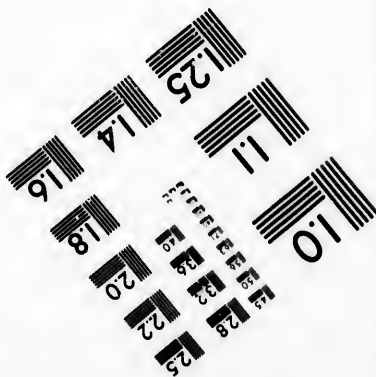
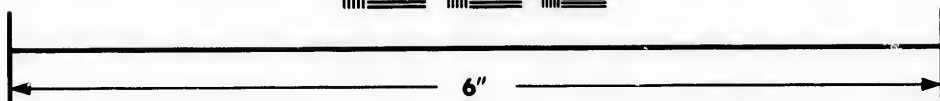
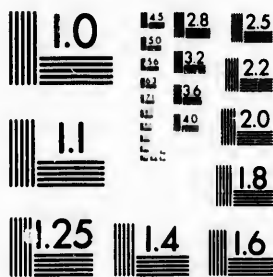


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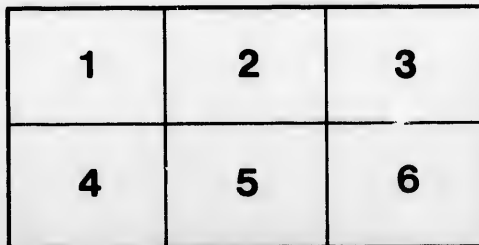
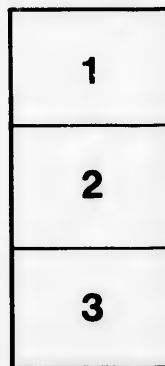
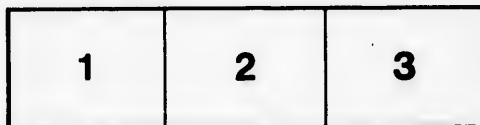
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The 90th on Active Service

OR, Campaigning in the North West.

Written by Staff-Sergeant George Broughall, 90th Battalion.

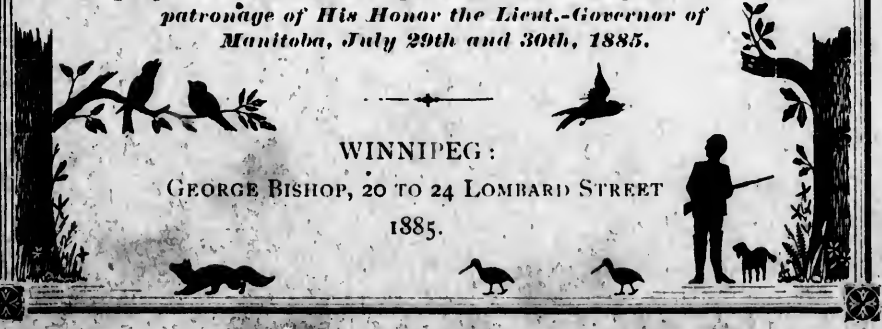
Songs by Major L. Buchan; Rev. D. M. Gordon, Chaplain; Sergeants Jos. Tees and W. R. Colgate; and Privates W. H. D'Arcy and R. Pomeroy, 90th Battalion.

As played in the Princess Opera House, Winnipeg, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, July 29th and 30th, 1885.

WINNIPEG :

GEORGE BISHOP, 20 TO 24 LOMBARD STREET

1885.





5130
THE 90TH ON ACTIVE SERVICE

—OR,—

CAMPAIGNING IN THE NORTH WEST.

A MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC BURLESQUE IN TWO ACTS,

With an Introductory, Interlude and Final Tableau.

WRITTEN BY STAFF SERGEANT GEO. BROUGHALL.

SONGS BY MAJOR L. BUCHAN, CHAPLAIN D. M. GORDON, SERGTS. JOS. TEES
AND W. R. COLGATE, AND PRIVATES W. H. D'ARCY AND R. POMEROY.

MUSIC BY BANDMASTER H. GOODING, 90TH BATTALION.

As played in the Princess Opera House, Winnipeg, Man., July 29th and 30th,
1885, under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor.

WINNIPEG :

GEORGE BISHOP, 20 TO 24 LOMBARD STREET,
1885.

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P R E F A C E .

On Sunday, March 22nd, 1885, the first news of the uprising under Riel, in the North West, reached Winnipeg. On the following day the 90th Battalion was ordered to hold itself in readiness, and on Wednesday and Friday the regiment left in detachments for Troy, N. W. T., the Major-General Commanding accompanying the second detachment. The route taken by the regiment, on foot, was from Troy to Prince Albert 274 miles, passing through Fort Qu'Appelle, the Touchwood Hills, the Salt Plains, Humboldt, Clarke's Crossing on the South Saskatchewan, Fish Creek, Gabriel's Crossing, Batoche, crossing the Saskatchewan at Garriepy Crossing, and reaching Prince Albert on the 19th May. The march from Fort Qu'Appelle to Clarke's Crossing on foot, a distance of 210 miles, was made in nine days and a half. At Fish Creek, April 24th, an engagement with the rebels took place, the regiment losing six killed, and fourteen wounded. At Batoche, a four days battle was fought, May 9th to 12th, ending in the capture of the rebel stronghold. Here the regiment lost, three killed, and nine wounded. A few days later, Riel was captured by some of the scouts.

From Prince Albert, the battalion was ordered to proceed up the North Saskatchewan river by Steamer, passing Fort Carleton, and stopping at Battleford, where Poundmaker and his force surrendered. From Battleford the 90th went to Fort Pitt, June 31st, where they were stationed for a month, during which time the chase after Big Bear took place, ending in his capture by the Mounted Police.

On July 3rd, the regiment received orders for home, going down the North Saskatchewan by steamer, passed Battleford, Carleton, Prince Albert, Fort a la Corne, Cumberland House, Pas Mission, through Cedar Lake to Grand Rapids, there embarking in barges, and thence across Lake Winnipeg, up the Red River, disembarking at Selkirk, and arriving at Winnipeg on the 15th July. The total distance covered by the regiment was nearly 1800 miles. The strength leaving Winnipeg was 316, returning was 232, of which the difference 84, was made up in 55 killed and wounded in action or invalided, and 29 either granted leave or ordered off on escort or detachment duty.

While stationed at Fort Pitt, some of the monotony of camp life was relieved by writing and rehearsing the following burlesque.

DRA

The General
Officer of the Day
The A.D.C.
Captain
J. Michael
Baxter H.
Blondie (the)
Chawlie (a)
The Sergeant
Army Telegraph
A Saskatchewan
His Better
Sergt. of the
Hospital Steward
Sergeant of the
Leatherback
The Brigadier
The Bugler
The Interpreter
"Weeping"
His Mother
His Son, the
His Uncle,
"Stir the
First Soldier
Second Soldier

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, WITH THE CAST.

◆

PRINCESS OPERA HOUSE, WINNIPEG, 1885.

◆

<i>The General</i>	Lieut. J. A. Healy.
<i>Officer of the Day</i>	Lieut. H. M. Arnold.
<i>The A.D.C.</i>	Pte. M. B. Orde.
<i>Captain</i>	Sergt. R. C. Dickson.
<i>J. Michael Casar O'Flynn</i> (war correspondent, florid and bombastic) .	Pte. H. C. Reynell.
<i>Baxter Hill</i> (Journalist)	Pte. J. H. Howden.
<i>Blondie</i> (the Hungry Recruit)	Sergt. Joseph Tees.
<i>Chawlie</i> (a Negro Cook)	Sergt. H. D. Tulloch.
<i>The Sergeant-Major</i>	Sergt.-Major Watson.
<i>Army Telegraph Operator</i>	Pte. T. E. Mitchell.
<i>A Saskatoon Granger</i>	Pte. F. Morgan.
<i>His Better Half</i>	Pte. J. Pitblado.
<i>Sergt. of the Picquet</i>	Pte. J. Brown.
<i>Hospital Sergeant</i>	Pte. W. Restall.
<i>Sergeant of the Sick Parade</i>	Private J. Curry.
<i>Leatherback</i> (Quartermaster)	Sergt. C. A. Millican.
<i>The Brigadier-General, K.C.Q.B. (Hard Tack Brigade).</i> ...	Sergt. Joseph Tees.
<i>The Bugler</i>	Corp Bugler J. Buchanan.
<i>The Interpreter</i>	Sergt. H. D. Tulloch.
<i>"Weeping Dog," Chief of the Hoolykezans</i>	Pte. J. Roberts.
<i>His Mother, a Sqaw</i>	Pte. J. Pitblado.
<i>His Son, the Dude of the Redmen</i>	Pte. Creighton.
<i>His Uncle, the Medicine Man</i>	Corp. E. W. Turner.
<i>"Stir the Mud Quick," a Brave</i>	Pte. T. Fry.
<i>First Soldier</i>	Pte. W. Hughes.
<i>Second Soldier</i>	Corp. R. E. Young.

