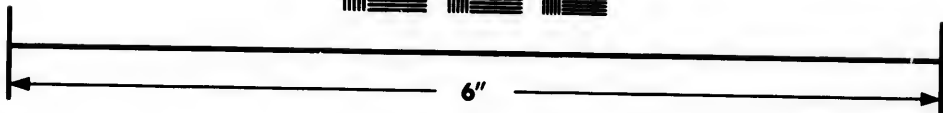
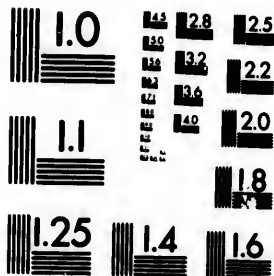


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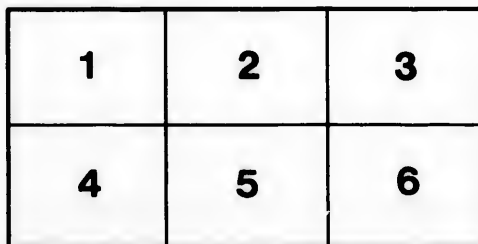
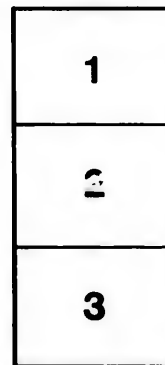
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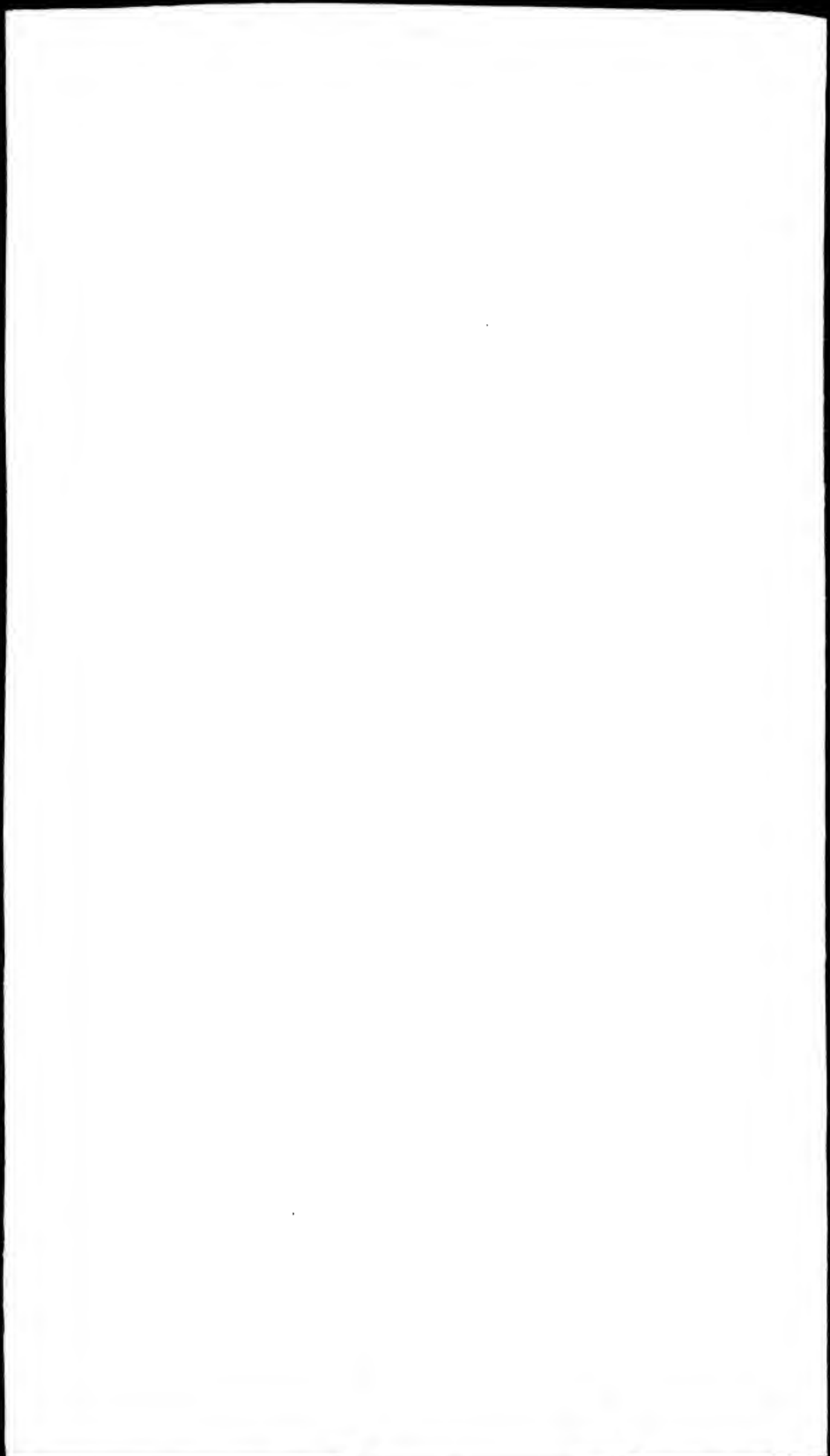
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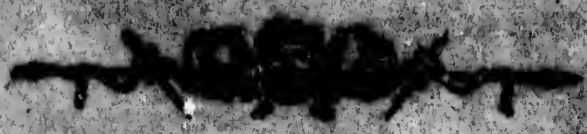


