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"Should you be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the public voice."

PROSPECTUS

OF

"THE PHYSIOG."

A Journal devoted to Wit, Humor Sport-
ing Intelligence, &c., will be published every
Monday morning, commencing on Monday,
the 27th December, 1858.

In taking upon ourselves the responsi-
bility of issuing a weekly journal, we have
no slight duty to perform. A great want
is felt by Canadian Sportsmen in having
no journal to advance their interests. In
trying to fill up this void, we will have
great difficulties to encounter, but our
field is extensive, and as several very expe-
rienced sportsmen have volunteered their
assistance, we will endeavor to do our
utmost, to keep the public posted up in
regard to Canadian sporting. We will also
constantly keep an eye to the interests of
the Citizens of Hamilton, and endeavor to
expose the sharp practices of our public
men, who, if they walk not straight, may
expect to see their portraits in our Columns.

In Politics we will be neutral, unless
obliged by the hostilities of either parties to
declare ourselves.

As soon as the plates are prepared, our
PORTRAIT GALLERY will be continued regu-
larly, and a portrait of our leading men will
embellish our columns. We will have no
hesitation in exposing humbugs, without
fear, favor, bribe or malice.

As a large staff of writers, both volun-
teers and otherwise are engaged on this
work, we ask the public for a generous
support.

Price 1½d each; sold by all newsboys
and dealers generally. No subscription
received in the City, as every opportunity
will be afforded to those wishing to pur-
chase.

Parties at a distance, by inclosing \$1,
will receive the *Physiog* one year. All
orders must be addressed to "Publisher
Physiog, Box No.—, Hamilton, C. W.," and
will receive prompt attention. No unpaid
letters taken out of the Post Office.

Publishing Office, Royal Exchange Build-
ing, Hamilton

MORPHIANA.

DOINGS.—Up to the latest advices as fur-
nished to "Bell's Life," Paul Morphy has
accomplished as follows:

With M. Laroche he has won 5, drawn 2,
lost 0; with DeRiviere, won 6, drawn 1, lost
1; with Journoud, played and won 12;
with Budzinsky, played and won 7; with
Baucher, played and won 2; with Harwitz,
won 5, drawn 1, lost 3.

Summary of even games—won 37, drawn
4, lost 4.

At P and move he has played one game
with M. Guibert, winning it; two with De-
vinck, drawing both.

At P and 2, with M. Lecrivain wins 5,
loses 2; with Lequesne wins 3, draws 1;
with Delannoy plays and wins 4.

In consultation games, lost one to MM.
Journoud and DeRiviere; but won 2 vs. St.
Amant and Lequesne; and 3 vs. St. Amant
and M. F. de L'E.

And all this in addition to uncounted
games at all sorts of odds, almost all won
by Morphy; in addition [No. 2] to "nu-
merous Chess battles in the first Parisian
salons vs. Dukes, Princes, Duchesses, and
the elite of the beau monde, hardly inter-
esting in their results to 'outside hu-
manity.'"

SAYINGS.—All sorts of things, sensical
and non-sensical, are of course said just
now about Chess at large, chess-players at
large, and Paul Morphy at largest.

"The mind's the standard of the man."

A correspondent of the "Daily Times"
thus gives some of the most pithy and in-
teresting bits: "Herr Harwitz feels sore
over his defeat, and to all the attempts of
Mr. Morphy's friends to induce him to try
another match he offers the excuse that Mr.
Morphy has not treated him well. But this
excuse is totally unfounded, and is based
upon a letter written by Mr. M. to the
editor of the "Monde Illustre, [in which
Harrwitz edits the chess corner,] correcting
some of the statements of Harrwitz in re-
gard to their great match. Morphy says
that Harrwitz has more points of excellence
in his game than any man he has ever met,
and he would only be too well pleased to
meet him again. He does not expect to

