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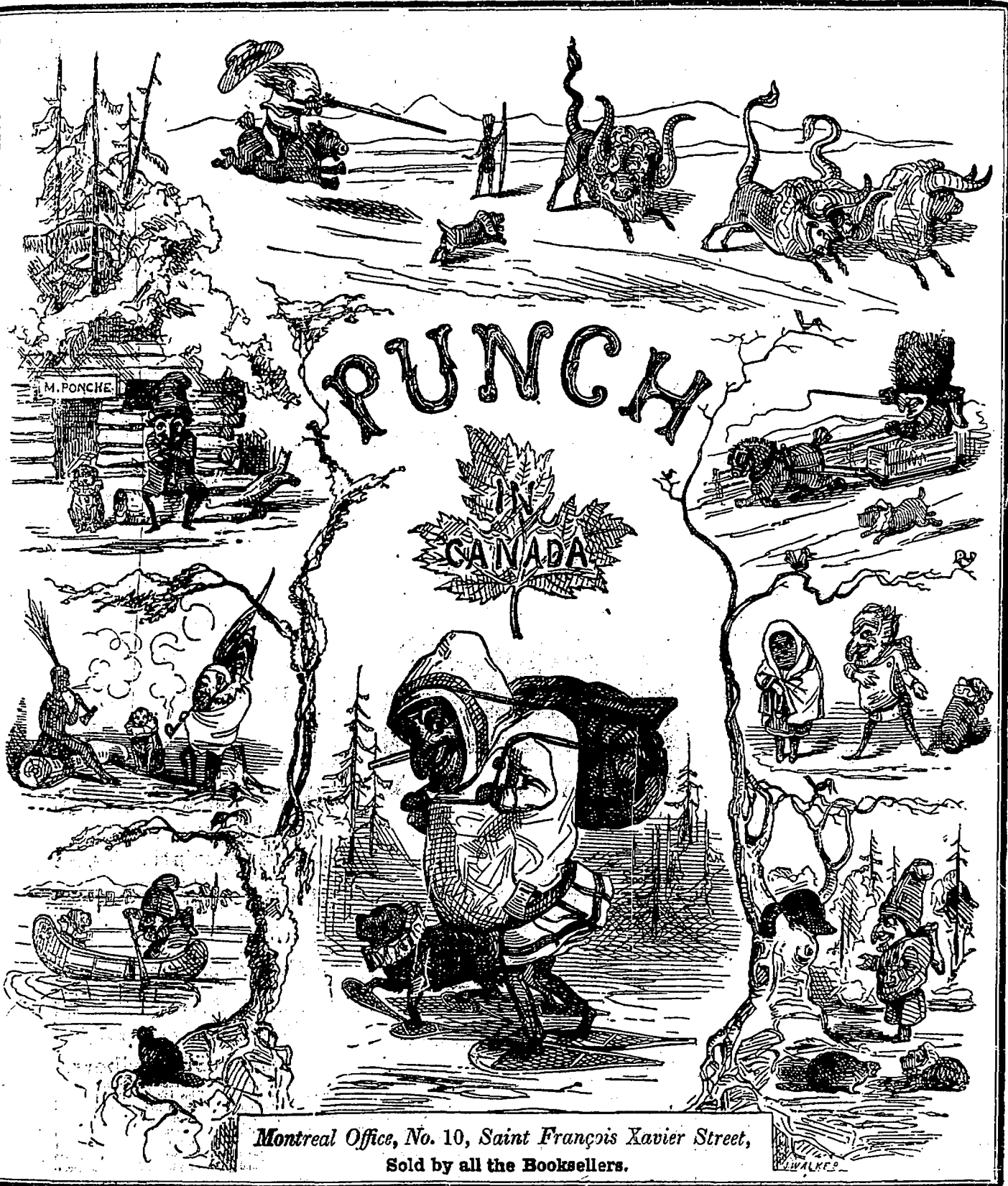
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B. DAWSON, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Syman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 15.]

August the 15th,

[PRICE, 4d.



