

RECOLLECTIONS OF '37.

"I TELL ye, boys," said old Capt. Chrysler to the crowd as they all stood before the bar with their respective tumblers of "red eye" before them, "I tell ye, boys, that that there Nor'-West Rebellion wasn't nuthin to what we had in '37. 'Thur was blood spilt then, boys, blood!"

"Were you in any of the battles, Captain?" enquired a lanky youth.

"Any of the battles? Why, sonny, don't you know me? I was at all of 'em. First, I was at Gallus Hill," continued the Captain. "They say there was nobody killed 'thur. I know better. I shot four rebels myself with my musket—I got it yet. Then I went down to the Windmill below Prescott, when we killed about four hundred, and took Von Shultz, their leader, prisoner. We afterwards hung him! Then I went up to Point Pellee, whur we druv about a hundred odd rebels inter Lake Erie. Then I came down to Navy Island and helped to send the Caroline over the falls."

"Be you a son of old Zebeulah Chrysler that uster live near Queenston on the Niagara?" enquired an aged and decrepid old man, in a suit of Canada gray, and a straw hat burnt to the color of a dried tobacco leaf by the rays of many summer suns, "be you?" and the old man ceased filling his rusty clay pipe, awaiting the answer.

"Yes, sirce, I'm the only son the old man had. Boys," he added; "give the old man a drink—old Settler—knew my dad well."

"Yes," said the old man reflectively, "I will never forget him. It was in the summer of '36, me and old Uncle Ben Forsyth bought a farm of two hundred acres from your dad. It was a rale nice farm, and fronted on the rapids of the river. We paid him £400, jist \$1,600, for it. That was a good price in them days, boys. Towards fall old Zebeulah Chrysler, that's your dad, sold out all he had, and crossed over to York State, taking his son with him, that's you, Captain. Wall, towards fall, a feller came to our house with a mortgage calling for \$1,400 and a year's interest. Your old dad had mortgaged the place three years before, and as we wan't particular then about searchin titles, you see me and old Uncle Ben lost the farm, for we couldn't pay up, and the mortgagee foreclosed. Yes, Captain, I knew your dad well. He didn't come back to Canada till '48, and he brought you back with him. And I reckon, Captain," said the old man, taking a fresh chew of tobacco, "that from the lies you have been telling these here boys, that you're a chip of the old block." B.

THE VAG.

HE stood upon the icy Esplanade,
And gazed upon the waters of the bay,
His hand upon his throbbing brow he laid,
He sighed, but not a syllable did say.
The cold east wind swept through his ragged clothes,
The rain was dripping from his unkempt hair,
His eyes were wat'ry, and his purple nose
Shone out upon the scene like head-light's glare;
Wildly he looked around, not one he saw,
Not one, to help him in his direst need;
"Well, well," he said, and wiped his hungry maw,
"Methinks, forsooth, 'tis now the time to feed."
So hastening to a hospitable shed,
Forth from his pouch he pulled his sodden lunch,
'Twas but a pint of rye and crust of bread;
Yet he with eagerness his fare did munch,
"My hunger's gone," quoth he, "but still I'm dry,
Methinks I'll buy another pint of rye!"

—B.



VACCINATING A CALF.

(Interesting operation as performed not at the Veterinary College.)

FROM MONTREAL.

A YOUNG girl went to church in a tuque,
For which she obtained a rebuque,
So she changed it instanter
For a flat Tam O'Shanter—
And bless me, how nice she did luque!

A dandified youth, who was Bleu,
Thought up a young Rouge he would deu,
But the Rouge called Joe Beef
And the Bleu came to grief,
For Joe made the Bleu *pot au feu*.

—H.

ELECTION CORRESPONDENCE.

JANUARY 4th, 1886.

MY DEAR MARIA,—I did vote after all! Trite, the lawyer, came bowling up in a cab, and would take no denial. Besides, the poor fellow conducted that case so successfully for me, I couldn't say no. So down I went and voted ——— for mayor, and voted also for three other toughs for aldermen, whose names I have already forgotten. I didn't get the X, though Mrs. Trenchant went in the afternoon. An abomination of a fellow wanted her to swear, but she said she would see him handsome first, and would, at all events, insist on that Bible being scrubbed and fumigated before she came within a yard of it. However, her candidate got in all the same.

Ta-ta for the present.

Ever yours,
E. L. DRAWLEY.

JANUARY 4th, 1886.

DEAREST EM,—Wasn't I just mad? I didn't get to vote after all. I had ordered a suit—a swell costume to go to the polls in. Well, when it came home from the dress-maker it would fit me nowhere. Such a fright! too short in the waist, too low in the neck—horrible! I was so disappointed. I just went upstairs and had a good cry; and when they came for me, of course I was sick!

In profound sorrow,

Yours always,
MARIA H.—.