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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 Triage, Founded upon the principle of the Art Unions of England, specially authorised 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, CHARLES BERCZY,
Hon. H. J. ROULTON, J. DAVIS RIDOU,
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..... \$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 amounting 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 line 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 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 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.

JOHN MCCOY,

Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller,
No. 9, Great St. James Street.

FRAMING in Gold and Fancy Woods.—Books elegantly bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses. All by NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS on hand.

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, WELLINGTOWN 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.

Toronto, Dec. 24, 1849.

B. COSGROVE.

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 6
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. 26, 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 Bryce, McMillan & 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. BESNARD 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 open purses.
55, King-stre. t. }
February 6th, 1850. }

PUNCH IN CANADA'S ADDRESS

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF HALTON.

GENTLEMEN,—

Having been waited upon by a deputation of my own thoughts, urging me to advise you on the course I think it right you should pursue as to the forthcoming election for your county, I proceed to do so. You may ask what business I have with you or your election? I reply that it is my pleasure to soothe any momentary irritation of my hump by rubbing it against whichever of my neighbour's posts happens to be the nearest. You have two posts at this moment set up in your county, and I feel an itching to rub against them.

You have before you Mr. Wetenhall's address of sixty lines of the usual electioneering twaddle of the Ins. You have also eighty lines of the usual electioneering bunkum of the Outs; and remember, in talk, the Outs always have the best of it.

You are dissatisfied with the administration. Heaven knows it is bad enough: but under the present colonial system, no administration can conduct the business of the country to the satisfaction of the people. You cry out for retrenchment in the public expenditure. Where will you begin? With the Governor General? Under the present system that cannot be done. All great reforms must spring from the people. To carry them requires a pressure from without, and you have no lever to work with—no organization—no leaders. A puerile cry for retrenchment is got up without, as it appears to me, any one knowing where it is to begin, or where it is to stop, or how it is to be effected. Your cry is that of a child who whimpers for something nice: its mammy brings it jam, and it then discovers it wanted barley sugar.

What is wanted, it is difficult to say; but I will tell you what is not wanted. A governor general at £7000 sterling a year is not wanted! An executive council of eleven members, at enormous salaries, is not wanted! especially when more than one half of that council is composed of lawyers. What does a fourth-rate French pettifogging attorney like Chabot, ignorant almost of the language in which the correspondence of his department is carried on, know about the public works? What do maggoty-brained advocates, replete with the jargon of the courts and crammed with precedents and technicalities, know of commercial or political economy? And yet it is to these men, and such as these, you have entrusted the government of this province; and you cry aloud for retrenchment, law-reform, and good government!

Well, you have found them out, and you have it in your power to turn them out. Yes, men of Halton, on your votes depends the existence of the present administration. Return Caleb Hopkins, and the present firm is dissolved, and the business of the country will in all probability be conducted by Henry Sherwood and company. Will that suit you? No! Then take my advice, and

VOTE FOR WETENHALL!

You want no new men at the head of affairs until you have resolved what the new men shall do, and more especially who the new men shall be. Do not be afraid that the present holders of office can continue such, excepting by sufferance. The pear is ripe, but it is not worth the plucking; it is diseased; let it hang till it rots, and it will drop itself.

Besides, what with annexationists and anti-annexationists, ministerial-reformers and "clear-grit"-reformers, elective-institutions-British-leaguers and non-elective-institutions-British-leaguers, war-of-races-men and no-war-of-races-men, federal-unionists and colonial representationists, old Tories and young radicals, and heaven knows how many other parties or sections of parties, Canada politically is but a large pool of turbid and foul water. It must be filtered. But there is no filter constructed that would do the work. No sponge manufactured sufficiently large to absorb the dirt. The people must construct the filter, and the sponge must grow. Then and not till then will it be necessary for them to hire men to superintend the action of the machine. Therefore I say, once more,

VOTE FOR WETENHALL!!

