

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL'S LAST.

It is not generally known that the Inspector General is what our friend "Joe Miller" would have termed "a mad wag". But he is. The other day, he asked his friend "Baldwin,"

"Why may the interior of a chimney be a comfortable abode for a sweep?"

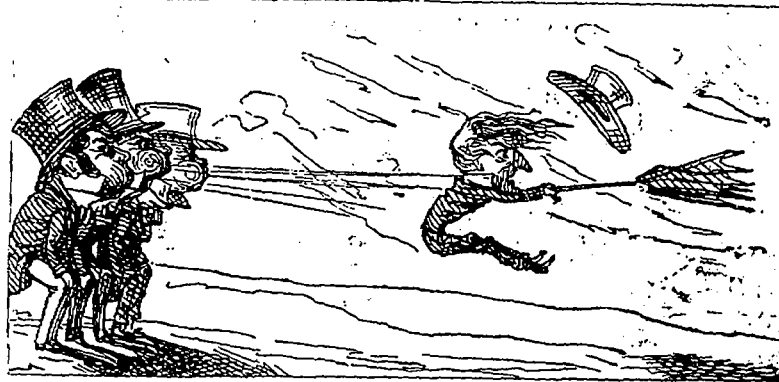
Baldwin looked black and gave it up. "Because," replied the facetious Minister, "it soots him well."

Baldwin instantly left the Council Chamber in disgust.

A LEGAL JOKE.

Why is Judge Bedard like a hen when her chickens are hatched?

Because he is not sitting.



The Old Merchant-man going Free before the Free-trade Wind.

THE WELL OF TRUTH.



IN the course of our literary researches, we happened to stumble upon a curious statement made by a quaint old author, to wit: that Truth "lives in a well," though in what quarter of the Globe, that damp retreat of the Rare Spirit was situated, the writer inconsiderately neglected to state. The idea haunted us for many, many years; we think about a century. Our dreams were then of wells, of descents into bottomless shafts, and researches amongst archives, inscribed in the depths of pellucid pools; and once the delusion reached that extent, that we felt convinced we were one of Sir Humphrey Davy's Patent Safety

Lamps—a scientific Jack of the Lantern, intruding ourselves, uninvited, into the society of toads and other cheerful residents of the region of the Choke Damp. Action soon chased away the wild flight of a disturbed imagination. And then came a scene of experiments with the divining rod, and over hill and over dale, and through weird forests, and across wild moors, did we dance like a meteor for many a long year; but never did the wand of hidden waters turn in our hands. Footsore and forlorn we returned to our Ancestral Halls; and behold! an idea presented itself, an idea suggested by the "Visits to Remarkable Places," of that bird's-nesting old boy, William Howitt. And we asked ourselves why we should not assume the Scrip and the Staff, and commence a pilgrimage over the world, for the purpose of visiting Remarkable Wells; a pilgrimage we have since successfully performed, having seen all the Remarkable Wells, and many Remarkable Pumps; and we have reaped the reward of our enterprise. We are proprietor of the Well—the pure spring, impregnated with the qualities of the Rare Spirit; by the sale of which it is our benevolent intention to accommodate the public.

We will now relate the circumstances of the Well, at the critical moment in which it was discovered. Surrounding the Sanctuary, an obscene crowd, with profane gestures, threw dirt upon its waters. Amongst them we recognized, of the false-hearted, not a few. Some there were, holding high offices in the state—Ministers, and M. P.'s. Representatives of the People; other M. P.'s, who described themselves as Members of the Press; and yet another class of M. P.'s.—Members of Police, with staves in their hands, and pockets full of Strychnine—false hirelings of the death-druggers of the true-hearted dog—and they all threw dirt upon the waters; and

THE LAST OF HIS RACE,

with an assumption of candour defiled the waters rather more than anybody else. Our sleeve became inflated with melancholy laughter, as we contemplated the scene, for it recalled a

remark made to us by an old French Historian, long, long ago, somewhere about the year 1550. "*La verité est une source toute pure, que nos passions souvent troublent, suivant nos interets ou nos caprices.*" While the waters were troubled, we bestowed upon the crowd a pail-full from the Well, returning unto them their own dirt, and causing them to shudder at their own impurities. And it was exhilarating to see how they dwindled away, and shrank into insignificance beneath the test, tumbling over one another in ignominious flight, and wriggling themselves away, like disconcerted tadpoles, into the puddle of obscurity.

WHAT REMARKABLE CURES THESE WATERS MAY EFFECT,

We are not as yet prepared to state, but certain Rocks are earnestly recommended to undertake a pilgrimage to our Well, with their boots full of loaded dice—an improvement upon the practice of the Irish penitent, and one evidently more effectual, as the dice—unlike the peas—cannot conveniently be softened by boiling. In connexion with the cure of Social Diseases, for which these waters must become celebrated,

A LEG OF THIRTY YEARS STANDING

Is informed he may hear of something to his disadvantage, and receive a sample of undiluted Truth, gratis, by calling at his earliest convenience upon us, the Proprietor of the Well.

In conclusion, we have to state, that although the waters have been found to contain a large proportion of the precious metals—(A solid bar or ingot of gold—a golden rule in fact—having been discovered at the bottom of the well,) yet so far are we from being actuated by sordid motives, that we hereby grant permission to all popular impostors, having fourpence in cash and unexceptionable references, to drink freely at the fountain, hoping with all our heart that they may find it palatable; and dive into its deepest recesses, in search of the mental health and purity it unquestionably contains.

HARD TIMES.

It is generally believed that times are hard—a peculiarity they share in common with rocks and creditors, both of which at this season of the year are difficult to cut. Reasoning by analogy, Montreal must be soft, as people are cutting it daily with great ease. Those proceeding to California, we hope, will be careful in selecting their tools, and not choose them from the People's Store near the St. Ann's Market—the hardware collected there being generally found out to be soft. Indeed such a dull set of tools is now in that once-celebrated Warehouse, that the Cabinet chisellers, decidedly the greatest in their line on record, have stated, in confidence, that they doubt being enabled to cut through the work of another Session.