

## PUNCH AND HIS PAPA.

Know ye the City where Butchers and Tailors  
 Are emblems of men who were done in my time,  
 Where the sighs of the victims, the grins of the ratters  
 Now burst into swearing, now melt into brine?  
 Know ye the City of eggs and of stones:  
 Where grass-widows are dwelling in desolate homes;  
 Where Fortin the fearless, not loving the light:  
 Brought his troop from La Prairie in dead of the night;  
 Where Mackenzie and Euse would "annex" us "right off";  
 And Holmes and DeWitt spouted columns of froth?  
 If they had what they wanted, the comical elves,  
 They'd soon "up the spout" find their own precious selves!  
 Where the grocers are soft as the butter they sell,  
 And all, (save the people who don't) pay them well?  
 'Tis the birth-place of Punch; of that city he's son:  
 Can he smile when he thinks how his father's been done?  
 No! Salt are his tears when he ponders the larks  
 Of the Tories, the Bruce and the Government Clerks.

## GLORIOUS OLD NORFOLK'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling hopes are fixed on Common Pleas,  
 Which now are dwindled to the slightest span,  
 Oh! let me batten on the public purse at ease.  
 The case of Crooks, my knavery bespeaks,  
 My actions all proclaim my lengthened ears,  
 And many a wrinkle in my shrivelled cheeks  
 Has been a channel for my knavish tears.  
 You Court, erected by the fiery Blake,  
 Made me a servile, fawning, truckling tool,  
 Corruption there her residence does take,  
 But though a knave don't make of me a fool.  
 Hard is the fate of a despised old rat,  
 Begging for parings of the Public cheese,  
 Give me a slice of Ministerial fat,  
 Give me that Judgeship in the Common Pleas.  
 Oh, send me to its roge-consoling shade,  
 Or I shall be most positively sold—  
 And though your choice the Judgment seat degrade,  
 Think I am poor, and miserably old.  
 Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling hopes are fixed on Common Pleas,  
 Which now are dwindled to the slightest span,  
 Oh! let me batten on the Public purse at ease.

## SONGS OF SEPARATION.

NO. 2.

"The times, the times, the troubled times!"—  
 No song but this will sell;  
 It rings upon the Church-yard chimes,  
 Upon the dinner bell.  
 The wind that whistles down the bay,  
 And round Gibraltar point,  
 To every wave I hear it say,—  
 "The times are out of joint."  
 Old quacks about the patient go,  
 On amputation bent;—  
 Hold, bungler, there, that clumsy blow  
 Aimed with a foul intent!  
 If nought can save but hatchet law,  
 Go, axe thy way with fools;  
 But I will hold the good old saw,—  
 "Beware of sharp-edged tools!"

"Any employment here for a quill-driver?"—As the porcupine  
 said to the country editor.  
 "Wait a bit till I draw your tooth,"—As the artist said when he  
 sketched the elephant.  
 "What do you think of my dips?"—As the sperm-whale said  
 when he went down with the tallow-chandler.

## JUDY'S PETITION,

addressed to the Patron Saint of Scotland, on seeing a Gentleman in  
 full Highland costume at the St. Andrew's Ball.

Blest shade of St. Andrew, proclaim if you please  
 Your wish that your votaries cover their knees;  
 Kilts cannot be pleasant in such freezy climes,  
 And look rather odd in these modern times.  
 We know your disciples, when broadcloth was rare,  
 Were obliged to dispense with breeches to wear,  
 Because their gude wives for themselves kept the put,  
 And the petticoat left as the gude man's best share;  
 But believe me, dear Saint, the old Highland passion  
 For bare legs and arms, is quite out of fashion,  
 Men might as well go to balls with nought but a sash on.

GRAND PUBLIC DINNER GIVEN BY HIS CONSTITUENT PARTS  
 TO J. H. PRICE, ESQ.

The great dinner at Powell's Hotel came off on Thursday. Many of the  
 Guests went to blow themselves out, and that they should afterwards  
 blow themselves up was a natural consequence. We have only room  
 for the following eloquent addresses:

Hon. J. H. PRICE said that he disliked the taste of public life: it was  
 bitter, very bitter—it was gall; but the sweets of the Treasury were  
 sugar, delicious sugar. Altogether the mixture was not unpleasant, but  
 his own disposition was so saccharine; that he cared but little for the  
 Treasury's golden Lollipops, his only desire was to mix the gall which  
 so discomfited the livers of his friends with honey from the hive of Res-  
 ponsible Government. (Unknown voice—Bunkum.) No, it was not  
 Bunkum, it was beer.

Mr. HINCKS explained why Mr. Malcolm Cameron had resigned.  
 The honorable gentleman saw that his friend Malcolm insisted on his  
 friend Price yielding up his crown and stick of barley-sugar. The said  
 barley-sugar to be delivered over for consumption to his friend Malcolm.  
 But as his hon'ble friend Price wanted the barley-sugar for himself, the  
 bad little Malcolm placed his (Malcolm's) sugar-candy at his colleagues'  
 disposal. But they cared but little for this, as they found ministerial  
 sugar-candy greatly in demand and it could be disposed of at an increased  
 rate: certainly the consumption of the friends of the *Examiner*—

The *Examiner* rose, with his hair standing on end—you are a liar.

The *Globe* loomed large—"you are another."

Mr. BALDWIN.—Its true.

Mr. HINCKS.—My colleague is —

The *Examiner*.—He isn't.

Voices.—Put him to bed.

The row continued for a considerable period. The *Examiner* was  
 effectually shut up; and eventually carried home on a shutter, much  
 disabled. After which, "the party" broke up in great confusion.

## SINGULAR FACT.

Mr. H. J. Boulton has lately experienced much anxiety of mind,  
 to relieve which he bought in the market a dog-eared edition of  
 the works of William Shakespere, and opening the volume he read—

"There's nothing to be got now a days, unless thou canst fish for it."

The Hon. Gentleman instantly procured a rod and line and has  
 been heard of, fishing for a Judgeship in some very dirty waters  
 near the Government House. Punch hopes he will never catch it.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

Mr. Henry Sherwood *thinks* that if Ministers would take his  
 opinion as to their appointments he would not be a bad judge.

Mr. F. G. Johnson, Mr. Rose, Mr. J. G. Mackenzie, the Magis-  
 trates, and the Militia Officers who have lately advocated  
 Annexation, and the individuals with "more money than brains"  
 who have subscribed to support an "Annexation Press," *think* they  
 have made fools of themselves.

Lord Elgin *thinks* he'll be another year in Canada.

The Ministry *think* the move of the Seat of Government was a  
 move in the wrong direction.

Mr. Malcolm Cameron *thinks* he is better out of Office than in it.  
 The Lower Canadians *think* the Canadian Menagerie will be  
 exhibited at Quebec.