

## THE GREAT CANADIAN BUMBLE!

Colonel John Prince has come out in (as the play-bills express it) an entirely new character. He is Bumble—Bumble the Beadle, without the cocked hat and staff. Every one knows that Bumble was a terribly ill-used person, snubbed by the parish authorities, tormented by the "work-hus" boys, and finally a victim to matrimony and good living. Well, Colonel John is very much in the same plight. Bumble was an epicure—so is the Colonel; Bumble was an orator—so is the Colonel; Bumble was a victim—so is the Colonel. Bumble was a quiet man unappreciated—the Colonel is a quiet man unappreciated; Bumble complained of neglect—the Colonel complains of neglect. "Bumble," says the historian, "had a great idea of his oratorical powers, and his importance;" Bumble liked "a little drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar;" and the Colonel does not *dislike* "a little drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar." Bumble sold himself for "six tea-spoons, a pair of sugar tongs and a milk pot, with a small quantity of second-hand furniture, and twenty pounds in money;" the Colonel would sell himself at about the same rate to any Ministry who would be fool enough to buy him. Can there be any doubt, then, that the Colonel is Bumble—the real Canadian Bumble, and no one else? If there is—let it vanish on reading a late letter to one Mr. Rankin. Is it the Colonel or Bumble who speaks in the following harangue, which we offer as Punch's translation?

"I should like to know what encouragement there is for a person of my genius and standing in this ere parish? It is enough to make a man's flesh creep on his bones, to know what a life a parrish beadle has to bear! [A small drop of the soothing syrup, if you please, Mrs. Mann, I'm getting a *leetle* dry.] Here have I been, for sixteen years, a working like a slave for this ere work-hus, and what is the result? [Another lump of sugar, my pet, I always likes it sweet.] If I was an hextravagant or profligate beadle, or given to drink or hard swearin—[dann them brats, what a noise they *does* make to be sure!]-or, if I was guilty of them ere extravagances wich ruinsates so many beadles—[a little more of the alkali, if you please, Mrs. Mann]—there might be some cause for this treatment, but when its a beadle of liberal eddication and henterprise, whose

"Only care is to increase his store,  
And keep his only son myself at home,"

a beadle, as always looks out for the interests of the parrish—[that ere gin is inferior, Mrs. Mann, werry inferior, for the price]—what is we to hexpect for the future? Who is the benefactor, my workhus friends, of this ere parrish? Who recommended strong beer for the nurses? Who subscribed for a new work-house clock? Who takes home the Vestry when they gets dru-sick? Bumble's the man, who's a pattern of sobriety and consistency? Bumble, in course, and where's the encouragement for this, and who'll do as much as he's done again? [Pass the bottle, Mrs. Mann, the fire of hinspiration is waxing low.] None but a lunatic wont look at what others has become in more favored situations. Where's Muster Buster, and Richard Cheeks, and Bob Munpkins? Where? why a thieving to be sure, some on 'em butlers in noblemen's families, and some on 'em landlords and excisemen. That's how the rewards went in other parishes. But Bumble—where's Bumble?—[hiccup]—Bumble's a beast—[hiccup]—Bumble's a hog—[hiccup]—Bumble's a quadruped with four feet, or a helephant—a vampire wasting his sweetness on the desert air—[that ere gin hevaporates by exposure to the hare, Mrs. Mann]—and what's the cause on it?—[Hiccup]—Is it drink?—God forbid. I'll take my oath no one ever saw Bumble drunk—is it swearing?—dann it no—is it licentiousness or bigamy? Its none of these things is in the bill of indictment. What is it then? *It's just the parochial system—it's the workus government*—its over-feeding the paupers, and neglecting the beadles. We wants a revolution, Mrs. Mann, and we'll have a revolution. What's the good of a parrish seal?—what's the good of a overseer?—what's the good of high constables or mayors?—what's the good of the churchwarden's staff—glittering diadem? The fact is, my dear Mann, we are going to the devil—[that's the last drop in the bottle!] Bumble's deceived; peace, rest, and contentment's vanished from his old bussum. He's bust and broken—all his dreams is gone, and theres nothing left but anarchy, and gun-

powder treason—and, the rum, Mrs. Mann—the blowing-up and destruction, Mrs. Mann,

OF THE ENTIRE WURKUS SYSTEM.

[And, at this point, Mr. Bumble crosses his hand on his parochial paunch, and quietly goes to sleep.]

## PUNCH'S MODEL POETRY.

*Lines addressed to John Dougall, Esquire, by a late Member of the Temperance Society.*

John Dougall, Dougall, doo John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
You loved a glass of wine John,  
And never preaching went;  
But now you 're turn'd a saint, John,  
And wi'l not taste the "brew;"  
You love the thing but mayn't, John—  
John Dougall, Dougall, doo!

John Dougall, Dougall, doo John!  
In times gone by I ween,  
You were a loyal man, John,  
And faithful to the Queen;  
But now you 've changed your coat, John,  
And left the royal blue—  
Your Queen's the dollar note, John,  
John Dougall, Dougall, doo!

John Dougall, Dougall, doo John!  
You loudly roar, and groan,  
Because poor erring men, John,  
Will worship "stock and stone;"  
But surely they 're as bad, John,  
Who act a part like you—  
Desert their Queen and play, John,  
John Dougall, Dougall, doo!

John Dougall, Dougall, doo John!  
Leave off the subtle plan;  
Humbug, cant, and craft, John,  
Deceive no honest man;  
If conscience has no gripes, John,  
Let duty hold you true,  
Renounce the stares and stripes, John,  
John Dougall, Dougall, doo.

John Dougall, Dougall, doo John!  
Before your battle's won,  
Many a "saint" will bleed, John,  
And many a "saint" go down;  
Our muskets will reply, John,  
To your sweet chaunting crew,  
We'll keep our powder dry, John,  
John Dougall, Dougall, doo!

## SOME OF THE LATEST LEGAL REPORTS.

"It is understood that Mr. F. Johnson will not contest the letters patent depriving him of his commission"—*Morning Bow-Wow*.

"This is a mistake, Mr. Frank Johnson will carry the matter to the highest Court of Appeal"—*Evening Night-Cap*.

"No mistake at all; Mr. Frank Johnson regards the whole affair with infinite contempt"—*Afternoon Cauliflower*.

"A most erroneous impression; Mr. F. Johnson will not only resist, but he has the opinions of the Lord Chancellor and twelve of the Judges of England strongly in his favour"—*The Tri-weekly Turnip*.

"Pshaw! nonsense. Our friend Frank has made a present of his gown and commission to Dolly; he don't care a damn for the business"—*Saturday Gingerbread*.

All of which reports, *Punch* has to add, are perfectly true.

## EXHIBITION OF MANUFACTURES.

Punch recommends that Col. Prince, M.P.P., should be sent to the London Exhibition of 1851, as the finest possible specimen of Canadian Turning.