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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 Trage, 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, Hon. H. J. BOULTON, JOHN HIBBERT, R. EASTON BURNS, J. C. MORRISON, M.P.P., CHARLES BERCZY, J. DAVIS RIDOUT, GEORGE BARROW, ALBERT FURNESS, 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 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 precipitous 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 Trage 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 up 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.

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. 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, McMeekin & 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.

ATHENÆUM BUILDINGS,

57 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

THE ATHENÆUM NEWS ROOM,

IS NOW OPEN,

WHERE a choice selection of English, American and Colonial Newspapers and Periodicals, are regularly received.

Subscription, 12s. 6d. per Annum.

Toronto, March 7, 1850.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER WRITER FOR OFFICE SEEKERS.

Mail Route, Perth to Toronto, }
February, 1850. }

MR. PUNCH,

Sir,—The enclosed correspondence leaked out of the mail bags, en route to Toronto. As it may be of service to future applicants, who love their country and want office; most of whom are much like my little son, who in the most loving way sometimes places his little arms round my neck and says, "Dear Papa, I do love you so much, but I want some bread and butter."

Yours faithfully,
MAIL CARRIER.

[No. 1.]

HONOURABLE FRANCIS HINCKS,
Inspector General, &c. &c.

Sir,—My dear old friend McM. has just *this moment gone* to his long home, leaving, of course, the office of Registrar for the county of Lanark vacant; and to fill the vacancy, I beg to crave the appointment. I can offer two good reasons why you should grant my request; first, I know I am the first applicant; and, secondly, I will, in the Legislative Council, *support the ministry.*

Yours, &c.
Perth, February, 1850.

HON. F. HINCKS, [No. 2.]
Inspector General.

Sir,—The Registrar for the county is dead, and I write early to ask the office for my brother. Being the member for the county, I have done much for the cause of Reform, *in a quiet way.* Myself, nor any of my family, have never received any favours from government. As far as I can *now see* I go dead against Malcolm.

Yours, &c.,

[No. 3.]
Perth, February, 1850.

MY DEAR HINCKS,

The Tory Registrar is dead, at last.—I believe I have never asked for an office, but I want this one. You know my claims personally, to say nothing of what my friends, at Brockville, have done for the cause of Reform. I may here state, that I have attended every political meeting, with *some* exceptions, in the county for the past few years; lectured upon various subjects to help the good cause and make myself known; the articles Nos. 1, 2 and upwards, appearing in the *Globe*—"A voice from Lanark," signed, "W. O. B.," *are mine.* I am a Lawyer, which is *pretty well* known, and ought to be a good recommendation. I want to be member for the county; but if I get the office I will cease paving the way thereto. My friends—and — will explain further to you in my favour. I rely upon getting the appointment. Remember me very kindly to Mrs. H.

I am yours as ever faithfully,

P. S.—Malcolm is an Ass!! I hope our friend Baldwin is recovering. It is well for the country your health is good. Your friends here *grin* a little, about driving out Malcolm, but I will keep them straight, *until* I hear from you.

[No. 4.]
Perth, February, 1850.

TO THE HON. FRANCIS HINCKS,
Inspector General, &c. &c.

Sir,—Captain McM., the late Registrar for Lanark, is just dead. There will, no doubt, be many applicants for the office, from the ranks of our friends; all loving their country and desiring to serve it in office; but we, the undersigned, not being among the number, take great satisfaction in recommending for appointment J. D., jr. His father is a catholic, and one of the oldest out-and-out Reformers in the county; none of the family have ever had office, and it would be gratifying to the catholics, as a body, who deserve well at the hands of the government, if you would give the office to young D.— We expect you will do so.

Yours, &c. &c.

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. . .

[No. 5.]

HON. F. HINCKS,
Inspector General, &c. &c.

Sir,—The Registry office is vacant, and I want the office (for a friend.) I need not enlarge upon what I rest my claims for the appointment; they are well known. And, although it may not add to their strength at the present time, my exertions in this county, in the cause of Reform, are interwoven with the success of your late friend Cameron's political career in Lanark --who by the way, on the subject of retrenchment, although rather late, is pretty near right. I have no doubt but you will give me the office.

Yours,
Ramsay, February, 1850.
P. S.—I have just heard that *Rody* is an applicant!!

[No. 6.]
Perth, February, 1850.

HONOURABLE F. HINCKS,
Inspector-General, &c.

