

Mary accordingly we shaped our coorse; though by a pekwiliar leer in our skipper's eye, as well as the eggsreshun of his nose wen he turned his quid, I saw that mischief was brewing somewares. The biling billows soon enounced the approach of Rude Boreous: wave suckseeded wawe with orrid reggewlarity; the domestic ewtensils of the Dollarosa broke loose from their moorings, and gave themselves up to riotous purshoots,—the dish running after the spoon wuss than in the old nussey song, and the cullender straining a pint, or more, to get somewares before everythink else; wile our paddles was often lifted clean out of the water, eggschanging their reglar turn of dooty as water wheels, for the more harduous rounds of the revolewshunary wind-mill. At length the wished for morrow bust through the azy sky, and we shot into a arbour just as Aroarer hushed in the yaller po-chay of horient Feebus. "Behold," cried Capten Sinbad, the skipper of the Dollarosa, as he mounted the paddle-box with the hair of a horator, "behold how brightly brakes the mornin,' right on to the top of the flag-staff, where waxes the stars and stripes, nobly fluttering on the wings of my natyve breeze. Welcome, citizens, to Wite-fish Pint, U. S., where, by choppin cord-wood, and doin' chores in general, you may in time espire to the henvious sitewashun of President in ditto."

There was no elp for it. So we edopted the costoom of the place, and for the present is citizens and himmates of a large boarding-house. There is nothink of the British Rifle about us now, as the anext minniter of the Capten of our Company will hillustrate. He is represented in his Sunday costoom, biting the nobb of his cane, and looking at the post-master's daughter,—a eavenly gurl, Huggins, with hinky high-lashes, and *sich* a gate! But wot a change for the Capten! and we all is wuss.

Comfitt Mary-Hann, and dont forget the hear-rings. It would urt me to ear that the little gurl had become a reglar Garisen ack,—too often, Huggins, the phate of the gurl as loves a soger. But my dome is ceiled. A Arrowmatick sensayshun steels over me as I ear the twang of Cupit's Bow; and I resign myself into the ands of Ope, wich is coming with the Male on Snow-shoes from Miker Bay.

Yours scentimentally,
GILES GRUBB,
Hex-Rifleman.

To
Corperl Huggins,
Rifle Brigade,
Toronto.



SOMETHING GOOD AT LAST.

Honor to Lord Elgin for an act of generosity. John Wilson, William Kerr and John Wallace, were indicted by the government for rioting; a jury of their countrymen found them guilty, therefore they were justly indicted. But in what did this rioting consist? In attempting to burn an effigy of Lord Elgin.—Well! they did not succeed. The authorities rescued the man of straw—they threw him into the lake and drowned him. Surely if the unsuccessful burners were guilty, the successful drowners were not innocent! A point for the judges. Well Judge Draper sentenced these convicted brawlers to fine and imprisonment, and the sentence was just, indeed, just such a sentence as should have been passed. It might be compared for correctness to the sentences of Punch. The rioters were sent to prison and Lord Elgin released them. It was an act of mercy and Punch appreciates it. This one act shall blot from the hunchback's memory, hundreds of acts of stinginess: yet even these we can pardon, if they help to swell the sum which must be saved before his Excellency retires to cultivate kale on his native soil.

SAD PROSPECT.—An attempt is to be made at the approaching Montreal municipal elections, to introduce D K into the Corporation.

THE WASHINGTON WAR-CRY.

SLIGHTLY ALTERED.

Raise high, raise high, a Yankee shout!
Humbly Old England cowers;
While Annexation on her head,
Scorn and saliva showers.
O'er the Lion soon the Eagle,
With triumphant wing shall soar,
And the tap of British drum be heard
In Canada no more.

Up! up! arise for Canada!
Prate not of England's might;
Blaspheme your once lov'd fatherland—
What need to care for right!
A race of servile traitors
Are not the men to flinch
From the spread of sacred slavery,
And the blessed law of Lynch.

What care we for old England!
No!—give us Yankee land,
Where each man wops his nigger,
And wields the ready brand—
Where Bowie knife and pistol ball
Are the weapons of the free,
And no man dares to contradict
The sovereign mob's decree.

Arise! arise! for Canada!
Democracy come forth!
Come forth, ye "men of thirty-eight"—
"Blue Bonnets of the North!"
Spread, pioneers of progress,
Your sway from shore to shore;
Laugh at God's curse on traitor name—
Revere His word no more.

Let lying tongues and knavery
Enforce foul Treason's plan—
In the holy name of Freedom,
Lets debase our fellow-man.
The South shall send her slaveholders,
To bid the world be free—
Pennsylvania her defaulters,
To teach it honesty.

SELF-EVIDENT FACTS.

LAWYERS are severe upon thieves, because two of a trade never agree.

USURERS cheat spendthrifts by charging them too much, and spendthrifts cheat usurers by paying them—nothing.

THE JOKE MARKET is at a very low ebb. The Montreal Annexation Manifesto and the Toronto mud being jokes on such a gigantic scale—regular whales of jokes—that they have completely swallowed all others. We heard of one small transaction in one of the Government offices, wherein the principal of one of the departments effected the sale of a venerable Joe Miller to one of the chief clerks, but, as the chief clerk was a Frenchman, he was not conscious of the sell, therefore the joke reverted to the original possessor.

Why are children whose parents are dead like a pair of worn out shoes? Because they are left orphans (left-off 'uns.)

Why is a woman who has killed her relation by a blow, like a large barrel by the side of a small one? Because she's killed her kin by a punching—(kilderkin by a puncheon.)

By an advertisement in the Montreal papers, we see that a "larking" partnership has been formed in that city, by one of the "monks." No wonder people lift up their hands and exclaim "Oh, law!"