REWARDED  
OR, THE 5700  
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REBELLION LOSSES BILL SIGNED,

AND THE DESTRUCTION OF BOTH

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,  
BY FIRE!!



"The weight of this sad time we must obey;  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say."

KING LEAR.

BY CHARLES SMITH,

Author of "Look out ahead," and Discussions, in verse, on "The  
Rebellion Losses, or the spirit of 1837 and '38 revived."

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY...

1848.

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# REBELS REWARDED,

OR, THE

## REBELLION LOSSES BILL SIGNED,

AND THE DESTRUCTION OF BOTH

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Rebellion Losses, or the spirit of 1837 and '38 revived."

---

MONTREAL:

1849.



To JOHN PRINCE, Esquire, M. P. P.

SIR,

The important services that you rendered this glorious appendage of Her Most Gracious Majesty in the memorable years 1837 and '38, never be forgotten by thousands of Her Majesty's loyal subjects; and although it will not require any effort of mine to refresh their memories on this subject, yet a feeling of gratitude for the many tokens of respect shown to your humble servant impels him, on the present occasion, to dedicate this small trifle to you, at the same time ardently hoping that you may long wield your sword in defence of your country, thereby proving to Rebels and Traitors that "Britons never will be slaves".

I am, Sir,

With many respects,

Your humble and obed't. servant,

CHAS. SMITH

MONTREAL, 12th July, 1849.

# REBELS REWARDED,

OR, THE

BELLION LOSSES BILL SIGNED,

BY A BRITISH GOVERNOR.

---

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM,

IN THREE PARTS.

---

When a civilized, brave and Loyal People are goaded to desperad  
and Madness by the unjust and tyrannical acts of their Rulers,  
are justified in rising up in arms against them. And let me ask  
power on earth is able to withstand them—you may as well  
to subdue the mighty waves of the ocean with a feather, or  
a tiger with a wreath of flowers as strive to curb, or disarm  
of their implacable fury.

C. S.

---

## FIRST PART.

What horrid Scheme is this ?  
Pray tell me ! tell !  
'Tis one of madness, fury  
Hot as hell  
Yes fury like mount Etna  
In its rage,  
That Sweeps whole Cities  
From the world's Page.  
A horrid Bill's been Signed,  
A hellish plot,  
By one who calls himself  
A true born Scot ;  
A Bastard Scot 'tis plain  
That he, must be,

Or to this Scheme he never  
Would agree ;

"Tis one of darkness  
Smuggl'd thro' in haste  
Against the wishes and  
The public taste,  
Of those who bled when dangers  
Thick as hail,  
Broke o'er their heads and caus'd  
Them oft to wail.

### SECOND PART.

The clouds were black,  
The skies portended rain  
When Elgin's Earl,  
Arose with might and main.  
He stretch'd his hand  
And took the fatal pen,  
Dipt it in gall  
And sign'd his name, what then ?  
A curse light on—  
The deed as black as night  
Curs'd be the day,  
The hour it saw the light ;  
Rebellion losses,  
"Tell it not in Gath,"  
They'll ne'er be paid  
While we've an inch of path  
To stand upon,  
Believe me that's a truth  
Divinely bright  
One that will stand 'midst envy,  
Spleen and spite.  
His Lordship felt this truth  
I'm proud to say,  
Ere he reached home on that  
Portentous day.

The insulted crowd his insult  
 Quick repell'd,  
 They too had hearts and Spirits  
 That rebell'd  
 Against the foul deed.

THIRD PART.