THE 90TH ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

THE GUARD.

Corp. Doyle, Ptes. W. G. Johnson, Geo. Cameron and Slomans.

THE PICQUET CHORUS.

Sergeant of the Picquet, Private J. Brown ; Corporal of the Picquet, Sergeant Steele ; Private Stovel, Corporal Bailey, Private Pitblado, Sergeant Millican, Privates Curry, Ridler and Brooks, Sergeant Spearman, Privates Harrison and Nixon, and Corporal Mahoney.

THE HARD TACK BRIGADE.

Brigadier-General, Sergeant Jos. Tees ; Sergeants Millican, Tulloch, Spearman and Steele, Corporals Johnston, Turner, Mahoney and George Bailey, Privates J. Stovel, Curry, Harrison, Restall, Pitblado, Timewell, Nixon, Brooks, Watts, Doyle, Thurman, Agnew, Shera, Reid, Brown, G. McAllister, Mitchell, Hughes, Longman and Ridler.

THE MARCH OUT.

THE BAND AND ORCHESTRA.

Bandmaster H. Gooding ; Corporals H. Kirk, F. Kennedy, G. Bailey ; Privates Cann, C. Kennedy, B. Kennedy, H. Kirk, Sr., B. Kirk, B. Wertheim, W. Buchanan, Green, Devitt, Limoges, Raper, Breach, J. Kennedy and Keeler.

NO. 1 COMPANY AND CHORUS SINGERS.

Sergeants Dickson, Steele, Millican, Colgate, Spearman ; Corporals Johnson and Mahony ; Privates T. Mitchell, A. Watts, Thurman, Reid, Ridler, G. D. McAllister, Geo. McAllister, Brooks, Timewell, Harrison, Fry, Agnew, Jno. Stovel, Nixon, Shera, Whitelaw, Curry, Hughes, Longman, Pitblado, Lawe and J. Brown.

NO. 2 COMPANY.

Sergeant Smith ; Corporals R. N. Doyle, Marshall, McGuire and Tronson ; Ptes. Howell, McGinnis, Shaw, Link, Pickerden, Huckle, Gillan, Chappel, McMillan, Peterkin, Izard, Bates, Roberts, Moyses, Meachim, Fisher, Betts, Johnson, Malcolmson, Dean, Renn, Pomeroy, Ellis and Cooke.

NO. 3 COMPANY.

Sergeant Jackes ; Corporals Lockhart and Burke ; Privates Morgan, Lewis, W. J. McKay, A. Cameron, Porter, Davis, Mullins, Pritchard, Graham, McLaughlan, Hanna, Wasdell, Johnson, Kellat, Hopkins, Wilkes, Smith, Eddles, Coombes, Warre, Horn, Muir, Wight, Scott, McDermott and McPherson.

SCENE.—*Winnipeg, Clarke's Crossing and Batoche.*

STAGE DIRECTIONS.—R., means right ; L., left ; 1 R. E., first right entrance ; 2 L. E., second left entrance, etc.

SCEN

SCENE.

Captain.—

Sergeant.—

Capt.—“

THE 90TH ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

INTRODUCTORY.

SCENE.—*Winnipeg, Main Street. Two newspaper offices, R and L, with bulletin boards alluding to the "Rebellion in the North West," "Riel up in arms," "The 90th ordered out to-day," etc. As the curtain rises the BAND is heard in the L wing playing "The girl I left behind me."*

[Enter the 90TH, headed by the BAND I L. E., marching at the slope across the stage. As the last Company marches off stage, the BAND plays "Auld Lang Syne."]

[Exeunt I R. E.]

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Camp, Clarke's Crossing, a wood and river scene. The BAND formed up in the rear, drums beating.*

[Enter NO. 1 COMPANY, the chorus voices, 3 R. E., marching in fours at the trail.]

Captain.—"90th—front turn—halt: (*drums cease*)—dress—shoulder arms—open order—march—"

Sergeant.—"Rear rank dress."

Capt.—"General salute—present arms." (*BAND playing the "General Salute."*)

[Enter the GENERAL and A. D. C., I L. E.]

Capt.—"Shoulder arms—(*the GENERAL passes down the front rank and up the rear, inspecting, returns to his position L.*)

Gen.—"Let your men stand at ease."

Capt.—"90th—order arms—stand at ease."

Gen. (addresses)—"Officers, non-commissioned officers and men, I am pleased to witness your soldierly appearance on parade to-day. It is with great pleasure indeed, that I see you have all your accoutrements clean, every buckle and strap polished, and your arms in perfect order. You must all remember that clean accoutrements, and a polished appearance are the first requisites of a good soldier. In the grand and noble profession of the soldier, which you have all for a time adopted, we none of us can expect to achieve much success, unless we pay particular attention to these small matters of detail. The fact that I stand before you to-day, in the position I occupy, having risen from the ranks as it were, should be an incentive to your ambition and should excite your emulation. I began from the humble duties of an officer's orderly, cleaning boots, spurs and such-like articles of a warrior's outfit. But from base sources have we come. In 1869, as probably you may know, I led the gallant and heroic charge of *Kinderkhan*. Last fall I conducted the campaign against the *Krashy-Ka-nooks*, who respected not the peaceable vocation of a missionary or the tender donation of a Ladies' Aid Society, and (*proudly*) to-day I stand a Major General in Her Majesty's Service.—"

(*Turns to the front and advances to footlights, centre.*)

(*Sings.*)

[*Orchestra.*

THE GENERAL'S SONG.

WRITTEN BY SERGT. W. R. COLGATE.

AIR—"When I was a lad," (*Pinafore.*)

I joined the army as a raw recruit,
But that sort of station did not suit ;
I studied hard and passed the grade,
And a three stripe sergeant soon was made;

(*All repeat*)—And a three stripe, &c.

The sergeants position so suited me
That I soon became a Gen'ral in the Queen's army.

(*Chorus*)—The sergeant's position, &c.

A sergeant's position to me seemed fine,
But to rise higher was more in my line ;

So to war I went and a captain became,
And in the *Gazette* you can see my name.

(*All repeat*)—And in the *Gazette*, &c.

The Captain's position so suited me, &c.

(*Cho.*)—The Captain's position, &c.

As a Captain bold I led the van
At the furious charge of Kinderkhan ;
I spiked the enemies' guns infernal
And obtained the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

(*All repeat*)—And obtained, &c.

The Colonel's position so suited me, &c.

(*Cho.*)—The Colonel's position, &c.

As Lieutenant-Colonel of my regiment fine,
I worked very hard and spent much time,
Parades and inspections I attended several,
And at last I became a Major-General.

(*All repeat*)—And at last, &c.

That exalted position so suited me
That I've remained a Gen'ral in the Queen's army.

(*Cho.*)—That exalted position, &c.

MORAL.

Now soldiers all wherever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
Why copy Colonel *Mac*, Major *Bos*, and *Laurie B.*,
And keep up the reputation of the L. B. D.

(*All repeat*)—And keep up, &c.

And some fine day you'll become like me,
A Major-General in the Queen's army.

(*Cho.*)—And some fine day, &c.

