

## Scenes illustrating the true course of events in connection with the Great Crisis.

### SCENE II.

GLOBE OFFICE.—*The Governor General has sent for Mr. Brown.—Aide de Camp has just left Mr. Brown's office.*

BROWN (*solus*)—Where's Gordon? 'tis too bad, why ain't he here?

(*Shouts*) Quick, Gordon, come; come, quick, O Gordon dear!

[Enter Gordon, in great excitement. He had been out and had just reached steps of Globe office in time to see Aide de Camp leave.]

GORDON.—Well, George, and is it true? it must be so. Come man, make haste—quick—move—why don't you go?

BROWN, (*wildly*)—Go where?

GORDON.—Why go, and see the Governor, of course. (*Shouting from the window.*) Ho! cabman, there, I say, just stop your horse.

BROWN (*more calmly*)—O, Gordon dear! my head does seem so light.

Just like as if I stood on some vast height.

GORDON.—Of course you do; but just look *up* not *down*; Remember who you are, the great George Brown.

BROWN.—O Gordon! Gordon! now at length the hour

Has come that brings our party into power—

That makes me Premier, gives me added fame,

And tacks an "Honorable" to my name.

O Gordon! Gordon! how I've fought and tried—

And, must I say it, Gordon? how I've lied—

How I have stirred up strife and envious hate,

That even blood can scarce avail to sate.

How I have toiled and toiled the livelong day,

My every power of mind brought into play,

That this great consummation might be won;

And now at length, at length, I see it done.

(*Thinks a moment.*)

But still, though I have won the golden prize,

I view the past with half regretful eyes.

My peace I've given, my health and strength are gone;

Yes, and my friends, I've lost them one by one;

If any I retain 'tis by a sham—

By seeming the reverse of what I am.

I try to make them think that I'm a saint,

And that is just what well I know I ain't.

There are a lot of mercenary souls

That swarm about me just like fish in shoals;

I'm sick of them, and yet I have to smile,

Bow, scrape, and talk to them; but wait a while,—

When once I'm well established in my place,

George Brown will wear a very different face.

GORDON.—Of course, of course; but mind you have to go

To see His Excellency; and if you are slow,

He'll think that you must entertain some doubt

As to succeeding in what you're about.

That would not do, since you have oft made boast

You'd form a Cabinet in an hour at most.

(*A heavy step is heard near the door.*)

BROWN.—I'll go, I'll go! but, Gordon, lock the door;

I'm sure that's Holland—isn't he a bore?

Won't I be glad to bid the chap good-bye.

'Twill be a real blessing.

GORDON.— So say I.

[Holland comes up to the door, is disappointed to find it shut, but still knocks with considerable confidence.]

BROWN (*softly*)—Open the door, the fellow must come in.

GORDON.—It is too bad, it really is a sin

To bother you when you've no time to spare;

Upon my word it almost makes me swear. (*Opens the door.*)

(*Enter Holland.*)

HOLLAND.—Dear Brown, and so you have been called at last,

Just when the session was so nearly past.

Let us shake hands as never hands were shook;

But, what's the matter? why how queer you look!

BROWN (*encouragingly*)—Oh, nothing, nothing, John, you

may depend

George Brown will prove himself a faithful friend;

But we must work, there's lots for all to do,

Just you serve me and I'll remember you.

HOLLAND.—With all my heart, dear George, I'll do my best;

But then I want,—of course you know the rest.

BROWN.—Why no, I don't remember it, I do declare—

GORDON.—Nor I; however that's a small affair.

HOLLAND.—Ah yes! but then I thought I heard you say

You'd give me,—a-h that place—down near the—bay.

BROWN.—Well, well; you know I always keep my word.

HOLLAND.—So I believe, and so I've always heard.

Of course you'll keep in mind the Custom House,

And give it to the man that has the *nous*

Its arduous duties ably to fulfil.

BROWN.—But then you know—the Civil Service Bill.

HOLLAND.—The Civil Service Humbug! see how Spence,

It's framer, found a hole right thro' the fence.

BROWN.—Ha, ha! that's not so bad; well, John, we'll see,

'Twill all turn out just as it ought to be.

GORDON.—Come, George, be quick! the cab is at the door.

BROWN.—All right! then John, good bye, you've luck in

store.

