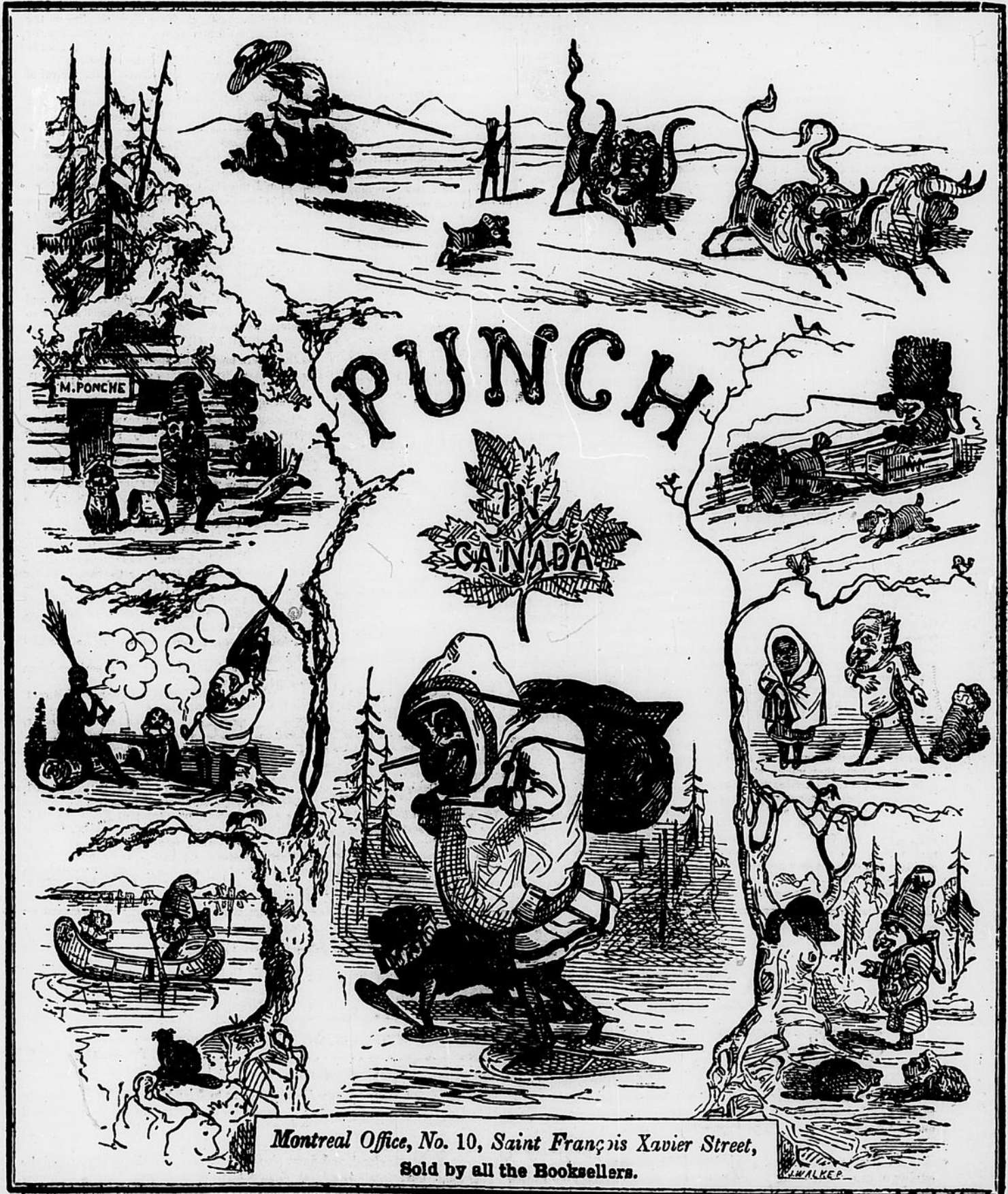


**B. DAWSON, Bookseller and Stationer, avails himself of the columns of "PUNCH," to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137, Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place D'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favours.**

VOL. I.—No. 27.

DECEMBER 29, 1849.

PRICE, 4D



Montreal Office, No. 10, Saint Francis Xavier Street,  
Sold by all the Booksellers.

