



THE QUEBEC RINK.

ENSIGN PIPESTEM *WILL* WEAR KNICKERBOCKERS.

FAIR CREATURE No. 1.—“EMILY, DO LOOK!”

Do. No. 2.—“I WONDER HE DOES NOT PUT SAW-DUST INTO THEM!”

Do. No. 3.—“WHY, MINE ARE BETTER THAN THOSE!” (Oh!)

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

No. 7.

“HOSS VOLOSSOPEEDISTES.”

I thinks volossopeedistes is darn phools. They is peepke who thinks they can make finer hosses out of their byesikles, as they calls em, than hosses theirselves. These hoss volossopeedes was fust bred in French Paris. Guess they is in Montreal *bread* to severil enterprisin' pussons. I went Wensday to the Xtial Paliss to a Masky Raid at the Volossopeede Rink. The Masky Raid was durin the balmy evenin' hoors. The Xtial Paliss was lited gorgus for the occashun. The Band of the gallant defenders of our sakred soyle, was discoursin eloquent. The Buty and fashun of the richest sitty of Kanady, was a lendin their backs to enrich the granjur of the seen, their faces bein over the balasstrais lookin at the hoss volossopeedistes, who was engaged below in making phools of theirselves. One egrejus muff was drest up as a Nite in Armor. His head was clothed in a tin sawsepan, while other parts of his body was shrouded in dish covers, jelly molds, warmin pans, drippin pans and other domestik utencils in the hardware line. His costoom was appropyate, as he koud have supplied his own drippin, probobul. Sum peepke conjectured him to be a Crossaider from the Bowery Theatre, let loos for the occashun, and other said he was an advertisement from Klandennin. He was in my opinion a French “*Battery de Quesine*,” bein a milintery man. He rushed out and in trajik tones cried, “Bring

forth the fiery untamed byesikle,” and was speedily carrierin' in front of the admirin' awjence. He was folloed by two klowns, two colored niggers in seedy and unrespectybul garmints and one gentlemn intended to reprecnt his Satanic Majesty. I have herd of the “Devil on two Stix,” but did'nt think to see him run on 2 weels. This gentlemn had an unfortnit' axydent doorin the evenin, losin one half his tayle. He intends growin a new one next summier, the present bein his “Winter's Tayle,” as I was informed by the ghoste of Billiam Shaikspeer, who was also presunt. There was also a gentlemn from the Emyruld gemm of England's crown; a Yankee from the hubb of the New England States (who distingwished hisself konsidyribul), and another fello. I asked a Kanady Frenchman standin' by me who he was. He informed me he was a *sacree goddam rosibif Anglisch chien boule dogue*. All these peepke continued to make phools of theirselves some half hoors. The band then plaid “God Save the Queen,” and I made trax.

No more hossvolossopeedism for me.

PELEG PLUG.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG.

A poor Frenchman who had an incurable *penchant* for *jeux de mots* was lately taken to the Hotel Dieu. During his illness he was visited by a friend, who anxiously said to him, “Permetts-moi de te demander si tu es bien avec Dieu?” “Apparemment,” replied the invalid, “puisqu'il me donne un appartement dans son hôtel.”