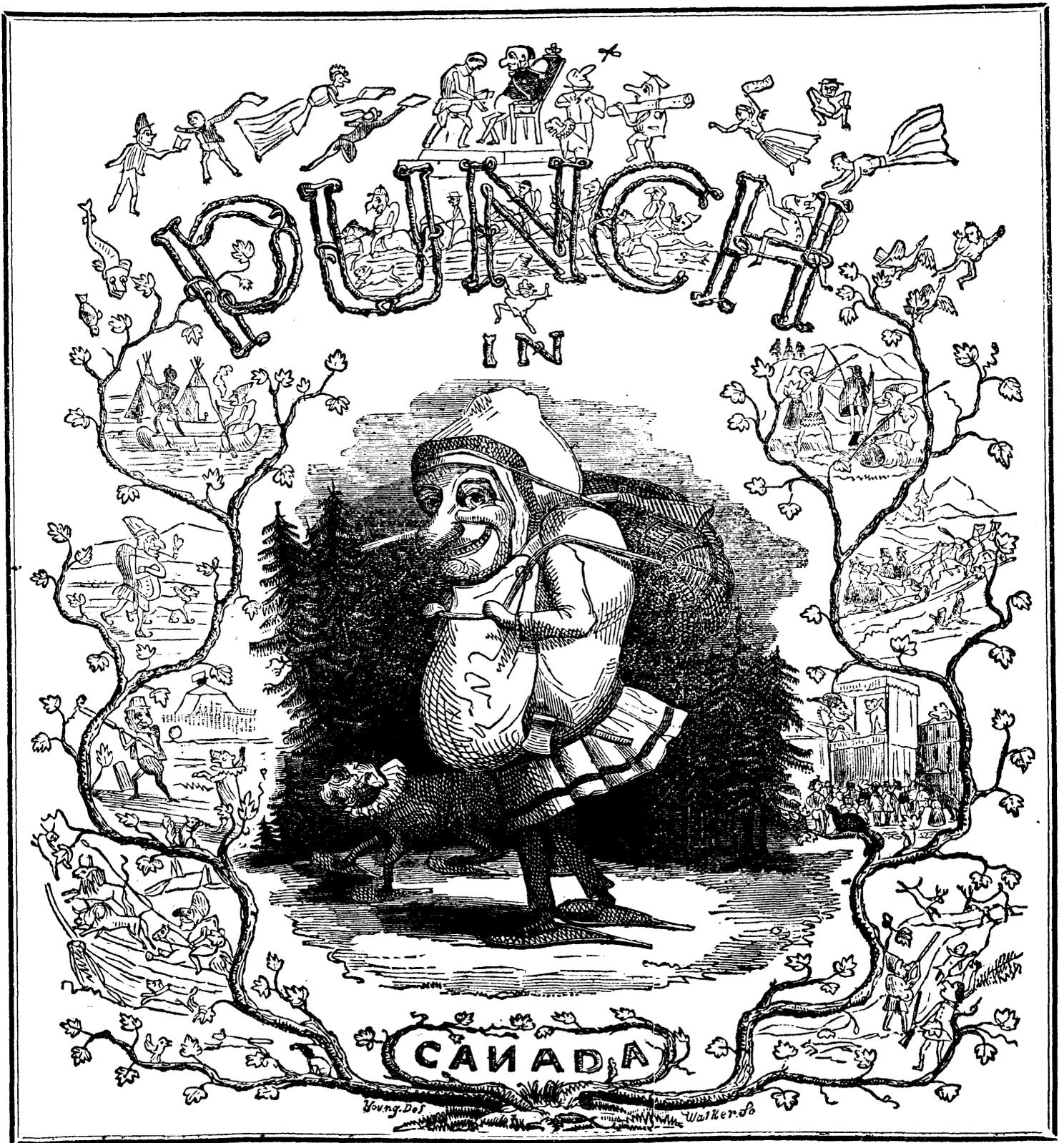


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**TORONTO, SIMCOE AND HURON RAILROAD UNION COMPANY.**

UNION OF INTERESTS.

Capital—\$2,000,000.

*An extensive Canadian Railroad Union Triage,*  
Founded upon the principle of the Art Unions of England, specially authorised by an Act of the Provincial Parliament, 13th 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, CHARLES BERCZY,  
Hon. H. J. BOULTON, J. DAVIS RIDOUF,  
JOHN HIBBERT, GEORGE BARROW,  
R. EASTON BURNS, ALBERT FURNISS,  
J. C. MORRISON, M.P.P., BEN. HOLMES, M.P.P.

