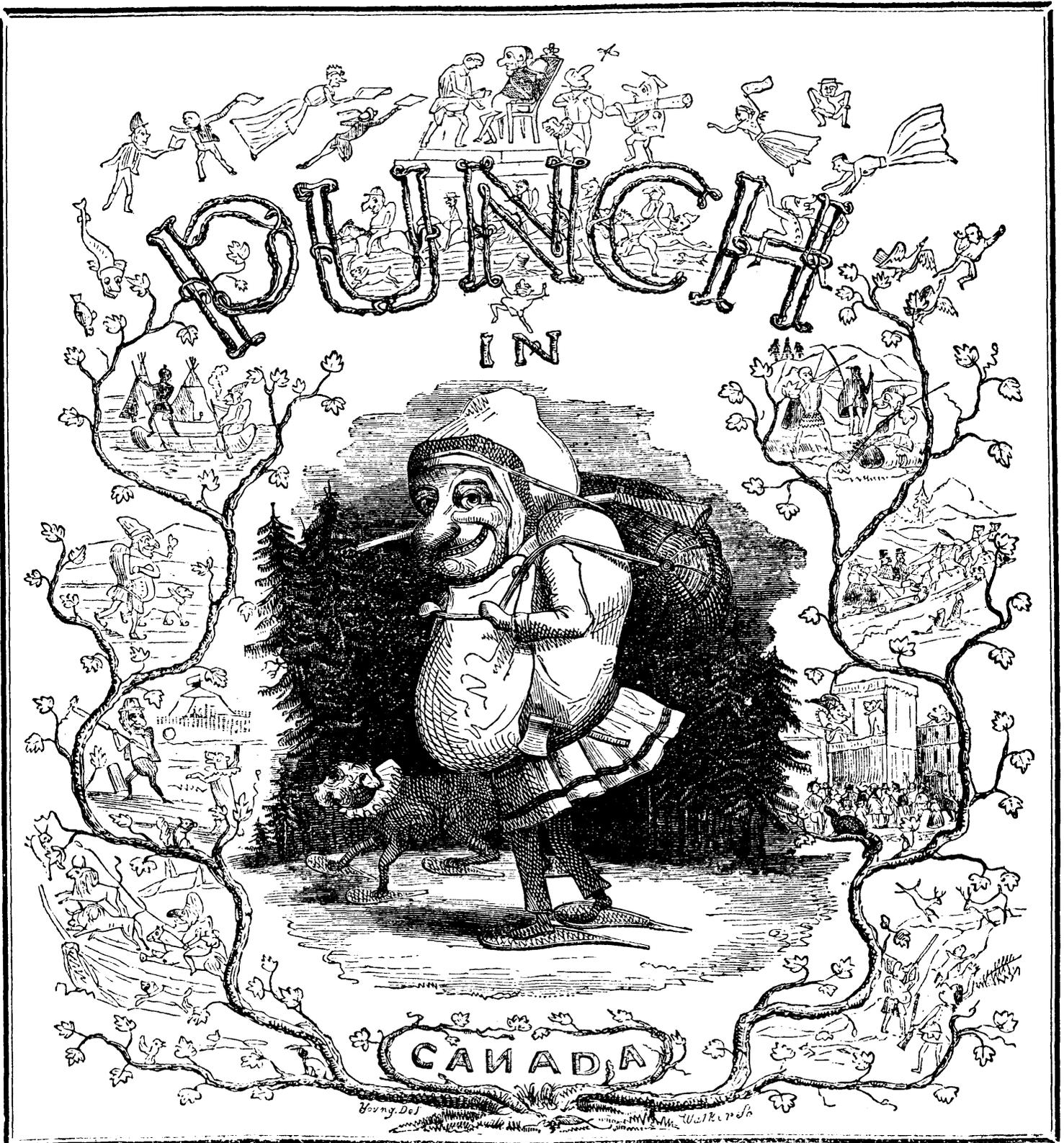


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PUNCH'S ADVERTISING PAGE.

TORONTO, SIMCOE AND HURON RAILROAD UNION COMPANY.

UNION OF INTERESTS.

Capital—\$2,000,000.

An extensive Canadian Railroad Union Tirage,
Founded upon the principle of the Art Unions of England, specially authorized by an Act of the Provincial Parliament, 12th Victoria, Chapter 199, and sanctioned by the Royal Assent of Her Majesty in Privy Council, July 30th, 1849,

Containing \$2,000,000 in Stock,

in various allotments of

\$100,000—\$40,000—\$20,000—\$10,000—\$5,000—\$2,000
\$1,000, &c.

The proceeds to be applied to construct a Railroad from Toronto to Lake Huron, touching at Holland Landing and Barrie. To be *Publicly Drawn* at the City Hall, Toronto, under the superintendence of Directors specially authorised by the Act of Incorporation, consisting of the following Gentlemen, viz:—

F. C. CAPREOL, Hon. H. J. BOULTON, JOHN HIBBERT, R. EASTON BURNS, J. C. MORRISON, M.P.P.	CHARLES BERCZY, J. DAVIS RIDOUT, GEORGE BARROW, ALBERT FURNISS, BEN. HOLMES, M.P.P.
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Bankers:—Commercial Bank, M. D., Toronto, and its various Branches in Canada.

