

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!

U.S. of the Patrons of the Honorable the East India Company



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medication into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper. See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper. Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY GEORGE HALL, Great Saint James Street, formerly McGill Street. Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, FREE OF CHARGE.

THE MONTREAL Weekly HERALD

Or, DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! The Largest and Cheapest Journal in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA! is published at the very low rate of \$1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6s. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. All Letters to be post paid.

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel.

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages, and its Internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr. COURTNEY, as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printer, 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.

THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE LONDON ART JOURNAL for 1849. EACH NUMBER of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 Fine Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. Subscription 45s. currency per annum. January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

Compain's Restaurant, PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hotel, 1s. 3d.

A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "Maitre de Cuisine," is unequalled on the Continent of America. N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes.)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSELL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics, — No. 1.

One morn, a man, at Moss's door,
Roth badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;

But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz,)
A Summer suit,
From head to foot,

For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other coats may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE!! ICE!! ICE!!!—REDUCTION IN PRICE. ALFRED SAVAGE & Co, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY. Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street. June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depôt!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *cheapest Brands of Segars*, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panatellas, Galanes, Jupiters, La Desodas, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. A lot of very old and choice Principe of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty year's standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d

Observe!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BRACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. Agents for Canada.

MESSRS S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes.

JOE! ICE!! ICE!!!—Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at \$5 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual. May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

- A large lot of Superfine Cloth Pelotes at 25s.
- Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
- Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
- Summer Suits, 22s. 6d.
- A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street.

ALLEN'S EXPRESS, leaves Montreal for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d
(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dollar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectors, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

— THE WAR OF RACES. —

ROW the Second.

READER — gentle reader, if it please you to be called so — did you ever rush into a dark and secret corner, and shake your own hand most heartily? Were you ever thrown into such a joyful state of concachinnation, as to feel a peculiar pleasure in turning your eyes inwards, to wink knowingly at your conscience? If not, we pity you — for there is a most pleasing sensation to be derived from this mode of solitary enjoyment. Punch *often* has a fit of this description; and very lately indulged himself to a considerable extent: for be it known that the clever emanation from his brain, which bore the martial title of "The War of Races," has had the effect of disturbing the general peace and great tranquillity which was becoming so oppressive. Yes, the "Old Song,"—"Keep your powder dry," has set the Tories singing, and has moved the *other* humbugs to tears. We have received several clever replies to that song, each and all full of that sparkling and brilliant poetic genius, for which Canadian literature is remarkable. One of these, we select for our readers; and we trust that the author will be pleased at the happy manner in which we have translated it. We are quite sure that the song will strike terror to the heart of every Anti-Elginitic, and prove to the world in general, and to the readers of the "Old Song" in particular, the truth of the time-honored vulgarism, that "there never was an old shoe, but an old stocking could be found to match it."

ANSWER TO THE "OLD SONG."

Aha! ye blasted English! ye make a wondrous cry,
About your "trust in Providence, and keep your powder dry."
But in the noble Bruce *we* trust, so all your threats defy;
What care we for *your* Providence, or all your powder dry?

Cheer up, then, French Canadians! your night-caps toss in air,
These boastful, blustering English are bragging in despair;
Get ready for the struggle — if fighting be the work,
Drink plenty of your whiskey, and stuff yourselves with pork!

We've those whose counsels wrapped the land in glorious rebel flame,
Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks untinged by shame.
Our leaders are the Jesuits — the fat, the sleek, the sly!
They'll do the work with silken tongue — and want no powder dry.

The Richelieu River still runs fast, St. Denis on it stands;
The spot where Weir was murdered has yet some ready hands;
And then the *brave* from famed Eustache are ready for the fight —
Unless their hearts should fail them, or their heels should prove too light!

To preserve his "dignified neutrality," and to prove his desire to uphold all parties equally, Punch begs to add two verses, for the gratification of the maniacs who advocate "annexation."

