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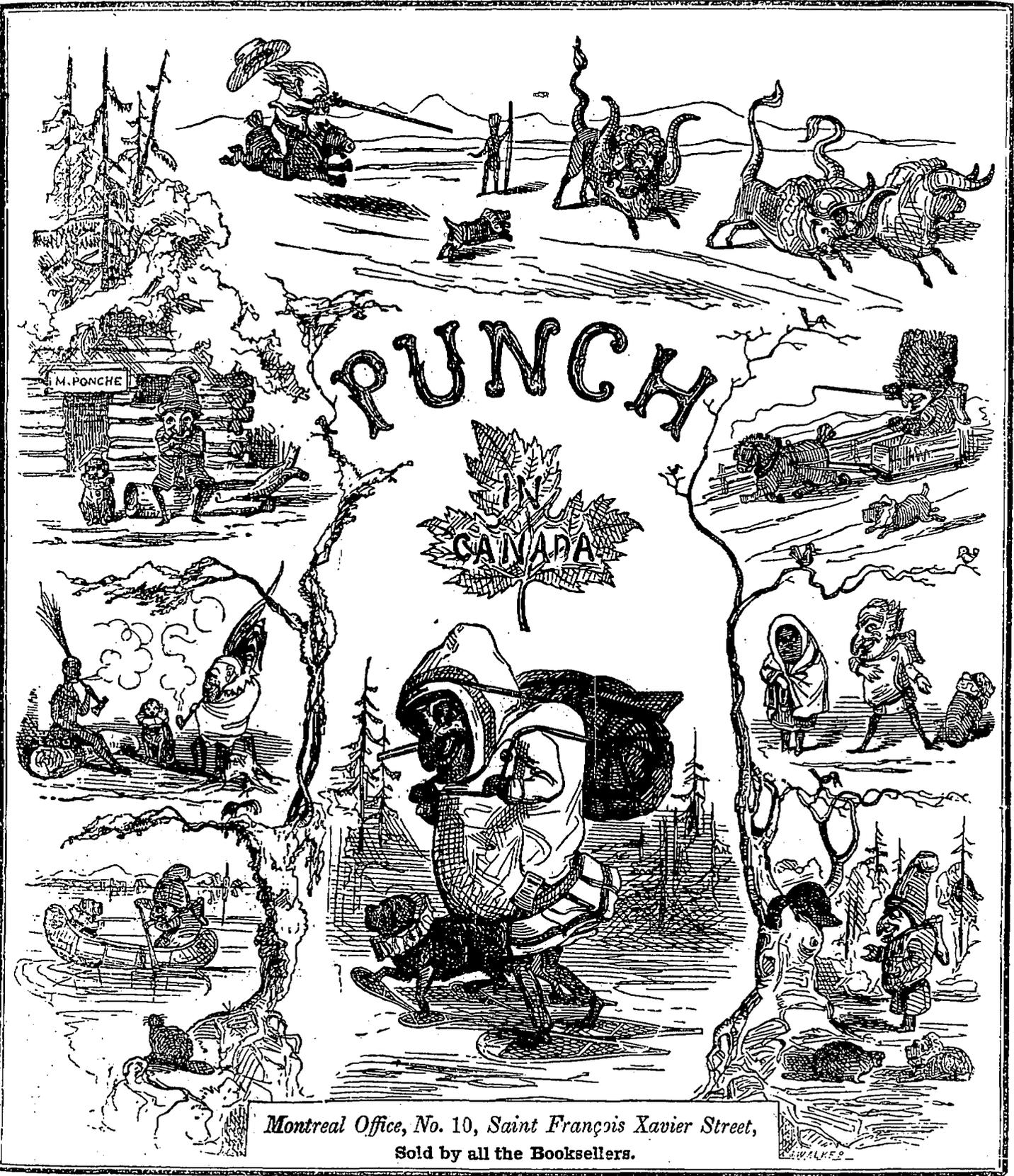
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**B. DAWSON**, BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, avails himself of the columns of Punch, to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place d'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where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

Vol. 1.—No. 19.]

