

YE HAIDEN TO YE LOVYER.

You've told how you love me, dear Edward,  
How my imago is shrouded in your breast,  
That never, till loved in return, dear,  
Can your languishing bosom have rest.

I could live in the light of your eyes, Ned,  
And lavish my love without stint,  
But whenever you ogle in church, Ned  
I cannot but see that you squint.

I could flite spell-bound to your self, Ned,  
To the soft witching tale that you mutter;  
But that oft to your feelings unfold, Ned,  
'Tis provoking to hear how you stuttor.

I could pillow my head near your heart, Ned,  
And press your fond lips in a kiss;  
But when'er you approach me in love,  
That cigar savour spoils all my bliss.

How happy I'd live in a cot, Ned,  
With thee whom I love by my side;  
But you'd drink twice or thrice over my, Ned,  
And that I could never abide.

In short I could madly adore, Ned,  
And cherish for better for worse;  
But I know you're so hopelessly bad, Ned,  
I should only be wedding a curse.

RIDDLE ME RIGHT.

We find the following very incomprehensible sentence in a leading article in *Old Double*, advocating Capital Punishment:

"A thousand times better would it be to abate threatened punishment, and then uniformly administer them, than to keep them up in word, and confine to a failure to convict or execute."

It is very extraordinary that *Old Double* will persist in dealing out such wholeso' nonsense to the public. Who is the *them*, the Editor prefers so infinitely better to *administer*? People's effects and sometimes their defects are at times said to be administered but administering the people themselves, as if they were so many doses of salts, is not usually contemplated by the sane of this earth. Again, we should like to know what process is meant by keeping these same unfortunate "*them*, up in word?" And how "*keeping them in word*," is a thousand times better than "*uniformly administering them*." If it would not be taxing the Editor too much, we should also enquire what he was driving after, the statement that the abatement of *threatened* punishment, was to be preferred to a *convivance* to a *failure to convict or execute*? Does the Editor mean that it would be better to declare murder a crime punishable only by an invitation from the Sheriff to dinner and the doxology, than that some criminals should fail to be convicted or executed? Not, that we think, as the Editor seems to do, that it is possible to execute a criminal in our country without first convicting him! We leave the whole matter in the obscurity we found it. We have turned the unfortunate sentence into every possible shape, but can make nothing of it.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

TWENTY TAILORS. Apply to,  
Mr. Coun. FRENCH.  
Toronto, April 28, 1850.

The above advertisement appeared in the *Globe* the morning after the announcement of another breach in the Island.

FLUNKKEYISM.

The correspondent of the *New York Times* lets the world know that he had the "honor of dining with Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, at his magnificent mansion, No. 1 Park Lane, Piccadilly."

Mark how the fellow parades the baronet's name in full; and how he dwells with infinite satisfaction on the "*magnificent mansion, No. 1 Park Lane, Piccadilly*," in which he had the honor of dining with a live baronet! One would pardon such a display of weakness in a silly footman or a powder-monkey; but in a correspondent of a leading *New York* paper it is simply nauseating.

Again the enraptured correspondent says:

"That of all living authors of England, Sir Edward was the one I most wished to see."

From the manner in which our correspondent opens his letter, we can easily imagine this intense desire to see our Colonial Secretary across simply from the fact that he had a handle to his name. But our correspondent is determined that if Sir Edward is open to flattery, he shall get enough of it, for further on, in commencing a short account of his career, he says:

"E. L. Bulwer was born a poet and a politician in the year 1803."

With all due respect to our Colonial Secretary, and with all possible veneration for the wisdom of our correspondent, we beg to differ from this last assertion. E. L. Bulwer, like most children, was born a scrubby, mishapen, squawling brat—with about as much of the poet and the politician about him as there is in the Man in the Moon.

Again the *New York* correspondent after reviewing Sir Edward's works, from his thrashiest firstling to his maturest production, comes back to the dinner party. He cannot get it out of his head. It consisted, he informs us, of "fifteen persons"—he took the trouble, it seems, to count them—"mostly noblemen and members of Parliament." Real live noblemen and members of Parliament—and fifteen of them too! What would the Americans say to that?

The viands and wines do not escape notice. They are all of the "choicest quality." The very ornaments on the table are bedaubed with elaborate praise by this flunkey of a correspondent. "The service was of gold and silver," &c.

But this curious specimen of an American correspondent does not stop here. The very servants that attended the Baronet's table, are the subjects of his adulatory pen. He says:

"And the servants in small clothes, white cravats and powdered hair, looked like the *dramatis persone* in the "*School for Scandal*."

It is wonderful what pains this correspondent takes to show that he never was in good society until fortune procured him an invitation to the baronet's dinner party. His allusion to the servants, is very touching, and in our opinion could have come from nose but a brother chip. We cannot follow this flunkey correspondent any farther.

Counterfeiting.

—We understand that P. M. Vankoughnet and D. B. Read, two of her Majesty's chosen counsel, have been arrested to answer the charge of issuing counterfeit and spurious coin (Coyne.)

TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY?

[Thoughts suggested by an old bachelor on hearing that the McClean Divorce Bill was reserved for the Royal consideration.]

Yes, that is the Kes-ti-on, as the French members say. For whether it is nobler to live a life of single blessedness—to be untrammelled in our desires, to be able to wink at a pretty girl and get gloriously drunk when in the vein for it—or to be tied to the petticoat—we beg the acres pardon, but rumour says that they positively do effect such articles of attire—the petticoat, we were saying, of a female wife. To marry! to sleep! And in that sleep—well, no matter. Perchance to lie<sup>3</sup> awake, and be scolded like the very deuce. To have one's hair pulled! Aye there's the rub. For what individual male creature is there in the world that would stand such things we should like to know.

Then, to come home late from the club, slightly fuddled maybe, and shew laudable anxiety in looking for the lost night-key. To exercise one's inventive genius in extemporising a night-key out of a pipe-shank. To sweat and groan with inward anguish least our beloved spouse should hear the row. And lastly, to endure the desperate desperation of discovering that it was "no go."

To sit down disconsolately on the cold door-step, and perhaps be arrested by a villainous crusher. Forbid it Sooks! To break the windows; and hit my wife Betsey with a piece of brick; No. To ring the bell! Yes, that's it. And now here goes for a jolly row.

But hold hard! Suppose Betsey was false to me. What then? Kill her. No. Kill him! Ha! ha! Yes! No! I was never apprenticed to the butchering business. Well, what's to be done? Get a divorce! Lucky thought. But stop. Who's to pay that respectable member of society known as the piper. And when that individual was paid, what assurance have I that a divorce will ever be granted to soothe my unutterable affliction. Clearly none!

To commit suicide, then! Yes, and be refused Christian burial. 'Twouldn't be decent. To go away to some lonely isle, in some distant water. And in that lonely isle, surrounded by that distant water to marry a squaw. To populate that lonely isle with young squaws! To involve the minds of the young cannibals with a holy horror of the British constitution, which refuses to grant a fellow a divorce when he should have it. To marry several squaws! To raise an army of young cannibals, and with that army to join D'Arcy McGee and his three hundred thousand men—who plowed the waves no more—and capture Canada. Yes, I'm resolved. So look out for squaws, Betsey.

A Warning.

"When lovely women" &c.

When pettifoggers stoop to folly,  
And learn too late it will not pay,  
What trick will save them from dishonour,  
What art will wipe their shame away?

The only way to screen their madness  
And still the people's laugh to boot,  
The only art to save from censure  
Is, when you're libelled, to non-suit.