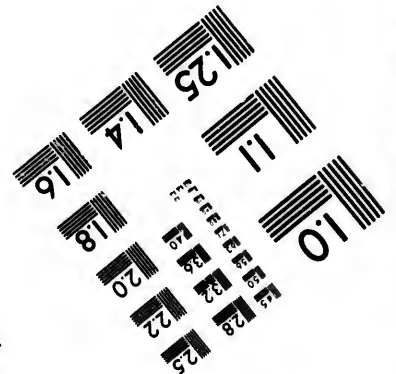
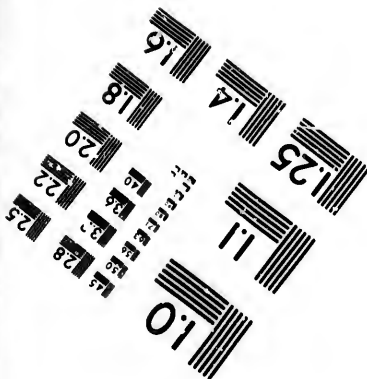
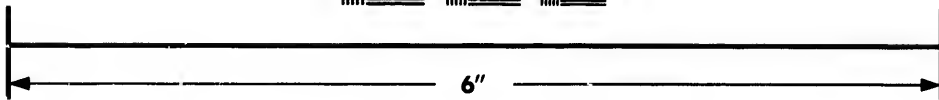
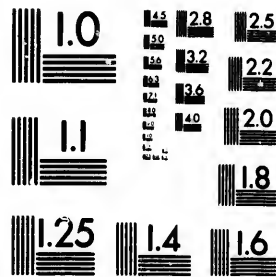


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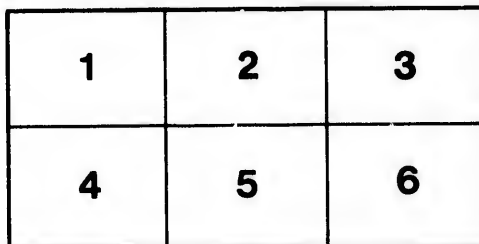
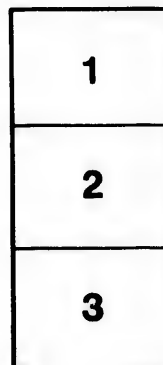
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CAL

THE
VICEROY'S DREAM,
OR THE
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT NOT "WIDE AWAKE."

CAN

WE

(191)

THE

VICEROY'S DREAM,

OR THE

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT NOT "WIDE AWAKE."

A MONO-DRAMATICO-POLITICAL POEM.

BY LYNCH LAWDON SHARPE.

LONDON :

WHITTAKER AND CO.; BELLERBY, YORK; CROSS AND
HARRISON, LEEDS.

—
1838.

PERSONS.

HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor-General, Vice-Admiral, and
Captain-General of her Majesty's North American Pro-
vinces, and **VICEROY** in Canada.

GIBBON, } Gentlemen in waiting on the Viceroy.
TURTLE, }

SPLASH, a Domestic Artist.

APPARITIONS of Lords Brougham, Melbourne, Glenelg, and
John Russell.

PHYSICIAN.

DELEGATES, and others; **SERVANTS** and **ATTENDANTS.**

The Scene is laid in the Viceregal Residence at Quebec.

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THE VICEROY'S DREAM.

SCENE I.

Ante-chamber to the Viceroy's sleeping apartment, in the
Viceregal residence.—Time—midnight.

TURTLE and GIBBON *discovered playing at dominoes.*

GIBBON. See, how you lay that piece amiss!

TURTLE.

Amiss?—

'Tis double *cinque*, and *cinque-deuce* joined to that.

GIB. True! but observe the mimic line we draw,
To represent the ramparts of Quebec.
Thus far our game did trace the walls which stretch,
With devious angles, right athwart the neck
Of this peninsula:—but now you break
The rule of fortification and defence,
By laying down your pieces like a child
Who plays for pastime merely, caring naught
For bastion, angle, flank, or battery,
And anxious only to play out the play.

TURT. Why, so would I.

GIB. Not thus are we enjoined

To waste our sport: his Excellency bids,
That, as we wile an hour away in play,
We make the game subservient to some profit,
Blending the useful with the pleasant; and
As Æsop learned to moralize at fables,
We likewise make our duties here a sport,
Acquiring knowledge of the colony,
Whereof we know so little; Shame upon us!
If to the mother country we return
As ignorant as we came. I wish t' acquire
A general knowledge of the strength and state
Of our defences here, in case a row,
Despite the Viceroy's potent ordinances,

Arise next winter in the colony.
 Hence, do you see?—in games of *dominoes*.
 I seek the science which I lack the most.
Some uses of stone walls I know ; but this,—
 The art of keeping men *outside* the wall,—
 Is new to my unpractised intellect.
 Why, Turty, you're asleep !

TURT. Nay, I but mused
 On a new project for an ordinance.

GIB. Your scheme to hang or banish traitors first,
 And try them after, if convenient,
 Bespoke true genius, such as well befits
 The shrewd adviser of a despot bound
 By no restraint of mean and vulgar law.
 What new device is hatching in your brain ?

