

The Amaranth.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND NEWS.

Thomas Hill, Editor.]

"THIS IS MY OWN MY NATIVE LAND."—SCOTT.

[Geo. F. Brannen, Proprietor

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THE MENDICANT SOLONS.

A Drama for the Times,
IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT III.

SCENE 1ST.—A Room in the Mechanic's Institute, present the Members of the Club.

James VII.—Welcome are ye here once more my loving subjects all, and gladdened is the heart of your Sovereign to see the many pale but manly faces which surrounds him,—paleness denoting deep and earnest study and research, and manly frankness and courage which says palpably "we will triumph over every difficulty—we will benefit the people by our measures of reform even though they oppose us!" (They cheer him). And now Mr. Secretary, what is the subject for debate to-night?

Joe Porkleg.—Retrenchment, Sire.

James VII.—Retrenchment! Ah, yes, I recollect. Will one of our leal subjects favour us with a definition of the word?

Lord Douglas.—Retrenchment, Sire and fellow-reformers, is derived from the word *trench*, and its meaning is the very opposite of *entrenchment*. Thus, in *strategy*, if an invading army invests a fortified town, they dig a trench, from which, while safe themselves from the guns of the citadel, they can hurl their missiles upon the doomed place. The invaders are here said to be *entrenched*, and the act itself is called *entrenchment*. Now of course this trench is a very dirty place, and not to be coveted except by those who want temporary accommodation; it is the grand object, therefore, to rout the enemy, and drive him into this trench; and that is called *re-trenchment*. Now you will perceive that our present work is one of *strategy*, and that we invest ('tis the only way in which we can invest anything!) a parcel of office-holders in their fortified stronghold (fortified with good feeding, and plenty of good wine!) We are already in our trench, (low enough and dirty enough in all conscience!) from which we cast our missiles, and endeavour to storm their fortress. If we can effect this—exchange places with them—we shall drive them into our trench; and this is *Retrenchment*.

Several Voices.—Hurrah for Retrenchment!

Johnny Raw.—An excellent definition my Lord! And now I am on my feet allow me to congratulate this Association on a remarkable coincidence—a very remarkable coincidence indeed—I never knew the like since I lived down in Charlotte! In Liverpool, my native place,* an Association has just been formed bearing the same name, and having precisely the same objects in view as this Society! It is very remarkable indeed.† Now I recollect when I lived down in Charlotte—(Cries of "Hear hear," and "hem hem," until Johnny is coughed down).

Dr. Sangrado.—It is a remarkable coincidence, but nevertheless it is one which I maintain can be accounted for upon scientific principles. I hold the nose to be one of the most useful of our members (pulls out his snuff-box, takes a pinch, and hands it round) and given us for noble purposes; thus many animals choose their food by sight alone, the duck by feeling, &c., but we select chiefly by the aid of the nose. There is also much sympathy in one nose for another,

* Johnny hails alternately from Liverpool and Manchester, just as it may suit "present company."

† "It appears rather singular that both" (Reform Clubs in St. John and Liverpool) "should have come into being almost simultaneously, and with the same design. Without the possibility of any preconcerted plan, it is a matter deserving our notice, that two institutions, having for their object and their end, precisely the same purposes, should have sprung into existence almost at the same moment."—*Vide, a member of the Reform Club in the Albion, Jan. 20, 1849.*

for when one person sneezes (he sneezes, and a general sneezing instantly takes place) all who hear him feels an irresistible impulse to bear him company. Now no one will deny that it was the low state of the pine market which put us all "up to snuff," until we pricked up our noses and formed this Association, and as Liverpool is the mart for our pine, I have no doubt but the Liverpool noses have scented us afar, through that medium of communication, which has led to the formation of a similar Association. (Applause).

Rev. Dr. Wisheart.—I should be sorry to destroy my learned friend's theory upon nasal sympathy, but cannot help suggesting that the Liverpool merchants have had much stronger reason to sympathize with our bankrupt laws.

James VII. Very good! We have had a definition and two theories; now let us hear something about the mode of attack.

