

## — THE ARROW —

### MODERN INCANTATIONS.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*First Witch*.....*Fielding.*  
*Second Witch*.....*Laurier.*  
*Third Witch*.....*Edgar.*  
*Hecate*.....*Blake.*

*First Witch :*

"Thrice the blatant *Globe* has howled."

*Second Witch :*

"Thrice, and once has Sanfield whined."

*Third Witch :*

"Brown's ghost cries 'It's time ! it's time !'"

*First Witch :*

"Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poisoned slanders throw,  
M. C., who retired alone,  
Days and nights full thirty-one,  
Venomed falsehoods sleeping got,  
Simmer in the charming pot."

*All :*

"Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

*Second Witch :*

"Slips of Deacon's leaders take,  
In the cauldron boil and bake,  
Poem of Edgar, tongue of Cook,  
Western scalp and contract book,  
Cartwright's sums and Laurier's gun ;  
Of Indian's flour make a bun  
With Riel's blood. Stir races' hate,  
Simmer here the country's fate."

*All :*

"Double, double, nation's trouble,  
Fire burn, the slander bubble."

*Second Witch :*

"Rebel thoughts of anarchist  
To throw in should not be missed ;  
Lies, all colours, blue and red,  
Slanders which may not be said,  
All the vain imaginings  
He who would secession brings.  
Seek fanatic spirit dire,  
Add its heat unto the fire ;  
Stir the pot and make it bubble ;  
We will work a nation's trouble."

*All :*

"Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

*Third Witch :*

"Cool it with hypocrisy—  
That's what charnis democracy."

*Hecate :*

"Ah, well done. I commend your pains,  
And every one shall share the gains.  
And now about the cauldron sing  
To mix the scandals each doth bring."

SONG.

"Spirits of Dunkin and Scott,  
Spirit of Brown we call,  
Spirits whose names we may not  
Speak, pour your vials of gall."

*Second Witch :*

"By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes."

*Enter Blake.*

*Blake :*

"How now, you secret, black and midnight hags ;  
What is't you do ?"

*All :*

"A deed without a name."

*Blake :*

"I conjure you by that which you profess—  
Though little you believe it—answer me !  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the Churches ; though anarch'al waves  
Confound and swallow civilization up ;  
Though agriculture die, and industry  
Doth wither at the roots ; and public works  
Do topple down upon their builders' heads,  
And all that's prosperous in the state do die—  
Yet do ye my behests."

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