

THE BALL ROLLS.

IMMENSE FEED IN MONTREAL. BROWN-DORION CABINET EATEN ALIVE!

(Specially Reported for the *Poker*.)

On Thursday last, 4th November, the good old city of Montreal witnessed the assemblage of an immense body of the leading politicians of the country. All met together to address themselves to the great issues before the country. The feeling of indignation against the Governor General was intense and unanimous. The reception of Mr. Brown was most enthusiastic. He spoke for forty-eight hours without sleep or drink. We lose not a moment in laying before our readers a report of the able speeches delivered on the occasion. The fate of the Cartier-Macdonald corruptions is now signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of our reporter and other incredible witnesses.

After the usual loyal toasts of Her Majesty and the Royal Family had been proposed and drunk, the Chairman (Timothy Twoface, Esq.) gave the Governor General, amidst a storm of hisses. Nobody drank to this health, and everybody was pleased that nobody had done so.

The next toast was that of our guests, "The Brown-Dorion Cabinet," coupled with the name of Hon George Brown. (Tremendous applause which lasted for several days.)

Mr. Brown then rose and said,—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, to-day we are assembled to express our detestation of the most unscrupulous Governor that ever had a Head on him. To-day we are met to condemn the most profligate and corrupt ministry that ever had a tail to it. [A voice, "Brown-Dorion you mean," and hisses.] No, gentlemen, but one if possible much worse. [Laughter.] Canada will never be safe till my Cabinet is again in power. We would have been in power this day if it had not been for a most disgraceful piece of jugglery. [Hear, hear.] Had it not been for the monkeries—hem—I mean mountebankism of that incorrigible rogue [A voice, "yourself," and loud cries of order, order] John Macdonald and his vile crew, my honourable friends Messieurs Dorion, Drummond, Holton, Lemieux, and myself, would to-day, instead of being seated here on pine boards, have had Cabinet seats. [Applause.] But, gentlemen, the day is coming,—nay, is come, [if not past] when we shall be Cabinet ministers. [Cheers.] We shall again, in spite of the machinations of the enemies of fair play, be again the governing spirits of this great country. [Loud cheers.] We shall again be in a position to save the revenues of this province, [aside, "for my own use,"] and redeem the credit of this the brightest jewel of the English Crown. [Loud and prolonged cheers, which lasted for four hours.]

The next toast was that of the "dejected of Sherbrooke."

Mr. Drummond rose and said,—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, though the rejected of Shefford, I am here in the place of the ejected of St. Sylvester. [Laughter.] Thanks

to my stars, I shall yet be able to inflict the stripes on that rag-a-muffin John A. Macdonald. [A voice, "Waiter, muffins required here," and uproar.] I hope gentlemen will not interrupt me, for I have important things to say on this occasion. [Cries of "go on."] That, gentlemen, is what I am going to do. Well, this man Macdonald is as void of all honour as—in short, myself. [Cries of "that's true, Drummond," and laughter.] I meant to say, gentlemen, that he has not as much honour as myself or Sir Allan McNab. [Cries of Oh! Oh! Oh! He tried, gentlemen, to jump over my shoulders and down Sir Allan's throat. [Hear hear.] He tried by every dodge for which he is so noted to become premier. [A voice, "And he did it, too"—cheers.] Yes, he did it; but he did not give me the chance to do it. He, gentlemen, is a clever man, but is very blind to the ability of others. [A voice, "Yourself, for instance," and laughter.]

[The Chairman,—“Gentlemen, I beg of you of desist these unseemly interruptions.”]

Gentlemen, [hear, hear,] Gentlemen, [hear, hear,] I must before I sit down apologise to my friend on my right who is seldom wrong [laughter] for the manner in which, in times gone by, I spoke of him. [Brown.—“Let by gones be by gones, old fellow.”] I must,—I must,—[Drummond takes out his kerchief,] admit that I was very ra—ra—rash. [Bursts out into tears.] I was cruel,—very cruel, so I was. [Sits down greatly affected, amidst the sobs of the entire company.]

