

# CHICHESTER POST.

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VOL. 12.-NO. 29.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 592.

## Chichester Post, AND BORDEFER.

Sackville, N. B., September 15, 1881.

### Spontaneous Spirits, OR Gathering of the Clans! AS SEEN BY Vindex Viper, Esq., Q. C.

"Come, tuncantem credidimus Jovem  
Regere."—HORACE.  
"And bid my heralds ready be,  
And every minstrel sound his pipe,  
And all our trumpets blow;  
And, from the platform, spare ye not  
To fire a noble salvo shout!"  
—Lord Marmon waits below.—SCOTT.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.  
SIR HALBERT DE LAZER, Chief of the  
Clan, Grand Seigneur of Whistlerland,  
Esquire Will Gorgeous, a faithful  
retainer, Seigneur of Tusk.  
ANGUS MACWANE, Seigneur of Bute,  
sometimes called "Folled Angus."  
HANS GOODINEE, his attendant.  
ESQUIRE REUBEN, surnamed the chaste,  
an aged warrior.  
SIR HANDEBROOK, a Councillor.  
PAULO MORTEN, a shoddy Surgeon.  
CAPTAIN D. DEADLY, "Cumberland  
Boy."  
JACQUE CARTE, Past Grand Inspector  
General of United Bachelors.  
JOSIAS STRYKE, an Independent Sel-  
geur, feared by the Clans.  
EDOUARD SON TEND, Landlord of the  
International Temperance Inn.  
THOMAS OF PICKET, the Knight's Jester,  
a "Prophet without honor," etc.  
SENNY SYSTER, an Attorney and fel-  
low of the Knights, etc., etc.

ACT III.  
(An Interlude of one week is sup-  
posed to elapse between Act II. and  
III.)

SCENE 1.—Sir Halbert in a car-  
riage with a stranger.

Sir H.—That job is done. Young  
Phillip, I have feared,

Was straying from me in for-  
bidden lands.

The fellow thinks we should have  
factories.

"Tho we can buy things cheaper  
from abroad,

'Tis said he wants to keep our  
people home,

Instead of going to Lowell and the  
West.

Besides Sir Leonard's drawback  
takes his eye,

He will maintain it helps his business.  
Well, I feel better now, I would not  
climb

Upon my belly on that stage again  
Up to the deck to save a dozen votes.  
I fairly tumbled on the vessel's  
side.

Stranger.—I'm sure we would  
have missed you had you fallen.  
"Oh, what a fall was there my  
countryman,"

'Tis well for you the world is not a  
stage.

Sir H.—I tell you when I reached  
the ground again

I drew a breath, and said with great  
relief

Unto myself "Thank God,  
Stranger.—The country's safe."

Sir H.—But you performed your  
part with great effect.

You waded to your knees in Fuddy's  
mud,

And scanning this and that with  
knowing looks,

You stood and looked your head  
professionally,

You've made them think the differ-  
ence you knew

Between a handsome schooner and a  
scow,

While I am free to say that you  
did not

know either of them from a lobster-  
pot.

But after this I cannot help but feel  
That Phillip's bound to me by hooks  
of steel.

(They arrive at the Corner. Enter  
Stranger.)

Stranger.—Yes, Tupper and  
Sir Leonard are the men

To bring destruction to this land of  
ours,

It won't be worth a shilling by and  
by.

I'm getting ruined now, not long ago  
I loaned my money at fifteen per  
cent,

And even twenty when the times  
were good,

That is when money was not to be  
had,

But money now is just as cheap as  
dirt.

I cannot let it out at 12 or 10.

Why yesterday a Frenchman came  
to me,

And when I asked him eight per  
cent, he laughed,

And having placed his thumb upon  
his nose

He shook his little finger in my face.  
And with this taunting gesture  
drove away.

Paper, gilt-edged, discounts at five  
per cent.

At St. John City. Blast the St.  
John men.

The banks will only give me three  
per cent.

And will not coax me for my cash  
at that.

There's too much money under the  
N. P.

And everything is going to the dogs.

1st. Stranger.—That's very true  
sir, I am glad to see

A faithful few sir, hating the N. P.  
2nd. stranger.—My theory for  
such a glut of cash

Which breaks up moneyed people all  
to smash

Is that we used to send it all away.  
We bought our goods away and had  
to pay,

But now 'tis different, under the  
N. P.,

They keep their cash at home and ruin  
the North.

(Exeunt Omnes, and enter at the

same time 3rd Stranger accompanied  
by a crowd.)

3rd stranger (swinging his arms).  
—Show me the future Primer!

Bring him to me! Show me the  
man that dares to say now

that Pete and Dan will ever get  
another election in this noble county.

Where is he. Eternal heavens!  
You can't find him, Where is the  
Primer? You can now put up

your iron fences, Mr. Pete, plant  
your hedge, now while you have the  
chance for you will never have the  
chance again. A thousand dollars

to kill me, hey? You can't kill me.  
No! Eternal heavens, show me the  
Primer! Where has he gone to?  
(Disappears in the crowd. Grit chorus  
singing in the distance.)

SONG AND CHORUS.

Our eyes will see the coming of the mighty  
Mr. Blake,

We will leave our farms and gardens and  
our marshes for his sake,

We'll gather from the mountain and we'll  
gather from the lake,

And, like Grits go marching on.  
(Chorus.) Anti-Tory, Kalleluya,  
Anti-Tory, Kalleluya,

For the Grits are marching on.  
Sound loud the trumpets, let them echo  
o'er the land;

We'll have a demonstration and the music  
of a band;

We'll put on our Sunday clothes and join  
hand in hand.

And, like Grits, are marching on.  
Anti-Tory, etc.

Blake is a buster, and they can't deny the  
fact;

The torrent of eloquence is like a cataract;  
And to all whose faith is weakened he will  
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Sir Halbert will tell us of the battles  
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Despise the persecution of the Poor, and  
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Was hindered in the past by the power of  
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But that when next elected he will build it  
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For the Grits to ride upon.  
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Let all who doubt Sir Halbert, and whose  
faith in him

Go hear how like a hero and a statesman  
he can speak;

His enemies he'll knock into the middle  
of next week.

While the Grits go marching on.  
Anti-Tory, etc.

(Curtain falls.)

Then the Demon of Discon-  
tent, which dwelleth forever in the  
minds of unworthy Knights, whis-  
pered to Sir Halbert and said: Rejoice  
not, O false Knight, that the multi-  
tude were gathered together when  
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them, came they to thee in honor,  
or to hear thy tales of Bal Derdash.  
Has thy name such power? Are  
thy words sought as sweet morsels  
to be cherished in the hearts of men?

Are the people as fools that they see  
not thine armor is of painted tin,  
thou staid and cooked your head  
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You've made them think the differ-  
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