

FASHIONABLE weddings are cleverly hit off in the following poetic squib from the pen of some mischievous scribbler, who deserves for his impudence to be broomsticked by every young bride in the country :

Four and twenty bridegrooms all in a row ;
 Four and twenty dandies dressed from top to toe ;
 Four and twenty bridesmaids dressed in hoop and feather ;
 Eight and forty Nimshies standing altogether ;
 The bride ringed and jewelled,
 The groom gloved and glum,
 And both of them look foolish,
 And both of them are dumb ;
 A thousand spectators all
 To see the pretty match,
 A thousand tongues to whisper,
 " He made quite a catch."
 Eight and forty ninnies
 Marching out of church,
 Like so many school-boys
 Running from the birch.
 Oh, what a sight to look upon as ever I did see,
 The world makes a great fuss for nothing, seems
 to me.

A PROBABILITY.—Jonathan and his friend Paddy were enjoying a delightful ride, when they came in sight of what is very unusual in any civilized state now-a-day—an old gallows or gibbet. This suggested to the American the idea of being witty at the expense of his Irish companion. " You see that, I calculate," said he, nasally, pointing to the object just mentioned ; " and now where would you be if the gallows had its due ?"—" Riding alone," coolly replied Paddy.

GENERAL WOLFE.—General Wolfe invited a Scotch officer to dine with him ; the same day he was also invited by some brother officers, " You must excuse excuse me," said he to them : " I am already engaged to Wolfe." A smart young enseign observed, he might as well have expressed himself with more respect, and said General Wolfe. " Sir," said the Scotch officer, with great promptitude, " we never say General Alexander or General Caesar." Wolfe, who was within bearing, by a bow to the Scotch officer acknowledge the pleasure he felt at the high compliment.

POETICAL.—I sat by the open window on a fine dewy evening. The stars shone out, and the moon hung her mild beams over the high rock that bounded my view. The birds had retired to rest, but the wakeful frogs made music in the neighboring marsh, and the fire flies bespangled the darkness. The sighing wind just touched the tree tops, and their murmurs roared gently in my ears. I looked out upon the charming scene ; I raised my eyes to the milky way—and my rent was due the next day.

A. Doleful Ballad.

In Hoboken a maiden dwelt,
 Her name was Phoebe Brown,
 Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
 And she was considered by good judges to be
 by all odds the best-looking girl in town.
 Her age was nearly seventeen ;
 Her eyes were sparkling bright ;
 A very lovely girl was she—
 And for about a year and a half there had
 been a young man paying attention to her
 by the name of Reuben Wright.

Now Reuben was a nice young man
 As any in the town ;
 And Phoebe loved him very dear ;
 But on account of his being obliged to work
 for a living, he never could make himself
 agreeable to old Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Her parents were resolved
 Another she would wed—
 A rich old miser in the place ;
 An old Brown frequently declared that rather
 than have his daughter marry Reuben
 Wright, he'd sooner knock him on the head.

But Phoebe's heart was brave and strong,
 She feared no parent's frowns ;
 And as for Reuben Wright so bold,
 I've heard him say more than fifty times that
 with the exception of Poebe, he didn't care
 a fig for the whole race of Browns.

So Phoebe Brown and Reuben Wright
 Determined they should marry ;
 Three weeks ago last Tuesday night
 They started for Parson Briggs, determined to
 be united in the holy bonds of matrimony,
 tho' it was tremendous dark and rained like
 Old Harry.

But Captain Brown was wide awake ;
 He loaded up his gun,
 And then pursued the loving pair,
 And overtook 'em when they'd got about half-
 way to the parson's, and then Reuben and
 Phoebe started off upon a run.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim
 Towards young Reuben's head ;
 But, oh ! it was a bleeding shame,
 He made a mistake, shot his only daughter ;
 and had the unspeakable anguish of seeing
 her drop right down stone dead.

Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,
 And vengeance crazed his brain ;
 He drew an awful jack-knife out,
 And plunged it into old Brown about fifty or
 sixty times, so that it is very doubtful about
 his ever coming to again.

The briny drops from Reuben's eyes
 In torrents poured down ;
 He yielded up the ghost and died—
 And this melancholy and heartrending inci-
 dent terminates the history of Reuben and
 Phoebe, and likewise of old Captain Brown.

W. H. ALEXANDER,

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