

LE FANTASQUE

tant de goût, ne sera point sorti de ses attributs car il ramènera peut-être la joie dans une famille faite pour exciter l'envie plutôt que la pitié.

J'ai l'honneur, monsieur d'être,
L'AMI D'UN PÈRE DE FAMILLE.
Québec, Octobre, 1837.

* * Bon nombre d'articles et de communications omis faute de place.

JOHN BULL'S CORNER.

THE FANTASQUE.

When cank'ring grief ye breathing beauties
[feels]

As warm tears, glist'ning, gem the face of woe!
When sympathetic pangs your souls oppress,
That from your tabernacles hence would go,
Midst beams of bliss ethereal to bask;
Joy comes with fantasies of young Fantasque!

Oft to a mourning soul in heaviness,
Like crackling pine, 'neath pots' on blazing fire!
Is evit; though scorched by a mind,
Brilliant as glowing seraphs might inspire.
But if in sombre hour for jest ye ask,
A sunbeam wings the wit of light 'Fantasque!

If the dark sides of life, of men, and things
Sometimes ye glooming view: and who doth
[not?]

And wish your onward, earthly destinies
Were all unweild, be held endure'd, forgot;
Bidding eternity, take off her mask;
Poor prying souls, gaze on the gay 'Fantasque!

Or if ye be lone, melancholy ones,
Too deeply musing o'er some heart-nurs'd
[grief,

Some untold agony by mind endure'd
With Laughter hold your sides. Here find relief.
Fly not to reason-stealing spirit cask,
Let your eyes gladden o'er the bright 'Fantas-
[que!]

Are ye o'erburden'd on life's thorny way,
Where shades of blighted hope, yet hov'ring,
[muck,

Your anguish'd spirits in their sad career;
Whilst callous men fine minds' vibrations
[shock?]

Fall not, 'midst lightnings from a murd'rous
[flask,
Self-slain; but turn and breast. Read of life's
'Fantasque!]

If printers' "devil's", blund'ring, butcher us,
Though scribes themselves can wound full oft
[enough,
Ere hypercritics "gobble" sons of verse;
Let's, as they gulping, croak, or, well feed'd, puff,
Disdain to say we feel clay-clods burlesque,
Pseudonyms' sighs oft veil a bard's 'Fantas-
[que!]

When loit'ring Time, with folded arms, may
[frown,

On a dull, tedious, low'ring, win't'ry day,
Smile on his frowns, though he will sometimes
[come,

Like guest unbid'd'n and hosts off wish away
But if to entertain him be a task
Pat-a-tat-tat! Here comes your friend 'Fan-
[tasque!]

ALFRED T. J. MARTIN.

PAPINEAU!

Who, in his phrenzied factions zeal,
Has gone too far;
Deeming himself of Liberty
The western star?

PAPINEAU!

Who to base passions, fierce, appeals
"O! conquer'd men?
Who dead hereditary hate
Calls up again?"

PAPINEAU!

Who bids resistance to the law;
Hero far too lax?
For an executive police.
Not o'en a tax.

PAPINEAU!

When Britain conquer'd, by the force
Of matchless arms,
Did she not Frenchmen bid return,
And cease alarms,

PAPINEAU!

Did they not their election make
'N'ath her mild reign?
For France then sent "to give the law"
Despotic men,

PAPINEAU!

Who enterprise and capital
Drives from the land;
Whilst commerce looks on industry
With idle hand?

PAPINEAU!

Unpopulated, desert, bush,
Country's so poor!
Of Emigrants the country's wealth,
Let us have more!

PAPINEAU!

Who Britain's minister insults?
Through him her Queen,
With unchecked insolent disdain?
Who has not seen?

PAPINEAU!

What subject else would dare to breathe
Sedition through
AA land of British valour won?
Not long will you,

PAPINEAU!

A western star indeed thou art.
Thy zenith's past!
Thou'st shone but like a meteor's blaze.
Thou'rt setting fast,

POOR PAPINEAU!

ALFRED T. J. MARTIN.