The next toast was that of "The Honourable without a seat."

Mr. Holton.—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, It gives me great pleasure to be present on this occasion. Though I have no seat I am able to stand, and that's what Mr. Drummond is not. [Marks of disapprobation.] I am, thanks to Mr. Brown, an "honourable." Although Mr. Brown has at times called me "a selfish and corrupt politician," he has enabled others to call me, "The Honourable Luther H. Holton." [Hear hear.] I never mean to disgrace either him or my title. It is true that I once said he did nothing but vex the reform party. I say so still. [Sensation.] He vexed them mightily by making me his Commissioner of Public Works. [Laughter.] Had I continued in office, I should have vexed him in return by giving his brother Gordon fine fat contracts. [Renewed laughter.] This is the sort of vexation that we grits are obliged to endure. [Prolonged laughter.] I fervently hope that next session of Parliament will again see us in our old places. [A voice, "chisseling as usual," and cries of "put him out."] No, gentlemen, no putting out, I beseech you, for I have a sympathy for men put out of any place. [Hear.] Sir Edmund Head [hisses] put me out of office, and I am tender on such points. [A voice, "put out the gas," and laughter.] Thanking you for the honour done me, I resume my—my—not my seat—but my bench. [A voice, "A shoe-maker is Luther," and uproar.]

The next toast was, "The Champion of Liberty and hero of Cabbage Garden exploits."

D'Arcy McGee arose and said,—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, When I surveyed this beautiful room, a thought struck me. [A voice "Did it hurt you?" and laughter.] It is this, Gentlemen, that so sure as there are nails in that roof, this dinner is a nail in the Cartier-Macdonald Cabinet. [Cheers.] From this room our sayings will spread throughout the length and breadth of this province; and according as they spread will corruption cease,—will liberty rise,—will corruptionists fly,—will freedom flourish,—will justice triumph,—and will the province be saved. [Long and continued applause.] There is a paper published in Toronto called the *Poker* which now and again gives me some mortal pokes, but I am not dead yet. No, gentlemen, it will require more than the *Poker* and the *Leader* to convince those who do [not] know me that I am disloyal to my Queen. It will require more than the writings of any ministerial scribbler to convince me that I am disloyal. No, gentlemen, I am neither disloyal to my Queen nor to my Church. I am not disloyal to my Queen, for I only rebelled against her I am not disloyal to my Church, for I have made my friend Mr. Brown almost a member of it. [A voice, "That's the talk my darlint."] From being the "Protestant champion" of Upper Canada, he is now become a sucking-dove. [Laughter.] He would no more speak of our sacred edifices dedicated to religion and learning as monkeries than fly into the air. He would no more speak of the ceremonies of our sacred religion as "mummeries" than cut his right hand off. He would no more speak of our holy ladies, sisters of charity, as "prostitutes," [sensation] than cut his head off. [Great cheers.] No, gentlemen, he is a changed man, and you may thank me for the change. Gentlemen, I hope through Mr. Brown's aid, now that I have subdued him, to put down every Orange Lodge in Upper Canada. [Confusion.] I hope, in a word, to make Upper Canada as thoroughly Catholic as it is now confoundedly Protestant [Cheers.] These things, gentlemen, I shall do through my able and dear friend, Mr. Brown. [The two embrace each other very affectionately.] O, Brown, Brown, you are a splendid fellow. [Cheers.] Mr. McGee sat down much affected.

The next toast was "The Good-for nothing."

Mr. Lemieux, who was to have replied to this toast, was so sound asleep that all efforts to awake him proved unavailing.

The dinner broke up about 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, and all who had been present were carried to their hotels by the police.

Rather Indiscreet.

An enthusiastic but over jealous admirer of "The Indian Herb Doctor," says, "that his medicine is good for anything and failing everything else—even for the bowels of the earth." For once we agree with an admirer of the learned quack. Numbers now in the bowels of mother earth if on earth could testify that he sent them where they are.