

# THE UNSPECIFIC SCANDAL.

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

## ACT I.

SCENE I. A newspaper office—In the middle a cauldron boiling—Thunder and Lightning—Enter three Editors as Wizards—They circle round the cauldron, throwing in scraps of paper.

First Wizard.— Round about the cauldron go,  
In our facts and fictions throw,  
Money by Sir Hugh subscribed,  
Names of members foully bribed,  
Information basely got,  
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

All.— Double, double, cauldron bubble,  
Bring the Premier lots of trouble.

Second Wizard.— Railway contracts wrongly sold,  
To Sir Hugh for Yankee gold;  
Conversations misreported,  
Suppositions much distorted,  
Insinuations rather soapy,  
From the great religious daily,  
For a charm of powerful trouble  
In our cauldron boil and bubble.

All.— Double, double, cauldron bubble,  
Bring the Premier lots of trouble.

Third Wizard.— Adjectives from Billingsgate,  
From my columns freely take;  
Add thereto McMullen's orams,  
Stolen letters, telegrams,  
All these matters mix and mangle,  
To form a great Pacific Scandal.

All.— Double, double, cauldron bubble,  
Bring the Premier lots of trouble.

(Enter Alexander, the chief wizard to the other three wizards.)

Alex.— Oh! well done. I commend your pains,  
And every one shall share i' the gains.

Now about the cauldron ring,  
And Corruption I loudly sing,  
That's the cry to bring us in.

Sec. Wizard.— By the pricking of my thumbs,  
A wicked Premier this way comes,  
Open locks, whoever knocks!  
(Enter John A.)

John A.—Hallo! my friends, what is your little game. What is't you do?

All.— A deed without a name!

John A.— "No name," well that's a very clever story,  
But Collins used that title long before ye;  
I fancy, too, I could suggest a better.  
Suppose you call your work "The Purloined Letter."  
'Twould be a taking title, and 'tis known  
You're great at taking—what is not your own.

Alex.— Excuse me if upon your speech I break in.  
You'll find ere long we're great at undertaking.  
And we expect the country soon will call  
Us to perform your party's funeral.

John A.— Well, kill us first, if 'tis the same to you,  
You killed me once at Rivière du Loup;  
It vexed me much to spoil your little plan,  
And prove your telegram a tall a cram.

All.— Oh! oh! oh!!!

John A.— Excuse the pun—I'm sensible that it  
Is rather far-fetched, even for a Grit.  
Well now I'm off—Mac, my old boy, good bye,  
You'll find there's not much green in John A.'s eye.

(Points to Cauldron.)

After that hash of yours you'd best be looking,  
You'll find it wants a precious lot of cooking.

(Exit)

Alex. (Calling after him).—

Dinna be feared but I'll tak care o' the pot,  
And when it's ready, then ye'll get it hot.

Musical—Scotch air: "What's a' the steer, kiramer."  
(Wizards stir the cauldron vigorously, dance and vanish.)

## SCENE II. Anywhere in Ontario.

A number of Grits collected together.—Enter Alexander, who addresses them after the manner of Brutus over the body of Caesar.

Grits, followers and office seekers, lend me your ears.  
From all that I can see it now appears  
As if the day which we so long have waited  
Has come at last, as we anticipated;  
And now with hopes of power I'm so elated  
I feel quite overcome and dizzy, pated!  
This cry with which we've made the country ring,  
I mean "corruption," has proved just the thing.  
'Tis true the means we've used are rather base  
But that don't matter when the end is placed.  
At any rate we've gone too far to stop  
And have at last caught John A. on the hop;  
And you as members of the hop position  
Must try to make the most of the position.  
Now to your several posts each one repair  
And recollect in war all means are fair,  
The special charge of Shefford's member stout  
Is on McMullen to keep a sharp look out  
And carefully my every means provide  
He's not bought over by the other side.  
West Montreal's member can't I think do better  
Than try to find another private letter;  
Blake will devote himself, at my suggestion  
To getting up the constitutional question,  
And hold himself upon the first occasion  
Ready to give us a superb oration.



"OH! WELL DONE. I COMMEND YOUR PAINS,  
AND EVERY ONE SHALL SHARE I' THE GAINS."

2.

Now's the day and now's the hour  
Sees the front o' battle four,  
Sees the fall of John A's power  
And office sweet for me.

3.

Wha do loaves and fishes crave?  
Wha snug sinecures would have?  
And don't object to be a slave  
Let him follow me.

