

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MCGILL COLLEGE,
Montreal, 8th Feb., 1867.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH:

Knowing that you are a scholar and a gentleman, I write to explain to you of what I cannot but consider the unjustifiable conduct of one of our Professors in plucking me last session. I do not wish you to publish his name, which I herewith enclose; but I am naturally desirous that such an occurrence should not take place again. At the conclusion of the Sessional Examinations I was politely informed that my History Paper was not up to the mark. Now, as I flatter myself that history is one of my strong points, and as, moreover, I have unlimited confidence in your learning and judgment, I have sent you the printed examination paper, and my answers to it in manuscript, as nearly as I could recollect them. The words may not be exactly those that I used, but I pledge my honor that the sense is the same. If, after having critically perused the documents enclosed, you adopt my view, that I was unfairly plucked, I hope that you will not hesitate to publish the fact in your widely circulated journal. Awaiting your decision with the utmost confidence, I remain, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours faithfully,

A MCGILL COLLEGE STUDENT.

[Editor's note on the above.]—We have carefully examined a mass of papers transmitted to us by our correspondent, and, though we sincerely regret to disappoint him, we must unhesitatingly confirm the decision of the Professor. The answers to the History Paper are not up to the mark. As, however, *A McGill College Student* seems anxious to appeal to the public, we will cheerfully gratify his wish in this respect. We accordingly quote from his papers two brief specimens, selected at random, which will sufficiently illustrate the extent of his historical lore.

Question 6.—"What became of all the locusts after the plague of Egypt?"

Answer.—"John the Baptist ate them all!"

Question 33.—"State what you know of the death of Spurius Cassius?"

Answer.—"He was crucified at Rome (A.U.C. 61) for having been detected in passing some counterfeit coin."

If a Student is not satisfied with what we have now written, we shall continue these extracts in a future number.

SPECIAL TELEGRAMS FROM QUEBEC.

The first Bachelors' Ball has come off. Magnificent success! Great feature of the evening was the entry of delegates from the "Canadian Punch." Another ball comes off shortly. The citizens bought up the 300 copies of the C. P. before they had been four hours in Holliwell's Depot. The next number is to be met at the Point Levi Station, by the mayor, the civic body, the garrison, and an immense crowd of admirers. They will escort it across the river. A salute is to be fired from the citadel at the moment the entourage touches the northern shore.

Send down 1,000 copies of the second number.

FEARFUL POISONING CASE.

Fifty people killed, who had been in the habit of persistently swallowing "Quebec Mercury." It has proved their everlasting vindication from the troubles of this world.

SPECIAL FROM KINGSTON.

A concert was given here last night by a troupe of minstrels. Such an event has not occurred in the city for years.

A leading farmer has applied to the City Council for the privilege of cutting and making the hay which grows every summer on Princess and the

other public streets in the city. It is expected he will make a good thing out of it.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

The *Evening Globe* has the following in large type:

PUBLIC MEETING.

An enthusiastic public meeting of the citizens of St. John was held yesterday at the office of Mr. W. Droll, the eminent barrister. Among the prominent citizens present, we noticed Mr. W. Droll and Mr. Valentine Ellis. On the motion of Mr. Valentine Ellis, Mr. W. Droll was unanimously called to the chair. Resolutions were carried with acclamation protesting against the appointment of Judge Wilmut as Governor of New Brunswick, and in favor of the annexation of New Brunswick to the United States. Able speeches were delivered by the Chairman and by Mr. Valentine Ellis. The Chairman then made a practical suggestion that he should resolve himself into a committee and be empowered to collect subscriptions. Mr. Valentine Ellis contended that a committee of two should be appointed. After some discussion Mr. W. Droll and Mr. Valentine Ellis were elected as a committee to collect subscriptions. On the motion of Mr. Valentine Ellis, a hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr. W. Droll for his able conduct in the chair. Mr. W. Droll replied in a speech of considerable length. Three cheers were then given for Mr. W. Droll and Mr. Valentine Ellis, and the meeting separated.

We have received three hundred letters of congratulation and laudation this week, of which we select three by way of example, and which we need not say are no less gratifying than encouraging.

Canadian Punch.

RAW-ACKS, Friday.

