

A Legend of a Leg.

"The Dewan's mother, several of her relatives, with many of her Sikhs, together with a great number of her troops and people, were blown into the air."— Official Account of the taking of Moultan.

It wasn't polite, oh dear, oh no,
To treat an elderly lady so;
If they had called a coach and pair,
And asked her out to take the air,
Or got a steed
Of uncommon speed,
That might have been polite indeed,
But to send her up, baggage and crop,
Without enquiring where she'd stop,
How she'd travel, or where she'd go,
That wasn't polite at all, you know!

But where did the Dewan's Mother go,
After she left this world of woe?
Some will talk of a bright abode,
A half-way house on the starry road,
A lonely place for a country seat,
Out of the way of the dust and heat,
And just the spot for an Indian fair,
To pick her teeth, and arrange her hair.

But no, oh no! she wasn't there,
She had no heart to enjoy such fare,
Her heart was gone, the deuce knows where,
Her heart and liver,
May heaven forgive her,
I'm afraid she hadn't much heart to spare.

Smash, splash, dash, what a terrible crash,
Somebody's mutton is turned into hash;
A hiss and a roar
Like the sea on the shore.
A cloud
Like a shroud,
And then all is o'er,
And of women and children who leapt, wept and ran,
There's hardly a vestige now left in Moultan.

But where did the Dewan's mother go?
That's the question; yes or no,
Shouldn't you like very much to know?
Look to the map: where the waters flow,
Washing the banks of the Ho-gang-ho
Where oranges ripen and myrtles blow,
And you scent the scent of the sweet Pekoe,
There sixteen minutes after one,
When the water was boiled and the breakfast done,
A Chinese youth who was sucking an egg
Caught a sight of the matrons' leg;
Caught a sight, for the noon was clear,
Of the small red sock, she used to wear
The small red sock and following "arter,"
A very small piece of the lady's garter!

What can it mean? See, there it goes,
Only the leg without the toes,
A single leg in a cloudless sky
And never a head nor a body nigh,
'Twas a comical sight for a youth to spy,
A single star when it shines out clear,
And lights the bark of a gondolier;
Or a single flower that blooms to die,
Only seen by a single eye;
Or a single glass of Whiskey punch
Supped by a friend at a single lunch;

Are things to meet with approbation,
But a lady's leg at an elevation
Of sixty miles, and all alone
Was a sight to make a Chinese groan.

He reported the sight
That very same night
To a very great man who vowed he did right,
There was no doubt
The leg he'd spied out,
Was the leg of a spirit who'd got the gout.
So he called six priests,
All nasty beasts,
Who made a terrible noise and rout,
And ordered the people he's and she's
All to go on their bonded knees,
Vowing that if
They were rusty and stiff,
There wasn't a life that was worth a whiff,
But if they would give of their sugars and teas,
Mind their Q's and look after their P's,
Pray to Foh and give tribute to Fum,
There wasn't no harm at all should come.

So straight they brought their sugars and teas,
And every soul went down on his knees,
And made a terrible pother and bother
To lay the leg of the Dewan's mother.

But where is the leg? Aneck a day!
Down in a field of rice it lay,
Never again to walk or prance,
Never to swim, and never to dance,
Never to feel the mortal throes
Coming from over-tight walking shoes,
Never to know the misery born
From cutting your toes instead of your corn,
As still as the leg of a turkey or nobby,
After its cut for a month from its body.

And then—What then? Listen!

Six days later—hum—fo—foe,
(The very man who took the teas,
And made the people on their knees
Their money bags and conscience ease.)
This same man, the horrid sinner,
Had a party home to dinner,
And of the dishes rich and rare,
One was quite a dainty there.
Some called it chicken, some thought hare,
This said venison, that one bear,
But whatsoever name it bore,
None had tasted such meat before.

Whence did it come? They called the seller,
A kind of Chinese "Samuel Veller,"
Who being questioned once or twice,
Said he found it in the rice,
And when suspicion had grown hotter,
Confessed it was a lady's trotter.

Alas! in spite of Foh and Buddha,
In cunning sauces made to smother,
They'd eaten the leg of the Dewan's Mother.

GUBERNATORIAL MUNIFICENCE.

Punch has heard what has gladdened his heart. After a few Philosophical individuals on Wednesday last had endeavoured to impress on the mind of the lost Governor General, that one egg was equal to a pound of meat by showering on him that delicious article of domestic consumption, he became fearful lest they might visit him at Monklands and "cook his goose." Having a decided objection to any such proceeding he requested the company of an officer's guard of British Bayonets to afford him protection; in return for which he afforded his protectors the most unbounded hospitality. The sumptuous repast spread before the officers in command, after their pleasant walk of three miles was a deal table and a jug of beer. Punch has not ascertained the quality of the beer but from all His Excellency's proceedings thinks it must have been small. The men fared in a similar manner, but they are soldiers and should be enured to hardships. After the exhilarating refreshment of an eight hour's watch, the officers and the men were at cock crow marched back to their barracks. Of course on leaving they gave three hearty cheers for the hospitable Governor; who had thus testified his respect for gentlemen holding her Majesty's Commission, and the brave fellows who went to risk their lives in his defence.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

For the last two days the cry of Fire has haunted us that we cannot help recommending the inhabitants of Montreal to form themselves into one vast fire company, one-half to be employed in burning the city and the other half in looking on. That accomplished they can then turn artificers, and will be sure of plenty of work and no money.

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Although Eggs are active; several smashes have occurred in consequence of exorbitant bills having been presented for acceptance, to the holders. Rotten Eggs in great demand, their odour having been discovered to be useful in removing a nuisance.

TO J. B.

If J. B. who has absented himself from his usual place of business in the City of Montreal, and who has lately come out from England in the employ of Government, but has been detected in passing some bad bills, will return to his disconsolate friends in Scotland, his errors will be forgiven and forgotten by his present employers.

On entering the *Halle de Bonsecours*, Cochon said that the Rebellion Bill had brought the Legislative Pigs to a pretty market.

PUNCH EXTRA,

On the Rebellion Loss Riots, will be published on Saturday next, May the 5th.

Containing Views of the Burning of the Parliament House, and Portraits of Messrs. Montgomery, Mack, Heward, Ferrer, and Perry; the Martyrs to their reverence for England's Queen and England's Principles.

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