Sir,—The Registry Office for this county is vacant. I am an applicant for it. Setting to one side entirely my having opposed Bell at the last election, I rest my claims for the appointment upon being a lawyer, and always having been a Reformer, and intending ever remaining one, whether you give me the office or not. As I wish to serve my country and this county in particular, I shall expect the appointment.

I am your obedient servant,

[No. 7.]

Honble. Sir,—Captain McM. the Registrar for this county is deceased, and the office thereby becomes vacant. I desire the appointment at your hands; and I may here say, that my claims upon the Government for office are many, but the most prominent are, my editing the "*Courier*" for the past seven years; my presenting an address to Lord Elgin last *May*, when "W. O. B." and others found it convenient to be at home. My friend the S****, who is *great* on geology and education, will recommend me; and as I *want* an office, I hope you will give it to me.

I am, hon. Sir, yours, &c.,

Honble. F. Hincks,
Inspector-General, &c.

P. S.—The "*Courier*" is silent about Malcolm, and shall for the *present* remain so.

THE MONTREAL DARKNESS.

"In consequence of the disagreement between the New Gas Company and the corporation, the inhabitants of this city are left in the dark at night."—*Montreal Paper.*

Some short-sighted gentleman must have written the above paragraph, seeing that he asserts that the inhabitants are in the dark only at night. Punch would say, that, for the most part, they are in the dark night and day, judging from their late annexational civic fights. Indeed there must be a deficiency of light in the atmosphere, which prevents them from seeing things as clearly as other people, or at any rate compels them to view objects through a shady medium. Such light as they have amongst them, is always a one-sided light—a party-light in fact, and they keep groping about in semi-darkness until they jostle against one another, and proceed to an indiscriminate breaking of heads. Punch would advise them to seek for the Light of Truth. It is cheap, requires no snuffing, trims itself, never goes out, and gives the light of Punch knows not how many millions of annexation lights, or radical lights, or conservative lights, or any other of the brilliant but delusive phantoms that have been so long burning.

TOO GOOD BY HALF.

The retailers of milk in Toronto have discovered a system by which they can make out of a pint of water a quart of milk, and have enough left to make cream for their own tea.

"ALAS POOR GHOST!"

THE ST. JAMES' RESURRECTIONIST.



PUNCH had been informed that the attempt to rescind the resolution for unburying the dead, would pass without opposition at the Vestry meeting of last Saturday, and therefore he was not personally present, as he would have been, had he anticipated anything like a difference of opinion. It would seem that the information thus conveyed to Punch, was a mere ruse, to keep him away, so that he might not record the proceedings. If such was the case however, some people are disappointed, for Punch has obtained all the necessary information, from a quarter, whence some people might not think it most likely to come. In short, Punch has received the following:—

Mr. PUNCH,—I am one of the numerous ill-used Ghosts of the buried of St. James'.

You Sir, have manfully pleaded our cause—the cause of decency and humanity. I hope therefore, you will print this, if you can make it out, for I know it is badly written, in consequence of the ague I have caught from contact with certain living flesh and blood—and my hand shakes. I was at the vestry meeting of last Saturday, Sir. I had a right to be there, and I was there. The question at issue deeply affects the spirits of the departed, as well as the feelings of the living, and I wished to see if any deference would be paid to either. My brother ghosts deputed me for the purpose.

Your friend Henry Sherwood moved the resolution to rescind the leasing plan. Having done this, he—departed, as it seemed, to escape the responsibility of voting. He had an eye to both sides, or either side as usual. Perhaps he guessed I was present, and therefore he vanished. He is afraid of ghosts, having been dreadfully misled and troubled as you know, by the ghost of a Judgeship.

A small man with white hair, advocated our cause, with a warmth and honesty, that made me feel almost comfortable notwithstanding my close proximity to some ice-like humors; but the little man spoke with more truth than elegance, and was cried down by the most active resurrectionists. I have marked some of them, and they will hear of me and my comrades, at the small hours, if they be not careful.

Boulton of the Crook, was strong on the resurrection principle. He saw no harm in it, not he. He would move his friends to the cemetery. Those who could not afford to remove their friends, why they might—but here he of the crook was not very audible. It would honor the dead, the removal of their remains. Had not the French removed Napoleon? and were not the French the most religious, moral, quiet, peaceable, and estimable people in the world?

