

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR BLUE-COAT.

(Whined by Policeman No. 0109, on Saturday evening last, Time 9.30.)

Pity the sorrows of a poor Blue-coat,
Whose thirsty lips are crack'ing for a drink,
Who feels annual dryness in his throat,
O give relief, or on his beat he'll sink.

Soft thoughts of olden times my soul employ,
When hourly until twelve I got my beer,
And as I think I'm forced to pipe my eye,
And with my sleeve remove a bitter tear.

Yonder saloon I long had lingered round;
Its tempting aspect drew me from my boat,
For Altopp's prime in plenty there is found,
And on me the barmaid is unc'mmon sweet.

(Hard is the peeler's fate this woful night!)
There as I craved a drink in acco'te civil,
The landlord gave me a tremendous flight,
As he politly sent me to the d—l.

Of horrid names he poured out full a score,
He hinted that I wished to have him hood;
By all the saints that ever were he swore,
To some me with foul slops he had a mind.

Seven spoken were the words, when down it poured,
Of all his casks I'm sure the dirtiest free;
In vain I hopped and danced, in vain I roared,
I'd hoped for beer, but not such hops as these.

O, take me to your hospitable bar!
Though wet without, within I'm precious dry;
Except that water shock I've got no jar,
Though full six feet, alas! I am not high.

Law sends misfortune—why should I repine?
Oft times have suitors heard this to their sorrow,
This cruel, cruel law, now cause mine,
Nor gives a drop of comfort for to-morrow.

Could I unfold the secret of my gyle,
Pity would touch the legislative breast,
Even the Coon w'd grant me some relief,
And Mowat's zeal would surely be repressed.

Pity the sorrows of a poor Blue-coat,
Whose thirsty lips are crackling for a drink,
Dry is his mouth, and drier still his throat,
O, give relief, or on his beat he'll sink.

GRUMBLER EXTRA.

THE SICKLES' TRAGEDY!

ACQUITTAI OF THE PRISONER!

GREAT REJOICING IN THE STATES.

(By the *Magnesia Telegraph*.)

The prisoner, as our readers will remember, fired sixteen shots, or there about, at a wounded man last winter, and at last succeeded in killing him. For this heroic deed, United States to a man, and also to a woman, declared their deep sympathy with him, both by adresses, and otherwise. The following is a graphic description of the closing scene of the trial:—

The Jury-room is thronged to suffocation.

The door creaks on its hinges, and the Deputy Marshall cries out: "Free and enlightened Americans vamoose, and allow this 'ere jury to pass." In they come whittling and chewing, and take their seats. A general fight ensues to get a look at their faces. Some adventurous Americans get on the Judge's back, who alone seemed calm amidst this dreadful excitement. Others hold on to the bandolier. "Here's the darned critter," is hurriedly spoken; then there is a succession of yells.

"I list the rag," "Git off the gas-lights," "America for ever," "G-reased snake's!" &c.

The Judge directs the jury to be called. The uproar subsides, and as the last jury-man "guesed he war thar," the fall of a masticated quid could be heard. The jury are all standing, and the judge is cutting a fresh quid.

CLERK.—"Skin your optics, prisoner, and pipe the jury."

PRISONER gave up whittling, and stood up.

CLERK.—Gents, what do you find?

FOREMAN.—"Wall, guess, we find that there rap-tile's "Not guilty."

As these words fell from his lips, one wild, thrilling, tumultuous, bumptious, burrah was sent up by the spectators. Free fights were got up promiscuously through the court room; several individuals ducced a jig on the Bench. The Judge ordered brandies all round, and a jollity was the order of the day. Giles, counsel for plaintiff, addressing court in mighty accents, said:—

"I move, governor, that the prisoner be emancipated."

MARSHAL.—Hold your equine quadrupeds.

GILES.—Boiling over with excitement.) I desire to ask the jury to liquor all round in the name of the prisoner.

The jury nodded in the affirmative.

GILES.—Tarnation and greased lightning judge, why don't you discharge the prisoner.

JUDGE.—Discharge the varmint.

