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**TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!**

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

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

**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.

Orders always attended to 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 "Maître 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 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 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. 21, Notre Dame Street. June 1, 1849.

**WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depot!**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**John Orr,** NOTRE DAME STREET, has come, stantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, **choicest Brands of Segars,** in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panetellas, Galaces, Jupiters, LaDeceades, 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, Sran, 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, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gun-grease, 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, can possibly be genuine, unless "BRACH & HARRICOTT, 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 establishments offer them 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 Felts at 25s.
- Satin Vests in every color and style, at 6s. 9d.
- Spring 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 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 wishes to terminate the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of doing it.

## FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

From Miss J. M. Stubbs, to her friend, Mrs. Mary Brown.

M—k—ds, July 1, 1849.

Dear Mrs. Brown;

Did, folks but know,  
Afore they leaves their native dwellings  
To wander in this land of snow,  
All that I am now a-telling;  
Could they but see me as I vere,  
The werry pink and pride of Popham,  
And as I is— oh! then my dear  
If this ere pictur didn't stop 'em,  
And make 'em rest at home contented,  
They're blind, or deaf, or else demented!

You recollects, in coorse, the day,  
Ven as the wessel slipped away,  
I left yourself, and Jane, and Jerry,  
A-shedding tears upon the wherry;  
Oh! could I then, my blessed dear,  
Have pictur'd all I've suffered here—  
No, not his Lordships' bottled portler  
Had tempted me to cross the vater!

But vot are vimmen van afloat?  
Veak and yielding at the stomach;  
Them may love a ship or boat  
Who's passed their childhood in a hammock;  
But as for me dear Mrs. Brown,  
Ven fust I felt the wessel heaving,  
And saw the masts go up and down,  
I had no power or time for breathing:  
For there I laid upon my pillow,  
Without a voice to cheer my soul,  
Or friendly eye to watch the billow  
And tell me ven the ship would roll.  
Oh! could you but have seen me then,  
A-growing veaker day by day,  
Exposed to all them sailor men,  
A-heaving of my strength away,  
I'll vager my two golden ducats,  
Your tender tears had flowed in buckets!

But that is gone—the past is past,  
As Birum says, the comic joker!  
Ve only lost our mizen-mast,  
And vun poor soul in Jones's locker—  
The last a little boy of seven,  
Eat up by cods, and now in heaven!

But leave this team; you know, dear Brown,  
How pleasant I was, placid in town:  
Lawks! had a hangel come deceiving,  
And axed me if I thought of leaving,  
I didn't think—upon my bonnet,  
I didn't think I'd look upon it.  
But vimmen's veakest at our ages,  
And twenty pounds is pretty wages—  
Consider too my blessed girl,  
How vell it looks to serve an Earl!

But, bleas me! if I had but know'd it,  
If any body could have showed it—  
If I had heard a spectre say,  
"Jane Martha Stubbs dont go away,"  
Or if I'd dream't like Hannah Pinsky,  
Who seed her John's fust wife in Chiney  
I do believe I'd been quite frantic,  
To have gone and crossed that wide Atlantic!

But, teare must cease:— You've read, my dear,  
Vot horrid kickups happened here:  
Oh! Mary love, you would have melted  
To see our John and Joseph pelted;

Two new coats and bright new plushes  
Is spiled with mud and filthy slushes;  
It's quite enough, my dear, to sicken  
Any vun of eating chicken;  
The werry site of laying fowls  
Cramps his Lordship in the bowels!

But that is over: John's dear legs  
Is purified from rotten eggs,  
And Joe, dear Joe, a hangel vich is,  
Has vashed and dyed his crimson breeches.  
But vurse from vurse is often kimming,  
And so it is vith us poor vimmen—  
No longer scared by stones and guns  
His Lordship vants to make us nuns;  
Whilst John and Joe, by his desires,  
Is turned two shaven headed friars!

