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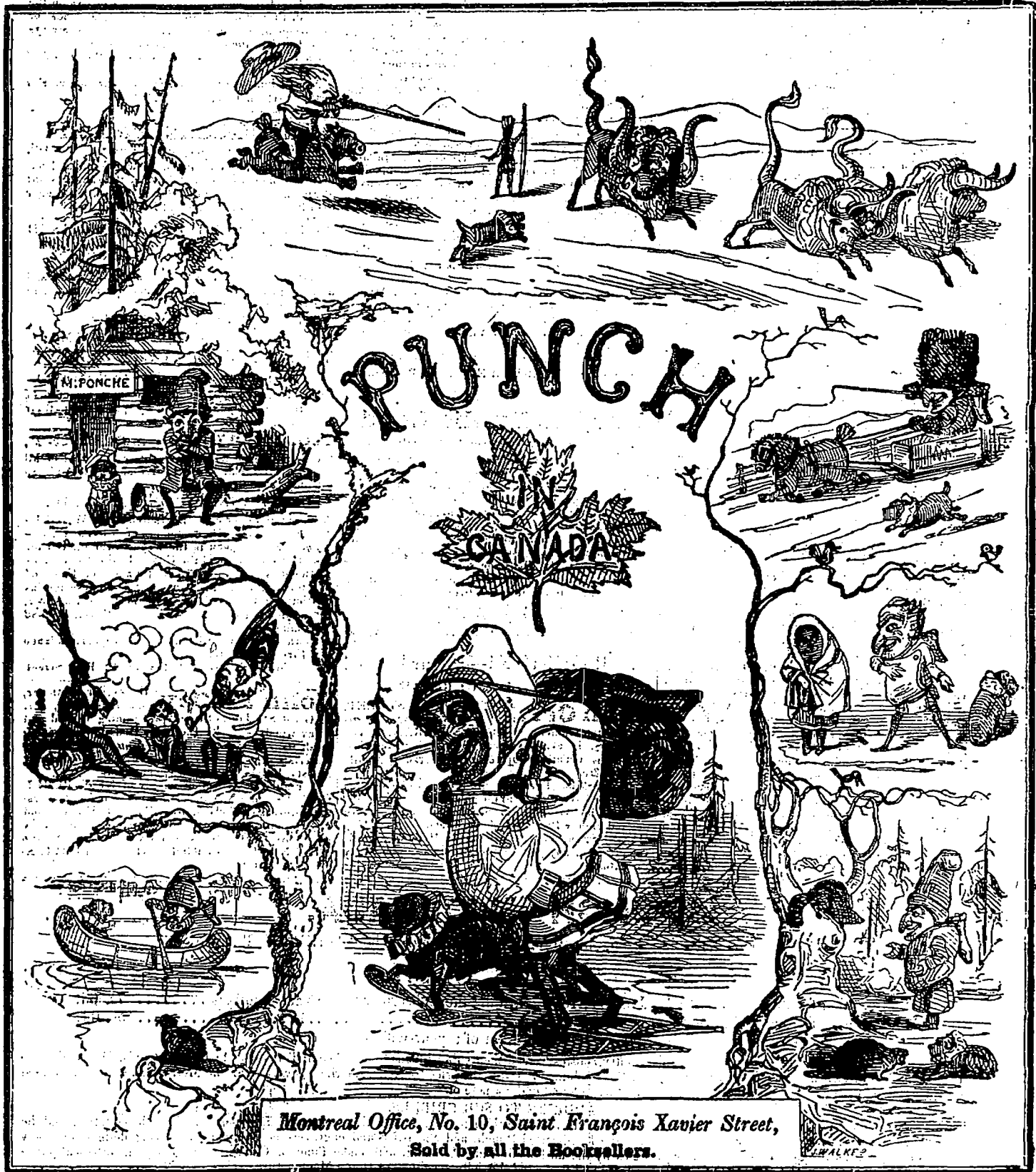
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B. DAWSON, Bookseller and Stationer, avails himself of the columns of "PUNCH," to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137, Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place D'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charges, to secure a continuance of favours.

VOL. I.—No. 26.

DECEMBER 22, 1849.

