

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

R. A. ALLOWAY, D. D. S.,
 Licentiate of the Ohio Dental College,
 Dental Physician, Surgeon, and Mechanical
 Dentist,
 22, Radegonde St., Montreal.

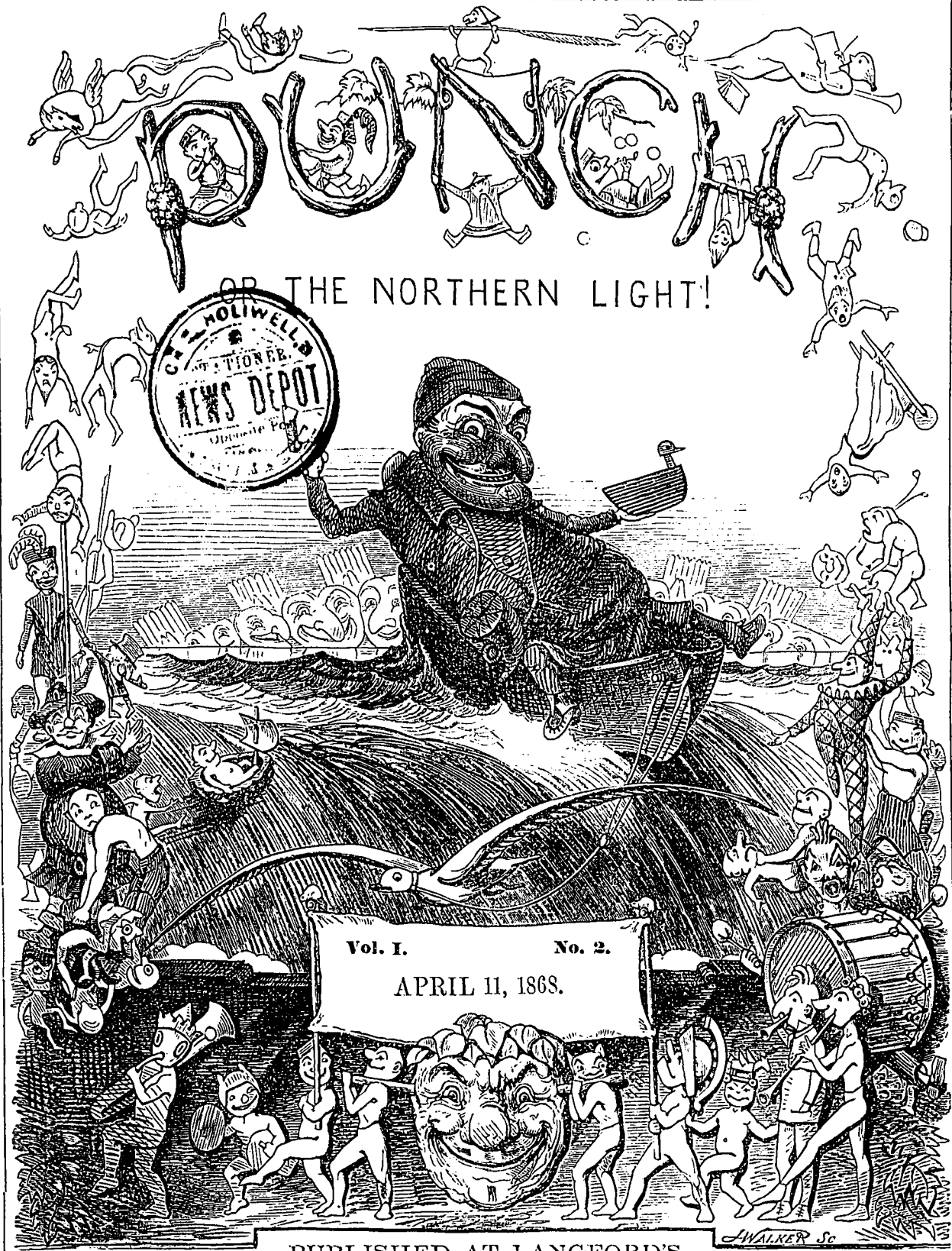
W. S. WALKER, Importer of Watches,
 Clocks, and Jewellery, No. 321,
 Notre Dame Street (Opposite Seminary),
 and 41, St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.
 All kinds of Watches, Clocks, Musical
 Boxes and Jewellery Cleaned and Re-
 paired.

KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO.,
 Apothecaries to H. R. H. the Prince of
 Wales, Medical Hall, Opposite the Post
 Office.
 23 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

PARKYN & BRODIE,
 Millers and Manufacturers of
SELF RAISING FLOUR.
 Corner Craig & Bleury Streets,
 MONTREAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY FORTNIGHT.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



\$1.25 PER ANNUM (in advance).

PUBLISHED AT LANGFORD'S
 13, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.

Post-Paid to any part of the
 Dominion, \$1.35.

TRY
STEWART'S
 NEW PATENT SOFT-FINISH LINEN AND
 PALMETTO COTTON
 MACHINE THREADS.
 420, St. Paul Street.

L. SILVERMAN,
 IMPORTER OF
WATCHES & JEWELLERY,
 240 Notre Dame Street,
 MONTREAL.

DEVINS & BOLTON,
 DRUGGISTS
 ARE REMOVING TO
 No. 198 Notre Dame Street,
 Directly Opposite their present Premises.

C. HEARN,
 OFFICIAN,
 242 and 244, Notre Dame Street,
 MONTREAL.
 Repairs Executed Promptly and on Reasonable Terms.

SAVAGE & LYMAN,
FINE ENGLISH AND SWISS
WATCHES.

WATCHES,

WATCHES,

WATCHES,

WATCHES,

JEWELLERY,

JEWELLERY,

JEWELLERY,

JEWELLERY.

**CLOCKS, SILVER
AND ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,**

IN ALL ITS VARIETIES, AND A

**LARGE ASSORTMENT
OF FANCY GOODS,**

ALSO,

MILITARY GOODS AND RIFLES,

271 Notre Dame Street,

CATHEDRAL BLOCK,

MONTREAL.

LANGFORD'S TIME TABLE.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Langford's Annual Guide to
the City of Montreal.

Langford's Annual Bank and
Custom House List.

Langford's Official List of Post,
Express and Telegraph Of-
fices.

Langford's Annual House-
Hunter's Guide.

THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL in the High-
lands, for sale, Wholesale and Retail,
by WORTHINGTON.

101 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

LA

REVUE CANADIENNE

THE MARCH NUMBER IS JUST OUT.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Subscriptions received at all the
Booksellers and at the Publisher's.

E. SENECAI,
10, St. Vincent Street.

P. ROONEY,
IMPORTER OF DRY GOODS,
457 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL.

WM. FARRELL,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
420 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL.

D. A. HARPER
CATHEDRAL BLOCK,
No. 267, NOTRE DAME STREET

Dealer in and Importer of Watches,
Clocks, Jewellery, Fancy Goods, &c.

MORISON'S CHEAP SILKS.

CONCENTRATED LYE

CONCENTRATED LYE,

CONCENTRATED LYE,

CONCENTRATED LYE,

CONCENTRATED LYE.

HOUSE KEEPERS

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

MAKE YOUR

OWN SOAP.

USE

HARTE'S CONCENTRATED LYE.

FOR SALE BY ALL

DRUGGISTS & GROCERS.

Price, 25c. per Tin.

J. P. CRAIC,

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURER,
122 & 124 St. Lawrence Main St,
MONTREAL.

Tuning and Repairing attended to

DUNDEE MARMALADE—This Year's
Make.—50 Cases JAS. KELLER & SONS,
just receiving.

SELTZER WATER, quarts and pints,
at the ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

GUINNESS & CO'S EXTRA STOUT,
quarts and pints, at the ITALIAN WARE-
HOUSE.

BARTON & GUESTIER'S FINE TA-
BLE OIL, quarts and pints, at the
Italian Warehouse.

A DISH OF GREEN PEAS, a Dish of
Green Corn, a Dish of Fresh Tomatoes,
at the Italian Warehouse.

FRENCH IMPERIAL PLUMS, in Jars
and CARTOONS, at the Italian Ware-
house.

SUPERIOR FLAVORING EXTRACTS:
Lemon, Orange, Peach Kernel, Cinna-
mon, Cloves, Vanilla and Rose. Trade
mark. "LYMANS, CLARKE & CO."

FARINA'S GENUINE EAU DE CO-
LOGNE! Quarts, Pints, Half-pints,
in Wicker bottles.
LYMANS, CLARE & CO.

BENBOW'S CELEBRATED PERFUM-
ED SOAPS.
LYMANS, CLARE & CO.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS—LYMANS CE-
LEBRATED BAKING POWDER
will challenge comparison with any other
similar preparation. Trade mark.
"LYMANS, CLARE & CO."