SHIRLEY, by the author of "Jane Eyre"—PENDENNIS, by Thackeray—EGYPT and its MONUMENTS, by Dr. Hawkes—MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, for sale by JOHN MCCOY, Montreal, sole wholesale Agent for PUNCH in Lower Canada: Everybody's Almanac and Diary, for 1850—Drawing-Room Scrap Book, for 1850—Leaflets of Memory, with numerous illustrations for 1850. J. MCCOY, Montreal.

LOST OR STOLEN from Gorrie's Wharf, on the 27th ult., a LARGE BLUE CHEST, covered with rough board, labelled "J. Walker, Toronto." Any information will be thankfully received at the Punch Office.

### 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'Hote, 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.—Dinner sent out Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

### Saint George's Hotel, (late Payne's), 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 visits 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 will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

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

### TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage 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 been introduced into Montreal. As might be lately 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 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 medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily preclude 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 cause. Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gunshot 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, Ringworm, 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.

Use 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 to Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

### For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy of every description and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years' 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.

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

Agents for Canada,

Messrs. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMIST, Place d'Armes

### WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depot!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, CHOICEST BRANDS OF SEGARS, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panatellas, Galanes, Jupiters, La Deseradas, 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 Principles of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

### 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'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibusses 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-St.,

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 month.)

Rigid economy will soon pursue up the mouth of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

MOSS' 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 40 per cent. is granted to all WHOLESALE and RETAIL customers of Moss and BROTHERS, whose Stock is the largest ever off red 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 Street

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.

## 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."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title-page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistic publication, an honour to the province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Punch informs every body that Mr. J. McCoy, of Montreal, has the entire wholesale agency for Lower Canada.

Toronto, December 15, 1849.

## THE LECTURE MANIA.

Punch perceives that the Lecture nuisance has again broken out with fearful violence amongst the good people of Montreal. Punch is of opinion that this disease is peculiar to the Montrealers, who are, indeed, in many respects, a very "peccoliar" people. When a person is seized with the Lecture fever, he becomes very absent, and frequently shuts himself up for days together in his room, raving and priggling from Encyclopædias dreadfully. At the end of a certain time, he comes forth with a small roll of paper, which he carries about with him till it is very dirty and musty, and then reads it [on an appointed night] before some dreadfully learned society, such as the Eggs and Butter Association or the Literary Clean Linen Society. As the audience is generally composed of inspired merchants' clerks, literary store-keepers, and sucking law students, there is no fear of any wholesale felony or petty larceny being discovered, and if there was, as each in his turn "goes and does likewise," it would be no great matter. When the lecture is over, there is always a great shuffling of feet, and an exclamation from the ladies of a "certain age" who attend all the lectures, and make so many purses for the charity bazaars, and have always a young clergyman and two or three poor families on hand, of "Oh mi—how sweet—what an intellectual creature!" and this opinion is generally confirmed by some young gentleman with very light hair and a turned-down shirt collar, who gives it as his opinion that it "fully comes up to Macaulay's best, and that it is a thousand pities that Blower [who don't know his own talents] doesn't publish an Encyclopædia or write a history of the middle ages, or something spicy of that sort." This opinion also is that of a particular friend of Blower, who writes for the *National Nutcracker*—a literary and scientific journal, in which Blower's lecture is published at length, with a short memoir ["written expressly for this publication"] of the author. This sets Blower up for ever as a literary man, a "popular lecturer," and all that sort of thing. Henceforward his name appears in every published programme of the Eggs and Butter Association, and he is elected at once an honorary member of the Literary Clean Linen Society, much to the annoyance of Mrs. B., who fancies she smells brandy and water on his shirt fronts, and finds the end of a cigar folded up in a literary production in the pockets of one of his trowsers.

