

## THE LATE ILLUMINATION.

Punch, with a friend, sat on the night of the 25th April by a festive board, whose polished surface gave up the representations of vases filled with certain nectarious fluids, particularly gin. With a cigar in his mouth, and thoughts of unutterable facetiousness playing around the hemispheres of his brain, he was about abandoning himself to the unlimited enjoyment of the place and the hour, when the symposium was rudely broken up by Betty, who as she brought up the second kettle of hot water mysteriously remarked, that "there was more fire about to-night than would bile all the hot water we could consume for the next twelve month." In good sooth there was a popular commotion at hand, the offspring of the deed of the day, the first-born of the sanctioned Rebellion Bill. And Punch walked forth to watch events, and see how the hand of the dial pointed. On arriving at the scene of action, the first thing that caught his eye and narrowly missed his nose, was a perfect hail-storm of young paving-stones, hurtling thro' the murky night, and crashing their unwelcome way through the windows of the Halls of Assembly into the trembling presence of the Representatives of the People. Then there was a crouching in corners, a dodging behind desks and a rush for the sanctum-sanctorumest part of the House. In the lobby was congregated a motley crew. Amongst the members present Punch had only time to notice the Speaker, Col. Gogy, Mr. Chauveau, Mrs. Belton, Mr. Papioueau, Mr. Drum-mood, Madame St. Julien, Mr. Bell, Mr. Badgley and Louise, the "Maid of the Bar." Presently the heated atmosphere but too truly announced the inevitable approach of the devouring element, preceded by Mr. Cauchon in his cap and bells, who, true to his instinct as jester to the House, tumbled convulsively before the flames, giving utterance in his agony to a succession of the most abortive puns—such as comparing the departure of the members in the red glare of the conflagration to "an illuminated mizzle," for which, and some other perpetrations of a similar import, he was promptly bonnetted by a charitable bystander. Rushing now towards the library, with a thousand lights' reflected from the polished excrescences of his cranium, and a volume of his History of Canada clutched in his desperate gripe, the member for Gaspé, with scarcely a gasp left in his body, staggered towards the principal entrance, where he fell fainting into the arms of Mrs. Belton, capsizing her apple-stall, and rolling helplessly to the ground, amid the promiscuous wreck of cigars and oranges. At this juncture the Mace appeared on the stairs, assisted in its descent by a remarkable looking individual in a Mask, who exchanged alternate blows and billiags gate with the Sergeant at-Arms, who naturally shewed fight at seeing the child of his earliest affections thus recklessly torn from him by strangers. The Mask triumphed and the Mace was incontinently huddled into a Caleche, and whirled like lightning from the sight of the sorrowing Sergeant. Now the fun became fast and furious, and Punch deemed it prudent to withdraw to the scene without; quite enough having already been seen within; to satisfy the most ardent supporter of Rebellion Losses, of the superior ardor or arduity of their opponents, who should really be taxed in the Tariff as ardent spirits above proof—nobody hitherto in fact having succeeded in proving anything at all about them. Here Punch staggered upon the Editor of the Courier, who, with anxious features and mustachios slightly singed, rushed past in a whirlwind of smoke, with a portion of the Libraries' of both Houses protruding from all his available grasps. The remarkable tranquility of the spectators in the streets struck Punch with a sensation almost approaching to awe; and it forcibly occurred to him on the spot, if the rites he had just witnessed were to be regarded as the funeral obsequies of the Rebellion Bill, the ceremony was certainly conducted with the greatest decency, and a strict regard to the solemnity of the occasion. The gallant Fire Companies played a little on the surrounding buildings' for the amusement of the bye-standers, the troops stood at ease on the various avenues' leading to the scene of vengeance, the fire steadily burned its fury out amongst the records of centuries, until it dwindled to a red and ominous glare from the ghastly eyes of the dead Parliament House—and Punch went to bed in a conflict of emotions, and dreamt of Lafontaine dressed up as Nero, performing melodies on a bewitched violin, over the burning Capitol of an imaginary city.

FORTIFICATIONS AT MONKLANDS.—REVI-  
VAL OF THE FEUDAL AGES.

Arrangements are in progress for fortifying Monklands, so as to convert it into a Castle of Refuge during the remainder of Lord Elgin's sojourn in the Colony. Plates of iron—egg proof—have already been ordered for the windows; the chambermaids have been doubled on the principal landings of the stairs; and at night the vice-regal ches. of drawers is run out, and placed against the interior of the door of his Lordship's sleeping apartment, surmounted by the wash-hand stand with its appendages; so that in case of a surprise, the crash of the crockery would at once give the alarm, and bring up the butler—or warder, as he is henceforth to be called—to the rescue.

"What ho, Warder! what seest thou now from yon eastern turret?—descriest thou citywards aught resembling the march of multitudes, or the gathering of tumult?"

"Good my Lord, no: in sooth I do but perceive from out the distance, the advance of an elderly female, clad in the garb of honest industry, who beareth somewhat of a burthen upon her head, and with slow movement gaineth upon the moat of the Castle."

"Haste thee, Warder! raise portcullis and lower draw-bridge, so that the elderly female may enter incontinently into the precincts of our castle. By'r halidome, we love old women, and ever in our councils we have had many of them about us."

"Please thee, my Lord, on a nearer approach I do perceive that the elderly female displayeth an utensil or basket, filled with those dangerous and disgusting missiles, known to the vulgar as eggs."

"Ha! Warder, sayest thou! Treason! without there, ho!—Up with draw-bridge, and down with the portcullis! Assemble the household in the donjon-keep, and hang the key of the cellar at thy girdle, lest peradventure, in the confusion, the subalterns of the guard may clandestinely possess themselves of a flagon of wine."

Such is the style and tone of conversation henceforth to be cultivated at Monklands. By carrying the inhabitants of that stronghold back to the feudal ages, it will favor the idea of perfect security so essential to the repose at present sought for by the noble occupant; while the system of total exclusion enforced by the line of circumvallation, will tend to the strict observance of that well-known principle of economy, upon which the *ménage* of the establishment is based.

We understand that the Scotch steward is in treaty with the President of the Shakespere Club, for a characteristic theatrical costume, in which he will, for the future, transact business, as he takes his rounds upon an ambling palfrey: and it is further rumored that Colonel Gogy has presented Mr. Cauchon with a gorgeously decorated cap and bells, upon his promotion from the appointment of Clown to the House of Assembly, to that of Jester at the Moated Castle of Monklands.

## A FIT OF THE CRAMP.

Somebody, called "Cramp," writing in a Newspaper of which we have forgotten the name, states that he, "Cramp," knows the man who burned the Parliament House. Now, Punch begs to say, that to his knowledge many a worthy fellow while in the water has been seized by "Cramp," for no offence whatever. Was it then the difference of element alone that prevented the mysterious individual in question, from enacting his original part of Policeman, by arresting the recognized offender in the midst of the flames? Punch demands enlightenment on this subject, and further, begs to state his conviction that "Cramp" knows nothing at all about the matter. Punch *does* though;—he knows the real "Simon Pure;" and at the present moment, the fastest artist that can be procured, is on his track, endeavoring to catch his expression, with a view of bringing him to the block for immediate execution.

Next week then, Punch will have the honor of presenting his public with a portrait of the MAN WHO BURNED THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

The East Government House clerks are in peace at last. The guard having orders to admit no duns.