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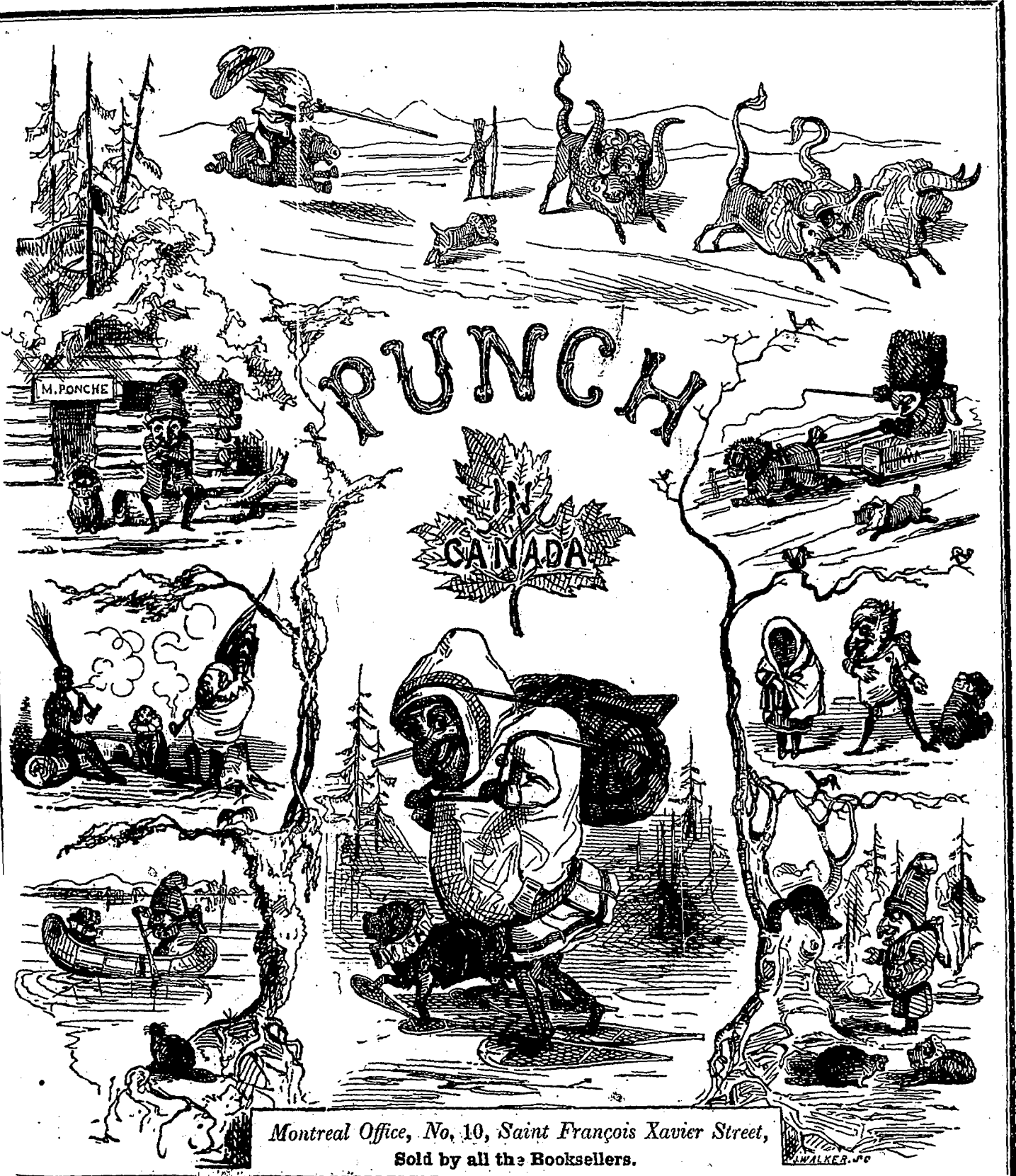
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WALKER. J.P.

