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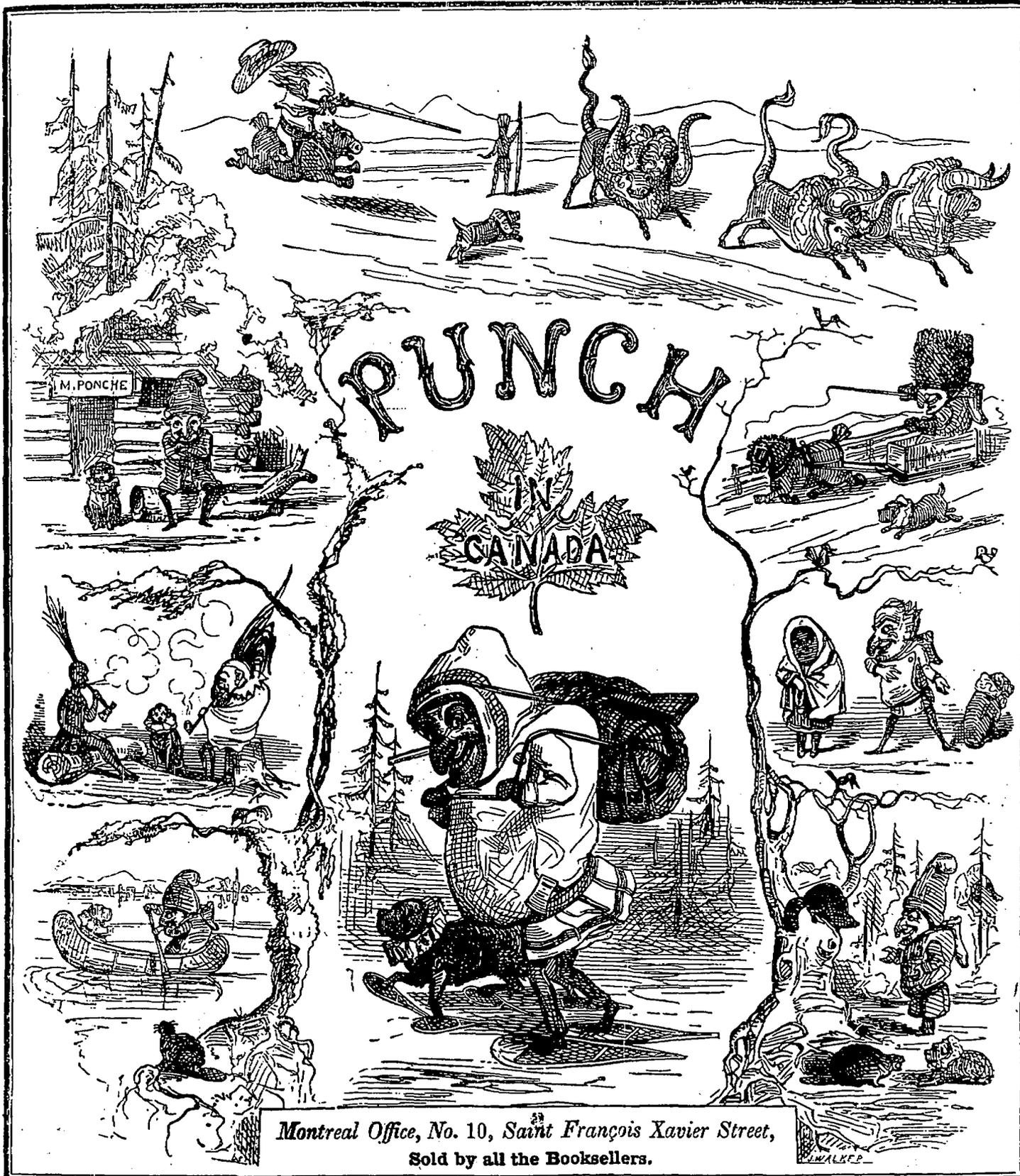
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**B. DAWSON**, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137 $\frac{1}{2}$  Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favors.

Vol. 1.—No. 16.]

August the 30th,

[PRICE, 4d.



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

**TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!**

Use of 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 heat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, 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 Scalds and Hurness Galls, Broken Knees, Cnicked 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.

**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.

**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, 6s. 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 Interior 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. CURTNEY, 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 Printers, 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.

