

BUTTON AGAIN!

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

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

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

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

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

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PUNCH TO THE RESCUE.

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

SAD NEWS FOR THE GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

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