

Colloquy Between Mr. Punch and His Fiscal Agent.



HEAR that you have been selling me at six-pence?

FISCAL AGENT. The first four at six-pence each, seven at four pen', an' twenty dozen at the reg'lar price.

Mr Punch. And what opinion will the world have of you for cheating it—charging six-pence for an article that is worth only three pence?

FISCAL AGENT. You don't know what yer worth—yer givin' yer-self away.

Mr Punch. I know it.

FISCAL AGENT. But ye can't come it over me.

Mr Punch. Nor you over me.

FISCAL AGENT. Cheatin' the poor b'ys!

Mr Punch. Villian!

FISCAL AGENT. Yer a cheat.

Mr Punch. Ha! ha! ha!

FISCAL AGENT. Yer a set uv cheats!

Mr Punch. Ha! ha! ha!—There now!

FISCAL AGENT. All Meditors an' printers is rogues.

Mr Punch. Don't make me burst!

FISCAL AGENT. Sis!

Mr Punch. You're demoralised.

FISCAL AGENT. Lollipops!

Mr Punch. You owe me money.

FISCAL AGENT. Oh heggs!—a copper!

Mr Punch. I should not like it to be any more.

FISCAL AGENT. I'm short a penny on this half dozen.

Mr Punch. I won't trust you.

FISCAL AGENT. Why, yer honour?

Mr Punch. You're too amiable to be in my debt.

FISCAL AGENT. Give it til us then.

Mr Punch. Ah! To get rid of you I will—but never show your face here again.

MORAL.

"The liar ne'er will be believed"
By those whom he has once deceived

TO THE PUBLIC.

A grand horse-flesh dinner took place on the ice last week; about three hundred guests were present—they were crows.

They have murdered the cleverest of our Irish.

Tupper has gone to England.

French carters swear in English.

The Senate has economised \$8000!

Architectural designs bewilder us.

The first sleepers on the intercolonial railway laid themselves down in the House the other evening.

Young gents read the Police Gazette.

I use up fifteen dollars' worth of myself in a few minutes.

President Johnston is in a fix.

Brandy is no longer distinguishable from whiskey or anything else.

Neither is milk at 4d. a quart.

Or butter from candle grease.

Archibald has resigned!

The first sleepers on the intercolonial railway laid themselves down in the House the other evening.

Young gents read the Police Gazette.

I have disposed of 500 copies of myself in Halifax.

Which speaks well for the good sense of my beloved Haligonian public.

The banks charge enormous rates of interest.

Brokers charge still higher rates.

Money lenders (who have no money) lend fabulous sums.

I do not know if the Robinson route is the "root of all evil."

Water will be brought to Montreal from Abyssinia.

The police collect taxes.
Foolish girls *impeach* their cheeks artificially.
Municipal assessors put whatever value they please on other peoples' property.
Some of them can't read, but their word is law and it seems wocan stand it.
There is only one newspaper published in Montreal besides myself—at least I have never heard of any other. I shall publish myself every week.

OBIT:

Thy race is run: thine eloquence so keen
Was instant hushed in guilty moonbeams' sheen,
Undaunted mortal, doomed to fall unseen.

Th' assassin's hand too soon decreed thy fate;
Thee, at whose thrilling word or love or hate
Fired the great hearts of a little State.

No more shall rapture dwell upon the ear;
No more shall music prompt the falling tear;
McGEE is dead—who never knew a fear!

The Weed.

The Tobacco Deputation had an interview with Mr Punch, acting on behalf of the Minister of Inland Revenue. The following is the text of the compliments exchanged:

TOBACCO DEPUTATION. Ours is the most rascally trade in existence.

Mr Punch. I know it.

DEPUTATION. Ah!—you use the weed then?

Mr Punch. Cabbage—cabbage merely—

DEPUTATION. Of course.—Flavored?

Mr Punch. Yes—I suppose that's the technical expression.

DEPUTATION. Ours, then, is the most rascally trade that ever—

Mr Punch. Pray, spare yourselves this humiliation—

DEPUTATION. The most rascally trade, except—politicians!

Mr Punch. Of course, of course.

A FRENCH DEPUTY. *Cela va sans dire.*

DEPUTATION. We understand each other then?

Mr Punch. Oh perfectly!

DEPUTATION. Will you have *Principes* or *Havanas*?

Mr Punch. How are the *Havanas* managed?

DEPUTATION. Three-fourths best butts, unwashed.

Mr Punch. And the *Principes*—the old story?

DEPUTATION. Restored with best West India molasses.

Mr Punch. I'll take a box of each.

TO PARTIES ABOUT TO RUSH INTO PRINT.

It is a mistake to suppose that none but the articles of very talented correspondents shall obtain publicity at our hands. Every article not unsuited to these pages will be paraded before the eyes of our well-beloved public at a moderate charge—in our advertising columns.

Correspondents must not laugh at their own attempt until they see them in print.

Ex Post Facto Law.

A contemporary says that at a recent coroner's inquest, Mr DEVLIN was present to watch the proceedings on the part of the deceased!—*fee-die-de-dee!*

Dramatic.

We read in a certain hand-bill that a recent performance at the theatre in Coté street, was to have been given under the patronage of Col. Dyde, "who," the hand-bill declares, would "performed Cole's great moral drama of the Ticket of Leave" &c. Mr Punch presents his compliments to the gallant colonel and begs to congratulate him on the good taste which leads him to perform under his own patronage as Mr Punch does himself invariably. A patronising manner, when assumed toward one's self, can give no offence.