

"DONE BROWN" DRAMATIZED!

Scene I.—*Time Thursday morning, 8 o'clock, A. M.—Sanctissimum Sanctissimum of the Globe Office: Multiplication tables, Cultivators and Charts of the Bothwell Estate, tastefully distributed; sundry suits of black mail hanging behind the door.*

Brown—*Solves, holding a list of names, headed Hon. George Brown, Premier*

Metinks I've played my cards with passing skill;
They surely must rogn, they must and will.
The time is come of woe further so oft I've dreamed,
Which never nearer, ever farther, seemed.
But now at length I grasp the golden prize,
And dazzling visions float before my eyes,

Whilo the sun shines what heaps of hay I'll make!

To Bothwell's swamps the Government I'll take.

The nuncios I'll crush for conscience sake.

The Globe I'll stuff—But hia, I hero the sound

of tramping feet disturb the calm around.

McKenzie's squeaking notes I plaluly hear,

And Cauchon's grunt now strikes upon my ear.

They're come no doubt to ratify my claim

To have the Inspector's pay and Premier's name.

Enter J. S. McDonald, Cauchon, and a motley group of Grits and Rouges, prominent among whom is Metice smoking vigorously, and Laberge yawning fearfully.

Welcome, kind friends, albeit somewhat late;

I know you long to praise last night's debate;

But spare your thanks, and spare my blushes too,

Although comparisons, are perhaps my due.

John S., (furiously) Praise you indeed! you stupid, bungling ass

You've gone and brought things to a pretty pass.

Brown, (deprecat'g) My dear Macdonald, pry—

John S.—I'm not your dear.

McGee, (knowingly) It's cheap enough—puff, puff—you now

appear.

Brown, (despairingly) What have I done? For you I've over

told.

John S., (pathetically, apostrophizing his handkerchief) To

think a chance so sweet should thus be spoiled.

Cauchon—It is one shame, sar, ugh, one great disgrace;

'T would give me plaisir, mooch, to scratch his face.

Brown—I am a man of pence, but if you dare—

Mackenzie to Brown.—For satisfaction you can pull his hair.

McGee, (aside)—Or bristles.

Brown.—Gentlemen, what is the matter?

Why this infernal! beg pardon—clatter!

John S.—Matter enough! When all seemed fine,

When ministers were ready to resign,

When they were beaten by a clean fourteen,

And no excuse was left themselves to seeon,

You madly gave the wheel another turn,

By your confounded motion to adjourn.

They've beaten us—of course they won't resign,

At least! wouldn't if their place was mine.

McGee—Devil a fear, but then if ain't, you see,

Mackenzie—I'm much mistaken, if it soon will be.

Brown—Although I scarce can check my ready tears,

So much you've pained me by your jeers,

My feelings I'll restrain, and let you know,

What I have just learned an hour ago,

They will resign, at once, this very day,

And I'll be sent for, my informant say.

John S.—*ounds! To go? I scarce can trust my ears,*

That such good luck in store for us appears.

Hip! Hip! Hurrah! I'm almost mad with joy—

I must embrace you, George, my darling boy.

Cauchon—Dear sar, I have for you vor moodi respect,

And you will take me with you, I expect.

McGee—Perhaps, ho fears to let you near his eyes.

Mackenzie—Just see, how overly whining car now tries,

To lick the hand of him he lately tore;

Such hypocritants I never saw before.

(Immense confusion, in which the Bothwell catalogues suffer tolerably, the Victoria's wig is torn to atoms, and our Reporter violently ejected through the window.)

Scene II.—*Legislative Assembly—Speaker in the Chair at 10 o'clock, A. M.—John A. MacD. and other Ministers—Nearly all the Opposition, except Brown, who is greeting himself abashed and titillated for his expected visit to the Governor.*

John A., (rises)—At last, sir, comes the red momentous hour

To bid farewell to ministerial power.

Yes, lol the country mourns, yea, lol her weep,

In self-wrought woes lol the whole people steep.

I leave you all, I leave you to the Grits,

Sincerely hoping they may give you fits,
Pry on your substance, bring you to despair,
Till crime and famine stare you in the face.
Vile Grits! who whom they board their gracious Queen,
(Or would do't if a beard were to be seen.)—
Vile Grits! who whom they snubbed most royal madame,
Informed the Ministry they thought they had 'em.
It is to these I leave each recent member,
To try the people somewhere in September.
If they're not overwhelmed by the universal dander,
Why then I say my name is not John Alexander.

J. S.—Why, what's the use of all this hishululu,
Unto the Oppositionists impudic,
A wish to snub our honoured Queen Victoria.
Down, down with such a rude malicious story.
You balters must all leave your wickets and field,
As sure as my name's what it is, John Sandfield.

Dorion—Dear Speaker, you and all the members know,
That such excuses "never are no go."

John A.—Hush up dear sir, we'd better not adjourn,
We'll give you Grits and Rouges all your turn,
And when you've formed your own sweet Coalition,
May fights and squabbles send you to perdition
(House adjourns.)

