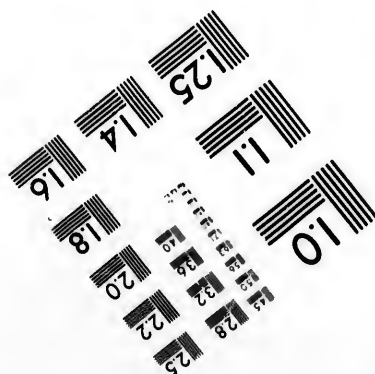
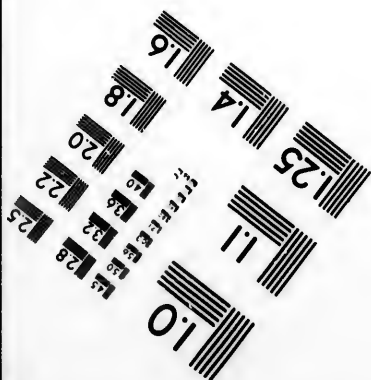
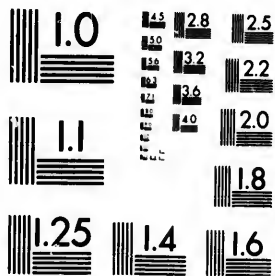


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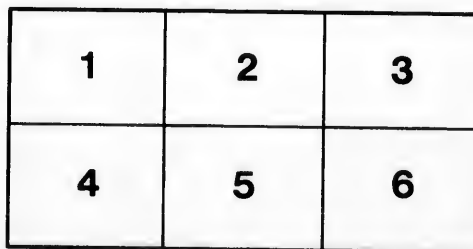
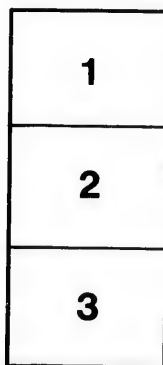
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UN

GR

THE  
UNSPECIFIC SCANDAL.

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An Original, Political, Critical and  
Grittical Extravaganza,

PERFORMED AT THE

GREAT DOMINION THEATRE, OTTAWA,

In the Year of Grace, 1873.

---

OTTAWA:  
PRINTED BY A. S. WOODBURN, ELGIN STREET,  
1874.

JAMES MITCHELL

---

*Registered according to the Copyright Act of 1868.*

---

SCENE

*First*

*All.—*

*Seco*

*All.—*

*Third*

*All.—*

(Enter  
*Alex.*

# THE UNSPECIFIC SCANDAL.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. A newspaper office—In the middle a cauldron boiling—Thunder and Lightning—Enter three Editors as Wizards—They circle round the cauldron, throwing in scraps of paper.

*First Wizard.*— Round about the cauldron go,  
In our facts and fictions throw,  
Money by Sir Hugh subscribed,  
Names of members foully bribed,  
Information basely got,  
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

*All.*— Double, double, cauldron bubble,  
Bring the Premier lots of trouble.

*Second Wizard.*— Railway contracts wrongly sold,  
To Sir Hugh for Yankee gold;  
Conversations misreported,  
Suppositions much distorted,  
Innuendoes rather scaly,  
From the great religious daisy,  
For a charm of powerful trouble  
In our cauldron boil and bubble.

*All.*— Double, double, cauldron bubble,  
Bring the Premier lots of trouble.

*Third Wizard.*— Adjectives from Billingsgate,  
From my columns freely take;  
Add thereto McMullen's crams,  
Stolen letters, telegrams,  
All these matters mix and mangle.  
To form an Unspecific Scandal.

*All.*— Double, double, cauldron bubble,  
Bring the Premier lots of trouble.

(Enter Alexander, the chief wizard to the other three wizards.)

*Alex.* Oh! well done. I commend your pains,  
And every one shall share i' the gains.



Now about the cauldron ring,  
And Corruption! loudly sing,  
That's the cry to bring us in.

*See Wizard.*— By the pricking of my thumbs,  
A wicked Premier this way comes,  
Open locks, whoever knocks!

(*Enter John A.*)

*John A.*—Hallo! my friends, what is your little game. What  
is't you do?