Again, how is Caleb Hopkins on annexation? On the vital question of the hour Caleb is silent. Is he silent from forgetfulness? Then is he not a fit man to represent even a pigstie. Is he silent from design? Does he think, by shirking the question, to entrap annexation votes? Then is he a low-intriguing-dishonest politician, of the stamp of those traders on the public purse who argue that the end justifies the means, and who to gain a vote would, like Peter, deny their master.

My dear electors of the county of Halton, make Caleb speak out on annexation; do this, even though you make Wetenhall the ball to knock down the ten-pins now set up in the cabinet of Canada. Do not shirk the question. Make it a test at every polling place. Let Halton speak out on one side or the other; for no lasting prosperity can exist in Canada until that question is disposed of.

Once more, for the reasons before stated, advising you to

VOTE FOR WETENHALL!!

I remain,

My dear electors,

Your obedient servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

PUNCH ON THE MILITIA.

It has been said that military ardor was a harder thing to cure than the measles, and like the measles was catching. But this is a poetical idea, and in this "pork and flour" age, poetry is not "the cheese." Love of country has also been considered by philosophers as a feeling ennobling to the human mind.—No quotation has been more used up than the lines—

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land?"

At the period when Scott asked "Where this man lived?" Mr. Echo, who is hired to dwell in caves and church-towers, and under rocks, and in divers places, for the purpose of replying to questions in the Hibernian style, by asking others, instantly shouted, where? It is also said that the high-minded little Echoes who dwell in the innermost recesses of every good man's heart, clapped their tiny hands in an enthusiastic manner, and shouted the same syllable. But in Canada "*nous avons change tout cela.*" In this wooden country various inspired volunteers, jealous of the red-coats and gold lace of the regulars, obtained commissions in the militia. They fancied that they had souls above buttons, live souls actuated by generous sentiments, and not petrifications, which they could at pleasure confine in the sordid prisons of their breeches pockets; but souls that would never shrink in defence of the Queen they swore to defend, and the country they promised to serve. But bless me, they suddenly discover that the red-coats they so much longed for, are but the liveries of slaves: that the gold lace they worshipped is but tinsel after all: that as for souls they are in the predicament of Master Stephen, and have none "worth speaking of;" that oaths of allegiance are but old gloves to be put on and off at leisure, or like Indian-rubber bands made to stretch; and as for love of country, it is a feeling which has no existence save in the hearts of heroes and statesmen, and is totally unworthy of holding a place in the minds of enlightened cobblers, tinkers, and tailors. On making this discovery they, like a goose who has in her own idea done something wonderful and lain an egg, with loud "quacks" proclaim it to the world. The red-coats, once the objects of their fond affections, are stripped from their backs; the gold-stripe they idolized is torn from their trousers; no longer can they display their manly forms (if manly forms can exist without manly feelings) decked in the glorious panoply of war, to the admiring eyes of grandmothers, aunts, sisters, and maid-servants; they are dismissed, ignominiously dismissed from a service they disgraced, they would disgrace any service where fidelity was an essential; and they turn round and bully, and bluster, and whine, and look big, like an overgrown boy at school who, feeling the smart of the birch, holds in his breath, buttons up his unmentionables, and then retires to the lowest form and blubbers; they are looking big now, but they will blubber presently. When they do they shall be forgiven.

AN ARGUMENT FOR ANNEXATION.



