

THE KIDNAPPERS.

A Tragico-Comical Melodrama,

IN TEN ACTS.

PERSONÆ:

THE HON. MR. GORILLA, *Atty. Genl. of Skitzland.*

T. K. CHIMPANZEE, *Crown Prosecutor.*

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE BOUNCER.

J. P. REQUIN, *Atty. Genl's. Partner.*

MESSRS. HURRY & SKURRY, *Advocates.*

TOM SHARP, ABEDNEGO NUTMEG, *Students.*

W. SHAVER, ESQ, *Banker.*

MESSRS. DRUGGET KETTLE & CHAMBERS, *Merchants of
Splashville.*

LOCUS:—Splashville the commercial centre of Skitzland.

LIF 5012
1867
K41

The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



Queen's University at Kingston

PREFACE.

THE "KIDNAPPERS" is the style of a new farce which is about to be produced at one of the leading Theatres in London.

The author is a Canadian and naturally desires the applause of his countrymen, before submitting this, his literary pet to the criticism of a foreign audience.

We have therefore secured a few of the advanced sheets for circulation in Canada, in order that the public here may pass an opinion upon the merits of the farce.

Many of the Dramatis Personæ will be readily recognized by every one acquainted with the current of events in Canada.

The whole farce is founded upon facts which have occurred within the remembrance of the oldest (or some of the young) inhabitants

The characters are drawn from life, every one of them being now living.

The soliloquies were taken down by intimate friends of the speakers and are in their very words. The very peculiarities of idiom and expression being carefully preserved.

This little piece when completed will present a life-like picture of the manners and customs of Skitzland. Our descendants who it is hoped will be more virtuous (politically) will read it with surprise and perhaps disgust--wondering at the degeneracy of their forefathers rulers.

We hope at some future time to submit to an anxious and appreciative public the remainder of this great and unrivalled literary effort.

The talented author may be able in the last acts of the farce, to show how the outraged community of Skitzland rose in its might and hurled from power, the horde of unprincipled adventures and political cormorants which infested the body politic.

We have suggested to the author that his play should be dedicated to "The first politician of Skitzland who pursued an honest and patriotic course, or observed the pledges made to his constituents before election." He is seriously considering the suggestion.

"THE PUBLISHERS."

THE KIDNAPPERS.

A TRAGICO-COMICAL MELODRAMA,

IN TEN ACTS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

PERSONA.—The Hon. Mr. Gorilla, Atty.-Gen. of Skitzland, F. P.
Requin, Esq., Atty.-Gen.'s partner, Bètenoir, Esq., do.

Scene.—*An Office with the usual furniture, book cases, &c.*

The Hon. Mr. Gorilla—sitting in arm chair, legs crossed, arms folded, *loquitur*.

Me voila, de nex step I am Gubernor ob Skitzland. Dere is noting in de world like de l'audace. I am de most imperteenent man, I mean de most daring man on de globb. I am de Bayard ob de univers—I dare anything to do. I beard de ole chef Fountaine, I kiek de postrité ob de judges. I laff at de bar des vrais fainéants. I leap on de marchands of dis cité, and I make my fren collector; les bêtes. vot care I for dem. Dey talk, talk, and do nuttin. Bah John Thorn, pauvre animal, he do vot I tell hem un vrai dinde, he talk please de lectors, he vote please me. I Angleeshman now. I speak Angleesh ver well. I luff rosbif, de bleeding stek. I more Angleesh dan old Pam, more conservateur dan Lord Darbee, more pluckee dan de debbil; ma foi, vot change since I vos fils de la liberté, valk about

vid peestol in mine hand, and run away from dose sacrés Doriques. I've better prospec now dan ven I look out de cellar window at St. Denis—mais, mais c'est presqu' incroyable.

I hab done great deal for Skitzland. Haf I not name mon cousin Eponge judge at Alemaire. He agent for de crown. Lectle manque in his accounts, had he resté, dere would be great beeg defeciet. I make him judge. He can no more spend de publique money. Dat was economic for de Province. Den dere was mon cher associé Tête vide, did I not give his intelligence, his aniabilité, his sweet temper et sa digestion admirable as a sacrafis for de publique good. Hein! dat was a sacrafis. Ma patriotism force me to decimate mes pareus for de good ob de countree.

Haf I not bear vied dat sacré M. Quihie to conciliéer de Irish interest? Who support dat respectable Corporation de Grand Tronk but me? I de Attorney General ob de Province, but I de General Attorney of dat great companée. I always vote for de Grand Tronk, and de Grand Tronk always pay my lectle bills.

Dere are mes chers associés Requin l'incorruptible Betenoir i'inebranlable, de old gloire de la famille Gorilla vill be renew in la vieille France tanks to deir exertions. Linked wid dem, wid my foot on Lanirande, me *voilà* à l'Exposition de Paris en 1867, en pose, montrant que meme dans le Canada, le descendant d'un Français se moque des lois de l'Albion perfide.