(Established 1859.)
HENRY R. GRAY,
DISPENSING AND FAMILY CHEMIST.
141 St. Lawrence Main Street,
MONTREAL.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to the
Dispensing of Physicians' Prescriptions. Medi-
cines Forwarded to all part of the City.

KERSHAW & EDWARDS,

Manufacturers and Proprietors of Ker-
shaw's Patent Fire and Burglar Proof Safes,
warranted to have been 24 hours exposed to
red heat, regulated at 1000° Fahr., without
injury to Books or Papers. Also manu-
facturers of Bank Vaults, Burglar Proof
Doors, Combination Bank Locks, Store
Door and Jewel Locks, and all kinds of Fire
and Burglar Proof Securities.
Second hand Safes taken in ex-
change.

SPIRITUAL WIVES.

DAWSON BROS.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

Spiritual Wives, by W. H. Dixon, editor of
the "London Athenaeum," author of
New America, &c., &c.

ALSO,

Motley's United Netherlands, vols. 3 and 4,
being the conclusion.
Curmina Yalousia, Yale College Songs, with
music.

A Stormy Life, by Lady Fullarton.
D'Aguilar on Courts Martial. New edition.
The Silent Hour, by the author of "The
Gentle Life."

A Journey to Brazil, by Prof. Agassiz.

For Sale at

55 to 59 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

LIFE INSURANCE.—Mutual Life In-
surance Company of New York.
Cash Assets.....\$20,000,000
Policies issued in 1866, 15,672, in-
suring..... 54,875,430
Total Policies in Force..... 38,638
Total amount Insured..... 146,903,738
Profits divided annually may be used as
Cash in payment of premium or to increase
the amount of Insurance.
Applications received by H. M. GAULT,
Agent.

PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPA-
NY.—Fire Insurance, Marine Insu-
rance.—Head Office: Toronto. Hon. J. H.
Cameron, M. P. P., President; Lewis Moffatt
Esq., Vice-President; Jas. Sydney Crocker,
Esq., Manager. R. T. Houth, Agent. Mon-
treal. Office: New Corn Exchange Building.

(Established 1840.)

RELIANCE MUTUAL LIFE ASSU-
RANCE SOCIETY, OF LONDON, EN-
GLAND.
Chief Office for British North America,—
corner St. Francois Xavier and St. Sacra-
ment Streets, Montreal.
The entire profits of this old and
well-established Society belong to the In-
sured.

T. W. GRIFFITH,
Manager and Secretary.

N. B.—Active men wanted to canvass for
the above first class Society. Salary and
Commission paid.

Between 4,000 and 5,000 of the First
Number were sold, of which 1000 were dis-
posed of in Toronto and nearly 500 in Hal-
ifax.

PUNCH will be sent Post-Paid to any
address for a year (of 26 numbers) on receipt
of \$1.35, money or stamps. Five copies to one
address, Post-Paid, \$6. Registered letters at
our own risk; address Proprietor of *Punch*,
Box 337.

Subscribers may, in all cases, accept the
receipt of their paper as a sufficient intima-
tion that the money has been received.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Ten cents per
line, each insertion. Title page, twenty-five
cents per line of corresponding length.—All
advertisements charged according to space.
Not only does a periodical of this kind afford
mutual advantages to almost every class of
need advertisers, but as a medium through
which to address the people of the country
at large, it stands unrivalled.

Liberal discount to the Trade. Orders for
the first number may be sent to Langford &
Co., Montreal, until the 7th proximo.

Agents.—A. S. Irving, Toronto; C. E.
Halliwell & Co., Quebec; J. Lyght & Co.,
Hamilton; Jones & Holland, Ottawa; John
Henderson, Kingston; E. A. Taylor, Lon-
don; G. E. Morton, Halifax; W. K. Crawford,
St. Johns. N. B. Agents wanted in all the
small towns throughout the country.

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.

OBITUARY:

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.



OFFICIAL PICKINGS.

POSTMAN. That's just the money: two cents for the letter—but you have no *cents*, therefore I charges you a penny ha' penny. Then there is a discount of one cent on your half-dime—but then again you haven't a *cent* with which to pay this discount, so I charges you a penny more—that's two pence ha' penny from a half-dime leaves a ha' penny, which is your change. But I am not bound to give change in anything but our currency (?) and if I was to give you a cent (instead of a ha' penny) it would be more'n you're intitled to. Of course you don't expect me to do that, so it's just the money. Good morning?