ROTHER JONATHAN has a peculiar and happy knack of mixing up and amalgamating the most opposite and adverse elements, in all his transactions. Look at his plate, as he rends and devours his un-masticated repast, at the long, melancholy *table d'hôte*, in his ancestral halls—we were going to say,—but recollecting his utter destitution of any such architectural remains, we must be content to figure him to our fancy, bolting his beefsteak, in the familiar boarding-house or hotel of his public and unwashed existence. There he sits, sideways on his chair, and with rapid knife and skilful manipulation shovels into his capacious mouth an endless variety of things made greasy for his particular delight. Fish and beefsteak, pork and beans, potatoes, carrots, cheese, chickens, cabbage and pumpkin pie, are all sacrificed, without distinction or interval, to his leathern jaws—a hecatomb of much costliness to the *manes* of the victims thus inartistically mingled and mangled by him. In his drinks, again, the mixed principle is carried out *usque ad nauseam*. None but an experienced bar-keeper can estimate the multitude of ingredients violently confiscated to the vile thirst of an arid and insatiate Yankee, who is himself perhaps a combination of Dutchman, Indian, Horse and Alligator. Therefore we may define the Yankees as a mixed and mixing people,—compounding every thing, in fact, debts included. We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of certain biographical sketches, written in the *Spirit of the Times*, under the head of “Early Settlers of Arkansas,”—the same “settlers” appearing to have been individually compounded of blackleg, legislator, mountebank and murderer, as the following extracts will sufficiently testify.

“*Old Asa Thompson*.—This individual has figured conspicuously in Arkansas, and was in many respects so wonderful a man, that I venture a brief history of him, not even certain whether he is dead or alive. Old Humpy as he was familiarly called, was a native of North Carolina, but found his way to Arkansas more than twenty years ago. He was the only man I have ever heard of, who was taller when sitting than when standing. He was so badly curved that he could not see before him in walking, if his hat rim was over an eighth of an inch in width. Humpy followed Short Cards and Faro for a living, and if ever human laws should have protected any one, and held them harmless against violating the 8th commandment, old Asa was the man—ninety-nine out of an hundred men, similarly afflicted, would have been on the Parish. But on the contrary, he was full of energy, and ready for any speculation. He embarked in political life, and again and again, while Arkansas was a territory and after her admission into the union, was returned to the legislature. No man of his party was so good a manager—no one of them could count closer in an election, and no one wielded with a certain class of men a greater influence. His greatest achievement, was the getting the old Gobler (a member of opposite politics) drunk, and locking him up just on the eve of an important election, and when every vote told. Old Humpy had a hard time of it, when there was a division called for, being taller when sitting than standing, he was counted once on the wrong side, and a favorite bill of his lost—after that, he took the precaution always, to sing out, ‘I am up, Mr. Speaker, and tiptoed at that.’”

Now, the fact of Arkansas having been originally “settled” by such clever men as “Old Humpy,” is not so remarkable as the complacent, matter-of-fact tone, in which his eccentricities are dwelt upon by the genius who has treated us to these interesting details,—to this very piquante jar of mixed pickles from Arkansas. The legislator who “followed Short Cards and Faro for a living,” has evidently kindled a glowing spark of admiration in the bosom of his biographer. He was a “smart man,” was Asa Thompson, and as such, his memory,—for we presume he has been lynched or bowie-knived long since,—must be cherished as sacred by every true-born American. Indeed, the man whose “greatest achievement was the getting the old Gobler drunk” is entitled to a niche in the temple of his coun-

try’s worthies; though, from his peculiar physical formation, as described by his admiring biographer, it would be difficult, perhaps, to provide him with one. Pray let us follow up the list of his accomplishments a little further;—the illustrations to the life of this gifted man.

“Asa generally dealt Faro at night, and on extra occasions would pass the word round the house, that he was going to have ‘stewed fawn and crackers at 10.’ He was terribly taken aback by an honorable member, whom he had just aided in electing prosecuting attorney, attempting to slip in false checks upon his book. Old Asa detected and exposed him, by telling him, he ‘couldn’t wring in his beef bones, for the pure ivory.’” By the bye this individual subsequently, after adding murder to the crime of rape, gave the slip to the officers of the law—wended his way to Indiana, thence to Oregon, and in this latter place has figured extensively.

“Old Humpy took it in his head to start a Circus. Having procured the services of riders, &c., he had a fine stud collected at his place, and after practising some time, made a tour of the state. His company was quite respectable, and Asa was making a good thing out of it. At Batesville, he learned that John Wilson, who, when representing Clark county, and while Speaker of the House, had called a member to order by plunging a bowie knife into him, was a candidate to the legislature from Pike. This was Asa’s old stumping ground—his own county. There was no time to canvass before the election—the only show was in circulars. Taking a friend of his aside, he told him he wished him to write a circular. ‘But,’ says the friend, ‘you are a democrat, Asa, and I am a whig.’ ‘Oh,’ says Asa, ‘make it democratic, strong.’

