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PUNCH

Is published every

SATURDAY.

TERMS:

\$1.25 Per Six Months.
0 5 Per Copy.

For Sale at all News Depots.



THE STADACONA

PUNCH.

ADVERTISEMENTS:

A limited number of advertisements will be published on moderate terms.

All friends of humour fancy wit are requested to give us a helping hand.

Our Prospectus is crowded out of this issue.

WANTED

Two or Three lads to sell this paper.

Editing a Paper.

- Editing a paper is a very pleasant business.
- If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it.
- If it contains too little, they won't have it.
- If the type is large, it don't contain enough reading matter.
- If the type is small they can't read it.
- If we publish telegraph reports, folks say they are nothing but lies.
- If we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.
- If we publish original matter, they damn us, for not giving original selections.
- If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.
- If we give a man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial.
- If we do not, all hands say we are a greedy hog.

If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are to proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out, they say we never attend to business.

What shall *Punch* do?

SONG OF THE SORDID SWEETHEART.

I Lov'd thee for thy money,
For wealth, they say, was thine;
But finding thou hast none, I
Thy heart and hand resign.
Think not I wish to pain thee,
Deem not I use thee ill:
I like thee;—but maintain thee,
I neither can nor will.

I thought thee quite a treasure—
A bond fide sum,
And dreamt of joy and pleasure
That never were to come;
The house—the hounds—the horses—
Thy fortune would allow,
The wines—the dozen courses;—
That dream is over now!

Not for thy charms I woo'd thee,
Though thou wast passing fair;
Not for thy mind I sued thee,
Though stored with talents rare:
Thine income 'twas that caught me,
For that I held thee dear;
I trusted thou 'dst have brought me
Five thousand pounds a year.
That hope, alas! is blighted,
Thereon I will not dwell;
I should have been delighted
To wed thee—but, farewell!

My feelings let me smother,
Hard though the struggle be,
And try and find another,
Rich as I fancied thee.

Information Wanted.

Of M. J. S. McDonald who disappeared from the City of Quebec about the middle of March last, also of M. M. Holton and Dorion from whom nothing was heard since last winter.

Provisional Prospectus

OF THE GRAND TRUNK DISTRIBUTION AND GENERAL LUGGAGE ALLOTMENT.

IN CONNECTION WITH ALL THE EXISTING RAILWAYS.

Capital 10,000 Portmanteaus, with a further stock of 20,000 Carpet Bags, and a reserve fund of Dressing Cases, Desks, small Parcels, and Hat Boxes.

In consequence of the spirit of enterprise that has been shown in realising a bonus, by boning the luggage at the termini of the various Railways, the present Company has been formed to introduce something like system into what has hitherto been a mere scramble of the most indiscriminate nature. It has been calculated that several hundreds of Portmanteaus, Carpet Bags, &c., &c., change hands in the course of every week on the arrival of the trains, and it is considered fair that instead of a few profiting by the present system of luggage allotment, the advantages ought to be accessible to the public in general.

With this view it is proposed that every Railway passenger should be expected, as he is now, to pay down at once a deposit of the whole of his luggage, for which a number will be given, and the luggage being all jumbled together, he shall receive at the end of his journey such articles as may fall to his lot in the course of the distribution, which will be conducted on the principle of one package to each person in the order in which they come, till the whole capital is disposed of. It is believed that this will be hailed by the public as a considerable improvement on the present plan of indiscriminate claiming and snatching, by which the individual with the loudest voice and readiest hand often gets an undue share of the stock of luggage.

Persons paying a large deposit of Bank Notes or Jewellery in small cases, will be entitled to a double allotment, if the value of the deposit is proved at the time of receiving the scrip, or number, which will be the only evidence of their being actually Shareholders.

Further particulars to be had of the porters at the Railways, who will act as the Allotting Committee—receiving one package in ten as their profit, instead of taking all they can conveniently get hold of.

Drill for Single Volunteers.

Full in.—Love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you have.

Attention.—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.

Right Face.—Popping the question like a man, and she'll accept you.

Quick March.—To her parents and ask their consent.

Right Turn.—With her to the church, and go through the service of holy matrimony.

Halt.—And reflect seriously for a few moments, and then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

Right About Face.—From the haunts that you have frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

Advance Arms.—To your young wife when out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you.

Break Off.—Billiard playing, betting and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

SCENE IN CHAMPLAIN MARKET.

Gentleman.—“My good woman, how much is that goose?”

Market Woman.—“Well, you may have two for seven shillings.”

Gentleman.—“But I only want one.”

