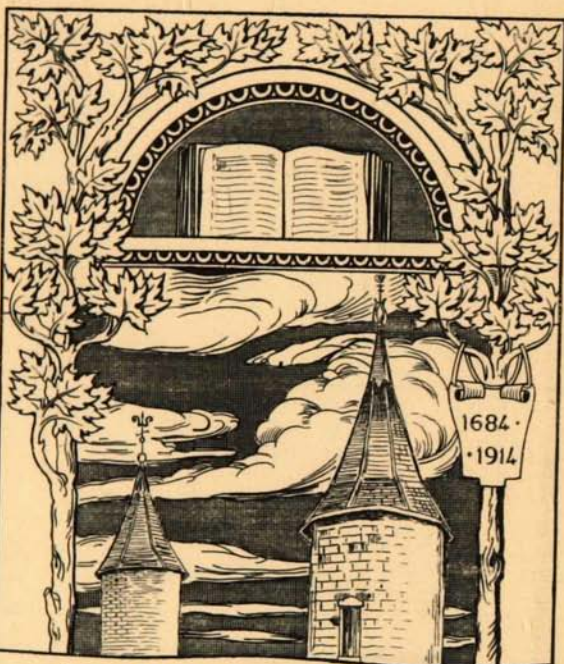


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L. A. Mason

LANDSWAP,

A SATIRE

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SAINT-SULPICE

Montreal:

1875.

THE LAND SWAP;
A SATIRE.
IN FOUR PARTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- Hon. Gideon Wee-met*,—but soon to part.
Hon. Louis A-sham-beau,—all sham, so-so.
Hon. J. A. Chap-low,—but low-er may be found.
Hon. George N'Ervine,—whose nerve failed him.
Hon. M. For-tin-ier,—not all tin-sel.
Hon. Mr. Hold-on,—a very cautious old dog.
Hon. Mr. Ha'Penny,—sometimes a very bad penny.
Mr. Jackdaw,—a great bawler.
Mr. Pontoon-Bridges,—of many spans.
Mr. 'Art-ful,—a very 'ard-'arted man.
Mr. Lukm-astick,—who was greatly sold.
Mr. Centre-miss,—sometimes middle-mist.
Mr. Dansero,—more knave than saint.
Abd. Divide,—with himself.
M. Bo-bien,—not bien beau.
1st Conservative.
2nd Do.
1st Rouge.
2nd Do.
3rd Do.
Judge Kuur-saal.
Hon. Hy. Storms.
Hon. Mr. Church.

THE LAND SWAP.

PART FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.

CHARACTERS:—Jackdaw, 'Artful and Pontoon-Bridges.

Jackdaw. Friend Artful I have hatched a clever scheme.

Artful. How wondrous strange! what may it be?

J. In ages past, so far that search doth fail
To bring to light the generous donor, land
Of an extent considerable, fell
Into the hands of the then government.
Can you guess the cause of this right strange bequest,
For generosity as the world doth view it,
Doth only appertain to knaves and fools;—
Mark ye the cause! Dost thou guess?

A. Oh pshaw!

Pray come to the point, and straight your tale reveal.

J. Howe'er you'd never guess, thy pate's too thick
For mental speculation; it's funny quite,
For lunatics, the writing ran, and faith
I think the donor had a strong, rich vein
Of caustic humor when the Government,
He made Trustees; forsooth what better hands
Could hold such trust, its object kept in view
The while. Apart from this, I have a scheme.

A. A scheme, well quick about it, details and all!
I have not time for gabbing on the street.

J. You do partake my nature quite, and hence
 I seek your aid forthwith; it needs some tact,
 And I well know your wily, tricksome dodges.
 You are a master in your line, and as
 For saints how holy, philanthropic, you
 Can be, when purpose serves to make disguise,
 None know so well as doth yourself. This scheme—

A. Ah well, this scheme! the scheme by all means.
 A truce to artful compliments, I am
 Too old to be by clever chaffing caught.
 Details! details! the scheme.

J. I knew your bent.
 Moneyed impatience chafes at short delays.
 This land of which I spoke just now would be
 A choice investment; precious profits would accrue
 To any purchaser; so far 'tis well, but how
 To purchase is the question I would solve;
 With your assistance, clever man, you will
 I'm sure, devise some project for our case.
 Our, I say, because I think you'll join
 Me in this venture.

A. Show me money first;
 This needful ally certain, I will aid
 You in your scheme with all my heart. Proceed.

J. We must obtain the Government's consent,
 Of course, err we can cull this morsel choice;
 But how? the Gordian knot is here displayed.
 Cut the difficulty, and the game is ours.

A. Well, have you felt the ground with needful care?

J. No, not exactly; that's to say I did
 Not make an application personally;
 Yet through others, cat's paws merely, I
 Have learned, the Government doth coldly look
 Upon the question of its sale, and they have
 In fact denied a couple,—clearly so,
 But still I do not despair. Our past doth teach,
 If anything, that money rules the world

In which we live. Our gentlemen, our swells,
 Aristocrats, so-called, between ourselves,
 We know their money makes them all in all.
 This proof so plain, that schoolboys know it well.
 How can we use the golden key to ope
 The tempting door, that leads to pastures sweet.

A. Are all the members honest proof, so pure,
 That golden arrows might not find a cleft
 In their gallant armour; dost thou know
 Of such a one? methinks it would not be
 So difficult, with such a government.
 Our weapons should be right judicious chosen.
 Ashambow they say is not so good,
 But better he might be, as sayings go.

J. I fear that would not do; it's hardly safe
 To ply our trade so openly; and then
 The papers, cursed scandal mongering sheets,
 Would surely sniff the thing afar, and raise
 Their devilish clamor, to our great dismay.
 For while we mean to profit if we can,
 Yet still we can't afford to lose our caste
 In this melange, we call society,
 For want of better name, I fancy.

A. That

Aside; we cannot stop for trifles; these
 Are thin as air, and bring no money to
 The till—the central object of our lives.
 Ah here, I have it! blessed thought, divine
 Must be this inspiration; heaven itself
 Must shout with loud acclaim when forth the news dost go!

J. Heaven and you do ill consort, I fear.
 What clever thought has hit your scheming brain?

A. Clever, thoul't say again, when thou dost hear.
 Mark well my words! our hospital doth need,
 Extended grounds; in any case, the thing
 Looks plausible enough to easy cheat
 Old Gabriel, were he to change his place

With our mawkish government, unlikely rather,—
Still we know unlikely things do happen.

We must address ourselves upon these grounds.

So philanthropic, thoughtful, too, shall seem

Our gentle project; this will doubtless trap,

The fogies of the Cabinet; then

Nothing could be clearer than our plan.

J. Clearer! Humph, excuse me, if I see

The matter you propose with other eyes.

'Tis clear, I grant, the ground we might get on

Such grounds, but how to utilize it for

Our purposes, a riddle is to me.

The difficulties we now face are small

Indeed to others, which such circumstance would breed.

A. Oh bah, you know not what you say:

Small-pox,—small-pox, hath the word

No charms to keenly sharpened ears like yours?

J. Small-pox! charms, the horrid word! You rave,

Or worse, you trifle; what have we with small-pox?

A. We fatten like it on the ills of men,—

Foul humors,—this at least we have in common.

Stay, hold! don't go! I merely jest, pure mirth,

Is healthful, you well know; well, small-pox

Has a deeper meaning than you think.

J. Speak out then quick, how dim, obscure, you have

Become; I cannot idle here, if such

Doth suit your purpose.

A. Still impatient, hold,

I'll make it clear: the land obtained, we will

Duly with meetful gravity propose

The erection of a small-pox hospital,—

Of course, our human nature deeply stirred

The while with lofty instincts; now, I see,

Your eyes begin to twinkle, you must see

The sequence of such skilled philanthropy.

The district is most suitable for villa lots,

And doth adjoin a spreading populous suburb.

Alarmed at such a proposition, they
 Will loud protest against our holy scheme.
 Our role will easy be ; aghast at want
 Of christian instincts, sympathetic hearts,
 As such base conduct will most plainly show,
 We shall demur, protest in turn, and cry
 With all our strength, to prove our purity.
 A powerful case they'll show the while, and we
 At length will feel conviction stealing on
 Our simple minds, but much against our wills,
 So sanctified and pure and meet for works
 Of mercy broad and deep, through past events,
 And then will modestly propose in view
 Of all this clamor,—which in truth we'll say
 Has some foundation, truly so in fact
 As well as fancy—ourselves to buy the land,
 At moderate rate and personal inconvenience,
 Of course ; or better still, if we could but
 Exchange another, poorer property
 For this ; you have perhaps such fortune as
 To be owner of a proper property,
 As our purpose may well seek. A little time
 Will pass, and then we'll sell at profit vast,
 Astonished greatly at the gains that fall
 Within our cold, indifferent palms, long chilled
 By heavenly grace, and works of charity.
 The world doth know us ; we do know the world,
 And, speaking plainly, we will here contrive
 To gull the Government with christian zeal.
 I'd match Old Satan versus Gabriel,
 And place vast odds on former that he'd win.
J. I said your cleverness would find a way,
 My confidence is not misplaced, I see.
 Your plan delights me greatly ; for both depth
 And rare simplicity, I like it much,
 And will with ready hand unite to work
 Our common good ; caution is the word,

For rashness oft has spoiled the best laid schemes.
 Our actions all must seem to be inspired
 By others than ourselves; 'tis well to leave
 No chance, that evil to our project might
 Ensue; our prudence must be marked, as keen
 And cautious as the motions of a cat,
 Which cheats its coveted prey of life :—to work!

A. You have well said; and now I think we must
 Obtain another—shall I say confederate?—
 No! 'tis well, the word sounds badly in
 Our ears; and who shall mortal be so blessed,
 So favored, as to share in this, our scheme?
He must give color to the thing, beyond
 Suspicious glance or ill-starred tongues, or talk.
 This is an evil world: in sooth, I must
 Forswear it, though I greatly hate the odious task.
 Such truly honest folk as you, or I,
 Can scarcely work in peace; but mischief broods
 Around our steps. Stay—hold—the man we want.
 Pontoon approaches; he will make the third,
 A lucky number too; 'tis well to have
 All forces possible on our side—both heaven,
 And hell, if parts they'll take in business like
 Our venture; speak him mildly—I will slip
 Around this corner, and will patient wait
 On 'Change, for your report. I hope it will
 Be favorable; no word, you cautious dog,
 That I approve; suggestion comes of course,
 From outside parties; the rest you can devise.
 Good fortune, and a quick report.

J. (to Pontoon-Bridges) I would
 You see a moment on a matter which
 Doth perplex me; recently I have been asked
 By divers citizens what we would do—
 The hospital I mean—about this plague,
 Which vilely sweeps the city at this time.
 I said I did not know, and one thing led

To other points ; at last a scheme was broached,
 Which I did view without much favor, still
 As I was pressed, reluctant I consented.
 Yet I am not sure, but that my previous thoughts
 Were most judicious in the case ; they held,
 That site most excellent did lay on rising ground,
 Adjacent to the Tanneries, but clear
 Of this outlying village ; clear, quite clear,
 I'm sure ; the site I must confess is good,

Pontoon. No doubt, the site is all we could desire,
 If we did think of such a thing, but this
 Is past consideration ; know you not
 That finances are low, and business dull,
 And chances to raise the sum immense we would
 Require for such a purpose, small,
 To say the least ; your plan I fear is hopeless.

J. So I said, and far more strongly than
 Now you have done ; and then my friends did state
 A fact, which forced me to confess the thing,
 More likely to succeed than I had thought
 At first ; the land, it seems, is public ground,
 Held by our local Government in trust,
 For some such end of love and mercy close,
 Confined. The project did in truth commend
 Itself, when I reflected on its tenor.
 Then I began to think the affair within
 The bounds at least of practicability ;
 More than at the outset, I did judge.

P. If this be true, perhaps it might be well
 To see if your idea might chance meet
 With general favor ; if we the site obtained
 Without expense, it's possible we then
 The plan might take in all its details, still
 I fancy careful judgment would against
 Your hopes decide.

J. My hopes ! excuse me if
 I do correct you in so small a thing.

It was at first, as I have said, of your
Opinion, and alone through urging saw
The proposition in a different light.

P. Oh certainly, if so it pleases you.

J. If we do move about this matter, I
Do think it would be well to quickly move,
For wicked speculators, I've heard,—
It's only hearsay, true, but still I've heard,—
That men unprincipled in all their acts,
Have long had covetous eyes upon this ground,
Which has a fine location, and you know
As well as I, or mayhap better far,
The composition of our Government.
Delay might lead to some transaction, which
Would ruin all our generous plans, devised
For others benefit, and not for self.

P. I am prepared to move, if you do wish,
And treat to-morrow, with this end in view.

J. I would suggest that we might need—you know,
It might be better authorization to
Obtain; if you would write a passing note,
I doubt not but the managing committee
Will give the subject earliest attention.
This secured, we might at once proceed
Down to Quebec, to strike a ruthless blow
To all these speculative schemes, if such
They be—and probabilities lie that way.

