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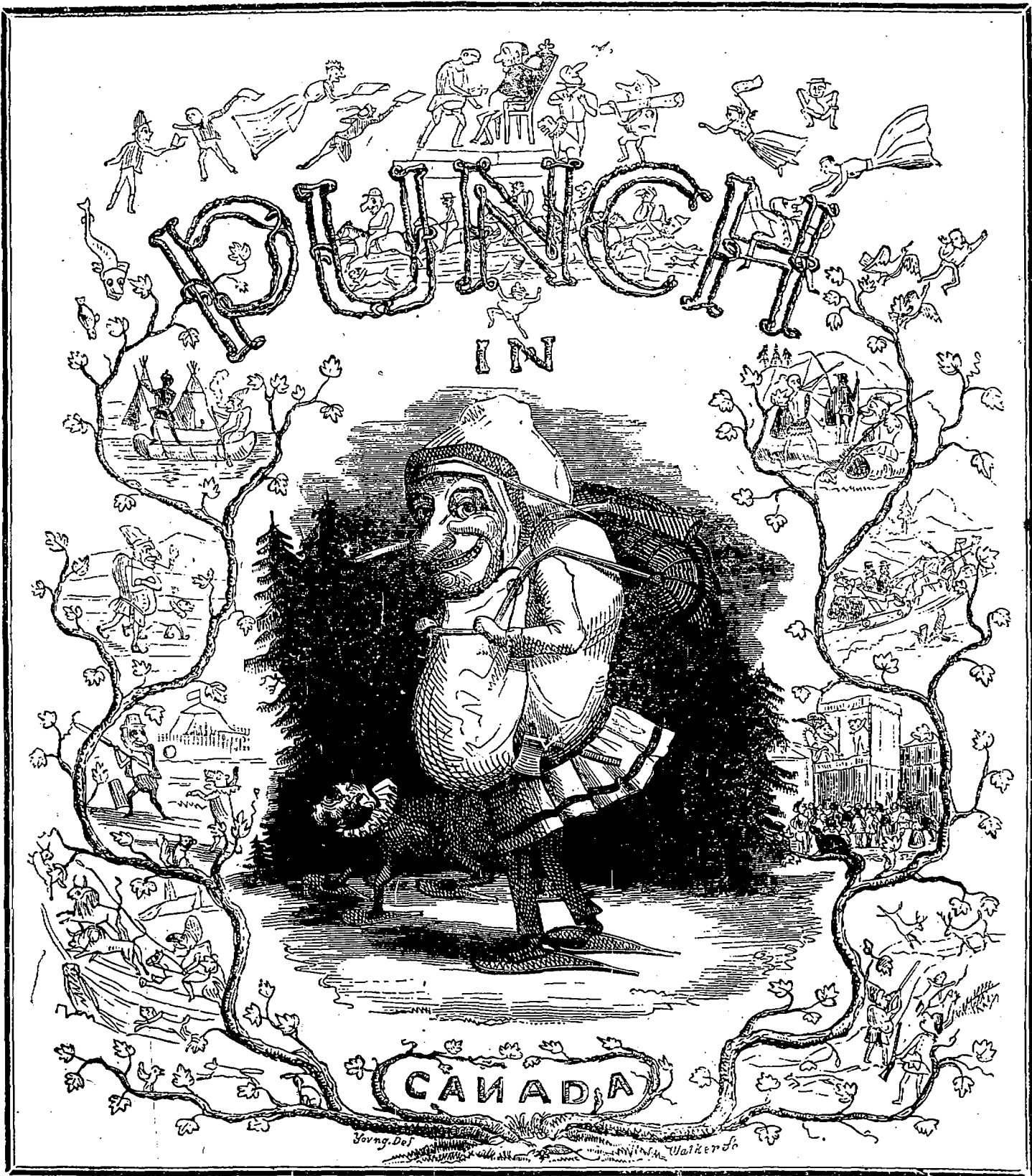
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VOLUME I.

Published by...

...

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-

PUNCH IN CANADA.

annexation to the whales of the gulf; from the trapper-trodden ravines of the Winnipeg, to the tourist-tormented ridges of rumbling Niagara,—all is Punch's. Every hut offers him a home; every table has a knife and fork for him, and frequently a spoon.

