

PUBLIC NOTORIETY.



UNCH remembers when the two words "public notoriety," slumbered peacefully in the dictionary, content with the definition they had borne for ages. The Hon. Francis Hincks suddenly woke them up, and made them good and sufficient cause for removing Mr. Ferris from the office he held in her Majesty's customs. It became the fate of Mr. Joseph Lesslie, also an officer in her Majesty's customs, to obtain public notoriety precisely in the same manner as Mr. Ferris. But the "public notoriety" of the former was caused by defending her Majesty's ministers, of whom Mr. Francis Hincks was one, while the "public notoriety" of the latter was gained by defending her Majesty's Representative against the slanderous insinuations of her Majesty's present Solicitor-General East. "Public notoriety" dismisses the one, and "public notoriety" confirms the other in his appointment. The *Globe* states that Mr. Joseph Lesslie incurred public notoriety from "having been under a misapprehension of the rules of the department who called on him for an explanation which was satisfactory, and therefore no further action was taken in the matter." But Mr. Ferris was dismissed without being called on for an explanation. "Public notoriety" was sufficient for him. Is it not time for the people of Canada to open their eyes, when "Public notoriety" points to the shameless political trading of which they are the victims?

TORONTO ANNEXATION ASSOCIATION

From our own Reporter.

Understanding that a meeting of Spit-boxes and Loafers, varied with some plugs of tobacco and Gin-slings, was to take place at the office of the Independent, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of finding funds for the payment of the Independents' wages, and forwarding the objects of the paper, I was early at my post. On reaching the Editor's sky drawing-room, I found nobody there, but presently the perfume of tobacco and the characteristic oaths heard, as the would-be free and enlightened citizens ascended the stairs, convinced me there was to be a great gathering. Several influential parties came in. Some took their places on the tables with their legs on the chairs, and some sat in the chairs with their legs on the table. Mr. H. B. Willson stood looking rather disgusted with his supporters, and carefully avoiding the desperate efforts of a short brown looking individual to make a spittoon of his hat. One of the invisible police was present to see that no breach of the peace was committed, with instructions to run away if any such attempt was made, and a serjeant of the Rifles attended on the part of Lord Elgin, invested with "all the authority" which Earl Grey has delegated to our illustrious Governor.

Mr. H. B. Willson was unanimously called to the chair: He said he would not trespass long upon the time of his mighty minded brethren. They all knew what had brought them there. They had come to come down with the cash for the support of the Independent, and the just and glorious cause it advocated. A cause which would cover with gold and silver the plains of the fast decaying province of Upper Canada. They were many of them in a state of intellectual destitution and besotted ignorance. Because the farmers had been blessed with plenteous crops; because their taxes were light and their rents next to nothing; the ignorant and besotted herd wished to persuade themselves they were happy—but no;—low rents and low prices were a delusion. He called on this meeting to put money in

his pocket, (hear! hear!) and go for high rents, high taxes and annexation. (Cries of we will—we will.)

Mr. Hackstaff guessed that in all his eternal life he never did think, not no how it could be fixed, that Great Britain was just anything but a mean contemptible kitchen garden, in which people were just allowed to do as they pleased, and say what they pleased, so long as they just only talked; whereas if they would just become citizens of the almighty United States and attempt to talk such nonsense as the Tories' talked, (hear! hear!) they'd just be Lynched, right off, and be larnt the valley of Liberty, in which blossomed the gridiron flag, and bloomed the American Eagle. (Bravo!) He had heard of a mild government, but give him the land where mild Havannahs was cheap (cries of you're right); give him the land of gin-slings and cock-tails (loud shouts of approval,) and if the present meeting would only come down with the doe, might he—go to eternal smash if he did'nt stand drinks all round (universal cheers). For his part, he cared nothing for Earl Grey's dispatch; he was prepared to become a martyr—he courted persecution! (Loud shouts of "We'll stand by you!") Yes, he hurled defiance at— [Here a lying little rascal came in from the *Globe* office, and stated that a corporal's guard was about to surround the premises. Mr. H. B. Willson instantly diappeared up the chimney, Mr. Hackstaff sunk into his boots, and the meeting suddenly broke up and saved their money.]

PUNCH AND BUTTON.

A Montreal Pedagogue, one Dutton or Button, prostitutes his duties as an instructor to youth and becomes a teacher of treason. He advertises that he will prepare the youth of Montreal for the great advancement in civilization and knowledge which it may be anticipated Canada will make when annexation shall take place; an event he believes to be desirable, and which he will do all in his power to hasten; that he will instruct the youth entrusted to his care, to look upon Loyalty as a farce and Treason as a pastime, and prepare them to renounce their allegiance to His Sovereign and theirs.

Dutton or Button does this, and Punch does his duty in calling the attention of the world to Dutton or Button's gross violation of the duties of his profession. Whereupon Dutton or Button, in very bad English, in annexation English Punch supposes, abuses Punch in the *Montreal Herald*, for interfering with private character. A schoolmaster preaching politics and sedition, a private individual! Button or Dutton may not have the knavery but he certainly has the impudence and the ignorance of a genuine down-easter. On reading his two epistles, Punch was forcibly reminded of a conversation which one Joe Miller records as having occurred between a fond parent and a pedagogue of Button or Dutton's stamp.

FOND PARENT.—Do you teach grammar, Sir?

PEDAGOGUE.—Yes, ma'am, I does.

Punch will conclude this article with a curious specimen of the genuine annexation English, as taught by Punch's own Dutton or Button, taken from Button or Dutton's last catawampous epistle to the *Montreal Herald*.

To the Editor of the Montreal Herald.

"SIR,—I apprehend the public will conceive *Punch* ought to drive at other quarry than that of a species, whose keenness of sight and swiftness of wing, *place them* beyond the reach of his feeble powers, before he, in his dreams, in imagination, roasted and eat them."

"At any rate, all will concur in prognosticating that if, like his prototype, Paddy Kelly, of Dublin, from whom, in all probability, *he has been sprung*, he meddles with private character and business, he will soon become a loathsome toad, and be cast out as *he was*, from the pale of civilized society."

"Adieu for ever, *Punch*! and may you, if you adopt and persevere in the course of private scandal, speedily sink into the abyss of political oblivion, in which your species *have been* engulfed."

Begging pardon for this intrusion,

I remain, Sir, obediently yours,

Craig Street, January 25.

Jos. T. Dutton.

Good bye, Button!