P. I would not be surprised; and acting on
Your wise suggestion I will write without
Delay, both brief and clear, and pointed, with
A brief description of the plan you urge.

J. Urge, oh no!—I do not urge at all,
I merely do suggest—indifferent to
The issue, save that I would like to see
The project well supported, as its fruit
Will be for the sole benefit of poor,
Afflicted souls, whose miseries our hearts

Must cause to ache, whenever thought in that
Direction strays, (*aside*) which truly is not oft.

P. Your heart does credit to your head. I will
Be off, and quick indite that note of which
I spoke. (*Exit P. B.*)

J. The plot works well. I could not wish
It better if I were a saint, which I
In private do not claim at any rate.
He writes the letter; *he* first place will take,
And *if* there is a fuss, which scarce I think,
Despite a million protestations on
His part, *he'll* bear the brunt of all the blame,
While I will rank more saintly than I ought
Perhaps in such a case. Aha! I'll call
Upon my Christian friend, my genial twin
In mellow character if not by birth.
We play into each other's hands as ducks
And drakes; well fitted by Dame Nature for
The parts we several propose to take
In this affair of unctuous reputation,
As the world will view its aspect, quite
Asleep to all the artful tricks within.
The twaddle on creation must of truth
Have something, in its meshes deep and wide,
For Devil as we view him could not make
A mind so rich in all resource as this,
Which men possess, so full of schemes and lures,
And treacherous plans to bait the addled fools,
Who chiefly bless this smiling, happy world,
Of fool's creation; if it were not so
How honest men like A. and me would make
A living, far less wealth, position, name,
And reputation, know I not, and less
I care, as otherwise have ruled the fates.
But I forget, my comrade soon must know,
How well and happily the plot doth work and grow

SCENE II.

CHARACTERS:—Jackdaw and 'Artful.

A. All hail, old boy, how goes the game? Did P.
Consent to play the piper, while we grind
The organ of our hopes—I won't say fears?

J. Then don't; the scheme works splendidly. I'd
Bet, if I were not a Christian, that
We will yet succeed, if caution due
Is shown: the saintly part we'll play with such
Perfection, that St. Gabriel will sigh
As he beholds our performance—rich,
Luscious treat for earth and heaven alike.

A. You fill my heart with joy so deep and pure
That I could weep if other business did me not
Command; what says Pontoon about the scheme?

J. Not overmuch; but then this matters not
His kind co-operation's all we need.
Thus backed, our project looks extremely fair
And tempting. How I wish this day we could
That property call our own; a private feast
Would celebrate th' auspicious outcome of
Our thoughtful plans; I'd give to-day the poor
A thousand, for the certainty that we
Would win.

A. And I a like sum, and then
Would think the money finely spent; how success
Does soften Christian hearts! our generous souls
Are moved; the very thought excites our minds,
And hasty impulse rushing in would rob
Us of our hard earned gains; 'tis thus with fools.

J. But folly such as this would not be dear;
I've spent as much on trash without a fear,
When precious prey, my net did linger near.

A. Ah well, it's time enough to talk of gifts,
Such gifts as aimless fools do give, when comes
This toothsome morsel in our eager hands.

But hold, you have not told what Pontoon does,
Or says in this affair; a willing tool,
Has he become, or is it otherwise?

J. Willing enough to suit our private ends.
He pledged himself to write, authority
To get, to seek the Government in guise
Of deputation; eager others to serve,
Of self regardless; this our principle
Is known.

A. Too well; he writes, a happy thought,
Most excellent expedient; and we need
Not apprehend rebuff; when offer such
As ours is made, all profit and no work,
The best of men would seize the passing chance.

SCENE THIRD.

CHARACTERS:—*Jackdaw, Lunn-atick and 'Artful.*

J. All goes well; the Committee approves,
And ripens fast the plot; but here comes Lunn,
He'll lend a hand, no doubt unwittingly;
Good-morrow, Lunn, as I did say just now
To friend 'Art, you assist in each good work
And work there is anon that meets your views.

Lunn. What's i' the wind?

J. Magnificence and worth combined!
A splendid project you must bear in mind,
Philanthropists, poets, all, loud acclaim
Will grant to each effulgent, glowing name,
That decorates this deed of mercy and of grace.

L. Much it must be, an eulogy
Like this to draw from man so practical.

A. You rightly speak; it merits more than he
Hath said; his modesty a lustre sheds
About his name; I would we all as good,
Not only seemed, but were.

J. You'll anger me,
If this fulsome strain you keep; 'tis not
For this I've toiled.

A. (*aside*) How true! Humility
Was e'er your fault my friend; the poor will weep
Most scalding tears, when that sad day arrives,
As so I fear it must, when tolling bells
Shall tell a sorrowing world that one good man
Has breathed his last; one from so many drones,
As full of sin and wickedness as bone
Of marrow.

J. Tush! I'll think you in your dotage,
If thus you longer rant; I would not die
A moment sooner than I must, for all
The praise in Christendom; I would more good
To do ere that event; how short our lives!
How sad the thought! we leave this world when ripe
With schemes of countless benefactions.

A. I
Could have sworn the thought, which truthful bears
The impress of the man!

L. I'm glad to find
You in such heavenly frame of mind; but you
Did mention something,—what; I remember not.

J. What kind reminder! else I would have missed
A chance most opportune to aid procure,
For work that surely will find favor in
Your kindly eyes; we have an excellent plan
Whose merit appertains to others—not
To us. I must explain: in brief, we would
Erect an hospital for patients ill
Of that dread contagion, small-pox; it,
I know, you have long favored; and besides,
If Government will but consent, we have
A site advantageous, within our reach,—
Nay I may say nigh at our doors.

L. Indeed,
You please me greatly; pray where may it be?

J. Right on that pretty slope beyond the town,
Above the Tanneries; better site was ne'er
Beheld!—and all who've heard are charmèd with
The scheme, which merits Heaven's approbation.

A. Man's, howe'er, must first be sought; we ask
Your kind co-operation.

L. Mine is at
Your service, if you wish an instrument
So poor; I trust you will succeed.

J. The good
And just where'er they be, your wish must breathe
With one accord; I doubt if sun has shone
At any time, upon a work so true,
And truly tuned to man's most noble instincts.

L. Amen, I say; if this be not approved
By all above—then we are lost indeed.

J. Your piety doth move my heart—although
But little used to such superior outbursts.
Approving, you will go I hope, if need
There be, to meet the Government, and urge
This gift for charity so noble; I
Would give one half my fortune, if so small
A sacrifice would bless my fellow-men.

L. I'm at your disposition; I must confess
Your words reveal a hidden worth, of which
I knew not till this hour.

A. Nor I forsooth.
I've often said he was too good by far
To grace this wicked world much longer by
His presence; sad it is, but true, we have
The wicked always with us; while the good
Unto themselves take wings and fly away.
(*Aside.*) If this be true, his flight is long postponed.

L. I must away, my business calls; good day!

J. Good-day, good friend.

(*L. exit.*)

Another simple fool

Is in our toils; it seems they were but made
To serve as baits for abler men, who knew
Their silly weaknesses; if he were mouse—
This heaven forbid until we need him not—
Instead of man, he'd walk into the trap,
Surrounded by a thousand dangers. Saints
And Fools have much in common; none this know
So well as you and I, who fatten at
Their cost.

A. Philosophy is barren worth;
I love the gold, the bright, clean, clinking bits,
Which move the heart alike to joy and pain;
To joy, for they are ours, and who shall part
Our fortunes once united; pain, for they are few,
What'er their number—few, too few,
Alas!

J. The puppets dance at our command,
The scenes will move, and then we'll show our hand.

A. I'll die of laughter, if the game we win—
What mirth we'll have; 'twould be a crying sin
If some base marplot were to spoil our plans.

J. To hell with mischief mongers; I could rave,
If we be foiled.

A. Your piety doth grow
Apace, methinks; but one must pray
At times, it is our nature.

J. Wise you are,
May fortune prove this once our guiding star,
If ne'er before, or hence.

A. I add, amen.
If now we fail, I'll never hope again.

SCENE FOURTH.

CHARACTERS :—*Pontoon-Bridges, Jackdaw and 'Artful.*

P. I'm glad to meet you, as I bear you word,
Which must in truth rejoice your generous hearts :
The managing committee bid Godspeed
To your good undertaking ; and does hope
That in your quest you quick will have success.

J. My heart runs o'er with joy ; I've prayed for this,
And though you'll not believe it, still I've laid
Awake whole anxious nights, in fear the while,
Lest they should view askance the scheme I have
So much at heart.

A. And I ; I ne'er had thought
It possible that I should feel a throb
Of joy, to learn that we are on the road
At last to due accomplish our desires,
And straight endow our fellow-men with such
A royal gift ; unless men's hearts are hard,
Or harder e'en than adamant, for this,
Such generous aspirations, purity,
And noble, purified ambition would
Assuredly soften.

J. Yet, alas ! the past
Dost teach us cruel lessons ; these we'll bear
In mind, lest base ingratitude should stir
Our souls to deepest anger.

A. But apart from this,
You will keep us company and plead the cause
You have so much at heart ; one word from you
Will serve our common aim with greater force,
Than our poor arguments.

P. I do consent ;
If this you wish, I will be pleased
To aid a scheme, destined to work great good,
J. I knew your heart was in the plan, and now
I dare to hope that we may meet success.

(*Exit P.*)

J. Aha! the ball rolls excellently; we
 Must quick in action be, and straight proceed
 To meet our gentle Government. One hopes—
 But hopes alas! are brittle things of times—
 That fortune may be with us in this throw.

A. I echo with good heart your words, and pray
 That our success will equal our deserts.

J. Don't put it on that score lest we should lose,
 But rather ape that grand humility,
 Which prayerful souls, clean hypocrites,
 Affect when they do solemn mouth in public.
 Let down your jaws two inches,—if possible
 For four,—roll up your eyes with hideous grace,
 And then with stutterings and stoppings in your speech,
 To mark the bashful meekness of your soul,
 And the proper hesitation which you feel,
 In thus approaching the dread Throne of Grace,
 Begin; but mark you when you end this act,
 Swear violent oaths, or else how Christians frail
 Can prove their meek consistency as shown
 In life, I cannot for my life divine.

A. We must away, and cease this confidence,
 Or we will tell more truths than in our lives
 Till now; we can plead guilty to few crimes
 Of this base sort.

J. The truth is vulgar quite;
 I am afraid howe'er the tide will turn,
 If but for change, away! away!

A. Adieu.

PART SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.

CHARACTERS:—*'Artful, Jackdaw, and Lunn-atick.*

A. We've seen this Government of ours; what think
You of our prospects?

J. Hum! I scarce can tell;
They talked with milky sweetness, a spice too sweet;
Beware of sweetness, when it thus is shown.
Assassins smile before they strike and work
Their hates; and friends do smile and flatter when
They'd cut you keenest; I don't like their smiles,
And seeming approbation of our scheme.
Long practice makes one wary of the wiles.
With which one baits his crafty nets, and reaps
His tempting gains; A-sham-bow, I did think,
Smiled most. I marked him, and I must admit,
I grew less hopeful, as he more approved.

A. I thought ourselves most fortunate; the tide
Did seem to strongly run, as we did wish,
With promise safe to tide us o'er this mire
Of difficulty and unpleasant doubt,
In which we halting move; I felt indeed
Elated; chilling are your doubts, yet still
Mayhap 'tis better doubt to cultivate
Than hope, when obstacles exist that may
Perchance frustrate our wisest plans, and show
The vanity of baseless expectations.

J. Why don't Governments transact affairs
As other men; if otherwise, the deed,
As well as not, might straight this day be passed,
And all the world be satisfied; the world,
We represent the while.

A. I would have staked my fortune on the throw,
 But now my hopes have less of strength. I would
 This feverish time were passed; impatience knaws
 Like hunger, only keener are its fangs;
 But here behold friend Lunn.

J. How now, forsooth,
 What think you of the Ministerial feast
 Of babble and small talk.

L. I thought they spoke
 With great good feeling and good taste; they seemed
 To treat our prayer with high consideration
 Which in truth I did not quite expect;
 So kindly too in their remarks.

J. I see with other eyes than yours, and am possessed
 Of serious doubts about this whole affair.
 Those foxes dote upon you, when they hate
 You most; they speak most fairly while they lie
 In concert, laughing in their sleeves at sight
 Of simple souls that take their speech as truth.
 When snakes till ground, and grinning apes do talk,
 Will I their promises receive as worth
 Their face, like legal tender notes.

L. Your words
 May yet be justified, but scarce are Christian;
 They should be gentlemen or else not there.

A. 'Tis rather far-fetched in this age to look
 For gentlemen among the horde that fills
 High places; politicians are scarce thought
 Of in such novel light.

L. I did not know
 That politicians had become divorced
 From gentlemen; beware lest such remarks
 Are made in turn of merchants, while the race
 Of speculators might at times deserve a passing shaft

(*L. exit.*)

J. That honest fool brims o'er with simple trust.
 I am profoundly thankful to the Power;

Which rules our lives, that I was formed in mould
Of different shape, if otherwise, alas!
I'd ne'er attained my present wealth.