Against this sort of "ruin and decay" Punch resolutely sets his face, deeming it worse than opium-eating or the elegant accomplishment of tobacco-chewing. A lecture from a man who has something to impart—a man of high educational qualifications—is a thing worth listening to, but to be tortured by John Smith and Peter Jones, who have just sense enough to know a big A. from a cow's foot, and are as ugly and vain as they are stupid, is too horrible to be endured. If the nuisance does not cease, Punch will be compelled to publish the likenesses of the learned lecturers, with an index of the pages of the particular authors from whom they have priggled, and who would be very much disgusted if they could come back and see the vile purposes to which they are applied. He hopes, however, that this remonstrance will suffice, and that the programmes issued by the Eggs and Butter Association and the Literary Clean Linen Society will be at once withdrawn.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To AUGUSTUS HEWARD, Esq., of MONTREAL.

DEAR SIR:—I have received yours, dated the 21st Inst., and blush to find that I, Punch, should have been imposed upon, when I asserted, in No. 25 of the emanations of my immortal spirit, that you had signed the annexation address. It gives me great pleasure to withdraw my remarks as you request, "in a manner equally as public" as they were made.

Nor can I forbear from begging your pardon for the error into which I was led by some devil's imp. It has taught me a lesson. It has almost made me doubt the infallibility of

Yours, very truly,  
PUNCH IN CANADA.

## A LIGHT CON.

Why is Alderman Duggan in the dark?  
Because he has put out the little Blazes.

## CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PROVINCIAL SECRETARY AND PUNCH.

SIR,—The name of Punch appearing to a facetious publication just issued in this city, I am commanded by the Governor General to enquire whether such name has been placed there with your consent. I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. LESLIE,  
Secretary.

Secretary's Office,  
Toronto, December 15, 1849.

(ANSWER)

Punch Office, December 15, 1849.

SIR,—I have had the honour to receive your letter, enquiring by command of His Excellency, whether the name of Punch has been affixed to a certain facetious publication issued in this city, with my consent.

In reply, I beg leave to say that I am not in the service of the Crown. Punch receives from government no emolument. Punch holds no office. Punch is a private subject of the realm, practising his profession as a joker, and in that profession he holds a patent of rank and precedence.

If you assume that Punch has transgressed the laws, you have no right to interrogate him at all: if Punch has observed the laws, he acknowledges no power in any quarter to interfere either with his conduct or his circulation.

But though Punch is tenacious of his personal rights, Punch is a "brick," and would scorn to shirk any plain question which might be addressed to him, no matter by whom. His reply, therefore, is, that his name was placed there by his consent, and that there, as long as rogues and fools are to be found, it will remain. At the same time he would like to know—just out of curiosity—by what right that question is put to him, and with what object?

And he has the honour to be

PUNCH.

To the Hon. J. Leslie,  
Provincial Secretary, &c. &c.

Secretary's Office, Toronto, Dec. 17, 1849.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, in which you admit that you are Punch, and am commanded by the Governor General to say, that His Excellency sees no invasion of the constitutional rights of the subject in making the enquiry to which your letter refers of one so renowned for his loyalty and lion-heartedness.

His Excellency feels bound by a sense of duty, as well to the sovereign and the empire at large as to the people of Canada themselves, to encourage the circulation of Punch by all the influence he possesses. In the performance of this duty he has instructed me to enquire whether he can obtain a complete set of the back numbers of your inimitable publication, and also the amount of discount you will allow, if His Excellency should decide on taking six copies weekly of the same.

I have the honour to be

Your most obedient servant,

J. LESLIE,  
Secretary.

To this *Punch* replied by stating that "his terms were cash and nothing off," and so the matter (which excited intense interest for a time,) ended.

TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF RUIN AND DECAY.—There was a telegraphic report from Montreal last night that the Editor of the *Herald*, [D. K.] had committed suicide by burying himself inside of an old Stilton, and that he was dug out two hours afterwards in company with two empty porter bottles, quite insensible! His conduct has for some time past given great anxiety to his friends and led to the impression that he was unsettled in his head. Poor fellow. "Alas, poor Yorick! We knew him well Heratio."

## OPEN CONFESSON, &amp;c. &amp;c

"The Independent" announces that it has become a weekly paper.