C. North. Our attack must consist of regular broad-sides with all arms, repeated again and again until we carry our point and induce the enemy to surrender. Our big words—an ammunition we have in plenty—are our *bombs*, which will blow them up; our *figures* are hand-grenades—an uncertain weapon, which will puzzle the enemy more than it will injure them; our *facts* are the cannon balls with which we hope to effect a breach in the walls, but unfortunately we have but a short supply of this ammunition; and our *abuse* is the small arms of all sorts, which cannot do much harm while we remain at so great a distance. However, as nothing can be effected until an attempt is made, I recommend perseverance and a liberal use of the weapons at hand. If we can't storm the walls, we can at least storm at them; and if we can't scale the walls, let us not make a *scaly retreat*. At all events our *abuse* costs us nothing but the trouble of *manufacturing*, so let us fire away! if we cannot wound, we may frighten them. Let us assert that they have sapped the foundation of all that was upright and praiseworthy.*

Blue Kidney. Does sapping the foundation of anything cause it to stoop?

Lord Douglas. Certainly; it causes it to totter, stoop, and fall.

Blue Kidney. Then some one has sapped the foundation of our chief! (Cries of "order," and "treason!")

Soft-Heart. I know who sapped the foundation of my heart the other day.

Lord Doug. Who?

Soft-Heart. Miss P—P—P— pity me, boo, hoo! I can't say it.

Johnny Raw. Poor fool! thy understanding was sapped long ago.

Rev. Dr. Wisheart. One thing is certain—his brain is all sap, for it runs out at his eyes.

Lord Doug. And his heart must be exceedingly sappy. I fear he'll have small—

Soft Heart. (Hurriedly) Oh! stop, stop! Do not say it!

Lord Doug. Why, what's the matter?

Soft Heart. I thought you were going to name that horrid disease which leaves its deep marks behind, and that always reminds me of Miss P—P—P—boo hoo hoo!

C. North. I rise to order, Sire; I fear that if we do not stop this small talk we shall sap the

* "Monopolists, who care for no interest but their own, and are ready to sacrifice every thing at the shrine of self—needy traders—quarrelling hucksters—unprincipled shavers, who batten upon the necessities of the honest and industrious, have held the power, wielded the destinies, blighted the fairest prospects, sapped the foundation of all that was upright and praiseworthy, and left the Province in a state of destitution and misery."—*Vide an Address delivered before the Club, and published in the Morning News, N. v. 22, 1849.*

foundation of this Society. Is the question of Retrenchment agreed upon, and is any suggestion as to tactics to be carried into practice?

Joe Porkleg. Yes, I can answer both questions in the affirmative; I have it all down.

James VII. Now gentlemen, that question is settled: is there any thing to be discussed to-night?

Joe Porkleg. I would call the attention of the Club to the rumour that the Honourable Silver spoon Lazybones—considering five years' service quite sufficient to bestow on his native city—is about to retire to the shades of the Legislative Council; and I would respectfully suggest that we prepare ourselves with a candidate, ready to take the field should the rumour prove correct. (Several voices cry "Hear Hear!")

Prince Louis. Bravo! and I propose my friend and partner, Mr. Hardenough.

Mr. Hardenough. I beg leave to decline the honour, as I am pledged, on the first vacancy, to come forward as the *Long Reach* candidate for the County of Kings.

Blue Kidney. You may save yourself the trouble, for you are not long enough in the head to overreach the people of Kings in that way.

Rev. Dr. Wisheart. I propose my friend, Doctor Sangrado.

Prince Louis. I propose my friend, Lord Douglas.

Lord Doug. I propose my friend, Prince Louis. Sugarstick. I propose my friend, Christopher North, and I object to the two last preceding nominations, for neither *Peers* nor *Princes* should be members of the House of Assembly.

James VII. The objection is valid. Noblemen, and Princes are unfit to represent the people, unless they are willing to discard their titles and become plain citizens.

Prince Louis. What! me become a plebeian. I swear by my long-cherished hair that I will not!

Lord Doug. And as for me—dem'd if I do! I'll away to my father's kiln first!

Dandywig. I propose my brother, Joe Porkleg.

B. Ned. And I propose my brother, Dirty George.

Ald. Diddle em. And I propose myself. (Laughter.)