Every number to be drawn, and each number to have its fate decided in accordance with the plan directed by the Act of Incorporation.

Fourteen days public notice to be given previous to day of drawing.

F. C. CAPREOL, Manager,
Appointed by the Board of Directors.

GRAND PLAN:

2 magnificent allotments of \$100,000 in Stock.....	\$200,000
6 splendid do of 40,000 in Stock.....	240,000
10 extensive do of 20,000 in Stock.....	200,000
16 large ditto of 10,000 in Stock.....	160,000
20 allotments of 5,000 in Stock.....	100,000
50 allotments of 2,000 in Stock.....	100,000
100 allotments of 1,000 in Stock.....	100,000
250 allotments of 500 in Stock.....	125,000
500 allotments of 250 in Stock.....	125,000
2,500 allotments of 100 in Stock.....	250,000
5,000 allotments of 50 in Stock.....	250,000
7,500 allotments of 20 in Stock.....	150,000
15,000 allotments, amounting to.....	
	\$2,000,000

100,000 Contributions amounts to.....\$2,000,000
Being little more than five blanks to an allotment!!

Contributions \$20 each; Halves and Quarters
in proportion.

SCRIP will be issued for allotments, within forty days after the drawing, on payment of twelve per cent. thereon, in compliance with the provisions of the Act of Incorporation.

This Grand and Important Plan is particularly deserving of attention from every class of the community in Canada and various parts of the United States, whether directly interested in Railroads or not. It has been projected as a great public advantage, that of opening a Railway communication across the Peninsula to the Far West, in connection with the lines now finished from New York and Boston to Oswego—thus rendering the Northern Route, by Toronto to the Western States, shorter than any other by several hundred miles—the distance across the Peninsula being only about Eighty Miles, thus avoiding the circuitous and dangerous route by Lake Erie and the Southern shore of Lake Huron.

It is presumed that when this line of Railway is finished, it will be the best paying Stock in North America.

Applications for Tickets (enclosing remittances) to be addressed, (post-paid,) to

F. C. CAPREOL,
Manager.

Union Tirage Hall,
Toronto, 1st January, 1850.

PRINTING PAPER.

CONSTANTLY on hand, at the Warehouse of the
YORK PAPER MILL, *Yonge Street, Toronto,*
and at the Store of HELLIWELL & Co., *Hamilton,*

PRINTING PAPER,

of a first-rate quality, of which *Punch* is a specimen, of the following sizes:—

18×22, 21×31, 23×33, 24×34, 25×39, 26×40,
18×24, 22×32, 24×36, 25×37, 26×38, 26×41.

Any other size required made to order at short notice. Writing and Wrapping Paper also on hand.

J. EASTWOOD, JR., & CO., *Toronto,*
C. L. HELLIWELL & CO., *Hamilton,*
Proprietors of the York Paper Mill.

Jan. 25, 1850.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hôte, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars apply at his Office.

FALL GOODS FALLEN!

THAT goods manufactured expressly for a fall, should tumble is not to be wondered at! but that they should be up and down at the same instant of time may appear strange! But "truth is stranger than fiction," and MOSS and BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Clothing, &c.,
180 St. Paul Street,

Assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all the ups and downs are not so advantageous to the PUBLIC OF MONTREAL! as the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT is gone up, and Montreal is down (in the mouth.) Rigid economy will soon purse up the mouth of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

MOSS'S FAR-FAMED MART,

the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues, and repair the "RUIN AND DECAY" so piteously spoken of in the GREAT ANNEXATION MANIFESTO. A saving of 10 per cent. is granted to all WHOLESALERS and RETAIL customers of Moss and Brothers, whose Stock is the largest ever offered for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail Department will be found every article of Fall and Winter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Furs, &c. &c. and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings. Clothes made to order, under the superintendence of a first-rate Cutter

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul St.

ASSEMBLY HOTEL,

127 King Street West, Toronto.

THE Subscriber having expended a large amount on the fitting up of this new and splendid establishment, respectfully informs his friends and the public, in consequence of his arrangements being completed, that he is now fully prepared to accommodate in the best style and on the most reasonable terms those gentlemen who may favour him with their patronage.

A TABLE D'HÔTE every day from one to two o'clock. Private Dinner Parties supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Orders for Luncheons, Suppers, &c., attended to on the shortest possible notice.
JAMES ELWOOD.

P. S. Gentlemen wishing to Mess together, can have dinner at any hour they may desire.

BOSTON BOOK STORE,

AND

GENERAL PERIODICAL AGENCY.

THE Subscriber respectfully intimates to the inhabitants of Toronto, that he has opened a branch of the above establishment at No. 6, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING STREET, for the sale of Cheap Literature. Having made arrangements with the principal Publishing Houses in the United States, he is enabled to sell all Books, Periodicals, &c. at Publishers' prices.

