

my success; did make up his mind to do something big, and tumbled in ye lake; ladies laughed loud; Goosey did swear some, but appeared to laugh; Blubbs proposed we should return to ye house; carried unanimously; escorted ye ladies to dinner, while Goosey hung himself up in ye sun to dry; was asked by Miss —— to bring her a plate of ice cream; did get ye ice cream; was in such a hurry to serve her that I stumbled, and ye ice cream fell in her lap; felt exceedingly cheap; did snatch at ye ice cream with my handkerchief, and dashed it on ye ground; did fling it in Miss ——'s parasol, that was lying open on ye ground beside her; did feel cheaper; everybody laughed; Miss —— did laugh loudest; could not believe that I was Sophty; did fancy I was Gocsey; fond illusion dispelled by hearing my name called by Blubbs; received ye lady's pardon without asking it; dinner over, did dance on ye green with strange young lady; did say Sunnyside was a nice place; did say ye lake looked very blue; did say ye grass was green; first figure over, did say again that ye Sunnyside was a nice place; young lady acquiesced; second figure over, did say ye lake looked blue; did think it a fortunate thing we had ye lake and Sunnyside as topics for conversation; did wonder what we would have done without them; during ye dance, did tramp on ye young lady's foot, and hurt her so that she could not dance; broke up our sett; felt very awkward; could not find language to apologize; went in search of Miss ——; found her alone; she assured me I did create quite a sensation among ye ladies; felt very much flattered by ye assurance; determined to keep up ye impression; enjoyed myself all afternoon; made Blubbs jealous twice; laughed at Goosey's garments undergoing ye process of evaporation; all went off swimmingly; at half-past nine made arrangements for going home; did go in search of Miss ——; found her escorted by another gentlemen; was dreadfully jealous; Goosey, Blubbs, and I, did pile on ye top of ye omnibus; did sing "God save ye Queen" all ye way home; Blubbs had replenished his bottle; did think that the best part of it arrived home; did go to bed, and did dream all night of pic-nics, pud-muddles, stone-skipping, ice creams, and Miss —— es; did wake up next-morning, and longed for a second edition of ye pic-nic at Sunnyside.

The Whippoor Will.

The evening fell on wood and lake,
The Whippoor Will told from the brake
That day was passed and night once more
Held sway upon the forest shore;
The wolf poured forth its midnight howl,
And echoed back to him the owl,
But on my ear a chime beat still,
It was thy notes, poor Whippoor Will.
Why singest thou so sad a song?
Has Will been from thy nest too long?
Why dost thou now in mournful strain
Call for vengeance oft in vain?
Whip not poor Will, poor Will will come
Back, like all poor Wills, to his home,
For Will will find, like all through life,
There's none like his own sweet wife.
Take my advice, dear wives, don't fret,
Be kind to Will, he'll love you yet.
Don't whip your Wills,—don't will your whip
And drive Will to some other lip.
Don't wear your crinoline so wide
That Will is driven from your side.
Will is a man and has some feeling,
And loves his wife beyond concealing.

HABOLD.

Scene from a Clear Grit Tragedy:

ENTITLED

A ROW IN THE CAMP.

The leader of Her Majesty's Opposition seen seated in the Editor's Sanctum, Globe Office, King Street, old Mr. Brown seated in the next room, Gordon writing at a desk.

Brown, George, (musingly)

Ha! ha! ha! Now my triumph is complete,
I hear with joy, my Gordon, the welcome
News of discontents, fightings, murmurings.
In Cartier's camp. The time is now at hand,
When I shall leap into my proper place!
Soon shall the house of Brown be raised on high,
Soon shall the people me on shoulders bear,
To highest honors in this favored land;
And soon shall I, with lavish hand confer,
The chiefest and most goodly offices,
Upon my well tried friends. The power I
Shall surely have. With discontents abroad
Among our foes; with united forces
On our side, we shall defeat Macdonald,
Cartier, and all the blasted crew. Our way
Is clear. But late Dorion assured me,
That his friends were staunch. With one effort more,
If we all join, we shall most surely oust
This Government, and reinstate ourselves.
My long sought end shall be attained at last,
And I shall be Premier of Canada,
A little longer than before, I hope.
But who comes here? 'Tis Drummond, by my faith.
My friend, I bid you welcome.

Drummond (distantly).—Sir, (Brown stares) I ask a moment's private conversation.

(Looking at Gordon.) Request this stripling to withdraw awhile,

While I inform you for what end I come.

Brown, G.—Dear Gordon, please retire.

(Gordon retires, and the Leader devil comes in at the open window.)

Drummond.—Now in strictest privacy to yourself,

My visits import I communicate:

*To you I bear, the compliments of your
Late (Brown gasps) Colleagues. Your late colleagues*

I respect,

And inform you of their resolution,

with you no longer to associate.

We, of Eastern Canada the champions,

Can no longer brook your lies and slanders,

Your cool brazen faced equivocations,

Your contradictions of what is most true,

And despairing of your reformation,

We now, for ever, cast you overboard,

Degrade you from the office of Leader.

[The devil hearing mention of the Leader office, pricks up his ears. Brown G. on hearing it, jumps off his chair and shouts "bloody wars!"]

