



RANDOM SHOTS, FROM A RIFLEMAN AT 'MICA BAY.'

Miker Bay (no date up here, wich is lost.)

DEAR HUGGINS,

On cartritch paper, with ink made of gun-powder dilewted with Superior water, and with a hiron pen constitewted out of a ramrod, I trace these lines, my covey, with a steady 'and but a bitter art. It is not the part of a so'ger to repine at the vissitudes wich the 'Oss-Guards imposes upon him in the tower of his dooty, but wen a Rifle has nothink left upon him but his Stock, I say he is not by no means rich a Bow as the 'Oss Guards would have him be; and cander compels me to state that my sitewation at the present riting, is one in wich Private feelings of decency struggles for mastery with Corporal Retchedness. Now, Huggins, don't you tell anythink about this to Mary Hann at the top of Bay Street, wich might Arrow her feelings for the fate of her Bow, and wich poor girl's last gift of a hawburn lock—(it wasn't red, was it, Huggins?)—at present shares with many other curoisities, the scalp department of the mewzeum of a Haboriginal nobleman with an edd like a copper biler. Eaven knows my art-strings is twined about that hawburn lock! But, a trooce with scentiment;—and to the courser seines in a soldier's checkered life, as Peter Quin said of the 79th ighlanders, in fascetious allewsvion to their tartan legs. The fust thing, old feller, that strikes a stranger on coming to these parts, is generally a tommy-hawk,—an instrewment wich the Haboriginal uses with remarkable skill and precisian, in the most delicate as well as the ruder hoperations of domestick husbandry;—from pairing his flourishing toe-nails, to cutting a sliver off his Bare 'ams, wich is a meat wich many shows here in preference to Dear mutton. If anythink strikes the vvisiter after that, it will be, perhaps, the wonderful haptitude wich

these red creechers hexibit in catching up the hairs of the swyvelized millingtary man. At this moment a squad of what they calls papooses here,—but I calls 'em copper miners, on account of their tender years and penny-ha'penny compleecksstfins,—a squad of them little devils, dressed in natur's euniformal of tighty-brown, is a drilling out in the open air, and the byrometer, I can't tell how many degrees below Nero. In another corner of the lance-cape, field-sports of a pokewliar disposition is in full hoperation. It is a meeting of the tox-bosifilite club of Miker Bay;—an institewshun wich includes every body here,—the redskins doing of the harchery, and the wite fulk enjoying a ansome post in the sitewashun of target,—everybody being considered a bull's-eye all round the third button of his veskit. Bugler Checks of our company, is the present wictiin of fashnibble sportivity. Being a favourite here with the gentle seeks, on account of his mewswick, he has been allowed to retain his euniformal, and the game is tying him up to a tree and shooting at him with blunt harrows, wich only goes in about a inch and sticks,—for the creechers is wonderful careful not to hurt. I have an itching for Mary Hann, wich I enclose you to give her. It exhibts the asina,—she will excuse its course-ness. But awyvelization has not marshed up here with the Rifle Brigade, nor is it for the Oss Guards to put it in orders. We are not egzackly prisoners here, only we couldn't get away if we wanted, and our haxions is subject to a rayther unpleasant control,—as our clothing is all taken from us, and I have nothink upon me egecept a coat of blue paint, wich would be a great saving in buttons if the Prince would only put the army into it. Our Commizary Officer is painted yaller, by way of compliment, and the warriors generally has him employed making soup out of wild cats or sich like, wich is reckoned game up here. Most of our