“Well, the circular was written—the U. S. Bank knocked into a cocked hat—and the ‘Jackson question’ sprung in all its strength. When read to Asa, he pronounced it the very thing, and putting it in his pocket, cut out for the Rock. On the road, however, some difficulty sprung up with his company, and he abandoned all ideas of legislative honors. Subsequently, he became embarrassed, and leaving many of his friends to ‘hold the bag,’ he cut for Texas.”

There is a picture for you! The members of the “house” crowding to the den of “Old Humpy,” whose only return for supplying them *ad libitum* with “stewed fawn and crackers,” was the trifling perquisite of being permitted to do them out of their dollars at taro. His friend, the “prosecuting attorney” for the state stands by, vainly endeavoring to swindle his worthy host, and smiling blandly as he meditates the murder and arranges the rape, which subsequently were destined to reflect such honor upon his name, when he “figured extensively” in Oregon. “Old Humpy” is successful: the great statesman has had a run of luck, and with the dollars of his brother-legislators he sets up a circus. A representative of the people, he performs a rapid act of statesmanship on four spotted horses.—Imagine the Hon. Mr. Baldwin in a similar position, or Mr. Leslie performing on the slack-rope! Mr. Hincks upon stilts, however, might not be so much out of character. Then we have a “Speaker of the House,” whose cutting sarcasms were performed with the edge of a bowie-knife, and who, as our biographer *naively* informs us, was a candidate for “Pike.” Astonishing are the “manners and customs” of our neighbors! Who would not go in for annexation?

THINGS NOT TRUE.

It is not true that our City-Inspector, of “Dust, Dirt, and Snow” proclamations, which are never enforced, has applied for the situation of cook to His Excellency, the latter, thanks to his French friends, has too much Garlick already.

It is not true that Punch or Mr. Coroner Duggan visits the wharves early every morning in search of subjects.

It is not true that the scarcity of snow this winter is in consequence of an arrangement made between His Excellency and the clerk of the weather, in order that His Excellency, by this arrangement, may save the expense he would otherwise be at in sweeping the snow off the vice-regal side-walks.



COUSIN COBDEN INTERCEDES WITH BRITANNIA, THAT MISS ANN EXATION AND HER LITTLE

BROTHER BEN MAY BE PERMITTED TO PASS THE DAY WITH UNCLE SAM.

SOME CITY NUISANCES.

SHOULD not wonder, Mr. Punch, if a great judgment were to fall upon the incorporated patriarchs of this city: and indeed, they shew so little judgment in their general proceedings, that a great judgment falling upon them, might ultimately be productive of immense benefit to themselves and the suffering public. I sometimes wish the mayor was a cab-horse for a couple of hours; as then he might possibly be driven to do that to which his inclinations certainly do not appear to lead him. I am a very fat man, Mr. Punch, and yet I would be withheld by no remorse, from sitting in the cab drawn by that mayor, until I had driven him round all the purlieus of this unvisited-by-Macadam city. He should taste the delights of dirt which now wastes his sweetness upon his disregardful nostrils; for I would insist upon "watering" him at one of the stagnant pools in which the eastern portion of the city is reflected, and which have just put by their miasma till summer, as we do our ducks; intending to come out pretty strong in it about the first of May or so. There is no lane in Toronto so long that it knows no turning; for they are all turned up by those ancient and respectable ploughmen the pigs, which carry on their deep investigations undisturbed by the policeman. I would cause my cab-horse, then, to drag me through the glutinous mire of these localities, and, if possible, manage to get him upset by a headstrong pig, so that his nose might be buried deeply in the very beastliness at which the abused citizens are turning up theirs. I would expose him, in his character of a cab-horse, to all the inconveniences and discomforts which that beast can understand better than a mere mayor. But when we arrive at the foot of Church Street, I would dissolve the spell; he should cease to be a cab-horse: for it takes a human mayor, with all the sympathies of man, fully to appreciate the extent of the nuisance there daily enacted, by the crowd of ruffians congregated around the wood depot. Are those sawyers an incorporated body of higher authority than that delegated to the city fathers? Have they a prescriptive right to obtain their old saws, as a pretext for indulgence in modern instances of the grossest ribaldry ever forced upon the ears of humanity? If not, I would beg of you, Mr. Punch, to interfere in this case; and should your hints not be immediately acted upon, I would suggest the necessity of your publishing the mayor pictorially, upon that page of your journal devoted to your principal victim. With this view I send you a sketch of him, taken through a key-hole, by an artistical friend of mine, and which is considered wonderfully like. He is represented in his coat with the frogs upon it; they being, evidently, a sort of heraldic device or allusion to the quagmire condition of our streets. Pray, Mr. Punch, take a note of the Church Street nuisance in particular. The place is a thoroughfare, and we have wives and daughters. As a *paterfamilias*, then, I trouble you thus on their account, and in the name of many of your most respectable fellow-citizens.

