

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.

THE LAST NEW PARADE IN TWO AGES—A REGULAR SPOKEMAN.
[As performed at the new George Platt Theatre.]

SAM PLATT, Manager.

PARSON ROPE, Chief.
CORNER POTTER, Punter of the Living Brigade.
MR. CRAWFORD, Unsuccessful Victim.
MR. P. A. O'NEIL, Taken in and done for.
Together with a variety of other side splitting characters performed by the whole strength of the Company.

ACT I.—SCENE 1st.

Room in a 3rd class Tavern—SAX PLATT elevated on a broom stick, the rest of the Company scattered around in picturesque confusion.

Sam Platt.—From my loft pedantol do call,
You noisy chaps to order. Silence I all,
Let Potter speak, and every soul be mum,
Or else I knock you all to "kingdom come."
Potter, come forth! perform your bounden duty
Straight, how your Bow(e)s and wing your chosen beauty.

Cor. Potter.—Dread potent chief, as pondorous as you're fit,
Most doleful, sir! I smell an ugly rat,
Fact, on me now, for you've got my care,
The Clear Grit Mayor, will prove the better Mayor.
We can't stand that, so 'neath your acrimonious nose,
I'll bond my bow, and straight bring forward Boves.
A staunch old boss, whilst other couple of lying,
Great as a trot, but greater still at lying.
A hoes, good sir, at which 'twere wrong to sneeze,
He'll carry off ten thousand pounds with ease,
Hurrah! for Boves, he's run the course afore.
Hip! hip! for Boves, he's been ten thousand more.

Spoony McGee.—That thro agree with my peculiar notion,
So if you please, I'll second that there motion.

Capt. Moodie Bob.—By thunder, sir, I likes that Boves hoes well;
Why pale, time back, he wore the jolliest hat;
That eat up didoes, yes, and run the rig
As fine as fine as any pig.

Parson Rope.—Crawford's the horse, I'll bet he'll win the race,
The drinks all round on Crawford's stumping pace,
Crawford's the one, no spot or blemish near him,
Sound in the wind, no ugly spavin bars him,
Twenty to one, by all the Grecian Gods,
I'll bet on Crawford—say—Who'll take the odds?

Major Tompson.—Bravo! my bully parson, that's a stunner!
I'll back up Crawford as the fastest runner.
Keep 'em hot drink, I deem it wondrous funny,
If out of Crawford we can't make our money.

Jimmy Spence.—Go for Bohn, he's the properest nag,
He's got a Compact tail, whose graceful wag
Sottles the bash, but next to him I know
No hoes can run like that there old hoes Boves.

Tommy John.—I'd stick to Boves the crack ten thousand pounder
But that I fear the poor old hoes might founder.

Dusty Will's Son.—That tail of Bohn, lad, is all my eye,
Hoes Boves could beat the Compact easily;
He's let from being in his latest kick,
But still can lie, or run, sir, like a brick;
But after all, if truth must be confessed,
The Crawford nag might perhaps run in the best.
He's younger, sounder, likelier, on the whole,
To be the first to reach the winning pole.

Mrs. Lewey Rice.—Oh dear! good sir, pray spare the modest blubber
Of an old lady—oh!—like never justice,
I merely come to tell you once for all,
That poor, dear, old Hoes Boves won't run at all.

Ogling Rogue Gowen.—[Smilingly.]
Here, take a chin, Mr. O'Neil, dear! how you resemble
My poor dear Grandmama, there, there, don't tremble,
I'll take good care of you, but deary me,
I'm sorry Boves don't run, he'd win you'd see.
Bolin's a used to be, not worth a song,
So I say 'b'oyas for Crawford lets go strong.
He's just the nag if trained with proper care,
To beat that trumped up, dun Brown, Clear Grit Mayor.
He's least bred, and bang me, sir, the best,
We looked some times up in this here cell,
There's many race run but by some hotch potch,
The winner proves to be a dirty Scotch.
You can't rely unless your legote quite
To back this Crawford nag who might win might.

Green T.—So Boves won't run—I'm glad, for on the sly,
He's fit for nothing now, lad, but to lie.

Coroner Cotter.—Who talks of lying? lie yourself, you cheat,
I tell you, sir, if Boves would run he'd beat,
Yes, beat them all. What if he choose to lie?
You'd lie yourselves, you scamp, and so would I,
I'd could bear any amount of people lying.
Why after that I'd lie all night and day.
Zounds! sir, my life should be a canonical lie.
Falsify! men, I'm sick to death of such a sanctuery.

