

CHRISTMAS FOR THE PRINTER.



AN Punch be wrong? No! he knows it was in a stray number of the Temperance Advocate, that he saw a mild song, entitled "Here comes winter,"—which staggered along under the good, but rather heavy burden of "Pay the Printer." Nevertheless there was a wet-blanket, muffled tone about it, ill calculated to cheer the Printer. Punch therefore takes up the song, and, throwing a little of himself into it, begs to hand it round for the benefit of that hard-worked and meritorious class,

Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Sneezing, freezing round a body;
Pay the printer, pay the printer,
Let him have his glass of toddy.
Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Freezing up the beer and ale;
Pay the printer, make the printer
Happy with his gin cock-tail.
Pay the printer, pay the printer,
Money makes the merry cheer;
In cold winter, in cold winter,—
Beef and pudding, ale and beer.

Merry winter, merry winter.
Circle round the fire so bright;
Here's to you, my jolly printer,
'Type of all that's proper, quite.
Happy winter, happy winter,
Fill another jovial glass.—
Here's the lass that loves the printer,
And the Press,—that toast will pass;
Here's to winter and the printer,
Sack and cider, snow and hail!
Jovial printer, jolly winter,
Lass and glass and rum and ale!

SONG OF THE EXAMINER.

AS SUNG ON DECEMBER 19TH IN AN AGONY OF GRIEF.

They have spoke out 'gainst Retrenchment, they have broken every vow,
They have spoke out 'gainst Retrenchment, and its all up with them now.
They care not for the people, they've kicked out honest Cameron,
But wait until next week, when their precious nob's he'll hammer on,
We'll make them rue the day,
They ever dared to say
We wanted peace and pay—
Lost, lost Ministry.

Had it been MacNab and Sherwood, to bear it we'd have tried,
But to think of Price and Baldwin asserting that we lied!
Can any body wonder that we should be "kinder riled"
When of those long advertisements they have our hopes beguiled,
Their excuses may be clever—
But we'll not excuse them—never!
But to upset them will endeavour—
Lost, lost Ministry.

There's their blessed Chancery Court with its quibbles and delays,
Which when a cove gets into—why in for life he stays:
They call themselves Reformers, yet adopt the Tory ways,
Of creating monstrous sinecures, for which the country pays,
They may laugh and think it fine,
But they're regularly done,
And we'll make them cut and run—
Lost, lost Ministry.

PUNCH TO MR. DUTTON, OF MONTREAL, PEDAGOGUE.

DEAR SIR,—

Permit me to make use of one of my own columns for a pedestal, from which, after the fashion of St. Simeon Stylites, I may chant forth the praises of so very distinguished a person as I conceive you to be. My object in taking this liberty is to thank you for the luminous card or placard lately issued by you at Montreal, which, however, owing to the unavoidable attendance to my duties upon the staff of Lord Elgin at Toronto, I have not had the pleasure of seeing. But the spirit and tendency of your announcement I understand to be this;—that, in consequence of the approaching amalgamation of these colonies with the United States, you have determined to devote all your energies to the due preparation of the tender young Canadian maple, with a view to its engraftment on the rugged American hickory. Doubtless, Mr. Dutton, you were within an ace of making a great hit,—great even for one who is in the habit of making a great many palpable hits every working day, as the knuckles and other vulnerable parts of your pupils can probably testify. Were annexation really to take place, your academy would speedily run up into a college; for many additional branches of the tree of knowledge would require to be introduced, to put your saplings in a fit state for reception into the destined nursery. Your assistants would, of course, be selected from amongst the citizens of the model Republic. The Gouging Department, for instance, might be presided over by a distinguished oculist from Kentucky, and the blessing of being able to turn one's thumb to advantage in this useful accomplishment, be thus conferred upon the rising generation, for a small additional remuneration. By the judicious introduction of young negroes, and their occasional stimulation to muscular exercise by the application of knotted thongs, the minds of your young friends would be gradually prepared for the milder details of slave-holding; until at length they might be indulged with the instructive spectacle of roasting a full grown African alive,—a rational pasime of which I lately read a very pleasant description in a southern paper. The laboratory, or chemical department of your college, should be under the direction of a regularly-graduated bar-keeper from one of the saloons at New York, whose matutinal lectures might be illustrated by the practical application of various fluids, to the composition of cock-tails and other truly republican compounds.—Thus would your youthful proteges imbibe liberty with or without bitters, as their individual tastes might determine; and the humble julep would raise aspirations in the mind of its youthful swallower, to boundless transactions in rum and sugar at some future day. In the pleasure-grounds of your seminary, the tobacco plant might be cultivated with advantage, and much benefit would accrue to the young gentlemen, from their being instructed in the art of rolling their own cigars, and in the elegant manufacture of nigger-head.

Do you not think, my dear sir, that much might be made out of the foregoing hints? Pray think it over before issuing a revised edition of your placard; and if you think that pictorial illustrations would forward your views, my principal artist is very much at your service, as well as the use of my columns for the promulgation of your ideas, to which I shall always be happy to add my own remarks.

Pray send me a daguerreotype likeness of yourself, as we may want you by and bye when the subject comes up again—and believe me

Yours, &c.,

PUNCH.

SHAKSPEARE IN DIVERS PLACES.

A Jamaica paper states that, an expert diver, somewhere amongst the Islands, being lately employed to recover some property submerged in a sunken schooner, succeeded in fishing up forty casks of rum from the hold of the hapless craft. Could Shakspeare of the "prophetic soul" have had this rum in his eye, when he talked about calling "spirits from the vast deep"? In that case it is more than probable that the many strange visions undoubtedly seen by him in his dreams, were neither more nor less than Jamaica spirits.