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.....	\$300,000
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 Triage 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:—

18x22, 21x31, 23x33, 24x34, 25x39, 26x40, 18x24, 22x32, 24x36, 25x37, 26x38, 26x41.

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'Hotel, 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 m. th.) 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 WHOLESALE 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'HOTE 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. 20, 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. 0d. 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 BUVE, McMICHAEL & 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.

**"PUNCH IN CANADA."**

A CARD.

MR. T. P. BERNARD has entered into an arrangement with the Proprietor of *PUNCH IN CANADA*, to act as Agent for that popular periodical. He will call on the patrons of Literature in Toronto and the neighbourhood, in the course of the next week, and hopes they will be prepared to receive him with warm purses.

55, King-street,  
February 6th, 1850.

## THE POLITICS OF A PRINCE.

A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE BETWEEN COL. PRINCE, M. P. P., AND PUNCH.

*With Illustrations by Toby.*SCENE—*The Office*—Punch and Toby discovered.

(Enter Col. Prince, M. P. P.)

COL. PRINCE (sings)

"Wheel about and turn about  
And do just so,  
Ebery time I turn about  
I jump Jim Crow."

(He dances with frantic violence.)

PUNCH.—Hollo, Colonel, your voice is rather husky to-day.

COL. PRINCE.—Yes, yes: my throat is as rough as a terrier's hide. I have been coming the Independence howl, to please my Yankee clients over at Detroit. I am to represent the Yankee interests in my seat in parliament next session. Independence, you know, old fellow, will give us the right to accept Uncle Sam's invitation to his tea party; and there's no treason, you know, in talking about independence.

PUNCH.—You represent Yankee interests and slaver about the glorious republic! Gammon!

TOBY.—Bow-wow-wow-wough!

COL. PRINCE.—Fact, upon my honor. I am going to expatiate on the mighty qualities of the "*vast and magnificent republic*."

TOBY (shews his teeth).—R-r-r-r-r-wough-wough.

COL. PRINCE.—Here, somebody kick that dog. Hang the cur! did he never see an English gentleman before?

PUNCH.—An English gentleman, Colonel Prince! an English gentleman! Would an English gentleman seek to discard his nationality, disparage the institutions of his native land, and contrast them unfavourably with the lawless democracy of a union now torn with internal commotions? An English gentleman do this, bah! On what principle of honor or honesty can you justify yourself, Colonel Prince?

COL. PRINCE (indignant).—Sir, Mr. Punch, I'd have you to know, sir, I am plain John Prince. I am plain, sir, and I'll be plain, sir. I have lost nine thousand golden sovereigns, sir, and what use is there in sticking to the only one I have remaining; and as for principles, sir, I am above having any principles but those that will put money in my pocket.

PUNCH.—But what interest have you in heaping vulgar abuse on "Right Honorables, Lords and Lordings?"

COL. PRINCE.—Self interest, sir. The only great, patriotic and noble feeling, that a public man can entertain.

PUNCH.—And you call yourself an English gentleman. Well, Colonel, times have changed, indeed. Pardon me, Colonel, but what party have you usually supported in the house?

COL. PRINCE.—The glorious Yankee institutions party, sir, the real right down radical elective reform party. I despise British institutions, and the base, rascally, paltry, beggarly, contemptible, British party. I detest their policy—I—

[TOBY here collars a mouthful of the Colonel's calf and is shut up in the woodcellar.]

PUNCH.—Hollo! Colonel Prince, what are you saying? I thought you were the most loyal of the loyal. That you shot rebels like dogs; and I think I have heard you say, in your place in the house, that you should like to shoot a few more disloyal rascals.

COL. PRINCE.—I was loyal, sir. I did shoot rebels, sir. But I had nine thousand sovereigns then, and they were worth shooting for. But my sovereigns are gone, sir; and the British party is gone, sir, that is, my British party; and I can make nothing out of the other, so I turn my back on them in virtuous indignation. I am a Prince, and I intend going in for King on my own hook.

PUNCH.—But where is your patriotism, Colonel Prince?

COL. PRINCE.—Where every politician's is, sir, in my breeches pocket.

PUNCH.—And your consistency, Colonel?

COL. PRINCE.—What a green chap you are, after all. A public man's consistency! It's a popular delusion, sir. I'll tell you what's consistency, sir. When one gentleman's in and

won't come out, and when another gentleman's out and can't get in; and when both gentlemen persevere in that determination—that's consistency.

