

THE MAN AND THE BOY.

The unfortunate man and the interesting youth, who are compelled to barricade themselves in the Toronto Post Office from the ruthless attacks of the earnestly expectant enquirers for letters, still continue their perplexed occupation, although under the most agitating circumstances. But if the unhappy officials get but little rest, it is gratifying to know that the letters have a great deal, frequently enjoying an undisturbed repose of hours, from the utter incapacity of Mr. Stayner's staff to disturb them by a precipitate delivery.

The only satisfaction Punch has derived from the Toronto Post Office is, the gratification he has experienced from becoming acquainted with the high tone of morality which pervades the inhabitants of the city of Toronto. He founds his belief on the Aristotlean, "*Dictum de omni et nullo.*" "He that possesses one virtue possesses all," said the great philosopher. Now, patience is a virtue; and if the Torontowegians are not exemplifications of patience, when taking their diurnal nap at the Post Office, Punch has no idea of that asinine virtue. Patience, then, they possess; and it follows they are a virtuous people, although it may be said they make a virtue of necessity. Every thing Imperial seems in this colony to be fast asleep; we cannot therefore be much surprised that the Post Office partakes of the general character. The Hon. Francis Hincks has been waking up the Collector of Customs; can he not try his hand on the Post Office authorities.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Punch has received the following communication from an anxious lady with an enquiring mind. It is dated from nowhere and bears the post-mark of February the fourth.

DEAREST PUNCH.—Having been for many years a collector of curiosities, and being about returning to England, after vainly endeavouring to add to my collection, from this wooden country, I feel a great desire to possess the "Pocket Piano" advertised in the *Colonist*. I enclose a copy of the advertisement.

FOR CASH—PRICE £30.

A SUPERIOR POCKET GRAND PIANO, with Music Stool, the property of a Gentleman who has left the country. Apply at this office.

British Colonist Office. }
Toronto, 28th January, 1850. }

I have already a parasol enclosing a bed, a table, and a chair; a muff that furnishes sleeping apparatus for my family, and could I only add the article in question to my stock, my wardrobe would be complete. Myself, my husband and family being all musical, it would indeed be a treat to have our favorite instruments always about our person.

Will you, dearest Punch, kindly send me the necessary dimensions of "the Pocket," also what you consider the most suitable materials, not only for the safe carriage of "Pocket Pianos" in general, but also what would be most conducive, under the musical burden, to the personal comfort of

Dearest Punch,

A most sincere admirer of yourself and father,
JULIA.

Punch thinks the necessary dimensions for the pocket depends upon the size of the Piano—but if Julia never sighs until she pockets the Piano, her family must be most harmonious. The safest material for the pocket, Punch thinks, will be the softest. For instance, the head of the advertiser.

MENDACIOUS RIVALS.

In vain is the man of th' *Examiner* trying
To vie with the Government organ in lying;
Who, having a conscience that nothing can probe,
Disseminates falsehood all over the *Globe*.

EARL GREY'S DESPATCH.

Earl Grey has sent out a fire-brand to Lord Elgin, at which the Annexationists may light their pipes. It is expected by the next packet he will ship a fire engine to put their pipes out.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

Punch Office, Saturday, 6 o'clock.

We have just heard from undoubted authority, that a warrant has been issued against the Receiver-General, the Hon. Colonel Tache. His apprehension will take place to-day.

Punch Office, Saturday, 7 o'clock.

MINISTERS ARE OUT. PUNCH HAS BEEN SENT FOR. Col. Tache has made his escape.

Punch Office, Saturday, 8 o'clock.

Punch's own walker, who issued the astounding announcement which have set fire to the minds of millions, has been humbugged. The warrant against the Receiver-General was one for ten dollars, issued from the warrant office. The apprehension of Col. Tache was, that he could not pay it in cash.—As for the rumour that Ministers were out, that need have caused no astonishment, they having been notoriously out in their judgment ever since they came in. Punch was sent for by his washerwoman to identify a curious piece of filagree work, a thing of shreds and patches. Col. Tache made his escape from paying cash by serving out a debenture.

COURT CIRCULAR.

THURSDAY, 6th.—Charles Durand, William Edwoods, and W. H. Boulton, Esquires, had the honour of dining to-day with the Vice-Regal party at Elmsley Villa.

FRIDAY, 7th.—His Excellency very much indisposed to-day. The physician in attendance gives as his opinion, that his Excellency's illness proceeds from grief and disappointment; having just received in answer to his petition praying for the vacant sinecure of Queen Dowager, that although he was eminently possessed of most of the qualifications required, yet, being deficient in all the virtues and noble qualities which distinguished the late lamented old lady whom he prayed to succeed—especially in those of charity and liberality—her Majesty could not for one moment entertain the idea of filling the vacancy by the unpopular appointment of an old woman who has not one feeling in common with her generous English people, and whose chief recommendation, as set forth in the petition, is that of Dignified Neutrality.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A dignified and prudent peer,
Who can't remain much longer here,
Wishes to sell, before he goes,
A lot of excellent old clothes;
A good Scotch fiddle, newly strung,
A quantity of stable dung;
A rat-trap, a large loose-fish net,
And a most curious Cabinet.
The public may obtain advice
From Malcolm Cameron, as to PRICE.

FEARFUL FIX.

The *Globe* has determined on taking no more notice of the *Examiner*. The *Examiner* had better cease to publish.

(From our worst Contributor.)

Why ought the old reform party to make capital gruel for the people? Because they are "clear grits."

Why are policemen like the days of man? Because they are numbered.

The Matron of the Lying-in Hospital wishes to acknowledge, through Punch, the receipt of one quart of table beer, one pint of lemonade, one pound of crackers, the legs of a roasted turkey, and half a pound of ginger bread—kindly furnished by his Excellency the Earl of Elgin; being the remains of the supper at the Government ball, on Tuesday, the 5th instant.

Feb. 7, 1850.