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## 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 medicine 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, Willow, Scalds from Steam-boat Explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrophulous 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: clammy leather, linen, or brown paper.

### VOICE OF THE PRESS.

**TURKISH BLACK SALVE.**—We do not often either advertise or notice what are called "Patent Medicines," and should not depart from our usual course, had we not from personal experience ascertained that the medicine bearing this title possesses more claims to public attention than such preparations usually do.

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 receipt 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 receipt 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.*

**AGAIN.**—The certificates which accompany the packets of this preparation give statements of some cures effected by it, which would appear almost incredible, were they not related on testimony so respectable as to place them beyond the possibility of suspicion. The originals of these certificates, with the names of all the parties concerned, we have ourselves seen and we have also heard the opinions of parties in this city, who have themselves used this preparation, and who speak most highly of its curative qualities.—*M. Transcript.*

**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 medicine 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.  
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; SAVAOK & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUIHART & 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.

## JOHN MCCOY, Bookseller, Stationer,

and Printer, 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.

## THE VERNON GALLERY, & THE LONDON ART JOURNAL for 1849.

Each Number of this elegant Monthly Journal, will contain THREE STEEL ENGRAVINGS of the very first order, (two from the "VERNON GALLERY," and one of SCULPTURE,) with about 40 FINE Wood Engravings and 32 pages of Letter Press. Specimens may be seen and Prospectuses obtained at the Stores of the Undersigned Agents, who will supply the work regularly every month. Subscription 45s. currency per annum. January, 1849. R. & C. CHALMERS.

**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.

ING, Nos 18 and 20 St. Jean Baptiste Street.—Public Classes, every Monday and Wednesday. Juvenile Class, from 4 to 6, P. M. Adult Class, from 7 to 10, P. M. Schools and Private Families attended; Terms and hours made known on application. Redou and Valse a deux Temps Class, on Wednesdays.

## ICE.—The Subscribers having laid in their

large supplies of ICE, are prepared to make Contracts for furnishing Hotels, Steamers, Offices, Messes, and Private Families. Their List of Subscribers is now open, and they respectfully solicit early application.

ALFRED SAVAGE & CO. Chemists and Druggists. Montreal, Jan. 25, 1849.

## Publications for the Million!

WORKS BY JOHN GAISFORD: THEATRICAL THOUGHTS,..... Price, 1s. 3d. MINOR MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE,..... 73d. For Sale at the Punch Office.

## PORTRAIT PAINTER in Crayons!

—W. F. LOCK, STUDIO, Saint Francois Xavier Street, between Notre Dame and Great St. James Streets.

## TO THE MILLION.

## PUNCH (IN CANADA!)

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

### TERMS.

Single Copies, - - - 4d.  
Annual Subscription, 7s. 6d.  
(Payable in advance.)

Postmasters and others remitting the subscriptions for five copies, will receive six.

### To Advertisers.

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

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

All communications must be post-paid. Office, No. 10, Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

## OUR OWN OPINIONS.

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

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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

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

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the 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 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, Ironquins, Indians, and beavers. The figures in some of the vignettes of this frontispiece, are remarkable for their grotesque humour, and do great honor to the artist, Mr. Lock. This wood-cut is certainly the very best, out of all proportion, which we have ever seen in Canada; and will, we trust, help to increase Punch's subscription list, as well as open the way for more extensive encouragement to the art of wood-engraving. Such specimens as Punch's frontispiece, are little inferior to any done in England; they will therefore, be worth paying for, to ornament books, or periodical publications. We shall be glad to see some publisher devise any plan which will enable him to find the means to pay for them, and should Punch be successful, we shall like it so much the better.—*Herald.*

"PUNCH IN CANADA."—The illustrations are very good. The wit will probably be found too pungent by some people. The best plan for them is to laugh at themselves. Punch, while battling stoutly against bumping, 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 "Humbug."—The plates are well executed, and full of humour.—*Quebec Mercury.*

