

thing that compensates us for a' our snicrefeshes."

Sandie.—"Ah, weel then, maister, he said, did the auld fesher, 'There's worrus muggets in yere mirsther's head than iver' wor in the auld ram's head ye tuk aff' wid ye, but,' says he, 'here's a letter, the auld Frinch man tould me to give ye, the men do be saying he has a hupe of monee lift him,' sae I took the bit writin and cam awa."

G. B.—"Ah weel, let's hae it, ye emecate the auld fesher's brogue richt weel, Sandie, but I dinna like the talk, it smells o' the auld hairlot clothed in scarlet. Odd, I maist forgettit, what did ye w' the cawper the auld Irisher gaed ye back. Ye didna gie it me?"

Sandie.—"Na, I slippit it between twa gude anes, and payit the auld milk-wife for ye're parrich milk the morn."

G. B.—"Ye suld na hae done that, Sandie. Ye suld na desheve any body. Did she na kee o' it?"

Sandie.—"Oh, man; she hadna gotten sax steps, when she turait at me—'Ye gieed me a bad cawper;' the auld haig screechit at me. I tuk my bible aith I gieed ye gude anes, I roorit at her; and sne I did, the gude anes; sho grumblit I was aye o' the Grits. That the muckle deevil wad mak his gruel o' the wickid auld limmer."

G. B.—"A' weel, Sandie, that's a cairless auld jaud, she spillit the milk yestereen, there's na muckle hairm done; but gie us auld Tric Trac's letter. (*Breaks open the letter and reads.*) Weel, weel, this beats n, Sandie, auld Tric Trac gotten a lairge estate and is aye o' the noblesse. Nobless, what ca' ye that? hae, mon? Dinna thae Englishers say, *nobbie aye*, when they wad be speakin' o' a man, may be like mysel, in a high posession?"

Sandie.—"Ou, aye, they do; but they ca' steeks and ither things, nobbie anes. Ye mind the stick w' the gowd at tap, ye're brierth had sin synce. Ao young Englisher said o' that, that's a nobbie aye."

G. B.—"Ou aye, but I'm maist certain nobless and nobbie aye is the same. Hark ye, Sandie, here's a bit note frae the auld ledy, the aye I learnt French and dancin' o', and aye frae her gude mon; auld Trek Trawk."

Sandie.—"I wad like to hear gin ye please, Sir."

G. B.—"Haud ye're ears open then," (*reads.*)

De Glob Office.

TO MONSIEUR JORGE BROWN,

MONSIEUR.—You wad de pleasures receive, when I ye informe of Monsieur Tric Trac's *bonne fortune*. He has intelligencing receive that by judgment fortunate and just; ah ciel! how just! how fortunate! that one large estate is come to im in Lowaire Oannada. In Parlmainit he will be seat. He is moche grateful to you, he has a let-taire wrote to you, I it enclosure, forgiv he, expression; de exultation, de viskepe, uniting, ave made im one trifail lgh; he roar for you loudace as tonner, 'Yere is mine Jorge,' say he, 'that I may im embrace, dat I may im kees. Fesh im to me, I will him' kees' before. I sleeps, fesh me another hookaire to drink mine Jorge's eith, to taste im. He is grown gray as badgnes his country serving, he says at Oxford. His yorkaires he shall ave back, every tam' one. Adieu, Monsieur

he giv a fete so soon as ye are arranged, in celebration. If you, Monsieur, attende not, it will a funeraile be. Receive, Monsieur, assurances of profoude esteem, from

THESSA TRO TRAC.

H. G. B.—"Weel, weel, there's na knowing whateen we may lippen to; odd, Sandie, the auld fellow will hae enish in baith pockets."

Sandie.—"I wad like to hae the rippin his pouches."

H. G. B.—"Whisht, Sandie, ye dinna mean it; whisht, here's the auld chappies bit scart enclosed in the auld ledy."

To Monsieur Jorge Brown of de Globe.

