

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |

TORONTO, SIMCOE AND HURON RAILROAD UNION COMPANY.

UNION OF INTERESTS.

Capital—\$2,000,000.

An extensive Canadian Railroad Union Tirage, Founded upon the principle of the Art Unions of England, specially authorised by an Act of the Provincial Parliament, 12th Victoria, Chapter 139, 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, CH. CHARLES BERCZY,
Hon. H. J. BOULTON, J. DAVIS RIDGOLF,
JOHN HEBBERT, GEORGE BARROW,
R. EASTON BURNS, ALBERT FERNISS,
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 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 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 Tirage Hall, Toronto, 1st January, 1850.

YOUNG'S HOTEL, HAMILTON

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

Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

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

FALL GOODS FALLEN!

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

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

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

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT is gone up, and Montreal is down (in the m. m.) Rapid 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 the 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, 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.

THE TORONTO

Carriage and Light Waggon Manufactory, 130, King Street West.

ESTABLISHED—1832.

OWEN & MILLS,

(FROM LONDON.)

N. B.—On hand Victoria Cab, and other Patterns Light Waggon, &c. &c., both new and second-hand for sale, (at very reduced prices.) Toronto, June 7, 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:

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. 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 BAYNE, McMERICH & 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.

WANTED TO PURCHASE,

COPIES of Higham's "REPORT OF THE ENGINEER ON the survey of the TORONTO AND LAKE HURON RAILROAD, published at the Albion Office, Toronto, in the year 1837.

Apply at the office of the "Union Tirage Hall," Toronto, January 10, 1850.

PUNCH FROM CANADA AT ST. JAMES'S.

Just after the issue of his last number, Punch received a despatch across the wires of the Atlantic Telegraph, which is not yet commenced, commanding his immediate presence at a Cabinet Council, to be held that afternoon at St. James's. He immediately packed up his hump, which answers the purpose of a portmanteau, and wearing his court suit, composed of costly red, blue and yellow calico, at one penny a yard, and his two orders of the red worsted garter around his literal timbers, which, in the language of stage-sailors, he frequently hoped might be split, in the joyful ejaculations proceeding from him at the unlooked-for honour of a message from Royalty, he buried himself in a safety Gutta-Percha submarine travelling costume, and filling his pockets with electric eels, on which he operated with the lightning of his wit, he quickly found himself at Buckingham Palace; when, producing his wand of office or street-marshal's *baton*, he was with great solemnity ushered into the Council Chamber by a gold-stick which he found in waiting; and having an eye to business, he pocketed the gold stick, and, with the air of a man who had done a virtuous action, took his seat at the Council-board. Her Majesty, he is happy to say, looked at him with both her eyes and remarkably well. She graciously enquired after his circulation, which he informed her was good, and considerably increased by the rapidity of his electric eels. Her Majesty enquired, if he had been running? An explanation ensued, when Her Majesty, with great dignity, stated that the joke, if meant as such, was remarkably fishy. Three Brobdingnag feathers, and a small boy at the end of them, were present, which, altogether, formed the Prince of Wales, who instantly introduced himself to Toby, who had accompanied Punch. Toby stood on his hind legs, and invested His Royal Highness with a collar of the noble order of the plum-cake, which H. R. H. received with visible uneasiness. Punch was then introduced to the Princess Alice, who insisted on having a ride on his hump, which he was graciously pleased to permit. The two little Royal Highnesses hereupon got noisy and troublesome, and were sent up to the nursery with a flea in each ear. Her Majesty, after apologizing for the rudeness of the Royal babes, called the Council to order, placing Punch on her right hand; and condescendingly commanding Punch not to make a fool of himself, Her Majesty requested Lord John Russell to state the object of the Council.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL said he wished to enquire what was to be done with the Colonies.

HER MAJESTY remarked, that her Colonies seemed in danger of being done with altogether, in which case her kingdom would be altogether done, and requested the venerable Punch to state his opinions.

The Venerable PUNCH begged to decline for the moment. His journey by lightning had lightened up his appetite; and however anxious he might be to support the integrity of Her Majesty's dominions, his own integrity compelled him to say, that he was desirous, before expressing his sentiments on affairs of state, to give his opinion on the state of Her Majesty's larder and cellar.