Yes, truth is truth, dear Mary Brown,  
Ve's banished from the world and town;  
No more for us like pealing thunder,  
The turnpike gates is throwed aquader;  
No more for us the martial air  
Vich vibrates in Dalhousie Square,  
No more for us reviews and races  
And lifted hats and smiling faces:  
The chariots' still, the horses—drat 'em;  
Is got so fat as oats vont fat 'em;  
The door that not a foot infringes  
Is dull and heavy on its hinges;  
The grass has growed so high that Abel  
Vos lost in going to the stable;—  
The cattle's vild—the cows refuses  
To let you milk 'em ven you chooses;  
The Pigs has eatez up our Fairy,  
And seems inclined to try Aunt Mary;  
The werry pigeons, poor dumb creaturs,  
Is startled now by human featur;  
The butcher brings no joint or quarter,  
But leaves his basket vith the porter;  
The werry baker man, of late,  
Is ordered not to pass the gate;  
Ve eats in silence, like the Jews,  
But vot ve eats ve does not chew;  
Ve gets no gossip vith our teas;  
There's nothing stirring in the cheese;  
Mourful is starch—and yellow soap  
Brings not a wrinkle nor a hope;  
All, all is silent—werry quiet,  
Ever since that horrid riot!

And then the nites, the horrid nites,  
It's vurse than bugs as sucks and bites;  
No sooner does ve quench our tapers,  
Than old McCord begins his capers;  
A red nosed man, dear Mrs. Brown,  
Employed to put the Tories down;  
Laet nite he sent us vord to say  
That sixty men vos in our hay,  
And ven the so'gers vent to see,  
'Twas our old cat—a tabby she—  
A wartuous mother—first-rate mouser,  
And them 'ere wagherons to rouse her!  
No vunder that my Lord should quake,  
And fret, and have the stomach-ache!—  
Enough to turn vun's flesh to stone  
To have that red nose near vun's own!

But Mary, love, I must adieu—  
My griefs is many—joys is few;  
With best respects to Mr. Jarvis,  
Hoping he's happy in the sarvice;  
Also love to Jane and Sue—  
The saints protect and prosper you!—  
The vicked saints vich only snubs  
Your werry wretched

MARTHA STUBBS.

## PUNCH'S PROPHECIES.



WE have marvelled much, and pondered deeply, over some very remarkable predictions which have lately appeared in the mystic column of the *Moniteur*. We say, the 'mystic column,' because we understand that our con-

temporary will, for the future, have one exclusively devoted to the promulgations of such announcements, as his *avant courier* into the region of coming events may think proper to transmit to him, from time to time. Punch felt a painful sense of his inferiority, as he fed like a caterpillar on the mysterious sibylline leaves thus provided for his summer's sustenance. It was, in fact, a sort of lobster salad of sibylline leaves—retaining a certain fishiness of flavor, in spite of the mustard and garlic of the *Moniteur's* sauce.

And Punch felt particularly small. Out of all his contributors, not one could pretend to rank as a prophet; he, himself, indeed, had more than once thought of turning his attention to reading off the back-action telegraph of the future. He had heard of the Highland Seers, who, by looking through a hole in a thread-bare plaid, beheld, as in a diorama, all the predestined vicissitudes of a chequered existence—bright, of course, or the reverse, according to the pattern of the prophetic tartan; and, with prompt determination to "do or die," did he fish up from secret recesses where the moth delighteth to nidificate, an ancient and venerable waistcoat, of the fabric popularly known as Shepherd's Plaid. With considerable trepidation, Punch applied his left eye to the right-arm-hole of the garment, and was much startled at beholding what he, at first, took to be a vision of the British Lion, picking his royal teeth with an ivory tooth-pick. A second glance, however, assured us that it was only our dog Toby, picking a bone. Furious at being thus imposed on, Punch exclaimed, in the best dog-latin he could muster for the occasion—*pune canem ex!* Our boy, catching the inspiration of the moment, albeit not of high classical attainments, directly understood the classical mandate; and Toby was ignominiously expelled from the apartment, to finish his anatomical pursuits in humberly regions. Confidence being restored, Punch varied the plan of his proceedings, by applying his right eye to the left arm-hole of the vaticinal vest; but he could get no further from the world around him, than the stuffed woodpecker on the mantel-piece, which nearly fell to pieces from the intensity of his gaze. To the button holes, then, in rotation, did he apply his protruding peepers—looking through two of them with one eye, and one of them with two eyes, and winking at the future in the most winning and confidential manner; but without success, until he reached the mystic number of seven. Through that charmed and particularly well worn aperture, Punch beheld curious visions of coming events—foreshadowings of the future, political, domestic and personal; much of which he feels himself called upon to suppress—assuring those highly respectable families in whose destinies he now considers himself as holding a vested right, (by virtue of the waistcoat,) that their futures are securely stowed away in Punch's own iron safe—fire-proof to a miracle, and patented to the extreme verge of human ingenuity. To assuage the fever of public curiosity, however, certain revelations will be made; and anxious readers are here presented with a few selections, illustrative of