TURT. A simple plan,—yet popular, I ween.
 How many wretched couples, man and wife,—
 Say rather, mutual torments,—groan beneath
 The inexorable bondage of a yoke
 Themselves imposed ;—conventional bond,
 The parent often of *conventional crime*.
 Dost take me, Gibby ?—Let the Viceroy give
 A proclamation to the effect that all
 Who wish may be released from marriage vows ;—
 An amnesty, in short, of wedlock.

GIB. Ah !

TURT. A sweet oblivion of the past, a plain
 Legal non-recognition of a union
 To either party grown distasteful, or
 For one more luring scorned. This cannot fail
 To please the multitude ; and scandal's mouth
 Will be ystopped, and conscience rendered free ;
 Nor taunts, nor sharp compunctious visitings—
 —What was that sound ?

GIB. His Excellency's snore !
 I know it well, Sir, and well pleased I hear ;
 For 'tis the signal sends us both to bed.
 So long as doth the noble Viceroy wake,

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Our duty keeps us here ; but when he sleeps,
 And Morpheus winds his Lordship's nasal trombone
 With deep sonorous note, our watch is done.—[*about to retire.*]
 Good night !—be sure, don't *blow* the candle out,
 But use the extinguisher ; for should the stench
 Steal through the keyhole and assail the nose
 Viceregal, 'tis an incense will incense
 His delicate organ with a sense of fury,
 And rouse him, though he slept as sound a sleep
 As fifty of Glencelg's condensed in *one*. [*Exit.*]

TURT. (*musingly*) Yes, yes !—the marriage ordinance is
 the thing !

'Twill serve a double purpose ; first to win
 The popular applause (vile humbug !), for
 It cannot but be grateful to the crowd
 Of luckless Benedicks to be again
 Free as their will to mate as pleases best :—
 But chiefly, that it will obliterate
 Odious distinctions, doth it like me well.
 For why should he, who hath the heart to brave
 Laws and fastidious virtue in pursuit
 Of his own wishes, to eternal fame
 Be vilely damned ; while in those craven fools,
 Who *would* but *dare* not,—strait necessity
 Is virtue, and constrained morality
 A paltry counterfeit of decency ?
 Out on the hateful law ! Is that true valour
 Which makes the soldier face the enemy,
 Because his captain stands behind prepared
 To shoot him if he turn ? Why should we tether
 Their feet who wish to run the devil's race,
 And then pretend to know the fleetest step ?—
 O, we must have this custom well reformed ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Viceroy's sleeping apartment, sumptuously furnished.
 At the extremity of the scene is an open recess illuminated
 with a lamp, which is, however, hid from the spectator's

eye. His EXCELLENCY is discovered asleep on a couch beneath a canopy richly emblazoned with the viceregal symbols and arms.

Music plays, at first soft and soothing in its strain ; then changing its character in accordance with the changes in the representation of the vision.

The VICEROY begins to show symptoms of restlessness which gradually increases upon him.

Enter, from the recess, the APPARITION of Lord BROUGHAM : it approaches the Viceroy's couch, and shakes its head ominously over the restless sleeper, whose disturbance grows more intense. The Apparition then draws from its coat pocket a roll of parchment, and partly opening it, points to the word "ORDINANCES." The VICEROY attempts to clutch the scroll, but the APPARITION eludes his grasp, and unfolding the roll further points to the words "HABEAS CORPUS ;" then to the words "CONDEMNATION WITHOUT TRIAL, ILLEGAL ;" and at last, with a Sardonic grin, displays the word "MURDER." The VICEROY again attempts to snatch the parchment, but in vain, and the APPARITION deliberately folds it up and returns it to its pocket, from whence it draws a miniature gibbet, which it waves threateningly over the sleeper's couch for a few moments, and then makes a feint of putting the halter round the neck of the VICEROY, who utters a shriek and hides his face in the coverlid. After putting on several jeering grimaces and playing a few grotesque antics, the APPARITION puts the gibbet out of sight, and commences patting the shoulder of the VICEROY in a coaxing manner, and as soon as the latter ventures to look up again, it smiles and nods graciously, while it draws a scroll from its right-hand breeches' pocket, and opening it, exhibits the words "ACT OF INDEMNITY." The VICEROY attempts with an indignant foot to kick the scroll out of the hand of the APPARITION, which nimbly skips out of the way, and dancing with comic capers into the recess, turns a sneering aspect towards the VICEROY with its thumb to its nose and its fingers spread out, as in the operation called "taking a sight," and disappears. Music ceases.

VICEROY. (*Sitting up in bed.*) Again that frightful
spectre haunts my sleep!

