

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT OF THE

"BALL TICKETS."

The following letters have been handed to us for insertion; and we are authorized to state that the *questio vexata* of the ball tickets is henceforth and forever "gone to its nest."

MONKLANDS, 26th May, 1849.

My dear Gibson,—Will you excuse my familiarity?—I am sure you will; for the same goodness of heart which actuated you in fobbing our family tin for the benefit of your very excellent Charitable Fund, is doubtless the motive power by which you are hourly propelled along the rail-road of social relations. What a capital letter that was of yours, dated the 23rd instant! I have done nothing but read it ever since; and after having studied it for six and thirty hours on a stretch, without taking a wink of sleep, or partaking of the slightest refreshment during that space of time, I have arrived at the conclusion that it is not only a regular smasher, but one of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of a rejoinder. I take up my pen, therefore, not with a view to reply, but rather to record my congratulation at your having so successfully stood forth as the champion of the highly respectable St. Andrew's Society. But I have dilated sufficiently on this subject. What is your private opinion of the New Horse Police?—talking of ball tickets reminds me of them; and I am authorized to say that His Excellency wishes particularly to have your opinion on the subject, as well as to cultivate your acquaintance in a general way; expense, on this particular occasion, being no object whatever. Will you then dine with us on Sunday next at 7? Don't say no. By the bye "Fergusson," of whom you speak so often in your delightful letters, does not lodge here. *Au revoir*, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

(Signed)

ROBERT BRUCE,

Lieut.-Col. Mil. Sec.

P. S.—Of course you will answer this letter, and may I ask if you will have any objection to seeing our correspondence in the columns of Punch? I have interest enough to get it inserted, as the eminent individual just named, is rather favorably disposed towards me, than otherwise.

R. B.

JAMES GIBSON, Esq.,

Secretary of the St. Andrew's Society.

MONTREAL, 26th May, 1849.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this day, in which conflicting emotions appear to have served up a curious mess, compounded of ball-tickets and Horse Police, flavored with a slight suspicion of hospitality. In return I beg to assure you that I cherish no feelings of personal enmity towards your illustrious brother; partly from reverence towards the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and partly because I do not wish to be down on the Thistle; a thing not to be blown upon by the breath of dishonor. Your invitation to your hospitable mahogany, I beg respectfully to decline. Your assurance that the "Fergusson" of our correspondence rests not at Monklands, is matter for my sincere congratulation; and lastly, with respect to my opinion on the subject of the Horse Police; in the first place I cannot, for the life of me, trace the association between them and ball-tickets, and secondly I do not conceive that horses are the proper animals on which to mount Ministerial troopers. Therefore I cannot look upon them as Horse Police, and I beg respectfully that you will communicate my sentiments on the subject to His Excellency.

As regards the publication of our correspondence in the pages of Punch, I freely admit that I look upon it as an honor scarcely inferior to that of being thus entangled in a correspondence with a descendant of the illustrious Bruce; the Courier to the contrary and notwithstanding.

I have the honor to be Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed)

JAMES GIBSON,

Sec. St. Andrew's Society.

Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Robt. Bruce, I. I.

Military Secretary.

THE WAR OF THE RACES.

The peaceably disposed and equally cleverly conducted Journals of this Province, have prophesied the probability of "A War of Races," being one of the happy results of the present mode of governing this thriving Colony. Punch would weep tears of the strongest pickle, to be a witness to any such uncomfortable struggle, and as he has been, from the first moment that his hunch saw the light—taught to believe that one John Bull could thrash six Johnny Crapauds—he thinks that if the "War of Races," came to a fight, the Englishman would have too much honest roast beef in his composition to use more than his little finger. Punch wishes to make known the many advantages attending a system of universal humbug; humbug is the life of trade; the meat and drink of politicians; the seven thousands a year of Governor's; the Union Jack of Loyalty; "the Stars and Stripes of Independence." With such a weapon as humbug, what necessity can there be for a "War between the Races." Somebody has said somewhere that "whoever likes may make the laws of a country but the song writers were the rulers of the People," Punch is perfectly aware that he rules in the hearts of all the population of Canada, English and French; indeed the degree of attachment evinced towards him by the latter is truly delightful to contemplate, and he therefore proposes to teach the art of singing in English and French on the true Hullahbulloo system. He submits the following specimen which he intends as his first English lesson; in his next number he will give an equally spirit stirring stimulant for the benefit of his French patrons, thus by the gentle art of singing, he hopes to teach both races the absurdity of falling out with each other, and to prove that all Canadian quarrels will prove of as little value as

"AN OLD SONG"

[There is a well authenticated anecdote of Cromwell, on a certain occasion, that when his troops were crossing a river to attack the enemy he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among these, with these words—"Put your trust in Providence; and keep your powder dry."]

"The night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing fast;
The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and angry blast;
The thunder clouds are driving, athwart the lurid sky,
But—" put your trust in Providence and keep your powder dry."

There was a day when loyalty was hail'd with honor due,
Our banner the protection wav'd, to all the good and true,
And gallant hearts beneath its folds, were link'd in honor's tie;
We "put our trust in Providence, and kept our powder dry."

And now—when Treason bares her arm, to madden this fair land,
For Queen, and laws, and order fair, we'll draw the ready brand;
Our gathering spell be England's name, our word to "do or die,"
To "put our trust in Providence, and keep our powder dry."

There is, alas! a wondrous change, come all this country o'er,
And "worth and gallant services remembered are no more;"
To crush beneath oppressions weight, the Frenchmen mean to try,
But remember, boys, we're English; so "keep your powder dry."

Forth starts the spawn of treason, the 'scap'd of thirty eight,
To bask in courtly favor, and seize the helm of State;
E'en they whose hands are reeking yet, with murder's crimson die,
Remember well, all that, my boys, and "keep your powder dry."

PUNCH A TRANSCENDENTALIST.

The "Boston Post," blowing with the bellows of eulogy, upon the flame of Emerson's eloquence, states, amongst other remarkable facts, that "he (Emerson) inverts the rainbow, using it for a swing"! Why, what a stupid old Post it must be, not to know that Punch walks up the rainbow on snow-shoes, and comes down the other side of it on a tobogan, every morning regularly before breakfast; the said rainbow being specially provided for Punch's private gratification, and having no connection with any other rainbow whatever.