And thus it is that Punch looks upon himself as a settler;—one who, with sharp pointed instruments, the pen and the pencil of satire, roots up the stumps of humbug from the social soil of his adoption, sowing pleasant flowers where he has cut down noxious weeds. Hitherto the flowers have flourished; their future prosperity, like their past, depends upon the public, the liberal and enlightened public of Punch.

And, in another point of argument, Punch is also entitled to the style and denomination of a settler,—a regular settler. Many knotty points have been readily and completely settled by him. Ministerial measures have been settled by him; incorporated incapables have been settled by him; professional impostors have been settled by him; amateur swindlers have been settled by him, and Annexation is in a very fair way of being settled by him, and will, in his second volume, be completely and satisfactorily settled by him; or else he will perish in the attempt, leaving Judy a disconsolate widow, and Toby a poodle of many woes. Punch then is a settler;—having satisfactorily settled this last question, referred to himself by himself.

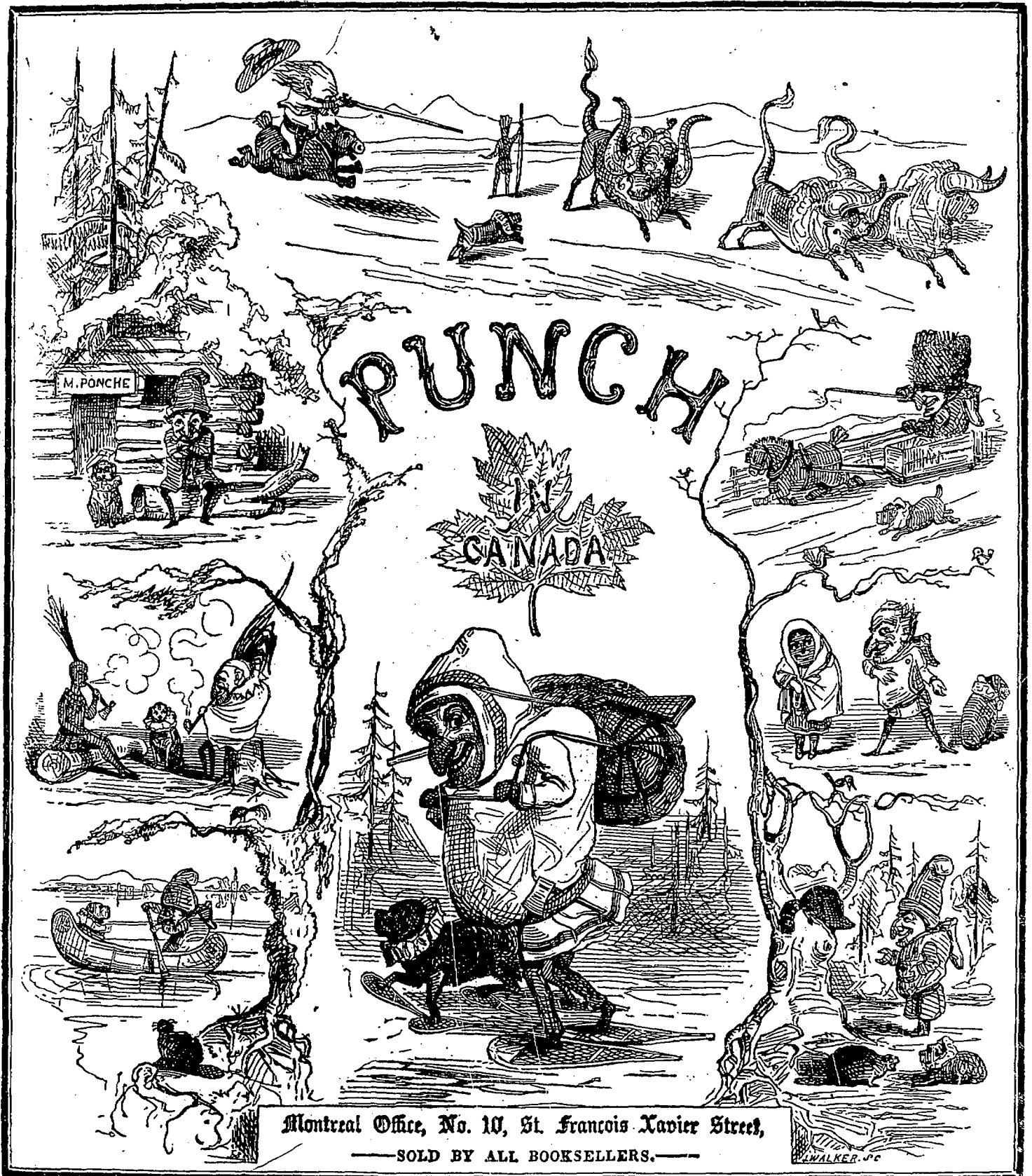
The present year will undoubtedly bring with it much grist to the mill of Punch; which shall be ground with care, and served out to his customers with strict impartiality. There will be a good deal of "chaff,"—an article which Punch never wastes; but reserves for application to the object of his particular regard, whether corporate or incorporate, political or social, annexation or anti-annexation.

