

YE INSPECTOR GENERAL HYS DREAM.

BUAKEPEARE WRENCHED, TWISTED, AND JERKED OFF.

DRAMATIC PERSONS.—King Alick and his friends, Mr. A. T. Galt; Gritty George and his followers.

SCENE I.—OPPOSITION BENCHES.

Gritty George.—

Thus far into the bowels of the session,
Havo we been pummeling without impression;
Galt and his reckless soul and greedy crew,
Havo kept their places, spite of me and you,
Jobbing, corrupting, moving to Quebec,
And making Canada a hopeless wreck;
Yet now, not satisfied with all this rain,
Ho's still, by Jove, some newer mischief brewing,
And let me warn you, all our hopes he'll mar, if
He can but pass that bad and odious tariff.
He's put 100 upon brandy, gin, and whiskey;
(Tolls from several hopefuls)
I knew the thought of it would make you frisky;
Tea, coffee, sugar, book, and o'er engraving
Ho's been and taxed, 'twill surely set us raving;
But now, Buchanan, that financial giant,
Has made me gallant, hopeful, and default;
Ho's an amendment, full of sagacious saws,
Such as will help and animate our cause;
So, go it, boys, we'll fill or make him yield,
And render famous a new Bosworth field.

Drummond.—

'That's it, old boy, you'll set the Thames on fire,
Our men disheartened erst, now will not tire,
Stick to't, and spite the numbers of the foe,
The entire animal I'm prepared to go.

George.—

A lig for numbers, Lewis, 'tis position,
Thrice is he armed who sits in opposition,
And he but feeble though well fed with rap,
Who's got the debts to pay with no'er a rap.
Isaac, at length, assistance golden lends,
Who plays the vulgar game is sure of friends;
Never give up, they'll speedily disgorge,
And yield their places then to Gritty George.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

SCENE II.—GOVERNMENT SIDE.

King Alick.—

Here, pitch we once again into the Grits,
And if you'll go it blind, we'll give 'em fits;
Dubrod, your jukes and sneers though somewhat rough,
Stand us in happy stead,—ou that, enough.
Has any careful soul employed his wits
On the Division list? how stand the Grits?

Rose.—

All is serene, my liege, were sure of three,
At least, and perhaps four of a unjurious;
Besides they're certainly a senec-crow act,
And wo may haply wretched some into our net.

K. Alick.—

Now, by the Dugot, sir, and that's an oath
Not to be sneezed at, I am very loth
To let a week in idle parody go
Before I hoist them with official toe.

Smith.—

My onsal friend—

K. Alick.—

Well, Yankee Sidney, say,
How may I serve your noble soul to-day?

Smith.—

Wal, you want nothing do for me, I guess,
Dat praps I'll keep you from a tarml moss.
Yield in committee, proustes go alick,
And you can gain by this hero bloodless trick.

K. Alick.—

No you dont, Sidney, that was John A.'s way,
Dat I am up to snuff, old popajay;
I'll be Inspector General in men's spite;
And knock the Grits up higher than a kilo.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—OPPOSITION SIDE.

Gritty George.—

The weary sun is getting lat to bed,
The clouds, like curtains, hang around his head;
His night cap's on, the light be 's putting out;
I hope he'll rise benigly when we rout
Those wretched fools, King Alick and his boys,
And end forever their official joys.

You, Foley, keep them going for an hour,
McGee, my boy, exert your mighty power;
Walbridge and Connor, Dorion go in,
And add your voices to the general din.

Enter Buchanan and other malcontents.

My darling Isaac and thou banking John,
And thou dear honest Malcolm Cameron,
I know your gentle spirits could not brook
Their foulness more; and nobly you forsook
Corruption's boat; do not at trilles sticking,
And we'll administer a final licking.
True from the *Globe* you've got some lassy wiper,
And oft been pilloried with blackest types;
But now sits Conscience on her former throne,
And with your help, the fluid is all our own.

Malcolm Cameron.—

Well, be it so, I'm sure I'd just as soon,
Although you surely cut me as the Coon;
But time and tide are in a horrid hurry
Of this again, when we are through the skurry.

[*Exit*].

George.—

Meanwhile I'll walk in person through the ranks,
And set the lesser lights upon their sninks.

[*Exeunt omnes*].

SCENE IV.—BOSWORTH FIELD NUMBER TWO.

K. Alick.—

Rose, where the dickens are you?

Rose.—

Here I my lord,

K. Alick.—

Put some fresh brick-dust on my royal sword;
Say, is my beaver easier than before,
Since it was stretched at Knappman's flashy store?
If not, go back and purchase me another,
And give that to Van Coccoa Nut, my brother.
Old Isaac wavers, Rose, I think you said;
If he persists in that, off with his head,
So much for Old Buchanan; 's rumours fly
That the two Camerons and McTicken sly,
Try them, good blunkey, with the money test,
Promise great changes—ah! you know the rest.
Of all the independent men, we're sure,
But honest party men wo wust attire;
Gowaa and Robinson are safely loaxed,
But men of conscience must be ably coaxed.
I'll go to bed, I think, yet, ere I strip,
I'll just step down to Lamb's and get a nip.

[*Exit*].