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 Steamboat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chillsains, 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.

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 puffed 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 3 months.

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ALLEN'S EXPRESS, leaves Montreal for UPPER CANADA, with Light and Valuable Parcels, EVERY FOURTEEN DAYS, from the Ottawa Hotel, McGill Street.

MRS. C. HILL, PROFESSOR OF DANCING, 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. Schools and Private Families attended; Terms and hours made known on application. Redoaw and Valse à deux Temps Class, on Wednesdays.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!—The Subscribers have established Four Large ICE DEPOTS in different parts of the City, from which they will be enabled to furnish their Customers with the finest of Ice at an early hour in the morning. Steamboats, Hotels, and Private Families supplied on moderate terms. ALFRED SAVAGE & Co. Chemists and Druggists. Montreal, March, 15, 1849.

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THEATRE ROYAL!

THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, March the 17th. The Officers of the Garrison give their last performance but one, on which occasion, Mr. DEWALDEN'S BENEFIT, will positively come off.—The pieces selected, are the comedy of the "CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH," the interlude of "A GOOD NIGHT'S REST," and the farce entitled "THE KING AND I."

PROSPECTUS.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, will be published in Quebec, once a fortnight, until the 1st of May next, when it will be issued once a week.

It will contain 16 pages Royal Octavo, making two handsome volumes of 400 pages each.

As it is intended to be devoted exclusively to Literature, everything of a political nature will be excluded from its columns.

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As this journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

P. SINCLAIR, QUEBEC.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PUNCH IN CANADA.—We congratulate our lachrymose friends on the appearance of this antidote to melancholy. 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 libelled 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 honour 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.*

THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MRS. PETER PEPPERBURY AND HER FATHER, THE DRUMMER;—
OF HER MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT;—HER WAYS AND MEANS;—
HER MANŒUVRES;—OF MISS PAMELA PEPPERBURY;
HER EDUCATION AND HER FLIRTATIONS!

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.



PAMELA PEPPERBURY, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. PETER, was a nice looking girl. Tall and slight, with glossy brown hair, blue eyes and a beautiful complexion, with a very pretty hand and foot; of all this she was very well aware, and took the greatest possible pains that none of her beauties should be concealed from her admirers. She was a *belle* and she knew it.

PAMELA had many faults, but they were more the result of education than of disposition. She was naturally amiable and kind hearted, but she had been spoiled at home and flattered abroad, until she became a character very common in society in these parts, an *arrant-coquette*.

Her education was, as may be supposed, of a very imperfect character. She had been sent to the most fashionable school of the city, where she learnt a little of everything, but nothing thoroughly, except dancing. She played a little, sung a little, and drew a little. The first accomplishment was a very unpleasant noise, the second a decided screech, and as for the third, the skies in her landscapes were conspicuous for a muddy mistiness, the distant hills looked like musty hay-cocks, and the foreground was more like a green tablecloth with a yellow pattern than anything else. Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY "sung in church."—Singing in church is a *practice* singularly peculiar to girls with loud screaming voices; they have an astonishing fancy for David's Psalms, done into bad English by Brady and Tate, and thundering Sanctuses, done by the Lord knows who!

PAMELA PEPPERBURY danced to perfection. She was the *belle* of every Ball room she went into, and no body ever saw her doing wall-flower. She was the first to begin and the last to leave off, and though she would have fainted with fatigue at taking a country walk for two miles, she could get over some leagues of a chalked floor in the course of a night without a murmur. She was great in the Polka—a lively enough dance borrowed from the Hungarians,—In this dance she loved to lean her head on her partner's shoulder, in the most die-away fashion, as if she were about to swoon away, while her feet were moving in a series of playful circles, that one wondered how she managed to describe them.—Some prim, demure people thought the exhibition rather astonishing, for ourselves we are astonished at nothing, and think this languishing style of dancing highly becoming.

