

The Fisher in progress is making his mark,
As oarsman, his champion flag is unfurled;
His smile is not child-like—his ways are not dark!
Tho' known be the name that has challenged the world.
Tho' years have flown by since his work had begun,
When he hooked the sea-trout by the rivulet's run;
The veteran oarsman still fearless and free
Draws wealth from the ocean—and lives by the sea!
HUGH MOUR.

Grip's Political Parodies.

HAMLET—Act I, scenes IV and V. Slightly altered.

ARGUMENT—The Hon. E. BLAKE having attended a political meeting in West Durham at the late Dominion election, retires to rest at a country tavern, having inadvertently joined a supper party where there were bad wine and bad oysters; sleep deserts his eyelids and suddenly, as the clock strikes 12, the ghost of THOMAS SCOTT appears in the middle of the room. BLAKE starts from the bed with terror-stricken countenance and—

BLAKE—(Loq:) Angels and Ministers of State defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bethy intents wicked or political?
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak: I'll call thee THOMAS SCOTT,
Friend, countrymen, volunteer: O answer!
Keep me not lingering in suspense but tell
Why thy bleached bones which I have rattled
From every stump in fair Ontario
Have burst their cerements; why the coffin
Wherein (O infamy!) we know thou wast
Incased alive hath oped its wooden jaws
To cast thee up again? what may this mean,
That thou, dead corpse, again in earthly garb
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night horrible; and me a politician
So horribly to shake my disposition
With thought beyond the reaches of my soul?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should I do?

GHOST— I am SCOTT's spirit,
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night—
That SCOTT whom thou hast used from time to time
For purposes of thine own, political.
Thou know'st the secrets of my prison-house;
That tale should harrow up thy soul, and freeze
Thy blood! my murderer RIEL thou has denounced
And for his head five thousand dollars offered.
But this eternal blazon must not be—
If thou would'st ever THOMAS SCOTT revenge.

BLAKE—Oh Ghost be not too hard! with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love
I'll sweep to thy revenge.

GHOST— I find thee apt.
But thou wast apt before and it is hard
To trust these politicians, tricksters they're called
In realms of fire from whence I upwards come.
If thou hast nature in thee bear it not;
But hasto and let not CAUCHON's taunts and jibes
Detor thee from thine own true proper course.
Adieu! adieu! O BLAKE, remember me.

Exit.

BLAKE falls back on the bed exhausted, just then the landlord enters to see what the row is about and is in time to hear the following:—

BLAKE—(Loq:) He's gone, alas poor Ghost! remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, if it should suit my plans—
For 'tis my creed that party should be first
And ghosts and country come in afterwards.
At all events I'll go. O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!

TONGUE IN CREEK.—An imbibing clerk, in the employ of the literary concern of Dun Brown & Wyman, whose duty consists in affixing the stamps to theirdunning letters, has recently applied for an increase of salary on thegrounds that his tongue is dry, and he has to providehis own lick-er!

Evenings with the Poets.

II.

MODERN MAUD MULLER.

BY J. G. W-H-T-R.

MAUD MULLER, one fine summer's day,
Owed five dollars she couldn't pay;
So she bent her way to the far-off town,
And blew her nose on her cotton gown;
(For MAUD was no fool, though in her station
She'd had ne'er the ghost of an education—

Dropping her "E's" and putting them in
Where "H's" never ought to have been).

She paused awhile, and a vague unrest
As of kleptomania filled her breast;

A wish that each minute had stronger grown
To appropriate something not her own.

'Twas Fate that made the Judge draw rein
In his gaudy glitter of watch and chain;
That made him stay as he shouldn't have stayed,
To flirt awhile with that peasant maid.

He swore he loved her, and chucked her chin,
As she blushed and tittered, "ain't that *too thin*."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers and trees,
Till she thought that he was as green as these.

Then chatted awhile, and at last rode on,
Nor recked of how his *time had gone*!

Next day in radiant sunshine broke,
Next day Miss M. from sleep awoke,

And a manly form at her side she saw—
Policeman X in the name of Law.

By close of day that false and frail,
Though pretty, Miss MULLER was lodged in gaol;

But never more did the Judge regain
That good old watch and that heavy chain.

And never again in a shady glade
Does he stop to flirt with a rustic maid;

For he thinks of the day he once drew rein,
And what happened then, and what might again!

AFTER GOLDSMITH.

When politicians stoop to folly
And find too late that "pals" betray,
What charms can soothe the melancholy,
What art can wash their guilt away?

The fav'rite art with such 'old sinners,
To hide their shame from rivals eye
Is, to rise and speak at public dinners,
And pay some editor to—lie!

OH, BANQUET NOT!

THE SENATOR'S INVITATION.

Oh! banquet not in restricted bowers
Where templars resort, but come with me,
For there's a snug place near this Senate of ours
Where one can get something better than tea.
And there we may have our wines or beers
And many a cup with impunity pour—
Our guests, old comrades of former years,
Our toast "the time when parties are o'er."

Thus while the Senate's sanction screens
The cocktail in its den,
We'll trim the bowl to "Ways and Means,"
To measures and to men.
Or, as some thirsty members are
Just visiting this favour'd spot,
We'll drink, "the House of Commons' bar,"
Where liquors are unmix'd, forgot!