

THE LEAGUE PETITION.

Oh, to Canada give back Protection,
And put down the Free-trading crew;
Or we in the deepest dejection,
Must live as plain people should do:
We must sell off our piano-fortes,
Our daughters must dairy and bake—
Berlin wool work be left to fine ladies—
Crotchet nick-nacks they only must make.

No longer on sofas reclining,
They 'll show off their beauty and grace;
Nor with velvets and satins so shining,
Exhibit their feathers and lace:
But like the good mothers that bore 'em,
Tend the cows and the sheep and the hogs;
Nor violate sense and decorum,
With pet polkas—pet parrots—pet dogs.

Our sons, too, they needs must knock under—
Give up waggons, and trotters, and game;
Parsons, doctors and lawyers—no longer
We 'll see 'em, but farmers again.
The hospital, court-house, and church too,
Were filled with our sons up till now;
Shall we no more these honours attain to?—
Ere we yield them we 'll "kick up a row."

If Free-Traders should still keep in power,
And we get no "protection" on corn,
Food and raiment will daily get lower,
And we of all men most forlorn:
Each poor man will soon be a sneerer,
When we tell him "'Twill help him in need,
To make bread, meat and raiment all dearer,"—
And it seems contradiction indeed!

Help us quick, or the bubble will soon burst—
Our speeches be deemed an old song;
We have been so long petted and dry-nurst,
That we really can *not* run alone.
And the masses, no longer deluded
By our raising the labourer's cry,
We fear, have now nearly concluded
"Protection" to be "all my eye."

THE PEOPLE'S BOOK OF GAMES.

TRAP, BAT AND BALL.

TRAP.

The speech of a member before he's elected.

BAT.

The vote that is given 'gainst him that's rejected.

BA(W)LL.

The constituents' cry when their wants are neglected.

CRICKET.

A game ministerial.
Those boast the best winnings,
Of "current" material,
Who keep longest innings.

LEAP FROG.

A game patriotic:
This is the knack—
The ministers *orer*
And we *give the back*.

* SCOTCH HOP.

'Tis the very worst hop
That ever was known
For a Scotchman to take
To the land called his own.

* Contributed by Lord Elgin.

March 11, 1850.

DEAR PUNCH,—The *Colonist* of the 1st instant speaks of some one's lamentation, "that for want of a Canadian poet, the beauty of the fair daughters of Canada remains yet unsung." That the unknown may "weep no more," I send you the following song, to show him—that is, the weeper—how a Corydon of our district lauds his nymph. I must premise that our sonneteer—who, you will perceive, knows the points of a horse—had in his possession the beautiful thorough-bred racer alluded to, called "Ben-Mary," and that he was as passionately fond of a *fair race* as of *the fair race*. He happened one day to tumble down overcome with—heat, when this morceau fell from his bosom.

Ever yours,

PETER PRIG.

TO MARY.

You are so lovely when, Mary,
You gaze upon your Ned!—
Much more indeed than Ben-Mary,
Although he's thorough-bred.
Your feet are small and good, Mary,
And close the turf they go;
And that's a sign of blood, Mary,
Each thorough-bred will show.

Your Arab head, with muzzle small—
Your neck well set and fine;
Your lengthen'd shoulders sloping fall—
Your quarters are divine!
Your legs are clean, and short from knee,
Your hind legs are well bent—
No, not hind legs—I mean they're free
From spavin and from splent.

You're beautiful and light, Mary,
In form and action too;
Your eyes are clear and bright, Mary,—
They seem to look me through.
It is my joy to own, Mary,
The sweetest girl and horse,
That ever have been known, Mary,
To triumph on a course.

I'll match ye both indeed, Mary,
Through all the Western sphere,
'Gainst any girl or steed, Mary,
That ever might appear:
Nor would I either swap, Mary,
I solemnly repeat,
Could ev'ry star but drop, Mary,
A jewel at my feet!

PROLUSIONS PNEUMATICÆ.

The air presses on us with a weight of fifteen pounds per square inch: when this pressure is exerted on all sides it is not perceptible, therein resembling the pressure of business in the Toronto Post-office; but when a vacuum is formed, as in the pocket, the external pressure renders it very difficult to raise the wind. It is almost impossible to form a perfect vacuum, the nearest approach to it being the cranium of Lord Elgin.

Air is necessary to animal life, as nothing can live in an exhausted receiver. A cat, which is believed to have nine lives, was unfortunately shut up last week in the Treasury of the Provincial Government and in five minutes life was extinct. The currents of the blood depend on a good supply of wind, and therefore the *Globe* uses puffing to promote circulation. If a guinea and feather be permitted to fall in an exhausted receiver, they both descend with equal rapidity. This has been erroneously explained; the true reason is, at the end of the experiment the guinea is *down*, as well as the feather.

On the subject of sound there are many opinions which we shall endeavour to reconcile; for instance, some persons think the arguments in favour of Protection are *mere sound*, others say they are *not sound* at all, and yet both are right; a distinction without a difference.