October the 13th,

[PRICE, 4d.



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

**TO SPORTSMEN.**—For Sale, a couple of liver-colored Water-Spaniels, of a breed well known in the West of England, as staunch retrievers. They are 7 months old, and have been for some time in the hands of an experienced dog-breaker. Price 10 GUINEAS. Apply to F. S. at the *Courier Office*, if by letter, *post paid*.

**TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!**

Under the Patronage of the Honourable 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 medication 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, Frostbitas, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper. See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper. Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co, Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada. All Letters must be post-paid, and addressed Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

**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! It 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. POPE, as Superintendent, and Mr. COURTNEY, as Book-keeper. They also beg to say that, notwithstanding the superiority of their Hotel, their Charges are not higher than other respectable Hotels in town.

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

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

**YOUNG'S HOTEL,**  
HAMILTON.

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

**Compain's Restaurant,**  
PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'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 Triff 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 cuts, and hats, and fine array,  
For which he feared he could not pay;  
But in he went,  
And soon content,  
(For joy illumined all his phiz)  
A Summer suit,  
From head to foot,  
For twenty-two and six was his,  
How happy are they, who, when they can,  
Deal with Moss, cried the well-clad man,  
At his noted Store in the Street of St. Paul;  
Though other costs may keep out the wet,  
And you pay double price for all you get,  
A coat of famed Moss's is worth them all.

MOSS & BROTHERS,  
Tailors and General Out-fitters.

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

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

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

**WAR OFFICE! — Segar Depot!**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**John Orr**, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, *choicest Brands of Segars*, in every variety, comprising Regalins, Panettelas, Gulanes, Jupiters, LaDeso adas, 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 choicest Principles of the Brands of CRUZ & HYON, 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, scrofulous eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eye-balls, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s. 9d.

Observe!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BRACH & BARRICOTT, 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 \$6 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 short hours).

To enumerate the prices of their various goods, is almost superfluous, but they draw attention to their immense assortment 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 Pants at 2s.
  - 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.**

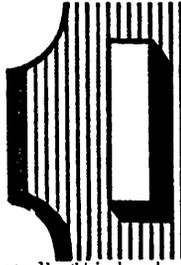
In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose, a remittance of one dollar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the reader to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies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

**To Present Subscribers.**

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

## THE VICE-REGAL PROGRESS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.



IN the Niagara District, his Excellency met with warm hospitality from a remarkable individual, known by the name of Greybiel—a corruption or mal-pronunciation of Grey Bill; and which, by an easy and natural transition into Bill Grey, affords a clue to the mutual fraternization of the distinguished personages in question. Were I possessed of the pencil of a Landseer, I could have furnished you with a portrait of the great Greybiel,—pen and ink can give but little of his *chiar-oscuro*, and nothing at all of his local colour—which, to carry out the metaphor artistical, appeared to be laid on rather thick. Greybiel is above the ordinary average height, swarthy as a native Nubian in complexion, and hirsute as the untanned chimpanzee of central Tongataboo; there is, nevertheless, an expression of concealed tobacco about his cheek, that speaks of more than meets the eye,—but which sometimes meets the eye in a very forcible manner when he expectorates. His establishment is not large—about fifteen feet square;—but the *ménage* is on a liberal scale; and Vice-Royalty was pleased to express itself dazzled by the quantity of pork which smoked on the festive board, or plank. A debauch on Canadian whiskey was here a salient point in the progress; and about twilight, Lord Mark Kerr was seen endeavouring to persuade his horse to “take” one of the Locks of the Welland Canal,—when, after many ineffectual attempts, both horse and rider “took it” by tumbling into the abyss; from which they were with great difficulty extricated, by letting on the water and floating them to the top. About this time your reporter proceeded to the hospitable residence of John H. Conolly, Esq., who incurs the heavy responsibility of causing the *hiatus* which here occurs in your reporter's manuscript;—a *hiatus valde defendus*, as the learned host with his usual classical promptitude elegantly expressed it,—and concerning which your reporter is unable to give any further explanations than what may be conveyed by the following symbols.