The New York, Boston and Philadelphia Weekly Papers received, and single Nos. for sale. Catalogues ready in a few days, and will be delivered gratis on application at the store.

B. COSGROVE.

Toronto, Dec. 24, 1849.

BONUS

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE

Toronto Patriot.

THE Proprietor of the *Patriot* having made arrangements to purchase a number of copies of
PUNCH IN CANADA.

Will be prepared to supply them to all Subscribers to the *Toronto Patriot* paying in advance, at a subscription of *Six Dollars per annum* for the two publications.

The Weekly Patriot

Is published for 10s. per annum, or 7s. 6d. cash in advance. It is by far the largest and cheapest newspaper published in Canada.

ROWSELL & THOMPSON,

Printers and Publishers.

Toronto, Dec. 21, 1849.

MRS. CHARLES HILL,

PROFESSOR AND TEACHER OF

DANCING & CALISTHENICS,

RESPECTFULLY announces that her Academy for the above elegant accomplishments, is now open for the season, in the Large Room, first door North of the Court House, Church Street.

TERMS:

	Per Quarter.
Private Classes at the Academy, each Pupil	£2 10 0
Public " " " " " "	2 0 0
Twelve Private Lessons, at the Academy..	2 0 0
Six " " " " " " " "	1 5 0
Single Lesson	0 5 0

DAYS OF ATTENDANCE.

Wednesday and Saturday—Juvenile Class from 3 till 5
Adult Class—Monday and Wednesday, from 7 till 9.

Mrs. C. H. is prepared to wait on, and receive *Private Classes* in all the *New and Fashionable Ball Room Dances*, including the

Valse a cinq temps, La Redowa, and
Cellarius Valse, Valse a deux temps.

For further particulars, apply to Mrs. CHARLES HILL, at her Academy, during the hours of tuition on Monday and Wednesday; or at her residence, late the Savings Bank, Duke Street.

Schools and Private Families attended.

Toronto, Nov. 25, 1849.

PUNCH IN CANADA

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the Subscriber to the back numbers, 7s. 6d. Subscription for one year, from date of payment 15s. 6d. Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received. DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his Office in Toronto, or to John McCoy's, Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers, away from the Metropolis, will be increased one half-penny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

Punch informs every body that Mr. J. McCoy of Montreal, has the entire wholesale agency for Lower Canada.

Toronto, Jan. 1, 1850.

JOHN SALT,

HATTER AND FURRIER,

HAVING removed into the spacious premises lately occupied by Bryce, McMurich & Co., has now on hand a most superb Stock of FURS of all kinds.

CALL AND SEE.

66, Victoria Row, King Street, Toronto.

January 10, 1850.

ATHENÆUM BUILDINGS,

57 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

THE ATHENÆUM NEWS ROOM,

IS NOW OPEN,

WHERE a choice selection of English, American and Colonial Newspapers and Periodicals, are regularly received.

Subscription, 12s. 6d. per Annum.

Toronto, March 7, 1850.

FAIR SUFFERERS.

By fair sufferers, we mean about ninety-nine out of every hundred of those poor dear young ladies, condemned, through the accident of their birth, to languish beneath the load of a do-nothing existence.

Ah! little think the wicked hard-working people, who have no evening parties to be forced to go to, no vehicles to be obliged to ride about in, of the miseries which are endured by the daughters of affluence.

It is a well-ascertained fact, that scarcely one of these tender creatures can be in a room ten minutes without being seized with a violent-head ache, which, more frequently than not, obliges her to leave the party, and drag a brother, a husband, a lover, or an attentive young man, away with her. If spared the head-ache, how often is she threatened with a fainting-fit (nay now and then seized with it), to the alarm and disturbance of her company! Not happening to feel faint exactly, still there is a sensation, "a something," as she describes it, "she doesn't know what," which she is almost sure to be troubled with. Unvisited by these afflictions, nevertheless, either the cold, or the heat, or the light, a sensation in her shoe-string, or some other source of pain, oppresses or excruciates her susceptible nerves. And when we take one such young lady, and put together all the parties she must either go to—or die—in the course of the year; and when we add up all the head-aches and swoons, and the somethings she doesn't know what; the shiverings, burnings, and other agonizing sensations which she has undergone by the end of it—the result is an aggregate of torture truly frightful to contemplate.

Suppose she is obliged to walk; this is sometimes actually the case; happy is she if she can go twenty yards without some pain or other, in the side, the back, the shoulder or the great toe. Thus the pleasure of shopping, promenading, or a picnic is embittered; thus is colocyath infused into the cordial of her existence.

If she reads a chapter of a novel, the chances are that her temples throb for it. She tries to embroider an Indian; doing more than a leg of him at a time, and strains her eyes. Employ herself in what way she will, she feels fatigued afterwards, and thinks herself well off that it is no worse.

