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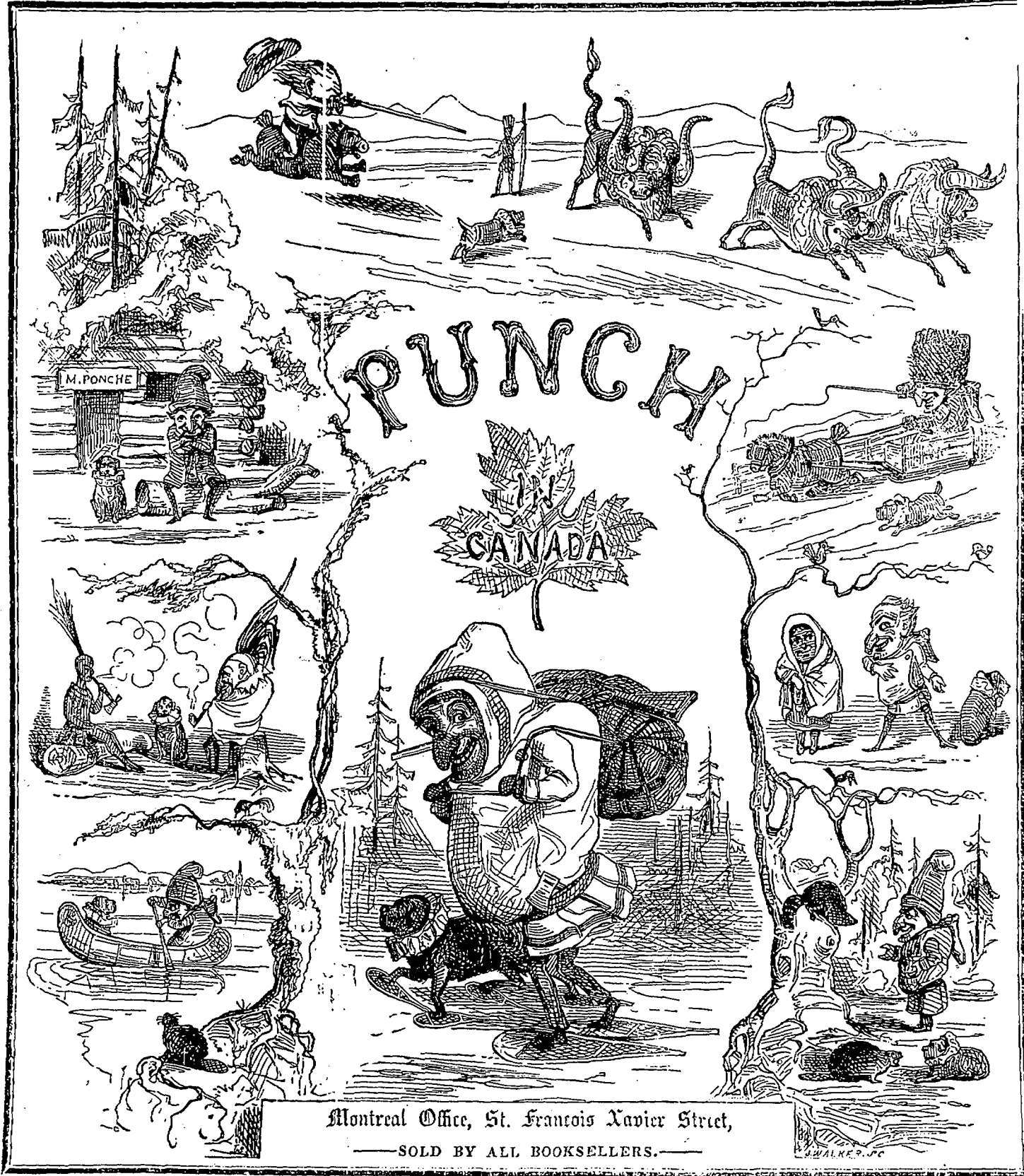
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W.A.

Vol. 1. — No. 3.]

February the 17th, 1849!

[PRICE, 4d.