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

## SINGULAR OPINION.

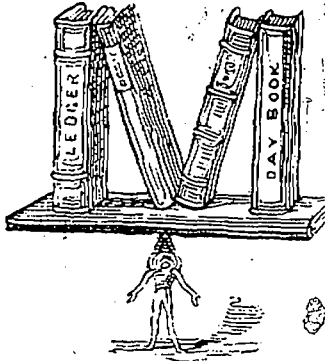
The world, and in this instance the term means that portion of it which knows no better, has at various periods of its history asserted that it was impossible to produce an illustrated work in the City of Montreal, in the Province of Canada. To this assertion a publication entitled, "Punch in Canada,"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

OLD PLAY.

## THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

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

## CHAPTER I.



R. PETER PEPPERBURY'S family history was involved in considerable obscurity. All that was positively known of him was that he came to the place of his present residence when a mere boy; was employed for some years as a clerk, in the firm of "TRICKLERISH & Co." wholesale merchants; gradually worked his way up; saved a little money; in due process of time set up on his own account, and in further process of time married a wife, having previously settled on her a large

sum of money.

Our friend, PETER, was a man of no education himself; he despised it in others; he talked bad English and wrote worse.— Though not celebrated for the accuracy of his figures of speech, he was pretty well versed in the figures of Arithmetic; in his day-book—cash book, and ledger,—and was wonderfully successful in making up a balance sheet for the information, though we are sorry to say not to the satisfaction of his numerous creditors, on numerous occasions. A respect for truth compels us to add that when MR. PETER PEPPERBURY betook himself to the study of Political Economy and became a Free Trader, his statistical calculations and deductions, put forth with no small amount of self-complacent composure, were still less satisfactory than the calculations and results of his balance sheets.

MR. PETER PEPPERBURY was a gentleman of a very speculative turn of mind. He dealt in everything, and dabbled in everything. Flour and Pork, Ashes and Lumber, as articles of exportation, Mining Stock and Bank Stock, he had a slap at each by turns. The warehouse in the dirty lane was a perfect emporium of sundries, the sweepings out of all the warehouses of Glasgow, Manchester, London and Liverpool, periodically consigned to Mr. Peter Pepperbury. The amount of adulterated gallons, questionable broad-cloths, sour wines, mouldy pickles, rusted cutlery, half-baked earthenware, moth-eaten furs, damaged teas, rancid oils, decayed fruits, that MR. PETER PEPPERBURY contrived to disseminate through the country in a year, was perfectly astounding. It was a marvel how one man could pick up such a quantity of rubbish; it was a still greater marvel where the fools came from who purchased such worthless trash. Whether consignments, worthless as they were, proved a profitable speculation to the consignees, is quite another matter. We have strong doubts on the subject, inasmuch as MR. PETER PEPPERBURY was continually in the Gazette. Ill-natured people, and the world is full of them used to accuse MR. PETER PEPPERBURY of "failing" to make money, and, to a certain extent, appearances justified the accusation; the warehouse in the dirty lane was never closed; the "smash" over, and the "certificate" in his pocket, MR. PETER PEPPERBURY was again ready for action. He evidently took care to have a *corps de reserve*, something to fall back upon; though often beaten, he was never utterly vanquished.

MR. PETER PEPPERBURY lived in style. He had a handsome house, fine furniture, and a first-rate cook, for he had a great affection for his inner man. We cannot say so much for the out-of-doors establishment of the "wholesale merchant." MR. PETER PEPPERBURY kept a carriage and a pair of horses, and such a carriage and such a pair of horses were never seen before. The carriage was an ancient coach—an oblong yellow box, big enough to carry eight inside, with dull, black leather sides and top, perfectly unconscious of varnish—it was sombre enough to suit the taste of a

Quaker, and the very sight of it would have set on edge every tooth in Longacre. And it was well matched by the horses; a pair of ewe-necked, thick-legged, hollow-backed brutes, in bad condition, and with staring, ill-groomed coats. If horses were given to fainting, either of MR. PETER PEPPERBURY'S unhappy quadrupeds would have certainly swooned away at the very shaking of oats in a sieve. In order to give them an appearance of spirit, the noses of the miserable beasts were pulled so tightly into their chests by a strong bearing rein, that if they had wished it ever so much, it would have been morally impossible for them to have lifted their legs high enough for a trot. So they shuffled along with the uncouth, lumbering old rattletrap, rolling and swinging behind them, at a pace which suited exactly the tremulous nerves and fine lady affliction of Mrs. PETER PEPPERBURY and her daughter PAMELA.

