



THE FINGER OF SCORN.

ROUGH SKETCH FOR AN HISTORICAL PAINTING, DEDICATED RESPECTFULLY TO THE RISING ARTISTS OF THE CANADIAN ACADEMY.

THE HUMBER.

Oh, dark and silent Humber, gliding down
From banks precipitous unto the pebbly shore
Of blue Ontario, where at the break of day,
The fisher roweth out unto the meshy net
There placed, to snare the fierce and bony pike.
I love thee, Humber! and yet I love thee not,
For, one fair day last summer—oh! fatal day!
Oh! woeful day, oh, false, perfidious Jane!
Jane that I loved so well! Ah! woe is me,
That day I brought her out to Johnny Duck's
And treated her to plum cake and to wine,
Yet she was discontented, and would have
Me row her up the river in a punt.
We launched the punt out 'mid the rushy reeds
And noisome cat tails and pond lilies foul,
And diving mud turtles and loud croaking frogs.
The girl got in and sat upon a thwart;
I followed, and with paddle did assay
To push the punt off from the marshy weeds.
The punt glided forth, the paddle firmly stuck
In the foul clay, pulled me clean out the boat,
And down I went head foremost in the muck.
The frog spawn water rushed into my mouth,
The slimy mud pervaded all my hair!
A man rushed down—he'd watched us from afar,
And with a sharpened boat-hook raked me out,
And threw me sodden on the sandy shore.
The heartless Jane did roar and laugh again,
And left me lying there upon the beach;
She took the arm of the boat-hooking knave
(The catiff keeps a grog shop in the Ward—
His name is Jones), a murrain on the beast!

Jane married him, and never since that hour
Have I seen that dark tarn, that hideous pool
That treacherously lies at Humber's mouth!

—B.

ADVICE TO EDWARD.

LAKE, O Blake! I fear you're euchered
By that clever scamp, John A.
With his trick of "previous question"
He has got you either way.

No amendment to the motion
Can you move to express your view.
Yes or no—was Riel a martyr?
Here's a pretty how-dy-do!

Rise from your recumbent posture,
Wipe your specs and clear your throat;
Make a furious charge upon 'em—
Then get out and dodge the vote!

If you vote for Landry's motion
You will catch it in the *Mail*;
... don't, your French supporters
On your party will turn tail.

Upright Edward! you can't work it
Anyway you twist your coat;
Shirk that Landry motion—shirk it—
Shirk it, Edward—shirk the vote!