Montreal Office, No. 10, Saint François Xavier Street,
Sold by all the Booksellers.

TRUKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company



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-bath Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scarcifulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frost-bites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancer, 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 all 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.

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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.

THE MONTREAL WEEKLY HERALD

OR, DOLLAR NEWSPAPER! The Largest and Cheapest Journal in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA! is published at the very low rate of \$1 per annum to Subscribers in Clubs of 7 or more persons; in Clubs of 4 persons, 6c. 3d. each; or, single Subscribers, 7s. 6d. each, CASH, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. All Letters to be post paid.

The Proprietors of this Paper, beg to announce to the Public at large, that they have made arrangements for giving, as usual, the very fullest Reports of the Debates, which will embrace Translations of the French Speeches, reported exclusively for the HERALD—which will probably be the only Journal possessing this feature. Those who desire to possess accurate information as to the Parliamentary Proceedings, will, therefore, do well to subscribe during the next 2 months.

Donegana's Hotel

THE Proprietors of this Hotel, in returning their best thanks for the liberal patronage already received, beg to inform the Public that they have completed their Spring arrangements, and will now be enabled to carry on their

Splendid Establishment

on a more favorable footing than before. The extensive accommodations of this Hotel, the superior Internal Arrangements, its incomparable Situation,

The Bills of Fare, Wines, Baths, Carriages, and its internal Decorations, all combine to make it peculiarly agreeable and comfortable for Families, Pleasure Travellers, as well as Men of Business.

And to insure prompt and careful attention to the wants and wishes of all patrons of the Hotel, the Proprietors need only say that they retain the services of Mr. G. F. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr. COURTNEY, as Book-keeper.

They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

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 Colours, 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.

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'Hotel, 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.

Compain's Restaurant,
PLACE D'ARMES.

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

Dinner at Table d'Hotel, 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.

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. RUSSEL,) 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 Terms 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.

TEA & COFFEE
CANTON HOUSE
109 NOTRE DAME ST

Mossy Lyrics, — No. 1.

One morn. a man, at Moss's door,
Both badly clothed, and sadly poor,
Stood and gaz'd on garments gay,
On coats, and hats, and fine array,
For which he feared he could not pay;

But in he went,
And soon content,
(For joy illumined all his phiz),
A Summer suit

From head to foot,
For twenty-two and six was his.
How happy are they, who, when they can,
Deal with Moss, cried the well clad man,
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;
Though other costs may keep out the wet,
And you pay double price for all you get,
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—REDUCTION IN PRICE.
ALFRED SAVAGE & Co, beg to inform their Friends and the Public, that the large increase in the number of their ICE Customers, has enabled them to reduce the price from Six Dollars the Season to FIVE.

A. S. & Co. have already commenced to deliver their ICE, and their Customers may rely on being attended to with regularity.

A double quantity is delivered every SATURDAY. Steamboats, Hotels, &c., supplied with any quantity, on reasonable terms. 91, Notre Dame Street. June 1, 1849.

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depot!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

John Orr, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *cheapest Brands of Segars*, in every variety, comprising Regalia, Panatellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDeseadas, 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 Principles of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

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, wrenk and inflamed eye, piles, and fistula, gonorrhoea, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s. 6d.

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, one possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH & BARNETT, 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.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—Hard Times.

Messrs. Wm. LYMAN & Co. having reduced the price of ICE, in accordance with the times, they are prepared to supply a few more Families, at 56 for the season.

Hotels, Confectioners, Steamers, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms, as usual. May 10.

The Grand Emporium

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 160 St. Paul Street, is now the Resort of all who desire to purchase Clothing from the best and largest Stock on the Continent of America; both in quality, price, and style, "Moss and Brothers" defy competition.

To Travellers and others, their establishment offers the greatest advantages: a complete suit of Clothes being (MADE TO MEASURE IN EIGHT HOURS.)

