

THE FOOLISH ONE,

WITH THE
GREY DISHEVELLED LOCKS.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Scene—ELMSLEY VILLA.—Dismissed Magistrates and Militia Officers, Wicked Montreal Tories and Annexationists, and a Guard of Honor drafted from the Prairie Hens, discovered.

CHORUS—(ANNA BOLENA.)

Silence! silence! the Earl's in the dumps,
Annexation has cut up a shine O!
Ambassador Hincks is ill with the mumps
Cos in London he could not raise rhino,
And now to Elmsley, Francis doth repair
His visage redolent of rude despair.

[Enter Mr. Attorney General Baldwin.]

Baldwin—Alack! alack! the news is sad as may be,
The noble Earl is blubbering like a baby,
The Bruce's nerves in tremor wild are shaking,
And Annexation (laugh!) has set the household quaking.
Kincardine comes, now show your griefs
If not by tears, at least by handkerchiefs,
Each martyred Magistrate must sob and cry,
(Aside)—If they do this, I know 'tis "all my eye,"
Draw handkerchiefs! eyes wet! long faces!
Keep your position—though you've lost your pieces.

[The mob obey orders.]

[Enter the Earl weeping.]

Earl—Pelt me with eggs, talk about Annexation,
Want to reduce my pay! degrade my station;
Laugh at a Bruce! it passes all belief—
Baldwin! another pocket-handkerchief.

[Baldwin hands a cotton wipe.]

Baldwin—(weeping)—Oh! Guvner; still more wicked things
they're done,

Yet swear they but complete what you begun,
Taught by your Lordship that the tie was broken,
They Annexation about—the word is spoken,
And chaunt aloud in chorus Magisterial,
They neither care for you nor rule Imperial.

Earl—Not care for me! oh, fortune! grant me aid,
Is thus my "dignified neutrality" repaid,
They can't be less!

Baldwin—Pray be a man, for when I've said
What only Earls like you with wooden head
Are privy to—

Earl—I would do so,
Yet cannot but remember such things cost
Vice regal reputations—mine is lost,
I feel mine eyes are melting with my grief,
Baldwin! another pocket-handkerchief.

[Baldwin hands another wipe.]

For I must play the coward with mine eyes.

Baldwin—Oh! much loved Guvner, how t'will you surprise
To hear who plays the braggart with his tongue.

Earl—Hah! say! who?

Baldwin—A genuine do!
Sherwood by name, who swears that he
Has saved your Lordship from the pillory—

[The Earl starts.]

My Lord, the term is only metaphorical,
I meant not pillory corporal but historical,
But list!—more work my Lord, in chorus clear,
The Magistrates dismissed are joyous here—
DeWitt and Holmes and Torrance too and Lindsay,
Hart and Peter Dunn and eke J. G. Mackenzie,
With aching sides nigh burst themselves with laughing,
And you and all your ministers are chaffing.

[The Earl faints in Baldwin's arms.]

SONG OF THE MAGISTRATES.

(Yankee Doodle.)

Air—DE WITT.

Although traitors we may be,
Of Fools the incarnation,
Let's dance on our commissions, Boys!
And shout for Annexation.
Mistaken, lost, misguided Bruce
Dry your briny tears, oh!
With a tow, row, row, row, row,
From the Fortin Halberdiers, oh!

(Chorus.)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

Air—JOHN MOLSON.

Sense of honor I have none,
My principle is self, Sirs,
In course, I love my country some
But first I love myself, Sirs.

(Chorus.)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

I nothing care for, yankee land,
But whiskey want to sell, Sirs,
And if I could a price command
I'd annex myself to (cries of shame,) well! Sirs!
(Chorus.)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

Air—ROSE.

My Queen with silk my shoulders grazed
But ere the web is frayed, Sirs,
I prove her confidence misplaced,
And make Loyalty a trade, Sirs.

(Chorus.)—Although traitors we may be, &c.

The Earl has gradually recovered, he upsets Baldwin and with
frantic gesticulation exclaims,

Silence, ye knaves, I'll hear no more,
Baldwin, show these donkies to the door.

[Baldwin bows them out and exits—The Fortins follow.]

[The Earl throws himself into a chair.]

Would 'twere a dream, alas! 'tis sad reality,
Such the results of DIGNIFIED NEUTRALITY.

[Bursts into tears and the scene closes.]

PUNCH ON PRECEDENT.

PUNCH.—Yes, Toby, the foundation of the *Lex non Scripta* is
Precedent. For instance, Ogle R. Gowan offends the "Strong
Government" and is dismissed from the magistracy, and because
Ogle R. Gowan offends: his brother is dismissed from the Customs.

TOBY.—Bow, wow, wow.

PUNCH.—The rule of that precedent may be illustrated thus,—
If, which Heaven forbid, Lord Elgin should offend Her Majesty
and be deprived of his high office, Col. Bruce must submit to the
loss of Her Majesty's commission.

TOBY.—Bow, wow, wow.

PUNCH.—Precisely. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for
the gander.

QUEER MISTAKE.

Mr. Egan, M.P.P., has authorized Punch to correct the mistake
which has gone abroad, as to the cause of the Hon. Malcolm
Cameron's resignation. It was not the Crown Lands the hon.
gentleman wanted, but the Timber.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is said that the Honourable H. J. Boulton has received so
severe a blow from a "Crook," that his friends have given him up.
He has been very bad for some time and is daily growing worse.