

work, a nonsensical one. And why? Does he think it nonsensical because it unmasks a hypocrite? Does he think it nonsensical because it exposes to the public, the miserable expedient, adopted by a public impostor to impose upon the people, that of concealing and denying what he really is? Methinks my little work is *not near so nonsensical* as the stuff and trash with which the columns of that lying paper called the *Journal de Québec*, is weekly loaded, nor as the absurd speech made by its shuffling Editor a short time ago at a drunken opposition shime at Toronto.

He asserts in his letter that he sees nothing in me to admire. I really believe this Mr. Editor, for in the first place, he is not over blessed with good sight. His eyes are so crooked and he squints in such a fearful ugly manner that I am surprised that he sees at all. And in the next place, there is not much in me which a *cochon*, from his natural propensities, could admire. However, for my part, I would feel no pleasure in associating with *swine*. I am not therefore particularly anxious to be admired by a *cochon*. **SHADE OF VENUS! TO BE ADMIRER BY A COCHON!**

This political granter has even the audacity to deny that he is a *cochon*. All his denials however will be of no avail. It would require something more than a mere denial to prove, (to my satisfaction at least) that he is not a *cochon*. The "Régistres de Notre-Dame de Québec" brand him as one, and even if they did not, the characteristics of a Chateau Richer *cochon* are too well known to me at all event not to enable me to see through the reason, why he has such a horror of those who might inquire into his family name.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I have to say that I am now and always will be, while I live, a foe to imposition of every kind; and as I consider that the greatest imposition of which one can be guilty is that of assuming to be what one is not; is that of concealing and denying one's real name and consequently denying the name of one's father, I have thought proper to insert in my work, the pedigree of this animal which will be found at page 58; and whether it was a charitable act on my part or in keeping with my sacred character to call animals by their right names, in my work, I have done that for which every foe to imposition ought to thank me, I have exposed an impostor, while at the same time I have shewn that in this Canada of ours, people have such low ideas about honor and are so anxious to have a Canadian aristocracy, that they hesitate not to style even a *cochon* honorable. **O TEMPORA, O MORAES.**

I have the Honor to be
Mr. Editor,
Your obedient servant,
J. B. A. FERLAND,
Priest.

P. S.—As for the Holy Inquisition, if the Holy Inquisitors never did any thing worse than roasting a few *cochons*, I for one would never find fault with them, for according to the Holy Scriptures, God Almighty, himself, has a particular dislike to that animal.

McDougalls Farewell.

We can state upon reliable authority that McDougall is going to cut John Sandfield and party, we cannot say exactly at what time, but we are sure, he will save himself by doing it at the proper time. The following lines written by him and discovered in his desk indicate pretty clearly the course that he intends to take.

I.

Farewell Farewell
And must I tell,
The hate that lingers in this heart,
Repeate to all
Both great and small
The cause which dooms us now to part,

II.

To all I can
Unveil the plan,
Which you lank monster did invent;
So bring me out
And make me spout
On things I now would fain repent.

III.

Would in that hour,
The greatest power
Which mortals here below can boast!—
From me had flown
To parts unknown
And left thought withering on her cast.

IV.

Who could have dreamt,
I would have lent
My tongue to plead you're cause,
Or to uphold
With power bold
The monster trampling on our laws.

V.

My Johnny dear
It is quite clear
You're all in all for you're own self,
And Rep-by-Pop
You send to pot
Which I abandoned for you're pelf.

VI.

But see how Brown
On me comes down
And in the *Globe* foretells my fall;—
So fare you well
You lank scoundrel
Aye, fare you well you sneakers all.

Scenes from life.

"Did you hear the news ma," said the lovely Miss—to her mamma the other day, our poor dear friend the Captain has sprained his ancle.

Oh! gracious what a pity, bring me my "Inquire within" there is surely a receipt for sprained ancles. The good mamma turns up the receipt and has sent it with several others, and numerous shaps of Jelly to the unfortunate young man. We are enabled to state that thanks to the kind solicitude of the intended mama-in-law the sprained ancle is disappearing.

How kind of madame and so disinterested.

Latest Despatches.

(Reported for the *Saw*.)

JEFF DAVIS IN WASHINGTON IN DISGUISE
RICHMOND DEMOLISHED.

Washington, monday.—A gentleman intimately acquainted with that Arch-rebel Davis reported to the military authorities, that he saw Jeff Davis in town yesterday. The matter has been inquired into, but as yet no traces have been found.

Army of the Potomac.—Richmond is taken, and will be brought to Washington without delay on the shoulders of our ever victorious troops. Nobody hurt, except General Meade's, A. D. C., who being accidentally intoxicated fell from his horse.

LATER.

Washington, Tuesday.—The man supposed to be Jeff Davis President C. S. A. turns out to be a negro boot-black.

The Richmond taken by our noble troops yesterday is not the Capital of Rebeldom, but a favorite horse of the General's.

A DIALOGUE.

WILLIAM, (a literary sweep).—I say Tom who is the Editor of the *Daily News*?

THOMAS, (who is of a jocular turn).—I dunno who (*J. Donohoe*.)

The last we heard of Thomas was that owing to his wicked propensity for punning he has lost a lucrative situation of two dollars a month.

EDITOR OF THE CHRONICLE.—Your letter is too personal for our columns,

ENQUIRER.—No the Mayor of Quebec never was a *dentiste*.

QUERCUS.—It is not true that the Governor paid Mr. Bilton a visit on new years day.—But it is true that he was a little squiffy on that day, and received his guest in a shooting Jacket and top boots.