Light on the Times.

BY A POPULAR ESSAYIST, THOMAS COAL-FIRE.

Great is the World-hive and many are the drones and workers therein. The mystery of Science and the Science of mysteries have their votaries, who in turn have their Individualities and their specialities. We are in a busy age and an age of Progress wherein it should devolve on every one to be a worker. But we must expunge from our vocabulary the word *can't* and write T R Y, in large capitals; for *can't* is the great chain-bull to the heel of human Progression. *Can't* is in our City Corporation—*can't* is in our local legislatures—*can't* is in our House of Commons, tho' in the latter it is pretty much all on one side—in fact, *can't* pervades everything excepting women who want to dress in the fashion.

Progress and Humbug go hand in hand—the development of the latter is a sure indication of the former—it is an essential condition of civilisation as we see it. We are surrounded by humbugs. Our amateur theatricals are humbugs—chignons and water-falls are humbugs—our city police—trials by jury are humbugs, and so on we might go *ad infinitum*.

For us in Canada the age is an auspicious one. The sun of the New Dominion is rising; provisions are rising, our mighty river is rising and rents are looking up—a nice look-out for the contemplation of a family-man on a stipulated salary! Who can say we are not a progressive people? If there be one let him look back at the changes since last spring. The barbarisms of pegtops and crino-

A GREAT POP GUN.

I'm the big roaring *rouge* cannon,
That you all have so often heard bangin';
I'm great on finance,
And I take every chance
The Government measures to harangue on.

I'm in Parliament now to do something,
No matter albeit 'tis a rum thing;
But the devil's to pay
With that joker, John A.;
For he's always on hand with a plum' thing.

I'm "death agin'" confederation,
And I wish the whole thing to darnation;
And, by jinks! right or wrong,
I'm "going in strong"
For—but to tell you would be vexation.

There's Rose who makes things appear sunny,
They swallow his budget like honey;
But I'm not so green
As I seem for I mean
To know what becomes of the money.

For I'm a roaring old cannon,
That you all have so often heard bangin'
For "confederashin'"
I'll never "go in";
No!—I'd much rather go hangin'!

A ODE TO MY LOVE.

(By a Trueboor of the 19th Century.)

Yer beaux is too many by a jug-full alas!
Billy Spinks hes spoke out an' he sez "I pass."
Wiggins wouldn't have yer, the reason it's short,
He's one wife already, which he can't support;
Snuggins doesn't come now, but don't break yer heart;
He can't toss a "bob," so let him depart.
Ted's off from the p'lice and travels "incog,"
The "greenbacks" he finds he spends in "egg nog."
Jenkins and Menkens and Brenkens—a score
Is in the penitentiary, you'll see 'em no more.

MORIAL.

What are ye to do, forsaken young maid?
Take a honest young fellow with a honest trade.

line have gone out of fashion; chignons have been gradually rising from the region of the cerebellum to the apex of the cranium—where they will be next 'tis not in the range of Man-Wisdom to foreshadow—perhaps the women can tell. Friends have changed—there has been another change in the doors of the Post-Office, and bakers are diminishing the size of the four-pound loaf.

The times are hard!—so much the greater incentive to exertion. O, men of little faith, shake off your sloth! roll up your shirt sleeves and go to work like *sans culottes*! Many are the Humbugs that have to be purged from this world of ours, that she may appear fair as her sister planets. Great is the field of operation, and we may say, not in the words of Jean Paul; *die Welt ist weit, Vieles ist in der Welt*.

High life Below Stairs.

(Mrs. Spoonbill, of Boarding-House Place, has only the day before engaged Miss Catherine Muggins, who has lived as cook with Mrs. Spangles of "Chocolate Villa.")

Mrs. Spoonbill (who occasionally goes to the kitchen.) "Yes, Catherine, the haunch of mutton and soup are for the parlour, and the boiled beef you may have for yourselves".

Catherine (slightly indignant.) "Biled beef mum! Why, that's not the way as the lady on the hill accustomed us—she never would as much as had the confluence to give us biled beef as is not fit for nothing—saving the cat, mum!"



THE CURRENCY BABY.

NURSE H—LT—N (OUT OF PLACE).—" A VERY PERTY BABY TO BE SURE—DO LET ME FETCH HIM! BUT DEARY ME, WHAT A LONG NAME! (*Reading*) ' POUNDS, DOLLARS, SHILLINGS, PENCE, CENTS, MILLS '—WHATEVER *is* THE MATTER WITH ME, I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT!"