Surely I did but dream:—yet wherefore dream
So potently? and thrice repeated too,
These three successive nights! At first methought
'Twas but a passing freak of playful Mab:
And when again next night it came, I deemed
My supper with the Delegates oppressed
My stomach, leaden indigestion
Loading my bosom, like a brooding toad,
Hatching vile fancies in my fevered brain.
But yesternight I supp'd not,—nay, all day
I fed most lightly, and at early morn
Had taken a wholesome tonic to restore
The healthful action of the gastric juice,
The liver stimulate and free the bile;—
But still this night-mare spectre comes again,
And with more horrid semblance of the truth.
I'll have a dose of calomel to-morrow;
And to divert my mind will study well
How best the Constitution to amend
Of Canada and my own. (*Yawns*) Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, why dost thou frighten me,
That I no sooner close my eyelids down,
To steep my senses in forgetfulness,
Than thou dost conjure up some fearful dream,
Like the hobgoblin tales of nurseries
Which other nurses fright poor babes withal?
Why bringst thou yonder rude imperious Lord,
Who in the visitation of a dream
Takes me just like a ruffian by the top,
Clawing my sacred head, and hanging me,
'Mid saucy laughter, on a shadowy gibbet,
That in a flurry a Viceroy awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To tripe-fed labourers without a dream;
And upon *quinine* and most delicate fare,
(Unless with spectral visions horrible,)

Deny it to a Governor-General ?

Heigho ! unhappy King-depute, lie down !

Uneasy lies a Viceroy's aching crown ! (*lies down again and sleeps. Music plays.*)

Enter the APPARITION of Lord MELBOURNE, holding a black mask to its face. It approaches the VICEROY'S couch. Music ceases.

VICEROY. (*starting up into a sitting posture, and glaring wildly.*)

Again hast found me, O mine enemy ?

Avaunt ! foul spectre ; out ! out of my sight !—

(*The Apparition waves its hand.*)

Nay, an thou wilt not go, take off thy mask,
And show thy hated feature :—mock me not
With sham forbearance and feigned tenderness,
As thou wouldst spare to blast my eye again
With th' ice-cold sneer I saw erewhile ! reveal
Thy gibbet-looking front ! aye, do thy worst,—
Unmask !—not worse than my ideal glance
Through that dark visor's ill-decorous shroud,
Can the real thing appear. Unmask, I say !

APPAR. Compose yourself.

VICE. That voice ?—it is not *his* !

Who art thou ? speak again ! the very sound
Of any voice, save *his*, is soothing. Speak !

APPAR. In me, thou, Lambton, thy Good Genius seest,
Sent hither to awarn thee what behoves
Thee well to know.—You do remember Brougham—

VICE. Remember !—Who forgets ?—His *caustic* look
Hath scorched a *spectrum* on my optic nerve
Never to be erased.

APPAR. Prepare to hear !—

Soon as the news of your famed Ordinance
About those rascal traitors—

VICE. Gentlemen all, believe me.

APPAR. Well, well !—soon as the news arrived at home,
That pestilent and specch-pugnacious lord
Raised an infernal shine in Parliament,

Averring that illegal were your acts,
And you amenable to punishment.

VICE. Me!—*me* “amenable” ?—“illegal” too ?—

APPAR. Of *habeas corpus*, then, he raved; and swore,
If that your Excellency hanged a knave
Untried, the act would *murder* be.

VICE. My stars!

But he grows malapert, that prating Lord!
Does he forget that I'm DICTATOR here,
Sent out to make new laws and to reform
The Constitution as I list? Ye powers!
The irreverent jester flouts the Majesty
O'th' Queen in me her representative.
Zounds! Sir, am I Victoria's 'whipping-boy,'
To take the cuffs and blows they dare not give
The Royal person?

APPAR. But, list, list, O list!

The scent thus found upon your Lordship's trail,
The hungry pack of Tory-Radicals,
Lyndhurst and Wellington at Brougham's heels,
Opened with deep-mouthed cry upon your track,
Savagely resolute to hunt you down.
In vain I cried 'hark back!'

VICE. You! who are *you* ?—

Pray, how's your Mother? does she know you're out
So late to night? *You* cried, 'hark back!' forsooth?
You, then, were huntsman to the blood-hound pack?
But tell me how my friends, the Ministry, behaved;
How Melbourne, how Glenelg, and how Lord John?

APPAR. What mortal Whigs could do, they did: who more,
No Whig is he:—they safely stood their ground,
And kept their places.

VICE. (*eagerly*) Beat the enemy
On a division?

APPAR. No, alas! they praised
Your proclamation; said it was supreme
In mercy and wisdom; but so many flaws
Were in your Ordinance detected, that

No power could save you : so to save themselves,
 The Melbourne cabinet, changing sides, avowed
 Your acts illegal, and advised the Queen
 To *disallow* them: acquiescence was
 Escape's sole outlet.

VICE. I am speechless—dumb.

APPAR. To make amends, Lord Brougham proposed an act
 Of full INDEMNITY, and cheerfully
 In that we joined—

VICE. "We," Sir?—who is 't says "we"?
 Unmask, I say again.

(*The APPARITION lets drop the visor, and falls sup-
 pliantly, with folded hands, upon its knees.*)

O, treacherous wretch !

