

In tow of hours we strike to blow for France,
And lead *les Anglais* on the *jeu de la danse*.
To twenty-fourth, to French feet they will tell
Quebec to color of their shot and shell.
To twenty-fourth, *mes braves*, on Logan's farm
Our men shall echo to most grand alarm,
It is the birthday of their brave Queen,
And there's *les soldats* for *re-view* have been.
They have to guns, but not no balls have they,
Our men rush out and take to guns away.
It is no most *fin* stratagem of war,
We make *les soldats* prisoners by *grace*.
Then we advance, *vo seize* on Montreal,
And to French flag shall rise to never fall.

Rose: Have you no cannon in your ranks, Cartier?
Cartier: Oh no! but Rose you not have fear,
Mon Shallowpate ho have no lectio plot,
Que seigneur *magnifique*—they shall soon be got.

Rose:—But how?
Cartier:—[Confidentially.]
You know ze cannons on to *Champ de Mars*,
Zo Russian guns—by gar! ho seize on them
With a division of our most bravo men.
Barney shall aid him, who on Logan's farm,
We, Rose, will seize upon zo smaller arm.
That is the trick—Moin, Turcotte will you
Have your men ready for *les Anglais* stov?
Turcotte:—Ready and willing.
Cartier:

Then we part once more,
To meet on Logan farm, begin ze dance
To meet to cry of *Vive la, Vive la France*.
To-morrow night in town's and there's a hot all
Zo we meet here and walk ze coming ball;
(Save Shallowpate and his division who
Know most precisely what to do.)
Come with their guns, their pitchforks and their pokers.
To hit there English see wote, no scots jokers.
Till then farewell—our little cry is "*France*,"
"Cartier and Nap" to leaders of ze dance.
(They separate and scene closes)

SCENE 2d.—Another room in Montreal—Present Holton and
Decker.—Enter McGe.

Holton: What new, McGe? Does every thing progress
As we have long anticipated?
McGe: Yes,
On the Queen's birthday they make the attack,
And hope to whip the soldiers in a crack.
They meet on Logan's farm and think the troops
Ball-cartridge will be minus as of old.
They hope then to surround them and to seize
Each man, a rifle with the rest of the crew.
Then march on here and seek co-operation
From the whole French Canadian population.
Alas! while French Shallowpate, great dupiter out-stare,
Ho be the caisson on the Champ de Mars.

Holton: This beats McGe, the game you played a card in,
The Vegetable Irish cabbage garden.

McGe: Hush! I an' tho' lovest me, Hal; hush! I say no more,
That cut's unkind—the wound feels rather sore.

Holton: Well then a truce—but say, does Cartier still
Expect the French trick?
McGe: Yes, faith, and he will;
For perhaps twice twenty hours—most likely then
Ho may be undeceived like other men.

Holton: Well then all's ready, Dorion and I
Will hold be present at all' eventful morn.
And far an may be, stay till 'npend'ng storm.
The troops of course will have ball-cartridge served,
But if the fates nought unpropitious send,
This Cartier folly shall have blood loss sent.
(Scene closes.)

ACT IV.

Time 11 a. m.—24th May.

SCENE 4th.—Logan's Farm—Cartier and miscellaneous army
drawn up in a revue.

Cartier: The hour is near, *mes braves*, strike one and all
For Cartier, France, and *mes braves* fall.
Strike your your language—*lars*—cry "*Death to Grits*,"
And knock to *racelle* into little bits.
Oh! *Rose mon frere*, I feel my single arm
Will fight ze comrades from all Logan's farm.
(Rose doesn't reply but groans in spirit.)

Enter messenger.

Cartier: Oh! oui, *c'est bon* it is my messenger.
Hasten, *depêchez*; what news have you, Sir?
Messenger (nourfully):—
Mon chief, the French fleet—
Cartier:—
Is before Quebec?