Market Woman.—“Con't help it; ain't a-goin' to sell one without the other. Them ere geese, to my certain knowledge, has been together for more'n thirteen years, and I ain't goin' to be a unfeelin' ajnto separate em now.”

A man hearing that a raven would live 200 years, bought one to try.

Punch's political dictionary.

A or AN, the indefinite article, which is exceedingly useful in the language of politics. Thus an election candidate, pledging himself to a plan of Reform, or an extension of the suffrage, leaves himself, by the indefiniteness of the article, at liberty to act as he thinks proper. A in politics, like the A in Greek, often has the force of a negative; as, when a statesman promises to bring in a Bill to remedy an evil, he frequently brings in no bill whatever.

ABBREVIATION, the art of shortening; an art which seems to be unknown to long-winded speakers in Parliament. An M. P. is, however, often found abbreviating or cutting short a voter who comes to ask a favour soon after one election, and before there is any immediate chance of another.

ABDICATION, in its original sense, means the voluntary renouncing an office; but as offices are in these days seldom given up voluntarily, the word resignation, which expresses the act of resigning one's self unwillingly to fate, is used with reference to retirement from place, which is almost always imperative. Abdication is now applied exclusively to the running away of sovereigns from thrones that are in a tottering condition. The last case of the kind that has occurred, or, as we hope, ever will occur, in Canada is that of John Sandfield McDonald who observing preparations for ejecting him, cut, but did not come again to power.

ABIMINATION (of Light), is in politics, as in astronomy, an apparent alteration in the position of anything according to the place it is viewed from. A politician who shifts his own ground, fancies that things are changed, and places makes a wonderful difference in the mode of looking at the same objects.

ANACTON, a word often applied to a ministerial measure.

ACTON, (in law) from the Latin “actio,” the state of doing; an action being frequently a continued “do” from beginning to end. An action also means a battle; and the term is therefore applicable to a law-suit which generally terminates in frightful loss to both sides.

ADMINISTRATION is the act of administering the goods of a person who dies without a will, and hence the word administration has come to mean collectively the government which distributes the goods of the nation, which may be said to be, to a certain extent, without a will of its own.

ADULTERATION, a very important branch of commercial industry. Though adulteration has been prohibited by several acts of Parliament, it is a species of manufacturing skill which improves whatever it is employed upon. It turns the humble cabbage into the wholesome cheroot, and converts indious, the quassia, the liquorice, into porter, or some other, equally popular beverage. Sand is elevated into sugar; sloe-leaves are exalted into tea; and alum takes its place by the side of flour as an ingredient in the great staff of all our existence.

Queer things done in type.

The mistakes of printers are often very funny to readers and very exasperating to authors. A single letter is often of the greatest importance, and a small mistake frequently changes the whole effect of an article. Some very funny stories are told of mishaps of this character, and we give below some of the best.

An English paper once stated that the Russian General Baskinowski was found dead with “a long word in his mouth.” It should have been “sword.” In this case, however, the printer could not have been blamed for leaving out a letter after setting up the Russian name correctly. During the Mexican war an English newspaper hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico—that Gen. Pillow and thirty-seven men had been lost “in a bottle.” It should have read “battle.”

A lad in a printing-office came upon the name of Hecate, occurring in a line like this:

Shall reign the Hecate of the deepest hell.

The boy, thinking that he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer and inquired

eagerly whether there was an *e* in cat. “Why no, you blockhead,” was the reply. Away went the boy to the press and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher when the poem appeared with the line—

Shall reign the Hecate of the deepest hell.

A newspaper some time ago gravely informed its readers that a rat descending the river came in contact with a steamboat, with such serious injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it. It was a raft, and not a rat, descending the river.

In the directions for conducting the Catholic service in a place in France, a shocking blunder once occurred in printing *calotte culotte*. Now, a *calotte* is an ecclesiastical cap or mitre, while a *culotte* means what is known in the drawing-room English as a gentleman's smallclothes. The sentence read, “Here the priest will take off his *calotte*.”

Letters Dropped Out.—But let the form of types be ever so correct when sent to press, errors not unfrequently happen from the liability of the letters to drop out when the form has not been properly adjusted, or locked sufficiently tight. A printer, putting to press a form of the Common Prayer, the *e* in the following passage dropped out unperceived by him: “We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye.” When the book appeared, to the horror of the devout worshipper the passage read: “We shall all be hanged in the twinkling of an eye.”

