

PUNCH'S VISIT TO THE MONTREAL ANNEXATION ASSOCIATION.

Two or three days before leaving Montreal for his vice-regal residence, *Punch* was waited upon by a committee of the peaceable Annexation Society, to learn if he would be pleased to pay a visit to the rooms of the Association in St. James's street. To this invitation *Punch* replied by saying, that if he had no other dirty work to do before he left, he certainly would step in and see how the Association was getting on. This intelligence seemed to occasion a great sensation amongst the deputation, who observed that "that was all they wanted, and that if *Punch* would only join them the thing was quite sure."

In accordance with this promise, *Punch* proceeded the next day to the rooms of the Association, over Mr. Urquhart's physic store in Great St. James's street, where he was received with much ceremony by a committee, composed of Mr. H. Stephens, Mr. John Molson, and Mr. Luther Holton, dressed in anti-Victoria coats, blue annexation inexpressibles, and thunder and lightning waistcoats. These gentlemen having shaken hands with *Punch*, and expressed the pleasure they felt at seeing him (which they said was a first-rate thing for the cause) proceeded to conduct their illustrious visitor to the upper part of the building, where they said that the eagle was in the habit of receiving his friends, drawing his attention to different objects of interest on the way. Amongst these was a peculiar coal-skuttle, which gave rise to the following conversation:—

Mr. Stephens—That, sir,—that's another evidence of the intellectual superiority of democratic institutions; that's a Yankee bituminous depository, what your people have vulgarly called a skuttle. When you put the bituminous matter into that machine, that aint no more fixing required. It goes right off slick to the fire every three-quarters of an hour to see how it's a gettin on, and if it wants feedin it feeds it, and if it don't why it leaves it alone. In some of our northern States, sir, there are institutions for the moral and mental cultivation of coal-skuttles. That's the next step, sir, in the chain of democratic civilization. First they educate idiots, and then they educate coal-skuttles. I shall live, sir, to see them coal-skuttles have votes and exercise the rights of freemen, I shall.

Punch—You are a wonderful people!

Mr. Stephens—We air.

The next object to which *Punch's* attention was drawn, was a remarkable poker, which, as Mr. Holton explained, could also be made to serve the purposes of a hair-brush and a tooth-pick.

Mr. Stephens—Yes, sir, there is another evidence of the progress of our country. The gentleman who produced that invention was gouged to death in St. Louis, as I have been informed. The President of the United States uses one of them every morning, and so does Henry Clay. Lord Elgin does not use it, on account of his prejudices to our institutions, as I understand it. We could manufacture that article to great advantage if we war annexed. I have calculated, Mr. Holton, that Vermont would take \$50,000 of 'em yearly for tooth-picks alone!

Mr. Holton—But not while we are a colony.

Mr. Stephens—No, sirree; not whilst we are dependant. That aint no instance in history, sir, of a colony which has flourished.

Mr. Molson—Except France!

Mr. Stephens, firmly—Sir, I war about to make that exception!

On entering the room of the Association (which was smelling very strongly of Dr. Cook's anti-bilious pills, and some kind of vermifuge) *Punch* was introduced to Mr. Penny, the Secretary, who was just then engaged in whittling in a corner. He stated, in answer to inquiries, that the number of members at that moment was sixteen, of whom nine at least were full-blooded Yankeys. There were, however, expectations from the country, and he thought by the end of the year they would be able to make up a score. He said it was very hard to make people believe the "ruin and decay," and complained of a rumour which had gone abroad that "decay" was D. K. (David Kinnear) of the *Herald*, and that he (Mr. Penny) was the "ruin." It was too bad, he considered, to spread abroad such a rumour. It had always been his aim to make the *Herald* "penny-wise," and if his advice had turned out "pound foolish," he didn't see that it was anybody's business. At the request of Mr. Stephens, Mr. Penny showed *Punch* a list of the donations to the Association, which (without counting a brace of spit-boxes from the annexation ladies of Mon-

treau) amounted to £131 16s. 3½d. Of this sum, Mr. Stephens explained that £75 was subscribed by Mr. Molson, who had reduced the wages of his men 2s. 6d. a week to enable him to make such a sacrifice.

Punch—That was a most noble and disinterested act, sir.

Mr. Stephens—Yes, sir, such is the effect of democratic institutions. I am acquainted with a lady in this city who has left off putting starch in her husband's shirt collars, in order that she may make a donation to our cause. We are a winning the game fast, sir, and no mistake—we are a revolutionising the minds of the people.

Punch (to the Secretary)—How do you like your rooms, Mr. Penny?

Mr. Penny explained, that the apartment was comfortable, only a little too medicinal in its flavour. Two members had retired with severe cramps in the stomach, and a third was then suffering from what was supposed to be a discharge of assafoetida in the staircase. He considered that if the Association survived these shocks, Mr. Urquhart would come down with his rent at the end of the year.

These particulars having been furnished, Mr. Stephens drew *Punch's* attention to some paintings on the walls, amongst the most prominent of which *Punch* noticed a very striking drawing of Mr. John Molson's legs, and a good likeness of John Dougall's female slave. A portrait of Mr. Redpath, with the Rideau Canal in the distance, was at the top of the apartment, and at the bottom the sword with which Col. McKay, the father of the Secretary, fought for the British Crown. There was also a large painting on one side of the room, representing the American eagle riding in a coach and four, and waited on by two black figures, supposed to represent liberty and equality. Opposite this picture were the American colours, crossed by two rifles and a bowie knife—a sight, as Mr. Molson observed, enough to make a freeman's heart jump into his waistcoat pocket.

These things having all been taken a note of, Mr. Stephens asked *Punch* "if he was ready to jine?"

Punch answered that he was quite ready to "jine"—in a drink; on which Mr. Holton ordered the Secretary to draw on the Treasurer for four gin-slings and a "chaw," which cheque was immediately honoured, as was also another to the same amount a short time afterwards.

Mr. Stephens then proposed "The health of our illustrious visitor; and may he soon be one of us," to which *Punch* replied by saying, that he felt pretty comfortable as he was, but that if he ever did want to make a nasty ungrateful beast of himself, he thought he might come to that shop. He then rose to depart, the deputation and Secretary all standing up with their hats off, and following him respectfully to the bannisters.

On going out, *Punch* passed a crowd of seedy-looking men in the passage, who were debating whether it was safe to go in, and who pestered him with questions as to the chance of the eagle getting the better of the lion, in which case they would like, they said, to come in for their share of the spoils. To these questions *Punch* answered by a smile of contempt, telling them that they were a set of miserable humbugs, and that the sooner they went over to the eagle, the better, for that any decent friend of the lion's would be ashamed to have them on his side: and so, nobly and manfully—like a true-hearted British brick as he is—*Punch* went on his way.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

The Duke of Parma, it appears, is rushing about amongst his subjects, like a mad bull in a china shop. He flogs people to death for his private amusement,—whipping the cream of his dominions into a nice froth to stimulate his pampered appetite. Now *Punch's* opinion of His Parmesan Highness is simply this—that although his Parmesan Highness may probably look upon himself as the miliest of potentates, yet *Punch* can by no means permit his Parmesan pranks to be regarded as "the cheese."

Col. Gagy thinks Mr. *Punch* will forget him, now Mr. P. has moved to Toronto.

Mr. *Punch* thinks he shant.