*All.*— A deed without a name!

*John A.*— “No name,” well that's a very clever story,  
But Collins used that title long before ye;  
I fancy, too, I could suggest a better,  
Suppose you call your work “The Purloined  
’Twould be a *taking* title, and 'tis known [Letter.”  
You're great at *taking*—*what is not your own.*

*Alex.*— Excuse me if upon your speech I break in,  
You'll find ere long we're great at *undertaking*.  
And we expect the country soon will call  
Us to perform your party's funeral.

*John A.*— Well, kill us *first*, if 'tis the same to you,  
You killed *me* once at Rivière du Loup;  
It vexed me much to spoil your little plan,  
And prove your telegram a tell a *cram*.

*All.*— Oh! oh! oh!!!

*John A.*— Excuse the pun—I'm sensible that it  
Is rather far-fetched, even for a Grit.  
Well now I'm off—Mae, my old boy, good bye,  
You'll find there's not much green in John A's  
eye.

(*Points to Cauldron.*)

After that hash of yours you'd best be looking,  
You'll find it wants a precious lot of *cooking*.

(*Exit.*)

*Alex. (Calling after him).*—

Dinna be feared but I'll tak care o' the pot,  
And when it's ready, then ye'll get it *hot*.

*Music*—Scotch air: “What's a' the steer, kimmer.”  
(*Wizards stir the cauldron vigorously, dance and vanish.*)

## SCENE II. Anywhere in Ontario.

A number of Grits collected together.—Enter Alexander, who addresses them after the manner of Brutus over the body of Caesar.

Grits, followers and office seekers, lend me your ears.  
 From all that I can see it now appears  
 As if the day which we so long have waited  
 Has come at last, as we *anticipated* ;  
 And now with hopes of power I'm so elated  
 I feel quite overcome and *dizzy-pated* !  
 This cry with which we've made the country ring,  
 I mean "corruption," has proved just the thing.  
 'Tis true the *means* we've used are rather base  
 But that don't matter when the *end* is place.  
 At any rate we've gone too far to stop  
 And have at last caught John A. on the *hop* ;  
 And you as members of the *hop* position  
 Must try to make the most of the position.  
 Now to your several posts each one repair  
 And recollect in war all means are fair.—  
 The special charge of Shefford's member stout  
 Is on McMullen to keep a sharp look out  
 And carefully by every means provide  
 He's not bought over by the other side.  
 West Montreal's member can't I think do better  
 Than try to find another private letter ;  
 Blake will devote himself, at my suggestion  
 To getting up the constitutional question,  
 And hold himself upon the first occasion  
 Ready to give us a superb oration.

To all the others I can only say  
 Make yourselves useful in a general way  
 And recollect in all your little schemes  
 This maxim "The end justifies the means."  
 But wait a moment, I'll not keep you long;  
 Before you go I'd like to sing a song

*Sings—*

"GRITS WHA HÆE."

1

Grits wha hæe wi' George Brown bled,  
 Grits wham Blake has aften led,  
 Welcome to the downy bed  
 Of the Ministry.

6

2.

Now's the day and now's the hour  
Sees the front o' battle lour,  
Sees the fall of John A's. power  
And office sweet for me.

3.

Wha do loaves and fishes crave ?  
Wha snug sinecures would have ?  
And don't object to be a slave  
Let him follow me.

4.

Wha will turn and twist the law  
Anyhow, sae it will draw  
Us to power and make them fa'  
Let him on wi' me.

5.

Though the tools we use are vile,  
And their touch must needs defile,  
At such scruples we but smile  
So to power come we.

6.

Lay the false usurpers low,  
Never mind how foul the blow,  
When we're in then we will show  
How to make it pay.

*Chorus of Grits—*

We're off by the morning train  
Our own sweet homes to gain,  
And trust it won't be very long  
Before we're back again.  
For we are so fond of travel when the country has to pay  
When the country has to pay  
When the country has to pay  
And we love to draw ten cents a mile, and dollars ten per day.

*(Exeunt in various directions.)*

SCENE III. The Premier's Office in Ottawa.