NURSE R—SE (IN PLACE).—" DON'T TOUCH THE BRAT—YOU'RE BETTER AT FETCHING BUDGETS, DEAR!"



THE SEEDY YOUTH.

Air: Let me kick him for his Father.

Sing, O song of the seedy youth,
The youth with fishy eye
Of all the clever tricks he doth
To fetch the "good old Rye."

The landlord knows him well of old—
His "Morning, so-and-so,"—
And leaves him standing in the cold
Or orders him to "Go!"

But snubs like these do not avail,—
He loves the host too well,
Or rather loves the "gin-cock-tail,"
Far more than words can tell.

When thirsty souls call for a drink,
The seedy youth draws near,
And filling to the very brink,
Politely asks, "What cheer?"

The guests admire his *sang-froid*,
His smile they can't resist;
The landlord wonders why the law
To rid him won't assist.

The seedy youth then sips his "hook,"
And plays a card for more,
He fumbles for his *pocket book*,
While others pay the score.

'Tis thus he drinks by seedy trick,
And wears his seedy cloths;
And in his seedy hat a brick,
As staggering home he goes.



THE BOLDNESS OF DIPLOMACY.

LADY. I don't like that pink, it's too deep.
VERMICELLI. It will soon fade, miss.

Found.

As our artist was strolling carelessly by moonlight, without any definite object in view as usual, he came suddenly upon a most singular piece of mechanism which appears to have been lost or abandoned by the owner. This instrument (or whatever else it may be) consists of ten or twelve concentric rings of metal, parcelled with cotton and divided by cotton bands at regular intervals. The largest of these rings is about four feet in diameter, and each of the series is fastened with a brass catch, neatly finished; the whole forming a beautiful piece of workmanship on which much time and labour must have been expended. As, after a prolonged examination, our imbecile staff could make nothing of it, we venture the suggestion that it may be an induction coil for a galvanic battery. Foolishly enough too, the printer's devil thinks it may have had something to do with a woman's dress!

Recipes.

How to ELICIT A SMILE.—Strike your left toe violently against your right heel and go down suddenly on your hands and knees in the mud—we have never known this performance to fail.

How to lose your heart.—Put scented hair oil on your head.

What dance do firemen delight in?—Answer: The hose-reef.

Why is a Stove-pipe like an organ grinder?—Answer: Because it requires elbow room.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM (THE WORST).—Why is the Street on which is situated the Theatre Royal like an imperial?—Answer: Because it is a *goatee*! (Coté).

The science of numbers—Look out for number one.

The *why* of the world—not the milk of human kindness.

QUERY.—If a man unhook a sign with the intention of unlawfully carrying it away, can he be said to *hook* it?

Intercepted Despatch.

The following lines intended for the Digby *Blue-Nose*, the puerile advocate of Annexation in Nova Scotia, were captured from the poet-courier by JEMMY, one of *Mr Punch's* Zouves. JEMMY desires us to state that he will fight any poet or *Zouve* of his own weight.

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer" all-too-slow Repealers;
The *Blue-Nose* print, on Annexation bent,
Soars like the lobster pushing out his feelers.
Soon shall we welcome in baleon days,
The Delegates that for Repeal are burning;
Soon will they lure us by inviting ways,
To take the lane that hath an ugly turning!
Then shall our "leaders"—who with love are full
For BROTHER JONATHAN—re-grind their axes;
And no more holding discourse with JOHN BULL,
We'll join in paying JONATHAN'S war taxes!

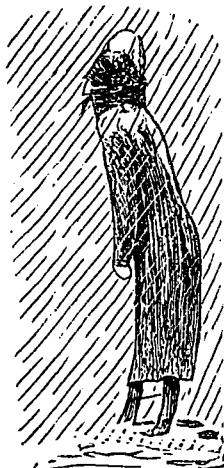
Old Dan Tuckerism.

Mr Punch has received the *Bellerive Intelligencer*. It is printed on cheap paper, with bad ink, and from a rickety press. Its columns are full of tattle and descriptions of gold buttons. It is written partially in English, and claims to be an authority on turnip seed. The Editor, *Mr Punch* understands, is a respectable old lady—the same that was formerly employed as a commercial Editor in Montreal, and whose umbrella had aspired to immortality. As a sedative, the paper is invaluable, and should be read immediately after *Mr Punch*. Whether it is sold or given away is a question that nobody will take the trouble to decide. *Mr Punch* is positively ashamed to add that this modern Midas-in-the-Presence-of-Apollo finds his (*Mr Punch's*) cartoon "really good!!" O the Boston!—that we were born to be judged!