Gen. (*resumes*)—"Now men, we have a very serious campaign before us. This rebellion, which has broken out, will have to be crushed. I know you are all determined to do your duty; and to undertake the heavy work and long marches, yet before you, in a willing manner. I have already witnessed with pleasure your marching of the past few days. In the West the news of the past few days has been serious. There have been raids, engagements and massacres. Men have been slain and captives taken—and I feel sure, that should you become aware, that the rescue of women and children depends upon your efforts, I may in the future fully rely on you exerting yourselves to the utmost. Your prompt response to the call to arms for active service, shows that you are actuated by the spirit of true patriotism and loyalty to the British Crown."

Capt.—"Coth—attention—shoulder arms—advance in review order—quick march (*BAND playing regimental march, 8 bars*) general salute—present arms (*BAND plays "The General Salute."*)

[*Exeunt GENERAL and A.D.C. 1 R. E.*]

[*Exeunt BAND quietly in the rear.*]

Capt.—"Shoulder arms—close order—march—right about turn—quick march—half companies outwards wheel—halt—front—pile arms—stand clear—now men, go and get your baggage off the wagons and pitch tents—break off."

[*Enter SERGT.-MAJOR, 2 L. E.*]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler! (*enter BUGLER*) Sound orderly sergeants." (*BUGLER sounds.*)

[*Enter six ORDERLY SERGEANTS who parade before SERGT.-MAJOR. Men re-entering with baggage and camp equipage proceed to pitch two tents in the rear.*]

Sergt.-Maj.—"I want one smart, intelligent man from each company at once. Right turn—dismiss."

No. 1 Ord. Sergt.—"I want a bright, intelligent man for the Sergeant-Major at once. (*Several rush up*). Hold on, you all can't go."

Omnes.—"Take me, take me, I'll go, I'll go."

No. 1 Ord. Sergt.—"Blondie, you will do." (*Six ORDERLY SERGTS and men parade before the SERGT. MAJOR.*)

Sergt. Maj.—"Two men to the right pitch officers' tents. Next two quarter-masters' fatigue. The remainder bring wood and water. Right turn—quick march. (*Exeunt fatigue 2 R. E. in disgust*). Orderlies—right turn—dismiss. Now I must see about my guard."

[*Enter CORPORAL and GUARD, 1 L. E., at the slope.*]

Corp.—(*When half way across stage*). "Guard—shoulder arms—(*at four paces from R. E.*)—halt—No. 1 port arms—Your beat will be from this pile of wood to that bush. You will protect all Government property and call out the guard in case of an alarm. Sentry—shoulder arms—(*to relief*) quick march." (*Sentry's beat rear footlights*)

[*Exeunt RELIEF 1 R. E.*]

[*Enter TELEGRAPH OPERATOR and JOE 2 L. E., with roll of wire and field instrument. They proceed to fix up wire on L. side.*]

[Enter CHAWLIE, a nigger cook 3 L. E., with a barrel on his shoulder, containing pots, kettles, pans, kindling wood, &c., followed by BLONDIE the fat boy. BLONDIE tumbles into the cook, upsetting him. Great uproar and scattering of cooking utensils.]

Chawlie (picking himself up out of pots and pans indignantly)—“What fo’ you do dat sah, ’tacking me in de rare dat way.”

Blondie (whimpering)—“Chawlie, I could’nt help it hold boy, besides it shows your hagility in comin’ to the recover.”

Chawlie.—“Don’t you go fo’ to try dat on again. It taint in de Red Book, ’Sides cooks are exempt anyway.”

Blondie.—“Well say Chawlie, hold boy, ’ow is supper?”

Chawlie (still indignant)—“Now you go right out o’ dis and quit you foolin’.”

Blondie.—“Well you bet hold boy, I don’t get left.” (Chawlie picks him up and runs him off stage.)

[Exeunt both 2 L. E.]

Telegraph operator (who has his wire fixed, tapping his instrument.)—“There is that confounded field wire out of order again—Joe (addressing him) go back over the line and see what is the matter. (Exit JOE, 2 L. E.) You cant expect anything better with those bean poles the Government have erected half way across the Continent. Yesterday a cow tangled her horns in the wire, and the night before last, George Ham ran up against a pole and dislocated his jaw. (OPERATOR sits down at his desk, and continues his work.)

Omnes.—“A song, a song, Brooks for a song,” (men continue pitching the tents and getting the stage into shape. CHAWLIE cooking at fire R.)

CHINEE SONG.

Sung by Pte. Brooks.

Me commee from Hong Kong Chinee
 To workee for Melican man;
 Me no canee talk much English,
 Me speakee you best I can;
 Me workee allee day in ee laundry
 For Ching Chong, that’s his name;
 Me cathee allee lats in ee market,
 Makee pot pie allee same.

Allee same, allee same, allee same.

(Chorus)—Ching Chong, opium, taffy on a stick,
 No likee blass band, makee belee sick.
 Melican man, listen long to my little song
 With a Chinee fiddle and a Shanghai gong.

Me no goee backee to Chinee,
 Me doee belee well out here,
 Me cheatee alle Melican gambler,
 Me likee sour krout and beer.
 Me soonee become ee citizen
 And votee just like me please ;
 Me soonee getee soft job
 For to workee on the police.
 Allee same, police, allee same.

(Chorus)—Ching Chong, opium, taffy on a stick, &c.

Me soon getee plenty of money
 And want to get a nice little wife,
 Me lovee her better than than chow chow,
 Me likee her better than life ;
 Me feedee her rice and opium
 And want to getee nice little house,
 For dinner me set the lat trap,
 Catchee nice mouse allee same.
 Allee same, nice mouse, allee same.

(Chorus)—Ching Chong, opium, taffy on a stick, &c.

[Enter J. MICHAEL CÆSAR O'FLYNN, I R. E., a war correspondent, in hot haste (a crash of tin pans and sheet iron in the right wing) very much flurried and to the evident surprise of the soldiers.]

Omnes.—“What is it, what is it?”

O'Flynn (noticing surprise)—“Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn, war correspondent, and I represent that great luminary of the prairie capital of the west. It is my business to depict in language vivid and gorgeous, the pomp and glorious circumstances of war! war!! war!!! Why I revel in war. Though of a quiet, peaceable and inoffensive figure and demeanor, yet my nature ever glories in pugnacity. Fight—war. Oh that I were a war eagle, soaring aloft in the azure blue space beyond, fighting, wrestling with my foe, that I could tear him toe from toe, limb from limb, and pinion from pinion! War! Why there's nothing like war. That spirit for bloodshed, which animates the Bengal tiger in his jungle lair, while wrangling with wild beasts for his food, thrills me o'er and o'er. All nature fights—the birds of the air, the cayuse of the prairies, the heels of a Government mule, all fight, and the sword-fish, in the ocean blue deeps beyond, seeks by bloodshed to secure his noonday repast. Repast! Ha! that reminds me. It is some periods of time, several epochs in fact, since I have tampered with a meal or fooled around the contents of a mutton pie.”

Charo.—

on

Blon.—“

Omnus (starting).—"Pie ! !"

O'Flynn.—"Yum-yum. But perhaps you think a war correspondent don't eat—you hyenas you. Ho ! Landlord—say where is the Landlord ? Bring forth a banquet fit for a prince. Aye—the prince of war correspondents, A little bit of chicken and marmalade, thanks—"

Blondie.—"Ave some 'ard tack and corned beef Sir ?"

O'Flynn—Hard tack and corned beef ! Say, boys, you don't eat that—four C's and a B., 'Chicago Cooked Canned Corned Beef,' Armour's patent. No ! Happy thought, I'll look up the officers' mess."

Blondie.—"But they will fire you hout and you'll get left."

