

Sir Saml.—A corkscrew ! Hum. But would the Government be able to use a sufficient number to make it pay ?

Sam.—Oh dear, yes, Sir Samuel ; every clerk would want a new one every day, and then all the Members and Senators would take home boxes full every Session, along with their stationery.

Sir Saml.—I am delighted to see, Mr. Snifter, that you have fully mastered the details of your department. Capt. MacA., if the crew of H.M.S. "Parliament" comprises many such members, the public is, indeed, to be congratulated.

Capt.—Yes, Sir Samuel.

Sir Saml.—For I hold that politics
Should be free from any tricks,
And be above suspicion in everything.

All—And so do the Ministers who form his little ring.

(*Exeunt Captain, Sir Samuel and Ministers.*)

Tom Black.—Ah ! that's something like a Minister. You heard what he said to the captain about treating us properly.

Sam.—Yes, and how kindly he spoke about my patent corkscrew. What's to prevent me from making a nice little pot of money out of it, and then I can run for some constituency, and perhaps be a Minister myself some day. That's how they all begin, and why should not I have the same chance as another ?

All.—Well said ! Well said !

MacD.—Hoot ! hoot ! did ever anyone hear of siccan a thing ! Why, ye're all a set of corruptionists, and ought to be ashamed of yersels.

Tom Black.—Alexander MacDeadeye, if you go for to infuriate this ship's company, I won't answer for holding of them in. What we purpose is perfectly legitimate, and is done by every crew of Her Majesty's ships of State, and you know that just as well as I do ;—why, you did it yourself.

All.—So he did.

Sam.—Gentlemen, my mind's made up. I'll take out the patent for my corkscrew to-morrow, and the first opportunity I get I'll tell the Captain's daughter of the fervent love I have for her, and ask her to wait till I get a seat. What say you, gentlemen ? do you approve of my determination ?

All.—We do ! we do !

MacD.—I *don't* ! Why its awfu' !—here's a miserable third-class clerk talking about contracts and patents and getting a seat in the Hoose. I ken weel he wouldna have talked so when I commanded the ship.

Tom Black.—What is to be done with this hopeless chap ! To