*Saturday, Sept. 29.*—The Viceregal procession arrived at Guelph, where torrents of rain—provided, we are informed, by the firemen of that ancient hamlet,—rushed down from the clouds to welcome the Bruce. The maple trees were blushing up to the very tops of their autumnal heads, at the honor about to be conferred on the Wellington district, and the cheerful little birds on the bushes, shook the sparkling gems of heavy-wet from their plumage, as they trilled the swelling chorus of “Scots wha hae,” in honor of the Celtic nobleman whose wandering inclinations had borne him to their bowers. But as a writer in a provincial paper has happily expressed it, no amount of rain could “damp the ardour of the gallant men of Guelph;” and so, while the cold water was running down into their boots, their indomitable spirit continued to burn with brilliancy, like the lantern of a storm-buffeted light-house amid the conflict of contending elements. Excuse my fine writing, but the subject inspires one with images of vast grandeur, and the steam must be let off or the boiler bursts. It was Michaelmas day, and in a short speech which his Excellency addressed to the brave spirits by whom he was surrounded, he alluded most happily to the anniversary. “The Goose of Canada,” he said, “was about to be cooked in a manner unparalleled in the history of nations, and he trusted, from the leading part he had taken in bringing about this culinary consummation, that he would be looked upon as a great tip-top sawyer (Soyer,) in the immense Reform Kitchen of the British North American Provinces.” This sally was received with roars of laughter,—though the majority of the auditors departed to their homes under the impression that his Excellency had been addressing them in French. From Guelph the Viceregal cortege returned to Brantford; and there I retired to rest,—to compensate by a short nap of about seventeen hours, for the fatigue incurred in chronicling the pageantry of the preceding day.

*Tuesday Oct. 2.*—On looking out of my window this morning, my eyes received a severe shock from the splendour of the gorgeous scene which flashed upon their unprepared orbits. Four gallant

steeds, with fire flashing from their eyes, while the smoke found vent from their distended nostrils, tightened the traces of the brilliant equipage of the veteran Babcock, wherein Viceroyalty sat with folded arms, accompanied by Col. Bruce and James Wilkes, Esq.,—the latter gentleman, from a certain air of embarrassment which pervaded his features, evidently conjuring up a mental picture of the triumphal progress of a great Circus Company, wherein he himself was cast for the part of Clown. Viceroyalty was pleased to compliment the veteran Babcock upon his personal appearance, saying that he “looked very well,—and fat;” a compliment in which truth was not sacrificed to flattery, seeing that Babcock weighs about two and twenty stone. With many flags floating on the breeze the procession arrived at the “Chequered Tavern,” where the visage of Viceroyalty beamed with smiles, at what he took to be the delicate little attention of putting the house into tartan to welcome the Bruce; and on the strength of which he ordered Babcock to pull up, in order that he might treat to “cock-tails” all round. Here a Viceregal salute, of rather a novel character, startled the ears of the revellers—being nothing less than, the explosion of nine anvils, which were converted into artillery for the occasion by the ingenious blacksmiths of Brock. Viceroyalty, though startled by the shock, expressed itself gratified, and “hoped that none of the honest fellows would blast their prospects by blowing their eyes out.” A little further on, the cavalcade was met by about forty-nine gallant fellows beating drums and waving colours,—and, as a western Journal expresses it with terrible poetical fervor, “the *Pibroch* of the Highland Society sounding wildly on the gale;”—though, as the day was perfectly still, I am at a loss to know where the *Pibroch* found a gale to sound upon. As the cortege neared the settlement of Woodstock, it gradually assumed a more Celtic and less civilised appearance, highlanders, with broadswords and bucklers occasionally falling in with it from the neighboring fastnesses, reminding one forcibly of a novel of Walter Scott.