Omni-buses 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'HOTE 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. 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.

**TEA & COFFEE**  
**GANTON HOUSE**  
109 NOTRE DAME ST

**Mossy Lyrics, — No. 1.**

One morn, a morn, 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 fanc'd he could not pay;

But in he went,  
And soon content,  
(For joy illum'd 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 coats 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 Depôt!**

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, LaBessades, 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 year's 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 2s 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.

**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 \$5 for the season.

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

**The Grand Emporium**

OF MOSS AND BROTHERS, 180 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 Pelots at 25s. Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d. Sporting Suits, complete, at 32s. 6d. Summer Suits, 22s. 6d. A splendid suit of Black, made to measure, for £3 17s. 6d.

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

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 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 Collectorship, 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 doing so.

# The Legend of King, the son of the Cord.

OF HIS WONDERFUL PAINTED NOSE,

And of the terrible disaster which it caused in the city of Royal Mount, in the time of Jim the Hermit.

*The ancestral history of King, the son of the Cord.*

In the old and merry time,  
When the world was in its prime,  
Three hundred years gone by—  
A Baron bold,  
Had a strong hold,  
Away in a far country;  
And might  
Being right,  
In those times of old,  
The Baron's strong hold  
Was bower and parlour, chapel and hall,  
And above them arose a donjon tall,  
And around them was built a very strong wall—  
And the Baron had a very deep pit,  
In which, whenever he thought fit,  
He shut up any unfortunate wight,  
Against whom he nourished a spite,  
And on the donjon's summit grey,  
Was fixed a gibbet grim,  
On which he hanged in a summary way,  
Any covè that affronted him.  
"To have and to hold,"  
"Cum fossa et furca," gallows and pit,  
In the Charter deeds of this Baron old,  
By clerkly hands was carefully writ;  
And this simply meant,  
I beg to assure ye,  
That the Baron might be  
His own Judge and Jury.  
With power to twine  
A halter line—  
And swing  
In a string  
From the stout cross beam  
Of his gallows so grim,  
Any poor devil when it suited his whim.  
But a very proud man the Baron was he,  
So he did  
The hangman's work by deputy,  
And whenever he bid,  
A vassal stern whose name was KING,  
Did the job with the gallows and string,  
And the folks about, as a sort of by-word,  
Called him KING, the Son of the CORD.

And this is the true and faithful history,  
Of KING of the Cord and his ancestry.

*The gallows goeth out of fashion, and the son of the Cord wandereth away to a far country.*

Ruin shakes the Castle walls,  
By old Cromwell's cannon balls;  
Shattered lies the donjon tower;  
Grass grows in the ladies' bowet;  
Through the hall the owl doth flit;  
Rubbish fills the Baron's pit;  
And the gibbet-tree that rear'd  
Its ghastly form on high,  
Looming grimly on the vision,  
Against the azure sky,  
Hath vanished, and men say,  
That Jack Ketch has had his day,

And that Governments will find  
A better way of dealing  
With murdering and stealing;—  
And good men have hopes  
To benefit mankind,  
Without gibbets and rapes.  
Finding his ancient occupation gone,  
He of the CORD did wander forth alone,  
And crossed the seas towards the setting sun.  
And there he lived, and wived, and brought up sons and daughters,  
And at a ripe old age did pass beneath King Death's dark waters.  
And his sons sons did get,  
And here in deathless thyme,  
The history down is set,  
Of one who, in the time  
Of Jim the Hermit, lived, and did astonish  
The natives of that clime.

*Of King, the son of the Cord, who lived in the time of Jim the Hermit, commonly called M' Cord of the wonderful Nose.*

This one of the scions of the King of the Cord,  
Lived in ROYAL MOUNT's turbulent city,  
And if any one liked to trust his own word,  
A most wonderful man was he;  
At any rate he had a most wonderful nose,  
And a philosopher peripatetic  
Compared this nose, with its tint of rose,  
To a lobster erysipeletic.  
But how did the nose  
Get the tint of rose?  
Just your patience permit  
To read the next stanza,  
And then you'll find out  
How this great Oromanza  
Painted his snout,  
In the time of JIM THE HERMIT.

