

A POST BOY LAY SLEEPING.

A post-boy lay sleeping, an old man was keeping
Snuff taking, mail sorting, alternately,
And through pigeon-holes prying, hundreds were crying
"Oh! Berczy my darling, how long will ye be."

The post-boy still slumbered, 'midst letters unnumbered,
And smiled in his sleep, no doubt thinking of she
Whose bright eyes were glancing, and lips so entrancing,
In dreams softly whisp'ring, 'come home, love, to me.'

What the deuce is the cause of that bustle and noise?
Sufficient to banish the happy boy's sleep—
'Tis frozen feet stamping, crowds up and down tramping,
And vainly endeavouring their patience to keep.

There's knocking, and pushing, and rushing, and crushing,
Elbows shoved into their next neighbour's face,
There's grumbling and chaffing, and swearing and laughing,
And gibing and jeering, and grins and grimace.

The young boy awaking, and the old one snuff taking,
Cry "devil a letter we'll give out to-day,"
So the mail bags unsorted, the crowd have departed,
To be humbugged to-morrow in just the same way.

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LINES ADDRESSED TO THE "MONEY CHANGERS IN THE TEMPLE,"
WHO PROPOSE TO SELL THE CONSECRATED GROUND
ON WHICH STANDS THE RUINS OF
ST. JAMES'S CHURCH.

The Temple of God in ruin stands,
Raised in the past by pious hands,
Many a tablet and many a stone,
Is mould'ring there with grass o'ergrown.
And many a heap of dust is there,
Hallowed full oft by orphans' prayer,
And many a tear is trembling shed,
At the shrine of the unforgotten dead.
And many a vow of repentance made,
By an erring one, by guilt dismayed,
And the perishing dead who are past all pain,
Lie in sacred earth but all in vain.
You'd barter for gold your father's clay,
Or that of mother, children, friends;
Rifle God's consecrated ground, and say—
By this you much promote religion's ends.
Go, go, and revel 'midst the slimy brood,
Of Infidel and Mammon-guided race,
Who'd sell their Maker for false Esau's food,
And scorned by Heaven cling to earth's embrace.
What kind of man is he would take a house,
Built from the spoil of Church-yard and the Dead;
To fancy that each tiny squeaking mouse,
Was gibbering ghost, or cry of spirit fled.
Why meddle with the worms and wasting clay,
Why filch Heaven's breezes from the living man.
If you want money, there's some other way—
Borrow it. Beg it. Get it how you can;
Or be contented with a modest pile,
But let His earth sacred to Him remain.
You may not worship in cathedral aisle,
But prayer in simplest cot is not in vain,
And oft is more sincere than that 'neath sculptured fane.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The man and the boy at the Post-office on this day, suffered extreme tortures from the heavy pressure of business. They were nearly crushed under the weight of innumerable cupids' bows and arrows, hearts skewered together, and altars of Hymen, which, regardless of the brittle materials these things are usually constructed of, were ruthlessly forced into the sleepy recesses of the Toronto postal department. The unfortunates were also in great danger of suffocation from the smoke of myriads of Hymen's torches; surreptitiously introduced into the department. This was a low-trick of Hymen, because Punch alone is authorised to smoke the Post-office.

OUR WORST CONTRIBUTOR'S MISERIES.

Punch has received the following from his worst contributor.
Mrs. Busybones' Boarding House,
Toronto, Feb. 14, 1850.

MY DEAR PUNCH,—

I am an ill-used man, sir. I beg you will perfectly understand, before I go any farther, that I am an ill-used man. I, sir. I, who glory in being your contributor, although your worst, sir. I, even I, am an ill-used man. You may perhaps ask how, sir? I will answer with a question, sir. If you, sir, supposing my case to be yours, rose at six in the morning, sir, with an idea, a bright idea, sir, for Punch, and sat down to work out that idea, sir, and Mrs. Busybones hearing you up, sir, were to send up Jim to light the fire with green wood, and Mary with the bellows, to blow the ashes into your inkstand and the smoke into your eyes, and drive you into the dismal parlour below, sir, what would you think of that, sir. Very well, sir, you sit down, you take up your inspired pen, and Mrs. Busybones herself, sir, pounces upon you, armed with dusters, sir, wicked dusters, sir, and drives you from chair to chair, six, sir, consecutively! What would you think of that, sir? You retreat to your own room again, and there, sir, taking advantage of your absence, you find Betty, fat Betty, sir, scrubbing, yes, sir, scrubbing; and all done, sir, as Mrs. Busybones says, for your happiness and comfort, sir. Would you not, sir, and I ask you as a man and an angel of light, would you not be justified in shaking Mrs. Busybones until she did not know her head from a barrel organ, which is what I did, sir. Mrs. Busybones has handed me over to the custody of the police, which is the reason, sir, why you get no contributions this week, from

Yours, truly,

YOUR WORST CONTRIBUTOR.

EXTRAORDINARY METAMORPHOSIS.

Punch had an idea that the golden days of the wood-nymphs and river-gods chronicled by one Ovid, had passed away, but he has just read in an Upper Canada paper, that in this very month of February cows have been turned into fields. The paragraph did not mention whether into pasture or arable land, or whether the fields were barren or blessed with growing crops.

TORONTO ANNEXATION SOCIETY.

An address to the people of Canada has been issued, signed by Richard Kneeshaw and H. B. Wilson, who call themselves Secretaries of The Toronto Annexation Society. An association of whose existence Punch and the inhabitants of Toronto were in a blessed state of ignorance. Where is the office of the association? Who are its officers, and has it any members? Have Messrs. Richard Kneeshaw and H. B. Wilson resolved themselves into an association, and elected themselves presidents, vice-presidents, members, recording secretaries and corresponding secretaries, all in their own proper persons? Do they work like moles under the earth? Do they "love the darkness rather than the light because their deeds are evil?" When and where do they hold their meetings? Are they public or private? Will they admit Punch as a member of the press? He will guarantee that his reports shall be correct.

LITERARY NEWS.

Punch is happy to learn that the cares of office sit lightly on the backs of the administration. A new series of facetiæ is about to issue from the office of the *Globe*.

ANECDOTES OF IGNORANCE—By the Hon. Mr. Chabot.

A DISSERTATION ON SMOKING—By the Hon. L. H. Lafontaine.

MEMS. ON MODESTY—with a striking likeness of Hon. Malcolm Cameron.

ANECDOTES OF HUMBBUG—By the Hon. Francis Hincks.

TALES OF GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE—By George Brown, Esq.

THE HISTORY OF RATS—By Henry Sherwood, Esq., M.P.P.

Why will the Assistant-Secretary's last moments be joyous? Because he will die a meri (y) deth.