## PUBLIC TESTIMONIALS.

Grief, they say, is dry: and it is perhaps for this very reason that political martyrs are generally presented by their admirers with a drinking vessel, of some fashion or other, to wet it—we suppose. Mr. Vansittart received a goblet, or ewer, upon this principle. Yet, on the other hand, joy is frequently treated in the same liberal manner. Our respectable old friend Dolly, for instance, on the occasion of his joyous hospitality towards those terrible Lucifers—(not bad matches for the ministry, however,)—who were accused of burning down the Parliament House, accepted, as a token of public gratitude, a cup or tankard, suitably inscribed. This was a hint to him to moisten his clay for joy. Again, did not the mighty reformers of Guelph present Mrs. Lowell with a brass toddy-kettle, yea, and a dozen spoons to stir the toddy with, when compounded? Of course they did—the brass being provided by an eminent lawyer there, and the spoons taken at random from the ranks of the reformers. This was a festive occasion—that of Lord Elgin's transit; and it behoved the widow to wet her whistle accordingly; which we sincerely hope she did, to her own satisfaction, and that of her friends. Well, the Essex men have been presenting their worthy representative, John Prince, with a claret-jug; which, we suppose, must be looked upon as a grief-offering, the occasion being that of his retirement from their representation. May the gallant Colonel drown his grief in it, "full fathom five!" When Malcolm Cameron retires—as the wet principle will still have to be maintained—his friends must present him with a handsome coffee percolator, no stronger drink being acknowledged in his "brewage."

And pray, when eminent individuals are thus being treated to sundry convivial pledges of sympathy on all sides, has that catholic and cosmopolite philosopher, Punch, been suffered to wear out his Christmas season "untankarded, unkettled and unjugged?" By no means, my dear sir;—there is, in progress

of manufacture, a most appropriate Punch kettle, the design of which is from the pencil of our principal artist, while the legend is an emanation from the pen of the immortal Punch himself. As the material of this utensil is nothing less than silver, with a spout of gold and a handle of father-of-pearl (another being all gone in buttons, long since)—anticipations of the most sanguine hue may be formed as to its singing. Placed in the centre of Punch's round table, and with its steam well up, its dulcet and silvery tones will strike a sympathetic chord upon the heart-strings of its proud possessor; and when the bibends are taking their merry round, and the festive joke conjures up the hilarious spirit of the laugh, even then the liquid melody of that kettle will pour forth its harmonious remembrances into the soul of Punch, and he will immediately mix his third tumbler of toddy.



SUBJECT TO BITE.

## SOME OF THE EFFECTS PRODUCED IN MONTREAL BY THE DISMISSAL OF THE MILITIA OFFICERS.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles S. De Blucry  
Flew into a very particular fury;  
Lieutenant Colonel John Yale  
Thought he had been a considerable fool;  
Lieutenant Colonel the Honourable Jones  
Went to bed with a pain in his bones;  
Captain David Kinnear looked remarkably queer;  
And little John Monk was in a horrible funk!

In addition to this, Punch is informed that Lieutenant Colonel John Molson attempted to break his sword between his legs, but could not on account of natural causes which need not be explained; and that Captain Charles Lindsay was carried home in a fainting fit, with two Montreal Couriers wrapt around him, and has not been seen since.