A rasher of bacon and a pot of half-and-half were instantly laid before Punch, who, not wishing to keep Her Majesty waiting, desired to know Lord Grey's ideas of Colonial affairs.

LORD GREY said he had no ideas.

PUNCH agreed with him.

LORD GREY then observed, that he believed the Colonies were, like scolding wives, very troublesome—particularly Canada and the Cape. There was no pleasing the inhabitants. If they sent them a healthy lot of convicts, they revolted; and if left alone, they complained that they were forgotten. In Canada, his illustrious and compost-selling relative— [Here Toby barked very loud, and Her Majesty smiled.] Lord Grey continued: In Canada, he said, his illustrious and compost-disposing relative had done all in his power to prevent that colony from ever troubling the mother country any more; and if it had not been for the Annexation movement, he thought he would have succeeded. On the whole, he thought Canada should be abandoned as soon as his noble and compost-disposing relative had succeeded in paying off the mortgage on his family estate, which he considered, at the rate he was now going on, would not be long first.

HER MAJESTY.—And the Lower Provinces, my Lord?

LORD GREY.—Give them up too.

HER MAJESTY.—How of the West Indies, my Lord?

LORD GREY.—Give them up too.

HER MAJESTY.—And the East Indies, my Lord—the East Indies, the fabled scenes of gods—what of them?

LORD GREY.—Give them up, give them up, by all means.

HER MAJESTY (with great firmness, and an expression of pity and contempt).—No, my Lord, not an inch of them. You are called Grey, my Lord—your name should be Green. We won our colonies, my Lord, and we will keep them. The star of England shall not set in Victoria's reign. To me, as a sacred trust, was the guardianship of these realms given; and if they would deprive me of them, they must use something stronger than honied words. The Lion is not tamed, my Lord—he only sleepeth. As a woman, and with a woman's spirit, we hold this sceptre: but we will not see all the fruits of former victories pulled down at once. This advice may be yours, Earl Grey; but is it that of your colleagues? Is it yours, my faithful Punch, my honest councillor and good friend—is it yours?

PUNCH (finishing the half-and-half).—Most decidedly not; and, your Majesty, I feel inspired—I feel—

HER MAJESTY.—Finish my bacon, Punch.

PUNCH.—No, your Majesty, it is my wish to save your bacon. [To the other Councillors.] And you, my lords, will you give up the colonies?

OTHER COUNCILLORS.—Not if we can keep them!

HER MAJESTY.—If; what, talk to me of ifs! There are no ifs, there shall be no ifs. You may retire.

[*Event Councillors in disorder; Toby biting their calves and destroying their silk stockings.*]

HER MAJESTY.—Good dog! good Toby! seize'em.

[*Earl Grey having tumbled down stairs, tripped up by Toby, Toby returns, wagging his tail. Her Majesty bestows on Toby the Order of the Kick.*]

Her Majesty and Punch then held council together, as to the best means of promoting the interests of Canada; but being sworn to secrecy over a glass of Constantia, what his advice was future events will shew. This much Punch is at liberty to say: that his advice will be followed; Lord Elgin will be sent up to Mica Bay and be made an Indian Chief, and annexation indefinitely postponed.

How Punch got home he does not exactly know. The last thing he remembers, previous to waking in Toronto, was hobnobbing and nobbing with the Duke of Wellington, out of the sixteenth bottle of Port, vintage 1811.

A LEGAL DISCOVERY.

In the late case of Johnson *vs.* Hedge, before the Judges of the Queen's Bench, Judge Draper, in giving judgment, made the following astounding discovery—(see Jurist for Dec. 1849):

“And if the fact had been that some person had tied some substance in flames to the heifer's horns, or rubbed dirt over its udder, to play a trick on the person milking it,” &c.

This is the first case in which it has been decided by the Court that heifers give milk; and it must be a great satisfaction to those who have been in the habit of rearing cattle to know that this important point has been settled by so eminent a judge. Punch, therefore, begs to recommend the high qualities of Mr. Draper to the favourable notice of the Managers of the Provincial Agricultural Association—being of opinion that he would make an excellent Judge of Heifers at the next Exhibition.

CANADA IN PERIL.

Punch is troubled for “this wooden country,” and is almost inclined to assert that annexation is certain—William Lyon Mackenzie opposes it.

