

CONSTANCY.

I gave Amoret a bracelet fine,
To wear, whilst she was true to me;
'T was rich with the sapphire and emerald shine
As ever your eyes might see.
I gave it my love on a summer morn,
She returned it by next day's light;
But do not suppose I was left forlorn,
For I gave it again ere night.

Epitome of Mr. Brown's Speech at South Oxford.

GENTLEMEN.—Again I stand before you, with principles unchanged, with my heart overflowing with patriotism and a sincere love to my fellow man. I am, so it is reported by my enemies, the author of this much talked of coalition. Let them rather say, the *victim* of this coalition.—(Cheers.)—A Scottish Quintus Curtius, I leap into the gulph which yawns for my political reputation. A second Daniel, I have walked into the lion's den, and the fierce ones harmed me not.—(A voice: "Are ye manin the Cabinet, honey?")—If the present generation do ma-injustice, I leave the matter in the hands of posterity. No love of gain, no undue wish for political power has influenced me; office I scorn, emoluments I despise. A Scotchman's motto is commonly *nemo me impune*. I could translate it in accordance with the sound, "none can impugn me," and that for me would be the truest translation. I live but for Canada, Scotland and New York are alike distasteful, I have tried them both.—(Loud Cheers.—A voice, "Ye wad hae been tried yersel gin ye had bidet there.)

NEW SPECTACULAR DRAMA.

THE INCANTATION SCENE.

Dramatis Personae.

CIRCE	MR. MORRIS, M.P.P.
1ST WITCH	" G. BROWN,
2nd "	" J. A. McDONALD,
3rd "	" G. E. CARTIER,
4th "	" W. McDUGALL,
5th "	" D'ARCY MCGEE,
6th "	" H. T. GALT,
7th "	" O. MOWATT.

Thunder.—Enter CIRCE and 1ST WITCH.

1st Witch.—Over house-tops, over hills,
Over rivers, lakes and rills,
Washing through the elfish crowds,
Down through avenues of clouds;
Dodging all the sharp reporters,
Flanking all policemen's quarters;
Skimmed we at a rapid pace,
But, ha! ha! we've won the race;
Chanticleer, with husky throat,
Trumpets forth his midnight note.
I shall act the part of groom, quick
To our fleet and trusty broom-stick;
Then unbind this monster-pack,
That has almost broke my back.
Circe, let thy sweetest song
Echo through the wood—e're long
Sister—ears shall catch the strain,
Signal that they join our train.

CIRCE SINGS.

Magic hath not lost its power,
Sisters mine, sisters mine;

Haste then to the witches' bower,
Sisters mine, sisters mine.

Midnight finds us here at play,
Sisters mine, sisters mine;
Plotting for the coming day,
Sisters mine, sisters mine.

Enter 2ND WITCH furtively. Flashes of Lightning.

1ST WITCH.—Hither comes that queen of foxes,
With an avalanche of boxes.

Enter 3RD WITCH, with a bound. Thunder.

3rd Witch.—Ah! *ma chere*, we are in luck,
We shall nothing lack for pluck.

Enter 1TH WITCH, tremblingly.

1ST WITCH.—Here's the hag that plays the deuce
With the country's golden goose.

Enter 5th WITCH, with a puzzled expression of countenance. Lightning.

1st WITCH.—Oh what loads the bedlam bears,
All her nostrums, extracts, wares,

Enter 8th WITCH, looking dreadfully Puri-tanical.

1st Wit.—The word religious sure will miss,
A hag so scrupulous as this.

2nd Wit.—Sisters, all but one are here,
Let's to work, for morn is near;

Place the cauldron on its legs,
Hang your precious wares on pegs;

Each with crook in hand prepare,
Everything be done with care;

Nobody must fight or scratch,
While I place the lighted match,

Fan the flames, now blow dear D'Arcy,
E'er 'tis put out by the Paræ;

Now the flame is bright and strong,
Start our incantation song.

1st Wit.—Round and round we go, we go,

7th Wit.—Each on light fantastic toe;

2nd Wit.—In your wares and nostrums throw,

3rd Wit.—Such a mixture—O dear, O—

8th Wit.—Gracious! but I tremble so!

5th Wit.—Gorgons and Chimæras dire,

7th Wit.—Lord! it makes a hag perspire.

2nd Wit.—Hurrah! hurrah! stir up the fire.

ALL.—Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

1st Wit.—First, here goes of *Globes* a file,

They will burn, I'll swear, like "ile."

2nd Wit.—In my Tory notions go,

Every speech 'gainst Brownite foe;

In my perjuries and jobs,

Named, at length, in numerous *Globes*.

ALL.—Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

1st Wit.—In my anti-Tory speeches,

All my demagogic screeches,

All my "popular delusions,"

Arguments against all fusions;

All my charges of corruption,

All my threats of dire disruption;

All belief in John A.'s cunning,

Ridicule of Cartier's funning.

ALL.—Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

3rd Wit.—Lord! dere goes my George Brown

ghost,

Vich I've frightened mit a host;

All my hatred of de Grits,

All my leetle jokes and hits.

5th Wit.—In my Prince, and go to blazes,

Troth, the thoughts of you are teases;

In my extracts from all history,

Sure you'd do to make up this story.

In my fear for the Constitution,
Bloody wars and revolution;
In my standard quips and jokes,
Made expressly for *some* folks,
ALL.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
7th Wit.—Here goes every Grand Trunk sin,
That I've ever meddled in;
Every scheme in contemplation,
With a tinge of speculation;
All my love for piling debt,
On a country in a sweat.
8th Wit.—Sisters, as we're at devotions,
Now I part with all my notions;
All my fear of deep damnation,
Resting on this embryo' nation.
In I cast my hate of priests,
All aspersions of the East;
All my Cartier-nonsense, too,
Slanders on the Frenchman's crew.
1st. Wit.—Now the ingredients all are in,
Let our song again begin.

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2nd Wit.—By the rising of my gorge,
Some one comes this way, by George!

Enter 4TH WITCH. Thunder and drops of rain.

4th Wit.—How now, what's all this about,
Why have I been thus left out?

1st. Wit.—Join us if you will, you may;
Join our circle—come this way.

4th Wit.—If I join your motley band,
Will ye take me by the hand?

ALL.—Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

4th Wit.—Here goes then—Lord, how you
dance!

Give a tired hag a chance.

Yes, I now renounce the past,
Everything behind me cast;

Let the cauldron now receive
All my efforts to deceive;

All my mining speculations,
All assistance to relations;

All the cries I've had for years,
Setting people by the ears.

In goes too the heavy crop,
Reaped by means of Rep. by—

Thunder.—An Apparition of Rep. by Pop.

1st Wit.—Round, and round, and round we go,
See the morn begins to show;

Here, my greatest sacrifice,
In go my religious cries.

Lightning.—An Apparition of the Protestant Horse arises.

2nd Wit.—The deed is done. Come, sisters dear,
See the fusion bright and clear;

Such a liquid ne'er was seen,
Colour neither brown nor green.

Each may now put in her pitcher,
And depart a good deal richer;

For this fusion is a charm
That will save us all from harm.

Bottle it, and show the label,
When you would a foe disable;

Naught with it will bear compare,
For concealing what you are.

Enter Apparition of the LEADER.

1st Wit.—Sisters, darling, sisters fly,
Here's a shy, here's a shy.

Witches vanish, pursued by the Apparition.