Up-spoke a man of spirit  
 In the crowd,  
 Shall we be slaves my friends? he  
 Cried aloud;  
 Shall we submit to tyrants? men,  
 He said,  
 Whilst rebels are rewarded, aye,  
 and paid,  
 For powder, shot and bullets  
 Made of lead;  
 That they in times gone by hurl'd  
 At the head  
 Of every Loyalist that  
 Lov'd his Queen,  
 Both French and English, Scotch,  
 And Irish green.  
 Never,—cried one more valorous  
 Than the rest,  
 And drew an egg from out his  
 Milk-white vest,  
 Which egg he sent with such a  
 Deadly aim  
 That it bedaubed my Lord, aye!  
 That's quite plain.  
 Shall rebels still be paid,  
 Pray tell us, pray?  
 That's the great question calls  
 Us here to day!



Direct your movements  
 With their flowing pen ;  
 Be Prudent but be Valorous  
 I say,  
 Success is yours, and victory  
 Leads the way.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

LORD ELGIN, Governor General of the Province.

COLONEL BRUCE, Brother to Lord Elgin.

LORD MARK KERR, Aide de Camp to the Governor General.

L. H. LA FONTAINE, Attorney General, C. E.

ROBERT BALDWIN, Attorney General, C. W.

W. H. BLAKE, Solicitor General, C. W.

L. T. DRUMMOND, Solicitor General, C. E.

L. M. VIGER, Receiver General.

J. LESLIE, Provincial Secretary.

F. HINCKS, Inspector General.

M. CAMERON, President Board of Works.

J. H. PRICE, Commissioner Crown Lands.

W. H. MERRITT, President of the Council.

*Members of the Legislative Council and Members of  
Legislative Assembly.*

*Officers, Loyalists, Clerks, Soldiers, and a large concourse  
of People.*

THE COUNTESS OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE.

THE HONORABLES MESDAMES LA FONTAINE, HINCKS,  
DRUMMOND, and two Ladies' Maids.

---

SCENE—*Montreal ; time, evening ; date, 25th April,*





# The Destruction of both Houses of liament by Fire !

## A MELO-DRAMATIC POEM.

### ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*An Ante-room in the House of Assen*

*Enter COL. BRUCE.*

"Tis now the hour, his Lordship's wheels are slow :  
This bodes no good, that he's so late to day.  
Methinks this rebel bill will not work well ;  
For last night in my sleep " I had a dream"—  
"Tis strange—I am not apt to dream at night—  
And such a frightful, horrid, ugly dream—  
Methought my Lord and I did ride in state,  
When at a sudden turn our wheels fell off,  
And all our efforts to adjust them proved in vain.  
Just then a crowd of people on us gazed :  
Their eyes like lightning glared—their arms were stou  
As bars of brazen gates, their voices strong as  
Hector in his might.  
Oh, heavens ! they gave a shout that with a fright  
Our horses started off at railroad speed.  
No help was nigh at hand—the crowd grew furious :  
A man with threatening aspect told my lord  
His doom was seal'd ! then rais'd his brawny arm  
And smote him down to mother earth. He rose,  
But in an instant fell to rise no more.  
Trembling I woke, nor closed my eyes again.  
But look ! here comes my lord, my soul's delight ;  
For him I'll gladly die or boldly fight.

[Enter THE EARL OF ELGIN.]

Other, why so sad at such a time.

[COL. BRUCE.]

Eight more gross than lead, my Lord,  
 At the very orifice o' my heart;  
 Ah! 'tis late, and we must e'en depart.

[Exeunt.]

ACT I.

SCENE II.—*The Legislative Council Chamber, the Council  
 standing and uncovered, and the Members of the Lower  
 House in attendance. After the usual ceremony, the  
 Clerk of the House rises, and reads in an audible voice  
 the title of certain Acts, (to wit):*

CLERK.

Act for the more effectual encouragement of 'Treason  
 and Rebellion, by holding out offices and rewards to the  
 authors, aiders and abettors thereof!!

The Governor General consents to this Bill in Her Ma-  
 jesty's name."

[Slight cheering from the Ministry.]

Act to define with accuracy the meaning of the word  
 "Loyalty," and to illustrate, with more than legal preci-  
 sion, the meaning of the words "Spurious Loyalty!!"

The Governor General consents to this Bill in Her Ma-  
 jesty's name."

[Cheers and counter cheers.]

Act to indemnify Rebels in certain cases not clearly  
 defined, commonly known as "The Rebellion Losses  
 Bill!"

"The Governor General consents to this Bill in Majesty's name."

[*Murmurs of disgust and disapprobation fill the house once loyal people.*]

An Act to benefit "French Canadians" at the expense of the "Anglo Saxons !!"