PRICE, 4D



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

SHIRLEY, by the author of "Jane Eyre"—PENDENNIS, by Thackeray—EGYPT and its MONUMENTS, by Dr. Hawkes—MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, for sale by JOHN MCCOY, Montreal, sole wholesale Agent for PUNCH in Lower Canada: Everybody's Almanac and Diary, for 1850—Drawing-Room Scrap Book, for 1850—Leaflets of Memory, with numerous illustrations for 1850. J. MCCOY, Montreal.

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'Hote, 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.—Dinner sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Payne's), 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 visits the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay will extend more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

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 been introduced into Montreal. As might be lately 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 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 preclude 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 success 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 cause, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gunshot Wounds, Bruises, Bolls, 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, Ringworm, 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: charmois 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 to Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy of every description and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s. 6d.

One's eye!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless BEACH and BARNICOTT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport, is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet.

Agents for Canada,

Messrs. S. J. LYMAN, Chemist, Place d'Armes

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 Regalia, Panatellas, Gaanes, Jupiters, LaDessardas, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. A lot of very old and choice Principles of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, GRAN, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ, Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

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'Hote, 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.

Fall Goods Fallen!

WHAT goods manufactured expressly for a fall, should tumble is not to be wondered at! but that they should be up and down at the same instant of time may appear strange! But "truth is stranger than fiction," and MOSS and BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Clothing, &c., 180 St. Paul-St.,

Assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all the ups and downs are not so advantageous to the

PUBLIC OF MONTREAL!

As the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT,

is gone up and Montreal is down (in the mouth.)

Rigid economy will soon purse up the month of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

MOSS' FAR-FAMED MART, the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues and repair the "RUIN and DECAY" so piteously spoken of in the

GREAT ANNEXATION MANIFESTO.

A saving of 40 per cent. is granted to all WHOLESALE and RETAIL customers of Moss and Brothers, whose Stock is the largest ever off red for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail Department will be found every article of Fall and Winter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Furs, &c. &c., and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings.

Clothes made to order under the superintendance of a First-rate Cutter.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street

John McCoy, Bookeller, 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.

PUNCH IN CANADA.

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the Subscriber to the back numbers 7s. 6d.

Subscription for one year, from date of payment 15s. 0d.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Toronto, or to John McCoy's, Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to Non-Subscribers, away from the Metropolis, will be increased one half-penny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title-page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistic publication, an honour to the province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Punch informs every body that Mr. J. McCoy, of Montreal, has the entire wholesale agency for Lower Canada.

Toronto, December 15, 1849.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.

TO WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE, the fomenter of discord; and the promoter of bloodshed in 1837; the repentant Apostle of peace and good will in 1849.

MY DEAR MACKENZIE,



ET me have a few quiet words with you on behalf of the people of Canada who have vested in me the right of poking my long nose into other people's affairs, when such affairs are of public interest. For the welfare of my clients I would I could see into your heart: it must have been afflicted with disease, ay, foul disease! Has adversity effected a cure? Is your heart sound now? These are questions, my dear Mackenzie, that must be answered ere the people whom you misled will give you a chance of doing so again. For them many excuses may be urged, for you none. You are neither ignorant

nor imbecile. You were the Satan of the Rebellion, the greatest and the most hateful of the evil spirits of '37: you are sagacious, adventurous, and intrepid: you possess talents which should exalt you amongst your fellow-men: but I fear they are debased by low-cunning and dishonesty. I say I fear this. I hope not. We are commanded to forgive those who trespass against us even as we would be forgiven. The people of Canada have forgiven you: but you must give better evidence than you have done as yet, of a repentant spirit and a changed mind before they again take you into their service. Your recent letters published in the *Examiner* have been rather too self-satisfied; too vain glorious; have partaken too much of the character of injured innocence rather than of the tone which should pervade them, that of humbled guiltness, to be very satisfactory. Before confidence can be extended to you, you must obtain toleration. Before you can obtain toleration you must read an ample recantation of your errors; you must confess your crimes; you must evince contrition: and this must be done openly and before the people: having done this, having satisfied your judges of your penitence, and having received absolution, you will still have for years to undergo the penalty of contumely and distrust.

