

LETTERS OF PUNCH (IN CANADA.)

TO LOUIS JOSÉPH PAPINEAU.

MY DEAR JOSEPH,—The world, at least that portion of it to which your name is familiar, and your well known modesty assures me you believe that portion is not small, is divided in its opinion of your merits. It is doubtful whether you are a great or a little man. I think you a great one; you agree with me—I know you do. Your patriotic heart swells with emotion; your virtuous frame expands as you contemplate your bell pull, which reminds you of the rope you narrowly escaped from, and you exclaim: I am; I am a great man; a great hero! a great orator!! a great patriot!!! a great statesman!!!!—a still small voice whispers “a great knave;” but you do not give utterance to that whisper of the inner man. No, dear Joseph, that is a secret between you and me; and I’ll never mention it. Never, Joseph, never.

You are a hero; you are. When the renowned relation of that native of *Albion la perfide* who was fool enough to die at Trafalgar; I mean the immortal Doctor Welsed Nelson, that compound of gunpowder and sal-volatile, when at St. Denis, he issued his celebrated order of the day, “Jean Baptiste expects that every Papineau this day will do his duty,” how your noble soul must have been wrung when you found it was your duty to run away. But you were right, my dear Joseph; if you had died for your country you would never have been able to fight for her afterwards.

You are a great orator. You are. I believe you could talk for the rest of your natural life, and never stop. You abound in words; and you have two subjects; a truly great orator, like you, dear Joseph, never has more. One is praise of yourself, the other, abuse of those stupid English who have “more belly than brains.” What a wonderful discovery that was of yours, my dear Papineau, and you were right; quite right. Had the fools had brains, your body would never have visited the country from which your majestic legs carried you so nimbly away. But if these were fools, as you assert, who allowed you to come back, what is your opinion—and this I wish you would let me know at your earliest convenience—of those wise men who paid you £4500 for showering the blessings of civil war upon your native land? Did these Solomons expect you to be grateful? What! expect gratitude from a patriot! Good easy men. And yet they knew the nature of vipers. But what of that, dear Joseph? they knew you were not a viper. Oh! no, you could not be a viper. But never forgive them for their folly, never forgive your foolish sovereign who sanctioned their acts; I know you never will, but I thought it right as a friend to counsel you to take that course which your generous and enlightened heart will approve. As I said before, and it cannot be too often repeated, you are a great man, and great men never forgive, and to bear malice ennobles humanity.

You are a patriot, of course you are, because you abuse the aristocracy. You are right in so doing. I know, and all the world knows you once belonged to that justly despised body, but that you do so no longer. You have cast them off; have come out from amongst them. Your hands are clean—you have sacrificed your aristocratical and seigniorial rights to benefit your beloved fellow men. You have no longer oppressive dues to extract from miserable *ceusitaires*, you possess no *banal* mills, no exclusive water privileges, no *ceus et rentes*, no *lods et ventes*, you now derive revenue from no such monstrous iniquity as the *droit de retrait*. I fancy I see you at the moment when you made this unheard of sacrifice at the shrine of *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité*, declaring with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, that you would no longer touch pitch, lest you should be defiled—that you would no longer be instrumental in keeping your deluded countrymen in poverty and ignorance; but, that clothed in a garment of *Blaffe du Pays* and ashes; eating only *Soupe aux Pots* and rancid bacon; drinking only native water or whiskey; smoking only the nastiest of tobacco from the blackest of pipes; you would wander through Canada distributing copies of *La Minerve*, and preaching loyalty and British connexion. I approve of your heroic resolution, and will forward you a supply of ashes and black pipes at the earliest opportunity, and if, in spite of your benevolent designs, there should be another outbreak, let me entreat you to retrieve your reputation for courage. Allow yourself, my dear Joseph, to be honestly shot, and die, as you have lived, for the good of your country. Believe me, that rarity, a true friend,

PUNCH (IN CANADA.)



PUNCH in Canada makes his bow to all loyal subjects in the Province. He knows the spirit of Humbug is walking abroad. It shall no longer do so unregarded. It has many emanations. The cuckoo cry of Responsible Government in a Colony is Humbug. *Nos Langues, nos Institutions, et nos Loix*, is Humbug. Non-reciprocal Free Trade is Humbug. The political trading of all parties is Humbug. Actions for Libel, such as have been attempted of late, are Humbugs. And we think, hoping all the while we may be mistaken, that the present Administration is Humbug. May Humbug be destroyed. The Canadian Punch will battle stoutly for this desirable consummation. He will belong to no party. He will accept no invitations. He will serve the public if he can, and expects to realize a fortune by levying contributions of Four Pence, to reward him for his patriotism. He will appear amongst his friends whenever it is convenient. They will always be glad to see him if they are not Humbugs.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

A nobleman sat in his council chair,
And Minerva's bird was perching there;—
From distant land had that lord been sent
As the head of Responsible Government.

And wond'ring why he was seated there—
Quoth he, “I neither know nor care;”
But nothing I'll say, and nothing I'll do—
The owl is screamed, “Tyr-whitt, tyr-whoo!”

The Judean Minister rose and said:
'Tis your duty, my lord, by the nose to be led;
To keep us in office your lordship was sent—
For that is Responsible Government.

We command the support of hiring tribes,
Of greedy Editors paid by bribes,
From a rotten debenture circulation,
So help us, my lord, to chisel the nation.

Hyæna-like, my revenge, he said,
Must be glutted, so deprive of bread
All loyal men, and place in their stead
Those with rebel heart and senseless head.

With us, my lord, make common cause—
We care not for musty old British laws;
Treat free born men as servile slaves,
And Jackall be to a tribe of knaves.

Will you help, my lord, to carry us through,
Or what will your lordship say or do?
“Nothing I'll say, and nothing I'll do.”
And the owl it moaned “Tyr-whitt, tyr-whoo!”

THE RAILWAY SLEEPERS.

“On Thursday last the sleepers were completely laid on the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Rail-road, as far as the village of St. Hyacinthe. The road will be opened on the 27th.”—*Gazette*.

We presume the sleepers now completely laid are the Directors of the Company, who having been fast asleep for some time, are now laying out profitably. We have not heard whether their repose was disturbed by the passage of the train on the 27th, although we think there was great danger of their nap and their bones being broken together. We hope the affairs of the Company will now be entrusted to men who are wide awake.

AN INDIAN CURIOSITY.

Why does an Indian never get cold in the Head?
Because he always has his Wig-wa(r)m.