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense consignment of GUTTA PERCHA COATS received by the "Great Britain," which must be sold at London prices to close an account:

- A large lot of Superfine Cloth Pelotes at 25s.
- satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 6d.
- Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d.
- Summer Suits, 22s. 6d.
- A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 7s. 6d.

So if you mourn for Rebel Losses,
Go and buy a suit at Moss's.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 160 St. Paul Street.

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.

Punch in Canada

CIRCULATION 3000!

Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d

(Payable in advance.)

CLUBS! Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dollar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectors, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

ORGAN-IZATION.



N itinerant musician has sent us the following communication, in reference to the great demand at present existing for the article known as "Marseilles," the supply of which, by the way, has run very far short of the demand. Perhaps the local Board of Health, in the plenitude of its wisdom, will see that, for the future, no hurdy-gurdy shall be allowed to parade our streets,

without a certificate of ability to grind out that particular description of Republican grain, for which our hungry young friends of *la Nouvelle France* have of late been so ravenously bellowing. In carrying out their crusade against concerts, the Board certainly should be consistent, and put an additional stop to the organ,—which is a concert in itself,—by stopping it altogether. "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," said little Jessica, in the moon-lit avenues of Belmont; and thus, though in a less romantic sense, did a pale melancholy take possession of our bilious Board of Health, curdling its milk of human kindness with the electricity of Madame Laborde's melody.

We give our correspondent's letter *verbatim*, considering that its graphical eccentricities shed an additional lustre upon its beauties as a literary composition :

MUNTREY HALL, 6 Aug. 1849.

SIR,

As a perfeshinal man, I have long made mewsick conjucive to health, by turning the Handel of a barrel-organ. Brought up in the classic shades of the college of Maynyouth, I displayed, in the intervals of my severer studies, such a wonderful turn for the mangel, that my best frinds recommended me to renounce my purshoot of langwidges, and make a perfeshin of the instrumnt which is, at present, both my solus and support, and for which my previous perfishency on the mangel had so iminently adapted me. Thus accouthered, I thravelled through most of the cities of Ewerope, a-quiring by the way a smattherin of the Frinch langwidge, and much iligance of demaynour. In coorse of thyme, the weaves of the profound Atlantic Oshen threw me upon the free and liberal shoars of Emerica; and surkemstances, needless to indite at the present riting, bent my wayward steps toardst the city of Muntrey Hall; where I found the hospitalities of my imerald home, amongst the green and pig-deliting ponds of Griffintown—from which retrate I emanated each bright mornin, and thraversed the fashionable promeneedes of the methropolis in the carackther of an Italian nobleman in diegnise, doing some itinerant mewsick, for a large weejer with an English Discount of great iminence. And now it is that I find my airly a-quirements standing to me sthrong—for in this place I experience no difficulty in passin' off my slight Irish axent, (more like a Limerick glove than a brogue,) for an Italian die-elect. Indeed didn't I hear ould Mrs. Mawkins, who lives in the big house on the hill, remarking to her daughter the other day, upon the iligance of my Tuscan moduleeshun, as she was plazed to call it—when by the same token, I was only philandhering with Biddy the cook-maid, in a little polished monolog of the purest Tipperary. Smooth as the strame of my neetive Shannon, flowed the tide of my existencie, to the melojus strains of my delightful instrumnt; and my popowlarity was becomin almost painful to my pheelings, when, one night, at Madam Laughon's, I found myself the center of attraxion of a lot of quare, wixened young haroes, with cultivated muzzles, who stopped my handel just as it was executin one of the most touchin cadencies of our Nashinal Anthem, and permiscuously vosipherated with loud

yells for "Marsellays! Marsellays!"—which doesn't come up in the rounds of my barrel by no manner of grinding. So there was a pawe like for a minute or so.

"Voo savey de shawnty set air," says a near-sighted, long-nosed crayture, with a complection like Corporation pipe-wather, addressin himself to Jocko, my monkey, who sat by, smokin a cigar as grave as a Roushian Embassidor—"voo savey de shawnty set air; shawnty la, Narcisse, poor le pover Moshoo Hurdi-gurdi!"

