

SOME CITY NUISANCES.

SHOULD not wonder, Mr. Punch, if a great judgment were to fall upon the incorporated patriarchs of this city: and indeed, they shew so little judgment in their general proceedings, that a great judgment falling upon them, might ultimately be productive of immense benefit to themselves and the suffering public. I sometimes wish the mayor was a cab-horse for a couple of hours; as then he might possibly be driven to do that to which his inclinations certainly do not appear to lead him. I am a very fat man, Mr. Punch, and yet I would be withheld by no remorse, from sitting in the cab drawn by that mayor, until I had driven him round all the purlieus of this unvisited-by-Macadam city. He should taste the delights of dirt which now wastes its sweetness upon his disregardful nostrils; for I would insist upon "watering" him at one of the stagnant pools in which the eastern portion of the city is reflected, and which have just put by their miasma till summer, as we do our ducks; intending to come out pretty strong in it about the first of May or so. There is no lane in Toronto so long that it knows no turning; for they are all turned up by those ancient and respectable ploughmen the pigs, which carry on their deep investigations undisturbed by the policeman. I would cause my cab-horse, then, to drag me through the glutinous mire of these localities, and, if possible, manage to get him upset by a headstrong pig, so that his nose might be buried deeply in the very beastliness at which the abused citizens are turning up theirs. I would expose him, in his character of a cab-horse, to all the inconveniences and discomforts which that beast can understand better than a mere mayor. But when we arrive at the foot of Church Street, I would dissolve the spell; he should cease to be a cab-horse: for it takes a human mayor, with all the sympathies of man, fully to appreciate the extent of the nuisance there daily enacted, by the crowd of ruffians congregated around the wood depot. Are those sawyers an incorporated body of higher authority than that delegated to the city fathers? Have they a prescriptive right to obtain their old saws, as a pretext for indulgence in modern instances of the grossest ribaldry ever forced upon the ears of humanity? If not, I would beg of you, Mr. Punch, to interfere in this case; and should your hints not be immediately acted upon, I would suggest the necessity of your publishing the mayor pictorially, upon that page of your journal devoted to your principal victim. With this view I send you a sketch of him, taken through a key-hole, by an artistical friend of mine, and which is considered wonderfully like. He is represented in his coat with the frogs upon it; they being, evidently, a sort of heraldic device or allusion to the quagmire condition of our streets. Pray, Mr. Punch, take a note of the Church Street nuisance in particular. The place is a thoroughfare, and we have wives and daughters. As a *paterfamilias*, then, I trouble you thus on their account, and in the name of many of your most respectable fellow-citizens.

THE FATHER OF A FEW OF THEM.

Punch has visited the scene of the nuisance complained of above, and his unbiassed opinion is, that the hercules of the corporation could not be better employed than in the augean labor referred to. The likeness of the mayor is very characteristic; though, as a joke, Punch thinks that his worship, perhaps, would be rather broad for these columns. *Mais nous verrons.*

POWERFUL APPLICATION.

It is proverbial, that good things are but of little use unless they are well applied. We cut the following from *The Independent* of Feb. 6th.

"A chap in England, when sentenced to be hanged, made his best bow to the judge and said: 'Thank you worship kindly. I had intended to hang myself, but your worship has saved me the expense of buying a rope.'"

Could not H. B. make an application of this anecdote to the case of the annexationists.

ENIGMATICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisers should not trifle with the feelings of the community, and raise hopes simply for the pleasure of knocking them down. Imagination frequently in the columns of a newspaper discovers "desirable opportunities" which stern reality looks for in vain, and "advantageous offers" which common sense rejects; but in this practical age for a sober citizen to advertise for sale that which has no existence, and pay for the advertisement, as Punch presumes, solely for the purpose of benefiting the proprietors of newspapers, is a stretch of imagination and liberality, for which Punch must confess he was not prepared. It has long been the anxious desire of Punch to become the inhabitant of a villa in the neighbourhood of Toronto; it was therefore with unmixed feelings of satisfaction that his eye caught an advertisement in the columns of the *British Colonist*, headed

COUNTRY RESIDENCES FOR SALE,

NEAR THE CITY.

He was on the point of rushing to the subscriber Mr. Henry Hawkins, to make inquiries as to what conveniences these dwellings possessed, when he read that the said subscriber had "laid out into lots of twenty-five acres each, No. 33 in the 3rd concession of York," which "presents a favorable opportunity for persons wishing a country residence."

If Mr. Hawkins' idea of a country residence is a vacant lot of twenty-five acres, all Punch can say is, that his idea is a singular one. He certainly asserts that two of the lots "are well timbered with white oak," but men are not birds to dwell on branches. The only solution Punch can give to this enigma, is that Mr. Hawkins is an Irish bird, and can be in two places at once, and that he is enabled to inhabit a country residence in one place, and occupy a comfortable cabbage garden of twenty-five acres in another: he therefore forgot to state where the "country residences for sale" were situated, and only mentioned the cabbage gardens. But Mr. Hawkins should have remembered that every body is not a bird.

However, Mr. Hawkins is not alone in his hallucination, as witness the following advertisement of that which is not.

PROVINCIAL JUSTICE,

THIRD EDITION,

BY W. C. KEELE, ESQUIRE.

Does W. C. Keele, Esquire, really believe that such a thing as provincial justice is in existence. Then indeed is he a man who has faith, and one who would be a treasure to a railway company, as by faith he could remove mountains. Provincial justice a reality? Nonsense! Can W. C. Keele, Esquire, dream that the people can be convinced of such an absurdity, in the teeth of the passing of the Rebellion Losses Bill, the establishment of the New Court of Chancery, the paying to Wolfred Nelson's creditors £23,000, which they lost by his rebellion, while William Lyon Mackenzie's creditors, because he rebelled, have no compensation. If, indeed, provincial justice did exist, Punch would not be surprised to see it offered for sale; justice is rarely given away, every thing in Canada is sold; the people are sold daily; even Punch is for sale every Saturday, at four pence a copy.

CONTEMPORANEOUS OCCURRENCES.

Annexation consummation.
Completion of the Great Western Railroad.
Building of Brock's Monument.
Stoppage of the issue of debentures.
Great Britain giving up Canada.
Abolition of slavery in America.
Seasons satisfactory to farmers.
Discovery of a disinterested politician.
Lord Elgin leaving Canada until compelled.
Henry Sherwood refusing a judgeship.
Last death of the oldest inhabitant.
Publication of the last number of Punch.
DOOMSDAY.