*John A. (soliloquizing).*

This is enough a fellow's heart to break !  
A pretty state of things and no mistake.

'There's that Committee which we so much trusted  
 Would turn out trumps, has been and gone and *busted* ;  
 And all those telegrams and letters too  
 Which I was fool enough to write Sir Hugh,—  
 I little thought when I so much imperilled,  
 They would be prigged and published in the *Herald*,—  
 It is a most disgusting sort of go.  
 I never dreamed Sir *Hugh* would *use* me so  
 And how from this scrape I'm to get out clear  
 I'm sure I've not the most remote idea.  
 I can't deny it, that would be *too* cheeky,  
 Besides there's no mistake *I had the specie*,  
 And that's a *fact* which enemies *fact* titious  
 Will make a handle for attacks most vicious.  
 Of course Sir Hugh had no corrupt intention,  
 His loans were just a delicate attention ;  
 He felt 'twas for the good of the Dominion  
 We should remain in power, and this opinion  
 Was shared by me, so I saw no objections  
 To take his funds to carry our elections.  
 I know this seems a rather slender fiction  
 Considering the *amount* of his subscription ;  
 But anyhow we'll have to make it do,  
 And perhaps by luck we'll manage to pull through  
 Meanwhile upon mature consideration  
 I think we'd best go in for prorogation !

*Song by the Premier—*

“ PROROGATION.”

*Tune—*“ I want money.”

Prorogation, Prorogation,  
 That's the dodge for the situation ;  
 It will cause the Grits vexation  
 And save ourselves great botheration.  
 When in the house I take my station  
 I know I shall meet much objurgation ;  
 Blake will make a fierce oration  
 And hold me up to detestation.  
 I rather dread an appeal to the nation  
 In its present state of fermentation  
 So I think upon consideration  
 I'd better go in for prorogation.  
 Prorogation, Prorogation, &c.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. House of Commons—The Speaker in the Chair.

*Alexander* rises and addresses the house in a state of great indignation.

The meanest thing in history, this I call,  
That slippery Premier's going to sell us all.  
Here's Blake and I bursting with indignation  
And we're checkmated by this prorogation;  
We don't intend to stand it, that's a fact,  
And on this motion call on you to act.  
I stand here representing a constituency  
And beg to say—

*Speaker*— A message from his Excellency.

*Alexander*— No messenger shall interrupt me here—  
This is a breach of privilege 'tis clear—  
I stand here representing the opinion  
Of a large number throughout this Dominion;  
To express my sentiments is my intent  
My injured feelings must and will have vent,  
I say that this projected prorogation  
Is of our privilege an usurpation,  
And I demand that here upon this floor  
We call upon—

*Sergeant-at-Arms*— The Black Rod's at the door

*Alexander*—Black Rod be blowed! I solemnly declare  
I'll not—

(*Speaker and Ministers leave the Chamber.*)  
Hallo! the Speaker's left the Chair.

My friends, I'm in a state of such disgust  
With indignation I feel fit to bust.  
As things have taken this unpleasant turn  
To the Committee room we'd best adjourn,  
And there discuss the proper mode of action  
To meet this very scandalous transaction.

*Chorus of Oppositionists*—

Prorogation, prorogation  
Has caused us all great consternation;  
'Tis of our rights an usurpation  
And fills us all with indignation.

We will send a deputation  
 To present our protestation  
 And make a strong representation  
 Against this shameful prorogation.  
*Exeunt to Committee Room.*

SCENE II Senate Chamber..

*Gov. Gen. (Loq.)—*

For very near an hour you've kept me waiting,  
 While in the other chamber you've been prating;  
 And even now I much regret to find  
 The opposition has remained behind.  
 To keep me here from such suspense a sufferin'—  
 As though I were a *duffer*, not a *Dufferin*—  
 Is a proceeding which has caused me pain,  
 And I expect 'twill not occur again.  
 Now you *are* here I haven't much to say  
 Except to mention in a casual way  
 That certain charges of a nature grave  
 Against my chief advisers have been made;  
 And as the Committee you yourselves appointed  
 Has your anticipations *dis* appointed,  
 I have judged best, considering the position,  
 To give instructions for a Royal Commission.  
 If this don't suit I see no other plan  
 Than let you fight it out as best you can,  
 Trusting your difference after due debate  
 Like the *Kilkenny cats* may terminate,  
 The well remembered issue of whose quarrel  
 Left scarce *tu (i) le* to point the moral.