## WHAT PUNCH SAW THROUGH THE SEVENTH BUTTON-HOLE.

At a great concert of music, a snob sitteth doggedly on his chair, while all around rise with enthusiasm at the strains of the National anthem—the time-honored cadences of "God save the Queen." Subsequently the same snob, as the jingle of the *Marseillaise* ringeth upon his disorganised ear, jumpeth up and shouteth with much vulgar gesticulation, and is promptly knocked down and kicked by an Anglo-saxon bystander. Seven snobs, worse than the first, rush to the rescue, and are all knocked down and kicked, successively, by the Anglo-saxon; being eventually taken away in cabs by several men in blue, with short sticks.—Let the Snobs beware of an Anglo-saxon of no particular height

and made in proportion; dressed after a prevailing fashion, and having a buckle on his hat-band.

Horses will be offered for sale, at a low figure, about Laprairie, before the plain is pipe-clayed by the hand of winter. Cavalry accoutrements will occasionally decorate the windows of Montreal pawnbrokers; and men with moustaches will return to their ancient and congenial employment of digging canals. Tully will rave furiously in the City Council; and much ridicule will be heaped upon him by one who is now residing in comparative obscurity. Fortin, beware!—a stumbling horse deprived a kingdom of its monarch, and a tightened crupper may give a horseman a wet jacket.

An English Nobleman, in disguise, will call for a gin-cock-tail at the bar of Donegan's. He will pay for it with a Mexican dollar; receiving back in change, the sum of four shillings and nine pence halfpenny Halifax currency; and he will politely request the waiter to "pocket the odd browns."

Mr. B. Maguire will be presented with a piece of plate, by three American gentlemen, who proceed in his cab to the Laprairie Steamboat. It will be of silver, circular in form—bearing upon one side the effigy of Her Most gracious Majesty, and on the obverse a mystic inscription, purporting to set forth its value; which will amount to exactly twelve pence sterling. (Punch rather mistrusts this description of a *trente-sous*, as it is a good while since he has seen one.)

A young lady of the most fascinating beauty, accompanied by servants bearing coffers of untold gold, will throw herself at the feet of Punch, confessing unlimited affection for him on the strength of his portrait, and offering her hand and gold. On being told that Punch is already a Benedick, she will break out into the most heart-rending lamentations; and will be borne away in a state of hopeless insanity—advocating bigamy, and heaping terrible oburgations on the head of the unoffending Judy.

The above may be taken as fair samples of the glimpses which Punch had into futurity. He may have been deceived by the button-hole, and he may not; time, alone, can tell—and the tailor who originally worked the waistcoat, must incur his share of the responsibility. But of this Punch is confident—that he can see quite as far, through a button-hole, as the cock-sybil of the *Moniteur* can through a mill-stone; and he hereby challenges that individual to go through a course of prophecies with him, for a hamper of Torry's champagne, to be drunk beforehand.

