

## AN OLD RHYME TO NEW WORDS.

**L**ORD Elgin would a-travelling go,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly,  
Whether good manners would let him or no,  
With a rowly-poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly.

So off he set to Niagara Falls,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly!  
And on the way he forgot to make calls,  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

When he had come to Brockville height,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly,  
Mr. Gowan put my Lord in a very great fright,  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

So on they went to the Cataract House,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly!  
Where my Lord crept to bed as snug as a mouse;  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

If you please is President Taylor come?  
Heigh oh, says Rowly!  
No, Sir, he's sick, and has cut away home!  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

Oh Lord Mark Kerr, now what shall I do?  
Heigh oh, says Rowly!  
If the President's cut, perhaps you'd better cut too!  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

So off they set a journeying,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly!  
I wonder, my Lord, where they'll take us in?  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

They wandered up and they wandered down,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly!  
Till at last they came near Toronto town,  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

My Lord Mark Kerr go and see the Mayor,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly!  
And ask what they charge for their lodgings there!  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

If you please, Mr. Mayor, how do you do,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly,  
None the better, My Lord, for squinting at you!  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

What will you charge to give us good cheer?  
Heigh oh, says Rowly,  
Only a hundred thousand a year!  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

Says My Lord, Mr. Mayor, that's a rather high card,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly;  
Says the Mayor, eggs are dear and our people pitch hard!  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

Done, Mr. Mayor, to your terms we'll agree,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly,

Just lift up the thimble and take out the pea!  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

So here is an end to one two and three,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly!  
The Government, Kerr, and the little Bru-cc!  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

## MORAL INTENDED FOR THE MONTREALERS!

Whenever you want to keep a milch cow,  
Heigh oh, says Rowly!  
Just milk her in peace and don't kick up a row,  
With a rowly poly, gammon and spinage,  
Heigh oh, says Anthony Rowly!

## PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

**S**EPTEMBER 1, 1867.—Did start with my wife for Toronto on board ye steamer "Holy Poker." When at Brockville there was much alarm, for cause that ye boiler did burst, whereby ten poor French people did lose ye life, but still ye captain does see much cause for gratitude that ye pigs and horses were not hurt. My wife being much alarmed thereby, did stop at Kingston for a day, which place bath not much improved. Did goe to ye bail-alley, in ye market place, where did play awhile with a member of ye Congress, a hairy man, who did give me much bad money in change for ye dollar bills which he did win. It doth surprise me much that men so high should act so mean. Afterwards on board, where ye citizens did stamp ye feet and play at cards all night, so that I could not sleep. My wife also did much complain. She doth say, that ye man who minds ye bar is Harry Sherwood, and that Billy Boulton doth clean ye boots, but not too well, as mine pumps do testify. I did-afterwards hear Harry talk ye politics, very loud and noisy, also laughing much, as I do recollect him in ye House of yore. Billy, they do say, is weak in ye head, but harmless, as indeed I did always think him. Afterwards to drive about ye town, which hath somewhat grown, principally, methought, in barbers shops, which do seem to thrive. Then to ye arsenal, which was ye Government House, and did see ye spot where they did toss ye poor Lord Elgin in ye blanket. Verily I do think he was but a mean lord. They do say that he would play chuck-farthing with John Glass, and that he did cry mightily that they should let him go, which they did do, after that they had tossed him for a time. Altogether, I do not think this Lord did do much harm, being a vain weak man, though clever at ye Highland fling, as some do say. Also did go to ye museum, where they did show us ye scissors with which ye people did cut ye ears of ye French ministers. Afterwards to dine, and then to promenade about ye town, where my wife did buy some groceries of Mr. Strachan, a merry old gentleman who was ye bishop, and who did smoke a long pipe, quite comfortable as I did think. At night to a concert, where my wife did have her pocket picked, at which I did pretend much anger, being vexed that she should rate me so for ye dollar bills which I did take of ye Congressman ye day before; then to bed, where we did say our prayers, and kiss, and make all up.

## — NOTHING. —

Punch has often had his thoughts directed to nothing. After much pondering on this abstruse idea, his immortal part impinged on the Governor General. Is he nothing? asks LaFontaine of the curl. Is he nothing? questions Punch of the paucity of nob-thatch. Yea, verily, he is the incarnation of nothing. His ministry is something, something small, Punch admits, but still it is something. Again, Punch asserts that Lord Elgin is nothing, and Punch will prove it. Nothing can come of nothing. Evil alone has come of the "Governor General." But evil is nothing, because if any good be in a man, it is said, there is something in him; there is no good in the Governor General (stopping in Canada,) therefore he is not something. If not something, he must be nothing. Q. E. D.