

It would, I am sure, be a decided advantage to them all, and particularly so to Captain Prince, in more respects than one, as it would pull down some of his vulgar weight, and refine him generally.

Yours, an admirer of

"GAWD BLETH NA THOLE."

AD VALOREM.

ANOTHER HEROIC TORONTONIAN.

A few days ago a letter was received at the *Globe* office from Mr. Samuel Pudding, formerly of Toronto, and now serving in the Federal army. Mr. Pudding was well known and respected in this city, and is, indeed, an instance of a self-made soldier. He learned his drill under the portico of the *Globe* office, whilst waiting for "extras" or papers, which he sold, for some years, with considerable success; always having an acute eye to that change which we are proud to say, has at last occurred in his fortunes. He is now a Brigadier General in the Army of the Potomac, commanding the "True Grit Kentucky Chawers'" Brigade—a name the gallant General Mende has allowed the corps to take, in compliment to "Old Kentuck," as well as to that paper which has supported the Federal cause throughout. But we must let the letter of our promising young Clear Grit General speak for itself:—

REBELSQUASH, LA., Apr. 15, 1864.

ДУАР БРОТНЕР.—I received your letter safely, and a thrill of joy ran through me from shako to bootheel, to find that you were pretty square and toeing the mark as of yore. Your weather, and occasionally (for misfortunes will occur) rebel, benton brother-soldier, in this valiant army, finds his padded breast (adorned with many a scar and medal) heave with the softer emotions, when he thinks of the daily joys of long ago, the nightly hooker, "the festive dances and the choral throng." But enough of this; stern Duty points the way. It is enough! I clear my throat and commence my narrative.

You wish me to give you a summary account of all my adventures, from the time I left the covered arched portals of the *Globe*, up to this period but, my dear Joey, I have passed through such scenes of blood and tumult—have snatched my food, with "hands incurranedined," from the camp-kettle so many times, whilst mounting my valiant charger, screaming for the fray, and shouting "Ha! Ha!" at the top of his powerful lungs, whilst waiting for his warlike master—have sacked so many cities, and destroyed so many of the vile rebel scum—that it would be as impossible for me, in the limits of a short letter, to convey to you more than an *idea* of my warlike career, than it would be to compress the fine proportions of our former proprietor (I allude to the Hon. and respectable George Brown) into a flour barrel. So I must relate a few of the most stirring scenes, and your vivid fancy, my dear Joey, (you were always good at lying) must supply the remainder.

My first exploit, after I had joined the noble Federal army, and had been attached to the Kentuckian regiment—which now forms a portion of

the brigade I have the honour to command—was the following: It was shortly after the battle of Bull's Run—which, you will remember, was somewhat damaging to the reputation of the Federal arms, as some slight disorder occurred—Beauregard, flushed with success, conceived the idea of a night attack, but was uncertain about the position of our artillery, and, as our sentinels were more than ordinarily vigilant, no intelligence could be obtained. Hearing this from a deserter who came into camp, I disguised myself as an Ethiopian serenader, and, armed only with my banjo, found my way to the Creole General's presence. He received me very graciously, and promised me \$20,000 if I would guide him to any spot where he could plainly detect the position of our batteries. I, accordingly, under the cloud of night, conducted him to a position, where, as previously had been arranged, stood twenty frowning batteries of five guns. "No go," whispered Beauregard. I conducted him to another position, behold! the same formidable artillery; another, and another, until the rebel General was completely assured that our camp lay in security, under the protection of four hundred heavy field guns. My ruse was a simple one. Our gallant General had, under my directions, caused 100 light quakers to be made to imitate heavy artillery; and, having concerted with me previously the points he would have them massed on, I showed the rebel General these points in succession, as I gave ample time to the troops employed to run the quakers from one point to another. I need hardly say no assault took place, and I received the money from Beauregard, and a promise of a commission from our then commander-in-chief; but this was merely strategy, and I know you, my dear Joey, would wish to hear something bloody and valiant, so listen, and you shall be gratified. I pass over the intervening scenes of bloodshed and tumult, of rapine and plunder, the martial din of the tented field, and the heroic battles we fought under General Pope. It was on the morning of the celebrated attack by General Burnside on Fredericksburgh, that I was sent for by that commander, who was in company with General Hooker, and some others, at headquarters. "And who may this be?" said the brave General Burnside. "This," returned Gen. Hooker, "is a pretty well mixed pudding for a soldier;" (you will observe, my dear Joey, he was playing on my name) "he is," continued he, "as brave a soldier as ever faced a foe." "Then," said General Burnside, "he will do. Pudding," said he, "we want to throw out a squadron of cavalry, to feel the enemy, will you lead them?" "I will your honour's glory," returned I, "from — to breakfast, and back." You see, my dear Joey, I had not then conversed at all with generals, or chiefs of division, and you will smile at the mistake I committed in saying "your honour's glory," as well as at the bold figure of speech I made use of afterwards. However, my readiness seemed to please the General. Thirty picked men, all mounted on Arabian chargers of the purest blood, (the General lending me his own Arab charger, "Mameluke,") were placed under my command, and with four revolvers in each man's girdle, and a well sharpened sabre in his