Messenger:—
Alas! it has not reached St. Lawrence yet.
Traitors, my chief, amidst our camp have been.
We are deceived, no French ship has been seen.
Cartier:—
Not seen, *ma foi* have I not had dispatches?

Messenger:—
All frauds, all tricks, not one ship to the scratch is.
Cartier:—

Pointe! It is bad, air, keep your tidings dark;
We'll have a bribe yet with those English sparks.
See! I see I they come, *mes braves*, the troops are here,
Wait for the signal, then with our loud cheer,
Rush for their arms, secure them one and all,
No need for fear—they never load with ball.
The troops advance, and are drawn up in line; at word
of command one company fires a volley over the ravine where
Cartier and his men are stationed. To the surprise of the latter,
the *whiz* of balls is unmistakably heard over their bonds.
Cartier feels uncomfortable and turns to Rose.

Cartier:—
Mon frere, more traitors, too, whizzed through ze air.
Rose:—
They'll whizz through us, too, if you don't take care.

Cartier:—
You into, *mon frere*, the die is cast, and I
Will have one brush with them before I do.
(He turns to them.)
Mes braves one cheer! then follow me and cry
"Cartier and France" to death or victory.

A faint cheer is heard, Cartier rushes out, followed by Rose
and about twenty of his men. Morin, Turcotte and the rest beat
a very unmodified retreat. Cartier, however, has picked—every
one knows that Cartier does not hesitate—he brings his musket
to his shoulders—*fire*—*wion, oil!* the sad fortunes of war,
the charge is heavy, the musket indifferent—it explodes, and
Cartier falls a senseless, bleeding man. Holton gallops up—
draws from a hid that he is carrying for the States—the line at
St. Lambert—orders the lifeless body of Cartier to be conveyed
to Montreal, where the troops all return, and assembly on the
Champ de Mars.

SCENE 2d.—CHAMPS DE MARS.—Present Brown, Holton, and
other ministers. The troops in the background.
Enter Police Sergeant, with Shallowpate, and flag bearing the
following inscription—
"Whoever dares these Russian guns displace,
Must Shallowpate encounter face to face."

Brown:—
What have we here?
Sergeant:—
The prisoner, Sir, with twenty others placed
Upon the Russian Guns this flag this morn,
I and my men, Sir, waiting near the place
Stowed out and met the prisoner face to face.
We fought and conquered—ero a sword was drawn
I took him and his crumpled flag in pawn.

Brown:—
We'll keep him Sergeant, to the Court must he
Answer for his most strange activity.
There let him ponder for a soun o'er
Re-conquered Canada, his project yet.
(Which, please the pigs, is not re-conquered yet.)
Shallowpate is removed, and the scene closes. It may be per-
haps as well to remark that Barney Devlin, who escaped from
the Champ de Mars, did it convenient to make himself scarce.

THE NEW WRITTEN CONSTITUTION.

By one of those unaccountable freaks which political
visions are wont to play, the great Grit, the cham-
pion of responsible government, the adorer of the
British constitution, has suddenly become enamored
of the clumsy machinery of Yankee govern-
ment. Why this change? Yesterday, who so con-
servative of the Union and Responsible Government
as the Hon. George? To-day, who so wild and un-
settled, drifting in one article through all the down-
ward steps to political perdition, dissolution, wreck
constitution, elective street sweepers? If we could
whisper into the ex-premier's ear a word of counsel
and of warning, we would gladly do so, but we
fear that he is past redemption. Like our particular
friend *Old Double*, we have felt our old British
feelings sadly outraged by the absurd movement of
the *Globe*, and last, as the *Leader* would say, "any
of the unwary" may be led away by the cry; we
insert some of the clauses from the new written con-
stitution as prepared at the last "dark-lantern
meeting." Read and Tremble:

- ART. I. The Executive shall consist of Hon. Geo. Brown.
 - ART. II. All Public printing to be done at the *Globe* Office.
 - ART. III. The Legislature shall consist of the Editors of the *Globe*, and such others as they may appoint.
 - ART. IV. The Press shall be free, provided it speaks on the right side.
 - ART. V. Bothwell to be the Seat of Government.
 - ART. VI. All rebellious subjects to be disfranchized.
 - ART. VII. All the Public Lands to be divided amongst the Grits.
 - ART. VIII. The Judiciary to consist of N. C. McEntire and Lemon John.
- The Constitution goes on this frightful manner

through fifty articles. We understand that the
"Jark-lantern" men have made provision for demol-
ishing the Canadian Militia. Several maskers were
observed on Tuesday evening last, dogging Lieut.
Pateroso, the chief officer of the force in Toronto,
and we have reason to believe that he and Col. de
Salaberry have been marked out as the first victims.
The former is to be recompensed for the danger he in-
curs by being made a companion of the Bath. The
conspirators intended to make the first attack on
the Queen's Birthday but luckily the imposing ap-
pearance of the Yorkville Cavalry cowed the traitors.
On Thursday a horse-pistol was carried into the
Globe Office and several ounces of gunpowder
are already stored up for the first encounter.
We implore our fellow-citizens to look to their
shooting irons, for the hour of conflict is near. We
shall keep our eyes well-trimmed, and it shall not
be our fault if the fatal moment comes upon them
unawares.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

DEAR GRUMBLER,
On the morning of this eventful Holiday I got up
in good health and spirits determined to enjoy my-
self. As the President of the Highland Society, I
was bound to encourage the Highland Sports of the
day, and accordingly advanced to Caer Howell,
where I found a number of Scotchmen with large
bones and knuckles, and no trowers on, throwing
hammers to immense distances. I took up the fatal
instrument, and projected it far beyond the goal.
The Highlanders were jumping. I took off my coat
and white satin neck-tie, and jumped clear of the
farthest mark. I donned my tie and coat again,
treated all round, and went to the review. Here I
found a horse without a rider, whose master had
been dismounted by the impetuous Count Holiwell.
I mounted him and pursued Count Holiwell for
revenge. I saw his sabre flash in the air. I saw his
men lead their guns; I saw the matches placed on
the touchhole, I saw the fish, heard the report, and
knew no more. I came to my senses soon, and in
half an hour took passage by the Zimmerman,
where in compliance with the general request, I made
the following speech:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—
Permit me, before speaking to the toast of our
gracious Queen, to ask in the words of the poet—
"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to his gal hath said,
'Woe't you come o'er in the Zimmerman?'"

The character of our gracious Queen is consider-
able ahead of that of any Queen of antiquity. She
has not killed her husband Semiramis, as Queen
Nini is said to have done, nor has she ever killed
Queen Elizabeth, as Mary Queen of Scots is histor-
ically known to have done. None of these great
wrongs has ever been laid to her charge, so let
everybody put it further on, as the great bacchan-
alian poet Wordsworth says,

"Apply his lips unto
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped brandy flask,"
and drink to the health of her gracious Majesty."

To make a long story short, we arrived safely at
the Falls where we had Ice Creams and Bottled Port-
er. While walking near Table Rock, I made a bet
with a tall Yankee that I would jump from it into
the water. I did jump, but, by the time I got
about half way down, my coat tails caught in a cleft,
and there I stuck, while a colony of wasps upon
which I had involuntarily intruded, stung me most
mercifully in those parts where my clothes were the
most abraded by the edges of the rock. A rope was
let down to me by Mr. Barnum, who offered to take
me just as I was and exhibit me in the States, as a
second Sam Patch, and give me half the profits. I
of course rejected his offer with disdain, telling him
that my business at the next Assizes was too re-
munerative to allow me to remain away from To-
ronto, even if I had a mind to make profit in so un-
dignified a manner. How I was half killed on the
cars, how I met with numberless other adventures,
I cannot tell you now, but must remain
Your obedient servant,
NEIL O. MOLYNEUX.