*Wednesday, Oct. 3.*—When near Ingersoll, the Viceregal party was met by the “sturdy yeomanry” of Yarmouth and Southwold, brigaded with the men of Middlesex, and bearing banners embroidered with cunningly devised mottoes. The Irish Society overtopped the rest, with its lofty flag of emerald green, setting forth, originally—

“The Irish C’sts  
Welcome the Bruce,  
With a hearty  
Cean mille Failthe.”

but which some evil minded Tory had clandestinely altered, so that the mutilated motto informed your reporter that—

“The Irish C’sts  
Welcome the Brutes,  
With a hearty  
Cead mille Failthe.”

Meantime the town of London was the scene of a proceeding unparalleled in the pages of history, for its wild and picturesque violence. A torrent of Tories, headed by a venerable hero on horseback, swept through the town, carrying devastation to the triumphal arches which had been erected at an enormous expense for the delight of Viceroyalty. They next proceeded to the residence of the Honorable Postmaster, whom they pelted into a state of unconsciousness with unopened newspapers, thereby vindicating the majesty of the press, and giving vent to their pent-up politics. From the residence of Bill Niles, brother-in-law to the immortal but ill-fated General Putnam, the Progress approached the town of London, and finally Viceroyalty was landed at the door of Robinson Hall Hotel, where a small entertainment was got up for his private amusement by shooting a few young men in the crowd at a small expense. Here addresses were presented by the Town and District, and during the reply delivered to one of these your reporter fell asleep,—which finishes his narration.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ВЪНКУМ.**—Of course Messrs. Rose and Johnson have thrown away their silk gowns with their allegiance. They have no longer any pretensions to plead the cause of the Queen whose rule they contemn, and whose empire they would dismember. Their patriotism and love of “our country” is too great to allow of dishonorable gain.

## PUNCH'S ADDRESS!

To His EXCELLENCY LORD ELGIN, supposed to be Governor General, &c. &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:

Punch approaches you without the least reverence, as the most wonderful Governor that ever endeavored to rule the Canadas.— Had you been sent here only to dance Highland flings and make a mountebank of yourself you would have succeeded to a miracle, and your success would be equal, had the arch fiend deputed you to raise riot and rebellion. Anarchy and blood-shed follow in your train as naturally as the curs and cats attend the progress of the barrow-wheeling venders of unsavory horse-flesh. You have endangered, if not destroyed, the integrity of the Empire. The designing men who induced you to disgust and insult those whose hearts were with the Queen, (you ought to serve,) are now throwing off the mask; are laughing at your folly, and perverting the bitter feelings, you and they have created, into reasons for an effort to rid them of their allegiance. Foremost in the unnatural and unholy alliance which your imbecility has created, is Mr. Benjamin Holmes, M. P. P., the colleague of your Prime Minister, Mr. Lafontaine, in the representation of the Metropolis of Canada, and head of the firm on whose authority (doubtless by your information) the Home Government denied the existence of any annexation feeling in the Elgin-styled Loyal City of Montreal. I say Elgin-styled, because it has unfortunately happened that all your assertions are the reverse of truth. I do not attribute this to design, but rather consider it the result of ignorance; and in your case ignorance is a crime because it arises from wilfulness. The answers you have given to the various addresses, presented to you in the villages of Upper Canada, justify my assertion. Unless you are an idiot, you must have seen that the forbearance exercised towards you by the Upper Canadians, who, I thank God, I believe are yet attached to British Institutions, arose not out of respect for you, but for your Sovereign and theirs; and the fact that with the restraint of these loyal feelings on them, they felt it their duty on many occasions to tell you, in mild language, that you were a sore on the body politic, should convince you of the destruction you deal out so lavishly to every tie, which, as a British subject it should be your pride to strengthen.

Mr. Jacob DeWitt, another thick and thin quondam supporter of your Lordship, limps into a foremost place in the ranks of traitors, and let the spoils of office be taken from the whole crowd of your ministers, and those whose revengeful spirits against the loyal men who crushed the rebellion of 1837-8, prompt them to shout "Lord Elgin for ever," because he becomes the willing instrument of their hatred; the majority of them would be the first to lend their aid to drag the country they disgrace, through the bloody field of civil strife.