A. B. C. D.

And pray who are ye?—Why really this is the most absurd thing in the world, to see the letters of the alphabet falling out with and abusing each other.—What will become of our National and Infant Schools? Can any rational being expect to force into a poor child's pate a compound so heterogeneous as A, B, C, D.—L, M, N & X, Y, Z. Could any one little head find room for so pugnacious an assembly as these? Nor are the little children alone in danger of defying in ignorance; the children of a greater growth are threatened with starvation as appears from an advertisement contained in a late paper and headed "British & Canadian School;" by which it appears that that institution is in a tottering condition in consequence of that Pure Patriot and Philanthropist, that saviour of his country Louis Joseph Papineau having withdrawn the "light of his countenance," from the teachers.

The columns of the *Morning Herald*—the little *Herald*—the so-called (by the lately deceased *Pindicator*) "insect print," are filled of late with nothing but John Bean and A, B, C, D, B, takes the lead and says a something somewhat [sometimes] to the purpose. A then, as taking Alphabetical Precedence fills part of a column with extracts from B, and some nonsense of his own. C then follows and extract.

from A and B, and adds some nonsense of his own and of other people indiscriminately. D, in his turn jumbles up the sayings of A, B and C, making thereto his own absurd additions, some of which to use an elegantly subtle tinctured phrase of his own, would disgrace a "china-sweeper." Last of all Mr. John Bean [as he tells us himself] serves up all this *fee-fum-fum*, as being passed under his editorial dictum: to the intelligent and honest subscribers to the *Morning Herald*; as a part of the "contributions to amuse our readers."

Now my maxim is "obsta principis" (O! that it were also Lord Gosford's!) and I have therefore from pure motives of Philanthropy taken to myself the remainder of the Alphabet excepting always A, B, C, D, who may be decent enough fellows in their way; and L, M, N & X, Y, Z, whose company I purpose most religiously to eschew, as being only fit for L. J. Papineau, J. T. S. Brown. This I have done in order to prevent any noodle-doole who does not know that "time is money," from continuing a literary warfare that threatens to become so serious to the rising generation and to prevent L, M, N's bumps of destructiveness from being called into active operation, (if possible) and thereby save the remainder of his alphabetic brethren, and the columns of the *Morning Herald*.

Now my Lord Gosford [having already used your name] I will just observe *en passant* that had my maxim also been yours; you would have obtained and merited the encomiums of all honest men, (for who excepting Charles Hunter or Charles Charland is jealous of any other?) You would instead of writhing upon a bed of thorns, now be luxuriating upon a couch of roses with your head reclining upon a pillow of fine down. Had my maxim also been yours my lord your late port companion Papineau would never have been able to number among his ranks the men he now does although by no means dangerous to your humble servant, to the Editor of the *Fantasque*, to the L. V. C. (I beg pardon I mean no part of the alphabet, but the LOYAL VICTORIA CLUB of Quebec) the DONIC CLUB (LOYAL & BRAVE DONIC CLUB of Montreal) or the Loyal Inhabitants of this country generally. The wise king Solomon said (and neither you my Lord nor I are either kings or wise men.) "He that spurs the rod hates the child." Let us then, even now profit by this old fashioned wisdom, and believe me it is not yet too late; although the alphabet is in a state of rebellion; and the bipeds of creation have become pugnacious because left to the impulses of their own unruly passions, eye and although the very curs are tainted with rebellious principles and bark at her Majesty's, loving loyal subjects as they pass along the streets, when they do not meet your Lordship or your "fidus" the hon. Mr. Debraytze in their perambulations, much less be found in your company. Ponder all these things in your heart o my Lord and remember my maxim "obsta principis;" the maxim of Poor Richard "for want of a nail the Shoe was lost &c;" the maxims of the wise king Solomon, "spare not the rod" and a word to the wise is enough; and the advice above all of your Lordship's and the Public's most

Obedt. Servt.

E F G H I K . . . O P
Q R S T U V W . . . &c.

"A GREAT GAIN TO BE HAD" in my next.

IMPRIMÉ PAR LE *Editeur en Chef* PAR
JOHN CHAMBER-LENT
Nippen-en-Chef.