*Song* "Cock a doodle doo," by his Excellency.

Cock a Doodle Doo.

A few remarks I'd like to make  
 Before I leave you now,  
 And just express my sentiments  
 About this precious row.  
 The house is in an uproar  
 And you make a great a do;  
 But after all it's nothing more  
 Than Cock a doodle doo!

*Chorus of Senators—*

Cock a doodle, cock a doodle, cock a doodle doo.

You say this prorogation is  
 Of privilege a breach,

And very kindly undertake  
 My duties me to teach.  
 Well, talk away, it don't hurt me  
 And doubtless pleases you;  
 But I'm quite aware it's nothing more  
 Than Cock a doodle doo.

*Chorus*— Cock a doodle, cock a doodle, cock a doodle doo.

My Ministers have me assured  
 The charges are not true,  
 That they've the country's benefit  
 At heart, in all they do.  
 Sir John the matter has explained  
 And very glibly too;  
 But I fancy much of what he says  
 Is Cock a doodle doo.

*Chorus*— Cock a doodle, cock a doodle, cock a doodle doo.

But anyhow pray rest assured  
 However things turn out,  
 That I shall keep myself aloof  
 From party strife and rout.  
 I'll not myself identify  
 With either him or you,  
 But listen calmly to your eries  
 Of Cock a doodle doo.

*Chorus*— Cock a doodle, cock a doodle, cock a doodle doo.

(*A prolonged crow from Black Rod.*)

---

ACT III.

SCENE I. Ottawa—The day before the Session—A meeting  
 of Grits—Alexander in the chair.

*Song and chorus.*

*Air.*—"Siap Bang."

*Alexander (sings)*—

Since last we met, have strange events  
 Occurred, as you're aware,  
 On which 'tis my intention to  
 Address you from this chair.  
 Our prospects now look brighter than  
 They ever did before,

And there's no doubt we soon shall change  
Our places on the floor.

And I feel so very jolly oh !  
So jolly oh, so jolly oh !  
I feel so very jolly oh,  
With thoughts of coming power.

*Chorus*— Slap bang, here we are again,  
Here we are again, here we are again,  
Slap bang! here we are again,  
Such jolly Grits are we.

*Alexander*—We've managed by our little schemes  
To raise a mighty fuss,  
And I fancy that the Ministers  
Are in a precious muss.  
'Tis true the charge which first we made  
Has rather proved a sell,  
But matters which have leaked out since  
Will suit us quite as well.  
And we ought to feel quite jolly oh !  
Quite jolly oh ! quite jolly oh !  
We ought to feel quite jolly oh,  
At having such good luck.

*Chorus*— Slap bang! here we are again,  
Here we are again, here we are again,  
Slap bang! here we are again,  
Such downy Grits are we.

*Alexander (log.)*— My friends,  
The proposition I shall make to-night,  
Will probably surprise on all excite;  
But though of *étiquette* it no doubt a breach is,  
'Twill save us listening to prosy speeches.  
So I propose that each of this great throng,  
His views and sentiments express in song;  
And first, with your approval, I shall call  
Upon the member for West Montreal.

(*Cries of hear, hear.*)

*Song*—THE JOLLY FLOUR INSPECTOR.

*Air*—"The Young Man From the Country."

I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,  
To Montreal I came,  
The twenty-foot channel for to find,  
And win myself great fame.



I'm a public benefactor, too,  
As you may plainly see.

*Spoken*—And all the great improvements during the past  
twenty years, which have made Montreal what it is to-day, why

They've all been done by me.  
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector  
And they've all been done by me.

Now there's Victoria's famous bridge,  
Which spans our stream so fair,  
Why if it hadn't been for me  
It never would have been there.  
I didn't exactly build it myself,  
But I made the suggestion, you see.