False wolf-whelp clothed in semblance of a lamb !
 In thee I looked for friendship, but find hate.
 So should some diner at a *table d'hote*,
 In early season of the opening Spring,
 For lamb and sallad send his plate to one
 He deemed his friend, and back the trencher came
 With naught upon it but an offal slice,
 Tainted or underdone,—would he not sigh,
 "This was the most unkindest *cut* of all" ?

APPAR. Pardon and your indulgence, Sir, I crave :
 Though harsh the deed and seemingly unkind,
 It could not, do believe me, well be helped.

VICE. Yet, as the hungry man would say, say I,
 'You might have helped me better.'

APPAR. No, 'pon Honour !
 Ask Lords GLENELG and Johnny if we could,

VICE. O, curse 'em !

APPAR. Let them speak t'ye for themselves.
 [*puts its fingers in its mouth and whistles.*]

*Enter APPARITIONS of Lord GLENELG and Lord JOHN
 RUSSELL, the former habited in a dressing gown and night-
 cap, the latter bearing a map of the world in its hand.*

SECOND APPAR. Hail potent Durham ! [*kneels.*]

THIRD APPAR. Great Dictator, hail !
 [*kneels behind an easy chair.*]

VICE. Pitiful statesmen, see your victim here !

ALL THE APPAR. Not ours, but Fate's.

VICE. (*to the 2nd Apparition.*) And what have you
to say,

My Lord Glenelg ?

2nd APPAR. May't please your Highness, this :—

Had we stood up for you, we'd been undone.

'Tis true I love my downy pillow,—love

A *cabinet* couch, or *truckle* bed of down ;

But had we boldly dared to oppose grim Vaux,

The Melbourne cabinet had itself been *down*,

After a sort I *do not* love. Alas !

How our *bare* misery would be *felt*,

The *downy nap* away !

VICE Ah dozer ! 'tis

'All round thy hat, when thy true love's away.'—

May sleepless nights await thee !

2nd APPAR. Heaven forefend !

3rd APPAR. Sire ? would you hear me speak—

VICE. I hear ; but whence

That small voice comes I see not.

3rd APPAR. I am here,

My Lord, behind the chair.

VICE. Then forward come,

Thou sneaker ; let me see thy face, if face

Thou hast to front me. [*The APPARITION advances on its
knees to a spot immediately behind the 2nd apparition.*]

Still I see thee not.

[*to the second Apparition.*] Sir Secretary of the Colonies,

Just move aside out of the line of sight

'Twixt him and me ;—I would not, though I could,

Look *through* you at this conscience-prieking hour.

[*The second APPARITION rises from the place where it was
kneeling, and, retiring to the chair, sits down in it and falls
asleep.*]

3rd APPAR. My Lord, had but your Excellency heard

How much, on your behalf, in Parliament

I said, you would not in your passionate airs

Have thus rebuked us: was 't for this, my Lord,
 That I did speak an hour by Shrewsb'ry clock,
 With all the Commons laughing in my face,
 In praise of your deep prudence? Was 't for this
 I vowed, upon my ignorance, I knew
 Nothing you 'd done amiss, and that, perchance,
 If I were well aware of all the facts,
 I could have shown how wise were all your deeds?
 Did I not valiantly aver 'twere better
 To threaten men to hang them without law,
 Than by the law to hang them without threat?
 Hither and thither in my speech I strayed;
 Pronounced I thought you right, confessed you wrong,—
 Constrained to th' latter by my love of place,
 To th' former by my conscience. [*lays his hand on his heart.*]

1st APPAR.

Hear him, hear!

3rd APPAR. With these impressions on my mind, I asked
 The Commons' House to pass th' Indemnity.

VICE. May this indemnify thy head for that! [*throws the
 silver utensil at the apparition, but misses it.*]

3rd APPAR. Nay strike, but hear me! Such poor weapons
 are

The arguments of despots. I could weep
 Rivers of tears, the Po or Jordan full,
 At your ingratitude for all my pains.

VICE. Better attempt to drink Niagara dry!

3rd APPAR. My Lord, my Lord, but deign to hear me out!
 You scorn th' Indemnity, yet what a mess
 Had you been in without it! See this map:
 You banish traitors to Bermuda, which
 Lies not within your jurisdiction.

VICE.

Well?

A happy quittance of bad company.

3rd APPAR. The act was wise, I grant,—and said so too,—
 But still illegal; for we took th' *opine*
 Of the most learn'd Attorney-General,
 And he, with many a canny precedent,
 Pronounced the same illegal.

VICE.

Hoot, mon! havers!

3rd APPAR. Your Lordship is facetious: but vouchsafe
The learned gentleman your ear awhile,—
I'll call him hither, with your gracious leave. [*rises and is
about to retire.*]

VICE. Hold, hold! we 'll grant the question, for I feel
No wish to see Stratheden's Lady's Lord:
Enough of humbug have I seen to night.

3rd APPAR. Nay, good my Lord, your words are passing
harsh.