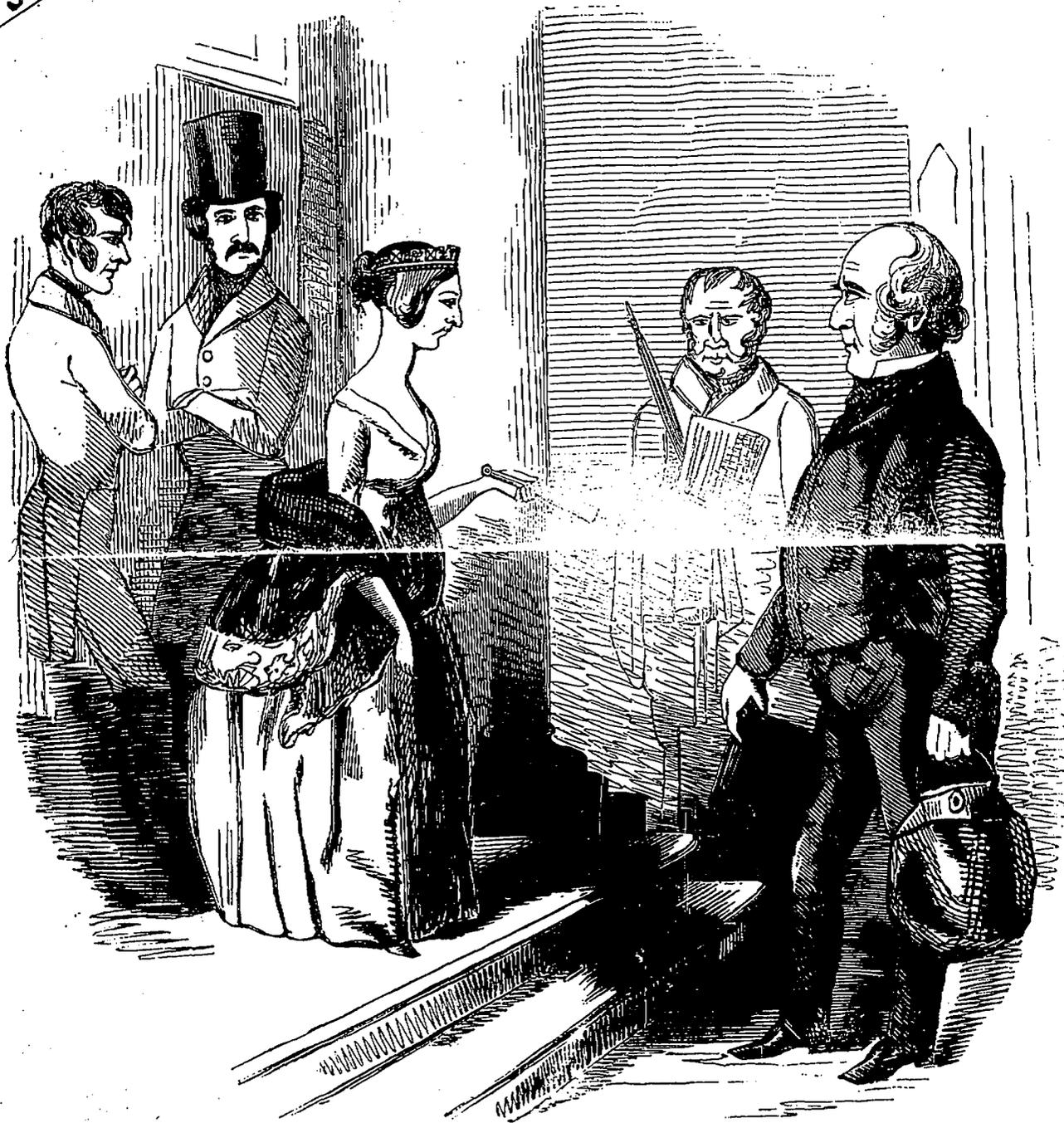
N. B. In making this bet, Punch thinks it but honorable to mention that, he took another peep through the seventh button-hole, and saw himself winning it.

## A SHIFT FOR A DINNER.



"Ah then! you owdacious epicurayan thief o' the worl'd, couldn't you let me ould shemee alone!"

By C. D. Sharkey. N.Y.



## A SCENE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

*Her Most Gracious Majesty.* Sir Allan MacNab and Mr. William Cayley!—I regret that it is out of our power to offer you any accommodations at present, our only spare room being just now occupied by Mr. Francis Hincks.



## METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

*Taken during the late hot Weather.*

BY OUR DISSIPATED CONTRIBUTOR.

**T**ALK of Fahrenheit indeed! it's nothing to the heat here. The largest sherry-cobbler tube that ever suggested suction, couldn't contain the small dose of mercury that struggles to escape from our aggravated thermometer. Young Green, who dresses his head every morning as he would a salad, had it nearly converted into mock-turtle, the other day, from the simmering action of the temperature upon the Rowland's sauce.