meet in Prof. Anderssen as difficult an ad-
versary as Harwitz, but this remains to be
proved. Anderssen, it is said, is 'playing
up,' and intends making a tremendous rush
on the American boy. In the meantime
Morphy continues to play nearly every day
at the Cafe de la Regence, against all com-
ers, giving odds to the weak, and showing
his brilliant points to the strong. Among
those he has lately beaten in even matches
were M. Ludinski, a celebrated Polish
player, who came to Paris expressly, and
who got beaten in seven straight games;
M. Laroche, whom Mr. Morphy declares the
best French player, and whom he beat with
ease; and M. De Riviere, a player who
stands next to, if not equal with M. Laroche,
and who, in his various contests with Mr.
Morphy, has occasionally beaten him. This
M. De Riviere is a brother of your Captain de
Riviere, of Blount notoriety. He is a gentle-
manly, handsome man, a reporter for the
Press, a brilliant chess-player, as we have
seen, and like the Captain, speaks English,
their mother having been a Scotch woman.
I ought to mention that Morphy has also
beaten, with ease, and with great mortifica-
tion to his adversary, a Frenchman by the
name of Erkel, who came and challenged
him, backed by a numerous array of friends,
with something of the air of mockery with
which Goliath defied David. It did not take
Morphy long to reduce his bombast to the
smallest possible dimensions."

THE BRAIN AND STOMACH.—It is
easy to understand the error of deep
thinking after a hearty meal. No hu-
man organs require for their duties such
an abundant supply of blood as the
brain and the stomach. These organs,
therefore, cannot work together. If
superabundant blood be excited in the
brain, when the principal circulation
should be in the regions of the stomach
the latter *must* be rendered more or
less inactive. Nothing under a spe-
cial miracle can hinder that student
from being an unhappy dyspeptic, who
persists, day after day, in poring over
his books or problems, without allowing
either time or opportunity to carry on
its functions.—*Hopley's Education of
Man.*

THE PHYSIOG.

TO OUR READERS.

We have a few words for your ears. In appearing before you (like a bashful boy entering a drawing-room for the first time), we make an awkward bow, and shake hands in a friendly manner with ALL. Having, as yet, no enemies, the tongue of slander will not be pointed at us; and even if we had, as we write from our DEN, they will be shooting their arrows in the dark.

In the legitimate discharge of our duty, as a private journalist, we may come in contact with MEN, not as a such, but as characters, with which the public have a right to deal. Being a stranger to all, we will speak of men and things as we find them.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chiel's among you taking notes,
An', faith, he'll prent it."

And not being actuated by malice, we will not prevaricate, or pervert FACTS, though at the same time using our privilege of embellishment to any reasonable extent. Having the helm in our hands, we only ask the public to walk upright, else their portrait may appear in the **PHYSIOG**.

CHRISTMAS

Is always associated in our minds with sleighing, courting, "crawly" cakes, and cider. Of the first we have seen but little, we say nought of the second, but of the last,—oh, crackey! Talk of your wines, your brandy, your gin-cocktails, what are these compared to a glass of cider!—"Phancy" to yourselves, gentle reader, the editor of the **PHYSIOG**, sitting in his own cosy arm chair, before a huge fire-place, with a cord of wood in a blaze, with a glass of cider in one hand, and a piece of "crawly cake" in the other almost as large as himself, with two bright eyes watching his every movement, anticipating his every wish, and you have a picture of our idea of spending Christmas in fine old style.

Our readers must not suppose that we are married, for all that. We love to enjoy ourselves, and do so hugely, when we are free of care, which is very often. Mrs. **PHYSIOG**, expectant, wishes you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, in which we cordially join.

A WORD TO THE POLICE.—We will pass by the slight they put on our reporter, in refusing him a place on the stand at the nomination. If we are under the necessity of putting your portraits in the **Physiog**, it will not be very flattering, and still adhere to facts.

THE NOMINATION.

[FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.]

After a great flourish of trumpets, and rattling of shillalabs, the aspirants stood before the public. "It isn't in Ireland ye are now," said a brawny Hibernian at our side, "we have all a voat hear, and will icksercise our rights. Hoorra for Magill."

The City Clerk, being rather a good looking fellow, having come forward to state the object of the meeting—as if all didn't know what they were there for—was well received. After the various nominations were made the several candidates came forward, and in the following neat and beautiful speeches thus addressed the public, as we heard it from a distance, the fuglemen on each side marking the cheers and groans.

