

— THE WAR OF RACES. —

ROW the Second.

READER — gentle reader, if it please you to be called so — did you ever rush into a dark and secret corner, and shake your own hand most heartily? Were you ever thrown in to such a joyful state of concinnation, as to feel a peculiar pleasure in turning your eyes inwards, to wink knowingly at your conscience? If not, we pity you — for there is a most pleasing sensation to be derived from this mode of solitary enjoyment. Punch often has a fit of this description; and very lately indulged himself to a considerable extent: for be it known that the clever emanation from his brain, which bore the martial title of "The War of Races," has had the effect of disturbing the general peace and great tranquillity which was becoming so oppressive. Yes, the "Old Song,"—"Keep your powder dry," has set the Tories singing, and has moved the other humbugs to tears. We have received several clever replies to that song, each and all full of that sparkling and brilliant poetic genius, for which Canadian literature is remarkable. One of these, we select for our readers; and we trust that the author will be pleased at the happy manner in which we have translated it. We are quite sure that the song will strike terror to the heart of every Anti-Elginite, and prove to the world in general, and to the readers of the "Old Song" in particular, the truth of the lime-honored vulgarity, that "there never was an old shoe, but an old stocking could be found to match it."

ANSWER TO THE "OLD SONG."

Aha! ye blasted English! ye make a wondrous cry,
About your "trust in Providence, and keep your powder dry;"
But in the noble Bruce we trust, so all your threats defy;
What care we for *your* Providence, or all your powder dry?

Cheer up, then, French Canadians! your night-caps toss in air,
These boastful, blustering English are bragging in despair;
Get ready for the struggle — if fighting be the work,
Drink plenty of your whiskey, and stuff yourselves with pork!

We've those whose counsels wrapped the land in glorious rebel flame,
Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks untinged by shame.
Our leaders are the Jesuits — the fat, the sleek, the sly!
They'll do the work with silken tongue — and want no powder dry.

The Richelieu River still runs fast, St. Denis on it stands;
The spot where Weir was murdered has yet some ready hands;
And then the brave from famed Eustache are ready for the fight —
Unless their hearts should fail them, or their heels should prove too light!

To preserve his "dignified neutrality," and to prove his desire to uphold all parties equally, Punch begs to add two verses, for the gratification of the maniacs who advocate "annexation."

Already do the "Stars and Stripes" emit their orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief — it glimmers through the haze:
It tells of better days to come, of kindred spirits nigh,
Who "put their trust in Providence and keep their powder dry."

"Old England" was our watchword, our hope from day to day,
Her glory was our life's-blood, although so far away;
And if we to the "Stars and Stripes" are driven in despair —
"God bless thee, dear Old England!" shall be our parting prayer.

THE CITY WATER.

Punch insists upon calling the attention of the City Fathers—or Mothers rather—to the foul and unfiltered condition of the water supplied by them to the house-holders of Montreal. For some time back, such has been the discoloured and mud-charged appearance of this necessary element, that Punch felt himself fully justified in supposing that the Water Committee had been sitting on

the tank, and that one of them had accidentally fallen in. Or a stranger, unacquainted with our worthy Councillors, might be led to conjecture that they had taken the initiative in sanitary precautions, by washing themselves in the tank. What is the matter with the main pipe? Is it a meerschau or mere sham pipe? Have the Corporation no piper or person to look after their pipes, and if so, do they refuse to pay the piper? Punch expects that these questions will be answered *seriatim* and satisfactorily. Otherwise he will feel himself called upon to put the Corporation's pipe out.

POLICE MOVEMENTS. WHAT ARE TRUMPS?

Punch doesn't know — can't answer the question at all satisfactorily. There has been so much finessing of late, that nobody can call the game. In the palmy days of the Police, Captain Wily used to be considered a trump; but there were too many knaves in the pack, and he wisely withdrew from the injurious contact. Had the original Staff of Police been suffered to remain as it was, under his surveillance, the peace of the city would have been less endangered than it has been; pending the enactment of the "Tully pantomime" — the money spent on that "scene in the circle," would have been available for works of real necessity and utility, and the civic authorities would have been spared the stigma of having badgered a faithful and efficient public officer, into resigning a duty ably discharged by him for upwards of five years.

What are trumps? Ask the successor of Captain Wily, the present guardian of the peace, and supervisor of the morals of the city of Montreal. Who better than Malo, the keeper of billiard-tables and — (we were going to be alliterative,) and head of the sporting house at the back of Dalhousie Square, can answer the old and familiar question, "what are trumps?" Is it for his proficiency in a certain class of pursuits, that Malo has been raised to an office requiring a combination of elements, which do not generally flourish in the hot air of a gaming-house? Or is it in pursuance of a certain popular principle, that such dignity has been conferred upon him? They may tell us, perhaps, that his appointment is, at most, but a temporary one, — compelled by circumstances — rendered necessary by the sudden illness of the Officers who have been in command since the resignation of Captain Wily. We will take no such excuse. That a person of Malo's class should for one hour — for a single moment — have issued his orders at the Head Station, as Chief of the Police, is as disgraceful to the authorities, as it is insulting to the citizens of Montreal.

What are trumps? — Hand up the corporation pack: they will shuffle themselves, (they are used to shuffling,) and Punch will deal with them. Shake out the dice, and stand by for a game. Was it in anticipation of such another game of chicken-bazard as the one played here on the 30th of April, that a groom-porter has been secured in the appointment of Malo? Is there a natural and inevitable connection between constables and card-tables? If so, carry out the game in sporting style. Let the Police from henceforth, be armed with billiard-cues instead of batons. — Fitness will thus be combined with economy — for the sticks will be suggestive of the authorities, and constables will be enabled to furnish their own canons, in the event of the streets being "swept with grape-shot." Perhaps the Police are to have the run of the bowling-alleys; and, under the new regime, No. 1 will be seen in friendly altercation with No. 2, respecting the disputed achievement of a "ten-strike;" while No. 3, officiates behind the bar, as dealer-out of gin-cocktails to the customers of his chief. Let "legs" rejoice in the anticipation of an unmolested campaign. Plume yourselves in the sun, O ye "rooks!" as you pluck in imagination the green and golden pigeons on whom you have set your affections. And, City Fathers! look to your cards — for Punch is keeping a sharp eye upon your game; wide-awake and watchful, as to the "hands" held by each and all of you.