Brown pater fr. m inner room,

O George, George, I pray, do not be profane.

Drummond continues.

By your false assertions in your paper,

By your false assertions in your speeches,

Our constituents are alienated

From us. Can we stand this? or what is worse!

The torrent of abuse you daily pour,

Upon our institutions and our race.

We gave you opportunity to mend

Your ill advised ways. We stood by you,

Although exposed to ridicule and jest

From our opponents. We can understand,

How one under a mistake may labor,

May misapprehend, may be deceived;

But in the matter of the Seigneur's bill,

No such palliation can be offered,

Nothing said in mitigation, Answer,

Is't not so? Ha! Now you begin to writhe.

Brown, (angrily).—

By heavens, Drummond, you once felt my ire,

You felt what means I have at my control,

To blacken, destroy, damn, my enemies.

But by this right hand you shall long repent

This abuse of me. You shall pay for it;

And as for your companions, your prompters,

Dorion, Laberge, McGee, and the rest,

I'll snap my fingers at them—disperse them.

I'll teach them to betray their firmest friend,

To taunt me with their ill-timed jibes and sneers.

Macdonald Sandfield, and that Foley too,

Are with you in this foul conspiracy.

To overthrow me. Tampering with my friends,

Bribing Grit Editors to write me down.

This then explains, Was'er man surrounded

By such enemies. In guise of friendship,

They joined my short-lived Administration,

Supported me, voted for my measures,

And called me the Honorable George Brown.

Called me Premier, and then dubbed me leader
Of the Opposition.

*Drummond.—Exactly; and now from that position
We degrade you. I hope you understand.*

Brown, G.—Too well.

Was't for this I've spent my life's best years?
Was't for this I've lied and scattered broadcast
O'er this country the seeds of religious
Discord; caused blood to flow; hate to replace
Friendship? Was't for this that I assumed
The hypocrit's garb—put on religion
My ends to accomplish?

[Here he bursts into tears.]

*Drummond.—Ay weep! weep! Your sorrow I rejoice in.
Revenge is sweet, and I am now tasting
Its sweets. Don't remember Brown how I felt
Your ire—the means you used to blacken me
Before the world? Don't yet understand my
Meaning? Well, then, I'll explain. In return
For what I felt you experience this.*

*I did it, I brought this about. Is't well
Done? Did you think I joined your Grit party
For other purpose than to destroy you?*

No, by heavens, no!—I did not do so.

For what did McGee take you under wing

But to strangle you? With my assistance

He has nearly done it. And now farewell.

Brown.—'Tis well. My way is clear, To-morrow's morn

Shall witness of an agitation the

Commencement. To repeal the Union

Shall henceforth be my party's battle cry.

Since those Frenchmen have thus deserted me

'Tis my only hope to at once begin.

Ho Sheppard, faithful scribe, where art thou now

To obey thy master's bidding. Hasten,

Use words of fire and fitting epithets

To bring those French quickly to their senses.

[Sheppard enters.]

Sheppard, show this vile renegade the hole

The carpenter made for his egress, and

Facilitate by any means you like

His exit from this peaceful sanctuary:

A pedal application might assist

His downward flight to yonder stoney pave;

Should he but hesitate spare not thy boot,

And shouldst thou in the operation kick

The sole from off it, come to me and I

Will give thee the "wherewith" to get it pegged again.

Drummond.—Ha! is it so?

I'll see you blest if I will leave this place

Before that I get ready, for, indeed, I am

Not in a hurry to depart. I think

That I, with your permission, sir, will seat

Myself until 'tis time to get my dinner.

[Seats himself in Mr. Brown's arm chair.]

I think they told me at my lodging house

They had some Irish stew done up with unions,

(A dish of which wondrously fond am I)

Beef-steak and garlic, with some mashed potatoes,

They a'so had preparing for the meal.

What think you of this latter dish—but stay,

I had forgot that haggis and oatmeal

Were those on which you are most qualified

To offer an opinion.

Brown.—Sir, this levity's unpardonable;

I must request that you at once will put

Your boots, and not force the unpleasant task

On us pitching you down stairs.

Drummond.—By no means, sir, when I to go feel inclination

I'll "pitch" myself "down stairs" and save you

trouble.

Brown.—Sheppard,

Now must we use the sad alternative.

Sheppard.—I'm rather frightened—but wait I have it.

[Exit Sheppard by a side door. After a short absence

he returns with a couple of devils bearing a bucket of

type-rinsings, and each having an article known amongst

boys as a "squirt-gun"; at Sheppard's word of command

they discharge and Drummond bolts for the opposite door,

which he kicks open so forcibly as to knock Gordon, who

had been listening at the key-hole, down stairs; Drum-

mond follows at a couple of bounds, and "streaks" it up

street, in all probability to his steak and garlic and Irish

stew, while Gordon retires to the sanctum to bewail the

misfortune of a copious discharge of claret from his pro-

boscis.

GAMMON.

The Pro-Mayor of Quebec's Proclamation to
celebrate Her Majesty's Birthday in a loyal man-
ner. We think it is high time that Mayor
Boomer is placed on active service.