"The Governor General consents to this Bill in Majesty's name."

[*French Members smile at their own duplicity, wave their hands and assume the importance of victors rather than the demeanor of a conquered people !*]

"An Act to amend the Charter of the University established at Toronto, by his late Majesty King George the Third, and to provide for the more satisfactory government of the same !!"

"The Governor General consents to this Bill in Majesty's name."

[*Rather doubtful whether it will accomplish its object.*]

COL. BRUCE.

I verily believe, Honourable Gentlemen, that my friend the Governor General, would consent to, and sign, a death warrant, if it were put into his hands ; in fact he is wrong in his head, for he consents to, and signs a death warrant, of late.

LA FONTAINE.

Such language, Sir, is rather unparliamentary. The Governor General would do nothing of the kind : he only does as he is ordered by his Ministry, of whom I have the honor to be chief.

BALDWIN.

Mr. Speaker, I can safely affirm that the Governor General is a sane man : he lives regular in the day time and never goes to bed at night intoxicated. [Cheers.]

*Speaker of the Legislative Council.*

men, I must put an end to this discussion, it being irregular, inasmuch as there is no motion before your honourable House.

The Council breaks up in confusion, and the Clerk, placed under the table, exultingly whispers to his office, that "the work goes bravely on," and feels in the prospect of a good situation for some time to

[*The curtain falls.*]



## ACT II.

II.—A public street, facing the old Parliament buildings, the populace egging the Governor, who passes in his carriage, amidst the yells, shouts and execrations of an injured and insulted people.

*First Loyalist.*

What the Bruce?

*Second Loyalist.*

That same is he.

*First Loyalist.*

**Fire! fire, my boys!**

**We'll let him see**

**That Britons will in justice quick repel,  
And send all traitors swiftly into hell!**

[*Cheers, shout, yells and execrations.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE II.—*A hall at the Governor General's Residence, Monklands.*

*Enter HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL. His Vice-Chancellor robes somewhat besmear'd with unsavory viands.*

I'll be revenged, by heavens! I will:  
This Tory faction shall not lack their pay:  
I'll teach them, one and all, to stay at home,  
And not parade the streets unless I list,  
Insulting me, their lawful Governor.

*Enter an Aide de Camp.*

My Lord, if my poor services can be of use, command them.

ELGIN.

You're kind—aye, very kind—  
Take off those soil'd garments—  
Use all haste—oh heavens!  
That it should come to this.

*Aide de Camp (aside.)*

Revenge, my Lord, is sweet, and easy too,—  
Command my service, and you'll find me true,

ELGIN

A word—your services I may require—  
No—no, it must not, cannot, shall not be;  
I will not seek revenge on those, my foes.  
Away thou evil spirit, tempt me not,  
Let me not see thy face again this night;  
Thou art more hideous than the man of sin,

get thee gone ! this instant leave my sight !

*Beats him off the stage, and passes through a private door.*

ACT II.

III.—A Drawing Room at Monklands, the Countess of ELGIN. Mesdames, LA FONTAINE, HINCKS, and DRUMMOND, admiring a Parrot.

*Enter LORD ELGIN—Salutes the LADIES.*

MADAM LA FONTAINE.

How pale your Lordship looks to day,  
and any thing unusual taken place.

ELGIN.

—I've been hooted—pelted by a mob  
of rascals.

MADAM DRUMMOND.

Lord, such conduct to so good a man  
is without all precedent.

MADAM HINCKS.

—I would have the scoundrels hung in chains,  
if they did the deed before the Sun—  
I would lay'd his glorious face to-morrow.

LADY ELGIN.

—That "Rebellion Losses Bill" has done all this,  
if good my Lord had you but lent an ear  
to the advice I gave some three moons since,  
your Lordship would not thus have far'd to-day,

But "Such is life" and honors fly away.

ELGIN.

'Tis true your Ladyship threw out a hint,  
That discontent and trouble might arise  
From this same measure!  
But that 'twould come to this  
I never for an instant did surmise.

LADY ELGIN.

I Fear my Lord more mischief will arise  
From this same lenient measure,  
And yet I humbly hope 'tis but a fear,  
A woman's childish thought.

ELGIN, [*in a tremulous manner.*]

I do begin to fear that all's not right:  
That something dreadful will take place to me.

MADAM LAFONTAINE.

Fear not my Lord, my Lady's felt a shock,  
'Tis natural, my Lord, it should be so,  
But that yourself should fear is not so just:  
My Country-men are firm well tried of old,  
And will their Banner to the breeze unfold.  
Your Enemies, my Lord, they'll boldly face  
And bring your Lordship out of this disgrace.