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— SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. —

WALKER & CO

PUNCH (IN CANADA) WILL HEREAFTER APPEAR EVERY FORTNIGHT

TURKISH 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 boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chillsulms, 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, luen, or brown paper.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, who alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never pulled by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier.*

CERTIFICATE.—INTERNAL PAINS.—Gentlemen,—I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve. and you are at liberty to make this letter known in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable. I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them. I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,

Montreal, Nov. 1848.

F. ANDREWS.

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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.

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ALLEN'S EXPRESS, leaves Mon-

triel for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

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ING, Nos 18 and 20 St. Jean Baptiste Street.—Public Classes, every Monday and Wednesday. *Juvenile Class*, from 4 to 6, P. M. *Adult Class*, from 7 to 10, P. M.

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TO THE MILLION.**PUNCH (IN CANADA!)**

Published bi-monthly, illustrated with one large cut, and numerous smaller ones.

TERMS.

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(Payable in advance.)

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Punch, in his desire for the welfare of others, throws open his advertising columns to the public, as an unrivalled medium for advancing their interests throughout the Canadas. He guarantees a circulation of each number, exceeding 3,000 copies!!!

TERMS.—Ten lines and under, \$1, and in proportion for a greater number. Yearly agreements on more advantageous terms.

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OUR OWN OPINIONS.

In referring to the following opinions of the Press—Punch with a modesty peculiar to himself, asserts boldly, and says without hesitation, that all pauceryic falls infinitely short of the true merits of his sublime work. The unrivalled abilities of the writers, the wonderful talent of the artists, and the superhuman exertions of the wood-cutters are beyond all praise which language can give. Let it be understood in the last paragraph that the term wood cutters is not synonymous with that of Luembros.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We congratulate our inebriated friends on the appearance of this antidote to melancholly. The first number is right good. We wish him full success.—*Patriot, Toronto.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This satirical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American.*

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the labelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this newly fledged periodical, which displays a respectable amount of artistic and literary ability. The illustrations are designed with spirit, and correctly engraved by Walker, and, together with the letter press, have a marked Canadian character.—*Toronto Globe.*

If conducted with the talent which the opening number displays, we are confident that a weekly issue would not be a whit too frequent; and the old country *Punch* has abundantly demonstrated that a well sustained publication of this description may be made exceedingly useful for the correction of abuses, moral, social and political.—*Streetsville Review.*

PUNCH IN CANADA.—This merry little weekly appeared according to previous notice, on New Year's Day. It contains a number of amusing pieces in prose and verse. One of the latter is not surpassed for the drollness of its versification, and its change of language from French to English, and vice versa, by its English prototype. But the most striking feature of the Canadian *Punch* is its frontispiece, in which the great droll is exhibited in the act of introducing himself to the "Natives."—Members of parliament, lawyers, Iroquois, racoons, and beavers. The figures in some of the vignettes of this frontispiece, are remarkable for their grotesque humour, and do great honor to the artist, Mr. Lock. This wood-cut is certainly the very best, out of all proportion, which we have ever seen in Canada; and will, we trust, help to increase *Punch's* subscription list, as well as open the way for more extensive encouragement to the art of wood-engraving. Such specimens as *Punch's* frontispiece, are little inferior to any done in England; they will therefore, be worth paying for, to ornament books, or periodical publications. We shall be glad to see some publisher devise any plan which will enable him to find the means to pay for them, and should *Punch* be successful, we shall like it so much the better.—*Herald.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—The illustrations are very good. The wit will probably be found too pungent by some people, The best plan for them is to laugh at themselves. *Punch*, while battling stoutly against humbug, says he will belong to no party.—*Quebec Gazette.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—We have received the first number of a witty and amusing little paper from Montreal, bearing the title of "Punch in Canada."—*Punch* declares that he will belong to no party—and is determined to battle strongly against all "Humbugs."—The plates are well executed, and full of humour.—*Quebec Mercury.*

PUNCH IN CANADA is, in truth, a very witty, talented, and well got up affair, both as regards its literary merits as well as the excellence and humour of the plates; and we trust the spirited projector will meet with the patronage his attempt deserves.—*Transcript.*

SINGULAR OPINION.