Already do the "Stars and Stripes" emit their orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief — it glimmers through the haze:
It tells of better days to come, of kindred spirits nigh,
Who "put their trust in Providence and keep their powder dry."

"Old England" was our watchword, our hope from day to day,
Her glory was our life's-blood, although so far away;
And if we to the "Stars and Stripes" are driven in despair —
"God bless thee, dear Old England!" shall be our parting prayer.

THE CITY WATER.

Punch insists upon calling the attention of the City Fathers—or Mothers rather—to the foul and unfiltered condition of the water supplied by them to the house-holders of Montreal. For some time back, such has been the discoloured and mud-charged appearance of this necessary element, that Punch felt himself fully justified in supposing that the Water Committee had been sitting on

the tank, and that one of them had accidentally fallen in. Or a stranger, unacquainted with our worthy Councillors, might be led to conjecture that they had taken the initiative in sanitary precautions, by washing themselves in the tank. What is the matter with the main pipe? Is it a meerschbaum or mere sham pipe? Have the Corporation no piper or person to look after their pipes, and if so, do they refuse to pay the piper? Punch expects that these questions will be answered *sciam* and satisfactorily. Otherwise he will feel himself called upon to put the Corporation's pipe out.

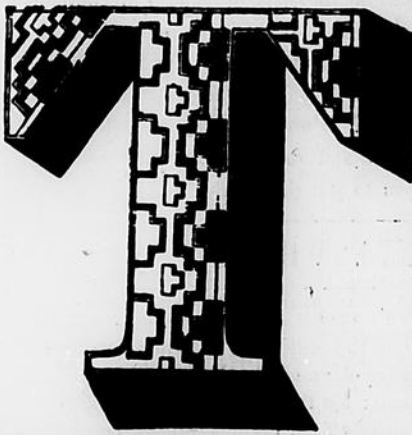
POLICE MOVEMENTS. WHAT ARE TRUMPS?

Punch doesn't know — can't answer the question at all satisfactorily. There has been so much finessing of late, that nobody can call the game. In the palmy days of the Police, Captain Wily used to be considered a trump; but there were too many knaves in the pack, and he wisely withdrew from the injurious contact. Had the original Staff of Police been suffered to remain as it was, under his surveillance, the peace of the city would have been less endangered than it has been; pending the enactment of the Tully pantomime — the money spent on that "scene in the circle," would have been available for works of real necessity and utility, and the civic authorities would have been spared the stigma of having badgered a faithful and efficient public officer, into resigning a duty ably discharged by him for upwards of five years.

What are trumps? Ask the successor of Captain Wily, the present guardian of the peace, and supervisor of the morals of the city of Montreal. Who better than Malo, the keeper of billiard-tables and — (we were going to be alliterative,) and head of the sporting house at the back of Dalhousie Square, can answer the old and familiar question, "what are trumps?" Is it for his proficiency in a certain class of pursuits, that Malo has been raised to an office requiring a combination of elements, which do not generally flourish in the hot air of a gaming-house? Or is it in pursuance of a certain popular principle, that such dignity has been conferred upon him? They may tell us, perhaps, that his appointment is, at most, but a temporary one, — compelled by circumstances — rendered necessary by the sudden illness of the Officers who have been in command since the resignation of Captain Wily. We will take no such excuse. That a person of Malo's class should for one hour — for a single moment — have issued his orders at the Head Station, as Chief of the Police, is as disgraceful to the authorities, as it is insulting to the citizens of Montreal.