*How the Nose was painted so very red!*

This son of the Cord being inclined to be merry,  
Had in his life-time swallowed several hogsheads of Sherry.  
Gin-slings and cock-tails;  
And Mint Juleps by pails;  
Madeira, Champagne,  
Again and again  
He swizzled, and Claret,  
Which though it by no means goes far, yet  
Is'nt so bad,  
For if your stomach feels cold,  
You can keep it all clever,  
And settle your liver,  
With a glass of brandy that's old;  
(That's a wrinkle, my lad!)  
And if you follow this rule,  
You may drink a wide ocean  
Of the thin stuff from France,  
Without any commotion.  
But of all the liquors jolly,  
Invented by Bacchus,  
And sung of by Flaccus,  
Which lead men into folly,  
PORT, which every body knows  
To be the favorite potation.

With the great British Nation,  
**PAINTED THIS TERRIBLE NOSE!!!**  
 And the rubies that shone,  
 So brightly upon  
 The tip of the snout,  
 A man must be a lout,  
 If he cannot be sure-o,  
 That they came  
 Like a flame,  
 In a butt of bright wine,  
 Vintage warranted fine,  
 Right straight from the banks of the Douro.

*Of the disasters which came upon the people of the Royal Mount by reason of the Nose.*

Fire—Fire—Fire—rings the cry,  
 Fiercely through the midnight sky!  
 Engines tear—  
 Firemen swear—  
 Wild bursts the burning element  
 Through roof and wall, and window rent—  
 Rushing madly through the dark,  
 People watch the ruddy spark;  
 From the blazing building dancing,

Through the air so swiftly glancing,  
 On the distant houses falling,  
 With a suddenness appalling,  
 And the ruddy flames go spreading,  
 Brilliance over all things shedding,  
 Till half the town in flames is  
 From Donegana's to St. James's;  
 Up to a citizen we went,  
 And asked him what the blaze meant?  
 And fancy our amazement,  
 When he said—  
 "'Tis all along of that cursed Son of the Cord,  
 And his nose so red;"—  
 And this is how it comes that we now record,  
 In verses merry,  
 This queer history;  
 For the rays that flash from the nose so red,  
 Burn all things into ashes,  
 Just as we've heard, or perhaps have read,  
 Is done by the flashes  
 From burning glasses.  
 But oh! what a thundering conflagration,  
 What a terrible funeral pyre,  
 There'll be to astonish the nation,  
 WHEN THE NOSE ITSELF TAKES FIRE!!!



### GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

WANTED, for the use of the Elgin Guards, *alias* the Prairie-Hen Police, *alias* the Fortin Dragons, *alias* the Forty Thieves, forty web-footed quadrupeds of the hippopotamus or river-horse species. Every means hitherto devised for the conveyance into Montreal of the above-mentioned body of warriors, having failed, it is now deemed expedient by the ministry, to attempt the passage of the St. Lawrence by means of amphibious chargers—the mere terrestrial troop-horses on which the forty forlorn ones are at present mounted, having, as yet, proved unequal to the trying task of stemming the stream of the St. Lawrence, while their riders are struggling against the tide of popular opinion. Persons, therefore, desirous of supplying the Government with duck-footed steeds, will forthwith furnish specimens of the same to the Honble Mr. Lalontaine, who will make a personal trial of each animal, at the Montreal Swimming Bath, previous to closing the purchase.—None but bullet-proof animals will be treated for; and an additional premium will be given for fire-eaters—a large quantity of forage for such, being at present on hand, in Montreal.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

If PETER GROOME who saw the officer in plain clothes on the CHAMP DE MARS on the night of the 25th of April will call at the mess house of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers he will hear of something to his advantage.

N. B. Punch offers a REWARD of 500 JOKES for the discovery of Peter Groome: it being very generally believed that he is a ministerial myth. If the said Peter is a groom, who is his employer? Is he related to the Peter who betrayed his master.

### EXTRAORDINARY STATISTICAL PHENOMENON.

It is a remarkable fact—Showing the contradictions that sometimes occur, and the curious anomalies occasionally to be met with,—it is, we say, a very remarkable fact, that while the number of lunatics has been increasing in a very large ratio within the last two or three months in Montreal the readers of the Pilot have been at the same time diminishing.

### MARRIAGE OF SIR ALLEN McNAB.

"Sir Allan MacNab is to marry Miss Burdett Coutts and her five millions of money."—Montreal Correspondence of N. Y. Herald.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—Pilot.

