

The whole force are impatient and eager to make a charge—expect something of the kind before long. General strenuously opposed to such action and favors starvation by siege.” (*Returns despatch.*)

[*Exit L.*]

J. M. C. O'Flynn (*poking his head out of a blanket, L., where he has been concealed*)—“Heigho, my cool and concise *confiere* of the fourth estate, J. Michael Caesar O'Flynn this time has been plenty soon in motions and secrete in developments, to rise like veracity crushed to the soil sufficiently to gain a pointer or two. (*Rising*)—I'll to the wire and make the columns of the great luminary in the East ring with news and sensation. I'll dwell in language dashing and pictorial on the possibility of Riel escaping all punishment through political influence, should we capture him. Ah, that is a case I'll revolve in this brain of mine, and then hurl it, dashing over the wire, to that musty, little, dirt-begrimed office called a sanctum, to be tantalized by the editor, mutilated by the typo, and slain by the proof-reader, until it blazes before the world with typographical errors and distortions without number. In the interval, while cogitating my synonyms, I'll roll me like a Mohican in my blanket. For though in times of peace I revel in war, yet no stray bullet shall lay low all that there is of J. Michael Caesar O'Flynn, 'Invincible in peace, and invisible in war.'” (*Rolls himself in his blanket again.*)

1st Soldier.—“Say, Bob, suppose we capture Riel, and he should escape justice by means of political interference.”

2nd Soldier (excitedly.)—Escape! No—Never!! Shall Riel escape after all this? Boys, think of our dead and wounded at Fish Creek, and here at Batoche; of those lonely graves we left on the banks of that creek yonder. Think of the unburied dead and defenceless captives of Frog Lake and Fort Pitt and then ask—shall Riel escape? No political interference, no technicality of law, no trumped up plea of insanity, must stay the hand of Justice. Boys, for the sake of the mourning wives, sisters and mothers in our county, Riel shall not escape.”

Chorus (refrain beginning R. and gradually taken up by all.)—

Oh! love, dear love, be true, this heart is only thine,
When the war is o'er, we'll part no more, at Ehren on the Rhine.

[ORCHESTRA.]

EHREN ON THE RHINE.

Sung by Lieut. H. M. Arnold.

A soldier stood in the village street, and bade his love adieu,
His gun and knapsack at his feet, his company in view.