their fine voices and masterly style of singing, to study "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia." There was one song sung by Mr. Greenshields after the toast of the "Quebec Curling Club, and the Curling Clubs of Canada," which Punch does not rightly understand, unless Curlers are Tee-totalers. The song was, "Round the Tee." Is a Curling dinner, tea and toast, or what connexion has a song celebrating a party sitting "Round the tee" with the toasts usually given at a dinner? although dinner toasts and tea-toasts resemble each other in the important essential of being disagreeable unless well buttered.

Punch might have anticipated that in the Montreal Thistle Curling Club numerous Twisters would be found, seeing that curling is twisting. Weeds also might be expected in a Thistle Club: but the wonderful twists displayed at the Club dinner in Montreal by the weeds of annexation, Messrs. Shipway and A. Heward, must have caused the lips of many a keen-witted Curler to curl with suppressed laughter, at hearing them shouting the loyal strains of "Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her," and "Rule Britannia."

PUNCH'S PEPYS' DIARY.

1st December, 1867.—Walking through Holmes' Park, that was the old French Square, did pause to see the Fountain, which they now do call the Washington Squirt; but which I do remember old Sandy Simpson proud when it first did play. Boys at play there, and much sport by blowing the water in the faces of the female passengers, which made me think of the watering of roses with a small garden-pot. Then to the Parliament, to see ye Battle of Mile-End, painted on two miles canvass. General John Bailey Turner there as large as life, on a spavined horse, and hewing down the British with a bowie-knife. Also Brigadier Ben Holmes in the distance of the picture sitting on a flour-barrel and bleeding at ye nose, which made me laugh to see, though melancholy to think of. And in the fore-ground John Rose, dressed like a Scottish Chief, which methought a poor conceit, and better had been the uniform of ye Tomkins Independent Blues.

3rd December, 1867.—My wife and I in a cab to the American Museum, which Moses Hays did build, and where I do remember Jem Wallack act the first time it was opened for a play-house. Lectures there on Republicanism, by a sallow, poor-looking old man, one Harrison Stephens, who did afterwards stand on his head and suck a Sherry-Cobbler, at which much laughter. Afterwards a comic song by Frank Johnson, with a sneezing chorus whereat my wife in fits, saying she do remember Frank always considered up to snuff. Frank grown somewhat stout as I think, and wearing a brown wig. Then to the Ladies American Coffee-House, where had supper of clam-soup, and my wife a brandy-smash, I preferring ye cocktails of gin. Much sport here betting on the election for President, though their tickets I do not understand,—but Tully, seemingly a great man, and his picture up in most ye public houses, which did make a poor African cry, reminding him of ye Ourang-outang of his native mountains. Home by moonlight and to bed, where my wife did make me a gift of a blue woollen night-cap, which do remind me of the people called French Canadians in the olden time.

9th December, 1867.—To-day to bottle up some good strong beer, and gave a shilling for doing the same to one John Molson, a ragged old man but very handy at his work. My wife do laugh much at his legs, for which I did hide her, quoting some scripture to her shame. Afterwards to the Tully Bowling Saloon, where saw Jacob DeWitt wrangling with John Gordon Mackenzie, about a strike, they wanting John Dougall to decide; but John asleep on the benches, which now seemeth his great delight, and would not be made umpire. Home at dusk, and to reading an old number of the *Montreal Courier*, terribly fierce and loyal to ye Queen of England. To bed late, and did dream of John Bailey Turner on ye spavined horse.

LIBERAL EDITORS.

Liberal Editors are men who allow no one to differ in opinion from themselves; therefore when two liberal editors quarrel, the style in which they blackguard each other is highly amusing to an unconcerned looker on. The *Globe* and the *Examiner* are delicious specimens of two fighting liberals. They were once great friends, of course they know something of each other, and if either of them be worthy of belief, one or the other is about the most unscrupulous, and unconscionable, and time serving and corrupt scoundrel in existence? Which of them is it? Punch is sleepless with anxiety until the question is decided.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.

Job or somebody else remarked that every man had his price, and yet Mr. Malcolm Cameron objects to the Ministers having theirs. How could any one buy Ministers if they had no price, besides, that which has no price is usually worthless. However, Mr. Malcolm Cameron looked at the question in another light,—he thought that getting rid of the present Commissioner of Crown Lands and giving the office to him, would make the present a priceless Ministry.