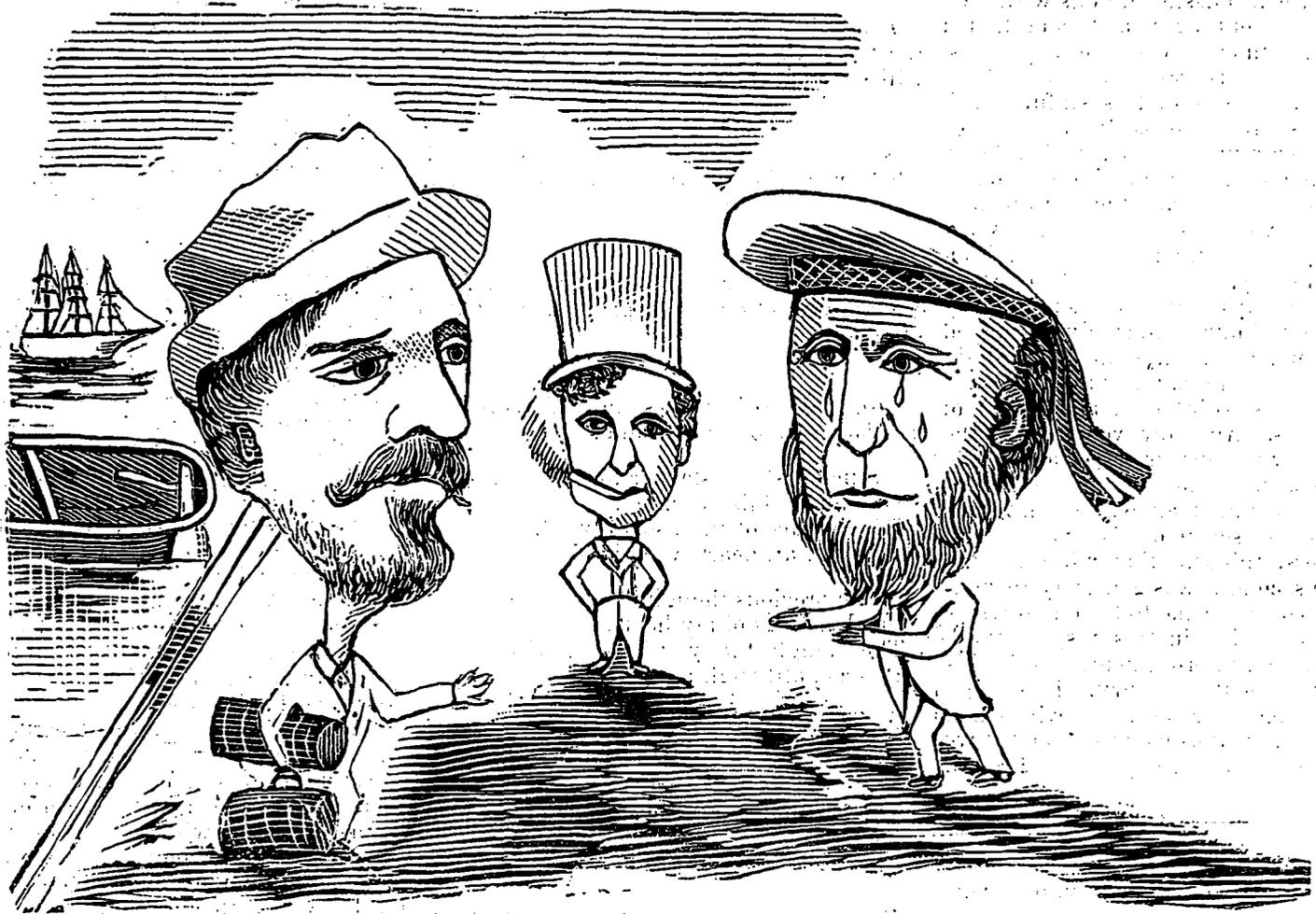


# THE PUNCH

Comic Illustrated Paper.

EDITED BY THE ASSOCIATED MASHERS.



L...D D.....N.—“ Good bye Sandy, and better luck next time. Take to the hod and keep your hand in.”  
 SANDY.—“ Guide bye me laird, and if you see a job in Cyprus, send for me.”  
 SIR JOHN A. (contentedly).—“ And don't you forget it either.”