The coachman and his cattle were capitally matched, and it was perhaps as well for the safety of his life and limbs that it was so. A horse of any spirit would have kicked him to death in disgust at being handled by such an uncouth bog-trotter, as soon as he made his appearance within the stable door. A coachman, that is a coachman, should be a stout, ruddy-cheeked, full-whiskered piece of humanity; smart in his apparel, well fed, and portly in his appearance; he is of the *genus homo*, but of a distinct and peculiar species; MR. PETER PEPPERBURY'S John was of the species bog-trotter; he looked as if he had been suddenly plucked from the wheel-barrow, thrust into a livery, and crammed upon a coach box! And such a livery! A huge coat with many capes of alternate colors, red and green, under which the poor man sweated in the dog days, and shivered in January's frosts. And the coachman invariably invested his nether in a pair of trowsers! Punch can hardly bring himself to write the word, in connection with the subject. His idea of a coachman is something in boots and breeches; white tops and buckskins! He does not recognise anything else; a man may drive horses in trowsers, but a coachman, gosh!! Some one once observed to MR. PETER PEPPERBURY that his was a very ugly livery; upon which PETER replied, that if it was, he could change it! MR. PETER evidently thought that a man might change his family livery as he pleased, just as he did his own boots! On the buttons of the coachman were the Crest and Motto of the PEPPERBURY family. The Crest was a Kite's claw, erect, coupi; the Motto, "*Rapax et tenax.*"—Such being freely rendered in MR. PETER PEPPERBURY'S English, may stand thus; "What I gets, and I ain't particular how I gets it, that I sticks to." How MR. PEPPERBURY ever came by a Crest and Motto, is more than we can account for, and would puzzle the Herald's college most alarmingly. We have gone all through the Peerage, Baronetage, and Commonalty, without discovering the name. Smith is an ancient family; the world owes it something, for the Smiths have certainly more than any other family in the world, obeyed the Divine command to increase and multiply; we can understand the possession of a Crest and Motto, and a Coat of Arms too, when we see it in the hands of Mr. Smith's Britscha, Jones, too, is a time-honored name, particularly in Wales, (there are a hundred or two of Joneses in the Welch Fusiliers, on half-pay and full,) but no one, before PUNCH in his researches into men and things, ever heard of a PEPPERBURY, or saw his Coat of Arms on a carriage or a fish-slice. Who can MR. PETER PEPPERBURY be?

## TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

Oh! Hincks, Oh! Hincks, thou perfect Sphinx!  
How could-est thou a big-man,  
Such courses take, and strive to make  
A cats paw of poor Hig-man.

Though not leastly, tell me lastly,  
Had it not been better vastly,  
More worthy of thy high-lot,  
To speak the truth if e'er you can  
And own yourself to be the man—  
The Cove wo't does the Pilot.

Jurors are not paid, and "come to Court with sugar on their backs to pay expenses (vide Wilson's speech)." Of course this sugar is to sweeten their bitter lot.

## Issuing of the Second Number of Punch in Canada.

ON THIS SATURDAY, THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, HIS EXCELLENCY M<sup>r</sup>. PUNCH, WITH HIS STAFF IN HIS HAND, AND ATTENDED BY THE HEADS OF HIS ESTABLISHMENT, AN OFFICE BOY AND A CHAR-WOMAN, PUBLISHES THE FOLLOWING

### SPEECH :

*Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly :*

I am glad once more to see you assembled to vote yourselves money and talk nonsense, although I confess my joy would be greater did I hope you would devote your time to something more useful and less expensive.