PUNCH.—I understand; but still I think it is the duty of every public man to—

COL. PRINCE (sings energetically)

"Wheel about and turn about  
And do jes so,  
Ebery time he turns about  
He jumps Jim Crow."

PUNCH.—Then it is your opinion that the prospects of the British party are not very flattering.

COL. PRINCE.—It's all up with them, as the steam engine said of the passengers when the boiler burst. Great Britain will no longer consent that capital shall grind down labor, under the name of Protection; therefore capital will rebel, and money is what makes the world wag. Therefore that wonderful nation of sympathisers, that almighty—

PUNCH could stand the nonsense of what was once the English gentleman no longer; he therefore walked towards the wood-closet, to release Toby, who was giving forth a most devouring bark. On seeing this, plain John Prince bolted, and when next heard of was drinking gin-slings at the American Hotel, with H. B. Willson, verifying the old adage, that "Birds of a feather flock together."

## GOOD INVESTMENTS.

Punch has often dreamt of having large sums of money; which dreams became so impressed on his mind, that his waking moments were disturbed by thoughts upon the most beneficial mode (to himself) of disposing of his surplus cash. With this view, he has searched the columns of newspapers, anxious to avail himself of some of the many "desirable opportunities," or "advantageous investments," which benevolent proprietors are daily offering. These Punch frequently found to be as illusory as his dreamt-of capital. Some such hallucination as he has been describing, came over him on Thursday last, when, on looking over the *Church* newspaper, the word "investment," which he accidentally caught sight of, drew his attention to the following paragraph in an advertisement headed "Subscriptions to the Church University":—

"It is a glorious work, which ought not to be delayed; and a better investment for time and ETERNITY it is impossible to conceive."

For the moment, Punch revelled in delightful anticipations his riches, he imagined, were boundless; and his imagination expanded until, in his mind's eye, he saw the vast estates he had purchased in the regions of eternity, by depositing large sums of money in the hands of the treasurers to the *Eternity Investment*, the Honourables George Crookshank, William Allan and James Gordon. But presently Punch saw that Alexander Burnside's investment was to be made by will; that is, the money was not to be paid until he had taken possession of his lot. Cautious man, is Alexander Burnside! He is not the man to lose the interest of his money in time, for the sake of the advantageous investment in eternity. And here a curious question occurred to Punch. Supposing that, as riches make unto themselves wings and flee away—suppose that Alex. Burnside's six thousand pounds, left by will, should fall short—should never be paid, in fact—how would Alexander's chance stand for the eligible investment, Punch presumes, Alexander believes himself to have made?—and who are the responsible parties for due performance of the contract?—and do the gentlemen who in this world pay fifty pounds cash down, get as large a share of happiness in eternity as Alexander, who only promises to pay six thousand after he is in the next?—and if those who pay in quarterly instalments should be hurried into that eternity, of which, by the advertisement, they have become part proprietors, do they forfeit all their share or not? These are questions on which Punch would wish to be satisfied. But seriously, why do the promoters of so noble, so wise, and so just a design as the establishment of a Church University, degrade a holy cause by an advertisement which is little short of blasphemous?

## DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.



sent instance, calls for Punch's inmates of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, whose tobacco has recently been stopped by order of the Directors of that institution. In a medical point of view, Punch's opinion is, that the moderate use of tobacco, as a sedative, is rather conducive than otherwise to that state of mental tranquillity which it must surely be the aim of every skilful and humane watcher of the disturbed intellect to induce amongst the patients committed to his charge. Punch speaks from personal experience. Like most men of a high order of intellect, he is subject to occasional depression of spirits. Imps of azure complexion will sometimes hover around his breakfast table, perch on the edge of his teacup, and leave their diabolical little foot-prints on the pats of butter. Nor can this be called "very midsummer madness;" for it is just as likely to supervene when the sleigh-bells are jingling from the frost-silvered horse-trappings, as when the swallows are twittering from the sun-scorched parapets. But the blast of British trumpet never more surely scattered terror in the ranks of a British enemy, than does the first blast of the Meerschauum in those of the blue devils. And as the white cloud curls upward from the amber mouth-piece, away on its convolutions rolls the host of horrors; while beautiful creations, winged like tropical butterflies, arise in the magic mist. Then, on the very principle of *ex fumo dat lucem*, the poor maniacs might surely be permitted to kindle an occasional flash of reason with the embers of a pipe. If Punch's blue devils are transformed to butterflies by the magic incense, might not the serpents and alligators of the lunatic loom up through its fragrant fumes, in the modified and milder form of caterpillars and cockroaches? If nothing better than this, even, came of the moderate use of the pipe, surely the directors would be better consulting the cause of humanity by thus ruling, than by constituting themselves a board of tobacco-stoppers.

