

YE DAY AFTER YE PROROGATION.

Or ye churking of ye Ministers at ye defeat of the Grils, and ye little Cartiers attempt to rival ye frog in ye fable.

SCENE—Somewhere about Government House.
Present—Ye members of ye Executive Coucil.

Sid. Smith—Wal, now I guess we've knocked clean into 'em, Them there cantankerous and hungry Grils, They want bor now, not nary leg to stand on, Nor get no sumbling cry to try their hands on, Lonest ways I guess we've done old Brown up slick, With that there Leader L. C. caucus trick, That old boss Beatty's kinder up to snuff— I votes for giving all them York ronds up, Ho's earned 'em paise a precious sight more better Than poor Old Double, half the pap we get her, I goes for Beatty, let Old Double rot, If sho can't got more cleroror fictious wroto, What say you, Mac, oh! boss of tricky scolding?

Macdonald—(Cautemptuously.)
Shut up.

Sherwood—Yes, shut up, Smith, your nasty vulgar screaming Such barbarous English makes a gentleman quake, Don't set our teeth on edge for mercy sake.
Sid. Smith—(to Sherwood.)
Old host! don't rile me, who the deuce air you, What daren to git in such a regular stow? Guess now you'd best not fetch my dander up, Although you air a Family Compact muff, What hev you did, sir, the hull session through, What air the bills, sir, what was passed by you? I've worked and did good service to the state, That's more nor you cau say old dunder pate.

Sherwood.
And been most richly quizzed, sir, for your pains, Your friend, THE GRAMMARIAN, estimates your brains At their true value, but perhaps hits too hard, Considering, Sid, you're one of his trump cards.

Cartier.
Ordair, you Saren, I will not have no fight— We are ze victors and it is no right, We are ze soldiers, we ze batall won; It is no vat you call it: letto fan, To have one John Bull pitch into each other, We are ze amis, freres, oh! mon! ze Brother, Havo no no put ze ennemi quite down? Havo I no killed ze grand beeg mascotto Brown? Havo we no got ze new month's paiz, mes chers? And then Quebec ma foi when we got thro We have ze good time I will toll you then, We bo oh! beaucoup fort, ze only men Mes amis ze Quebecers will havo rule, That grand bête Brown will there havo no poor toll To call ze meeting to kick up ze row, When we get in ze scrape as once just now, Vive la Quebec! sho not will havo ze Grils, Ze beat them too, three, ten times into fits, Ze Cartier Cab'ot shall be ze plus grand, Which yet havo ruled as it best pleased, ze laud, Vive la Quebec! sho not will havo ze Grils, I lend an Victoire, I ze Grils shall kill.

Sid. Smith.
Hold hard there, Cartier, cos I kinder guess You'd bin perhaps now in a barnation niese, If Phillip Van, there, like a jolly brick, Jist hadn't gin them Councilors a lick, I votes we du a vote of thanks propos, To Phillip Van, wint broke the Council's nose, But stop, I hev a better thought nor that, I votes we buy the covo a real now int.

Cartier.
Oh! oui, tres bon, you are one funny man, We buy ze chapeau for cher Phillip Van, I giro one dollar, Mac, you giro another, Blu! vat, you sleep?

Macdonald— Confound it, sir, don't bother, Or if you do, just use some common sense, I've little cellah for impertinence.

Cartier.
Eh! vat you mean, sarr, ven you say to me, Ze word "impertinence?" I will not be impertinence by you, sarr, if you please.

Macdonald.
Well shut up then and just forget to tease Myself of Van with such confounded stuff.

Sid. Smith—(to Cartier.)
Whew! little Wislauer, guess you've got enough.

Cartier.
No me not have enough, sarr; I will tell Meester Macdonald zat it is not well To talk to me; zat Monsieur ought to know I am ze premier, I will not allow Ze rudity to be addressed to me.

Vankoughnet.
The what? that's something now.
Cartier—(with emphasis.)
Ze rudity,

I toll you Meester, sarr, once, three times four, I will not have no rudity no more.

Vankoughnet.
If you mean rudeness, sir, my counsel is, Keep within bounds your own, nor seek to quit, A gentleman's apparel. If my hat Be ancient, sir, it covers o'ou at that; Remember, please, a better visor head Than your grand Whisker chapeau orer did.

Ross—(aside to Vankoughnet.)
Pitch in there, Van—he's grown of into no big, He needs at times a snarly levelling dig.

