

THE POLITICS OF A PRINCE.

A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE BETWEEN COL. PRINCE, M. P. P., AND PUNCH.

*With Illustrations by Toby.*SCENE—*The Office*—Punch and Toby discovered.

(Enter Col. Prince, M. P. P.)

COL. PRINCE (sings)

"Wheel about and turn about
And do just so,
Ebery time I turn about
I jump Jim Crow."

(He dances with frantic violence.)

PUNCH.—Hollo, Colonel, your voice is rather husky to-day.

COL. PRINCE.—Yes, yes: my throat is as rough as a terrier's hide. I have been coming the Independence howl, to please my Yankee clients over at Detroit. I am to represent the Yankee interests in my seat in parliament next session. Independence, you know, old fellow, will give us the right to accept Uncle Sam's invitation to his tea party; and there's no treason, you know, in talking about independence.

PUNCH.—You represent Yankee interests and slaver about the glorious republic! Gammon!

TOBY.—Bow-wow-wow-wough!

COL. PRINCE.—Fact, upon my honor. I am going to expatiate on the mighty qualities of the "*vast and magnificent republic*."

TOBY (shews his teeth).—R-r-r-r-r-wough-wough.

COL. PRINCE.—Here, somebody kick that dog. Hang the cur! did he never see an English gentleman before?

PUNCH.—An English gentleman, Colonel Prince! an English gentleman! Would an English gentleman seek to discard his nationality, disparage the institutions of his native land, and contrast them unfavourably with the lawless democracy of a union now torn with internal commotions? An English gentleman do this, bah! On what principle of honor or honesty can you justify yourself, Colonel Prince?

COL. PRINCE (indignant).—Sir, Mr. Punch, I'd have you to know, sir, I am plain John Prince. I am plain, sir, and I'll be plain, sir. I have lost nine thousand golden sovereigns, sir, and what use is there in sticking to the only one I have remaining; and as for principles, sir, I am above having any principles but those that will put money in my pocket.

PUNCH.—But what interest have you in heaping vulgar abuse on "Right Honorables, Lords and Lordings?"

COL. PRINCE.—Self interest, sir. The only great, patriotic and noble feeling, that a public man can entertain.

PUNCH.—And you call yourself an English gentleman. Well, Colonel, times have changed, indeed. Pardon me, Colonel, but what party have you usually supported in the house?

COL. PRINCE.—The glorious Yankee institutions party, sir, the real right down radical elective reform party. I despise British institutions, and the base, rascally, paltry, beggarly, contemptible, British party. I detest their policy—I—

[TOBY here collars a mouthful of the Colonel's calf and is shut up in the woodcellar.]

PUNCH.—Hollo! Colonel Prince, what are you saying? I thought you were the most loyal of the loyal. That you shot rebels like dogs; and I think I have heard you say, in your place in the house, that you should like to shoot a few more disloyal rascals.

COL. PRINCE.—I was loyal, sir. I did shoot rebels, sir. But I had nine thousand sovereigns then, and they were worth shooting for. But my sovereigns are gone, sir; and the British party is gone, sir, that is, my British party; and I can make nothing out of the other, so I turn my back on them in virtuous indignation. I am a Prince, and I intend going in for King on my own hook.

PUNCH.—But where is your patriotism, Colonel Prince?

COL. PRINCE.—Where every politician's is, sir, in my breeches pocket.

PUNCH.—And your consistency, Colonel?

COL. PRINCE.—What a green chap you are, after all. A public man's consistency! It's a popular delusion, sir. I'll tell you what's consistency, sir. When one gentleman's in and

won't come out, and when another gentleman's out and can't get in; and when both gentlemen persevere in that determination—that's consistency.

PUNCH.—I understand; but still I think it is the duty of every public man to—

COL. PRINCE (sings energetically)

"Wheel about and turn about
And do jes so,
Ebery time he turns about
He jumps Jim Crow."

PUNCH.—Then it is your opinion that the prospects of the British party are not very flattering.

COL. PRINCE.—It's all up with them, as the steam engine said of the passengers when the boiler burst. Great Britain will no longer consent that capital shall grind down labor, under the name of Protection; therefore capital will rebel, and money is what makes the world wag. Therefore that wonderful nation of sympathisers, that almighty—

PUNCH could stand the nonsense of what was once the English gentleman no longer; he therefore walked towards the wood-closet, to release Toby, who was giving forth a most devouring bark. On seeing this, plain John Prince bolted, and when next heard of was drinking gin-slings at the American Hotel, with H. B. Willson, verifying the old adage, that "Birds of a feather flock together."

GOOD INVESTMENTS.

Punch has often dreamt of having large sums of money; which dreams became so impressed on his mind, that his waking moments were disturbed by thoughts upon the most beneficial mode (to himself) of disposing of his surplus cash. With this view, he has searched the columns of newspapers, anxious to avail himself of some of the many "desirable opportunities," or "advantageous investments," which benevolent proprietors are daily offering. These Punch frequently found to be as illusory as his dreamt-of capital. Some such hallucination as he has been describing, came over him on Thursday last, when, on looking over the *Church* newspaper, the word "investment," which he accidentally caught sight of, drew his attention to the following paragraph in an advertisement headed "Subscriptions to the Church University":—

"It is a glorious work, which ought not to be delayed; and a better investment for time and ETERNITY it is impossible to conceive."

For the moment, Punch revelled in delightful anticipations his riches, he imagined, were boundless; and his imagination expanded until, in his mind's eye, he saw the vast estates he had purchased in the regions of eternity, by depositing large sums of money in the hands of the treasurers to the *Eternity Investment*, the Honourables George Crookshank, William Allan and James Gordon. But presently Punch saw that Alexander Burnside's investment was to be made by will; that is, the money was not to be paid until he had taken possession of his lot. Cautious man, is Alexander Burnside! He is not the man to lose the interest of his money in time, for the sake of the advantageous investment in eternity. And here a curious question occurred to Punch. Supposing that, as riches make unto themselves wings and flee away—suppose that Alex. Burnside's six thousand pounds, left by will, should fall short—should never be paid, in fact—how would Alexander's chance stand for the eligible investment, Punch presumes, Alexander believes himself to have made?—and who are the responsible parties for due performance of the contract?—and do the gentlemen who in this world pay fifty pounds cash down, get as large a share of happiness in eternity as Alexander, who only promises to pay six thousand after he is in the next?—and if those who pay in quarterly instalments should be hurried into that eternity, of which, by the advertisement, they have become part proprietors, do they forfeit all their share or not? These are questions on which Punch would wish to be satisfied. But seriously, why do the promoters of so noble, so wise, and so just a design as the establishment of a Church University, degrade a holy cause by an advertisement which is little short of blasphemous?