## PUNCH'S PEPEY'S DIARY.

28th December, 1867.—This day to the American Museum, where many curious relics, which do remind me of by-gone days. Saw there the sword which the Queen of England, (God bless her!) did take away from old Ben Holmes in the year '49, for the cause that he did forswear allegiance to the throne, though holding commissions therefrom. Likewise of many others, whose swords do all hang up there with much spider's work twined about them, which methought the emblem of treachery, and not misplaced. But Jacob DeWitt's sword, nothing but a bowie-knife, and the keeper of the Museum do use it for opening oysters, which seemeth to me a great abuse of ye poor dumb shell-fish. There also the silken gowns taken from ye apostate lawyers, Frank Johnson and John Rose, much moth-eaten, and rusty like ye seedy pledges in ye pawnbroker's window. Yet some foolish people do make pilgrimages to see these melancholy rags, and touching ye hem thereof is thought to be a sovereign remedy for ye King's evil, seeing the republican minds of ye former wearers. A print here too of my Lord Elgin, set up in a gold frame, with ye American eagle for a coronet; much venerated as ye Apostle of Annexation, it being through his means that ye Yankees did gain Canada. Many do call their children after him, and the keeper tells me he hath a son named Bruce Washington Elgin Marbles Jefferson Tully Comstock, which do remind me of a few gaudy beads strung upon a necklace of sausages. Many curious wax-works here, and a Chamber of Horrors like one I did see in London many years ago. In that chamber ye Rev. Mr. Gogy, larger than life, with a buck-saw in his hand, with which he cutteth off the heads of ye Hydra of ye Press, which presently start up with new faces and much grimace, especially one Punch, whose nose doth grow larger, and who grinneth more wickedly every time; whereat ye Rev. gentleman much troubled. Likewise an image of Liberty, presenting Ben Holmes with the freedom of ye States in a silver spittoon; Frank Johnson by, playing on a banjo, and dancing ye lively measure of one James Crow. The little children much frightened at a wax-work of De Bleury, sitting in a rocking-chair with his feet on ye British lion's neck; but I reminded of a painting by ye famous Landseer, wherein a great baboon playeth pranks upon a noble stag-hound, which sleepeth none the worse. Then to a smaller chamber, where saw many curious things. Much store, the keeper tells me, set by a small slip of paper in a glass case, which found to be a receipt from a tradesman to a government clerk, bearing date November in ye year '49,—and said to be more scarce than ye one farthing coined in ye reign of Queen Anne. Likewise an act of parliament in ye French tongue, and a stuffed Canadian reading it, which did look very natural and lively.

## CAPREOL AND THE COLONIST.

The *British Colonist* has a paragraph which has caused Punch "much pondering." It states that "Mr. Capreol has returned from the United States, where he had been procuring plates, &c., for the *Toronto, Simcoe and Huron Union Rail Road Company*." Punch demands of the *British Colonist* a categorical answer to the following questions:—What plates did Mr. Capreol wish to procure; and what does &c. stand for? Does it stand for dishes; and is Mr. Capreol going to stand a dinner to the "*Toronto, Simcoe and Huron Union Rail Road Company*;" and, if so, will the Board of Directors stand it? Will that influential board consent to become a festive board; and, if they do, will Punch be an invited guest? Much depends on this. Presuming this to be the case, and that the plates, &c., are dinner plates, &c., Punch is delighted that Mr. Capreol has made all the requisite arrangements, and that the work (the cooking of course) will go on with the utmost rapidity, and enable the directors to dispose of (dinner) tickets. That the "early bird catches the worm" is an old and mysterious prophecy, which manifestly relates to the lottery tickets of the "*Toronto, Simcoe and Huron Union Rail Road Company*." The "early bird" meaning the early buyer, and "the worm" the first prize.

"Wilt thou love me then as now?"—As the gallon of brandy said to the grocer's wife, when she was going to "water" it.



By C.D. Sharley. N.B.

THE TRAPPERS.

"I saw young Harry with his beaver," &c.—Shakespeare.

1ST TRAPPER.—SAY, BOB, DARNED IF WE AIN'T KETCHED THE OLD HE BEAVER RIGHT INTO THE TRAP, AND THE OTHERS IS A-CROWDIN ROUND LIKE ALL CREATION!

2ND TRAPPER.—WELL, KEEP HIM THAR, BOY, KEEP HIM THAR;—I GUESS HE DONT QUIT THIS CLEARIN JIST YIT. THIS IS SOME, THIS GAME IS;—DARNED IF IT DONT BEAT HEUKER!

V.  
H.S. = Henry Sherwood.  
N.B.

John ...

THE ...

THE ...

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## PUNCH'S VISIT TO THE MONTREAL ANNEXATION ASSOCIATION.

Two or three days before leaving Montreal for his vice-regal residence, *Punch* was waited upon by a committee of the peaceable Annexation Society, to learn if he would be pleased to pay a visit to the rooms of the Association in St. James's street. To this invitation *Punch* replied by saying, that if he had no other dirty work to do before he left, he certainly would step in and see how the Association was getting on. This intelligence seemed to occasion a great sensation amongst the deputation, who observed that "that was all they wanted, and that if *Punch* would only join them the thing was quite sure."

