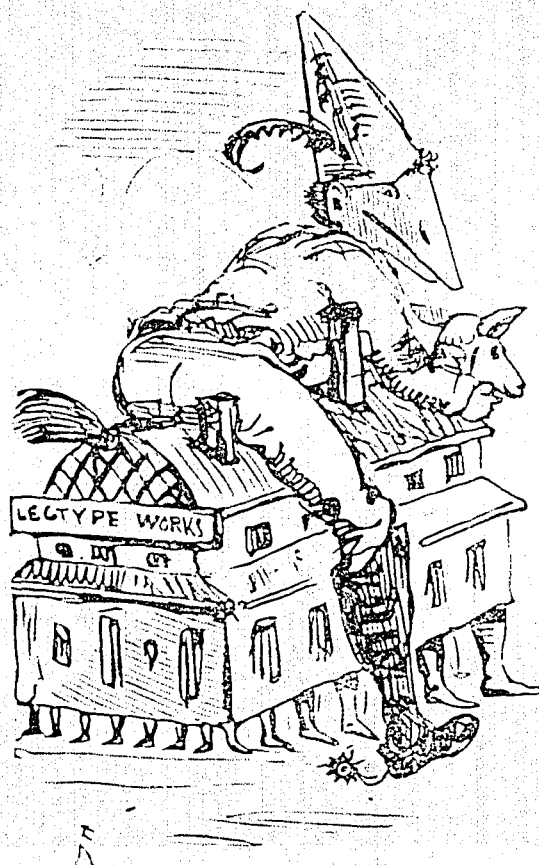


MASTER GEORGIE AND HIS HOBBY HORSE.



Ride fast, my boy, if you can only make all the legs-go, you will soon overtake the nasty old wood cuts and beat them entirely.

[According to the *Witness* these are "visible signs" that some of the numerous processes in vogue will take the place of the "old fashioned wood cut" in the twining of an eye. The above is an experiment with one of them.]

NOT HALF GRAND ENOUGH.

The public cannot be sufficiently joyful at the prospect of the Lieutenant Governor of this Province being one day suitably housed. The modest proposal to erect a residence somewhere on Mount Carmel—lately removed to the vicinity of Quebec—is a favourable indication of the state of public feeling in the matter; but if the proposal should mature into a plan, and the plan be carried out, the necessities of the case will not be fully met. In that event, GRINCHUCKLE will feel morally bound to sit in sackcloth and ashes, for had he published his last week's number one day sooner, the calamity must have been averted. It will be remembered by many that he recommended the erection of a strong fortress—keep, portcullis, drawbridge, moat, and everything complete—on the Heights of Abraham, and he feels sure that every man of sense must have felt the force of his suggestion. What is a residence? he would like to know. Every one has that, and a Lieutenant Governor should certainly have something which nobody else has, or how could he fulfil the only end of his existence? It was hinted last week that the ending of His Honour's existence might, in these turbulent times, be the reverse of felicitous unless he was

properly taken care of, and he certainly cannot be unless he is kept in a castle. It is to be hoped that the proposal—gratifying in one sense, but altogether insufficient—will be firmly set aside, and something more becoming the importance and wealth of the Province be substituted.

RED RIVER, HO!

AFTER LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were scatt'ring fast,
As through Pembina village passed
A man who screamed 'mid snow and ice,
These words with a stentorian voice,
"Red River, Ho!"

His brow seemed glad, his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion *in* a sheath;
And like a battered tin can rung
The accents of that well-known tongue,—
"Red River, Ho!"

In happy dreams, he saw the light
Of welcome-fires beam warm and bright;
Around the snow-drifts wrapped their mantle,
While Mac yelled from the Cawsey's cantle,
"Red River, Ho!"

"Try not to pass," a stranger said,
"Dark half-breeds congregate ahead;
Their muskets' roar bears death to all,"—
This made Mac all the louder bawl,
"Red River, Ho!"

"Oh, stay," a Yankee said, "and rest,
My liquors are all of the best";
A tear stood in the poor man's eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
"Red River, Ho!"

"Beware the pine-tree tall and bare,
Or you may have to *dance on air*;
Beware the tomahawk and knife,
And sing not, if you value life,
"Red River, Ho!"

At break of day, as 'cross the plain,
A traveller sought his home to gain,
He heard a voice cry through the air,
In accents of profound despair,
"Red River, Ho!"

He gained a mound, when lo! poor Mac
He saw upon Provencher's back,—
Still gasping 'mid the snow and ice,
But in a very humble voice,
"Red River, Ho!"

Now in a tavern 'among the fleas,
Provencher lies quite at his ease,
While from the loft, quite bleak and dark,
MacDougall still is heard to bark,
"Red River, Ho!"
DARIUS WINTERTOWN.