If true! Does the Pilot doubt the truth of the above rumor. If he does he is not the Pilot who ought to be at the helm, nor will he ever be the Pilot to weather a storm. Is it not written by the Montreal correspondent of the "New York Herald" and when did the correspondent write, or the "New York Herald" publish ought but truth. But in the "lowes tdeep" there is "a deeper still." Of course Punch means a private still. Yet he has no reference to the gentlemen who forty years since enlisted in the 23rd. R. W. F. and is a private still, although in consequence of being charged with allopathic drains of whiskey he is always on the go.

WEDNESDAY, 5, A. M.—Punch's Own Correspondent—(an electric-(h)eel acquaints him that SIR ALLEN MACNAB IS MARRIED; Coutts is his; and Canada will henceforth ring with the old Vestmister cry of "Burdett for ever."

The first use Sir Allan (with the full concurrence of Lady McNab) made of his newly acquired funds was to assist his suffering country. His property was placed at the disposal of Sir Francis Hincks who has been (be) knighted, and the 25,000 exchange now advertised by the Government, is in bills at sight drawn on the Gallant Knight of Dunder.

THURSDAY, 3, A. M.—Punch's Electric (h) eel—has again crossed the atlantic.

SIR ALLEN McNAB IS NOT MARRIED TO MISS BURDETT COUTTS BUT TO (QUEEN POMARE.)

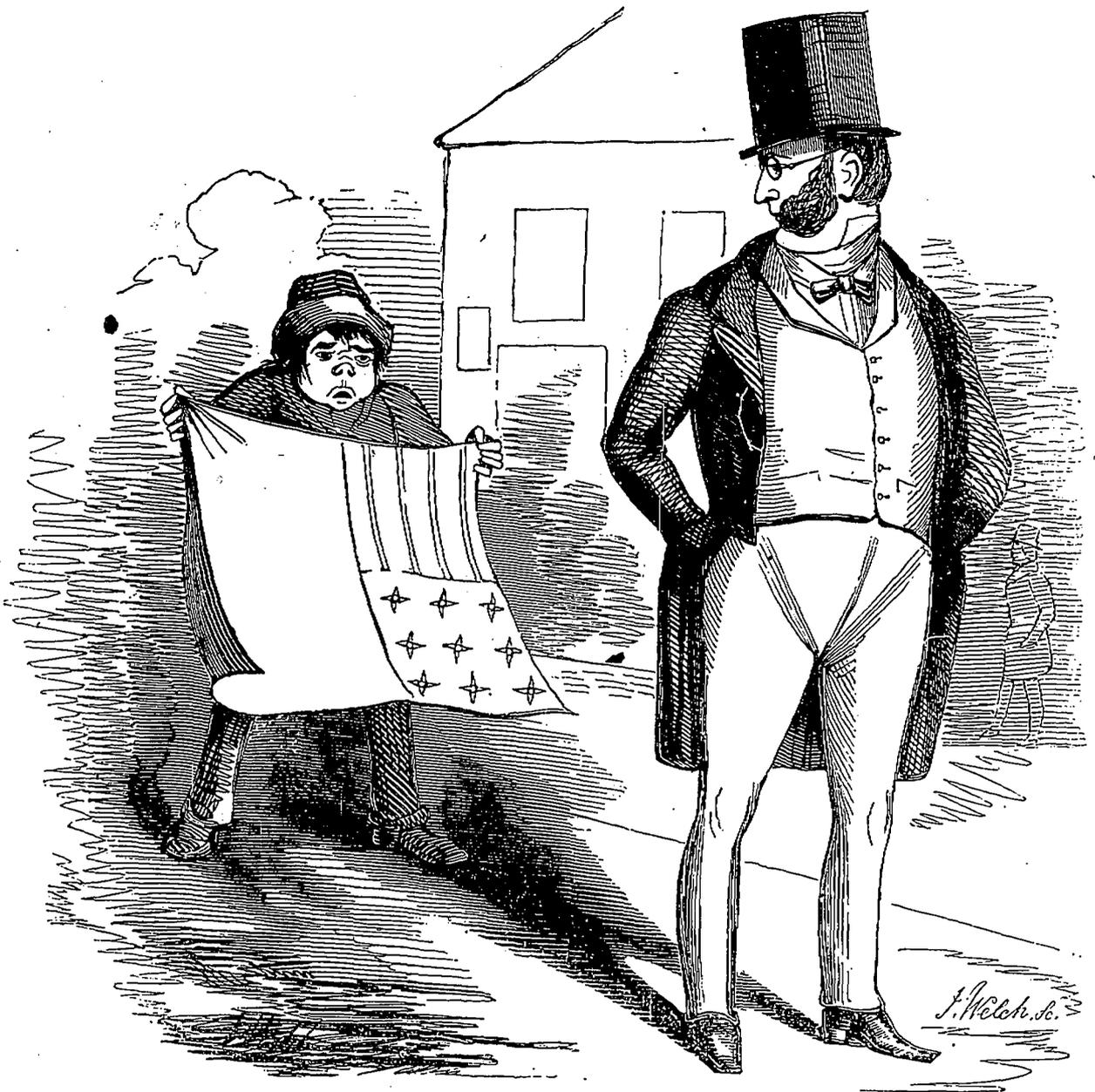
The French Consul has guaranteed that the Gallant Knight shall not be eaten by any of Her Majesty's Subjects.

