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John Bull.

GREAT BRITAIN, first in wealth and power,
Is by a class oppressed,
And's sitting at this very hour
On a volcano's breast :
Her wealth she has piled up in heaps,
Where mirth and music flow,
And yet close by Starvation keeps
Her Carnival of woe.

That dainty lords and ladies must
Be decked in silk attire
What beating hearts are ground to dust
Or trampled in the mire ;
And that a proud patrician class
May keep its puppet show,
Must England all become a mass
Of howling want and woe ?

Earth's surely drawing nearer hell,
All virtue's surely dead !
Where honest women have to sell
Their very soul for bread.
But lo ! a Prophet in the midst
Of all this woe appears,
He comes on time, with truths sublime,
Lives tremble while he jeers :

He's wakening up the world, I ween,
E'en honest old John Bull
Suspects that hitherto he's been
Submitting like a fool ;
For he's in earnest out and out
That pride shall be brought low ;
And in his anger ne'er a doubt
He'll end the puppet show.

Says John, " My lord, how did you get
That rich and wide domain ?
I'm sure it was not by the sweat
Of either heart or brain ;
Pray why should we bow down to thee ?
What great thing hast thou done ?
That we from toil should set thee free,
And score thee Number One :

" Say not that God ordained it so,
But of the truth take heed—
The source of Britian's want and woe
Is your inhuman greed :
The heart of poor humanity
You've ever tried to break,
And in your pride and vanity
You've trampled on her neck.

" Humbug has come to such a pass
It can't be suffered longer ;
Not mere pretence, but common sense,
You'll find is now the stronger.
With shams the world has gone to war,
And it will drive you hence,
For thou'rt found guilty at the bar
Of down right common sense.

" Your dodges and obliquities
Will have to face about ;
And all your old iniquities
Have orders for the route :
Your mittimus is written out ;
Your sentence is Depart !
Thou gangrene that is eating out
Great Britian's mighty heart."

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

Et tu bete, as the boy said when the trout got away with two worms.

BOBBY'S LATEST.

THE ELEVATION OF THE STAGE.

A SCENE Painter's Outfit and a Carpenter's Tool Chest were hurrying down street, when they met a Toiling Dramatist. " Out of the way," they said, haughtily, as the Toiling Dramatist bared his head and Bowed Low. " We are going down to the Lumber Yard to get a New American Play." " But," pleaded the Toiling Dramatist, " here is one I have just written. The Heroine is a Pure Young Girl——" " That settles it," they said, harshly, " it's a Domestic Production. What we want is an American Play that is Purely English, and hasn't a throb of any other Sort of Purity in the whole Five Acts, and we can Make it Ourselves. Away, Slight Manager." And trampling over his Prostrate Form they got their Lumber and Canvas, in twenty-fours sawed out a play which they filled with Circus Posters and ran every night for Two Years. Moral—The Race is not Always to the Swift, but sometimes to the Fellow who Cuts across the Course and Gets There.

MY NEIGHBOR'S GUINEA HEN.

WHEN dawn in tints of rose and gold
Day's glorious promises unfold ;
I heard the first soft bird note—Then
I hear that clattering guinea hen.

And when on incense breathing morn
Thy cheery meal is borne,
I'd be at peace with gods and men
But for that cackling guinea hen.

When I would read some book most dear,
The printed thoughts I cannot hear ;
I cannot hear the dinner gong,
But I can hear that ceaseless song.

All songs of dreamy afternoon,
With girls and birds and books in tune,
Thou drown'st in notes more harsh than sin
With thine eternal, senseless din.

And then at evening's holy hour
I cannot feel the sacred power
Of better thoughts on wings divine,
For that distracting squawk of thine.

And when I fly at last to bed
To pillow-bless my throbbing head,
Ere I can thank the silent night
I hear thee clamoring with affright.

All day, all night, all other time,
With reason none, with less of rhyme,
Thy squawk-squawk wearies me—so then
Take this—" Bang! bang !"—" squawk !"—missed again!

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

GUIBOLLARD disappeared mysteriously, and his family supposing him dead, his son went to the morgue to find his body.

" Can you give a description of your father," asked the superintendent, " by which we can identify him ?"

" I believe," replied Guibollard, Jr., " that he was a little deaf."

THREE miles from land is the league-al distance, inside of which the Yankee fisherman cannot fish. This information is of-fi-shal or fish-offal, I don't know which, and it is just as well for them to know that they are being shad-owed by cruising detectives.