

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. BELLINGHAM.

[SUSPOSED NOT TO BE ANY CONNEXION OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO SO KINDLY SHOT MR. PERCIVAL.]

Sydney Bellingham, of Bellingham,
Do you think you gain renown
By making horrid lies, and telling 'em
To all the people over town?
Do you think that men of reason
Will listen to your frothy trash,
Or that you 'll gain, by hatching treason,
Salt and pepper to your hash?

Sydney Bellingham, of Bellingham,
You never sought the public weal;
Most intent you were on selling 'em
That great humbug called Repeal.
Anything to make a splutter,
Suits the temper of your soul;—
Writer (!) lawyer (!!)—in what gutter
Will you next contrive to roll?

Sydney Bellingham, of Bellingham,
Let thy fellow-Irish be;
Why should you be still impelling 'em
On to guilt and misery?
What have you done for their cause?—
What sacrifices have you made?
Bad interpreter of laws,
Dear! has your trash been paid!

Sydney Bellingham, of Bellingham,
Hawks build in thy father's home;
Haste thee quickly forth, expelling 'em—
Seek no more, rash man, to roam.
There thy genius shall find quarter—
There thy mind more vast appear;
Go, and help to bottle beer—
Go, and manufacture beer! †

† Mr. S. B.'s ancestors have for a long time manufactured a capital article in the malt line, and Castle Bellingham beer is by good judges held to be no mean tippie.

CHILD'S AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

We understand that an Association for the Improvement of Canadian Home-manufactured Babies, is about to be established in Montreal: President, Mr. Justice Gale; Secretary and Treasurer, Colonel B. A. C. Gogy. The following is a list of some of the premiums to be offered:—

	PREMIUM.
	s. d.
For the finest specimen of a two years old baby, milk and oatmeal fed, and bred in the district.....	7 6
For the heaviest specimen of a one year old ditto, weaned at nine months and done teething—(open to the whole Province).....	5 0
For the stoutest four years old ditto, who has had the measles and cow-pox, and goes to school.....	2 6

There will also be a purse open to wet nurses, and one for boys who know their alphabet; of all of which, particulars will be given in a future number.

POST OFFICE PROCEEDINGS.

The man and the boy at the Post Office still continue their steadfast and unwearied labors, amidst the continually increasing piles of letters and papers, consequent upon the removal of the seat of Punch to Toronto. The Post-Master-General, Mr. Stayner, states that the public have nothing to complain of in the postal arrangements: we shall see; but if on St. Valentine's eve, his meagre Toronto staff is not smothered, Punch is no prophet. The man and the boy are at present up to their necks in the dangerous slough of public correspondence, and must soon be over head and eyes.

THE MIRROR'S REFLECTIONS.

When mirrors are cracked, their reflections become distorted. Punch fears this is the case with the *Mirror* of King-street. Its reflections have been dreadfully distorted of late. It is no longer worthy of being called a mirror, but should be cut up and converted into shaving-glasses. If the *Mirror* has the fortitude to sacrifice himself thus for the purpose of a popular shave, Punch promises to find the lather.

NOT UNLIKELY.

It is reported that Lord Elgin has applied to Earl Grey for the vacant appointment of Queen Dowager, which is valued at one hundred thousand pounds a year and perquisites. The ground of the application, as we understand, is, that the appointment in question is always filled by an old woman.

THE TORONTO POST OFFICE.

The Toronto Post Office should be a stationer's shop, for certainly the letters contained therein are stationary.

Punch, on the appearance of the last official Gazette, sent his boy with a clean face to inquire after the health of Mr. H. J. Boulton—the answer was that Mr. H. J. B. was pretty poorly.

VERY ODD.

Why is lawyer Johnson, Q. C., (query!) like the temple of Solomon? Because he is Frank-incensed.

The gentleman who sent the above infamous joke all the way from Montreal, has, at the request of Pnnch, been handed over to the mercy of the Fortin dragoons.

SPECIMENS OF CONTRIBUTIONS.

NO. II.

COOLNESS OF LORD ELGIN.—The personal courage of his Excellency the Governor General has never been doubted.—During his first visit to Toronto, Mr. Mayor Gurnett, forgetful of all propriety, rushed into his chamber and exclaimed, "My Lord, my Lord, all Toronto is about to rise!" "What o'clock is it?" says the Earl. "Ten, my Lord," answered the Mayor. "Then I will rise myself," said his Lordship, very calmly, "for I think every one ought to rise at ten o'clock."

IMPROMPTU on Mr. Hincks losing his watch during the late flare-up at the Custom House.

He who a watch would wear, two things must he do:
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

Why is a fire at a hatter's the most serious? Because the loss is felt.

Punch presents his compliments to the kind friends who have sent him these *original* contributions. He shall be happy to hear from them again. Can any one re-write Mr. Joseph Miller and forward the manuscript by post?

THE TORONTO AND LAKE HURON RAILROAD.

Many mighty moralists are singularly averse to the plan of constructing a railway by lottery. They are of the class of people whom Shakspeare describes when he says, "They would not serve Heaven if the Devil bid them." If there were sufficient love of country existing, there would be little need of raising money for the Toronto and Lake Huron Railroad by lottery; but now-a-days, hopes of great gain will only induce men to risk small losses. If pure morality alone is to be considered in the enterprises of this work-a-day world, few private or public enterprises would be carried on. Punch may even ask, "How many churches would be built?"