A. Your friends
Who knew you best I'm sure will never dream
Of saddling such a crime as honesty
Upon your shoulders; such a taunt you will
Be spared.

J. Enough of this; does Lunn suspect,
I wonder? He of speculators spoke
With some asperity; it struck me then
He might have understood by chance our plans.
These fools you cannot always safely trust.

A. I doubt such penetration on his part.
He spoke through impulse, angered slightly by
Your tone perhaps; these Christians meek and sad
Are quick to take offence, as tender quite
As frozen pumpkins when a genial thaw
Has loosened all their stiffening.

J. Humph!
Your surmise may be quite correct, but I
Like not his manner, nor his words, nor tone;
If he should play us false it would be bad
Indeed.

A. Faith, it would, especially since
We've praised him so right heartily aside.

J. True praise like ours is worth its weight in gold.

A. I would they'd pay us for it in this wise.

J. If so, we would put on most prayerful guise.

A. No modern saint, or churchly monk could act
The holy part with such enchanting tact.

J. And pious prayers we'd say for every soul,
That chose to pay his heavenly dole.

A. If this our scheme succeed, a church we might
Erect upon this land, and pray for praise,
And willing praise for ready, glinting gold.

J. How finely would our patrons then be sold!

SCENE THIRD.

CHARACTERS:—*Jackdaw* and *'Artful*.

J. Sold! sold! a thousand curses rain upon
These traitors! sold!

A. Oh who, I pray? you look
As if the day of judgment was upon
Our heads; explain and rave no more.

J. Alas!
My fears have been too true; we're hugely sold;
The land is now another's, if report
Proves well-founded; as to this I have
No doubt; that cursed tribe has played us false.

A. You bring us mournful news indeed; our hopes
Are scattered to the winds; but whence does come
Your information?

J. I a rumor caught
By chance upon the streets, and tracing to
Its source, this babbling, found it too correct;
The opportunity is ours no longer.
We are beaten in the race,—the knaves!
Their treachery will do them little good.

A. How comes it, that we lose our rightful chance?

J. The story as I've heard it, is quite easy,
But briefly told. It seems that Dancer-o,
A scheming speculator, got the ear
Of A-sham-beau, a minister, and played
His cards so well, that Centre-miss, a friend
Of his, has won the prize we long have claimed.

A. But how?

J. I'm told this Centre-miss has given
In exchange a land of goodly size.
Of this, howe'er, I'm positive, from what
I hear, that something lies beneath, which they,—
The Ministers I mean,—would scarcely like
To have revealed. This much we certain know:—
This property was held in sacred trust
For certain purposes; it will be strange

If, given this material, we do not
With capital and interest repay
Their treacherous tricks; I will away.

A. And whither?

J. To make a stir about this thing; they'll rue
The day when fortune in their tortuous way
A Jewdah blew; the *Herald* I will seek,
And straight communicate an inkling of
This base transaction; they will eager seize
Upon the clue; and mayhap we will fan
The smoke we see into a blazing flame.

(*J. exit.*)

A. If Heaven of you had made a croaking dame
Instead of man, a scheming witch decried,
A witch's death you'd surely long have died.

SCENE THIRD.

CHARACTERS:—*Jackdaw* and *Hon. Ha'penny*.

J. Good-day, my good sir, Ha'penny, how the world
Doth use you well! I pray your health is good.

Ha'penny. Good-day, good-day! I'm glad to see you here.
Not often do you grace our sanctum bare.

J. 'Tis my misfortune, I avow; but still
There's time to mend this fault; I come to see
You on important business.

H. Indeed—proceed!

J. We have a government of knaves and cheats,
In Sleepy Hollow, as you well do know;
But not to tell this thrice-told tale, came I,
To weary you with ancient news. A plot
I will disclose, which will present this ring
In scandalous colours.

H. Faith, you bring good news!
The times are dull; a scandal will be rich.

J. A scandal is no name; a villainous plot
The rather, sprung to rob good, honest men
Of sacred rights.

H. You are a God-send quite!
Reveal this outrage in its strongest light.

J. I'll hasten to obey; I've learned by chance,
That land bequeathed for charitable ends,
Has found its way to speculators' hands,
The Government conniving at
This fraud; and greater fraud has ne'er been seen—
A fraud gigantic quite.

H. Where was this land
Of which you speak, located?

J. Just beyond
The Limits; but its value is immense,—
At least a couple hundred thousands; not
One copper less; from what I hear the land
Obtained by this exchange is worth a paltry sum.

H. A rich, rich treat, 'faith, a job in fact,
A treasure to our party, and a mine
That, worked with will and energy, may land
Our friends in power.

J. Your shrewdness hits the mark,
And needs no second venture; I will wage
My fortune to a shilling that you'll win
This bout, though oft defeated; yet defeat
Makes wise, and proves where we may send our shafts
Most deadly with greater chances of success.

H. Your philosophy does credit to
Your mind; I only pray that you've not felt
Of late the sharp but wholesome stings of sheer
Defeat of plans, and hopes, and expectations.

J. I have not had such happy fortune; still
My past experience shows me how
Its lessons teach the erring, mend the wise,
And even make our fools less hardy in
Their venturous, grandiose exploits.

H. Time flies,
The Latins said I think—oh *tempus fugit*.

This put in passing, for truly time does flit ;
I would not show, you know, my learned lore.

J. The Ancients were quite right ; old Tom-puss *yew git*
Is expressive very, and quite as brief,
But Ancients let us put aside, and view
This rascally, unholy scheme in all
Its details ; would I had the tongue of Burke
To paint its characteristics in their truth,
So hideous and so base, when plain exposed
To sight. This ground, donated for a Christian end,
Was by the Governors of our Hospital
Solicited to serve our purpose. We
Did intend to place upon this site
An hospital, and grieved, perplexed, betrayed,
At this new turn affairs have taken, ruin
To my most cherished hopes, I crave your aid
To clean unmask this villainy, and show
These high-placed scoundrels ; that they've played a game,
Which boots but little to their gains ; write hot,
And sharp, and swift, and short, a boiling essence
Of all the keenest shafts your wit doth know.

H. I would not be too rash ; still will I put
The matter in strong colors, hinting more
Than plainly speaking, the easiest, wisest course.
'Tis easy to insinuate with art,
And do more injury than articles
Tempestuous can effect ; the former wound,
If but the venom skilfully is placed
Within the shaft, the keener from the little
Said ; the vagueness rouses apprehension.
Fears of nameless evils bring before
The mind, the strangest, most fantastic shapes.
The friends of those, attacked are deeply moved ;
They know not what this murky cloud may hide,
And whisper lest the walls may overhear
Their babblings ; by this plan, a little thing,
A trifle, may be made to seem to hold

Within its undefined clasp, of woes
 A mountain; this exaggeration is
 The fault of man; this scheme doth merit your
 Most close attention, for if by a chance,—
 But mind, I say a passing, doubtful chance,—
 Some error might be proved in what you tell
 Me, at this moment I would then be free
 From every danger; libel suits I shun
 Like poison, for they give great trouble, and
 Besides—a greater evil far—entail
 Expenses large and undesirable,
 While further which you'd quickly see, if you
 Enjoyed my long experience, one can wound
 As I have so expressed already, with
 The keenest malice, yet enveloped with
 The cloak of seeming kindness and charity.
 Most christian, such an art has this become,
 That in our daily prints we often blight
 The honor and fair fame of thousands, while
 We go unharmed amid this mischief rife.

J. You are a master in this art, I find.
 I am most pleased, I think I'll go it blind,
 With you for guide into this mystery,
 And prove their shame to our most jocund glee.

H. The matter may be left with safety in
 My hands; I'll sound my warning note at once,
 And on the morrow hurl the dart into
 Their camp, which will the purpose seek to spoil
 Their cunning machinations, to also prove
 That we have got an inkling of their crimes.

J. Thanks, thanks, you are quite right, and I was wrong.
 Between us soon they'll sing another song.

(Exit H.)

Aha! Aha! these men will bitter rue
 The day when I became their enemy.
 I'll follow them into their graves, if this
 Be necessary, to accomplish all

The hate that burns within me, scorching hot
 And angry green, tempestuous, seething rage.
 Old H. will serve my ends ; he'll sound the horn,
 Of coming woes, upon to-morrow morn.

SCENE IV.

CHARACTERS:—*Hon. Mr. Hold-on* and *Jackdaw*.

Hon. H. Good-morrow, friend !

J. Why, Providence is kind
 Indeed ; I would now see you on affairs
 Most pressing, to my mind at least ; you read,
 Beyond all doubt, a cautious article
 In your party journal of to-day.

Hon. H. I did.

J. But do you know its cause ?

Hon. H. I do.

I met friend Ha'penny just this minute, when,
 Responding to my inquiries, he told
 Me all the purport of your conversation
 Yesterday.

J. 'Tis well you know the facts,
 And knowing these, may judge
 Of the unquestioned villainy the case
 Doth show ; and if good use was made of this
 Great blunder on their part, I think it would
 Be fatal to their hopes political.

Hon. H. Your native wit doth lead you to the point ;
 I would have broached, but first we must excite
 The public indignation in this regard.

J. 'Tis easy this to do ; I will engage
 To move the public to unequalled rage.

Hon. H. But plans must not be careless laid, or else
 We're lost ; our strike must certain be ; the blows
 Must fall like well-aimed arrows, shattering all
 Their shameless expectations. On the tide

Of great emotion we will happily rouse
 In the hearts of all the people, we
 Will ride to victory, and to office sweet
 To victors—doubly sweet to those who've groaned
 Amid the ills with which an Opposition,
 Hungering for years for their reward,
 Is environed.

J. Blow the clarion trumpet, and
 Incite to anger and repudiation,
 Hot and burning, honest men ; but strike
 At once, delays are dangerous ; this you know
 Full well, your long experience tells its truth.
 But here comes Ha'penny ; we can together plot.

H. Excuse intrusion, but I guess your speech.
 Brave thanks to this our mutual friend ; we have
 This morning entered on a troublous scene—
 The trouble to our enemies, and victory
 To us, if these, the cards he places in
 Our hands, are shuffled rightly.

Hon. H. Ay, you speak
 The truth, but caution is our motto ; what
 You've written will attract attention to
 The matter we have taken in hand ; but facts,
 Most damning facts, are now required to raise
 The passions of our citizens
 To boiling point ; to shame opponents not
 Yet dead to honest feelings, and drive back—
 The baser hounds, that fatten on the spoils,
 To their unholy lairs, depressed, abashed,
 Affrighted, as they gaze upon the fruits
 Of long official villainies, by none
 Surpassed.

H. Yes, facts ; 'tis facts we need, and nought
 But facts.

J. 'Tis true, no doubt, the facts are much
 Required to bolster up the stand you've made,
 But if by chance the facts are slender, more

Than we could wish, you well may artful eke
 Their meagre substance with well grudged
 And judicious malice—screening over flaws,
 Exaggerating truths, and using all
 Those multitudinous wiles, in which the past
 Has shown you so proficient—wondrous so.

Hon. H. Our Ha'penny needs no teaching in this line.

J. As to the future we cannot repine,—
 The venture in safe hands with trusty friends.

Hon. H. Mere fancy to a phantom substance lends,
 But further facts we must in truth obtain
 Ere we may move with boldness on the main.

J. Facts, hard facts unto our aid forthcome !

SCENE FIFTH.

CHARACTERS :—*1st Conservative* and *2nd Conservative*.

1st C. Hast heard the news?—a curious thing at best.
 This land swap fills the air with rumors, bold
 And swaggering, like their parents.

2nd C. Ugly brood
 Of shameless sires ; I fear their clever lies
 Will gain wide credence, and endanger these,
 Our friends, who guide the Governmental helm.

1st C. In my opinion, Satan was a Grit ;
 Or Rouge, a hybrid politician, who
 Would feast in stolen splendor on the gains
 Illicit of a bold and dishonest life.
 These rogues will spare no pains to win the stakes
 On which they've set such covetous eyes ; they'll shrink
 From no envenomed slander, lie,
 Or gross invention, lying in the reach
 Of human knaves.

2nd C. Their honor has no worth,
 Ay, no existence ; reputation they
 Have lost so long that such is not required

Or asked ; they live like hideous vultures on
 The carrion, fetid, loathsome, of the field
 Political ; gnawing vampires, sucking deep
 And deadly, while our Party sleeps secure.

1st C. We must awake and shake our torpor off,
 And eager to the battle go, with arms
 Refurbished, gleaming, sharp and keen to strike
 Fierce blows, and open gaping, ghastly wounds,
 In their brave bubbles, crowned with falsehood, dressed
 In mirthful garb ; did even Heaven e'er see
 Such glaring faults, such base effrontery ?

2nd C. This scandal, if it be a scandal, must
 Be probed unto the bottom, and if truth
 Be found within, in smallest ratio, he,
 Or they, that may have sinned in this affair,
 Must straight be driven from our ranks,—to show
 That we at least can never brook such acts,
 As make these *Rouges* glory ; thus their spurs
 Are won, and thus they thrive, and thus the mischief's done.