Mr. Wakefield said, he was going, going, going, to propose something. Let people put their hands in their pockets and build the Church, without leasing the ground. He would give a hundred pounds, that he would. Instead of raising the dust of the dead, he would say, down with the dust. *Pone dustum* was the word.

The resurrectionists appeared terribly shocked at this—-they did not cheer Wakefield, but seemed to think he had propounded a very wicked idea. One of them said it was nothing but "Mr. Wakefield's imagination."

Then rose Draper of King's College, surnamed by Dunlop, "Sweet William." He said, it must be leased. It was "expedient." Expediency was what he always looked to, and he hadn't done so badly by it. What had he to do with right or

wrong, with principles or no principles, desecration or no desecration. It was quite sufficient that to build the Church, the leasing plan was necessary. It would, in fact, save the pockets of the p^ro-owners. Mr. Wakefield's plans were chimerical. To ask men to subscribe, who had already been out of pocket to some extent, was neither moral, just nor equitable. You couldn't build the church without leasing the ground, and, therefore, right or wrong, sacrilege or not, it must undoubtedly be done.

In the end, sir, the good men and true were found to have a majority, but an adjournment was agreed upon, and the contest will be renewed the week following your publication of this. Meantime, we, the spirits of the departed, whose resting places are threatened with sacriligious invasion, call upon our living friends to DEFEND OUR GRAVES from the spade and pick-axe of these worse than medical resurrectionists. Many of us have no relations on earth near at hand, many others have none rich enough to answer the Churchwardens' advertisement for "removals," and we can only appeal to the public in general, and more especially to that Episcopal body of Christians, who are thus in danger of being brought into contempt, by the act of the fraction of one vestry. Let then, I say again, our resting places be unmolested, and let these Christian men be satisfied with a parish church, and let them be prepared to pay for it, leaving those who can afford it, to build cathedrals.

I am, Mr. Punch,

A TRUE SPIRIT.

REFORM OF THE BAR.

We are happy to learn that the barristers of Toronto have, at length resolved to vindicate the respectability and honesty of the bar; and to show a bright and shining example to the whole of their client-cheating and law-perverting brethren. They have come to an expressed resolution that, converting money held in trust for others, is beneath the dignity of the profession, but following up this beginning in the right path, they have also resolved, that if it shall happen that any counsel has done so, he shall refund the money. Indeed, it is said that this resolution is to have a retrospective effect, in which case considerable sums must be paid back. Should this be the case, it is supposed that some respectable families who are now all but starving, will be restored to affluence; while others who are in affluence, will be put on short commons.

Punch will be happy to advertise (*gratis*) the day on which learned gentlemen propose to disgorge.

THE LAST NEW INVENTION.

Punch learns from Montreal that Mr. Galt, agent of the British American Land Company, has invented a new machine, by means of which a raw Yankee may be manufactured into a British subject, entitled to all political privileges, in an inconceivably short space of time. Mr. Galt has lately tried his invention in the County of Sherbrooke, on a sleepy-headed boy from New-Hampshire, who after two day's "polling" under Mr. Galt's influence came out a spick and span member of Parliament. Punch has no doubt but that Mr. Galt's employers—the loyal merchants and gentlemen of the City of London—will highly approve of the invention; and that, as Mr. Galt's talents are evidently much too "smart" for Colonial use, they will insist in his taking the earliest opportunity of exhibiting them in the land of his love and admiration, on the other side of the line 45°.

A PROBLEM.

Q. How can a junior partner be taken into a house over the senior partner's head?

A. By the senior partner sitting in the warehouse, and the junior partner being taken in at the first-floor window.

THE "HAND WRITING ON THE WALL."

Lord Elgin rewarded rebels and a rebel has been sent from Sherbrooke to beard Lord Elgin on his throne.



A CAMERONIAN DOSE.

VERY DISAGREEABLE TO NAUGHTY LITTLE BOYS.

THE GREAT CANADIAN BUMBLE!

