

METRICAL COMFORT.

RESPECTFULLY OFFERED TO THE HONOURABLE R. BALDWIN.

After the fashion of the GLOBE.

Why, Robert, complain of Malcolm's disdain?
 Why thus in despair do you fret?
 Oh! cease thee to sigh, to whimper and cry
 At the "Grits,"— they 're a truculent set.

With sternness inform the contemptible spawn
 That nothing you'll give to the crew,
 Then *perhaps* you'll beguile, them to come with a smile,
 And sue flat on their faces to you.

Pray keep your blood warm, if you wish to reform
 The mongrels, who yelp in your wake.
 Away with despair, nor longer forbear
 Your soul from its thralldom to shake.

Oh! quit the concern ere let your brain burn
 With the crimes of the false and the evil;
 Sustain your fair fame, don't sully your name,
 But send the "clear grits" to the devil.

Leslie and cant, Caleb and rant,
 To Perry and Sanborn annexed;
 With David Kinnear, make very small beer,
 So don't let your heart be perplexed.

OPERATIONS UPON THE EYE AT THE MONTREAL EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.

Within the last few days we have witnessed some very interesting and skilfully performed operations, at the office of Dr. Howard, the celebrated oculist, undertaken for the purpose of removing scales from the eyes of certain annexationists, which, as the patients declared, prevented them *seeing* the policy of England in her proceedings with Canada. We have reason to know that these gentlemen were induced to undergo the experiment, from witnessing its success in the case of a poor person named *Whitney*, who, whilst labouring under the disease, had actually signed the Montreal Manifesto, but no sooner had Dr. H. removed the semi-opaque substance which obscured his vision, than he saw immediately the error he had committed, and deeply regretted his act. It is gratifying to be able to state, that in a large majority of instances, vision has been partially restored; but in one case, that of an elderly gentleman named *W. Workman*, no success is expected, for the Dr. is of opinion, that this individual's range of vision will never exceed what is barely sufficient to behold his own self-importance, for unfortunately he has so neglected his disease, that he now regards the quality as though he were observing it through one of Dolland's largest telescopes.

We understand Dr. H. intends publishing an account of this curious affliction in his forthcoming Treatise on the Eye, which, from its most prominent and striking symptoms he terms *Anglo-phobia*.

On one occasion we were shown by Dr. Howard, the auricular appendages removed from *D. K—*, a notice of which we published for the information of our readers. They were preserved in Scotch whiskey, a delicate compliment to the national prejudices of their late owner.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Elgin received yesterday several letters through the medium of the post-office: their contents, however, did not transpire—and we are therefore unable to give any particulars.

The Government House has been in a state of great activity for several days, and the Hon. L. J. Lafontaine has kept himself awake. People were passing to and fro continually. We have our own impressions as to the cause of the excitement, but as disclosures would be premature, we purposely forbear making any. We can only say, at present, that the REFORM MINISTRY CONTINUE TO HOLD OFFICE.

THE LEGAL ROGUES' EPIGRAM.

Some legal rogues, who had the charge
 Of client's snug possessions,
 Much longed to filch; but each rogue feared
 The other at the sessions.

Poor Mr. Client got his dues,
 Till one rogue whispered "brother
 Let us be wise—shake hands—rob all,
 But don't rob one another."

THE AGE OF FOLLY.

Punch remembers when wandering through the nooks and corners of old England, to have seen outrageous and ridiculous buildings which, in their immediate neighbourhood, were termed "follies." Thus he has known, "Jones's folly," "Smith's folly," "Snooks's folly," &c. &c. Ought not the Annexation movement which Lord Elgin has so hastily built up, to be called "Elgin's folly?"

Why is a man with his eyes shut like an illiterate school-master? Because he keeps his pupils in darkness.

Why is an auctioneer like an ugly man? Because he is *for-bidding*.

CURE FOR A COLD.

Punch has lately directed his attention to the readiest methods of curing colds, from a series of which he has been suffering; the complaint thus becoming to a certain degree national. Upon turning the subject over deliberately in his mind, with the pitch-fork of perseverance, and examining all the symptoms of the disease, of which sneezing is the chief, he has come to the resolution that the best cure for a cold is Peter Perry's speech, made at Markham on a late occasion, for every body will allow it is not to be sneezed at.

DREADFUL CALAMITY.

It is said that the result of the Halton election has so seriously affected one of our executive commissioners, as almost totally to deprive him of speech, so much so indeed, that if any one offers him a glass of whiskey HE CANNOT say "no" to it.

A PERFECT VACUUM.

Dr. Freeman, who has for some time past been lecturing on Bi(or sell)ology, having stated that one of the subjects on whom he experimented "could see his own inside," H. B. Wilson, to test the truth of the assertion, requested the talented Doctor to operate upon him, and on being thrown into the mesmeric sleep, looked into the inside of his own head, and declared he could see nothing in it.

DISAGREABLE VERY!—"I'll let you know I'm back again," as the rheumatism said to the leg.

A GREAT FACT.

The "clear grits" are exulting in their recent victory over the "strong government," which they affirm has been tried and found wanting. It was a trial indeed, and all the jurors were witnesses for the prosecution. One thing, however, is certain, that the country, under any circumstances, will have to pay the costs.

It is said that Lord Elgin thinks a great deal of himself, because he is just the man to think a great deal of trifles.