ON THE DINNER SPEECHES OF THE HON. F. HINCKS.

No wonder Hinck's speeches fell dead,
O'erloaded as they were with lead.



THE BALLAD OF HORNBEE HALL.

O, bailiff, buttoned to the nose
And booted to the knee,
Answer true what I ask of you,
But tell no fibs to me.

The ladder hoisted from the wall,
The flag at half-mast high,
What bodes you signal? tell me all,
The wherefore and the why.

The flag, old gent, at half-mast high,
And the ladder from the wall,
Are signs of money that's owing by
The lord of Hornbee Hall.

The little bills came thronging in
Like bees about a hive,
Until the bowers of Hornbee
With bees wuz all alive.

Then rose the lord of Hornbee,
And fled from his castle halls;
He mizzled, and left you brave ladye
Alone for to keep the walls.

So we wuz ordered blockade to make
Before the castle gates,
No rest, nor sleep, but watch to keep,
Me and my bully mates.

O, cold the rain beats on my hat,
The wind goes whistling by;
But harder, O, harder to stand than that
Is the flash of you ladye's eye!

And from the battlements, night and day,
Horrid she slangs at we:
Bill Barlow's hair is gone quite grey,
From the language she used to he.

And this is the way, old gent, old gent,
The wherefore and the why,
From hour to hour we watch that tower,
My bully mates and I.

The poor folks suffer for the rich,
The great ones crush the small,
A story old, and often told,—
The lay of Hornbee Hall.

OUR ABSENT FRIEND.



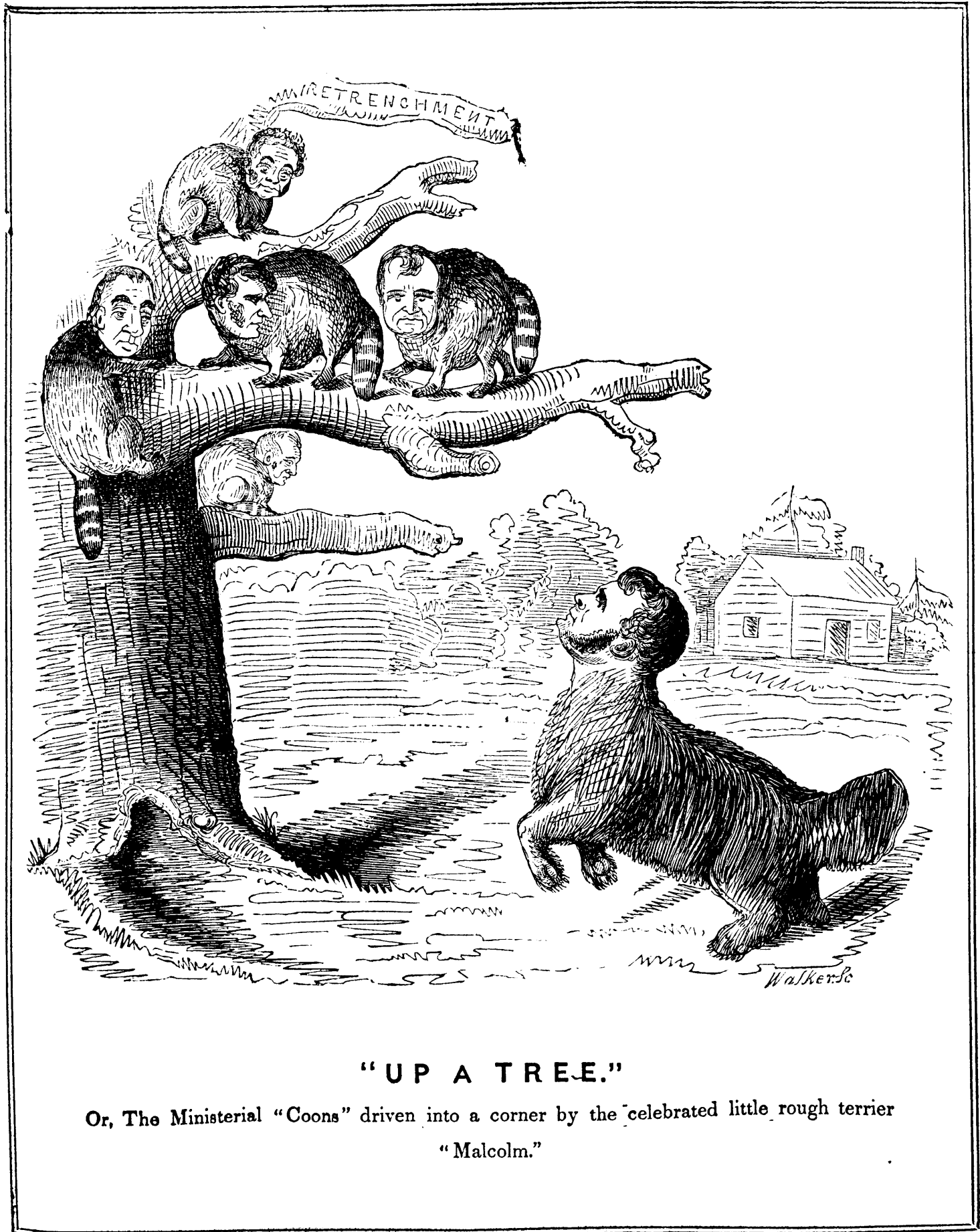
WING to the press of political matter into which we have latterly been plunged—a press which, unlike the cupboard of domestic life, contains none of those saccharine creations of culinary fancy which render the bolus of life less bitter to its involuntary swallower,—a press in which a regular jam, however, is generally to be found, and from which the intruder frequently comes forth in a pretty pickle;—owing, we say, to this particularly unpleasant description of press, we have, for some time back, been unable to bestow those little delicate attentions upon our dear Gogy, which his importance in a Punch point of view, as well as our own sense of propriety, should otherwise have prevailed upon us to offer. But does our Gogy, therefore, think that his Punch has forgotten him? does he bring up the well-educated tear at the

