

By the river side
Surrounds the Witches' Stone.
Where the poison oak
The ground doth choke
And its leaves hang black o'erhead.
And ghosts go there
To breathe the air
Being healthy for the dead.
Yet no darkened light
Dulled MACKENZIE'S sight,
But a horrible burning red.

There stood beside the stone that fearful One,
Scamed with the thunder scars that smote him down
From his ethereal seat; and all around,
Lesser infernals bowed in awe profound.
Each dreadful Form a ghastly brightness shed
Of glowing flames, that ever on it fed
And leaped from each to each; the tortured ground
Smoked hot; sulphureous stench rose all around.
Through yellow haze each burning figure glared,
And every eye full of the Premier stared.
Such eyes! each one would all to pieces knock
Our useless new illuminated clock.
Each glowed like white hot ball at whitest heat,
For those big guns just made for England's fleet,
Such brightness never did MACKENZIE see
Since the illumination at Dundee.
He felt that he must speak—half-choked, quite scared,
Yet found some voice—"I fear I'm not prepared
For deputations—then the time's no right;
I dinna hear them—but in the—daylight."
That tallest Figure laughed—the jarring shook
The far Department spires—then bent his look
On Mac—"Where the MACGREGOR sits, by right,
Is head, ye know; where we are, there is light.
Listen, this proposition I do make;
Fear not, I've no design your soul to take.
Nor do I ask one change of course from you,
What you have done, I wish you still to do.
Support Free Trade. That cause is all mine own.
Planned, cherished, introduced, by me alone.
Of all the nations, Britain I do know
Of right the champion; of wrong the foe.
Of me the foe therefore; and this Free Trade
Is mine—my weapon for her downfall made.
Through it, her strength departs to hostile lands.
Through it, each colony a weakling stands.
Through it I yet must crush her. If you be
My agent for it in this colony
My friends are yours. No Opposition rage
(They aiding you) shall make you quit the stage.
While the land's British, you shall Premier stand;
When Yankee, shall as Governor command.
Be sure of this: (whatever fools may say)
Free Trade to Annexation is the way
Wealth, honour, fame—I shall refuse you none,
Agree"—just then the distant clock struck One.
All vanished, and he woke. Upon a stone,
He sat and did with rheumatism groan,
Then muttered, to his mansion as he passed,
"They kentna you cofoondit clock was fast."

Fatal Catastrophe.

All of GRIP'S Toronto readers heard, of course, with the deepest regret, of the untimely death, by drowning in Lake Simcoe, of our late and highly respected citizens, Mr. Cumberland, N. R. R.; Ald. Turner, and Judge Moss. All the melancholy details were given with a precision which left no room for doubt—no foundation for hope. Turner had, of course, upset the boat; Cumberland had fallen into the water, and pulled Moss off the bank. Together into the liquid element flashed at once the star of the Council, the luminary of the Bench, and the head-light of the Northern. The water fizzed. Let us draw a veil. GRIP is overcome; but he must describe this afflicting event. Lovely in their lives: in death they were undivided. The Three Fatal Sisters had abridged the threads of the Three Fated Fishermen, and down to Pluto's dismal shades their shrieking ghosts had passed.

Into what a state of confusion, anticipation, and exertion the tidings threw the Bar, the Ward, and the Railway, GRIP will not attempt to tell. He will not explain the views of Mr. BLAKE on the matter, nor detail the successive oburgations, more scriptural than classic, that greeted the telegrams which, all night long, informed him of and deplored with him the death of the Judge, and explained how useful the position would be to certain legal supporters of the Grit. GRIP will not detail how rapidly contractors and bonus grabbers rushed to fill the Aldermanic gap, the canvasses commenced, the liquor consumed in the commencement. He will not relate how Railway directors, seized with a cab-hiring mania, drove furiously to each others' homes; nor how

something was said of regret, and much more of replacement. But his duty to humanity compels him to publish the affecting epitaphs he had composed for each, though he will not say what enterprising sculptors forced him to the task, nor what magnificent monumental orders they expected:—

ON AN ALDERMAN.

Turn not away, although that name you see,
For know, we had worse aldermen than he.
None did their views at greater length express.
No speeches made did equal power possess,
Laud'num was nothing to them. Then in trade,
While with assiduous care he money made,
He was most kind, and never did refuse,
(For cash) to give the poor man boots and shoes.
'Tread softly, friend, while you his tomb explore,
For leather-wearing helps him now no more.

ON A JUDGE.

Let travellers by this mossy tombstone know
(Alas the day) there's other Moss below.
And drop (if not of savage breast) one tear,
For him, the fungus-named, who withers here.
Do not his course political assail,
Hint not that he in Parliament did fail.
What if his speeches there we cannot quote?
Why, he was sent to be a Grit, and vote.
Besides, he was successful there, and drew
A judgeship, and a jolly stipend too.
So, when this sculptured stone you see to-day,
Throw no stones mental as you go away.

ON A RAILWAY MANAGER.

He had one grievous fault few railway men,
Have ever had, and few shall have again.
He ran his trains with such malicious care
As left no chance to undertakers there.
His road gave less in years, (so surgeons say)
To them, than decent lines do in a day.
He was Conservative as any rock,
And tried his best to grab the city stock.
Was virtuous, and a Lieutenant-Colonel,
Wherefore he is't bearing pangs infernal.

But the worst is to come. After all this trouble on their account, these unprincipled persons telegraphed that they were alive! After liberally inflicting the announcement of their death on their unoffending relatives and a confiding public, they might at least have spared them the additional shock of their survival. If they are not quite dead, it is quite plain they ought to be, and there is nothing which will induce GRIP to compound their felonious self-resurrection, unless, indeed, they forward him instantly a proper sum for the purchase of the epitaphs which their outrageous conduct has swindled him into writing.

Stewart, the Poor Rich Man.

Yes, he was rich; and twenty years ago,
Was rich beyond what he could ever know.
Had more than he could count, although his span,
Were lengthened out beyond the years of man.
Think not that he (the plea may some excuse)
Had knowledge but to make, not how to use.
No untaught boor; he knew each ancient tongue—
What Socrates had taught, and Homer sung.
Knew—as each student of old Rome and Greece
Must know—the secret springs of war and peace—
The use of wealth, in patriotic hand,
To teach, direct, and strengthen all the land.
He knew the power for good his millions bore,
And spurned it to indulge his greed for more.
He knew the greed of wealth his country's curse,
Knew his example like to make it worse.
An old man, loaded down with riches vast,
Still grasping, never using, till the last.
Say not that he employed; those whom he led
Will in the same pernicious footsteps tread.
His wealth, well used, and that use timed aright,
Had freed the slave without the curse of fight.
Had spared the lives in that dread contest lost;
Saved the uncounted wealth the contest cost.
Had left them, what they never more will stand,
Both North and South one undivided land.
What has it—what has his example done?
Taught all to run the course that he has run.
To make the love of wealth their guiding star
To think on what they have—not what they are.
What will they next? The sure succession see—
Follow his course without its honesty.
He honest was that he more wealth might win
They will be—what will bring most money in.
He held a power for good consigned to few.
The evil that he did few else could do.