

*Holton.*— 'Tis true it is not meant for us,  
 And to read private letters is wrong ;  
 But perhaps Pope has sent it himself,  
 So we'll publish your letter, Sir John.

*Dorion.*— The letter is sent by "a friend,"  
 And discloses a great public wrong ;  
 So no one can say it's not right  
 To publish your letter, Sir John.

*Chorus.*— Publish the letter of course,  
 Why should we hesitate long ;  
 Such a chance we shall ne'er get again,  
 So we'll publish your letter, Sir John.

*Alexandér, enthusiastically.*—

Of harmony like this I never tire,  
 And scarcely know whether I most admire  
 The sentiment or music ; but I think,  
 Considering that we pay for our own drink,  
 And that it's getting late, that it were best  
 To break up now and seek our natural rest.  
 You know that those to bed who early go,  
 Healthier, wealthier, and wiser daily grow ;  
*Wisdom*, of course, we none of us require,  
 But health and *wealth* I think we *all* desire.  
 Therefore, with this becoming end in view,  
 To all of you I now will say adieu.

(Exeunt all, singing "There's a good time coming.")

SCENE II. A Chamber in the Parliament Buildings—Time,  
 Middle of the Session—The Premier, in a very discon-  
 solate attitude, seated in a chair with his head on his  
 hand.

*Melancholy music—He sings dolefully.*

*Song.—Air, "Sam Hall."*

My name it is John A.,  
 Premier, Premier,  
 My name it is John A.,  
 Premier.

My name it is John A., and mournfully I say,  
 That I do not see my way  
 Out of this.

Mackenzie he will come,  
 He will come, he will come ;