PAMELA dressed elegantly, though it must be confessed that when in *grand toilette*, there was a display of charms not quite in accordance with a refined taste. There is, however, no accounting for taste in these matters.

Our fair friend had also another habit, which is not considered seemly in civilized countries. Her mother permitted her, and she herself had no scruple at all, not only to borrow the horses of single gentlemen, but to accompany those single gentlemen on equestrian expeditions, with no male relation, and not even a groom in attendance upon her, a thing which is quite contrary to the proprieties of society.

PAMELA PEPPERBURY is the *belle* of five seasons. She was brought out as they call it, at fifteen, and has been kept out, with immense assiduity on the part of her respectable mamma. The last time we saw her, and that is not very long ago, we thought we could detect faint traces of the deterioration that late hours, hot rooms, and unnatural excitement were working in that fair face; the eyes were heavy, the skin flushed, and the beautiful white shoulders had lost their dimpled roundness. It is a sad thing to see any thing that is beautiful going into premature decay, and hundreds of fair young girls, lovely and beloved, born to be the ornaments of their homes, are yearly hurried into their graves by the detestable system that exists in modern society.

PAMELA's flirtations were innumerable, but we never heard that any man ever thought of any thing beyond flirtation. It is a curious fact that the *belles* of Ball rooms very seldom do get married.

The quiet, modest, demure little monkeys, that sit shyly in corners, who are never seen away from mammas' protecting wing, are suddenly snapped up, when no one expects it. They are seen one day in white muslin and pink roses; and the next day one hears of them in white satin and orange blossoms. Now we have known a very pretty girl, and a very nice girl too, who but for this confounded propensity for waltzing, polking, riding and flirting, with any man who took the trouble to ask her and flirt with her, would have made a very good match, and turned out a very good wife, too; for PUNCH has observed that whenever one of your regular flirts does marry, she invariably turns out a very quiet, sedate, matronly sort of body. The reason is, that she has had all her fun before marriage, while the demure ones, who sat in corners, and insisted on being taken to mamma the moment the dance was over, are very apt to turn great flirts after marriage. We certainly begin to have our fears that our fair friend, PAMELA, will never marry. She is now to our own certain knowledge in her twenty-second flirtation of which we will give a sketch in our next number.

THE SONG OF TOO MANY.

Who in my reckless youth I sought,—
When every warning set at nought,
The future never cost a thought?

My Creditors!

Who gave me dinners, gave me wine,—
And clothes, in heaps, too, did assign,
To make me as a Peacock fine?

My Creditors!

Who found me horses, and a sleigh,—
A carriage, too, of colors gay,
For which I had no means to pay?

My Creditors!

In short who gave me all I had —
And when they dunn'd in voices sad,—
And nothing got—declared 'twas bad!

My Creditors!

Who broke my heart and broke my pride,
And made me in the bottle hide
Talents, friends had once descried?

My Creditors!

Who in a vortex, round and round,
For life have cast me:—like a hound,—
Pursuing me as one spell bound?

My Creditors!

Who poisoned ev'ry hope I have,
And ev'ry hour make me crave,
To pay the last great debt, the grave?

My Creditors!

GREAT DISCOVERY.

PUNCH has discovered the cause of the failure of the gas on a late occasion at the Theatre Royal. The Hon. Hume Blake consumed all which the "no monopoly" company is capable of supplying. This fact accounts naturally enough for the inflated speech made by the Honourable member. However, the St. Ann's Theatre did not benefit much by the transaction, for though there was much flare, the speech was not luminous, and finally the audience were left as much in the dark as the Theatre Royal. Reports were in circulation that the Gas Company had failed; they certainly failed in their supply of gas, but of course that is looked upon simply as a light failure.

NATIVE MANUFACTURE.