THE FATHER OF A FEW OF THEM.

Punch has visited the scene of the nuisance complained of above, and his unbiassed opinion is, that the hercules of the corporation could not be better employed than in the Augean labor referred to. The likeness of the mayor is very characteristic; though, as a joke, Punch thinks that his worship, perhaps, would be rather broad for these columns. *Mais nous verrons.*

POWERFUL APPLICATION.

It is proverbial, that good things are but of little use unless they are well applied. We cut the following from *The Independent* of Feb. 6th.

"A chap in England, when sentenced to be hanged, made his best bow to the judge and said: 'Thank you worship kindly. I had intended to hang myself, but your worship has saved me the expense of buying a rope.'"

Could not H. B. make an application of this anecdote to the case of the annexationists.

ENIGMATICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisers should not trifle with the feelings of the community, and raise hopes simply for the pleasure of knocking them down. Imagination frequently in the columns of a newspaper discovers "desirable opportunities" which stern reality looks for in vain, and "advantageous offers" which common sense rejects; but in this practical age for a sober citizen to advertise for sale that which has no existence, and pay for the advertisement, as Punch presumes, solely for the purpose of benefiting the proprietors of newspapers, is a stretch of imagination and liberality, for which Punch must confess he was not prepared. It has long been the anxious desire of Punch to become the inhabitant of a villa in the neighbourhood of Toronto; it was therefore with unmixed feelings of satisfaction that his eye caught an advertisement in the columns of the *British Colonist*, headed

COUNTRY RESIDENCES FOR SALE,

NEAR THE CITY.

He was on the point of rushing to the subscriber Mr. Henry Hawkins, to make inquiries as to what conveniences these dwellings possessed, when he read that the said subscriber had "laid out into lots of twenty-five acres each, No. 33 in the 3rd concession of York," which "presents a favorable opportunity for persons wishing a country residence."

If Mr. Hawkins' idea of a country residence is a vacant lot of twenty-five acres, all Punch can say is, that his idea is a singular one. He certainly asserts that two of the lots "are well timbered with white oak," but men are not birds to dwell on branches. The only solution Punch can give to this enigma, is that Mr. Hawkins is an Irish bird, and can be in two places at once, and that he is enabled to inhabit a country residence in one place, and occupy a comfortable cabbage garden of twenty-five acres in another: he therefore forgot to state where the "country residences for sale" were situated, and only mentioned the cabbage gardens. But Mr. Hawkins should have remembered that every body is not a bird.

However, Mr. Hawkins is not alone in his hallucination, as witness the following advertisement of that which is not.

PROVINCIAL JUSTICE,

THIRD EDITION,

BY W. C. KEELE, ESQUIRE.

