



"MR. MACKENZIE left for ENGLAND yesterday. HON. GEO. BROWN sails for the same destination shortly."—*Daily paper*. "He can't allow MAC. to get out of his sight"—*Sm.*

ALEX.—I thoct tae hae a quiet time
Across the broad Atlantic,
But losh! the fellow in yon tub
Has spoiled my dream romantic!

I micht ha' known I couldna' fly,
Beyond the globe's dominions,
Nor hope while livin' on the *Globe*
To 'scape frae his opinions!

JOHN FULL—Go back, both of you!!

Ode to Vulcan—After Horace.

ARGUMENT:—The Hon. GEORGE BROWN prays VULCAN for the safety of ALEX. MACKENZIE, departing by train to Quebec, *en route* for England; and moralises on the dangerous pace of "things" generally, in these fast times:—

GREAT VULCAN! look wi' favourin' eyes
On yonder train whilk roarin' flies
To where Quebec's old housetops rise!
An' thou, guid driver! quaff
Nae potent rye, wi' drunken crash
Lest thou 'gainst ither engines dash
An' hurry to immortal smash
Dear MAC.—my souls best half!

Yon chieks maun hae, without a joke,
Limbs made of iron, hearts o' oak,
Wha in yon coaches bold do poke
Themselves, nor e'er alarm
Their souls to think from slumber wakin',
Roused by a muckle dreadth' shakin',
They'll find, down some embankment taken,
They're minus leg, or arm!

But ah! what danger does he fear
Wha, when election time is near,
An' mobs inspired by rye, or beer,
Tumultuous round him pour,
On platform perched beholds from high
The sticks whilk wave, the stanes whilk fly,
(Meant, perhaps, to hit *him* in the eye)
Nor trembles at their roar!

Hech! aften as aie walks the streets,
Fu' fearfu' sights ane's vision greets;
Yon *Liberal* placards whilk aie meets,
They tak aie's breath awa';
Yon *Nation* too, an bad, bold *Mail*,—
Eh! terrors sair my mind assail,
Lest judgments on us het should hail,
See wicked noo men are!

Some think J. A. is quite a god;
Some thousands bow to GOLDWIN's nod;
In fact ilk hour new marvels odd
To mortals is displayin',
Great JUPITER! for mercy's sake,
Me to some ither planet take,
For at this rate we soon will make
This world too hot to stay in!

"Death and Doctor Hornbook."

(As related by Dr. HORNBOOK MOWAT, who vouches for the truthfulness of the matter, but acknowledges his indebtedness to ROBBY BURNS for most of the words.)

(See Cartoon.)

The aie o' Power had made me canty,
I was na' fou, but just had plenty,
I stachred whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' Opposition slanders kenn'd aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The session moon began to glow'r
The fair Ontario hills out-owre,
To count my force wi' a' my pow'r
I set mysel',
But whether I had less or more
I couldna' tell.

I was come round South Simcoe's hill,
Late scene of Wandering WILLIE'S mill
Wi' our DINWOODIE, (wham said BILL
Made even sicker
Than men are made wha test their skill
At drinkin' liquor.

I there wi' *something* did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither:
An awfu' scythe out-owre ae shouther
Clean dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

An' frae this in a drooped position
A flag hang, wi' this proposition:
"MOWAT, this coming Local session
Shall see thee fae!";
The scythe—"MACDUGALL'S opposition"
Bore on its blade.

It spak—"My name, to you, means *Death*;
You'll find it so!" Quo' I, "Guid faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath,
But tent me, BILLY,
I red ye weel tak' care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!

"Guidman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try it's mettle,
But if I did I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gie's your haun' and sae we'er gree't;
We'll ease our shanks an' tak' a seat,
Come, gie's your news,
This while ye hae been many a gate
At mony a house!"
"Ay, ay," quo' he, an' shook his head—

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We haven't room for any more of this interesting narrative: besides, everybody knows the history of the strange person's wanderings.

"KING CHARLES walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off." But this is nothing to a Windsor baby, who has had his little head amputated and yet it survives. It is true he had two to start with.

SOME of our contemporaries are recommending each other a fish diet, which is said to be excellent brain-fool. To judge from the way some of them make use of others' ideas, we fear that "suckers" have mainly constituted the diet of those who tried the experiment.

THE May number of *Church Chimes* is received. We are somewhat doubtful of the success of this venture, as the field for comic journalism is a limited one. Our contemporary is a sprightly, sparkling little sheet, however, brimful of good things, but we are afraid it is too much given to treating upon subjects which hardly fall within the especial province of a humorous publication. The monthly burlesques of the saints are in the worst possible taste. We are not actuated by anything like jealousy of the notoriety of our little neighbour, in a sphere which in these days of the multiplication of newspapers we can hardly hope to monopolize, but we do think that its writers might find an ample outlet for their flow of brilliant humor and sarcasm without the frequent allusions to sacred things which are calculated to lower an otherwise excellent publication in the estimation of the respectable portion of society.