

5.
Though the tools we use are vile,
And their touch must needs defile,
At such scruples we but smile
So to power come we.

6.
Lay the false usurpers low,
Never mind how foul the blow,
When we're in then we will show
How to make it pay.

Chorus of Grits—

We're off by the morning train
Our own sweet homes to gain,
And trust it won't be very long
Before we're back again.
For we are so fond of travel when the country has to pay
When the country has to pay
When the country has to pay
And we love to draw ten cents a mile, and dollars ten per day.
(Exeunt in various directions.)

SCENE III. The Premier's Office in Ottawa.

John A. (soliloquizing.)

This is enough a fellow's heart to break!
A pretty state of things and no mistake.
There's that Committee which we so much trusted



"THIS IS ENOUGH A FELLOW'S HEART TO BREAK!
A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS AND NO MISTAKE."

Of a large number throughout this Dominion;
To express my sentiments is my intent,
My injured feelings must and will have vent,
I say that this projected prorogation
Is of our privilege an usurpation,
And I demand that here upon this floor
We call upon—

Sergeant at Arms—

The Black Rod's at the door!

Alexander— Black Rod be blown! I solemnly declare I'll not—

(Speaker and Ministers leave the Chamber.)

Hallo! the Speaker's left the Chair.

My friends, I'm in a state of such disgust
With indignation I feel fit to bust.
As things have taken this unpleasant turn
To the Committee room we'd best adjourn,
And there discuss the proper mode of action
To meet this very scandalous transaction.

Chorus of oppositionists—

Prorogation, prorogation
Has caused us all great consternation;
'Tis of our rights an usurpation
And fills us all with indignation.
We will send a deputation
To present our protestation
And make a strong representation
Against this shameful prorogation.
(Exeunt to Committee Room.)



"HALLO! THE SPEAKER'S LEFT THE CHAIR."

Would turn out trumps, has been and gone and busted;
And all those telegrams and letters too
Which I was fool enough to write Sir Hugh.—
I little thought when I so much imperilled,
They would be prigged and published in the Herald.—
It is a most disgusting sort of go
I never dreamed Sir Hugh would use me so
And how from this scrape I'm to get out clear
I'm sure I've not the most remote idea.
I can't deny it, that would be too cheeky,
Besides there's no mistake I had the specie,
And that's a fact which enemies factitious
Will make a handle for attacks most vicious.
Of course Sir Hugh had no corrupt intention,
His lous were just a delicate attention;
He felt 'twas for the good of the Dominion
We should remain in power, and this opinion
Was shared by me, so I saw no objections
His funds to carry our elections.
I know this seems a rather slender fiction
Considering the amount of his subscription;
But anyhow we'll have to make it do,
And perhaps by luck we'll manage to pull through
Meanwhile upon mature consideration
I think we'd best go in for prorogation!

Song by the Premier—

"PROROGATION."
Tune—"I want money."
Prorogation, Prorogation,

That's the dodge for the situation;
It will cause the Grits vexation
And save ourselves much botheration.
When in the house I take my station
I know I shall meet much oburgation;
Blake will make a fierce oration
And hold me up to detestation.
I rather dread an appeal to the nation
In its present state of fermentation
So I think upon consideration
I'd better go in for prorogation.
Prorogation, Prorogation, &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I. House of Commons—The Speaker in the Chair.

Alexander rises and addresses the house in a state of great indignation.

The meanest thing in history, this I call,
That slippery Premier's going to sell us all.
Here's Blake and I bursting with indignation
And we're checkmated by this prorogation;
We don't intend to stand it, that's a fact,
And on this motion call on you to act.
I stand here representing a constituency
And beg to say—

Speaker—

A message from his Excellency.

Alexander— No messenger shall interrupt me here—
This is a breach of privilege 'tis clear—
I stand here representing the opinion

SCENE II. Senate Chamber.

Gov. Gen. (Log.)—

For very near an hour you've kept me waiting.
While in the other chamber you've been prating;
And even now I much regret to find
The opposition has remained behind.
To keep me here from such suspense a sufferin'—
As though I were a duffer, not a Dufferin—
Is a proceeding which has caused me pain.
And I expect 'twill not occur again.
Now you are here I haven't much to say
Except to mention in a casual way



"COCK A DOODLE DO."