

PUNCH'S LAST DEPUTATION!!

ANNEXATION AGAIN!

Last week, a deputation of our Annexation citizens, headed by Benjamin Holmes, Esquire, M. P. P., waited on L. J. Papineau, to offer him the distinguished position of first Governor of the new State of Lower Canada, under the contemplated order of things. Mr. Papineau received the deputation very kindly, but did not invite them to drink, alledging that "Mrs. P. had got the key." He was dressed in his *cloffe du pays* coat, and wore the decorations of the Order of St. Denis in his button-hole. As soon as the deputation had seated themselves, Mr. Holmes—who we rejoice to say was looking very well—advanced and delivered the following heart stirring address:—

"Fellow-citizen and glorious leader: The day-star of liberty, which has visited every country in its turn, from the Isles of Greece to the sugar-breathing plains of Alabama, has condescended at length to pause over the ruins of benighted Canada. Already the red effulgence of its glorious magnificence has illuminated the homes of our city. We have seen it, Sir, and we have replied to it, Sir. We have communed, Sir, with that Star:—we have addressed that Star, Sir, through the pages of our eloquent journals. We have said to it:—Star, you are welcome; make yourself at home; here we are freemen. The crouched Lion has heard us, and has hid his terrified tail in confusion. Our circular to the People of Canada, has fallen like a tempestuous hurricane upon the minds of our rulers. We want now only a leader. Between us and the glorious rebellion of 1837, there is but the step of an infant. We desire to join the two; we wish to unite the glory of St. Denis to our own. The flag that you hoisted there, is now ours—we go back to seek freedom at its fount, and we find it with you. Like penitent children that have wandered from their parent, we present ourselves at your feet. We acknowledge that you were wiser and more far-seeing than we were. '37 should have been the birth-time of freedom; we made it the Saturnalia of blood. When we look at our hands, we are forced to confess that they are very dirty;—but what of that? you must help us to wash them. Cause a stream to flow in which we can purify ourselves. Here are nineteen of us who all bore muskets and rifles. That gentleman in the grey coat shot down ten of your countrymen; he now comes to embrace you. I—fellow-citizen—would have given a thousand pounds for your head; I now ask to be permitted to embrace you. There is the Editor of the *Herald*—you recollect how impatient he was that the gallows should not wait—now he is panting to join you!

Fellow-citizen, we wish to crown this glorious change by electing you to the highest office that will soon be found amongst us. There can be no doubt that in about six weeks, the lion will be driven from his resting-place on this side of the Atlantic. We already see the marks of his receding footsteps on the sand banks of time! The voices of vociferating freemen will hasten his departure.—Then, Sir, it will be for you to take your natural position amongst us. Anticipating that glorious event, we offer you the office of Governor of our State, at a salary of £15, per annum. A little boy from the *Herald* Office is now on his way to bring you a printed proof of your appointment. Accept it, and thus add to the laurels of St. Denis the civic crown bestowed by a liberated people!"

To this Address, Mr. Papineau returned the following answer:—
"Gentlemen, I feel very much obliged to you for your offer.—You have not mistaken my feelings in supposing that I view every thing which occasions confusion and disorder on this side of the Atlantic with infinite satisfaction. It is a matter of the most inexpressible delight to me to find that you also have become traitors as well as myself, and that you are just as ready now to rebel against Great Britain as you were in 1837, to put down me and my unfortunate countrymen. But do not suppose, in consequence of that, that I can confound my cause with your's. I hate England, but you I despise. England has insulted me in forgiving me; you

she has always petted and spoiled. I am a republican at heart—you, God knows what you are; but I know what a few days ago you *were*. Do not think that I will trust you. If we can work together to injure England, I have no objection; but I am not sunk so low as to be your leader. So long as England pampered you and indulged you, you were loyal, very loyal; at the first sacrifice she asks you to make, you desert her. How do I know it may not be the same with-me? How do I know Mr. Holmes, that in a week you will not be as anxious for my head as you were in 1837? You are a "man of error", you know, veering with every turn of the political compass. How can I trust the Editor of the *Herald*? Did he not proclaim a few weeks ago, that the country was "rapidly advancing? Now he sees nothing but "ruin and decay." Are such men to be trusted? I have risked my neck once; I will take very good care how I do it again. For the flag which you profess to detest, pull it down, revile it, and curse it. I will stand by and smile. It will do my heart good to see you at the work; but do not count on me to assist you. I am at least, superior to you, and, traitor as I am, cannot afford to stoop to your level.

Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of wishing you a very good morning.

Punch has not heard that the deputation intend to publish an account of this interview; but he rather thinks not.

TRADE REPORT.

The late high winds have caused a considerable fall in tiles, whilst chimney pots have been unsteady. Hats were inclined to rise, and several of the lighter descriptions went off rapidly, but as they immediately came down, it led to several dirty transactions. We have heard of one operator in corn this week, who has suffered severely through cutting some of long standing. He is expected to cut himself. Several influential washerwomen had large transactions in starch, but the heavy rains threw a damp on the speculation. It is rumoured that many tradesmen are holders of Government Clerk bills, which they would gladly exchange for Government Debentures, paying a premium. The rope-market is flat, it being expected the boundary line of the United States will shortly be offered for sale, although the Glut may not be great in consequence of the immense demand by Punch for rope's-ends for the annexationists.

GOOD REASON WHY.

The *Courier*, the organ of Annexation, grinding out its doleful rejoicings in the Key of A Flat, over the late harmonious meeting, asserts there was no discord in the band (of conspirators,) because "no disrespectful word was uttered of Lord Elgin." The Annexationists may be knaves, but no one ever charged them with being fools. Lord Elgin is their best friend; it is his presence in Canada which gives vitality to their otherwise lifeless body. Why should men speak "disrespectfully" of their best friend?

IMPORTANT ADVICE.

The *Minerve* and other foreign papers have, of late, frequently alluded to a gentleman whom they stole a "nommé" Joseph Lee. This gentleman's correct cognomen is Joseph Smith Lee. But another Joseph Lee has arisen in Montreal who indulges in signing annexation addresses, and getting into rows in the Quebec suburbs; he also is a Smith Lee, one who passes his days at the forge and anvil. We suggest to the last mentioned gentleman, that to distinguish him from the "nommé" Joseph Smith Lee, he should assume the style and title of Joseph Blacksmith Lee.

SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED.—"I'll give you a lift" as the bull said when he pitched the sailor over the hedge.