

## Epilogue.

*Spoken by the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie at the Prorogation of Parliament.*

Kind friends! the third Canadian Parliament  
Hath passed into the past, though badly spent—  
*How* badly spent all Canada can see,  
And doubly badly spent, my friends, for ME.

Four years since, like the Caledonian boar  
Among the thistles, I let out a roar  
That rang from where Vancouver's billows smile  
To 'way down east, in wee Prince Neddy's Isle,  
I raised the howl—the public took it up  
That I was stainless and John A. corrupt—  
"Retrenchment! Purity! Reform!" says I,  
And the green goslings echoed loud the cry,  
And yelled afar in patriotic frenzy,  
"Reform! Retrenchment! Purity! Mackenzie!"

Ah, well the Session's done, and we'll gae hame  
Ere folks pry deeper in our little game,  
And if the outraged country "shame!" shall cry,  
We can but jowl and let the jaw go by,  
For, though the Tories lee on me, 'tis clear  
That I have been a very braw Premier;  
What would folks have? I've given them those rails,  
Besides a Northern Light to run their mails;  
A grand hotel at Neelung, and the like,  
And sent the taxes bumming like a byke,  
Run twa or three extra millions down at heel,  
And saved cheeseparings like the vera Deil.

You're mostly weel provided for, my friends—  
Smith's made a barrow-knight of Horse Marines,  
Cauchon has got his sop and so hae Jones,  
In fac' there's no dog but has gotten bones.  
Think of our Jobs! [*here he winks*] at least a score!  
Sir Huntington's no-copper ore,  
The Great Big Push, [*here he sniggers*] the Anglin print,  
The Goderich thing, the Palen hint,  
The Hagarty small two-penny sale,  
The job of Vail, the Foster rail,  
The Kaminstiquia's mighty sell, [*here he snuffles*]  
I'm sure, my friends, ye hae done well—  
Though not a bawbee went into my pocket, [*here he weeps*]  
So dinna offer nane or I'll feel shocket.

Ye ken me friends, I'm crusty, close, and dure,  
But eloquent, and fond o' litera-ture—  
(I'm great at Hudibras, you understand,  
It suits my calibre, O man, it's grand!  
The gentry say it's vulgar—well, what then?  
Of course we're vulgar, for we're self-made men),  
My only fault is—if it be a failing,  
That like to Ives & Co., I'm good at railing—  
Reminds me: that auld cateran MacPherson  
Is really a most cuntankerous person,  
Who aye keeps girding me with strife and battle,  
(Learned from his ancestors, who lifted cattle),  
And HIM that rides like care upon my crupper,  
Auld Senna take the Devil—Doctor Tupper,  
Who can't be made, like Ixion, to cuddle  
The cloudy form of Cartwright's finance muddle.  
But drat them all! they'd better let us be,  
We're safe in organized hypocrisy.

Now, like good bairns, gae hame, and every man  
Come back n'xt Session, that is *if he can*.  
We've work before us. We must purge the land  
From this compact increasing Tory band,  
(As to their policy, I've no objection,  
Perhaps next Session I may speak Protection).  
But meantime go, my Grits—my merry menzie,  
And cry "Retrenchment! Purity! Mackenzie!"  
Which means "use every art,—man every gun,  
And fight for Plunder and for Number One!"

A scientific journal in New York says that in drowning, the easiest way to die would be to suck water into the lungs by a powerful inspiration as soon as one went below the surface. Will some one of a philanthropic turn of mind cut this out and send it to Joe Rymal?

The inventor of the phonograph says the speeches of members of Parliament can be preserved in a tin foil, and ground out for the delectation of future ages. It is well for the morals of the future ages that this new process was not in operation during some of the Grit harangues at the Session just closed.

## Mental vs. Governmental.

Mental arithmetic gives answer clear,  
But govern-mental rule makes Cartwright miss it  
When there's no *profit*, who will prove a See'r  
Or F'incancier—with reasons for *deficit*!

Cartwright's addition's simple, yet 'tis queer  
That he should muddle all things under heaven,  
And with short estimates for every year,  
Be short six millions—eighteen seventy-seven.

To what does Dick's arithmetic amount?  
Why not make causes and results explicit?  
Now, though he miss a figure in his count,  
He cuts a much worse figure *in deficit*!

## Our Orchestra Chair.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—The entertainments provided this week have been of more than ordinary excellence. On Monday and Tuesday Bellini's charming opera, "La Sonnambula," was presented. Miss Sallie Holman's impersonation of *Amina* was highly appreciated, and her graceful acting and singing secured her a well merited call before the curtain, both nights. The cast included Miss Julia Holman, and Messrs. Bowler and Dalton. The entertainment concluded with "Bubbles." Each and all of the performers engaged in this sparkling little extravaganza seemed thoroughly at home in their respective parts. Miss Sallie Holman, as *Emma*, again came in for the lion's share of the applause. Mr. Joe Banks also met with a hearty reception. His violin feats and "Blathertown Town Band" were very good, as was also his "one string fiddle" performance. The rest of the "bubbles,"—Miss Julia Holman, Miss Dolly Banks, Mr. Alf. Holman, and Mr. Dalton, were fully up to the mark, and as such were duly appreciated. Frank Mayo and his famous "Davy Crocket" combination were billed for Friday and Saturday evenings, and Saturday Matinee.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The "Exiles," a new and powerful drama, has been the attraction here. The play is replete with realistic situations and beautiful passages which did not fail to strike the audience. There are also many scenes of picturesque grandeur, the home of the exiles in Siberia being especially attractive. As regards the characters, they are simply perfect. "The Exiles" is well worth a visit.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—Monday, May 13th, 1878. Engagement of Toronto's favourite actress, Miss Lizzie Safford, who will appear each evening during the week, and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, in the new drama written for her, entitled RAINBOWS! She will be supported by a strong Company, and the child actress, Little Ruby. A strong, pure play of modern times. Prices remain as usual.

## The New Style of Reporting.

*See Toronto Globe, Montreal Herald, London Advertiser, and Hamilton Times.*

Sir John A. Macdonald rose, and in a masterly style discussed the whole constitutional aspect of the Quebec question, in a manner that went far to carry conviction to the House. He was drunk.

Mr. Palmer ably pointed out that in the case before the House, the British constitution and British precedent had authority here. He was drunk, too.

Mr. Domville made an exhaustive speech, and quoted largely from official writers, clearly establishing the applicability of the precedent. He was intoxicated.

Mr. Plumb, in a straightforward speech, discussed the question. He was fuddled.

Mr. McDougall (Three Rivers) followed in a clear and vigorous strain. He was half-seas-over.

Messrs. Gibbs, Kirkpatrick, Langevin, Ouimet, Wright, Currier, and all the Liberal-Conservative party, addressed the House. They were all blin' fou.

The leading Grits followed with a few feeble remarks. None of them smelled of whiskey.

Mr. Mackenzie doggedly refused to adjourn or do anything else. He had not a smell of fire upon his garments.

And so on