SONG. — BY MADAM HINCKS.

'There is no cause of fear my Lord,  
Be calm and take a glass of wine;  
Tho' clouds obscure your path to night,  
To-morrow's Sun may brightly shine.

away.

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ne ;

ght,

shine.

Bill will be soon forgot,  
and things assume their usual course ;  
tomorrow clouds your brow to night,  
you'll find relief *Demain per-force*.

husbands are bright clever men,  
he'll put the tories all to flight :  
you wish your Lordship health,  
Good night my Lord,—my Lord, good night.

MADAM DRUMMOND.

Good night your Ladyship—may sweet repose  
refresh your feeble system,  
may the God of Heaven bless you :  
and shower on his Lordship—  
his choicest gifts.

—MESDAMES LAFONTAINE, HINCKS and DRUMMOND.

ELGIN.

respected and admired is sweet  
pleasing to a man in deep distress,  
to be pelted, hooted and abused,  
on all reason, I cannot brook it.

LADY ELGIN.

Good my Lord, when I on bended knee.  
I besought you to withhold this rebel Bill,  
you told me that my fears were childish,  
now your Lordship sees they were  
well founded.

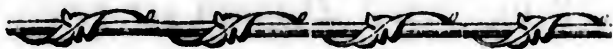
(Faints.)

Lordship rings the Bell vehemently.]



ENTER TWO LADIES' MAIDS,

*Who sprinkle water in her Ladyships face, after which her  
s and the curtain falls )*



ACT III.

SCÈNE I.—*Interior of an Hotel—a group of Ladies  
talking in an incoherent and confused manner.*

*First Loyalist.*

The Bill is signed !

*Second Loyalist.*

That cannot be.

*Third Loyalist.*

Well, well, don't mind, soon you may see.

*Enter two Loyalists, one ringing a large dinner Bell--the  
reading a proclamation to this effect.*

*The Rebellion Losses Bill Signed ! A meeting  
meeting will take place, this evening at Eight o'clock  
on the Champ De Mars, let every Anglo Saxon  
attend. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !*

*First Loyalist.*

Did I not tell you that the Bill was signed :  
Some men will not believe the naked truth,  
E'en tho' an Angel spoke.

*Second Loyalist.*

No,—men will give credence oft to Idle tales,

From the truth, the plain unvarnish'd truth,  
 you'll soon find yourself without a hearer.

*Third Loyalist.*

So monstrous no man could believe,  
 fraught with mischief to the human race,  
 claim this Law, the strong will rise in arms:  
 if they fail, they needs must be Rewarded.

### ACT III.

SCENE II.—*The Champ de Mars—a large concourse of  
 people assembled by torch light.*

*First Speaker.*

Britons my blood boils with indignation, and my  
 eyes are full to over-flowing, whilst I attempt to  
 tell you that the Rebellion Losses Bill is signed!  
 I must state that a greater piece of villany was  
 consummated in any Country.

*(Cheers.)*

*Second Speaker.*

Fellow Country-men,—LORD ELGIN has disgraced  
 himself and us by giving his consent to this Rebel  
 lion Bill—He may leave the Country as soon as  
 he pleases.

*[A voice from the crowd,]*

the sooner the better.

*Third Speaker.*

Idle tales, Loyalists,—we are met on the present occa-

sion to defend our rights against traitors and  
pers.

[Great O

*Fourth Speaker.*

Britons !

Our cause is good—our quarrel just :  
We must succeed—aye that we must.  
Canadian despots ne'er must sway,  
Nor vote our dearest right away.  
We must be firm as well as right,  
And nobly win or bravely fight :  
We must maintain our sacred cause,  
Our rights, our freedom and our laws !  
We must arise like giants in our might,  
And put our enemies to sudden flight.

[A voice from the

We will.

[Voices from the crowd

To the Parliament House !

---

### ACT III.

SCENE III. — *The interior of the House of Assembly,*  
H. BLAKE speaking at a furious rate on the *Elective*  
*Laws.*

We wish to do what Her Majesty's indepen-  
dence and the opposition have never done—we wish to model  
the *Elective Laws*, on the principle of equal justice  
to all ; or, if that is impossible, the greatest amount  
of good to the greatest number of people. Will  
any honorable gentleman in this House dare to  
condemn us with encroaching on the *Elective Franchise*

traitors are trying to subvert the legitimate rights of the  
from their proper channel.

[Great O

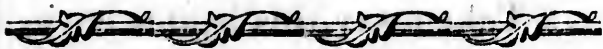
[Cheers.]