Colonel John Prince has come out in (as the play-bills express it) an entirely new character. He is Bumble—Bumble the Beadle, without the cocked hat and staff. Every one knows that Bumble was a terribly ill-used person, snubbed by the parish authorities, tormented by the "work-hus" boys, and finally a victim to matrimony and good living. Well, Colonel John is very much in the same plight. Bumble was an epicure—so is the Colonel; Bumble was an orator—so is the Colonel; Bumble was a victim—so is the Colonel. Bumble was a quiet man unappreciated—the Colonel is a quiet man unappreciated; Bumble complained of neglect—the Colonel complains of neglect. "Bumble," says the historian, "had a great idea of his oratorical powers, and his importance;" Bumble liked "a little drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar;" and the Colonel does not *dislike* "a little drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar." Bumble sold himself for "six tea-spoons, a pair of sugar tongs and a milk pot, with a small quantity of second-hand furniture, and twenty pounds in money;" the Colonel would sell himself at about the same rate to any Ministry who would be fool enough to buy him. Can there be any doubt, then, that the Colonel is Bumble—the real Canadian Bumble, and no one else? If there is—let it vanish on reading a late letter to one Mr. Rankin. Is it the Colonel or Bumble who speaks in the following harangue, which we offer as Punch's translation?

"I should like to know what encouragement there is for a person of my genius and standing in this ere parish? It is enough to make a man's flesh creep on his bones, to know what a life a parrish beadle has to bear! [A small drop of the soothing syrup, if you please, Mrs. Mann, I'm getting a *leettle* dry.] Here have I been, for sixteen years, a working like a slave for this ere work-hus, and what is the result? [Another lump of sugar, my pet, I always likes it sweet.] If I was an hextravagant or profligate beadle, or given to drink or hard swearin—[dann them brats, what a noise they *does* make to be sure!]-or, if I was guilty of them ere extravagances wich ruinsates so many beadles—[a little more of the alkali, if you please, Mrs. Mann]—there might be some cause for this treatment, but when its a beadle of liberal eddication and henterprise, whose

"Only care is to increase his store,
And keep his only son myself at home,"

a beadle, as always looks out for the interests of the parrish—[that ere gin is inferior, Mrs. Mann, werry inferior, for the price]—what is we to hexpect for the future? Who is the benefactor, my workhus friends, of this ere parrish? Who recommended strong beer for the nurses? Who subscribed for a new work-house clock? Who takes home the Vestry when they gets dru-sick? Bumble's the man, who's a pattern of sobriety and consistency? Bumble, in course, and where's the encouragement for this, and who'll do as much as he's done again? [Pass the bottle, Mrs. Mann, the fire of hinspiration is waxing low.] None but a lunatic wont look at what others has become in more favored situations. Where's Muster Buster, and Richard Cheeks, and Bob Munpkins? Where? why a thieving to be sure, some on 'em butlers in noblemen's families, and some on 'em landlords and excisemen. That's how the rewards went in other parishes. But Bumble—where's Bumble?—[hiccups]—Bumble's a beast—[hiccups]—Bumble's a hog—[hiccups]—Bumble's a quadruped with four feet, or a helephant—a vampire wasting his sweetness on the desert air—[that ere gin hevaporates by exposure to the hare, Mrs. Mann]—and what's the cause on it?—[Hiccups.]—Is it drink?—God forbid. I'll take my oath no one ever saw Bumble drunk—is it swearing?—dann it no—is it licentiousness or bigamy? Its none of these things is in the bill of indictment. What is it then? *It's just the parochial system—it's the workus government*—its over-feeding the paupers, and neglecting the beadles. We wants a revolution, Mrs. Mann, and we'll have a revolution. What's the good of a parrish seal?—what's the good of a overseer?—what's the good of high constables or mayors?—what's the good of the churchwarden's staff—glittering diadem? The fact is, my dear Mann, we are going to the devil—[that's the last drop in the bottle!] Bumble's deceived; peace, rest, and contentment's vanished from his old bussum. He's bust and broken—all his dreams is gone, and theres nothing left but anarchy, and gun-

powder treason—and, the rum, Mrs. Mann—the blowing-up and destruction, Mrs. Mann,

OF THE ENTIRE WURKUS SYSTEM.

[And, at this point, Mr. Bumble crosses his hand on his parochial paunch, and quietly goes to sleep.]

PUNCH'S MODEL POETRY.

Lines addressed to John Dougall, Esquire, by a late Member of the Temperance Society.

John Dougall, Dougall, doo John,
When we were first acquaint,
You loved a glass of wine John,
And never preaching went;
But now you 're turn'd a saint, John,
And wi'l not taste the "brew;"
You love the thing but mayn't, John—
John Dougall, Dougall, doo!

John Dougall, Dougall, doo John!
In times gone by I ween,
You were a loyal man, John,
And faithful to the Queen;
But now you 've changed your coat, John,
And left the royal blue—
Your Queen's the dollar note, John,
John Dougall, Dougall, doo!