I haven't shaved for a fortnight—and why?—because my razors have been constantly red hot since the setting in of this torrid season; and the depilatory process is converted into one of cauterising, or singeing. There is a smoke and a whizz, as of distant battle, whilst I steer my razor, like a red hot fire-ship, through an archipelago of carbuncles upon my billowy chin. The present lurid state of the atmosphere, is said to be caused by the burning forests in the surrounding country. Don't believe it, but rest satisfied with the conviction that it arises from the diurnal singeing of the bristles of the million.

Metliank the man who keeps a meteorological table in this weather, should have it supplied with many varieties of cool and cunning drinks. You should make the sherry-cobbler a vehicle for useful knowledge; sucking in iced science to appease the thirst for learning which burns within you. Botany may be studied in mint-juleps; and the chemical action of alcohol upon vegetable matter, may be tested by the agreeable combination of a brandy-smash with a genuine Havannah.

Chemically speaking, man is "held in solution" by the present atmospheric condition. "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," said one of the warmest of our bards. But here, though words might burn, I defy thoughts to breathe. The only sounds pronounceable are the liquids, and even they should be used only in calling for drinks. They may talk of the liquid euphony of the Italian tongue—but what is the 'La ci darem' of the opera, to the 'Gurgle gurgle blot' of a cool cobbler?

The *Transcript* tells us that there is a nebulous spot visible upon the sun's disc—perceptible through a smoked glass, during all the hours of day-light. I went to Donegana's immediately, and ordered a smoked glass. They recommended Scotch whisky—cold without. Tried it, without success—rather foggy perhaps. Repeated the prescription many times, and found I could see nothing. Disgusted with the *Transcript's* mendacity, "I turned and left the spot." N. B. Advice to the Sun. Try McClosky, Scourer and Dyer. No. 187, Notre Dame Street.—Spots removed at a moment's notice.

Who has vigor enough left, in him to light a lucifer match?—Who has the moral courage, combined with the physical strength, requisite for the indispensable processes of buttoning and unbuttoning? O! that the odious conventionality of dressing "full fig," might be rendered literally, as of yore by our ancestors in the orchard of Eden. Perhaps it was from that primitive state of the fashions, that we have derived the popular metaphor of "turning over a new leaf."

"What is it in the shade now?" is the question of the day: the only one that interests the lawyer, the soldier, the merchant and the politician. Even my permanent dun has forgotten his clock-work invitation to "cash up," in the all-absorbing query suggested by the heat of the moment. What is it in the shade!—the words should be adapted to the music of an African melody.—Might not the "How stands the glass around, my boys?" of General Wolfe, have had reference to the state of the thermometer, in prophetic anticipation of the hot work before him?

Man is said to be a worm. He has also been compared to a vapour, and paralleled with various vegetable productions—but I say he is a thermometer. He rests in the shade, and cold for ever is the mercury in the comfortless tube of his existence. But let him bask in the sunshine of popular favor—a "rising young man" in the genial summer radiance of the great—and straightway his looks, his words and his movements, are consulted as eagerly as ever were the indications of the thermometer which hangs in Townsend's porch.

Thinking makes us thirsty—our reflections are refracted upon us with consuming vigor. A writer in these serious days of Sirius the dog-star, should imbibe by paragraphs and punctuate with pints. 'Tis my ninth paragraph—familiar! fetch me my ninth inspiration—soda-water, this time, with a sketch of Martel in it, to warm the tint. Who waits without there? "Please sir it's the boy from Punch, come for the illustrated article which you promised them for this week." Illustrated article be particularly well—smashed! Come hither, O boy of Punch!—absorb precepts of wisdom while yet in thy earliest corduroy-hood—be a good boy, or rather good boys—for distinctly do I perceive two Punch boys vibrating before me—let no dulcet strain of inspired barrel-organ prolong thy loiterings; but return incontinently to thy employers, and convey unto them that no illustrated article shall they have from me this week—for I am rather drunk, and—and—and my cigar wont draw.

## FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

Coats are worn very much on the backs of chairs; except in cases where the dorsal portion of the waistcoat is too much run to seed. Collars are remarked as being unusually limp this season; and, from being very often pulled up by hand, they assume a thumbed appearance which is looked upon as very *distingué*. Braces hang idly on their own hooks, along with the superseded snow-shoes and moccasins of last winter; and the union between waistbands and waistcoats has been repealed—a large portion of neutral linen being visible in the intervening territory. Hats are out in great variety, this summer; and of all colors—the gaudiest and most fantastic being universally seen upon the emptied heads. Beads, in many instances, are worn upon the forehead; and sometimes, particularly after dinner, the nose is adorned by a shower of diamonds, which have a pleasing effect when seen through the blue mist of many cigars. Gloves are worn by the fastidious; but the economical exquisite prefers having his hands tanned—an operation which costs nothing, and makes them look like leather. Cut-away coats are much affected by those proceeding to California, as well as by persons bound for the Levant; and the process of fumigating them liberally with cigar or cavendish smoke, is much resorted to. In patterns, an attempt has been made, of late, to introduce a combination of stars and stripes; but they speedily became very *gentish*, and we have seen nothing of them since the fourth of July. In the French quarters of the town, moustaches are in full cultivation, and there has been no change in linen since last month. The juvenile fashions for Griffintown continue much the same as heretofore—a tight, flesh-colored costume being much in request, and having a very picturesque effect amongst the verdant pools of that vicinity.

## MYSTERIOUS.

We have been requested to give insertion to the following dark and secret communication! incomprehensible as it is to ourselves, and uninteresting as it must be to all of our readers except the immediate circle in which the owner of the mystical initials moves, yet how could we refuse to open our columns to the wounded spirit thus seeking a sanctuary within them? Besides we follow but the footsteps of the *Herald*, who treated the public, a few days since to a similar, and equally interesting announcement.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

After years of delay in procuring the lucifer matches, the hat-box has received from the tobacco-box the maximum of impertinence; proving that the latter, though generally considered up to snuff, is in the widest acceptance of the term, predestined to eventuate in smoke.

B. U. M.

"I'm *talled* it's true,"—as the old horse said when he was pulled up to pay the pike.

What mathematical figure does a row in a prison remind one of? A *quad* wrangle.

## INTERCEPTED TELEGRAPH REPORTS.

From the Montreal Correspondent of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*.

**B**y a peculiar electro-galvanic process of our own, we have been able to abstract from the wires, *in-transitu* for New York, the following startling communications, from the Montreal Correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer*.—Our proceeding may, perhaps, be looked upon as a sort of literary larceny; but particular circumstances demand prompt action; and the piracy will be deemed venial, on considering the incalculable benefits accruing therefrom to the Public of Montreal, who might, for many days, have languished in ignorance of what is hourly passing around them, but for the happily-arrested information thus clandestinely obtained, from the prolific correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer*.

The report is rather diffuse in its treatment, for a telegraphic despatch, and runs as follows:

Montreal, 25 July, 1849.

Forty five thousand people died here, of cholera, on Saturday last. As our population scarcely amounted to fifty thousand, you may suppose we are not very much crowded here, just now; but we keep up our spirits, nevertheless, and public amusements, particularly ten-pins, are prosecuted with much vigor. The Board of Health is dreadfully frightened—they will not publish reports; and Dr. Nelson actually shook hands with Papineau in the public street, saying that he wished to be on good terms with all men, for the present; and trusting that Papineau would forget all he had said about his having run away at St. Denis. The faculty have come to the conclusion that, annexation alone can put a stop to the ravages of this fearful malady. It is well known that since Texas has been taken by the American Government, the plague of grasshoppers there, which rivalled in numbers and ferocity those of Egypt, has ceased to devastate that region—those noxious animals being essentially aristocratic in their sympathies, and refusing to have any connexion whatever, with the enlightened republicans of your free soil. Should annexation produce the anticipated effect, we might be admitted into the union under some denomination commemorative of the event—and, as you have already a Green State, I would suggest the Blue State as very characteristic and suggestive under the circumstances. Indeed, "Collapseville, in the Blue State," would sound much better in our longing ears, than, "Montreal in Canada."