remembrance of the jokes that gave him a standing in socie'y, and the cuts that rendered his mug the property of the million? does his large waistcoat heave with emotion as he caresses the stray charge of some wandering nursery-maid, to think how Punch had once been a father to *him*? Such misgivings have sometimes darkened the soul of Punch. Remorse has stabbed him to the core with her embittered bodkin, and he hastens to acknowledge his remissness, and to remedy it as far as possible, by this brief pictorial notice. Small as the tribute is, Punch treads with a lighter step as he presents it to his dear Gogy. The penning of these few lines, is to Punch as a bu-hel of filberts; and he divides his nuts with his valued Gogy, hoping that the latter will find them wholesome, and pleasant to crack. And when the mellow face of the festive mahogany blushes at the reflections cast upon it by the ruddy port and the boisterous sherry, at that mesmeric hour will Punch drain off a brimmer to his "absent friend;" while Gogy, touched with the secret magnetism of the moment, will s.v.a. low a sympathetic bumper to the health of Punch.

THE INDEPENDENT GENTLEMAN.

A Sketch in the style of H. B.





"UP A TREE."

Or, The Ministerial "Coons" driven into a corner by the celebrated little rough terrier
"Malcolm."

BUTTON AGAIN!

Punch is terribly cut up;—that Button will be the death of him. Button of the "Day and Board Academy." Could he have meant the Day and Martin Academy! O! did he refer to the last polish conferred by him upon those precious boots and shoes, the pupils of his "evening efforts," or did he, by the obnoxious word "board," insinuate that his philosophy was wasted upon the cultivation of blockheads? O, Button! say you meant the "Day and Martin Academy," do, like a good pedagogue, and put Punch out of suspense. Button, are you a Duck? Did you, in your letter to the Herald, your letter of the 31st December last, a production which at once and for ever places you as the first Button on the waistcoat of literature—did you, in that letter, really mean to convey that you are a downright duck—a dear, domestic, dirty, waddling little water-fowl, with a patent, gutta-percha, Punch-proof back? If you really are a duck, you surely can have no objection to being roasted—can you Button? Of course not;—it is the vocation of ducks; and Punch accordingly skewers you and dresses you, and serves you up with Reading sauce—the most appropriate condiment for a pedagogue who fancies himself a duck. But you should have written a private note to Punch—you should have communicated with him, Button, stating that you *are* a duck; because there is a larger species of domestic aquatic birds with mackintosh backs, and to that variety of web-footed waddlers might Punch, most unfortunately, have referred his Button.