Macdonald—(aloud and addressic.)
Come Van, don't hit our Premier too hard, We'll have a fight or something else ill starred, If you got too severe; besides you know We could not possibly exist if we Should loose his voice to lead to victory, Why truth to tell that clear rich voice along, Must make each hard fought battle fold our own, Como Phil, apologies, I tremble quite For fear our Premier should out of spitt, Resign and send us to the right about.

Sid. Smith.
Yis, Van, now du, cos why, you had'nt ought To come it on the premier tu tant.

Vankoughnet.
Sidney, shut up your vulgar cattervauling, 'Tat tongue of yours will some day wound you sprawling.

Gall.
Como, gentlemen, for shame, do end this scene, You know our gallant Premier long has been A veteran in the service—at the head Of his brave platoon long has boldly led Our arms au Victoire, as he intely said, Do as I did when Foley basely termed Ma Premier of the Cabinet—I spurred With huge disin the black infanterion, Got back at once the Brit fabrication, And loud proclaimed my wito atlegance here, At thy dear feet, my chivalrous Cartier, Do as I did—come, colleagues, one and all,

Sid. Smith.
Du as he did—ohu fat, lean, short and tall.

Cartier.
You havo insult me, Phillip Van, and you Meester Macdonald, you insult me too, You havo done, vat you call it? sarr, you sneer At me, you long time colleague, now Premier Havo I no been most libral with you? Havo I no fight to batallie side by side, Havo I complain when bin on tootle eight, You bring to help me in ze 'scurio fight, Now! now! I not ouce rovaro havo complain, What's for then here you, sarrs, both sneer at me, I have one grand beeg heart, I you will say, Shake hands, mes amis, we will all forget We have been in one ugly letto pet.

Sid. Smith.
Yes, du, shake hands! I the Premier's a brick.

Macdonald—(aside.)
And his Poi (master well deserves a kick, Macdonald, however, advances and shakes hands very coolly, perhaps he reflects that his "Premier" has no reason to complain as he (Macdonald) has so frequently sacrificed the interests of Upper Canada, to gratify Cartier's frionde, and lost his own popularity thereby. The shaking scene over, Smith takes the floor:

Sid. Smith.
I guess as how its most barnation clear, Were all right now for best part of a year; The Grils are down, the prorogation's o'er, No questions can be asked for nine months more;

Let's have a song, come pals, I'll lend the way, And when the chorus comes you blaze away, We give one verse of Sid. Smith's song as a specimen, and are convinced the reader won't ask for any further extracts from the ditty.

"We've beat the Grils, we've whopped the Grils, We've knocked the mascotto all to fit, And made them jolly blue, Three cheers for the Jean Baptiste race, They've kept us still in power and place, Horrah! for Cartier's crew.

Chorus—We've beat the Grils, we've whopped the Grils, Hurrah! for Cartier's Crew." The song puts Cartier's Cabinet in good humour and the scene closes.

SECRET DISPATCHES.

ON THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

The following dispatches were handed to us late last night by a tall man muffled up in a short cloak, who immediately placed his thumb on his nose and vanished. Their contents display a depth of infamy which even the *Globe* never contemplated the Government could sink to:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Toronto, March 2nd, 1859.

Stn.—Things is progressin putty slick. Brown's run hisself dry, and it is genrly thawt that he'll hang hisself sum erly mornin soon.

Regarding the seet of Government, John A. has dun the od trick. Followin ure binsstruckains, he stuck to it that the seet of Government shoood go to Quebec, and as old Simpson ses it was dun akordinly.

Yours truly,
EDMUND HEAD.

Sir E. B. Litton.

DOWNING STREET,
April, '59.

Surree—

It gav mee satisfaction to hera that Brown was about to bust his biler. As long as I knod the individual, he wero a rorer, but I obgekt to ure bad gramar wen aluding to him, and mour than let I thawt I discovered bad spellin in ure disspatch, which r on the hole a very mewch to be kondemd thing in an awthur.

Now that the session er over, akording to our previous agreement, I now giv u most strenuous advice that the state of Europe are seuch that it wood be ily indekorous for er magestys loyal Kanadian kommons to trust themselves into the arms of Lowr Kanadians.

Bi the English nuse u will c that wars iminent, France rokins on invadin England in the heel of the hunt. This is oportune to yew, in caryin out my binstructions—so make the moust of it.
urs till det.

General Hed,
Canada.
E. B. LITTON.

On Dit

—That the illustrious proprietor of the *Streetsville Review*, R. M. Allan, Esq., has refused to exchange with the *London Times*, that journal having refused to insert an editorial on "my libel case."