

TUNING THE ORGANS.

A PARCE IN ONE ACT.

SCENE I.—The sanctissimum of the Colonial Office.—Morrison discovered wheeling about uneasily to the Editorial chair, and now and then casting a glimpse at Allan's address.

Morrison loq.—The passing strange that every twist I make, To gather something in the grand avocata, is vain and futile. Strange, that thought I do, Can make a Grit or Romaine fawn or sue, I've punned and damned each party in its turn, With flattering thoughts or words I thought would burn; Now praised poor Cartier, and now chased him down, Now caught up Galt, anon gone o'er to Brown; Tried every dodge both honorable and low, 'Till I have tramped much oftener than Jim Crow; And then the slanders of the Gritty press, Scorched me so cruelly white in a mess, That backward from its frizzles in despair, Off stood on and my scabby warring hair; Yet though respect had vanished, yet the tin, The gloriousoppers, all came rolling in, For every morning wain and fool and rake, Guesed the next morning's scandal would take, And purchased at three cents a perfect killer, Which served at breakfast for a new Joe Miller. But now this Allan scrap my fun may mar, Where are the other fellows? Bless me, here you are.

Enter Leader and Atlas Grinders.

My noble colleagues, grinders and good fellows, I need not ask you how you find your bellows; The horrid squeaks you've giv'n of late, I ween, Show all's not right in your "newspaper machine." "Turn round to-morrow to the other way," And all your illa will vanish in a day.

Leader.—You're on the fence, we know, but no offence, Atlas—that's a pun, Morrison, at your expense.
Leader.—[Laughs idiotically].—Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! at puns, mon cher ami!

I'm something great as you can never be.
Morrison.—Lindsay, that's not the thing in Hecate like these, To pun and joke when we are ill at ease; Besides, sir, gratitude should keep you quiet, And your gab long on from running riot. Don't not remember how the boss would dance At stupid letters sent by you from France? How on returning from the land of fops, Your banged conceit lost me an odd of fops? How I gave lessons on the London Times, Taught you the style to shovel in the dimes? And yet you jest with me of "no offence." Excuse me, sir, the insult is immense.

Lindsay.—Never mind, the insult is immense, I'll heal the sore; Boy, to the Terrace and bring me o'er'st A pint of stout, say, bring a dozen more.

(Boy stands to the end of the scene waiting for the cash.)

Morrison.—[Impatiently but somewhat mollified.]
Well, well, I've summoned you, my friends, to-day, To counsel you on what we ought to say, Anent the horrid turn that things have taken Through this address, but Allan has been making; A jolly noble we are in, I'm sure, After the pains we'd taken to secure One of the "Independent" sort of honest fools, So easily manipulated by our tools. After the torments I've endured by Cameron, And then the vigorous strokes we used to hammer on Poor Charley with presumption and bad education— To go to dare to come to try to represent the nation. Our tralling on, clad in our black frocks, Dripping with rain and all to od in knob I Now, by my now bought ink and spottish quills, I'll vengeance take for these unheard of illa. To say he'll dare to look with smiles on Brown, When we have done our spite to thrust him down; Will "a Plaid and other worthy citizens" submit, Winks the great Duggan at this more Clear Grit, Flinches, great Cameron, no, sirs, not a bit.

Atlas.—I'll instantly volcanic torrents belch, And the impostor elegantly "squelch."

Lindsay.—O that's no use, that surely's not the plan. For your abuse 'twould be the making of the man.

Morrison.—You're right my Lindsay, you're exactly right, Kite to your kite, but hold the reins in tight, Macdonald and his pals may yet divert him, And when he's in, the Grits can never hurt him.

Atlas.—That's very fine, but I am much in doubt, If you can twist a customer about.

Atlas.—Toen "neath our hemis this leader, ro most cruch, I'll take a little him before I lurch.

Lindsay.—Act, Atlas, cautiously, don't be a fool, You're far too young to brandish an edge tool.

Morrison.—[sotto voce].—Never mind, Lindsay, the best way to back him, Is to urge on this nunny to attack him.

Lindsay.—Well then, 'tis understood among us three, 'Twas Allan still the candidate must be, Spite of this address, but Morrison, 'twould now but sorry wit, So leave him in the "Credit unshar'd" Clear Grit.
But we must torture him as best we can, Snub Rutherford, snub all who aid the man; 'Has he too greedy, confident or wane, Urge him to "put out money in his purse." And when he's in, which 'pon my word I doubt, We'll do our best to twist the knave about.
Morrison.—It must be so, my Lindsay, you are right—

To leave that Allan now would be to spite Ourselves. But for I hate the horrid Grit, No power or seat could force me to submit, But ill success our loathed canvas crown, My Caledonian blood must simmer down; Then by the fiery blood of all the Scots, Who've settled down on country village lots; By the Grand Turf I thank I make, By every speculation I'm at stake, By all my stock, my fool's-cap, pose and ink, May all in one chaotic ruin sink, If when I get going I see you o'er him In my new "Portrait Gallery," I fall to score him, But now, no "quarrel for Romain," is still the cry, Lie's on the cast "and we must stand the hazard of the die."

Morrison falls fainting on Lindsay as he hears three groans for the Colonel outside; Lindsay kicks officiously beneath, the boys drop the candle among the exchanges, the Atlas falls the boy and then stands pensively like Mariva among the ruins of Carthage.—TANTZAU.

SCENE II.—Globe Office.

