

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

These three words—important, if true—must be stereotyped in every newspaper office in the Colony; the contest for a priority of intelligence between the journals being such, that the editors are often put to their mettle to out-bid their rivals with some startling announcement, craftily qualified by the mystic syllables, “important if true.” Punch never reads these words without feeling conscious he is about to cast his eyes over a printed lie, and is fully convinced that editor, compositor, and pressman, and all accessories before the fact of publication, were deeply impressed with the same belief. Occasionally in the effort to get up an effective report, the public instructors become mysterious; and we hear of people whom we never heard of before, doing things which are of as little consequence as the people who do them. The next subscriber who receives a paper containing an absurd report which would be “important if true,” let him return it.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.

TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA,

ON

THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

My dear People,—What is the position of the government of Canada? For an answer, I refer you to my magnificent wood-cut, fresh from the artistic graver of the celebrated Walker. In very truth, it is upside down. By the term government, understand me, I do not mean the Lord of Dignified Neutrality, nor his collection of cabinet curiosities. They are but the types of the system they are vainly endeavouring to carry out; they are but the ten pins in the great game of national prosperity. You set them up, and, with a perverseness not often found in their wooden prototypes, they have knocked themselves down. It is for you to decide whether you will “set them up again” or not. I have not been unmindful of the quarrel which has lately broken out 'twixt you and them. I even prophecy from it considerable public benefit, if, as late circumstances have given me to suppose, you are beginning to be aware of your own importance, to feel your own strength, to take active measures to have your opinions respected, and to submit to no humbug or impudence from the servants you hire to conduct your affairs, when you can conveniently repress it. My soul rejoices in the prospect of a war between the old rotten remains of feudalism, as evidenced in the existence of the legal spiders, and their webs of fiction and extortion, the union of church and state, and the conspiracy of capital against labor in the system of customs and excise, or, in other words, the idiotic system called protection, and the disciples of elective institutions, free church, simple laws, free trade, and DIRECT TAXATION. It is to the two last words I especially call your attention; the idea conveyed in them is the philosopher's stone of nations. You do not see it yet, but you will. Indirect taxation is the invention of the dark ages, when the people were PROTECTED by the tender mercies of kingcraft and priestcraft united; when, for a consideration, kings and bishops, and abbots and lords, granted charters and monopolies, or, in other words, robbed the many to benefit the few; the monopolists then levied indirect taxes on the people for their own aggrandizement; and in those days the people were taught to believe all this was for their good—that these monopolists created labour for them and found them food and clothing, and it took hundreds of years to explode this transparent humbug; but the evils of individual or chartered monopolies at last became apparent, and statesmen set to work to do away with them—and I dare say fancied they had done so, but they did nothing of the kind, they merely took away the profits of the individual capitalist, or monopolizer, and distributed them amongst many; but the indirect tax, THE TAX ON LABOUR FOR THE BENEFIT OF CAPITAL, still continued, and you, my dear people, are still generously PROTECTED. Well, I can scarcely think but that in this new country, where prejudices are not so deeply rooted as in the old, the truth will be discovered. Peter Perry, at Markham, began the battle; and, my dear people, in this row or any other where your interests are menaced, I am delighted to say there is a cudgel in existence at my office in Yonge Street,

ready to make play for the common cause. But you want many cudgels and men to use them; and it behoves you to consider whether your leaders are precisely what they ought to be. Some two years since you thought them sterling gold. Are they not sounding brass? Are they not “artful dodgers?” Are they not worshippers of the omnipotent, unfathomable Goddess of Humbug? This is for your consideration, my dear friends; ponder it deeply.

Remember that the old Reform battle is decided, and in your favour; that you have but to make your wishes known to have them granted; elective institutions are yours for the asking. You have, therefore, but one great principle to fight for, because there is but one great question before the country, and that is not annexation. This assertion may startle you, but it is so. All parties will eventually resolve themselves into protectionists and free-traders. Annexation or British connexion will be decided on these grounds. The protectionists, whatever they may now call themselves, will become annexationists; the free-traders will stick to sound principles and the old flag,—and that the latter may triumph is the fervent wish of,

My dear people,

Your most obedient servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

STEREOTYPED PARAGRAPHS.

THE *GLOBE*.—(*Every Tuesday*).—“We copy the following admirable article from the *Hamilton Journal & Express*.”

JOURNAL & EXPRESS.—(*Every Wednesday*).—“The following very sensible remarks appeared yesterday in our talented contemporary, the *Globe*.”

CITY NEWS.

In consequence of the thaw, prevailing for the last few days, the passage of King street has become doubly dangerous. The mean quantity of mud has become frightful, in consequence of the mean conduct of the Corporation. Pedestrians complain of its being very hard, but we have stepped into it and find it very soft.

GOOD REASON.

The Montreal Corporation will not pay for lighting the streets. The reason of this obstinacy is, that they will not lend themselves to illuminate a city which, they maintain, the less that is seen of it the better.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An individual signing himself Thomas McGinn of the Montreal Jail, wants to know what has become of all the money deposited in the Montreal Provident Savings Bank—Punch refers him to Messrs. Torry, Payne & Co., Wine Merchants, or to Messrs. Musson, Benjamin & Co.

POLICE OFFICE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following has been stopped by Mr. Jones of Bay street: A tooth with some gold about it.

INSANE PERSON FOUND.—He describes himself as a regular old fashioned protectionist and church and state Tory. His friends are particularly requested to come forward.

FOUND.—A large quantity of lead in sheets. From the wrapper it appears to have been issued from the *Globe* office. If not claimed, it will be thrown away, as it is not likely that anybody will buy it.

DESERTED HIS OLD FRIENDS.—HON. MALCOLM CAMERON.—He is supposed to be looking after a place. He has several written characters, one of which lately appeared in the *Examiner* newspaper.