In accordance with this promise, *Punch* proceeded the next day to the rooms of the Association, over Mr. Urquhart's physic store in Great St. James's street, where he was received with much ceremony by a committee, composed of Mr. H. Stephens, Mr. John Molson, and Mr. Luther Holton, dressed in anti-Victoria coats, blue annexation inexpressibles, and thunder and lightning waistcoats. These gentlemen having shaken hands with *Punch*, and expressed the pleasure they felt at seeing him (which they said was a first-rate thing for the cause) proceeded to conduct their illustrious visitor to the upper part of the building, where they said that the eagle was in the habit of receiving his friends, drawing his attention to different objects of interest on the way. Amongst these was a peculiar coal-skuttle, which gave rise to the following conversation:—

*Mr. Stephens*—That, sir,—thar's another evidence of the intellectual superiority of democratic institutions; that's a Yankee bituminous depository, what your people have vulgarly called a skuttle. When you put the bituminous matter into that thar machine, thar aint no more fixing required. It goes right off slick to the fire every three-quarters of an hour to see how it's gettin on, and if it wants feedin it feeds it, and if it don't why it leaves it alone. In some of our northern States, sir, there are institutions for the moral and mental cultivation of coal-skuttles. That's the next step, sir, in the chain of democratic civilization. First they educates idiots, and then they educates coal-skuttles. I shall live, sir, to see them coal-skuttles have votes and exercise the rights of freemen, I shall.

*Punch*—You are a wonderful people!

*Mr. Stephens*—We air.

The next object to which *Punch's* attention was drawn, was a remarkable poker, which, as Mr. Holton explained, could also be made to serve the purposes of a hair-brush and a tooth-pick.

*Mr. Stephens*—Yes, sir, there is another evidence of the progress of our country. The gentleman who produced that invention was gouged to death in St. Louis, as I have been informed. The President of the United States uses one of them every morning, and so does Henry Clay. Lord Elgin does not use it, on account of his prejudices to our institutions, as I understand it. We could manufacture that article to great advantage if we war annexed. I have calculated, Mr. Holton, that Vermont would take \$50,000 of 'em yearly for tooth-picks alone?

*Mr. Holton*—But not while we are a colony.

*Mr. Stephens*—No, sirree; not whilst we are dependant. Thar aint no instance in history, sir, of a colony which has flourished.

*Mr. Molson*—Except France!

*Mr. Stephens*, firmly—Sir, I war about to make that exception!

On entering the room of the Association (which was smelling very strongly of Dr. Cook's anti-bilious pills, and some kind of vermifuge) *Punch* was introduced to Mr. Penny, the Secretary, who was just then engaged in whittling in a corner. He stated, in answer to inquiries, that the number of members at that moment was sixteen, of whom nine at least were full-blooded Yankeys. There were, however, expectations from the country, and he thought by the end of the year they would be able to make up a score. He said it was very hard to make people believe the "ruin and decay," and complained of a rumour which had gone abroad that "decay" was D. K. (David Kinnear) of the *Herald*, and that he (Mr. Penny) was the "ruin." It was too bad, he considered, to spread abroad such a rumour. It had always been his aim to make the *Herald* "penny-wise," and if his advice had turned out "pound foolish," he didn't see that it was anybody's business. At the request of Mr. Stephens, Mr. Penny showed *Punch* a list of the donations to the Association, which (without counting a brace of spit-boxes from the annexation ladies of Mon-

tre) amounted to £131 16s. 3½d. Of this sum, Mr. Stephens explained that £75 was subscribed by Mr. Molson, who had reduced the wages of his men 2s. 6d. a week to enable him to make such a sacrifice.

*Punch*—That was a most noble and disinterested act, sir.

*Mr. Stephens*—Yes, sir, such is the effect of democratic institutions. I am acquainted with a lady in this city who has left off putting starch in her husband's shirt collars, in order that she may make a donation to our cause. We are a winning the game fast, sir, and no mistake—we are a revolutionising the minds of the people.

*Punch* (to the Secretary)—How do you like your rooms, Mr. Penny?

Mr. Penny explained, that the apartment was comfortable, only a little too medicinal in its flavour. Two members had retired with severe cramps in the stomach, and a third was then suffering from what was supposed to be a discharge of *assafetida* in the staircase. He considered that if the Association survived these shocks, Mr. Urquhart would come down with his rent at the end of the year.

