

## THE LATEST DEPUTATION.

Pitying the Governor General for being compelled to listen to nothing but addresses of condolence and confidence, and desirous of mitigating His Excellency's ennui by a change of subject, a deputation of men of all parties assuming for the occasion a "dignified neutrality," waited on his Excellency to ascertain his opinions on affairs in general. Amongst the number we recognized Mr. Sol. Gen. Blake, Mr. Sol.-Gen. Drummond, David Thompson Esq., Billa Flint, Mr. Cauchon, Mr. Papineau and Mr. Egan, M. P. P. Mr. Jones of Hamilton, Bernard Foley, Esq. and James Lamb, of the Niagara district, J. J. Rooney, John Newman, and Duncan Sinclair of Ottawa. Mr. Tully, dressed in his uniform as General of the "Prairie Hens" accompanied the Deputation. His bearing was so imposing that the Deputation instantly "took a sight" at him.

The Deputation started in Caleches from Donegana's Hotel, and on arriving at the Toll-bar, they had a lengthened interview with the "Pikeman" on the subject of the toll, which lasted until the amount was paid by Mr. Jones of Hamilton. David Thompson Esq. of Haldimand reminding him that "the necessary funds" raised by subscription were in his possession. On arriving at Monklands the Deputation drove up to the back door, some of them being rather ashamed of their company, and Lady Elgin being "indisposed" to see them.

The Deputation then walked round to the Front door where they discovered "General" Tully in the custody of the sentry who had obstinately refused to present arms, whereupon the "General" drew his sword for the first time and fainted away. After some consultation, David Thompson Esq. was deputed to ring the bell, which he did with much nervous trepidation. The door opened and after having obeyed the orders of the gentleman usher in plush breeches to wipe their highlows on the mat and not dirty the staircase, the Deputation proceeded to the Hall of audience; some few leaving their hats behind them, and all their presence of mind. Bernard Foley, Esq. in his very happy and humorous style, hoped the gentlemen usher in plush breeches, was "salubrious." The gentlemen usher hoped he was.

His Excellency received the Deputation with that air of dignified neutrality" for which he is distinguished, and after pointing out as interesting "the last precious stone" he had the pleasure of being presented with, and a curious drawing room ornament constructed of Egg-shells, he inquired of the Deputation what they wanted.

Billa Flint Esq., said they wanted something to drink.

His Excellency rang for some cold water which was indignantly rejected by the Deputation.

Mr. Papineau then proceeded to dilate on the cold water which all Governors and especially Lord Sydenham had thrown on the noble race-*Canadienne*, and he considered the cold water offered to the Deputation as an insult to that oppressed people. The Union act and the dictatorship—

His Excellency was sorry to interrupt—

Mr. Papineau knew it, no sooner was the vile Union act mentioned than he was gagged.

Mr. Cauchon politely remarked to the hon. member, that he had better "hold his jaw."

Mr. Papineau observed he would hit Mr. Cauchon over the snout.

His Excellency put it to the Deputation whether these gentlemen ought not to have their fight out in another room.

The Deputation assented, and the gentleman usher in plush breeches conveyed Messrs. Papineau and Cauchon to the coal cellar.

Mr. J. J. Rooney desired to know why the Commissioner of Crown lands did not give him more employment.

His Excellency thought—

Mr. Sol.-Gen. Blake considered His Excellency had no right to think; he was there to protect His Excellency and would do so "with his blood."

His Excellency said he wanted no protection.

Mr. Egan remarked that Lumber did.

Mr. Sol.-Gen. Drummond wished to know what connection there was between Lumber and his Excellency.

Mr. Egan considered Governors were live Lumber, and if he must speak out, he knew large quantities of dead Lumber much more valuable.

His Excellency had no opinion on any subject, and therefore would not make his opinions known; he should however be happy to hear the opinions of others; he would therefore request each member of the Deputation to say what he wanted.

Mr. Egan. Protection for Lumber.

Mr. Billa Flint. Root beer, and root Doctors.

Mr. J. J. Rooney, }  
J. Newman, } Snug Surveys on the Ottawa.  
D. Sinclair, }

Bernard Foley Esq., "Your son to reign over us."

Mr. Sol.-Gen. Drummond. The first vacant Judgeship.

Mr. Sol.-Gen. Blake, in a very excited tone. You shan't have it.

His Excellency seeing that his excitable advisers would most likely break the peace, and wishing to preserve his "dignified neutrality" quietly withdrew and ordered "General Tully" to the scene of action. The "General's" appearance was the signal for a "general" row: he was pitched into by all parties, and amidst great uproar and noise, the voice of Mr. Blake being heard above all others crying aloud for blood, our reporter bolted.

## MES SOUVENIRS.

I saw a man, a tall, tall man,  
That mincing steps did take  
I turned to ask his name, and lo,  
They said his name was Blake;  
They spoke of actions he had done,  
Of speeches he could make,  
This tall, tall man with mincing steps  
This precious Mr. Blake.

I trotted to the Parliament  
My envious thirst to slake,  
And there upon his tall, tall legs  
I saw this Mr. Blake  
I asked a man what he would do?  
"He's going, sir, to spake,"  
And so I sat me down to hear  
A speech from Mr. Blake.

First up and down his head did go  
And then his fist did shake,  
And then he scratched his empty head,  
And then queer starts did make;  
I pitied him exceedingly  
And wished a pill he'd take,  
I'm sure there's something wrong inside  
That's griping Mr. Blake.

"He has no pang, he has no pain  
"Nor gripes nor belly ache,"  
A person said who knew him well  
Who knew this Mr. Blake;  
"His mother lives in Dublin Town  
"His cousins learn to bake,  
Its eloquence and not disease  
That troubles Mr. Blake!

Then out I rushed and near the pump  
I stopped my sides to shak,  
I laughed so long, I laughed so loud  
I thought my back would break—  
They came and asked me why I laughed,  
No answer could I make?  
But when my breath came back I vowed  
I laughed at Mr. Blake.

And even now though weeks have fled,  
My mirth I can't restrain,  
I think I'm in that house once more  
And hear that man again.  
I do believe if I were dead,  
And from my sleep should wake,  
I'd roll and kick like one possessed  
At thought of Mr. Blake.