But, puttin up his glass, he found he had mistaken poor Jocko for one of the young men of the *Have-an-ear* Newspaper; and the crayture was so mad with himself, that he began pitchin into me for "Marsellays! Marsellays!" and makin a great show of fightin out, when there was nobody forenenst him.

"Alley vooz ong, Sherry!" screeches a fidgetty little chap, whose straps alone kep his big mustashoves from rising him off the face of the airth—"Alley vooz ong, Sherry,"—(I think that was what he called him; and says I to myself, faix if that's your sherry, what must your wather be like;)—"Alley vooz ong la, and let ze Italian jontlehomme alone by himself, for play ze gloriooze air de Marsellays, tra la lira tiddy iddy tol lol!"—and away he went, balling out some soart of a rafts-man's chorus, that made Jocko pull his jim-crow hat down over his ears to thrown the noise.

Well, this gave them the cue—to spake thuyatrically—and the divel sich a row ever I heard before or since, when they all came about me, sthrivin to prompt me for the *Marsellays*,—every-body with a different tune, and none of them with the right one. So when I see how the cat jumped, I made a sign for silence; and when they stopped screechin, I turned the handel of my barrel, and let on the mewsic of the "Bould So'ger Boy;"—and may every bit I ate for the next twelve months choke me, if they didn't dance round me in a ring, sthrivin to adapt the words of the *Marsells* to my melojus Hibernian strains; and a bad fit it was.—But in the midst of their festive if not iligant evolwshuns, the door opened, and a couple of young Anglo-Saxons, as they call 'em here—though I think myself they were Englishmen—entered the saloon, politely requesting me to favor them with a turn of the Nashinal Anthem; which I immediately ground up with all the inergy of a thrus subject; and when I looked up, to see the effect of my mewsic upon the little red republicans, the divel a one of them was there at all,—for they had all sloped out through the kay-hole of one door, as the Anglo-Saxons came in at the other.

So it was more cry than vool with them flagrant young litherrary spooneys—for, aafter all their talk, bad scran to the one of them knew the *Marsells* Him from a *Marsells* westcoat.

Yours mewsically,

MARTINI SULLIVANI.

SONG OF "L'AVENIR."

Let us shout "la Marsillaise,"
Let us play our childish tricks;
Nothing mean we but to raise
The cry of "Vive les British Bricks."

"Vive nos lois, Vive nos lois!"
We'll dispense Canadian kicks,
Establishing Republic law,
Demolishing these "British Bricks."

At the risk proud "Fortin" quakes,
Feasting he'll get awful licks,
And down the street "Fast tracks" he makes,
Kicked behind by "British Bricks."

Cowards by "Nos constitutions!"
We may jaw,—yes, we may jaw,
Gone for o'er "nos institutions!"
Et nos langues, et nos lois.

Yet though kicked by "British Bricks,"
And feeling sore, feeling sore;
We long to render back the kick
To men of straw,—men of straw.

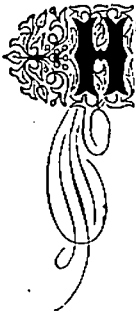
"Let us have a truce" to prove
We're not quite pumps, not quite pumps;
We'll make some "buffers" quickly move,
And stir their stumps, yes, stir their stumps.

The Legend of the Hermit of the Mountain.

"Lord Elgin will never leave Canada."

Prophecy of L'Avenir.

STRANGER.



HERMIT! tell me who thou art?
 Tell me why thou wanderest here?
 Why, in crouching squalidness,
 Thou seem'st the face of man to fear?
 Hatless, shoeless,
 Tattered, torn,
 Houseless, homeless,
 All forlorn;
 With a beard that hangeth down
 From a visage done up brown,
 Neither shaven nor shorn;
 And locks that are grizzled,
 By barber un-frizzled;
 And breeches very much worn!
 What hast thou done?
 What crime committed?
 That here alone

I find thee sitted;

Art thou an outcast kicked forth by society,
 On the strength of a rumor or mere "notoriety?"
 Or is it thy conscience pricking thee sorely,
 That drives thee to wander?