I did intend saying something about the credit of the Province, but after much anxious enquiry, I find the Province has none worth speaking of.

I understand our merciful Queen intends pardoning W. L. Mackenzie. Her Majesty is right: but you will find yourselves wrong if you attempt to provide for him out of the Public Purse.

The Imperial Government has repealed all restrictions on the use of the French language. I have great pleasure in informing you I learnt French at school, and intend presently giving you a sample of my quality, but, I regret that men living under the British Government and taking part in public affairs should not learn English, as their ignorance causes a great waste of the public money.

You will soon have the control of your Post Office. I hope you will manage it better and cheaper than it is conducted at present.

I am disposed to believe that an increase in the Representation would be attended by an increase in the public expense, and I recommend you to study the following question in the Rule of Three:—If eighty members occupy three months in talking, for which they are paid according to the latest records, at the rate of sixty-seven pounds the month each—how many months will one hundred and fifty members occupy and what will be the cost?—Besides, think of the chances of catching another Papineau.

Opposition to the school act has ceased because the said act has been allowed to become a dead-letter. Before you construct another, I should advise that no member be allowed to vote who cannot prove he has been educated himself.

I shall lay before you a despatch from the secretary of state for the colonies, expressive of the interest her Majesty's Government takes in the Quebec and Halifax Railway project. It is not mentioned whether it takes any stock in the speculation.

Among other measures of importance which will, or ought to be laid before you, is a Bill to abolish both in the English and French languages, the terms Responsible Government, British Dominion, Union Act, and Dictatorship, you will thus shut up Louis Joseph Papineau.

A bill to forbid all allusions to the Rebellion of 1837-8. You will thus shut up Doctor Well-fed Nelson.

A bill to make it treason for any member to talk nonsense. His opponents to be his Judges. You will thus shut up half the House and the other half will speak but little.

*Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly :*

I shall direct the Public accounts of my speech to be laid before you—Price 4d. French Translations a bawbee extra.

I rely on your readiness to grant the necessary supplies for Paper Makers, Printers, Artists, Authors, and a snug establishment for myself.

*Honorable Gentlemen and Gentlemen not Honorable :*

I have observed with concern, that Canada did nothing last year in the way of business, and that the administration did the same.

I have not failed, although many merchants have, to observe that England has no intention of continuing to Canada any advantages in their mutual trading operations; therefore, the best thing Canada can do is to take care of herself and bring trade into her rivers.

To effect this object your canals must be completed. To do which, I recommend that you solicit his Excellency the Governor

General to make a shift with half his present pay and allowances, which, so prudent a man as he is known to be, can easily accomplish. That all public servants whose incomes exceed one hundred per annum, should contribute ten per cent. of said income, and all private individuals five per cent.; and that you, like true patriots, which you all are, of course, serve your country and yourselves without fee or reward.

Something like this you must do, whether you like it or not, although, as I am informed, you are in possession of a revenue from many independent sources which is not equal to the expenditure, and which I cannot imagine will be increased by applying some portion of it to create a sinking fund. However, hoping you will do the best you can for your country and your constituents. I shall say no more until the next time.

### LECTURE PHOBIA.

Voltaire said that if two Frenchmen were left alone in the world the one would ask the other for a place. Punch says if the anti-free trade mania or the gold fever should cause all the inhabitants of Montreal but two to emigrate, the one would ask the other to read an essay. However, as this is an innocent and harmless diversion he has no objection to give publicity to the following lectures which are expected to go off well when they come off.

W. G. Mack, Esq., on Christopher Columbus, a celebrated navigator, with the expressions he made use of when he visited, this to him, very strange land, an authentic account of this sea sickness and safe landing, a detail of his baggage and the fees paid for wharfage, portorage, &c. &c.

Dr. Russell, on the inordinate waste of plaster of Paris with illustrations.