[Brown goes down stairs; Holland mutters to himself,

"I hope he does n't mean I've luck in *my own* store, for

I can contradict that statement myself. However, he can't

mean that.]

### Privileges of Office.

Among other honors which devolve upon the Speaker of the Legislative Council, is that of presenting to the Head of the Government the Addresses of the House, and as the distinguished gentleman who filled that office under the famous Brown Administration had only one opportunity of appearing before his Excellency in that capacity, it is well that the ceremonial should be put upon record in a State Chronicle of so imperishable a character as *The Poker*. Oyez! Oyez!

The ceremonial was conducted in this order:

1st. The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod in court dress, to wit, black braided cut away coat with standing collar and an immense rosette on the nape of the neck, three-cornered cocked hat, small clothes, silken hose, and shoes with broad silver buckles; the imposing rod carried as a sceptre in the dexter, and a sword of State in the sinister hand.

2nd. The Members of the Council, twos and twos.

3rd. The Speaker, in stiff silk robes, and triangular official hat.

4th. The Sergeant-at-Arms, also in court dress, bearing the massive mace on his shoulder, and his faithful steel depending at his side.

5th. The Chief Messenger, in solemn black, with chain of gold around his neck, the Royal Arms pendant.

6th. Two Pages.

7th. The Representatives of the Fourth Estate.

8th. The People.

The procession having reached the vice-regal lodge, a guard of honor saluted the emblem of Royalty—the mace—and a herald with blast of trumpet, announced the Lords.

An Aide-de-Camp received the Speaker, at the gate, and introduced him into the reception room. The Black Rod bowed three times; then everybody else bowed, then His Excellency bowed.

Mr. Speaker, unfolding the deliverance, read as follows:—

May it please Your Excellency:

Her Majesty's faithful subjects, the Members of the Legislative Council, beg to approach Your Excellency for the purpose of declaring that the explanations I, as the nominee of the Administration formed by the Hon. Mr. Brown, was instructed to offer them anent the policy of that Administration, were excessively foolish, insulting, and absurd, and to declare further that they

utterly spurn, contemn, and execrate the abertion profanely called a Government, foisted by the said Mr. Brown on the country, of which Government I am the only mouth-piece in the said Council.

(Signed) JAMES MORRIS,

Speaker.

To which Address, His Excellency was pleased to make answer:—

Mr. Speaker:

I have much satisfaction in receiving your loyal address, and congratulate you upon the great pleasure you must personally experience in being invested by the constitution with the grateful task of giving utterance to sentiments which reflect so much honor upon the House, if not upon yourself.

His Excellency having delivered a copy of his reply, duly signed "Edmund Head," to the Speaker, the procession re-formed and withdrew.

### Fun A-Head!

We are credibly informed that Mr. George Pyper, one of our large merchants, and a gentleman, who, besides, claims respect as a professing Christian man, is going about recommending that a gross insult be offered to His Excellency the Governor General. This we do not state in banter, but as a fact. And now we are authorized to inform Mr. Pyper, who, though a large merchant, is literally a very small man, that a stout fellow undertakes, should he hear Mr. Pyper make use of such threats, to take down his (Pyper's)—O! no, we never mention 'ems, and administer the correction which it seems his mother neglected to give him in his younger days.

DEAR POKER:

Permit an individual laboring under an excessive thirst for knowledge, to enquire if there is any truth in the rumor that the "*Screamer Frigid*" is to be one of the Stokes—no, no—spokes of the political wheel of which G. B.—n is knave—I mean nave—in the capacity of Usher of the *Black Rod*. *Bob le Capting* swears by gum it's so. Is it?

ENQUIREE.

BOB MOODIE.—"I have called to ask your vote for Mr. Cameron at the coming Election."

MR. GREEN.—Well you are a case,—fighting against your friends. Why man last Election you were altogether a *Brown* man.

BOB.—No Siree, you're out there; Brown was a *Moodyman*;—he isn't now, so he won't get in.

### False Reports.

It is not true that preparations were made to illumine the City of Ottawa when the vote on the seat of Government was announced.

It is not true that the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson was invited to officiate in St. James' Cathedral on the first Sunday after his election.

It is not true that John Hilyard Cameron has retired from the contest for Toronto.

It is not true that W. F. Powell resigns his seat for Carleton in favor of Mr. Brown, if he should be defeated in Toronto.