What are trumps? — Hand up the corporation pack: they will shuffle themselves, (they are used to shuffling,) and Punch will deal with them. Shake out the dice, and stand by for a game. Was it in anticipation of such another game of chicken-hazard as the one played here on the 30th of April, that a groom-porter has been secured in the appointment of Malo? Is there a natural and inevitable connection between constables and card-tables? If so, carry out the game in sporting style. Let the Police from henceforth, be armed with billiard-cues instead of batons. — Fitness will ~~then~~ be combined with economy — for the sticks will be suggestive of the authorities, and constables will be enabled to furnish their own cannons, in the event of the streets being "swept with grape-shot." Perhaps the Police are to have the run of the bowling-alleys; and, under the new *regime*, No. 1 will be seen in friendly altercation with No. 2, respecting the disputed achievement of a "ten-strike;" while No. 3, officiates behind the bar, as dealer-out of gin-cocktails to the customers of his chief. Let "legs" rejoice in the anticipation of an unmolested campaign. Plume yourselves in the sun, O ye "rooks!" as you pluck in imagination the green and golden pigeons on whom you have set your affections. And, City Fathers! look to your cards — for Punch is keeping a sharp eye upon your game; wide-awake and watchful, as to the "hands" held by each and all of you.

TULLY.
AN OSSIANIC FRAGMENT.



THIRTY-FOUR years had rolled away, like smoke behind the pipe of the engine of Time, since the great battle of the Iron Duke—the hero of a hundred fights, the Walloper of the licked of Waterloo; and ever as the revolving year brought round the day of memories, did the warriors of the land of Bull assemble on the plains; and, amid the fire and smoke of much blank cartridge, play

like young jack-asses at the game of war.

Dwellers of the Valleys of the Gaul! sore were your eyes with weeping, as the deep boom of the thundering old twelve-pounders came trembling over the salt waves from the cliffs of Dovor—Dovor of the chalky formation; from whose clay cometh much of the Metropolitan milk, tho' cockneys erroneously look upon it as the production of Cowes. Bitter wert thou O Gaul! as the cock of thy ancient dung-hill was thus annually crowed over; but in silence didst thou bottle thy tears, which, in their size and bitterness, resembled capsules of gall. And for many years did the annual revellers record, with brazen-throated cornopean and whacked sheep-skin, the exultation of the Conqueror of the Cock.

But, after a while, fraternization prevailed in the land of the Anglo-Saxon. And now like the water of Cologne were the pleasant tears of the Gaulish Guards, as they embraced the coal-heavers, and blubbered over the brewer's dray-men of Britain. And Bull of the many calves forbade his children to celebrate the spilling of blood. Let them bleat, said he, in the Houses of their Lords and Commons, but they blast not our reputation with any more of my gun-powder, in their childish representation of a solemn folly.

Hushed was the drum in thy home-parks, O Britain! Cheerless passed the Day of Memories in thy Colonies. In the City of the Royal Mount, Rowan of the cocked-hat forbade his warriors to gather. Peppered, said he, were the Gauls, but are our warriors therefore to be mustered! Great was Rowan in the pun! Loud laughed Gore from his grey war-horse, and Wetherall shook with emotion as the joke passed to McCord—Mac of the roseate countenance; pink of the Magistrates of Police! And the warriors remained within their tents in the City of the Royal Mount.

Who cometh from the Town of Griffin, with a peacock's feather in his hat? Tully of the terrible countenance, eminent in the Council. On his red right hand lingereth the dust of a thousand bricks. His grizzled steed, object of the affections of many ravens, shutteth her eyes to the world, in the bows of the Laprairie Steam-boat. On his own hook he goeth, as a mighty general, to celebrate his own deeds with the horse-men of the plain. Let the warriors of the Royal Mount, said he, slothful snooze in their camp. I will raise the war-cry in the ranks of the Mounted Police. Come O Fortin! gather thy warriors for the inspection of a mighty leader.

Like a whale with foam in his wake, rusheth Tully on his grizzled war-steed across the common of Laprairie. Very like a whale. Defiling from the tavern, the gorgeous Guards of Elgin slowly wheel up into the open plain. Motley are their steeds in the light of day! Where is thy horse's tail, O Carroll of the Cab? Bergeron of the Suburb of Quebec! bad is thy steed with the glanders! Spavined, O Darby Kelly! is the broken-winded fossil, whose ribs reverberate the vibrations of thy hammering heels.

