

PUNCH FROM CANADA AT ST. JAMES'S.

Just after the issue of his last number, Punch received a despatch across the wires of the Atlantic Telegraph, which is not yet commenced, commanding his immediate presence at a Cabinet Council, to be held that afternoon at St. James's. He immediately packed up his hump, which answers the purpose of a portmanteau, and wearing his court suit, composed of costly red, blue and yellow calico, at one penny a yard, and his two orders of the red worsted garter around his literal timbers, which, in the language of stage-sailors, he frequently hoped might be split, in the joyful ejaculations proceeding from him at the unlooked-for honour of a message from Royalty, he buried himself in a safety Gutta-Percha submarine travelling costume, and filling his pockets with electric eels, on which he operated with the lightning of his wit, he quickly found himself at Buckingham Palace; when, producing his wand of office or street-marshal's baton, he was with great solemnity ushered into the Council Chamber by a gold-stick which he found in waiting; and having an eye to business, he pocketed the gold stick, and, with the air of a man who had done a virtuous action, took his seat at the Council-board. Her Majesty, he is happy to say, looked at him with both her eyes and remarkably well. She graciously enquired after his circulation, which he informed her was good, and considerably increased by the rapidity of his electric eels. Her Majesty enquired, if he had been running? An explanation ensued, when Her Majesty, with great dignity, stated that the joke, if meant as such, was remarkably fishy. Three Brobdingnag feathers, and a small boy at the end of them, were present, which, altogether, formed the Prince of Wales, who instantly introduced himself to Toby, who had accompanied Punch. Toby stood on his hind legs, and invested His Royal Highness with a collar of the noble order of the plum-cake, which H. R. H. received with visible uneasiness. Punch was then introduced to the Princess Alice, who insisted on having a ride on his hump, which he was graciously pleased to permit. The two little Royal Highnesses hereupon got noisy and troublesome, and were sent up to the nursery with a flea in each ear. Her Majesty, after apologizing for the rudeness of the Royal babes, called the Council to order, placing Punch on her right hand; and condescendingly commanding Punch not to make a fool of himself, Her Majesty requested Lord John Russell to state the object of the Council.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL said he wished to enquire what was to be done with the Colonies.

HER MAJESTY remarked, that her Colonies seemed in danger of being done with altogether, in which case her kingdom would be altogether done, and requested the venerable Punch to state his opinions.

The Venerable Punch begged to decline for the moment. His journey by lightning had lightened up his appetite; and however anxious he might be to support the integrity of Her Majesty's dominions, his own integrity compelled him to say, that he was desirous, before expressing his sentiments on affairs of state, to give his opinion on the state of Her Majesty's larder and cellar.

A rasher of bacon and a pot of half-and-half were instantly laid before Punch, who, not wishing to keep Her Majesty waiting, desired to know Lord Grey's ideas of Colonial affairs.

LORD GREY said he had no ideas.

PUNCH agreed with him.

LORD GREY then observed, that he believed the Colonies were, like scolding wives, very troublesome—particularly Canada and the Cape. There was no pleasing the inhabitants. If they sent them a healthy lot of convicts, they revolted; and if left alone, they complained that they were forgotten. In Canada, his illustrious and compost-selling relative—[Here Toby barked very loud, and Her Majesty smiled.] Lord Grey continued: In Canada, he said, his illustrious and compost-disposing relative had done all in his power to prevent that colony from ever troubling the mother country any more; and if it had not been for the Annexation movement, he thought he would have succeeded. On the whole, he thought Canada should be abandoned as soon as his noble and compost-disposing relative had succeeded in paying off the mortgage on his family estate, which he considered, at the rate he was now going on, would not be long first.

HER MAJESTY.—And the Lower Provinces, my Lord?

LORD GREY.—Give them up too.

HER MAJESTY.—How of the West Indies, my Lord?

LORD GREY.—Give them up too.

HER MAJESTY.—And the East Indies, my Lord—the East Indies, the fabled scenes of gods—what of them?

LORD GREY.—Give them up, give them up, by all means.

HER MAJESTY (with great firmness, and an expression of pity and contempt).—No, my Lord, not an inch of them. You are called Grey, my Lord—your name should be Green. We won our colonies, my Lord, and we will keep them. The star of England shall not set in Victoria's reign. To me, as a sacred trust, was the guardianship of these realms given; and if they would deprive me of them, they must use something stronger than honied words. The Lion is not tamed, my Lord—he only sleepeth. As a woman, and with a woman's spirit, we hold this sceptre: but we will not see all the fruits of former victories pulled down at once. This advice may be yours, Earl Grey; but is it that of your colleagues? Is it yours, my faithful Punch, my honest councillor and good friend—is it yours?

PUNCH (finishing the half-and-half).—Most decidedly not; and, your Majesty, I feel inspired—I feel—

HER MAJESTY.—Finish my bacon, Punch.

PUNCH.—No, your Majesty, it is my wish to save your bacon. [To the other Councillors.] And you, my lords, will you give up the colonies?

OTHER COUNCILLORS.—Not if we can keep them!

HER MAJESTY.—If; what, talk to me of ifs! There are no ifs, there shall be no ifs. You may retire.

[*Event Councillors in disorder; Toby bring their calves and destroying their silk stockings.*]

HER MAJESTY.—Good dog! good Toby! seize'em.

[*Earl Grey having tumbled down stairs, tripped up by Toby, Toby returns, wagging his tail. Her Majesty bestows on Toby the Order of the Kick.*]

Her Majesty and Punch then held council together, as to the best means of promoting the interests of Canada; but being sworn to secrecy over a glass of Constantia, what his advice was future events will shew. This much Punch is at liberty to say: that his advice will be followed; Lord Elgin will be sent up to Mica Bay and be made an Indian Chief, and annexation indefinitely postponed.

How Punch got home he does not exactly know. The last thing he remembers, previous to waking in Toronto, was hobbing and nobbing with the Duke of Wellington, out of the sixteenth bottle of Port, vintage 1811.

A LEGAL DISCOVERY.

In the late case of Johnson *vs.* Hedge, before the Judges of the Queen's Bench, Judge Draper, in giving judgment, made the following astounding discovery—(see Jurist for Dec. 1849):

"And if the fact had been that some person had tied some substance in flames to the heifer's horns, or rubbed dirt over its udder, to play a trick on the person milking it," &c.

This is the first case in which it has been decided by the Court that heifers give milk; and it must be a great satisfaction to those who have been in the habit of rearing cattle to know that this important point has been settled by so eminent a judge. Punch, therefore, begs to recommend the high qualities of Mr. Draper to the favourable notice of the Managers of the Provincial Agricultural Association—being of opinion that he would make an excellent Judge of Heifers at the next Exhibition.

CANADA IN PERIL.

Punch is troubled for "this wooden country," and is almost inclined to assert that annexation is certain—William Lyon Mackenzie opposes it.

ON THE DINNER SPEECHES OF THE HON. F. HINCKS.

No wonder Hinck's speeches fell dead,
O'erloaded as they were with lead.