

A THREE ACT TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE 1st.—Room in SWORN'S HOTEL.—Ranking and Morden in conversation.

Ranking.—Tush! Morden slay, I tell you sir, you're sold, The contract's mine, the original I hold In my possession, I obtained it man here that cursed fight in Essex first began, From trusly friends to and me in the strife, Who dares deny that answer with his life.

Morden, [indignantly].—Answer or not, sir, I can plainly see, That your'n an adept in rascality, You know McLeod a contract let before, Then why this incovert treachery? my more, I've uglier wrongs, whence came the Company's seal? Will I signed innocence that trick reveal? Your bogus board and bogus seal will prove A simply shallow, brainless, trickster's move. A thought too dangerous perhaps, but Pshaw! enough, I'll hear no more of this confounded stuff, McLeod still holds the contract, and I tell You that you know the fact by far too well.

Ranking.—I stoutly, sir, that exists, deny, This but a myth, a baseless vulgar lie.

Morden, [moving to the door].—Lie, sir, or not, you're precious wrong and it vastly, yet, unlike a dream.

Exit Morden.

SCENE changes to another room in same Hotel.—Connor, Danbee and Salter drinking at a table.

Enter Ranking.—Well, brother scamps, it seems beyond a doubt, That foot McLeod did get a contract out The Company's Book though don't reveal the fact. And once desired to our contract stands intact; Who'll take the risk? It must be ours by means, Or fair or foul, so play your bully's schemes, Mount to the breach, and by some cunning cloak-Or falling that—a bold and desperate stroke, Obtain possession of 'th' obnoxious deed, Connor, you play the villain well when richly fed, What say you?

Connor.—Willingly, most noble chief, I'd take the job in hand, but sir, in brief, My face precludes me from approaching near, All decent men 'Twere useless, sir, I fear.

Ranking.—Well, Danbee then, Though perhaps enough I've got, Of Jesuit smoothness, sir, I'd rather not.

Ranking.—Well then good Salter—

Salter.—Sir, teach the young, And fear no business that affects the tongue, But this is serious as all plainly see, And amends too much of Captain Kidd for me.

Ranking.—McClennan, you surely won't give up And lose the pickings for such squamous stuff.

Mr. Clinnifan.—Faith, Pat, not I, just mix the brandy men, And till me up, I'll face the devil then, Care on this squamousness and dainty white, The point of honour and of danger mine.

Ranking.—Bravo! bravo Mac, Hurrah! my bully boy, That's pluck by Jove! and once you can destroy McLeod's infernal contract, man, I swear, No paltry spoils shall be the bully's share, 'This job will cast completely in the shade, The thundering brilo Buchanan would have paid, King for more bravely, mix the lumbors right, And Mac shall venture on the deed to-night.

Curtain Falls.

ACT II.

SCENE 1st.—Room 176, ROSSIN HOUSE.—Morden, De Blaquiere, and Street, engaged in conversation.

Enter Smart.—Well ladies what's new? How wags the world to night?

Morden.—Has eight turned up that throws a clearer light On that arch villain Ranking's scowling tricks.

De Blaquiere.—Why yes, by Jove, the moral strives to fix Fresh doubts upon the bare existence o' en, Of that first contract, so to rouse his espies To stir your night thoughts—was most the rogue a sore—I lashed him amply to the inmost core. The bully winced, but swore his cause would win, Through all—[knock at the door]—but who the deuce is that? Come in.

Enter to the astonishment of the party

McClennan,—one (blows you), making a confounded fuss. 'Bout some dang'd contract. I don't care (hic) cuss Who loars me speak (hic) my mind, so once for all, You can't produce it at the Company's (hic) call.

Enter McLeod.—Hoy, ho! what's this.

De Blaquiere.—That we're the contract first lot out to W'ythes.

McLeod.—Well, that's a clever rick, what next will do? Some hundred times he saw and read it too, At my election. Clennifan, you're mad.

Clennifan.—Produce it (hic) sir, and I'll be very (hic) glad.