They came upon the wide common, where grazed in dignified neutrality many domestic geese. Birds of the tranquil front! beware of the natural enemies of thy race! For the fury of battle boil-eth in the blood of Tully. Visions of glory course through his

fiery head, and he conceiveth a movement of cavalry, to out-flank the parent geese, while a detachment cutteth off the goslings in the rear. Tully of the red right hand! great art thou in the council! In battle yield thou to the fortune of war.

By the margin of a sedgy stream sat the grandmother of a hundred Canadians, washing linen and waiting for annexation. For far and wide had the young men of the *Avenir* circulated their words of fire; and even the ancient beldams of the hamlets painted for republicanism, and jabbered of the stars and stripes. In a strange language muttered the dame to herself, as she watched with blinking eyes, the operations of the distant cavalry. Witch of the Plains of Laprairie! potent are thy spells. Shall my geese, she murmured, be cut off in the fullness of their feather by the troopers of the foolish? Are my goslings so green in the eyes of the Elgin Guards? I will enter with invisible agency the ranks of the horsemen—their minds will I poison with the hocus of my pocus, and this day shall they annex themselves unto the Town of Yankee. Speed will I give to their spavined, and bellows to their broken-winded, that they may take unto themselves the wings of the wind, and be no more seen by the Ministers of the land.

Cavalry of the Common, hold hard by thy cruppers! With sound of trumpet, and measured march advanceth the phalanx of geese from the rushy brook. "Up Guards and at them!" shouted Tully of the terrible countenance, as he rose in his stirrups till his buttons flew like hailstones, hitting Bill Kelly in the eye, and knocking him like shot from the back of his ancient cab-horse. Terrible was the charge of that troop: but the spell was upon them, the Witch of the Plain was in their rear, rampant with upraised broom-stick. Onward they sped till the clouds of distance hid them from the eyes of Tully. They are far in the land of the Town of Yankee—annexed to the mighty Republic—citizens of great repute in the Union of States. But Bill Kelly sat on the hot plain, and gallantly defended himself against the onset of fierce ganders.

Ferrie was standing by—Adam of the White Hat. A sneer was on his face: impregnated with sulphur he boiled over in his wrath. Sweepst thou the streets with such as these? said he to Leslie of the Grape-shot. There was no reply. An eloquent silence sat upon the lips of the Secretary. But Adam arose, and fled away to the hills of his youth.

And Tully said in the bitterness of his heart, "horse and foot am I broken down, and cast away a maimed cripple. For, in the City of the Royal Mount have they cut off my foot, and on the plains of Laprairie have my Cavalry cut their sticks. Would that somebody might cut off my head!"

This is the story of Tully—of John Tully. *C. D. Shanly*

THE "MONITEUR'S" REGRETS.

The "Moniteur," in announcing the startling fact, that the Messrs. Hudon have despatched a loaded vessel to Halifax, concludes by lamenting that the spirited proprietors, being unable to obtain Canadian Sailors, were obliged to man their craft with "Englishmen." Unhappy "Moniteur!" may you never set your hoof on board a Ship manned by Englishmen! but may your aquatic experiences be confined—as they doubtless hitherto have been—to the hereditary dug-out in which the *habitant* pursues the scientific exploration of his native marsh. But, unfortunately for the regrets of the Moniteur, the Messrs. Hudon are perfectly satisfied with English Sailors, and have actually had the temerity to say so, in a letter addressed by them to a Montreal Journal. Miserable "Moniteur!"—thus has your sympathy been wasted "on the desert air," and your unsolicited sorrow taken for just what it is worth.

Shave your head, "Moniteur;" get thee a coat of sack-cloth and trousers of ashes, and—read yourself regularly every day, in token of grief for your unreciprocated regrets!

WORSE AND WORSE.

A Cockney Contributor, whose intellects are apparently curled by the heat of the weather, has sent us the following atrocity.

Why is the reputation of Holloway's Pills evidently on the wane? Because they are continually going down the 'ill.