Call you it 'humbug,' when I did declare
Myself most ready, at whatever risk,
Your dictatorial powers to maintain,
As by necessity quite justified,
Though arbitrary and despotic some
Might call them? Was it humbug, when I said,
That, at whatever peril, Government
Would meet rebellion and conspiracy?
I was prepared to say, Sir,—looking at
The conduct of Lord Durham as a whole,
Believing him to be by deepest zeal
For the state's welfare animated, and
Averse from th' semblance of severity,—
That I was ready to take part with him, and share
His deep responsibility:—all this
I was prepared to say; but lo! dread sight!
The opposition stared me in the face;
And that, which of my own free will I *spake*,
By dire necessity was blasted quite.

VICE. O, blast ye all!

1st APPAR. Remember, Lambton dear,
Some of your former acts had bothered us:
We feared another row, if sturdily
This motion we resisted, lest the choice
Of T E M T— you know who, my Lord,—
For your adviser in the law, should breed
More mischief:—'twas an awkward business, that!

VICE. (*Ironically*) Innocent Lamb! it was thyself didst

TEMPT,

But, from that evil, not deliver us.

3rd APPAR. And, noble Viceroy, I assure you 'twas
With great reluctance that we disallowed
Your Ordinances, and your conduct damn'd.
Yet, notwithstanding this,—the sophistry,
Th' accumulated circumstances, and
Sarcastic bitterness, with friendship feigned,—
Yea, notwithstanding these, I boldly say
Has Durham of his country well deserved,
Well of his Queen, and of posterity.

VICE. For which *deserts* ye have *deserted* me!
Out! Vampires, that would animate my corse
With spaniel heart to lick the foot that spurns.
Away! avoid my sight, ye precious crew!
I'll meet you shortly in the House of Lords.

[*Exeunt APPARITIONS of Lords MELBOURNE and JOHN
RUSSELL.*]

Why lingers here that sleeper? [*observing the apparition of
Lord Glenelg in the chair.*]

Does he know

The sound of cock-crow? If it is himself,
Here present in the body, flesh and blood,
He does not, I'll be bound: but if a ghost,
Perchance he may the signal recognise.

I'll try him:—*Cock-o-leery-co!* [*imitates the crowing of a
cock.*]

APPAR. [*starting up.*] That sound!
'Tis chanticleer proclaims the matin nigh;
I snuff the morning air, and must be gone. [*Exit.*]
The VICEROY lies down in bed, and seems to compose himself
to sleep.

Enter again the APPARITION of Lord BROUGHAM.

VICE. [*muttering as in sleep.*] Yes, rogues, I'll meet you
in the House of Lords.

APPAR. [*pulling the clothes off the Viceroy's bed.*]
And where, your Lordship, will you deign meet me?

VICE. [*leaping off the couch and seizing a blunderbuss.*]
Thee, spectre? Where meet thee?—At Wormwood Scrubbs.

[Exit APPARITION through the recess, but after its disappearance its shadow remains, as if cast by the lamp burning within, upon the wall which appears at the back.]

VICEROY. [replaces the blunderbuss on the table.]
He's gone in haste! [observes the shadow on the wall.]

What see I? in such haste
Departed, that his shadow 's left behind!
Of such things have I read, but ne'er till now
Believed I. Figment of a hated form,
Follow thy substance, if it substance be
That owns thee: Out! [throws his nightcap at the shadow.]

It moves not! out, I say!
What unreal mockery is this? out, stain!—
Or, if thou wilt abide a stigma there,
This at the least shall hide thee from mine eye.

[draws a curtain in front of the recess.]
The morn shall find an artist that must paint thee out.
'Would it were daylight! Are the hours asleep,
And I alone awake? Must I perforce,
Their proxy, keep the watches of the night?
Is 't mine to be the universal Vice?
Nature's soft nursemaid, I will once again
Woo thy embraces. [replaces the coverlid on the bed, and
tucks it carefully in on all sides.]

Let me make all tight,
And wrap me snugly in the counterpane,
That my unrest kick not the bed-clothes down,
Nor Vaux pull off the blanket in the dark,
To give me death of cold.—Distraught Viceroy! [creeps into
bed.]

[Music plays softly the air "We're a' noddin'"]

SCENE III.—THE ANTECHAMBER AS BEFORE.

A bell rings sharply within. Enter hurriedly GIBBON
and TURTLE.

GIB. His Excellency wakes betimes this morn.

TURT. Nay, most untimely wakes [yawns.] Scarce had I
closed

My eyes in slumber, ere that cursed bell
 Oped them again. I sleep but to endure
 The agony of waking; oyster like,
 Gaping for food, and taking in the knife
 That makes him food for others. [*bell rings again.*]

GIB. What's the row?

[*Enter the VICEROY, wrapped in a dressing gown.*]

VICE. Did you not hear that sound?

GIB. [*looking round with an air of surprise.*] What
 sound, my Lord?

VICE. My bell!

GIB. O yes, my Lord, I heard it.

VICE. Well?

And why not answer it?

GIB. Your Lordship knows [*bows.*]

It is the regulation of *the hall*,
 No master's bell to answer, till its sound
 Hath ceased to vibrate on the ear;—a rule
 Most wholesome, since it checks the hasty hand
 Of hot impatience, teaching it to feel,
 The greater is the hurry you display,
 The less is ours.