## AN APPEAL.

(Written for *Punch* by G. S.)

Come kind friends, and mourn the fates,  
 Of Sandy and his gallant mates  
 From ship of state thus rudely cast  
 By Tories' mean majorities.

And still they come, and still they come,  
 For all Mac, says they'll tax our rum,  
 Majorities from every side  
 To swell the Tory ranks.

The “Ballot Box” it has gone through,  
 But still Girouard got in by two,  
 So don't feel so disconsolate,  
 You'll have a chance again.

The flame is out, but on the Bench,  
 He hoped to be; now, on the fence,  
 He'll sit and watch a decent chance  
 To drop on either side.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

PUNCH, on his first appearance into existence, wishes to be well received, and doubts not, but that he will. He has requested us, on his behalf to apologise for his late appearance among us; but gives as his excuse, this very satisfactory reason: that grief so overcame him on the occasion of the defeat of his old friends, Sandy Mc & Co., that he delayed his creation and preferred remaining in the chaos from which he has been now drawn.

It has been his constant idea, since he has become himself, to please and amuse all those who will deign to favour him with their patronage. And though his beginning is humble and small, he hopes that he may some day come forth, exalted and large. Depending, therefore, on a generous public, he launches out on his “sea of troubles,” (the people's fancy), and feels confident that he will get along in the world, and that he may

guarantee to himself a helping hand from his many friends. He, concluding, asks all who are desirous of forwarding his interests to come to the front and stand by the little man.

PUNCH desires the co-operation of all journals of his own standing, both in Upper and Lower Canada, in gaining a small share of public notice, and hereby asks the said journals to take cognizance of the request. He hopes too that the editor of the “Halifax Mayflower,” will do him the honour of acknowledging his receipt through his valuable columns. In speaking of the “Mayflower,” PUNCH is reminded to say that he has not seen it about Montreal of late, for which he feels grieved, as it had quite a large circulation among our presbyterian fellow countrymen here.

A true woman loveth flowers—the kind the new fall bonnets are trimmed with.

A MUCHLY MARRIED MAN.

No one can gain say for an instant, but that the sweets of matrimony are great indeed—and we need only look up a prominent Nova Scotian lawyer who has exhausted his eloquence in advocating them to prove our assertion, but there is such a thing as having even too much of the sweetest of the sweet. This fact has been beautifully illustrated recently in New York in the person of one Adolph Hoffman, who had entered into no less than fourteen blissful unions with fair partners of different ages and conditions; strange enough, in each case the happy possessor of his affections was a widow well endowed with the goods of this sinful world. He would first take possession of the poor unsuspecting creature's heart, and after a reasonable time, of her cash and other convenient and moveable articles, then on the first opportunity, he would scoot, leaving his disconsolate helpmate to mourn the loss of himself and her money. Such adventures could not possibly always terminate successfully and at last we find our hero safely ensconced within jail, where he was at home daily between the hours of 6 a. m. and 6 p. m., was visited by the most substantial and heroic of his better halves. And now we will leave the reader to his own thoughts (especially if he happens to be a husband) on the feelings of this misguided young man as he stands face to face with six or seven of his loving wives. He is, doubtless, thinking that "in the reign of James, the second it was generally reckoned, as a very serious crime to have two wives at one time," and that in this respect there has not been much improvement, even in this enlightened nineteenth century. It is a sign to make the angels droop their wings and weep. I know it makes us weep; and if we had wings we would droop them through sympathy.

It might be well to remark, in a friendly way, that those two young men who desport themselves on St. Antoine street so frequently, are spotted; and that the young lady has a brother who is well up in pugilistic exercises.

We are sorry for Mr. Laflamme, but then it was only his agent, you know, so he is not so much to blame after all. In the eyes of the law, the candidate is unfortunately responsible for the acts of the agent.

UNPLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCES.

The two men, more than all others at present, in an unenviable positions, are the Hon. Alexander McKenzie and Sir John A. MacDonaid. The former for not having appointed every man who voted for himself or his administration, to office; the latter because he is expected to do a little service for all who have stood by the fallen party, while it was down.