While the pencil of Punch has been used with a freedom and breadth in keeping with the character of the subjects upon which he has delighted to employ it, he trusts that the chiar-oscuro produced by it has never been tinged with the unholy light painted by the touch of malignity: nor has his pen,—albeit sharp and sure,—descended to daggerism; like the style of the ancient Roman editors, who practised a peculiar and very stylish mode of scratching out their political opponents with the points of their pens. This might have been looked upon as a capital or rather Capitol joke, in those remote ages of journalism; but Punch prefers writing *currente calamo*, and trusts to his baton when it comes to blows. Thus, he is considerably milder than Roman Punch, though at the same time incomparably stronger.

In recurring more particularly to the past year, Punch would hope that his poetical productions have given satisfaction—that they have gone to the heart-recesses of those for whom they were written. Those of Punch's own composition,—and he smiles while he pens this paragraph,—have cost him much mental as well as physical labour. He has climbed to the top of the Parnassus of the Mountain of Montreal, there to catch the inspiration requisite for the more sublime gyrations of his muse; and if he did not catch it there, he was generally pretty certain to catch it from Judy upon his return. He has herded with monstrosities in the meanest cellars of Griffintown, in order to study the characteristics of humanity in its lowest phases—converting the rags of the wretched into torches for the illumination of his readers. He has wandered through the fields and the forests, communing with the spirit of nature, who generally very obligingly perched herself in a tree near him, while he sat and smoked his pipe on a log. From the depths of the St. Lawrence,—the river of lakes and the lake of rivers,—he has brought up pebbles of rich lustre, with which he has lavishly gemmed the golden goblets of his brimming fancy. Punch has done all this; and he trusts that he has not laboured altogether in vain, but that the book of slim and genteel exterior which he introduces to the public with these few preliminary remarks as to pedigree will be welcome to a pleasant situation upon the drawing-room tables of the good, the sofas of the wise, and the window-seats of the witty.

But, in his artistical pursuits, Punch has still greater difficulties to overcome,—still more formidable dangers to contend with. Deer-stalking, in the howling wilderness of the furthest region of the far west yet trodden by the foot of the hunter, is nothing compared with the dodges which Punch had to devise, and the disguises he was forced to assume, when in pursuit of some devoted victim, whose head he had designed for the block,—there to be dealt with by his hewers of wood, after their peculiar fashion. One individual had to be watched until his tracks led the bold pursuer into, perchance, some place of resort for the thirsty, where he was secured and taken off, while imbibing a sherry-cobbler, or plunging into the evanescent extacies of soda-water-and-something. Another would elude with watchful eye the movements of the wary hunter, rendering his expression more difficult to catch than a wild mustang on his native prairie; and a third, having no expression at all, presented a still greater difficulty to the persevering Punch,—that of providing him with one. But difficulties and dangers only bring an accession of energy to the assistance of the truly great;—and so it came to pass that Punch achieved a volume.

And here it is,—the first offering of a Canadian Punch to a Canadian Public. Could the gallant Jacques Cartier have had a foreshadowing of this on the magic canvas of his bold spirit, ere he steered his barque up the blue St. Lawrence, to the heights of Hochelaga? We rather think he had: and so, Punch has a share in the happy discovery of his adopted country; while an additional maple wreath is due to the memory of Jacques Cartier, as the primary cause of PUNCH.



Artists are not Steam Engines, and Woods Cuts do not grow; therefore Mons. PONCHE cannot say when he shall again gladden the world (of Canada), by his Second Appearance,
BUT THE ANXIOUS PUBLIC SHALL HAVE DUE NOTICE.

