

PUNCH'S LETTERS!—No. 2.

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

MY LORD,

In the very bitterness of sorrow I have reproached you for your persevering folly. I have used harsh language, because there is little difference between wicked and incapable rulers as to the injuries they inflict on the countries they govern. The intention is different, the result is the same. The pig who recklessly swimming (against the stream, an operation for which he is unfitted by nature,) cuts his throat, and deprives the human race of chine and chitlings, is not necessarily wicked, but he is obstinate. You, my Lord, are pig-headed, and I throw myself at the pettitoes of your porcine profundity, and implore you, as you value the happiness of the millions confided to the care of the British Crown, to go HOME, and not by your stay assist in the dismemberment of an empire, whose influence statesmen and philosophers have regarded as essential to the diffusion of Christianity and civilization.

If Great Britain lose the Canadas her empire is broken up, and this, as I believe, compromises the prosperity and happiness, not of Canada alone, not alone that of the British Empire, but of the world. You will ask me how your presence here contributes to this catastrophe. I will tell you. For years, the infective odour of two rotten political parties has spread a pestilence, a moral cholera, over this otherwise favored land. To the deluded but honest followers of one of these parties, your assent to the Rebellion Bill, without affording the country an opportunity to pronounce upon its accursed principle, is an outrage not to be forgiven. My Lord, it was a most immoral act; but the word which you and I reverence informeth us that "out of evil cometh good." The artfully forged chains of mercenary political impostors are broken. I remember the plot of a novel, my Lord, somewhat in point; will you excuse my relating it. Hundreds of emigrants are in a crazy vessel with a drunken captain. The anchor has parted. They are at sea, without rudder or compass. Passengers and crew are at loggerheads, some blaming the captain, others defending him. Pirates are in sight, nay, within hail. The crew are divided. Some are for plundering the ship and dividing the cargo, others, desirous of fighting to preserve her for the owners. The passengers take either side. They no longer quarrel about the drunken captain, the question is, shall they give up the ship! But the captain is part owner, he has insulted many of the passengers, who will not assist in preserving his property, although ready and willing to join those amongst their former enemies who will fight for that of the other owners. The drunken captain having been locked up, becomes sober, gives up his share, the insulted passengers join the defenders of the ship, the pirates are thrashed, and the crazy vessel is carried safely into port for necessary repairs, with all her colours flying; and the traitors who would have surrendered her, are delivered up to well-merited punishment. A lesson might be learned, my Lord, even from the plot of a novel.

Hoping you will increase in wisdom as you increase in days, and the fewer days you take for that desirable object the better I shall be pleased.

I cannot sign myself

Your obedient Servant,
PUNCH IN CANADA.

THE PARTING.

Loyalty and second's flour
Met in a most evil hour,
For flour had learnt that he could bring
Sixpence more by rebelling;
And so he left with Pork his brother—
Just made the two for one another!

PUNCH AND THE BRITISH LION.

In consequence of late extraordinary events, *Punch* considered it to be his duty to open a direct communication with the British Lion, which has led to the following correspondence:—

PUNCH TO THE LION.

PUNCH OFFICE, Oct. 13, 1849.

DEAR LION,—Ware hawk—mind your eye.

PUNCH.

LION'S REPLY.

All right, old brick—wide awake.

Your's,

THE LION.

Soon after the above, *Punch* was honoured by an interview with the noble animal, who he is happy to announce, was looking remarkably well. The following conversation ensued:—

Lion.—Well *Punch*—what's the matter?

Punch.—Not much, only some of your old friends seem a little out of sorts

Lion.—What have they got—the gripes?

Punch.—Rather an affection of the heart I think.

Lion, (wagging his tail,)—Pshaw! tell 'em to eat beef steaks and read *Punch*, and it'll soon pass away.

[*Punch* bows respectfully and retires.]

A LAMENTATION.

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF A LATE DEFECTION.

There was a Rose—a blushing Rose
Upon a Scottish stem,
And all the women courted it
And so did all the men;
The legal bees came there to sip,
And dropped their honey too;
Alas that such a Rose should turn
To Yankey doo-dle-do!

I've seen the winter's wind cut off
Full many a tree and flower;
I've tasted grapes I thought were sweet
And found them precious sour;
I've seen the tender glass-blade bend
Beneath its weight of dew,
But never thought my Rose would turn
To Yankey doo-dle-do!

Will once again my Rose return
Unto its Scottish stem,
The pet of all the female tribe
And courted by the men?
I do not know; but this I know
My Rose has proved untrue,
And all its perfumed vows are turned
To Yankey doodle do!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Punch presents his compliments to the Clerk of the Weather, and begs to be informed whether the blast which recently occurred in the office of the *Montreal Herald*, distributing the type of a certain Annexation document set up therein, may be attributed to a current of the same wind which blew down the liberty poles at New York, on the night of the 6th instant.

Punch Office, Oct. 12, 1849.

The Clerk of the Weather presents his compliments to *Punch*, and takes the liberty of stating, that such has been the mutability of the many winds and side winds recently rushing about in the various offices of the Canadian Press, he is quite unable to furnish the desired information upon a very interesting subject.

Weather Office, Oct. 12, 1849.