VICE. O, mighty fine your words!

GIB. My Lord, it is the *rule*; and should you ring
 Continuous 'larums, still, in honour bound,
 I by my *order* stand; and though should fall
 Heaven or the ceiling, I must tell you plain,
 The more you ring, the more we will not come!
 To pleasure you, much *would* I, but not this. [*lays his hand*
on his heart.]

VICE. Aye there's the scrub;—a vile impertinent crew,
 Grown fat and insolent in place! 'Tis this
 That threatens to annul my Ordinance:
 For when I summoned all *The Hall* to pass
 That measure, though I tore the bell-rope down,
 One loitered while the act was done; and now
 Lyndhurst and Vaux will say 'twas wrongly passed,
 The *Quorum* not assembled. [*turns away indignantly.*]

Turtle, here!

[TURTLE approaches the VICEROY, who is about to whisper in his ear.]

Foh! thou dost smell of cheese! Wretch, didst thou sup—

TURT. My Lord, I do confess, that overnight

A savoury hot *Welsh Rabbit* tempted me.

VICE. Bah! could you sleep with such a load.

TURT.

I could

Have slept in spite of that, my Lord; but yet,

Fearing that good digestion might not wait

On appetite, nor health on either, I

Of *Durham mustard* took a modicum,

The peptic process to assist; and hoped,

Alas! in vain, no savour would be left.

VICE. Rash man!—didst wash thy teeth?

TURT.

My Lord, I did.

VICE. You did?

TURT.

Yes, with of porter just a quart.

VICE. Oh! Gibbon! [*falls fainting into GIBBON'S arms.*

TURTLE offers to assist in supporting his Excellency.]

GIBB. Off! you see you've killed my Lord.

[*Exit GIBBON dragging off the VICEROY.*]

TURT. [*solus.*] This most untoward offence must be repaired.

I have it!—flattery must make amends.

His Lordship meets the Delegates to-day:—

I'll have some banners blazoned with Initials

Indicative of noble epithets.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—THE VICEROY'S SLEEPING APARTMENT AGAIN.

The VICEROY and GIBBON discovered, the former reclining in the easy chair, sipping a cordial.

GIB. I'll fetch the Doctor.

VICE.

Send a Painter first. [*Exit GIBBON.*]

[*The VICEROY rises and looks towards the curtain drawn in front of the Recess.*]

Yes, yes! that hated blot upon the wall

Shall first be 'rased. Thence comes the worser part
 Of my distemper; thence this mad distress.
 Maddening is service of refractory slaves,
 Odious are cheese and porter—Ugh!—but worse,
 Far worse, that horrid phantom's phantom shade.
 If paint *can* do it, paint shall do it *out*.

[*Re-enter GIBBON, introducing SPLASH.*]

GIB. Your Excellency, let me introduce
 This eminent artist, Mr. Splash. [*bows.*]

VICE. A name

Familiar: leave us, Gibbon, leave the room. [*Exit GIBBON.*]

[*To Splash.*] An artist, Sir, and eminent!—perchance

We 'll test your estes' skill.—Pray, could you match,

With imitative colour, the most bright

Or delicate tint within the Rainbow's arch?

Or from the iris of a blue-eyed maid

The azure hue most faithfully repeat?

Say, could you mimic well the green, or blue,

Or dazzling sheen upon old Ocean's face,

So true that one might swear you dipp'd your brush

Into the very wave you copied? Or

Can you prolong the stain of mildewed wall,

That the damp blotch no longer be discerned?—

Most cunning artist, can you paint thus nice?

SPLASH. Sire, to the shadow of a shade.

VICE. 'Tis well,

For a *shade's shadow* you must paint. Behold [*draws aside
 the curtain before the Recess.*]

'Tis gone!—yet fixed indelible I saw 't:

That was no dream; but now it mocks my search:

False egotistic limner!

SPLASH. Do you speak to me,

My Lord?

VICE. No, no!—But I must find a job

For this poor dauber to perform: if not,

He 'll think the Governor-General is crazed.—[*aside.*]

Good Sir, this is the countenance that asks

Your skill. [*points to his own cheek, and sits in the chair.*]

SPLASH. [*in consternation.*] Good gracious! please your
Lordship, I

Was ne'er a portrait-painter in my life.
I 'm an Internal Decorator, and
At odd times a Whitewasher.

VICE. That will do,
If, as you boasted, you can match the tint
Of azure sky with matchless mimicry.
Paint but the colour of this cheek with truth;
'Tis all I want:—a bilious humour creeps
Into my system, and I fain would watch
Its daily progress by some accurate gage
And certain observation; naught so well
As the complexion's changes will reveal it.
You understand? Each morn you take the hue
And yellow as you find it, paint it down
On cards, and thus make sure comparison.
Can you do this?

SPLASH. My stock of ochre's short.

VICE. Will gamboge do?

SPLASH. It may upon a pinch.

VICE. Then mix your colour from these pills.

[*Takes from a drawer a large case of pill-boxes.*]

Dont stare!