Dr. Badgley, on indigestion and its tendency to make people indisposed—to listen to what they cannot understand. The audience are expected to illustrate this lecture.

Rev. W. Leishman on the quantities of pudding and beef consumed by working men—when they can get it.

W. C. Crofton, Esq., on the pine trees and trap dykes of Canada as available for productive industry, with copious statistics of the trade in beaver skins, formerly carried on there, he will also allude to the Afghanistan war; the flight of the Pope, the recent transit of mercury observed by Mr. McGinn; the pleasure derivable from fancy balls, and the injury done to the Plymouth break-water by the gales in October.

Rev. J. Cramp, D. D., on mummies and their applicability to agricultural purposes.

Dr. Barber. A general analysis of the preceding lectures—in which he will enter into and explain the amount of ignorance displayed by each lecturer in the treatment of his subject, and will set the public right on the to him familiar topics of astronomy, history, Phrenology, Geology, Zoology, Physiology, Poetry, Divinity, Christianity, &c. &c. Concluding with his well-known mesmerist feat of putting his audience to sleep.

### FEMALE WISDOM.

The feminine dragons of propriety who preside over the destinies of the Ladies Benevolent Society refused a donation of £25, (a sum which Punch has for years considered fabulous) from the Committee of the Odd Fellow's Ball, because it was the produce of "Promiscuous Dancing,"—at least this was the reason alledged. It is odd in these times to offer such gifts, but to refuse them is odder. The Odd Fellows met with Odd Females. Let Punch ask these paragons if they always put odd questions to those who wish to give; as to how they became possessed of the money they are giving away. If they do, it is odd, indeed, if they do not get odd answers. Let none for the future send cash or debentures to the benevolent ladies without a certificate how it was procured, and will the ladies inform us what of the world's money getting ways they object to. Would they accept of California gold or of the profits of Punch?

☞ "LA FONTAINE, the modest," as he must hereafter be called, proposes to pay one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, out of the consolidated fund, to satisfy the Rebellion Losses of Lower Canada. Upper Canada paid her own. Of this sum Dr. Well-fed Nelson claims twenty three thousand pounds! If he gets it he will be better fed than ever. What may we expect next?



**YOUNG CANADA**  
**DELIGHTED WITH RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.**



THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

We have received countless enquiries respecting the sayings and doings before this Society upon a recent occasion; and a country correspondent, who signs himself A. S. S., and for whom it is therefore perfectly natural to ask such a question, wishes to know if the Earl of Elgin did not make a most excellent speech on that occasion?

Monsieur Ponche is saddened to confess that his *soupe aux pois* had not exactly agreed with him on the memorable evening in question, and that he was fain to comfort himself *aupres du poele* with a pipe of



TABAC DU PAYS,

and *plusieurs grands verres du Jamaïque chaude*. No part of the grandeur of that transcendent night was therefore witnessed by the naked eye of the *bon homme*; and as far as we are aware, only one account, and that a very meagre one, has ever been published in any of the papers.

For the benefit, however, of the countless hordes, who will read nothing but our journal, we have made it our duty, regardless of expense, to obtain the best possible information on this interesting subject. To the association itself—to the Reverend lecturer—and to the "freedom of mind," we need not here advert; all minor considerations being naturally absorbed in the surpassing interest excited by his lordship's performance; nor is it necessary to mention the great additional "freedom" felt by all the company, on account of the presence of



HIS EXCELLENCY AND STAFF.

We shall avail ourselves then, of the best information we have been able to obtain, to answer the questions of our numerous correspondents.

A. S. S.,—To answer this question, it is only necessary to know whether His Excellency made any speech at all, and to ascertain the latter point it might perhaps be requisite merely to enquire whether he had any plausible pretext for so doing. We wish to avoid digression, but really our correspondent is guilty of considerable presumption in assuming that the performances of Governors are to be criticised with the same "freedom of mind" as other things. Besides, it is clearly against the theory of Responsible Government to understand or appreciate anything said by an



EARL IN THE EVENING.

