

**LAMENT,**  
SUSPOSED TO BE SUNG BY WM. CAYLEY, THREE WEEKS HENCE.

*Air—Old Dog Tray.*

The Government's day is past,  
And Brown's in place at last,  
And with him the Clear Grits of a former day,  
The members we have seen  
In opposition keen,  
Are making sport of poor John A.

*Chorus—*Poor John A's very doleful,

Griev'd at the loss of his pay,  
He's fretful and he's wild,  
A man so awful rid,  
There never was as poor John A.

When Brown speaks of the past,  
His eyes are on him cast,  
I know that he feels like to cut his throat some day,  
Though now he cannot speak  
Above a paltry sneak,  
He's jabbering all the time, is poor John A.

Poor John A., &c., &c.

The men he called his own  
Have mislead one by one  
The false ones, the Frenchmen have all gone astray;  
Their ready votes are gone,  
Their bullying is done,  
There's nothing left to poor John A.

Poor John A., &c., &c.

### THE EXCITEMENT IN THE HOUSE.

It is not often that we witness such a pleasant scene, as we saw in the House on yesterday (Friday) afternoon, before the Speaker took the chair. Mr. Foley was surrounded by a crowd of jolly faces—foremost among which, was that of the late Post-Master General, who, in playful mood insisted on cheering him into the ministerial benches. Mr. J. S. McDonald was captured on the steps leading to the chair, and had a narrow escape of being treated in a similar manner. Attorney General McDonald never was seen in better spirits, and at the solicitation of his admirers danced a horn-pipe on the floor below the mace. Mr. Piche was an object of great attention, and in return for being lionized, got in the late Attorney General's seat, and made a speech which was rapturously received, after which he sang a song, with a chorus, which was led off by the Attorney General East, and sustained by the whole house. Dr. Connor was in as great glee as if he had his appointment to the Bench already in his pocket; and to show his fitness for such a position, he allowed himself to be blinded for a game of blind-man's buff. Clear Grits and Ministerialists were hand and glove; and the frolic was at its height, when the Speaker was announced, and the members dispersed to their places, like school-boys at the sight of their domine.

Then the doors were ordered to be opened, and instantly the great unwashed rushed to the top gallery; while the strangers' was soon filled by an eager mob of ladies and gentlemen, who trampled and crushed one another in a dreadful manner—in order to secure a sight.

Order being restored Mr. John Sheridan Hogan rose, and prepared himself for a brilliant effort. All eyes were fixed upon him, and the silence was intense, when instead of launching into an oration after Burke, he simply presented a petition and took his seat amidst the suppressed titter of the members.

Mr. J. S. McDonald next rose, and again the house was in any agony of suspense. "Mr. Speaker (said J. S.) Mr. Dorion—not able—ministry. What—xtensive time 'el—Monday." (sign of disappointment apparent in galleries.)

Hon. J. S. McDonald rose, and once more the

immenso crowd, was as hushed as the grave. "Mr. SPEAKER, [said he] My-hon-friend-want's-time. Certainly. Can-have-two-months-if-he-pleases—more-than-this-house-do-now-adjourn."

The Speaker put the question and vanished, leaving the densely-packed-multitude-staring-at each other in the most comical manner in the world; and expecting in patience, for the second part to commence. But nothing further occurred to atone for the brevity of the proceedings which they had come so far and suffered so much to witness.

