

MUTINY IN THE CAMP.

JOHN A. OBSTREPEROUS, THE COLONIST INDEPENDANT.

SOME 1st.—*John A. colloquizing' on Saturday mornings*
Colonist.—*After having read the article on Mr. Brown's reply*
to Powell's attack.

John A.—Why, what the mischief are these dolts at now!
Ten thousand thunders take them—here's a row!
A mutiny! My very camp in arms!
Confusion seize these conscientious quails!
This due regard to justice! Why, forsooth,
What earthly right have they to prate of "truth?"
What's "truth" to partly claims? I never heed
With oven hand the balance, nor shall they.
Give conscience to the winds while power remains;
They're 'neath my thumb—I hold—and will—the reins.
Must guide their course. (enter Sicotte). Ah, have you
seen
This cursed *Colonist's* new Brownist screen.

Sicotte.—You mean an article upon the attack,
Your fast friend Powell made? why, man, his back
Can bear it, and for my part, I
Am pleased our organ has thus generously
Before the public placed the matter right.

John A.—The matter right! Why, sir, 'ye think it right
That we should wash that arch fiend Geo. Brown, white,
I look upon it as a party movement, sir!
We want, and I must have without demur,
A thick and thin support. I can't afford
To justify this Brown—a single word.
Powell's a scamp! What then? You know that Brown
Must be by every stratagem put down.
Bill's too unscrupulous a man to lose;
And if he does at times lay on the screws
Most detestable I think; that's not the point in hand.

Sicotte.—Well, Mac, I think that such support can bring
No strength worth having, and I'd rather fling
It overboard; most certainly I deem
No harm can follow from the casual gleam
Of justice you condemn, for contra, though
I trust that popularity may flow.
Trust me, the public rears such brutish scenes,
And more than scorn a Cabinet that leans
Upon them for support. Most thinking men
Will deem our inspiration fed the *Colonist* pen,
And credit us with a desire that these
Exhibits of brutality should cease.

John A.—I tell you no! I must retain each role,
No matter, sir, what camps are in our boat,
I want them all; and more, our organs must
Support each one or else we stop the dust.
Nothink you too have lately chary grown
Of reputations other than your own.
Perhaps you're prepared still farther, sir, to go
And reap this popularity, must flow
Towards Mr. Brown. Purchase 't would please you more
If he and I at once should cross the floor!
But wait, I'm Premier yet, and hang me, sir,
I'll know which path my organs will prefer.

Exits in a rage.

SOME 2nd.—*Colonist office.*—*Morrison, Sheppard, Devil.*
Sheppard.—You think the article will do, 'I've drawn it mild.
Morrison.—Yes, yes. We will not drive the Premier wild;
And, though against my better nature it revolts,
We'll bolster up those Ministerial dolts.

Sheppard.—Devil, take this, and bring me back the proofs;
Rattle along with your young loutish hoofs.

Exit Devil, in a hurry, but is overruled by the Premier, who
collars him, and dragging him into the Sanctum, bolts the
door.

John A.—Come back, you imp. Give up them MSS.

[Snatches the editorial.—*Morrison and Sheppard proceed to*
the rescue.]

Sit down ye slaves, and straightway send to press
A thundering salvo 'gainst the Glasgow mess!
Beslitt with foul abuse old Daddy Brown,
Tell how to soon the father's vice comes down;
Rate at the church, and into vigorous
Did all your rabid type in order run.

Sheppard.—No more can human blood the organs withstand,
I'll read me loose from this infernal band.

Morrison.—And I, good George, my chains sunder tear.
John A.—(against, but furious).—They're golden chains, you
bounds.

Sheppard.—Oh I don't care.
Good-by corruption! I jobs! I lies! I office! I chink!!
I will be free, an' inot were such link.
[Snatches the Editorial from John A.]
Give back that monument of starchy shame,
I am not now the fool that wrote that same.

[Seats himself at the table.]
Forth from my pen the stream of freedom flows—
[Shakes his left fat at John A.]
Just keep your paws off or I'll blood your neck.
[After scraping for 15 seconds, rises with ten sheets of M.S.
commencing "Whither are we drifting?"

Morrison.—(Having read it).—Well done, my friend, you've
nicely kept aloof
From this blamed sinking raft, this tottering roof.
Consistency thou art a jewel, yet a "rat."
Judicious and well-aimed, oft comes quite pat.
Forth to the winds we spread our swelling sail
On dark corruptions rocks we turn our tail;
Despite the depot we revered before.
Devil, just show that gentleman the door.

[Here our spirited and obedient devil, whom we have
since employed in THE GRAMMAR OFFICE, drags
the trembling and abashed Premier by the coat
tails into the street.]

GRAND TABLEAU.—Blue fire. Morrison and Sheppard ring "The
last link is broken, etc." and curtain falls.

YOUNG IRELAND IN A FUEY.

