

The Bank Clerk to the Public.

Ah, weally quite athamed you know, to theap of thuch a thing ;
But when these fellahs do thuch monstwous accusathionths bwing,
And hinth that all bank clerks ah wogues, you know, and things like
that.

It makes a fellah feel, you know, yes, feel extwemely flat.

I'm thure, when wobbing ewvy one is the pweaving style.
It's quite unweasonable we should not incwease owah pile.
All codes of modehn mawals mean, if they don't plainly state
Concealed appwopwiationhs ah not inappwopwiate.

The aldechmen ah chosen men—the picked ones of the place.
And bweaking laws they do not seem to think the least disgwace.
They buy and sell with civic funds, and so incwease their stoah
Poor Bawbah did it with the banks ; which wathn't any mowah.

And twadehs, too, all bweaking down and cutting ewvy day
Don't pay their cweditors : but take a heap of cash away.
Come back next yeah, and then ah thought as good as angels bwhight.
Small peculations can't be wong, if big ones ah all wight.

How can we keep up pwopah style, aw keep a horthe and cab
Unleth we thupplement our pay by thmall amounts of gwab ?
Of courthc they mean young gentlemen with salawy so small
To wob the bank, if they're to live like gentlemen at all.

In fine, I have to thay to you this thmall concluding word
To hope uth better than youawthelves ith thertainly abthurd.
We mutht a pwopah spihwit show, and pwopah style maintain
So if one gwab won't give it uth, why we must gwab again.

The Working Man.

I am a working man as does not want to work at all,
And so the property I holds is most extremely small ;
But cos I has no property, is that a reason why
I shouldn't vote on yours as have? Guess not : that's all my eye.

What right had you to save your cash and lands and houses buy
While I spent mine?—I say this is most hejus tyranny,
And now you wants to vote on it, and wouldn't give to me
As much a voice as you in it—but that won't work, you see.

How 'm I to make a cent at all about election day
If all my voting power's destroyed, and frittered all away?
A vote's the finest property you ever see, my men.
You sells him every year, and then you gets him back again.

And if they gets this Cumulative Bill which now they crave,
The Councils then beneath their thumb will every penny save.
I'm blest if I considers that there doctrine to be sound.
I wants to see the Councils spend, and spin the cash around.

I wants to be an over-seer and lean agin a post.
And watch a lot of tellers work—a job I loves the most.
A pal of mine—an alderman—has got to get me that ;
But this here Cumulative Bill 'ud knock my chances flat.

I guess if you what owns the town once gets the right to say
What should be done—all little jobs is finished from that day.
No lobbyin round City Hall—no more log-rollin' then.
No gettin no fat little jobs from no more aldermen.

I tell you this—you folks as owns the property round here—
Us tenants means to vote as much as you—let that be clear.
You've got the property ; but we've more numbers got than you,
And we intend to teach you how to lay it out, we do.

We've got that property o' yourn consid'able in debt,
And we considers as it might support a good deal yet.
We means to make you borrrer pr'aps two million every year,
And some'ut then perhaps poor men 'll get a chance to clear.

Ain't I a British subject, and what is the good of that,
If you're to save ap money, and be an aristocrat?
You likes to work ; and that is just the reason why
You ort to save and I to spend the saved up property.

You'd make of me a serf with that there Cumulative Lor.
And make me hew your wood, you would, and water for your dror.
You got your goods by working so, you says ; it may be true,
And so you may ; I don't like sich ; but I'll the voting do.

Hooray, to be a Briton free, and make the money fly
Which is put in the Council charge—that's what I likes, does I.
Heap up debentures, swell the debt, and pass the cash around,
And mortgage every house and shop, and every lot of ground.

We don't own none— we tenants is—and as for debt, when it
Has busted up this blessed town, we'll jist git up and git.
And find some other town to bust ; who cares how owners raves ?
Hooray !—no Cumulative Lers—us Britons sham't be slaves !

The Medical Contingout.

DR. BOLUS *in study*—*Enter sombre party in black.*

DR. BOLUS.—Good morning, Mr. GROAN. Anything the matter?
Ill yourself, perhaps. You look rather downcast. (*Aside.—To look at
him would give a pig the cholera.*)

MR. GROAN.—In a vale of woes, sir, (*sighs deeply*) and being, as I
may say, in a business of sorrows and acquainted with grief (*sighs again*)
my appearance naturally gets sympathetic with my customers, sir. I
have been told I look interesting. But I am well as usual—as well as
we can expect to be in this mortal home (*sighs*).

DR. BOLUS.—Well, well ; bad for your undertaking trade if it wasn't,
GROAN. What can I do for you?

MR. GROAN.—In this mortal—

DR. BOLUS.—Come, now ; I go in three minutes. What is it? I'm
in a hurry.

MR. GROAN.—It is not fit, sir, that dwellers and pilgrims in this
shadowy passage of tears should see others imposed on. Anything in
my line, to be brief? I allow one-third commission to recommending
physicians. There are others, sir, who do not do so. (*Sighs.*)

DR. BOLUS.—Gad, that's so. Weeper & Doleful only let me have
twenty per cent. One-third, you say?

MR. GROAN.—Which is my invariable practice, sir. And, in case of
highly wealthy families losing important members, if obsequies are un-
usual magnificent, could make it better—do, in fact.

DR. BOLUS.—Well, old DIVIDEND down the street is going. Thought
of Weeper & Doleful. But if you allow one-third, why, of course—

MR. GROAN.—Much obliged. Good-morning. (*Exit sighing deeply.*)

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

ALONZO GUSHINGTON and REGINALD GUBBINS were two poets.
Unlike most men of their profession, they loved each other like twins.
GUBBINS was a deep thinker—so deep that no one who read his pro-
ductions could sink low enough to get at their meaning. GUBBINS, in
short, was much too clever to live, and consequently he died. His
friend GUSHINGTON wrote an "In memoriam" of thirteen stanzas,
and sent it to the editor of a local paper. ALONZO assures us that he
wrote the heading and the first verse of his poem as follows:—

"LINES ON A DEPARTED FRIEND."

"A dead calm fell upon the thinker's woes—
A mild and soothing odor of repose.
No more the weary hand shall grasp the pen ;
No more the melting brain shall conquer men !
The drooping eyelids never more shall weep ;
The busy limbs are still. He's gone to sleep !"

Although Mr. GUSHINGTON had once taken writing-lessons from
HORACE GREELEY, his penmanship was none of the clearest. The
editor could make neither head nor tail, rhyme nor reason of the manu-
script, but a young man in the office, who had once received an invita-
tion to a dinner, in ALONZO'S hand-writing, managed to tackle the
first stanza of the poem, and ordered it to be "set up" for the column
of the paper which was headed "Jokes of the Day, &c.," and this is
what the young man made of it:—

"LIES OF A DEPARTED FRIEND."

"A dead clam fed upon the tinker's toes—
A wild and shooting order for repose.
No more the wiry hand shall grasp the hen ;
No more the pelting rain shall conquer men !
The trooping eyelids never more shall weep,
The bushy lambs are stiff. He's gone to sleep !"