



FANCY PORTRAIT OF SIR WM. HARCOURT.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss, of 'Punch'.)

OUR FOREMAN.

NOW, out of every score men,
Who are journalistic foremen,
You'll find at least nineteen or so exceeding wicked men,
Who swear and curse and caper,
When getting out the paper,
Who make the air around them blue and the "devils" quake again!

But we have Number Twenty—
A most delightful gent, he
Is never in a passion, and he's always oh, so nice!
Why, if you should pie a galley
He would only say "ah, really!"—
You'd never catch him using any stronger verbal spice.

If the comps. are very lazy,
This overseeing daisy
Approaches most politely and suggests a little haste,
And when blundering Slug 30
Sets proofs exceeding dirty,
The foreman only sheds a tear o'er "type so much misplaced."

When giving out fat copy,
He smiles and looks so happy,
But when the opposite's the case he's sad and ill at ease;
And when he gives an order,
It has a pretty border—
I mean he bows and waves his hand and whispers, "If you please!"

Now, it would not surprise us
If printers of all sizes
Should come in scores and hundreds upon this man to stare,
We're sure they'd like to know him,
And we'd be glad to show him,
But somehow he vanishes—such foremen are so "rare."

SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE OYSTER.

THIS is a subject so palatable to the general public, that the scientist cannot with impunity treat it with contempt, it having a large number of friends ready at all times to take up weapons in its defence, especially when these weapons are in the shape of certain utensils which are found on any well-regulated dining-table.

Although the oyster cannot be said to be concealed, it is nevertheless very much wrapped up in itself. It confines itself strictly to its own affairs, is at home during business and all other hours, and will not open its portal to any man except on compulsion.

One of its distinguishing characteristics is the apparent total absence of brains or intellectual organs. It is not on this account, however, to be regarded as a dude, this being the only feature which it possesses in common with the latter creature. Nor must it be supposed, from the well-known adage, "as dumb as an oyster," that it is exclusively masculine.

Although it makes but little noise or disturbance in the world, it is closely related to a clamorous family, and although, as a general rule, it does not participate in broils, it not infrequently gets into a stew. In spite of its popularity and the general favor in which it is held, it may be often said to be "in the soup."

It cannot be said either to be of a social disposition, or given to conversation or communicating its ideas to others, yet it participates in most of our social entertainments, and is in more or less demand at all state and private dinners.

From its customs and habits of life it would appear to be of the most democratic nature, and no respecter of persons; nevertheless, we find among the clan a well-defined and recognized "select class," among which are numbers of genuine Counts,—not the bogus Italian species.

In religion he is a hard-shell Baptist. In philosophy he belongs to divers schools. In politics he is a free-trader. But whatever he has to offer is generally swallowed *cum grano salis*.

F. N.

LATEST REVISED VERSION.

W. LAMBTON.

MOWAT had a little "Lamb,"
Whose vote was dear as gold;
And everywhere that Mowat went
That "Lamb" was quickly sold.
E. P. RODEN, "The Children's Friend."

AT BOSTON.

"FELLOW citizens," shouted a Republican orator who was speaking in opposition to John L. Sullivan, the Democratic nominee, "this man is not fit to sit in Congress. Why, gentlemen, he has time and again got drunk and chewed his wife; and he has never expressed any contrition for the act!"

"On the contrary," retorted Mr. Sullivan's supporter, "the champion is glad-he-ate-her!"

The crowd at once broke up in disorder.