

dead. It is needless to say that he did so with the assistance of his victim William.

A VISIT TO THE GOLD MINES.

We started from Quebec, on—(never mind the day) and arrived at our destination during the evening of the same day, where we remained all night, and in the morning we arose, and began to look about us, and were greatly surprised at finding so few people and so much gold.

We purchased a bit of land for \$7000, and set to work immediately with our pen-knives, (for gold is so plentiful up there that a pen-knife is only needed to collect a fortune in a very short time) we scraped enough off to buy some Prussic acid (which is used instead of Whiskey) and old boots (the nearest approach to ox that we could get) to make a hearty meal.

After dinner we sat in our tent (the ladies are requested not to take offence) which was made of—hem—ah—Hoop—ah—Hoop—skirts—now it's out—covered with canvass, and we saw a great crowd approach our palatial residence, headed by the Hon. Receiver General, who, between ourselves, went up there on a "spec." They approached our tent, knocked at the door (for we sported a brass-knocker, studded with pearls) and presented us with the following address, I will not give it in the language spoken by the Hon. Gentleman but we send you the original and I will leave you to translate it. Most illustrious scion of the House of the *Saws*.

We welcome you to our regions of untold-gold—and we seize, O *Saw* (supposed to be a joke) this fitting opportunity to express our deep sense of thanks for your wonderful condescension in visiting us, and we beg leave, to show our gratitude by presenting you with this humble token of our admiration of one whose family have done so much for the human race. (NOTE:—the present was a flask of *Old Tom*.) For what we would we be now without you. Look at every thing around us, and you will see the work of the *Saw*, the most prominent. . . . Here I must say that my feelings overcame me, and I requested them to desist, thanking them in the most hearty manner, and informing these noble Gold-seekers (not by Mon. Aimard) that it

was the proudest moment of my life, &c., &c., and that they may rest assured that although our teeth had lately been filed, we were not bitter, but at the same time no amount of *sawder* would prevent us from showing up the ridiculous and defending the right. At which, the crowd gave any amount of cheers, which cheered my drooping spirits, and I dived again into my Ancient Thomas.

That evening having collected all the gold we wished (or rather could) we announced our intention of returning to Quebec, at which announcement another deputation waited on us, and requested permission to carry our baggage, this with becoming dignity, we granted. (NOTE: Baggage was tried up in a bandanna) and so took our leave. We would, now that we have arrived safely in Quebec, and are cosily seated in our *Sanctum*, advise every young man who is under training for the Lunatic Asylum to follow our example.

KARIBOOVIL, C. W.,
Oktobur, the 1863.

My dear *Saw*.—I seen the first no. of ure paper, and I liked it very much, but I think u shuld hev poitree in it. I am not a brag, but I hev ritten a fou poems for the Kariboovil *Shorter* and they weir thoat a grate deel off. The odytur rote me a private noat and sed that if I only nu the french langwiche that I would sum equal Mounseer Frayshette, I think they eaul him. I send u a impromptoo that I rote.

to ———

Oh deer! Oh deer! I feel so strange
My hart is in a twurl,
My face is like the kitchun range
From the luv of that 'ere girl.

I've braved the stormy oshins
I've travild the grate kinal
But still my young affeekshins
R with that fair yung-gal.

When I kin think of sum more impromptos I will send theu tu u.

I am ures,
Figgeratively,
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE STUBBS.

—FO—

I say, Bill, what a dirty old flag that is up, there said one of our *gamins* to a friend while looking at the flag in the Place d'Armes.

"Of course its dirty, didn't you know that that flag was put there when Quebec was first took by the English and its agin, the law to take it down.

What is the difference between the Hon. J. H. Cameron and Mrs. Bilton? The former is an Orangeman. The latter an apple woman.
(Cri-Cri.—Sees no other dissimilarity.)

—FO—

THE SOLICITOR GENERALSHIP.

There is every probability of Mr. J. Shuter Smith's being appointed Solicitor General West, because he is the only one that is likely to go off to John Sandfield's satisfaction.

—FO—

I say Mike why did people always call the Dook o' Willinton "grace."—"Well Jim I niver thought you was so ignorant. Why wasn't be made a Bishop the day after he captured Napoleon."

—FO—

Why should the late-ministry deserve more praise than the present one?

Because they put their *Best-Foot* forward.

—FO—

CORRECTIONS.

The *Daily News* is slightly mistaken, in the quotation made by Mr. O'Halloran from Shakspeare, in a recent letter to the *Montreal Herald*. The words of Shakspeare, were altered to run thus. "There is no terror, Cassins in thy threats; For I am armed so strong in brass That honesty may pass by me as the idle— Which I respect not." [winds.

O'Halloran is really a clever fellow, who would have thought so.

—FO—

THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF PEARLS.

It turns out that the Pearls recently discovered in the County of Arthabaska, were nothing more nor less than fragments of the Volunteer Bill recently passed, the dismay of the poor man who found them, when he discovered what they really were, may be better imagined than described.

Who, of all the Members of the Legislative Council has the clearest perception?

Why Mr. Sec more (Seymour) of course.