

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS,

AS LATELY PERFORMED AT THE TORONTO POLITICAL THEATRE.

ACT I.

SCENE—A Room in the Globe Office—Enter Compositor's Pressman, Devils, &c. &c.—Time April, 1846.

Buchanan—Lads, have ye seen the Boss this morning's morn; Strange as his honoured phiz adorn. As late I met him I did marvel much, For with a most unvoiced comic touch, He punched me in the ribs, and laughing, said—'Brav'd Buchanan, man, thou'rt a good one; I, wondering, would he question him; but he laugh'd on as lost in pleasing reverie.

Cartonius—Says I can't not guess the cause of this most strange? Yes, good Buchanan, this most startling change? I, too, met Grilly George, and what d'ye think? He spoke no word but wink'd an wicked wink—'An unc' wink which just enough revealed To show some monstrous strangeness was concealed. I fear no mischief, to dreams of greatness led, How long deferred has turn'd his reverend head.

Devil—With charges strict to drink his health, the Boss To no this morn a Yorker, Sir, did toss.

All—Strange, most wonderful strange.

Enter HAINEMAN in haste.

Lads, lads, most noble lads, I've news to tell, Shall shake the earth, and our big "Globe" as well: Macedonid's gang, who long sat cheek by jaw, Yeating with rank noise and din, and with a loud, I, at ye resigned, and our Bothwellin Lord, I summoned hence to bear the Premier's sword. A huge despatch Sir Edmund has sent down, Come cheer, lads, cheer—three cheers for Premier Gordon. We'll teach the sneaking Colonist, I vow, That we're to the Government Organ now; We'll roar the Leader of his bet no pap, And teach a lesson to that beastly chap. So, so, Lads cheer! and bid the celices far— Fortune has smiled on us.

Hurray! Hurray!

ACT II.

SCENE—Editor's Sanctum, GLOBE OFFICE.

Mr. Brown—Scarl'd alone at a table, on which a dispatch is spread.

And is it so? have I then reaped at length The rich reward of all my scheming strength? Say, do I clutch the coin, thou long prize for? Ye Gods! I do; for there the summons lies. He still my leaping brain—be cool and still, I'll rule this kind; I'll reign! by heaven! I will. Ye gods, do thy work—Brain, weave the scattered links, That sum's begun, my play shall out-Hink's Hinks. But stay, who comes (enter Gordonus) ah! good Gordonus, thou, Say, am I calm? How looks my lofty brow?

Gordonus—An ever, good, my brother—firm and clear— Most fit to rule each Grit and Moderato here.

Brown—Ah! gentle Gordon, flatter not, but say, Come forward, Conquer, their respects to pay. Hast telegraphed for Notman, Foley, Christie, Wallbridge and Hartman, Short and Hogan misty?

Gordonus—All, brother sweet, your high behest attend. At One to-day their way die phalar wand.

Brown—Thanks, Gordon stay, the hitman, I declare, With use to good Sir Edmund shall repair; And admiration of our banded wit Will make this head an out-and-out Clear Grit. Meaning, I go my Sunday-night for bed, And cool my courage with a demulcous. At One we start, and when eve shades the town, Torch light processions shall gear 'round Brown. *Exit both.*

ACT III.

SCENE—Room in Government House—Sir Edmund Head en gaged on a second Edition of "Shall and Will."

Enter Page—Your Excellency, some goutleous without An audacious crave.

Sir Edmund—Who are the rabble route? **Page**—All strangers, Sir—the tallest babe me say— He, by appointment waiteth here to-day.

Sir Edmund—Admit them. Enter Brown, Foley, Notman, Wallbridge, &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Brown—[bowing low]—Your Excellency, I with my friends attend;

Command us, Sir, our aid we gladly lend In this great crisis of our country's weal— I, Sir, the honour, most devout, feel, And our laws conferred upon the Clear Grit cause, In sending thus for me to frame our Country's laws.

Sir Edmund—[amazed]—I send for you, why Mr. Brown, you dream, And this "great crisis" Heavens! man, what d'ye mean?

Mr. Brown—I, Sir, I see your Excellency's inclined To be telegraphed for in my own mind.

Sir Edmund—Faculous, Sir! A trace to jesting—say, Whence came the honor of this call to-day?

Mr. Brown—[apologetically]—Why, good your Excellency should know full well; At your request I came; scarce need I tell, [opens despatch] Since this dispatch from you, Sir, reached my hands, I've anxious been, to wait your high command, "Macedonid has resigned," thus much you say, And then command—"my presence here to-day, To form a Clear Grit Cabinet, pure and just, Who seek their country's good, not selfish dust." My friends are here,—no scorn official picking, But burn to give the Moderate souls a kicking.

Sir Edmund—[startling up]—A Clear Grit Cabinet! Brown your're inging mind! My poor dear John resigned! He ain't bound!

Chorus of Foley, Wallbridge, Mowatt, Connor, &c. &c.— O Heavens! we're sold!

Mr. Brown—[Excitedly]—How, not resigned? Your Excellency is a clear trilling, or most sorry wit. Pray, Sir, explain, make this bad acting clear,— 'Twas your own summons brought the Grit chiefs here. [Hands him the despatch.] Read, Sir, and then do say if you can!