O'Flynn.—"Left ! left !! never-r-r !!! As Richilieu would say, the man has not yet breathed the breath of life, who can leave me ; and J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn never gets left. In the grandiloquent and impressive language of the reporter's vocabulary, there is no such word as "left." Now that other individual, who endeavors to impress on this gathering, the fact that he is a correspondent, for that sheet called a moral daily, thinks he can, in a cool, quiet way, crawl around me. But he's no reporter. He only poses as a war correspondent—simply poses ! He get ahead of me ! When he gets ahead of the great luminary of that prairie city to the east, it is a somewhat frigid diurnal epoch for Manitoba—and don't you forget it. Now to be a war correspondent, requires a man of varied experience, a refined culture, a \$14 a term education, and a poetical instinct ;—with a prose style appertaining to that of a Macaulay, Gibbon, Chaucer, and a little of Ouida thrwn in. He should know Shakespeare sufficiently to use in moderate quantities, to suit the tastes of all that medium class of our population, which lies like a stratum as it were, between the Aristocracy of the Upper Circles and the Hudson Bay flats. He should have at his finger ends such great military authorities as "Chambers on Skirmishing,"—"Secretan on Eggs,"—"Subaltern Pillow on Taking Cover"—and "The 90th on Looting." But tra-la-la-la boys, I'm off for the officers' mess, where the boards, in the language of our craft, groan—fairly groan with molasses, lemons and cog-ni-ac."

[Exit 1 L. E.]

[Enter CHAWLIE I R. E.]

Chaw.—"Wha is dat wood and wattah fatiguc, (BLONDIE approaches), been on a fatigue young fellah."

Blon.—"You bet."

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right wing)

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my business.
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Chaw.—"Whar de udder fellahs."

Blon.—"Just left them."

Chaw.—"So soon."

Blon.—(*cunningly*) "You bet."

Chaw.—"Den you aint done nuffin at all den."

Blon.—"Well yer know, hive marched considerable."

Chaw. (*aside*)—"In a wagon I expex."

Blon.—"And unless they take me for a bloomin' labourer, I don't see what I could do more consistent with my shape. Say Chawlie, 'tween you, me and the Gatlin', fifty cents a day haint no pay for a hindividual of my hability and I shawnt go on hany fatigues as I can havoid."

Chaw.—"De sawgent-majaw will catch on and don't forget it. Has been thar hissself."

Blond.—"Haw, 'ow absurd, why Hi can slip hevery time and I've got that ere fellah, what says as 'ow he belongs to the Horder of Corporals, on the hend of my finger. He aint fit to run no fatigue. It's a man of my hexperience or the sawgent-majaw's as what should run the thing."

[*Enter SERGEANT-MAJOR.* 2 L. E.]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Here my man what are you trying to do with yourself." (*Cook goes on with his work.*)

Blon.—"Just been on ha wood fatigue, Sir."

Sergt.-Maj.—"Well, where have you put the wood?"

Blon.—"Over on that 'ere 'ill in the bluff."

Chaw. (*aside*)—"Specks as how it is growin dar yet."

[*Exit* 2 L. E.]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Why have you not brought it up."

Blon.—"Ave come to see where the bloomin' fire is to be located yer know."

Sergt.-Maj.—"Well now move yourself."

[*Exit* 1 L. E.]

[*Re-enter CHAWLIE hurriedly,* 2 L. E.]

Chaw.—"Say, Fatty, here are de udder boys, wid de wood and wattah. Better make yourself scarc', or keep at the regerlation distance." (*Blondie conceals himself behind a box.* R.)

One fa

Omnes—"

Chaw.—"

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[Enter FATIGUE, 2 L. E., with wood and water.]

One fatigue (covered with flour, disgusted).—"I'm the smart, intelligent man, I am."

[CHAWLIE, working away at his fire, R. sings]

WHEN THE BUGLE SOUNDS REVEILLE.

WORDS BY PTE. W. H. D'ARCY.

AIR—"In the morning, by the bright light."

Well done boys, you are just the stuff,
And I want you children for to notice dis,
Though you look much fatigued, and haven't got a puff,
Alle—alle—alle—lui—ah.

(*Cho.*)—In the morning, in the morning, by the bright light,
When the bugle sounds reveille in the morning.

I'll fix you up a supper of corned meat and tack,
And I want you children for to notice dis,
And if I've sufficient grease you'll have a slap-jack,
Alle—alle—alle—lui—ah.

(*Cho.*)—In the morning, etc.

Now do not be complaining of the Government supplies,
And I want you children for to notice dis,
For I reckon after supper all your complaining dies.
Alle—alle—alle—lui—ah.

(*Cho.*)—In the morning, etc.

If the quartermaster-sawjent hears your constant wails,
And I want you children for to notice dis,
He'll measure out your rations with the unstamped scales,
Alle—alle—alle—lui—ah.

(*Cho.*)—In the morning etc.

Yah-ha-ha if any of you dies.
And I want you children for to notice dis,
Book it to the old man who measures the supplies,
Alle—alle—alle—lui—ah.

(*Cho.*)—In the morning, etc.

Omnes—"Bully for you Chawlie."

[*Exeunt* FATIGUE 2 R. E.]

Chaw.—"Blondie, as you wah! (*BLONDIE looking up carefully.*) Peek-a-boo, I see you hiding tha.."

Blon. (*getting up from behind the box.*)—"Say, 'ave the boys cleared hoif old stuff?"

Chaw.—"Yah!"

Blon. (*coming out.*)—"Who was that 'ere hindividual I 'eard singin' while I was under cover?"

Chaw.—"Who? Didn't you hear dem shout bravo Chawlie?"

Blon.—"Oh yes. Say, let us 'ave hanother melody by way of han appetizer."

[*Chawley sings.*]

BOB UP SERENELY—(PARODY.)

WRITTEN BY MAJOR BUCHAN, BRANDON.

AIR—"Bob up serenely" (*Olivette.*)

When the hungry boys all gather round the kitchen,
And find that threats don't hurry up their dinner,
They commence with their dirty fists to pitch in
And call all sorts of names that mean a sinner.

(*Chorus.*)—That is the time for disappearing,
Take a header and down you go;
And when the sky above is clearing
Bob up serenely, bob up serenely,
Bob up serenely from below.

When the orderly sergeant's got the jumping toothache,
And sends us all to heaven with the saints,
When the officer's going round at grub time
And finds the cook is blamed for all complaints.

(*Cho.*)—That is the time, etc.

When the quartermaster's serving out our ration,
And we snatch a little more than is our share,
Oh, you ought to see him fly into a passion
And in real old soldier style begin to swear.

(*Cho.*)—That is the time, etc.

When the sergeant major thinks we're shirking duty,
And orders cooks and cookees to parade.
Then we think that for soldiers we're too sooty
And prefer to keep our beauty in the shade.

(*Cho.*)—That is the time, etc.

When the word is passed, 'the enemy is com'ing,'
When we hear the battle's din begin to roar.
When the bullets come a zipping and a humming,
When we think the rebs are look'ng for our gore,

(*Cho.*)—That is the time, etc

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[Enter BAXTER HILL, 2 L. E., a war correspondent always cool and self-possessed.]

Hill.—(advancing half way across the stage.) “Good evening, gentlemen,” (unbuttons his coat, takes out his wallet, NO. 1. ORD.-SERGT. slightly advancing, HILL draws out a business card.) “My Card.”

No. 1 Ord.-Sergt. (reads)—“BAXTER HILL, Journalist.”

Hill.—(adding) “Representing the great moral daily.”

Blon.—“Oh, that is the F. P.”

Hill.—“Telegraph?”

No. 1 Ord.-Sergt.—“Over there, Sir.”

Hill.—(wheels around and advances to OPERATOR, draws out a despatch from his pocket.) “Send despatch,” (placing it on desk.)

Tel. Op.—“The line is not working Sir.”

[Enter J. M. C. O'FLYNN, hurriedly, 1 R. E.]

O'Flynn, (excitedly)—“Here, here, you will have the goodness to rush this despatch with all expedition,” (holding out despatch in his hand.)

Hill, (coolly pointing)—“My despatch (handing him a card)—My card.”

O'Flynn, (reading)—“Baxter Hill, Journalist.” (drawing himself up)—“And I, sir, am J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn, Journalist, representing the organ, happily called after that bright orb of day, which rolls like a fiery chariot, across the broad blue ethereal space above; and which also is thrown at the doors of thousands of eager subscribers, for five cents a copy, strictly in advance.”

Hill. —“Happy to meet, you seem verbose.”