But in the second paragraph, Button, of your pleasant letter, you declare yourself "neuter,"—something neither masculine nor feminine, but of an intermediate gender. Here, Button, you lose yourself; your individuality as a duck is gone for ever, your respectability as a web-footed hatcher of ducklings is doubted, you have moulted your character, and nothing is left of the duck but the quack. Fancy the "youth of the city" in charge of a "neuter" duck, tracking, with their tiny little footsteps, the dirty path that leads to the puddle of annexation! Be a drake, Button, with a very green head and curled tail-feathers; but don't impose yourself upon the public as an anomalous water-bird, don't overcome us with "special wonder," like the *Ornithoryncus Padoarus* of Australian ponds—that curious little water-mole whose abnormal construction suggests to us a combination of duck and Button.

Again, Button, you asseverate that, "as a linguist, a chemist and an artist, you are not at present in need of Punch's assistance." What title, most excellent Button, has a duck to be viewed in any of these lights? As a linguist, does the simple reiteration of the monosyllabic "quack" entitle the duck to an enviable distinction? As a chemist, is the instinctive propensity for analysing mud, sufficient to confer upon the duck a diploma of efficiency? Button, we fear not—and for the artistical part of your assertion, any cook in Christendom can inform you that the duck, instead of being educated as a draughtsman, is invariably brought up to be drawn. Nor is the duck, most worthy Button, arrived at such eminence in agricultural pursuits, as to enable him "to make two blades of grass grow where only one did before," for his vegetable investigations are usually attended with a very different result, and the only verdure in which the duck may be said to be quite at home, is that of the stagnant pool—the reeking, noxious, pea-soup-coloured pond of annexation.

And pray, Button, how could you have come to compromise your character as a duck—granting that you are one—so far as to become a stealthy and midnight assassin; a killer of one, whom, in your capacity of a pedagogue, you should have cherished with all the maternal solicitude of a philanthropic female drake? We allude to the lamented Lindley Murray, basely and barbarously murdered by you, in a lonely lane off Craig Street. There, in that silent midnight street, did you insidiously follow him through many dark and intricate passages, stabbing him in divers places, (like a duck as you are), and finishing him at length, with a stunning blow from a tremendous paragraph—your fifth, we think—a paragraph which should be planted, like a tangled briar-bush, upon the grave of the murdered Murray. Peace to his ashes! And when his ghost torments you at the dreamy hour of night, exercise your capabilities as a duck, O! Button, and diving beneath the blankets of domestic dormitory, dodge the avenging spirit of the departed.

Farewell, Button. "Fare thee well, and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well;" and if you are not perfectly satisfied with Punch's dissection of you as a confessed duck, why then, try a higher range; go the goose, Button, the entire unmitigated gander, and may your quills in that distinguished capacity flourish to the utmost extent of your honest ambition—but pluck not one of them, Button, to pen an annexation placard, or by the spirit of the mutilated Lindley Murray, you had better have remained a patent, waterproof, registered, gutta-percha, gutter-searching Duck.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

Our American files, as usual, are rather rough; nevertheless the vipers who have the hardihood to gnaw them, will find them not bad picking, occasionally. There are a few pleasant details of murders, skilfully mixed up with sporting intelligence; so that bears and bishops, panthers and painters, foxes and philosophers, would all appear to come within the general denomination of "game," in the model republic.

We select the following at random, from amongst a bushel or so of "sayings and doings:"—

A CLERGYMAN KILLED.—The Rev. Moses Morris was shot dead recently, near Decatur, Ala., by Dr. Delaney. Parson M. was met on the road by Dr. D.; Parson M. perceiving him approaching with a gun, on horseback, threw aside his blanket and bared his breast. Dr. D., supposing he was searching for a pistol, shot him dead upon the spot. Parson Morris was universally beloved. The difficulty appears to have been in consequence of family dissensions.

A PANTHER KILLED.—A fine panther was shot on Monday last, on the road through the pine woods back of Hogaboom, Pa.: Col. Silas P. Flint, who was out squirrel hunting, met him right in the middle of the road. The panther glared at him a moment, as though about to spring, baring his horrible teeth in anticipation of a bloody banquet. But the Col., who is remarkable for his teeth, had the best of it, and grinned the animal up into the crotch of a bass-wood tree, from which he quickly fetched him, dead, with a leaden messenger from his unerring rifle. The beast measured seven feet from the tip of his snout to the end of his tail.