Sir,

I dont usually wite to papaws, but as you seem a decent sort of a fellow, you would pewhaps like to know the opinion of an ollisaw and a gentleman of yah papaw. I bought a copy from a waggid little devil. I weed it with pleasaw, and think it devilish amusing, wewy good, pon'ny honaw, and wewy eweditable for a blasted colony whowe an ollisaw and a gentleman is one-half of the yeaw up to his eyes in mud and Colthaw hulf up to his eye glass in snow. If you wont cawientunh any of our fellows, and continue to conduct yoself pwopwely I shill subswibe wewulawly to yah papaw and may pewhaps become a contributaw.

I have the honaw to remain

REGINALD DE DUNDERHEAD,

Cornet Prancers.

Widder Punchie,

I bocht your bit paper twa days syne frae a luddie on Great St. Jounnes street and gied him twa bawbees for't. Maun, its raed gude and I had a gude lauch to masel—the only gude one ein I left Auchtermuchty in the East Neuk o' Fife. I like a gude joke masel' and can mak a gude one after I have had sax tumbler. I set me doon for the weist twatmonth, and I will send my super-scription in twa days or I'll may be drap in on you and we'll hae an auld Scotch dram thegither, and surely you will be your pint stoup, for, faith, I'll be mine.

SANDY HOOT AWA.

C. Punch, Esq.,

Sir,

I am afraid I am doing something awfully rude in writing to a gentleman. I don't know, but then I am sure you are an elderly gentleman you are so shockingly cool. How could you be so cruel as to tell those fibs of the Lady Clare? I am sure if Sir Lawrence had proposed, she would have referred him to *Papa*, but if he did not propose how could she know that the dear curate would

not? You horrid old bachelors are so harsh and inconsiderate. Besides you ought to tell where Sir Lawrence went after he left that dear Lady Clare? No doubt to some horrid club, or billiard room to smoke and drink and swear, and do other dreadful things. I hope you will in your last chapter make Sir Lawrence propose and that Lady Clare will accept him, and he will then reform and go no more to horrid clubs and billiard rooms. Do tell us all about the bridesmaids, and it would be so delightful if the curate would assist at the ceremony, looking pale, and if Sir Lawrence would then find him a beautiful church and he would marry one of the bridesmaids.

ROSA MATILDA DE LAINE.

P.S.—I hope you will give us nice love stories every week, but please don't say spiteful things about our waterfalls or chignons.

THE MORALS OF DRESS.

We are not surprised to read in the latest fashion-letter from Paris that the ball dresses of ladies now begin as close as possible to the waist. This daring condensation of the upper part of the female form is perhaps intended to counterbalance the inordinate length of some of the walking costumes. An evening dress may now be fairly defined as a dress well suited for *Eve*. In satirical allusion to this style, which demands an epithet far stronger than *décolleté*, a young lady, preparing for an evening party, lately remarked: "*Je vais me déshabiller pour aller au bal.*" A cynical bachelor in a ball-room was asked by a friend whether "he had ever seen much of Mrs. —;" a lady too profuse in the display of her charms. He promptly replied that "he had seen a great deal of her—that evening." Archbishop Whately's *mot* on a similar occasion was more truthful and witty than clerical; but as it is probably remembered by our readers it need not now be repeated. From all that we can see or learn, the famous article in the *Saturday Review* on "The Morals of Dress" does not seem to have had much effect on the toilettes of the New World.

RECORDERS' COURT.

Coram—Mr. THOMAS S. JUBBE, Deputy Recorder.

The cases last week, in the absence of the Recorder, were disposed of in an unusually happy or unhappy manner, as chance directed. The following is a pretty correct report of the proceedings:—

The first prisoner is accused of selling liquor without a license. The *Witness Reporter* picks his ears and points his pencil. Mr. Jubbe tosses a copy in the air—looks at it after it has tumbled.

Mr. J. to the Clerk of the Court—What is the largest file in this case?

CLERK OF THE COURT—Ten thousand dollars. (Aside)—Hadn't you better hear the evidence?

Mr. J.—Not at all, not at all; I had made up my mind long ago. Ten thousand dollars and costs—This nuisance must be put an end to.

CASE No. 2 approches.

A burly brute is accused of maltreating his wife. The copper on a more goes up into the air.

Mr. Jubbe (to the prisoner)—There is something in your face, my good fellow, which tells me you are a good hearted man. Go home, my dear sir, and you (to the woman) don't provoke your husband, who I see is by nature a lamb, until roused by your vicious tongue.

Short way of settling a family jar, ha, ha, ha. And so on, and so on, and so on.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributors to the *Canadian Punch* are requested to send their contributions to box No. 330½ Post Office. Suitable matter will be liberally paid for.