

LETTERS OF PUNCH IN CANADA No. 6.

MY DEAR BLAKE,

The phrase "a peculiar preparation of coolness," used by you in your late explanation of that very unparliamentary and decidedly intemperate pass of Billingsgate which took place in the House between you and my esteemed friend Col. Gugsy, requires a little consideration and some comment. "A peculiar preparation of coolness," negatively, and as you yourself applied it, has reference to nothing so directly as to her Majesty's Solicitor General West. "A peculiar preparation of coolness, affirmatively, and as Punch will be likely to apply it when summer sets in, has a pointed applicability to a much more palatable compound—being suggestive of Sherry-Cobbler; not that I would recommend you to follow my example in the occasional though moderate use of stimulating beverages. Quite the reverse. Your habits, fortunately for yourself and for those with whom you are hourly brought in contact, are strictly temperate, in a vinous sense. Glad would I be could I say as much for your language as a Legislator, and for your manners as a member of that House, where the conventional courtesies of civilized life ought to be observed as decorously as in the domestic drawing-room of private society. That the want of such suavity should become a feature of our Colonial House of Commons, is as much to be regretted as it has, of late, and that not unfrequently, been exhibited there. And I must candidly tell you, my dear Blake, that since your occupation of a seat in that House, the feature, referred to has increased in prominence to a very considerable extent, threatening at times to become a carbuncle upon the face of Canada only to be cured by the judicious lancet of Punch. Besides Blake, you are strangely inconsistent, and for an Irish-man very unartistic in your mode of treating such affairs as that which has suggested these remarks. "Sealing with your blood" is a beautiful and figurative phrase lately used by you in your anxiety to express firmness of conviction. "Quivering on a daisy" is also a beautiful and pastoral figure of speech, originating, I think, with the last generation of your Galway countrymen, and meant playfully to express the position to which any one of your Connaught ancestor's would have reduced the Gugsy of his immediate circle, if unpleasantly contradicted by him with half so strong an expression as that launched at you by the fiery Gugsy of our affections. But the daisies are not grown that will be flattened by the fall either of Her Majesty's Solicitor General West, or of his opponent, at the orthodox distance of twelve paces, and therefore you should abstain from vainly sporting your "seal of blood," leaving such phrases to the poetical recorder of "deeds of arms," and the bowie-knife swaggerers of the South. I do not want you to have recourse to the now antiquated appeal to arms, the "exploded" pistol of your ancestors. Far be it from Punch to advocate the revival of unreasonable prejudice; but your march of improvement should be consistent, and your tenacity in observing the usages of decorum should keep pace, *passibus æquis*, with the very commendable disinclination which you have shewn towards being held up to public admiration as "The Man for Galway."

Ponder well upon these rapid, but sincere remarks, and believe me, my dear Blake.

Truly yours,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

HURRA FOR ST. DENIS!

The habitants of St. Denis, the renowned St. Denis, the focus of the rebellion in 1837 and '38; the village, in which Dr. Wolfred Nelson became immortal by fighting, and Louis Joseph Papineau became ditto by running away; have presented an address to His Excellency the Governor General expressing their profound approbation that he has given his assent to the bill for rewarding Rebels. They thank him for promoting their interests: for paying them for their wickedness and folly. And this is a great ministerial triumph! A number of men return thanks for money being taken out of the pockets of others and snugly lodged in their own. Great triumph! Wonderful habitants of St. Denis! But they have gone farther. To express their gratitude each and every one is to have the portrait of the just Governor hung up in their shanty's. Punch will contract to supply these portraits at 4d each. Patriots of St. Denis! give your orders.

WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

Mr. Solicitor General West, who, for some time, has been greatly troubled with indigestion of public proceedings, has, we are happy to say, entirely recovered. On Tuesday last, his appetite returned to him, and he made a hearty meal. Amongst other savory morsels, he eat his own words with some of Gugsy's SAUCE.

HOW TO CLEAR THE TRACK.

With profound regret for the incapacity of the present Administration to prevent the riotous and lawless British people of Canada from evincing their stupid determination not to be taxed to pay Rebels; Punch offers to their notice his plan to attain the end they so much desire. If carried into effect, Punch will expect a statue to be erected to his memory should he ever die, and a pension for his body while living.

PUNCH'S PLAN.

Solicitor General Blake has justly earned the appellation of Bobodil and as such by act of Punch, he shall be henceforth known. Let him then in imitation of his renowned prototype rid Canada of the British "by computation."

Let Ministerial feeds be got up ten times a day under his auspices: let the windows of the Hotels in which they are held be opened: let toasts be proposed and speeches made abusing everybody and everything opposed to the opinions of the speakers: let derisive cheers be given to excite the British who of course will collect on these occasions; at each dinner shoot fifty: ten dinners a day: Fifty at each dinner: five hundred a day: three thousand five hundred a week: for let the work go bravely on even on the Sabbath; on the well known principle that "the better the day the better the deed." Three thousand five hundred a week: fourteen thousand a month; one hundred and sixty eight thousand a year! This is easily done. Let decisive and prompt action be taken in this matter, shoot one hundred and sixty-eight of the boasting British in one year: and their business is done, and the business of Canada will be done at the same time, for the British are the only men of business in the Colony. Rush for rifles; prig pistols; borrow blunderbusses, commence the good work; and in the language of an illustrious man who lived in times scarcely less exciting than the present, "Put your trust in Heaven and keep your powder dry."

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

Fire! fire!! fire!!! It cannot be
That fire shall have the mastery.
Who is he can hope to chain
The fearful, fierce, devouring flame,
That tells the utmost earth can know
Of what are demon scenes below;
And scatters midst the live or dead
The ashes it alone can spread.
Though servile slave! at times 'twill be
That fire shall have the mastery;
When Heaven's winds do howl and groan
For causes known to Heaven alone.
But may not man in abject state
Gainst all that Heaven could animate,
Decree that Treason's fair and good. That stain
Is wiped away alone by flame,
And justly leaves to Rebel name
A blackened pile and ruined fane.

COURT CIRCULAR.

We have it on the best authority, that His Excellency the Earl of Elgin, is to be elevated to the British Peerage, under the style and title of Marquis of Omelette.