TURKISH

BLACK



SALVE.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE HONORABLE THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

THIS Salve, prepared from the original recipe procured from a celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician,) at Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both those countries; has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and for that purpose have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as have or may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success—Such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steamboat explosions, or other causes, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a Blow on the Breast, Ring Worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c., &c. In fact it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, such as chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place D'Armes, SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame street, URQUHART & Co., Great St. James street, and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul street, and in all the principal cities in Canada.

All Letters must be postpaid, and addressed to Messrs. SOMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

SUPERIOR BLACK WRITING INK,

IN PINT BOTTLES.

THE consumer must not expect to find this INK of a jet black colour the moment the cork is drawn from the bottle: its composition is such, that after being excluded from the air some time, its first appearance will be pale, but in a few hours after being committed to paper, its color will change to a RICH BEAUTIFUL BLACK, and remain unalterable so year after year. PERMANENCY of color and sufficient FLUIDITY to run with freedom from the pen, are two indispensable requisites to consider a perfect Writing Fluid, and those important qualities the Manufacturer has attained in this Composition.

On sale at PUNCH Office, Montreal.

THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, SENR., THE FATHER OF THE FAMILY AND HEAD OF THE HOUSE; OF THE "CO.," OF HIS OUT-GOINGS, HIS IN-COMINGS, AND HIS SHORT-COMINGS; OF HIS HABITS AND PRINCIPLES, COMMERCIALLY AND POLITICALLY, AND HIS HABITS AND APPEARANCE OUTWARDLY AND PHYSICALLY.

CHAPTER I.

IN the most fashionable street of the most fashionable suburb of a large city, the metropolis of a Province, stands a substantial stone house; it is a little removed from the road, and has in its front a garden, with a massive iron railing and handsome stone pillars. It is duly provided with coach-houses, stables, and all necessary conveniences. Within, it is painted, papered, gilded and furnished, if not with great taste, at least at great expense. This is the town residence of Mr. Peter Pepperbury, Senr., "the Father of the Family."

In a dirty back lane of the same city, redolent of the odors exhaled from salt fish, train oil, and the multifarious and unsavory commodities, denominated marine stores, and not far from the wharves, is a range of dingy-looking warehouses, with very large iron shutters, and very small and very dirty windows. Over the door of one of these warehouses is to be seen the superscription "PEPPERBURY & CO.," and this is the warehouse and place of business of Mr. Peter Pepperbury, Senr., "the Head of the House."

The "CO." was a very mysterious and apocryphal affair. One thing was very certain, that no one had ever seen him, her, or it; beyond Mr. Peter Pepperbury himself, his two ill-paid, and consequently seedy clerks, his porter, and his errand boy, no one was ever seen about the premises; there was one inner office, with one chair, for Mr. Peter Pepperbury, and one outer office, with two stools, for the seedy clerks; the errand boy was everlastingly on his legs, so he needed no chair; and the porter preferred to take his rest on the top of an empty flour barrel, all which makes it appear perfectly plain, that if there was a "CO." at all, he must be looked for in some other locality than that of Mr. Peter Pepperbury, Senr. It is true that Mrs. Peter Pepperbury was once heard to say, in allusion to her lord's last and worst smash, that that unlucky Company had been his ruin; but as that respected lady was not wont to express herself in the most lucid manner in the world, the ruin of her husband might perhaps be attributed with more propriety to his connection with the "Moonshine Rail-road Company," the "Goose Mining Company," or some other swindling speculation of the day, than to the "Company" that figured in an abbreviation over the door of the warehouse in the dirty lane. We must, however, do Mr. Peter Pepperbury the justice to say, that when he was questioned on this mysterious subject, he used to explain it by saying, that "CO." meant a partner in Glasgow, at which the hearers invariably shook their heads in a very doubtful manner. Our own private opinion is that the addition of the word "CO.," on the sign board of Mr. Peter Pepperbury, was simply a part of that gentleman's usual system of commercial morality. "Pepperbury & Co." was a more respectable looking signature at the bottom of a "bill."

Mr. Peter Pepperbury called himself a wholesale merchant, and so in one sense of the word he most decidedly was, for every one who had any transaction with him was wholly sold by the time it was concluded.

Mr. Peter Pepperbury's out-goings were large, for his family was expensive; his in-comings were small, for his business was contracted; but if his in-comings were in the positive, and his out-goings in the comparative, his short-comings were certainly in the superlative degree, for there was not a greater knave in the world than Mr. Peter Pepperbury.