Thus, you and your advisers are the leaders in the revolutionary movements now taking place in the Capital of the Canadas; and while your presence in the Province blights the reason of every Briton who inhabits it, there is no hope they will recover from the delusion under which they now labor. Every moment you remain costs your Royal Mistress the affection of one of her subjects; and unless you wish your name to go down to posterity as—the fool that lost the Canadas—GO HOME! Endeavor to repair your folly ere it is too late, I am,

My Lord,

Not your obedient servant,  
PUNCH IN CANADA.

**PUNCH** wants to know what Q. C. attached to two names in the Declaration of Independence means. Miles' boy thought that they were the initial letters of the two words "questionable conduct," and that some ill-natured persons had put them there to signify that the proceeding was not quite O. K.

## PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, certain evil disposed persons did on or about the morning of the 9th, feloniously attempt to abstract and make away with one of the

CROWN JEWELS,

entrusted to the keeping of the people of Canada, and *Punch* in particular.

Now know ye all men, that we *Punch*, by virtue of the authority in us vested, do offer a reward of 16 cents annexation money to any one who will apprehend all or either of the said evil disposed persons and bring him or them into our presence, to the end that he may be required to enter into a year's subscription forthwith, and be prohibited from singing "Rule Britannia" for all the remainder of his unnatural life.

PUNCH.

Given under our hand and seal, from our three-legged stool, this 10th day of October, 1849. }

## THE ROCK OF QUEBEC.

From the day on which the founders of the *League* framed their first address; the rock of Quebec with the British flag waving over it, has been considered to be under the peculiar protection of Mr. F. G. Johnson, Q. C. Henceforth the Rock was to be Mr. F. G. Johnson, Q. C. and Mr. F. G. Johnson, Q. C. was to be the rock, and the rock he became accordingly; and awful to relate on Wednesday last he fell, by some unknown accident on the annexation manifesto, which so greatly increased its inherent weight, that the mighty engine of the *Herald* broke under the enormous pressure.

"AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MANY OF THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE."—Vide the Declaration of Independence, (not *Punch's*.)

*Punch* wants to know from the American Jefferson Brick how long agricultural implements have been *necessaries of life*? Do the Annexationists mean that we are to live upon scythes instead of being kept on "pins and needles" as at present. *Punch* is fond of old "saws," but he will see the Annexationists all "bust" before he makes them part of his "diet of worms."

## WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF ANNEXATION.

We are informed by Mr. Boyd, that within one hour after the publication of the *Montreal Herald* on Wednesday bowie knives and rifles went up fifty per cent! On the other hand, however, it is only fair to state that combs and tooth-brushes and soap, have experienced a serious decline.

## PUNCH'S ECHO.

What is loyalty?—A full-blown flower.

Echo.—Flour!

What makes our Institutions work!

Echo.—Pork!

## PUNCH'S PRESIDENTIAL TICKET.

President.—PUNCH.

Vice-President.—JOHN TULLY, Esq.

For Congressmen.—PETER DUNN and PATRICK M'SHANE.

Door-Keepers.—J. G. MACKENZIE and T. B. ANDERSON, Esqrs.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it has been currently reported that the undersigned is the author of the address to the people of Canada, he begs most distinctly to deny it, and to state that his only "address" is on the Place d'Armes as before.

(Signed) COMPAIN.

N. B. Boiled and roast at all hours of the day without distinction of parties.



## THE GOVERNMENT THIMBLE-RIG.

“Here I am, Sporting Bob from York!—Rowl in here, gentlemen, and stake your money. Now Mr. Sherwood! I see you looking at one of the thimbles;—walk up, sir, like a man, and go your length upon it in gold or silver,—Debentures taken at a small discount. Here you are Mr. What-d’ye-call-him, the Coroner from Kingston! Sport your jinglers here upon the lucky thimble;—a quick eye and a ready observation takes the tin. O, there’s the French gentlemen from Montreal feeling for their purses!—step this way, gentlemen, and the day’s your own. Rowl in,—*(Here Punch clandestinely tilts up a thimble, and discovers the pea.)*”