Let the lunatics, however, speak for themselves. Punch has received some forcible appeals from them, upon the subject referred to. Some of these productions are in a metrical form, and, for touching simplicity and pathos, will bear a comparison with the ravings of many a poet now at large, and in the full enjoyment of liberty, tobacco and popularity. The following verses, over the signature of "March Hare," remind us much of Emerson, in the wilder and least intelligible passages; while there is a touch of Tennyson in some of the lighter tracery with which the images are embroidered:

O! cut a shred from the fragrant weed,  
And place it in my black clay bowl:  
Dark is the darkness, light I need.—  
Seek it in yon reddening coal.

As the spiry fumes ascend,  
See how the serpents twist and bend!  
Away they wriggle, cutting and curling,  
All for less than a penny sterling.  
Brave blue smoke! the imps thou smotherest,  
Others follow them,—otherer, otherest!  
Travel, travel, imp and devil,  
Now they are gone, and my spirit can revel.

This was the song you've heard me sing,  
When I a shepherd swain would rove,

ARBITRARY measures have ever called forth the just censure of Punch. Ever has his baton been interposed between the oppressor and the oppressed; and never has he pleaded his hump as an excuse, for refusing to rush into the foremost ranks in the fight of the weak against the strong. For, although no follower in the errand steps of the Knight of La Mancha, yet, like that distinguished individual, if it *must* come to blows, Punch is always ready for a mill. The case of oppression, which, in the pre-

ference, is that of the inmates of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, whose tobacco has recently been stopped by order of the Directors of that institution. In a medical point of view, Punch's opinion is, that the moderate use of tobacco, as a sedative, is rather conducive than otherwise to that state of mental tranquillity which it must surely be the aim of every skilful and humane watcher of the disturbed intellect to induce amongst the patients committed to his charge. Punch speaks from personal experience. Like most men of a high order of intellect, he is subject to occasional depression of spirits. Imps of azure complexion will sometimes hover around his breakfast table, perch on the edge of his teacup, and leave their diabolical little foot-prints on the pats of butter. Nor can this be called "very midsummer madness;" for it is just as likely to supervene when the sleigh-bells are jingling from the frost-silvered horse-trappings, as when the swallows are twittering from the sun-scorched parapets. But the blast of British trumpet never more surely scattered terror in the ranks of a British enemy, than does the first blast of the Meerschauum in those of the blue devils. And as the white cloud curls upward from the amber mouth-piece, away on its convolutions rolls the host of horrors; while beautiful creations, winged like tropical butterflies, arise in the magic mist. Then, on the very principle of *ex fumo dat lucem*, the poor maniacs might surely be permitted to kindle an occasional flash of reason with the embers of a pipe. If Punch's blue devils are transformed to butterflies by the magic incense, might not the serpents and alligators of the lunatic loom up through its fragrant fumes, in the modified and milder form of caterpillars and cockroaches? If nothing better than this, even, came of the moderate use of the pipe, surely the directors would be better consulting the cause of humanity by thus ruling, than by constituting themselves a board of tobacco-stoppers.

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All for less than a penny sterling.  
Brave blue smoke! the imps thou smotherest,  
Others follow them,—otherer, otherest!  
Travel, travel, imp and devil,  
Now they are gone, and my spirit can revel.

This was the song you've heard me sing,  
When I a shepherd swain would rove,

Happier than the cannibal king,  
Blowing my pipe in the shady grove.  
But now, my earthly joys to wipe out,  
The sons of guns have put my pipe out.

Airy, fairy Jezebel!  
How I love thee none can tell.  
Wiery, fiery old Directors,  
How I hate ye! Heaven protect us.

On the Board  
Wrath be poured.  
And so God save you, gentlemen all;  
Where you were bred the beer was small.

This is severe. "Poor Tom's a-cold," without his clay pipe for comfort: nevertheless, there is method in his madness. The next lyrical effusion is from an old lady, who styles herself "Queen of Bedlam."

Once, on a bush, I was a thrush,  
So merry with my pipe;  
Birds of a feather, we flocked together,  
Pigeon and woodcock and snipe,  
And the meadows they smoked with the thirsty sun,  
All were smokers,—every one.

Summer is over,—hawks are about;  
The frog to his roost has gone.  
And I have no joy, for my pipe is out,  
Though a queen am I, alone.  
The chimney-pots are high and dry;  
They have their smoke;—alone am I.