The general depression of trade causes Punch much sorrow and when he sees any particular branch making an effort to emerge from the general gloom, he shakes hands with himself as a matter of congratulation.—In this cold climate, fur is an indispensable article, and the youth of Montreal deserve great praise for their efforts to produce it. It will be observed that every youth who can by dint of Rowland's Macassar or the assistance of the domestic cat, raise fur above his upper lip, or coax a fringe round his chin, does it regardless of the bearish appearance it gives to his face. This is but right, for the down of this year will be the fur of next, and every "son and hair" will have added his produce to the market.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

MHE spirited young natives who light up the columns of the *Avenir* with their flashes of national enthusiasm, have lately been laying their heads together—not with a laudable view to the formation of a plank-road or block-pavement, as such inductive process might lead the reader to suppose, but for the furtherance of a far less hopeful project—the establishment, in fact, of a succession of happy valleys throughout that fertile, but benighted and Anglo-saxonified district of Lower Canada, known as the Eastern Townships. The principle contemplated for the creation of those felicitous glens and hilarious dingles, is the easy and obvious one of procuring the expulsion of the present debased holders of the soil, and handing over the pleasant places of the region to the intelligent gentlemen in blue night-caps, whose successful efforts in the agricultural line startle at every step the foreigner travelling in search of information—harrowing up every acre of soul left fallow by him for the reception of knowledge, with the sharp conviction of his agrarian inferiority.

The carrying out of the above principle will perhaps be subject to certain natural difficulties, such as the enterprising emigrants of the *Avenir* however are doubtless prepared to encounter. If the blue bells of Canada are to be sown broadcast over the smiling fields of the contemplated voluptuous valleys, there is a possibility of their being ultimately overshadowed in their struggles into light, and jostled out of the field by those tenacious weeds, the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock whose pertinacious adherence to every bit of soil worth flourishing in, has doubtless been remarked by the attentive student of history. There is another style of reproductive husbandry called the drill system; but as the drill system was tried to some extent and without any very splendid results, by Papineau and other drill-serjeants of 1837, we must be permitted to doubt its efficacy as applied to the cultivation of *les bonnets bleus du Nord*. But doubtless the romantic young writers of the *Avenir* have anticipated all obstacles to the progress of their great oriental project; and it will be an exhilarating sight to behold the march of the invading emigrants, headed by their priests, their notaries, and their apothecaries, crossing the line of demarcation into the eastern valleys, and spurred into enthusiasm by their nervous young literary leaders with some such spirited chorus as:—

Marche donc! Sherbrooke and Hemmingford,
Leave us your farms in capital order,
Marche donc! Stanbridge and, Hinchinbrooke,
All the blue bonnets are over the border!

And the valleys will immediately assume that festive appearance of hilarity, contemplated by the poetical young projectors of the glens of gladness—the hills will forget to echo the sounds of the anglo-saxon tongue—the merchant-prizes of St. Paul street will build their villas upon thy picturesque Lake O Memphramagog! diluting their holiday rum with thy pellucid element, and lending an oriental character to the scene, by their primitive manner of combining commercial pursuits with the relaxation of clay-pipes; and a great nation will cultivate tobacco and sun-flowers on the hill-sides.

All this is pleasant to the contemplative mind, and calculated to wreath with smiles the face of the wooden Canadian, who vigorously inhales nothing from an unpierced pipe at the door of the tobacconist's shop. We have nothing whatever to say against it. Our sympathies are with the Canadian race, as a simple, old-fashioned and light hearted people. Their wives are respected by us for their primitive and frugal virtues. Their mothers and grandmothers command our reverence for their antediluvian and somewhat weird aspects; and dear to us in the extreme are their dark eyed daughters, with their broad *chapeaux de paille* and their still broader *patois*, and everything about them excepting the domestic dug-outs in which they sometimes encase their feet, and which we must be allowed to consider as clogs upon their powers of fascination. But why delude those simple *habitants* with the chimera of their becoming a great nation—the moral impossibility of the *Avenir's* aspirations? Plant them at your will, all over the eastern valleys, and they never will become as great a nation as the beavers which formerly inhabited the same district. In one respect indeed, if suffered to overrun the country, they might resemble the beavers—that of being the greatest dam—nation with which the country could be infested; they might also assimilate to them in their bigoted adherence to the architecture of their ancestors, but as settlers in a country, and pioneers of civilization, their inferiority to those industrious animals must be obvious to the most casual observer. The absorbed of all people must ye be O Canadian race! the settled of all settlers—the sherry cobbler of nations! Guzzled by the Germans, drained by the Dutch, and sucked to the uttermost dregs by the inevitable Anglo-Saxon.

