



F. H. B. On His Hobby.

Behold the man of sea-side fame,
The *Mayflower* man of letter'd name!
The scribe who turns his canny hand
From water salt, to fresh-man's land;
Dis-plays his literary taste
In letter from GRIP's basket (waste);
The toiler over bay and town,
By cove and cliff to gain a crown,
Yet proves no vulgar cove, for he
Adorns his crest by letters three!
Praise then the wight, revile who dares,
Who thrives by can-ning natures wares—
By modes crustaceous kneads his bread,
May-flour combined with Lobster red;
The fields of ocean destly tills,
Till fish-pot game his Bakery fills,—
Thus Egypt's flesh-pots laughs to scorn
From dewy eve to rosy morn!
In wonted *Mayflower* style he cracks
Hard nuts and jokes at Halifax,
Though adventitious aids he use,
And haply paste and scissors choose,
À l'import—if in his sanctum high
He drop a tear to pure old rye.
Till *Mayflower* sheets an odour shed
More pun-gent than an onion-bed;
The jokes and fun he weakly pokes
Fall harmless on the weed he smokes!
And so, the charge of blunder-buss
In paper pellets aimed at us!
Yet go it blind! Oh rider bold,
By saving claws the Lobster hold;
So, distance Chawles and Co. at rubs,
Or whisping scandals in the clubs!
And every loafing "fraud" trot out
Who puts his morals "up the spout"!
At many a knave sharp censure hur'd
May help GRIP to reform the world;
Yes, F. H. B., fit whip you'll find,
To lash the faults of lapsed mankind,
But have a care lest H. P. A.
May fail your own to wash away!

A Lunatic *À gogo* 17.

IN FIVE ACTS.

(By our special maniac.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:—A Man; a paper making Machine; a Maiden.

ACT I.

The sun was setting o'er field and fen, the day was growing old. A youth and a maiden were wandering on. Their hearts were warm, their noses cold. For winter with her icy grip (no relation of ours, you know), held poor Dame Nature frozen tight by her finger and nose and toe. But what cares love for snow or ice—it laughs at locksmiths even—for wherever the loved one's eye doth glance, there is warmth and heaven. So talked the youth with low-toned note, as he gazed in those starry eyes, and hugged himself on the one bright thought that in winter there are no flies. This bright discovery gave him pluck, and he popped the question stright; while the maiden answered "yes," with a sigh, and then remarked it was late, as the thought then dawned on her youthful mind that the parlour at home was bright, and her lover and she might just as well bask in the shady calm lamp light. A curtain we draw o'er the harrowing scene, which reminds us we once were young, for now we are feeble and old and poor and the topic might blister our tongue.

ACT II.

The sun was setting o'er field and fen, as this same youth left the store and hurried home for a "clean billed rag," ere he rapped at the loved one's door. His heart beat high that night, for his Boss had marked his ways, and knowing the marks of "love at first sight," had soft soaped him with praise of his diligence, energy, business tact, and shrewd plain commonsense, and prophesied great things for him, but of course in the future tense; for his brilliant talents were lost, he said, in his present position in life, and 'twas best for him to go out alone. To help him to this he'd contrive to start him in business, sell him his goods and open a bran new store, and aid him by *paper* and pen and ink and all his financial lore. Then bye and bye as he gained in strength, and his business *seemed* all right, the rest of the Wholesale Firms would rush to sell him as much as they might. In short—prosperity bright and gay wou'd him to her embrace. He swallowed it all and hurried away all his joys to reflect on the loved one's face.

ACT III.

The sun was setting o'er field and glen, as his Boss strolled homeward that night, rubbing his hands every now and then with a sort of fiendish delight. He knew he had "limed" that innocent youth—had caught a willing prey—and he thought of the Barker's gold he'd squeeze forth with his innocent's paper next day;—how his own pressing debt he'd be able to pay and put off the evil day for a time at least—while his brain was at work to get *others* the piper to pay. The dream was golden, the fruit seemed ripe and round and mellow and sweet, but he never thought of what was within or believed it could ashes secrete.

ACT IV.

The sun was setting o'er field and glen. E'en the business world looked pale, as some ten months later the Boss walked home to his mansion near the vale, and he wrung his hands every now and then with a shiver of horror and grief, for he knew that the morning sun would dawn and show him a Bankrupt—perhaps a thief; for that day his victim and forty more had their shutters nicely put up by a limb of the law, with an ugly writ for hundreds about a score—writs issued by other and greater fools who had flattered themselves that he, the Merchant Prince with the golden tools, was weighty with £. S. D., and would never allow his pet accounts to come to untimely grief, so they tried to dig into his choicest trade, but not deep enough for his relief. But then when they saw how the game was wrought, they went one better—nay two—and riled to the very core at the thought they forced him his hand to show.

ACT V.

But how of the victim and his young Bride? If for her he had selfish been, he had learned the lesson and had it by heart—he was no longer "green." But he picked himself up with a manly grace and went to work again. Now the sweets of honestly earned gold visit him now and then. No longer over field and fen doth the sun of hope go down, but the Sun of Love towards his fellow men clears away from his brow car's frown.

EPILOGUE.

The Sun is setting o'er field and glen, the darkness is coming again; the Lunatic too must go to bed, and roost like a cheerful hen that has done its duty and laid an egg to be hatched by some other brain—less of the feather kind—with more of the strength o'er the ruins of men.

The Old, Old Story.

Now when you read these words above,
So hackneyed late by voice and pen,
You think that I would write of love,
Alas, that you are sold again.

I merely wish to say to one,
Who scans your page with curious view,
That it is time he had begun
To frame his resolution new.

That resolution new and bright,
Which he at this time yearly makes,
To change his mode of living quite,
And then incontinently breaks.

A diary he gets—(the one
Last year he got will often do,
The page to use he had begun,
He overlays with paper new.)

Then draws afresh a noble code,
He WISDOM will, this coming year,
Take as his guide upon the road,
And follow her instructions clear.

Good sir, the vain attempt forego,
'Tis not for you; burn up your plan,
And this small fact in future know,
That sort of thing requires a man.