(A knock at the door.)

Enters Requin.—Eh bien M. Gorilla, I haf made de bill for de French Empire et c'est just 40,000 frs.

Gorilla.—Tres bien. But it vill be better not to deesmes it until after de Confederation. Nous sommes pas mal, and I tink dat it would be better dat I can say I haf not receive one dollar in de case.

Requin.—I will keep it den until you are de Gubernor of dis Province; vich station you shall adorn.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

PERSONA.—T. K. Chimpanzee, Crown Prosecutor.

Scene.—An Office, counter therein, books, papers on tables, chairs, &c.

T. K. C. reclining in his chair, eyes towards the ceiling, *loquitur*.

Ordinary impudence of the Irish sort, Tom, my dear fellow, is not

the thing. The genuine article for getting a man on in the world is Scotch effrontery. I have pondered deeply on the subject, and coming to the conclusion, I have just enunciated, I determined even when I was a boy to cultivate my natural talent in that way to its fullest capacity; and I flatter myself that I have succeeded à la merveille. Thank Providence, I am an incredulous individual. There are very few things I believe in, save my own superiority, physically and intellectually to all men I have ever met or read of. Men of genius, it is said, have always some weakness. I have nothing of that kind about me, I am a perfect specimen of the human race, of the same material as the demi-gods of ancient days, but with all the advantages of modern science. Stick-at-nothing-ness is the surest passport to success.

If it pays, politically or commercially speaking, I am and always have been ready to do anything from pitch and toss to kidnaping. I go no higher in the criminal scale, for I never boast of what I will do, but of what I have done. Consequences in Canada are things not to be dreaded. In any civilized country in the world, of course, they are unpleasant things, but in this Province, under the rule of the enlightened Gorilla, consequences are only to be dreaded by those idiots who allow themselves to be seduced by the old adage of honesty being the best policy. Public opinion here is trash, or rather is on a par with the expression of feeling in a thieves' convention when one of the brotherhood gets lagged.

I don't care a rap for it. People may say anything they like, as long as I feather my nest. Like Front de Bœuf, my motto, to all is *Cave adsum*, the judges quake when I appear, the lawyers subside into their shoes when my eye falls upon them, the criminals plead guilty even when innocent, as soon as they hear my voice. I will and it is done. I never trust in the justice of my cause. My faith is based on the surer foundation of my sublime effrontery. *Veni, vidi, vici*. I have subjugated the bar, I have debased the bench, I have trampled under foot the laws of the Province. There is nothing more for me to do here. Like Alexander, I could weep for lack of something to conquer. *Exegi monumentum œre perennius*.

(Throws his handkerchief up to the ceiling, catches it, and the curtain falls.)

ACT III.—SCENE III.

Scene.—Directors' Room in a Bank in the City of Splashville.

PERSONA.—Shaver, Drugget, Kettle, and Chamber seated round Directors table.

Shaver.—Clouds obscure the political horizon; the amiable and enlightened Gorilla is threatened with extinction,—that sun which has blazed over our heads for the past nine years, whose rays have heated our chilled blood, and whose generous impulses have filled our pockets during the same time, is about to subside from the political firmament. Can we, shall we gentlemen allow our mainstay thus to be smashed and float in pieces on the ocean of our despair. Never, Gentlemen, never shall it be said that there were not men in the great City of Splashville able to pat Gorilla on the back, give him a certificate of character, and send him with all his blushing glories on his brow to carry before him in England his glorious project of Confederation with the numberless offices it will place at the disposal of our party.

Drugget.—Shaver, you are a great orator. I feel like a bale of cotton on the eve of spontaneous combustion, you have so excited the remnants of my feelings, that I feel yards of emotion rising in my throat, if I speak not I shall die,—but I should like to know ere giving vent to my emotions, how the maintenance of Gorilla will affect the Dry Goods trade and the firm of Cotton Drugget & Co. in particular.

Shaver.—My dear fellow your firm shall have a section of the line of the Great Southern Railroad. We'll give you \$30,000 a mile for fifty miles of it. You can then give it out to sub-contractors, perfectly reliable intelligent men. at \$20,000 a mile, leaving to your firm a neat little profit of \$500,000 gained by subtraction from the Province, without the slightest risk or trouble.

Drugget.—I stifle my emotions,—the crisis is past—and I beg to say on behalf of our firm that we are ready to grant any certificates you may require, and to pat any portion of Gorilla's body which he may place at our disposal for that purpose.

Kettle.—What are we to get Shaver?