Mr. Peter Pepperbury began business, as Messrs. Dodson and Fogg began the action for breach of promise against Mr. Pickwick, on speculation; for, unfortunately for himself, and the confiding individuals who trusted him, the smallest coin in the realm was the representative of his capital. As Boniface lived on ale, Mr. Peter Pepperbury lived on "paper;" he breakfasted on the drawer, dined on the acceptor, and suppered on the endorsers. Nothing can be made out of nothing, says the proverb, but Mr. Peter Pepperbury falsified the proverb,

for he made a very handsome living out of nothing of his own but his wits. How much he made out of the cash and credulity of other people may be correctly ascertained by reference to the records of a certain Court which takes cognizance of such short-comings as those of Mr. Peter Pepperbury.

Mr. Peter Pepperbury had been declared a bankrupt at least half-a-dozen times in his life; each time failing for a very considerable sum, and each time paying a most inconsiderable dividend. But a "smash" never seemed to affect Mr. Peter Pepperbury; on the contrary, he and his, always appeared to come out from one of these, to most people disagreeable occurrences, like giants refreshed. Mr. Peter Pepperbury looked as jolly as ever; Mrs. Peter Pepperbury provided herself and her daughter, Pamela, with several new and expensive dresses; Mr. Peter Pepperbury, junr., bought himself another horse; and on the strength of it, the Pepperbury's page had an extra row of buttons tacked to his jacket, and the carriage was sent to get a new coat of paint. Every man has his little peculiarity, and going into what we call monetary blazes, and coming out without a singe, was Mr. Peter Pepperbury's peculiarity.

As might be expected, Mr. Peter Pepperbury was a roaring Free-trader; a man who has no capital of his own can afford to experimentalize with that of other people. He had gone through so many small "smashes" on his own account, that he had become used to the thing, and consequently was not at all alarmed at the prospect of a national "smash." At the very last public meeting got up by the Free-traders, Mr. Peter Pepperbury declaimed loudly and violently on the advantages to be derived from knocking down all protection to native industry and products, and throwing open the ports to foreigners; and on the very next morning the newspapers announced the payment of a first and final dividend of one shilling and fourpence in the pound, to the creditors of Mr. Peter Pepperbury—that gentleman having "smashed" some few weeks before, to the tune of twenty thousand pounds!!

In his outward man Mr. Peter Pepperbury was as eminently respectable as he could be made by the united labors of his tailor, hatter, and bootmaker. He always wore what is called a full suit of black: in the minds of very vulgar persons in many countries, but more particularly in the City in which Mr. Peter Pepperbury had set up his household gods, there is an idiosyncrasy, a peculiar mental process of ratiocination, which your mere philosophers cannot understand, by which a connection is established between a black coat and pecuniary responsibility. Natural philosophers yet to come, some embryo Newton, Davie, or Faraday, may perhaps be able to trace the affinities between the color of the coat and the cash in the pocket, and the world will be astonished by the discovery; that man's fame will far eclipse that of Herschel or Leverrier. Our feeble mind has no concern with these profound and mysterious speculations; our province is to set down simple facts, and we again repeat that in the goodly city wherein dwelt Mr. Peter Pepperbury, no man was considered respectable unless he was a "gentleman in black;" it was a reversal of the commonly received rule, but that is no business of ours. Mr. Peter Pepperbury added to the respectability of his sleek black clothing by the use of a limp white choker, guiltless of starch and curiously fastened without a visible tie.

Mr. Peter Pepperbury was not a very handsome man either in face or figure; he was short and squat; he had some time past the grand climacteric, and was rapidly approaching that most uncomfortable period, when, as was observed of Sir John Falstaff, man has an increasing belly and a decreasing leg. Were it not for his eye, which was peculiar, there was nothing particularly observable in his face; there are hundreds of such faces to be seen every day in the week; a fat double chin; puffy cheeks; a snub nose, a little cocked up at the end; thick flabby lips, and stiff, wiry, iron grey hair; but the eye—that was an eye!—it was for all the world like a shiny, twinkling bead of the blackest jet, stuck in the very middle of a most objectionable oyster; there was a sort of a fascination in it like that fabled of the rattlesnake, only that it fascinated men out of their dollars, not squirrels and blackbirds out of their lives; the eyes of Mr. Peter Pepperbury were very like those precious stones which one sometimes sees in rings; look at them straight in front and they are plain blueish-grey stones, opaque, dull—but let the wearer turn his hand but by one quarter of an inch, and the dull stone is suddenly irradiated—bright scintillations