I will now draw your attention to one act of yours, which if shame still retains her blush in your composition will dye your cheeks scarlet. I mean the act of writing the *Caroline Almack and American Freeman's Chronicle* for 1839. Rochester, N. Y. *Mackenzie's Gazette Office*. In which you wrote as follows: Page 8, January 5th, 1839.—*Von Schoultz's murder sanctioned by the BLOODY QUEEN OF ENGLAND.*

Page 13.—*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.*

What a perverted mind, what a malignant heart must have been yours, my dear Mackenzie, when you could indite such words: and deliberately cause them to be printed. With what Devil's pen did you correct the proofs? You must cleanse yourself from this foul blot on your humanity: you must plead that disappointment and revenge had deranged your intellect—had made you mad. In humiliation and with humbleness you must sue for pardon at the footstool of the gracious Queen whom you so foully slandered; you must in penitence ask forgiveness of the subjects of that Queen and swear on the altar of your country, that your future life shall be passed in faithfully serving her and them. If failing to do this the people of Canada take you into their confidence, they will receive a sacrament of infamy and a baptism of disgrace.

Do this and you may yet live to atone and to be honoured of all men: you may assist in working out the regeneration of Canada: you may be a saviour where you have been a destroyer: a blessing where you have been a curse. An exile from the land of your birth and from the country of your adoption: denied the privilege of remaining a subject of the Queen you had reviled; forbidden to share in the liberty of those institutions you had so misunderstood and contemned: you have dwelt in the boasted land of freedom, the Almighty Republic of the United States. You have

discovered the hollowness of their mis-called liberty. You have experienced the real tyranny of an unbridled Democracy. You can foresee the desolation and carnage which yet awaits that doomed Republic, when the Demon of Anarchy, who is now skulking through the land, concealing himself in bar-rooms armed with bowie-knives and revolvers, and experimentalizing with Philadelphia, riots, Astor place murders, Southern butcheries and Speaker's elections—shall arise to reap his harvest, seeing that the seed he has sown has ripened.

Your experience may prevent this Demon's pestilential march through Canada: you may assist in staying the annexation plague which has broken out and which is but the messenger he sends to prepare the way before him. But before the people of Canada will accept even this benefit from your hands, you must convince them that you are a changed man.

I am, my dear Mackenzie,

Yours most devotedly,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

PUNCH'S PEPYS' DIARY.

25th December, 1887.—Being Xmas day, to ye church of St. Thomas, which old Tom Molson did build in former days, naming it after himself. There a sermon from the Reverend Mr. Gugg, whom I did know a lawyer before the troubles, and a Colonel of Militia, but ordained now, for the cause ye church do pay well. Much tears from the preacher, who in smooth language denounced ye humbugs and impostors of our day. One Dutton as parish clerk, giving the responses in a nasal twang, and do mangle the English tongue much, though once a schoolmaster. Afterwards to dinner with Tom Molson, the founder of ye church, where wags have said he do expect to find his bier when called away—his being a mighty brewer of strong ale. Much marvel there, to see how folk have forgotten the good old ways of Merrie England; and my wife, not being very discreet, did give much offence I fear, by saying that ye pumpkin-pie had less of Xmas jollity about it than ye plum-pudding—of which they had none. I too, did much regret the misletoe bough, and the freedom of ye pretty damsels beneath it, which made Xmas so merry of old, but dare not tell my wife, so sat by and twirled my thumbs to the music of ye Tully Polka, a new-fangled measure, but graceful from the hands of a pretty lady who played it, and with whom I did fill my eyes. The conservatory very grand, where saw a tobacco tree growing in a tub, and was shewn a mignonette-box full of a strange vegetable which they called plantation eigers, but to my mind a sort of cabbage. Away very early, and melancholy to think of what I had seen; but my wife would have me go to J. R. Dolly's, where had a good brimming cup of ye fine old wassail, and the smell of plum-pudding did make me cry. Dolly glad to talk of old times and the drinking of old Tom, for which they did found ye Shakspeare Club. But blasphemed much at hearing of ye pork and beans and ye pumpkin-pie at honest Tom Molson's, for which my wife did reprove him, and would take no excuse but a measure of red wine mulled, which J. R. glad to make, so to escape censure. Home by midnight, and to read a chapter in an old book called ye Sketch-Book, the work of one Washington Irving, an American too, but methinks savours more of plum-pudding than of pumpkin-pie. And so made out our Xmas, and to bed, thankful that it was no worse.