Nine days out of ten she has no appetite; on the tenth she eats a sponge cake or a nut and is taken ill. Then comes that horrid physis. She cannot take pills; she objects to powders; and draughts are insufferable; she always takes cold after them. Poor thing! What is she to do?

Without a care to vex her, save, perhaps, some slight misgivings about the Captain, she is unable to rest, though on a bed of down. Exercise would procure her slumber; but oh! she cannot take it.

Whether earlier hours, plainer luncheons, more frequent airings in the green fields, and mental and bodily exertion generally, than what, in these respects, is the fashionable usage, would in any way alleviate the miseries of our fair sufferers, may be questioned. It may also be enquired how far such miseries are imaginary, and to what extent a trifling exercise of resolution would tend to mitigate them? Otherwise, supposing them to be ills that woman is necessarily heirress to—unavoidable, irremediable. Gracious powers! What torments, what anguish must washerwomen and servants of all work, and even ladies'-maids, endure every day of their lives.

DREADFUL OUTRAGES.

On the best authority we give notice of the following daring outrages:

The Ministers have been dreadfully beaten, in Halton, by a gang of "clear grits."

The Honorable Malcolm Cameron has been treated with barbarous inhumanity by a notorious bruiser, nicknamed the *Provincialist*. He is so much injured that the right use of *his* speech is despaired of.

The Honorable Mr. Chabot has been struck in the dark by an original idea, from the effects of which he has not yet recovered.

A NEW SONG,

TO BE SET TO MUSIC, AND ACCOMPANIED BY A SCOTCH PIPER.

Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub
Bachelors come to our dipping;
Tenets like ours—suit the sulks and the sours,
Don on our mantle and step in;
We are the saints—all others are feints;
We are the royal nation.
Look to our lives—bats, maids, men, and wives,—
The salt of this sad generation.

Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub
Damsels hither come tripping;
Contemplative Tabbies—who scowl upon babbies;
We are the jewels for dipping,
Husbands and wives—whose houses and lives
Are plagued by no infantile squallers.
Look to our tenet—your comfort is it;
All of us hate catterwaulers.

Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub,
You of saturnine complexion,
You yellow with bile, who never could smile,
Save when babies were under correction.
Hillo-ho-ho!—oh! where would you go,
Sinners, we've something to lure ye,
When angels are stript—and lovingly dipt,
The sight is a sight I assure ye.

Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub
Damsels, weakly are dipping;
Handsome and slim—moderate and thin,
And exquisite when dripping.
Oh! of a night—what crowds for the sight;
Young men and old ever in noddies,
When the dearies dip in—the mantle's so thin
They really are natural studies.

Rub-a-dub-dub—oh! come to our tub,
Slick as eels you may slip in
Without any price—be recovered in a trice,
And Christians made by dipping.
Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub,
No questions we'll ask to spite ye;
Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub
One and all, we invite ye.

HOW TO TELL FINE WEATHER FOR 1,000 YEARS.

If you desire to know whether the day will be fine, take a walk of a few miles into the country, until you come to a field where cows are grazing, and if the animals turn their tails to the wind, be sure it will be stormy; if they turn their faces it will be fine; but if some stand one way and some another, you had better toss up and accordingly as the coin gives you heads or tails, you will be able to solve the problem.

There is an admirable plan for ascertaining the state of the wind, which may be discovered even in neighbourhoods where there are no weathercocks. Take a pocket-handkerchief and wave it in the air, at the same time looking at a pocket-compass. The compass will give you the north, and the action of the breeze upon the handkerchief will give you the point from which the wind blows, and then you get at a very important fact by a short and simple process. The experiment is very successful on stormy days, but we have seen it succeed in moderate weather.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

H. B. Wilson, Esq., the proprietor of the *Independent* newspaper, has invented a new method of producing artificial cold. He now manufactures the unsold numbers of his paper into ice-pails and refrigerators: and has opened spacious premises, adjoining the office, for subjecting his patrons to the cold water cure, which precious liquid he has an unreserved power of throwing upon everything, in any quantity.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

These three words—important, if true—must be stereotyped in every newspaper office in the Colony; the contest for a priority of intelligence between the journals being such, that the editors are often put to their mettle to out-bid their rivals with some startling announcement, craftily qualified by the mystic syllables, "important if true." Punch never reads these words without feeling conscious he is about to cast his eyes over a printed lie, and is fully convinced that editor, compositor, and pressman, and all accessories before the fact of publication, were deeply impressed with the same belief. Occasionally in the effort to get up an effective report, the public instructors become mysterious; and we hear of people whom we never heard of before, doing things which are of as little consequence as the people who do them. The next subscriber who receives a paper containing an absurd report which would be "important if true," let him return it.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.

TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA,

ON

THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

My dear People,—What is the position of the government of Canada? For an answer, I refer you to my magnificent wood-cut, fresh from the artistic graver of the celebrated Walker. In very truth, it is upside down. By the term government, understand me, I do not mean the Lord of Dignified Neutrality, nor his collection of cabinet curiosities. They are but the types of the system they are vainly endeavouring to carry out; they are but the ten pins in the great game of national prosperity. You set them up, and, with a perverseness not often found in their wooden prototypes, they have knocked themselves down. It is for you to decide whether you will "set them up again" or not. I have not been unmindful of the quarrel which has lately broken out 'twixt you and them. I even prophecy from it considerable public benefit, if, as late circumstances have given me to suppose, you are beginning to be aware of your own importance, to feel your own strength, to take active measures to have your opinions respected, and to submit to no humbug or impudence from the servants you hire to conduct your affairs, when you can conveniently repress it. My soul rejoices in the prospect of a war between the old rotten remains of feudalism, as evidenced in the existence of the legal spiders, and their webs of fiction and extortion, the union of church and state, and the conspiracy of capital against labor in the system of customs and excise, or, in other words, the idiotic system called protection, and the disciples of elective institutions, free church, simple laws, free trade, and DIRECT TAXATION. It is to the two last words I especially call your attention; the idea conveyed in them is the philosopher's stone of nations. You do not see it yet, but you will. Indirect taxation is the invention of the dark ages, when the people were PROTECTED by the tender mercies of kingcraft and priestcraft united; when, for a consideration, kings and bishops, and abbots and lords, granted charters and monopolies, or, in other words, robbed the many to benefit the few; the monopolists then levied indirect taxes on the people for their own aggrandizement; and in those days the people were taught to believe all this was for their good—that these monopolists created labour for them and found them food and clothing, and it took hundreds of years to explode this transparent humbug; but the evils of individual or chartered monopolies at last became apparent, and statesmen set to work to do away with them—and I dare say fancied they had done so, but they did nothing of the kind, they merely took away the profits of the individual capitalist, or monopolizer, and distributed them amongst many; but the indirect tax, THE TAX ON LABOUR FOR THE BENEFIT OF CAPITAL, still continued, and you, my dear people, are still generously PROTECTED. Well, I can scarcely think but that in this new country, where prejudices are not so deeply rooted as in the old, the truth will be discovered. Peter Perry, at Markham, began the battle; and, my dear people, in this row or any other where your interests are menaced, I am delighted to say there is a cudgel in existence at my office in Yonge Street,

ready to make play for the common cause. But you want many cudgels and men to use them; and it behoves you to consider whether your leaders are precisely what they ought to be. Some two years since you thought them sterling gold. Are they not sounding brass? Are they not "artful dodgers?" Are they not worshippers of the omnipotent, unfathomable Goddess of Humbug? This is for your consideration, my dear friends; ponder it deeply.

Remember that the old Reform battle is decided, and in your favour; that you have but to make your wishes known to have them granted; elective institutions are yours for the asking. You have, therefore, but one great principle to fight for, because there is but one great question before the country, and that is not annexation. This assertion may startle you, but it is so. All parties will eventually resolve themselves into protectionists and free-traders. Annexation or British connexion will be decided on these grounds. The protectionists, whatever they may now call themselves, will become annexationists; the free-traders will stick to sound principles and the old flag,—and that the latter may triumph is the fervent wish of,

My dear people,

Your most obedient servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

STEREOTYPED PARAGRAPHS.

THE GLOBE.—(*Every Tuesday*).—"We copy the following admirable article from the *Hamilton Journal & Express*."

JOURNAL & EXPRESS.—(*Every Wednesday*).—"The following very sensible remarks appeared yesterday in our talented contemporary, the *Globe*."

CITY NEWS.

In consequence of the thaw, prevailing for the last few days, the passage of King street has become doubly dangerous. The mean quantity of mud has become frightful, in consequence of the mean conduct of the Corporation. Pedestrians complain of its being very hard, but we have stepped into it and find it very soft.

GOOD REASON.

The Montreal Corporation will not pay for lighting the streets. The reason of this obstinacy is, that they will not lend themselves to illuminate a city which, they maintain, the less that is seen of it the better.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An individual signing himself Thomas McGinn of the Montreal Jail, wants to know what has become of all the money deposited in the Montreal Provident Savings Bank—Punch refers him to Messrs. Torry, Payne & Co., Wine Merchants, or to Messrs. Musson, Benjamin & Co.