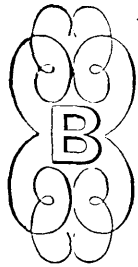
The world, and in this instance the term means that portion of it which knows no better, has at various periods of its history asserted that it was impossible to produce an illustrated work in the City of Montreal, in the Province of Canada. To this assertion a publication, in the *Punch in Canada*, gives a decided contradiction; we were about to write a flat contradiction, but there is nothing flat in connection with this embodiment of wit and wood cuts, excepting the flats who refuse to buy instruction and amusement at the price of 4d. After the next issue on the 3rd of February, it is the intention of the Proprietors to publish every alternate week. The office is now open to receive incalculable numbers of seven shillings and sixpence's which will provide the payer with "Punch" for one twelvemonth without any further charge, excepting one half-penny's worth of postage which all Patriots will gladly pay.

OLD PLAT.

THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, SENIOR, AND HIS DEALINGS IN GENERAL AND PARTICULAR; OF HIS COACH, COACHMAN, AND HORSES; FAMILY HERALDRY; OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, JUNIOR, HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD OF BUSINESS, AND HIS EXIT THEREFROM.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)



UT we have not done with the cavalry of the PEPPERBURY FAMILY. It would be a breach of duty to get through "stables" without having inspected the animals of which MR. PEPPERBURY, Junior, boasted himself the owner; and here, we may just as well do it now as hereafter, we shall give a sketch of Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY'S Son and heir (!). The young gentleman was rising twenty-three; he was a thin youth, so thin that he might almost have crept through a key-hole, without tearing his breeches in the wards; of medium height, and a trifle knock-kneed; Dame Nature made his legs in order to show the contrariness of her disposition; the father's legs were just that sort of legs that look as if they were made for nothing else than to take a firm clip of the barrel of a horse; while those of the son when he was set, not seated, on the outside of his rosinante, protruded at an angle like those of a pair of compasses. He had a dissipated, unwholesome complexion; watery eyes and sandy hair, and not the slightest vestige of a beard. He was a spooney of the first class. He had smoked away his complexion, and was fast drinking away his eyes. Taken from school at the early age of sixteen, MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, was thrust into a Counting-house. With no natural abilities, less application, and the laziest young rascal in existence, the amount of knowledge possessed by him at that age may readily be divined. No energy on the part of his master could drive into him the slightest possible acquaintance with any language but his own—he stuck at the first sentence of the "Propria quæ maribus," and in Mathematics he never could be driven to the "Ass's bridge." History, Geography, the Sciences, were to him a sealed book, and the very extent of his knowledge was the being able to read, write, and cipher, and these humble acquirements he possessed but imperfectly. Do you stare, reader! Do you doubt! We could show you hundreds of PEPPERBURYS, Junior, turned out into this wide world with no more provision for their march through it, than that of this unfortunate youth.

Shall Punch follow him through his career? It is not necessary. At this moment, MR. PETER PEPPERBURY is following in the footsteps of his predecessors of the same class. He has passed his time between his counting house, and as little of that as possible, the bar room,—the billiard room, and other still more disreputable places. He is already damaged in constitution; brought up in a vicious manner and on false principles, he was a man, in his habits and pursuits, before he ever was a boy; a man, did we say! PUNCH was oblivious; he had not one trait of manhood about him; he could drink, swear, smoke and gamble, and do worse things than these, but he was utterly unskilled in those manly pursuits which English youths are accustomed to follow. He could neither shoot, fence, box, swim, skate, or play cricket; he could not even ride, though he kept a couple of horses; he was as feeble of body as of mind, and no wonder, for under the infamous system of education generally prevailing in the country in which he lived, no attention had been paid to either. He kept a couple of horses—spider-shanked, herring-battered, narrow-chested, cat-hammed brutes, that would not have carried a man, of weight and inches, over a three feet hurdle; but MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, who had not that almost intuitive acquaintance with horse-flesh which characterizes a well bred English gentleman, thought in his ignorance, that these washy thin limbed quadrupeds were well bred horses; the animals, in this latter respect, were just suited to their rider.

MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, at the time at which we write, having finished! his mercantile education under the auspices of his respected father, is going to start on his own account, in partnership with another young gentleman, of similar habits, education and fitness. The precious pair have raised a few hundreds

between them, and PUNCH knows the end of the matter as well as if he had lived to see it and chronicle it; for has it not been the end of some scores before? MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, and his partner, MR. DUNCAN McSTICKEM, will go through three years of speculation, endorsing, accepting, discounting, lemon-colored kid gloves, perfumery, jewellery, horse-flesh, billiards, and divers detrimental incumbrances in petticoats, and some fine morning will make their appearance in that melancholy column of the Official Gazette which makes due record of commercial defalcations; in some three months after that, there will be visible over the door of an office in that street, "where merchants most do congregate," a black patch on a door post, with the inscription, in white letters, "MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, JUNIOR, *Broker and General Agent!*" That talented young gentleman, not having been able successfully to manage his own business, will undertake to manage that of the whole mercantile community, if it will only be ass enough to let him.

The education, habits and manners of this young gentleman are those precisely of a large class. It is very disgraceful that it should be so, but PUNCH is a stern recorder of facts. It must always be the case in a country which pursues the vicious system of bringing its youth into public life, before the youth of other and wiser countries have left off cricket, and been emancipated from the fifth form. This system is the best that can be desired for making young men drunkards, gamblers, idlers and sivndlers; whether under it we shall have sound statesmen, able lawyers, skilful physicians, and honest merchants, is quite another matter.

Unfortunately, society does not frown down these delinquencies. Impudence and extravagance are mistaken for spirit; a flaring style of dress, brilliant cravats, gaudy jewellery, and clothes cut in the most antic style, are considered necessary to give the appearance of a gentleman, though in other countries that we could name, gentlemen are conspicuous for the plainness and neatness of their apparel.

In our next chapter we shall probably have occasion to notice the same defects in the education of other members of the PEPPERBURY family. Our object is to reform abuses; to point out defects in our social system. Punch has a horror of snobs, whether in high station or low; whether they be male or female; for it is a mistake to suppose that snobism is confined to the poor; the greatest snobs we have ever met with, have been those who hold their heads high in the world.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

'Tis idle sitting down to sleep,

When the snow is falling, boys,—

When the wind is felt to sweep

With a blast appalling, boys.

Be the distance e'er so far,

And the suff'ring hard to paint,

Never let the heart be faint!

Bear in mind the promise quaint,

Written by an ancient saint!

Aide-toi, le Bon Dieu l'aidera.

On this earth, there's never one,

But his doom is sorrow, boys,—

Yet for every mother's son,

Joy comes on the morrow, boys.

Patience, Patience, lo! a star

Glimm'ring ere the light appear,

Tells the brighter day is near!

Are ye men that ye should fear?

Lo, the word men's hearts to cheer!

Aide-toi, le Bon Dieu l'aidera.

Rolling on, and on, and on,

Hard years our hopes will baulk, boys,

But nothing yet on earth was won

By wasting time in talk, boys.

Up! be stirring, labor wins

Dame Fortune's smiles. Strain every nerve

And work, and work, and never swerve,

Energetic toil must serve

To make ye rich, so ye deserve.

Aide-toi, le Bon Dieu l'aidera.

PUNCH IN PARLIAMENT.

Of course Punch was in his place in the house, when the order of the day for taking into consideration the expediency of paying the rebellion losses of Lower Canada was come to.—Want of space prevents Punch from printing his own speech, which was—as a matter of course—the speech of the evening,—but Punch confesses that as he is but mortal and also mortal poor, he kept his weather ear open to catch those sentiments that were most likely to please the Government, and get himself a fat place; he flatters himself that when he said, “that the measure should be carried as quickly as possible; without giving the people of Upper Canada, an opportunity of expressing their notions about it;” he saw a smile of approval on Mr. Hinck’s face, which he has no doubt will turn into a snug berth of about £1,000 a year. Punch will wait a short time to see how the ministry will treat him,—if badly, Sir Allan McNab may reckon on him as a warm supporter for the future.

SONGS OF THE SESSION!

No. I.—Airs,—*Yankee Doodle.*

Old McNab — you queer old crab,
Hincks — you dreadful humbug,
Mr. Blake — you Irish drake,
Vansittart’s cleared the Stone Jug
Col. Gogy loves the Press,
As Parsons love the Bible,
Let him say a word of Punch,
We’re ready with a libel.