## PUNCH'S PEPY'S DIARY.

4th July, 1867.—Did goe with mye wife to-day to see the celebration of the fourth of July, kept on the old French square, what they doe now call Holmes' Park, in honor of that grate patriot, as some do consider him, but not me. There was much noise and also speaking. John Glass, whom my wife did noe a broker, but now a Congressman, did make a long address. Methought it was poor stuff. Did also notice many melancholy faces. Altogether, it seems to me that Montreal hath declined mightily since the change. Afterwards went to the slave sale in the old Bonsecour market, where I did see John Dougall buy a female slave, at which there was great laughter. Afterwards to dine at Congress Hall, where Mr. Papineau did preside. There was a gouging match during the repast, which did somewhat disturb my pleasure, so I did leave early, and to bed to dream of these things.

## A SONG OF SEPARATION.

"A bowie knife! a bowie knife!  
A knife of burnished steel—  
O grind it to a razor edge  
On the rim of fortune's wheel,  
To cut the cable of the ship  
That's taking us in tow,  
What weapon like a bowie knife?—  
For separation, ho!"

"Cut right and left, my dashing blade,  
No need to 'mind your eye,'—  
'Twixt cup and lip we'll have no slip,  
No!—'forward,' is our cry!  
And purseless though our pockets be,  
There's powder, boys, and lead;—  
So grind the steel on fortune's wheel,  
To cut our mother dead!"

"Ho, softly there, my young one," spoke  
A trapper old and grey;  
"Cutting your mother is no joke,  
Tread lightly there, I say . . .  
Like beaver small in spring and fall  
Right positive I am,  
You'll quickly find your shanty swamped  
When you have cut your dam."

## PUNCH ON ANNEXATION.

The apple of discord is thrown into the Province of Canada: but Punch knows that however fair to the view; its core is rotten; a foul worm feasts and festers beneath its cherry colored rind. The apple is annexation; the rottenness is typified by the fearless self vilifying of the majority of the hereafter to be laughed at signers of the "Rose" perfumed "Holmes" manifesto. The foul worm that feasts and festers, will wriggle its slimy way into the consciences of many who like "Peter" have denied their Master. Where are now the high-sounding phrases, inflated with the glorious air of loyalty and blowing big destruction on rebels and the abettors of rebels. Were the lips which uttered them, drunk?—Was the breath tainted? Were the sounds caused by gas, and bad gas at that? Literally

"Sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Punch joined in the demand for the ascendancy of British Principles, but never imagined this led to annexation. His heart warms at the national anthem; beats quick when he hears the words "Britannia rules the waves," although perchance the utterer has but a slender voice and a peculiarly slight knowledge of music; and his chest expands; the blood courses through his veins; his eyes glisten: his grey hair becomes tintured with the auburn of its youth; his hump diminishes; the absurd prominence of his nose disappears; and he stands erect from very pride if he hears even an urchin in the gutter discordantly yell forth."

"Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,  
That lives in the words" I'M AN ENGLISHMAN

Punch admits his ancestors were Italian; his family name is "Polichinello;" but Polichinello is obscured in the dim vista of past ages while Punch is alive: and Punch is British, and Punch not content with simply being alive will be found "alive and kicking" even if he kick against the pricks.

## £500 REWARD.

This sum will be paid by Punch for any one who will discover the man wot wrote the Address to the People of Canada. Also, £100 for the gentleman who is reported to have said that the document was equal to Magnum Chartum; and £50 for the little boy who wrapped his lollipop in a copy, and was seized with a violent fit of tobacco chewing immediately afterwards.

## MIRACULOUS CURE.

## A GROWING CROP OF POTATOES.

The property of Mr. John Smith, of Isle Dorval—was observed early in the spring to be much afflicted with the prevailing epidemic. The hopes of Mr. John Smith and the flowers of his potatoes were blighted. Suddenly a remarkable change took place; the withering stalks became sound and put forth new blossoms. Mr. John Smith could not account for it, but Master John Smith remembered, that, having been ordered to drink a pail of Plantagenet Water, he declined doing so and emptied the "Plantagenet" into the potatoe field. The potatoes have since perfectly recovered and have a fine mineral flavour.