### THE THEATRE.

It would require no little assurance on the part of any one who saw "London Assurance" the other night, to predict that it will live for a hundred years. The first two acts went on wings of lead, although we occasionally caught a glimpse of Charles Mathews as *Dazzle*. We do not wonder indeed that Mr. Bourcicault, on the first introduction of this comedy, should have been at a loss to explain it, for it seems to us that it has been put together much after the fashion of a meddly song, in which contrariety of tune and meaning constitute the excellence. *Dazzle* is a mystery unaccountable, except as a vehicle for saying smart things, which one might tolerate in a billiard room; but as put forth by Mr. *Dazzle*, they seem to found a system of social ethics of the never-say-die school, which even we, funny men, by no means straight-laced, cannot endorse. But *Lady Gay Spanker* comes on the scene: a fine dashing, hard-riding lady—which Mrs. Mathews performed admirably—but of no aid to such plot as there is: plot! where is it? What does the plot mean? A question which has already puzzled the author. Sir *Harcourt Courtley*, whom we saw most of, and liked least, falls in love with lady *Gay*, and is laughed at. We thought, indeed, that Mr. Nickinson should have played that part—if he is still connected with the Theatre. His name is yet on the hand-bills, and he owes something to the play-goers of Toronto. Of the other characters, *Dolly Spanker*, is the best. Indeed, he is to our mind, the hero of the piece. Mr. Lee acted this character to the life. We do not know how to treat *Charles Courtley*, (Mr. Marlow) for positively "there is nothing in it." *Meddle* (Mr. Biddles), is a lawyer who fills up the low comedy gap, and was satisfactorily done by Mr. B. *Grace* (Mrs. Marlow) did not realize our ideal any more than that she was pestered with *ennui*.

The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews terminates to-night. Mr. Mathews has run the gauntlet of his favourite pieces, and carries with him our earnest wishes. Many of his more highly-finished characters may appear to him not to have been quite appreciated, but that is owing to the state of society here, which bears but few affinities to the more refined and delicate shades of comedy, which require more knowledge of the world than many of us have opportunities of learning. We can adduce that piece, "Two can play at that game," which although put upon the stage in a way not to disgrace a metropolitan theatre, was not appreciated as it ought to have been.

Mr. Mathews and his charming wife will leave a gap in our little theatrical world which it will be difficult to fill.

### TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

On Thursday morning last, the members of the Legislative Assembly, with an exhibition of hilarity unknown during the reign of the late ministry, entered into a boisterous game of tomfoolery. The House had adjourned at 10 o'clock, after the resignation of the ministry. The Speaker's chair and the Treasury benches were empty. Mr. Fellers allowed himself to be thrust into the chair, on condition of being allowed to smoke his cigar as usual. Gordon Brown was brought down from the reporters gallery and placed in the late Receiver General's chair. Peter Brown was sent for and became a mock Commissioner of Public works, while Mr. Geo. Brown amid loud cheers was ordered to present the House with a mimic Budget, that he might show his capacity for the post of Inspector General. Mr. Robinson struggled violently with Dr. Connor for the Solicitor General west's seat, till Mr. Mowatt turned them both away and took possession of it himself. The other seats were filled about as competently by the time that Inspector General Brown had prepared his Budget.

Inspector General Brown begged the House to remember it was now at the end of the Session of 1859, a Session remarkable for tranquil and successful legislation. The country had recovered from the effects of former ministerial incompetency, and was in a thriving and vigorous condition. To proceed to details which he was certain would defy the attacks of a cavilling opposition, he would state, in the first place, that since the Bothwell estate had become the seat of Government, it had become decapitated in value, and its sale had realized a comfortable competency for himself and family, and consequently for the Province in general. There was in the said estate a large quantity of marsh land, which he would be happy to sell to the Government for depreciated debentures, on condition of its draining said lands and making a public park of them for the recreation of the inhabitants of Bothwell and of the two Provinces.

He was happy to state that the *Globe* newspaper which had so long been of immense utility to the Province, as an exposé of fraud and corruption, had become entirely freed from debt since its connexion with the Queen's Printing Office.

The Great Western Railway had also met with great prosperity, was yielding a large dividend, and was about to assume in a short time the debts and responsibilities of the Grand Trunk Railway.

All these great national blessings, and a fair share of agricultural prosperity owing, under Providence, to the exertions of Mr. McDougall, the Minister of Agriculture, who, by circulating his "Cultivators" broadcast throughout the country, had completely eradicated the weevil, had so recruited the finances of the country, that, instead of the alarming deficiency existing at the close of Mr. Cayley's official career, there was now a surplus of twelve millions of dollars. (Hear, hear.) At this moment a messenger came from the Government House, requesting an interview with Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown immediately decamped, and, upon Mr. Powell's offering to treat all round, the mock Parliament adjourned for a drink.