Mr. M——I said: Gentlemen, and fellow-citizens of this our noble city of Hamilton (hear, hear), I come before you to-day, not from any pride on my own part (hear, hear), but for your good. As Chief Magistrate of Hamilton, I will see that the sword of justice (here Major Gray offers his,) shall hang with perfect safety to all,—not even touching a single hair of your head.—(Hooray.) I'm a respectable man; no one but a dastard, a renegade, or a despicable man himself despises me. [Hear, hear.] I have made my fortune amongst you. I have no fallen fortunes to build up, no energies to resuscitate. [Here some persons thinking he was getting personal, cried out, "name;" whereupon the whole crowd cried out, "more, more."] I have never been beaten in this city yet, and I never will be. It can't be done. [Cheers and hisses.] Gentlemen, gentlemen, all I ask is fair play. [Read the riot Act.] I have friends here, I know I have. If I can't speak your candidate has a poor chance. [Cheers.] I have the ladies on my side. [Cries of "Look up to the City Hall."] Gentlemen, I respect your candidate. [Here he was interrupted by some person in the stand, a man with grey hair, who should have known better. After he was expelled from the stand the speaker went on.] Gentlemen, I have done. After this able and lucid explanation of my past life, I ask your vote and interest.—[Immense cheers, which lasted several hours.]

Mr. McK——y said: I am much more capable of FILLING the Mayor's chair than my opponent. Being an old bachelor, I ask the votes of all in a like position [loud cheers]; and being also on the look out for a partner to help me bear the honors you are about to thrust upon me, [cries of "No, no,"] I ask the votes of all who have daughters. It would be very pleasant to see one of your daughters the first Lady

Mayoress elect, [far to owld for my daughters]; but added he, modestly, I am not a very handsome man, else I should have been married long ago. [Hear, hear.] In fact my glass tells me that I am growing positively ugly. ["That's so," from the crowd] I hope you don't wish to make game of me. It isn't a handsome man ye want to fill the chair, but a man with a good capacity, [cries of, "for wine,"] and a jolly red nose; one who is able to make himself at home in any company, and able to drink his doz. of Champagne at a sitting. If you are afraid of my bursting the civic chair, why, vote for my opponent, there is no danger of him doing so. [Cheers.] And now, gentlemen, leaving you to decide between the merits of the respective candidates, I will give place to Mr. M——.

In getting from the form the reporter from the "Times" stepped on his corns, and he was borne almost lifeless to the side of the shanty.

Mr. M——, in coming forward, was greeted with such a storm of hisses and groans, that it was impossible for us outsiders to hear a word he said. Cries of "Bass wood," "four dollars a cord," "Eastern Market," "Gouger," "No More," &c. greeted him at every turn. Not hearing his speech, we could not admire it; but we did admire his eloquent gestures—making a speaking trumpet of his hand, wrapping himself in his shawl, and several other monkey shines, "too numerous to mention." After the brass in his face had entirely melted away by the heat of his passion, he consented to withdraw.

Ald. D——y then came forward, and seemed a general favorite with both parties, though we think he felt ashamed of his proposer and seconder. He acquitted himself in a very creditable manner. He said,—This is a great privilege ("one dollar, one dollar,") to be allowed to elect our Chief Magistrate. Neighbors must not be by the hair in bidding against one another. (A voice—"he thinks he's selling horses now.") Either will do very well; but if I was to stand an election, they would stand no chance. (Hear, hear.) As I am unaccustomed to public speaking, (a voice, "what a —") and having a bad cold, I must decline the honor. [Cheers.]

Now comes "the tug of war." The show of hands being called for the candidates, those who should have held up their right hands held up their left, and *visa versa*. The Clerk called for a show of hands, and after a while the division was declared for Mr. M'——y. Cheers and counter cheers being given for each candidate, they shouldered them both, and bore them in triumph to their WATERING places.

A SHABBY TRANSACTION.

At a late meeting of the County Council a gentleman connected with the County Gaol was removed from his situation. For what, forsooth? Because he had served the County well and truly for TWENTY-EIGHT years, and it was time to change!! Verily, most sapient Councillors, this is the first time that we of the *PHYSIOG* have learned that a service of over a quarter of a century incapacitated a man from performing his duties. Perhaps a FRIEND was in the case.

In the next number we will present our readers with the following rich and pungent bill of fare:

Hints to young sportsmen.

Sayings and doings of Miss Malapropos.

Rambles and meditations of Paul Pry, Jr.

Our public men.

Politics, &c.

We hate apologies, though our first number is not what we would wish it to be, owing to the disadvantages under which we labor,—having been disappointed in the plates for our portrait gallery. We will try to present the readers of the *PHYSIOG* with a true picture of our first elective Mayor as soon after the election as possible.—So take the *PHYSIOG*.