Hurrah! for humbug, everywhere,
May Chisselling reach perfection,
Send fighting men to Parliament,
Nor care for fair election.

You members all who parley French,
(And never wash your faces.)
’Twere better if you staid at home,
In your Pork and Whisky place.
When to Parliament you come,
All your wrongs to tell it,
Learn at least to write your name,
And afterwards to spell it.

Hurrah! for humbug, everywhere,
May chisselling reach perfection,
Send fighting men to Parliament,
Nor care for fair election.

PARLIAMENTARY VOCABULARY.

Punch, in his anxiety to create a taste for refinement among the members of the House of Assembly, and wishing to aid all energetic speakers, intends to publish a Vocabulary for the use of members;—he gives the following expressions, which he has no doubt will be found useful, if the debate on the rebellion losses gets to a fight, as he fully expects:—

“You’re a liar,—
“You’re another,—
“Mr. Speaker, I—
“Go to the—
“Sir, you grin like a deranged Hyena!—
“You’re a maniac Kangaroo—
“Sit down—
“Hit him on the head,—
“Certainly.

☞ *Thursday Evening, quarter to six.*—We stop the Press to say, they are fighting!

BOARD AND LODGING.

The French Members of “The House,” are hereby offered board and lodging, in a quiet back Street, where they may pay for their eating and drinking, by chopping fire-wood for a charitable institution.

Punch begs to call attention to the above Advertisement, knowing the desire these Honorable Gentlemen have to bring back their little savings to their poor families.

£23,000!!! REWARD!!!

Mr. Punch, in his desire to obtain favor with the present Ministry, and to add his testimony to the general belief that all Canadians are *humbugs*—offers the above reward to all peaceably disposed persons who will aid in the profitable and agreeable pastime of killing any given number of Her Majesty’s troops, some fine summer’s morning that he will appoint. He will also pay a hundred weight of Californian Gold, as soon as he gets back from the diggings, to Messrs. Nelson, Papineau, and MacKenzie, if they will forthwith set fire to their old Shantys, and transfer their claims on Government to him.

NEVER DESPAIR.

It was a great day for St. Hyacinthe, and the speculative *Canucks* of that thriving locality, when a certain Scotch Cremona Lord wended his steps there lately, to tell the stove-dried *Merchants*, (save the mark,) that they were a great and glorious community—an example to all nations—a people to be remembered in history—a set of men to whom T. B. Macauley must devote, at least, one volume of his future History of Canada, for their efforts in completing 48 miles of as lazy a railway as ever smoked. Never despair, Americans,—come across the line, and behold this noble work. Old England, return to your blundering old *Stage Coaches*; the *Canucks* have put your pipes—(steam)—out.

NEW DISCOVERIES.

Sir Allan McNab has *discovered* (thro’ Mr. Hincks) that he was the cause of the last Canadian Rebellion.

Mr. Vansittart has *discovered* that after doing as he was advised by her Majesty’s Solicitor General, that her Majesty’s Prime Minister has kicked him out of his situation.

Lord Elgin is endeavouring to discover who the present Governor General of Canada is.

Punch has *discovered*, with much difficulty that *two* of the French Members of the Legislative Assembly can *write their own names*. Hurrah!

FOUND.

Near the House of Assembly, a brown paper parcel, containing two loaves of black bread, and six dried herrings,—supposed to be the property of some of the French Members—probably the provisions for the session. The owner can have it by applying at the Punch Office.

N. B.—Whoever calls, is expected to be suitably attired.

BOURRET vs. BYRON.

The “Desert for a dwelling-place.”
’Twas Byron’s wish—but sure the charm
Its power had lost, if once he’d crossed
That dismal waste—the drear Place d’Armes!

TOO BAD.

Why do the ladies in Canada prefer the Winter season?
Because their lips are often chapped.
Punch seized the chap who uttered this vulgar pun, and sent him to Gross(e) Isle.

PRINCELY IDEA.

Of what modern General do our Parliamentary debates remind you? asked Col. Prince of Sir Allan.
General Wrangel, of course.

STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Since the opening of Parliament, Geese are numerous in Montreal, and report says previous to Mr. Vansittart’s case being heard the Members all lived on fowl, which prevented them from acting fairly.