Gentlemen of the *Avenir*, place not yourselves and your countrymen in a false position. The toad who lived in a retired puddle, was a very respectable toad, until in his obese old-age he insisted upon being registered as a tortoise, when he was cruelly exposed to public contempt by being called on to furnish material for the manufacture of a comb. You might find yourselves in a similar predicament if called upon to furnish material for the manufacture of a nation.

Gentlemen of the *Avenir*; are there any extenuating circumstances, domestic or otherwise, which you can plead in deprecation of the verdict, we feel called upon to return against you? Do you imbibe the matutinal bitters at the bars of your respective boarding-houses? Do you, mounted upon gin-cocktails, rush up the giddy heights of imagination, until in the rapidity of the spiral ascent your brains become curdled into whey? Are there moments when— but our feelings become multitudinous, and we rush into rhyme.

Avenir! Avenir!
Have your young men had their beer?
Tarry not but tell us how
Circumstanced for soap at thou?
Are thy young but joyless days
Shaded still from fortune's rays,
By the Anglo-Saxon tree
Dropping fruit on all but thee?
Haply in domestic wrangle
Parent thine has sold her mangle;
Emblem fit the passing while
Of thy wishy-washy style,
Or has sorrow deeper still
Come thy bursting heart to fill?
Leave us not in ling'ring doubt,
Does your mother know you're out?

THE PRINCELY LION TAMER!



"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."
But he who after being kicked,
Returns again to be well licked—
Deserves to get for all his crosses,
A thumping share of Rebel-losses!



WINTER'S TALE.

AUTOLYCUS,
CLOWN,

(*A Knavish Pedlar,*)

^{KEN}
Mr. W. L. MACHENZIE.
Mr. BALDWIN.

Autolycus. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. Sure the gods do this year connive at us, that we may do anything extempore. (*Sings.*)

1837!

The daisies were dead on Gallows Hill,—
With heigh! the skulkers behind the rail,—
O then I thought my pockets to fill!
For the red blood flowed and I robbed the mail.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold.

1838!

The hemp-fields waving in the breeze—
With hey! the ravens, O how they croak!
And the birds that hung from the gallows-trees,
Might rede me then that it was no joke.

1849!

But now the lark tra lira sings!
A Navy-islander bold am I;
And sympathisers may plume their wings,
All in the clover as they lie.

A FRAGMENT.

—From Lays of "Modern Canada."—

"O H, Satan! Father Satan!
To whom all rebels pray,
Thy children, and thy children's cause,
Take thou in charge this day."
From East to West, from North to South,
Strange murmurs fill the air,
And presage dire and ominous dread
The coming storm declare.

From Gaspe's rugged shore they come;
They come from green St. Clair;
And echoing from the banks of Thames,
From London's city fair;
In old Glengarry's far off hills,
The gathering pibroch lilt,
And twice a thousand Highland lads
Are strapping on their kilts.

The sound of woodman's axe hath ceased
By Ottawa's dark wave;
And where old Kingston's turrets grey
Ontario's waters lave,
Brave hearts are gathering for the fray.
The men of Gore are mustering
Their ranks, a gallant band,
Around their standard writing
Their ancient Chief's command;
Toronto sends her children,
A stern and stout array,
They never yet were last to meet
Upon the trysting day.