These particulars having been furnished, Mr. Stephens drew *Punch's* attention to some paintings on the walls, amongst the most prominent of which *Punch* noticed a very striking drawing of Mr. John Molson's legs, and a good likeness of John Dougall's female slave. A portrait of Mr. Redpath, with the Rideau Canal in the distance, was at the top of the apartment, and at the bottom the sword with which Col. McKay, the father of the Secretary, fought for the British Crown. There was also a large painting on one side of the room, representing the American eagle riding in a coach and four, and waited on by two black figures, supposed to represent liberty and equality. Opposite this picture were the American colours, crossed by two rifles and a bowie knife—a sight, as Mr. Molson observed, enough to make a freeman's heart jump into his waistcoat pocket.

These things having all been taken a note of, Mr. Stephens asked *Punch* "if he was ready to jine?"

*Punch* answered that he was quite ready to "jine"—in a drink; on which Mr. Holton ordered the Secretary to draw on the Treasurer for four gin-slugs and a "chaw," which cheque was immediately honoured, as was also another to the same amount a short time afterwards.

Mr. Stephens then proposed "The health of our illustrious visitor; and may he soon be one of us," to which *Punch* replied by saying, that he felt pretty comfortable as he was, but that if he ever did want to make a nasty ungrateful beast of himself, he thought he might come to that shop. He then rose to depart, the deputation and Secretary all standing up with their hats off, and following him respectfully to the bannisters.

On going out, *Punch* passed a crowd of seedy-looking men in the passage, who were debating whether it was safe to go in, and who pestered him with questions as to the chance of the eagle getting the better of the lion, in which case they would like, they said, to come in for their share of the spoils. To these questions *Punch* answered by a smile of contempt, telling them that they were a set of miserable humbugs, and that the sooner they went over to the eagle, the better, for that any decent friend of the lion's would be ashamed to have them on his side: and so, nobly and manfully—like a true-hearted British brick as he is—*Punch* went on his way.

## EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

The Duke of Parma, it appears, is rushing about amongst his subjects, like a mad bull in a china shop. He flogs people to death for his private amusement,—whipping the cream of his dominions into a nice froth to stimulate his pampered appetite. Now *Punch's* opinion of His Parmesan Highness is simply this—that although his Parmesan Highness may probably look upon himself as the *müest* of potentates, yet *Punch* can by no means permit his Parmesan pranks to be regarded as "the cheese."

Col. Gagy thinks Mr. *Punch* will forget him, now Mr. P. has moved to Toronto.

Mr. *Punch* thinks he shant.

**Hon. FRANCIS HINCKS v. Hon. MALCOLM CAMERON.**

Punch has procured copies of the original letters as written by the gentlemen whose names stand at the head of this article. He hastens to lay them before the expectant public. The elaborations and mystifications of those documents, as published in the columns of the daily press, Punch treats with the contempt they deserve.

**CAMERON TO THE PEOPLE.**

No. 1.

My dear People,

The ministry are humbugging you, and so I have cut their acquaintance. They'll tell you I resigned because I could not get the Crown Lands. Don't believe 'em—they are for the most part snobs, and Hincks is an awful deviator from the truth.

I am, my dear people, your faithful subject,  
MALCOLM CAMERON.

**HINCKS TO CAMERON.**

No. 2.

When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own. Don't let the people know the cause of quarrel. I have drawn up the enclosed for the *Globe*; of course you can't object to that, because being in that paper, nobody will believe it. Just endorse the statement, will you? there's a jolly old cock.

F. HINCKS.

**CAMERON TO HINCKS.**

No. 3.

You be blowed. I'll endorse none of your lies.

MALCOLM CAMERON.

**HINCKS TO CAMERON.**

No. 4.

I am blowed; and we shall all be blown, if you keep your back up. You said you did not wish to let the public know the truth; then what harm in immaculate lies, especially in the *Globe*.

F. HINCKS.

**CAMERON TO HINCKS.**

No. 5.

I said I had no desire to go about blabbing everything; but won't have nothing to do with you or your immaculate lies. What are you interfering for, eh! It's none o' your business. You keep quiet, or you'll catch it slap in the bread-basket—you will.

