

## ADVERTISEMENT.



KNOW, Mr. PUNCH, that it is a common error to regard umbrellas as common property; and, in consequence of the great similarity of design which characterises their architecture, it is not, perhaps, a matter of much surprise, if, in the choppings and changings in which chance may involve them, they should become occasionally subject to transfers which are not sanctioned by the laws of commerce, and which are sadly at variance with a strict regard to private rights.

It is true that some people do not believe in these accidents; and to guard against such mistakes, a hot-headed gentleman at a distance procured a vermilion cover, in substitution for the ordinary brown or green of ordinary men. The umbrella was patent to him;—nobody either borrowed, stole or used it; and all his eloquence in praise of its warm and rosy coloring was lost upon his fellow men, who did not wish to believe that an ordinary shower should bear a typical resemblance, in their poetical fancies, to a descent of hailstones and coals of fire.

Another whimsical friend took refuge under a yellow *parapluie*. This peculiarity of color was its protection: for man, maid and matron preferred being ducked before they would consent to peruse the concentrated essence of bile.

Being a man of peace, I could not consent to carry such an inflammatory article as the first-mentioned: and being also averse to bile, and bilious people, I could not conscientiously adopt the protection of the last. And so, my dear Mr. Punch, I determined that my property should be marked by the peculiarity of the handle. It is so marked;—the handle presents the horny face of a knobby-headed old man,—such knobs as phrenology, in its most frantic flights, could scarcely find in any living original. It is, in truth, a most remarkable countenance;—so marked and scarred and pitted, that the Hue and Cry could hardly delineate its portrait.

Still, with all its faults of feature,—with all its phrenological imperfections, it was my friend and companion for twenty years; and I therefore beseech you, Mr. Punch, to raise your powerful baton, and command its immediate restoration to your bereaved and inconsolable.

SENEX.

In conformity with the above request, Punch herewith commands that the umbrella around whose handle such fond associations dwell, be immediately left at the shop of Mr. Dawson, in the Place d'Armes.

SOME REMARKS ON PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS AND APPARATUS. WHAT ARE THEY, AND WHO KNOWS?—AND IF SO, WHO CARES?

BY W. HALL, Esq.

Philosophical Instruments may be divided into three heads—Steam-boilers, Clay-pipes and Smoothing-irons. In the first item, we may include that useful domestic utensil, the tea-kettle; though it has been erroneously classed by certain ignorant and illiterate Collectors of Revenue, under the general denomination of *singing-birds, or musical poultry*. Considering the fire-side harmony so universally contributed to by this pleasant apparatus, I look upon it as a duty to our families, as well as to the million followers of Young Hyson,—(who, by the way,—as I am informed by recent private letters from China—has just come of age)—I consider it, I repeat, my duty to admit the article referred to, free of any.

With reference to the second item, the humble but universal "clay," which, in its razed and discolored phase, takes the specific denomination of "Dudeen,"—(from a celebrated Irish General of that name, who always carried one in his cocked hat, and was saved thereby at the battle of Marathon in the Peninsula),—the humble "clay," I would remark, should take a high precedence amongst Philosophical appliances,—considering that few instruments have contributed more largely towards inducing that state of mental tranquillity known as "foggy;" and which has, in all

ages, been considered as eminently favorable to philosophic speculations. Let the pipe pass, then. Passing the bottle is a separate question, and one intimately connected with the levying of toll.

What shall I say about Smoothing-irons?—that they are "flat, stale and unprofitable?" Certainly not. Ask your washerwoman, who is sure to be a philosopher with ten children, and she will tell you that the philosophical advantages of the smoothing-iron must be familiar to the bosom of every man who wears a shirt, or even to that of the hypocritical cultivator of appearances who swindles the world with a dickey. Tubal Cain, that great practical philosopher and copper-smith, was the first man who ever got up his own linen with his own smoothing-iron. He was also well known as the author of a useful little brochure entitled, "Every man his own Washerwoman,"—which he struck off at his own mangle, with the second edition of his Sunday ducks and shirt-collars. I think it was my friend Gogy who facetiously remarked that,—"*untold* gold was all very fine in its way, but *untolled* iron, (with reference to the smoothing ditto,) was of much greater importance,—particularly to people who prided themselves upon the *unwrinkledness* of their white chokers." And so the smoothing-iron is decidedly a philosophical instrument, and therefore it will pass;—as many a flat has done before, and will do again.

## THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

We are now in September, in which Month, as usual, harvest operations are carried on with more or less success. More less than more. The weather has been very changeable and we suffer from extensive shooting in the standing corn on our left foot—which we immediately cut down and carefully protected, not wishing it to be trod on with impunity. The crops in the flower pots at Madame St. Jullien's are looking remarkably well, and unless injured by falling from the window ledge into St. Gabriel Street, will be got in before the winter. Many of our cultivators of social intercourse (contrary to the usual results,) have by constant draining so moistened their clay, that all their crop is weeds.—Discontent has been sown broadcast through the land, and the harvest it is expected will be large. There are many full crops of geese on the banks of the St. Lawrence, which will be cut about Michaelmas and immediately housed in somebody's interior.—The Brokers have had no harvest this season. They have done nothing but so-so all the year, and some must soon be sown up as they cannot reap. Dealers in flour are sour and the flour itself is often in the same predicament; and altogether this branch of trade makes the millers look white and the merchants black.

## IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

The "Jefferson Brick" of the "New York Herald" publishes the hanns of Marriage between Sir Allan McNab and the Duchess of Kent or something equally absurd. The *Pilot* copies it, and adds, "IMPORTANT if TRUE." The *British Whig of Kingston*, in a short article on the result of the Deputation of the Mayor and Mr. Counter, has the following paragraph:

"Earl Grey has assured the deputation that he would use his best endeavors to induce Her Majesty to make a visit to her Trans-atlantic Dominions next summer, and that in all human probability, he would be successful. It is also said, that Mr. Counter has a private commission to procure a suitable residence for Her Majesty."

New this gross absurdity, this evident jest, this satire upon the gaping open-mouthed and long-eared news-mongers of Kingston, the *Montreal Transcript* copies as having a literal meaning, and adds the mystic syllables "IMPORTANT IF TRUE," knowing all the while that there was no probability of there being any truth in the matter. When will the press of Canada cease to give publicity to the grossest fabrications, merely because they help to fill up the paper? When will it use its earnest endeavors to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? The echo who invariably replies to all questions in a very roundabout way and is as polite as a court-circular, answers, "when?"