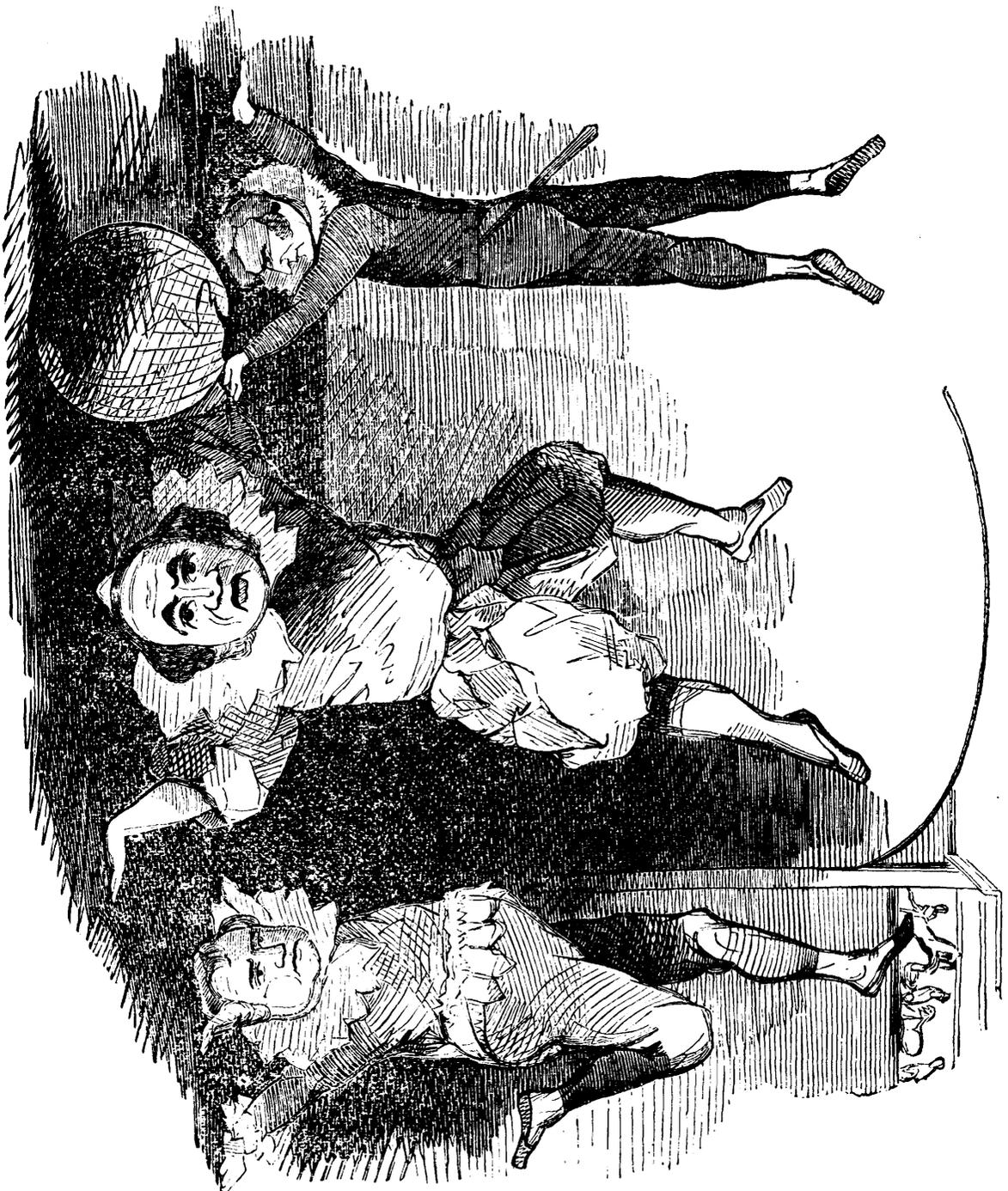
POLICE OFFICE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following has been stopped by Mr. Jones of Bay street: A tooth with some gold about it.

INSANE PERSON FOUND.—He describes himself as a regular old fashioned protectionist and church and state Tory. His friends are particularly requested to come forward.

FOUND.—A large quantity of lead in sheets. From the wrapper it appears to have been issued from the *Globe* office. If not claimed, it will be thrown away, as it is not likely that anybody will buy it.

DESERTED HIS OLD FRIENDS.—HON. MALCOLM CAMERON.—He is supposed to be looking after a place. He has several written characters, one of which lately appeared in the *Examiner* newspaper.



THE ACTUAL POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE PELL MEDAL.

Renown'd be the name of old Johnny Pell,
 In rhyme let his greatness be told,
 He coaxed the Bruce to come out of his shell,
 And to promise to give away gold.
 To give away gold! astonishing to tell,
 To give away gold! aye, twelve pounds ten—
 This feat must renown thy name, Johnny Pell,
 As that of the cutest of men.

Sure Watts with his Engine in days of old
 And Fulton who started the paddle,
 Were not so ingenious in getting of gold,
 As John with his beg-letter twaddle;
 For the pockets of Bruce though guarded so well,
 Now yields to "mechanical skill"—
 The prize should be thine, renown'd Johnny Pell,
 It should be, if Punch had his will.

Now, Committee of management mark me well,
 And list to friend Punch's advice.
 Adorn ye the medal with statute of Pell,
 The reverse should bear the device.
 "This prize to him, the gen'rous Elgin gives,
 Who doth in genious excel,
 In hopes that it may urge him whilst he lives,
 To be for ever glorious Pell."

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

MOVEMENT 1. *On meeting a Lady in King Street.*—Raising the right hand to the fore part of the brim of the hat, taking the same between the thumb and the finger; divesting the head, by an upward movement of the arm, of its covering; at the same time inclining the body forwards, raising the eye-brows, opening the eyes, and elevating the angles of the mouth. N. B. The pavement may be simultaneously scraped with the right foot.