Sam. Platt.—Well, who's the favorite? Come gods, please decide,
I'm rather tired of my unpleasant ride.
[On the bromstick we suppose he means.]

Several voices.—Bolin's the nag, we'll back him every hair!
General shout, headed by Parson Rope.

Crawford's the hoes! he'll beat the Clear Grit Mayor!
Uproar and confusion, shouts of Crawford! Bolin! Crawford!

Sam. Platt.—Confound you, rascals, won't you please be mum,
Or must I knock you all to "kingdom come!"
Silence! there all, sounds I mean, the first who speaks
Shall feel my foot in contact with his hoes!
So I go! that's better, now, you, Jimmy Spence,
Do you still back up Bohn for the fence?

Jimmy Spence.—I diana ken.
Several voices.—Oh I give him up man do!
Jimmy Spence.—Well hold hard men; don't raise this horrid
slew.

Parson Rope.—Aht aht old chap, you're forced, I guess you meant.
Sam. Platt.—Well gents, 'tis understood then, I suppose,
That in for Crawford all ro bullock goes,
Well, be it so. Now raise our jolly shout,
Then let me go, for zounds I'm tired out.
First understand though Crawford must appear,
And be trot out, when next we gather here.
Now shout! boys shout!

All the voices.—Hurrah boys, Crawford's out!
Hip! hip! Hurrah!

[Curtain Falls.]

ACT 2nd.

In which strange as it may appear the Crawford Horse speaks English—Scene same as before—Sam Platt again mounted on the bromstick.

Sam Platt.—Well, gents, to business, is the Crawford here?
Ogling Rogue Gowen.—The nag, most noble sir, will soon appear.

Pat Collins.—Well, Parson Rope, about that bet, old stunner,
Will you give odds, still on the Crawford runner.

Parson Rope.—That bet! what bet? you'll make me, sir, your debtor,
If you can prove I ever was a better.
My calling, sir, would cause me to forgo,
All sinful bets, and that you ought to know.
But no no bets, my parson's gown forbids,
Or else I'd jolly soon, well punch your ribs.

Spoony McGee.—Ho! Parson Rope, why thus the bot dooty,
The fellow, 'm, says you did so do!

Parson Rope.—The Gobe's a mistake, makes a mistake,
Such wicked dodging really makes me quake.

Dusty Will's Son.—Pshaw! Parson Rope, out-face it like a man.
You know you bet the odds ad safety can.

Parson Rope.—[In a rage.]
Thunder and turf! I can't, sir, calmly sit
And be insulted by your ribald wit,
No sir, I'll shake the dust from off my feet,
And seek with indignation dire, the street.

[Leaves the room amidst ironical cheers, with an awful assumption of dignity.]

P. A. O'Neil.—Our meeting I conceive is called to hear
A two-fold work—first, bet the Clear Grit Mayor,
For that our hoes is training, but to stick,
We must, for other race, nags provide.
Now sir, I do most solemnly protest
Against Orange hoes running all the rest.
Such partizanish never should be seen,
I claim, sir, equal justice for the Green.

Ogling Rogue Gowen.—Who'd talk of green? there ain't a hoes
among 'em.

Bully Mitchell.—You thundering scamp! that's sooner said than done,
Confound you, sir, you ugly dirty thief,
I'll knock full soon your nursing soul to grief,
If you once more should dare insult the green.

The Crawford Nag.—Frieds, backers, trainers, I with pain
have seen,
This noisy rumpus, really it will spoil
The just reward of all our arduous toil.
If excuse like these occur, it's woe to hope
That I myself successfully can cope
With that fast Clear Grit Mayor. I do not mean
To be the special pet of backers green.
Or orange hoes, and that I simply care
To be the Hobby horse of both to beat the Mayor.

P. A. O'Neil.—No doubt it would be pleasant to forget
The Green troop altogether, sir, but yet
You'd find that ugly work. I still demand
That justice tho' be done at our hands.

Green T.—Justice is dealt to green and orange camp.
Bully Mitchell.—I say it ain't and you're a lying scamp.
The green are nowhere and that Ogling Rogue
Would bring the orange nag's alone in vogue.

Ogling Rogue Gowen.—Of course, I've told you once, you
senseless lump,
There ain't no stand there worth a single dump.
P. A. O'Neil.—I'll not stand that.