By
Charles Lawson Shandy.
N.Y.



A view of the Plain of Laprairie, with GENERAL TULLY reviewing the Mounted (and Dis-mounted) Police.

THE INQUISITION.

On Wednesday last, Punch received a summons, commanding him to appear before the Inquisition. We immediately took an affectionate leave of our office boy, who was deeply affected—embraced, for what we thought might be the last time, the familiar lamp-post in front of our premises, and prepared to obey. It was noticed by our friends, afterwards, that Punch's face was pale, but stern. Toby accompanied us. His gait was erect and dignified, and his tail was not depressed. In this order we entered the Hall of Justice; on crossing the threshold of which, we were recognized by the apple-woman and two bailiffs, who simultaneously exclaimed, "there goes Punch!—God bless him!" It was gratifying—it was a proud moment, and Punch felt it.

On exhibiting our summons to Mr. Delisle, he bowed—not ungracefully—and referred us to an inner room, where he said the tribunal was sitting. We approached it, and entered. It was a gloomy apartment, with a great many Bruces, (that is, spiders,) in the corners. There was a copper-nosed man, with a tubercular countenance, sitting at a table; and near him, writing, was a very long pair of arms, that had some connection under the table with a proportionately long pair of legs. The copper-nosed man looked hard at Punch, and Punch looked hard at the copper-nosed man. Then there was a pause, during which the long pair of arms scratched the long pair of legs, an operation which seemed to re-establish the mental tranquillity of the proprietor. Then the copper-nosed man asked Punch to be seated; and, when Punch was seated, the copper-nosed man enquired who Punch might be. Having been told that we were actually Punch, he requested to be informed whether we felt comfortable; to which we replied that we certainly did. This remark was taken down by the arms, after which the copper-nosed man blew his nose twice. He then asked us, how much we thought yellow soap was a pound, in the market; and whether the Editor of the Gazette had not got a wooden leg. To these questions we replied; firstly, that yellow soap was an article in which we did not generally trade; and, secondly, that we could not speak positively as to the particular material of which the Editor of the Gazette's leg was formed. The copper-nosed man seemed to be very much struck with these answers, and said they "were suspicious—he always thought so—he told Bruce so," at the same time ordering "arms" to take them down, which "arms" accordingly did. He then proceeded to question Punch as to one Miles's boy, and whether Punch didn't know him, and whether he was not related to a Mr. Ferguson, and whether we, Punch, knew where Mr. Ferguson lodged. Also, whether it wasn't generally reported in town, on the night of the burning of the Parliament House, that Mr. Moffatt had had a cod's head and boiled leg of mutton for dinner: to all which questions we replied *seriatim*,—that we had heard of Miles's boy, but did not know him—that we were unacquainted with the domicile of Mr. Ferguson; and that we doubted the cod's head and shoulders at Mr. Moffatt's, as we had smelt Scotch collops and shad, when passing that gentleman's residence at six. Respecting the boiled leg of mutton, we positively declined to give an opinion, which very much astonished the copper-nosed man, who said, "it was the most important fact they had elicited yet;" and then, getting into a rage, swore at "arms" for not writing faster.

After this, there was a pause for some time, during which, "arms" caught two flies; and the copper-nosed man gazed very attentively at a family of Bruces in one of the corners. He then turned towards Punch, and in a mysterious tone asked us, if we "knew who burned the Parliament House." We told him we did. At this he became greatly excited; and, referring somewhat forcibly to his own eyes, ordered "arms" to "be smart, for they were getting to it at last." He also directed a small boy to go and order Captain Jones's cavalry to turn out, and see that the

garrison was immediately mustered. This, the small boy, (who, Punch has been since informed, is a paid emissary,) said he would do. These orders given, copper-nose came close to Punch, and requested us immediately to point out the scoundrel who did it.—We told him we had already done so, and that, on reference to "Punch No. 9," he would see that we had distinctly pointed out "the man wot fired the Parliament House." At this he looked very blank, and inquired if "that was all we knew;" and when we said it was, he told "arms" that he needn't put it down, and that he might go and tell Capt. Jones, that the cavalry and garrison weren't wanted yet.