"Go It."—In answer to this correspondent we can state, with perfect confidence, that His Excellency did not dance his much admired herapipoon the evening in question, though most clearly, if he had done so, we should hold ourselves constitutionally bound to consider it "very good."

The true maxim is that "the Governor can do no



WRONG STEP.

Now as this principle has been solemnly decided by the whole Council, to be intended to apply to all acts done by him as Governor, and as it obviously belongs to the dignity and state of that office, to dance and leap about in public on all occasions, it is manifest that His Excellency *must* eclipse all competitors from David, dancing in a linen vest, down to St. Vitus.

We may add, however, for the benefit of the curious in constitutional learning, that upon a very recent application of His Excellency to his law officers, it was given as the decided opinion of those functionaries, that if His Excellency felt disposed to stand on his head, the maxim of the constitution would not save him; Mr. Baldwin learnedly adding in a note that though such an act would unquestionably be a *great feat* for a Governor General, yet, as two feet were required to make a *step*, the rule was inapplicable.

A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST.

There came a voice from a far off shore, with a sad and wailing tone, It told of lands and forests gone, and the starving Indian's moan; And worse, 'gainst England's broken faith there rose a mournful cry, "Oh! Elgin, father! weep for us, a bitter death we die!"

"The Redman's lands are rest away, for food he toils in vain,  
"We die and leave our bones to strew the Western Prairie's plain;  
"Swart miners ply the pick, where once we bent our bows.  
"And smoky steamers stem the waves where rode our bark canoes.  
"Our fathers for old England fought in times long past away,  
"And the 'long knives' felt our tomahawks in many a battle fray;  
"Our old men still remember the giant form of Brock.  
"And where a soldier's sleep he sleeps on QUEENSTON'S glorious Rock.

"This mighty land was once our own, from mountain chain to sea.  
"The Great Good Spirit gave it us, our heritage to be;  
"He filled our Lakes with fish, with game our Forest's free, [tree  
"And the Redman roamed where'er he would beneath the broad greer

"All this is past away, our power and freedom gone,  
"But a remnant of us linger yet, towards the setting sun;  
"We fled before you as you came, the land is now your own,  
"In Western deserts far away we sought but for a tomb,

"Oh! Elgin, father! mourn for us, the remnant of a race;  
"Permit them not to tear from us our last abiding place;  
"Leave us one spot on which to rest, a home and then a grave,  
"Tis all the Redman asks of you, he knows you cannot save!"

CON FOR THE CURIOUS.

Why does the Hon. Robert Baldwin look like a Printer's Devil?

Because he is darkened from having been so long connected with (H)inks.

LIBERTE, EGALITE ET FRATERNITE.

Col. Gagy and Field Marshal Louis Joseph Papineau have at last discovered each other to be honorable and honest men. Through their lives they have been great examples of the French Republican motto, they have exemplified LIBERTY of speech in abusing each other; EQUALITY, in the grossness of their personalities—and their late complimentary "caw me—caw thee!" is a wonderful specimen of FRATERNITY. May they long, each worthy of the other, remain united.



## WINTER COLLOQUIES.



*Ancient Lady.* Little boy, is'n't my nose friz?  
*Little Boy.* Friz, marm, it looks as if it vos a fire!

## PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.

TO THE DAMES AND DEMOISELLES OF LONGEUIL:

*My Dear Ladies,*

You are advised, it seems, to abandon the use of Luxuries. I see a "*crusade contre la Luxe*" proclaimed in your beautiful parish. You are henceforth to renounce the innocent delights of dress, and of course, other social enjoyments, such as Tea, Coffee, and Spices. Your priest so advises you. Doubtless he is a good man, and means well. PUNCH is no bigot. He honors an honest purpose zealously pursued, but your purpose is one on which honesty and zeal are thrown away. A Poet says,

"Christians have burned each other, persuaded  
 That all the Apostles would have done as they did."