Scene III — *Vice-Royal Cellar—Sir Edmund bottling some wine for a friend, and singing "Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down," in a tin kettle cahregymose key.*

Enter Butler—Here comes Geo. Brown, the Premier that's to be.

Enter Brown, (kicking Butler)—Say, Mr. Brown, or else I'll

tell Sir E.

Sir E., (kicking Butler)—If Geordie dares on being Premier to

ry,

He'll find be counts his chickens Premier'turely.

Geo. B., (gravely)—O cease those vile, those despicable puns,

While Canada down ruin's hillside runs.

I've come to save the country from the ruin,

Revolt and rebellion, mischief which is "brown."

Sir E.—If it is brain, then you have to bear it.

Geo. B.—Behave or I shall go, I swear it.

Sir E.—You will, you mean, (calls butler,) just please to wait a

minute,

I'll give you a small book, you'll find hints in it.

Geo. B.—Your book is banged, and all your shilly-shallytyns,

I'll have no more of this vain frivolous dallyings!

I'm come a Clear Grit Ministry to form,

Virtuous and strong to weather out the storm.

Dorion, (rushes in and trips up the butler, who is bringing down

a copy of an Essay on Shall and Will.)

Cher George I cannot arranger at all,

The "Houtous" will not follow at my call;

Laberge, John Sandfield, Cauchon, and McGee

Will not take office, go we quite at sen.

Sir E., (to Brown, clapping his hands) Now, sir, we soon shall

see who's who,

Now I've got rid of the Grit Bugaboo;

If I had known that this would come about

I'd long ago have turned Macdonald out;

But still it is most comforting to know

You're not in after all—roll, you may go.

Geo. B., (seizes two bottles of Cognac and brandysies them

about the Viceroy's head.)

Dorion, (rushes forward and seizes Brown.)

Mon ami gardez vous, on vous altreperez,

Quelque chose que vous us reisherez pas tres,

(Mr. Brown, driven to the last extremity of rage and vexation,

hammers both Dorion and Sir E. and rushes away, leaving both

prostrate among the wine-puncoons.)

Those Cognac bottles have an awful gasb,

I'm nothing now but a mere brandy amask;

But sooner black and blue through all the town,

Would I be beat, than be the least Done Brown,

"The Coon in the Corn."

—It is said that the Hon. Malcolm Cameron has invited the "Royal Bavarian Chopinodist," to dinner. The hon. gentleman's good opinion of Dr. Schlosser is founded on his valuable services to the Temperance cause; that physician having devoted his life to the one noble object, of preventing people from being "corned."

THE STORY OF LITTLE MISS GOVERNMENT.

Little Man'ello Government,
She used to flirt around,
Smiling with one lover wait,
Then turned away and frowned.

Till at last her lovers said,
"She must decide now whether
She will marry one of us,
Or cut us altogether."

Wherefore up spoke bold Toronto,
With lay around his brow;
And ambitious Hamilton too,
With joy joined in the row.

Up spoke beetle-browed Quebec,
And broad-backed Montreal—
Ottawa that pigmy speck,
And in the country all.

Petty leverick corporations,
Municipal or not,
Straightway framed their declarations,
Perchance to go to pot.

First all said they'd fairly vote it,
And vote it most decisively,
When Quebec, however, got it,
Sheering most deviously.

They maintained that so far East,
She surely would be frozen,—
Too much Frenchified at least,
E'en though furs kept her toes on.

Now the contest waxing warmer,
Disturbed the lady sadly;
The angry words gan to alarm her,
Hysterics shook her badly.

Till at last her British mother,
Referred to by the suitors,
Promised to fix all the pother,
If they'd be coadjutors.

Her maternal aspicion,
To please all thought she'd got away,
Thinking to give less offence,
By choosing baby Ottawa.

When this was communicated,
The swells would not abide it,
And the row again created,
Has not yet subsided.

The first again to flirting went,
And men say with a frown—
"T will only be Miss Government,
Until she settles down."

Information badly wanted.

"Where is Ottawa?"—*Ottawa Citizen, last week.*

—Will some obliging correspondent—will the Editor of Notes and Queries—will any body tell us "where is Ottawa?" We understand that some malicious scoundrel doubled it up and put it in his pocket, as one might a sandwich, and carried it over to the other side for sale. We hope the Ottawonians will be well treated, for Ottawa is Ottawa all the world over; and the Editor of the *Citizen* must arrive at the same conclusion if he considers. We suppose he meant to say, "Where are we?" Unless, indeed, he wishes us to believe that the aforesaid filibustor has actually carried Ottawa from under his feet, and that he is at present suspended in mid-air. If that is really the case, we advise him not to think of returning to this dirty world, but to make for the next with all dispatch. If he is inclined to balloon it, there is yet time to procure sufficient gas—as the House will not be dissolved—not physically, but legally—for some time.