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THE UNSPECIFIC SCANDAL.

An Original, Poetical, Grittical, and likely
to be Historical Extravaganza performed
by Her Majesty's Servants at the Great
Dominion Theatre, Ottawa.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Ottawa—The day before the Session—A meeting of Grits—
Alexander in the chair.

Song and chorus.

Air.—"Slap Bang."

Alexander (sings)—

Since last we met, have strange events
Occurred, as you're aware,
On which 'tis my intention to
Address you from this chair.
Our prospects now look brighter than
They ever did before,
And there's no doubt we soon shall change
Our places on the floor.
And I feel so very jolly oh!
So jolly oh, so jolly oh!
I feel so very jolly oh,
With thoughts of coming power.

Chorus— Slap bang, here we are again,
Here we are again, here we are again,
Slap bang! here we are again,
Such jolly Grits are we.

Alexander—We've managed by our little schemes
To raise a mighty fuss,
And I fancy that the Ministers
Are in a precious muss.
'Tis true the charge which first we made
Has rather proved a sell,
But matters which have leaked out since
Will suit us quite as well.
And we ought to feel quite jolly oh!
Quite jolly oh! quite jolly oh!
We ought to feel quite jolly oh,
At having such good luck.

Chorus— Slap bang! here we are again,
Here we are again, here we are again,
Slap bang! here we are again,
Such downy Grits are we.

Alexander (log.)— My friends,
The proposition I shall make to-night,
Will probably surprise on all excite;
But though of etiquette it no doubt a breach is,
'Twill save us listening to prosy speeches.
So I propose that each of this great throng,
His views and sentiments express in song;
And first, with your approval, I shall call
Upon the member for West Montreal.
(Cries of hear, hear.)

Song—THE JOLLY FLOUR INSPECTOR.
Air.—"The Young Man From the Country."

I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,
To Montreal I came,
The twenty-foot channel for to find,
And win myself great fame.
I'm a public benefactor, too,
As you may plainly see,

Spoken.—And all the great improvements during the past twenty
years, which have made Montreal what it is to-day, why

They've all been done by me.
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector
And they've all been done by me.

Now there's Victoria's famous bridge,
Which spans our stream so fair,
Why if it hadn't been for me
It never would have been there.
I didn't exactly build it myself,
But I made the suggestion, you see.

Spoken.—And therefore I maintain that I am entitled to quite as
much credit as the man who designed it, or the people who paid for it.
In fact, I may fairly say that

It's all been done by me.
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,
And it's all been done by me.

When first to Montreal I came
The city was quite small,
And as for manufacturers
There was next to none at all.
I felt we were designed by fate
An emporium grand to be,

Spoken.—And I said as much to many of my friends and acquaint-
ances, and surely on the strength of that I may fairly claim that

It's all been done by me.
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,
And it's all been done by me.

In fact, there's scarcely anything,
So far as I can see,
That, if the matter's sifted close,
Has not been done by me.
And I've yet one more accomplishment,
Which had better mentioned be,
I'm a dab at finding letters, too,
Which don't belong to me.
I'm a jolly Flour Inspector,
And John A.'s been done by me.

Alexander.—We're much obliged, and gratified I'm sure. Member
for Shefford next will take the floor.

Song.—ANNEXATION.

Air.—"Yankee Doodle."

Annexation, people say,
A sentiment of mine is,
And though my body's here, my heart
The other side the line is.
Well, I'm quite prepared to say,
Though it cause vexation,
That I think our destiny
Must be Annexation.
Oh! Yankee doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Canada you're bound to take,
For it lies so handy.

Independence is a sham
Won't bear examination,
We've not material to make
An independent nation.
So why not let us join at once
The great American nation,
And perhaps I may be President
When we get Annexation.
Oh! Yankee doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Walk in quick and chew us up,
For we lie so handy.

Alexander.—With all due deference to our friend, I'm bound
To say he's treading upon dangerous ground;
I say, and say it without hesitation,
The time is not yet ripe for Annexation;
When it will come, if ever, I can't guess,
And therefore no opinion will express;
But less dissension in our ranks, because
I trust our honourable friend will pause
Before he speaks too openly his mind,
But keep his feelings to his breast confined;
I now propose—and know it will please all—
Upon the member for South Bruce to call.

Song.—LOGICAL TEDDY.

Air.—"Champagne Charlie."

The member for South Bruce am I, the pride of all the Grits,
I'm always ripe when called upon to give the Premier fits;
Whenever in my place I rise, and time and subject suits,
There's not one of the ministers but trembles in his boots.
For Logical Teddy is my name,
Logical Teddy is my name,
Good for a speech at any time my boys, (bis)
Who'll sit and listen to me.

On law and constitution to my dictum all must hark,
And when "Sir Oracle" propounds, no Tory dog dare bark.
At any time to mount the stump you'll find me quite prepared,
I'm the only Grit in all the House of whom John A. is scared.
For Logical Teddy is my name,
Logical Teddy is my name,
Good for a speech at any time, my boys, (bis)
If you'll only listen to me.