McLeod.—With all my heart (he produces it from an inner room) there, that parchment will tend, To undeceive you and your Ranking fiend.

McClennan takes up the document, examines it, and approaches to W'ythes (hic) it seems all right, sir, (hic) that's a fac.

Smart aside to McLeod.—Look sharp, that rascal means to burn it, Mac.

McClennan [aside].—Well that cursed fire won't burn it quick enough.

To McLeod.—Why yes, it (hic) seems all right. I'm precious (hic) dry

Where, (hic) where's the bell, I think I'll wet (hic) my eye.

[He approaches the bell-rings close to the door. Street to McLeod.—Look out there, Mac, by heavens bu'll steal it, innu.

McClennan bolts: McLeod, De Blaquiere, Morden, Smart and Street start up in pursuit, catch him on the stairs and force him back into the room.

McLeod.—Ho! ho! you precious scamp so that's your game, A paltry thief! by Heaven's, all sense of shame Has left the master and his virtuous tool, [He and he, sir! You won't! well, into them, fool, The consequences, I hid his hand there tight, The stupid villain scums inclined to bite. Give up the deed, and end this useless fuss, 'Tis worse that madness, man, your struggling thus.

De Blaquiere.—Give him a lesson, Mac, will hast for life, Just cut his throat, 'twere better—here take my knife.

McClennan [thoroughly abashed].—Oh! I don't, pray don't stir, mercy, let me go— Here take the contract.

McLeod.—Mirzlo, then, below, You brainless scoundrel, O'H! no whitening airs, Or fish I head thee well! kick you down the stairs. But stay! remember for this I ocious from, You answer, sir, Now start, most paltry scamp!

McClennan slops at the rate of 20 miles an hour, tumbles down stairs, picks himself up and rushes into the street breathless and hatless.

SCENE 2nd.—Dark Lane in the rear of ROSSIN HOUSE. RANKLING walking alone. Enter McCLENNAN, still running. He runs against RANKLING in the dark.

Ranking.—Confound it! there, you might be careful, man.

McClennan.—Pshaw! shut your mouth.

Ranking.—Triumphed so soon? hand me the contract, do I

McClennan.—Curse on the contract; doubly curse on you. Just stay aside, or by the heavens on high, I'll bleed your carcass till the veins are dry.

Ranking.—How now, McClennan, why, what's amiss? Sir, have a care, my pride don't relias this.

McClennan.—Pride! you talk of pride, indeed, Sir Bravo, Who lack the courage to be sought but know, Take that, [he strikes him] and that, and that, and when you see— A thief, next time why, do yourself the deed.

RANKLING drops. McCLENNAN rushes off the Stage. Curtain falls.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Police Court.

CAD GURNETTO, Presiding Judge.—McCLENNAN at the Bar.—McLeod, Plaintiff.—His SUPREME HIGHNESS PRINCE COLONO, High Advocate for the Prosecution.—DIMINUTIVE HALLIMAN, Council for the Defence.

Prince Colono proceeds to address the Court: Most Learned Judge, this mutilated deed, Explains my reasons, still most noble I need, In this my first appearance in a court Of this august and most tremendous sort, Beseech your gracious ear.

Cadi Gurnetto.—Most noble Prince, We deeply feel your [enormous pinch of snuff] condescension since, We've not before a Peer of your high state, Observed [another snuff] before us. Our attention's great.

Prince Colono—[smiling benignantly].—Simply most learned Judge, I state the case.

The prisoner there with most undebating face, My client sought, and did request to see A certain deed. With bland politeness, he Placed it before him, when 'th' ungentle slave Sought first to burn, then to smother it like a knave. He was detected in the very act, Pursued, brought back, My Lord, you bear the fact; And now we claim full justice at your hand, Convinced you are the justest judge in all the land.

Cadi Gurnetto, [majestically severe].—Don't flatter, sir.

Diminutive Halliman.—A good my Lord, submit The Plaintiff there, though sparkling o'er with wit, Has made no case against the prisoner here; My client's innocent—I'll prove it clear. First, I maintain no cause has yet been shown To prove he wished to make the deed his own.