*Spoken*—And therefore I maintain that I am entitled to  
quite as much credit as the man who designed it, or the people  
who paid for it. In fact, I may fairly say that

It's all been done by me.  
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,  
And it's all been done by me.

When first to Montreal I came  
The city was quite small,  
And as for manufactures  
There was next to none at all.  
I felt we were designed by fate  
An emporium grand to be,

*Spoken*—And I said as much to many of my friends and  
acquaintances, and surely on the strength of that I may fairly  
claim that

It's all been done by me.  
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,  
And it's all been done by me.

In fact, there's scarcely anything,  
So far as I can see,  
That, if the matter's sifted close,  
Has *not* been done by me.  
And I've yet one more accomplishment,  
Which had better mentioned be,  
*I'm a dab at finding letters, too,*  
Which don't belong to me.  
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,  
And John A's. been done by me.

*Alexander.*—We're much obliged, and gratified I'm sure.  
Member for Shefford next will take the floor.

*Song.*—ANNEXATION.

*Air.*—"Yankee Doodle."

Annexation, people say,  
A sentiment of mine is,  
And though my body's here, my heart  
The other side the line is.  
Well I'm quite prepared to say,  
Though it cause vexation,  
That I think our destiny  
Must be Annexation.

Oh! Yankee doodle doo,  
Yankee doodle dandy,  
Canada you're bound to take,  
For it lies so handy.

Independence is a flam  
Won't bear examination,  
We've not material to make  
An independent nation.  
So why not let us join at once  
The great American nation,  
And perhaps I may be President  
When we get Annexation.

Oh! Yankee doodle doo,  
Yankee doodle dandy,  
Walk in quick and chaw us up,  
For we lie so handy.

*Alexander.*—With all due deference to our friend, I'm bound  
To say he's treading upon dangerous ground ;  
I say, and say it without hesitation,  
The time is not yet ripe for Annexation ;  
When it will come, if ever, I can't guess,  
And therefore no opinion will express ;  
But lest dissension in our ranks, he cause  
I trust our honorable friend will pause  
Before he speaks too openly his mind,  
And keep his feelings to his breast confined ;  
I now propose—and know it will please all—  
Upon the member for South Bruce to call.

*Song.*—LOGICAL TEDDY.*Air*—“Champagne Charlie.”

The member for South Bruce am I, the pride of all the Grits,  
 I'm always ripe when called upon to give the Premier fits;  
 Whenever in my place I rise, and time and subject suits,  
 'There's not one of the ministers but trembles in his boots.

For Logical Teddy is my name,  
 Logical Teddy is my name,  
 Good for a speech at any time my boys, (*bis*)  
 Who'll sit and listen to me.

On law and constitution to my dictum all must hark,  
 And when “Sir Oracle” propounds, no Tory dog dare bark.  
 At any time to mount the stump you'll find me quite prepared,  
 I'm the only Grit in all the House of whom John A. is scared.

For Logical Teddy is my name,  
 Logical Teddy is my name,  
 Good for a speech at any time, my boys, (*bis*)  
 If you'll only listen to me.

I've got my points all cut and dried when this debate comes on,  
 And it's all arranged that I shall follow close upon Sir John;  
 And after he has said his say, and Teddy Blake gets up,  
 Just bet your boots you'll see Sir John completely gobbled up.

For Logical Teddy is my name, &c.

*Alexander.*—Although I've known our brilliant friend so long,  
 I never thought he sang so good a song;  
 At all he undertakes he seems a bright un';  
 In fact he's quite an “Admirable Crichton;”  
 But as it's getting late, I'll call upon  
 Our mutual friends, Holton and Dorion.

*Duet.*—MESSRS. HOLTON AND DORION.*Air.*—“Write me a letter from home.”

*Holton.*— Two jolly members are we—  
 I'm Holton and he Dorion,  
 And we're waiting John Young to advise  
 Respecting this note from Sir John.

*Dorion.*— Publish the letter of course,  
 Not to do so would surely be wrong,  
 'Twould be sinful to lose such a chance,  
 So we'll publish your letter, Sir John.