Mon cher ami Jorge,

I am with exultations devoured, I will you saparise. One day my Jorge, I am instructioning leetle mees at de pension, one Yorkaire a lessong. Ma fo, too moche often, a seepence libertee dree coppaires lessaire than I sharge. De morrows wad you in Parlmainit, we will be de two speakers, mine Jorge. We de turns will take—we will fresh laws pass—all publique papares shall be suppress one only shall remain—de mightee *Globe*, mi joli boy! De conducteur of de *Leadaire* that coquin clevar, shall be in de pillore one day, what sno I? two, dree, more as days; we will im pelle with eggs—monee is no object, I will de eggs buy. By Gar! dokes eggs, dey are lickare, and ave more savor, vat you call strong. We will de *Leadaire* offeccc destroy, de employes shall be deported, every one. Des Anglais and Paddies shall be keeked out of de contree. I am a Eugenet so well as you, mi old sliik—bloodi-end to de Pope. When Parlmainit is done, we will to Paris go, our wives shall stay here each other to console; it is best, mi jolly boy. Jorge, when shall I see you, when shall I you embrace? Yet another hookaire to your elith, my tundering Buck. Adieu! I go to bed, I am veri dronke—Vive la bagatelle, and confusion to the *Leadaire*.

TRO TRAC.

H. G. B.—"The auld sinner."

Scene closes.

Presentation of Mace to "The Queen's Own."

Vide *Leader*, Aug. 10th.

We were surprised, though pleased, to find from the *Leader* of Aug. 10th, that the gallant James Mace has been presented in form to the "Queen's Own Volunteers." We like exhibitions of this sort of feeling; a secret tie unites one brave man to another, and although we, of course, own the modern gladiator does not hold the same status in society as those brave men who have pledged themselves, without fee or reward, and (would we could pen the contrary,) with but the minimum of encouragement, to defend with their lives all we hold dear on earth. Still, that the "Queen's Own" whom we believe to be as gallant a body of men as ever bugle sounded for, should honour true courage; albeit, perhaps, not shown in the worthiest way; is a fact we are glad and proud to recognize. We are just informed by a friend of ours usually well up in these matters, that the gallant Jem has come here, intent on making a match

with a well-known Q. C., of this city, at ench weight, for any sum which may suit the gentleman. James says, that having neglected his scriptural reading, he is determined to take a lesson in *Ecclesiastics*. This is the champion's sportive way of talking of the affair. To be brief, Mace says that in the event of the earned gift accepting his challenge, he will make his *sign manual* and *endorse it to bearer on delivery*, and will show his capability as a clerk by *grossing* the whole of the gent's attention. Notwithstanding the learned counsel's part admission, that "he can strike a blow at four feet," the gallant Mace, who seems rapidly becoming an adept in the common parlance of Canada, says, that he can *blow* very much farther than that, but that he does not do so, as such practices are opposed to the usual English custom. We hope this match may come off, and that it may eventually turn out a friendly triumph of Canada over England, Who knows? A Counsellor proverbially has a long head, and if the gallant Q. C.'s head be only, as we think not unlikely, as thick as it is long, it may be on the cards that James Mace returns to England a sadder and a wiser man? It is written, "In the multitude of Counsellors there is safety." The question to the speculative is, would a man be safe in backing one Counsellor, (even a four footer,) against such a man as James Mace?

P.S.—Since writing the above, we have received a dark intimation that we have been hoaxed, and that Jem Mace's arrival, his ecclesiastical wish to do business here, and all, are lying inventions. We do not believe one word of it. Settling aside our natural or rather preternatural sagacity. We refer to the "Local Intelligence" Column, of the *Leader*, any of our readers will there find a paragraph headed "Presentation of Mace to the Queen's Own." By this we stand or fall.

OUR HAMILTON CORRESPONDENCE.

A talented correspondent from Hamilton writes us under the signature of "Fustus" and want of space alone prevents our giving his letter in full. He must excuse us if we only refer to points. That Hamilton is pure and spotless, well we know. There are, we believe, two mountains at Hamilton. "Mons credit," and "mons debit;" the one natural, the other artificial. To turn the fountains off, and convert the city into the Sahara of the West, was an effort worthy of civic ingenuity. To let them play when the members of the Hibernian Society who notoriously drink nothing but whiskey, was a worthier.

We join cordially with our correspondent in hoping, that when the Coal Oil contract, *versus* the brilliant Gas, has expired, it will never be resuscitated. How could our friend write as injudiciously as he does, under such a dispensation? We couldn't.

Mr. Cartier's Courage.

At the Welland glorification the Canadian "Tiger Cat" boasted of his courage. Well he might after his doings, sayings, and toast drinkings at the Shebeen-house in Chambly, on the night of the 21st Nov., 1837; he must have something more than courage (*de brazen impudence*) to riot unblinking at the Table of the Queen.