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TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!

By the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Com.



THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim. (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success.—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Blisters, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable — will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper. See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper. Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment, the **POOR MAN'S FRIEND**, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years' standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s 9d
OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BRACH & BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet. Agents for Canada.
MESSRS S. J. LYMAN, CHEMISTS, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depot!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, **choicest Brands of Segars**, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDesoadeus, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but **GENUINE SEGARS**. A lot of very old and choice Principes of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

Compain's Restaurant,
PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his **GRAND TABLE D'HOTE** is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "Maitre de Cuisine," is unequalled on the Continent of America. N. B.—Dinners sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Saint George's Hotel, (late Paynes,)

PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the **ALBION HOTEL**, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSELL,) has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the **ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL**, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new **FURNITURE** this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visit the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week. **WILLIS RUSSELL.**

St. George's Hotel, Quebec. April, 1849.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,
HAMILTON.

The most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season. Omnibuses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats. N. B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Fall Goods Fallen!

THAT goods manufactured expressly for a fall, should tumble is not to be wondered at! but that they should be up and down at the same instant of time may appear strange! But "truth is stranger than fiction," and **MOSS AND BROTHERS,**

Wholesale & retail Dealers in Clothing, &c. 180 St. Paul-Street,

assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all ups and downs are not so advantageous to the

PUBLIC OF MONTREAL!

as the before mentioned ups and downs of **MOSS.**

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT,

is gone up and Montreal is down (in the mouth.)

Rigid economy will soon purse up the mouth of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

Moss' far-famed Mart,

the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues and repair the "RUIN and DECAY" so piteously spoken of in the

GREAT ANNEXATION MANIFESTO.

A saving of 40 per cent is guaranteed to all **WHOLESALE** and **RETAIL** customers of *Moss and Brothers*, whose Stock is the largest ever offered for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail Department will be found every article of Fall and Winter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Furs, &c. &c. and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings. Clothes made to order under the superintendance of a First-rate Cutter.

MOSS & BROTHERS. 180 St. Paul Street.

JOHN McCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.—Framing in gold and fancy woods—Books Elegantly Bound—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colour, Bristol Boards, Artists' Brushes, &c. always on hand.

A regular and constant supply of **NEW PUBLICATIONS**, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States; and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.—All the **NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS**, on hand.

J. WELCH, WOOD ENGRAVER,
From London.

All kinds of Designs, House Fronts, and every thing in the above line, neatly and punctually executed. OFFICE, at T. Ireland's, Engraver, Great Saint James Street, adjoining the Bank of British North America. Montreal, July 1849.

Ottawa Hotel, Montreal.

BY **GEORGE HALL**, Great Saint James Street, formerly McGill Street. Carriages always ready on the arrival of the Steamboats, to convey passengers to the Hotel, **FREE OF CHARGE.**

PUNCH IN CANADA,

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a **WEEKLY Publication.**

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the subscriber to the back numbers, - - - - - 7s. 6d.
Subscription for one year from date of payment, - - - - - 15s.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to non-subscribers away from the Metropolis, will be increased one halfpenny to pay for the postage.—**BOOKSELLERS** "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work, preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistical publication, an honor to the Province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Montreal, October 20, 1849.

FASHIONABLE EPISTLES.

Letter from Miss Clarissa Oily to her dear Mama, at Diamondville.

St. Evangelist, November 10, 1849.