HON. L. T. DRUMMOND.

rel just :  
we must.  
sway,  
way.  
ght,  
ght :  
cause,  
our laws!  
our might,  
en flight.  
A voice from the  
from the crow

Speaker,—I perfectly coincide with the ob-  
sions that has fallen from the lips of my hon.  
Mr. Blake, the hon. gentleman who lately  
ad you; yet, I think it possible to extend  
anchise still further, by allowing minors to  
and needy persons to qualify on *promesse de*  
I am sure that the expense attending such  
would be only trifling in comparison with  
des adopted in France and America, and  
is taken into consideration that this noble  
e abounds in riches, not yet found, it is  
t which will ultimately be developed, un-  
skilful management of the present Ministry,  
here can be no great risk in giving it a

[The curtain falls.]



## ACT IV.

y's indepen  
sh to model  
equal justice  
atest amou  
ple. Will  
dare to t  
e Franchis

—An infuriate populace demolishing the windows  
both Houses of Parliament.

First Loyalist.

ance, my boys, and make a charge.

[Tremendous cheering.]

*Second Loyalist,*

Men! make a charge on the other side  
House.

[*Cheers*]

*Second Loyalist.*

Make a slight retreat, and skirmish a little  
til further orders!

[*Cheers and applause*]

ACT IV.

SCENE II.—*Dissolution of the Legislative Assembly.  
A crowd of Loyalists rush into the body of the House.*

*First Loyalist (in the Speaker's Chair.)*

Gentlemen, you may retire to your homes,  
your services are no longer required, therefore I  
dissolve this House in the Queen's name.

*Second Loyalist.*

In the words of Cromwell,—  
“Take away this bauble.”

[*One of the crowd seizes the Mace—a scuffle ensues between  
him and the Sargeant-at-Arms, who is eventually overpowered.  
The Loyalist marches off with the Mace upon his shoulder.*]

*Third Loyalist.*

We shall not want those benches more, they  
shall be destroyed.

[*Two of the Loyalists tear up the seats and benches.  
Another scatters the papers on the floor of the house.*]

## ACT IV.

other side — *French Members hiding in different parts of the building—two or three Members on the Tory in-  
[Cheers] striving to calm the excited passions of the popu-*

L. M. VIGER.

*Coming out of a water barrel.]*

[*Cheers and groans*] I'm safe from those infernal villins.

ANTAINE [*creeping under the Speaker's Chair mutters vengeance on the people.*]

SIR ALLAN MACNAB.

*slative Asses-  
sment of the House  
's Chair.)*  
countrymen,—This instant to your homes,  
not be said that Britons were the first to  
or e'en to shed a drop of blood in a  
your homes in this manner, although their cause were just,  
therefore I say this now; but use all legal means within  
power to get this rebel-paying bill reversed.  
our gracious Queen, whom you all love  
will see strict justice done to every one.

COL. GUY.

e."  
*scuffle ensues be-  
tween the two  
upon his shoulder*  
and, for the love that you bear your coun-  
trymen, abstain from any further outrage, and let all  
be done in moderation: be sure that riot and  
violence does no good to any man, or set of men.  
Your wrongs shall be redressed: go to your homes,  
to your families, and good citizens.

HON. W. BADGLEY.

*ats and benches  
of the house.]* if you would serve the cause we've

most at heart, I pray you curb your passions  
 your homes, good, honest men; your grievances  
 be redressed; her gracious Majesty, whom  
 vere, will not allow this cursed rebel bill  
 into a general binding law.

[*Cheers, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the people  
 very much agitated.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Grand Tableau—both House of Parliament  
 conflagration!!!—a general alarm of fire in the  
 —bells ringing in all directions—bugles sounding  
 the people in a state of consternation.*

*First Loyalist.*

Methinks this Rebel Bill is somewhat dangerous  
 doubt, a match would kindle it to night.

*Second Loyalist.*

'That were well done: suppose we try the  
 —the thing might answer well, and put them  
 somewhat of a fright.

*First Loyalist.*

Hast thou a match?

If so, produce it quick:

I'll strike a light,

And burn it in a nick.