We then rose, and enquired of the copper-nosed man, if he had any further business with us; and he said he had not—only that we must be very cautious what we did. To this Punch deigned no reply; but Toby—who had been very surly throughout—went close to the legs of the copper-nosed man, and abandoned himself to his feelings after the manner of his species.

So this was Punch's examination before the Inquisition.

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Punch was considerably staggered at reading in an American Paper, that proposals have been laid before Congress, for laying down a line of Electric Telegraph across the Atlantic—the wire to be supported by buoys, and encased in cork. A host of associations flashed upon Punch, as he took in the idea. First, the combination of cork and wire was pleasantly suggestive of champagne; but a suspicion of froth removed that delightful phantasy, and brought up ginger-beer instead. With respect to laying down a line of buoys, Punch is of opinion, that if they would lay down a line of girls across the Atlantic, news in general, but particularly that relating to fashionable intelligence and millinery operations, would be transmitted with unparalleled speed and certainty. Tenders will be received by Punch, from sirens, mermaids and others, desirous of embarking their floating capital in such a speculation. Wet nurses will be treated with liberality, and the strictest secrecy may be relied upon.

PUNCH'S OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to announce, that the political excitement which has lately been the cause of so much speculation in Canada, expired yesterday, at the office of a *respectable Journalist* in Montreal. Every effort that skill or trickery could devise, was resorted to by the various editors in the Province, to keep the patient alive; and it is even asserted that an interested *bully* had the temerity to bring a large body of Police, to prevent the deceased from making its end in peace. Some parties say, that it is only in a state of somnambulism; and that a hot debate on Canadian affairs, in the English House of Commons, will have the effect of bringing the dead to life, and sending it once more through the country, "alive and kicking." Should such be the case, Punch begs to announce, that *he* will be found maintaining a position of "dignified neutrality."

SHORT ODE TO A DISTINGUISHED CAVALRY OFFICER.

Fortin! of figure fine and sinewy force,
Fortune on thee has smiled — Captain of Horse!
For ten long years in leech-craft hadst thou toiled,
For town was tranquil — till the chaldron boiled.
For twaddle famed, then ministers arose,
For tinge of fear shot paleness o'er each nose.
For twang of trumpet called they — let them call,
For tune not we our hearts with theirs at all;
For twine we still our faith round Jones' troop,
For tone of turn-out unrivalled — whoop!
Forty dragons! I say it deep in sorrow,
For tin, I believe, you'd all turn tail to-morrow!

AMERICAN JUSTICE.—A DROP OF COMFORT. CHLOROFORM.—ANNEXATION.

A Boston Paper suggests the application of ether, or Chloroform, to patients suffering from a tendency of hemp to the windpipe, or in other words about to expiate their crimes on the gallows. This truly American idea of comfort in hanging, has charms for us which the English language in its poverty is inadequate to convey. The malefactor, confident in the anticipation of a pleasant release—if he *must* swing for it—will chuckle as he wields his crowbar, to think that science can cheat even death of its terrors, and that the sources of Lethe can be transferred for fourpence, to the waistcoat pocket of the greatest ruffian. We are not, in general, advocates for capital punishment; but hanging, "in this style," really appears to us to be such *very capital* punishment, that we not only feel warranted in recording our approval of it, but would even take the liberty of hinting at a few other little delicate attentions, the graceful bestowal of which might strew the path of the patient with additional posies. For instance, where the sufferer happens to be of a nervous temperament, might we not suggest the humanity of hanging him in a shower-bath, with his feet in warm water? He would be sure to pull the string himself, and all the water that might then descend upon him, could hardly be deemed "a Drop too much."

