

CANADA RECONQUERED BY THE FRENCH.

TREASON! TO ARMS!! TO ARMS!!!

Reader, take it coolly. Before we raise the curtain on the scenes of our prophetic drama, we wish to enlighten you on one or two points. First, then, please learn that the time represented is the year of grace 1864. The Clear Grit howl is then supposed to have done its work, and patient Jean Baptiste has risen in his might to crush the insolent oppressors who have so long tyrannized over him. Brown, the slanderer of the faithful, is in the ascendant, and for two years has ruled Lower Canada by a majority of Upper Canada votes. Thousands of copies of a mysterious pamphlet entitled, "CANADA RECONQUERED BY THE FRENCH," and of a remarkable article by the same author, published in the *Canadien*, in the year 1859, have been industriously circulated among the much enduring *habitans*, and the storm shadowed by them has burst in all its fury. Cartier whose loyalty oozed away with the loss of office, has returned to his first love, and having sternly consigned to oblivion the sweet remembrances of Windsor, leads the rebel army. The observant reader will detect other singular transmutations:—

ACT I.

TIME, MONTH APRIL, 1864.

SCENE 1st.—A large room in an obscure locality in Montreal. Enter Cartier, Holton, Chevalier Shallowpate, (author of Canada reconquered), Turcotte, Rose, Barney Devlin and other conspirators.

Cartier.—(Speaking in English for the benefit of Rose.) Friends, fellow patriots, say, since we have met last in this room, how has advanced our pet, Our von grand project—has it ripen fast, And shall we soon let loose war's little blast? Is Quebec ready, and Trois Rivieres, too, And Griffintown? *cher* Barney, what have you effected there? Will ze brave Irish rise With us ze cry of down with ze Anglais? *Of Vivo la France?* we have no faith, and we should *amis*, *freres* and fellow *soldats* be, We are ze true allies—we both have been insult by all ze ministerial spleen. Ah! bas Anglais, ze tyrant Scotch shall fall From la belle Canada we chase them all. Perfidious Albion shall not longer be Ze owner of this one fine colony; But *Vive L'Empereur*, Napoleon shall reign, And France receive her ancient rights again. *cher* Shallowpate, *mon ami* have not you No news to tell about ze coming star? Is your large despatch ready primed and loaded?

Shallowpate.— Oh, yes, my chief, and would have long exploded, But that I bade them still keep on the brow, Till the French fleet is signalled from Du Loup; They pant to pepper all the dirty Scotch, And knock them into porridge and hotch-potch.

Cartier.— You are one brave, when we have conquer, you shall reap ze benefit of what you do. *Morin* and *Turcotte* are your *amis* steady?

Morin.— All right, my covoy, is a capp'd gun ready?

Cartier.— And *Rose*, *mon frere*, have you not got no news? Can you not bring one man to aid our views? Is there not still ze threat for vengeance lurks On they who kicked you from zo Board of Works? *Courage mon ami!* have you sounded Galt? We must not take zo gallop and the halt; Bring him with us, we'll do you more good far, Than your grand ascension scheme, by gar!

Rose.— My friend, my colleague, premier, to you *Rose's* allegiance is for ever due,

With you he fought—with you he fell, and now With you he'll kick up any jolly row. Death to the Grits—is *Rose's* battle cry, And *coute qui coute* the rascals all shall die. Eyes right, no equivoque, Galt Sir, will not come, The fellow's half consent was all a hum.

Cartier.— What sure, you say? That *Monsieur* will not come, By gar! in his fat paunch then we will drum One lecture hole—we put zo bullet where His lecture inside shall have some fresh air. *Sherbrooke* is lost, no matter, *Griffintown* I'll wagger now will do the thing quite brown, Will not my *Barney*?

Barney Devlin.— Faith, its me can't toll, I sounded all the dirty blackguards well, But shure they're deaf, I've listed only one, The rest are laythons, and the glory shun; Or more betoken they won't follow me, But hanker after *General* McGee.

Cartier.— *Me foi!* dear *Barney* that is *mauvais* news, What I ze bravo Irish, have they all refuse To fight *les Anglais* and cry *Vive la France?* *Courage mon brave*, we had alone zo dance, Unless you try ze feeble *barney* now And make zo Irish ready for zo row.

Devlin.— I'm game *Siree* to try the knaves once more.

Cartier.— *Siree* you shall do better than before; *cher* *Shallowpate* you keep in hand your men, We fight, we conquer, you be *General* them. Why for you look, *Rose*, down right in ze dumps, You have zo courage and shall win zo trumps, When I be *Gov'nor*, and right over here Ze French flag wave, I make you zo premier. *Morin*, *Turcotte*, you keep things in ze dark, Till I say strike,—then we have lecture lark, By gar! *les Anglais*, they shall have zo treat, We cut zo rascals into ze mince meat. No we all go, but still I hope zo efforts use, When we next meet I shall to have zo news That one French Fleet in the St. Lawrence is; Then have cry and let the cannons fire; We fight, we conquer, victory shall deck Our troops in Montreal—their's in Quebec. Farewell *mes amis* be one brave and true; *Cher* *Vivo la France* and death to England's crow.