[*Strikes a light, and holds the Rebellion Loss's Bill  
 flame, which, being of an inflammable nature, burnt him  
 thereby causing him to throw it among a heap of waste  
 setting both Houses of Parliament in a blaze in an instant.*]

*Loyalist escapes from the building, with the splendid portrait of  
Most Gracious Majesty, and deposits it in a place of*

### ACT V.

*—The troops, with a Magistrate heading them,  
marching from their quarters towards the Parliament  
House—on their march they pass the populace return-  
ing therefrom—the populace halt, cheer the troops, and  
march on, preceded by a Loyalist bearing the Mace  
of the Honorable the House of Assembly.]*

*First Officer.*

*Companies, attention! Officers, fall in. To the  
Parliament House—quick march.*

*Second Officer.*

*Close up, men.*

*At! dress! Count off your sentries.*

*Second Officer.*

*Place your sentries on the Parliament Buildings.*

*First Officer (aside).*

*He thinks the troops are somewhat late: the  
chief's done and the rioters have dispersed.*

*Second Officer.*

*That true. But had the Government no warn-  
ing of this nefarious bill?*

*Losses Bill  
ture, burnt his  
heap of waste  
aze in an inst*



*First Officer.*

Yes; the Government were warned repeatedly that it would be the cause of riot and confusion.

*Second Officer.*

By whom were the Government warned?

*First Officer.*

By all the Conservative papers in the Province, also by one Smith, a poet, well known for his satiric effusions against the Government on the subject of Rebellion Losses.

*Second Officer.*

The same person that wrote a poem on the murder of Lieut. Weir, of the 32nd Regiment?

*First Officer.*

The same.

*Second Officer.*

I am surprised that the Government don't arrest him.

*First Officer.*

No doubt, the Government would arrest him, but, in my opinion, they are afraid that they will not be able to convict him of any crime as he has no records facts—plain facts.

*Second Officer.*

Which make his works the more unpalatable.

[Ere

ACT V.

II.—A large Room in the Old Government House—  
Governor General in Council and the Ministry  
met at the Council Board.

WM. MERRITT, President of the Council.

Gentlemen,—A most alarming state of things has  
brought us all together here to night.

I have not left town but yester e'en,

and I had not thought to witness such a sight!

HON. MR. LESLIE.

Behold the fruits of what I long foresaw

spring and grow from this Rebellion Law.

HON. MR. HICKS.

I could not have thought that this would e'er be done,  
and so glaring underneath the sun.

HON. MR. PRICE.

It was not done, therefore it was not done,

poorly speaking, underneath the sun.

HON. HUME BLAKE.

Do not play on words—this is no time

to show your wit upon the art divine.

HON. M. CAMERON.

It amounts to nothing in the scale—

Will we maintain our rights, or wrong prevail?

Will we be goaded, bullied by a few

grievous bankrupts. No; good men, and true,

will arise and put our armour on.

[Exe

HON. MR. HINCKS.

My sword and belt has long since been in p

HON. L. H. LAFONTAINE.

You needs must get them out and raise your  
At least I think we have no other course.

HON. L. T. DRUMMOND.

Upon our Irish friends we can't rely,  
Because we gulled them——

HON. F. HINCKS.

——Pshaw! 'tis all my eye!

We'll tell them that their churches will be  
And soon the tide to our side will be turn'd

HON. L. H. LAFONTAINE.

Pray, what's your Excellency's pleasure  
matter?

ELGIN.

Gentlemen, you may do just as you wish  
matter, for I maintain that its one of the pri-  
tives of my office to know nothing, see nothing,  
nothing, feel nothing; therefore I shall main-  
"dignified neutrality."

HON. W. B. MERRITT.

I hope, hon. gentlemen, that all our proce-  
will be carried on in a liberal spirit, as  
adopted for our motto the word——Liberal.

HON. HUME BLAIR.

al!—aye, 'tis a word we often use for party  
s, but, believe me, it has no meaning at-  
to it, in our system of doing business.

HON. F. HINCKS.

W have no other plan to-day  
do with your leave we'll leave my diw of  
t arrest the speakers, that, last night  
al designs, the people did incite,  
of outrage 'gainst our gracious Queen—

HON. L. T. DRUMMOND.

ishment not one of them I'll screen.

COLONEL BRUCE, in a towering passion, who addresses -

MONS. LAFONTAINE.

an that you've deceived my Brother—  
the prospects of our noble house—  
our honors in the very bud—  
our fortunes, and destroy'd our hopes.  
my brother, that the country  
ustain you on your rebel bill,  
ay was my brother pelted,  
and insulted, sir, but yesterday?

HON. H. LAFONTAINE.

e country will sustain us in our measures:  
ttle patience, sir, you'll see 'twill come to

COL. BRUCE.

!—Your followers are but cowards:

**They'd rather hide than fight.  
I say again, 'tis false!**

[*Erit Col. Bruce*]

**HON. L. H. LAFONTAINE.**

**We have no other business here to-day,  
So with your leave we'll now conclude the**

[*The curtain*]



THE OWL AND THE BAT.

A DIALOGUE.