Johnny Raw. I second the motion.

James VII. Ha! you support Diddle-em, do you?

Johnny Raw. No Sire; I make the same motion Diddle-em did,—that is, I propose myself.

James VII. There are now no less than six candidates,—Sangrado, North, Porkleg, Dirty George, Diddle-em, and Johnny Raw. How shall we proceed to select one out of so many?

Dr. Sangrado. Choose the best Doctor.

C. North. The cleverest man.

D. George. The most patriotic Editor.

J. Raw. The strongest annexationist.

Ald. Diddle em. The greatest blackguard.

J. Porkleg. The most adroit swindler.

Ald. Diddle em. Aye, I'll agree to the latter if it is preferred; ask of my old companions and friends in Woodstock and Fredericton! enquire of my clients and endorsers whom I have sold! ask my numerous creditors whom I keep paying me *running visits* for my own amusement, and whom I intend to *sell* when I am sufficiently amused! ask the gentleman from Canada, whom I kept dunning me every day for three weeks, and whom I always promised solemnly to pay in an hour, when I knew that I had not the means of paying him—that it was not expected of me that I should pay him, (a fact of which he was ignorant), and that I had but to say "Mr. H—s, go to so and so and you will get

your money!"* What fun it was! Why, bless your hearts, I love to be dunned!

Joe Porkleg. Sire, I withdraw my motion. I see that if blackguardism or swindling is to be the qualification, villians as some of us may be, not one of us has any chance with Diddle-em.

Johnny Raw. Sire, I submit to this meeting, and to your superior wisdom, that men require education to fit them to discharge legislative duties. Not only the education taught in schools, but that education which men acquire by intercourse with the world, and by living in the society of gentlemen. Now as but few persons in this community have the opportunity to acquire this sort of education but professional men, I move that none but a professional man be chosen as the candidate for legislative honours.

Dr. Sangrado. I second the motion.

D. George. Am I to be considered a professional man?

Ald. Diddle-em. (Sarcastically) Oh! certainly. Your life is spent in professions! You profess a new theory and new principles three times a week! And your profession closely resembles mine, for they are both *lying professions*.

Rev. Dr. Wisheart. Come son Diddle-em, whom I was so happy as to turn from the error of thy ways, and to save from that gloomy haven (or heaven, if they choose to call it so) to which the Antabaptists were hurrying thee, thou must not be too hard on Geordy the Prenter, for he has done good in his day by publishing my new doctrines.

C. North. And in publishing my long and beautiful address.

Sugarstick. And my communications signed H. V. T. J. And my clever editorials and essays.

Johnny Raw. Ha, ha! what a profession! His paper a common receptacle for the scriblings of bankrupt and discontented merchants, annexationists, an infidel stationer, and a half-sceptical parson!

James VII. Friend George, I fear we cannot consider thy business as one of the learned professions.

D. George. Then I oppose the motion.

James VII. The meeting will divide upon the question. Mr. Secretary, count the ayes and nays. (Porkleg counts, and communicates the result to the President.) The ayes have it. (Cheers from the professional men.)

Johnny Raw. I now move that the candidate of this Club (who according to the resolution just past must be a professional man) shall be a lawyer.

Ald. Diddle-em. (Joyfully) I second the motion.

Dr. Sangrado. No doubt but if this motion is carried Johnny's next motion will be that the candidate shall be a *lawyer and editor*, and then the choice must fall upon himself! The motion is both unfair and ungentlemanly, and as such I oppose it.

J. Raw. If the candidate named by this Club proves successful, we shall still have but two members in the House for the next two years, and as Friend Isaac is no lawyer, I hold it absolutely necessary that the candidate now to be chosen should be a lawyer, in order that he may be able to draft bills properly.

Billy Prattle. What do you—mean—by—drafting—bills? (He appears terrified) I—I had nothing to do with it! do not accuse me! (He faints and is carried out.)

J. Porkleg. What ails Prattle to-night I wonder?

Tom Guzzle. (Waking up in a corner, where he has been sleeping). Drunk-hic drunk again.

* This is literally a fact!