MOVEMENT 2. *On asking a Lady opposite you at dinner to take wine.*—Catching the eye of the gentleman who sits next to her, and executing a pantomimic movement expressive of pouring fluid into a glass, by way of intimation that you want him to fill hers; waiting until he has done so, and holding your own in the meanwhile, by the stand. Fixing your eyes with a fascinating expression upon her for a moment, then lowering them, and with them your forehead, till your mouth approaches to within four inches of your glass, which, having thus met it considerably more than half way, you then raise to your lips.

MOVEMENT 3. *At a lecture or sermon.*—Reclining in an easy attitude, and holding, in like manner, a single glass to your eye, through which to continue gazing at the preacher or lecturer, or you may retain the same in its place by the muscular action of the eye-brow.

MOVEMENT 4. *At a ball.*—Placing the palm of your left hand gently on a lady's waist, taking the tips of the fingers of her left in your right, and describing a series of gyrations round the room; or prancing thereabout in concert with the lady, and alternately kicking up your heels under your coat tails, and knocking them on the floor in the style of the "Southern Niggers." This is called dancing the Polka.

PUNCH'S HOYLE.

How to play at all fours.—Drink six glasses of Nash's ale, a bottle of Port, five gin-cocktails and seven tumblers of screeching hot whiskey toddy, and you will play at all fours with great ease.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Punch begs to inform his "Ardent Admirer" that beavers in their natural state are not only water proof, but washable.—John Smith can distinguish the difference between the chemical terms, a test and a precipitation, by seeing how much impudence a man will stand before he knocks you into the gutter.

PETER PERRY'S MANIFESTO.

Done into English.

FREE-BORN ENGLISHMEN :

The professions, the declarations, the vows of candidates for the honor of representing you in parliament, are as numerous as the sands of the ocean, and as ardent as my love for my country; but, with the exception of those I make, are not to be believed. Oh! my well-beloved constituency—and proud I am thus to call you; how delicious is the feeling that implicit trust has been reposed in me by your confiding minds. With what transport I feel that my adored constituency believes that I shall never, never betray its affections. The time-serving lawyer, the promise breaking place hunter, the ministerial humbugs, may flatter only to deceive; they hope to serve only their own selfish ends; but the object of the aspirations of my "clear grit" heart is to serve you, and you alone. Yes, my constituency, my sole aim is your happiness and welfare. This is the subject of my daily thoughts, my nightly dreams. Oh! with what pride, what joy, shall I rise in my place in the house to defend, with the vigor of Demosthenes and the eloquence of Cicero, those interests which are dearer to me than life itself.

It will be sweet, in advocating those questions on which we so deeply sympathize, to find the heart of my constituency is beating in unison with my own. Nor will my pleasure be less in opposing those of which my constituency disapproves. To cherish, to protect my constituency through life, to share its tranquillity, to participate in its agitation, to divide with it its joys and its sorrows, will be Paradise indeed; not a wish that my constituency can breathe shall be unattended to;—not a danger that shall threaten its beloved privileges. My constant study shall be to render the existence of the electors of this riding one dream of perfect bliss. And when the approaching session shall have passed, how pleasant, how delightful it will be for me once more to meet you and tell you what I have done, and what I have not done. Such are the blessings which your election of my worthy self has brought upon you; and you will long live to worship the hour when our mutual pledges made myself and dear constituency one. When I was Peet Perry I was yours; I am yours now I am Peter Perry, and never, my dear constituency, shall you find me the Peter who denied his master.

POESY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

The following touching ballad has been sent to Punch, from Montreal. It was written in a fit of despondency by a highly respectable female, although in humble life. It is addressed to Tomkins, a government official, and is the production of one to whom he owes—more alas! than he will ever repay. Need we say it is written by her who was—his Washerwoman.

AIR: *Mary, I believed thee true.*

Tomkins! I believed thee true,
 And I was done in so believing;
 But now I mourn, that e'er I knew,
 A chap so given to deceiving.

Few have ever scrubbed like me;
 Oh! I have washed to tatters nearly,
 The few, few shirts possessed by thee;
 Alas! you wore them too severely.

Fare thee well! yet think, ah doo!
 On one whose bosom bleeds to hurt thee;
 Who now would rather trust than sue,
 And lose her cash than not clean-shirt thee.

Fare thee well! I'll think on thee,
 Thou leavest me many a bitter token;
 For see, distracting Tomkins, see
 My iron's cold—my wash-tub broken.

PATENT GRANTED.

Colonel Prince, for "universal joints" and "eccentric movements," as applied to turning.

METRICAL COMFORT.

RESPECTFULLY OFFERED TO THE HONOURABLE R. BALDWIN.

After the fashion of the GLOBE.

Why, Robert, complain of Malcolm's disdain?
 Why thus in despair do you fret?
 Oh! cease thee to sigh, to whimper and cry
 At the "Grits,"— they 're a truculent set.