*Holton.*— 'Tis true it is not meant for us,  
 And to read private letters is wrong ;  
 But perhaps Pope has sent it himself,  
 So we'll publish your letter, Sir John.

*Dorion.*— The letter is sent by " a friend,"  
 And discloses a great public wrong ;  
 So no one can say it's not right  
 To publish your letter, Sir John.

*Chorus.*— Publish the letter of course,  
 Why should we hesitate long ;  
 Such a chance we shall ne'er get again,  
 So we'll publish your letter, Sir John.

*Alexandér, enthusiastically.*—

Of harmony like this I never tire,  
 And scarcely know whether I most admire  
 The sentiment or music ; but I think,  
 Considering that we pay for our own drink,  
 And that it's getting late, that it were best  
 To break up now and seek our natural rest.  
 You know that those to bed who early go,  
 Healthier, wealthier, and wiser daily grow ;  
*Wisdom*, of course, we none of us require,  
 But health and *wealth* I think we *all* desire.  
 Therefore, with this becoming end in view,  
 To all of you I now will say adieu.

(Exeunt all, singing " There's a good time coming.")

SCENE II. A Chamber in the Parliament Buildings—Time,  
 Middle of the Session—The Premier, in a very discon-  
 solate attitude, seated in a chair with his head on his  
 hand.

*Melancholy music—He sings dolefully.*

*Song.—Air, " Sam Hall."*

My name it is John A.,  
 Premier, Premier,

My name it is John A.,  
 Premier.

My name it is John A., and mournfully I say,  
 That I do not see my way  
 Out of this.

Mackenzie he will come,  
 He will come, he will come ;

Mackenzie he will come,  
                   Bless (?) his eyes !  
 And Blake he will come too, and all the cussed  
 And I don't know what to do, [crew,  
 (*Trombone accompaniment.*) Bless (?) their eyes !  
   (*Weeps noisily.*)

(Enter a number of Ministers who console their chief.)

*Sir Francis.*—Cheer up respected chief, don't pipe your eye;  
 I know it's very hard, but pray don't cry.  
 See all your faithful followers muster thick  
 Around you, quite prepared by you to stick.  
 Though you *are* licked you did the best you could  
 And over your misfortune should not brood.  
 Just look at me, a politician old  
 After so many years out in the cold.  
 Yet see how stiff an upper lip I keep;  
 You never hear *me* whine, or see *me* weep.  
 Losses we must expect as well as winnings,  
 And you have had a pretty lengthy innings;  
 And even now e'er many months elapse  
 Our party may be in again perhaps.

(*Sir John shakes his head doubtfully.*)

Pooh! Pooh! I thought you made of tougher stuff!  
 See here, I'll sing a song to cheer you up.

*Song.*—                  *Air.*—"Captain Jinks."

I'm Francis Hineks from the Windward Isles,  
 I'm full of playful tricks and wiles,  
 And I'm trying now to move the smiles  
                   Of my Leader in the Parly *ment*.  
 For it won't do to look glum, you know,  
 Look glum, you know, look glum, you know,  
 It won't do to look glum, you know,  
 Because you are beat in the Parly *ment*.

(*Air changes to the "Dogs Meat Man."*)

For I used to be a nobby little *Financeer*,  
 A 'sinivatin' 'titivatin' *Financeer*,  
 And I managed the finances in a way that made it  
 That nature did design me for a *Financeer*. [clear

(Dances a wild dance between the verses.)

Still in the dumps?—Oh dash it! this won't do.  
 Here. Lively Peter, try what *you* can do.

*Song.*— “LIVELY PETER.”

*Air.*—“Billy Taylor.”

I'm Lively Peter, a brisk young fellow  
Full of mirth and full of glee,  
And I am head of the department  
Of the Marine and Fisherees.  
Tiddy fol de rol lol, rol lol lido, &c.

