

— THE ARROW —

THE FOUR WORTHIES.

AN OPERETTA. BY J. A. F.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Micawber.....MR. E. BLAKE
The Good Old Rebel.....MR. W. E. LAURIER
The Gas Man.....J. D. EDGAR
The Organ Grinder.....DEACON CAMERON

Scene: A bosky dell. As the curtain rises the Four Worthies are discovered. Mr. Micawber sits despondently, the Gas Man droops; the Organ Grinder is arranging new tunes on his machine; and the Good Old Rebel is loading his little musket.

Micawber: For years I've lurked amongst these chilling shades,
And wandered wearily amongst the glades
Of Opposition. Oh! my soul is sad;
Come, sing to me my rebel, make me glad.

The Good Old Rebel (sings):

I am a Good Old Rebel, yes, that's just what I am,
For this Confederation I do not care a—cent;
I wish I'd fought against it, I also wish they'd won;
They need not ask for pardon for anything they've done.

I hate the Loyal Canadians and everything they do,
I hate their British connection, I hate the Orange too,
I hate Sir John Macdonald, he reeks with Riel's gore,
The lying thieving Tories, I hate them more and more.

Two hundred Loyal Canadians lie stiff in Prairie dust,
We killed a crowd of soldiers before they conquered us,
They died of rheumatism, of rebel shell and shot,
But I wish it was a million instead of what we got.

The Gas Man: Hoo—ray! Bully!

Micawber: 'Tis excellent!

My soul serene and intellect so vast
Sigh for thy song—it was too sweet to last;
My greedy ears once more those strams would sup,
So sing again, till some'ing else turns up.

The Good Old Rebel (sings):

I can't take up my musket to fight the Orange more,
But I'm not going to love them, no, that is certain sure,
I see no cause for blushing at what I was or am,
And I hate the loyal Canadians, and don't care a—cent.

The Organ Grinder (slapping the Rebel on the back): Losh, mon? But yon's a grand sang—I may even gae sae far as tae say a grit sang. I'll learn tae play it on the pipes first, and then I'll set it tae the organ. Hech! but I'll tickle the lugs of a' the cawtholics; and oor aeen Tim Anglin 'll be that delighted an' th' Archbishop, they'll no ken what ails them.

Micawber: That song, my friends, will live in the history of this country. It is grand and lofty, like my own serene soul. It is the Something, the turn-up of which I have been awaiting.

The Gas Man: I wrote it, I am the poet. Hoo—ray! Bully! How do you like my gas metre? But have you nothing in the way of a song? Surely the lofty soul of Micawber is one infinite poem.

[The Rebel drops his musket with a bang, and the Deacon changes the tune of his organ to "The Mad-house in the Air."]

Micawber: I am awcary with my march to Durham; but as we are almost there, I will raise your spirits with a little song of my own composition.

[He warbles to the accompaniment of the organ.]
Since I was but a little boy, unto this very hour,
It has been my ambition to attain to place and power;
And day by day, and year by year, in face of all beholders,
I've climbed o'er many an obstacle on other people's shoulders.

I sacrificed Mackenzie thus and Gordon Brown threw over,
I rather think Sir Dickie's time is not spent in clover;
There's not a thing I wouldn't do to gain my pet ambition;
I'd spill a sea of loyal blood, and traffic in scdition.

I'd cut the throats of all my friends, I want them but to use them,
And when they have each served their turn, I'm but too glad to
[lose them;]

Their sufferings are nought to me, my heart's entirely callous,
So now I'll try to climb to power and place o'er Riel's gallows.

[At the conclusion of this ditty, Micawber waits for the applause of the other three Worthies, and is surprised he doesn't get any.]



A N'ARROW ESCAPE.

The Gas Man (aside to the Organ Grinder): He intends to throw the machine over. If I thought that, I'd—

The Organ Grinder: Dinna fash yersel, laddie, dinna fash. Remember the Young Leebicals. He canna kick against the pricks, and by the time he's done wi' the machine, the machine will be done wi' him. [To Micawber.] Wha's yon bodies coming up the road?

Micawber: By my stainless honour, it is a deputation of my constituents to bid me welcome. Go, good Gas Man, and see it it be so? [Exit the Gas Man.]

The Good Old Rebel: My little musket is loaded.

Micawber: There will be no need of that, good villain.

[Re-enter the Gas Man hurriedly. What now, varlet?

The Gas Man: We're dished. Our entertainment has been over heard by some of the horny-handed. The people advancing are fifteen fathers who are anxious to hang us to the nearest tree. Fortunately they knew me not, or I had not survived to tell the tale. Hasten! away! fifteen fathers!

The Organ Grinder: Fifteen deevils.

Micawber: Who are these men?

The Gas Man (retreating): The fathers of fifteen men of the Midland Battalion, killed and wounded at Batoche. Fly!

The Rebel: I am brave, and my musket is loaded, and I would stay with you; but, alas! the climate of Durham is bad for me. Fare well, Micawber, I will see you in the next county. [Exit the Gas Man and the Rebel].

The Organ Grinder: Ye'll no stop here, Mister Micawber, oh, ye'll no stop here. Think of your fawmilee— think of the boys at No. 6, and dinna do it. Come awa, mon, and cheat the gallows!

Micawber: Can I not explain it away?

The Organ Grinder: Are ye daft, mon? Explain it awa? Why they heerd ye sayin' that Riel was a martyr. Ye'll hang surely if they catch ye.

Micawber: But something may turn up.

The Organ Grinder: Ou, aye, your tues will turn up tae the daisies if they catch ye.

Micawber (going):

'Twas ever thus. Since childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
And that is what has made me sou'
My chances always slip away.