DEAR MAMA,

I write to request that you will send for me immediately, as it is of no use for me to stay here any longer. It is true that, as the Shopkeepers say, this place is "a good stand" for girls looking-out for husbands, as the Yankees pass through it coming in, and the people of our Province pass through it going out, without speaking of some very eligible Englishmen, on their travels, who arrive by the Cunard Steamers; but, somehow or other, I have not had the slightest chance, although I precisely followed your instructions. At one time, I endeavored to appear mild and pensive; at another time, mild and dignified; sometimes, frank and cheerful, at other times, serious and meditative; indeed, on one occasion, I tried what hearty laughing and romping would do with a bluff, merry, florid young man;—all, however, would not do, and I am as far from being married as ever. I did not forget what you told me about dress: I have tried morning-dresses, afternoon-dresses and evening-dresses; gipsy-hats, cottage-bonnets, men's hats and beaver-bonnets, with drooping feathers; and have worn my hair in short curls, screw-curls, and in plain bands; all, however, as I said before, would not do. I have, in the course of conversation, talked of my uncle in Calcutta, and my bachelor-cousin in Jamaica, but without effect. Only two men, during this long summer, have appeared to take any particular notice of me: I overheard one, a consumptive young man from Virginia, say to his companion, "what a fine thing health must be! I wish I had that girl's broad chest and shoulders!" The other, a hatched-faced old Scotchman, after glowering like a satyr at me, said to a similar wretch at his elbow: "My certie, Donald, you's a sony lass; she wudna be the waur o' a gudeman!" so, send for me as soon as you can, Mama, for there is no use in my staying here any longer. I do not mean to reproach you, Mama, when I say, that you may be considered the cause of my failure, by having placed me with Mrs. Hookem, who, I am now certain, would never have invited me, if she had not thought that, as I am stout, I would serve as a foil to that spider-looking creature, her daughter Lydia, who, by the bye, never let me walk out on the arrival of the American steamboat, without being at my side, doing her best to look dainty and delicate. What men can find in such skeletons, such mimminy-pimminy affected creatures, I'm sure I cannot tell: every one of them, however, seemed to look at her, and none, except the two I have mentioned, at me. So that all the expense we were at in entertaining her vulgar sister Peggy last winter, in order to procure for me an invitation here, has been thrown away. I do not see any good, however, in my staying at home this winter, as my face is known too well in Diamondville, and that spiteful report about my temper which Miss Envious spread, is, (I'm sure, I do not know why.) believed. If you could get me an invitation to Mountroyal, from Mrs. Plain, something might be done, as a new regiment is come there. Her daughters are all frights, and as to Edward, who has been so long attentive to me, I think that it might be as well to throw him out, now and then, little hints of encouragement, without saying anything positive, for, perhaps I might take him after all, if nothing better turns up. Not that I care for being married: if there was no such thing as a man in the world, it would be all the same to me; but one does not like to be called old maid, and to see one's acquaintances married, strutting triumphantly by one, with a batch of chubby brats. I have much more to say: but must leave off to loose my stays and to take out of prison my poor feet, which are all covered with corns. So, dear Mama, lose not a moment in sending for me. Edward, I dare say, would be delighted to escort me, and who knows but jealousy may bring some one forward. I remain, dear Mama, your affectionate daughter,

CLARISSA OILY.

PROBABLE EFFECTS OF AN ANNEXATION TARIFF.

Punch will divide his ideas of an Annexation Tariff into various heads; upon which he will phrenologically manipulate and point out their peculiarities. Punch finds acquisitiveness of metal strongly mixed up with adhesiveness of brass; and amateness of Yankee principles regulated by combativenss with the British party, who, seeing these principles stretching out to a great length, desire to cut them short.

FISH will doubtless be liberally dealt with. LOBSTERS will have a clause in the Tariff, as well as the claws belonging to themselves; and SALMON will be weighed in their own scales, and frequently found wanting.

FRUIT will be greatly reduced in price, thus enabling every man to get his dessert; when, according to Shakspeare, "Who will escape whipping?"

LUMBER. Of course there will be no duty on this article; excepting the duty of every man in the trade doing his duty, but as every man can see a beam in his brother's eye, it is expected that Free Trade in Timber will be universally acceptable. Hoops will come in at such a rate that all the Juveniles will inevitably have the hooping cough.

BRASS and CAST-IRON are considered to be articles which Canadians can manufacture to great advantage; which accounts for the fact of Benjamin Holmes, Esq., M. P. P., having so much of the one, and Louis Joseph Papineau of the othea. Cheap iron, it is generally considered, will encourage the manufacture of Iron rings, which will be in great demand for the snouts of those who indulge in the swinish propensities of the genuine sons of Liberty, the "Bowery boys."

DYES and DYE STUFFS, which naturally go together, there being a very intimate connexion between dying and drugging, will be greatly reduced in cost. To forward a measure to reduce the cost of powerful purgatives and lead to the easy introduction of leeches, is worthy of the Yankee Annexationists, whose aim is to clean out the pockets, and suck the life-blood of the Canadian people. BARK will become so cheap, that, like all physic ought to be, it will be thrown to the dogs.

IN HIDES, RAW AND TANNED, it is said that the Canadians, from their superior facilities, can drive a roaring trade with the Yankees; but if the Annexationists' hides were tanned, they would drive a roaring trade immediately. However, considering the extent to which the free and enlightened citizens carry the practice of flogging their slaves, it does not seem to us that Canadians can compete with them in Hides, Raw and Tanned. But as it will reduce the price of Cats, and there being much virtue in a cat, when its lashes penetrate the backs of the niggers, much of the virtue in question must be whipped into them. As for BOOTS AND SHOES, in spite of Protection, black and brown, the Yankees undersell the natives, and with Annexation the natives would be sold themselves; however, on the principle that when things come to the worst they must mend, the Annexationists are no doubt right in bringing them to the worst as soon as possible.

