

PUNCH'S LETTERS.—No. 3.

To His EXCELLENCY LORD ELGIN, supposed to be Governor General, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,—

I once more address you, you erring man, but let it be understood that it is

“ in sorrow not in anger,”

that I shall talk to you in my most fatherly manner. “ When bad men conspire good men must combine,” is a saying that has outlived the age which gave it birth, and good men were prepared to combine to resist the “ annexation plague,” you and your ministerial quacks have spread over “ Her Majesty’s British North American possessions.” But some evil spirit seems to prompt you and their every action. No sooner does the Province shew signs of sinking off into a peaceful slumber, than you sprinkle cow-itch in its political bed ; up starts the poor miserable creature ; runs about in agony until the temporary inflammation subsides ; lies down again ; tries to sleep ; when there, you are “ at it again ” with your cow-itch. You and your administration may be likened to the cabman whose horse was perfectly quiet but not very fast. “ Hulks, Jim, says a brother cabbee, vy don’t yer make yer knacker go ; touch him on the raw.” “ But he aint got no raw.”— “ Thea vy dont yer ’stablish vun.” You, my Lord, have taken cabbee’s advice and “ the raws ” you’ve ’stablish’d must be healed by other plasters than you have knowledge enough to apply. But the last “ raw ” is the lasting one. The injury inflicted on Montreal by the removal of the Seat of Government, if the Province were to be benefited, is not entitled to consideration. But what advantage does the Province gain ! Is it an advantage to have to pay forty or fifty thousand pounds every few years for the travelling vans of yourself ; the music stool of Government and its perambulating hangers on ? If you would hire the appliances of a circus entertainment, and exhibit as Clown to the ministerial ring, at convenient distances, along the route from Toronto to Quebec, provided you are not trusted with fixing your own salary, it is possible your extraordinary talents for making a fool of yourself might yield a revenue to the country. Yes, my Lord, thus might the intellect you possess be made profitable. Allow me to write an advertisement of the Performances. This, of course you are aware must be sent on from town to town, together with woodcuts and large colored bills, to give notice, at least, three weeks in advance of the arrival of the Troop.

PARLIAMENTARY CIRCUS !

PROPRIETORS, . . . Messrs. LAFONTAINE and BALDWIN,
ACTING MANAGER, Mr. H. SHERWOOD,
TREASURER, Right Honorable Mr. PUNCH,

This transcendantly absurd but amusing Establishment comprises

100 MEN AND ASSES ! !

The Jerusalem Steeds have the longest ears in the world, and resemble mules in their nature, while the Artists have afforded immeasurable

LAUGHTER TO THE COUNTRY !

This establishment will be exhibited in

TORONTO, (FOR ONE SESSION ONLY,)

On (here, My Lord, insert the date.)

The limits of an advertisement forbid a description of the many ludicrous French and English games of this National Arena. Are they not duly chronicled in the columns of the Public Press and in Punch in particular ; but it is deemed necessary to mention the principal Performers as well as the original and gorgeous spectacles invented by the Managers, and honored by the applause of thousands of excited spectators.

Old England’s Glory Sullied,
OR, REBELLION REWARDED !

This costly pageant is a fine illustration of Canadian wisdom !—
In the course of the Piece the

ENTIRE STOO OF ASSES,

Will make a GRAND ENTREE, and the Piece concludes with a

TERRIFIC COMBAT

AND THE

Destruction of the Parliament House.

THE GRAND BURLESQUE

Of the Presentation of Addresses !

To which the CLOWN will reply, will be found the most wondrous,—the most expensive, and the most successful of the age.

ANNEXATION

OR, THE RESULT OF IGNORANCE !

This is the grandest,—the most enlightened, and the free-ist, and the wonderfillest spectacle, that ever excited the risibility of

THE WHOLE WORLD !

N. B.—A vast variety of scenes will be elsewhere specified.—
For further particulars see small bills.

Some such a double crown poster as the above (of course I leave any alteration of the details to Your Lordship) would, I fancy attract crowds of admiring spectators. In my next, I will furnish you with designs for the woodcuts for the large bill, and further advise you as to the best means of rendering your peculiar qualifications serviceable to the country. As a Governor you are useless and injurious ; as a mountebank you might become amusing and harmless,

I am, My Lord,
Not your Lordship’s Servant,
PUNCH IN CANADA.

THE LAST (JOHN) ROSE OF SUMMER.

’Tis the last Rose of Summer,
Left scheming alone ;
All his ugly companions
Are smashed and undone ;
No flour-dealing broker,
No bankrupt is nigh,—
Some had pledged thee their honor,
But that’s all my eye !

They’ll soon leave thee, thou long one,
The torrent to stem,
Of public opinion,
How snobbish of them !
Old Molson is brewing,
Along with Ben Holmes,
A plan for thy ruin,
The heartless coxcombs !

Soon others will follow,
And leave thee to pay ;
Annexation’s but hollow,
’Twill drop and decay.
Cold winter is coming,
Ah, dreary will be,
Thy fate, O thou rum ’un,
Thou hapless Q. C. !