Vegetables are fresh from their sellers and any quantity of apples, can be got by applying at Monklands.

WANTED!—Professors of the Art of Self-defence
Apply at the House of Assembly.



A PROBABLE CONTINGENCY!

TIM.—Yath'r Teddy avic hwhare are you goan hwhy?

TEDDY.—Faix an' its just goan to imigrate sthraight back home I am — bekase if I stop in Kenada they'll be for makin' a Legislatyve Counciller of me — and I was brought up among dacent people, sure!

PITY THE POOR CABMEN!

OF all the social miseries by which we are surrounded, none appeals more forcibly to our sense of compassion, than the distress so heartily, yet so meekly endured by that meritorious class of our community, the Cab-drivers — or vernacularly — Carters. We allude not so much to the bodily sufferings endured by them upon the dreary stand; for the Cab-man, whether sweltering beneath the burning summer's sun, or parrying with mitened fists the sharp and telling facers of pugnacious old Gaffer frost, has that within him which enables him to defy the mere physical hardships so nobly shared by him with his gallant steed. But who shall tell of the amount of mental agony endured by the poor fellows, in their hopeless, thankless and unceasing task, of endeavoring to persuade obstinate foot-passengers into indulging in a shillings'-worth of carriage exercise! We have seen four or five of these energetic men vainly vying with each other in the painful duty of bringing one fat passenger to a sense of his situation; till hoarse and exhausted by their clamorous chorus of "I spoke first, sir,—Cab, sir, Cab!" they have fallen hopelessly back upon their well-worn cushions, in meek resignation to the cold contempt of a callous public.

As a slight alleviation of their ceaseless toils, we would suggest the use of a speaking trumpet, of large dimensions, constructed so as to work upon a swivel, after the fashion of a punt duck-gun.—Repose will thus be combined with action, to a certain extent; and the brave Cab-man, without leaving his box, can sharply project his monosyllabic "Cab!" against the tympan of the distant pedestrian.

At this inclement season of the year, it would be a work of philanthropy to establish a Society for the supplying of wristbands or comforters for these poor fellows. Iron has been feelingly suggested as the best fabric for the article in question; and patterns may be had gratis, at the principal Station House of the Police.

THE FANCY BALL.

MR. PUNCH would not be worsted in his intentions, and therefore wound himself up to the ball rolled at the Canadian Public by the Officers of the Garrison. He will now endeavor to unravel the twisted skein of his ideas of the Visitors and their Costumes, although the confusion, in his mind, occasioned by the squeezes of hands he received from the ladies, is rather opposed to clearness of memory; he, however, distinctly recollects that Col. Gagy entered the room as Prime Minister in distant perspective. Punch regrets this gentleman should have been annoyed by Mr. Stevens, the Spirit of the Press, who lost no opportunity of digging him in the ribs; an action was only prevented by the active interference of the Colonel's lately acquired supporter, Monsieur L. J. Papineau in the costume of Policeman, No. 10. Mr. Vansittart as a persecuted gentleman, bore himself with meekness,—and Colonel Prince looked well as an Indian Chief returning from the fight with numerous sympathising scalps. Mr. J. Ashworth evidently thought himself a card, and Dr. Wolfred Nelson appeared as an Odeltown Volunteer of '37. Mr. Hincks was disguised as a gentleman of the nineteenth century and Lord Elgin as his shadow.

We refer our readers to the "Herald," for a satisfactory explanation of the following costumes.

Ladies of Quadrille (search the map), in the costume of Louis the 1740th. Mr. Pigg-on a court dress. A lorn McDougall from the Highlands. Master Dynely as a German pheasant. Ladies of the nineteenth century — Hon. P. McGill, Major Annette as 19th Self. Mr. Collum as I-dont-no-ooo of the Upper Lakes. Mr. Pilkington as General Louis 13th. Mr. Geddes as a Moorish fake-away with the song of "Nix my Dolly's" (chop house). P. Duchesney, chief of the Abednegos. Mr. Horace Wickstead as a poker. Mr. DePaybuski-bosky as a lady and gentleman. Mr. Walcott commanding a French courtier. Miss Clark as Lady Clementine of Venice! Mr. Aspinall; how! not in costume! (cold weather, eh?) Mr. Coffin, as Sheriff of the Tomb. Mr. Jos. Lee as Moses Shakespeare. Mr. Johnson as a lallah Rook. Let this crow be sent to the Natural History Society.