M. CAMERON.

**HINCKS TO CAMERON.**

No. 6.

Don't make an ass of yourself.

F. HINCKS.

**CAMERON TO HINCKS.**

No. 7.

That's my business.

**HINCKS TO CAMERON.**

No. 8.

You be d—d.

**CAMERON TO HINCKS.**

No. 9.

I won't.

The letter marked No. 9, is not yet written.

**IMPORTANT INFORMATION.**

His Excellency has lately informed Mr. Ferguson, of the 5th Battalion of Montreal Militia, that "he doesn't lodge there."

**FINISHING A "FORTIN."**



"LOOKEE HERE, BILL,—I'VE BEEN AND DRAWED LEGS TO ONE OF THESE HERE CHAPS, AS NOBODY NEVER SEES NOTHING OF BUT THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS!"

**MONTREAL CORPORATION PROCEEDINGS.**

Punch finds the following in a late number of the *Montreal Pilot*, under the head "Corporation Proceedings."

"Alderman Larocque moved, That the Police Committee be instructed to consider the expediency of requiring the boys who are licensed to act as carrier boys at the market, to have both a moral and intellectual education fitted for their station; and also of enacting that no person be allowed to act as such who possessed not such education, after a stated time."

We wonder what amount of "moral and intellectual education" the sage Alderman requires for a market boy to carry a basket of carrots from the aforesaid market to his respectable dwelling? We suppose that the examination will be something after the following plan—Where is Cote Street? Answer: Off Craig Street. Who lives in No. 6? Answer: Mrs. Spiggins.—Where do bad market boys go to who prig their customers' apples? Answer: They goes to eat em behind old Mrs. Murphy's new cow-house." Admitted of course: but who is to look after the "moral and intellectual training" of the Aldermen?

Mr. John Scott thinks he ought to have been made Solicitor General.

Mr. Christie thinks he'll get four dollars a day next Session. # Mr. Peter Perry thinks he'll be "almighty powerful" on the "Wets and Flower" question.

The French Members think they'll be comfortable in Toronto. William Lyon Mackenzie thinks he is coming to Toronto to edit a paper.

"Look out for squalls."—As the matron said when she presented her husband with a double "pledge."



PUBLIC NOTICE!

FRANCIS HINCKS, General Jobber, begs to inform his friends and the public in general, that he is about to re-open his office at the New Stand, in Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, where he will undertake Jobs and Contracts of every description on reasonable terms.

References—J. A. MACDONALD & Co.

N.B.—Railroads constructed with cheapness and dispatch.

A NEW BALLAD

AS SUNG BY A VETERAN POLITICIAN TO THE ELECTORS OF  
NORTH LANARK.

*Air—"Capt. Finks."*

I'm Francis Hincks of the Windward Isles,  
I come to seek your votes and smiles,  
I'm sure to please you with my wiles,  
If you send me to the Parly—ment:  
So if you want a job, you know—  
A job you know—a job you know,  
You'll always be certain where to go,  
If you send me to the Parly—ment.

*Spoken*—Yes, brother Electors! that's a part of political business I flatter myself I understand as well as any man; so if any of you want a berth in the Customs, a Commissioner-ship, or a snug little sinecure of any kind, you've only to come to me, because you know—

*Chorus*—I'm Francis Hincks, &c.

When Rose resigned, Mac did'nt know  
For a good financier where to go—  
So he fixed on me, and he'll tell you so,  
If you send me to the Parly—ment.  
At financing I'm a regular swell—  
A regular swell—a regular swell—  
And you'll benefit so, I can hardly tell  
If you send me to the Parly—ment.

*Spoken*—Yes, brother Electors! I consider I *am* rather a swell at financing. Just look at what I did for you when I was in power, years ago. Why, you hadn't even a public debt worth speaking about before I took matters in hand; and you can't be a great country without a big public debt. So if you want it doubled, you've only to apply to—

*Chorus*—Francis Hincks, &c.

So now you've got the choice you see,  
'Twixt Francis Hincks and Malcolm C—,  
And if you're wise, you'll vote for me,  
And send me to the Parly—ment.