And now, from the room he took it, and did then Proceed down stairs, but don't your honour ken, He merely borrowed it, what earthly power Can say he meant to keep it for an hour?

Cadi Gurnetto.—Two, very true. You, Clennifan, declare, Was it to throw or borrow brought you there?

McClennan—I'll tell no lie, I mean to stand it, sir.

Diminutive Halliman.—My client, good my Lord, without demur, Is slightly touched about the figure band, His evidence of course ain't worth a red.

Cadi Gurnetto.—True, very true, we can't receive it here.

Prince Colono.—My Lord, my lord, the case is plainly clear,

He meant to steal, in fact did steal the deed, If evidence more clear, you still may need, Why, in such haste did he descend the stairs, Why mutilate the contract thus with tars, [holds it up.]

Why cling to it, with kick and curse and groan, When the true owner sought to gain his own, 'Twas clearly theft, and by my lord demand Most rigorous justice at your lordship's hand.

Cadi Gurnetto.—Prince of Colono, you are not polite, Don't my demand, by Jove it ain't quite right. We shall deal with the case as most we please, And give our judgment when we've thought at ease.

[He retires with Carrus Aldorman to deliberate: a and refresh exhausted nature with an inodorous medicine of old Port.]

Prince Colono to Diminutive Halliman and the rest of the 8 boys.

Well ladies come, what dy'o say? lets have a drink, I'll stand the treat, come on, come one, come all.

All.—Bravo! most noble Prince, we heed the call. [They depart mysteriously; are absent for the space of fifteen minutes, and appear particularly sparkling about the eyes on their return.]

Cadi Gurnetto re-enters, and delivers judgment in the following terms.

We have with our accustomed judgment weighed This knotty case, and duo importance laid On every point, and our decree is this, That we at once the prisoner dismiss. Cuss why? Although to nineteen-twenty-two here, His guilt, perchance no seen-between proved and clear, And though, in terms most unequivocal, He did confess it; still, methinks, we shall The odds of justice answer best, if we Proceed, at once to set the prisoner free. We have our doubts, 'tis true, and think the case Looks wrong against him, on its very face; Yes, very strong, but, still, he mis, you know, Have room to harm, and so will let him go.

The Curtain falls amidst loud and ironical cries of "O most worthy Judge! most just! most worthy Judge!"

CITY SIGHTS.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER.—Since I last communicated with you nothing of much importance has transpired within the area sanctified thrice a-day by the sound of the St. Lawrence Market Bell.

Last Sunday morning, as I was airing myself along the Esplanade, I heard a most unsabbatical sound of hammering issuing from one of the engine shops. I would have entered for the purpose of remonstrating with the workmen, if I had not been afraid of their asking me why I was not at Church.

The scow belonging to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, whereon, last year, so many of the nautical or pseudo-nautical genus might have been seen airing themselves in the twilight of the long summer evenings, presents a sadly forlorn aspect. We trust, for the sake of our city, that its shabby and half-drunken condition is not emblematical of the prospects of the Club.

Propitiated by a complimentary ticket, I visited a band of Negro Minstrels, at Kurth's Lager Beer Saloon, on Adelaide Street. The most interesting part of the performance was a dialogue on "Recruiting," &c.

Bones.—"Well Sam, how was it you wasn't let stay in the recruits."

Sam.—"Well yer see the Doctor cum and looked at my heels, and they was so long that you couldn't tell whether I was marchin backwards or forwards. So he, yer won't do for the army, but I'd visve yer to go and sell yer mouth to Parliament."

Bones.—"What was that for, Sam?"

Sam.—"Why, to swaller all the lies the Ministry was a tellin on."*

OCCULUS.

* Sam's mouth is immense.

A Dawning Genius.

—Young Canada should be proud of the mental vigor of Mr. J. B. Robinson's speech on the Usury Bill, which cannot be found in the American Encyclopedia, under the head—"Usury."