4.

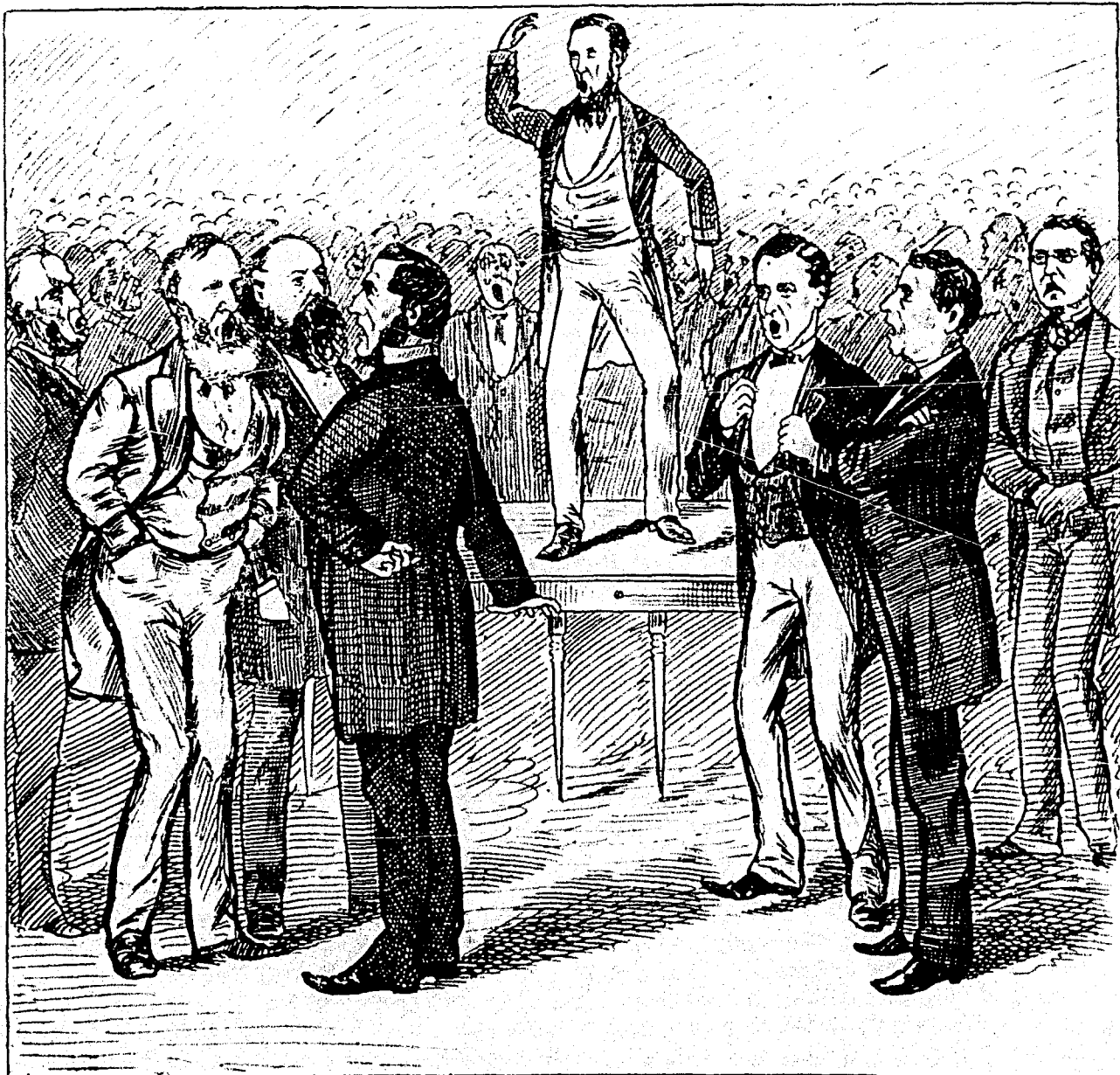
Wha will turn and twist the law  
Anyhow, sae it will draw  
Us to power and make them fa'  
Let him on wi' me.

Stage—

"GRITS WHA HAE."

1.

Grits wha hae wi' George Brown bled,  
Grits wham Blake has aften led,  
Welcome to the downy bed  
Of the Ministry.



"WE'RE OFF BY THE MORNING TRAIN  
OUR OWN SWEET HOMES TO GAIN."