

A TALE OF JAPAN.

Fanny Foo-Foo was a Japanese girl,
A child of the great Tycoon;
She wore her head bald, and her clothes were
made
Half petticoat, half pantaloons;
Her face was the color of lemon peel,
And the shape of a tablespoon.

A handsome young chap was Johnny Hi-Hi,
And he wore paper-muslin clothes;
His glossy black hair on the top of his head
In the form of a shoe-brush rose;
His eyes slanted downward, as if some chap
Had savagely pulled his nose.

Fanny Foo-Foo loved Johnny Hi-Hi,
And when, in the usual style,
He popped, she blushed such a deep orange tinge,
You'd have thought she'd too much bile,
If it hadn't been for her slant-eyed glance,
And her charming wide-mouthed smile.

And oft in the bliss of their new born love
Did these little pagans stray
All around in spots, enjoying themselves
In a strictly Japanese way;
She howling a song to a one-stringed lute,
On which she thought she could play.

Often he'd climb to a high ladder's top
And quietly there repose,
As he stood on his head and fanned himself,
While she balanced him on her nose;
Or else she would get in a pickle tub
And be kicked around on his toes.

The course of true love, even in Japan,
Often runs extremely rough,
And the fierce Tycoon, when he heard of this,
Used Japanese oaths so tough
That his courtier's hair would have stood on end,
If only they'd had enough.

So the Tycoon buckled on both his swords,
In his pistol placed a wad,
And went out to hunt for the traitor pair,
With his nerves braced by a tad,
He found them enjoying their guileless selves
On top of a lightning rod.

Sternly he ordered the gentle Foo-Foo
To "come down out of that there"
And he told Hi-Hi to go to a place—
I won't say precisely where;
Then he dragged off his child, whose spasms
evident
Unusually wild despair.

But the Tycoon, alas! was badly looked,
Despite his parental pains;
For John, with a toothpick, let all the blood
Out of his jagular veins;
While with a back somersault into the floor,
Foo-Foo battered out her brains.

They buried them both in the Tycoon's lot,
Right under a dogwood tree,
Where they could flit to the nightingale, and
The buzz of the bumble bee,
And where the moquit's sorrowful chant
Maddens the restless flea.

And often at night, when the Tycoon's wife
Slumbered as sound as a post,
Her almond-shaped eyeballs looked on a sight
That scared her to death almost;
'Twas a bald-headed spectre flitting about
With a paper-muslin ghost.

NARRATIVE OF THE RED RIVER
EXPEDITION.—CONCLUSION.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

(From *Blackwood for Feb.*)

The men were quickly ashore, and advancing towards the Fort under cover of a line of skirmishers. It was heavy work marching through the deep mud with a driving rain beating in our faces, making it very difficult to see more than a few hundred yards before us. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the men's pace was most elastic, and they were in the highest spirits at the prospect of a fight, which all the inhabitants we encountered now assured us we were certain of having. The village of Winnipeg is a small collection of houses chiefly of wood, situated about 800 yards north of the Fort, with which a straight road connects it. The fort is in the right angle formed by the junction of the Assinaboine with the Red River, being north of the former, and west of the latter stream. It was known that there was a boat-bridge over

the Assinaboine, immediately opposite the southern gate of the Fort. It was therefore desirable to draw our line of attack round it, so as to command the two rivers, and so getting the enemy into the corner formed by them, prevent his escape.

Instead therefore, of passing directly through the village, we swept round the west, leaving it to our left. The people in the village assured us that Riel was in the Fort, and intended to resist. Several were asked to go forward in advance of our skirmishers to ascertain if the southern gate was closed and the walls manned; but all feared to do so. As we passed the village, we could see the guns in the embrasures bearing in our direction. Some people in buggies were descried going off from the Fort westerly, but were brought to a halt by our skirmishers. They proved to be some of Riel's counsellors; but nothing could be learned from them. The atmosphere was so thick that it was difficult to make out even with our glasses, whether men were or were not standing to the guns we saw. We expected every moment to see a puff of smoke from an embrasure to be followed by the whiz of a round-shot past our heads. Every moment increased the excitement; the skirmishers quickened their pace as they neared the place, as if in dread lest others should enter it before them. Everything remained silent, some staff officers were sent galloping round to see if the southern gate was open, and what was going on in rear of the Fort. They soon returned, bringing word that it was evacuated and the gates left open.

