

THE SONG OF THE MUD.

With visage stolid and fat,
 With drowsy contented nod,
 In an easy chair an Alderman sat,
 Smoking and drinking his "tod:"
 Slush! slush! slush!
 In street, lane and alley, Oh, lud!
 And still with a smooth unblushing face,
 He sang "the song of the mud."

"Slime! slime! slime!
 While the dirt bedraggled throng—
 Slime! slime! slime!
 Through the streets are crowding along.
 Oh! an Alderman fat am I,
 Rich and wise and witty;
 And the devil a shovel or spade,
 Shall be used in Toronto city.

"Mud! mud! mud!
 All over the axle-trees:
 Mud! mud! mud!
 Except when the mud does freeze;
 Street, and lane, and road,
 Road, and street, and lane;
 No matter wherever you fix your abode,
 The mud you'll find the same.

"We aldermen with lots,
 As over the roads we travel;
 What care for the wheels we're wearing out,
 For want of a little gravel!
 Tramp! tramp! tramp!
 The poor little boy with the news,
 Wading through ruts to his chin;
 And losing his one pair of shoes.

"But what care I for his shoes;
 And why should people whine,
 Because we alderman choose
 To revel in slush and in slime!
 Why what care I for his shoes!
 Such things must soon wear out;
 If he can't buy another pair,
 Mud's soft!—he can go without.

"Dirt! dirt! dirt!
 I love thee more and more;
 And what if Lord Elgin stuck in the mud,
 He has often stuck there before!
 That dangerous hole—that waggon upset;
 That cart—that broken wheel:
 When I think how the farmer his market has lost,
 By golly! how happy I feel.

"Slush! slush! slush!
 In country road and town;
 Slush! slush! slush!
 Why let the waggon break down.
 Street and alley and lane,
 Bestrewed with the farmer's poultry and pigs;
 Let him pick them up again!

"Slush! slush! slush!
 In the wet and dismal night;
 And slush! slush! slush!
 When the weather is warm and bright.
 Cautious the traveller comes,
 Careful to keep the track;
 Splash! dash! smash go the springs,
 Vehicle gone to rack.

"Oh! but to breathe the air
 Of a foul and slimy street;
 With mud to pillow my head,
 And slush to bathe my feet.

For only one short hour,
 To wallow like pig in the mire;
 What more can an alderman want,
 Or duck or goose desire?

"Oh! that I had the power
 To nip contracts i' the bud,
 For cursed repairs of street or road,
 For nothing love I but mud.
 A little gravel would break my heart,
 Though but a single stone;
 'T would stop a hole however small,
 And I live for mud alone.

"With visage stolid and fat,
 With drowsy contented nod,
 In an easy chair an alderman sat,
 Smoking and drinking his 'tod.'
 Slush! slush! slush!
 In street, lane and alley, Oh, lud!
 And still with a smooth unblushing face
 He sang 'the song of the mud.'"

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN PUNCH AND THE MIRROR.

THE MIRROR TO PUNCH.

Toronto, January 24, 1850.

MY DEAR PUNCH,—You may not be aware of the existence of a paper called the "Mirror" published in this city—I am sorry to say very few are. I have given you several good notices: notice us, do—there's a good fellow.

Yours truly,
 EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

PUNCH TO THE MIRROR.

Toronto, January 26, 1850.

MY DEAR MIRROR,—I shall be happy to notice you if you will pay for the articles as advertisements. I regret that the fact of your existence is not more generally known; but I cannot afford to puff you gratis.

Believe me to be,
 Yours very truly,
 PUNCH IN CANADA.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

In a circular, addressed by a superintendent of schools somewhere in the State of Vermont, to the parents of his pupils, we find the following elegant simile:

"A visit from you who are parents, will often be as serviceable to the school as a shower of rain on the grass, or the warm sun, with a dressing of plaster on the corn.

That the sun should be obliged to resort to a dressing of plaster on his corn, is much to be regretted. We have long been aware that that luminary is subject to spots on his face—a sort of cutaneous blemishes which he sometimes imparts to the children of earth, in the form of freckles; but that his feet had suffered from his incessant pedestrian efforts in climbing the heavens, we certainly never had the least idea. Much credit is due the Vermonter for discovering this alarming indication of unsoundness in the solar system, and we should not be surprised to hear that his Yankee perseverance and love of enterprise had induced him to enter into a contract for cutting the corn of the sun, in partnership with the body called Mercury.

A LONG TIME COMING.

Admit that two boys shy coppers: that one of the boys cries the reverse of tail—why is that boy like "a tarnal free, independent and inlightened yankee?"

Because he goes a-head.
 Why is annexation like a dead man? Because it's a grave subject.