

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ODE.

THE WOULD-BE GREAT!

See, what a progeny appears,
Of earth-born would-be ministers.
Oh, Muse attend my call!
To one of these direct my flight,
Or, to make sure that we are right,
Direct me to them all.

But first of WILLIAM you would sing,
The man that's nearest to the king
Of beasts, but not of men—
The LYON-hearted man of straw,
Who made provisional law,
With Navy-Island pen.

Then—but there's vast space betwixt—
The would-be Judge C. P. comes next,
Glorious old Norfolk's pride;
His step, his gait proclaim the man,
They paint him better than I can,
Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a different face he wears—
Now in a fluster, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day,
And yells for power to-morrow.

At noon the Tories have him tight,
With staunchest Rads he'll sup at night—
Each party thinks to "hum" him;
But he himself does so divide,
Shuffles and cuts from side to side,
That now both parties shun him.

See ye yon old important man,
Who does but little—all he can—
Who would, but cannot, lead;
His younger brethren all things make,
So that poor Leslie's like a snake,
Whose tail impels the head.

Why cross the power that you had made—
An honest bookseller by trade?—
Back to that station go;
Nor longer aim at place and power—
You know you missed your aim before,
And will not hit it now.

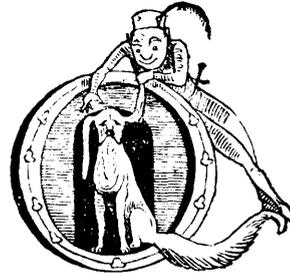
"Flower-and-Wete," I kiss your hands—
PUNCH will be proud of your commands,
When you get into power;
'T will give you judgment, knowledge, parts—
The courtier's wiles, the statesman's arts,
Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers shook
The state, old Rome dictators took,
Judiciously, from plough;
But lawyers, merchants, doctors, here,
The farmers love, the farmers fear,
And to their dictates bow.

Wise Malcolm, with important face,
When ins are outs, will take his place,
And do the "Crown Lands" work;
When there an *Upset Price* he'll fix,
And soon his "Dolly pals" he'll nix,
By "gammon and by quirk."

Alas! poor Canada!—is this all
You're gaining by the wished-for fall
Of Baldwin and his tools?
He might be knave, 'tis true—what then?
He'd brains—but this new set of men
A'n't only knaves, but fools.

Great changes—wiser heads, this land
Demands. Oh for a gallant band
Of honest men to rule!—
Unite all hearts, appease each storm—
Unshrinkingly the right perform,
Nor be a "party" tool!



IN this special occasion—namely, the publication of the first number of his second volume, PUNCH considers it his duty to do his duty, not after the manner of Custom House officers, but after his own urbane and oracular fashion. The duty Punch proposes to do is, to announce that his career is prosperous beyond his anticipations, and to shout, Shalla-balla! Shalla-balla!! Shalla-balla!!! from the elevated mud heaps of the Toronto 'streets, and from the depths of the holes containing the corporation slush. Punch has to allude to the delay of number one, volume 2. But the new wrapper and frontispiece, the illustrated preface and index to vol. 1, which Punch presents gratuitously to his subscribers, must be his excuse: seeing that in Canada wood-engravers are not blackberries, and cannot be picked off every bush. However, his past performances are a guarantee for his future promises. His subscribers for volume the first were promised twenty-six numbers; some were irregular in their appearance, it is admitted, but Punch has presented his friends with twenty-eight numbers, an extra, and a pictorial preface and frontispiece, thus giving them four publications more than they subscribed for. This year he will not be less liberal: he has "in his mind's eye" a present to bestow which, although it is difficult to make up for anything so valuable, will more than compensate for the disappointment consequent on the non-appearance of Punch, to heighten the festivities of the first week of the new year, so generally devoted to



CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

The *GLOBE* *thinks* its circulation is increasing.
Mr. Peter Perry *thinks* he can read.
Mr. Gurnett *thinks* he's a consistent man.
Mr. H. Sherwood *thinks* when he gets his judgeship, that it will be the reward of merit.

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WANTED, an honest Ministry. Apply to the people of Canada.
N.B. No falsely styled *Liberal* need apply.