They 're Morison's, numbers one and two: in them
Gamboge enough to jaundice a whole host.

[*Re-enter GIBBON with a PHYSICIAN.*]

GIBB. The Doctor, please your Lordship.

PHYSICIAN. Much I grieve

To hear your Excellency 's indisposed—

VICE. For this intrusion.

PHYS. Nay, my Lord, I come
On your own summons:—let me feel your pulse.

[*Approaches and sees the pill-boxes.*]

Good heavens! what have we here?—My Lord, my Lord,
Are you addicted to that *thorough* poison?

VICE. Psha, psha! 'tis but a box of paints:—proceed
To feel my pulse and contemplate my tongue.

PHYS. Dyspeptic, Sire, dyspeptic :—do you sleep
With pain?

VICE. [*groaning.*] I do.

PHYS. Your Lordship, then, must take
Three quarters of an ounce of Cheshire cheese.

VICE. Of cheese?

PHYS. You must! and be it well decayed,
Tasty and odoriferous.

VICE. 'Twill kill me!

PHYS. O no! itself most indigestible,
It doth provoke the languid stomach's powers,
By burly challenge to a tough debate;
And then the lazy organ, which before
Did dally triflingly with lighter food,
Perceives a labour worthy of its strength,
And girds it to the task :—just so the world :—
While Canada rebelled in words alone,
Troubling the empire with disloyal speech,
A feeble Gosford was the only force
That Britain used: but, civil dudgeon grown
To rank and ill-to-be-digested war,
The British Lion got his stomach up,
And mightily sent forth his strength and you. [*makes a most
profound bow.*]

VICE. I'll take the cheese.

PHYS. Your Lordship will do well.
[*bows again and exit.*]

[*Enter TURTLE in haste and with an appearance of alarm,
holding a Times newspaper in his hand.*]

VICE. What trouble now?

TURT. Such as you will not like,
My generous Lord.

VICE. [*averting his face and extending his hand.*] I
know—it is the cheese

TURT. [*holding a napkin to his mouth*] You shall not
smell it; but, my Lord, read that! [*presents
the newspaper, which the VICEROY takes and peruses.*]

VICE. What do I see?—my Ordinance pronounced

Illegal!—with advice of Ministers,
 By Queen Victoria *disallowed*!—an Act
 (And by Lord Brougham too) of Indemnity!
 My very dream!—Yet hold!—'tis but the *Times*,
 Mine ancient and most hateful enemy,
 Concocting figments to disturb my peace.
 I'll not believe a word on 't. (*throws the paper aside.*)

TURT. (*drawing another paper from his pocket.*)

Ah! my Lord,

The *Grunticle* and *Globe* repeat the same.

VICE. The d—l they do!—then I'm a ruined man!—
 But no! it ne'er of Lambton shall be said
 He winced or quailed!—Go Turtle,—Gibbon, go!
 Without delay pack up my baggage,—quick!
 And bring me my pea-jacket, and my boots,
 My hat, and neck-shawl, and *et-cæteras*. (*Exeunt GIBBON
 and TURTLE.*)

By the first ship I'll sail, nor here remain
 Another hour.

SPLASH. Your Lordship's colour shall I take?

VICE. Beshrew the colour! I will take it home
 To scare Lords Melbourne and Glenelg withal.
 (*Re-enter TURTLE with travelling habiliments.*)

TURT. Your Excellency please, the Delegates
 Await your pleasure in the Presence Hall.

VICE. O hang 'em!

TURT. Will your Lordship choose to sign
 The order for their execution?

VICE. Zounds!

I'm not in earnest:—what a coil you'd make!—
 Yet I will meet them, and take civil leave.

(*The VICEROY having indued himself, with TURTLE'S as-
 sistance, in all the personal paraphernalia of a journey,
 Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE V.—THE PRESENCE HALL.

A throne and three Banners respectively inscribed with
 the letters P. P. C.—P. D. A.—and D. I. O.

GIBBON and DELEGATES discovered in conversation.

GIBB. His Excellency comes! prepared you see
For travelling:—be sure you speak the speech
As I propounded it; and stand aside
In deferential order as I taught. (*The Delegates arrange
themselves on each side of the throne.*)

Enter VICEROY and TURTLE; SERVANTS following
with trunks, carpet-bags, band-boxes and various packages:
his EXCELLENCY stands in front of the throne, but does not
take his seat: all the DELEGATES bow profoundly, and the
VICEROY returns the compliment graciously but with a
solemn and melancholy air.

1st DELEGATE. May 't please your Lordship,—we are
sorry—very—
That you are off so soon.

OMNES. Indeed, we are!

1st DEL. The rumour met us as we hither came,
Like cries of "Fire!" repeated through the town,
Spreading alarm, and breaking ope in haste
The copious water-plugs of all our eyes. [*flent Omnes.*]
Yet scarce believed we, till assembled here
Those symbols of *leave-taking* we beheld. [*points to the
banners,*]

VICE. Agh! who has been so busy with our grief,
To blaze it thus before the general eye?

