

**Annexation !!**

ADVANCE SHEETS OF ADDRESS TO BE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ANNEXATION SOCIETY TO BE CONVENED AT BUFFALO. PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HIS REPUBLICAN MAJESTY UNCLE SAM.

*Fellur Citizens*:—The momentous time hav cum. The awesphusis day hav dawned—The glorious Bard uv freedom has gazed from his gigantik roost on our deluded naburs the Kanuks wallerin in the slimy suburbs uv a base monarchy an panin to bust their chanes an fill their lungs with the free air uv our grate Republik—an he says tew us “Jonathan giv em a lift.”

Fellur citizens let us konsider,

FIRST.—Our Persishun.

SEKUND.—Our prospheks.

THIRD.—The Kanuks.

*Fust.—Our Persishun.*

The United States uv Ameriky diskivered by Kristoper Kerlumbus, sot up by George Washington, has got to be in the wurlds uv the poit,

“The tip toppest Nashun  
In all Creashun.”

The hum uv freedom! Our atmosphere iz manufactured expressly to soot nostrils which woud perish in uther klimes—our government an institooshun iz uv the fust quality—our president iz 'lected by the people; consequently az the people iz the soveren power the president uv the U.S.A. iz; the “Boss uv all Creashun” our Institooshuns iz marvelous tew behold—sich az our—Kongress an Senate—where you pays your money an you takes your choice—our Bench where the longest purse an the sharpest blade doose the biggest wittin—not tew menshun Sing Sing—an sich resorts, where we send our aristocracy fur a change uv air an diet. Our Society's maid tew order—we ain't stuck up—we're all ladies an gentlemen—If you've got the dimes, we'll shew you round—an if you've got the diamonds we'll pass you thru all the circles in our land—If you haint got neither you can stop to hum!

*Sekund.—Our prospheks.*

Our prospheks iz immense an too numerus to menshun.—In fact they kant be seen with the naked I.—They kant be described or circumscribed—We are jist beginnin for to roll up our sleeves an to shew the world what we're maid uv.—The fact iz Creashun is'n't big enuf to cover with our coat-tails an the immensity uv our desires iz fillin up space. We've got everything thats worth havin,—an a good deal more an what we haint got we kan manufacture.—Ware's the ekul uv Tiltin an Becchur? Ware's the ekul uv Boss Tweed? Ware's yer Tammany kombinashuns? Ware's yer 4th uv Joly,—an ware's George Washington?—If you ain't satisfied—send yer kard (post pade) tew P.T. Barnum.—But, Fellur Citizens, I'me digressin—let's kum tew the p'int—viz.: *The Kanuks.*

*Third.—The Kanuks.*  
These Kanuks in their present persishun air worse than useless.—They air an eyesore tew this free an enlightened nashun.—Ef we don't amalgamate em the pesky kritturs 'll be gettin wuss and wuss—an bimeby when their cheeks develop they'l amalgamate us.—They air a bad lot as was their pergeniturs them cusses the “U. Es.”—It makes our blood bile tew think uv em—how they bayannuted our aspirin forefathers on Queenstun hites—an chased em like sheep off Kryslers' farm butcherin them as woud'ent run,—an bastin many a luvin hart with grief at their obsturnacy.—The noble bard uv freedom stiks his alkaline beck into his ruffled buzam when he thinks uv it,—an the troubled air seems to wisper “Jonathan now's yer oppertoonty.”

Fellur Citizens we must amalgamate em!!! Our Centennial ain't complete without em!!!

**A Lay of the Times.**

The mud, the mud, oh the beautiful mud!  
Producing the flow'rets out of the bud,  
Bearing along in your sombre train  
The tie-doloureux, and the toe aching pain:  
Slipping and sliding, and gracefully gliding  
Off the round kerbstones upon the soft mud.

The mud, the mud, oh! black slimy mud,  
How it raises the feelings and heats up the blood,  
As it splashes around on the high and low,  
The offspring that's born of the “Beautiful Snow;”  
The long trailing garments the ladies will wear  
Bespattered enough to make a saint swear.

How the lords of Creation will bluster and fret  
When they think of the damage that's caused by the wet;  
Their faces with frowns will be black as the night,  
When the “little bills” come, to be paid for “at sight;”  
And the ladies all wish to be out of the way,  
For they dread as the plague that most ill-fated day.

The mud, the mud, oh! the beautiful mud,  
Much better on pastures where kine chew the cud,  
Than gathered to lie in a little round heap,  
As soft as a cushion. “Twould make a pig weep  
That a couch that was soft as the famous “Canoe”  
Should be empty except to the “all-fav'ored few.”

**Ode to “ye National Club.”**

Ho! Canadians one and all,  
Ho! ye Natives great and small;  
Whate'er betide from every side  
Attend ye to my call!

Who dare despise our native worth:  
Our genius, honor, freedom, birth,  
Usher him bold,—to the magic fold,  
Ye minions who wait on the lords of the earth!

There in Elysian pastures new,  
We'll lave his soul in ambrosial dew:  
From our Bill of Fare, both rich and rare,  
We'll give him a roast if he scorns a stew.

Than our company I'm sure there's none finer  
From the dead head to the regular diner,—  
'Twould surprise you to look, in our membership book,  
At art, science, law, dry-goods and physic,  
'Way down to the penny a liner.

Nurtured and led by a FOSTERING hand,  
Polished by SMITH, overlooked by HOWLAND;  
With Billiards, and waiters, and no crusty maters,  
I'm sure upon earth there's nothing so grand!

'Tis true that quite social are we,  
But, we slant round a corner d'ye see?  
By good use of our wits, both Tories and Gits,  
We'll engraft on our national Tree.

Success to the juvenile Club,  
Enshrined in its national Tab,  
With its social broth for political wrath,  
And sandpaper, coarse manners to rub.

May its influence be noble and good,  
Its honor be well understood;  
And let no snobbish varnish its surface to tarnish  
Be smeared on our true native wood.

May its fair reputation ne'er pale,  
But sparkle and gleam like its ale:  
And bright wit abound at its table round,  
When the members its courses assail.

**A Transformation Scene.**

To captivate South Simcoe and its votes  
Two candidates reverse their former coats.  
In the pursuit of legislative glory  
WILLIAM McDUGGALL changes to a Tory!  
DIXWOODIE finds his Tory coat not fit  
For further use—the inside shows—'tis Grit!  
The puzzled voters piteously moan,  
“What are their politics? What are our own?”

**A Paean on one Bell.**

Election courts each day a sad tale tell,  
How few can prove themselves clear as a BELL!  
No guile was in our ROBERTS' record found,  
And in the House we know he'll be—all sound!

**Croaks and Pecks**

“The Mail,” speaking of Mr. WILKES' retirement from public life, says:

We no of know event which would be hailed with more delight by the House of Commons.

The editor of the “Mail” is one of those self-sufficient cynics who scoff at spelling-matches, but we really “no of know” boy at any of the city schools who would have written that sentence so badly. By the way, we quite endorse the sentiment conveyed, and one of the principal ingredients in our joy at Mr. WILKES' disappearance, is a hope of immunity in future from the columns of *Malicious* abuse of which he has so long formed the subject.

SHOULD a fowl take to music what piano should he use? Why a “Chick-e-ring” of course.

If a person desired a new outfit for Spring driving what Mart should he patronise? Why a second-hand store, he could surely find a “buggy suit.”

WHY is a gouty person like a favorite Canadian vegetable? Ans. Because he is a to(c)martyr.

IN what respect did ARISTOTLE differ from an inebriate? Ohe was a Stagger-right, the other a stagger-wrong.