

Butt.—Why, what's the matter with the man! He looks miserable.

Tom Black.—Don't take any notice of him, it's only poor Alec MacDeadeye—he's rather cantankerous. He used to be commander of this ship, but now he's degraded, and he's only an ordinary chap like the rest of us, and it preys upon him.

MacD.—Preys upon him! nae doot it does. How would you like it yoursel, after being captain of the ship to step down and be joost a common member of the crew?

Tom Black.—Well, Alec, you ought to have been more civil when you *were* skipper, and then, perhaps, you'd have been in command now.

MacD.—Ah! that's it!—Joost because I would na condescend to humbug ye, ye turn me oot! Weel, weel, ye'll get enough humbug before ye're done, and as for the N.P., I'm joost fairly sick of it.

All.—Oh! oh! oh!

Ben Burr.—MacDeadeye, I would not wish to be hard on a man that's down, but such sentiments as yours are a disgrace to the ship.

RECIT.

Butt.—But tell me who's yon clerk, whose roseate nose
Bespeaks a love of beer—or something worse?

Tom Black.—That is the smartest clerk in all the House,
Sam Snifter.

Butt.—Oh that name! Remorse! Remorse!

(*Enter Sam Snifter.*)

MADRIGAL.

Sam.—The Government clerk
Loved the great chieftain's daughter.
He daren't propose,
For he could not support her.
He sang "my scanty pay."

All.—He sang "his scanty pay."

Sam.—The lowly youth
For his love did vainly sigh,
And spent too much
On bitter beer and rye.

He sang "my scanty pay."

All.—He sang "his scanty pay."

RECIT.

Thanks, gentlemen, for this your kindly chorus,
But choruses yield little sustentation;
If you would kindly get my *pay* increased,
That would indeed be genuine consolation.