



MULTUM

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DANCING THE POLKA.

Bob at the Ball.

Broad banners high were waving
Over beauty bright and pure;
Fair girls were hearts enslaving
With their glances so demure;
Young snobs their mugs were laving,
(Tho' the lush was rather poor :)
Where they held the feast of Jean Baptiste,
In the Halls of Bonsecour.

I saw him—with his choker
Rather soiled about the gills—
And he scowled upon the Polka,
And he frowned on the Quadrilles,
With a drowsy eye that spoke a
Mind oppressed with mortal ills,—
In fact, like one who'd lived alone
On anti-bilious pills.

He came again—how altered !
How recherché was his style !
And his footsteps, tho' they faltered,
Yet his face was all a smile :
I think he must have maited
In the intervening while,
For he skim'd the floor like one who'd more
Of Bacchus than of bile.

Sweet Polka strains were playing,
As a matron form he bore,
On his arm gently swaying
Round and round that giddy floor—
Such agility displaying,
Such a gallant air he wore,
That they called on Robert B. . . . n
With "Bravissimo ! Encore !"

Yet again he was before me
In the cold grey morning—he—
Fierce engaged in battle foamy
With Policeman Forty-three,
Who, in classic phrase, said, "Blow me
If I set the buffer free—
He's been and done more tricks than one,
And now he'll come with me !"

[The above lines and drawing were picked up
in the House yesterday, and immediately trans-
mitted to the Satirist office. Presuming that our
readers will share in the deep gratification we
experience in finding that Honorable gentleman,
notwithstanding his vigilant watch over the
stable door of the ministry, is still light-hearted
and gayest of the gay, and particularly pleased
with his Bon-secours party, got up chiefly with
a view to minister to his pleasure, we have
gladly availed ourselves of the precious gift we
possess.

The likeness is supposed to have been design-
ed, and the lines to have been composed, by the
facetious friend of the Honorable Polka dancer,
the Member for the First Riding of York,—they
having been taken from a seat on which that
gentleman had, only a minute or two previously,
been sipping his customary brandy and water.]—
Ed. Sat.