PROVISO.—Bugs not considered subjects.

The Bills drawn will be honoured unless any unforeseen event takes place; at any rate the beautcons "Pomare" promises that if not paid, that the holders, "Shylock-like, shall have their pound of flesh, either civilized or in a state of nature, at the creditors' option.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We cannot in this number publish the letter of our New Zealand correspondent; but hasten to inform our readers that the sympathies of the inhabitants of that enlightened region are with us.—The natives are indignant with "the solitary of the mountain" and assert that had he been their Governor General; Elgin pia would, 'ere now, have become a standing dish.



## DROPPING A HINT.

---

*Boy.*—Hallo, Mister! ye've dropped yer hankercher.

*Leaguer.*—Ha! my good boy, yes!—I mean no, my blessed little kid, no! not mine, my excellent little gentleman, not mine—Oh no, no, no, not mine!

*Boy.*—Well, some o' yiz dropped it anyhow, and now none o' yiz 'll own to it.



LINES ADDRESSED TO THE CELEBRATED EARL OF  
"DIGNIFIED NEUTRALITY."

Proud Earl, who boast yourself the heir  
Of *Robert Bruce*, a patriot rare,  
Though genealogists declare  
You're not so in reality,  
(If your descent indeed be such  
You have *descended* very much)  
Attend while Punch presumes to touch  
On "dignified neutrality."

True dignity would scorn to try  
By subterfuge and falsity  
To purchase mean indemnity  
For secret criminality;  
But you disdain not to conceal  
What ever would the truth reveal,  
When men against your acts appeal—  
What "dignified neutrality"!!!

You've sought by dastard implication  
To sully the high reputation  
Of him who nobly fill'd the station  
Disgraced by your venality;  
The vile attempt has only shed  
Fresh lustre on th' illustrious dead  
And heap'd disgrace upon your head  
And "dignified neutrality."

Grey's nepotism sent you here  
Merely, it seems, that you might clear  
About five thousand Pounds a year  
By dint of Scotch frugality:  
For this you have become the tool  
Of Frenchmen whom you ought to rule  
And then, the Country to befool  
Boast dignified "neutrality!"

'Tis all in vain—we know you fully—  
Your prairie Hens though hatched by Tully,  
Shall never either curse or bully  
Our British nationality!  
We were not for french thralldom born;  
On Frenchmen you and yours may fawn,  
These we despise—and laugh to scorn  
Your "dignified neutrality."

Adieu, my Lord; but soon again,  
Should fate not otherwise ordain,  
Punch will in a more flatt'ring strain,  
Ape your impartiality:  
He'll chronicle your reputation,  
Ab ovo trace your degradation,  
And duly blazon your ovation  
And "dignified neutrality."

THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Much solicitude has been awakened in the Public mind on account of this lonely man: and false reports have been circulated as to his movements: many of which Punch feels authorized to contradict. He is not a government spy, having nothing to do with the government. He is not the war correspondent, the Jefferson Brick of the New York Herald! he is not "a brick" at all. He was not at Kingston during the sitting of the League, nor is he the man who hoisted the American Flag! nor is he Peter the Hermit! neither is he Peter Groome: the only similarity between him and Peter being that nobody knows where either is to be found and both have been guilty of making false statements. There may be truth in the report that he is concealed in a cupboard as it is universally known that for a long time he has been lying on the shelf. But as this must be hard lying; notwithstanding that hermits care little how they lie; Punch cannot countenance the idea; inasmuch as Punch gives the Hermit credit for

good intentions. But a "certain place" is said to be paved with good intentions and the Hermit must lately have been paving Montreal, for any place more like a certain place, Punch never desires to see. The Hermit's good intentions in addition to possessing the properties of paving stones must be combustible; they having fired all men's minds and some of their houses and the general heat is so great that the cause must be removed. Punch recommends the Ministers and the Mayor to employ their "Fortins" in discovering the retreat of the unhappy solitary and "when found, make a note of him" and despatch him by the first post, no matter where, only the farther off the better.

A MINISTERIAL QUESTION.

Why employ spies and gangs of liars  
To find the "man wot lights the fires."  
Why do you ask "who can it be?"  
You know twas *Bill Indemnity*.

WARNING TO THE TORIES.

Punch has been informed both by anonymous letters and hints that the Tories of Montreal intend to perpetrate some outrage upon his person and his nocturnal nest. He has been threateningly told to his face, that they would tar and feather him, or knock his hat over his eyes, or off his head: he has to assure the ruffians that they don't know their Man. Punch begs once for all, to intimate to this outrageous faction, that he has adopted very efficient means of protection. He has placed his garret in a position of defence strong enough to repel any attack. Tho' a very painful announcement to make, in a Civilized Community, he is compelled publicly to intimate that his attic furniture consists chiefly of Swivels, and blunderbusses, that his children gambol among loaded muskets, revolvers, and old swords; bowie knives and cleavers are used at his breakfast table; and for the protection of his person he has borrowed an old horse pistol from Mr. Lafontaine's coachman. He has opened up Telegraphic Communications with Colonel Fortin's prairie Police, and Col. Taché the Commander of the garrison of dwelling houses. If necessary, Telescopes will be on the look out, and household troops bivouac on his Premises.

N. B. Punch intends, and is firmly resolved, at all hazards, to persist in the enlightened course he has hitherto pursued in the Government of the Country, and will be deterred by no considerations Whatever.

AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

We have conversed with a person who has lately crossed the tract of Country known as the *Champ de Mars*. Since the abandonment of the drill system in that region, the grass crops have improved to a wonderful extent; and the flourishing appearance of the sloping range of country facing Craig Street, leads us to anticipate a glut of thistles in our autumnal markets. An intelligent female in charge of some little ducks, declared to our informant that, in her opinion, the husbandry of the region had very much fallen off since the discontinuance of the drill system; but, coming from an interested party, we do not attach much weight to the remark. The poultry in that section of the country, offer employment to a large number of boys. They consist principally of paper kites; and must yield considerable emolument—their tails being in great demand for the purpose of decorating the wires of the electric telegraph which bounds the district to the north. A trifling agrarian *emucite* had taken place, originating in the upsetting of an old woman who was crossing the country with a basket of apples; but it was promptly quelled by the gallant sentry in command of the southern frontier; and peace was restored without bloodshed.

COCKNEY CON.

Why are the ministers lucky dogs?  
Because they've all made "Fortins."

## A MILD APERIENT FOR THE FACULTY.

*Encouragement for the League.*

We cut the following from the *Transcript* of the 14th August :

"An Advertisement of the Plantagenet Mineral Waters will be found in our columns. These waters are recommended as a wholesome beverage, and a gentle and useful aperient, when moderately used, by Dr. David, and other highly respectable medical gentlemen of this city."

The first words said, were,—“Good news for the League!—hurrah for reciprocity!”

The Doctors of this City extend diluted praises to the waters of Plantagenet; and the waters reciprocate by being “gentle and useful” to Doctors. This is as it should be.

An itinerant tee-totaler is excused in covering with eulogy the immovable tee-totalers who employ him,—and the Physician is equally justified in speaking kindly of the “gentle and useful aperient,” which so exclusively confines its operations to the members of his profession.

Still, while we admire the reciprocal system, we cannot exactly understand this particular illustration of its application. Why should “Dr. David and other highly respectable medical gentlemen of this City” be alone benefited by drinking these waters?—Why should they be “gentle and useful” to “Dr. David and the other highly respectable medical gentleman of this City,” and not so “gentle and useful” to any one else?

