

CANADA AND ITS COUNCILS.

Let every Reformer reflect that Mr. Lafontaine is the head of the Administration, and having nearly one-half of the House to back him, can choose his Upper Canada colleagues.—*Globe*, April 1, 1850.

This paragraph should have been published on April the first, All Fools-day. The *Globe* might then have pleaded his privilege to joke with his readers. But seriously to put forth the opinion that Mr. Lafontaine, in himself, is the Alpha and Omega of the provincial Administration; that he and his bigotted-priest-humbugged worshippers are to say to Upper Canadians, "thus far shalt thou go but no farther," is a stretch of political serfdom for which we did not think the *Globe* was qualified. But the ugliest member in the government body is beautiful exceedingly in the eyes of the *Globe*. His perseverance in shouting beauty where only deformity exists, reminds Punch of a story told by one of his great progenitors of the sixteenth century.

"Serene and balmy was the 9th of June morning, fifteen hundred and forty-nine, when three men, dressed as heralds and superbly mounted on pie-bald horses, appeared in the streets of Utrecht. Immediately behind them, mounted on a mule richly caparisoned, rode a man, or rather a human bundle—a hunchback, with his right leg less than a goose's over-roasted drumstick; the leg was moreover bowed like a pot-hook; and, as a first was thought, that its deformity might be fully seen, was without hose or shoe; in plain words—it was a naked leg. The dwarf was followed by six horsemen handsomely arrayed and superbly mounted."

"The procession halted before the Burgomaster's door, when the Herald, putting their trumpets to their lips, blew so loud a blast that every man's money danced in his pocket. The crowd with gaping mouths and ears awaited the proclamation of the Herald, who thus unburdened himself.

"Let it be known to all corners of the creation, that our most noble, most puissant master, now present, the right valorous and worthy Vandenhoppenlimpen, has the most perfect right leg of all the sons of the earth! In token whereof, he now exhibiteth the limb, wherewith let all men shout and admire."

"On the instant the dwarf cocked up his withered stump, self complacently laying his hand upon his heart, and at the same moment the crowd screamed and roared, and abused and reviled the dwarf, whilst some ancient market-woman discharged ancient eggs and withered apples at him,—and the procession, followed by the roaring populace, made their way back to their hostelry.

"The next morning, at the same place and like hour, the same proclamation was made. Again the undaunted dwarf showed his limb, and again he was chased and pelted.

"And every day for six months, the unwearied heralds proclaimed the surpassing beauty of Vandehoppenlimpen's right leg, and every day the leg was exhibited, and after a time, every day the uproar of the mob decreased; and the leg was considered with new and growing deference.

"After all, we must have been mistaken—there surely is something in the leg," said one contemplative burgher.

"I have some time thought so," said another.

"Tisn't likely," answered a third, "that the man would stand so to the excellence of his leg, unless there was something in it not to be seen at once."

"It is my faith," said the burgomaster's grandmamma—"a faith I'll die in, for I have heard the sweet man himself say as much a hundred and fifty times, that all other legs are clumsy and ill-shaped, and that Vandehoppenlimpen's leg is the only leg on the earth made as a leg should be."

"In a short season, this faith became the creed of the mob; and, oh! how the neighbouring cities, towns, and villages emptied themselves into Utrecht, to gaze and marvel at Vandehoppenlimpen's leg! When he died, a model of the limb was taken, and, cast in virgin gold, is now used as a tobacco-stopper on state occasions, at the Stadt-house of Utrecht."

O! people of Canada, there are at this moment many Vandehoppenlimpens eating bread very thickly buttered, from having stoutly championed the surpassing merits of their bowed and bucked right leg.

SOMETHING NEW.

Punch has received No. 1 of a paper published in London, in a dialect which he presumes to be Welsh. The following effusion has also been sent to him, which in appearance has all the peculiarities of that language impressed upon the snow-white surface of the London periodical; but Punch has discovered the secret of reading the one, but has not yet the slightest clue to enable him to comprehend the other. The secret is to begin at the end and go backwards to the beginning.

"HCNUP OT

"Neeuq elbon ruo sselb dna, Hcnup evil gnol os,
Naelg ruomuh hserf egap gnideeccus hcae yam,
Ereanis dna ytraeh, sehsw tseb ym htiw,
Reerac thgirb yht no repsorp dna no og,
Teercsid tosm syawla tey—nuf dnucoj dna,
Tiecnoc tniauq yht ta levram I heum dna,
Ehca rethgual d'ngiefnu htiw sedis gnikaahs ym,
Ekam snmuloc yttiw yht, Hcnup gnlikraps oot.

"NAGROM YFFAT."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Armour and Ramsay have decided on starting a monthly magazine in Canada. We understand the following papers will make their appearance in the first number:—

ON VANITY. By the Editor of the Examiner.

ON BORES. By the Hon. Hamilton Merritt.

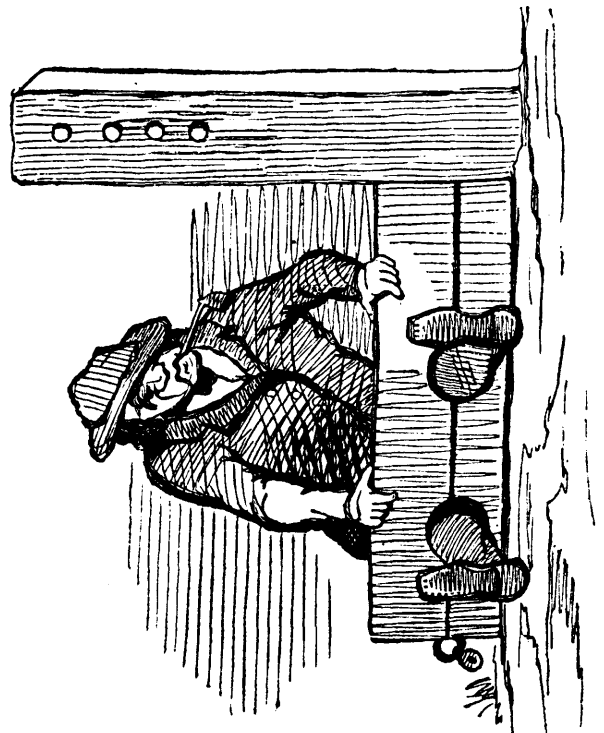
ON IMPUDENCE. By the New President of the Council, — Bourret, Esq.

ON ANTIQUATED NOTIONS. By a Committee of Protectionists.

ON HUMBBUG. By the Hon Francis Hincks.

ON DRUNKENNESS. By the Hon. Mr. Chabot.

DELIGHTS OF EMIGRATION.



A SETTLER IN THE WOODS.