1st C. Dishonesty must not be found within
 Our serried phalanx, and alas ! if there
 Be found some guilty souls, we must be purged
 Of their dishonoring presence ; in this we'll prove
 That we can put in practice what these Grits
 Do mouth, at weary length, and only mouth.

2nd C. Whatever be the cost, it must be done,
 The resolution's ta'en, the battle's won.

1st C. Thou sayest rightly ; done it must, and we
 Shall then exhibit courage worthy of
 Our sires, who fought for honest rule, not rogues,
 That think of self and gross, debasing pelf
 Before their country ; true Conservatives
 Do never thus ; they hold official honor
 And blameless reputations far above
 The muddy slimes, that roguish villains love.

1st C. The smoke hath risen most furiously within
 The past few days, and mayhap there may be

L. A. Mason

Some ground for all this hypocritical wail.
 My sorrow would be great to find a grain
 Of solid truth in all the chaff I know
 Is strewn throughout the Province, far and wide.
 I pray that otherwise may rule the fates,
 Or I shall hide my face in real shame,

2nd C. If such be true, revenge will be the word—
 Revenge on those poltroons and loathsome dogs,
 That may have smirched the ermine of our race
 Conservative, like those humors which the body throws
 From out its substance, freedom, soundness, health
 To gain once more—we'll spew them as such dregs,
 And send them to their native allies—our
 Opponents. Thus did Cochon act, and thus
 Will act all other cochons; how natural, too,
 For cochon true to like cochonnerie.

(Exit *2nd C.*)

1st C. Avaunt ye spectral shadows! away! away!
 The truth we'll know; these lying prophets bray
 To some good purpose, sometimes; then we'll move
 In this great matter, thus to clearly prove
 That we dishonesty sincerely hate,
 While Grits and *Rouges* of this merely prate.

SCENE SIXTH.

CHARACTERS:—*1st Rouge*, *2nd Rouge*, and *3rd Rouge*.

1st Rouge. Has villainy such as this been ever seen
 Before? I trow not; yet these rogues do seem
 To prosper. Does a Providence exist,
 And let these sharpers pillage at their will?
 We will await the end, when we'll perceive
 If justice, as they say it does, alights
 With grim severity upon such sins.

2nd R. 'Tis horrid, when we think it calmly o'er,
 And view its details in the mildest light.
 The rascals long have played this tricksome game,

With such unrighteous fare ?

2nd R. A truce to words,
The time has come for action ; heaven and earth
Must both be moved, if we would gain the play.
The stakes are large, right royal, then courage all,
And confidence will strike the premier blow
Upon this vile, unseemly ring, that rules
This Province; and, how badly, daily records
Show.

3rd R. These saintly paragons must leave the seats
They have disgraced, to be at once replaced
By honest faithful men, true to themselves,
Their principles, and to their friends anon.

2nd R. To these alone will we do honor ; then
With pride regard the Government,
And hope for justice at their righteous hands.
A thousand avenues we'll open to
Our thousand friends : position must be made,
Old promises must be faithfully kept ; what sight
For gods, superior and inferior,—meet
Revenge for our long abstinence from power,
And gladdening sweets of golden office ; we'll sit
Commissions to reveal the infamies
These harpies long have practised at their will,
And throw wide open paths for these, our friends,
Who for their forced abstention will be paid
In royal measure, brimming over, as
It meet should be, when we their office take.

1st R. Oh ! joyful day, be quick to dawn and shine
In all thy splendor ; what glorious time
'Twill be !

3rd R. A festal period for our friends abroad ;
We'll press with merry feet the grassy sod.

2nd R. I'll die of mirth to see these *Bleus* so blue,
Downcast, and sad, will they their crimes long rue.

1st R. Too late, in any case, to mend their plight.
May Heaven speed this glorious, long-hoped sight.

SCENE SEVENTH

CHARACTERS :—*Centre-miss* and *Danser-o*.

Centre-miss. What say the rascals now ?

Danser-o. That there is fraud

In this transaction ; let them pipe away
And bawl them hoarse, it matters not ; the play
Is ours, and while we win the solid gains,
Who cares what trouble they have for their pains.

C. They make a precious fuss about this thing,
At all events ; who would have dreamed of such
A frightful stir in this our little squabbling world
Of envious wights, who merely howl because
They've missed the profits we have gaily plucked.
Be they hanged, say I, and all their tribe
Of green-eyed mouthing monsters !

D. Hanged ! it were
Too good a fate for hirelings, versed in spite
And evil slanders ; learned in all the gibes
And bitter taunts that mean souls straight affect,
When burning, gnawing envy at our luck
And happy fortune, moves their bootless rage.
But, by-the-way, how are things looking ?—will
You make as handsomely as you conceived
By this great stroke of business ?

C. I am given
To understand that the exchange is worth
To me a cool and solid hundred thousand.
Talk to me on this of bending over
Books at agencies mercantile ! what !
To drone my life away at honest toil,
And die a pauper, while by one good stroke
In other lines—I may be re-imbursed
Most handsomely ; a clerk to-day, a man
Of means, and consequently standing too
Within the circles of our best, most choice
Society, to-morrow ! Bah ! a fig
For honest ways with recompense so low,

Unworthy of our age and race.

D. Methinks,
 The vile reproach of honesty will not
 Be ours for many days to come ; and yet
 What matters, this is not the basis of
 Our fashionable life ; but first they ask what means
 Have you ? and if the briefest answer be
 But favorable, in this regard, you have
 Naught else to fear ; but if the contrary
 Is shown, how quickly it is found that you
 Are not quite fit to take a place
 Amid such aristocratic airs and vapors,
 Empty as their heads, and quite as sound.
 They fawn, and wheedle, and condole, and sigh,
 In concert, with our various humors if
 We have but this—the gilded standard of
 Respectability—bright, flashing, gleaming gold !
 Or else they see you not, they pass you by,
 You are not fit with such confirmed defect
 To once offend their sweet nobility :—
 And then these knavish hypocrites do cry
 Aghast, affrighted at the spectacle,
 When some poor wretch, stung by their taunts and jeers,
 Puts forth his hand and takes that which may not
 Be all his own—to meet their prudish views,
 And shine if but for one brief day, in stolen
 Splendor, basking bravely in their smiles.
 Such the world, and such the hypocrites
 Who now affect a holy horror, lest
 We may by chance have done a thing which all
 The world may not approve ; these double dealing
 Knaves do wait for one and one thing only, this :
 To be assured of our success, or loss.
 If we succeed, depend upon it, we
 Will soon be favored with their kind regards,
 And anxious wishes for our mutual welfare.

C. A lengthy history—yet you say the truth ;
 I knew that long ago, and hence our game
 Doth give me no concern ; the lawyers say—
 And for round fees we good opinions should
 Obtain—our deeds are safe ; if this be so,
 And now I humbly pray that so it turn,
 We can afford at least to laugh at threats,
 So idle, trumpery, useless, vile as those
 We daily see in daily prints.

D. You lent me late a goodly sum ; if this
 Appears in print, it will go sore against
 Us in this strait ; I've thought it over, and will
 At once turn o'er to you my bond.

C. Alas !
 That honest men cannot be left in peace.
 A prying world, a trying world, I almost
 Said—censorious, envying, knavish, bad,
 Right thoroughly bad.

D. Accursed be these rogues,
 That dog our faithful footsteps ; we must meet,
 Forsooth, in secret, else the news will spread
 Abroad, and rumors fill the streets of plots,
 Conspiracies, stratagems, tricks and other wiles
 In truth, too numerous here to calmly state.

C. I take the bond, but here's my word, that this
 Shall go for nothing ; you shall have returned
 This worthless sheet of paper when the storm
 Has disappeared, and we are free to act
 As we may think most opportune ; 'tis said
 That honor even rules among low thieves,
 Then why should not *we* keep our verbal bonds ?

D. I must confess that I do feel a close
 And kindly sympathy up-springing fast
 Between us two.

C. And I in turn must say
 That kind sympathy is quite returned.

D. The Siamese twins could not be closer bound,

Than we, who scarce were known to one another
Scarce a month ago; time flies, i' faith!

C. A bumper to our mutual healths—a curse,
A deep, dread curse, to all our enemies.

D. May curses meet them lying, sleeping, waking,
Talking, dreaming, fishing, cooking, baking!

C. At every time, in every place, alack!
May we devise sure means to foil their schemes.

D. Amen, I say, amen, devoutly pray!

—
SCENE EIGHTH.

CHARACTERS:—*A-sham-beau* and *Divide*.

A-sham-beau. Where to, *Divide*?

Divide. Oh! no where in
Particular; just out of town to get,
If possible, a breath of freshening air.

A. Nowhere, somewhere means, I clearly see.
Tis true then, that *you* have now deserted us,
And so you will attend this evening's meeting.

D. Well, I have not said I would.

A. There is
No need of words, when actions speak more clear.
And this from you!—ingratitude, but I
Do rave; who looks for gratitude in this
Our happy world, a fool doth prove himself—
But call for bread, a stone you will perceive.
Shower favors on your enemies, for they
At least, with saintly mien and thankful face,
Will not betray. O Honor! Honesty!
Thy residence is far from here; in truth,
These virtues are no more. Weep, knavish fools,
And sigh, ye traitors; pour down tears of woe,
And sing their requiem. Alas, that I
Have trusted man, when dogs were round me.

D. If
This tirade gross is meant for me, the words

Are wasted on the evening air ; a truce
 To mouthing compliments and garish lies.
 Out upon such trickery, I say !
 The mask must fall—and let it fall without
 Delay ; for me, I cannot, run a muck,
 With mine own fortunes thee to please ; I must
 Take care, that I at least am not entrapped,
 In this your shameful bungling.

A. Bungle ! thus
 You term the act most brilliant of my whole
 Career ; in this my constant aim has been
 To soothe these rampant bigotries, which fly
 Straight in the face of Heaven itself, when Heaven
 Proves unpropitious to their base designs ;
 To heal dissensions, firmly close the ranks
 Of christians, favor none ; and equal justice
 Do to all the sects that flourish in
 Our great Metropolis, such have been and
 Are still the motives that do move me in
 This business, which you compliment so high.

D. You can afford, at all events, to drop
 Your clever mask with me ; my nephew is
 Not here, nor yet his partner, and I think
 You safely can now lay aside the cloak
 Of good intentions stolen to cover ill.
 Avaunt with humbug ! we can speak our mind,
 And tell the reasons why we act, to one
 Another ; how we elsewhere hide the truth,
 It matters not ; confess, and say, that this
 You really did with hope of personal gain.

A. Your impudence is glorious, fool or knave,
 And to this last opinion I incline.
 You speak, I see, from close experience ; this
 Has taught you long ago that you are knave,
 A trickster, artfully disguised—a cheat
 Of great dimensions ; knowing this you think
 That all the world is like yourself, no rare
 Mistake.

D. Hard words will not divide us. I
 Would know if what is said has not some truth,
 If you have not some gain received ; some friend,
 Has fattened on this fat transaction,—you
 Do start—'tis well, I knew it all along.
 Has Danser-o ?—

A. 'Tis thus you beard me in
 My den, and pry with rouge inquisitiveness
 Into my private business ; I will let
 You know that I'll not tamely stand this game
 Of bluff and cool impertinence.

D. Come, come,
 Old man, you have misunderstood me—this,
 And nothing more ; we are a perfect pair.
 Confess the fact, and leave this pious garb
 Of holy motives to less clever men,
 Than we assume to be, and are. 'Tis said
 That Danser-o, a friend of yours as I
 Do know and all the world, hath profited by
 This land exchange ; the story has some truth ?

A. Your coolness would disarm a growling bear ;
 I' faith, you push me hard ; and since it seems,
 You wish to have some knowledge of the facts,
 I will admit that *D.* our friend, has gained,
 As I have understood, some profit by
 This solid barter ; nothing more, and I
 Have let this thing be done ; in this my fault
 Doth lay—in nothing else.

D. I thought the mask
 Would slip from its accustomed place, and let
 Me see you in your nakedness ; how can
 You now reproach me for my course ? You have
 Admitted, that you helped a friend,—I help
 Myself ; this long has been my custom, and
 I must confess I cannot change my rule,
 When safety doth impel me in this way.

A. I said you were a knave, and have not changed
This view.

D. There is no need to do so—soon
We'll meet again; then you will mourn an office
Lost—and I, mayhap, an office gained.
Adieu, good friend, adieu!

A. Adieu! you knave!

D. How softly string your words; such honey lost,
It is lamentable; my sadness grows,
And soon will conquer me; I needs must weep.

A. When crocodiles shed tears, you needs must weep;
When saints are sent to council-- you must pray,—
But not before.

D. I'll age without a prayer,
In such a case; but time doth pass—adieu.

CENE NINTH.

CHARACTERS :—*Hon. Mr. Chap-low, Hon. Mr. Wee-met, and
Hon. Mr. A-sham-beau.*

Time, (immediately after Indignation Meeting held at the
Tanneries.)