With sternness inform the contemptible spawn
 That nothing you'll give to the crew,
 Then *perhaps* you'll beguile, them to come with a smile,
 And sue flat on their faces to you.

Pray keep your blood warm, if you wish to reform
 The mongrels, who yelp in your wake.
 Away with despair, nor longer forbear
 Your soul from its thralldom to shake.

Oh! quit the concern ere let your brain burn
 With the crimes of the false and the evil;
 Sustain your fair fame, don't sully your name,
 But send the "clear grits" to the devil.

Leslie and cant, Caleb and rant,
 To Perry and Sanborn annexed;
 With David Kinnear, make very small beer,
 So don't let your heart be perplexed.

OPERATIONS UPON THE EYE AT THE MONTREAL EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.

Within the last few days we have witnessed some very interesting and skilfully performed operations, at the office of Dr. Howard, the celebrated oculist, undertaken for the purpose of removing scales from the eyes of certain annexationists, which, as the patients declared, prevented them *seeing* the policy of England in her proceedings with Canada. We have reason to know that these gentlemen were induced to undergo the experiment, from witnessing its success in the case of a poor person named *Whitney*, who, whilst labouring under the disease, had actually signed the Montreal Manifesto, but no sooner had Dr. H. removed the semi-opaque substance which obscured his vision, than he saw immediately the error he had committed, and deeply regretted his act. It is gratifying to be able to state, that in a large majority of instances, vision has been partially restored; but in one case, that of an elderly gentleman named *W. Workman*, no success is expected, for the Dr. is of opinion, that this individual's range of vision will never exceed what is barely sufficient to behold his own self-importance, for unfortunately he has so neglected his disease, that he now regards the quality as though he were observing it through one of Dolland's largest telescopes.

We understand Dr. H. intends publishing an account of this curious affliction in his forthcoming Treatise on the Eye, which, from its most prominent and striking symptoms he terms *Anglo-phobia*.

On one occasion we were shown by Dr. Howard, the auricular appendages removed from *D. K—*, a notice of which we published for the information of our readers. They were preserved in Scotch whiskey, a delicate compliment to the national prejudices of their late owner.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Elgin received yesterday several letters through the medium of the post-office: their contents, however, did not transpire—and we are therefore unable to give any particulars.

The Government House has been in a state of great activity for several days, and the Hon. L. J. Lafontaine has kept himself awake. People were passing to and fro continually. We have our own impressions as to the cause of the excitement, but as disclosures would be premature, we purposely forbear making any. We can only say, at present, that the REFORM MINISTRY CONTINUE TO HOLD OFFICE.

THE LEGAL ROGUES' EPIGRAM.

Some legal rogues, who had the charge
 Of client's snug possessions,
 Much longed to filch; but each rogue feared
 The other at the sessions.

Poor Mr. Client got his dues,
 Till one rogue whispered "brother
 Let us be wise—shake hands—rob all,
 But don't rob one another."

THE AGE OF FOLLY.

Punch remembers when wandering through the nooks and corners of old England, to have seen outrageous and ridiculous buildings which, in their immediate neighbourhood, were termed "follies." Thus he has known, "Jones's folly," "Smith's folly," "Snooks's folly," &c. &c. Ought not the Annexation movement which Lord Elgin has so hastily built up, to be called "Elgin's folly?"

Why is a man with his eyes shut like an illiterate school-master? Because he keeps his pupils in darkness.

Why is an auctioneer like an ugly man? Because he is *for-bidding*.

CURE FOR A COLD.

Punch has lately directed his attention to the readiest methods of curing colds, from a series of which he has been suffering; the complaint thus becoming to a certain degree national. Upon turning the subject over deliberately in his mind, with the pitch-fork of perseverance, and examining all the symptoms of the disease, of which sneezing is the chief, he has come to the resolution that the best cure for a cold is Peter Perry's speech, made at Markham on a late occasion, for every body will allow it is not to be sneezed at.

DREADFUL CALAMITY.

It is said that the result of the Halton election has so seriously affected one of our executive commissioners, as almost totally to deprive him of speech, so much so indeed, that if any one offers him a glass of whiskey HE CANNOT say "no" to it.

A PERFECT VACUUM.

Dr. Freeman, who has for some time past been lecturing on Bi(or sell)ology, having stated that one of the subjects on whom he experimented "could see his own inside," H. B. Wilson, to test the truth of the assertion, requested the talented Doctor to operate upon him, and on being thrown into the mesmeric sleep, looked into the inside of his own head, and declared he could see nothing in it.

DISAGREABLE VERY!—"I'll let you know I'm back again," as the rheumatism said to the leg.

A GREAT FACT.

The "clear grits" are exulting in their recent victory over the "strong government," which they affirm has been tried and found wanting. It was a trial indeed, and all the jurors were witnesses for the prosecution. One thing, however, is certain, that the country, under any circumstances, will have to pay the costs.

It is said that Lord Elgin thinks a great deal of himself, because he is just the man to think a great deal of trifles.