

TURKISH STATE PAPERS.

We have had a series of curious documents, under the above denomination, placed in our hands by a great Eastern traveller—in the hardware line—with instructions to make the most we could of them, and with full liberty from the collector to dispose of or use them in whatever manner might suit us best. In accordance with this indulgence, we commenced by illuminating one of the manuscripts, so as to render it subservient to the process of lighting a post-prandial cigar. As we rolled up a leaf, however, a word or two of the contents arrested our attention; and on following up our investigation, struck with the similarity of the circumstances developed and the parties involved in them, to some recent transactions and personal traits which have fallen under our own observation, we determined to enlighten our cigars with a lucifer and the public with a selection from the documents in question. It is, we believe, generally known that a correspondence has recently taken place between a high official functionary of the provincial government and the manager of the establishment known as the Montreal High School, relative to some imputed unseemly demonstrations made by the scholars of that institution, upon the occasion of the coronation of certain Guys or stuffed images, supposed to have had a direct reference, in their general treatment, to the popular feeling towards a certain august personage. The fragment with which we present our readers, appears to refer to some remote period of Turkish history; and so close is the parallel between the circumstances alluded to in it, and those from which emanated the correspondence to which we have referred above, that we feel ourselves quite justified in remarking to the "august personage," *mutato nomine* (and that not much) *de te fabula narratur*. The M.S. is without a title, and runs thus:



WHEN Muley Brucey Pockety was Pasha of the City of Eggdad, in the first year of the Hegira, the people rose, and waxing wrath at his misdeeds, they set up an image of Muley Brucey, made of ancient and cast-off garments, stuffed with straw, with much fireworks in the pockets thereof, which were ample and convenient for stowage, after the fashion of those in Muley Brucey's robe of office. And this image they set up in a high place of the city, where they kindled fire beneath it; and it burned with a bright light, brighter even than

Muley Brucey himself, in his robe of state. And the fire hissed, and the pockets gave forth their treasures of golden sparks, in a manner which could never have been even dreamt of by the real Muley Brucey, who was a prudent man, and with much wisdom cultivated economy and carrots upon the terraces of his palace. Now many boys ran to and fro, shouting after the manner of boys upon joyful occasions and festivals. And one of these youths was a scholar at the great seminary called the School of the Lofty; and his shouting was loud, and his gestures were very insulting, as became a pupil of that great institution. But, after many days, the howls of that young man went up to the ears of Muley Brucey, and the School of the Lofty became as poison in his porridge, embittering the bohea of his existence. So the Pasha Muley Brucey Pockety summoned his chief scribe, Mufty Lesly Effendi, the wise and cunning, and in council the great Muley ordered the chief scribe to write an indignant letter to the chief teacher of the School of the Lofty.

"Bishmillah!" said Mufty Lesly the Wise, "may your Highness's shadow exceed that of the great Daniel Lambert a thousand fold! But I know not Howe (the chief teacher); and if I know not Howe, how should I know how to go about this work?"

"Mufty Lesly," replied the Pasha, "thou art an old fool, a Jerusalem pony, whose ears vie in tallness with the towers of the Mosque of the Faithful. Write thou. I will dictate."

Then Mufty the Wise took a leaf of papyrus of the growth known as foolscap, and, plucking a quill from Gpousey Baldwin Baba, he wrote these words:

The words of the Most Excellent Muley Brucey Pockety, Pasha of the City of Eggdad, and Horse-Admiral of the same, to the Chief Teacher of the School of the Lofty.

Mufty Rufty Tufty Howe, would you like to have your head chopped off and stuck upon the highest pinnacle of the topmost weathercock of the tallest mosque in Eggdad? Beshemeth! may my eyes be blown! Is the Pasha of the Faithful become as mud in the eyes of thy pupils, or as sand in the pupils of thine eyes? Mufty Rufty Tufty Howe, do you know I have a great mind to stop your backsheesh and give you the bowstring. Is the representative of a sovereign become an unpleasant scent in the sneering snub noses of the School of the Lofty? I will snub them! The Pasha of the Faithful will pickle several bundles of bamboos for their castigation; he will send his chief janizary, Markee Caree, to lay them on, if, before the call of the mueddin, to-morrow, the offender be not well bastinadoed all over his body and on both the soles of his feet. Put thy head in a potash kettle, O Mufty Rufty Tufty Howe, and wear garments made out of the sack with which I, the Pasha, herewith present thee.

The words of Mufty Rufty Tufty Howe, Chief Teacher of the School of the Lofty, to Muley Brucey Pockety, Pasha of the City of Eggdad, and Horse-Admiral of the same.

Mashalla! May your Highness's eyes be particularly well blown, as your Excellency seemeth to desire! The words that have gone up to your Highness's ears are as the smoke of the hundred and two fires that consumed the straw-stuffed Pockety Pashas of whom you spake. Bosh! Is it for the Pasha of the Faithful to be down upon the taw of every little kiddy that danced and sung the popular measure of Old Dan Tucker, at the Feast of Fires? Bishmilla mashalla bosh! Would that your Highness's measures were half so popular! Keep thy pickled bamboos for the ministers by whom thou art bamboozled, and accept of this potash kettle, to contain the pearls of thine oratory, which, in the summer that is past, thou didst cast before many swine. I have sent the sack to those by whom it will presently be given to thee. When the wind whistles through the palm trees, look out for nuts to crack. Farewell. Sharp as a yataghan are the words of Mufty Rufty Tufty Howe, Chief Teacher of the School of the Lofty.

A HINT FOR THE ANNEXATIONISTS.

MR. CALCRAFT TO PUNCH.

Punch has received the following letter from the well-known Mr. Calcraft, executioner in ordinary to her Majesty's jails.

Horsemonger Jail, 14th Dec., 1849.

Dear Sir,—Hearing that there is likely to be some work in my line in your country, I beg to apply for the same, flattering myself that my character, as a first-rate finisher, is too well established to require further notice. It was I hanged Mister Rush, and also Mister and Missie Manning. My terms are reasonable. For stout men, with thick necks, and about forty, say £5. Little, short men dies hard, so that in them cases I shall expect something more. If I don't succeed, no money. If you thinks well of this, please address as above.

CALCRAFT.

N.B. Gentlemen's clothes is a perquisite, if worth having.

Amongst the festivities of the New Year, at Montreal, was an entertainment given by the members of the Annexation Association to the members of the Hunter's Lodges, and other national societies, at their new rooms. Punch was not present, but is informed that amongst the pleasant things of the evening, the most admired was Mr. W. Workman's favourite recitation of the "Doleful Honours," with a full cholera chorus. Punch is informed, that the above recitation is about to be published by Dr. Russell, the well-known phrenologist, at Mr. Workman's sole expense, and simultaneously with the Doctor's new work, entitled "Travels in the Townships; or wanderings with a silly middle-aged gentleman."