

THE RED RIVER MASS.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE GHOST OF MACAULAY.

Attend all ye who list to hear our great Dominion's praise!
I sing not of the famous deeds she wrought in other days;
When, with her own unaided arm, and at a trifling loss,
She drove th' invading Fenian back, and won so much *kudos*.
No need of history's page to tell the glories of our land,
When, at this hour, before our eyes, the glorious records stand,
Which tell in glowing words of fire to all, both high and low,
How brave McDougall dared the field, and fled before the foe!

It was upon the glorious morn of a bright autumn day,
Our great Lieutenant-Governor, North-Westward took his way;
And in his train there followed fast,—a gallant band, I ween,
Such as in this, our favored clime, is far too often seen,—
There marched a host of jobbers, the curses of our land,
With needy politicians, too,—a seedy-looking band,—
They looked forward to the plunder, and each winked his leery eye.
As he thought of simple *habitants* he'd plunder by-and-bye —
Ah! little deemed they that ere long, like Moses, they should stand,
And gaze upon, yet enter not, into the Promised Land!

Then where o'er swift St. Lawrence Victoria's arches frown,
Where Beaver Hall's snobocracy on poorer folk look down;
Where in the sweet retirement of Beauport's quiet vale,
Cauchon his lunatics regales on best of "cakes and ale;"
Where proud Dominion Senators blow off their gas by night,
Fuddle in bar-rooms all the day, and get extremely tight;
Where in fair Quebec's Council Halls the legislators sit,
And vote themselves allowances, with far more greed than wit;
Where, in remotest village, the Dry Goods traders smash,
Shall come a jeer from all who hear of the GREAT RED RIVER MASS!!

ZEKE TRIMBLE ON SOME RECENT "REVELATIONS."

MY DEAR DIO.—"A man kant tech tar with out bein' pitched into," saith the poet which rites skotch prize poems, (I hev fargo his name). Komin after the Red River Revolushun, the startlin' revelashuns of "H. B." hev created quite a sensashun. There air too menny free-masons into thee Kounsil. How all them Kounsilors kood be a smokin' them segars all the yeer round, for these 20 years past, and not diskover they were smokin' thee people's munny, is a thing no ratepayer can understand. Who is this 2d Columbus, "H. B.," wich fust diskovered them segars, and took the people into his confidens? He koinmens'd life in humbel surcumstances, havin' kum out to this kuntry with no floatin kapital in his pokit, as is the kase with most of us. All grate men into our kuntry kummense life's struggil with 12½ sents in thare pokits; but thee hero of our tale did not have even this amount. He sunk into obskurity immediately on arrival. But an accident raised him to the posishun of City Kounsilor, and—while in this lofty posishun—hee pade strikt attenshun to thee bizness, from nite till mornin'.

Thee results may be seen in the rows of brick houses he built, sum of wich he keeps to this day to remember the Korporashun bi. It is a remarkable fackt that a Kounsilor wich builds rows of houses when he is into offis, dont bild them so fast when he gets out of offis. A man wich earns his munny bi the sweat of hiz brow arrives into prosperity bi a more tegious path. Thee road of the fortunate Kounsilor is sumtimes thorny. But if he pays attenshun to it from nite till mornin, sum of the thorns are apt to stick to him. Menny Kounsilors have retired from bizness with nothin into thare pokits, but they are not remembered,—they sink into glorious obskurity. One anekdote of "H. B." shows his remarkable talent. He allus smoked a pipe, and pade for his own tobakky. Where are all the Kounsilors wich have been makin moshuns durin the past yeer, and why didn't they make a segar moshun? "H. B.'s" name will

be writ in letters of gold on the Cristal Paliss, which is one of the monyments of his grateeness. There are a grate menny inventors; there is the author of Mrs. Winslow's Soothin' Syrup, Perry Davis' Pane-Killer, and Babcock's Bitters; but amongst them awl none is thare wich can kumpare with thee grate inventor of the Korporashun segar mistery!

"H. B." subsequently went into the slate bizness, and soon after thee Kumpny busted. Ef hee had stayed into thee Korporashun a littel longer he would have busted the sity!

"H. B." and "W. W." now run a large Siamese-twin, joint stock noosepaper into St. James street, and run it on the yu scratch me and I'll scratch ye prinsiple, and ef thay kontinue thare littel game, thay will bust thee afours-d journal, sure!

"W. W." is unuther of our grate men, and he is sed to have worked at the "case" in erly life. But hee will find it a hard case to carry "H. B." and run a serious and a komick jurnal and a bank, at once. When the publikk find out that he is the author of his own biograhycal notices and portraits, he will be more highly appreciated!

Yours trooly,
ZEKE TRIMBLE.

THE NEW REIGN OF TERROR.

A SERIO COMIC TRAGEDY.

As DIogenES sat serenely smoking his evening Calumet of Peace, a knock came to his door and a youth entered with his cap on, making a profound salaam after the usual newsboy fashion. He then presented a piece of paper on which was written:—

"As I was employed in getting up your paper, just now, a swellish young man came into my place and the following conversation ensued:—

Young well.—Are you Mr ———, of this establishment?

Printer.—Yes, perhaps.

Young well.—You are going to publish DIogenES?

Printer.—Yes, perhaps.

Young well.—You belong to the Typographical Society?

Printer.—Yes.

Young well.—Well, I am to tell you that if you print that paper his Seraphic Worship will not preside at the coming Printers' Festival?

Printer.—You may tell His Worship he may go and be ———. I did not kick that swellish young man down stairs, for he vanished with miraculous speed."

It will be perceived that we have omitted something at the conclusion of the foregoing dialogue. The truth is this "something" sorely troubled us. "What was to be done?" The sacred character of history imperiously demanded that we should tell the truth and the whole truth. But, then, DIogenES being a Great Man himself, he has the utmost veneration for Great Men, and particularly Sublimities, Efulgencies and "Worships." A brilliant idea occurred to us. We inserted the objectionable something, and, summoning our "Familiar," ordered him to carry the manuscript to His Sublimity, with our loving salutation, and an earnest request that he would—like Sterne's "Recording Angel"—drop pitying tears on the word, and blot it out for ever. His Sublimity graciously consented, with the benign courtesy which so conspicuously exalts him above all other "ublimities"—Emperors, Kings, or Rulers, or "Worships."—past, present, or future. And, lo! with the aid of a pair of tongs, Mr. Muggles, and a Spanish onion, the pearly dew fell, the terrible expression disappeared—evaporated—lost in the infinity of space—to the huge relief of DIogenES, and the undying credit and glory of that most immaculate of all conceptions, His Seraphic Worship the Mayor!

IS IT LIKELY?

If Miss Ireland ever comes to her senses she will sink her Blarney Stone in the bluest and deepest of thy waters, sweet Lake of Killarney! and, in its place, will enthrone, high in Tara's Halls, that much better stone, the GLAD-STONE, and will kiss and kiss, and kiss it forever and evermore, with all the fervor of her eccentric, but warm, and generous, and impulsive nature!