I've got my points all out and dried when this debate comes on,
And it's all arranged that I shall follow close upon Sir John;
And after he has said his say, and Teddy Blake gets up,
Just bet your boots you'll see John completely gobbled up.
For Logical Teddy is my name, &c.

Alexander.—Although I've known our brilliant friend so long,
I never thought he sang so good a song;
At all he undertakes he seems a bright un',
In fact he's quite an "Admirable Crichton";
But as it's getting late, I'll call upon
Our mutual friends, Holton and Dorion.

Duet.—MESSRS. HOLTON AND DORION.
Air.—"Write me a letter from home."

Holton.— Two jolly members are we—
I'm Holton and he Dorion,
And we're waiting John Young to advise
Respecting this note from Sir John.

Dorion.— Publish the letter of course,
Not to do so would surely be wrong.
'Twould be sinful to lose such a chance,
So we'll publish your letter, Sir John.

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.

Alexander, 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 *wellth* 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 disconsolate attitude, seated
in a chair with his head on his hand.

Melancholy music—He sings dolefully.

Song.—Air, "Sam Hill."

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;
MacKenzie he will come,
Bless (?) his eyes!

And Blake he will come too, and all the cussed
And I don't know what to do, (Cries)

(Trombones accompaniment.) Bless (?) their eyes!

(Weeps noisily)

(Enter a number of Ministers who console their chief.)

Sir Francis.— Cheer up respected chief, don't pipe your eye;
I know it's very hard, but pray don't cry.
See all your faithful followers muster thick
Around you, quite prepared by you to stick.
Though you are licked you did the best you could
And over your misfortune should not brood.
Just look at me, a politician old
After so many years out in the cold.
Yet see how stiff an upper lip I keep;
You never hear me whine, or see me weep.
Losses we must expect as well as winnings,
And you have had a pretty lengthy innings;
And even now o'er many months elapse
Our party may be in again perhaps.

(Sir John shakes his head doubtfully.)

Pooh! Pooh! I thought you made of tougher stuff!
See here, I'll sing a song to cheer you up.

Song.— Air.—"Captain Jinks."

I'm Francis Hinks from the Windward Isles,
I'm full of playful tricks and wiles,
And I'm trying now to move the smiles
Of my Leader in the Parly ment.
For it won't do to look glum, you know,
Look glum, you know, look glum, you know,
It won't do to look glum, you know,
Because you're bent in the Parly ment.

(Air changes to the "Dogs Meat Man.")

For I used to be a nobby little Financier,
A 'sinivatin' 'tittivatin' Financier,
And I managed the finances in a way that made it clear
That Nature did design me for a Financier.

(Dances a wild dance between the verses.)

Still in the dumps?—Oh dash it! this won't do.
Here. Lively Peter, try what you can do.

Song.— "LIVELY PETER"

Air.—"Billy Taylor."

I'm Lively Peter, a brisk young fellow
Full of mirth and full of glee,
And I am head of the department
Of the Marine and Fi herce.
Tiddy fol de rol lol, rol lol lido, &c.

Long Sir John I've followed after
Since the Premier he has been.
And for not rattling before this crisis
People say I'm very green.
Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

But Lively Peter ain't the fellow
To leave his leader in distress,
Though I'm bound to say he's got his party
Into a most tarnation mess.
Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

I'm sorry to see him looking so gloomy
And in the blues so tightly stuck.
It's setting us all a bad example
To be so down upon his luck.
Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

Chorus of Ministers.

Cheer up John, don't let your spirits go down
You shall turn out the Grits
And give them all fits
As you did once before with George Brown.

Sir John rises cheerfully.

You're right my friends, 'tis foolish to repine,
I never was so weak before this time;
But 'tis enough to make a fellow pout
That those whom I brought in, should turn me out.
'Twas these ungrateful Islanders who sold me
I wouldn't have believed it, if you'd told me.

Song and Chorus.

Air.—"Ten Little Indians."

Six Prince Edward Islanders, looking a'live,
One joined the Grits, and then there were five.
Five little Islanders seated on the floor,
One was bought over, then there were four.
Four little Islanders as cheeky as could be
One got converted, then there were three.
Three little Islanders, looking rather blue,
Blake talked one to death, then there were two.
Two little Islanders as sad as sad could be
They couldn't save the Government from a minority.

Chorus.— One little, two little, three little,
Four little, five little, six little Islanders, &c.

Sir John.— I can't declare how comforted I am
With your kind sympathy. I never can
Express the thoughts which fill my grateful mind.
To my sad fate I'm really quite resigned—
Resigned! ah ha!—that word suggests a plan
By which I really do believe I can
Ameliorate our painful situation
And save defeat by timely Resignation!

Song.— "RESIGNATION."

Resignation, Resignation,
Is the only thing for the situation.
'Twill put a stop to reerimination
And save my friends from much vexation.
Things are in such a conglomeration
They really won't bear contemplation;
So I think without more hesitation
We'll tender at once our resignation.

(Exeunt.)