

Ye terrible and bloody drama of ye College Avenue!

SHOWING THAT "MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL."

SCENE I.—College Avenue.

Citizens gathering, jokes cracking, policemen frowning
batons itching, and speakers missing.

First Citizen—

Who called the meeting,
Let him up and speak.

Second Citizen—

Where is he? that's the question;
Think you the man's a fool
To speak while a dozen peelers
But wait to pounce upon him.

Voices—

Down with the gates.

Third Citizen—

Down wid them gates,
Be gorra, now for fun;
My soul's in arms and eager for the row.

Nicol—

I rise to speak,
(Bravo, bravo.)
Where are the men who called this meeting?
They should be here to tell us why
They called us thus together;
Not but we know as well as they,
But it would be a sort of something
To begin on. Why should those gates
Thus mar the beauty of our fair Avenue;
Why deprive us and our wives and sweethearts
Of this our only refuge from the dusty town,
Why keep our little ones from sight of nature's green,
To puddle in the gutter. Why, I ask?
Because some petty owner of a lot
Has crept by stealth into our Council board,
And then breaks oath by serving not the people but
himself.
Away with such a paltry lot.

Crowd—

Hurrah-a-ah. [Cries for Wilson, Moody, Platt, and the
Globe says Jack Sheppard, but said paper need not
flatter itself, the crowd being of too decent a character
to call for a Globe editor. At length John Wilson
takes the stump and mounts the hated fence.]

Wilson—

Is this ere fence a going to remain? (No.)
Is Bugg, the prince of hum-bug here to rule the roast?
And fill his pockets while we choke w' th dust.
No! thrice abhorred thought. Could I,
John Wilson, suffer such a thing, [dren
I, who long have satisfied the cravings of your chil
For bull's eyes sweet, and acid drops so sour,
See them penned up and pine away,
And then myself get blamed for selling goods
Not pure, but delictious—perish the thought.
Let's down to the Council and demand our rights,
For they are sitting there this very night,
Plotting to do this wrong. But mind,
Not one cracked head must mar our doings.
(Cheers; Moody, put out the bobbies, &c.)

Moody—

I'm here boys; still the people's friend.
But where are those who also should be here.
Where's Stokes, great vender of Cream Ice,
And Fisher, Spence; alas they are not here.
They're some where else, I guess.
But I'm here; I'll tell you what to do,
Take Wilson's plan, and mind boys,
Keep the peace. (Cheers.)

Platt—

Let's show we are no reckless mob;
Appoint a deputation to make known our wants.
Let Moody, Wilson and myself,
Ask to be heard, and state your wishes.
(Carried)

[Scene closes; deputation escorted by crowd, and fol-
lowed a long way in the rear by the invisible blues.]

SCENE II.—Council Chamber—crowd rushing in.

Wiman to Carroll—

Whence this noise, disturbing our august assemblage;
Ah! I see the meeting from the Avenue,
The mongrel herd. But I'll dissemble,
And thus curry favor.
Oh Carroll, you little know,
The trials and troubles of a public man.

Just look at me. In January last,
I like a rocket, upward went—phis, phis—
Then came the bang. Now, all that's left
Is the poor charred stick.

The Grumbler e'en deserts me,
But I'll crush it, crush—crush—crush—

[Goes off in a fit, but recovers on one application from
Carroll's pocket pistol.]

The crowd came in
With terrible din,
And Councillors looked flatter
Than ever before, while the little Mayor
On his tip toes stood,
To see what was the matter.

Moody—

We are here charged by the people
To make their wishes known.

Grit Council in chorus—

There's somebody along with Moody,
He's some one at his back I know,
There's big Platt and Bulls-eye Wilson;
Don't let him in by jee.

Wiman—

Hush! let the people's voice be heard.
(Such chaff won't do; we're too o'd a bird.)

Lawlor—

Are we to be thus overawed
Our wisdom sage, thus forced to sprout,
And not by age matured. Avaunt,
Rude people, to your dens go back. [me up.
(Aside—I wish I'd some from Stanley Street to back

Crowd—

Put out the boy.

Mayor—

Shall the deputation be heard? (Carried.)

Wiman, (uproriously)—

Carried.
The deputies express their views.

Tully—

Now we've heard you, be good boys
And homeward go, content that you to-night
Have spoken in our presence; proud should you be
Of such an honor. Think, to-morrow's Globe
Will intersperse your names with ours;
With mighty Wiman, prince of all the blowers,
Bugg, that mighty animal, thrice magnified,
With peaceful Pell, Carroll the pugnacious,
Your names with such will blend;
So now go off to bed and be good boys.