Or hast thou managed by rash speculations
 Thy fortune to squander?

What hast thou done, thou hapless one,
 That here in the drowning rain,
 In tatters, beneath a tree thou sittest,
 Sobbing aloud thy pain?

HERMIT.

Wild are the skies, cold blows the blast;
 From the heavy clouds rain droppeth fast;
 The fire is crackling in MONKLAND'S Hall,
 Guests too are there in purple and pall;
 Lacqueys are waiting in scarlet and gold,
 Bright wine sparkles in goblets old:
 Jesters are laughing,
 Ministers quaffing,
 Filling their glasses up to the brim,
 Drinking health and happiness all to HIM.

I who then was in my pride of place
 Did hear a sad prophetic strain,
 Couched in the language of another race,
 And, Stranger, I did never smile again!
 It was a Frenchman who unrolled for me
 The mystic pages of futurity,

Life's blackened scroll:
 Told me to peruse its features,
 Bidding me to hear
 And dread the "Avenir,"

That awful future which doth control
 The destiny of all human creatures!
 I read—the words burnt into my bosom's inmost core;
 "Elgin hath murdered truth, Elgin shall go home no more!"

To be a wanderer — a second Cain:
 To be no more heard of! a doom
 More terrible that had been shut up
 By egg-pelting Tories in a living tomb,
 And made to eat the bread and drink the water
 Of affliction through a narrow hole;
 Have all his evil deeds brought up before him,
 And through eternity harrow up his soul

By meditation on the past,
 'Thinking of what he was and what he might have been;
 His fame by his own act for e'er o'er-cast.
 The murderer of TRUTH
 Betrayer and betrayed!
 Justice overborne
 And loyalty bewrayed!

Such were the crimes of those fearful times,
 Too black to be forgiven:—
 A cry of wrath was raised from earth
 Ascending unto Heaven;
 In fear and dismay he fled away
 To these dismal solitudes,
 And stalks alone like a guilty ghost,
 In the wild and dreary woods.
 And here another dream has past
 Strange and fearful as the last
 Sad as it may seem to thee
 Full soon 'twill prove reality.

Wild are the skies, cold blows the blast,
 From the heavy clouds rain droppeth fast;
 In MONKLAND'S Hall
 There is velvet and pall,
 But not for me is the red wine poured,
 For MONKLANDS now hath another LORD;
 In MONKLAND'S Hall a bright fire glows,
 But, Alas! it is warming another man's toes;
 Gay guests are laughing,
 Ministers quaffing;
 Lacqueys are waiting, glasses are tinkling,
 But I'm quite sure it is'nt my health they're drinking:

And though I can't know,
 What's going on below,
 For its rather too far up here on the Mountain,
 For me to be able to distinguish Lafontaine,
 There's a feeling about me, a sensation so sinister,
 That makes me quite certain there's another PRIME MINISTER;
 And there's a deal more smoke from the kitchen chimney
 Than there used to be in his somewhat slim day.

This is why I wander here,
 Why the face of man I fear;
 This is why I'm tattered, torn,
 Houseless, homeless, and forlorn;
 Could I to a Tory Barber trust my beard?
 Would Mister Gibb my breeches mend?
 Would Henderson tick me for a bran new tile?
 Could I to Dolly for a dinner send?

Go Stranger, leave me! for I dree the doom
 That the avenging Nemesis hath brought upon me,

And, if I pignuts eat,
 And acorns chew;
 If on my hatless head
 There falls the dew;
 If in my breeches
 There are no stitches,
 If I through hair and beard ne'er pass a Comb:
 It serves me right,
 I own it quite,

For sticking to that "DIGNIFIED NEUTRALITY;"
 There were two paths to choose; I chose the evil;
 Whereas I should have "told the truth and shamed the Devil."



THE HERMIT.

