

THE INQUISITION.

On Wednesday last, Punch received a summons, commanding him to appear before the Inquisition. We immediately took an affectionate leave of our office boy, who was deeply affected—embraced, for what we thought might be the last time, the familiar lamp-post in front of our premises, and prepared to obey. It was noticed by our friends, afterwards, that Punch's face was pale, but stern. Toby accompanied us. His gait was erect and dignified, and his tail was not depressed. In this order we entered the Hall of Justice; on crossing the threshold of which, we were recognized by the apple-woman and two bailiffs, who simultaneously exclaimed, "there goes Punch!—God bless him!" It was gratifying—it was a proud moment, and Punch felt it.

On exhibiting our summons to Mr. Delisle, he bowed—not ungracefully—and referred us to an inner room, where he said the tribunal was sitting. We approached it, and entered. It was a gloomy apartment, with a great many Bruces, (that is, spiders,) in the corners. There was a copper-nosed man, with a tubercular countenance, sitting at a table; and near him, writing, was a very long pair of arms, that had some connection under the table with a proportionately long pair of legs. The copper-nosed man looked hard at Punch, and Punch looked hard at the copper-nosed man. Then there was a pause, during which the long pair of arms scratched the long pair of legs, an operation which seemed to re-establish the mental tranquillity of the proprietor. Then the copper-nosed man asked Punch to be seated; and, when Punch was seated, the copper-nosed man enquired who Punch might be. Having been told that we were actually Punch, he requested to be informed whether we felt comfortable; to which we replied that we certainly did. This remark was taken down by the arms, after which the copper-nosed man blew his nose twice. He then asked us, how much we thought yellow soap was a pound, in the market; and whether the Editor of the Gazette had not got a wooden leg. To these questions we replied; firstly, that yellow soap was an article in which we did not generally trade; and, secondly, that we could not speak positively as to the particular material of which the Editor of the Gazette's leg was formed. The copper-nosed man seemed to be very much struck with these answers, and said they "were suspicious—he always thought so—he told Bruce so," at the same time ordering "arms" to take them down, which "arms" accordingly did. He then proceeded to question Punch as to one Miles's boy, and whether Punch didn't know him, and whether he was not related to a Mr. Ferguson, and whether we, Punch, knew where Mr. Ferguson lodged. Also, whether it wasn't generally reported in town, on the night of the burning of the Parliament House, that Mr. Moffatt had had a cod's head and boiled leg of mutton for dinner: to all which questions we replied *seriatim*,—that we had heard of Miles's boy, but did not know him—that we were unacquainted with the domicile of Mr. Ferguson: and that we doubted the cod's head and shoulders at Mr. Moffatt's, as we had smelt Scotch collops and shad, when passing that gentleman's residence at six. Respecting the boiled leg of mutton, we positively declined to give an opinion, which very much astonished the copper-nosed man, who said, "it was the most important fact they had elicited yet;" and then, getting into a rage, swore at "arms" for not writing faster.

After this, there was a pause for some time, during which, "arms" caught two flies; and the copper-nosed man gazed very attentively at a family of Bruces in one of the corners. He then turned towards Punch, and in a mysterious tone asked us, if we "knew who burned the Parliament House." We told him we did. At this he became greatly excited; and, referring somewhat forcibly to his own eyes, ordered "arms" to "be smart, for they were putting it at last." He also directed a small boy to go and order Captain Jones's cavalry to turn out, and see that the

garrison was immediately mustered. This, the small boy, (who, Punch has been since informed, is a paid emissary,) said he would do. These orders given, copper-nose came close to Punch, and requested us immediately to point out the scoundrel who did it.—We told him we had already done so, and that, on reference to "Punch No. 9," he would see that we had distinctly pointed out "the man wot fired the Parliament House." At this he looked very blank, and inquired if "that was all we knew;" and when we said it was, he told "arms" that he needn't put it down, and that he might go and tell Capt. Jones, that the cavalry and garrison weren't wanted yet.

We then rose, and enquired of the copper-nosed man, if he had any further business with us; and he said he had not—only that we must be very cautious what we did. To this Punch deigned no reply; but Toby—who had been very surly throughout—went close to the legs of the copper-nosed man, and abandoned himself to his feelings after the manner of his species.

So this was Punch's examination before the Inquisition.

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Punch was considerably staggered at reading in an American Paper, that proposals have been laid before Congress, for laying down a line of Electric Telegraph across the Atlantic—the wire to be supported by buoys, and encased in cork. A host of associations flashed upon Punch, as he took in the idea. First, the combination of cork and wire was pleasantly suggestive of champagne; but a suspicion of froth removed that delightful phantasy, and brought up ginger-beer instead. With respect to laying down a line of buoys, Punch is of opinion, that if they would lay down a line of girls across the Atlantic, new, in general, but particularly that relating to fashionable intelligence and millinery operations, would be transmitted with unparalleled speed and certainty. Tenders will be received by Punch, from sirens, mermaids and others, desirous of embarking their floating capital in such a speculation. Wet nurses will be treated with liberality, and the strictest secrecy may be relied upon.

PUNCH'S OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to announce, that the political excitement which has lately been the cause of so much speculation in Canada, expired yesterday, at the office of a *respectable Journalist* in Montreal. Every effort that skill or trickery could devise, was resorted to by the various editors in the Province, to keep the patient alive; and it is even asserted that an interested *bully* had the temerity to bring a large body of Police, to prevent the deceased from making its end in peace. Some parties say, that it is only in a state of somnambulism; and that a hot debate on Canadian affairs, in the English House of Commons, will have the effect of bringing the dead to life, and sending it once more through the country, "alive and kicking." Should such be the case, Punch begs to announce, that he will be found maintaining a position of "dignified neutrality."

SHORT ODE TO A DISTINGUISHED CAVALRY OFFICER.

Fortin! of figure fine and sinewy force,
Fortune on thee has smiled — Captain of Horse!
For ten long years in leech-craft hadst thou toiled,
For town was tranquil — till the chaldron boiled.
For iwaddle fained, then ministers arose,
For tinge of fear shot paleness o'er each nose.
For twang of trumpet called they — let them call,
For tune not we our hearts with theirs at all;
For twine we still our faith round Jones' troop,
For tone of turn-out unrivalled — whoop!
Forty dragons! I say it deep in sorrow,
For tin, I believe, you'd all turn tail to-morrow!