O'Flynn.—“Verbose! Ha, you sir, then, are one of that new school of writers, termed concise and terse. Now, sir, my forte is description and war. I revel in war—fairly revel in it sir—and description is my particular forte. To paint the beauties of nature, the babbling brooks, the rugged cliffs, and the stormy meteorological reports of the weather, in that soft mellifluous language which falls gently on the ear, leaving a tender touch of romance behind, and the charm of bygone scenes, is a portion of the business of a perfect correspondent. Besides, it attains an increased value at thirty cents a word when transmitted in the clickity, click-clack characters of Morse's alphabet, over that electrical link, which has done so much to bind all mankind, from the tropic of Capricorn to the Antarctic circle into one grand union.”

Blon. (*aside*).—"Guess he means the Leland."

O'Flynn.—"My orders, sir, are to spare no expense; and here is ten dollars for your right to the wire. (*HILL, coolly smoking a cigarette makes no response.*) Well then, I'll raise it and make it twenty." (*Offering the money.*)

Hill.—"As you say, (*taking money, picks up his despatch, walks away.*) As the *Free Press* says, 'When nothing happens, nothing shall be reported.'"

[*Exit* 1 R. E.]

Tel. Op.—"I'm sorry to say that the line is not working."

O'Flynn.—"Holy Mackinaw, J. Michael Caesar O'Flynn is scooped at last."

[*Retires to rear of stage.*]

[*Enter* BLONDIE *rushing in* 2 L. E.]

Blon.—"Rah boys, two couriers from Saskatoon."

A Soldier - "Well, what news from the front."

[*Enter* GRANGER *and* WIFE *with farm produce,* 2 L. E.]

Blon.—"Oh hits grangers with heggs at dollar a dozen, butter dollar ha pound, and bread seventy cents ha loaf. Purely protectionist prices."

Soldier.—"It is an imposition on the camp, to have these parties trying to bleed our boys, who have come so far to protect them."

Blon.—"Say we eggs-hit them. (*Addressing* GRANGER) Say, boss, 'fore you leave I'll take one hegg. Can you change 'alf a dollar (*GRANGER timidly points towards his wife.*) Oh, hits the old woman wats running the menagerie. (*GRANGER nods assent.*) 'Great Caesar's ghost as the pilot on a river boat says, seven feet runnin' (*pointing to* WIFE) three feet scant (*pointing to* GRANGER), No bottom! to these prices"

Wife.—"None of yer imperdence, young man."

Blon.—"Say, old gal, 'ave yer yer photo past year, I'd like to eggshhibit it an heggstortionist." (*GRANGER and WIFE indignantly pick up basket and go over to R. side to another group of soldiers.*) Stand haside y fellahs and let the coffin pass."

Wife (*to group on R. side.*)—"Can I sell you any nice fresh eggs, butter bread or milk to-day, young men?"

No. 1 Ord. Sergt.—"Well, I guess we will take all you have got."

Chaw —“ Got any chewing tobacco ”

Wife (uncovering basket) —“ We can't let you have much. I have sold nearly all to the officers' mess.”

Chaw. —“ Dat's de way, de officers get everything.”

Wife. —“ But you can have one dozen eggs, two loaves, a roll and some milk.”

No. 1 O. S. —“ All right (*showing hand in pocket.*) How much will that be.”

Wife. —“ Six dollars and thirty cents.”

No. 1 O. S. —“ Great Scott !” (*withdrawing hand from pocket. Great exclamations of surprise from the others.*)

Blondie (approaching.) —“ The prices are very hexorbitant, hand I guess we butter not 'ave any.”

[*Enter SERGT. MAJOR, 1 R. E.*]

Sergt. Maj. —“ Here, here, what is this crowd for ?”

No. 1 O. S. —“ This woman wants to sell eggs at \$1.50 a dozen in this camp, and —

Sergt. Maj. —“ There, that will do. Conduct these parties outside the camp lines.”

[*Exit SERGT.-MAJ., 1 R. E.*]

[*Exit GRANGER and WIFE, hustled off, 2 L. E.*]

Blon. (going over to Charolie, R.) —“ Say, hold stuff. Did you hear the latest ?” (*Men gather around*)

Chaw —“ No ! What's dat Blondie ? de camp am always full of rumors.”

Blon. (gathering the boys confidentially together—footlights centre.) —“ Well, hits a dead secret, so don't say nothing about hit”

Chaw. (expressively.) —“ All right, boys, mum is de word.”

Blon —“ Well, boys, hi know where there is five gallons of whiskey. Remember, mum is the word.”

mum (interested.) —“ Where —where is it ?”

Blon. (very confidentially.) —“ Now, don't say anything to the Colonel or the officers.”

Chaw. (excitedly.) —“ No ! mum !! mum !! !”

Blon. (*drawing himself up*)—"Well, it is all a lie, but a thundering good camp rumor."

[*Tableau.* CHAWLIE faints into a soldier's arms, and BLONDIE is rushed off the stage, 1 L. E., by several in disgust.]

Soldiers, (*grouped around CHAWLIE*)—"Stand aside!—Fan him!—Water!—Give him air!"

Chaw. (*recovering*)—"Was it all a dream or was I awake?"

Omnes.—"No, No, Chawlie, you are awake, you will be all right soon."

[*Group retire.*]

[*Enter JOE, 3 L. E.*]

Joe, (*to OPERATOR*)—"Wire all right, break thirteen miles back."

[*Exit L.*]

O'Flynn, (*rushing forward*)—"J. Michael Caesar O'Flynn is not left after all (*To OPERATOR*) Here, take this despatch down and rush it, (*dictate grandiose.*) "Your correspondent made due connection, with the forces at 2.33 this p m. As he rode into the lines, the sun, that great luminary of this universe, appeared for the first time, during the day, from behind a lowering cloud. All nature smiled with infinite joy and gladness; and the camp as seen, when it first broke upon the vision of your scribe, lay calmly at ease, on the banks of the mighty Saskatchewan, peacefully gentle, as the breath of a sleeping babe. I saw the General to-day, and he seemed much pleased to see me. I understand that his capability for recognizing true genius, when he sees it, is remarkable. I have already drawn his attention, to several minor errors in his plan of the campaign; referring him to that great military work of *Whittle's* "On Campaigning"; and also to the blunders of the Transport service. I will urge strongly on him the advisability of following up the Hoodoo trail, to which I have already referred, in a former despatch; and the military policy which, is clearly shown in "*Leacock on Windage*," first Edition, page 340. The General, in my opinion, should have a supply of amunition with him, but I neglected to ascertain this. Now that I have arrived at the scene of action, I may say, that I confidently feel, that we will crush this rebellion. Of this the readers of the great topical journal of your city, may rest assured." (*Rolling up his papers and notes*) "There I guess that will do for an opening volley. (*To OPERATOR.*) Did you catch on old boy, eh?"

Tel. Op. (*tapping away at instrument.*)—"I got it all, sir."

[*Exit O'Flynn, 1 L. E.*]

[Enter SERGT.-MAJ., I R. E.]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler! sound supper" (BUGLER coming forward sounds. OMNES sing "Come for the love of grub, boys;" and make a general rush for canteens. BLONDIE secures his supper and takes a seat on R. centre. CHAWLIE serves the supper out)

Omnes.—"A song—a song—McAllister sing your song."

HARD TACK, COME AGAIN NO MORE.

WORDS BY THE REV. D. M. GORDON, CHAPLAIN OF THE 90TH BATTALION.

AIR.--"Hard Times come again no more."

Sung by Private Geo. McAllister.

There's a song that will linger for ever on our ears,

'Tis echoed like the murmur on the shore,

The song of the wayworn and ill-fated volunteers,

Oh! hard tack, come again no more.

(*Chorus.*)—"Tis the song, the wail of the soldier,

Heard in the tent and murmured round the door,

Too long you have lingered on table and on floor,

Oh! hard tack come again no more.

We have toasted, boiled and fried you, tried ev'ry change we know,

And have soaked you well in pork fat o'er and o'er,

But to make you soft and pleasant, our dog lges are no go,

Oh! hard tack come again no more.

(*Cho.*)—"Tis the song, &c.

As a breastplate we have worn you, hid in tunic pocket wide,

We've been shielded by you 'mid the battles' roar,

From hand to hand we've shied you, when as base ball you've been tried,

Oh! hard tack, come again no more.