Lately discovered in the woods, near Monklands; and now about to be forwarded to England by the Gentlemen of the British League, to whom this Portait is respectfully dedicated.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE RECEPTION OF LORD ELGIN IN UPPER CANADA.

Punch has travelled. Punch knows what is what, but as yet, he has never discovered what that is. Punch nevertheless knows what is the reception Lord Elgin will experience in Upper Canada. He will therefore settle what at present seems a doubtful point. That "No man is a prophet in his own country," is an old saying, and Punch respects old sayings, being coeval with them; but Punch is not in his own country, therefore he may prophesy. Yes, he feels at this moment conscious of the existence of spirits; he has met them at the festive board; and the spirit of Prophecy is strong within him.

Lord Elgin will not be received in Upper Canada, because he will not go there.

In Brockville City, a black flag waits,
To be hoisted high o'er the City Gates,
But this can't be done.
For gates there are none,
And Ogle K. Cowan may cut and run,
For the black flag never will hoisted be,
Cos the mug of Lord Elgin none will see
Who dwell in Upper Canada.

SAINT HYACINTHE RACES.

Earl Grey and his dignified neutrality nephew sing aloud the praises of the French Canadians, but the French Canadians strenuously object to return the compliment. The great Seigneur of Saint Hyacinthe indulged his humour by paying some itinerant musicians to play "La Marseillaise" on the race course, during the day. "God save the Queen" was not in their repertoire, and the Seigneur remarked, that "God save the Queen" might be sung in Montreal, but 'La Marseillaise' was the tune for the country."

PUNCH'S POLITICAL VATICINATION.

In a late number of the *Gazette*, we were favored with the following translation of an article, which appeared not long since in the *Moniteur*:

"PROPHECY.—Canada will become free, and will be annexed to the United States in five years. Upper Canada will form one State, Lower Canada another, and New Brunswick a third.

Independence of the country will be obtained, by means of petitions addressed to the Parent Country, signed by men of all parties, and among others by 60,000 French Canadians. Lord Elgin will never go back to England. The first Governor of the State of Lower Canada will be a man of middle age, who, just now, is living very retired, equally unknown to all parties. He is a Canadian in heart and feeling. His mother is Canadian, but his father is of English origin, although born in Canada. It is this double character, meeting in him, which will cause him to be advanced to the Presidency by the almost unanimous voice of the people. Louis Joseph Papineau will not be one of the first to declare himself in favour of Annexation, although he longs for it with all his heart. His name will be glorious in the future (*dans l'avenir*.) All the Canadians will unite to send him as their representative to the Senate in Congress.

Believe this, or believe it not, as suits you; it will turn out the same in the end."

Punch has received the following communication, in reference to the above prophecy.

SUR,

I noes all about the profercy in the *Moniteur*. The middle-aged old gemmun is my huncle, as vos in Capting Wiley's perlice, being No. 10. He is a livin' werry retired in Griffintown, next to Murphys' bake-house. His mother vos Mary Bouker, but being nussed by Madame Lebul hexplains the mistake in the profercy. My huncle's father vos supposed to be the fatfaced drummer in the forty second foot, vich proves the hinglish horri-

gin. The fust thing remarkable about this here vunderful man, vos Madame Lebul's dreming as he would fall into our vell, vich he accordingly did. He always noes ven it is a goin' to rain—sum says by his roomatics; but ve thinks as it is the vater carts, vich is always hactif about them times. He is werry reserved about polerticks; but vos vunce elected Preserdent of the Pork and Cabbage Club—vich proves as he is the man the *Moniteur* has in his i. Most on us thinks as he noes more than he says; vich aint much. I would also hobserve as he aint got no manners in pertickler, but vot there is is dignified. His dress, on Sundays, is milingitary; being bought from a private in the 71st. As a curocity I send you his autergraf, vich he has rit himself, being so instructed by Mister Tully of Griffintown.

JEAMES SCREECHER, his X mark,
also yours

HUMPHERY JOHN PORTER.

P. S. This here remarkable man vos vunce in the Hunited States, vere he larned to chaw baccy—vich hexplains the han-nexation part of the bisness.