We are sorry to observe the want of gallantry on the part of our Telegraphic reporting contemporary of the Herald, who asserts that many of the ladies at the ball were plain. Oh! Shame!

After the first Quadrille, Rude Boreas blew down the Hall, and Punch, in the whirlwind, with the rest of the ladies and gentlemen, was blown into the period of Louis XIV!

The Gazette hopes this will not be the last ball of this description. Punch hopes the next description of the ball will be better!

TO THE MARE OF QUEBEC.

SOR,—Their be a good lot of us ould sailors left behind from hour ships hear at thie present time, and we makes so bold as to ax your honor, if there be hany chance of hour getting grub for the winter. We three that since this paper to your honor, was advised by Mr. O'Flaherty of hour bording house at the Cove, to happily to what he calls the Comishners who discharge sailors here! We did so. When we comes before them, my messmate Bill watch tips me the wink, gives his hat a slew, and says, all right, I knose the ould gent that leads the van, heel return some of the over-charged fifteen penses that we used to pay for hour discharges; but it was no go, he woud have no call to us, no how whatesmdeavor, as we had had hour discharges, and had paid the nice young man with the butifal black hat. Mr. O'Flaherty says he dos all the work, but the ould Gents takes all the money, but Mr. Mare, woud you believe it, they threatend us with a Policeman, and told us to get a way as fast as we coud, but never told us how, but manys the time and oft, have these said Gents had a call upon us, when discharged here from hour ships, for what they calld two shillings for every man discharged, but Bill Watch says these shillings goes for fifteen penses in this here country, but we can say nothing against these Gents now, being so good-natured, generus and chicken-harted to poor Jack, that we do believe for the last year or two, we have only had to pay one 15d. in place of two. What is the cause can't say at present, but Mr. O'Flaherty tells us that one Captain Slyson, (in a very unmannerly manner) threatend the law upon-em, and one fifteen pense was docked off without any more to do, (it was through a mistake, no doubt.) We was thinking of seting the sailers true friend to work, he may make them shel-out; if so, weel live pon nothing but Turkeys and Gees all the winter, with lots of objioyful to wash them down. If he fails, (which he does at times,) we must thro ourselves upon a genus public, and live pon ox check, if we can get it; there will be only one chance left to us, Mr. Mare, we red it in a newspaper some time ago, and we ax it you as a grate favor to recomend us to the basket concern, as we understand ther is to be a cargo of them to be shipd in the Spring for Califerne. Bill and I can turn hour hands to anything, but poor Done Brown is best at turning a dead i, or spinning a long yarn about a ship he sailed in called the Gaffend, that used to run away with every body but the Skipper, and he was wonst obliged to clip her wings by cutting away her masts, to stop her. Done is also a captul hand at a song. Lor bless you, Mr. Mare, if you was for to hear him sing the Bay of Bisky, O, and O where and O where, and the Flying Gaffend, how she reed from her keel off the coast of Siri, O, how the boys, with all ther noise, behaved at the seeg of Acre, O, how the Turks, with all ther works, were blown up in their City, O, how the kings gave very fine things, but only to the Skippers, O, and 150 others too tejus to mention. You may ax us, Mr. Mare, why we dont go to law, and get those fifteen penses back again, but we tells you what, Sur, we poor Jacks never finds no law here but broomstick law, cased off at times with a little limejuice law, for wat between the Gents of the law, the Skippers, Comishners, Marine Hospital, Police, the Shipping Office, the Crimps, the bording house keepers, (mind you, we except Mr. O'Flaherty,) 'tis hard work to keep the shirt and trowsers pon us, and when we goes up to the big house, top of the hill, to make a complaint agin our Skippers, to that big Gent with a red face, he very kindly gives us the back of his hand to kiss, with a month's board and lodgin free gratis for nothing. Bill says he's a fine hirish Gentleman, and lays down the law to poor Jack in such a way that nobody whatsomdeavor can mistake him. Bill is wishing that he might be coming from the Westinges next summer, that he might bring him a fine lively Turtle, that he knose from the cut of his Jib that he is mighty fond of Turtle, but Bill, am sorry to say hees too much of the blarney about him, and you musent mind all he says. The real matter of the case is this, Mr. Mare, if we dont get work in the Basket line, we have made up onr minds to signe a round robbin to the Governor that he may take steps to have the money returned. We now pologise to you, Mr. Mare, for this long yarn, but bein in such grate distress, we hopes you will take pity pon us, and shew to the Governor and the public, that something may be done for our distressed case.

