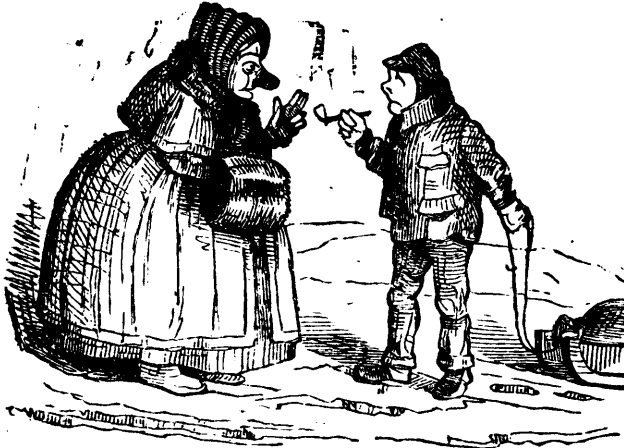


## WINTER COLLOQUIES.



*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 same, and not for the souse'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!