

PARENTAL REPLIES TO FILIAL QUESTIONS.

On the Choice of a Profession.

Q. What are the privileges of Parliament?

A. The privileges of Parliament consist in getting eight dollars a day, freedom from arrest, and freedom of speech.

Q. What is freedom of speech?

A. Freedom of speech consists in saying to an honorable gentleman "You're a liar."

Q. What are the liberties of the Press?

A. The liberties of the Press consist in being abused by your friends, and slandered by your enemies; in being kicked and cuffed by all who do not want your assistance, and listening to hypocritical professions of life-long thanks from those who do; in having to bear any amount of insult from privileged M. P. P's. or Barristers at Law, and being made to pay handsomely if you venture to defend yourself; in finding your opinions criticized and controlled by those who never mean to pay for your paper; and finally, being buried at the Parish expense, with a public notice that you were the friend and instructor of the people.

Q. What are the privileges of the Bar?

A. The privileges of the Bar are to wear a white choker, and call yourself a gentleman by act of Parliament, although your own acts might entitle you to a different appellation; to possess the smallest amount of knowledge, and the largest amount of impudence; to talk of books you never read, and give opinions on subjects you never knew; to bring speculative actions for damages, because law costs you nothing, but may ruin some innocent man against whom you have an innocent grudge; and finally, you may die a Judge with a thousand a year.

FILIAL REPLIES TO PARENTAL QUESTIONS.

Q. Which Profession would you choose, my son?

A. I should like to be an eminent lawyer, Papa, and—and—

Q. And what? my dear.

A. And an eminent statesman, too, like Colonel Gagy.

The Governor's Visit to the Punch Office.

It is not generally known but now it will be, that His Excellency the Governor General expressed a desire to visit the establishment of Punch in St. Francois Xavier street, and accordingly the talented boy who presides over the complicated affairs of that wonderful establishment, received a note from the Attorney General East, which on being translated to him by the renowned "Dolly" overwhelmed him with the announcement that His Excellency would drop in on the following day: unless he should on his way down, drop in to some of the holes in the streets so obligingly provided for the disappearance of pedestrians by our energetic Corporation. Our indefatigable boy instantly began his preparations for receiving the illustrious visitor. The whole of our extensive frontage was swept at an early hour, and before the Big Bell of Notre Dame had sounded six o'clock, our extensive mat was well beaten against the Seminary wall. The boy with an axe and shovel proceeded to remove the snowy incrustations bestowed upon the door steps by the liberal hand of nature, and every thing was done by that precocious juvenile to confer honor on the Representative of Royalty. The interior of our premises presented a very elegant appearance; the whole of the walls were covered with beautiful full length portraits of ourselves in our various costumes, and with posters got up with every desire to attract public attention, while the counter which had been vigorously scrubbed, presented an unbroken although dilapidated surface of painted deal. In order to give an appearance of extent, our letter box was thrown entirely open: thus showing as far as eye could reach, an uninterrupted view of our interior. A special cabman was sent to some of our principal contributors who however not having cash or debentures to pay the fare refused to attend. Our artist was a noble exception to this discourteous behaviour. He immediately locked up his studio, put the key in his pocket and not caring whether the cab was paid or not, obeyed our summons; having first put on a clean cellar, and carefully turned it down for the occasion. At precisely one minute and two seconds and a half past ten, the facetious Editor smoothed the grey locks on his venerable brow, and took his station at the back of the till, keeping a strict eye on the boy, who was decorated with a fur cap of the order of "Ancient Mouser" to which was attached the black ribbon of the venerable sandal. Our artist wore, as is his custom on wet days and State occasions, the celebrated looped up, large flapped Spanish sombrero pre-

sented to him by "Santa Anna" some time after the battle of San Jacinto. Having remained until two o'clock in anxious expectation, the artist and the grey headed Editor went "sudden death" for beer. The grey-headed Editor was the victim, and the boy being ordered to appropriate four pence, which a patriotic individual had deposited on the deal counter in exchange for No. 5. was on the point of disbursing it for fluid, when the voice of the Attorney General East was heard to exclaim—"Mon Dieu, est ce la le bureau de Ponche" which freely translated means "my eyes, this is the magnificent dwelling of the celebrated Punch."

The grey headed Editor instantly had a game of leap frog with the counter and received the Governor at the scraper, while the boy pocketing the four pence made a graceful obeisance. The scene at this moment was particularly grand; but as description must fail to impart an idea of its sublimity, we shall refrain from entering into further particulars.

On the entrance of His Excellency, a procession was formed in the following order.

THE GREY HEADED EDITOR,

Carrying the Till of Maintenance;

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL,

Supported on each side by several pages of our Publication.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL EAST,

Supported by nothing.

OUR ARTIST,

Supported by himself.

OUR BOY, (with a Clean Face.)

In this order the procession moved slowly round the counter, and the grey-headed Editor having deposited the till in a place of safety, proceeded to explain to the Governor, the various branches of our establishment. The first thing that was brought beneath His Excellency's notice was our paste pot, and as he expressed a wish to stick a bill, his desire was instantly gratified, and the Governor graciously posted the representation bill on the back of Mr. LaFontaine, and instructed him to carry it through the Houses of Parliament; in spite of any opposition.*

The grey-headed Editor then announced that a cold collation was spread in the wood closet; but as he had previously uttered a bad joke, a gloom had been thrown over the party and the procession evinced a desire to move off.

Before leaving the premises His Excellency conferred the order of the half dollar as well as the trente sous upon the grey-headed Editor, and put into the hands of our boy a copper medal, bearing the inscription "a bas du Canada."

The crowd outside the office manifested their loyalty by calling a sleigh; His Excellency and Mr. Attorney General East instantly slipped into it and slid away.

The Procession then moved off to lunch at "Dolly's" in the following order.

THE GREY HEADED EDITOR,

Bearing the Till minus the Maintenance.

OUR ARTIST,

And his Hat.

The Boy has not been heard of since.

* Punch is sorry to add that he has since been informed that a notorious character named "Papineau," has wilfully destroyed this cherished document.

Col. Gagy's Distress.—Col. Gagy wished to prevent the *Pilot* from getting out on Thursday. What would the vessel of State do without the *Pilot* at the helm! Ship-wreck would be the inevitable consequence, as she was much damaged in passing through "the Rebellion Losses" straits, and nearly foundered on Representation Rock through the obstinacy of one of the seamen named Papineau. For Col. Gagy, under such circumstances, to endeavor to prevent the *Pilot* from going aboard is an action as little creditable to him as some of his previous actions. By and bye, he will be caging what Shakespeare calls the lark—"the Herald of the morn;" he will allow no "Transcript" of the times to issue; will way-lay the "Courier" and leave the inhabitants of Montreal no resource but the "Gazette," which however profitable to merchants is not desirable to honest men. Punch has heard the reason given by the Colonel for his obstructive proceedings is that the *Pilot* offered himself for sale; which would have sold the Colonel, and the Colonel has great objections to a sell. Nevertheless Punch will sell him—his back numbers; a few copies of No. 1 and 2 having come back to Punch from Mr. Buell Bookseller of Brockville, (vide advertising columns.)