THE LOAN AND THE GAZETTE.

Punch is compelled to assure his cotemporary the *Gazette*, that he was not, through his London agent, the contractor for the loan obtained by Mr. Francis Hincks, on the part of the "Strong Government;" in fact, loans in which Punch has any part, are invariably negociated by his mother's brother. Therefore Punch cannot inform the *Gazette* of the terms of the said loan; neither can he furnish him with balance sheet so much desired.

A GOOD REASON.—"What's the news?"—"I really don't know, I've only seen the Courier."

ALMOST AWAY.

Scene.—TAVERN AT DRUMMONDVILLE.

Lord Elgin and his Private Secretary.

LORD E.—Any thing new in the papers this morning, Major Campbell?

MAJOR C.—Oh yes, my Lord. There are a few articles in the *Montreal Gazette*, the *Hamilton Spectator*, the *Toronto Patriot*, and the *Brantford Courier*, in which allusion is made to Your Lordship, in rather disrespectful terms, however—

LORD E.—Do you call that “any thing new,” Major? I had hoped from your affirmative reply, to have heard of something laudatory—something in which “due consideration” was shown to those eminent qualities in which I so far excel all my predecessors. Well any thing else?

MAJOR C.—There are a few more addresses to Mr. Gowan, with his replies thereto. Shall I read them, my Lord?

LORD E.—No, no! Confound the fellow! It's well for me he has not the *Canada Gazette* at his service.

MAJOR C.—Then there is a very interesting account, of the negotiations with the Indians of Lake Superior. Your Excellency would perhaps relish the natural eloquence of these children of the forest?

LORD E.—Never mind it just now, Campbell, I had enough of their “eloquence” at my last interview with the rude rascals. They had not a shadow of respect for constituted authorities, and treated the Representative of the Sovereign, like any common man. Well, well! I see there is nothing new this morning. By-the-way, how's Exchange? Look at the Broker's Circular.

MAJOR C.—[*Reads*] “Heavy as quoted; tendency downwards.”

LORD E.—Just like my luck! If we had not been in such a deuce of a hurry, with that last couple of thousands I sent home, I might have made some ten pounds more out of it. But it can't be helped now. Hand me a paper, Campbell; let me try if I can't find something interesting. [*Reads in silence for some time, occasionally shaking his head despondingly; but suddenly starts up, with an illuminated physiognomy.*] Why, bless my soul, Campbell! Look here! Only read that paragraph! There! Amongst the “Miscellaneous.”

MAJOR C.—[*Reads*.] “The Lord Mayor of London has an allowance of £8,000 per annum.”

LORD E.—“Eight Thousand Pounds!” Sterling, too, my dear fellow! Only think! Eight thousand Pounds Sterling—how much is that in Currency?

MAJOR C.—At par, my Lord! [*Lord E. too much agitated to speak, nods assent. The Private Secretary calculates.*] £9733,6,8, Halifax Currency, my Lord.

LORD E.—All that amount to a petty London tradesman, while here they grudge the paltry sum of £777,15,6, to a man of my descent,* title and talents. Campbell! I shall no longer honor, this remote and benighted Province, with my dignified presence. I had hoped to have witnessed the great consummation of Annexation—but duty calls me to another field. Write to Lord Grey, my dear Campbell, a “private despatch,” recollect! Tell him that the state of Her Ladyship's health will probably prevent my longer continuance in the highly onerous and responsible office, which Her Most Gracious Majesty has been pleased to confide to me, and hint that the medical men recommend the climate of India. You can enquire, incidental, in a Postscript, whether a Bill to secure the dependence of the Corporation of London on the Crown, and to throw the appointment of the Lord Mayor into the hands of the Government, might not be quietly slid through Parliament, at the next Session. I would be happy to undertake its introduction into the House of Lords, if His Lordship should consider that there would be no impropriety in my afterwards accepting the office of Lord Mayor. Tell him I can furnish him with precedents from this country—that Chancery Bill, you know, Campbell. Say that in that case it would gratify my strong feelings of family affection, to obtain an appointment that would retain me near so esteemed a relative as himself. Put it strong, but

* His Lordship's descent during the last year certainly has been very great. Note by Toby.

mild—you know how, my dear fellow. But, for my sake, not a word of this to Hincks or Lafontaine!

