

## PUNCH'S LEAGUE.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF CANADA.

*Fellow Countrymen,*

British American Punch has read the address of the British American League, which he considers reflects the most injurious imputations upon him: Punch hopes that he is a man and a brother, but he cannot allow himself to be outstripped by a League which has not as yet offered a single wood-cut or joke to the Public. Punch tells the League, that the Public have placed the redress of their grievances in Punch's hands: and that it is to him they look, and not to the League, to regulate all questions respecting their own fates "and the happiness and fate of their posterity."

Punch admits that "there is a general depression throughout the Province," owing to the "want of a more general perusal of his inimitable columns. If the people will not read Punch they must expect to be miserable, and they deserve to be miserable, and Punch has no pity for them. If the League will expend £600 a year, in circulating numbers of Punch, it is admitted by "all men of unbiassed judgment and adequate opportunities of observation" and "commercial men of the greatest experience and political economists of every shade of opinion" that grumbling and dissatisfaction will cease. Punch is a thousand Leagues in himself. Punch walks over a thousand Leagues every day of his existence. Punch can walk into a League, and Punch will walk into any League which treads on his corns or crosses the shadow of his venerable hunch.

Punch is a Briton and a "brick," and he denies that any thing about him has been "diluted and weakened" excepting the tea and coffee which is about him at the hour of breakfast; which hour is with him an uncertain hour and at times only half an hour. "The wasteful expenditure of time and talents" has also no application to Punch, although he is a member of the "honorable House." Had money been mentioned; Punch would have "acknowledged the corn." The allusion to the "noble ends" of the members of the League, Punch considers highly indelicate.

In order to secure his rights granted to him by an idolizing Public, Punch has determined to form an organization of his own which will consist of HIMSELF AND SUBSCRIBERS THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE PROVINCE, "to be known as PUNCH'S LEAGUE." The objects to be attained by this great agency are, good humor, jollity, and contentment. The interchange very simple. Wherever there are five Punchites, they will form themselves into a club, which on the payment of thirty-seven shillings and six pence will entitle them to receive one hundred and thirty numbers of Punch. These members will be entitled to enrol as many fresh members as they can in each locality; administering the following oath of allegiance on admission:

"I PROMISE CAREFULLY AND CONTENTEDLY TO READ PUNCH IN A PROPER SPIRIT, NOT TURNING UP MY NOSE AT HIS WITTICISMS OR REFUSING TO LAUGH AT HIS JOKES—GOOD OR BAD. I ALSO PROMISE PUNCTUALLY TO PAY FOR PUNCH IN ADVANCE AND INDUCE MY NEIGHBOURS TO DO LIKEWISE, WHICH WILL BE THE WISEST THING THEY CAN DO."

"Upon this general basis" it is believed that Punch's followers will soon be a majority of the Colonists, strong to cope with hypocrisy and humbug, and able to put down all imposters.

If indeed, as some have said, the time will come when even Punch must cease to be potent, it can only arrive when the wood-engravers have struck for high wages and the printer's slunk from their duty. Even in that hour, the shadow of Punch will be seen on the roof of No. 10 St. Francois Xavier Street, flourishing his *baton* and shouting at the top of his voice "Shallabala! Shallabala!! Shallabala!!!"

## FLINT UPON PHYSIC.

From his place in the House, Billa Flint has been discoursing in the most flowery style, in favor of the Botanic or Thompsonian school of medicine. Thompson, it appears, found physic in flowers, and flowers in those who had rather go to grass with him, than to their graves with the aid of the more orthodox sons of Galen; and in the course of his remarks, Billa openly avowed his Thompsonian tendency, by moving that the usual privileges be granted to those practitioners whose cunning lies in the culling of simples.

We rather like you Billa, and are inclined to allow that in this instance you are one of the sharpest flints we have met with for some time; but, for the sake of the public, we would object to granting unlimited powers of physicking to the "root-doctors," until the superiority of their practice has been established by a proper course of experiments. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*—and we think the Legislature could not do better than make a grant of Sam Mills, for the purpose of testing the efficacy of Flint's physic. Should he sink beneath the treatment, the members will of course go into mourning; but should the result prove favorable, the name of Mills will go down to all posterity, flanked by those of Flint and of Thompson.

Again we say, we like you Billa—and although we have long been convinced that there are sermons in stones, we certainly never before knew that there was so much physic in a Flint.

## HONORABLE MEMBERS.

A certain moralizing Wit whose name we can't take the trouble to remember, observed a troop of Eton boys at play, and pathetically remarked "what a dreadful thing to contemplate that some day many of these happy little fellows will be turned into members of Parliament." How would this moralizer's sympathies be excited to see the specimens of Statesmen this juvenile country has produced! but we believe his mental suffering would not be one quarter so great, as that of the Parliamentary victims themselves. We know little of human nature, if we are wrong in supposing that if many of our Honorable Representatives had not the pleasing pecuniary reward attached to their high position, their interest in the politics of the Province would grow

"Small by degrees and beautifully less"

Perhaps we are peculiarly constituted; but if we sought to avoid the tedium of life by the rational employment of our time, certainly with the police force open to us, we would rather have "Policeman No. 10" upon our collar, than M. P. P. appended to our name. Much more healthful and interesting to our immortal part would be to us—a nightly duty in Notre Dame Street, than in St. Anne's Market: and although Policeman No. 10 does not receive the same number of shillings for keeping awake at night as the M. P. P. receives for sleeping, in his place: yet has he the pure air of Heaven about him and the consciousness of authority simmering at his heart.

Turn to the picture of the dumb "M. P. P" the mere mannikin of Legislation. He takes his seat at four o'clock in the afternoon, and with the exception of an occasional shirk to "the tea and toast of Madame St. Julien, is nailed for eight hours to his seat." He is a member of "Parle-ment" but he cannot use his tongue and has not courage to say "bo" to a goose, although the goose may be a minister. He sees an iniquity, is perfectly conscious of a wrong committed: yet is he as dumb as an oyster, and only watches for the earliest opportunity to get home, smoke his pipe and slink between the sheets, with a humiliating sense of Parliamentary inability, and the pleasing subject for his dreams that he has knocked another twenty shillings out of the Province.

## PUNCH'S SONNETS.

TO A GOVERNOR.

Saving and sad, Ah! hapless Lord,  
A bitter lot is thine, for babbling guests  
Say that thy fetes are parsimony's tests  
Tho' tea and coffee load thy scanty board,  
And cakes and sweetmeats—all you can afford?  
Hunger and thirst, pleasure's destroyers, wait  
At thy feasts, so drear and desolate.  
Although increasing daily is thy hoard.  
No praises reach thy ear: but Folly's grin,  
Good nature's sigh, and pity's gentle tear:  
Will make thee often wish thou hadst stoopest gin  
Or made the corks to fly from "Molson's" beer.  
And now farewell—to gain thy path's secure  
Much, much, thou'lt save, but Ah! how much endure.