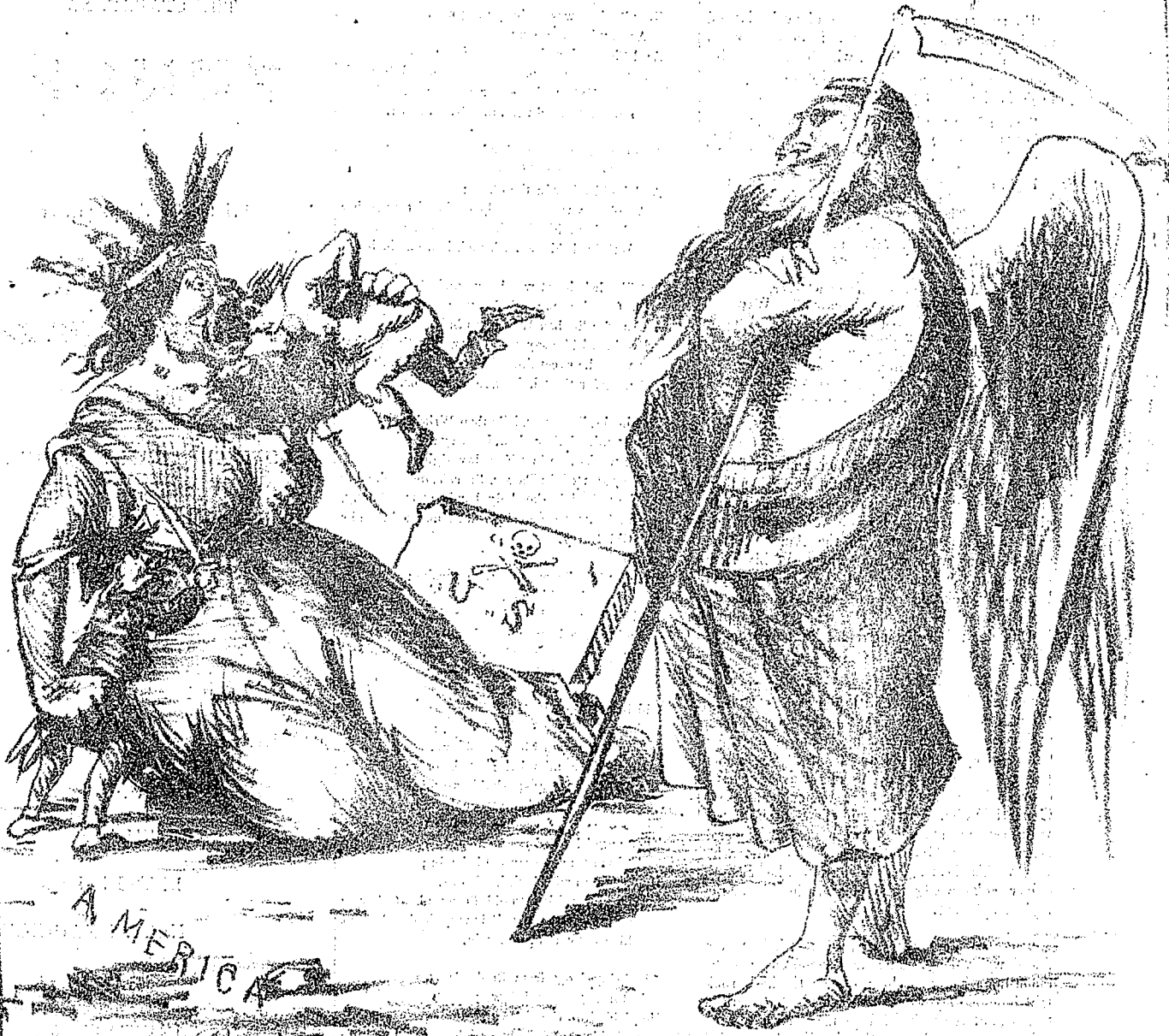
A newspaper recently stated, in a report of a battle, that the conflict was dreadful, and that the enemy was repulsed with great laughter. (slaughter.) A man was said once to have been brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) a stage-driver for demanding more than his fare. The public were informed some time ago that a man was committed for having stolen a small ox (box) from a lady's workbag. The stolen property was found in his vest pocket. In an account of a Fourth of July dinner it was stated that none of the poultry was eaten except the owls (fowls).

“Make-up” Blunder.—A laughable mistake is made in the following mixing of two articles—one concerning a preacher, the other about the freaks of a mad dog—which occurred in a hurried “make-up” in a printing-office:

“The Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physician advises him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after the conclusion of a short prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic feats. He ran up Trinity street to the college. At this stage of the proceedings a couple of boys seized him and tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of running and confusion. After a long race he was finally shot by a policeman.”

