

CANADA *versus* CALIFORNIA.



Hiram. 'Say Zeb! I'm off right slick away for California. My wings is grew, and my nails is mad for diggin'!

Zeb. California be bust!—Canada's the washin for me; I guess I'll squat there, where Government pays for Rebellion and no questions axed!

CHANSON GAIE ET VIVE.

Chanté par Mons. Amiot on his appointment as one of the Kingston Penitentiary Commissioners :

Oui, oui, je suis, je suis
Un des Commissaires,
Il y a Mons. B and me,
And l'autre Monsieur B.,
And Monsieur F.
Nous sommes—Je suis
Des quatres grands Commissaires.

Oui, oui, nous irons, eux and me
Ce Monsieur F, and Monsieur B.
Nous irons tous, nous tree,
Avec l'autre Monsieur B.,
All to Kingston for to see
Vot ve sall see
Dieu merci
Nous quatres grands Commissaires.

Nous irons, et moi, je vais
For de sake of de good pay
Vich is eight dollare a day,
Eight dollare! c'est vrai!
Eight for me and Monsieur B
And Monsieur F' aussi
Car Nous sommes, je suis
Des quatres grands Commissaire

I vonder vary much vot
Make dem choose Amiot
Such good luck, oh mine Got!
Mine head go trot-a-trot
I hop like de young flea
Moi et Monsieur B
And Monsieur F' aussi
Car nous sommes, je suis
Oui, oui, c'est vrai, ou!, oui,
Des quatres grands Commissaires

Il sort faisant des grandes pirouettes!

Court Circular.—Punch is authorized to contradict the rumor that several members of the Administration left Monklands on the night of the Musical Soirée in a state of intoxication. For this scandalous and malicious report, there is not the slightest foundation.—Nor has the Butler who violated the sanctity of a bottle of beer been dismissed.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.—No. IV.

TO ROBERT CHRISTIE, ESQUIRE, M. P. P.

"Mr. LaFontaine proposed a resolution to the effect that 15s. per day be allowed to members for the present and future sessions."
"Mr. Christie moved in amendment that 20s. should be the amount."
Extract from Journal of the House.

MY DEAR CHRISTIE,

You are a reformer, an economist and a humbug. You preach retrenchment and you practise profusion. You twaddle incessantly about the expenses of Government, and whenever you can you dip your hand into the public purse. You profess to look back with lingering fondness, to the time when men were patriotic enough to serve their country for nothing; but you prefer 20s. to a yolk six pence a day, and are most zealous in taxing the country.

Yet for all this, my dear Christie, Punch delights in you, you are such a gorgeous Pharisee, such a delicious humbug: and Pharisees and Humbugs are the mental food of the Hunch-backed Philosopher. Of all who wear buff waistcoats you are the best of buffers. Your annual bills, like Doctor's bills, are "bills of mortality." Canada is bound up with your history: The nation owes much to Gaspe, Gaspe might have sent us a cargo of Codfish but she sent you: the nation cannot repay Gaspe except by sending you back again.

The question, now is, my dear Christie what will you do with your money. I know you are not selfish, you do not want it for yourself. You will lend it to Col. Gagy, who will make it a present to a hospital, or add it to the munificent gift of his Excellency to save Gaspe from starving! or will you keep it to erect a monument when dead? You will my dear Christie, you will, I know you will, and I now offer you

AN EPITAPH.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ROBERT CHRISTIE,
Many years Member for Gaspé.

HE WAS THE AUTHOR
OF
INNUMERABLE BILLS,

AND A
HISTORY OF CANADA.

The former died with him,
The latter may still be found at the Trunk-makers.

HIS WORTH

Was estimated by himself,

AT
TWENTY SHILLINGS A DAY,
To record which fact,

His suffering countrymen have raised this stone.

Stranger pause: beneath this crust
See Christie turned to mould and dust
His speeches done, his motions past
Outvoted by old death at last:
Pray Heaven, with all a Christian's love
He'll get his twenty bob a day above.

SUMMARY FOR THE MAIL.



Parliament is still sitting.