MAJOR C.—Will your Lordship excuse my suggesting that it would be as well before proceeding further to look at the remainder of the paragraph?

LORD E.—Oh! “free house, coal, candle,” and so forth, Let me hear what they say.

MAJOR C.—[*Reads*.]—“He,” that is, the Lord Mayor, “is not considered to support the office with becoming dignity, unless he spend £4000 in addition to his allowance of £8000.”

Lord Elgin subsides in calm rigidity into the nearest chair; the Secretary hurriedly places a glass of water at His Lordship's lips, who, slowly reviving, murmurs in despairing accents—something about “gazelles”—“dark blue eye”—“know me well”—“sure to die.”

A FRAGMENT.

His eye was stern and wild,—his cheek was pale and cold as clay;
Upon his tighten'd lip a smile of fearful meaning lay;
He mused awhile—but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was there;
It was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair.

Once more he look'd upon the scroll—once more its words he read—
Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.
I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue cold-gleaming steel;
And grimly try the temper'd edge—he was so soon to feel!
A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head,—
I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead;
Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more,
* * * * *

Again I looked,—a fearful change across his face had pass'd—
He seemed to rave,—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast;
He raised on high the glittering blade,—then first I found a tongue—
“Hold madman! stay the frantic deed?” I cried, and forth I sprang;
He heard me, but he heeded not! one glance around he gave
And ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun—to shave—
To shave—yes gentle reader—to shave his grizzly chin;
He flourished 'round his razor and gave a crazy grin,
I looked at every feature—and then I knew the face
Yes—yes I'd seen it often in many a funny place;
T'was that grey-headed man, the Editor of Punch,
Preparing for his mornings walk—to Dolly's for a Lunch;
And when that meal is eaten—his Castor he will don too
H'll bolt from all his creditors and mizzle to To-ron-too.

MINOR MISERIES.

Shaving on board a ship with an unsteady hand, and a cross sea running, in consequence of which you get more skin than hair off.

Six hungry fellows dropping in to dine just as you have finished your own chop; and are about to emulate the kitchen fire, which has gone out for the evening.

Laying long odds on a horse, which you discover next day, has been dead for a week.

Trusting your washer-woman with your only shirt to wash, who won't trust you, in return, with the unattainable price of the washing.

Riding a runaway horse, who will get in among the dogs, and become a whipping post for the hunt.

Leaving your purse in a cab, mentioning the circumstance to the driver the moment you alight, who whips his horse into a gallop, and wishes you may get it.

Lending your nag to a friend, and receiving a polite note from a Veterinary Surgeon, stating that the beast has been placed under his care, with a reference to you, which, if satisfactory, will induce him to undertake the cure of his broken knees.

UN CALEMBOURG NONPAREIL.

Pour quoi est-ce que le nom familier en Anglais de Sarah revient, à une contradiction en Français?

Parce que son nom qui est propre est celui qui est Sal.



CLOWN LOQUITER.—Here we go, and here we are.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—No. 2.

THE POLICEMAN.

A policeman is one who, being paid to preserve the peace, invariably is the first to break it. He is sometimes, in derision, called a civil officer, while incivility is his great characteristic. Having knocked an unoffending passenger down, he orders him to move on. He is in league with all disorderly houses who see him liberally; and accepts bribes indiscriminately from all classes; though preferring the five-dollars of some notorious offender, he does not disdain the penny of the peripatetic prig. Being of the force he is a man in power. He is insulting to the weak and defenceless, valorous amidst little boys, despotic over old women, and woe betide the houseless wanderer who comes across his path. His remonstrances are blows while with him the best argument is his truncheon. He is a superior illustration of the humanity of a Canadian, an honor to the civilised country in which he is allowed to exist; and a specimen of what unobtrusive merit, petty power, and a short-cudgel can effect, when well organized. The Certificates of his meritorious and truly christian services are found in the very properly broken heads of the scoundrel householders, by whom he is paid, who refuse to do his bidding. Without his praiseworthy and persevering efforts, the contusion ward of the hospital would be tenantless; and the rising generation of Surgeons would be ignorant of the noble art of trepanning. To his credit be it spoken, he gives his valuable services to his country, and dispenses blows and benefits for a paltry stipend paid when the corporation have the necessary funds.

THE CALL BOY.