O'er Erie's placid waters,
From Huron's distant shore,
A voice is heard in tones that drown
Niagara's thunder roar;
A solemn voice that pineseth,
O'er hill and plain and sea,
That says in accents terrible,
We will, we will, be free!

You shall not tax our earnings,
Our goods you shall not spoil;
We will not give to rebel dogs
The fruit of years of toil:
We swear it, by the memory
Of deeds done long ago;
By every thought, by every tie,
That's dear to man below.

No, by the flag that o'er us waves,
Old England's cross of red,
It shall not so dishonoured be,
The memory of the dead!
For this did gallant MOONRAJ die?
For this did CHARTRAND bleed?
For this doth WEXIA from bloody grave
On us for vengeance cry,
And mangled HUKK, on Erie's banks,
In gory ceremonies lie?

No! by the soul of WOLFE,
By the triumphs that are past,
We will not yield an inch,
Nor bend before the blast.
When saucy Frenchmen hurl their threats
Into our very teeth,
Tis time that now, as in past days,
Obr swords should leave the sheath;

The mark of English heels is stamp'd
On many a Frenchman's neck,
To stamp that shameful brand again,
No Englishman will reck.

Spirits of the mighty dead!
They who died for England's glory;
Ancient heroes, ne'er forgotten,
Names that live in England's story!
Men who scaled the Diamond Rock!
Who at Queenston diol with Brock!
Lo! e'en now in fancied vision,
See their ranks, a ghostly band,
Spectral banners o'er them flapping,
Weapons in each fleshless hand!
At their head, a shadowy chieftain
Marcheth solemnly along,
And hollow drums roll mournfully,
Those awful ranks among!
These be the spirits of the brave,
The great, the mighty dust,
Of those for us who won this land,
To guard with jealous trust;
Their blood on Abraham's Plain
"Fell, like warm human rain."
They found on Abraham's Plain a grave,
Far from their home beyond the wave.

On us, their sons, the phantom warriors
Fiercely look with kindling eye;
They bid us think of them and learn
How in England's cause to die.
And we will show, by deeds, not words,
That we are worthy of our sires,
Now that insult heaped on wrong
All a Briton's courage tries.

The land our fathers won,
We hold and mean to hold,
A heritage of glory,
To us more dear than gold.

We know no lord but England's Queen,
We know no laws but England's laws,
And by God's blessing, will maintain
That which we think a righteous cause.

NO PAY TO REBELS!! Let that be
Inscribed upon our standards free!
Shoutings in our valleys,
O'er our forest glades;
Beacon glazes fiercely flashing,
Gleaming on ten thousand blades,
Tell that we will not surrender,
Rights our blood hath dearly bought;
Tell that England's sons will ne'er, by
Their own act to shame be brought.

Tell these vaunting, blustering Frenchmen,
And their treacherous allies,
That noisy boasts and vaporing threats,
Honest English hearts despise.
Bid these Frenchmen pray their saints,
If they really mean to fight,
For better swords than traitors wield
To meet us in our English might.
Englishmen their stand have taken
And they'll ne'er be found to falter,
They'll pay the Rebels, yes—"but then,
They'll pay them with—a halter!"

A USEFUL HINT.

We take the following interesting extract from a speech—in allusion to the late Rebellion—delivered by plain John Prince:

"One Robert Baldwin, a good-natured man, supposed to be a Quaker from his quiet looks, coiled himself up in his carpet and was not seen during the time of danger, but waited quietly till all was safe to return."

If Mr. Baldwin had made known his successful experiment during the late revolutionary mania in Europe, poor Louis Philippe might be now comfortably reposing in Brussels, and various foreign monarchs be quietly slumbering in Turkey or Kildermünster; the Royal Refugees would have been saved a great amount of travelling expenses, and the Carpet trade considerably increased; we would suggest to the admirers of Mr. Lafontaine the importance of presenting him with a strong specimen of that compound of thread and old rags, which adorns the houses of the French Canadian aristocracy, and is a credit to the "native manufacture of the Province."