C. I used my eloquence—all heaven has given
Me for my needs; I spoke with all the power
I could muster, argued, cried, denounced,
But all in vain; my warmest words fell coldly
On their ears; I fear the tide is strong,
And far too strong to stem.

W. Cheer up! cheer up!
Don't look so blank, I pray; we'll play our cards
Too cleverly to lose.

C. There is abundant need of clever play
At all events; and machiavellian craft
Will be required to make our case appear
The better cause.

W. Oh pshaw! you are too sad.
This is not like my Chap-low surely, faith,

If thus you shrink from such a petty squall.
 You shiver, A-sham-beau; now, what thinkest thou?

A. That you miscalculate the coming storm;
 I've seen them rise with calmer signs, and yet
 They've raged like tropic hurricanes.

W.

You mate

Our Chap-low, solemn, mournful, dismal, sad;
 A pretty pair of friends! you wish to throw
 A dripping blanket o'er my hopes, but these
 Are far too strong to weakly yield to woman's
 Fears.

C. Your childish taunt is badly timed:
 For this I've braved the wrath of yonder mob;
 For this I've cut a pleasant visit short;
 For this I've earned the bitter, fiendish hate
 Of shameless foes; for this assumed the weight
 Of what I know not all,—I cannot know.
 I have obeyed, when you did me command;
 I have o'er-looked a haughty manner, ill
 Displayed: these things and many others have
 I borne. I add, beware, lest I forsake
 Thee in thy greatest need; I speak the truth
 Perhaps too frankly, still the truth, and you
 Do gibe.

W. Come! come! I did not mean to gibe,
 If any of my words can so be read.
 I know the services that you have given,
 And these have won my deathless gratitude;
 The favors that I've showered on you in
 The past will dwarf to nothing when compared
 With honors yet to come.

C. I hope this cloud
 Of ill-reports and ignominy which
 I plainly see, although your practised eyes
 Do recognize no danger, will quickly pass,
 And leave the sky as bright as 'twas before.

A. Amen! event for which I humbly pray.

W. Then still you fear? 'tis craven thus to shrink
Beneath unseen misfortune.

A. Braggarts boast
With frequent braggadocio; and cower
Like guilty slaves when darkly fortunes lower.

W. Your mind's diseased! or else there is something
Of which we yet are ignorant. Your terms
Of feeble scorn are illy chosen; did
I wish to strike you back, but I do not
So wish,—I'd sink a bitter, rankling shaft
Straight in your heart; your previous life
Has not been like the wave-uncovered sand,
Unmarked and stainless; keep your anger for
Another,—not for me.

C. This will become
A common brawl, if long your tongues do wag;
Besides remember we have roused a host
Of enemies and mayhap some are lurking
Near; these *gentlemen* are truly fit
For anything,—for any crime.

W. Discreet
We must be, still we need not fear their tricks;
If these we cannot equal, then I will resign
Mine office.

A. Better proof could not be given
Of your superiority in this line.

C. Alas! Mere treacherous disguise will not
Well serve us at this perilous moment.
We must be frank,—if never frank before,
And bold,—though weakness may have been our choice,
And honest—seemingly at least—or else
We're lost.

W. The devil must inspire you with these thoughts;
You croak, as if by nature fit for such
An office; 'gad, I'd keep more cheerful countenance.

C. I "croak"—as you will have it—just because
I keenly feel the gravity of this charge.

W. Have we no honor, too, to guard! 'twould seem,
From your kind conversation, that we'd none.

C. You would not have me answer as they speak,
With scornful smiles and open jeers upon
The public streets; their scoffings would not please,
I warrant.

W. Scoffings leave aside, and speak,
As meet becomes a man and colleague.

C. Thus have I done, and this is mine offence.

A. Let's lay aside this sort of speech, and soothe
Our angry souls with some of Victor's best.

W. & C. Agreed! agreed! we'll swallow such with zest.

SCENE TENTH.

CHARACTERS:—*1st Rouge, 2nd Rouge and 3rd Rouge.*

1st R. The country's mind is in a boiling heat.
This shameless crew has lost its hold upon
The people, and we now may look for grace.
Hurrah for all our chiefs! they've nobly fought.

2nd R. In truth I'll occupy myself with other
Things; an advent to the Government
Will scatter in our path the sweets of place.

1st R. Egad, your reason tells you right; but I
Do fear the applicants will far exceed
The offices in number.

2nd R. This is sure,
For twenty years of hungry expectation,
Breeds a myriad office-seekers hot
For place, endowment and for reckless pay.

3rd R. For instance I do boast a son who would
Adorn the highest office in the land.

2nd R. Then leave him out of this poor count, and let
Him straight apply for this, our Governor Generalship.
Merit such as his would not be passed
Without remark and fit reward.

3rd R. Alas!

I fear his talents have no chance; he would,
I know, accept a clerkship or some place
Of such a kind.

1st R. Now make him boot black—he for this
Would suit no doubt.

2nd R. Or Mangler to Her Majesty.

1st R. Or Mangler of Queen's English; many such
Do now adorn official station.

3rd R. Fie

Upon your envious tongues; you know the faults
Your sons do wear upon their sleeves, so clearly
Are they seen.

2nd R. No more of this, I beg.

1st R. Agreed! and to return to what I said,
Or rather would have said: I have a son
Who'd grace a high position, not to speak
Of a portfolio, and politics, I think,
Will be his trade, he shows such aptitude
For this profession.

2nd R. Is he knavish? else
He'd better be a grocer than a fool of high degree.

1st R. He's knave enough, and saint
Besides, when saintly qualities would shine.

2nd R. My son I'd like to make official head
Of some department; true it is he is not,
As you do make your sons appear, a bright
And sparkling paragon of wit, and grace,
And tact; but still although a fool, he's good
Enough for office.

3rd R. Truth, I must confess,
Doth shine; and now since you have been so frank,
I will admit my son is quite as big
A fool as thine, but as you rightly say,
He's amply good enough for office work.

1st R. And mine, he cannot do the simplest sum,
The books contain; still as you both agree,

He's fit for officè, and for public place.

3rd R. How confidential we have soon become!
The secret's in the air perhaps, who knows?

2nd R. Eggregious fools grace office—office, fools;
How soon these dolts become official mules!

1st R. The truth shines brilliant by the side of cant.

3rd R. How true and yet how sadly we do rant.

SCENE ELEVENTH.

CHARACTERS:—*Hon. Mr. Hold-on, Jackdaw, and Hon. Mr. Ha'-Penny.*

Hon. Hold-on. How moves the play—right gay and merrily?

Hon. Ha'p. I think we stand fair chance to win the stakes,
And revel in the acquisition of
Our hopes.

J. I would not better wish than this.
By Heaven, I would rejoice if such could be
The case; to see these triple rogues descend
From office would be sight to move the gods.

Hon. H. Us rather, as 'tis we and not the gods
Who do aspire to fill the places, they
Have now, and for such length of time disgraced.

J. And we do not resemble gods; 'tis well
To bear the thing in mind, or otherwise
Such knaves might whisper of a holy alliance.

H'p. Well, holy men do holy thoughts eschew,
On such a principle the thing were true.

Hon. H. Reports are gladdening; all the people turn
Against these truculent knaves, whose hearts do burn
With bootless rage, and wounded vanity.
They thought them gods, but we will tear the mask,
They long have worn thus from their whitening faces,
Showing them abashed and humbled to their dupes.

J. Hurrah! I wish you well; I pray that Heaven
Will guide your steps.

Ha'p. Heaven and politics, what strange melange!
They ill consort—the terms, as well as men.

H. But pious guise we must assume, or fly
The field: for practice we will sing a psalm.

J. The politician's trade becomes an art.
St. Paul, of happy memory, must have been
A politician, for he writes: I was

All things unto all men,—a girggler, knave,
A saint, an infidel, a mocking priest,
A gaoler, prisoner, bird of prey, and fool.

H. This will not do; if this should leak into
The papers, what a hubbub would arise.

Be always cautious and discreet; remove
Your constant mask but rarely lest you fall
Into a cunning trap, and then alone

When walls of triple thickness do surround;
When doors are locked, and darkness broods around;
And when you speak, but whisper lest they hear.

J. I will resume my saintly look, and you,
Even you, when this is on, I would defy
To penetrate beneath the cloak I wear.

H. You play your part with skill; I'll not decry
Your high abilities; to you the palm,
I'll yield.

J. Such honor should not be my lot;
That pinnacle of fame I do not wish
To mount; with second place I'm well content.

H. The province soon will be in flames, and then,
With cautious playing, our desires will have
Fulfilment.

Ha'p. Ruin stares the ministry
In face from every part; I'm greatly cheered
By all accounts. I hear our party soon
Will reign throughout this fair Dominion.

H. Speed
The glorious day! grand mass we'll humbly say,
When flashes news like this throughout the land.

J. The Premier marks the way; how loud we'll pray.

Ha'p. And if the battle turns, as loudly curse.

J. Of course, how else consistency retain.

H. May Heaven blessings on us bounteous rain.

J. I care not if the Devil takes a part,

In this merry game with Theo. 'Art.

Ha'p. They say the devil knows you passing well.

J. If so they only see your doom—in Hell

To roast, while sadly tolls the muffled bell.

Your kindly satire truly may be just,

If so I cannot help it— though non-plussed.

Yet in this I find some consolation,

That we three will share in like damnation.

H. This is, i' faith, a damnable conversation.

PART THE THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.

CHARACTERS:—*Hon. Mr. Wee-met, Hon. Mr. A-sham-beau,*
and *Hon. Mr. Chap-low.*

Wee-met. Irvine resigns; this strikes a serious blow;
Our fortunes hang upon a slender thread.
Was base ingratitude like this, till now,
Ere seen! and will ye all desert me in
This strait?

A-sham-beau. Not I for one; I'll stick to you until
All hope is passed.

W. Yes, you, no doubt, who brought this trouble on
Our heads; a leech you will be in this pass.
Had common sense at any time your brain
Controlled, this storm would long have broken in
A mist.

A. How now! you turn upon me, faithful, true,
And loyal, like a beast enraged and fierce,
When I alone do promise to remain
Your friend! this is a cruel stroke, and were
I not so faithful, yet I might desert.

W. (*Aside*) No fear of such good fortune, still it would
Not be good policy to tell him—go!
Such rudeness might arouse his ire,—and then,
With all he knows, secession from our ranks
Would assuredly be fraught with utmost danger
To ourselves.

I spoke from impulse merely.
I would not essay to lose a friend
So true, when other miscalled friends would leave
Me friendless; I do thank you for your trust.

Chap-lan. Irvine gone, who flies us, think you, next?

W. Who knows; I hope you do not think of such
A venture.

C. Nay! I would not leave my chief
At such a time as this, which proves true friends,
Unmasks the false, and shows the outer world
How base and mean, how treacherous, knavish, false,
Ay, false as Hell, Hell's myrmidons can be!

W. Well said! but hot vituperation will
Not bring them back, or mend our falling state.
With whom replace this Irvine? no one will
Accept the vacant place at such a time,
Forbidding, black, and stormy.

C. Take your own
Advice,—which given when I did doubt—will help
You greatly, doubtless; thus you'd have me act,
Thus act yourself, and prove that you a chief
Can be, when storms are raging, as when calm
Prevails, and calmly moves the ship of state
In tranquil waters.

W. Ha! you would reproach!
No need exists to tell me where my duty
Lies; when I descend too low to merit
Your esteem, do like the others!—play
The fawning traitor, and essay to save
Your wavering fortunes, as this *gentleman*
Has done; there is no need of honor, nor
Of faith, nor trust! But leave me to my fate,
And straight intrigue for place:—thus will you prove
That you possess that cunning, which goes by
The name of common-sense in these degenerate
Days.

C. I did not hint at such a thing; this light
Defection makes you bitter, and you see
A knave, a traitor, in each trusty friend.
I'd rather lose a hand, an arm, than play
A knavish part: and here to prove my truth,

I swear with all solemnity, by all
That can be holy, that I'll not forsake
You in this hour of peril. God forbid!

A. You are a true man, Chap-low! Truth like yours
Is rare.

C. Regret sincere I feel, that I
Cannot return the compliment. Had you
Been true; even had you owned the instincts of
A gentleman, your resignation would
Have long since been in Wee-met's hands, a proof
Of honor and good sense, which would have spared
Us mutual trouble, and perhaps disgrace.
The flame of honor burns as clear as gold
Doth shine in noonbeam's sparkle, or when clouds
Sweep o'er the lowering heavens.

A. You reproach,
You forward youngster! Blush for very shame!
And you accuse, if thus you feel, it would
Be well perhaps to play the traitor's part.
The time permits, and many will applaud.

W. Tush! tush! no quarrelling, I would entreat;
The air seems filled with angry tumults, hence
Your sudden passions are excusable.
We must return to sober things; the day
Is past for useless wrangling; Irvine must
Be soon replaced, or else we all must fall.