Nothing, in our opinion, can come up to those chimney-pots; unless, indeed, the directors do, to stop their smoking. Besides the specimens already quoted, there are a few epigrams of undeniable point, but, unfortunately, rather too passionate and personal for our columns. In reading all of them, however, the curious affinity between poetry and insanity has struck us forcibly; indeed, in many instances it would be difficult to define where the poet ends and the madman begins. And if the rule would only work both ways, and four-fifths of our poets could be induced to exchange the lyre for the pipe, Punch has no doubt whatever that their forthcoming volumes would be quite as pleasant and imperishable as any they have already issued.

The greatest of men are liable to err; and should Punch, in the foregoing remarks, have dealt unjustly with the Directors, he only hopes that none of them will be driven, by a strong sense of injury, to take up a permanent refuge within the walls of their asylum. As to the poets, being one of the *genus irritabile* himself, he neither regrets nor retracts any remarks he may have made about them; and with respect to the poor lunatics, he trusts that their intellects may be restored to them, along with their tobacco, and that they may never be put on a short allowance of Punch.

## THE "MONTREAL HERALD" v. "MONTREAL GAZETTE."

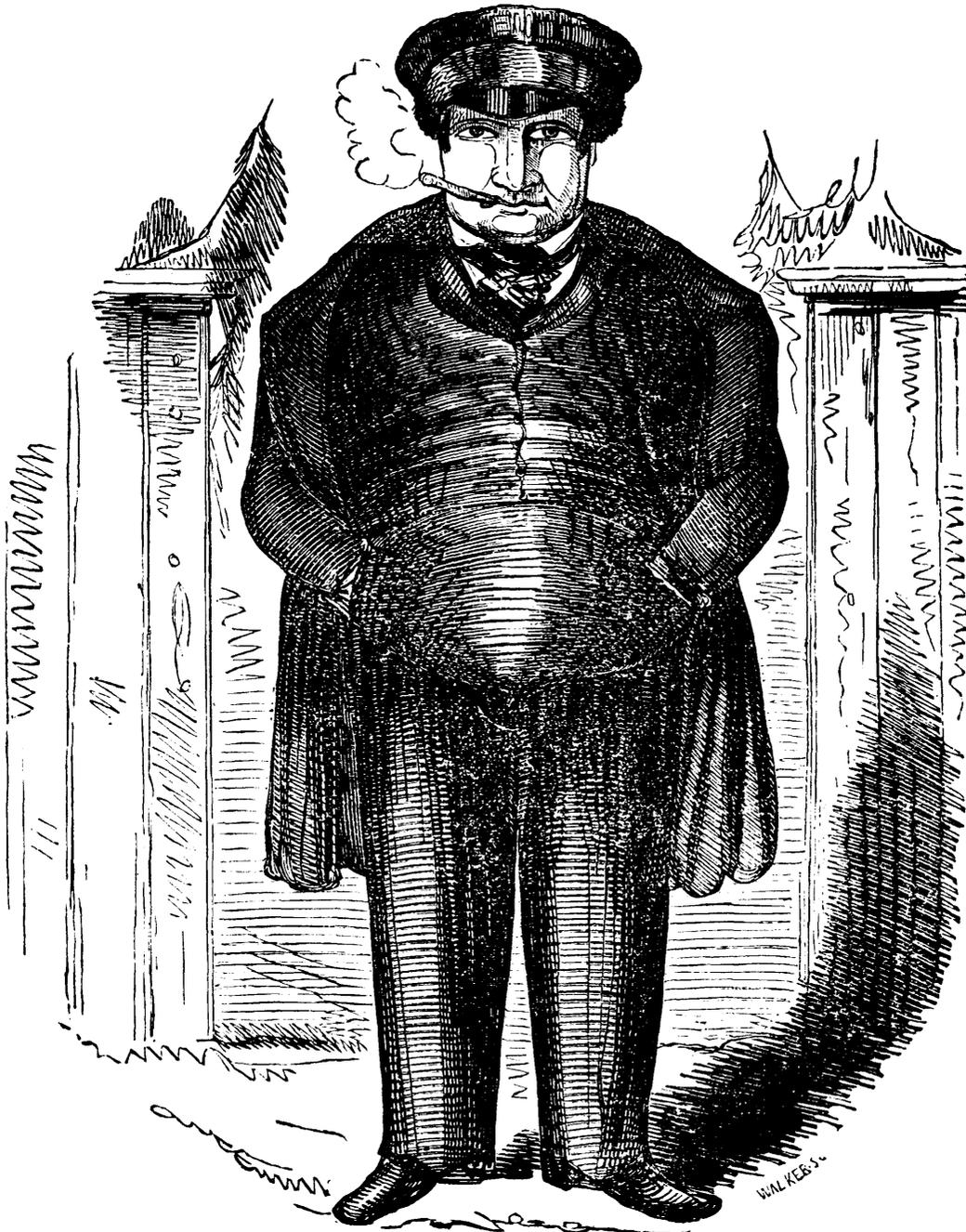
The *Montreal Gazette* and the *Montreal Herald* have bandied hard words with each other, as to the extent of their respective circulations. From hard words they have come to hard cash, which in these times is the hardest thing Punch knows of. The comparative circulation of these journals is to be decided by wager, for which purpose twenty-five pounds of the circulating medium has been deposited in the hands of Mr. Thomas Ryan, by Mr. Ferres of the *Gazette*. Happy newspaper proprietor!—to possess twenty-five pounds! Punch for some period has looked upon such a sum as fabulous.