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

William Lyon Mackenzie left his card at the Punch Office.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.



Anna Maria. Which style do you prefer, Tilda dear, curls or waves?

Tilda. Curls are bewitching, but waves are flowing, love.

A NEW GOVERNMENT SITUATION.

COL. GUGY proclaimed a few nights back, in the House, that the *responsibles* had in an underhand manner, created a new birth under the title of Court-fool, and that the Hon. Member for Montmorenci had received the appointment. The prevailing desire to introduce all French customs, was no doubt the reason for this appointment, as the Kings of France, (when Frenchmen stood such a humbug as royalty) always kept a fool for their private amusement. Punch has been informed that the number of applicants for the place was very numerous, but he admires the judgment of the "powers that be" in making their selection from the House of Assembly. If *Mr. Cochon* has got the situation, we congratulate him; it is only the reward of merit, and the Canadians owe much to *Cochon*. *Cochon* has done much for Canada and is the bosom friend of all Canadians; without *Cochon* the Canadians would be badly off, and *Cochon* is very properly admitted to the house and table of every true Provincial. It is really too bad of Col. Guky to grunt about the matter. Let *Cochon* hold the office if he likes, and let no man keep him in a pickle by constantly roasting him.

NEWS FROM INDIA.

Our overland advices from India have not arrived, simply because there is no way of getting over land from there; but the important news of the sack of Moulton is to be found in the English papers. We hope it may turn out a sack full of gold, for the benefit of the brave bombardiers. Moolraj's behaviour was marked by the grossest insolence. When General Whist called upon him to surrender, he punningly replied "don't you wish you may get it," at the same time taking a sight at him from behind a masked battery. The General subsequently called upon Moolraj's mother, and blew her up for countenancing her son's delinquences.

The most brilliant ball of the season was given by a Bombardier whose name has not transpired. It went off amidst the blaze of 800,000 lbs. of gunpowder, and was acknowledged by all to have been a decided hit. There were hopes of an amicable adjustment of all difficulties, as, by the latest advices, Moolraj had proposed to treat!

COCHON'S FIRST JOKE.

Punch is happy to state that he has made an arrangement with the Honorable Member for Montmorenci to contribute the Jokes he utters in his newly acquired dignity of "Jester to the honorable House." The following is Joke, No. 1. If No. 2, is not better, we beg the Honorable Member will keep it to himself.

"Why is the House of Assembly like a piece of bad music?
Because there are flats, sharps, and naturals within the same bar, which produce little harmony and much discord, a great many crotchets set to false measures, too much base with too little of the even tenor, and because the Major Key prevails throughout the strain.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS,—No. 3.

TO WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE.

Accident (and men frequently owe much to accident) threw in my way a publication, the title of which is this,

THE
CAROLINE ALMANACK
 AND
AMERICAN FREEMAN'S CHRONICLE
 For 1840.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 MACKENZIE'S GAZETTE OFFICE.

You William Lyon Mackenzie, are the author of this spirited publication. It is an emanation from your noble and philosophic mind. I beg to call your attention to the following quotations:—

"Page 8. January 5th, 1839. Von Schoultz's Murder sanctioned by the bloody Queen of England."

"Page 13. January 18, 1837." After enumerating the execution of several worthy rebels, you make this high minded remark:

"All these murders of the virtuous Canadians are urged on by the bloody Queen of England, WHO IS AS KEEN FOR SPILLING CANADIAN BLOOD AS HER MAD OLD GRANDFATHER, GEORGE III."

