

Butt (aside).—Beer and old rye must be his consolation.

All.—Yes, yes; old rye must be his consolation.

Tom Black.—But, my dear fellow, you are *too* ambitious. You can't expect the Captain's daughter to look favorably on a third-class clerk in the sealing wax department.

MacDeadeye.—If ye'd ony perlitickal influence, noo, there might be a chance for ye; but, the Captains of such craft as ours don't give onything away unless they get some votes for it.

All (recoiling).—Shame! shame!

Sam.—It's strange that the daughter of a man who commands H.M.S. "Parliament" may not love another who is in the same service, although in a humble capacity. For a man in this great and glorious country may rise to any position—*if he's only got cheek enough*.

MacDeadeye.—Ah! mon, cheek's a grand thing. If I'd had mair cheek I might have been Captain still.

Tom Black.—MacDeadeye, I don't want to be hard on a man who has seen better days; but such a sentiment as that is enough to make an honest politician shudder.

Ben Burr.—But see, our gallant Captain approaches—"bring on the banquet"—I mean, let us greet him as so great a chieftain deserves.

(*Enter Captain*).—Cheers.

Song.—*Capt. Aloud*.

Capt.—I am the Captain of the "Parliament."

All.—And a right good Captain *he*.

Capt.—You're very, very good,
And be it understood
I've a large majoritee.

All.—We're very, very good,
And be it understood
He's a large majoritee.

Capt.—In debate I'm never slack,
Howe'er the foe attack;
And I'm good at repartee,
I never, never say
A thing that's not O.K.
Whatever the temptation be.

All.—What! never!

Capt.—No; never.

All.—What! *never*!

Capt.—Hardly ever.

All.—What *he* says is always quite O.K.!

Then give three cheers to show our sentiment
For the truthful Captain of the "Parliament."