## QUESTION FOR DISCUSSION AT THE NEXT MEETING OF THE BRITISH LEAGUE.

Is the fall of the "English gentleman," John Prince, greater than the fall of Niagara?

## AN IMPOSSIBLE EFFORT OF REASON.

A point impossible for mind to reach—  
To find the meaning of a Royal Speech.



A SKETCH NEAR THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Dedicated to Lower Canada, as a sample of what the beef and beer of  
Toronto have done for one of her great men.



## ON POLITICAL MORALITY.

Moral politicians are the greatest fools in the world. Punch is a moral politician. But Punch is no fool. The schoolmaster is abroad, and Punch is the schoolmaster. But if anybody says that Punch is abroad, Punch will knock him down. Punch is at home.

The reason why Punch calls moral politicians fools, is because they speak the truth, and the truth is not at all times to be spoken.

Punch's system of politics is the result of induction. He studies the actions of politicians, and draws his inferences. The politicians whose conduct he attends to, are those who get on best in the world; for the object of all is to put money in their purses; and as long as they do that, what, my dear people, does it signify?

The first thing to be done in the study of politics, is to get rid of all prejudices. By prejudices I mean your previous notions concerning right and wrong.

Dr. Johnson calls morality "the doctrine of the duties of life." The doctor was a clever man. Punch admires the knock-down arguments that he was so fond of—it is the way he usually reasons himself. Now, the duties of moral politicians are two-fold—their duties to the people, and their duties to themselves. Their duty to themselves is, to get as much as possible out of the people; and the duty of the people is, to assist them in so doing.

To all moral politicians, then, Punch would say, do the best you can for yourselves. Punch is unlike other moralists, who talk in one way and act in another. What he advises you to do, is nothing more than what he practises himself.

Be careful to show a proper respect for the law; that is to say, act as illegally as you please—but take precautions against being found out.

Be sure to stick to your principles; and that you may do this, never remember what your principles are, or, better still, have no principles—you will then stick at nothing. Never allow yourselves to remember your past promises; and whenever you feel tempted to do so, take the readiest means in your power to banish reflection; or, as Lord Byron terms it—

"The blight of life, the demon thought!"

Adhere strictly to truth—whenever there is no occasion for lying. Conceal no circumstance likely to redound to your credit. When two interests clash, the weaker must go to the wall. Of course your own interest is ever the strongest; if, therefore, it be to your interest to lie, do so, and do it boldly. Punch thinks a lie a very useful invention. It is like a coat or a pair of breeches—it helps to clothe the naked. If you invariably spoke the truth, in what department of life could you succeed? How could you get on in the law?—what scoundrel would ever employ you to defend his cause?—and lawyers live by scoundrels. What would be your prospect in the church, where, not to mention a few other little trifles, you would have, when you came to be made a bishop, to say that you did not wish to be any such thing? Truth is all very well when the telling of it is convenient; but when it is not, commend me to a bouncing lie. But that lie will require twenty more to make it good. Very well, what of it? Ever have a due regard to the sanctity of oaths: this you will evince by never using them to support a fiction, except on high and solemn occasions, such as when you are about to be invested with some public dignity. But have no superstitious reverence for them; it is to keep thin-skinned and impracticable individuals, who are infected by this failing, from the management of public affairs, that they have been, in great measure, devised.

Should any unfortunate suitor remind you of a promise, remind him of an ancient adage respecting piecrusts.