Several amusing scenes occurred in the course of the nomination, last Monday. A certain rabid M'K—y man, having been pulled over to the M—ll side, rather than be seen on THAT side, as he said, got down on his hands and knees in the mud, beneath a cab, and there remained till the division was declared. Verily, he must have thought himself in bad company.

WANTED.—A few lady correspondents, to one of whom a silver goblet will be presented, for the best essay on men and their manners.

A New Way of Administering Justice.

A gentleman from Woodstock, a very respectable farmer, being in Hamilton, and having occasion to take a walk after dark, in the vicinity of King William Street, was attacked by a pack of rowdies, and severely beaten. The police arrested him, and next morning fined him \$4. Verily, this is protection with a vengeance.

Street Rambles in Toronto.

Sauntering up Front Street, opposite the Parliament House, we were decidedly "struck" by an advertisement on the inclosure of the Parliament grounds, in these words: "Use Parson's Rat Exterminator." We passed on, wondering in our own minds what this referred to: whether to the veritable "rats," or to the other (we had almost written nuisances), that infest the aforesaid buildings. Perhaps the "Grumbler" can let us into the secret.

Sparring Match.

A Sparring exhibition took place on Friday last at Mr. C. Hutton's Adelphi Saloon, at which a splendid Silver Goblet was presented to the best amateur boxer in the city. The principal contestants were Messrs. Christie, Stoman, Stevens and Mackintosh. After some very excellent sport, Christie was declared the fortunate recipient of the Goblet.

Immediately after the sparring match another very handsome goblet of the same material was presented to Master Ryan, as the best Jig dancer. It was so ably contested by Collingwood, that it was decided to present them with another to be contested for on Saturday week.

The contest between Johny Cope and Jim Brown, was very spiritedly maintained, so much so in fact, that it led the spectators to believe that there was a grudge lurking behind all their good humor.

Mr. Cope informs us that he will give a free sparring school at the above saloon, every Saturday evening, so that all wishing to cultivate this manly art will have an opportunity to do so.

Pigeon Shooting.

A pigeon matce came off at the Half-way house, Dundas road, on Wednesday last, but owing to the intense cold very poor marks were made. We arrived too late to take the score, and as the sportsmen were rather shy of giving it to us we were obliged to steal it. We therefore give our readers the benefit of the theft:

Mr H.	1 1 0 1 0 1 1
" P.	1 0 1 0 1 1 0
" D.	0 0 1 0 0 1 1
" N.	0 1 0 0 0 0
" C.	0 0 0 1 0

A Determined Sportsman.

An old story is told of a Clergyman in England, which has very seldom appeared in print, we therefore give it to our subscribers. As the story goes, he had been trespassing on a nobelman's preserves, and having been caught in the act was arrested and liberated on bail. The next Sunday, being in the pulpit delivering a very impressive prayer, when he came to "O, Lord, forgive us our trespasses," was interrupted by his lordship with, "I'll see you d— first." The sequel need not be told.

A grand shooting match was held on Flamboro' Plains, on Thursday last, but being too busy with our publication we were unable to attend. The landlord of the Grove Cottage would oblige us by sending us the particulars, with the score.

FOUND.—A lady's work-box containing little odds and ends, with a large bundle of unaddressed letters. The owner can have the same by applying by letter to our office, otherwise, if not called for, our readers will see the inside.

OLD HORSE.—The Royal Morgan, well known as the Steele, or Cream Horse, is THIRTY-SEVEN years old. He is owned by George Gregory, of Northfield, Vermont. He eats no hay, but subsists chiefly on meal, oats, shorts, potatoes, &c., and appears in a thriving condition. His step is still quick and nervous, and trots as square as ever. He will be quite a curiosity, as he is the oldest horse known to be living.—"Clipper."

ANOTHER CHAMPION STRUGGLE.

A contest for the championship of America in the matter of eating, is announced at Cleveland. According to the preliminaries, the contestants are to go outside the city limits, and there eat mush and milk until one or the other explodes—the one who does not explode to be declared the victor.

We clip the following from a "Spectator," published in London, May 4, 1710, which for originality stands unrivalled:—"The Americans believe that all creatures have a soul, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones.—They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses, and as any of these perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women."

STAKEHOLDERS.

