

THE SEEDY YOUTH.

Air: Let me kick him for his Father.

Sing, O song of the seedy youth,
The youth with fishy eye
Of all the clever tricks he doth
To fetch the "good old Rye."

The landlord knows him well of old—
His "Morning, so-and-so,"—
And leaves him standing in the cold
Or orders him to "Go!"

But snubs like these do not avail,—
He loves the host too well,
Or rather loves the "gin-cock-tail,"
Far more than words can tell.

When thirsty souls call for a drink,
The seedy youth draws near,
And filling to the very brink,
Politely asks, "What cheer?"

The guests admire his *sang-froid*,
His smile they can't resist;
The landlord wonders why the law
To rid him won't assist.

The seedy youth then sips his "hook,"
And plays a card for more,
He fumbles for his *pocket book*,
While others pay the score.

'Tis thus he drinks by seedy trick,
And wears his seedy cloths;
And in his seedy hat a brick,
As staggering home he goes.



THE BOLDNESS OF DIPLOMACY.

LADY. I don't like that pink, it's too deep.
VERMICELLI. It will soon fade, miss.

Found.

As our artist was strolling carelessly by moonlight, without any definite object in view as usual, he came suddenly upon a most singular piece of mechanism which appears to have been lost or abandoned by the owner. This instrument (or whatever else it may be) consists of ten or twelve concentric rings of metal, parcelled with cotton and divided by cotton bands at regular intervals. The largest of these rings is about four feet in diameter, and each of the series is fastened with a brass catch, neatly finished; the whole forming a beautiful piece of workmanship on which much time and labour must have been expended. As, after a prolonged examination, our imbecile staff could make nothing of it, we venture the suggestion that it may be an induction coil for a galvanic battery—Foolishly enough too, the printer's devil thinks it may have had something to do with a woman's dress!

Recipes.

How to Elicit a SMILE.—Strike your left toe violently against your right heel and go down suddenly on your hands and knees in the mud—we have never known this performance to fail.

How to lose your heart.—Put scented hair oil on your head.

What dance do firemen delight in?—Answer: The hose-reel.

Why is a Stove-pipe like an organ grinder?—Answer: Because it requires elbow room.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM (THE WORST).—Why is the Street on which is situated the Theatre Royal like an imperial?—Answer: Because it is a *goatee!* (Coté).

The science of numbers—Look out for number one.

The *why* of the world—not the milk of human kindness.

QUERY.—If a man unhook a sign with the intention of unlawfully carrying it away, can he be said to *hook* it?

Intercepted Despatch.

The following lines intended for the Digby *Blue-Nose*, the puerile advocate of Annexation in Nova Scotia, were captured from the poet-courier by JEMMY, one of *Mr Punch's* Zouves. JEMMY desires us to state that he will fight any poet or *Zouze* of his own weight.

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer" all-too-slow Repealers;
The *Blue-Nose* print, on Annexation bent,
Soars like the lobster pushing out his feelers.
Soon shall we welcome in baleyon days,
The Delegates that for Repeal are burning;
Soon will they lure us by inviting ways,
To take the lane that hath an ugly turning!
Then shall our "leaders"—who with love are full
For BROTHER JONATHAN—re-grind their axes;
And no more holding discourse with JOHN BULL,
We'll join in paying JONATHAN'S war taxes!

Old Dan Tuckerism.

Mr Punch has received the *Bellerive Intelligencer*. It is printed on cheap paper, with bad ink, and from a rickety press. Its columns are full of tattle and descriptions of gold buttons. It is written partially in English, and claims to be an authority on turnip seed. The Editor, *Mr Punch* understands, is a respectable old lady—the same that was formerly employed as a commercial Editor in Montreal, and whose umbrella had aspired to immortality. As a sedative, the paper is invaluable, and should be read immediately after *Mr Punch*. Whether it is sold or given away is a question that nobody will take the trouble to decide. *Mr Punch* is positively ashamed to add that this modern Midas-in-the-Presence-of-Apollo finds his (*Mr Punch's*) cartoon "really good!!" O the Boctian!—that we were born to be judged!