STOP! STOP!! STOP!!!

TO CABINET MAKERS.—The Earl of Elgin's Cabinet having been much damaged in the journey to Toronto, artists are requested to tender their advice (gratis) respecting the best mode of repairing it. A private inspection may be had of the fractured article by applying at Government House. His Excellency has no objection to experimentalizing on its renovation, as he is not afraid it can be worse than it is. Indeed, he rather wishes for a radical change. There are legs and drawers enough left, but it is greatly deficient in the upright portions. His Excellency is not particular as to the materials to be employed in the repair, provided it be made strong enough to secure his Lordship's savings, which are considerable. Tenders to be sent in to Mr. Attorney General Baldwin. N. B.—W. L. Mackenzie need not apply.

SONG OF THE FEEBLE FOUNTAIN.



O, a thirsty, thirsty soul am I,—
Fill up my pipe and bowl:
Do you think I'll play when my cup runs dry,
Man of the narrow soul?
The snobbish city pump may be
Considered a bore in his way;
But I am a fountain bold and free,
And who shall hinder my say!

Sprung from the old St. Lawrence cold,
Who at my birth shall sweet?
Though many prefer the tap, I'm told,
Of Molson's muddy beer,
O, turn the water on, I say,
Man of the narrow soul!
I fain would play, on this bright young day,
Then fill up my pipe and bowl.

The matin-bell tolls in the morn
To the silent old Place d'Armes,
But spirits nor spray have I forlorn
To drink to the glad alarm.
'Twere better the low-bred pump to be,
Cared for by a rabble rout,—
For though he's a bore, as I've said before,
He never complains of drought.

When cherry-cheeks go dimpling by,
I fain would a circling shower
Around them cast of my feathered spray,
But, O, I lack the power!
Then fill up my feeble pipe, I pray,
And fill up my thirsty bowl;—
On Christmas Day I'll moisten my clay,
Man of the narrow soul!

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

Why did not the Hon. H. J. Boulton remain in Newfoundland?
Because it was too cold for him: he is only comfortable in hot water.

TOO BAD.

Certain gentlemen have been dismissed from the Custom House by the Inspector General, for taking Government Debentures and putting them into circulation. It is too bad to dismiss officers who shew a desire to lessen the cares of those in charge of the public money, by taking care of it themselves. In fact, if the money was taken for Duty, the gentlemen were only doing their duty by taking it.

PROVINCIAL FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.



EA-JACKETS continue to be worn—particularly by the fashionable inmates of the Provincial Penitentiary, the prevailing style of garment in which institution is what may be denominated a double P jacket; the residents there affecting a duplicate brand of that mystic initial upon their eccentric and somewhat quaintly devised wrap-rascals. The division of colours, so strictly adhered to by this exclusive circle of exquisites, is not only startling in its effect, but actually admirable for its propriety,—one half of the person wearing a sorrowful dark grey mourning, for the glaring, bright yellow sins committed by the other half. Never were the lights and shades of life more beautifully and affectingly displayed to the feelings, than in this little pictorial device of costume,

and the close crop, or shoe-brush style of coiffure, so universally adopted by the knowing ones of the establishment—including every body there of the involuntary residents, furnishes the parano-logist with abundant proof that their heads, at least, if not their hearts, are in the right place, viz.—the Provincial Penitentiary. This is about all the fashionable intelligence we have been enabled to glean from Kingston.

At Montreal, muffs appear to have gone out pretty much ever since the departure of the Government employes from that *ci-devant* metropolis; and pumps have decidedly fallen into desuetude from the same period. Straps are not worn so much as formerly, by *la Jeune Canada*, such coercive means being no longer required to keep down the buoyant spirits of that circle of rank and fashion, now that the seat of Government has seceded from its centre. Bells may be heard, and Belles seen, in the streets the daylight through, and well on towards the night: not Shak-speare's "sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh," but sweet belles in cherry-coloured velvet bonnets with cheeks to match, and lips cherrier and velvetier than either bonnets or cheeks. Eagle's feathers were set up early in the season; but the wearers felt that they looked like geese, and moulted incontinently, exchanging their uncouth style of head gear for the more appropriate *Plume de la British Lion's tail*. In fur caps the only variety is the *Casque a l'Annexion*—a simple helmet, constructed of a donkey's head dressed with the hair and ears on, and which possesses the comfortable requisite of fitting the wearer exactly like his own skin. Boots are worn very long,—in some instances so long that the annexation question between the upper and lower portions has come to a regular burst, the vamping up of which has led to a terrible consumption amongst cobblers, many being constantly drunk in the perplexity occasioned by the split. The foregoing remarks generally will apply to Quebec, although the observations on which they are based were principally made at Montreal.