This was at first a sad disappointment to the soldiers, who having gone through so much toil in order to put down the rebellion longed to be avenged upon its authors. Our victory although bloodless was complete. We dragged out some of the rebel guns, and fired a royal salute as the union jack was run up the flag staff, from which had floated for so many months, the rebel banner, that had been worked for Riel by the nuns in the convent attached to Bishop Tache's cathedral. The scene inside the Fort was most depressing; the square in front of the principal house was under water, and there was mud and filth everywhere. Riel and some of his friends had remained in the Fort up to the last possible moment, and had only left when he saw our skirmishers. Their breakfast was still on the table; and their clothes and arms lay scattered about through the numerous houses they had occupied, in a manner denoting the suddenness of their departure.

Every one was drenched with rain; and as the ground round the Fort, was deep with mud, the men were temporarily lodged, in the storehouses and buildings within it.

Fort Garry is a rectangular parallelogram surrounded by high walls of masonry, except on the northern side, where they are formed of large square logs placed horizontally, one over the other, at each of the southern angles, and half way down the eastern and western faces, there is a circular tower affording flanking defence to the place. The Assinaboine River flows at about a hundred yards from its southern side. Like the Red River its banks are steep, and of very sticky clay, the Fort being about forty feet above the water's level. Looking east over the Red River one sees, the Roman Catholic cathedral, with its monastery convent, and bishop's palace, all well-built and neatly-kept buildings. Close to them are some miserably squalid cabins belonging to French half breeds, whose houses generally are vastly inferior in every respect to

those of British origin. The eastern horizon is formed of trees, chiefly poplar and aspen, for although the regular wooded country is not reached for about thirty miles west of Red River, still there are numerous belts of wood intersecting the prairie in that direction. Looking up that river towards the south, the eye wanders over a series of wretchedly tilled farms, with their houses and farms situated upon both banks, and interspersed here and there with patches of poplar, dwarf oak, willow and underbrush. The banks of the Assinaboine are skirted by woods of a similar description, having occasional clearances for the squalid houses of the French half breed, who occupy the adjoining farms. Looking north the white-washed buildings of the village of Winnipeg and the farmhouses of well-to-do English-speaking people, gave an air of prosperity to the landscape; in the distance is the square tower of the badly-built English cathedral, all out of the perpendicular, and foreboding a fall at no very distant time.

The one point of view having peculiar interest to the stranger is gained by turning west or south westward. Far as the eye can see, there is stretched out before you an ocean of grass, whose vast immensity grows upon you more and more the longer you gaze upon it. Gallop out alone in the evening for a few miles from the Fort towards the S.W., and the most unimpressible of mortals will experience a novel sensation. A feeling of indescribably buoyant freedom seems to tingle through every nerve, making the old feel young again. Old age and decrepitude belong to civilization and the abodes of men. We can even associate in our mind with mountains, whose rocks themselves appear as monuments of preceding centuries; and the withered and fallen trees in ancient forests seem akin to it; but upon the boundless prairies with no trace of man in sight, nature looks so fresh and smiling that youth alone is in consonance with it.

Notwithstanding the badness of the weather on the day we took possession of Fort Garry, numbers of the loyal inhabitants came in to see their deliverers. All were most anxious that immediate vengeance should be taken upon the rebel leaders, and many volunteered to capture Riel and others of his gang, who were stated to be still within easy reach. The officer commanding the troops had no civil authority conferred upon him by the Canadian Government, so it was not in his power to issue warrants for their arrest. The Ottawa Ministry had intended that the civil Lieutenant Governor whom they had appointed for the province of Manitoba should have arrived at Fort Garry either with or immediately after us. We reached that place on the morning of the 24th August, but he did not get there until the evening of the 2nd September, no arrangement having been made by the Canadian Ministry for the government of the province during that interregnum. Colonel Wolseley found himself in a difficult position. The most influential people, longing for some form of government that would be strong enough to afford the community protection, begged him to assume the position of provisional Lieutenant Governor. To have done so would have been illegal, for the Hudson Bay Company represented by its officers, were *de jure* the rulers of the country until an official communication had been received announcing its transfer to the Dominion of Canada. As the rebels had bolted without firing a shot, to have proclaimed martial law would have been unwarrantable. He therefore insisted upon the senior officer of the Company then pre-