John Dougall, Dougall, doo John!
You loudly roar, and groan,
Because poor erring men, John,
Will worship "stock and stone;"
But surely they 're as bad, John,
Who act a part like you—
Desert their Queen and play, John,
John Dougall, Dougall, doo!

John Dougall, Dougall, doo John!
Leave off the subtle plan;
Humbug, cant, and craft, John,
Deceive no honest man;
If conscience has no gripes, John,
Let duty hold you true,
Renounce the stares and stripes, John,
John Dougall, Dougall, doo.

John Dougall, Dougall, doo John!
Before your battle's won,
Many a "saint" will bleed, John,
And many a "saint" go down;
Our muskets will reply, John,
To your sweet chaunting crew,
We'll keep our powder dry, John,
John Dougall, Dougall, doo!

SOME OF THE LATEST LEGAL REPORTS.

"It is understood that Mr. F. Johnson will not contest the letters patent depriving him of his commission"—*Morning Bow-Wow*.

"This is a mistake, Mr. Frank Johnson will carry the matter to the highest Court of Appeal"—*Evening Night-Cap*.

"No mistake at all; Mr. Frank Johnson regards the whole affair with infinite contempt"—*Afternoon Cauliflower*.

"A most erroneous impression; Mr. F. Johnson will not only resist, but he has the opinions of the Lord Chancellor and twelve of the Judges of England strongly in his favour"—*The Tri-weekly Turnip*.

"Pshaw! nonsense. Our friend Frank has made a present of his gown and commission to Dolly; he don't care a damn for the business"—*Saturday Gingerbread*.

All of which reports, *Punch* has to add, are perfectly true.

EXHIBITION OF MANUFACTURES.

Punch recommends that Col. Prince, M.P.P., should be sent to the London Exhibition of 1851, as the finest possible specimen of Canadian Turning.

GOOSE *versus* EAGLE.

Eagles are going out of fashion—geese are on the advance. This may be news for the lovers of red-coated picturesque, but are happy tidings for the great family of man. The imperial bird, CÆSAR'S AND NAPOLEON'S pet—that swooped upon nations, growing fat on human agony and human wrong, may, like the Phœnix, flutter in a poet's verse—may, poor bedraggled one, languish in menageries, daily fed by southern contract slave butchers upon human flesh; but, a short time, and never again will it strike its beak at the eyes of liberty, or prey upon the entrails of a bleeding land. Its thunderbolt is fast slipping from its talons—it is moulting all its obsolete magnificence!

Step aside with us; there now, what do you see?

A large field, tolerably cleared, but the stumps are still remaining.

Very right; and what—there upon your left, what do you behold?

A goose: yea, a solitary grey goose.

'Tis very true. Uncover to it. Yes; off with your hat; for we tell you, that goose—and great are the gains to humanity by the usurpation—that goose will dethrone the eagle—yes, will knock the flesh-eating bird from its perch of bloody state, and then serenely goggle in its place. Yet is there no pride in the goose. Observe it; mark its movements. How gently it waddles; how its neck undulates like a snake; and now with what a meek sagacity it lays its head on one side, and gazes on you with its small grey eye. But, I see you have a sceptical look; you do not believe in the dethronement of the carnivorous *Aquila*, and the succession of the mild *Anser*. No: we at once interpret your emotions, as with downward gaze you contemplate the bird of benevolence—for so it is—nibbling the grass at your feet. We detect your sensual littleness. Already have you spitted that goose in thought; already a dream of pungent onion, aromatic sage, steals upon your sense—a dream, not all unreal, with apples—savoury sauce! Yes, you are incredulous of the power of the goose over the eagle, for you see not its more potent weapons—its more tremendous thunderbolts!

Thunderbolts! a goose carry thunderbolts?

Look here, for you see we have caught the goose, and for all its uproar and struggling, we will convince you of its marvellous power. Now what is this—what are these?

Why this is its wing; and what should these be but its quills?

Right: the thunderbolt that will kill the eagle, and in due season, leave it not a feather to fly with. Are you not a convert? Feel you not a new-born respect for the goose? Are not the howlings of the North and the South, or the ravings of Canadian Annexationists mere playthings compared to

“The might that slumbers in a goose's wing.”

Henceforth, dear reader, respect and venerate the goose; and, eschewing eagles, wherever you may meet with it, fail not to bow reverentially and touch your hat to the goose.