Toronto is dressy and gay. Most of the houses in King Street have mounted their winter flannels, and some knowing old bricks button themselves up in pea-jackets, from the cellar-window to the chimney-pot. Indeed, the weather is so mild that the houses appear to live altogether out of doors, and it is quite the *ton* for the chimnies to enjoy their smoke *al fresco*. Illustrated linen is much worn, particularly about the button-holes. A neat article in the way of a pictorial shirt, displaying some historical reminiscences of Punch, with a conundrum on the collar to be solved in the next week's washing, would amply repay the enterprising haberdasher who might risk its introduction. Amongst the Government Officials the hair is worn remarkably thin, owing to their having parted with most of it on leaving their inconsolable creditors at Montreal,—locks being then taken in exchange, at par, for bolts. The Heads of most of the Departments are nearly bald in consequence, and the majority of them would be all the better of a good wigging.



LITTLE HENRY JOHN sits down to a nice Christmas Pudding, but is prevented from enjoying it by a nasty great wasp.—(Suggested by Hunt's *Boy and Wasp*.)

CHRISTMAS FOR THE PRINTER.



AN Punch be wrong? No! he knows it was in a stray number of the Temperance Advocate, that he saw a mild song, entitled "Here comes winter,"—which staggered along under the good, but rather heavy burden of "Pay the Printer." Nevertheless there was a wet-blanket, muffled tone about it, ill calculated to cheer the Printer. Punch therefore takes up the song, and, throwing a little of himself into it, begs to hand it round for the benefit of that hard-worked and meritorious class,

Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Sneezing, freezing round a body;
Pay the printer, pay the printer,
Let him have his glass of toddy.
Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Freezing up the beer and ale;
Pay the printer, make the printer
Happy with his gin cock-tail.
Pay the printer, pay the printer,
Money makes the merry cheer;
In cold winter, in cold winter,—
Beef and pudding, ale and beer.

Merry winter, merry winter.
Circle round the fire so bright;
Here's to you, my jolly printer,
'Type of all that's proper, quite.
Happy winter, happy winter,
Fill another jovial glass.—
Here's the lass that loves the printer,
And the Press,—that toast will pass;
Here's to winter and the printer,
Sack and cider, snow and hail!
Jovial printer, jolly winter,
Lass and glass and rum and ale!

SONG OF THE EXAMINER.

AS SUNG ON DECEMBER 19TH IN AN AGONY OF GRIEF.

They have spoke out 'gainst Retrenchment, they have broken every vow,
They have spoke out 'gainst Retrenchment, and its all up with them now.
They care not for the people, they've kicked out honest Cameron,
But wait until next week, when their precious nob's he'll hammer on,
We'll make them rue the day,
They ever dared to say
We wanted peace and pay—
Lost, lost Ministry.

Had it been MacNab and Sherwood, to bear it we'd have tried,
But to think of Price and Baldwin asserting that we lied!
Can any body wonder that we should be "kinder riled"
When of those long advertisements they have our hopes beguiled,
Their excuses may be clever—
But we'll not excuse them—never!
But to upset them will endeavour—
Lost, lost Ministry.

There's their blessed Chancery Court with its quibbles and delays,
Which when a cove gets into—why in for life he stays:
They call themselves Reformers, yet adopt the Tory ways,
Of creating monstrous sinecures, for which the country pays,
They may laugh and think it fine,
But they're regularly done,
And we'll make them cut and run—
Lost, lost Ministry.

PUNCH TO MR. DUTTON, OF MONTREAL, PEDAGOGUE.