And why should so much prominence be given to the tastes and habits of the Secretary of the Board of Health, as though Dr. David were an habitual drinker of this mild aperient,—in the face too of his having attached his name to a recommendation that the Public should drink weak brandy and water? Is Plantagenet good for mixing?

## LATEST FROM CALIFORNIA.

*From our own Correspondent.*

**G**OLD is getting unpopular at the diggings, and a pinch or two will sometimes cause the unbidden tear to start, at the reminiscence of bye-gone brass. One fat old gentleman from an Eastern City, assured me that, his sensations on riddling out sixteen thousand dollar's worth of gold-dust, are not a patch upon those formerly experienced by him in his school-boy days, when he tremulously detected a long-missing-for red cent, between the external and internal integuments of his trousers. This same person was rather a character in his way, and well deserving of a column to his memory—in *Punch*. He went regularly into training for the diggings, for six months previous to his leaving home. He used to bury a quantity of plate, such as spoons &c. in a sand-bank at the bottom of his garden, and then set to in his shirt sleeves, with pick-axe and shovel, to dis-inter the hidden treasure—afterwards washing it carefully in a child's cradle, which he borrowed from a neighbor. One night he thus interred all his silver spoons, forks, teapots &c., together with a great heap of specie.—the accumulation of years of parsimony. In the morning he bent his steps with exultation and a pick-axe, to the scene of his pleasing toil. Well, his digging appeared to him more laborious than usual; and it was not until he had dug himself a good way out of sight that he became terribly well-informed upon the subject in hand, by shovelling up a shingle bearing the following inscription.—“*Wen old Hunks cums for to dig for his spoons he'll find the run on this here bank has lft none but himself and that not worth having so no more at present but go to California and wash yourself as you never did before wen bitter off for sope N. B. This here bank has no teller so make your mind esy and slope rite off.*”—This misfortune,—for he never obtained any clue to the robbery,—determined him on proceeding to California at once; and when he came among us, much astonishment was excited at his surprising skill in burrowing in the earth, as well as in purifying the precious metal from its maternal rubbish. He soon realized many thousand dollar's worth of dust, and appeared proportionately unhappy. Indeed at one time it was thought he would have

made away with himself; but destiny interfered, and he was rubbed out by falling head foremost into a flour-barrel, in which he had been industriously washing out his last shovellings. Nebuchadnezzar. K. Doane was standing by at the time, but was so occupied with mental calculations, that he did not see the perilous situation of poor old Huncks, till the vital spark had fled through the bung-hole of the flour-barrel. Neb was so overcome with grief, that he left the diggings immediately—*vamos'd*, as they say here—and has not since been heard of. None of H's gold has been found, except that in which he breathed his last; and, as nobody knew much about him except Neb, it is not likely to turn up in a hurry.

I have just ordered a fly cock-tail to drink your health;—it is nothing but a tin tumbler of coldish water, stirred with a wild turkey's feather, to give it a game flavor: but, as they only charge ten dollars a pull, I drink it for economy. Grub is rather expensive here just now,—but one bill of fare is certain to be on hand at every tavern about the diggings. This is the style of Californian Cookery.



A BROIL,—WITH CROPS AND SAUCE.

I read on a hand-bill here, the other day,—“A GOOD OPENING FOR A PIOUS YOUNG MAN;”—but, as I guessed it would be done with a Bowie-knife, the way I scratched gravel wasn't slow,—for I made tracks, I tell you, without further investigation. Considering the news we have from your diggings at Montreal, I would advise you and all my friends who wish to escape from the troubles there, to join us at the washings. Is it true that the tavern-keepers at Montreal advertise, “blood-cobblers,” and “campfire cock-tails?”—We have heard so here, by private letter, I think from the Editor of your *Pilot*. This is high civilization, compared with such doings; and the washings possess the further advantage of having no houses to burn. Tell Guky that I think he would do well here; and the suavity of his department would conduce much to the refinement of our somewhat rough community. Your Governor General is said to be here in disguise—but I have seen no person answering to his portrait published in *Punch*. Farewell, and au revoir.

## CALIFORNIA INTELLIGENCE.

The latest news from the gold region is that the entire population have by the action of the auriferous atmosphere been transformed into guinea pigs.