## SCHOOLS IN CANADA—NURSERIES OF CRIME.

Judge Rolland has decided that a school boy may, at any time, in pastime or revenge, destroy the property of the School-master, without paying for it, or, indeed, being subject to any punishment except flogging; and, even, that his offence will release his parents from another obligation, that of paying the school-fee.

If a School-master's property may be destroyed, why not any property? the Parliament House, the Court House &c? *A fortiori*, if there is any principle in law, the public may destroy public property.

Robbing a man of his handkerchief entitles you to take his purse also!—

Who wonders at what we see around us?—

Is it surprising that Canada should have a community of knaves?—

'Tis Education forms the tender mind,  
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined.

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

(ANNEXATION VERSION.)

God save the Queen,  
(President Taylor I mean)  
God save the ———  
(You know what I mean.)  
Send him uproarious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to be elected over us,  
God save the ——— you know what I mean.

CHORUS.

Yankee doodle made a row,  
Yankee doodle, doodle,  
Broke a bank and stole a cow,  
Yankee doodle, doodle!  
Hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

## THE ANNEXATION SQUIB.

The terrific explosion prophesied a few days since in the columns of the *Courier*, which was to burst up the strong government; blow Lord Elgin into the dominion of his patron saint, the father of discord; smash the "Fortins;" make Benjamin Holmes, M. P. P. a consistent man; and Francis Hincks, an honest politician, besides effecting other miracles too tedious to mention: turns out after all nothing but a jest. Yes, a jest; and a devilish good joke it is too, for the fun consists in the number of credulous individuals who have actually fancied that the "address to the people of Canada," published in the *Herald* and the *Courier*, is an earnest political movement on the part of the three or four hundred tops and bottoms of the inhabitants of Montreal who affixed their names to it, out of a lark, just to see what nonsense people would believe. Why, on the face of the document its absurdity is manifest. It commences with calling on the people of Canada, ("our country" as the Province is facetiously termed;) "to combine for the purposes of inquiry and preparation with a view to the adoption of such remedies as a mature and dispassionate investigation may suggest," and after poking the fun of two columns of grievances into the ribs of the unlucky victims of readers, which it laughingly passes off as "mature and dispassionate investigation, concludes not with suggesting remedies," but asserting that only one remedy is to be thought of, and that one a sovereign, no, no—a republican specific for all evils the body politic is laboring under in the present generation, and a preventative in all generations to come. And yet people took an absurdity like this for a genu-wine manifesto: a rale, rite-down airnest strait up an eend socdolager of a document; actually fancied that the three hundred and twenty modest individuals whose names are appended to this innocent effusion were about to forsake their lawful trades and callings; turn quack doctors, and cram rale yankee-annexation pills down the throats of the rest of the community. Besides, many of the names do not represent the men popularly known as bearing similar cognomens. Barristers, learned in the law, such as John Rose and F. G. Johnson, both of them Gentlemen and Esquires by act of Parliament, do not indulge in such freaks of folly; of course, we cannot presume to imagine they were out on a spree; oh, no, the Q. C. attached to these names must mean a couple of Queer Codgers, not Queen's Counsel.—Queen's Counsel are men whom Her Majesty has delighted to honor, not human dogs to bite the hand that feeds them. Then just fancy D. Lorn Macdougall, so prim, so perfumed, and so pretty, fraternising with John Tully, Esq., whose attention to externals is by no means remarkable; Benjamin Holmes, M. P. P. with R'd. Philbin; Sabrevois de Bleury with John Glass, &c. &c. We mention the names of these gentlemen simply to show how ridiculous it was for any sane person to treat the harmless squib as if it were a Congreve rocket, although the people who shoved highly respectable names into bad company, should remember that a joke may be carried too far.

But perhaps the greatest fun of the whole affair is the following sentences.

"We would promise that towards Great Britain we entertain none other than sentiments of kindness and respect. Without her consent we consider separation as neither practicable nor desirable."