MAD MARCH.

We have heard of March hares being mad, but March himself has become a lunatic: the pranks he has been playing with the barometer since he made his appearance on the stage of this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty, must have been effected in moments of fierce insanity. There has been a different temperature for morning, noon, and night; so that in suiting our costume to the season, we have been obliged to have our winter, summer and spring wardrobe and boxes always in use and in wear within a few hours. In the morning, with our glass at freezing point, we have sallied forth encased in bear-skin, skates in hand, for the bay, to enjoy the healthful recreation of gliding over the ice in that spirit of philosophy which teaches us to skim the surface of everything: for it is only he who skims the surface of the milk that gets the cream. But by the time we have reached the corporation dirt receptacle, opposite the “Bee-hive,” in King Street, the temperature has changed to that of summer; and as, like *Richard the Third*, we hate to be out of fashion, and “entertain” with promises to pay “a score or two of tailors,” whose scores have been running for some time, we hurry back to habit ourselves in appropriate costume.

The winter morning has been followed by a summer's afternoon, and the bear-skin and linsey-woolsey give place to superfine broad-cloth and gossamer. But scarcely have we completed this arrangement of our toilet, than the fermentation which is always indicative of Nature getting ready her brewing utensils for a storm, sends us rapidly off to our lodgings for the blue, capot-like coat, which for twenty-years has braved the hail-storm and the breeze. Thus in a few short hours are we compelled to adopt as many costumes as are worn by an actor, who goes into three pieces every evening, and through the vicissitudes of fortune which none but the theatrical performer, who is ruined and enriched twice or three times within a night, can possibly experience.

TOO TRUE TO BE FUNNY.

SCENE—*Any where in Yankee-dom.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Enter “*Britisher*” *Annexationist*, on his travels.
Yankee, to hum.

Annexationist.—You'll see, my friend, we Canadians have got to do it; we shall soon be with you; and you'll find then what a fine country we've got, and all that can be done with it; and between us we'll make it something like. You've no idea yet, nor have most of our people either, for that matter, what a place it would be in no time if only you and we were all pulling together to get it up.

Yankee.—Well now—do tell—you don't say. You think tacking on us'll make *men* of you, do you? Well, *we* are a great nation, that's a fact you'll admit now-a-days, for all you you used to be always a-saying agin it. But I guess we didn't come to beat all natur by hitching on tu a great ready-made nation near by. Now, jist you look here. My advice ain't asked, and may be some of you won't like it when it's given; but no matter for that. I opine you'd do a fine sight better, if you'd go a-head as if you'd a leetle of the rale crittur in you. If you can't manage that ere fine country o' yourn no how you can fix it, why you see, may be, we'll jist step in and show you a thing or two. Only, don't you think you'll have much of the doing a'ter you are shev'n the way. I guess the way we'd take to show you wouldn't leave you much to do, any way. Did ever you hear tell of a Yankee standing still with his hands into his pockets and askin a “*Britisher*” to show him how to take them out? I guess you don't know how to larn; and would'nt larn for any teachin we'd ever give you. When we'd done showin you, you wouldn't be in a corner of your fine country with your hands into your pockets still! No, I don't think you would. I don't think you'd find a corner of it to stand quiet in—I don't.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LAW STUDENT is informed, that an action of trover for the conversion of John Wilson, Esq., M.P.P., would not lie, even admitting that the honourable member would.

A BEWILDERED HUSBAND.—Punch is delighted at being enabled to alleviate the sufferings of his bewildered correspondent. It is by no means an unusual case, as his correspondent supposes, for newly married husbands to form mistaken notions from their insufficient knowledge of the matrimonial vocabulary, wherein many words, although pronounced and spelt precisely as in the ordinary dictionaries, acquire a widely different meaning about the period when the devoted bridegroom becomes a meek and humble husband. Out of the many instances of this alteration which might be given, Punch selects the following, from the modern matrimonial dictionary in use in most families:—

HUSBAND—A male creature, made expressly for paying bills.

BRUTE—A term of domestic endearment for a husband.

LOVER—Anything but a husband.

HIDEOUS—A term of admiration, elicited by the sight of a lovely face, anywhere but in the looking-glass.

WRINKLE—The first thing one lady sees in another's face.

TIME—The hour of dressing for a ball.

AGE—The most uncertain thing in the world.