

THE DISSOLUTION

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

SCENE—The Rousin House.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—All the Ministerial members of parliament who consider their seats shaky and their re-election doubtful.

Sidney Smith—Well, it aint no use of taking on, I guess, Though sooth to say, we're in a taral mess. Northumbria frowns upon her faithful Smith; Her cruelty riles up my marrow's pith, My mall bags drop unwilling from my hand, And soon a hungry lawyer I shall stand To sweat and bleed the fiegges of the land. Goodness, tell me if you kin and will, How I'm to take this stomach-raking pill, And if you can't, why let the lawless trowsers That shiver, tremble, in the shilling breezes Of thirty years, days at which one sneezes, When e'en his breath upon his whiskers freezes. Give us a gim: du tell us if it's so, If I'm a gone coon, now I want to know, Let us to business, and if that air Your mind, let us put in the chair That *grows* with the wondrous locks of hair, Knight of the curling tongs, great Hogan there.

Mr. Cartier—Vat a sharp-a-boy yo master of yo post. Ho is his-self alone, parfito host. Von I vas at Windsor at ze Queen, She tell vat a big tall premier I vas been, And asked me with ze grace of royalty; Upon ze golden chair to sit a roo, So to return I show my grace, by gar, By putting Hogan in to fill zat chair. (Loud cheers, and the motion is carried.)

Hogan (taking the chair). I do say, gentlemen, you do me proud, And if for thanks our british time allowed, I should expatiate by rhetoric pearls, Which would equal equal save my radiant curls, In eulogy of you; but time is brief, I say, And as no dog should waste the little day, Which my dog is said to have, not said, At least for this time, on that special head.

Rose—Well let us then at once relate our woes, I may as well begin it, so here goes:— Within my heart a dark suspicion broods; That I've not long to touch the Public Works; Public opinion works at Montreal, And soon I shan't be the M. P. P. at all, This gentle flavor be plucked from the post, For at this time my hopes are aught but rosy.

Smith—Same here, old boss, the time is coming on, When my brief rule of office shall be done; No more shall I or any of my kidney Sit in the cosy place, (alas poor Sidney,) No more make P. O. clerks bog in at seven, Whilst I lo slumbering till past eleven. 'Tis cruel to be treated as I've been Dri'n to Blackstone and to Coko again,

Gowan—Well now, hold on, young mall bags if you can, And answer me this question like a man, Why talk of dissolution? go it blind, I'll stick to you, whilst there's a cat to find, And when you're sure of my great education, Why care a button for the entire nation? Look at dear fighting Tom, broth of a boy, Would you deprive me of that only joy, Simcoe is faithless to my darling son, Dissolve the house and he's as good as done. [Fergusson blubbers.]

Cartier—That what you say, by gar, is vera true, But Ottawa cannot give way to you, Lo Queen's decision I am bound to keep, Cost vat, ma fol, it is one dreadful leop When I vas at Windsor—

Robinson— Now shut up, Windsor again, you old—, well by this cup Of tom and Jerry, which I've now in hand, This wretched blither I'll no longer stand. Another word of Windsor and I'm gone, And off before you say Jack Robinson.

Playfair—My christian friends, when I was in the wars, Before I left the army to make laws, I was a vallant man; a braver never Chopped beefsteak in alleas or tobacco cut For smoking, or made vallant war on thistles. Alas! my valour's gone, for tooth festives, And all is gloom to me. Gone are the hopes, Which erst I cherished; gone the blissful times When I did all my deeds unto the House relate. Gone the cosy naps I had upon the desk, And the poetic speeches I have made, All gone into the gloom of past immensity.

Hogan—But why dissolve, dear Cartier, tell me why? Thou droop'st thy noble head and pipo'st thine eye. Oh weep not Premier, you will, then here's A cambric handkerchief to dry thy tears. You need not cry and thus your fingers wrunch, You'll soon be comfortable on the bench. But as for me no hope remains from Grey, I'm taken in and done for, I do say. Oh it is cruel, by the mighty Turk, That I the curly haired Canadian Burke, Should be unshipped just when my hair is right, And every curl so stiffly curled and tight. My labour's futile; gone the cash I've spent In books, and useless those my friends have lent. Barke be confounded, Sheridan be hang'd, If I peruse a line again may I be—banged; And then, dear 'Manu, for dressing hair," By which I used penumta to prepare. I'll tear thee up; nough's left me but the furies, For they won't even let me elude juries. (Bursts into a prooxysm of grief.)