(*Cho.*)—"Tis the song, &c.

To corduroy a muskeg to stop a rifle ball,

To serve as quoits or barricade a door,

You'll do but as a diet for hungry volunteers,

Oh! hard tack, come again no more,

(*Cho.*)—"Tis the song &c.

Should Poundmaker, Beardsy, Riel or Big Bear ever feel

True repentance, and their naughtiness deplore,

'Twere fit fate for rogues so clever just to feed on thee for ever;

Oh! hard tack, come again no more.

(*Cho.*)—"Tis the song, &c.

So farewell hardy comrade at Fish Creek, Batoche, Fort Pitt,
By Saskatchewan's familiar muddy shore,
We've met too often now my friend begone, vamoose and 'git ;"
Oh! hard tack, come again no more.

(*Cho.*)—"Tis the song, &c.

[*Enter OFFICER OF THE DAY and ORDERLY SERGEANT, 2 L. E.*]

Ord.-Sergt.—"Attention!"

Officer.—"Any complaints?"

Omnes.—"Yes, Sir."

Several, (in rotation.)—"We never get the rations set down in regulations—have had no coffee since the campaign started—have had no eggs for supper to-night."

Officer.—"No eggs. That surely must be a mistake. Chawlie, what became of the eggs, the citizens of Winnipeg sent us."

Chawlie, (promptly.)—"Secretan has dem."

One Soldier.—"Then we got no jam for supper."

Officer.—"Now—now—now, I know there must be jam. Ask Chawlie what he did with the jam"

Chawlie, (trembling.)—"Dey always make me de responsible pawty."

Officer.—"Now Chawlie, what did you do with the jam?"

Chawlie, (bright idea.)—"So help me Moses, Secretan has it."

A Soldier.—"I think it is a horrible shame that the eggs and comforts sent out by the people of Winnipeg for our sick and wounded should have been stolen."

Officer.—"Are these all the complaints?"

No. 1 Ord.-Sergt.—"In other respects, the grub is quite satisfactory."

Officer.—"Well men I know you have poor fare. Hard biscuit and salt pork are not what you have been accustomed to and I think with you that you should have, at least, what the Government sets down in regulations as your rations. Luxuries none of us should look for or expect. But for what you are justly entitled to, it is probably natural you should expect to receive. Still, we have all come out here in defence of our country and institutions; and we should patiently and willingly submit to many blunders of a commissariat and the hardship of a campaign. We are all here to do our duty; and we can at least

No. 1

Officer.

(Sing

Sergt.-Maj.

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Omnes—"OH

tolerate many grievances, on a campaign in which so much is at stake. You must remember, we come not only to endure hard fare but also to die if necessary—"

No. 1 Soldier.—"Still it is hard treatment, to work patiently day after day half-fed, on poor and insufficient food, all for fifty cents a day, and at last to fall beneath the rascally bullet of an ugly and illiterate Half-Breed."

Officer.—"Yes, and at last to lie peacefully at rest beneath the sod, on a rising slope overlooking the banks of that mighty Saskatchewan. Men (*rising*) there is no grander death, than that of a soldier, on the field. Ah! if I had my desire,—the culmination of my hopes, after reaching the highest point in Promotion's ladder, (*advanting to footlights*) it would be to like a soldier fall—"

[*Orchestra.*]

(*Sings.*)

LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

From "Maritana."

Yes, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain;
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain.
Brave, manly hearts, confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask for that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die, the last, and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Though o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough—they murmur at my grave,
He like a soldier fell.

[*Exit L.*]

[*Enter SERGEANT-MAJOR, I R. E.*]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler! Sound the officers' mess call. (*BUGLER sounds, OMNES singing "Officers wives &c.*)

Blondie, (Showing some of his supper)—"Skilley, well it don't take much skill to make that."

Omnes—"Oh!—a song—make him sing a song for that."

Blondie, (sings.)—

FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T SAY I TOLD YOU.

WORDS BY SERGEANT JOSEPH TEES AND PRIVATE D'ARCY.

Sung by Sergt. Tees.

I'm one of the Ninetieth, of course you all know,
That I served in the Riel Rebellion;
And the reason I'm taking a part in this show,
Is because I have something worth telling.
My complaints in the first place are not to say few,
And I'm sure when you hear them that each one of you
Will agree I have grievances—you'll not pooh-pooh,
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

The first cheering news we received at the front
Was that of our getting tobacco;
And mind you it was by no means an affront,
But went down like a slice of tomato.
But, lo and behold you, instead of three plugs,
Which we all reckoned would just about make the pound,
Not more than one plug of it ever came round,
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

Now soon after then we were ordered lime juice,
But the measure was far from being lavish,
On asking for more we were further reduced
By kind-hearted *Scotty McTavish*.
But what came to pass you can easily guess,
Whilst we stood the hardships and marched none the less,
It was drunk by the glass in the officers' mess,
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

By way of variety I'll tell you a tale,
To spread it, it would'nt do really.
The night it occurred it was blowing a gale,
And the hero was *Lieutenant Healy*.
When out on the grand rounds with *Major Smith*, bold,
Inspecting the picquet, at least so I'm told,
Right into a badger hole *Mickey* patrolled,
But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

Now, *Major Smith* bold is an officer fine,
And goes by the red book completely,
So he simply glanced round and commenced marking time,
Then looked straight ahead of him meekly.
Now the Major enjoyed this, tho' with suppressed mirth,
As poor *Mickey* slowly rose up from the earth,
But I would'nt have this known for all I am worth,
So for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

Blondie

O' Flynn

Blondie,

O' Flynn

Blondie.—

hec

We hear that bold brigadier *Alderman Young*,
 As soon as he reached this fair city,
 Spread a tale of Batoche, 'tho perhaps all in fun,
 Still we cannot see where it is witty,
 He said that the Midlands and Tenth Royals bold,
 Were the first in the charge on the rebels stronghold,
 That his own city regiment was left in the cold—
 But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

These are 'not the facts, and he can't but admit
 That the 90th shared in the glory;
 Just ask the poor prisoners released from the pit
 And they'll soon upset this mean story.
 That one of our Council should such reports spread
 Is a lasting insult to our living and dead,
 But we'll leave it alone to revolve in his head—
 But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

From Prince Albert reports of a similar tone
 Were sent to the *Mail*, of Toronto,
 By a Grenadier captain of the name of *Harstone*,
 Who ne'er should indulge in barvado.
 He blew how his regiment alone charged the foe,
 But how he really got at this we really don't know,
 With his head in a badger hole lying quite low—
 But for goodness sake, don't say I told you.

Blondie, (*pulling out a string*.)—"Well I'll try and catch a gopher now,
 (*tying string to a stick*) fishin' pretty good sport haround 'ere." (*Com-
 mences to fish*).

[*Enter J. M. C. O'FLYNN, I R. E.*]

O'Flynn.—"Heigho! my lurking child of the regiment, what dost thou here,
 and what pursuits do thy inclinations follow?"

Blondie, (*looking up*.)—"Fishin' for gophers."

O'Flynn.—"I see, with feelings of mingled surprise and annoyance, a warrior
 on this expedition, engaged in such a trivial employment, as that of
 angling for a member of the Brackipodia tribe. Why man it is *infra dig*.
 Piscatorial pursuits are not in keeping, on occasions of this kind, while
 the fate of the whole nation trembles in the balance. We, who revel
 in war as it were, should be up and doing, when the country's eyes are
 upon us, waiting for the panorama to move on sufficiently, to give it a
 fit and glorious opportunity to applaud."

Blondie.—"Say Boss, do yer know hive always thought as how I could make a
 heditor on a paper or hanother. Hits better than soldiering anyhow."

Now yer know, and in this blooming country at this work, yer know, we only get 'alf a dollar a day and found. Though I am blessed if hime found when the sawgent-majaw yells fatigue. Of course hime the scape-goat of the camp, hand make lots of fun, but I don't get hanything hextra—one 'alf a dollar hall the same, now you know hold man, what hought I to do to become one of your reporterin' geniuses?"

