

PUNCH IN CANADA.



PREFACE.

EXAMPLES are not wanting of prefaces having been read by those for whom they were written. Such instances are certainly rare—rare as the pearl which sometimes glistens at us from the oyster of our affections, rendering it doubly dear to us at two-and-sixpence a dozen. This crustaceous image leads Punch to extended flights of fancy; his First Volume is an oyster, with which he presents his voracious public, to be opened and devoured, by them with that decent and respectable avidity for which Punch's public has always been remarkable. This preface is the pearl, glistening from a corner of the modest, yet cunningly contrived shell: do not overlook it, O gentle reader! ye "ladyes fair" and "gallant knyghts," whose tables have thus been provided by Purveyor Punch.

To dip deeper into convivial metaphor, Punch hopes that spice and spirit have been so combined by him, as to render his First Volume palatable to the tastes of all,—a wassail cup both strong and sweet, but containing no undue preponderance of acid, and devided, as far as possible, so as to avoid the similitude of a "regular mull."

Canada is the country of Punch's adoption. From the verge of the extreme west, where the lambent lake of Huron licks the pebbles to sleep on its murmuring beach, to the granite walls of ocean-buffeted Gaspé, whose snow-white porpoises spout anti-