C. Then let us fall like true men, worthy of
A better fate.

W. Bravado will not serve
Us in this strait; but prudence may.
This juncture, I foresaw; but no one, as
I said, so far as I have asked—will take
The vacant place; but filled it must be, or
We must give place in turn to other men.

A. May God preserve us from such mournful need!
May He preserve these good portfolios too!

W. This is no time for prayer, but earnest work;
No trifling will avail; our doom is come,
Or else a brighter fame.

C. I would not die
Officially, so meanly; such a stroke
Of base ill-fortune would with s'hame o'erwhelm
Me.

SCENE SECOND.

CHARACTERS:—*Divide* and *Bo-bien*.

Divide. You cast your lot with us,—it is most wise.

Bo-bien. I think it will be far more prudent than
To share the ruin, which events presage
Will be the lot of all this heartless crew,
Which mans this foundering, sickly ship of state.

D. You wisdom show; and wisdom, serpents ape;
Why not then men?

B. And yet I feel asha ned
To act this part, I hope it will be best.

D. Undoubtedly it will be so; and who
Has greater claim upon yourself than you
Yourself can have; resemble me, and work
For self—for none but self; I always serve
Myself, and never can regret the course,
Which I have taken in this matter,—no!
My proper self bears sway supreme in all
My thoughts, my actions, and my deeds,—self first;
And when I feel the pathway safe, I think
Of others: wise men always act this way.

B. Your counsel is replete with wisdom, yet
If all men thus did act it seems to me
The world would lose its greatest beauty and its
Flowery freshness.

D. Sentimental bosh!
Be never led astray by figures, flowers
Of speech, or strophes, mellifluous words which cheat

Man of his common-sense. Remove this dream
 Of women and of fools; be bold and cool,
 And never venture on a plan, or make
 A move, until you know how it affects
 Your personal interests; this is prudence in
 Its highest sense.

B. The fruits you long have culled
 Do prove its merit; still you will forgive
 A passing qualm, a tinge of weakness, if
 My mind, unused to fare so plain and sound,
 Rebels a moment; you shall be my guide,
 My star; and on your judgment I'll rely.

D. Do as you wish; my hand will help you on,
 And we shall win, if we maintain our ground,
 New triumphs, now foreshadowed in the sky.

B. I trust you speak with prophet's ken; I would
 Rejoice, if I did reap some favor from
 This pending act of mine; if not, I'll feel
 Less gay and cheerful than my soul could wish.

D. Fear not! accept my prompting, and I swear
 That all will yet be well—far better than
 At present. Bright success will gild
 The darkest shadows, and dispel the frowns
 The hardest fate may conjure on the brow.

B. You speak as if you knew your subject well,
 I would I were your equal.

D. Then you would
 Have little gained; but humble as I am,
 And as I ever will be, I would rise
 Above my present station; this is now
 My aim.

B. But are you sure the Government
 Will fall; if they did stand, we will be lost
 Indeed.

D. As sure as saint can be of Heaven,
 Their fall is certain, and deserved—if not
 For crime, for such gross blundering as

They late have shown; a pack of school-boys could
Have better done, with such surroundings.

B. Ay,
Their weakness they have proved at all events.
The deed is done in any case; adieu.

(Exit B.)

D. Another fool, but fools are plenteous as
Blackberries luscious on an August day.
My object's gained; and reinforced by this
Poor, twaddling counterfeit of man, as wax
In able fingers, when the Cabinet falls,
As fall it must, I may make good a claim,
In purchase of my countenance, to a seat—
My grand ambition; I would hold the place
Of Public Works' Commissioner. If success
Rewards my careful plans, I will succeed
In all my other schemes; what greatness lies
Before me, if good fortune crowns my work!
A Premier I may be, and Lord or Duke,
Perchance, when age and fortune stoop my back,
And make me grey, with years and office; thus
I will be made a pattern to the youth,
And have sweet stories told of my good heart,
My boundless generosity, lack of pride,
My meek humility, hate of show and pomp,
My great desire to humble self, and make
My country's good my only aim. These lies,
They tell in wondrous guise, of other men,
And why should I not serve a similar end.

— — —
SCENE THIRD.

CHARACTERS:—*Hon. Mr. Wee-met, Hon. Mr. A-sham-beau,*
and *Hon. Mr. Chap-low.*

Wee-met. Fortin follows Irvine's wake; we're done.
These faint and craven-hearted ministers
Refuse to share the common danger, though
They talked of faith and trust while yet the sky

Was calm. Experience is a bitter nurse.

Archam. Our game is up, and we must follow suit.

Chap. Even hope deserts us, as we mourn our fate.
A curse on traitors to our bark of state.

W. Let curses sleep, and conscience be our guide;
Now all our efforts must be bent to save
The accession of our enemies to power.
If we persist in holding office—then
Our doom is clear; the vote from craven fear,
Or from conviction, will remove us from
These seats with more of ignominy, than I
Desire.

A. Nor I.

C. Nor I; we must resign,
And careful play with other stakes in view.

W. The safest course will be to temporize;
If we abandon what we hold, we will
Ensure a new, but still Conservative ministry.

C. And that will consolation give at least.
This plan is born of Prudence and of Tact;
Perhaps we may conclude a secret pact
Besides, which will in time restore us to
Our honors—tables turning, foes surprising,
Traitors treating, as their merits call
For proper recompense.

W. You are inspired
With happy thoughts; resign we must, we see
Most clearly; and a pact like this will keep
These places warm for our disposal, when
The auspicious opportunity arises.

A. Most blessed thought! your genius comes
Unto our rescue; if events occur
As you incline to think, your honors will
Be large and many.

C. Tut! this is no time
To weave enchanting castles in the air;
Bold action, prudent wills, and calm resolve,

Alone will extricate us from this pass
With credit to ourselves, our race, and name.

W. All haste ! our stratagem must well be laid ;
None must suspect the parts we now shall play.
May this poor gleam foreshow the coming day.

C. We must protest the while against the change
Of gross malfeasance, which our act may seem
To justify in some faint, guilty sense.
I mourn the fact, but Prudence guides our steps ;
Good fortune beam upon us, and remove
This cloud.

A. Misfortune hovers near, and grins
At our discomfiture ; unhappy deed,
That brings this woe ! the house we built is tottering,
Tumbling round our ears.

W. It soon will rise
In better shape, if we do play our cards
With fit astuteness. Now prepare to act
As if disgusted with the treachery around.
Preach honesty, and practice guile ; declare
The motives which have moved you, colored, dressed
In happiest guise ; pretend to have no thought
Of rich revenge for all the insults heaped
Upon our luckless heads ; conceal the truth,
When truth would militate against success ;
Invent, when pure invention will best serve
Our hidden purpose ; wear a cheerful look
When fears and apprehensions gnaw your souls,
As fox did gnaw the Spartan boy ; be wreathed
With smiles when bitter counsels move your minds.
Beware of spies, of troublous tricksters, keen
And mischievous, intent to pump you dry ;
Deceive these villains with the airs you ape,
And work to bring us back to lustful power.
Our triumph once complete, we will devise
A scorpion's lash to ting'e traitor's backs,
And teach false friends the bitter fruits of shame.

C. Your counsel I will take, and may the star
Of triumph soon beam on our shipwrecked car.

A. May cunning knaves receive their fit reward,
And trusty friends our footsteps ever guard.

W. May Heaven smile upon the parts we play,
And give success to all the plots we lay.

SCENE FOURTH.

CHARACTERS:—1st *Rouge*, *Hon. Mr. Hold-on*, *Hon. Mr. Ha' Penny*, and 2nd *Rouge*.

1st *R.* Good news! good news! Hurra! hurra! 'tis done.

Hon. H. What's done, my man? now cease your antics, and
Explain.

1st *R.* The Government's resigned! hurrah.

Hon. H. Good news, indeed, if true; but where the news
Did you receive? beware of cunning tricks,
To raise and then depress our fondest hopes.

1st *R.* It's true undoubtedly, I have received—
It is most true—a special notice from
Quebec, where all our friends are jubilant.

Hon. H. to Hon. Ha' Penny, who enters:

How now, good friend! this man pretends that we
Have won the game; he says the Government
Has left the field for better men to take
The places they have long disgraced.

Hon. Ha'p. 'Tis true,
I think; I have obtained the same despatch.

Hon. H. This is a marvellous triumph for our cause.
I thought they'd shown more fight, more stubbornness;
At all events the glorious banner of
Reform will shortly wave from sea to sea.

Hon. Ha'p. Reduces your fond enthusiasm until
We know that such will really be the case.
I am not, for my part, quite so sure.

Hon. H. Your sober
Head rules rightly; yet I'm not inclined

To show undue exuberance, and we can,
 In present circumstances, well afford
 To wait a little for more news.

1st R. They shout
 Already on the streets; the news will spread
 With great rapidity.

Hon. H. Let's drink
 Success and fortune to our glorious cause.
 The wine intoxicates, and so good news
 Does elevate our spirits, wavering on
 The edge of prudent fears, lest any of
 Our careful plans should fail; a bumper to
 The cause,—

With brimming goblets we will sing,
 While gaily glasses clinking ring;
 All hail! all hail! Reform! all hail!
 May long our ship victorious sail!

1st R. And then the *places*; there will be enough
 Of situations vacant, and that shortly,
 If our party rules; is this not so?
 I know a score of trusty, faithful Grits
 Who hunger for this splendid news.
 I must away. (*Exit.*)

Hon. H. Egad! That takes the edge
 From this refreshing piece of long delayed
 Intelligence; for this we've toiled and worked
 These twenty years; and now a horde has risen
 Around us, waiting for rewards and places.
 I have enough of promised friends myself
 To sweep the Province in its whole extent.

Hon. Ha'p. I mourn a like position, yet there is
 But one alternative, these fellows must
 Await the progress of events, and,—and—
 Their turn.

Hon. H. You put the matter neatly; and I
 Can do no better than to follow your
 Example in this case.

Hon. Ha'p. I did not think
That you, of all men, stood in need of hints
In this regard; procrastinate has been
Your watchword since I've known you; temporize,
Your motto, cunning fox! You do affect
No more, I fancy, now to take the cue
From me.

Hon. H. A cautious dog, yourself, I might
Reply; but I care not to bandy words
Of jest with serious thought beneath, about
So small a matter.

Hon. Ha'p. Small, you may now deem
It, yet I swear if all the ills of office
Come upon us, you will groan beneath
The weight of burdens undesired, repelled,
Or shirk the duty, as you'd like to do,
No doubt.

2nd R. (*rushing in*;) More news!

Hon. H. More news already! we
Have had enough for one short hour, I think.

Hon. Ha'p. Speak out my man; be brief and short,

2nd R. I am
Informed they seek to form another *clique*,
Or cabinet.

Hon. H. Who? who? explain. Ouimet?

2nd R. Not he in act, but he they say in fact.
De Boucherville is summoned to the task.

Hon. H. and *Hon. Ha'p.* De Boucherville! De Boucherville!

2nd R. The same.

Hon. H. What pleasant castles we did shortly build
From utter nothingness; this is a blow.
Joly should have been called; enormity
So great as this must never pass without
Rebuke. The Constitution—ay, forbids
This trifling with her forms. It must not be.

Hon. Ha'p. I'll thunder mildly on this point to-morrow
Morn.

Hon. H. Inspire your article with just a spice
Of wholesome wrath; weak sarcasm sometimes fails
In its desired effect; be vigorous, bold,
And manly, breathing honest rage and hate,
For these, when honest, meet respect, not scorn.

Hon. Ha'p. I might retort that you could take a lesson
In this guise; breathe honest rage and hate
On public platforms—these, when honest, meet
Respect, not scorn.

Hon. H. Play not with edged tools.

Hon. Ha'p. Partake the same advice, and wiser be.

SCENE FIFTH.

CHARACTERS :—*1st Conservative* and *2nd Conservative.*

1st C. I fear this Danser-o is not a saint.

2nd C. A perfect scoundrel, to my mind at least.

1st C. It's something to be perfect in a trade,
At all events.

2nd C. Perfection has its virtues,
I allow; but perfect knaves I shun,
Howe'er I may respect the ripeness of
Their perfect knavery.

1st C. 'Tis nothing here!
A perfect knave with ample gold is meet
To mingle even with princes; honor's naught,
And money everything.

2nd C. A pretty world,
A blessed world, and then these saints dilate
With pious fervor on the grand results
Of Christian teachings; truly grand, forsooth!
And straitway cheat and scheme with Christian skill.
These grand results include the grandest knaves
That ever cursed the world, although we cast,
Our eyes upon the farthest past, when poor,

Depraved, mind-darkened, base, but honest Pagans
 Flourished; yet they cry, amazed and shocked,
 To see the strides of infidelity
 Among the noblest and the best mankind
 Does boast.

1st C. This fellow has in any case
 O'erturned the Government, and nearly laid
 The party prostrate; still we yet may hope
 This shameful scandal will be for the best.
 Happy day will't be, if its result
 Will cause the spewing out of these vile shams,
 Who cling like barnacles to storm-tossed ships,
 And fatten on the spoils of ill-used office
 For their sole private gain, and in the end,
 To our great party's shame,—we own them not,
 And still the ills they do are cast into
 Our teeth by flaunting, mouthing braggarts, who
 Unto these knaves have great resemblance. I
 For one reject these spurious coins that bring
 The true, bright gold into discredit, deep
 And great—of us unworthy and untrue
 To all the common principles that precious
 Honesty and honor do enshrine.

