

LAST OPERA.

Duet from the New Opera of Ta Politica.

PARTS TAKEN BY MESSRS. BROWN AND MCGEE.

BROWN—(Music with five flats.)

Sadness steals o'er me,
Sorrow and gloom;
There seems to wait for me
Some terrible doom.
Friends have departed,
Supporters have fled,
I'm near broken-hearted,
Would I were dead.

MCGEE—Whence all this sadness?

Drive it away.
I come to bring gladness,
Cheer up!—I say.
I have good news to tell you,
In power we'll soon be;
'Twas good luck that befel you,
When you made friends with me.

BOTH TOGETHER—(Brown singing seconds.)

Sadness begone! come exultation!
Victory, victory, soon we shall claim,
Soon we shall reach the long wished for station
And praise shall be given to D'Arcy's great name.

BROWN—But, oh! my heart not yet is gladsome,

MCGEE—Gladsome soon thy heart shall be.

BROWN—Where are my friends? but late I had some,—

MCGEE—I am more than all to thee.

BROWN—Yes, ah yes,—I must believe it,

Still my loving friends I mourn:

My heart is sad,—then do not grieve it,

Will my friends no more return?

(The last line sung with great feeling.)

MCGEE—Away with grief! with grief away!

Soon we'll hail the glorious day.

BOTH—(Brown again takes the seconds.)

Hail, hail, hail

'Thou glorious coming day,

Hail! hail! hail!

Why dost thou still delay?

We're ready, ready now,

Pockets now of cash are void;

Saddened is each Grit's brow,

Hands now wait to be employed

Diving deep—into the chest,

Where the public moneys rest.

BROWN—When will that bright day arrive?

Will it ever, ever come?

Perhaps I shall not be alive,

Brown may then be in the tomb.

MCGEE—Never mind, if you die,

Some one will your place supply.

BROWN—D'Arcy, dear, you make me cry,

D'Arcy, dear, you make me sigh,

Could you bear to let me die?

MCGEE—No, I only wished to try,

If you loved me:—haste and dry

Both your eyes; on this rely,

None will prove more true than I.

BOTH—We'll banish all sorrow, no more shall it reign;

And Brown shall be Brown, the great chief-tain again.

Though many have left him, and ceased to be friends,

He still retains one on whose strength he depends:

The name of his ally is D'Arcy McGee,

And D'Arcy and George two great heroes shall be.

They will lead a brave army of Grits to the fight,

And each shall give tokens of prowess and might.

But D'Arcy must lead, he must always be first,

Ere the battle begins,—when the foe are dispersed:

Yes, D'Arcy, brave D'Arcy, must still lead the way,
And Geordie can follow, and Geordie obey.

Hail! the day of battle, hail!

Victory its sure to bring;

George and D'Arcy shall prevail,

Let them now in triumph sing:—

Sadness flee!—come no more;

We shall see our troubles o'er;

We shall see our joys begun,

Haste the rising of the sun;

Which that day shall usher in,

When the victory we win.

Hail coming day!

No more delay,

Give us our prey,

Hail! hail! hail!

Anent the Banquet!!!

A SCALY PROCEEDING.

"The Banquet given in the City of Montreal, on Thursday last, to the members of the (defunct) Brown Dorion Administration was on a scale of magnificence, such as had never before marked a political demonstration in any part of the province."—*Globe of Monday last.*

Our contemporary will, we hope, pardon us if we inform him that the above is unadulterated nonsense. First a thing is spoken of. [Banquet.] Secondly its situation is given. [On a scale of magnificence such as, &c.] We have seen maps drawn on a scale of one mile to an inch, but never heard before of a banquet drawn on a scale of magnificence. With our contemporary, however, a miss is as good as a mile. With him the miss is a misstatement. A more shabby affair than the said demonstration never occurred in Montreal. According to his own showing, a room calculated to accommodate 3,000 persons was not more than one-sixth filled. Our belief is, if the truth were told, that it was not one-tenth filled, excepting the ex-members of a defunct administration, all of whom are notorious, there was not at it a single man of note from Upper Canada.

A SERIOUS OMISSION.

Though the Grit Newspapers take particular pains to inform their readers of the presence at the banquet of—

Skeffington Conner, Esq., D.C.L., Q.C., M.P.P. &c.

They forget to mention—

Mr. Poker, Esq., A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I.J.K. &c.

MELANCHOLY DEATH.

The *Globe*, like a true Banshee, fanfaronading about the Montreal Banquet, said,—

"When a few minutes later the members of the late administration (an attempt at wit by Jove,) and other guests were conducted into the hall, they were greeted with several rounds of the most tumultuous cheering, which completely drowned the Orchestral music."—*Globe of Monday last.*

Immediately after the "banquet!" we learn from our reporter that Coroner Jones held an inquest on the remains of "the orchestral music," when the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against "the several rounds of most tumultuous cheering." Verily Montreal is a pretty place for the Seat of Government!

A TRANSPARENT FALSEHOOD.

Mr. Bristow, one of the secretaries of the Montreal "banquet," at the "banquet" announced that,—

"He had received letters of apology from several distinguished friends [clear grits] who had been prevented from various causes from attending, but who sympathized heart and soul in the object for which they had assembled together."

Passing over the absurdity of talking of an "assemblage together," as if there can be such a thing even among grits as an assemblage where men do assemble otherwise than "together," we take issue on the secretary's assertion. His statement that his Clear Grit absentees were with him "heart and soul" is simply untrue, because a Clear Grit with a soul is a being that does not exist.

MOST WONDERFUL.

Mr. Conte, the caterer, served up a very excellent dinner on the temperance principle,— "the cup that cheers but inebriates," supplying the place of intoxicating liquors."—*Globe of Monday.*

Now we like that. How jolly it must be to partake of a dinner on the temperance principle, where one can get in the place of "intoxicating liquors," a cup "that cheers and inebriates." We after this go in for temperance dinners as well as the Grits.

The Remnants of the Feed.

MONTREAL, Nov. 9th, 1858.

MR. POKER,

Dear Sir,

In your issue No. 17, you gave a very full, happy, and complete report of the "grand feed" of the Brown Dorion Administration, which account was highly pleasing to your numerous readers in this city. Some circumstances connected with the feed which have since come to light, your voracious reporter from this city thinks ought to be chronicled among the most interesting events connected with the "grand demonstration." The committee, all hopeful, expected that all Canada, its brothers, and its wives, and its little ones would be present, and consequently contracted for too large an amount of provender, for the 600 hungry mouths assembled; (many of whom, to put themselves in condition, had been starving for two days previously;) which being over the committee to save too heavy a draw on their own pockets, sold to the St. George's society, who are to have a concert and ball this evening. These remnants are to garnish the tables of a committee of ladies under the generalship of the S. L.—ce Hall, Head Lackey, Marshall John C.—r. The foregoing refreshments are those provided for the profanus vulgum, which being translated, means the Vulgar Crowd. Those for the *haut ton*, which being translated means the "Codfish Aristocracy," are to be provided by a celebrated flesher of the city, who is well known by his braying.

Before closing, I beg to correct a statement in the *Pilot*, in which it is mentioned that the refreshments were provided by a person named Conte. I am confidently informed that instead of such being the case, they were furnished by a Rouge W.—e M.—t of a name of L.—e. Squibb.