

A GREAT TRAVELLER.

Mr. B. Hamburger (what is the gentleman's name in English?) of No. 15 King Street, sells wines, cigars, and tobaccos,—that is to say, he wishes to sell these articles; and for the purpose of accomplishing his wish, he has issued a circular in which he asserts of the aforesaid wines, cigars and tobaccos, that “he SELECTED THEM IN PERSON, AND IMPORTED THEM DIRECT.”

Mr. B. Hamburger must be a wonderful man, a Baron Munchausen, a Gulliver, a Mungo Park, a Sinbad the Sailor, all rolled into one. What a determination he must have possessed of getting the real genuine thing for his customers, when he took the trouble of visiting the various wine-pressing and tobacco growing countries, which he must have done, if, as he asserts, “he selected them *in person* and imported them *direct*.” Punch fancies he sees him tossing on the Atlantic with an unpleasant interior sensation, bent on visiting the sunny fields of Ardenne with the fell purpose of investing capital in a basket of champagne; again, regardless of danger, Punch sees him riding with the desperation of a “*Times* courier,” over the bloody fields of Germany; and, being taken for a spy, amidst a shower of bullets discharged from a patent rifle he escapes only through the fleetness of his horse, and reaching “*Metternich*” completes his purchase of one bottle of “*that Johannisberg*.” His interview with Queen Isabella respecting the pint of Port and the account of the glass of Sherry, seized on the frontiers of Spain,—his conversation with the Sultan on the price of the best Turkish,—his astonishment when in Virginia he found himself the purchaser of a nigger head (and body) instead of the ounce of negro-head tobacco he thought he was bidding for,—and his adventures in the West Indies, the Brazils, South America, and the thousand other places he visited, to select his stock “in person and import it direct,” are highly interesting; but hitherto Mr. B. H. has kept them to himself, or tells them only to his customers on their purchasing the several articles of his stock, to each of which is attached some recollection of hair-breadth escapes, or some mysterious legend of £ s. d.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.

To His Excellency the Right Honorable James, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine &c. &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY :

Here we are in Toronto. But here, if you wish to prevent the dismemberment of the Empire of your Royal Mistress: if you desire to serve the country you are paid £7000 a year to govern, here you must not stay. Personally I can have no ill-feeling against your Excellency; my opposition to you is purely political. It may be mistaken; at least, it is honest. As a husband, as a father, as a man desirous to disseminate the blessings of education; and anxious to promote the happiness of the meanest over whom you rule: you are entitled to the esteem of all. As a politician you are rash even to madness: and short-sighted almost to blindness. You have raised a whirlwind which you can neither guide nor arrest. You have destroyed the foundations of authority in Canada, it will require an abler hand than yours to build them up again. And yet you may have been an unwitting instrument; the combustibles were there, the train was laid: your hand did but apply the Torch. The old Colonial system of Government was unsound: it might have been likened to a rotten tree root; trunk and branches, all decayed: A mass of Touchwood. It stood in Montreal: It crumbled away exposed to the heat of the Rebellion Bill. It disappeared in the flames of the Parliament House. It is dust and ashes: And yet you think it exists, and not you alone but many well meaning persons share your delusion. Because you are called Governor! because you have a certain number of Gentlemen termed Executive Councillors, and understand me, whether these are called Hincks and Lafontaine or McNab and Cameron, the case is the same; because you have a Parliament! because you give the Royal assent to laws: and because all the

machinery of governing a nation seems to be at work, you fancy Canada has a Government and some Canadians fancy they are governed. It is all a myth. The system is dead, what is true of the whole is true of the parts: all you government people are parts, therefore you are all dead. As individuals you have vitality, but in what relates to the functions supposed to be delegated to you, by the people from whom all power springs, you are absolutely and undeniably defunct.

May it please Your Excellency.

I will prove my assertion.

The will of the people determines their form of Government. Its vital principles are their sympathy and affection. Without these it has none. What sympathy and what affection has the people of Canada for their present system of Government? Ask those who rebelled in '36 and '37; enquire of the British League: demand of the Annexationists; listen to the mutterings of party-hacks who support you and your fellow myths because in so doing they “support their party”; read the owl-like letter of Mr. Robert Baldwin to Mr. “Wete and Flower”; hear the owl turned cuckoo with the endless note of “party! party!! party!!!” For years Canada has been a living body tied to a carcass hourly growing more and more putrid. Ignorance, and ignorance alone has prevented the people of England from long since insisting on a burial place being provided for the loathsome thing. And you, my Lord, would embalm it, and how? With the over-proof spirits of political prostitution: perfumed with the essence of rats (musk-rats of course); and a feeble extract of opposition benches. My lord, my lord, the people of Canada has willed that the carcass shall be cut away: that its hideousness shall no more be hid by gaudy trappings; that it and its pestilential exudations of high-salaried embalmers, needless expenditure, law-leeches, party politics and party plundering, shall be swept into the ocean of time and be no more known in the land. This must be done, my Lord, and this will be done, because not one man can be found in Canada who advocates “things as they are”; and it is this phase in Provincial politics which is almost unprecedented. A change is inevitable. But what change? There is but one either “practicable or desirable,” and that is Annexation; but not to the neighbouring Republic; not to Yankee knavery, not to Yankee dishonesty, not to Yankee poverty; and as a nation, the Yankees are poor; but to England. Since the days of Edmund Burke this subject has not been considered by British Statesmen, because England lost the Thirteen States from insisting on her right to tax them without granting them Colonial Representation. People are wiser in these days. A considerable party in this country would willingly allow the United States to tax them, through their Representatives, knowing that peace and good government must be paid for. Can not Canada negotiate for terms with England. She will annex herself to the States or to England. It will require a general organization of men of all politics to accomplish either. The Representative of Her Majesty should lead the British party. A large proportion of that party will not be led by you; they repudiate you as the Yankees do their debts. By remaining here you injure their cause and promote that of their enemies.

Once more imploring you to go home,

I remain your obedient servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

A WONDERFUL DIGESTION.

“A Digest of Cases” is announced by Mr. John Hillyard Cameron. What cases has Mr. Cameron been digesting? Can he have digested the fifteen hundred pounds worth of packing cases made for the removal of the furniture and fire-wood of the Government officials? If so, his digestive powers must be extraordinary. He must be case-hardened. If Mr. Cameron can stomach the present administration, who are a set of the hardest cases in Canada, will he oblige Punch by digesting them? Mr. Cameron may have digested the cases first alluded to, but will the people digest their cost?