Rose.—

McTinkles the King inclines to pipe his eye,
He has not got that blessed alacrity,
That jolly laugh that he crowlike possessed,
His cheerful temper seems a bit distressed.

Smith.—

Pooh! pooh, you'll see when he gits into Brown,
His blubberchops are anything but down;
You'd less your temper, too, old Rose, 'oo fulgite it,
If you had got the making of a budget.

[*Exeunt*].

SCENE V.—A STREET IN TORONTO.

K. Alick.—

'Tis now half-past eleven, the saloons
Are closely barred, at least they ought to be,
If the new law and now police are worth
A rap; and I can't get a single horn,
Though carefully I've tried; nor can I sleep,
Though Mars grows tired of bustling, and the moon
Will tumble snoring soon from her white throne;
I'll dawdle round the block—and bark the roar
Of Merril's state canals and Brown's reproaches
Ring in my ear; and then McGee's sharp wit,
And Hogan's silences sorely touch my heart;
How languid wink the stars, and the gas lamps
Degrease the company; 'tis deuced dark.
How dumb this stillness; ooo can even catch
The faintest hiccup of the straggler's home;
Would that the bells would bellow "ere,"
I'd pass my nute depending soul with shouts,
And break this cursed silence, hauling the machine.
Where is my latch key? curse it, here it is!
I'll strip and bribe old Morpheus for a slight repose.

[*Lies down, a groan is heard.*]

Ha! I wint the dozeage that? 'Tis not the cat,
For the last perished yestereon by my hand;

And yet if cats havo ghosts, as said Pythagoras,
He praps may treat me to a ghostly scratch,
Ishaw 't 'tis my fancy or the wind beneath
That curreed door, I'll close my peepers,
And get myself enrolled among the sleepers.

(Ghosts of Brandy, Tea, Coffee, Books, &c. rise.)

Brandy.—(*A Chorus of diluted spirits dancing round.*)

Oh! thou base traitor who hast boldly lid
With double forces thy red and crimson hand
On our defenceless head, who to a crew
Of smugglers fierce and rudo has banished me;—
Sleep on, while I at midnight's ghostly hour,
With dreams of horror wako thy guilty soul.
Now gather up thy thoughts—let 'em behold
Me tossed and tumbled on the pobby beach,
Whilst all around a band of ruffians foust
Their lawless eyes, and clutch me in my arms.
This is thy work!—let conscience sorely gnaw
Thy heart, and terribly rovenge my wrongs.

King Alick matters in his sleep.—

What bodes this dream? are those fierce spirits which
At instance of the wator drinkers I
Against my better judgment raised, now littler come
To torment me?
Gigantic chests of tea and bags of coffee advance.

Tea and Coffee.—

Dream on and see the spirits innocet,
Which thou with malice treacherous has wronged,
Could not our gentle innocence persuade
Thy cruel heart to pass us harmless by?
Oh! turns a cruel deed, a most foul deed;
Therefore unarmour unpitted thou shalt fall.

K. Alick.—

More horrors still! wboon will this hideous night
Give place to morn, that I may lunolate
Both tea and coffee at my main meal?

[*Whole libraries of books stalk in.*]

Books.—

'Think on our wrongs, thou wretched monster, think
I had not thee not taxed our life's blood for thy greed?
'Tisad knowledge, taxed the poor man's oldest friend?
Thy father loved and cherished us, but thou
Hast recreant proved, then fall, despair, and die.
Now wake, thou traitor, raise! let bolts of guilt
Prey on thy waking hours; let thy dark fall
To guilty minds a fearful warning run.

K. Alick.—(awakening.)—

Give me a cocktail—Biddy, hold, my head!
I have morn—stay I ha I soft 't 'twas but a dream;
But then so terrible it shakes any soul
Wboon I but think on't, still I cant retreat.

Grits.—

Do your worst; come on—Brown, Cameron, all;
I'll still press on my lariff though I fall.
Who's there?

Enter Smith.

Smith.—

'Tis I, my lord, a little Cobourg rooster,
Come to salute you early in the morn;
Guess now, I'm here, I'll better buckle on
Your Lordship's armour.

K. Alick.—

Oh! scissore, Sidney, haven't I been scared?
I've had such dreams, such visions, by Jove,
Such mocking spirits—falth thy ghostly browns
Appal me more than twenty thousand Brown.

Smith.—

Do not get skeered at dreams, your Majesty,
I had a maiden aunt who had a donkey,
Once in the dark I took it for a spirit,
Ghosts is humbug, Alick don't believe 'em,
George Brown 'ud split himself with laughing if
Ho heard that you were stawampumped thus.

K. Alick.—(galvanically.)

George Brown be blown, it never shall be said
That anything can turn this weighty head;
Hence books and brandy, you are but a trick
You vainly threaten me, the Great Alick.
Rose, Smith and Cayley wavo the banners o'er our
We'll conquer, live or die for ad valorem;
Cease, spirits, cease that taunting strain,
Yo ghosts annuit! Galt is himself again.

Exit tragically.

N. B.—The Clear Grit Richmond has been not so successful as
his namesake; King Alick has triumphed, and the whole
"six Richmonds" ho slaughtered at his feet.