OLD KING McCORD.

A FLASH DITTY.

Old King McCord was a jolly old bird,
A jollier never I see,
As up from Quebec, on the Steam-boat's deck,
He paddled so merrily.

For to take his position in the grand Inquisition,
The ministers him did hire;
To search high and low, both friend and foe,
For the man what lit the fire.

And he sat, and he sat, by this and by that,
Till he wore out six pair of trousers;—
Endeavoring to trace who bagged the mace,
And sacked the Parliament Houses.

With witnesses here and witnesses there,
And spies of the greatest renown,
He climbed like a parrot from cellar to garret
Of half the houses in town.

Suborning John, great secrets upon;
Conniving with Ann and Marla;—
And poking his nose through stove-pipe holes,
Till he set the flues on fire!

And the rummiest coves from cribs as roves,
To pad on the priggish lay,
Was axed to dine and pizened with wine,
Their minds for to lead astray.

But never a bit did any one split
On the kiddy what flashed the tinder;
And I saw him last night, all ready and right,
A-smoking a pipe at his winder.

So old King McCord was a sad old bird,
As anybody might diskiver;—
When back to Quebec, on the Steam-boat's deck,
He floated down the river.

PUNCH'S RUMOURS.

There is no truth in the rumour that Mr. LaFontaine intends to make himself a judge,

His present intention is to become a Bishop.

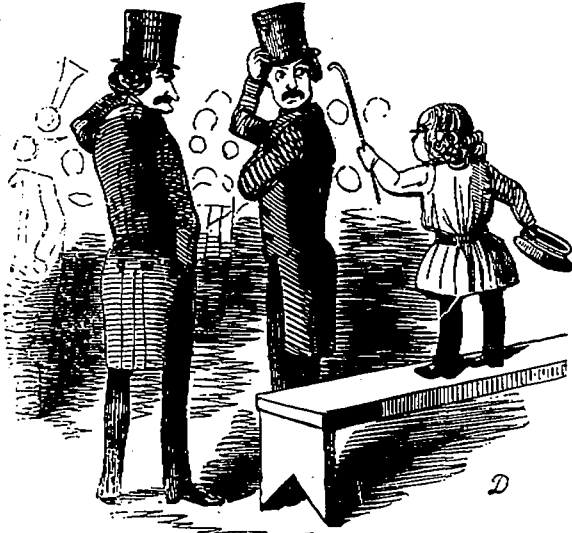
Although Mr. Tetu has been deprived of his situation in the Provincial Secretary's office, we understand that when he shall have learnt the first six bars of "God save the Queen," he will be promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal in the British Army; and made Governor General of India.

Mr. Morin goes to Laprairie vice Fortin resigned.

CAUTION TO APOTHECARIES.

Apothecaries are hereby warned that if a poor devil who cannot afford a physician's fee, should come to their shops to purchase a penny's worth of bitter aloes, that they are by no means to answer questions as to the quantity to be taken, but to allow the said poor devil to poison himself if he chooses. For further information apply to the College of Physicians.

FRENCH DOMINATION.



Juvenile Briton. God save the Queen! — Hallo you Snobs! hats off there, or I'll smash 'em over your eyes!

THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

Possibly suffering from the disease of Opium-taking, at present, the prevailing epidemic, the Board of Health seems to have lost its senses. Indeed Punch thinks the Board never could have had any, as from its publishing such a deal of nonsense it must be a deal board; and deal boards are not celebrated for their intellects; although chips are frequently the reverse, as in the case of "Punch in Canada," who is a chip (of the old block). This wooden board prohibits public entertainments, but preserves public absurdities, itself amongst the number, and the Labordes' Concert was put off in consequence. In noticing this, the New York papers announced that this precious bit of wood had interdicted public interments. The mistake was natural enough, especially as the order was signed by a Sexton. A Sexton and a Board of Health, they would conclude, might have something to do with burials, but what connexion had they with concerts, unless indeed the Sexton was Parish Clerk into the bargain, and the component atoms of the board did duty as smiters. One might imagine the board had a national antipathy against *La-borde*, the one being English, and the other French; but then one might imagine anything, and so might two for that matter. It is however certain, that the board so chizzelled *La-borde* that he was quite cut up.

