

## FASHIONABLE FESTIVITIES.

Montreal, 1st Jan., 1850.

My deare Mari An,

Hall is hover; and my cup of bitternes is fill for hever and hever, hamen. John Macrook his married, and I seed him with my hone eyes—and O, Mari An, wat a site! He was drest very ginteel, with a blue cote, and O, such buttings! I thought my hart would brake when I seed them ere buttings! His raving air was fluttering hover his marbel forhed, and his dark eyes gazed upon his bride, O with such hexpression! There was too illegant young fellers for groomsman, but O, John outshined em hall. His hattertude when he pronounced the fatal word, was quite sublime—

"His left foot was upon the halter,  
But his deep voice did not falter."

Susan Smith (week-minded young 'ooman!) bust out a cryen, and Sarah Brown hexclaimed "Hall is hover;" but John Macrook never spoke a word, honly he smiled, and a-turnin to his lovely bride, by 'evens he kissed her! Oh Mari An, hexcuse my bitter tears, the hecho of that kiss, it haunts my busum still!

The festivals afterwards was hall on the same illegal scale. The cards, of vich I sends you a pattern, was two inches longer than the ould Ginerals, and none but the helites invited. Muster Guleps, the hattomey, havin given a hop the nite before, made John the more particklar about snobs not been hadmitted. The our of meeting was alf-pas 10, at wick time the hexcited nebourhood was chock full of the most illegant vehicles, conveying their lovely occupants to the temple of himen, in John's princely manshun. On enterin, the site wick struck the admirin wishun, was truly dazling. At the bottom of the stares was two black intendants, a servin out the most expensive lickers to the intoxicated cabmen; vilst at the top, surrounded by a grove of orange flowers, was John himself, with one hand a holdin on his bride, and the other in his vastecote pocket. A hangen hover the heds of the appy pear, was two wite piejohns, to signify conubial appiness, vilst behind em was a harterficial cornucopier, a crowded up with 15 litie children, all a hetin buns, and borrowed for the purpose—a delicate illushun to what is coming arterwards. Had to this the music, Mister Maffre's noble band—and the facina in figurs of the men, and then himagin, Mari An, wat a lively picture John's wedding must have been!

At alf-past 10, John himself led up the ball, a leaden hoff a illegant young creature—name unknown, but ighly connected—with fascinatin grease. To describe all that followed would require another pen than mine, but Polkas was the favorites, all of which went hoff well, except won lady losin her ——. Green was the colour; but, thank Heaven, hevery won knows that I wear blue. At 12, most splended collocation, purwided by Mr. Jackson, with accustomed taste; hexpence, incorse, predigus! When John's health was drunk, such a shoot was rased, as brought two porlicemen in, both superior young fellers, who returned arter singing a song, and drinken bnmper round. What John said was unheard by me, but I seed him carried away at last, Mari Ann, with his pail cheek reclinin on his welwet vest, and a wite table cloth rapped around him. Then hall was hidden from my ravished site, and hexcuse my weekness, Mari Ann, I turned and vept!

Since then, ours has past, and I feels a little better. I has met John wonce. He turned his dark eyes on me, o such a glance. "The world thinks him appy, but his sorrow he'll smother: o thou hart the claws of this hanguish, my mother."

And with this touching sentiment, so happropriat to won in my condishun, believe me, dear Mari An, your blighted friend and rose-bud,

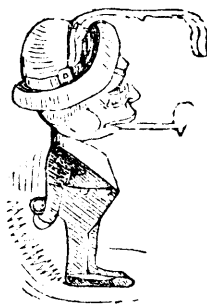
SAREY JANE THOMAS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED, the sight of a letter which has been delivered out of the Toronto Post Office within twenty-four hours after its arrival.

A Collector of Curiosities will give a good price for a number of the *Globe* which does not abuse the *Examiner*, or a number of the *Examiner* which does not abuse the *Globe*.

## THE INDIAN GAME.

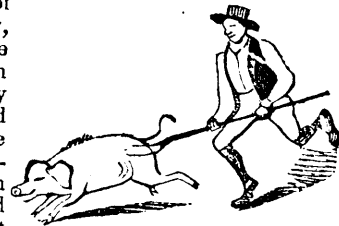


UNNY fo'ks are the rulers of "this Canada." Tyrannical is the "liberal government." The Indian chiefs, who had bled for the sovereign, under whose seal ministers hold their commissions, were brought twelve hundred miles in custody to Toronto, on charges which could not be sustained, and they might have starved, had not his Excellency, with his unheard of liberality, headed a list for their relief with the amount of change for a sixpence. The list was filling rapidly, when the government, not willing that his Excellency should

impoverish himself in the cause of charity, ordered ninety pounds worth of debentures to be issued to defray the Indians' charges back to their hunting grounds, and, consequently, his Excellency's change for sixpence was returned to him by the treasurer; that is, it would have been returned, but on referring to the books it was discovered that it had not been paid.

## CITY NEWS.

STRANGE INCIDENT.—THE SUDDEN THAW BRINGING A PIG TO LIFE. The difficulty of distinguishing live pigs from those that are dead, inasmuch as when frozen the erect attitude of the latter bears a close resemblance to that of the former, when standing stiltly before the shops of the purveyors of pig-meat, was exemplified yesterday in the New Market of St. Lawrence. The warm weather, which has prevailed here for several days, caused the joints of one of these animals to give way, and it fell helpless to the ground. No notice was taken of this occurrence, it being by no means unusual, but a loud grunt suddenly startled the neighbourhood, and the thawed pork bolted in the direction of the Don river, hotly pursued by its anxious proprietor. It was eventually captured



IN THIS STYLE.

## THE WOODSTOCK FIGHT.

The great fight in the Court-house at Woodstock, between the Hon. Francis Hincks and J. G. Vansittart, came off on New-Year's Day in fine style. Alderman Beaty and Mr. Vannoman were the bottle-holders on the occasion. Mr. Vansittart floored the Hon. Francis, but was thrown over the ropes by foul play. The umpires have not as yet given their decision as to the victor, but have announced that they will refer it to the people at the next Oxford election.

## LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

A letter has been received from a pilgrim to the gold diggings, in which the writer speaks encouragingly of the resources of that region. He says—"To one brought up in the lap of luxury, as I was, in my dear native city of Brooklyn, washing at first seems a strange and unpleasant operation." We have no doubt of it, my dear sir; for we have seen many free and enlightened citizens from Brooklyn, and elsewhere in the land of Liberty, to whom washing must undoubtedly have appeared an extremely novel and "unpleasant" proceeding.

## NEW DEFINITIONS.

*The Antipodes*—Malcolm Cameron and Mr. Hincks.

*The Siamese Twins*—Benjamin Holmes and L. J. Papineau.

## THE WORST JOKE YET.

Why are our city fathers like pigs? Because they are fond of mud.