

## SONG OF THE HARD UP.

I would love thee through life,  
Mid'st its joys and its sadness,  
Its smiles and its strife,  
Its hopes and its badness.  
Thou hast woven a spell  
To charm all, save the frowns  
Of my Ma, who cries shell—  
Yes, shell out the browns.

Oh, blame fate and not me,  
I can never deceive;  
My heart's love! 'tis thee  
I adore while I grieve!  
Oh, with rapture I think  
Of the time when John vowed he  
Was mine; now I shrink  
When Ma says—he's a rowdy.

They tell me true love,  
E'en through life, ne'er forgets  
The one who can prove  
Its hopes and regrets.  
Love's faults! I deplore them,  
True faith is my sin;  
But while I weep o'er them,  
He's hard up for tin.

He watched o'er my youth,  
He'd have borne for me rather  
The wretched world's ruth,  
Would my mother, my father!  
This I know; but, alas!  
My hard-hearted mother  
Cries—"tip up the brass,  
Or you'll find it more t'other!"

## MORE COPY.

"More copy, please Sir."  
"Go to the Devil."  
"So I will, when I get it, Sir."  
"Which way do you go home?"  
"To the Quebec Suburbs."  
"How much do you want?"  
"Half a column, Sir."  
"Take the whole of Nelson's column, and book the extra half to next week's account."  
"But the printer says he wants a light article."  
"Then lead out all you've got."  
"We have, as much as we could, but you sent so much lead in them, the compositors say they won't stand any more."  
"Tell the printer I'm out, and you couldn't find me."  
"Oh, please, he's a waiting at the corner, and knows better than that, as he has just been speaking to your washerwoman, who says she's been a waiting these three hours."  
"Well, I've no idea."  
"That's what he says, Sir."  
"Hold your tongue, you ink-spotted imp; hold your tongue, or if—(A single knock at door.)—Run down stairs as hard as you can pelt; and if that is the washerwoman say, I am gone to Toronto."

## THE COLONEL'S LAST.

Why is reading Punch like a popular zest for meat? asked Mr. Benjamin Holmes of the Colonel?  
"Because its "reading sauce" was the instantaneous reply.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We have received our usual private despatch from Earl Grey; and, as he wishes, shall not communicate their contents.

## MONTREAL MELODIES.

OR  
DITTIES FOR THE DONE.—No. 1.

## SONG OF THE GROCER.

Oh! you're gone to the West—  
You are gone there for me;  
And you've drunk all my Brandy  
My Coffee—my Tea,  
You emptied my shop  
And—you've emptied my till  
You've used all my goods  
And wont pay your bill,  
Oh! may trouble pursue you  
From daylight 'till dark  
You chiseller;—you dabbler,  
You—"GOVERNMENT CLERK."  
Oh! I need not complain,  
For I know its no use  
To tell all your doings  
To "Eggin the Bruce"  
If he offer'd to give  
An- *Indemnity Bill*,  
'Twould be Government Swindling,  
(Unpopular still)  
Ah! no there is nothing  
Left now for me,  
But to look for employment  
With Shakespeare and Lee;  
And this be my prayer  
In daylight and dark;  
*Debentures* pursue you  
You—GOVERNMENT CLERK!

## NOTICE TO EVERY BODY.

The Proprietors of the Aerial Ship, are prepared to take contracts for the instant removal of the "*Seat of Government*" at a moments notice, with all the hungry English, Irish, Scotch, and French, half-breeds that sit on it—to any part of the Province.—The Governor as well as the Government Clerks, will see the great advantage in this speedy mode of transit, the former will escape all rotten eggs or games at *Chicken Hazard*, the latter by avoiding their creditors will be *above doing a bad action*.

## NOTICE TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Punch has been favored with a sight of a newly discovered sort of *bean*, called the "has been." It is rather a *seedy specimen* and Punch thinks it is not nutritious.

## NOT UNLIKELY.

The Yankee papers are trying to get up a war-cry in the United States, against England about the "*Mosquito*" business.—They may get up a good cry, but Punch thinks the Yankees would have all the tears on their side for the getting into a war would give them something to cry for."

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"I'll be blowed first" as the bad fire said when it was wanted to burn up.  
"I insist on your taking your hat off" as the high wind said to the Quaker.  
"That's a bad *pas*," as the man said, when he saw a dancing master kick his son.  
"I'll give you a turn," as the curling iron said to the straight hair.