2nd C. We will rebel, throw off their yoke, and tell
 The world that we and they no common bond
 Possess.

1st C. Reject them at the polls, and hurl these taunts,—
 These taunts of bitterness and gall, into
 The teeth of all our enemies, who them
 Deserve by far more richly than ourselves.
 The stalking hypocrites should cringe and hide
 Their heads in very shame for the misdeeds,
 Malfeasances of office and the crimes
 Against all honor and humanity,
 Of which they have been guilty oft.

2nd C. More oft
 Than I for one would care to count, but they

Want honor—ay, and all that honorable
Seems. It were the veriest folly to
Suppose that they can feel ashamed, or blush.

1st C. It were a great calamity, if this
Great country fall into their hands; this must
At all events not be.

2nd C. A quick resolve,
An earnest effort, boiling anger, rough
Denunciation, boldness, passion, heat,
Enthusiasm, are required to make
Such dire misfortune quite impossible.

1st C. All these aids we must employ, and save
Our country and our homes from worse than ruin.

2nd C. Agreed—the country calls, we must respond.

1st C. And may we bear the conqueror's conquering
wand.

SCENE SIXTH.

CHARACTERS:—*Hon. Mr. Hold-on, Hon. Mr. Ha'penny and
Jackdaw.*

Hon. H. All's lost! all's lost! I fear.

Hon. Ha'p. How now, good friend!

Hon. H. De Boucherville has formed a cabinet.

Hon. Ha'p. The deuce he has; the deuce be in it too.

Hon. H. I think he is in them all—these villainous
rogues.

Hon. Ha'p. Well, we cannot complain upon that score.
He sometimes gives us too a gentle lift,
Refreshing, salutary, kind and good;
But who is in this precious cabinet?

Hon. H. The old, glum fool,—I think there is no risk
In speaking out my mind with you, unless
These walls have ears—gets Church for one.

Hon. Ha'p. The goose for once is pious; this act, I praise.

Hon. H. Robertson, of course, as treasurer
Comes in; he is a fixture in this clique.

Hon. Ha'p. He's careful of the baubees; 'tis just as well.

Hon. H. Malhiot becomes solicitor-general; then
There are some others, pure nonentities;
Indeed the cabinet share and share alike in this respect.

Hon. Ha'p. Then Irvine's left out in the cold,—'twas not
For this, he late resigned.

Hon. H. The move is good
For us; inflamed by pique and humbled pride,
He'll seek some chance to vent his spiteful spleen
To do the Government harm; and blunder as
He may as far as his own interests lie,
He will perform for us some service.

Hon. Ha'p. We
To this will not object; one sore head wails
At least. The bubble soon may break, and we
Fall into our inheritance, in danger
Thrown by clever schemes and artful wiles.

Hon. H. Heaven grant your words some shade of pleasant
truth!
But see—here comes Jackdaw; let's hear him wail
A while. Ho, Jackdaw, have you heard the news?

J. Aye, I have, alack; I thought we'd win
The game, but all our moves are checked. I'll die
Of very grief, if we cannot revenge our wrongs.

Hon. H. Don't die by all means, the world would miss
you so,
And let your wrath a moment sleep. 'Tis well
To practice patience, when in politics
You mix. Why we have waited twenty years,
And 'tis our boast, that we are mild and cool
With all our waiting.

J. But had you spirit—even as a dog
Has spirit—you would long have raged and foamed
To stand like ardent school boys at the gate—
Which locked, prevents an entrance—eager watching
Other playmates gorged with stolen sweets.

Hon. Ha'p. Your quirky brain distorts your mental sight.
 You cannot properly appreciate
 Our just, judicious, clever policy.
 Politeness we do ape, but with design ;
 And resignation we pretend to feel,
 E'en though we have it not ; a stolen virtue
 Oft does shine with greater brilliancy
 When falsely worn. We choose a softened style
 That we may show an independence which
 We have not got ; but independent thought,
 Or yet its semblance, which the same effect
 Produces, wields, and not unfrequently,
 More trenchant power than passionate words
 And bitter accusations, scorching gibes,
 And unrestrainèd, biting, smarting, satire,
 Combined with open spite, malicious scorn
 And deadly hate : these feelings we do own,
 But do not show in public, while they ooze
 With gentle venom, in the words we write
 With guarded care. This is our mission,—this
 Our ambition. Had you sense and eyes,
 This explanation I need not have given.

J. A thousand thanks, most honorable sir, for such
 A favor ; I will not forget your grace,
 And condescension sweet and kind, as cats
 Are kind, whose sharpened claws in velvet paws
 Are hid ; most able penman, just and wise,
 Brief, true, epitome of stealthy lies,
 Which meanly sneak, concealed in cautious lines.
 Halt volume bound in calf ; most noble sir,
 Your course inspires respect, esteem and love.
 Vile wretches they who speak their thoughts in plain,
 Terse English, breathing wrath, disdain and hate,
 In open numbers. All the world can see
 That though they rage, they rage with honesty,
 And though they make mistakes at times, and even
 Worse than these, great blunders fatal to

The cause they seek to serve, their honesty
 Is clear and plain. Poor fools, who know not how
 To hide their real meaning, and contempt
 For shameless foes, how they would humbled be
 To hear these words of thine; they did mistake
 Their proper line of life when journalism
 They chose, for clearly they at least have failed
 To learn the manner to conduct a great
 And influential journal, forming minds,
 And teaching helpless citizens to view
 All public matters in a fitting light.

Hon. Ha'p. Your lecture is most sadly out of place.
 You would be scornful, if you knew the way;
 You would be bitter, but you overstep
 The mark; you would show lofty anger, when
 A petty spite alone is seen. Your darts
 Fall harmless from a lion's hide. And now,
 There but remains one thing for you to do:—
 Confess that horror for vile tricksters' schemes
 Has not impelled you in the course you have
 Assumed; that bitter envy rankled in
 Your heart, when purely for the public weal
 You seemed to brilliant show a noble zeal;
 That what you have desired, and what you still
 Could only wish, is opportunity
 To revel in the spoils these other rogues
 Will fatten on. Confess your petty hates,
 Your petty meanness, all your petty ways,
 The petty thoughts that bore a petty mind
 To petty wishes, petty deeds, inclined.

J. What scorn, what manner! Jove! it is a sight
 The gods should solely witness, and not men;
 When rogues do speak, let devils only hear.

Hon. H. If him a rogue you mean, we too alone
 Did hear his words.

J. A rogue and devil, I
 Do see.

Hon. Ha'p. A bootless puny wrath. You speak
A wholesome truth, howe'er; a devilish rogue,
You see when roguish mirror you consult.

Hon. H. Come, come! lest appearance we
May make in public print; and this we could
Not tamely bear, in such an angry state.
Your ill-timed words, Jackdaw, will not excite
My peaceful mind; I cannot make a scene,
And would not, if I could.

J. You have become
A cold, mean fixture, long unused to speak
Your real mind, or act a manly part.
A fig for tricksters and for juggling knaves,
I would not give a farthing for your race.

Hon. Ha'p. Beware, Jackdaw! Your rage confine, lest we
Disclose the petty motives that inspire
Your patchwork soul.

J. Beware, in turn, I say;
Your metal gives a false, untruthful sound,
Reveal of me, your knowledge? so will I
Of you; and let the public mind decide
Which shines in blackest colors. You, I swear.

Hon. H. You are a pair of fools, a drivelling pair;
Keep silent. Did your speech with ruin threaten
Yourselves alone, I might rejoice to see
You break, with joy, each other's heads; but you
Will ruin all our hopes, if, like a pair
Of addle-headed knaves, you fall to blows.
Away! away! this brawl we now will close.

SCENE SEVENTH.

CHARACTERS:—1st *Conservative*, and 2nd *Conservative*.

1st *C.* I thought I heard a noise of quarrelling;
Who may the brawlers be?

2nd *C.* Ha! there they go;
The lights of our opponents, I declare!

E

1st C. Good news! Good news! when knaves fall out
then honest
Men their own may soon obtain.

2nd C. Good news,
Indeed, if this the meaning be; I hope
It may. The dawning of another day,
More happy, brighter, and more peaceful, would
Our hearts rejoice; I'm weary of suspense
And fears, forebodings oft, and deepening gloom.

1st C. A ministry is formed at all events.
The future wears a better look, and we
At least, for a brief space, may rest content,
And wait developments.

2nd C. It is a joy
To hear that knavish politicians, who
Would honest seem, so far have well been foiled:
Their crafty schemes have failed; their hearts are low,
And hence this quarrelling that we did hear.

1st C. Despondency on their part lifts our hopes.
The good old Party is as yet not dead,
In any case, but living, vigorous, bold.
To teach its rancorous foes that it will reign
With all its olden power and force. New life
It only needs to win supremacy.

2nd C. A gladsome day when it doth solely rule
Throughout this fair Dominion, as it rolls
From sea to sea.

1st C. Our hearts will shout for joy,
When we proclaim such glorious victory.

2nd C. Such consummation, we can only hope;
We will not yet despair, or sulkily mope.

1st C. But courage breathing, fears repelling, cry
Such victory we'll win, or nobly die.

2nd C. A foaming bumper let us straightway drink—
Our Hopes—and let our glasses gladly clink.

SCENE EIGHTH.

CHARACTERS :—*Hon. Mr. N Ervine, Hon. Mr. For-tin-ier, and Ald. Divide.*

N. A mournful day ! a mournful day ! I'll mark
It blackly in my calendar.

F. How now ! you mourn your fate, and so do I,
For similar cause, no doubt. A mournful day
In truth has dawned.

N. I never thought success
The efforts of this drivelling fool would meet,
Or otherwise I might have changed my course.

F. And I.

N. And this is our reward for all
Our sacrifice :—A darkened name, a gibe,
A taunt, the foolish mirth of silly men,
A mark for scorn. We played for higher stakes,
And for the present have not gained our end.
We are rejected, while less able men
Do fill the places we would fill again.

F. Behold Divide ; he mourns with reason too.

N. Good friend, the game is up, and we are left
Without, to meet as best we may, the mirth
Our strange position may excite.

D. You have
My sympathy.

N. We long may sympathize
Without one groat our fallen state improving ;
Other schemes our presence must engage.

D. Their coming ruin is my hopeful thought.

N. I would not be, howe'er, too confident.
The greater number of the members are
Inclined to be their friends, but, nevertheless,
We must not mourn as they who have no hope.
The general elections follow :—then, and only
Then, we may succeed. Our plans must tend
In this direction. Cautious, prudent, bold,

We yet may overthrow this figure-head,
And all the nothings that surround him now.

F. But then beware while clever wires you pull,
Lest you are overwhelmed when you would trap
Your rivals. This a dangerous game may prove.

N. I'd rather face a danger, than repose
Inglorious: dangers are for manly men;
Inaction, woman suits, and timid boys,
Who shiver on the chilling river's brink,
Prepared with eager minds refreshing bath
To take, yet loth to make the needful plunge.

F. Bravado, noble courage often seems,
But time will show who of us merits most.

N. The challenge, I do willing take; and time
Will show more clearly than you well may wish.

D. The future is our hope; the past is dead.
We ventured all, and all appear to lose;
We can't withdraw; we must push on, and see,
If Fortune will once more desert our flag;
If so we're lost.

N. And losing may retire
From public life; for sore, I must confess,
It is for me to mingle in the ranks
Of this, our Opposition; I have fought,
With more of honesty than I do show
At present, long against their factious claims,
And I would not remain to court their side,
Unless some honors pay me for the pains
I undergo,—the slights, humiliations,
I do feel.

F. It's truly hard to break
The ties that long have bound us to our former
Friends: and I for one cannot continue
In the path which I of late have trod.
I schemed for place, and this impossible,
I'll cease to fight against unerring fate,

And leave the field, I then shall feel I have
Disgraced, to better men,—if better be.

D. Cheer up, good friends, a cheerless trio we
Would be, 'twere not for me; a hopeless gloom
Hath settled in appearance on your minds,
And if you cannot feel exuberant
I do beseech you so appear; or else,
They'll say you have repented, but too late,
Of all your treachery. Your minds, unused
To acts like these, are tender still, I see,—
Too tender, let me add, for your own good;
But like my humble self, this squeamishness,
Unworthy of all public men, will pass
Within a trice from off your spirits, which
Unenthralled, and free to play these clever pranks,
Whenever may occasion serve, will lighten
Of their present grievous load, and straight
Resume their former happy state.

