

## PITY THE POOR CABMEN!

**O**F all the social miseries by which we are surrounded, none appeals more forcibly to our sense of compassion, than the distress so heartily, yet so meekly endured by that meritorious class of our community, the Cab-drivers — or vernacularly — Carters. We allude not so much to the bodily sufferings endured by them upon the dreary stand; for the Cab-man, whether sweltering beneath the burning summer's sun, or parrying with mitened fists the sharp and telling facers of pugnacious old Gaffer frost, has that within him which enables him to defy the mere physical hardships so nobly shared by him with his gallant steed. But who shall tell of the amount of mental agony endured by the poor fellows, in their hopeless, thankless and unceasing task, of endeavoring to persuade obstinate foot-passengers into indulging in a shillings'-worth of carriage exercise! We have seen four or five of these energetic men vainly vying with each other in the painful duty of bringing one fat passenger to a sense of his situation; till hoarse and exhausted by their clamorous chorus of "I spoke first, sir,—Cab, sir, Cab!" they have fallen hopelessly back upon their well-worn cushions, in meek resignation to the cold contempt of a callous public.

As a slight alleviation of their ceaseless toils, we would suggest the use of a speaking trumpet, of large dimensions, constructed so as to work upon a swivel, after the fashion of a punt duck-gun.—Repose will thus be combined with action, to a certain extent; and the brave Cab-man, without leaving his box, can sharply project his monosyllabic "Cab!" against the tympan of the distant pedestrian.

At this inclement season of the year, it would be a work of philanthropy to establish a Society for the supplying of wristbands or comforters for these poor fellows. Iron has been feelingly suggested as the best fabric for the article in question; and patterns may be had gratis, at the principal Station House of the Police.

## THE FANCY BALL.

**MR. PUNCH** would not be worsted in his intentions, and therefore wound himself up to the ball rolled at the Canadian Public by the Officers of the Garrison. He will now endeavor to unravel the twisted skein of his ideas of the Visitors and their Costumes, although the confusion, in his mind, occasioned by the squeezes of hands he received from the ladies, is rather opposed to clearness of memory; he, however, distinctly recollects that Col. Gagy entered the room as Prime Minister in distant perspective. Punch regrets this gentleman should have been annoyed by Mr. Stevens, the Spirit of the Press, who lost no opportunity of digging him in the ribs; an action was only prevented by the active interference of the Colonel's lately acquired supporter, Monsieur L. J. Papineau in the costume of Policeman, No. 10. Mr. Vansittart as a persecuted gentleman, bore himself with meekness,—and Colonel Prince looked well as an Indian Chief returning from the fight with numerous sympathising scalps. Mr. J. Ashworth evidently thought himself a card, and Dr. Wolfred Nelson appeared as an Odeltown Volunteer of '37. Mr. Hincks was disguised as a gentleman of the nineteenth century and Lord Elgin as his shadow.

We refer our readers to the "Herald," for a satisfactory explanation of the following costumes.

Ladies of Quadrille (search the map), in the costume of Louis the 1740th. Mr. Pigg-on a court dress. A lorn McDougall from the Highlands. Master Dynely as a German pheasant. Ladies of the nineteenth century — Hon. P. McGill, Major Annette as 19th Self. Mr. Collum as I-dont-no-ooo of the Upper Lakes. Mr. Pilkington as General Louis 13th. Mr. Geddes as a Moorish fuke-away with the song of "Nix my Dolly's" (chop house). P. Duchesney, chief of the Abednegos. Mr. Horace Wickstead as a poker. Mr. DePaybuski-bosky as a lady and gentleman. Mr. Walcott commanding a French courtier. Miss Clark as Lady Clementine of Venice! Mr. Aspinall; how! not in costume! (cold weather, eh!) Mr. Coffin, as Sheriff of the Tomb. Mr. Jos. Lee as Moses Shakespeare. Mr. Johnson as a lallah Rook. Let this crow be sent to the Natural History Society.

We are sorry to observe the want of gallantry on the part of our Telegraphic reporting contemporary of the Herald, who asserts that many of the ladies at the ball were plain. Oh! Shame!

After the first Quadrille, Rude Boreas blew down the Hall, and Punch, in the whirlwind, with the rest of the ladies and gentlemen, was blown into the period of Louis XIV!