We are, your honor's humble servant, to command,

NED DOVERTOPAY,
BILL WATCH, DONE BROWN.

CROISADE CONTRE LA LUXE.



A Lady of Longueuil as she is in 1849!

FIGHTING INTELLIGENCE.

Her Majesty's gallant and loyal troops have been again victorious in India,—all honour to the brave, says Punch. The laurel shall bloom o'er the tombs of the fallen; but Punch can't help thinking if those who fell were loyal men, it will be just as well if they never get up again. Loyalty is at a discount,—particularly in Canada, a slight difference of opinion appears to exist as to the meaning of the word loyalty. Sir Allan McNab labours under the delusion that he acted loyally in defending the Queen's Government, from the rebels of 1837 and 8. Dr. Nelson and others are about to be convinced by that government, in the shape of large sums of money that they acted loyally in kicking up the said rebellion. Punch wishes to know which of the parties were really loyal, and like the hero of St. Eustache, — pauses for a reply? The members of the house were very near deciding the question on last Thursday night, by a fair stand up fight, and really got to a few very pretty specimens of milling. Want of space prevents Punch from giving a list of the black eyes, and bloody noses on that occasion. When the news of the fight reached as far up Notre-dame Street as Lord Nelson's column, that gallant veteran jumped from his high position, and squeezing himself thro' the balustrades of the Champ-de-Mars, bolted across the country. Volunteers of 1837, up and after him, bring back to Montreal this last respectable and dilapidated remnant of loyalty.

GENERAL CONTENTMENT.

Punch congratulates Mr. Hincks, and the rest of the official big-wigs, on their successful efforts in creating a general feeling of content and pleasure, amongst all classes throughout Canada.—The measure which they have proposed to hurry thro' the house, to compensate all rebellious vagabonds, that were unjustly burnt out for merely shooting loyal well disposed people, shows at once the desire that men in power have to conciliate all classes. This is the true way to render a people peaceful and content. Reward rebels and loyalists equally,—favour to no man. Should any wish to know Mr. Punch's political opinions, he begs they will not enquire until he sees how much Dr. Nelson is paid for kicking up a revolution!



A Lady of Longueuil as she will be in 1850!

THE MEMBER FOR DRUMMOND.

Punch does not think that amongst all the intelligent and reasonable members, that constitute that enlightened body, the House of Assembly, there is one who is listened to with so much satisfaction, and whose remarks carry so much weight as those of Mr. Watt the member for Drummond. The Honorable gentleman is rather fond of startling incidents, and expressed a strong desire, a few days back, that Sir Allan McNab would oblige him with the particulars of the horrid murders, committed during the late rebellion. Will nobody lend this gentleman the Newgate Calendar?

AN INVITATION.

Mr. W. Lyon McKenzie is requested to return to his disconsolate friends, when all past errors will be forgiven.

N. B. W. L. McK. had better bring back a revolving pistol, as there is no knowing what turn affairs may take.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEMAIDS.

WANTS A SITUATION, for May, eighteen hundred and fifty—a Provincial Dragoon.

GOOD CREDIT.

The following praiseworthy precaution, has been taken by a Shopkeeper of this city, who has posted a notice in his window in these words, "Credit given to gentlemen, cash expected from members of Parliament.

PUNCH TO HIS ONE SUBSCRIBER.

The liberality of feeling and the modesty of manner, which induced a highly spirited gentleman at St. Johns, to inclose a year's subscription, entitles him to any amount of gratitude. Punch can never die, but he may be so disgusted with things in general, as to retire into private life; in this case will his one subscriber dine with him every Sunday during the year of subscription, and in the meantime, induce some bosom friend to become Subscriber, No. 2.

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