N. (haughtily) You speak in riddles, sir; 'tis thus, unasked,
Unsought, unwished for that you heard us here.
You speak of 'treachery,' and 'clever pranks,'
Like this, as if a treacherous act did seem
To you a thing in which you take a pride.
Permit me and my friend to plainly tell
You our appreciation of the tricks,
To which, with such surpassing elegance,
You kindly do refer—a traitor is
A knave—a knave a scoundrel is at best,—
And scoundrels do not meet associate
With gentlemen. That such you are you show
Most clearly by your speech, and being such,
Your pardon need we crave, if we depart,
Requesting that you follow not our steps,
Or in the future once presume to claim
Most casual acquaintanceship. Adieu.

(Exeunt N. and F.)

D. Ye gods! and one would think he was what he

Would seem—a gentleman, too good to walk
 With honest folks—like me, forsooth ; a knave,
 Or ass, he is to act as he has done.
 Mayhap he is an ass, and nothing else.
 An ass in truth he must be, else he never
 Would have spoken thus to me, who may
 Be Minister of Public Works before
 A month rolls by ; the silly ape—he is
 An ass, the greatest ass I ever met
 In all my days, and many I have met,
 In conscience. Well, thank Heaven, I
 Am not responsible for this poor fool's
 Wild vagaries, prudish scruples, silly fears.
 I will away, and see what I can do
 To forward schemes I long have entertained.
 To lose, when I have played so boldly, would
 Be grievous hard to bear ; it shall not be.
 Let fools and asses drivel, I will win,
 If not by other means,—by force of tin.

SCENE NINTH.

CHARACTERS :—*Danser-o*, and *Centre-miss*.

Danser-o. I think our cards are trumps.

Centre-miss. To Heaven, I pray

For aid ; I trust they are.

D. How marvellous glum
 These sly conspirators have late become.

C. Egad, that is my only satisfaction.
 Methodist parsons could not be more grave
 Or sad, when circuit riding, human ills
 To long perpetuate by psalms and hymns.

D. They feel they're over reached,—that is the truth,
 The simple truth. We are too clever for
 Such stupid statesmen—for of course they are
 Great statesmen—each a glorious star.

C. The land is safe at all events, I hope.
 If so, we well may laugh at all their threats,
 And drink libations deep, to the defeat
 Of all our enemies.

D. There is no fear
 Upon that score : an *Enquête* must be had,
 We know, but what can ever proven be
 To show rascality ? I them defy.
 And lacking proof of this, the title's safe,
 As good as gold, the purest metal that
 Has ever left the common earth.

C. You cheer
 Me greatly. Assured of this, I'd whistle, sing,
 And dance, as happy, or yet happier, than a king.

D. Then sing and dance till you content do feel.
 The deeds are safe, if not for public weal,
 Still so for private gain. The public merely
 Is the milch cow we do constant drain,
 To meet our oft necessities and needs.

C. It was a glorious day, when I thee met ;
 You are mine own most treasured, dearest friend.
 Let's swear eternal friendship, by all that's true !

D. Or all that's bad, it makes no difference.
 Agreed, good fellow, friends eternal we
 Shall be ; you'll help me in my shifting plans,
 And I will grant you similar aid.

C. In short,
 We'll be, in fact, a pair of Siamese twins.

D. What matters what we may be like, but friends
 We'll be, as closely joined as other fiends.

C. Precisely, friends or fiends, or fiends or friends,—
 All one ; 'tis pleasant that which pleasant ends.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Judge Kuur-saal and Hon. Hy. Storms.

(Strictly confidential.)

Judge K. I've played a losing game; it was my point
To vault into a seat as minister,
But this I've lost, and losing lost all hope.

Hon. Mr. S. You temporized too much; it is a fault
Of yours.

Judge K. *Tu quoque*, I may justly say;
And you have lost what you had hoped to win,
When, turning like a painted harlequin,
In speculation for a seat, you forgot
Your quondam warmest friends.

Hon. Mr. S. I guilty plead; I shot at venture, and
Have missed the mark; alas, that misses such
As mine can oft be made—and are.

Judge K. Well hope,
When bow you draw again, your aim will surer
Be.

Hon. Mr. S. You hope that the next ministry
You'll grace. Be frank as I was frank.

Judge K. I will
Not say that such will be my lot, but *hopes*
May, or may *not*, exist.

Hon. Mr. S. An answer worthy
Of yourself; we are a pair of cautious
Dogs. Some call us tricksters, true, but to
The charge of trimmers we'll confess; and why
Not *trim*, when self attains our sole regard,
And justly too.

Judge K. Why not indeed? let's take
A h'm—McGibbon keeps a goodly stock.

PART THE FOURTH.

IN THREE SOLILOQUIES.

HON. MR. HOLD-ON.

O day, most sad, most direfully sad, we mourn
 Thy gloomy advent; darkness overspreads
 The sky political, and our crushèd hopes,
 Fond hopes and bright anticipations of
 Official life, are blotted out from view,
 Poor relics of o'erweening confidence.
 Thy birth I did regard with more reserve
 Than others may have shown, but still I must
 Confess, that it is bitter—damnèd bitter,
 To relinquish all, in thought, we long had won.
 The golden spurs, we did anticipate,
 No longer gleam with cunning glory on
 The far horizon, tempting us to onward
 Press, when deeply wearied with the cares
 Of state, and all the racket we must bear
 Of such a time, and in a similar case,
 From anxious friends and apprehensive friends,
 From impecunious friends, and hopeful friends,
 From hungry friends, from doubting friends, and friends
 Who eager are to clutch the baubles office
 Gives to them who rule the country's weal.
 Grand banquets sink into the misty air
 Of feeble hopes from which they early sprung;
 And grand festivities—for when events
 Like these occur, the smallest matters take
 Of grandeur something—follow in their wake.
 The happy compliments we did foresee
 Are turned, as by a demon's wand, into
 Most bitter gall, and kind felicitations
 Move not our saddened hearts from out the ruts,

In which they thus have labored for the good
 And welfare of the Party we have served.
 Our lately vast acquaintance is curtailed
 With swift rapidity, and on the husks
 Of faithless Fortune, we, content as may
 Be, now must feed, with eyes askant, and awry
 Tongues unwilling to betray their grief.
 Unhappy day, when will be chased away
 The ills of which we must forsooth complain,
 As nothing else is left for us to do.
 I had a friend but yesterday: he hoped
 A post to gain, when such I might bestow,
 And his great civility did pass the bounds,
 A common courtesy exacts; I saw
 Him but this morning, when the news had come;
 But marvellous perhaps to tell, he saw
 Me not—the first occasion many days
 Has shown. Of course, I did not weep at this
 Poor trick of erring, frail humanity.
 I rather should have Fortune blessed, and thanked
 My guiding star, for this escape from woes
 Unutterable, unknown; but yet we feel
 These petty slights from petty men at times.
 When all the world neglects nobility.
 Its pattern may be fain excused, if soared
 And moved to angry bile by meanness such
 As this:—I cannot say the maxim nay.
 Unhappy day—thy birth should ne'r have been,
 Or being, should in truth have ne'er been seen;
 Miscarriage will the simple verdict be,—
 Unhealthy scion of unhealthy tree;—
 Conceived in prosperous, ardent, blissful hopes,
 It dies 'mid rhetoric and stupid tropes;
 Unknown to fame, to reputation lost.
 Ere tried again, we'll careful count the cost.

HON. MR. WEE-MET.

The rueful, unsought task has now been done,
 And I am left quite friendless—all alone ;
 We have resigned,—but resignation lost.
 The spirit suits them well who live at ease ;
 But resignation with adversity,
 Is truly quite another pair of sleeves.
 We mourn our salaries, official state,
 And all etceteras that appertain
 To our late offices—alas, the word
 Does choke my simple heart with nameless grief.
 'Twas well to walk in sweet humility,
 And smiling greet a host of ardent friends,
 But walking, lacking that late dignity,
 The which methinks did sit me passing well,
 Is quite the opposite extreme. The sweets
 That I with royal race and liberal hand
 Did scatter, as I passed among the throng
 That, keen inspired with hungry, urgent needs,
 Did congregate about my humble door,
 Are gone ; one consolation yet is left,
 And it, too faint I fear, to suit my tastes,
 I may return to grace the seat I've lost—
 And teach the treacherous *friends*, who have betrayed
 My cause the heavy weight of righteous wrath.
 'Tis done in any case ; and other men
 Our places take to guide the bark of state.
 How well they may fulfil their onerous task,
 Swift time and history will plainly show,
 And though the mournful bells have scarcely ceased
 Tolling our doom, so sad, so passing sad,—
 The joyful bells, like tricky mistresses,
 With loud acclaim do greet these comers, new
 In part to such a life of toilsome cares.
 Woe's me ! the busy tongues of scandal
 Wag in gleeful haste, rejoiced to munch
 The wicked rumors, envious minds inspire,

Which now are sweeping through the country wide,
 Defaming all we have been holding dear,
 Insulting all our fitful, treasured hopes,
 Revealing to a small, but scornful world,
 The petty tattle which such souls engross.
 At all events it is a comfort now
 To think that nature did not fit me for
 The life, these years I've led ; if I had been
 Like other men, that I could easily name,
 I would not occupy my present state,
 But long have made provision for a crisis
 Such as now has wet me, chilled and cold.
 My friends I would have chosen to fill the posts
 That time did render vacant, and my sons—
 My relatives—in short my family,
 Which shines in point of numbers, if not brains,
 I would have placed in office, glad to raise
 A host of friends to take warm sympathy
 In all my changing fortunes ; in this regard,
 I failed to do the duty which my place
 Imposed ; contrast my patriotic course,
 Unselfish views, my generous heart, my kind
 And noble disposition, gentle manners,
 Soothing air, surpassing weakness, mild
 And graceful condescension, with the walk
 Of other men,—alas ! these virtues must
 Have been my bane,—my ruin thus is caused.
 The thankful poor will weep when I am gone,
 And drop a silent tear upon my grave ;
 The masses of the people long will mourn
 The sudden close of my short-lived reign,
 And tell their sons the manner of the man,
 When winter evenings come in regular course,
 And softly-moving twilight early falls.
 Alack ! that such a pass I've reached ;
 My fitful bark dismasted now is beached.
 In glorious ends my brief eventful reign,—
 When shall they look upon my like again ?

HON. MR. CHURCH.

The whirlgig of time rolls round,
 And with it brings most strange reversions. Here
 I stand, a Minister, in room of one,
 Who doubtless recent thought himself secure
 Of many years of office yet to come.
 The contrast is most marked, and clearly proves
 The vanity of human expectations,
 Springing forth from mother earth, like mushrooms,
 Seen for a brief space, and known no more ;
 Like lusty creepers round a healthful tree,
 Which, sudden blasted by the lightning's crash,
 Do shrink and wither prematurely at
 The touch. Wise fools, come teach the foolish wise
 The poverty of hope, the uselessness
 Of confidence in things of earthly state,
 And origin ; impress the wholesome truth
 That danger greatest lies when it does seem
 Most distant, and that when we are most sure
 Of reaching to the object which we seek,
 We needs should apprehend a galling check.
 I fill this place to-day ; who follows next ?
 But toss the rattling dice, and read the tale.
 Depend on nothing human, for, like sand
 That careless shifts upon the changing beach,
 Strewn on the strand by the resistless sea,
 Humanity does waver, changing oft,
 As oft returning to its former love.
 The cabinet is formed, but breakers rage
 Beneath our good ship's bows, and shipwreck may
 At any moment overtake our crew
 Of unskilled mariners, too apt to err.
 Deceived through sailing on an unknown sea.
 The craft, though old, and leaking at some points,
 Is firm and staunch, and properly manned, will stem
 The wildest hurricane th' opposing gods

May send to test its excellence in every
 Part. We know its worth, and knowing will
 Maintain, as best we can, its proud career,
 As flaunting through the darkling, surging waves,
 It speeds its onward path, undaunted, true
 To every principle its ancient timbers
 Own. Our bark has buffeted through many a sea,
 And oft has won the victor's glorious crown.
 Thus long may she continue reaping fruits,
 Commensurate to the good seed she has
 Throughout the grand old past diffused, and, faithful
 To the task she has assumed, may she
 Extend the benefits of honest rule,
 Where greets her flag the flippant, morning breeze.
 We proudly own the banner that unfolds
 In graceful masses at our mast-head, and
 Serenely waves with royal dignity,
 While boisterous dolphins cleave the billows, green
 And angry, surging vainly, furiously,
 Around her trim and gallant prow, regardless
 Of the puny, spiteful wrath its foes
 Exhibit, swollen with useless, envious rage.
 Sail on, proud, conquering bark, upon this course,
 And honestly perform thy mission's work.
 Unbending when a noble foe is met,—
 All scornful, haughty, when a traitor deals
 A Judas' blow at what did seem a vital
 Part; regardless of the knavish tricks,
 Which many deem true statesmanship.
 Sail on! fresh fields to conquer; other conquests
 Make, and prove, that thy virility
 Does merit all respect and honor due
 To vigorous age, and hoary, honest worth.
 Let this reveal the task before us set!
 Let this betoken how we view the state,
 To our appreciation now bequeathed!

An honest trial granted, we will show,
While tempests rage, and storms do blow,
If we possess the honor, judgment, tact,
And truth required to make success a fact.

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