

*Enter LONDON.*

QUEBEC. He's seedy past belief—

LONDON. That's true for you—I've come to awful grief!—

KINGSTON. Cheer up! of kindness I will not be chary!

I'll lodge you in my *Penitentiary*!

LONDON. Time was when I was happy by comparison,

But *now* what's life to me without my Garrison!

O for those happy days—when truth to tell,

I thought with reason that I was a swell,

Above all envy, and secure from doubt

That man of woman born could cut me out!—

But now, what Volunteers can e'er restore

The Military pride I've known of yore?

What care in collars now? what choice in suits?

What charm in waistcoats? or what pride in boots?

Old Rye's a mockery to soothe my grief,

Gin Cocktails even fail to bring relief,

And fevered thoughts come through me with a throb.

Can it be true they think that I'm a Snob?—

*[Noise of fighting at back.]*

TORONTO. Why, goodness! what's that most unseemly  
riot?

CANADA. Its our two neighbours who will *not* keep quiet;

They're both big fellows,—tolerably strong,—

Don't hit much, but they keep it up too long;—

MONTREAL. Stop them.

CANADA. Of that indeed I've no intention,

They'd not appreciate my intervention!—

MONTREAL. A wretched state of things!—but there's no  
doubt

There's nothing for them but to fight it out!