GILES.—(Hurrying up to prisoner)—Now, go it: strong, old boss.

Amid renewed cheers and yells of the delighted mob, the prisoner was lifted out of the Dock. A noble Captive, named Wiley, immediately rushed over and bessed him several times. Several of his friends and many straggers embraced him likewise, and begged that he would honour them by spitting in their faces, or kicking them down stairs, or bestow some other mark of attention upon them—as any recognition from such a valiant hero would forever immortalize them.

As the prisoner stepped into the street, the excitement increased, and such was its height that a movement was made to take the horses out of the carriage into which he escaped—the fire and enlightened citizens rightly thinking that asses were the proper quadrupeds to draw such a noble and vallant man as the prisoner.

The expression of the prisoner's face was calm. His broad and ample brow was unruffled. His fine, penetrating eye, although always flashing ethereal fire, betrayed no vulgar emotion. He looked, in short, like a man who knew full well that murder in the States will make any scoundrel a hero, who will take the trouble to invest it with a dash of bosh and romance.

Peg Tops and Clumsy Feet.

—We quite agree with our fair correspondent, that the fashionable "peg-tops" make a man's legs look like a cork-screw; and have the great disadvantage of displaying the clumsy eplay feet of the wearer. The only consolation we can draw from the introduction of the fashion, is that it is at once an index to character, since none but apes and silly puppies adopt it.

THE POLITICAL STAGES.

All well-lad-don's force,
And all the M.F.P.'s are moily lumburg,
And each in every oration takes many dollars
For holding measures; at first for doiling pap
To squalling and jobbing *Dabys* who raise alarms,
And then to reverend school-boys with easy conscience
And ready pen, writing like the deuce
Most willingly for pay; and then some sheriff
Revealing his place with a woeful petition
Setting forth his evils, then a railroad,
With a double board elected by themselves,
Rivals for control, or engaged in quarrel,
Seeking the parliamentary charter
Even at the expense of truth; and then some lawyer
Wants his rilkien bag with brief well lined
With watering eyes and crouching knees,
For spouting at some election meeting,
He asks his share.

The next step jumps

Into the foudal tenure abolition,
With *lots et ventes* unpaid, and *cessaires*
Whose "casual rights" are a great sight too much
For our poor chest, whose once plethoric sides
Turning again to direful emptiness,
Give out a vacant sound. Last test of all
That crowns this strange eccentric voting,
Is going blind, political oblivion.
Vote pap, vote jobs, vote pay, vote everythig.

BIGOTRY.

In the true spirit of intolerant, narrow-minded, bigotry, the Canadian *Freeman*,—which we formerly introduced to our readers, as the Canadian *Sepoy*, proceeds to stir up the worst passions of the human heart, relative to some supposed remissness on the part of the Government, in bringing the "St. Thomas outrages" to light.

"Fabricated intelligence" has been got up about a Government proclamation, for the purpose of hoodwinking the poor Catholic body. The unfortunate Catholic body is duped by misrepresentations. Unscrupulous individuals are preparing to betray that oppressed body. The Government never display anxiety to bring criminals to justice, if a much-abused Catholic is beaten or killed.

Such are some of the statements which this whining sheet sends forth to the Catholic population. Is there any Catholic in Upper Canada so lost to common sense as to imagine for a moment, that our laws are not as much for his protection as for the protection of the members of any other creed? Do not the Catholic Canadians aid to make our laws, as much as members of any other religion? Is it not notorious, that the present Government is, if anything, more Catholic than Protestant? What Catholic can be found so foolish, as to believe that the followers of other creeds take infinite pains on every opportunity to dupe him, or betray him, or hoodwink him? We do not believe that there is a single intelligent, honest Catholic in the country, but must be disgusted by these abominable efforts to keep up religious strife, and disseminate sectarian differences.

Canada, young, strong, healthy, and prosperous, is ours. It is alike the birthright of the Protestant and the Catholic; but neither more nor less. And it we would only all join in scouting these low-minded, vulgar, lying, and slanderous statements, in bigoted sectarian papers—whether Protestant or Catholic—our glorious Province would be all the better for it.