Does W. C. Keele, Esquire, really believe that such a thing as provincial justice is in existence. Then indeed is he a man who has faith, and one who would be a treasure to a railway company, as by faith he could remove mountains. Provincial justice a reality? Nonsense! Can W. C. Keele, Esquire, dream that the people can be convinced of such an absurdity, in the teeth of the passing of the Rebellion Losses Bill, the establishment of the New Court of Chancery, the paying to Wolfred Nelson's creditors £23,000, which they lost by his rebellion, while William Lyon Mackenzie's creditors, because he rebelled, have no compensation. If, indeed, provincial justice did exist, Punch would not be surprised to see it offered for sale; justice is rarely given away, every thing in Canada is sold; the people are sold daily; even Punch is for sale every Saturday, at four pence a copy.

CONTEMPORANEOUS OCCURRENCES.

Annexation consummation.
Completion of the Great Western Railroad.
Building of Brock's Monument.
Stoppage of the issue of debentures.
Great Britain giving up Canada.
Abolition of slavery in America.
Seasons satisfactory to farmers.
Discovery of a disinterested politician.
Lord Elgin leaving Canada until compelled.
Henry Sherwood refusing a judgeship.
Last death of the oldest inhabitant.
Publication of the last number of Punch.
DOOMSDAY.

A POST BOY LAY SLEEPING.

A post-boy lay sleeping, an old man was keeping
Snuff taking, mail sorting, alternately,
And through pigeon-holes prying, hundreds were crying
"Oh! Berczy my darling, how long will ye be."

The post-boy still slumbered, 'midst letters unnumbered,
And smiled in his sleep, no doubt thinking of she
Whose bright eyes were glancing, and lips so entrancing,
In dreams softly whisp'ring, 'come home, love, to me.'

What the deuce is the cause of that bustle and noise?
Sufficient to banish the happy boy's sleep—
'Tis frozen feet stamping, crowds up and down tramping,
And vainly endeavouring their patience to keep.

There's knocking, and pushing, and rushing, and crushing,
Elbows shoved into their next neighbour's face,
There's grumbling and chaffing, and swearing and laughing,
And gibing and jeering, and grins and grimace.

The young boy awaking, and the old one snuff taking,
Cry "devil a letter we'll give out to-day,"
So the mail bags unsorted, the crowd have departed,
To be humbugged to-morrow in just the same way.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE "MONEY CHANGERS IN THE TEMPLE,"
WHO PROPOSE TO SELL THE CONSECRATED GROUND
ON WHICH STANDS THE RUINS OF
ST. JAMES'S CHURCH.

The Temple of God in ruin stands,
Raised in the past by pious hands,
Many a tablet and many a stone,
Is mould'ring there with grass o'ergrown.
And many a heap of dust is there,
Hallowed full oft by orphans' prayer,
And many a tear is trembling shed,
At the shrine of the unforgotten dead.
And many a vow of repentance made,
By an erring one, by guilt dismayed,
And the perishing dead who are past all pain,
Lie in sacred earth but all in vain.
You'd barter for gold your father's clay,
Or that of mother, children, friends;
Rifle God's consecrated ground, and say—
By this you much promote religion's ends.
Go, go, and revel 'midst the slimy brood,
Of Infidel and Mammon-guided race,
Who'd sell their Maker for false Esau's food,
And scorned by Heaven cling to earth's embrace.
What kind of man is he would take a house,
Built from the spoil of Church-yard and the Dead;
To fancy that each tiny squeaking mouse,
Was gibbering ghost, or cry of spirit fled.
Why meddle with the worms and wasting clay,
Why filch Heaven's breezes from the living man.
If you want money, there's some other way—
Borrow it. Beg it. Get it how you can;
Or be contented with a modest pile,
But let His earth sacred to Him remain.
You may not worship in cathedral aisle,
But prayer in simplest cot is not in vain,
And oft is more sincere than that 'neath sculptured fane.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The man and the boy at the Post-office on this day, suffered extreme tortures from the heavy pressure of business. They were nearly crushed under the weight of innumerable cupids' bows and arrows, hearts skewered together, and altars of Hymen, which, regardless of the brittle materials these things are usually constructed of, were ruthlessly forced into the sleepy recesses of the Toronto postal department. The unfortunates were also in great danger of suffocation from the smoke of myriads of Hymen's torches; surreptitiously introduced into the department. This was a low-trick of Hymen, because Punch alone is authorised to smoke the Post-office.