It is precisely because there were wise and charitable and courageous men before PUNCH, that Catholics and Protestants have ceased to burn each other, and that my warfare is against humbug, not against cruelty. If we roast each other now, it is metaphorically. However pointed our remarks, they are not on points of faith. Of grace, we have a different idea to our sanguinary forefathers, and let us be thankful that these things are so. The excellent Father Chiniquy, or as some of my countrymen call him Sneaky, wages war against Geneva, both spiritually and spirituously, but adjure him to leave you your beloved Mechlin. There may be heresy and headache in a cup of the one, there is none in a cap of the other.

Your priest may be a good, he is not a sensible man. He is misleading you. He had better take care of your souls, and leave your clothes to the Milliner. If he have a mind to do good, let him take a model farm; send your brothers to learn agriculture, and allow none of you darling creatures to accept a lover who has not given proof of his ability to extract from your fertile soil all the blessings destined to the industrious, by that God whom you so piously invoke—and Punch honors you for that piety—and from the proceeds of his sales to the *Marchands* whom you would ruin; buy for you that fair share of Luxuries to which by your station you are entitled.

But what are Luxuries, my dear Ladies. It would puzzle you and your priest to answer, for it has puzzled many wiser people. A small tooth comb is a luxury. So is a close shave; but of that you know nothing. I beg your pardon for the illustration. Luxury is civilization. Luxury is everything you possess beyond the savage Indians whom your fore-fathers expelled from the lands your fathers cultivate hardly better than they did. Luxury is a stimulus to labor; and believe me when I tell you, you have far too little of both. Do you think, my dear ladies, I labor for fame, and not for the sousepence's? No! If I were not rather luxurious, I should most probably live on black bread, salt pork and peas, and smoke bad tobacco of my own raising, out of a short pipe, like a *Habitant*; a necessity, which I declare I never yet was reduced to.

The United States is luxurious, yet she is rich. She imports more foreign merchandise than any other country in the world except England; and manufactures a great deal of what you call luxuries, but what she thinks the necessities of a decent existence. She earns more than she spends. Her sons are laborious, energetic, and intelligent. Can you say so much for your countrymen? Do they explore the South Seas for whale oil, and cultivate Lower Canada like New Jersey, or even obtain enough of cured fish from their own waters, for their own consumption?—They do not. Therefore it is because they are indolent and uneducated, and not because you are luxurious, that as you are most truly told by your affectionate fathers, and the heart of your own PUNCH has bleé since he heard it that the United States has absorbed one hundred thousand of your brethren, and (that I should live to write the word) your lovers. And make sure, she will absorb you all—you will have neither lovers nor homes, nor a country, if you make her example one for retrocession not for advance, in an idle attempt at ascetic economy in dress.

Be not extravagant, but live within your means. Increase your incomes and deny yourselves no reasonable enjoyment. To do this, your husbands, and fathers, and brothers, and lovers must cultivate their concessions better; if they do not, strangers will fatten on their ruin. If they do, they will have full pockets and you may laugh at any one, be he priest or layman, who tells you you cannot afford a mahogany table in your parlour, or a silk gown to wear to Mass.

I have only one more thing to recommend you—learn to speak English and read PUNCH instead of the *MELANGES RELIGIEUX*, in which I find the account of the Priest's proceedings and yours. Between you and me, it is a *Melange* much more of Rabid Politics of the worst kind, than of the religion of HIM to whose glory "*couronné d'épines*" you devote your efforts, and whose blessing I trust to see you evoke in a worthier cause.

Believe me, *cheres dames et demoiselles*, your most faithful and devoted friend.

PUNCH IN CANADA.

P. S.—My compliments to *Monsieur Votre Curé*, and tell him to try his own system for a month, and my life for it he will see the folly of attempting to regenerate people by teaching them to wear shabby clothes and plucking out the whalebone from the ladies' stays, and the ribbon from their shoes.

## ANSWER TO NUMEROUS INQUIRIES.



*Female Juvenile.* "Who is Mr. Pepperberry?"  
*Punch.* Whoever you please, my little dear!