All.— We will! we will! They separate and the scene closes.

ACT II.

TIME.—FORTNIGHT LATER THAN ACT I.

SCENE.—Office in the Inspector General's Department, Ottawa. Present George Brown, Dorion, and Holton. Enter McGee.

Brown.— Welcome, McGee, we have not seen you here *Since*—since the Session closed, and now I fear From your long pliz, man, that no news you bear Will lighten our official toll and care. What is it?—speak,—does *Griffintown* demand some trifling favour all our oft-inhok hand? Is trouble brewing in the further East? Or a new crusade started by the priest? Speak out, man, quick, and let us know the worst.

McGee.— Trouble is brewing,—Canada has nursed Serpents, who sail would sting her to the quick. Events full soon may crowd in fast and thick To prove the fact. A word, *Brown*, in your ear,—**REBELLION!**—there don't start—is jolly near. *Siree* *Cartier* lost his office and his seat He's been half mad from wounded self-conceit; One *Shallowpate* has fed the smothered ire, The fool who tunc'd in '59 his lyro To sing of France once more triumphant here. They're gathered matenonts who writhe beneath Your rule of L. C. by large U. C. veto. *Rose*, too, is with them, and one *Devlin*, who In former times your humble servant knew. *Rose* sounded Galt, and *Devlin* has been down

To shake the loyalty of *Griffintown*. I hear, too, whispers of a large French fleet To aid the rebels in their sprightly feat; They wait but now its presence ere they raise The cry of "*France!* and death to the *Anglais!*"

Brown.— And is that all, come *D'Arcy* don't be glum You know of old rebellion's late "tu hum." Cheer up, *McGee*, no need for slightest fear, Who leads them?

McGee.— Faith! your little friend *Cartier*.

Brown.— But I say, *D'Arcy*, what a splendid chance For your three hundred thousand to advance, You weren't quite loyal once, but anyhow Things have quite changed, I calculate, just now. What say you, *D'Arcy*, will you bring them out, And send these rebels to the right-about?

McGee.— Come, *Brown*, don't rake up that exploded boast, I rule in *Griffintown* at least,—the roast, They're all sound there.

Brown.— Well, come, that's not bad news, But *Dorion* have your countrymen the blues! Would any number join the rabble row Who seek to turn the *Anglo* Saxons out!

Dorion.— Faith! no, they may 'rhaps fool a little sore That your U. C. majority should rule; But still not twice two hundred men would raise A voice or arm against fair England's Queen. As for the fleet in the St. Lawrence—why, I guess classic phraso—that's all my eye.

Brown.— I thought so. *Holton*, has Galt signified As yet his perfect willingness to ride And row with us in ministerial barge.

Holton.— Why not exactly, but he promised soon To run down here and talk the matter o'er; In fact, I quite expected him to-day, (Knock at the door.)

Faith there's a knock. Come in—who knows it may Be Galt himself. Enter Galt, who takes *Brown* and *Holton* on one side and converses with them. *McGee* and *Dorion* leave the office, and the scene closes.

ACT III.

TIME, 23d. MAY, 1864.—SCENE as in Act II. **Cartier.**—Well, *mes amis*, we have met once more Before, on all ze *Anglais* we will pour Ze lecture bullets and zo lecture joke, They feel when we give them zo *bayonet* poke. What news *mes braves* is everything quite slick And ready for zo grand *Cartierian* kick? *Mon* *Shallowpate* are zo mon fully arm And ready for the march to *Logan's* farm?

Shallowpate.— Some base paltrons, my chief, are backing out, But we can whip *les Anglais* without doubt. Are we not French? remember *Waterloo*, And what a great French army, sir, can do.

Cartier.— Ah, bah! they run away—you have forgot; I will not tink of *Waterloo* not yet. Oh! now, by gar! I think of *Logan's* farm, And how we will *les Anglais* all alarm. I think *me foi* of all ze grand, berg fan When we have make ze coward *Anglais* run.

Rose.—[sings to Devlin.] The fun will all prove t'other way I fear.

Devlin.—[unsuccessfully.] Blessed St. Patrick why did I come here? *Rose*, I say *Rose*, is hanging very bad? My neck already feels quite loose, dodad.

Rose.— Hush! *Barney*, hush! I'm duced qualmish too, But what the mischief can we blackguards do? We've gone too far, I stick through thick and thin.

Devlin.—[pathetically.] And so do I—but hanging's such a sin.

Cartier.— My *Rose*—my *Barney*, what have you say; Can you not give one lecture *amilo* to-day?