TAXES.

A good way for a corporation to fill its coffers is to levy a tax upon all the machine poetry written.

SENTIMENT.

"What to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care?  
He stepped on a plug of soap the girl had left  
[on the topmost stair,  
And his feet flew out like wild, fierce things,  
And he struck each stair with a sound like a  
[drum;  
And the girl below with the scrubbing things,  
Laughed like a fiend to see him come."

*Punch* is preparing to give the Marquis of Lorne a brilliant reception, and no doubt he will succeed.

Now is the time when the clothes of swells, which were thought departed, shine out again anew.

The weather waxes colder and colder, and ere many weeks, we will greet the "beautiful snow."

A stricken swain writes the following lines in a lady's autograph album:

"Since first thy slender form I met,  
One image fills my mind,  
'Tis the face of thee, so aptly set,  
To sooth a1 hearts with kind.  
"One precious thought shall ever still,  
the burnings of my heart,  
The thought that you for ever will  
Be true, although me part."

ODDS AND ENDS.

The best figure-head we know of is a book-keeper's.

As our ancestors the monkeys were all educated in the higher branches, they could not have been so ignorant after all.

Speaking of a new sentimental song, the *Voz Humana*, tersely remarks, that the words show the author to have a soft heart, and the music proves him to have an equally soft head.

Mrs. A.—"Now, Mrs. B., will you come and see our apiary?" Mrs. B. (who has been putting it off all the afternoon)—"Well, Mrs. A., the thing is you know I'm—I'm rather afraid of monkeys.

Some wretch has the audacity to remark that the ladies deck their hats with flowers in memory of the men who have been killed by milliners bills.

We think that the young girl who exclaimed on reading this line from one of Moor's songs: "Our couch shall be roses, be spanged with dew," harrid, it would give me the rheumatiz, was a very sensible one.

A London medical journal says: "A lady who practices medicine commits two faults—she increases the number of doctors and decreases the number of women."

A cheerful wife makes a happy home, because the emotion is contagious, and almost unconsciously the household is happy in response, because every member of the family is cheerful by the genial influence of the wife and mother.

"I know where there is another arm as pretty as this one," said a young citizen to his sweetheart, as he pinched her fair arm yesterday evening. The storm that quickly gathered upon the lady's brow quickly passed away when the young man pinched the other arm said, "it is this one, dear."

As we sit here to-night lonely, surrounded on all sides by papers of various kinds and dates which we cannot read, with nothing to cheer us or comfort us, our mind has got into a melancholy strain. We are not the most sentimental individual, but we cannot help it; we feel lonely; yes, we have no fair creature to make the moments pleasantly, fly on; to sooth our heart of anguish at the loss of friends, at the absence of companions; to sing to us sweet songs we love to hear; to tell us of our early loves; to remind us of days of joy that have passed; no, we are alone in the world. We wait for one to console and find none. But a voice within us bids us wait, and whispers that one will come. Every one has those times of sadness; with some they are short stayed; with others mere passing pangs; some have them for hours together; and with some they have become chronic. We pity all but especially those last we have mentioned; they live as though they did not. And feel their minutes pass like so many years, and their years like eternities, so to speak. But we know that those sorrows will some days cease. Death is the comforter, the great human consoler. We may now look on it with horror; but when it comes we will certainly receive it with pleasure. They are some, it is true, who are always unwilling to die, but they are comparatively few. We feel for them they must and will die and might as well meet death pleasantly as otherwise, for it is all the same to him. Death is the great relief provided by nature for our miseries, and if we will only have the moral courage to wait for it longingly, we shall relish it the more when it comes. By thinking of it we diminish the fancied horrors it is represented with. Thus, it is with the criminal condemned to die: at first he cannot bear the thoughts of his approaching end; another month, he thinks, and I shall cease to live; day after day however removes the fear, and when, at length, the fatal moment arrives, he is able to walk forth with all the nonchalance of one who is going to take a drive or meet a friend. By thinking of this last friend in hours of loneliness we have been frequently cheered: for as the smoke which emanates from our pipe, circles our head a few instants and then disappears, so is it with us, we come, we live, and then we die; no more thought of; no more sought.

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WANTED—150 lads to sell *The Punch*.  
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