Who would not pant for annexation to a Republic, where such true delicacy exists—from which such essence of refinement emanates? Who does not long to "hook on his car" to a nation where a *freehold* of ten "niggers," combined with a "location" of a certain quantity of land, qualifies the possessor for election as a Representative of the people?—where,—such is the elevated social condition of the professional community, that the tavern proprietor who mingles the beverages and cleans the boots of his customers, is also the principal lawyer of the place—(and this fact we can vouch for in an American Village, not far distant from Montreal.)—where,—so untrammelled is the Bench by legal usage, or by those conventional restraints which we are accustomed to look upon as laws, that a judge recently sentenced a husband to imprisonment, for a theft committed by his wife. Where—but it would be idle to enumerate the advantages likely to accrue to this colony, from an amalgamation with the Model Republic. Punch only regrets, that for his part he is too old-fashioned to go into the annexation business with anything like spirit. He never felt more of a Briton and less of a Yankee, than he does at the present moment. If he *must* be annexed, he will take a leaf from the Boston Republican, and go to his execution under the influence of chloroform; and the only revolution which Punch thinks at all called for under existing circumstances, is one which he now performs himself, by tumbling artistically head over heels—shouting as he falls "on his feet—hooray for our ancient Constitution; and God save the Queen!"

OUR YOUNG REPUBLICANS.

THE "MONITEUR" AND THE MONKEY.

DEMOCRACY is the grand question of the day amongst the swell young Canadians who mount their maple leaves with so much graceful enthusiasm in these piping (hot) times of republicanism.—Let us devote a portion of our columns to the *Moniteur*, and, without further preamble, illustrate with pen and pencil, our ideas as to what he and his readers of the tribe of Young Montreal may expect, should the ardently-looked-for American banner supersede the flag of old England, on the Citadel of Quebec.

Has the *Moniteur* ever watched the proceedings of an organic monkey, whose days are laboriously devoted to filling with hard-earned coppers, the pockets of a *Monsieur* of Savoy? That monkey, in his flourishing state of annexation to the organ of his Conductor, is aptly illustrative of the prospective condition to which Young Canada will be brought, should the prophetic aspirations of her ardent republicans be realized. Our friend Pug, true to his prying instinct, gets many a peep at the interior economy of polite society, as he clammers to the windows, and scales the balconies of his dis-

tantly-related but more-fortunately-circumstanced patron—man. Should he, however, intoxicated with the success which has attended some of his professional exhibitions of buffoonery, attempt to gain a footing of intimacy in the circle where his presence has been endured rather than solicited, a jerk from the annexation-string of his master, tumbles him at once from his temporary elevation; and he feels himself considerably less than a man, as he gets hit over the eye with a walnut, by one of the young gentlemen who just now consulted his prejudices with an apple.

Cannot our heroes of the revolutionary principles, perceive in their foreshadowings, some slight analogy between the life and prospects of the utterly-annexed monkey, and the doom to which they themselves are hastening, in their rabid anxiety to "achieve greatness." Large will be their share of the good things of the land, when Yankee Doodle claps his splay foot upon them! Do they see in the haze of futurity, the Anglo-saxon dwindling from generation to generation, till he comes down to something between our friend Pug, and an average *habitant*, while they, possessed of the check-string of annexation, lead him whither they would, to whatsoever melody best pleases them? Shut your eyes, ye *Moniteurs* and *Avenir*s! lest a sudden light from the future, breaking in upon your intellects, be found too much for your present very limited powers of vision.

Our space being confined to a column, the pencil urges us to drop the pen; so we wind up our remarks with this vernacularly-expressed assurance to our desperate young democrats—that however and whenever annexation may be accomplished, they, at least, and to a moral certainty, will find themselves—



UP THE SPOUT TO A PRETTY TUNE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E*o*n AND K*no*rd*ne. Your contributions have come to hand, but they are too spicy for our columns. Why didn't you send us your "Reply to the Ramsay Address?"—that would have been nearer our mark. Try it again, however. We have ever been anxious to aid the development of literary talent; and, with your peculiar humour, you may yet succeed.