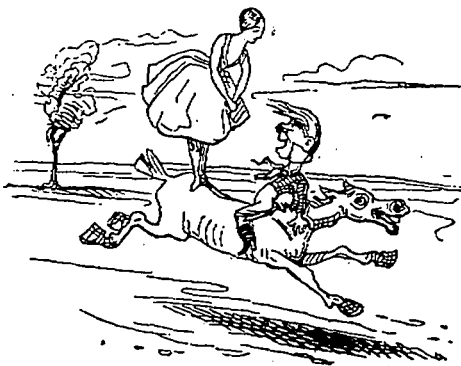
of the most glorious prismatic tints play over its surface, and it sparkles, glancing, like the moving, sensate, piercing eye of a living creature. Just like that opal stone was the eye of Mr. Peter Pepperbury. When you stopped him on 'change, and spoke to him of a "transaction," you looked him full in the face, and the eye was heavy, dark, inanimate; but if there presented itself to Mr. Peter Pepperbury the shadow of a chance that he might take you in, that wonderful eye gleamed, glittered, blinked, winked, twinkled, sparkled, in the most astonishing manner; it lit up the stolid, sensual countenance, gave animation, life, to the heavy features, and Mr. Peter Pepperbury, in the midst of his knavery, looked as if his carcass was really tenanted by an intelligent spirit.

To finish the personal description of the "Father of the Family" and "Head of the House;" Mr. Peter Pepperbury had what are commonly called bawdy legs; an Irish laborer might have driven a wheel-barrow between them without any chance of upsetting him; a huge foot and waddling gait; a coarse red hand, with dumpy fingers, and nails gnawed to the quick; in short, Dame Nature never intended Mr. Peter Pepperbury for a lady-killer, or an Adonis; he was the ugliest sinner ever met with in a day's march, but he was *VERY RESPECTABLE*, and men trusted him!

An ancient author tells us a merry tale of a man who behaved like a rogue, lest people should believe him to be a fool, but any one who believed Mr. Peter Pepperbury to be a fool, from his outward appearance, would have found himself uncommonly in the wrong box, when he came to deal with him; appearances were certainly against him, and as far as Mr. Peter Pepperbury's outward and visible man was concerned, if his face proved him to be stupid and honest, for stupidity and honesty have a sort of connection this side of the Atlantic, Peter would have had just grounds for an action for libel (rather fashionable just now) against his own countenance, for it did most confidently belie his inward spirit, that is, if the adage be true, that the countenance is the index to the mind. The fact is that Mr. Peter Pepperbury was, to use a phrase very common in a certain locality which we shall not more particularly designate, "an uncommon smart man;" an honest Englishman would call him a "damned scoundrel!"

So much for Mr. Peter Pepperbury's description; it might have been done better in the *Time and Cry*, or the *Police Gazette*, and perhaps it may be, if he does not reform his ways, ere he go to that bourne from which no "chiseller" returns. In the next chapter we shall pass on to other matters touching this most respectable member of society.

ADVERTISEMENT.



HO! FOR CALIFORNIA!!!

A HIGHLY intelligent and pacifically disposed YOUNG MAN, aged 46, and of promising appearance, is now about proceeding to CALIFORNIA, to fill his breeches pockets with GOLD. He has gathered from the newspapers all the necessary information to enable him to get there—will some benevolent Editor inform him the way to get back.
Address Y. Z., Bureau du Pouché en Canada.

CON BY THE COLONEL.

WHAT is the first bet of which we have any record? asked the Colonel of Policemen No. 10.
Vy, the Alpha-bet, ov course, answered the Official.

JOHN BROWN'S MAIRE.

TO MR. PUNCH.

SIR,—Ever since my arrival in this blooming country, I have been learning French with the Priest at St. Laurent. My first lyric offerings in that language I am desirous of making at the shrine of the new Canadian Peer called "Boory"—(on account, I believe, of his elegance and refinement.) I have been obliged, occasionally, to introduce an English word, not with a view of insulting the French aristocrat, but partly because I have not made sufficient progress in the language to enable me to say all I wish in French, and partly because English words, to some extent, have become Canadianized.

Yours,

JOHN BROWN.