Never take what does not belong to you. But what is it that does not belong to you? Punch answers, whatever you cannot take with impunity. Never fail, however, to appropriate what the law does not protect; and in order that you may thoroughly carry out this principle, procure a legal education; because a knowledge of law will often enable you to lay hands upon various kinds of property, to which at first sight you might appear to have no claim.

Speak evil of no one behind his back, unless you are likely to get something by so doing. On the contrary, have a good word to say, if you can, of everybody, provided that the person who is praised by you is likely to hear of it; and, the more to display

the generosity of your disposition, never hesitate, on convenient occasions, to bestow the highest eulogies on those who do not deserve them.

Let your behaviour be always distinguished by modesty. Never boast or brag when you are likely to be disbelieved; and do not contradict your superiors—that is to say, when you are in the presence of people who can help you to office, or keep you in when there; never express an opinion of your own; try to discover what they think, and think like them.

Be firm, but not obstinate. Never change your mind when the result would be detrimental to your interest, but do not maintain an inconvenient inflexibility of purpose.

And now, before he concludes, let Punch beg of you, my dear moral politicians, not to allow yourselves to be diverted from the right path by a parcel of cant. You will hear this system—Punch's system—stigmatized as selfish; and Punch advises you, whenever you have occasion to speak of it in general society, to call it so too. You will then obtain a character for generosity, a very valuable thing to have, when you can get it cheap. Selfish, indeed! The fact is, that just as notions the opposite of truth have prevailed in matters of science, so have they, likewise, in those of morals. A set of impracticable doctrines, under the name of virtue, have been preached up by your teachers; and it is only fortunate that they have been practised by so few—those few having been, for the most part, poisoned, strangled, burnt, or worse treated, for their pains.

Farewell, my dear disciples!—and whenever you are disposed for additional instructions, Punch can only say it is yours at 4d. a lesson, or fifty-two lessons for fifteen shillings.

## DROPS OF COMFORT.

Having your health proposed, at the age of forty, as a "promising young man."

Reading a newspaper, on a railway, containing an account of "five and twenty lives lost" only the day before.

Losing a heavy sum at "Bluff," and all your friends wondering how you could have been "such a fool."

Putting on a white neckcloth, which you fancy becomes you, and being hailed all the evening as "waiter."

Breaking down before ladies in the middle of a song, and a wag calling out "encore."

Losing your latch-key, and both wife and mother-in-law sitting up for you.

Having your cutter upset by a carter, and being abused for not seeing "vere ye're going to."

## CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

In the *New York Herald*, we are told there may be had "an airy bed-room for a gentleman twenty-two feet long by fourteen feet wide." The bed-room ought indeed to be airy to accommodate a gentleman of such dimensions.

Again, we read of "a house for a family in good repair," which is advertised to be let, with immediate possession. A family in good repair means, without doubt, one in which none of the members are at all cracked.

## EXTRAORDINARY OPERATION.

MONTREAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE EAR.

Our esteemed friend David Kinnear, of the *Montreal Herald*, has lately, in the most heroic manner, submitted to an unprecedented and wonderfully successful operation. Our learned friend was suffering from a severe elongation of the auricular organs—amputation was proposed, and submitted to with most heroic patience. Punch is happy to state that the only inconvenience resulting from the operation—which was performed by the skilful Dr. Howard—is the establishment of a new Yankee hat block, and a slight difficulty of recognition on the part of some of his oldest friends.

Why are the political parties in Canada like the small-pox and the measles? Because there is no telling which is the worst.

## TO POLITICAL WRITERS,

AND TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PROVINCIALIST" IN PARTICULAR.

Mr. Joseph, optician, begs to announce to the reporters of newspapers, that he has constructed, at a very great expense, several sets of new glasses, which will enable the wearer to see as small or as great a number of auditors at political meetings, as may suit his purpose. Mr. Joseph has also invented a new kind of ear-trumpet, which will enable a reporter to hear only such portions of an harangue as may be in accordance with his political bias; or should there be nothing uttered by any speaker that may suit his purpose, these ear-trumpets will change the sounds of words and the construction of sentences in such a way as to be incontrovertible, although every syllable should be diverted from its original meaning and intention.

These valuable inventions were used lately by Mr. Joseph's respected friend, the editor of the *Provincialist*, which has completely established their efficiency. He has much pleasure in subjoining, for the information of the public, the following letter, of the authenticity of which Mr. J. presumes no one can entertain a doubt:

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF THE "PROVINCIALIST."