O' Flynn, (patronizingly.)—"Well, after the style of my friend Demosthenes, the orator, I might say, that the whole secret of success lies in *cheek*, CHEEK, CHEEK,. Next is genius, with that smattering of experience, only to be gathered, in many roamings through foreign lands. Above all, the reporter should cultivate a reckless disregard for personal safety. (*A tremendous racket outside, sheetiron thunder.*) Holy Mackinaw! What's that? What's that?" (*shaking with terror, and drawing two revolvers.*)

Blondie, (throwing himself down on stage.)—"Hit's Injuns, take cover."

O' Flynn, (on his knees in despair.)—"Michael! Michael! your days are numbered." (*Tableau.*)

Blondie, (looking up.)—"Oh! hits nuthin, honly *Major-Street's* horse shaking 'imself."

O' Flynn, (nervously rising.)—"Ah, these terrible wars will be the death of me yet. (*Recovering his assurance.*) Well, as I was saying a good correspondent should have a reckless disregard for personal safety and his talent must ever be protected from the rude clutch of paraphrasers and plagiarists. His imagination, like a slumbering volcano as it were, with a lava-like scoria of condensed gall and unbleached cheek, must ever be ready to burst forth, when the occasion requires, and make the welkin ring, with pathos and sentiment. Then, he should have experience. Now, mine was acquired after many campaigns and expeditions, from trodding the lonely sands of——"

Blon.—"But say, hold boy, 'ow should I start the business you know."

O' Flynn (very patronizingly.)—"Well, there are many difficulties in the way. Still, I admire those signs of a slumbering ambition which I see kindling up in the seat of your cranium to become one of us. Now, to acquire an easy dash—a fluency of the vernacular as it were—I would advise you to give all your moments to cultivating the style so admirably perceptible in that charming little epistle of "*Nursey on the Flow of Language,*" (*drawing out his watch*). After the rudimentary details are acquired it—will—be (*hesitatingly glancing at his watch*) necessary

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—for—you—to——. Holy Mackinaw! J. Michael Cæsar O'Flynn, 8.02½, and I promised the General to explain my plan of the campaign at 8 sharp."

[*Rapid exit, 2 L. E.*]

[*Enter CORPORAL and RELIEF, at the slope, L.*]

Corp.—"Relief—shoulder arms (*at four paces from guard*)—halt. Sentries—port arms—deliver orders. Sentries—pass—shoulder arms—front. Relief—quick march."

[*Exit R.*]

[*Enter SERGEANT-MAJOR, 2 L. E.*]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler! Sound the call for the sick parade." (*BUGLER sounds.*)

Blon.—"Guess h'll be sick. There is ha big fatigue party on in an hour, hand a parade in the mornin'; guess hi will get the doctor to hexempt me."

[*Exit 1 R. E.*]

[*Enter a SERGEANT, 1 R. E., with four sick men, single file,—a SOLDIER, CHAWLIE the cook, BLONDIE and LEATHERBACK the quartermaster-sergeant. They enter slowly, burlesque.*]

Sergt. (to SERGT.-MAJ.)—"Here they are, sir."

Sergt.-Maj.—"Well, march them off to the Hospital."

Sergt.—"Sick! Left-turn—quick march. (*Sick hobble off to the L. side where the hospital stores are. To the HOSPITAL SERGEANT*)—Sick men, sir."

Hos. Sergt.—"Ha, a very interesting crowd. (*To the first*)—Well, my man, what is wrong with you this morning?"

Soldier.—"I am chafed on the heels."

Hosp. Sergt.—"All right. I apprehend that a powder, recommended in that work of 'MacPhillips' on Flesh Wounds,' will do for you to-day (*gives a powder.*) There, take that between meals. Who is next?"

Chaw. (coming forward.)—"I'se got a bery bad cold and a toothache" (*opening his mouth.*)

Hos. Sergt. (examining him.)—"You better have a pill this morning (*gives him a handful.*) Here take these in half an hour."

Chaw. (looking at the handful.)—"Say, massa, what effex dis hab on me?"

Hos. Sergt.—"It is not my business to explain the medical properties of an Army Chest. Well, what is the matter with you?" (*turning to Blondie.*)

Blon.—"They say as 'ow h'ive got an awful haddock of dyspepsia, and I feel as 'ow I can't eat enough."

Hos. Sergt.—"A pill and a powder are infallible. Here you are (*hands him dose*) 'Bedson on Stimulants,' strongly recommends them—not the stimulants, but powders and pills I mean. The stimulants are only for very exceptional and individual cases. And you, sir?" (*turning to the last man.*)

Leatherback (*coming forward on a crutch, his arm in a sling.*)—"I have rheumatism, an earache, a sprained shoulder, a black eye, sore heels, influenza, and a cold in the head. I'm generally demoralized and broke up, but in other respects I feel tolerably playful."

Hos. Sergt.—"Ah, a most interesting case. A pill and a powder act every time. Now, some think that there aint a difference in pills, but there is a difference. Some are white and some are black. Now, some have a glutinous covering, appertaining to the succulent; while others are plain and more of a nauseous character. Pills are good for somethings, and powders for others; and with the multiplicity of your casualties, I apprehend that a compound of the two will bring you rapidly to a convalescent condition." (*Handing dose, advancing to footlight centre sings.*)

THE SONG OF THE HOSPITAL SERGEANT.

AIR—"Says I to myself, says I."—(*Iolanthe.*)

When I went to the front as a brave volunteer,
Says I to to myself, says I,
In my youth having had a quack doctor's career,
Says I to myself, says I,
I can get on the ambulance corps I know,
And they shall not know where the brandy will go
When I give the sick boys a powder, oh—ho,
Says I to myself, says I.

Before me each day all the sick will parade,
Says I to myself, says I,
But ne'er on a bed will a man then be laid,
Says I to myself, says I,
But a pill or a powder his wants supply,
And it is not my fault if it knocks him sky-high
When he goes up to look for the sweet hy and bye,
Says I to myself says I.

True, some pills are white, some are black, some are brown,
 Says I to myself, says I,
 But to tell them the difference, I can't be bound,
 Says I to myself, says I,
 For they all got mixed up at the fight of Fish Creek,
 But the boys they don't know and they never can squeak,
 And I'm not such a fool as to let the thing leak,
 Says I to myself, says I.

Now one man got hurt in the forehead, you know,
 Says I to myself, says I,
 And nought but a powder for him would go,
 Says I to myself, says I.
 So if ever in the front you should tackle the foe,
 I advise you, avoid the medical show,
 And not to the hospital or *Gosling* go,
 Says I to myself, says I.

Sergt.—"Sick parade—attention—dress up." (*Burlesque.*)

Hos.-Sergt., (lectures.)—"Now men, before you return to your quarters, I have a few words of caution for you. You must not leave the vicinity of your camp-lines. Yesterday one sick man came to me on crutches, and told me that he had a very bad attack of inflammatory rheumatism, I gave him a pill and a powder, and had him exempted for a week, from all drill and work. An hour afterwards he made a home run around the bases, on a single hit, in the base ball match against the Grenadiers. I know the effects of my doses are miraculous, but I must say that it is simply a tempting of Providence. Men, Providence should not be tempted in this way, I reiterate that Providence shall not be tempted in the wholesale manner, in which I see you young men persist. Do not trust the marvelous effects of my prescriptions altogether,"

Omnes.—"We won't sir."

Hos.-Sergt.—"And go playing football, fishing and swimming, immediately after I order that you should have a complete rest, from the arduous duties of drill and fatigue. Now for a speedy recovery, diet is an important thing. In a little treatise, which I am preparing to incorporate in my medical report to the Dominion Government, it is my intention to treat of the nourishing qualities of boiled hard tack and dried apples as a diet. I may say that hard tack heretofore has defied all the best efforts of the world's most famous analysts,—even such great men as *Orton*, *Kerr*, *Codd*, and the famous *Whiteford*. Still there may be some excuse for these medical gentlemen, not devoting more time to the analysis of this substance, as I find that even the great *Disbrow* makes

no mention of it in his work on "Noxious Weeds." Now after long observation, I have succeeded in discovering the ingredient properties of hard tack, but it is almost an impossibility to say in what proportions these are used, to bring it up to that firm unyielding mass, so much resembling the assurance of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture. However, I strongly recommend hard tack as a diet, for the Government has evidently thought, that there is no better nourishing food for the invalid and sick. There that will do."