The Gazette hopes this will not be the last ball of this description. Punch hopes the next description of the ball will be better!

## TO THE MARE OF QUEBEC.

**SOR,**—Their be a good lot of us ould sailors left behind from hour ships hear at thie present time, and we makes so bold as to ax your honor, if there be hany chance of hour getting grub for the winter. We three that since this paper to your honor, was advised by Mr. O'Flaherty of hour bording house at the Cove, to happily to what he calls the Comishners who discharge sailors here! We did so. When we comes before them, my messmate Bill watch tips me the wink, gives his hat a slew, and says, all right, I knose the ould gent that leads the van, heel return some of the over-charged fifteen penses that we used to pay for hour discharges; but it was no go, he woud have no call to us, no how whatesmdeavor, as we had had hour discharges, and had paid the nice young man with the butifal black hat. Mr. O'Flaherty says he dos all the work, but the ould Gents takes all the money, but Mr. Mare, woud you believe it, they threatend us with a Policeman, and told us to get a way as fast as we coud, but never told us how, but manys the time and oft, have these said Gents had a call upon us, when discharged here from hour ships, for what they calld two shillings for every man discharged, but Bill Watch says these shillings goes for fifteen penses in this here country, but we can say nothing against these Gents now, being so good-natured, generus and chicken-harted to poor Jack, that we do believe for the last year or two, we have only had to pay one 15d. in place of two. What is the cause can't say at present, but Mr. O'Flaherty tells us that one Captain Slyson, (in a very unmannerly manner) threatend the law upon-em, and one fifteen pense was docked off without any more to do, (it was through a mistake, no doubt.) We was thinking of seting the sailers true friend to work, he may make them shel-out; if so, weel live pon nothing but Turkeys and Gees all the winter, with lots of objioyful to wash them down. If he fails, (which he does at times,) we must thro ourselves upon a genus public, and live pon ox check, if we can get it; there will be only one chance left to us, Mr. Mare, we red it in a newspaper some time ago, and we ax it you as a grate favor to recomend us to the basket concern, as we understand ther is to be a cargo of them to be shipd in the Spring for Califerne. Bill and I can turn hour hands to anything, but poor Done Brown is best at turning a dead i, or spinning a long yarn about a ship he sailed in called the Gaffend, that used to run away with every body but the Skipper, and he was wonst obliged to clip her wings by cutting away her masts, to stop her. Done is also a captul hand at a song. Lor bless you, Mr. Mare, if you was for to hear him sing the Bay of Bisky, O, and O where and O where, and the Flying Gaffend, how she reeld from her keel off the coast of Siri, O, how the boys, with all ther noise, behaved at the seeg of Acre, O, how the Turks, with all ther works, were blown up in their City, O, how the kings gave very fine things, but only to the Skippers, O, and 150 others too tejus to mention. You may ax us, Mr. Mare, why we dont go to law, and get those fifteen penses back again, but we tells you what, Sur, we poor Jacks never finds no law here but broomstick law, cased off at times with a little limejuice law, for wat between the Gents of the law, the Skippers, Comishners, Marine Hospital, Police, the Shipping Office, the Crimps, the bording house keepers, (mind you, we except Mr. O'Flaherty,) 'tis hard work to keep the shirt and trowsers pon us, and when we goes up to the big house, top of the hill, to make a complaint agin our Skippers, to that big Gent with a red face, he very kindly gives us the back of his hand to kiss, with a month's board and lodgin free gratis for nothing. Bill says he's a fine hirish Gentleman, and lays down the law to poor Jack in such a way that nobody whatsomdeavor can mistake him. Bill is wishing that he might be coming from the Westinges next summer, that he might bring him a fine lively Turtle, that he knose from the cut of his Jib that he is mighty fond of Turtle, but Bill, am sorry to say hees too much of the blarney about him, and you musent mind all he says. The real matter of the case is this, Mr. Mare, if we dont get work in the Basket line, we have made up onr minds to signe a round robbin to the Governor that he may take steps to have the money returned. We now pologise to you, Mr. Mare, for this long yarn, but bein in such grate distress, we hopes you will take pity pon us, and shew to the Governor and the public, that something may be done for our distressed case.

We are, your honor's humble servant, to command,

NED DOVERTOPAY,  
BILL WATCH, DONE BROWN.