

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

We have received countless enquiries respecting the sayings and doings before this Society upon a recent occasion; and a country correspondent, who signs himself A. S. S., and for whom it is therefore perfectly natural to ask such a question, wishes to know if the Earl of Elgin did not make a most excellent speech on that occasion?

Monsieur Ponche is saddened to confess that his *soupe aux pois* had not exactly agreed with him on the memorable evening in question, and that he was fain to comfort himself *aupres du poele* with a pipe of



TABAC DU PAYS,

and *plusieurs grands verres du Jamaïque chaude*. No part of the grandeur of that transcendent night was therefore witnessed by the naked eye of the *bon homme*; and as far as we are aware, only one account, and that a very meagre one, has ever been published in any of the papers.

For the benefit, however, of the countless hordes, who will read nothing but our journal, we have made it our duty, regardless of expense, to obtain the best possible information on this interesting subject. To the association itself—to the Reverend lecturer—and to the "freedom of mind," we need not here advert; all minor considerations being naturally absorbed in the surpassing interest excited by his lordship's performance; nor is it necessary to mention the great additional "freedom" felt by all the company, on account of the presence of



HIS EXCELLENCY AND STAFF.

We shall avail ourselves then, of the best information we have been able to obtain, to answer the questions of our numerous correspondents.

A. S. S.—To answer this question, it is only necessary to know whether His Excellency made any speech at all, and to ascertain the latter point it might perhaps be requisite merely to enquire whether he had any plausible pretext for so doing. We wish to avoid digression, but really our correspondent is guilty of considerable presumption in assuming that the performances of Governors are to be criticised with the same "freedom of mind" as other things. Besides, it is clearly against the theory of Responsible Government to understand or appreciate anything said by an



EARL IN THE EVENING.

"Go It."—In answer to this correspondent we can state, with perfect confidence, that His Excellency did not dance his much admired herapipoon the evening in question, though most clearly, if he had done so, we should hold ourselves constitutionally bound to consider it "very good."

The true maxim is that "the Governor can do no



WRONG STEP.

Now as this principle has been solemnly decided by the whole Council, to be intended to apply to all acts done by him as Governor, and as it obviously belongs to the dignity and state of that office, to dance and leap about in public on all occasions, it is manifest that His Excellency *must* eclipse all competitors from David, dancing in a linen vest, down to St. Vitus.

We may add, however, for the benefit of the curious in constitutional learning, that upon a very recent application of His Excellency to his law officers, it was given as the decided opinion of those functionaries, that if His Excellency felt disposed to stand on his head, the maxim of the constitution would not save him; Mr. Baldwin learnedly adding in a note that though such an act would unquestionably be a *great feat* for a Governor General, yet, as two feet were required to make a *step*, the rule was inapplicable.

A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST.

There came a voice from a far off shore, with a sad and wailing tone, It told of lands and forests gone, and the starving Indian's moan; And worse, 'gainst England's broken faith there rose a mournful cry, "Oh! Elgin, father! weep for us, a bitter death we die!"

"The Redman's lands are rest away, for food he toils in vain,
"We die and leave our bones to strew the Western Prairie's plain;
"Swart miners ply the pick, where once we bent our bows.
"And smoky steamers stem the waves where rode our bark canoes.
"Our fathers for old England fought in times long past away,
"And the 'long knives' felt our tomahawks in many a battle fray;
"Our old men still remember the giant form of BROCK.
"And where a soldier's sleep he sleeps on QUEENSTON'S glorious Rock.

"This mighty land was once our own, from mountain chain to sea.
"The Great Good Spirit gave it us, our heritage to be;
"He filled our Lakes with fish, with game our Forest's free, [tree
"And the Redman roamed where'er he would beneath the broad greer

"All this is past away, our power and freedom gone,
"But a remnant of us linger yet, towards the setting sun;
"We fled before you as you came, the land is now your own,
"In Western deserts far away we sought but for a tomb,

"Oh! Elgin, father! mourn for us, the remnant of a race;
"Permit them not to tear from us our last abiding place;
"Leave us one spot on which to rest, a home and then a grave,
"Tis all the Redman asks of you, he knows you cannot save!"

CON FOR THE CURIOUS.

Why does the Hon. Robert Baldwin look like a Printer's Devil?

Because he is darkened from having been so long connected with (H)inks.

LIBERTE, EGALITE ET FRATERNITE.

Col. Gagy and Field Marshal Louis Joseph Papineau have at last discovered each other to be honorable and honest men. Through their lives they have been great examples of the French Republican motto, they have exemplified LIBERTY of speech in abusing each other; EQUALITY, in the grossness of their personalities—and their late complimentary "caw me—caw thee!" is a wonderful specimen of FRATERNITY. May they long, each worthy of the other, remain united.