Shaver.—We'll give the distinguished firm of Kettle Boiler & Co.

the agency for the rails, locomotives and cars; we'll force the sub-contractors to order through you. Your commission from the Province shall be five per cent, and if you do'nt make ten extra out of the subs, you are not fit to live in a free country.

Kettle.—Excellent! We'll support Gorilla and his liberal and enlightened policy to our last dollar and our last nail.

Chamber — But how are we to be benefited? The Lamirande affair is devilish bad. I don't see how the firm of Chamber, Potts & Basin can reconcile it to their consciences to support Gorilla.

Shaver.—Oh Lord! ha! ha! ha! There is a new commodity in the stock in trade of Chamber's firm. The idea of Chamber Potts & Basin having consciences, or even of having one amongst them all is too absurd. Ha! ha! ha! My dear Chamber, let us have a look at that new fangled commodity of yours. What is it like, old fellow? Is it delf, china or Bohemian glass? Is it much ornamented with pendants, or is its style that of severe simplicity. Do you put it on your shelves for sale, or do you keep it in your show case for exhibition? Did you ever lose a halfpenny by it? If you did, and as this last affair is likely to be the last straw, why we'll give you a contract for fifty thousand dinner sets in enamel and gold, to be worked up into locomotives, and ten thousand breakfast sets to be converted into lining for boilers.

Chamber.—Every one must live Shaver, your offer is a liberal one, —it is in our line. We sell to you, we have nothing to do with what you may do with the articles bought,—it is strictly a mercantile transaction and we accept.

Shaver.—Now in my opinion the best thing for us to do is to give Gorilla a dinner in the name of the inhabitants of Splashville. We can easily get off four hundred tickets. I, for my part, will take twenty to give away. I suppose each of you will do the same.

Chorus.—Yes.

Shaver.—The Grand Valise will send a deputation of fifty or sixty, —there are at least the same number of butchers who will come. We can catch three or four lawyers who have been waiting to see how the cat jumps with the bait of judgships soon to become vacant. You can each humbug a friend into going, and then the herd of political instruments, office holders, and parliamentary hacks will fill up the required number. In England they will never know that

Mr. Moffatt is only a tavern-keeper, Mr. McKenzie a shoemaker and Mr. Anderson a tailor. You will have so to manage that men of the same names as our principal citizens receive the tickets you give away. Do you understand ?

Chorus.—Yes.

Shaver.—Then the ministerial journals can dilate upon the respectability of the audience. We shall have the military, the staff, John Thorn to talk on his one subject, The Volunteers. McQuihie to electrify the audience (if before the cloth be removed he be not overcome by his feelings) with bursts of that Celtic eloquence which ignores the past, abuses the present, and illumines with floods of glory the future.

Chorus.—Bravo.

Shaver.—Remember, Gorilla expects every man to do his duty.

Chorus.—Hurrah !

Exeunt omnes.

ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

PERSONAGES.—Messrs. Hurry and Skurry, members of the Bar newly admitted ; Tom Sharp, Abednego Nutneg, students at Law.

(*Courtroom.*)

Harry.—Well, Tom, what news this morning ?

Sharp.—Nothing particular, except that Chimpanzee boxed Bouncer's ears in Notre Dame Street, yesterday, and knocked off poor little Sapajou's cocked hat.

Abednego.—Wall, I kalklate Chimpanzee's almighty smart ; he ain't no small beer of a chap ; he's so cussed imperent too, but its all along o' that nose and chin of his'n, he can't help hissself. Ainy crittur with such a nose and chin must be imperent or he'd bust.

Skurry.—Well, I tell you what I'm not going to let Champanzee's nose and chin beat me out of the field. To-day, when the court comes in, I'll bet you a V that I go on the bench and smite Bouncer on the right cheek, Sapajou on the left, ornament old Lushing Alcohol's visage with a burnt cork, crown old Bagwig with brown paper, and they'll all go on their knees to me, beg my pardon, ask me to din-

IV.

Great Bouncer came down from his grand chair of state,
 Fi fum fiddle de dee,
 And entered his chamber not quite so irate,
 Then swell'd out his chest as he thought of the fate
 Which hung o'er poor Tommy's impertinent pate,
 And said to himself ah mon cher pas si bête
 To show that one's plucky 'tis never too late
 In this frigid North countree.

V.

Great Bouncer next day, when he sat in his chair,
 Fi fum fiddle de dee,
 With visage serene and unmark'd by a care;
 With whi-kers arrang'd and with well order'd hair,
 No longer resembling a great polar bear,
 Thus ore rotundo but funky in air,
 Proclaimed publicly.

VI.

I thought on this matter when I'd become cool,
 Fi fum fiddle de dee,
 And I've made up my mind now to issue a rule,
 On Tommy to show how an insolent mule
 Like he, could induce me to be such a fool
 As shewn in this tourney.

(Curtain falls.)