OUR WORST CONTRIBUTOR'S MISERIES.

Punch has received the following from his worst contributor.
Mrs. Busybones' Boarding House,
Toronto, Feb. 14, 1850.

MY DEAR PUNCH,—

I am an ill-used man, sir. I beg you will perfectly understand, before I go any farther, that I am an ill-used man. I, sir. I, who glory in being your contributor, although your worst, sir. I, even I, am an ill-used man. You may perhaps ask how, sir? I will answer with a question, sir. If you, sir, supposing my case to be yours, rose at six in the morning, sir, with an idea, a bright idea, sir, for Punch, and sat down to work out that idea, sir, and Mrs. Busybones hearing you up, sir, were to send up Jim to light the fire with green wood, and Mary with the bellows, to blow the ashes into your inkstand and the smoke into your eyes, and drive you into the dismal parlour below, sir, what would you think of that, sir. Very well, sir, you sit down, you take up your inspired pen, and Mrs. Busybones herself, sir, pounces upon you, armed with dusters, sir, wicked dusters, sir, and drives you from chair to chair, six, sir, consecutively! What would you think of that, sir? You retreat to your own room again, and there, sir, taking advantage of your absence, you find Betty, fat Betty, sir, scrubbing, yes, sir, scrubbing; and all done, sir, as Mrs. Busybones says, for your happiness and comfort, sir. Would you not, sir, and I ask you as a man and an angel of light, would you not be justified in shaking Mrs. Busybones until she did not know her head from a barrel organ, which is what I did, sir. Mrs. Busybones has handed me over to the custody of the police, which is the reason, sir, why you get no contributions this week, from

Yours, truly,

YOUR WORST CONTRIBUTOR.

EXTRAORDINARY METAMORPHOSIS.

Punch had an idea that the golden days of the wood-nymphs and river-gods chronicled by one Ovid, had passed away, but he has just read in an Upper Canada paper, that in this very month of February cows have been turned into fields. The paragraph did not mention whether into pasture or arable land, or whether the fields were barren or blessed with growing crops.

TORONTO ANNEXATION SOCIETY.

An address to the people of Canada has been issued, signed by Richard Kneeshaw and H. B. Wilson, who call themselves Secretaries of The Toronto Annexation Society. An association of whose existence Punch and the inhabitants of Toronto were in a blessed state of ignorance. Where is the office of the association? Who are its officers, and has it any members? Have Messrs. Richard Kneeshaw and H. B. Wilson resolved themselves into an association, and elected themselves presidents, vice-presidents, members, recording secretaries and corresponding secretaries, all in their own proper persons? Do they work like moles under the earth? Do they "love the darkness rather than the light because their deeds are evil?" When and where do they hold their meetings? Are they public or private? Will they admit Punch as a member of the press? He will guarantee that his reports shall be correct.

LITERARY NEWS.

Punch is happy to learn that the cares of office sit lightly on the backs of the administration. A new series of facetiæ is about to issue from the office of the *Globe*.

ANECDOTES OF IGNORANCE—By the Hon. Mr. Chabot.

A DISSERTATION ON SMOKING—By the Hon. L. H. Lafontaine.

MEMS. ON MODESTY—with a striking likeness of Hon. Malcolm Cameron.

ANECDOTES OF HUMBBUG—By the Hon. Francis Hincks.

TALES OF GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE—By George Brown, Esq.

THE HISTORY OF RATS—By Henry Sherwood, Esq., M.P.P.

Why will the Assistant-Secretary's last moments be joyous? Because he will die a meri (y) deth.