It is not stated whether the following item, which is said to have been printed once upon a time, was the result of inebriety on the part of the printer or reporter:

“Horrible Catastrophe.”—Yesterday morning, at four o'clock P. M., a small man, named Jones or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed assault by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the fact in accordance with his death. He left a child and six small wives to lament the end of his unfortunate loss. In death we are in the midst of life.”



OLD SATURN I'm delighted to see that I'm not the Only Historical Character who destroys its Own Offspring!

FASHIONABLE weddings are cleverly hit off in the following poetic squib from the pen of some mischievous scribbler, who deserves for his impudence to be broomsticked by every young bride in the country :

Four and twenty bridegrooms all in a row ;
 Four and twenty dandies dressed from top to toe ;
 Four and twenty bridesmaids dressed in hoop and feather ;
 Eight and forty Nimshies standing altogether ;
 The bride ringed and jewelled,
 The groom gloved and glum,
 And both of them look foolish,
 And both of them are dumb ;
 A thousand spectators all
 To see the pretty match,
 A thousand tongues to whisper,
 "He made quite a catch."
 Eight and forty ninnies
 Marching out of church,
 Like so many school-boys
 Running from the birch.
 Oh, what a sight to look upon as ever I did see,
 The world makes a great fuss for nothing, seems
 to me.

A PROBABILITY.—Jonathan and his friend Paddy were enjoying a delightful ride, when they came in sight of what is very unusual in any civilized state now-a-day—an old gallows or gibbet. This suggested to the American the idea of being witty at the expense of his Irish companion. "You see that, I calculate," said he, nasally, pointing to the object just mentioned ; "and now where would you be if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone," coolly replied Paddy.

GENERAL WOLFE.—General Wolfe invited a Scotch officer to dine with him ; the same day he was also invited by some brother officers, "You must excuse excuse me," said he to them : "I am already engaged to Wolfe." A smart young enseiga observed, he might as well have expressed himself with more respect, and said General Wolfe. "Sir," said the Scotch officer, with great promptitude, "we never say General Alexander or General Caesar." Wolfe, who was within bearing, by a bow to the Scotch officer acknowledge the pleasure he felt at the high compliment.

POETICAL.—I sat by the open window on a fine dewy evening. The stars shone out, and the moon hung her mild beams over the high rock that bounded my view. The birds had retired to rest, but the wakeful frogs made music in the neighboring marsh, and the fire flies bespangled the darkness. The sighing wind just touched the tree tops, and their murmurs roared gently in my ears. I looked out upon the charming scene ; I raised my eyes to the milky way—and my rent was due the next day.

A. Doleful Ballad.

In Hoboken a maiden dwelt,
 Her name was Phoebe Brown,
 Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
 And she was considered by good judges to be
 by all odds the best-looking girl in town.
 Her age was nearly seventeen ;
 Her eyes were sparkling bright ;
 A very lovely girl was she—
 And for about a year and a half there had
 been a young man paying attention to her
 by the name of Reuben Wright.

Now Reuben was a nice young man
 As any in the town ;
 And Phoebe loved him very dear ;
 But on account of his being obliged to work
 for a living, he never could make himself
 agreeable to old Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Her parents were resolved
 Another she would wed—
 A rich old miser in the place ;
 An old Brown frequently declared that rather
 than have his daughter marry Reuben
 Wright, he'd sooner knock him on the head.

But Phoebe's heart was brave and strong,
 She feared no parent's frowns ;
 And as for Reuben Wright so bold,
 I've heard him say more than fifty times that
 with the exception of Poebe, he didn't care
 a fig for the whole race of Browns.

So Phoebe Brown and Reuben Wright
 Determined they should marry ;
 Three weeks ago last Tuesday night
 They started for Parson Briggs, determined to
 be united in the holy bonds of matrimony,
 tho' it was tremendous dark and rained like
 Old Harry.

But Captain Brown was wide awake ;
 He loaded up his gun,
 And then pursued the loving pair,
 And overtook 'em when they'd got about half-
 way to the parson's, and then Reuben and
 Phoebe started off upon a run.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim
 Towards young Reuben's head ;
 But, oh ! it was a bleeding shame,
 He made a mistake, shot his only daughter ;
 and had the unspeakable anguish of seeing
 her drop right down stone dead.

Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,
 And vengeance crazed his brain ;
 He drew an awful jack-knife out,
 And plunged it into old Brown about fifty or
 sixty times, so that it is very doubtful about
 his ever coming to again.

The briny drops from Reuben's eyes
 In torrents poured down ;
 He yielded up the ghost and died—
 And this melancholy and heartrending inci-
 dent terminates the history of Reuben and
 Phoebe, and likewise of old Captain Brown.

W. H. ALEXANDER,

DEALER IN

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