Here we have sport in great variety. But Dr. Delaney's hunting operations appear to have been conducted on a scale of great magnificence compared to Col. Flint's, inasmuch as he pursued his quarry on horseback—running down and killing his clergyman in good sporting style; while Silas P. appears to have been no better than a paltry squirrel-hunter, who fortuitously met with and conquered a beast of prey.

Of the two paragraphs given above, the first is rather our favourite. We like the delicacy with which the word "difficulty" is substituted for the unpleasant, vulgar, dissonant disyllable, "murder." The details, too, are graphic and spirited, —that throwing aside of his blanket is picturesque; and the insinuation about pistols completes the portrait of an Alabama clergyman. But why did they forget his measurement?—the panther, we are assured, was exactly seven feet long, but of the length of the devoted clergyman we are left in the darkest ignorance. We gather, however, from the foregoing, that an Alabama clergyman's costume consists of nothing but a blanket and a pair of pistols, and that his sacred calling does not prevent him from being classed along with the panther as a "beast of prey."

We would not accept of a parish in Alabama for any consideration—a presentation to a living there appearing to us very little better than a warrant for one's death.

PUNCH TO THE RESCUE.

Punch presents his compliments to the Hon. R. Baldwin, and assuring him of his highest consideration, offers himself for the vacant judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas, which he apprehends will at once settle the question.

SAD NEWS FOR THE GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

The Telegraph has annihilated distance; therefore the Montreal creditors of the officials must be as near to their debtors as they were in the "City of Eggs."

FASHIONABLE FESTIVITIES.

Montreal, 1st Jan., 1850.

My deare Mari An,

Hall is hover; and my cup of bitternes is fill for hever and hever, hamen. John Macrook his married, and I seed him with my hone eyes—and O, Mari An, wat a site! He was drest very ginteel, with a blue cote, and O, such buttings! I thought my hart would brake when I seed them ere buttings! His raving air was fluttering hover his marbel forhed, and his dark eyes gazed upon his bride, O with such hexpression! There was too illegant young fellers for groomsman, but O, John outshined em hall. His hattertude when he pronounced the fatal word, was quite sublime—

"His left foot was upon the halter,
But his deep voice did not falter."

Susan Smith (week-minded young 'ooman!) bust out a cryen, and Sarah Brown hexclaimed "Hall is hover;" but John Macrook never spoke a word, honly he smiled, and a-turnin to his lovely bride, by 'evens he kissed her! Oh Mari An, hexcuse my bitter tears, the hecho of that kiss, it haunts my busum still!

The festivals afterwards was hall on the same illegal scale. The cards, of vich I sends you a pattern, was two inches longer than the ould Ginerals, and none but the helites invited. Muster Guleps, the hattomey, havin given a hop the nite before, made John the more particklar about snobs not been hadmitted. The our of meeting was alf-pas 10, at wick time the hexcited nebourhood was chock full of the most illegant vehicles, conveying their lovely occupants to the temple of himen, in John's princely manshun. On enterin, the site wick struck the admirin wishun, was truly dazling. At the bottom of the stares was two black intendants, a servin out the most expensive lickers to the intoxicated cabmen; vilst at the top, surrounded by a grove of orange flowers, was John himself, with one hand a holdin on his bride, and the other in his vastecote pocket. A hangen hover the heds of the appy pear, was two wite piejohns, to signify conubial appiness, vilst behind em was a harterficial cornucopier, a crowded up with 15 litle children, all a hetin buns, and borrowed for the purpose—a delicate illushun to what is coming arterwards. Had to this the music, Mister Maffire's noble band—and the facina in figurs of the men, and then himagin, Mari An, wat a lively picture John's wedding must have been!