Bully Mitchell.—By jabers nor will I.
You sneaking, knock dig, sounder, sir, you lie,
I'll teach you, not your poisonous tongue to stretch,
Take that—and that—and that—you murderous
wretch!

Strikes him, a general uproar ensues, the Ogling Rogue
covered with blood, makes his escape with difficulty as the curtain slowly falls.

ACT 3rd.

Scene same as before.

P. A. O'Neil.—[Rushing in.]—The Crawford horse won't run.
Dusty Will's Son.—The deuce he won't,
Well which on earth must run if Crawford don't?

Ram Ramsey.—The Boulton nag, of course, for I suppose
He no less thinking of the old Hoes Boves,
I'll back the Dolfin, he'll go in and win,
What nag can be more likely to bolt in.

Jim Dayafter Tomorrow.—Ah! ah! there's jest my sentiments;
I vow,
I'll go in strong for backing Bohn now.

Ogling Rogue Gowen.—With his face bound up and a patch
over one of his eyes,
Indeed you will, you obstinate old mule,
I thought, but now I'm certain you're a fool,
Bolin shan't run, I'll rather fight the crowd,
Than have such right down lumbing, sir, allowed.

Ram Ramsey.—I say old black dog, ain't you fought enough?
O'd rabbit it, you're hauled pretty rough
It's o'us to be already, but by thunder
If that's your game, we'll make you soon knock under

Jim Dayafter Tomorrow.—Yes, lynch the rascal! why on earth
should he,
The high horse ride in this here company.

Sam Platt.—Order! you blackguard, order! how the deuce
Can I stay here unless you make a trace.
Ram, Ramsey.—Do off then, no one axes you to stay.
P. A. O'Neil.—I'm off myself.

Jim Dayafter Tomorrow.—And I, come load the way.
Ogling Rogue Gowen.—Yes mizzle, hang you! mizzle will you can,
You'll find it perhaps the safer, wiser plan.

Parson Rope.—I think 'tis better that we all retire
From this disgraceful scene.

Ogling Rogue Gowen.—Who called the Globe a liar?
Was that unsuccessful?

Parson Rope.—Don't insult me, sir,
Unless you want't to raise a louder stir.

Ogling Rogue.—Oh! oh! more threats, sir, perhaps you'd
better try.

Parson Rope.—Indeed!
Ogling Rogue.—Yes, hurry up and black my other eye,
You're wondrous warlike, come and take your fill.

Parson Rope.—Here goes then, hang you, if you want a mill.
He pitches into him right and left with first-rate success, the other members of the convention being pretty highly wrought, follow suit indiscriminately. Poor Sam Platt get a windor and
sprawls on the floor. Ram Ramsey seems in his element, and his performing wonderful feats as the curtain falls.

THE WEATHER.

For the last week, the weather has been
formidably wet and gloomy, and has produced the
most extraordinary array of Macintoshes, India Rub-
bers, and Umbrellas, that has ever been seen in
Toronto. Moreover, most unexampled atrocities, as
well as most amusing adventures are detailed with
regard to these articles of apparel. Reliable men
depose that Mr. Geo. Brown found Mr. Daniel Mor-
rison in the Exchange Alley, defending himself
against four men, who wished to deprive him of his
macintosh or his life, while their victim was evi-
dently disinclined to part with either, especially the
former,—that Mr. Brown magnanimously rescued
Mr. Morrison, who thereupon offered Mr. Brown his
blue cotton umbrella "to keep,"—that Mr. Brown
said loftily, "Nay, friend Morrison, my feelings are
my best reward!" It is said that this incident is
likely to be the foundation of a lasting friendship
between the two gentlemen, as they went into
Schroeder's together, and swallowed each 10 glasses
of Lager Beer—a most solid pledge of mutual affec-
tion.

It is even whispered that a dry goods clerk, who
ventured to walk down King Street on Wednesday
last with nine umbrellas under his arm, was garrot-
ted, and the precious articles borne away. What
makes our suspicious of foul play very definite, is,
that half of the clerks in the Bank of U. C. are
sporting now umbrellas. Where did they get them?
They could not have bought them. They must
have—we will say no more.

Too Much.
—The people of Toronto deserve almost
any punishment for placing their affairs in the
hands of such a Council as the present, but it would
be too bad to have them bow (Boves) stragg.