TURT. My Lord, I am dumb-founded at the sight,
And ne'er till now perceived the sad intent
Of those initials valedictory.
But know the meaning I designed; for this [*points to P.P.C.*]
Reads "*Patriæ, Populi Custos*"—

VICE. [*sharply.*] Gaoler? Eh?

TURT. No,—*Guardian*, Sire! And this [*points to P.D.A.*]
"*Præsidium*,

Decus, Auxilium:"—and "D. I. O."

Is pregnant with a twin significance;—

"*Durham, Imperic Opifer*,"—or thus

Read "*Instaurator Orbis*!" [*uproarious cheers from the
Delegates.*]

VICE. [*valde commotus.*] Good, my friends !
 'Tis true I would have been all this, and more,
 If more were needed and permitted. Nay !
 I had not shrunk to take the world in hand,
 If that my country called me thereunto.
 I did assume the government of these
 The Provinces of North America,
 With predetermination to provide for all
 Future prosperity and welfare ; and,
 Naught doubting, in three little months have I
 Restored—such as it is—tranquillity :
 Substantial justice—though it was LAW—
 I have administered ; and now was I
 Upon the point to promulgate such laws
 As would the Natives have astonished quite,
 And saved the British interests—and our own.
 In this, I trust, most useful course, a branch
 O' th' British Parliament hath INTERFERED ;
 (I need not tell you 'twas impertinent !)
 Th' responsible advisers of the Crown,
 In such a meddling interference have
 Deemed right to acquiesce : so I resign
 That POWER which now is into WEAKNESS turned,
 And rendered totally inadequate
 To th' grave emergency that called it forth. [*groans from
 the Delegates.*]
 'Twas not surprising that Lord Brougham, and those
 Who act with him, should try to mar my schemes.
 But, Sirs, I've been put down and sacrificed,
 Yea ! by my FRIENDS !—by those who should have stood
 In my defence against mine enemies. [*weeps.*]
 For Ministers, in persecution's hour,
 'Twas duty to support me, NOT TO JOIN
 MY BITTER FOES IN STRIKING AT MY HEAD.

[*Shouts of the populace without, cries of "Durham!"—
 "Vive le Gouverneur!"—"Down with the House of Lords!"—
 —"Vive milord Brum!"—"Victoria for ever!"—"Sacre
 bleu!"—"Huzzah for England!"—"Vive la Nation Cana-*

dienne!"—*A window being thrown open, the VICEROY proceeds to address the PEOPLE.*]

My friends and ever loyal Colonists !

I'm off!—for all my acts are damned,—decreed

By the whole British Senate, and confessed

By William Lamb, to be illegal : aye !

And I'm insulted with indemnities.

Yet nothing disrespectful do I mean

To either Ministers or House of Lords.

But you have been so kind, I can't withhold,

From gentlemen like you, the honest truth,

Secure that, in your well tried loyalty

And warm attachment to the British Crown, [*cries without*

"Vive la Liberté !"]

You never will abuse my confidence.

I came not hither unassured the Queen

Did delegate to me despotic power :

And much I deemed it would conduce to good,

My free unfettered Will should stand for law,—

For sound substantial policy, my Fiat.

For what could mean my sounding titles less—

"Governor-General," "High Commissioner,"

"Dictator," and the Lord knows what beside—

What less could all these mean than despot power ?

Yet when I "tried it on," it would not fit. [*ironical cheers*

from the French mob.]

My expectations have been disappointed

Most painfully ; for woful ignorance rules

At home, where to incessant criticism

My most minute details have been exposed,

My powers by system all depreciated.—[*cries without, "Vive*

milor de Brummagem !"]

Then the State Prisoners troubled me : not mine

Of such canaille to have the odious care :

But I resolved to make short work of them.

Judicial process would have vexed afresh

The public mind, have shown the sympathy

Of multitudes with bold rebellion,

And given assurance of impunity
 For guilt political: the disaffect
 Seeing the leaders free, would look on them
 As innocent victims to vindictive charge, [*cheers from the
 French mob.*]

And false imprisonment. These mischiefs I
 Was bound t' avert, and would have done it too;
 But I was thwarted: mischief 'light on them
 Whose acts permit the traitors to return
 And raise another row! Not mine the fault: [*cries without,
 "Vive la liberté!"*]

Not I encourage flesh rebellion, no!
 But if it comes,—it comes: I wash my hands
 Of what ensues: I've striven to cement
 British connexion; loose it now who will. [*cries, "Vive le
 citoyen Lambton!"*]

I've gained approval of th' United States
 (A gratifying compliment!); I have
 The plaudits of my conscience and of you. [*cheers and groans
 intermixed.*]

Britain alone condemns what all commend.

Observe, I say it not—I do not *say*,

That Britain is unworthy now

Of your allegiance;—no! I *say* it not.

The Queen's Advisers and the Senate all

Are honourable men; yea, all, all most—

Most honourable men!—but me and you

Thy've treated vilely.—Yet I tell you this,

Ne'er from the Mother Country separate!—

"The anchor's weighed, or I would tell ye more." [*confused
 hubbub and cheers. CURTAIN FALLS.*]