A nefarious transaction, one of the contingencies of the monarchical form of government, has just come to light in the Eastern Townships. Lord Mark Kerr, one of the *aides-de-camp* of the Governor General, has been detected travelling there in disguise, as an accredited spy in the pay of the Government here, and with the direct sanction of Lord Elgin. He was recognized by a tavern-keeper of Sherbrooke, who had seen him at a fancy-ball at Montreal, in the same costume as that worn by him in his character of secret agent. The peculiar slouched hat, partially concealing his features—the loose linen coat—the moustache—the cigar—all betrayed the foul and deceitful purpose which instigated his movement upon the Townships. Great stress, indeed, is laid upon the cigar, which is said to have been of quite a superior quality to those familiar to the inhabitants of the Townships, most of whom grow their own. And this, coupled with a peculiar method by which he was observed igniting it, would, in itself, have been sufficient to fasten suspicion upon him. But the matter was placed beyond doubt, and his mission as a spy proved to a demonstration, when he was observed with a *spy-glass*, removing the mountain of Memphramagog to within a convenient distance from his position—doubtless for some diabolical purpose, which has not, as yet, transpired. The whole country was, of course, in arms at once; and his Lordship was indebted for his life, to his skill in swimming—baulking his pursuers by dashing boldly into Lake Memphramagog, which is, here, upwards of forty miles in width; and breasting its waters in gallant style, until he landed safely upon the top of the Owls' Head, a mountain on the opposite shore. That a British nobleman should lend himself to such a disgraceful transaction—(Lord Mark Kerr is the eldest son of the Duke of Tarentum)—is another instance of the abuse of aristocratic

institutions; and an additional reason for precipitating our union with your great republic; or, indeed, for casting off the yoke of England upon any terms. The motive of the secret mission referred to, is supposed to have been something respecting the cultivation of sun-flowers, in connection with the payment of Rebellion losses.

## FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

From the *Court Journal*.

On Saturday last, the Honorable Francis Hincks accompanied His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, for the purpose of viewing his celebrated farming-stock. Having inspected the horned cattle, sheep and pigs, with all of which he expressed himself highly delighted, the Honorable Inspector General for Canada proceeded to make a survey of the ducks and geese—the latter of which, he felt himself bound to confess, were infinitely superior to some Colonial varieties of the same species, which he had left behind him, dabbling in the puddle of Canadian politics. In the afternoon they partook of the amusement of boating—when His Royal Highness requested Mr. Hincks to take the helm; saying that he had frequently heard of his great proficiency in the Pilot line. Mr. Hincks accepted the office, accordingly; steering with his accustomed grace and skill—and, upon being requested by His Royal Highness to "say something pleasant," he promptly asserted that Pilots in Canada were very subject to fits of the *Cramp*; whereat His Royal Highness laughed very heartily. But, upon the allusion being explained to him, he immediately looked grave, and said something serious about clergymen in connection with politics. In the evening they finished off with a game of loo, at which Mr. Hincks' superior knowledge of figures enabled him to acquit himself very handsomely. His Royal Highness was in excellent spirits, and said some capital things—amongst others that, Mr. Hincks' familiarity with figures should make him a good judge of Madame Tussauds' collection. The Honorable Inspector General for Canada applauded loudly, making at the same time a capital "loo."

On the same day, the Honorable W. Cayley was present at a *dejeuner a la fourchette*, given by the butler at Windsor Castle. Sir Allan Macnab was also invited, but declined, on the grounds of having a pre-engagement to pass the evening at Laurent's Casino. Mr. Cayley expressed himself much gratified at the character of the entertainment generally, as well as with the urbanity of his host, who took wine with him fourteen times. There were but few guests present in plain clothes; and the brilliancy of the uniforms, in which crimson plush struggled for the mastery with yellow serge, had a novel and pleasing effect upon the close-shaven green-sward. After exhibiting some feats of agility upon "the light fantastic toe," Mr. Cayley was conveyed in triumph to his lodgings at a late hour; attended by a select guard of honor armed with gold headed canes, and singing fashionable negro melodies.

## CURIOUS PHYSIOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.

It is said that, such is the panic excited amongst the colored population of Western Canada, by the contingency of annexation to the States, that all, or nearly all of them have turned perfectly white. If this is the case, it will give rise to a curious legal question; involving the necessity of proving that black may sometimes be white, and the reverse—In the musical world too, a change for the better may be expected; as the African melodies will have to be done a shade or two lighter than heretofore; and an accession of harmony may be expected, from the consequent fraternization between the white keys of the piano-forte, and their dark but not unmusical fellow-laborers.

A furious Annexationist, and Anti-French Canadian acquaintance of Punch's, calls the American Flag—"the rag that is destined to wipe out the French-Canadians, when the Americans come to scour the country."