Mon cher Monsieur Boory,

Comment diable vous êtes vous fourré

Dans cette chambre, qu'on appelle "the Upper House;"

Est-ce le Comte de Kincardine,

Qui, jugeant par votre mine,

Vous a poigné as a cat grabs a mouse?

Est-ce Lafontaine le severe,

Qui a honoré le maire,

D'une place among the swells of the land:

Ou bien le galeux Hincks

Qui comme every body thinks,

Did the deed pour cent piastres paid in hand?

Mais ce n'est ni l'un ni l'autre,

Dit quelque bon apôtre:

C'est le sort qui a kick'd him aloft,

Quand la tempête bat les flots,

A la surface de l'eau

Vient tout ce qu'il y a de rotten and soft.

THE BOARD OF DIRTY WORKS.

We have our own authority for stating that the eminently practical man, who directs the visionary and economical schemes of the Board of Dirty Works, has it in contemplation to construct a Hot-water Canal from Gaspé to Sandwich. The honorable gentleman feels confident of the success of his scheme, from the known ability of the present Ministry to keep the country in hot water, and its utility cannot be doubted by any one who has travelled during the winter months in this temperate climate. A large revenue is anticipated from the facilities which the lock-keepers will have of furnishing hot whiskey punch at a moment's notice. The Hon. Inspector General having graciously consented to provide any amount of acid, gratis, and we, with a generosity unequalled in the annals of Canadian history, will take a contract for the sugar

THE DUTIES OF COUNCILLORS.

Our Council of the Board of Trade, on recommending *ad-valorem* for all customs duties, might have extended the principle to all official duties, and established a regular per centage on the value of duty performed, for the salary of those public servants who lord it over the land. The Legislature of Massachusetts, while a colony, steadily, for years, adhered to the practice of voting annually to their Governors such amount of pay as their services merited; but as the difficulty of establishing the difference between no service at all, and "next to nothing," became a hair-splitting business, the members taking high airs, made an "average" of one thousand pounds *lawful*, that is, payable in dollars at six shillings, and no premium of exchange. We fear that Canada would have also to resort to "averages," for were the rule of *ad-valorem* introduced, many would go supperless, from the arithmetical impossibility of calculating a per centage on duties so trifling, that no figures, unless it be figures of speech, can express them.

TOO GOOD NEWS TO BE TRUE.

An English paper says—"The Irish Botter Market has been quiet this week."—A very remarkable statement, if we consider the immense number of Pats that must have been there; and one to be taken *cum grano salis*, when we recall to mind the pickle they are generally to be found in.



MR. PUNCH TURNETH WOODMAN, AND LAYETH HIS AXE TO THE ROOT OF A ROTTEN OLD TREE.

LETTERS OF PUNCH (IN CANADA,)

TO LOUIS JOSÉPH PAPINEAU.

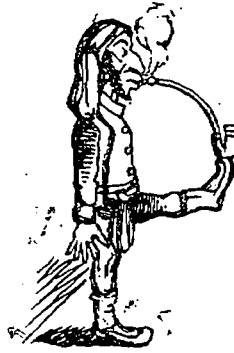
MY DEAR JOSEPH,—The world, at least that portion of it to which your name is familiar, and your well known modesty assures me you believe that portion is not small, is divided in its opinion of your merits. It is doubtful whether you are a great or a little man. I think you a great one; you agree with 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 Lois*, 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.

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL'S LAST.

It is not generally known that the Inspector General is what our friend "Joe Miller" would have termed "a mad wag". But he is. The other day, he asked his friend "Baldwin,"

"Why may the interior of a chimney be a comfortable abode for a sweep?"

Baldwin looked black and gave it up. "Because," replied the facetious Minister, "it soots him well."

Baldwin instantly left the Council Chamber in disgust.

A LEGAL JOKE.

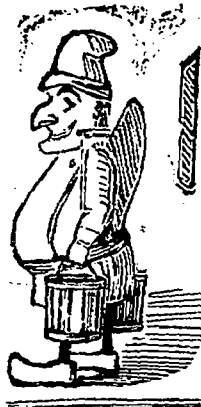
Why is Judge Bedard like a hen when her chickens are hatched?

Because he is not sitting.



The Old Merchant-man going Free before the Free-trade Wind.

THE WELL OF TRUTH.



