

## “THE WEAL OF THE MANY.”

—BY A COCKNEY.—

A common phrase, a proverb old, a word of daily round,  
How oft in dreamy mood we find a spirit in its sound,  
And from its dullness desolate, ideas quaint evoke,  
Illuminated manuscripts in desk of homely oak!

The “weal of many!” springs a thought, a bubble to the top  
Of fancy’s welling fountain, there a moment let it stop;  
Suggesting, though his bread may fail, yet joyful be the man  
That his weal is still protected in the Market of St. Anne!

Again, a foam-bell rises, hush! it whispers to the first  
With a deep low rainy murmur, let us catch it ere it burst!  
“There are butchers in the market laying knives upon the steel,  
And the many may be losers in division of their weal.”

Shall I conjure up another?—No, ’twere better let them rest;  
But cancel not the warning from the tablets in thy breast,  
For a bubble on the surface in prophetic circles cast,  
Is the harbinger of storm as a straw upon the blast.

O distant be the dismal day and far the future dark!  
When the fire of British feeling has out-flashed its latest spark,  
And the Vulture of Columbia in its wheeling flight will pause  
To lacerate the common weal with annexation claws!

But chimes upon the belling wind are borne, and ere long  
Æolian wires of telegraph may vibrate to the song;  
For even now a breezy voice this pithy moral drops,  
“When the weal of many is at stake let men look out for shops.”

## LAYS OF LIBERTY.

We are indebted to a late number of the Gazette, for a very singular and original martial poem or war song, attributed, we believe, to the pen of one who having in his time satisfactorily discharged the office of exile to Bermuda, was subsequently, in due course, promoted to one in the Revenue Department of Canada. No literal translation of such a production could adequately convey the spirit of the original, and in essaying a version of it, we have accordingly taken occasional liberties with the text; sifting the chaff in search of the expected grain of wheat, and throwing in an occasional clove of our own, with an effect that must exhilarate the ex-exile, should this reverberation of a long-struck chord from his lyre, chance to tingle in his ear.

First, he apostrophiseth the valiant; reminding them of a great anniversary, and recommending to their consideration a remarkably spirited war-whoop.

Braves of the bold Canadian band  
Remember Feb fifteen,  
Let no domestic feeling stand  
You and your foes between:  
But let each son of the *Bonnet Bleu*  
Thus proclaim with wild halloo—

Down with the English,  
Dispose of the Scot,  
Capsize the Governor, hesitate not  
The work of revenge to do!

The mildness of the “chaff” here—“dispose of the Scot,” is finely contrasted by its vigor in the next verse.

The darbies on our limbs to fix  
Let them come on if they dare!  
Polish them off my patriot bricks  
And down with *la Reine des Mers*!  
Let each Canuck his weapon wield  
Howling as he takes the field.  
Blow the English  
Skiver the Scot,  
Rose and thistle consign to pot  
Till the fate of your foe is sealed!

Affecting, almost to tears, is the fond familiarity of the playful epithet “Canuck.” Mark how the soul of the poet rises with the occasion too; “disposing” of the Scot is no longer the indefinite operation recommended; “skiver,” is now the word—a term equally applicable to the administration of a pitchfork and the introduction of a bayonet. The withering scorn too, shed upon the national emblematical vegetables! surely the thorn of the English rose has entered into the inmost soul of the ex-exile—the spicula of the Scottish thistle has spurred into madness the long-eared Pegasus of the Bermudan bard. But why is the verdant triplet of the shamrock exempted from his inspired commination? Probably out of personal respect for the well balanced shillelagh of some individual Hibernian navigator.

The simplicity of structure which obtains in the next verse, together with its statistical tendency, entitle it to a place amongst the prose works of the age. We shall not, therefore attempt to translate it at all; merely remarking that the “chaff” of the burthen now runs thus:—

Roast the English  
Scollop the Scotch!

a fine touch of cannibalism and cookery, “scollop” being the culinary term for a peculiar mode of frying oysters. Here the poet might perhaps be convicted of plagiarism; the parallel being obvious between, “the

world is mine oyster which I with sword will open,” and “the Scotchman is mine oyster whom I in shell will scollop:” but we acquit him of wilful plagiarism, as the odds are against his ever having read the passage referred to. We hope, however, that the Scotchman may not stick in his throat; though, knowing what obstinate unaccommodating fellows they are, we are rather afraid he will.

If the distinguished ex-exile will favour us with a bushel or so of his “chaff,” he may rely on its being “done into English” in the same impartial spirit with which the poem before us has been treated. No extra charge made for the additional spice.

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## PUNCH'S “GARLAND” POETRY.

After George Frederick Augustus Stebens.

By the banks of the Gaudalquiver I saw a young maiden shiver All alone, Sitting on a stone, On the banks of the Gaudalquiver!	“Aint you got ne'er a bob to give her?” Says a voice in my ear by the river, All alone, With my grey cloak on, By the banks of the Gaudalquiver.
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Maiden, sweet maiden, come hither, Why do you sit there and shiver All alone, Sitting on a stone, On the banks of the Gaudalquiver!	Says I, sweet maid, come hither. Do not sit there and shiver; Get under my cloak Or the rain will soak Your clothes by the Gaudalquiver!
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Have you no friend or “mither,” That you sit there and shiver? “Friends I have none, Uncle is gone To fish in the Gaudalquiver!”	You dirty-faced son of your mither I'll pitch you into the river; Do you think I'm a flat To go and do that By the banks of the Gaudalquiver!
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Once I had shawls to “kiver” My back that you now “diskiver,” I wish I may die If I'd tell you a lie On the banks of the Gaudalquiver.	To frenzy her passion did “driv” her, And ere I the double could give her She grabbed at my tile And shied it a mile, To float down the Gaudalquiver!
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So, Stranger, should you, going thither  
See a maid by the Gaudalquiver,  
All alone,  
Sitting on a stone,  
Why just let her sit there and shiver.

## REWARD FOR LIBEL.

Punch has received the following note from his esteemed subscriber, Tibbings, although he wishes to enter into a similar speculation on his own account, he cannot refuse insertion to the communication of his beloved Tibbings.

Mr. James Tibbings, dry-goods merchant, presents compliments to Punch. He wishes to be libelled. Will Punch use his influence with any one of the Proprietors of the Montreal papers to do the deed, and gratify his innocent desires.

Mr. Tibbings has tried the Bankrupt court; but is only \$200 richer than when he went in, and will be forced to emigrate to California, unless he is published as a rogue and a swindler. Mr. T. is not particular as to the term so that it is actionable. Mr. Tibbings was once called a vagabond in the United States and believes he was, but his action was dismissed, there being no law for injured innocence in that country.

If something could be said about Mr. Tibbings licking his old grandfather at Brummagem, it might turn out good, in which case Mr. Tibbings would shell out something handsome for Punch. Mr. Tibbings is of opinion, that a fair spec might be made out of his character, if it was only properly abused which he is quite willing it should be. Perhaps Mrs. Tibbings and the baby might be brought in, in the way of female innocence and youthful beauty, to which there is no objection if the thing pays well; which on those terms it ought. Mr. Tibbings authorises Punch to allow a liberal per centage to Jurymen if he can manage that politics and libel should be so mixed up together that, as the *Gazette* observes, the independent Jurors may somehow forget which is one, and which is tother. An answer will oblige.

St. Paul Street, March 27, 1849.

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