The disgraceful and raffian spirit daily exhibited
in the legislature is gradually infusing itself into
all classes of society. We have before us a so-called
religious journal, the *Catholic Citizen*, but for the
life of us we can't see in it any thing but the gross-
est and most insulting attacks upon three public
men, Messrs. McGee, Hogan and Brown. We ask any
man who retains a spark of gentlemanly feeling, to
read the editorials in that paper of last Thursday.
The attack upon Mr. Brown is peculiarly virulent;
and though it has been our bad fortune to read
many gross attacks upon political opponents, a more
unqualified specimen of vitriol literature we never
encountered. Mr. Powell's insulting speech and
Mr. Brown's answer, certainly were quite sufficient.
Not so thinks the man of the *Citizen*, who forthwith
sits coolly down and pens an article of two columns
in length entitled "The Glasgow Cash-Box," filled
with the vilest epithets and most unmanly attacks
ever passed through the press. We refer our read-
ers, Catholic and Protestant, to the paper, and will
content ourselves with culling a few flowers from
this elegant parterre.

Mr. Brown, and his course in public life, are characterized
in such gentle terms as the following:—
"The whelp of a runaway;" "pampered on the
purloined vanda of the Glasgow cash-box;" "dis-
relish for the bread of honesty;" "has practised
successfully the lighter manipulation of the pick-
pocket;" "lazy scoundrelism;" "blasted by the
curse of God;" "moral errors of unwhipt crime;"
"the dregs of the 17th century covenanting;" "brutal
boundings;" "demoralizing experience of
thieves;" "cleansed from the brutality of Glasgow
criminality;" "like other brutes, can only be reach-
ed through his hide;" "a ruffian;" "unprincipled
villains," &c., &c. These expressions however are
nothing to the general indecent tone of the whole
article, and the crafty and disingenuous insinuation
that Mr. Brown himself purloined money from public
funds. If the men who write in his way had a
particle of self-esteem, they would never brutalise

themselves by charges which they know full pointless
both against Mr. Brown and his aged parent, whose
unfading character and unblemished integrity
should have protected him from so atrocious an
assault. But even if Mr. Brown, sen. were, what
no one knows better than his maligners he is not,
Mr. George Brown is no more responsible for his
errors than the editor of the paper which abused him.
We are sure that the Catholics of Western
Canada, whose organ the *Citizen* pretends to be, are
far too generous and warm-hearted to sanction
such unchristian and inhuman attacks as the one
we have commented upon.

DOLOROUS DITTY.

Air.—"Blue Bells of Scotland."

John A. McD. cantat.

Oh where, and oh where is my Organ-Grinder gone?
Oh where, and oh where is my Organ-Grinder gone?
He's gone to add the Grills, and put vile Gordie on my throne;
And its oh in my heart I wish he'd staid at home.

Oh what tunes, oh what tunes did my "smarrest Organ" grido?
Oh what tunes, oh what tunes did my "smarrest Organ" grido?
It ground much merry music, all to lull the public mind;
But now its changed its note, and says I ought to have resign'd.

And who knows, and who knows what made the man so mad?
And who knows, and who knows what made the man so mad?
He succumbed Brown and his respectable old dad,
(Which the *Lea'ler* wouldn't do) so I biew him up, by gad!

Suppose, and suppose, that the "*Leather*" too should rat!
Suppose, and suppose, that the "*Leather*" too should rat!
"Old Granny" would reap over us, for we'd resign, that's flat;
But its oh in my heart that I hope it will not rat.

THE THEATRE.

Charles Mathews' appearance at the Lyceum will
form an era to which we will look back with fond
regret. We have not room to say all we would of
him, but we will particularize that scene in "As
Cool as a Cucumber" in which Mr. Plummer (Charles
Mathews) determines to make love to Miss Honiton.
We have laughed again and again at the remem-
brance of that delightful caricature. The brush of
Hogarth, or the pencil of Cruikshank never produc-
ed anything more happily ridiculous, more exqui-
sitely funny, and more free from all grossness as
was presented in that little scene.

In the character of *Captain Clatter* we saw Mr.
Mathews in a new sphere; and although we did
not enjoy his burlesque with the same keen relish
as his light comedy, yet no gravity could hold out
against his powers of mimicry, his inimitable songs,
and torrent of words. It is impossible to estimate
the extent of the calamity which those who have
not seen him have sustained.

By a new arrangement, we see that Mr. Marlow
becomes Manager; Mr. Petrie, Stage manager;
while Mr. Nickinson still continues the Lessee of
the Royal Lyceum. The excellent manner in which
Mr. Nickinson discharged the duties of manager-
renders it a difficult task for any one to follow in his
steps; but we know enough of Mr. Marlow to fore-
see that he will not fail to give satisfaction in his
new capacity. And as to Mr. Petrie, we would not
wish a better stage-manager.

Charles Mathews takes his benefit to-night (Sat-
day.)