Nothing has so beneficial an effect on health as innocent amusements. If, therefore, the board has any desire to promote the health of the inhabitants of Montreal, it will instantly rescind the Sexton's order for the interment of music and mirth; issue invitations to all professors of intellectual arts to visit this great capital, in which they always pay out more than they take in, unless they take in the citizens; and then lay itself down to replace the loosely inclined and rotten blocks in Notre Dame Street, thus ridding the City of two of its greatest nuisances.

MODEL MODERN EDITORIALS.

Reform Editorial.—"You're a liar!"

Conservative Editorial.—"You're another!"

PUNCH'S LEAGUE.

In No. 8 of Punch's lucubrations he announced that his list of subscribers measured a league. This league has lately held a lengthy meeting and favored him with a long piece of advice: too long, in short, for his column, or any column in Montreal excepting Nelson's column. It was offered to Nelson but Nelson wouldn't take it. Neither can Punch. He will however give reasons for his refusal, which is more than Nelson condescended to do.

Preparatory to giving advice Punch's league of subscribers infer that his great progenitor in the Mother Country gives him no protection: has deprived him of his baby-jumper and cut away his leading strings.

Punch replies that his illustrious parent has shewn him by example the path to greatness: and thinks him old and ugly enough to run alone: that he has no great liking for him: considers him an unruly young cub, and if he were to ask him for assistance, even were it only a contribution of a single joke, his venerated parent would see him farther first, and inform him he had no more jokes for himself than his hungry millions of readers could readily swallow.

Punch's League then insinuates that it fears his prosperity is not what it should be; and advises him to make his own paper, pens and ink; grow his own box-wood, and be his own printer, artist and engraver.

Punch's answer to this is, that 'tis useless to manufacture without a demand for the article produced; and that the amount he expends in paper, pens and ink, would not buy oil for machinery to manufacture a goose-quill; That were he to plant box and wait for it to grow he should have to cut his stick, before it arrived at maturity, which would, after all, only be a metaphorical wood-cut. That he could never draw, not even theatrically, and that if his league of subscribers waited for him to acquire the art of printing, although they are long now, they would be much longer before they got another number.

But Punch's league tacitly admits all this and recommends him, to coax his great progenitor to allow him to prohibit his great progenitor's publication from being sold in Canada: unless the intending buyer shall hand over to Punch a bonus of two-pence on each copy for the privilege of making the purchase. This bonus to be expended in educating his own relations until such time as he would not only be able in his publication to rival his great progenitor, but secure all the profits of its production to his own family.

To this Punch replies, he wishes he may get it and can imagine the vigorous kick he should receive in a very tender portion of his anatomy, if he even ventured a hint on such a subject.

His league next advises Punch to meet and consult with his relations on this continent as to the means by which his circulation can be increased. This advice Punch most cheerfully takes and when the meeting occurs, shall tell them not to ask the old man at home for any thing, not even a lollipop, for if they do they won't get it. Punch will tell them to depend on themselves: they have grown out of their pepper and salt jackets, with three rows of buttons in front and a small projection behind: they are in long tail coats and should be ashamed to run crying to ma, frightened at the croak of a bull-frog in the marshes, or the whistle of big-Jonathan's Steam Engine. One thing is certain, let them cry as long as they please, they'll only be laughed at for their folly and helplessness.

A REPORTED IMPOSSIBILITY.

It having been reported that the *Pilot* had published a sensible article; there was a run on the office, when it was discovered that the article in question had been copied from a contemporary.

LATEST FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE POPE IN MONTREAL.

We have it on the authority of the distinguished Courier who rides on the step of the "bus," that the Pope is at this moment at Donegana's Hotel, where he will be happy to receive visitors.

N. B.—For the Number of his room, apply at the bar.