Sir Edmund—[astonished]—Why, bless my soul, I never saw this, man, And swear by all that's sacred, good, and true, I never despatched this strange dispatch to you.

Mr. Brown—[in a coaxing tone]—Come, come, Sir Edmund, and bid the many see! My friends are boiling over with spleen. We're all prepared,—our course is straight and clear— When shall our new Gazette'd ranks appear?

Sir Edmund—[with dignity]—I have already, Mr. Brown, declared I can't not that dispatch; who can have dared, [A sudden thought strikes him.] I know not; 'tis mysterious most.—But stay! When did it reach you?

Mr. Brown—Sir, this very day.

Sir Edmund—Oh I see, then—I see it all at length: He calm, Sir, calm—this blood needs all your strength, Some with me has been your best side aide; This is the FIRST OF APRIL. Do you take?

Mr. Brown—[frantically]—Oh, heavens! it is, it is,—have I then been A puppet made—the sport of Moderate spleen? I, the great Clear Grit Chief? Ch! I could dash myself to atoms, and in one wild crash lie low in the dust.

I've laboured for!—worked hard—strained nerve and eye: My thought "twas mine, and oh, ye gods! I'm sold— The spirit of my friends has been my side aide [he starts up.] It ain't not be—I'll not thus meekly stand: To arms, to arms! I'll desolate the land; Blood shall be spilled, I swear by all that's just, Till every Moderate ear has tickled the dust. Ages shall rue, in a most bitter school, That I was made a long-cher'd April Fool.

Exit Brown, accompanied by

CHRISTIE, NOTMAN, CONNOR, &c. &c., all frantically shouting "To Arms!" "To Arms!"

Wanted—A Solicitor General West.

—He must be a sharp whipper-in, with a heavy voice and light conscience; if a performer on the Jew's harp and an adept in desk-flapping, so much the better. Legal attainments unnecessary, as the business of the office is usually left to the clerks. Oratory, also, is no object; as sufficient talking is done by the Solicitor and Attorney Generals East, the rose and thorn of the Administration. Wages liberal, with the usual pickings; and the Speakership in reversion if the servant is sufficiently violent as a partizan, and expert in giving the lie to troublesome members. An Ottawa man preferred, and no impertinent questions will be asked about the poll-books after re-election. For further particulars, apply to premier McDonald or Chief Butler Powell, who will examine the pulmonary and potatory qualifications of the applicants. N.B. No honest man need apply.

Singular Devotion to High Art.

—Mr. Ruskin would certainly have been jubilant, had he beheld the junior Member for Toronto evincing so much interest in the Fine Arts, the other week; he actually exhibited an accurate likeness of himself to the æsthetic admiration of the entire House of Assembly.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Emphatically THE GRUBBLER would doff his coat, and swear never more to do penance so trying to the outer and inner man as is implied in the very attendance upon the palavers of the city broomsticks, were it not that the interests of our ten thousand and two readers require the sacrifice.

Weekly our refined ears are pained with the most defiant outrage upon poor old Lindley Murray's first rule, that "A verb should agree," &c., &c.; and with the escape of any amount of sheer driveling of which even the young Canada Debating Club would be ashamed. With a few exceptions, we assert that the composition of the Council is a blot upon the city. Why do not better men offer? Is it that they fear being disgraced by their associates?

Still, in sober earnest, we must confess that an important measure engaged the attention of our Syntax-defying fathers on Monday last. We allude to a Bill to amend the law relating to the Board of Health. THE GRUBBLER will not deny that it contains some good features, and if the few sensible men in the Council will exert themselves to carry the new Bill into effect, this one act shall, in our eyes, cover a multitude of sins.

The sapient Committee on Wharves and Harbours reported that Humphrey, Scamp & Co., are unable to fulfil the Esplanade contract; and recommend advertising for new tenders. Rich, rather! what becomes of the securities? In connection with this matter, a sprightly but not bendless youth, Councillor Griffith, got up a pretty little scene with the Mayor, in which the retort courteous was bandied in the most approved and edifying style. The dogged obstinacy of "It can!" "It can't!" "It will!" "It won't!" told particularly well. We recommend the modest Councillor to introduce this style of debate upon every fitting opportunity. Its dignity of course is understood by all.

Poor old Councillor Craig still shines in all the vigour of his native, untaught eloquence. Witness a specimen—

Councillor Craig is referring to a precedent of a former Council.

Alderman Bugg meekly insinuates that Councillor Craig had not a seat at the Board at that time.

Councillor Craig. (Fiercely.) That's none of your business. I've bin 'ere as long as you be, and you order know better manners than to interrupt a gentleman when he's talking!

Alderman Bugg. (Confusedly.) Gentleman, indeed!

We draw a veil over the attempted effrontery of Alderman Bugg, and hide his blushes. Happily for him, and most unhappily for our good friend Farmer Helliwell, at about this juncture the fire alarm sounded, when each member of the Council started to his feet with school-boy alacrity, and but for the exertions of the worthy Mayor, would have fled the Council chamber helter-skelter.

A large, over-grown boy, with some hair on his face, acting as under-strapper to the Clerk at the Council meetings, deserves mention because of his assurance, and its inseparable attendant, impudence. Strong evidence of the latter came within our vision; a bare mention of which we hope will suffice to curb the apish tricks of this semi-official strutter.