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF THE LATE SNOW STORM.



Effect on Jones.



On a Colonel.



On a youth from the country.



On an Editor.

Meeting of the Natural History Society.

The meeting was called to order by the Chief of Police who observed that there was nothing before the Chair, upon which the Secretary placed his private table before that seat of learning.

The Egyptian mummy came forward, and having thanked the auditory for their devotion to Science, introduced a new member who sat on his hat.

It was then announced that the *minutes* of the last meeting had been *lost*. Agreed to.

REPORTS.

The Committee on History reported that as it had been said that "happy was the people that had no history," the occupation of the committee was gone. Adopted unanimously.

The Botanist in Ordinary read a ream of fools-cap on the Flora of Canada but was interrupted by a lady who remarked that the dog in question was absent.

A cast iron Sewing machine, recently discovered in the tomb of Pharaoh or elsewhere, was then exhibited. The simplicity of its inventor furnished a theme for general admiration.

A gentleman (whose name we suppress out of respect for his tailor) read a scrap of paper on the Fossil Proboscis of a fly, found (by request) in a brick. He was remarking that he hoped no one would suppose that the brick had been found in the hat of a member, when he was hustled out of the room.

The Veterinary Surgeon of the Society delivered a lecture on Roman Horse-Shoes, but as he was paid for his trouble no one listened to him—the Band playing the *Anvil Chorus*.

The Provincial Geologist read a side of parchment or so, on a fossilised India Rubber shoe, discovered in the coal yards of Nova Scotia by an abandoned urchin.

The learned professor stated that it was well known that the Indians were employed in the manufacture of India Rubbers. (A member here observed that *engines* not *Indians* were employed in the manufacture aforesaid, but he was politely coughed down and shortly afterwards, kicked down stairs amidst general applause). The speaker went on to say that the fossil he held in his hand did not, of course bear the goodyear or Jacques-Cartier stamp, though it might have borne a good many other stamps in its day—

A member begged to put in a work—was it not possible that the shoe had belonged to some labourer employed in having up the coal? (This suggestion threw *coaled* water on the discussion and it ended in *smoke*).

A lady presented the society with a beautiful specimen of pie-crust supposed to belong to the family of the *Crustacea*.

Somebody spelled an essay on a petrified elephant found in a creek and now in Guibault's Garden; and, on the invitation of the members from the country, the meeting adjourned to see the elephant.

MILINGTARY.—When does a drill-instructor possess supernatural powers?—Answer: When a *skeleton* battalion manœuvres at his command.

Why is a Bay de Chaleurs fisherman like Napoleon III?—Because he is supported by his *Bay nets*!

BURNT CORK PROSE.—Sambo, can you told me why de Recorder doesn't want no policeman to catch him prisoners? You gib it up? Because he allers knows how to *fine dem*. Yah, yah, yah!

A fashionable *cut*—Nobby tailor ignoring the salutation of a delinquent customer.

A CANONICAL JOKE.—If an importunating dun were kidnapped from your door by the police, what description of ordnance would it remind you of? Answer: A *rifled bore*.

A nuisance that most persons do not consider insufferable—The "silver nuisance."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

☞ We suppress the names out of respect for the Editors. *Punch; or the Northern Light*, is the only really witty paper we remember to have seen.—*** *Herald*.

The most clever thing of the sort.—*** *Times*.

We have received a beautifully illustrated *Punch* from the publisher and venture to say that from the days of Leonardo da Vinci (who, by-the-by, knew nothing of chemistry or he should never have used linseed oil on a lime wall) down to Vogt and Rosa Bonheur &c. &c.—*** *Gazette*.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *Punch*. It is the most stupid thing that ever were. The cartoon is really good. &c. &c.—*** *Intelligencer*.

At length a glorious star appears on the horizon, &c. &c. We FORGET WHICH *Newspaper*.

Besides five others.

Letter From Ottawa.

MY DEAR MR PUNCH,

May it please your Excellency.

I am happy to inform you that you have been received at Ottawa. So great was the excitement on your entry into the House of Commons that several members were arrested for riotous demonstrations of joy and the house adjourned.

Thus a whole day, valued at \$5000, has been lost to the country. You are an institution.

Yours &c.

FISCAL AGENT.