Sheppard discovered alone, playing terrible havoc with Brown's quill pens, a scroll of paper is scattered around him.
Sheppard.—Methinks I did not wait to roll my pen To puff those grim and gashly Grittle men, (There's an alliteration, apt and true, Which, at his best, Gordon could never do.) A conveniencing art stealer could twist this pen, Which scars my hair, with my goodly face, Dries up my brains, and infuriates my pate, And sues my vitals at a horrid rate. Brown was a decent sort of dose to swallow, But slouching Romain, in the middle of hollow; I've no objection to demolish head, But praising Charley sue will kill me dead.

Enter Gordon.—Smirking.
All's going rightly now, I guess, Romain is really certain of success; Allan has pledged to us, but I don't care, Let him oppose us, if he likes, or dare; Romain for Galt is the greatest cry, Much higher than a kite, three times as high, We'll knock this shrod of Compaction And give to all his pack a dreadful spottin'!

Sheppard.—But, Gordon, for I know your honest soul, And only fear you'll go for me, you whole Bumptious animal; I pray you pause Ere you embark our vessel in this cause; Allan's a proper man, well liked in town, A little snobbish, but he'll go for Brown; Let's throw a chip upon the great Grit Romain, And you'll relieve me from a deal of pain.
Gordon.—It can't be did you, Sheppard, so that's pat, I'm not so fond as you of weekly ratting from my friends, and therefore don't Ask me to do it, for I swear I won't.

Sheppard.—You want? Well then 't Apollo I'll appeal, The great preserver of the common weal; I'll see if George, the Honourable George, This monstrous morsel Charley will engorge; I've made the Globe a deal respectable Than you or hisc the agricultural car, And if I have no voice or red rag, I'll pack and off to Morrison again.

Enter Romain, singing.
I've just came out afore ye, To sing a little song, It's all about the rep. by pep, And Brown and Dorning. Then take you're time, young Allan, You think you're mighty strong, But I'm a darred still stronger boss, And that I'll show ere long.

Sheppard.—Silence, rude knave, within these hallow'd walls, This brutal assault my placid soul appals.

Romain.—Tarnation criticr what are you about, I guess you'll do your worst to keep me out, But I ain't no go, for I have vent to Brown And no vent straight for me, right up and down. The Globe's to get the best sort, or If it do't, why any way it orter. Hav'n't I gone for Brown and Dorning, And all that sort of thing right jolly strong, And you're about as good as dead for none. And all there ain't no difference in the man. D'ye think to stop me with your huffin' tin, Jest try another tune, that your ain't suitin, Come down kerubim in support of me, Or less I'll leave ye stragglin' now; yes, strres! Gordon, [soothingly].—All'right, my bossen's friend, my Charley, Wait but a minute till we have a parlay Upon the geese arrangement, Sheppard's scowd, He'll come all right for you now I'll be bound.

Enter Hon. Geo. Brown, smiling.

George.—My dear Romain, if 'twere not for the party, My advocacy should be sound and hearty, But we are forced to go on to the fence, Because the danger in this struggle, is immense. We go for you but then we can't proclaim it— Think for a moment and you will not blame it, So whether you or Allan best, you see, 'Twill be all right at last for humble me.

Romain.—Happily for that I'm but a pesky rough, And in my manner 'twas not up to snuff; And when my education, sir, was bought,

They did'nt have no Murray's Grammar taught, This coon forakes me—Happies wight! I seen that things would never come out right, Brown you're a brute, Sheppard a hiring tool, And Gordon ain't you ben a precious fool? Out paw! I banish you, my spirit's bane, Avant, O Globe, Romain is still Romain. Exit, frantically.

Sheppard springs upon a chair and gives a loud a hurrah, Gordon slinks into George's arms; and the devil faints at the ex-Premier's feet gassing "Copy." Tablau.—Curtain falls to slow music.

THE EXHIBITION.

We cannot sufficiently admire the good taste which determined the Exhibition Committee to overlook the pleasant situation of the College Avenue, and choose the ground for the erection of the Crystal Palace cheek by jowl with the Lunatic Asylum. No doubt, when the Committee determined in favor of the latter place, they had in view the great moral lesson, which the thinking visitors would learn by viewing the perfection and decay of genius side by side; and there is only one way in which the public can return this kindness—that is by presenting the members of the Committee with apartments in the Lunatic Asylum. In order to make the best of a bad bargain, we suggest that the band of the Canadian Rifles should be stationed in the grounds while the Exhibition is open, with strict orders not to leave off playing from morning to night. If this is carried out, we shall be spared the pain of hearing the lamentations of the poor lunatics, which otherwise will be distinctly heard.

We have but one more suggestion to make, and we are sure that it is a good one. It is that our authorities should make this an International celebration, and invite over the Mayor and Corporation of some American city—say Buffalo or Boston; and let our firemen also invite the fire companies of those cities. Then we shall be a great people.

Grand Reception.

—Owing to the present distressing state of Mr. Romain's health he has been compelled to take a trip by water for its recovery. The *Firefly* has been chartered, and at an early day he will depart for the Island, where he proposes to make Glindinning's his headquarters. A committee will be formed there, and the island will be thoroughly canvassed; meetings will be held there all next week, beginning at Gibraltar point. Mr. Romain will return the following Monday; when, it is to be hoped, a splendid reception will await him on his arrival at the wharf. We are in a position to state that Mr. Romain does not desire this ovation, that he does not go away to return in triumph in imitation of Mr. Allan; but when he does return it should certainly be made a regular killer. We offer to subscribe one rocket and bunch of fire-crackers for the occasion, and we are sure all will go off brilliantly (if we mean the celebration not our fire-crackers). If every man will do the same, Allan will be completely outdone. We also set on foot a penny subscription for presenting Mr. Romain with a splendidly bound copy of the *Turf Guide* for 1858, as a slight remembrance from his sporting friends. Lord Derby and Mr Romain leave the turf together and the double event should surely be properly celebrated.