

A VISION.

Punch saw a revel in a dream—
It was a gorgeous scene—
The shining gold and glittering gems,
Were emblems of a queen.
The revellers wore the robe that erst,
Had decked the buried great,
As though they had gone down to the tomb,
And robb'd them of their state.

But there was 'mid that gorgeous crowd,
An old and childish man,
The revel's splendour only made,
His cheek appear more wan ;
None seem'd to mark his presence there,
None heard his feeble tone,
And 'mid the joyous revellers
Poor Prince—he stood alone.

The loyal cup that graced the board,
With gems was studded o'er,
A priceless goblet, fit to hold
The priceless wine it bore :
The recreant man just clasped the cup,
Then loosed it from his hold
And said, "O God! what joy is there,
For every drop's worth gold."

Old Time had worked most manfully,
That feast to furnish forth,
And art had, like a robber forced,
Her riches from the earth.
The foolish man gazed wistfully ;
How throb'd his bursting heart !
As thus he spake "I've cast away
The life-blood of my heart."

A low-born man, in home-spun dressed,
Looked at poor Prince and laughed,
He raised the wine-cup to his lips,
And took a hearty draught.
"Would I might taste!" the traitor cried,
"And then I should not die ;"
The man passed on ; his honest laugh
Mocking the driv'lers cry.

The pageant passed—the noonday's sun
Shone on the revellers' sleep,
It glared into the old man's room—
His slumber was more deep.
The loyal ; was on bed of straw,
With sweet content o'erspread :
The traitor ; on his bed of down,
Was ghastly as the dead.

PUNCH'S DREAM.

The other night we had a dream. We thought we saw a caterpillar trying to spit at a sunbeam. We woke and found John Prince, plain John Prince: John Prince the English Gentleman, squirting ink at his native land and her institutions ; and eulogizing the land of bowie-knives and bunkum. Punch wished he had never woke.

LOWER CANADIAN CON.

What number in French expresses a visit paid by a gentleman to his father's sister? Saw his aunt? (*Soixante.*)

PUNCH'S OWN.

Why is a widow just married like my inex—bles? Because she's re-paired.

Why is "Punch's own pun" like wine made hot? Because it's a mull.

CLIENTS VERSUS LAWYERS.

Looking into the chronicles of the past, this is, perhaps, a greater cause than any yet recorded in the books. England's brightest legal luminaries never gave judgment in a weightier, graver case than that in which the lawyer-cheated and lawyer-ridden people of Canada call upon their statesmen and their judges to decide. It involves the interests of every man, woman, and child in the United Provinces. The spirit of truth, of justice, and of humanity, is invoked to decide against the lawyers. Let us take a single one of their victims.

What a miserable tatterdemalion is the plaintiff! Look at his shrunk and withered anatomy. The dishonest or the grasping lawyer has him in his clutches. Daily hunger has pinched his bloodless cheek, and utter weariness of spirit has blighted the very look of man. He is as if of God forsaken, wriggling helplessly in the meshes of the evil one. The earth—the magnificent and prodigal earth, is spread as one wide banquet for the mouth of man: and the lawyer-stricken paragon of animals looks with glazing eye and whitening lips upon the feast, forbidden to sit down and eat by his plunder-gorged master.

The plaintiff is upon the floor of the court, he humbly petitions that punishment shall be meted out to the legal-swindler who has deprived him of his all, the proceeds of his daily toil, and has cast him naked upon the world, destitute alike of lodging, food and raiment. The evidence of his wrongs is in his withered ghastly face, and the rags that hang about him, his witnesses, his careworn, haggard wife and children, the puny, stunted offspring of despairing want; creatures made prematurely old by daily misery, for whom the earth has no one pleasant place, but all is barrenness. The plaintiff—poor wretch!—sues, of course, *in forma pauperis*. God help his case.

The defendant employs for his counsel that very learned lawyer, Dr. Mammon. What a prosperous, full flushed face he has! How ignominious does the plaintiff look! how vast his insolence—appearing and pleading against such an advocate. The very tones of the plaintiff's voice condemn him, whilst the tongue of the learned Doctor—oh! it hath brought down angels from their stary homes, to soil and stain themselves with earthly dirt. But does Mammon revile and bully the plaintiff he has robbed? Does he call him idler, reprobate! Does he learnedly contend, that whatever may be the paleness of the plaintiff's face, such pallor is altogether cunningly assumed—that his rags are not rags—that his children are the very imps of rosy revelry? Oh, no! Mammon has given up that line of defence. Mammon has become tender-hearted. He cries out against the ingratitude of the plaintiff who was plundered for his good. He pulls out his snowy handkerchief, he applies it to his eyes, and outweeps crocodile at the black-heartedness of the man he has swindled. The plaintiff was already ruined when he got hold of him—he was in the mud—he only plunged him a little deeper. He admits the case is hard—very hard; but the plaintiff has no business in court—the court can do nothing for him. Mammon has sympathy, deep sympathy—only less deep than his breeches pockets, for the plaintiff; and therefore in the excess of such feeling he advises the plaintiff to return to his cellar (if he has one,) and gather his wife and children about him, and since they must all starve, let him bolt the door, and famish in quiet so as not to disturb the neighbours.

Delivered of this advice, Dr. Mammon feels himself as a good christian angel, and goes home to revel in the luxuries of this world, purchased with the plunder of the needy, the widow and the orphans.

RATHER T'OTHER.

The "Clear-Grit" organs assure us that although Malcolm Cameron has quitted the Ministry, he nevertheless has the greatest regard for the Cabinet as it stands. This is like the gentleman who always expressed the most devoted affection for his wife, yet always swore that no power on earth should make him live under the same roof with her.

To Correspondents.—Punch cannot admit into his columns the joke about Noah being the first purveyor of provisions, because he took Ham into the ark.