Long Sir John I've followed after  
Since the Premier he has been,  
And for not ratting before this crisis  
People say I'm very green.  
Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

But lively Peter ain't the fellow  
To leave his leader in distress,  
Though I'm bound to say he's got his party  
Into a most tarnation mess.  
Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

I'm sorry to see him looking so gloomy  
And in the blues so tightly stuck.  
It's setting us all a bad example  
To be so down upon his luck.  
Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

*Chorus of Ministers.*

Cheer up John, don't let your spirits go down  
You shall turn out the Grits  
And give them all fits  
As you did once before with George Brown.

*Sir John rises up cheerfully.*

You're right my friends, 'tis foolish to repine,  
I never was so weak before this time;  
But 'tis enough to make a fellow pout  
That those whom I brought in, should turn me out.  
'Twas these ungrateful Islanders who sold me  
I wouldn't have believed it, if you'd told me.

*Song and Chorus.* *Air.*—“Ten Little Indians.”

Six Prince Edward Islanders, looking all alive,  
One joined the Grits, and then there were five.  
Five little Islanders seated on the floor,  
One was bought over, then there were four.

Four little Islanders as cheeky as could be  
 One got converted, then there were three.  
 Three little Islanders, looking rather blue,  
 Blake talked one to death, then there were two.  
 Two little Islanders as sad as sad could be  
 They couldn't save the Government from a *minoritee*.

*Chorus*.— One lit'le, two little, three little,  
 Four little, five little, six little Islanders, &c.

*Sir John*.— I can't declare how comforted I am  
 With your kind sympathy. I never can  
 Express the thoughts which fill my grateful mind.  
 To my sad fate I'm really quite resigned—  
*Resigned!* ah ha!—that word suggests a plan  
 By which I really do believe I can  
 Ameliorate our painful situation  
 And save defeat by timely Resignation!—

*Song*—

“RESIGNATION.”

Resignation, Resignation,  
 Is the only thing for the situation.  
 'Twill put a stop to recrimination  
 And save my friends from much vexation.  
 Things are in such a conglomeration  
 They really won't bear contemplation;  
 So I think without more hesitation  
 We'll tender at once our resignation.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. House of Commons in full Session—Sir John  
 announces the resignation of the Ministry—Grits  
 surround Alexander clamouring noisily for places.

*The Genius of Canada rises—all stand abashed and silent.*

*Genius*.—Peace, I command, and cease this rude turmoil.  
 What! quarrelling already o'er the spoil?  
 If this is how you mean to carry on  
 You'll really force me to recall Sir John;

(*Cries of “No, No, please don't.”*)

Then to these noisy clamours put a stop,  
 Assume a virtue if you have it not,  
 Nor let it to the country thus appear  
 That place and power your only objects are.

(*Turns to Alexander.*)

To you my friend, now you have gained the day  
 A few important words I have to say:

All through this contest, Purity was your cry,  
 Mind that your acts do not your words belie ;  
 Remember what great interests rest on you,  
 And think that *I* shall have my eye upon you.  
 I know you're passing honest ! but you've got  
 Mixed up with an uncommon scaly lot—  
 From folks like these 'tis difficult to break off,  
 I fear *you'll* find them rather hard to shake off—  
 Of one thing *especially* be warned in time  
 Be careful about this PACIFIC LINE,  
 And recollect that under no condition  
 Will I accept a *Railway Coalition*.  
 The Railway must be *mine* and *only* mine,  
*I want no junction with a Yankee line.*  
 Through my own territory 't must be laid  
 And by my own resources must be made.  
 Farewell—so act that Alexander's name  
 To future years be heralded by Fame.

Song.— “GENIUS OF CANADA.”

*Air*.—“ After the Opera is Over.”

Now that the contest is over,  
 Now that the battle is done,  
 Now that Sir John is defeated,  
 Now that Mackenzie has won,  
 Let's be a little bit quiet,  
 Let us look tranquilly on,  
 Let's give fair play to Mackenzie  
 And not be too hard on Sir John.

True that Sir John has been guilty  
 Of acts which I cannot condone ;  
 Still none of you are so spotless  
 That you should throw the first stone.  
 Long as he worked in my service—  
 And many a good deed has he done—  
 And was ne'er swayed by personal motives,  
 So don't be too hard on Sir John.

(*Genius vanishes and the House adjourns.*)