*Supposed to have originated in the ruins of the Old House.*

An Owl and a Bat were conversing one night  
 In the ruins in which they took shelter,  
 I being nigh with my pencil in hand,  
 Wrote their dialogue helter t' skelter.

The Owl, like the modern wise men of this place,  
 Commenc'd in a strain somewhat pithy,  
 'Tis a shame that a building once noble and grand,  
 Should remain a disgrace to the City.

The Bat who consider'd his neighbors address,  
 As a master-piece of its kind:  
 The same was well worded, pithy and plain,  
 Yet his words were all thrown to the wind:

Our Ministers now are both stupid and dull,  
 Bat, most eager to fob all they can:  
 Our Commerce is fled, and our trade almost dead,  
 And the greater the rogue,—is the man.

The owl replied, what you say may be true,  
 Yet I think it my duty to speak:  
 'Tis a pity they might hear, rub their eyes and look  
 round,  
 And awake as it were from their sleep:

Their ears are of leather, they've foreheads of b  
 And their hands have grown weaker of late,  
 But the time will soon come, when they must app  
 With their foes at the Parliament gate.

The Bat, quick rejoin'd, the truth long will las  
 So it, shall be always my motto,  
 In Palace, or cot, on the seas, or on land,  
 With the high or the low in my Grotto.

The Ministers neither will hear nor awake,  
 So long have they lain in their slumbers:  
 Their harvest is gather'd and they have grown  
 On the garbage of us and the numbers.

But their downfall is nigh, their time is, but sh  
 And the reins they resign, perhaps for ever:  
 'Tis true that they've help'd all their friends w  
 in place,  
 So can they forget them—No! never:

Ah! friends are oft false, when their interest  
 serv'd,  
 They basely desert their protectors:  
 And leave them to fight their pitch battles al  
 With the crew and with all its directors

## STANZAS

*Memory of the very elegant and Classic British Poet*

WILLIAM COWPER,

*By his ardent admirer.*

er—dear subject of my feeble verse,  
wing strains I would thy pow'rs rehearse,  
language fails me, and my tongue grows mute  
at I stand as mute as any brute.

courage take, my Muse, nor lag behind,  
heme is rich enough, still thou art blind :  
on thy steed! to *Mount Parnasses* top,  
y' loose the reins,—thy charger's blood is hot.

ummit's gain'd, and now the skies are clear,  
object's grand, and now new thoughts appear,  
elegant and classic, sweet, refined :  
beauties crowd with splendor on my mind.  
guage chaste thy verses sweetly flow,  
ng the monster vice—but pitying woe.

st and diffident—Pleasing,—tho' sad :  
world would fain believe that thou wert mad.  
unassuming, Gentle, meek, and mild,  
ears a man, Simplicity a child."

love to God with fervor did ascend,  
as thy aid and did thy steps attend,  
now thou dwelst with him, "world, without  
End."



THE  
CONCERT OF THE MUSES AND NYMPS

AN EPIC POEM.

Imperial *Jove* sat on his car of state,  
And all the *Muses* follow'd in his wake.  
The *Gods* and *Godesses* aray'd in white,  
And purple robes, stood wond'ring at the sight  
The clouds their concert room, was hung in  
Adorn'd with tints of every clime and hue,  
Great *Jove* advanc'd with solemn air one pace  
And bid *Appollo* rule within that place:  
*Appollo* with his fingers touch'd the lyre,  
And sounds melodious ran like streams of fire  
*Diana* and the *Nymphs* a lovely train:  
Join in the chorus, in a flow'ry strain:  
'Their voices rising like the *Alps* of snow,  
Then flowing like the rivers *Seine* or *Po*.  
*Appollo* spoke 'Ye *Gods* attend, be mute,  
Let *Pan* advance and play upon his lute:  
'The little *God* stood forth with pipe in hand  
And play'd in silvery notes sublime and grand  
Then *Jupiter* essay'd whose voice of thunder  
Caus'd drunken *Bacchus* to start up and wonder  
Who play'd, such anticks before men and *Gods*  
That *Juno* sent him down to dwell with *Frogs*



ADVERTISEMENT.

In the course of next month, the public expect a Drama, founded on the Imprisonment of the Patriots, *Messrs. Mack, Ferres, Heward, Gomerie, and Perry.* Also, Scenes before the Inquisition, and other Poems.

A CARD OF THANKS.

The Author feels particularly grateful to the *brave Young Canadians*, who attacked him in a brutal and cowardly manner, (near the B. Church,) on a late occasion, and begs to inform them, that should an opportunity offer, in any honorable way, he will repay them Principally.





