

TWO YEARS AFTER ANNEXATION.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

SCENE—An Auction Mart. The American Flag hangs over the door; and the door-posts on either side set forth the style and title of F. JOHNSON, BROKER and MUSICAL AUCTIONEER. Old, moth-eaten articles of furniture, musical instruments, &c. are scattered around in picturesque confusion; and on a dais at the further end of the room stands a ricketty piano, surrounded by reams of music, arranged in lots. Some speculators, who have lounged in, begin to grow noisy, and a loud stamping of feet indicates their impatience at the delay of the entertainment.

Enter FRANK JOHNSON.

Now then, Citizens, to business,—time is dollars, and dollars is—tooral, looral, loo, (seats himself at the piano, and sings to a well-known old melody.)

Songs, neighbours, songs, old songs I have to sell,
A wagon-load of loyalty, for less than I can tell.
And the ballads of Old England go, well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

Here's a rare old anthem, called "God save the Queen,"
Sung once by Britishers,—I guess we aint so green!
Bid for a ballad, boys, going out of print,—
A bushel for the smallest coin that tumbles from the mint!

Going, gentlemen, going!—for two cents, two tarnal red cents, this beautiful edition of a rare and curious old chant. Will nobody go an increase for "God save the Queen?" Say another cent, Citizen Holmes, and the whole lot is yours. No?—well, well, catch a weasel asleep;—you're wide awake, I calculate, and never hard up for a Knapp, any how you can fix it. Two everlasting red cents for a ream of "God Save the Queen!"—Three cents?—thank you sir,—Mr. Punch, I believe, sir?—gone sir, to you sir, for three red cents?—

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

The next is "Rule Britannia,"—a critter in a gown,
Ruling of the waves, boys, with sceptre and with crown!
Abolition advocates, round about me throng,
"Britons never will be slaves"—going for a song!

Britons never will be slaves?—eh yah! this child knows better. What did Tom Anderson do when he came to destitution through misplaced confidence and sour flour?—why he corked his face, I guess, and sold himself at a great sacrifice for a lie nigger help to Silas P. Vanturk. And he called himself a Briton once, but that's an old story now. "Rule Britannia" here!—who bids for this omnipotent old ragged end of a reminiscence of the dark ages?—Half a share in two live niggers, and six month's credit for the whole lot?—is that what the gentleman from the south there, with his heels on the table, bids?—no sirree!—this hoss aint a California cat-fish with scales over his eyes, he aint. One immortal picayune for a bushel of "Rule Britania!" Going, gentlemen, going for one picayune. What does the stout gentleman there with the black satin waistcoat and his foot in a sling say?—half a continental dime for the whole lot?—gone sir, to you sir. "Rule Britannia" there, knocked down to Citizea Dally for half a righteous Co-lumbian dime; (gruff voice from the crowd, "citizen be d—d!") Excuse my pausing a moment, gentlemen, till I shift my quid.

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

Who wants a bundle of the "Brave Old Oak?"
'Twill do to light your Cuba when you come to use your smoke.
There's music in the Oak too,—the Oak tree old and brave,
For he's the boy, I calculate, can treat you to a slave.

Here I am, a going to trade away the "Brave Old Oak" for a

quarter dollar less than the half of nothing, whittled down to a point. Who bids a good round sum in real money for the whole pile? One cent for a cord of it, did you say sir? Pontius Jefferson Pilate! a cord of the "Brave Old Oak" going for one cent!—going to Mr. Young for one small mean cent. Gentlemen, I must say this is the meanest bid yet. Come, Mr. Montgomerie, go a small advance upon this here heap of dry old stuff, warranted good for lighting and calculated to kindle an almighty great blaze,—kept the whole world in hot water betimes, it did. There, now, Mr. Punch, I see your eye twinkling for a good strong bid;—what was that sir?—dout mean to make an exaggerated Mexican donkey of yourself by bidding against your friends?—Very good sir, you're some pumpkins here yet, I reckon, and aint a going to bark up the wrong tree. Going, then, going, the "Brave Old Oak" for two cents a cord, to Mr. Hugh Montgomerie! Will nobody else go the ticket in this here great lumber speculation? For two cents a cord, then, to Mr. Montgomerie, of the great house of Edmonstone, Allan and Co., down goes the "Brave Old Oak,"—gone sir, to you sir, for two cents a cord.

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

"Ye Mariners of England!"—a song of British tars
Who swaggered on the ocean wave, before the stripes and stars
Had risen o'er their "meteor flag"—an ancient ragged wreck,
The same that I remember on the towers of Quebec!

"Mariners of England" ahoy!—stand round here, citizens, and buy this traditionary old madrigal, which possesses the all-fired privilege of going smooth slick along to the immortal strains of Yankee Doodle; and, with a slight alteration, can be made to fit the feeling of our great nation to a button. Listen here, now.—

Ye sailors of Columbia
As guards our native seas, sir,
No Britisher, I'm safe to say,
At you would dare to sneeze, sir!

That's the sort of ballad poetry as kindles up the stove of patriotism in the inwards of every true republican. Buy this ballad, Citizens, to train up your small children in the ways of liberty.—What shall I set it up for?—a button, sir?—One button bid here for a whole cargo of the "Mariners of England!" Ah, there's Mr. Baldwin looking as independent as a hog on the ice,—he'll not let the "meteor flag of England" be knocked down for one button. What shall I say for you, sir?—one cent for the lot?—thank you, sir. "The Mariners of England" going to Mr. Baldwin for one cent!—Going, gentlemen, going,—gone!—Gone sir, to you sir, for one red cent,—

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

The last on my list, boys—buy it who can,
Is the boggling old stave, "I'm an Englishman!"
A spinning of a yarn of glory and fame
Round the charter that breathes in a Britisher's name.

"I'm an Englishman" for sale here!—well, I guess there's more truth than poetry in that;—that came in wrong end foremost, like Zebedee Horner's pet hog. "I'm an Englishman" going here at a distressing sacrifice, no discount allowed for taking a quantity. Is there no free and enlightened grocer in all this crowd will speculate in this here paper to wrap up his raisins in? A fig for the whole lot, did you say sir?—no sirree!—there are associations, gentlemen, connected with this song—that makes me feel bad now I tell you. Well, never mind; "I'm an Englishman" going, gentlemen,—"I'm an Englishman" gone,—I'm a gone Englishman—Well, no! darn my grandmother's aunt's cat's whiskers if I can stand this any longer!—("boo-hoos right out," and rushes off.)

TO BE SOLD CHEAP!

The old British principles of the *Montreal Herald*, the present proprietors having no further use for them. For terms, apply at the office.