

Oh, we never get a costume from abroad,
To Detroit for our shopping never go;
And we boldly plead not guilty of a fraud,
Such as smuggling Yankee boots from Buffalo.

FULL CHORUS.

We can solemnly assure you it is so,
That { they } never smuggle boots from Buffalo.
 { we }

CHORUS OF MEN.

Not a man among us searches for a missile
To project upon him who the organ grinds.
When he plays the only airs our boys 'll whistle—
Music made up in the best Canadian minds.
Every writer, every artist's a machine,
Caring nothing whether he is paid or no,
Working for our own Canadian Magazine,
They needn't smuggle brains from Buffalo.

FULL CHORUS.

We can solemnly you assure it is so,
That we never smuggle { boots } from Buffalo.
 { brains }

PT. Well! All I can say is—Times is changed! (*Holds out his arms dejectedly.*) Pluck away harpies!

Enter HEPATICA.

HEP. Hands off my property! (*Writes some mystic letters on his forehead.*)

PT. Manuscript only.

HEP. Touch him if you dare!

ALL. What do you mean?

HEP. What do I mean? I mean that the strongest power in Canada has come to the rescue—the power before which every party, sect and creed must bow—THE PRESS.

B. O'L. Are we to infer that the press of our land approves of annexation?

HEP. How dare you ask me such a question! Where have you been brought up that you don't know that the newspapers try and sentence every criminal out of court? *We* pronounce Ptarmigan Not Guilty!

ALL. Not guilty! Why? On what plea?

HEP. Insanity, of course.

DICK C. That won't go down. I'm a medical student—first year—and I can give Ptarmigan a certificate for being as sane as I am.

HEP. Not unlikely; but I put it to you all:—Is it possible to conceive of any one, man or woman, in full possession of his or her senses, deliberately renouncing his or her British birthright and electing to become amalgamated with the mobocracy upon our southern boundary?

ALL. You're right! It is not possible! He must have been crazy!