

## THE ANNEXATION SQUIB.

The terrific explosion prophesied a few days since in the columns of the *Courier*, which was to burst up the strong government; blow Lord Elgin into the dominion of his patron saint, the father of discord; smash the "Fortins;" make Benjamin Holmes, M. P. P. a consistent man; and Francis Hincks, an honest politician, besides effecting other miracles too tedious to mention: turns out after all nothing but a jest. Yes, a jest; and a devilish good joke it is too, for the fun consists in the number of credulous individuals who have actually fancied that the "address to the people of Canada," published in the *Herald* and the *Courier*, is an earnest political movement on the part of the three or four hundred tops and bottoms of the inhabitants of Montreal who affixed their names to it, out of a lark, just to see what nonsense people would believe. Why, on the face of the document its absurdity is manifest. It commences with calling on the people of Canada, ("our country" as the Province is facetiously termed;) "to combine for the purposes of inquiry and preparation with a view to the adoption of such remedies as a mature and dispassionate investigation may suggest," and after poking the fun of two columns of grievances into the ribs of the unlucky victims of readers, which it laughingly passes off as "mature and dispassionate investigation, concludes not with suggesting remedies," but asserting that only *one* remedy is to be thought of, and that one a sovereign, no, no—a republican specific for all evils the body politic is laboring under in the present generation, and a preventative in all generations to come. And yet people took an absurdity like this for a genu-wine manifesto: a rale, rite-down airnest strait up an eend socdolager of a document; actually fancied that the three hundred and twenty modest individuals whose names are appended to this innocent effusion were about to forsake their lawful trades and callings; turn quack doctors, and cram rale yankee-annexation pills down the throats of the rest of the community. Besides, many of the names do not represent the men popularly known as bearing similar cognomens. Barristers, learned in the law, such as John Rose and F. G. Johnson, both of them Gentlemen and Esquires by act of Parliament, do not indulge in such freaks of folly; of course, we cannot presume to imagine they were out on a spree; oh, no, the Q. C. attached to these names must mean a couple of Queer Codgers, not Queen's Counsel.—Queen's Counsel are men whom Her Majesty has delighted to honor, not human dogs to bite the hand that feeds them. Then just fancy D. Lorn Macdougall, so prim, so perfumed, and so pretty, fraternising with John Tully, Esq., whose attention to externals is by no means remarkable; Benjamin Holmes, M. P. P. with R'd. Philbin; Sabrevois de Bleury with John Glass, &c. &c. We mention the names of these gentlemen simply to show how ridiculous it was for any sane person to treat the harmless squib as if it were a Congreve rocket, although the people who shoved highly respectable names into bad company, should remember that a joke may be carried too far.

But perhaps the greatest fun of the whole affair is the following sentences.

"We would promise that towards Great Britain we entertain none other than sentiments of kindness and respect. Without her consent we consider separation as neither practicable nor desirable."

If we could suppose for an instant that this foolish concoction was a reality, we should say that no freeman who knew his rights, and knowing dared to defend them, no Briton, no honest and true-hearted man penned those lines. They are slavish and servile; they have the impress of one who dreads the lash; who yet feels the pain of the sound scourging he got when detected in robbing his master's till. It is a vile slander on many of the gentlemen whose names are affixed to this penny cracker, to say that if, after calm deliberation, they honestly and sincerely believed the fallacies fized forth; if they were convinced, that by not separating from Great Britain, they were robbing themselves and their posterity of rights to which they were entitled, they would never say "without her consent it is neither practicable nor desirable." If separation is just and necessary, it is desirable whether Great Britain consent or not: and as for its not being practicable, an association of freemen would have resolved to make it so. But these triflers with grave matters, these aged sucklings in breeches, these grey-headed political infants, after a frolicksome game of Shuttlecock, run whimpering to Mama for a lollipop, as the only thing that can quiet their uneasy

stomachs; and leave you to conclude, if Mama won't indulge its deary, deary little pets, that its deary, deary little pets will suck their nicey, piccy fingers, and anviably endure their nasty, nasty gripes. And yet in spite of these infantile powers of endurance, they assert that the lollipop they covet is their "common destiny." If so, Punch fears their "common destiny" will give them uncommon internal uneasiness, until themselves and their commotions are absorbed in the undisturbed bowels of the earth.

## SAUCE FOR THE COURIER'S CURRIE.

The *Courier* of Thursday last furnishes the following bill of fare for the Viceregal Household.

Let the people of Lower Canada take an example from their fellow Colonists at the Cape of Good Hope; they have threatened to starve out an obnoxious Governor and Council, and they have the power, because they are unanimous—if we were as unanimous as they, we could soon reduce Lord Elgin, or any other Governor or Ministry, to feed on their coach-horses.

These remarks of the *Courier* albeit rather coarse and suggestive of Cannibalism,—the horse being nearly allied to the donkey, and the donkey being a cousin-german of man,—are yet fraught with pleasant associations to the reflective mind. Consider the coach-horse; how cheering to him who has been curried all his life by clumsy grooms, the prospect of being curried after death by the skillful hands of a Vice-regal chef de cuisine! How exhilarating the certainty that the operation of firing for spavin will now be superseded by that of peppering for dianer! Hairness blacking would serve as a most appropriate sauce; and the reins of Government, by this time rather worse than useless, might be converted into sausages wherewith to garnish the dish so feelingly suggested by the *Courier* for the entertainment of Viceroyalty. Cape Wine would, of course, be the prevailing beverage; and the master of the horse should be Master of the Ceremonies for the festive occasion.

## CAUTION.

Messrs. Scobie and Balfour, of Toronto, are publishing an Almanac, replete with useful information and statistics; we warn them to pause in their speculation, until they can complete the sporting list of the annexation horses, with the names, weights and colors of the riders, for the Yankee Sweepstakes.

## FUN FOR THE IRISH.

Three letters of the Alphabet—T. P. B.—announce their intention of giving a lecture on Tipperary tactics, illustrated by "the Songs of Old Erin," in the Hall of the Odd Fellows, on Monday next. For oddities, the Odd Fellows' Hall must be most appropriate, and the three letters are certainly odd; and it will be odder still, if a crowd of oddities do not welcome their odd appearance.

## YANKEE NOTIONS.

Sixty-three ternal free and enlightened Yankees have affixed their names to the annexation hoax, which appeared this week. What would these liberal and enterprising citizens have said had sixty-three Englishmen promulgated a similar bit of humbug on the Free-soil Question, with a view to the dismemberment of the almighty union. I guess they would have concluded to invoke a blessing on the peculiar institutions of Tar-and-feathers and Judge Lynch. They should remember, what is "sauce for the goose" is sauce for the American Eagle, which, at the best is but a gander, a fact in natural history, established by its ternal quack, quack, quack.

**For Sale,** AT MOSS'S in Notre Dame Street, two Silk Gowns, supposed to be the forfeited Pledges of John Rose and F. G. Johnson, Esquires, who have lately addicted themselves to stuff (and nonsense).

Query.—Is fustian stuff?