We clip the following from the *Clipper*, as a warning to those concerned. In reference to two bets, which have recently been made, says:—"In both instances have the stakeholders been sued by the losing party, although the money was given up to the winner according to the decision of the referees in whose selection both men had a voice. To act as referee or stakeholder, in these days, is a thankless task, and but few men can now be found to assume either position, knowing the dangers, responsibilities and risks attached to them. No matter what may be the issue of an event, no matter how fairly conducted, the stakeholder is liable to the loser for his share of the stake money should that worthy institute a suit for the same. It comes under the "Gambling Act," and unscrupulous characters, knowing this, take advantage of this incentive to roguery and rascality, and, though the stakes may have been handed over to the winner, yet this contemptible law holds the stakeholder responsible to the losing man; and, if sued, he is compelled to pay the money out of his own resources. We have always set our face against men who would be guilty of so contemptible a proceeding, and refused to recognize them thereafter in any way. For a time we thought we had heard the last of suits against stakeholders by losing parties, but recently we are sorry to see a disposition evinced to revive this mean and unprincipled dodge. The only way to put it down, is, for all sporting men to cut the characters who adopt such a course, and refuse longer to associate with or recognize them. It is bother enough to hold stakes, without being put to the additional trouble and expense of contesting a law suit. Care should be always exercised in selecting a referee, but when once chosen, his decision should be respected, as from that decision there is no higher authority to appeal to. Let us hear no more of these suits against stakeholders.

HOOPS.

We consider the following so apropos, though written a century and a half ago, that we cannot forbear inserting it:

"The women give out in defence of these wide bottoms that they are airy, and very proper for the season, but this I look upon as only a pretence, and a piece of art, for it is well known that we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather; besides, I would fain ask these tender constitutioned ladies why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them?"

I find several speculative persons are of the opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hooped petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a woman's honor cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of network and lines of circumvallation. A female who is thus invested in whalebone is sufficiently secure against the approach of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Eth-eridge's way of making love in a tub, as in the midst of so many hoops.

"Should this fashion get among the ordinary people our public ways would be so crowded that we should want street room. Several congregations of the best fashion find themselves already very much frightened, and if the mode increases I wish it may not drive many ordinary women into meetings and conventicles. Should our sex take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches, [and who knows what their indignation may lead them to,] a man and his wife would fill a whole pew."

BRUTES! BRUTES!

Truly this is a progressive age, whether in art, science, or moral reform. But a few months ago, and the press of New York could scarcely find language strong enough to apply to our pugilistic friends, when speaking of that much abused class. They were placed on a footing with the brute creation, and the veriest cur that ever carried his tail between his legs was the most fitting companion for a prize fighter. But, as we remarked before, we live in an age of progress, and those who once selected this brutal circle in which the pug should move, and have his being, now fawn upon, and caress the prize fighter with as keen a relish

as the lover enjoys when pressing to his breast "the girl he left behind him." Is the pugilist less brutal now than he was in times past, or have those who then decried him, degenerated until they have found their proper level, and helped to swell the brutal throng? It is really laughable to notice the change that has been brought about in so short a time. Why, the respectable press vie with each other in obtaining the earliest information concerning the movements of this pugilist, or that one. Their exhibitions are as fully and accurately described as the proceedings of meetings for the reformation of "juvenile delinquents," or the learned discussions in the Board of Aldermen. We rejoice at this unmistakable evidence of reform, this tendency to right the wronged, and do justice to those who have heretofore been so shamefully belied and traduced. Verily, has it come to pass that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them. Greeley, we love thee, though thy sins have been black as the Ethiop's hide thou admirest so much. Bennett, thy return to the path of rectitude and justice enlists our sympathy, and thy short cut through Plum Gut is forgiven thee forever; even the "little villian" of the Times shall hereafter have a place in our affections, and his past villainies towards our friends be forgotten in our admiration of his anxiety to retrieve the errors of the past by rendering unto the pugs the things that are the pugs, and so on. We are all the sporting press now; we are all equally respectable; and we are a happy family of fighting editors. So let us be; one and indivisible, now and forever.—*Clipper*.

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.—Placing a quill behind your ear and fancying yourself an editor.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

[By Telegraph to the *Physiog.*]
 MEX.—The old woman's dead.

Physiognomy is the science that teaches us the character of man, from a glance at the "pate." Buy the "PHIZ," read, learn, be wise.