hand, ready drawn, we set forth at a hard gallop. The speed of the Arabian chargers you, my dear Joey, have heard of; it beats all. In four minutes and a half we had reached the rebel General Lee's nes, a distance of three and a quarter miles, and dashed up to his tent, cutting down hundreds of hoso who in vain sought to arrest our devastating course. I sprung from my horse, rushed into the General's tent, and, pocketing the plate on the breakfast table with one hand, seized General Lee with the other, who, overcome with alarm, clung to the leg of the table, and held it with the grasp of despair. At this instant, when Fortune seemed most to favour our bold and determined band, as ill luck would have it, I was seized with a giddiness, and was obliged to retire outside the tent, where the enemy, now fully alarmed, stood massed to receive us. All hope of capturing General Lee vanished, and, determining to do or die, we mounted our chargers, and with the war cry of the Moslem, "Allah il Allah," dashed against the foe. Whirling my sabre around my head, I cut down three foes at the first blow, and my comrades were equally successful; in short, although they opened a masked battery of howitzers right in our faces, and shelled us all the way to the camp, we miraculously escaped unurt. All my comrades were made Majors or Colonels, and I was, for my daring leadership, made a Brigadier General, a position equal to a Field Marshal of Volunteers. A grand banquet was given in our honour, at which I was the honoured guest and chief; and, after my health had been drank, amid thunders of applause, the brave Joe Hooker chanted a complimentary ballad of his own composition, entitled, "The Pudding without a cloth." Such, dear Joey, is the life of a soldier; such the reward of valour!

I remain,

Your affectionate soldier brother,

SAMMY PUDDING.

Brigadier Gen. commanding

"True Grit Kentucky Chawers."

Dolla(r) Dolla or Nursery Rhymes.

"The lady who found twenty dollars on Richmond Street West, will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at this office or at 55 Richmond Street West." We see this advertisement in the *Leader* of Thursday. May we draw conclusions? Has some ladybird, haply finding the snug little sum of \$20 hesitated, or at least delayed, to call at 55 Richmond Street West? It looks rather so, ladybird! Take the advice of an old and virtuous *Crumbler*. They have given you the office. Some feller has been and seen you. Restore the purse, although we don't prophecy much reward, barring the usual reward of virtue, (itself.) So ladybird, will your hands be clean, and sportive youth will not chant as they might otherwise do, the following lay in your charming ear:—

"Ladybird! ladybird! where have you been?"  
"I found twenty dollars in silk purse green."  
"Ladybird! ladybird! what next do you say?"  
"Why, I trotted straight home, and put 'em away."