The call boy is one of the many flowers born to blush unseen in the illuminated and fairy gardens, behind the scenes of a Theatre. Mr. Tomkins as Richard the Third, would cut a sorry figure, and very little mutton, did not the voice of the Call Boy summon him from the cheerful discussion of a friendly glass of Brandy-and-water, in the sanctum of his dressing-room, to the desperate mimic deeds of blood and death on the canvass board foot, and wing light illuminated representation of Bosworth Field. "King Richard! Catesby! Buckingham, Richmond, and Stanley!" shouted at the top of the Call Boy's voice, knocks up a game of Cribbage between two of the adverse faction, and disturbs the demolition of "the high-reaching Buckingham's" twelve oysters, and a pint of half and half. The Call Boy's power commences with the "Ten minutes, Ladies and Gentlemen," previous to the performance of the overture. His next word of command is, "Overture is on" and lastly, "Every body down to begin" addressed to those first on his list; and lastly "Curtain's up," shouted for the information of all concerned in the play. His business is not only to inform the actors when their "scene is on" but also to supply them with their "properties."

The following may be taken as a fair specimen of his usual address! King Richard, called twice, Sir. Truncheon and blank sheet of paper, and ring for Lady Anne, Lady Anne to return it after she is dead. Lord Stanley ready. P. S. with letter for Richmond. Othello, caudle and dagger. Pillow on bed. Desdemona will thank you, Sir, not to stab hard, as the dagger's rather sharp, and Juliet lost the spring one in Capulets Monument. Macbeth. Property, rose pink and sponge for blood.—Please keep handles clean. 1st Entrance, O. P. 1st Entrance P. S. Looking glass, lump of Chalk and Towel. Please be quick, Sir, 'cos Macduff has been dining out and swears he'll "only knock twice."

Such are the instructions and offices given and performed by a Call Boy, a kind of Dramatic lynch-pin—exceedingly useful, and absolutely necessary to keep the whole working machinery together, but, like that, little thought of, till out of place; and then trifling as it appeared, an upset is the consequence.

SINGULAR DELUSION.

Mr. Workman, commenced a speech the other night, at an annexation meeting with the following words; "Gentlemen, I have a great mind—"

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

In Notre Dame Street, we observe that second-hand coats are considerably more worn than new ones. Indeed last years fashions seems to prevail; and although Chesterfields, Waterfords, Alberts and Taglionis, have had their day, Black-guards are to be seen as frequently as ever in all societies. Trousers of last years cut, and don't-come-again to the same tailor's, are still in vogue with those who have no change, the late dirty weather gives them a splashy appearance. We saw a gentleman in pumps on an improved principle, which received and exhausted the water with the same action. Generally speaking, garments after the prevailing modes are very much behind.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

The late winds have been remarkably high, all of them reaching to the weather-cocks on the Church steeples, and most of them to the towers of Notre-Dame. We cannot state from what quarter the blow has come, as two great authorities are at variance, the game cock on the Nunnery being due North; while the fish on Christ-church sticks to the South. We have referred to a little man with a gun, on a pole in our back garden, but can obtain nothing satisfactory, as he appears to be waltzing to his favorite air, and keeps perpetually turning round. The prevailing fogs on the River have transferred the freight on the boats to the old fog-gys the passengers many of whom were frightened greatly: which had a favorable effect on their morals as from bad christians they became good quakers.

TRADE REPORT.

There has been a considerable demand for sugar in the nurseries of the Home departments. After some demur, the demand was satisfied by giving out sugar-sticks which served for immediate consumption.

Bricks are steady in the hands of the holders. Some descriptions are looking up considerably and have risen as high as five stories. The stories told by annexationists have caused annexation to rise even higher. Chimney pots went off rapidly on Wednesday last, and are said to have decreased in value, in consequence.

Oats are seen in small quantities in the neighbourhood of some of the livery stables; and a great deal has been done in chaff, of which a considerable quantity has been consigned to Punch, and directed to Toronto, where it will be shortly sold off.

STRAY SPARKS.

Do you draw? Not exactly; but I've a blister that does.
Why do bakers require all they earn?
Because they knead (need) all they make.
Why is a clergyman better off than other men?
Because he always has a surplice (surplus).

EASY STEPS.

Humbag is an easy step for the "Seat of Government." Annexation is an easy step to Taxation. Issuing Debentures is an easy step to repudiation. Stealing a pocket handkerchief is an easy step to Mr. McGinn's. A suit at law is an easy step to ruin. Articling your Son to an advocate is an easy step to the devil.—Tandem driving is an easy step to insolvency. Keeping hounds is an easy step to the dogs, and three bottles of Milk Punch are an easy step to as uneasy a (door) step, as any Gentleman would wish to avoid lying on.