DEAR SIR,—

Permit me to make use of one of my own columns for a pedestal, from which, after the fashion of St. Simeon Stylites, I may chant forth the praises of so very distinguished a person as I conceive you to be. My object in taking this liberty is to thank you for the luminous card or placard lately issued by you at Montreal, which, however, owing to the unavoidable attendance to my duties upon the staff of Lord Elgin at Toronto, I have not had the pleasure of seeing. But the spirit and tendency of your announcement I understand to be this;—that, in consequence of the approaching amalgamation of these colonies with the United States, you have determined to devote all your energies to the due preparation of the tender young Canadian maple, with a view to its engraftment on the rugged American hickory. Doubtless, Mr. Dutton, you were within an ace of making a great hit,—great even for one who is in the habit of making a great many palpable hits every working day, as the knuckles and other vulnerable parts of your pupils can probably testify. Were annexation really to take place, your academy would speedily run up into a college; for many additional branches of the tree of knowledge would require to be introduced, to put your saplings in a fit state for reception into the destined nursery. Your assistants would, of course, be selected from amongst the citizens of the model Republic. The Gouging Department, for instance, might be presided over by a distinguished oculist from Kentucky, and the blessing of being able to turn one's thumb to advantage in this useful accomplishment, be thus conferred upon the rising generation, for a small additional remuneration. By the judicious introduction of young negroes, and their occasional stimulation to muscular exercise by the application of knotted thongs, the minds of your young friends would be gradually prepared for the milder details of slave-holding; until at length they might be indulged with the instructive spectacle of roasting a full grown African alive,—a rational pasime of which I lately read a very pleasant description in a southern paper. The laboratory, or chemical department of your college, should be under the direction of a regularly-graduated bar-keeper from one of the saloons at New York, whose matutinal lectures might be illustrated by the practical application of various fluids, to the composition of cock-tails and other truly republican compounds.—Thus would your youthful proteges imbibe liberty with or without bitters, as their individual tastes might determine; and the humble julep would raise aspirations in the mind of its youthful swallower, to boundless transactions in rum and sugar at some future day. In the pleasure-grounds of your seminary, the tobacco plant might be cultivated with advantage, and much benefit would accrue to the young gentlemen, from their being instructed in the art of rolling their own cigars, and in the elegant manufacture of nigger-head.

Do you not think, my dear sir, that much might be made out of the foregoing hints? Pray think it over before issuing a revised edition of your placard; and if you think that pictorial illustrations would forward your views, my principal artist is very much at your service, as well as the use of my columns for the promulgation of your ideas, to which I shall always be happy to add my own remarks.

Pray send me a daguerreotype likeness of yourself, as we may want you by and bye when the subject comes up again—and believe me

Yours, &c.,

PUNCH.

SHAKSPEARE IN DIVERS PLACES.

A Jamaica paper states that, an expert diver, somewhere amongst the Islands, being lately employed to recover some property submerged in a sunken schooner, succeeded in fishing up forty casks of rum from the hold of the hapless craft. Could Shakspeare of the "prophetic soul" have had this rum in his eye, when he talked about calling "spirits from the vast deep"? In that case it is more than probable that the many strange visions undoubtedly seen by him in his dreams, were neither more nor less than Jamaica spirits.

THE FOOLISH ONE,

WITH THE
GREY DISHEVELLED LOCKS.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Scene—ELMSLEY VILLA.—Dismissed Magistrates and Militia Officers, Wicked Montreal Tories and Annexationists, and a Guard of Honor drafted from the Prairie Hens, discovered.

CHORUS—(ANNA BOLENA.)

Silence! silence! the Earl's in the dumps,
Annexation has cut up a shine O!
Ambassador Hincks is ill with the mumps
Cos in London he could not raise rhino,
And now to Elmsley, Francis doth repair
His visage redolent of rude despair.

[Enter Mr. Attorney General Baldwin.]

Baldwin—Alack! alack! the news is sad as may be,
The noble Earl is blubbering like a baby,
The Bruce's nerves in tremor wild are shaking,
And Annexation (laugh!) has set the household quaking.
Kincardine comes, now show your griefs
If not by tears, at least by handkerchiefs,
Each martyred Magistrate must sob and cry,
(Aside)—If they do this, I know 'tis "all my eye,"
Draw handkerchiefs! eyes wet! long faces!
Keep your position—though you've lost your pieces.