It is with much pleasure that I am enabled, my dear Joseph, to give my humble testimony in favour of your new political glasses and ear-trumpet. By their invaluable aid I was enabled, at the great retrenchment meeting at Nelson, to see and hear just what suited my purpose. I recommended them to my protégé Caleb Hopkins, who has already tried the glasses, and, I am happy to state, sees nothing in its own light, but only as represented through the medium of these wonderful illuminators. The honourable and modest Malcolm Cameron (at my recommendation) carried one of your ear-trumpets at an interview he had with the Governor-General previous to his departure for Washington: and stated that he distinctly heard His Excellency say, "that he, Malcolm Cameron, was the only fit person to rule in Canada," except himself.

If these testimonials are of any value to you, publish them by all means in *Punch*, as the most effectual method of giving them publicity, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR OF THE PROVINCIALIST.

Hamilton, Feb. 28, 1850.

Mr. Joseph begs to state, that though magnifying and diminishing glasses are no novelty, yet his invention is the only one to suit the interests of parties without principle.

## THE HEIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

For the Hon. Malcolm Cameron and the Editor of the *Provincialist*, both to imagine they speak the truth about the said Malcolm Cameron's speech, and for the public to suppose so too

## SOME HOPES FOR CANADA.

"Fourteen young men, French Canadians, left Montreal for California last week." Canada should be thankful, even for small blessings.

## HINT TO PROTECTIONISTS.

Building societies seem to flourish in Canada. Had not the Protectionists better form themselves into a society for castle-building. They must have a large number of erections to dispose of, having already built so many castles in the air.

## PECULIAR—VERY!

The *New York Tribune*, in summing up the disasters caused by the late dreadful explosion in New York, gives as one of the calamitous results, that the whole number who escaped from the blown-up building, was thirty-two. *Punch* never before heard that to escape from a dreadful death was a misfortune. They think differently in New York.

## EXCLUSIVE INTELLIGENCE.

INTENDED FOR THE 'COLONIST.'

We have every reason to believe—unless a very respectable authority, on whom we are in the habit of relying, has grievously imposed upon us—that Ministers will in the ensuing session of Parliament propose an infamous measure, which will be succeeded by one still more disgraceful; and that another, not less disgraceful than the latter, but not so infamous as the former, is also to be thrust upon the country. But at present, all is involved in the greatest uncertainty. Another measure, yet worse than the third above alluded to, but not nearly so bad as the first, and not half so disgraceful as the second, is also contemplated; it has, however, nothing to do with the others, nor is it at all probable that it will ever in the slightest way be mixed up with them. We have therefore cautiously abstained from saying what it is, and indeed only allude to it that there may be no misapprehension on so very delicate a subject.

## PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

We have heard that Lord Elgin intends shortly making his appearance in one of Shakspeare's most celebrated characters. It is expected that his ejaculation of "*Fool, fool, fool!*" will be the most truthful and natural ever heard within the walls of a theatre.

## CORRESPONDENCE,

BETWEEN PUNCH AND THE HON. ROBERT BALDWIN.

[No. 1.]

*Punch to the Hon. Robert Baldwin.*

PUNCH Office, Feb. 28, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am desirous of your opinion on a matter of vast importance to the public. I enclose a handsome fee—a portrait of yourself, as you appear in *Punch*. If I call Col. Prince, M.P.P., a "jackass," is the term actionable?

I have the honor to be, &amp;c. &amp;c. &amp;c.,

Yours till death,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

To the Hon. R. Baldwin.

[No 2.]

*The Hon. Robert Baldwin to Punch.*

Government House, Feb. 28, 1850.

MY VERY DEAR PUNCH,—The term "jackass," as applied to Col. Prince, M.P.P., in connection with his late extraordinary epistle, is not actionable, but only synonymous.

Accept the assurance of my highest consideration.

ROBERT BALDWIN.

To the Hon. Mr. Punch.

## MODERN WAT TYLERS.

The anxiety of the Annexationists to get rid of the United States' tax on lumber, is quite pardonable; for, with their wooden heads, they doubtlessly look upon it as a pol(l)e-tax.

## NOT ASTONISHING.

No wonder that land-owners cry  
"Protection!"—for 'tis plain,  
England's free trade in corn, with them,  
Must go against the grain.

## A SPOKE IN THE COLONEL'S WHEEL.

"For Canada's weal!" the turncoat Prince does rave;  
Who'd trust the wheel that owned so sad a knave?

[From our slim Contributor.]

Why is Mink's stable-yard like the Governor-General?—Because it has a very bad cab in it. (Cabinet). Oh!!!

Punch presents compliments to his slim contributor, but he cannot deliver himself of such jokes as those about the delivery of the mails.