'TIS TIME FOR ANNEXATION.

The Times are so hard in the vicinity of Quebec that the butchers only kill half a pig at a time.

SONG OF THE HARD UP.

I would love thee through life,
Mid'st its joys and its sadness,
Its smiles and its strife,
Its hopes and its badness.
Thou hast woven a spell
To charm all, save the frowns
Of my Ma, who cries shell—
Yes, shell out the browns.

Oh, blame fate and not me,
I can never deceive;
My heart's love! 'tis thee
I adore while I grieve!
Oh, with rapture I think
Of the time when John vowed he
Was mine; now I shrink
When Ma says—he's a rowdy.

They tell me true love,
E'en through life, ne'er forgets
The one who can prove
Its hopes and regrets.
Love's faults! I deplore them,
True faith is my sin;
But while I weep o'er them,
He's hard up for tin.

He watched o'er my youth,
He'd have borne for me rather
The wretched world's ruth,
Would my mother, my father!
This I know; but, alas!
My hard-hearted mother
Cries—"tip up the brass,
Or you'll find it more t'other!"

MORE COPY.

"More copy, please Sir."
"Go to the Devil."
"So I will, when I get it, Sir."
"Which way do you go home?"
"To the Quebec Suburbs."
"How much do you want?"
"Half a column, Sir."
"Take the whole of Nelson's column, and book the extra half to next week's account."
"But the printer says he wants a light article."
"Then lead out all you've got."
"We have, as much as we could, but you sent so much lead in them, the compositors say they won't stand any more."
"Tell the printer I'm out, and you couldn't find me."
"Oh, please, he's a waiting at the corner, and knows better than that, as he has just been speaking to your washerwoman, who says she's been a waiting these three hours."
"Well, I've no idea."
"That's what he says, Sir."
"Hold your tongue, you ink-spotted imp; hold your tongue, or if—(A single knock at door.)—Run down stairs as hard as you can pelt; and if that is the washerwoman say, I am gone to Toronto."

THE COLONEL'S LAST.

Why is reading Punch like a popular zest for meat? asked Mr. Benjamin Holmes of the Colonel?
"Because its "reading sauce" was the instantaneous reply.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We have received our usual private despatch from Earl Grey; and, as he wishes, shall not communicate their contents.

MONTREAL MELODIES.

OR
DITTIES FOR THE DONE.—No. 1.

SONG OF THE GROCER.

Oh! you're gone to the West—
You are gone there for me;
And you've drunk all my Brandy
My Coffee—my Tea,
You emptied my shop
And—you've emptied my till
You've used all my goods
And wont pay your bill,
Oh! may trouble pursue you
From daylight 'till dark
You chiseller;—you dabbler,
You—"GOVERNMENT CLERK."
Oh! I need not complain,
For I know its no use
To tell all your doings
To "Eggin the Bruce"
If he offer'd to give
An- *Indemnity Bill*,
'Twould be Government Swindling,
(Unpopular still)
Ah! no there is nothing
Left now for me,
But to look for employment
With Shakespeare and Lee;
And this be my prayer
In daylight and dark;
Debentures pursue you
You—GOVERNMENT CLERK!

NOTICE TO EVERY BODY.

The Proprietors of the Aerial Ship, are prepared to take contracts for the instant removal of the "*Seat of Government*" at a moments notice, with all the hungry English, Irish, Scotch, and French, half-breeds that sit on it—to any part of the Province.—The Governor as well as the Government Clerks, will see the great advantage in this speedy mode of transit, the former will escape all rotten eggs or games at *Chicken Hazard*, the latter by avoiding their creditors will be *above doing a bad action*.

NOTICE TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Punch has been favored with a sight of a newly discovered sort of *bean*, called the "has been." It is rather a *seedy specimen* and Punch thinks it is not nutritious.

NOT UNLIKELY.

The Yankee papers are trying to get up a war-cry in the United States, against England about the "*Mosquito*" business.—They may get up a good cry, but Punch thinks the Yankees would have all the tears on their side for the getting into a war would give them something to cry for."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"I'll be blowed first" as the bad fire said when it was wanted to burn up.
"I insist on your taking your hat off" as the high wind said to the Quaker.
"That's a bad *pas*," as the man said, when he saw a dancing master kick his son.
"I'll give you a turn," as the curling iron said to the straight hair.