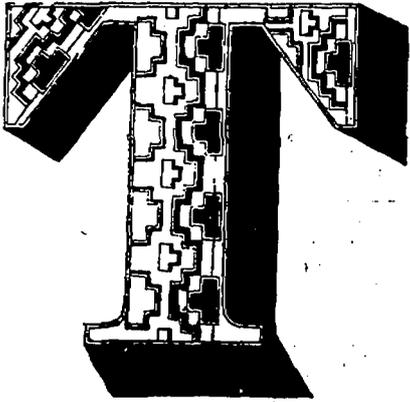


TULLY.

AN OSSIANIC FRAGMENT.



THIRTY-FOUR years had rolled away, like smoke behind the pipe of the engine of Time, since the great battle of the Iron Duke—the hero of a hundred fights, the Walloper of the licked of Waterloo; and ever as the revolving year brought round the day of memories, did the warriors of the land of Bull assemble on the plains; and, amid the fire and smoke of much blank cartridge, play

like young jack-asses at the game of war.

Dwellers of the Valleys of the Gaul! sore were your eyes with weeping, as the deep boom of the thundering old twelve-pounders came trembling over the salt waves from the cliffs of Dovor—Dovor of the chalky formation; from whose clay cometh much of the Metropolitan milk, tho' cockneys erroneously look upon it as the production of Cowes. Bitter wert thou O Gaul! as the cock of thy ancient dung-hill was thus annually crowded over; but in silence didst thou bottle thy tears, which, in their size and bitterness, resembled capsules of gall. And for many years did the annual revellers record, with brazen-throated cornopean and whacked sheep-skin, the exultation of the Conqueror of the Cock.

But, after a while, fraternization prevailed in the land of the Anglo-Saxon. And now like the water of Cologne were the pleasant tears of the Gaulish Guards, as they embraced the coal-heavers, and blubbered over the brewer's dray-men of Britain. And Bull of the many calves forbade his children to celebrate the spilling of blood. Let them bleat, said he, in the Houses of their Lords and Commons, but they blast not our reputation with any more of my gun-powder, in their childish representation of a solemn folly.

Hushed was the drum in thy home-parks, O Britain! Cheerless passed the Day of Memories in thy Colonies. In the City of the Royal Mount, Rowan of the cocked-hat forbade his warriors to gather. Peppered, said he, were the Gauls, but are our warriors therefore to be mustered! Great was Rowan in the pun! Loud laughed Gore from his grey war-horse, and Wetherall shook with emotion as the joke passed to McCord—Mac of the roseate countenance; pink of the Magistrates of Police! And the warriors remained within their tents in the City of the Royal Mount.

Who cometh from the Town of Griffin, with a peacock's feather in his hat? Tully of the terrible countenance, eminent in the Council. On his red right hand lingereth the dust of a thousand bricks. His grizzled steed, object of the affections of many ravens, shutteth her eyes to the world, in the bows of the Laprairie Steam-boat. On his own book he goeth, as a mighty general, to celebrate his own deeds with the horse-men of the plain. Let the warriors of the Royal Mount, said he, slothful snooze in their camp. I will raise the war-cry in the ranks of the Mounted Police. Come O Fortin! gather thy warriors for the inspection of a mighty leader.

Like a whale with foam in his wake, rusheth Tully on his grizzled war-steed across the common of Laprairie. Very like a whale. Defiling from the tavern, the gorgeous Guards of Elgin slowly wheel up into the open plain. Motley are their steeds in the light of day! Where is thy horse's tail, O Carroll of the Cab? Bergeron of the Suburb of Quebec! bad is thy steed with the glanders! Spavined, O Darby Kelly! is the broken-winded fossil, whose ribs reverberate the vibrations of thy hammering heels.

They came upon the wide common, where grazed in dignified neutrality many domestic geese. Birds of the tranquil front! beware of the natural enemies of thy race! For the fury of battle boil-eth in the blood of Tully. Visions of glory course through his

fiery head, and he conceiveth a movement of cavalry, to out-flank the parent geese, while a detachment cutteth off the goslings in the rear. Tully of the red right hand! great art thou in the council! In battle yield thou to the fortune of war.

By the margin of a sedgy stream sat the grandmother of a hundred Canadians, washing linen and waiting for annexation. For far and wide had the young men of the *Avenir* circulated their words of fire; and even the ancient beldams of the hamlets painted for republicanism, and jabbered of the stars and stripes. In a strange language muttered the dame to herself, as she watched with blinking eyes, the operations of the distant cavalry. Witch of the Plains of Laprairie! potent are thy spells. Shall my geese, she murmured, be cut off in the fullness of their feather by the troopers of the foolish? Are my goslings so green in the eyes of the Elgin Guards? I will enter with invisible agency the ranks of the horsemen—their minds will I poison with the hocus of my pocus, and this day shall they annex themselves unto the Town of Yankee. Speed will I give to their spavined, and bellows to their broken-winded, that they may take unto themselves the wings of the wind, and be no more seen by the Ministers of the land.

Cavalry of the Common, hold hard by thy cruppers! With sound of trumpet, and measured march advanceth the phalanx of geese from the rushy brook. "Up Guards and at them!" shouted Tully of the terrible countenance, as he rose in his stirrups till his buttocks flew like hailstones, hitting Bill Kelly in the eye, and knocking him like shot from the back of his ancient cab-horse. Terrible was the charge of that troop: but the spell was upon them, the Witch of the Plain was in their rear, rampant with upraised broom-stick. Onward they sped till the clouds of distance hid them from the eyes of Tully. They are far in the land of the Town of Yankee—annexed to the mighty Republic—citizens of great repute in the Union of States. But Bill Kelly sat on the hot plain, and gallantly defended himself against the onset of fierce ganders.

Ferrie was standing by—Adam of the White Hat. A sneer was on his face; impregnated with sulphur he boiled over in his wrath. Sweepst thou the streets with such as these? said he to Leslie of the Grape-shot. There was no reply. An eloquent silence sat upon the lips of the Secretary. But Adam arose, and fled away to the hills of his youth.

And Tully said in the bitterness of his heart, "horse and foot am I broken down, and cast away a maimed cripple. For, in the City of the Royal Mount have they cut off my foot, and on the plains of Laprairie have my Cavalry cut their sticks. Would that somebody might cut off my head!"

This is the story of Tully—of John Tully. *C. J. Shanley*

THE "MONITEUR'S" REGRETS.

The "Moniteur," in announcing the startling fact, that the Messrs. Hudon have despatched a loaded vessel to Halifax, concludes by lamenting that the spirited proprietors, being unable to obtain Canadian Sailors, were obliged to man their craft with "Englishmen." Unhappy "Moniteur!" may you never set your hoof on board a Ship manned by Englishmen; but may your aquatic experiences be confined—as they doubtless hitherto have been—to the hereditary dug-out in which the *habitant* pursues the scientific exploration of his native marsh. But, unfortunately for the regrets of the Moniteur, the Messrs. Hudon are perfectly satisfied with English Sailors, and have actually had the temerity to say so, in a letter addressed by them to a Montreal Journal. Miserable "Moniteur!"—thus has your sympathy been wasted "on the desert air," and your unsolicited sorrow taken for just what it is worth.

Shave your head, "Moniteur;" get thee a coat of sack-cloth and trousers of ashes, and—read yourself regularly every day, in token of grief for your unreciprocated regrets!

WORSE AND WORSE.

A Cockney Contributor, whose intellects are apparently curdled by the heat of the weather, has sent us the following atrocity.

Why is the reputation of Holloway's Pills evidently on the wane? Because they are continually going down the hill.