

GEOGRAPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A party of enterprising men is at present engaged in exploring the interior of the *Place d'Armes*. The expedition is under the command of Darby Malone, Esq., President of the Hibernian Geological Society, the result of whose gigantic operations in the transmutation of stone into metal, is now visible along the entire length of Craig-Street. Intelligence from the brave fellows who have thus thrown themselves into this hitherto unexplored region, is, of course, looked for with much anxiety. Rumor, on the authority of a letter received by a cab-man on the confines of civilization, from a friend of his in the interior, states that, at that date, the party had discovered some very interesting ruins—apparently those of a lamp-post—at the foot of which, a strange old hermit with a long beard had taken up his abode. He appeared shocked at the sight of man, and refused to give his name, or any information whatever regarding his mysterious history. The initials J. B. however, carved upon the lamp-post, as well as certain collateral circumstances, leave little room to doubt that, he is a person who, some time back, suddenly disappeared from amongst his friends in this neighborhood, who have been long in a dreadful state of suspense regarding his fate. A specimen chip from the lamp-post, has been forwarded to A. Simpson Esq., the spirited projector of this enterprise; and the hermit has been brought into town, with the view of being sent to England, to replace the Hermit of Vauxhall, who died a short time since, from excessive devotion to the rites of conviviality.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

By a Prelate.

TRANSLATED FOR PUNCH.

The favor with which some remarks of mine upon Ophiology, or the Physiology of Serpents, were received by the scientific portion of the public, induced me to turn my attention more generally to the study of animated nature; and I now avail myself of the columns of my excellent and esteemed friend Punch, to make known to the gleaners in the field of Nature, (of whom I look upon myself as the least,) the results of my observations on Physiological subjects generally. In form, they are but the crude jottings-down in the note-book of a naturalist; but I trust to the generous reader for the extension of a kind indulgence as regards style—hoping that the strong internal evidences of authenticity borne by my facts, may be taken as a set-off against those apparent irregularities of arrangement which are—if my friend Punch will permit me to make the remark—the inevitable results of what is usually termed a “free translation.” Sympathizing with my reader, who has kindly accompanied me thus far, in his anxiety to arrive at the gate which I have thrown open for his rush into the field of nature, I beg to wind up these introductory remarks, by respectfully dedicating my “Recreations,” to the Natural History Society of Montreal.

The Church Mouse. (*Mus Ecclesiasticus*.) “As poor as a church mouse,” is a comparison often used, and popularly considered as very much to the point. I have had many opportunities of observing the church mouse, and never have I seen one whose appearance betokened the slightest tendency to the low state of pecuniary or corporeal resources, referred to in the saying above quoted. On the contrary, the church mouse of every variety—and there are many—appears to me to be distinguished by a peculiar and admirable sleekness of exterior, conveying to the beholder a lively impersonation of peace and plenty. I have been told that the variety known as the *Mus ecclesiasticus curatus*—the *Mus coadjutor* of Ireland—is sometimes remarkable for its lean and poverty-stricken appearance; and, from that particular variety, the proverb may possibly take its origin. The *ridiculus Mus*, mentioned by the Latin poet, bears no affinity to the subject of my remarks. It was, probably, an animal of enormous size; as it is recorded to have occupied the crater of Mount Vesuvius for a mouse-hole—the *parturiunt montes* of the writer referred to, being clearly a confirmation of this interesting fact. The variety is now extinct: but there is a mouse-trap in the British Museum in which one of them was caught, as it went foraging about in the dark ages, according to the nocturnal and predatory habits of its kind.

The Canvass-backed Duck. The only pair of Canvass-

backed Ducks I ever saw, were upon a British Sailor, whom I observed leaning over the railing on the quays. They had evidently been originally Russia-ducks; but the hinder part being worn away—probably from the foolish habit contracted by seafaring men, of sliding up and down ropes—had been repaired with what seemed to be a portion of a very coarse old sail. Therefore, there could be no doubt whatever, that they were genuine canvass-backed ducks. I had frequently heard, from American friends and others, that ducks of this description are looked upon by the luxurious as the greatest of delicacies. With a view, therefore, to possessing myself of them by purchase, I addressed the proprietor, hazarding a question as to the style in which the buttons should be served up, when the ducks came to be dished. I had reason, however, to repent of my curiosity; for the bad man turned upon me, and in language which none but a British Sailor could conceive, and which my ink would turn red; in transferring to paper, overwhelmed me with a torrent of abuse, which he wound up by calling me an “infernal old pump,” (*vieille pompe*.) What he meant by this I know not, but I am inclined to think he must have taken me for Father Chiniquy. These were the only observations I ever made respecting Canvass-backed Ducks.

Welch Rabbits. There is much mystery connected with the physiology of these creatures. I learned, however, that the preserves of an English gentleman of the name of Dolly, abound with them, and that their pursuit is the nightly occupation of numbers of people who resort there. I accordingly called upon that gentleman, and inquired of him whether he could give me any information as to their habits: but he, quickly, and as I thought somewhat bluntly, replied that, “he did not consider it would be quite the cheese to tell me.” So I must reserve this subject until I have an opportunity of making further observations.

PUNCH'S DREAM.

Punch had a dream so beautiful last night!

So calm, so sweet—

That wroth was he when flies at morning's light,
Stormed his retreat.

He thought the tide of annexation reached
High-water mark;
And on the stream that swiftly eddied past,
He launched his bark.

Adown its current paddled he past trees
And rocks abutting;
And once he heard an alligator sneeze—
But that was nothing.

For soon there glittered in the rising sun,
Upon a steep hill,
A City from whose gates there issued forth
Myriads of people.

In dusky column towards the river's banks
Downwards they ran;
Shouting, with force to rend their close-wedged ranks—
“The Coming Man!”

And as Punch landed from his light canoe,
Thicker and thicker
Round him the people thronged, with wild halloo;
Offering “liquor.”

While, on the spot, with solemn purpose bent,
Their votes they passed:
And Punch was duly chosen President.
Of realms vast.

And mounted on a steed of giant strides,
A “genuine racker,”
Splendid, in satin vest, he onward rides—
Chewing “tobacker.”

Head of a mighty people, Punch, that night,
Travelled in “juleps”—
And pithee, Jenkins, hadn't he a right,
As much as you, or Smith, or Jones, my tulips?