Crowd—

We won't go home till morning,
We won't—[order, chair, clear the galleries.]

Cameron—

Why not cut the road,
'Twill pay us for the trouble we are at,
In legislating for the people;
Besides—[shut up, you've said enough.]

Dunn—

I go for cutting up the Avenue. Cos why?
For prigs and pickpockets, alone,
It is an evening walk—[Bah! how do you know.]
How do I know? As city guardian, I
Often have wended my steps that way
When others were asleep. I was insulted, sir,
Was asked, "who was my hatter," and more,
"Who cut my h'ar," and yet more grievous,
"Did my mother know that I was out."

Some called "Beef-steaks, and others, "mutton
chops."

Then I sped homeward, glad thus to escape.

[Crowd—sit down. Bah! mutton chops sit down.]
Now may you do your worst and blaze away.

[The crowd did blaze away.]

Moody—

They're humbugging us, boys, away,
To other fields the hand of glory points.

[Exit heroically—crowd following.]

SCENE III.—Park Lane, near Gates—crowd drawn up in
battle array.

Wilson—

Now Bob, you reconnoitre, you may perch
And not be seen. My huge carcase
Would form too good a target.

Moody—

To glory John, I ever lead the van.

Wilson—

What see you gallant Bob?

Moody—

Two policemen sleeping at their posts.

Wilson—

Oh! sight uncommon. Aught else?

Moody—

Methinks I spy the remains of what has been
A glorious feed. Two glasses, a broken bottle
And a glass, doth tell a tale.
But ah! what see I there, six glazed caps,
Are they police or scarecrows, bobbing their head,
For either would they pass. But hark,
Dost thou not hear a sound.

Wilson—

'Tis but the snoring of yon sleeping sentinols.

Moody—

No, they approach, I hear the tramping feet,
Prepare our men for action, pass the word,
To frighten not to hurt.

[Scene shifts to the other side of the fence; Deputy
approaches boldly—Mayor dignity personified—police-
men slightly shaky.]

THE PEELER'S MARCH.

Along the line the signal ran,
Wilson expects that every man
This night will do his duty;
For there'll be the devil to pay
If you bolt and run away,
Nor think of Mayor Wilson.

Then up the Avenue rail,
Loud shout the ears assail,
Crying aye, we'll do our duty;
But if they should show fight,
Do you think it would be right
To hit them hard my covey.

And to keep our spirits up,
We'll each take a little sup
Of first class toddy whisky:
Now then for the battle fie'd,
And death to the peeler who would yield
Aft'r drinking such very good whisky.

But now, we're on the ground,
And the word to halt does sound,
Then we thought of home and Biddy:
But scarce had we got the word
When a scream terrific was heard,
And we felt most mighty skeery.

[The rest of the piece being decidedly un-heroic, we
again descend to prose.]

Our knights of the bottle, at the word to halt,
Up started, and in their haste to obey,
Fell o'er each other, on the bottles which of late
So full of spirits were, but now were flatter
Than the nose they came in contact with.
We're struck, be gorra, they exclaimed,
We're kilt entirely; och, the bloodthirsty hounds,
To murder us in blood so cold.
Charge them boys charge,
And thus revenge our fall.

[Policemen show no inclination to charge, so the Mayor
goes to do it for them.]

Mayor—

No, I'll have no blood spilt, no lives lost but my own;
Myself I offer as a sacrifice.

[18 policemen rush in and hold him back.]

Oh don't, your Worship, pray don't,
Let's run, we'll carry you upon our backs,
But do not fight, for then we'll have to;
Most dire dilemma.

Mayor—

For your sakes then I won't,
But see Bob Moody up on yonder fence.

Moody—

Boys we'll go home,
His Worship might catch cold,
Besides, think of the glorious naps
Our peelers now are cheated off,
But down must go the fence.

Wilson—

Yes, we'll go; 'twould scarcely be fair play,
To flog these dozen peelers,
Who insult us by their presence.

Mayor—

That's good boys,
I knew you would go home,
Captain Moody, I thank you;
Wilson, you're a brick;
We'll do what'er you want,
Pull down the fence,
And spike a Councillor on every rail;
And now for Vic our gracious queen, three cheers.

[Cheers given with British feeling.]

[Scene closes; Moody, Wilson, and His Worship em-
bracing; policemen looking sleepy, and crowd dan-
cing the Virginia break-down.]