IN the course of our literary researches, we happened to stumble upon a curious statement made by a quaint old author, to wit: that Truth "lives in a well," though in what quarter of the Globe, that damp retreat of the Rare Spirit was situated, the writer inconsiderately neglected to state. The idea haunted us for many, many years; we think about a century. Our dreams were then of wells, of descents into bottomless shafts, and researches amongst archives, inscribed in the depths of pellucid pools; and once the delusion reached that extent, that we felt convinced we were one of Sir Humphrey Davy's Patent Safety

Lamps—a scientific Jack of the Lantern, intruding ourselves, uninvited, into the society of toads and other cheerful residents of the region of the Choke Damp. Action soon chased away the wild flight of a disturbed imagination. And then came a scene of experiments with the divining rod, and over hill and over dale, and through weird forests, and across wild moors, did we dance like a meteor for many a long year; but never did the wand of hidden waters turn in our hands. Footsore and forlorn we returned to our Ancestral Halls; and behold! an idea presented itself, an idea suggested by the "Visits to Remarkable Places," of that bird's-nesting old boy, William Howitt. And we asked ourselves why we should not assume the Scrip and the Staff, and commence a pilgrimage over the world, for the purpose of visiting Remarkable Wells; a pilgrimage we have since successfully performed, having seen all the Remarkable Wells, and many Remarkable Pumps; and we have reaped the reward of our enterprise. We are proprietor of the Well—the pure spring, impregnated with the qualities of the Rare Spirit; by the sale of which it is our benevolent intention to accommodate the public.

We will now relate the circumstances of the Well, at the critical moment in which it was discovered. Surrounding the Sanctuary, an obscene crowd, with profane gestures, threw dirt upon its waters. Amongst them we recognized, of the false-hearted, not a few. Some there were, holding high offices in the state—Ministers, and M. P.'s. Representatives of the People; other M. P.'s, who described themselves as Members of the Press; and yet another class of M. P.'s.—Members of Police, with staves in their hands, and pockets full of Strychnine—false hirelings of the death-druggers of the true-hearted dog—and they all threw dirt upon the waters; and

THE LAST OF HIS RACE,

with an assumption of candour defiled the waters rather more than anybody else. Our sleeve became inflated with melancholy laughter, as we contemplated the scene, for it recalled a

remark made to us by an old French Historian, long, long ago, somewhere about the year 1550. "*La verité est une source toute pure, que nos passions souvent troublent, suivant nos intrets ou nos caprices.*" While the waters were troubled, we bestowed upon the crowd a pail-full from the Well, returning unto them their own dirt, and causing them to shudder at their own impurities. And it was exhilarating to see how they dwindled away, and shrank into insignificance beneath the test, tumbling over one another in ignominious flight, and wriggling themselves away, like disconcerted tadpoles, into the puddle of obscurity.

WHAT REMARKABLE CURES THESE WATERS MAY EFFECT,

We are not as yet prepared to state, but certain Rocks are earnestly recommended to undertake a pilgrimage to our Well, with their boots full of loaded dice—an improvement upon the practice of the Irish penitent, and one evidently more effectual, as the dice—unlike the peas—cannot conveniently be softened by boiling. In connexion with the cure of Social Diseases, for which these waters must become celebrated,

A LEG OF THIRTY YEARS STANDING

Is informed he may hear of something to his disadvantage, and receive a sample of undiluted Truth, gratis, by calling at his earliest convenience upon us, the Proprietor of the Well.

In conclusion, we have to state, that although the waters have been found to contain a large proportion of the precious metals—(A solid bar or ingot of gold—a golden rule in fact—having been discovered at the bottom of the well,) yet so far are we from being actuated by sordid motives, that we hereby grant permission to all popular impostors, having fourpence in cash and unexceptionable references, to drink freely at the fountain, hoping with all our heart that they may find it palatable; and dive into its deepest recesses, in search of the mental health and purity it unquestionably contains.

HARD TIMES.

It is generally believed that times are hard—a peculiarity they share in common with rocks and creditors, both of which at this season of the year are difficult to cut. Reasoning by analogy, Montreal must be soft, as people are cutting it daily with great ease. Those proceeding to California, we hope, will be careful in selecting their tools, and not choose them from the People's Store near the St. Ann's Market—the hardware collected there being generally found out to be soft. Indeed such a dull set of tools is now in that once-celebrated Warehouse, that the Cabinet chisellers, decidedly the greatest in their line on record, have stated, in confidence, that they doubt being enabled to cut through the work of another Session.