[The mob obey orders.]

[Enter the Earl weeping.]

Earl—Pelt me with eggs, talk about Annexation,
Want to reduce my pay! degrade my station;
Laugh at a Bruce! it passes all belief—
Baldwin! another pocket-handkerchief.

[Baldwin hands a cotton wipe.]

Baldwin—(weeping)—Oh! Guvner; still more wicked things
they're done,

Yet swear they but complete what you begun,
Taught by your Lordship that the tie was broken,
They Annexation about—the word is spoken,
And chaunt aloud in chorus Magisterial,
They neither care for you nor rule Imperial.

Earl—Not care for me! oh, fortune! grant me aid,
Is thus my "dignified neutrality" repaid,
They can't be less!

Baldwin—Pray be a man, for when I've said
What only Earls like you with wooden head
Are privy to—

Earl—I would do so,
Yet cannot but remember such things cost
Vice regal reputations—mine is lost,
I feel mine eyes are melting with my grief,
Baldwin! another pocket-handkerchief.

[Baldwin hands another wipe.]

For I must play the coward with mine eyes.

Baldwin—Oh! much loved Guvner, how t'will you surprise
To hear who plays the braggart with his tongue.

Earl—Hah! say! who?

Baldwin—A genuine do!
Sherwood by name, who swears that he
Has saved your Lordship from the pillory—

[The Earl starts.]

My Lord, the term is only metaphorical,
I meant not pillory corporal but historical,
But list!—more work my Lord, in chorus clear,
The Magistrates dismissed are joyous here—
DeWitt and Holmes and Torrance too and Lindsay,
Hart and Peter Dunn and eke J. G. Mackenzie,
With aching sides nigh burst themselves with laughing,
And you and all your ministers are chaffing.

[The Earl faints in Baldwin's arms.]

SONG OF THE MAGISTRATES.

(Yankee Doodle.)

Air—DE WITT.

Although traitors we may be,
Of Fools the incarnation,
Let's dance on our commissions, Boys!
And shout for Annexation.
Mistaken, lost, misguided Bruce
Dry your briny tears, oh!
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
From the Fortin Halberdiers, oh!

(Chorus.)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

Air—JOHN MOLSON.

Sense of honor I have none,
My principle is self, Sirs,
In course, I love my country some
But first I love myself, Sirs.

(Chorus.)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

I nothing care for yankee land,
But whiskey want to sell, Sirs,
And if I could a price command
I'd annex myself to (cries of shame,) well! Sirs!
(Chorus.)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

Air—ROSE.

My Queen with silk my shoulders grazed
But ere the web is frayed, Sirs,
I prove her confidence misplaced,
And make Loyalty a trade, Sirs.

(Chorus.)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

The Earl has gradually recovered, he upsets Baldwin and with
frantic gesticulation exclaims,

Silence, ye knaves, I'll hear no more,
Baldwin, show these donkies to the door.

[Baldwin bows them out and exits—The Fortins follow.]

[The Earl throws himself into a chair.]

Would 'twere a dream, alas! 'tis sad reality,
Such the results of DIGNIFIED NEUTRALITY.

[Bursts into tears and the scene closes.]

PUNCH ON PRECEDENT.

PUNCH.—Yes, Toby, the foundation of the *Lex non Scripta* is
Precedent. For instance, Ogle R. Gowan offends the "Strong
Government" and is dismissed from the magistracy, and because
Ogle R. Gowan offends: his brother is dismissed from the Customs.

TOBY.—Bow, wow, wow.

PUNCH.—The rule of that precedent may be illustrated thus,—
If, which Heaven forbid, Lord Elgin should offend Her Majesty
and be deprived of his high office, Col. Bruce must submit to the
loss of Her Majesty's commission.

TOBY.—Bow, wow, wow.

PUNCH.—Precisely. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for
the gander.

QUEER MISTAKE.

Mr. Egan, M.P.P., has authorized Punch to correct the mistake
which has gone abroad, as to the cause of the Hon. Malcolm
Cameron's resignation. It was not the Crown Lands the hon.
gentleman wanted, but the Timber.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is said that the Honourable H. J. Boulton has received so
severe a blow from a "Crook," that his friends have given him up.
He has been very bad for some time and is daily growing worse.