How dignified in you, my dear William, to insult the dead—to scoff at and malign a young and innocent girl (her being a Queen does not heighten the moral obliquity), and a poor old blind man (for Kings are men), stricken by the hand of the ALMIGHTY. It was a thought worthy of you, and only such as you. False to your neighbour; false to your Queen, and false to your God. Breaking the bonds of friendship; violating your oath of allegiance, how could you be expected to keep His commandments. In your whining letter to the *Herald* you declare you did not murder. I believe you. The man who possessed the moral cowardice to write the brutal words printed in the "Caroline Almanack," must lack the physical courage openly to do a deed of blood. But He says "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!" Does that feeble instinct which such animals as you call conscience acquit you of that crime? of course not. Under your hand in the letter alluded to, you deny being a murderer; but you make no attempt to contradict the assertion that you are a thief, and you were right. To the catalogue of your many virtues you had no wish to add the designation of liar, the term has become Parliamentary, or, I should apologise for its use.

In your speculations, to use an euphonious term, you seem to have had a partiality for letters, as one of "the oldest editors in Canada," perhaps this was natural. You first tried your hand at the Upper Canada Mail, and then when bread was put into your rebel mouth by a sympathising government, like a cur, "you bit the hand you lately fawned upon." You abstracted from your office private correspondence, and used your stolen goods as the means of dishonourable gain. A traitor to your Queen; you could not be true even to your once much-loved Republic. And now you are come back, my dear William; professing to have cast off your old skin. You are still the same reptile but your sting is gone—your venom is discharged. This may be so. But I fear you yet have the germs of the self-same poison; that you are still in possession of the self-same subtilty; that you are still the self-same grovelling, creeping thing you were. You will make nothing by coming back, my dear William; you bolted like the dishonest lodger with his landlord's spoons; there is no hope for you; you are the thief and housebreaker advertised in the *Hue and Cry*; you have been hooded and pelted; society has voted you a nuisance; you have been turned upon the wide world as a huge ulcerous thing, at which honesty stops its nose. Can ten years have cleansed the foul sore? Ten years passed in alternately flattering and bullying the sympathising Republic? I think not, my dear William; you may be sweetened by delicious perfumes; you may be redolent of Maccassar Oil; rich in soft and scented soap; you may cringe and smile and place your hand where you dream you have a heart, and weep crocodile tears. But all will avail you nothing. You are unclean and must depart from amongst us. You must pay the penalty of evil; you were wicked and heartless enough to write in cold blood, the paragraphs quoted from the "Caroline

Almanack;" you must have no abiding place amongst the subjects of that Queen you have brutally insulted and mocked.

"This even handed justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips"

I remain, dear William,

Your Obedient Servant,
 PUNCH IN CANADA.

GREEN-HOUSE DISSERTATION.

Canada has always been called a cold country, yet the productions of milder climates flourish here even in winter. The Canadian ladies were ever remarkable for their taste for flowers, and the windows of their houses are usually embellished by them.

Of the truth of these remarks, one could be convinced by taking a walk down Notre Dame-Street, when he will be sure to see



A BEAUTIFUL SNOW-DROP,

and occasionally meet with



A COWSLIP.

Blue belles on a cold day are numerous, and for Tu-lips, Canada is not to be surpassed.

Punch thinks very little of the display at the Hot House in the Legislative buildings, which certainly has no claims to be called a conservatory.

The Passion flower grows and flourishes there to admiration; not that it produces any flowers, but it grows high, and sometimes threatens to come to a blow. Of flowers of Rhetoric, there are few. The plants are evidently neglected, and require weeding and pruning. Some are dry and seedy; others, especially those in cups and pots, appear drenched with heavy wet. Some seem to have been fumigated with tobacco-smoke, and have a radically-rank smell. One new and curious plant called Rebellion Claims, is undergoing the process of forcing. It is placed near a Fountain, and great heat used in bringing it forward; but having no root, it must bear rotten fruit. Mace is raised there in great bulk. It is said to be excellent in preserving, as it effectually saved two queer fish the other day, who were in a nasty pickle.

The nursery men in this establishment should be discharged, as although they have appointed one man as speaker; they appear to be all talkers and no workers; their habits are evidently dissolute, and Punch is of opinion that the best thing which could happen to the establishment would be to wind up the affairs and come to a dissolution.