

AMERICAN JUSTICE.—A DROP OF COMFORT. CHLOROFORM.—ANNEXATION.

A Boston Paper suggests the application of ether, or Chloroform, to patients suffering from a tendency of hemp to the windpipe, or in other words about to expiate their crimes on the gallows. This truly American idea of comfort in hanging, has charms for us which the English language in its poverty is inadequate to convey. The malefactor, confident in the anticipation of a pleasant release—if he must swing for it—will chuckle as he wields his crowbar, to think that science can cheat even death of its terrors, and that the sources of Lethe can be transferred for fourpence, to the waistcoat pocket of the greatest ruffian. We are not, in general, advocates for capital punishment; but hanging, "in this style," really appears to us to be such *very* capital punishment; that we not only feel warranted in recording our approval of it; but would even take the liberty of hinting at a few other little delicate attentions, the graceful bestowal of which might strew the path of the patient with additional posies. For instance, where the sufferer happens to be of a nervous temperament, might we not suggest the humanity of haaging him in a shower-bath, with his feet in warm water? He would be sure to pull the siring himself, and all the water that might then descend upon him, could hardly be deemed "a Drop too much."

Who would not pant for annexation to a Republic, where such true delicacy exists—from which such essence of refinement emanates? Who does not long to "hook on his car" to a nation where a *freehold* of ten "niggers," combined with a "location" of a certain quantity of land, qualifies the possessor for election as a Representative of the people?—where,—such is the elevated social condition of the professional community, that the tavern proprietor who mingles the beverages and cleans the boots of his customers, is, also the principal lawyer of the place—(and this fact we can vouch for in an American Village, not far distant from Montreal.)—where,—so untrammelled is the Bench by legal usage, or by those conventional restraints which we are accustomed to look upon as laws, that a judge recently sentenced a husband to imprisonment, for a theft committed by his wife. Where—but it would be idle to enumerate the advantages likely to accrue to this colony, from an amalgamation with the Model Republic. Punch only regrets, that for his part he is too old-fashioned to go into the annexation business with anything like spirit. He never felt more of a Briton and less of Yankee, than he does at the present moment. If he must be asked, he will take a leaf from the Boston Republican, and go to his execution under the influence of chloroform; and the only revolution which Punch thinks at all called for under existing circumstances, is one which he now performs himself, by tumbling artistically head over heels—shouting as he falls on his feet—*horay* for our ancient Constitution; and *God save the Queen!*

OUR YOUNG REPUBLICANS.

THE "MONITEUR" AND THE MONKEY.

DEMOCRACY is the grand question of the day amongst the swell young Canadians, who mount their maple leaves with so much graceful enthusiasm in these piping (hot) times of republicanism.—Let us devote a portion of our columns to the *Moniteur*, and, without further preamble, illustrate with pen and pencil, our ideas as to what he and his readers of the tribe of Young Montreal may expect, should the ardently-looked-for American banner supersede the flag of old England, on the Citadel of Quebec.

Has the *Moniteur* ever watched the proceedings of an organic monkey, whose days are laboriously devoted to filling with hard-earned coppers, the pockets of a *Mistral* of Savoy? That monkey, in his flourishing state of annexation to the organ of his Conductor, is aptly illustrative of the prospective condition to which Young Canada will be brought, should the prophetic aspirations of her ardent republicans be realized. Our friend Pug, true to his prying instinct, gets many a peep at the interior economy of polite society, as he clambers to the windows, and scales the balconies of his dis-

tantly-related but more-fortunately-circumstanced patron—man. Should he, however, intoxicated with the success which has attended some of his professional exhibitions of buffoonery, attempt to gain a footing of intimacy in the circle where his presence has been endured rather than solicited, a jerk from the annexation-string of his master, tumbles him at once from his temporary elevation; and he feels himself considerably less than a man, as he gets hit over the eye with a walnut, by one of the young gentlemen who just now consulted his prejudices with an apple.

Cannot our heroes of the revolutionary principles, perceive in their foreshadowings, some slight analogy between the life and prospects of the utterly-annexed monkey, and the doom to which they themselves are hastening, in their rabid anxiety to "achieve greatness." Large will be their share of the good things of the land, when Yankee Doodle claps his splay foot upon them! Do they see in the haze of futurity, the Anglo-saxon dwindling from generation to generation, till he comes down to something between our friend Pug, and an average *habitant*, while they, possessed of the check-string of annexation, lead him whither they would, to whatsoever melody best pleases them? Shut your eyes, ye *Moniteurs* and *Avenir*s! lest a sudden light from the future, breaking in upon your intellects, be found too much for your present very limited powers of vision.

Our space being confined to a column, the pencil urges us to drop the pen; so we wind up our remarks with this vernacularly-expressed assurance to our desperate young democrats—that however and whenever annexation may be accomplished, they, at least, and to a moral certainty, will find themselves—



UP THE SPOUT TO A PRETTY TUNE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E*o*n AND K*no*rd*ne. Your contributions have come to hand, but they are too spicy for our columns. Why didn't you send us your "Reply to the Ramsey Address?"—that would have been nearer our mark. Try it again, however. We have ever been anxious to aid the development of literary talent; and, with your peculiar humour, you may yet succeed.