At alf-past 10, John himself led up the ball, a leaden hoff a illegant young creature—name unknown, but ighly connected—with fascinatin grease. To describe all that followed would require another pen than mine, but Polkas was the favorites, all of which went hoff well, except won lady losin her ——. Green was the colour; but, thank Heaven, hevery won knows that I wear blue. At 12, most splended collocation, purwided by Mr. Jackson, with accustomed taste; hexpence, incorse, predigus! When John's health was drunk, such a shoot was rased, as brought two porlicemen in, both superior young fellers, who returned arter singing a song, and drinken bnmppers round. What John said was unheard by me, but I seed him carried away at last, Mari Ann, with his pail cheek reclinin on his welwet vest, and a wite table cloth rapped around him. Then hall was hidden from my ravished site, and hexcuse my weekness, Mari Ann, I turned and vept!

Since then, ours has past, and I feels a little better. I has met John wonce. He turned his dark eyes on me, o such a glance. "The world thinks him appy, but his sorrow he'll smother: o thou hart the claws of this hanguish, my mother."

And with this touching sentiment, so happropriat to won in my condishun, believe me, dear Mari An, your blighted friend and rose-bud,

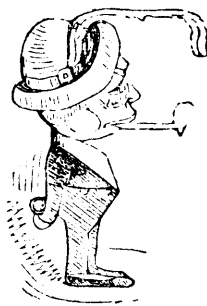
SAREY JANE THOMAS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED, the sight of a letter which has been delivered out of the Toronto Post Office within twenty-four hours after its arrival.

A Collector of Curiosities will give a good price for a number of the *Globe* which does not abuse the *Examiner*, or a number of the *Examiner* which does not abuse the *Globe*.

THE INDIAN GAME.

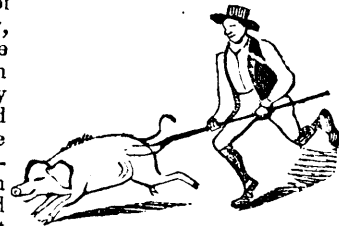


UNNY fo'ks are the rulers of "this Canada." Tyrannical is the "liberal government." The Indian chiefs, who had bled for the sovereign, under whose seal ministers hold their commissions, were brought twelve hundred miles in custody to Toronto, on charges which could not be sustained, and they might have starved, had not his Excellency, with his unheard of liberality, headed a list for their relief with the amount of change for a sixpence. The list was filling rapidly, when the government, not willing that his Excellency should

impoverish himself in the cause of charity, ordered ninety pounds worth of debentures to be issued to defray the Indians' charges back to their hunting grounds, and, consequently, his Excellency's change for sixpence was returned to him by the treasurer; that is, it would have been returned, but on referring to the books it was discovered that it had not been paid.

CITY NEWS.

STRANGE INCIDENT.—THE SUDDEN THAW BRINGING A PIG TO LIFE. The difficulty of distinguishing live pigs from those that are dead, inasmuch as when frozen the erect attitude of the latter bears a close resemblance to that of the former, when standing stiltly before the shops of the purveyors of pig-meat, was exemplified yesterday in the New Market of St. Lawrence. The warm weather, which has prevailed here for several days, caused the joints of one of these animals to give way, and it fell helpless to the ground. No notice was taken of this occurrence, it being by no means unusual, but a loud grunt suddenly startled the neighbourhood, and the thawed pork bolted in the direction of the Don river, hotly pursued by its anxious proprietor. It was eventually captured



IN THIS STYLE.

THE WOODSTOCK FIGHT.

The great fight in the Court-house at Woodstock, between the Hon. Francis Hincks and J. G. Vansittart, came off on New-Year's Day in fine style. Alderman Beaty and Mr. Vannoman were the bottle-holders on the occasion. Mr. Vansittart floored the Hon. Francis, but was thrown over the ropes by foul play. The umpires have not as yet given their decision as to the victor, but have announced that they will refer it to the people at the next Oxford election.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

A letter has been received from a pilgrim to the gold diggings, in which the writer speaks encouragingly of the resources of that region. He says—"To one brought up in the lap of luxury, as I was, in my dear native city of Brooklyn, washing at first seems a strange and unpleasant operation." We have no doubt of it, my dear sir; for we have seen many free and enlightened citizens from Brooklyn, and elsewhere in the land of Liberty, to whom washing must undoubtedly have appeared an extremely novel and "unpleasant" proceeding.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

The Antipodes—Malcolm Cameron and Mr. Hincks.

The Siamese Twins—Benjamin Holmes and L. J. Papineau.

THE WORST JOKE YET.

Why are our city fathers like pigs? Because they are fond of mud.