

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES;

OR, THE SIREN WITH THE JAPANESE FAN.
 You may talk about the perils of the deadly sword and gun
 Upon the field of battle; or the dangers of a lee-shore
 When the storm is madly raging and the hissing breakers run;
 But by sparkling eyes more fearful execution may be done
 'Neath a Japanese umbrella on the sea-shore.
 Ah! yes, I well remember when my heart was all my own,
 Which Cupid with his arrows till then had failed to reach;
 But one day I met my fate; and I heard the Siren's tone
 As we sat and whispered softly near the wavelets, all alone,
 'Neath a Japanese umbrella on the murmuring beach.
 How innocent in seeming is a Japanese umbrella!
 But ah! when deftly used what an instrument it is
 To snare the young affections of an unsuspecting feller!
 As I found in those bright days when I sat with Isabella
 'Neath a Japanese umbrella near the salt waves' sizz.
 I saw her first as seated on the sand with dainty grace
 O'er the pages of a novel most intent she seemed to pore,
 Clad in most bewitching muslin and the daintiest of lace,
 And a kind of saintly halo was cast around her face
 By the Japanese umbrella that she deftly bore.
 On her cheek the silken lashes fell as her dark violet eyes
 On her novel seemed intent; (she was really reading me.)
 And as I kept approaching—why was I so unwise?—
 She started and upturned them with a gesture of surprise
 'Neath the Japanese umbrella near the sad, sad sea.
 But ere long I introduced myself and, though at first so shy,
 Her timidity soon vanished and she said, "Why do you stand?
 At the sea-side all is proper; pray, do the same as I;
 Be seated, sir." I paused at first but sat down by-and-by
 'Neath the Japanese umbrella on the soft, grey sand.
 Oh! happy, happy days; from morning until noon,
 And from afternoon till evening when beyond the glowing west
 The sun sank bathed in glory and uprose the summer moon,
 We'd sit and sit and, lover-like, as sitting there we'd spoon,
 With the Japanese umbrella now folded and at rest.
 Oh! would I'd ne'er been seated! oh! why was I so weak?
 Oh! would I ne'er had met her; Oh! would that I were dead!
 We're married now; in vain, alas, for her old-time smiles I seek;
 Woe, woe, that I should tell it; she smashed, within a week,
 That Japanese umbrella on my poor, soft head!
 MORAL.
 Young men with hearts susceptible, my dismal tale's complete;
 I would that I could say as well that all my woes are o'er;
 But don't think that cast down lashes always show a temper sweet;
 The owner of the softest eyes may be a vicious cheat;
 Don't hasten to prostrate yourself at stranger damsels' feet,
 'Neath a Japanese umbrella on the sad sea-shore.
 —SWIZ.

THAT POEM BY TENNYSON.

You! you! how have you failed to understand
 How all this tall talk sounds so very small?
 How on you falls the laugh of all the land,
 Mouthpiece of Jingoism all,
 You, whom we deemed so great!
 This poet—author of the "Vore de Vore"
 "The Grand Old Gardener"—is it really he
 Who sneers at "votes" with such superior air,
 Fanning o'er fancied inefficiency
 The fleet—a Jingo prate—
 Who pictures England's mob, with hob-nailed shoes
 Kicking from place the one MAX of the realm,
 Because for love of them, he dares refuse
 Rashly in blood their dearest to overwhelm,
 While yet remains a gate
 Where Honor may walk through with head uplift?
 Why is it "you," "you," "you," "you" can't understand,
 The strength of such calm power, which cannot drift,
 Tho' storms on every hand
 May rage and fret?



THE CANADIAN VOTER IN THE HANDS
 OF THE REVISING BARRISTER.
 (Vide new Franchise Bill.)

DR. JOHNSON IN CANADA.
 HE VISITS THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

Note by Mr. Boswell:—"Knowing fully the many wonderful sights to be seen in Hamilton, little persuasion was necessary to induce the doctor to visit the Ambitious City."
 "This, sir, is the Gore," said Boswell, as he and the doctor arrived at the junction of James and King-streets, "the only park possessed by the Hamilton citizens."
 "Sir, do you presume to call that a park?" interrogated the doctor.
 "The term is not mine, sir, but that of the citizens themselves. Yet you will readily perceive that although limited in extent it is pleasant to look upon."
 "Yes, sir, I admire its limited beauties," responded the lexicographer, somewhat acrimoniously, "but I do not respect the city's addleheaded aldermen who can believe so small an enclosure is sufficient for the needs of Hamilton's teeming population."
 "But I am informed, sir," interrupted Boswell, "that the fault does not lie with the aldermen, but with the people themselves, who have refused to sanction a by-law for the establishment of parks in various portions of the city."
 "What!" broke forth the doctor, angrily, "are the citizens so imbecile that they refuse to provide themselves with means for the recuperation of their wasted energies? Sir, they are nin-com-poops. Let us be gone."
 Boswell adds:—"The wrath of the doctor was indeed great, and it was not until I had read unto him an editorial from the Hamilton Times that he became appeased."
 "It is a noteworthy thing, sir, that the aldermen of Hamilton, as a whole, are a contented and truthful set of men," said Boswell, as he and the learned doctor strolled along King-street.
 "Yet, if I remember aright, sir, you read me a short time ago that their equanimity was much disturbed by the sound of hissing that came from some geese which had made their way into the council chamber."
 "I did, sir," replied Boswell.
 "Then, sir, I cannot recognize true contentment amongst a body of men who can be so easily disturbed by the sound of their own voices!"

"What building is that, sir," enquired the doctor.
 "That, sir, is the Spectator building," replied Boswell, "from which are disseminated the Conservative principles of the country. Its importance is evidenced by the enormous sign which stretches the breadth of the building."
 "Tut, tut, sir," indignantly replied the doctor, "an imposing headdress oftentimes covereth little brains."
 "Hamilton is known as the Ambitious City," said Mr. Boswell, as he and the doctor stood in Market Square and looked around, "yet I fain would know where the ambition is to be found. It is not too apparent."
 "You see no ambition. You, sir!" retorted the lexicographer, wrathfully, "I see ambition all around me, modest and unassuming, it is true; yet how much better than the ambition that overleaps itself, and lands into the ditch of debt and disgrace. Hamilton possesses the ambition of the tortoise in the race for fame, and will have the same glorious ending. Let us leave the scene."

A SAD NEGLECT.—Neglecting a constipated condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill-health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood and promote a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.