

## PUNCH IN PARLIAMENT.

Of course Punch was in his place in the house, when the order of the day for taking into consideration the expediency of paying the rebellion losses of Lower Canada was come to.—Want of space prevents Punch from printing his own speech, which was—as a matter of course—the speech of the evening,—but Punch confesses that as he is but mortal and also mortal poor, he kept his weather ear open to catch those sentiments that were most likely to please the Government, and get himself a fat place; he flatters himself that when he said, “that the measure should be carried as quickly as possible; without giving the people of Upper Canada, an opportunity of expressing their notions about it;” he saw a smile of approval on Mr. Hinck’s face, which he has no doubt will turn into a snug berth of about £1,000 a year. Punch will wait a short time to see how the ministry will treat him,—if badly, Sir Allan McNab may reckon on him as a warm supporter for the future.

## SONGS OF THE SESSION!

No. I.—Airs,—*Yankee Doodle.*

Old McNab — you queer old crab,  
Hincks — you dreadful humbug,  
Mr. Blake — you Irish drake,  
Vansittart’s cleared the Stone Jug  
Col. Gogy loves the Press,  
As Parsons love the Bible,  
Let him say a word of Punch,  
We’re ready with a libel.

Hurrah! for humbug, everywhere,  
May Chisselling reach perfection,  
Send fighting men to Parliament,  
Nor care for fair election.

You members all who parley French,  
(And never wash your faces.)  
’Twere better if you staid at home,  
In your Pork and Whisky place.  
When to Parliament you come,  
All your wrongs to tell it,  
Learn at least to write your name,  
And afterwards to spell it.

Hurrah! for humbug, everywhere,  
May chisselling reach perfection,  
Send fighting men to Parliament,  
Nor care for fair election.

## PARLIAMENTARY VOCABULARY.

Punch, in his anxiety to create a taste for refinement among the members of the House of Assembly, and wishing to aid all energetic speakers, intends to publish a Vocabulary for the use of members;—he gives the following expressions, which he has no doubt will be found useful, if the debate on the rebellion losses gets to a fight, as he fully expects:—

“You’re a liar,—  
“You’re another,—  
“Mr. Speaker, I—  
“Go to the—  
“Sir, you grin like a deranged Hyena!—  
“You’re a maniac Kangaroo—  
“Sit down—  
“Hit him on the head,—  
“Certainly.

☞ *Thursday Evening, quarter to six.*—We stop the Press to say, they are fighting!

## BOARD AND LODGING.

The French Members of “The House,” are hereby offered board and lodging, in a quiet back Street, where they may pay for their eating and drinking, by chopping fire-wood for a charitable institution.

Punch begs to call attention to the above Advertisement, knowing the desire these Honorable Gentlemen have to bring back their little savings to their poor families.

## £23,000!!! REWARD!!!

Mr. Punch, in his desire to obtain favor with the present Ministry, and to add his testimony to the general belief that all Canadians are *humbugs*—offers the above reward to all peaceably disposed persons who will aid in the profitable and agreeable pastime of killing any given number of Her Majesty’s troops, some fine summer’s morning that he will appoint. He will also pay a hundred weight of Californian Gold, as soon as he gets back from the diggings, to Messrs. Nelson, Papineau, and MacKenzie, if they will forthwith set fire to their old Shantys, and transfer their claims on Government to him.

## NEVER DESPAIR.

It was a great day for St. Hyacinthe, and the speculative *Canucks* of that thriving locality, when a certain Scotch Cremona Lord wended his steps there lately, to tell the stove-dried *Merchants*, (save the mark,) that they were a great and glorious community—an example to all nations—a people to be remembered in history—a set of men to whom T. B. Macauley must devote, at least, one volume of his future History of Canada, for their efforts in completing 48 miles of as lazy a railway as ever smoked. Never despair, Americans,—come across the line, and behold this noble work. Old England, return to your blundering old *Stage Coaches*; the *Canucks* have put your pipes—(steam)—out.

## NEW DISCOVERIES.

Sir Allan McNab has *discovered* (thro’ Mr. Hincks) that he was the cause of the last Canadian Rebellion.

Mr. Vansittart has *discovered* that after doing as he was advised by her Majesty’s Solicitor General, that her Majesty’s Prime Minister has kicked him out of his situation.

Lord Elgin is endeavouring to discover who the present Governor General of Canada is.

Punch has *discovered*, with much difficulty that *two* of the French Members of the Legislative Assembly can *write their own names*. Hurrah!

## FOUND.

Near the House of Assembly, a brown paper parcel, containing two loaves of black bread, and six dried herrings,—supposed to be the property of some of the French Members—probably the provisions for the session. The owner can have it by applying at the Punch Office.

N. B.—Whoever calls, is expected to be suitably attired.

## BOURRET vs. BYRON.

The “Desert for a dwelling-place.”  
’Twas Byron’s wish—but sure the charm  
Its power had lost, if once he’d crossed  
That dismal waste—the drear Place d’Armes!

## TOO BAD.

Why do the ladies in Canada prefer the Winter season?  
Because their lips are often chapped.  
Punch seized the chap who uttered this vulgar pun, and sent him to Gross(e) Isle.

## PRINCELY IDEA.

Of what modern General do our Parliamentary debates remind you? asked Col. Prince of Sir Allan.  
General Wrangel, of course.

## STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Since the opening of Parliament, Geese are numerous in Montreal, and report says previous to Mr. Vansittart’s case being heard the Members all lived on fowl, which prevented them from acting fairly.

Vegetables are fresh from their sellers and any quantity of apples, can be got by applying at Monklands.

**WANTED!**—Professors of the Art of Self-defence  
Apply at the House of Assembly.