If we could suppose for an instant that this foolish concoction was a reality, we should say that no freeman who knew his rights, and knowing dared to defend them, no Briton, no honest and true-hearted man penned those lines. They are slavish and servile; they have the impress of one who dreads the lash; who yet feels the pain of the sound scourging he got when detected in robbing his master's till. It is a vile slander on many of the gentlemen whose names are affixed to this penny cracker, to say that if, after calm deliberation, they honestly and sincerely believed the fallacies fized forth; if they were convinced, that by not separating from Great Britain, they were robbing themselves and their posterity of rights to which they were entitled, they would never say "without her consent it is neither practicable nor desirable." If separation is just and necessary, it is desirable whether Great Britain consent or not: and as for its not being practicable, an association of freemen would have resolved to make it so. But these triflers with grave matters, these aged sucklings in breeches, these grey-headed political infants, after a frolicksome game of Shuttlecock, run whimpering to Mama for a lollipop, as the only thing that can quiet their uneasy

stomachs; and leave you to conclude, if Mama won't indulge its deary, deary little pets, that its deary, deary little pets will suck their nicey, piccy fingers, and anviably endure their nasty, nasty gripes. And yet in spite of these infantile powers of endurance, they assert that the lollipop they covet is their "common destiny." If so, Punch fears their "common destiny" will give them uncommon internal uneasiness, until themselves and their commotions are absorbed in the undisturbed bowels of the earth.

## SAUCE FOR THE COURIER'S CURRIE.

The *Courier* of Thursday last furnishes the following bill of fare for the Viceregal Household.

Let the people of Lower Canada take an example from their fellow Colonists at the Cape of Good Hope; they have threatened to starve out an obnoxious Governor and Council, and they have the power, because they are unanimous—if we were as unanimous as they, we could soon reduce Lord Elgin, or any other Governor or Ministry, to feed on their coach-horses.

These remarks of the *Courier* albeit rather coarse and suggestive of Cannibalism,—the horse being nearly allied to the donkey, and the donkey being a cousin-german of man,—are yet fraught with pleasant associations to the reflective mind. Consider the coach-horse; how cheering to him who has been curried all his life by clumsy grooms, the prospect of being curried after death by the skillful hands of a Vice-regal chef de cuisine! How exhilarating the certainty that the operation of firing for spavin will now be superseded by that of peppering for dianer! Hairness blacking would serve as a most appropriate sauce; and the reins of Government, by this time rather worse than useless, might be converted into sausages wherewith to garnish the dish so feelingly suggested by the *Courier* for the entertainment of Viceroyalty. Cape Wine would, of course, be the prevailing beverage; and the master of the horse should be Master of the Ceremonies for the festive occasion.

## CAUTION.

Messrs. Scobie and Balfour, of Toronto, are publishing an Almanac, replete with useful information and statistics; we warn them to pause in their speculation, until they can complete the sporting list of the annexation horses, with the names, weights and colors of the riders, for the Yankee Sweepstakes.

## FUN FOR THE IRISH.

Three letters of the Alphabet—T. P. B.—announce their intention of giving a lecture on Tipperary tactics, illustrated by "the Songs of Old Erin," in the Hall of the Odd Fellows, on Monday next. For oddities, the Odd Fellows' Hall must be most appropriate, and the three letters are certainly odd; and it will be odder still, if a crowd of oddities do not welcome their odd appearance.

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

Sixty-three ternal free and enlightened Yankees have affixed their names to the annexation hoax, which appeared this week. What would these liberal and enterprising citizens have said had sixty-three Englishmen promulgated a similar bit of humbug on the Free-soil Question, with a view to the dismemberment of the almighty union. I guess they would have concluded to invoke a blessing on the peculiar institutions of Tar-and-feathers and Judge Lynch. They should remember, what is "sauce for the goose" is sauce for the American Eagle, which, at the best is but a gander, a fact in natural history, established by its ternal quack, quack, quack.

**For Sale,** AT MOSS'S in Notre Dame Street, two Silk Gowns, supposed to be the forfeited Pledges of John Rose and F. G. Johnson, Esquires, who have lately addicted themselves to stuff (and nonsense).

Query.—Is fustian stuff?