Morrison—Can't anything be done; I'm blowed, you know, This dissolution scheme will never go, As sure as eggs are veritable yolk and white, I may at once bid parliament good night. 'People are getting cuter now, y'es sir; And it's no use to holler, "As you were." That's so, and I'm for hanging on to place, When we are sure to lose it the next race.

Smith—Well, then the only hope you have is this, Stick up for loyalty; you cannot mine, But shrink from it and by the Eastern mail, You air dissolved at once—Ala! you quail.

Robinson—And well we may. How can I dare to say, Upon the bustings that I gave away, Or sold Toronto to obtain my seat, And went for Ottawa. A pretty treat!

Rose—It is the cause my boy, it is the cause, Oh, name it not in Montreal, it is the cause; Yet I'll not vote myself, nor give a sound Which D'Arcy can bring up to tell against me, And break that brittle character of mine Than crockery, and darker than the ace of spades; And yet it must be did, if I'm undone, Yes, gentlemen, our minds are now made up. And you must deave to dregs the bitter cup.

Hogan drops fainting from the chair, three of his curls being irretrievably ruined. Cartier takes a drink, Rose lights his pipe, Morrison relieves himself by a slight exclamation, Playfair wakes up, and asks if the divulsion is coming on, while Bon jamic falls into the coal scuttle, from which he cannot extricate himself. Blue lights, thunder, &c., and the curtain falls.

We hear that the Grits are going to have a meeting on the same painful subject; our reporter will give full particulars next week.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

We desire to call public attention to the next performance of this talented troupe of amateurs. The first performance was very creditable, and on the strength of their success on that occasion, they appeal to the public on behalf of the funds of the association. The performance will take place on Monday next in the Apollo Concert Rooms. The performance is well selected and includes a recitation of the "Fireman's Address." Let us bespeak for the amateurs a good reception.

NEW LICENSE LAW.

The following memorandum we picked up on King Street yesterday. It is evidently the first draft of a new and stringent License Law by one of our newly-elected City Fathers. The promptness with which the gentleman has gone about the reform of so great an evil as the existing law, commands our respect, and the firmness, liberality, and justice of the new measure, our best wishes for its success.

MEM.

1. None but Clear Grits to have Licenses for Saloons, Billiard Tables, Taverns, Inns, or any Houses of Public Entertainment—electors in the Ward of St. Bridget's promising me support at next election excepted.
2. Lager Beer and Temperance Saloons to pay double license.
3. One half of license fee to be appropriated to a fund for corporation jollifications on Queen's birthday.
4. All first class Saloons to have one room set apart for accommodation of members of the Council, with drinks and Cigars gratis,
5. All of second class, same accommodation for Policemen, cigars excepted.
6. All houses to be closed before two o'clock, a.m., except on Council nights.
7. All Saloons with side or rear entrances to have front doors closed on Sundays.
8. Price of braudies, wines and cigars in first class—not more than four pence, beer and porter two-pence. Second class brandies, &c., three-pence; beer three coppers.
9. All Saloons, &c., to provide, gratis, crackers and cheese, sandwiches, or mutton pies *ad libitum*, N. B. No cod fish or salted herrings allowed on the counter.
10. Customers drunk over night in the house to have soda water in the morning, if required, gratis.
11. Saloons with outlandish names to keep open house at least once a month.

An Optical Delusion.

—Casting our eyes casually over the columns of the *Globe* the other day we were horrified to see the following paragraph:

"Should Providence bless the labours of the hangman during the year upon which we are entering, we may reasonably hope that the close of 1859 will witness the restoration of prosperity to the entire Province."

The nervous state of dumfounderment into which the above awful aspiration threw us may be more easily imagined than described. But happily a friend of ours happening to come in we showed him the paragraph, and asked him to read it aloud. He did so, and we were in no small degree relieved to hear him read "husbandman" for "hangman." The only manner in which we can account for the weakness of our vision is that we had been trying to take the whole of the enlarged *Leader* in at a glance a short time before.

Fire, Water, and Gas.

—McGue, Brown, and Hogan.