[*Exit 2 L. E.*]

Sergt.—"Sick! Right turn—quick march."

[*Exeunt 1 R. E.*]

[*Enter SERGEANT-MAJOR.*]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler, sound the picquet call." (*Bugle sounds and the picquet fall in on the stage near footlights—ONE SERGEANT, A CORPORAL, TWELVE MEN AND A BUGLER. The OFFICER OF THE DAY makes a short examination.*)

Sergt. of the Picquet (*advances to the front and sings*)

THE PICQUET SONG AND CHORUS.

AIR.—"The Sergeant's Song." (*Pirates of Penzance.*)

WORDS BY SERGT. JOSEPH TEES.

When the enterprising Indian's not a growling,
(Chorus.)—Not a growling.
 And the Half-Breed's not a-fighting for his land,
(Cho.)—For his land.
 He loves around the pale-face to be prowling,
(Cho.)—To be prowling.
 And listen to the Ninetieth brass band,
(Cho.)—'eth brass band.
 When their spies are not on every nightly bother,
(Cho.)—Nightly bother.
 He loves to sneak amongst us just for fun;
(Cho.)—Just for fun.
 Taking one consideration with another,
(Cho.)—With another.
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one.

(Chorus.)—Oh! When the sentry's pacing forty miles a day with loaded gun,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one. Happy one.

Sergt.—"

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Tel. Op.—

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When the redskin's not engaged in heavy slaughter,
 Or considering how to make a rifle pit,
 His capacity for Hudson Bay fire-water
 Is just as great as ours is, every bit,
 Our feelings we with difficulty smother,
 While we're shooting down the rebels one by one ;
 Taking one consideration with another,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one.

(*Cho.*)—Oh ! When the sentry's &c.

When the country's fairly over-run with Fenians
 Who are spreading consternation through our land,
 Just now while we've got our fighting dander risen,
 We should take the matter thoroughly in hand.
 Whilst we're guarding House of Commons, jails and bridges,
 Expecting to be shot up towards the sun,
 And be picked up by the piece in sundry ditches,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one.

(*Cho.*)—Oh ! When the sentry's &c.

When we're out all night on picquet when its raining,
 And the drops are gently trickling down our backs,
 Walking slowly up and down till morning's waning,
 To frustrate any rebel night attack.
 When we think what fools we were for volunteering,
 Coming out here thinking it would be such fun,
 And we long for homes and friends endearing,
 A soldier's lot is not a happy one,

(*Cho.*)—Oh ! When the sentry's &c.

Sergt.—"Picquet—shoulder arms—right turn—quick march."

[*Exeunt* 1 R. E.]

[*Enter* BAXTER HILL, 2 R. E. CHAWLIE *preparing camp fires—
 the lights turned down.*]

Hill (*crossing over to OPERATOR.*)—"Line working?"

Tel. Op.—"All right now, sir."

Hill.—"Take down and send this despatch. (*Dictates*)—"Clarke's Crossing :
 Troops encamped on east side river. One-half of force crosses to-
 morrow, being Grenadiers, Winnipeg Battery, Fiench's Scouts.
 Whole force proceed north to-morrow. Ninetieth, A. Battery and
 Boulton's Horse this side of river. Rebels reported entrenched twenty-
 five miles north." (*To OPERATOR*) Good evening."

[*Exit* 1 L. E.]

THE CAMP FIRE SONGS.

THE MERMAID.

Sung by Pte. John Brown.

On the fourteenth day of February, way down in the southern seas,
 By a coral reef we at anchor lay, awaiting for the breeze,
 The skipper he was down below, and the crew were laying about,
 When we heard a splash right under our bows, and then a terrible shout.

(Chorus.)—Blow ye winds I oh, blow ye winds I oh.
 Clear away the morning dew, and blow winds blow.

A man overboard, the cook cries out, and forward we all ran
 When we saw hanging on to our best bow chains, a jolly old bluff bowed man,
 His hair was red, and his eyes were blue; he'd a mouth as big as three,
 And a monstrous tail that he sat upon was wiggling in the sea.

(Cho.)—Blow ye winds, &c.

You've dropped your anchor in front of my house, and blockaded my only door,
 So my wife can't get out, for to swim about, with her chicks one, two, three, four.
 'Twould break your heart to see them there, and the row they've had with me,
 For I've been out all night to a small tea fight, at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

(Cho.)—Blow ye winds, &c.

My anchor shall be hove at once, and your wife and chicks set free,
 But I never saw a scale, from a sprat to a whale, that before could talk to me.
 Your figurehead's like a Bo'sen bold, and you talk like an Englishman,
 But how came you by that monstrous tail, pray tell me if you can.

(Cho.)—Blow ye winds, &c.

Many years ago, in the ship Hero, I was washed overboard in a gale,
 And I saw far below, where the sea weeds grow, a beautiful girl with a tail,
 She saved my life and I made her my wife, and my legs changed instantly,
 And now I am married to a mermaid, at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

(Cho.)—Blow ye winds, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

*Sung by Lieut. H. M. Arnold, Sergt. Jos. Tees, Corp. Geo. Bailey,
 Ptes. G. McAllister, Restall, and J. Brown.*

How can I bear to leave thee,
 One parting kiss I give thee,
 And then whate'er befalls me,
 I go where duty calls me.

(Chorus.)—Farewell, farewell my own true love,
 Farewell, farewell my own true love.

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Ne'er more shall I behold thee,
Or in these arms enfold thee,
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing.

(*Cho.*)—Farewell, &c.

I'll think of thee with longing,
Think thou when tears are thronging,
And with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft when dying.

(*Cho.*)—Farewell, &c.

[*Enter SERGT.-MAJOR*]

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler! sound the last post. (*BUGLER sounds. GUARD turns out.*)
Boys, it is time to turn in." (*Men rise and go into their tents. BLONDIE
goes into tent L. side. CHAWLIE fixes up his fire-place for the night,
R., putting away his pots and pans, after which he retires into tent
with Blondie. BUGLER enters L. and sounds 'Lights Out.'*")

Sergt.-Maj.—"Here, now, lights out in those tents. (*Light still burning in
BLONDIE'S tent.*) Put that light out now."

Blon. (*within.*)—"The light is hout sir."

Chaw.—"Yes sah, dere must be a mistake, suah!" (*Altercation between
CHAWLIE and SERGT.-MAJOR. Light finally extinguished.*)

Voices (inside tents.)—"Move over there—Give me more room—Shift your
feet"—(*snores, grumbling and quarreling.*)

[*Motion in tent L. The head of BLONDIE with a night cap slowly
appears through the opening of the tent. He cautiously looks around
and then gradually comes out dressed in a night gown. Very carefully
he makes his way over to the cooks' fire place and gropes around for some-
thing to eat; secures some hard tack and canned meat and proceeds to
crawl back; trips over the guy rope and plunges headlong through the
opening of the tent, as he does so, CHAWLIE, very irate, shoves his head out
and hammers BLONDIE into the tent with a barrel stave. The camp all
quiet, stage darkened, the SENTRY on his beat behind footlights. A shot
heard in the rear, followed by two shots in rapid succession direction
of R.*]

Sentry (*halting—quick and loud*)—"Guard turn out."

[*Enter GUARD I L. E. (at the double.) SERGEANT-MAJOR and
BUGLER enter R.*]

Sergt.-Maj., (*quick.*)—"Where is the alarm?"

Corp.—"Three shots in direction of No. 1 Picquet."

Sergt.-Maj.—"Bugler! sound the assembly. Lively now!! (*Bugle sounds. A muffled noise in the tents.*)

Voices (within)—"Where are my boots? Where is that tunic, &c. (*Men rapidly turn out, insufficiently dressed, but properly armed, and fall in. BLONDIE falls in last, comes out of the tent making a prodigious effort to buckle his waist belt over his night gown carrying his rifle and wearing a nightcap.*)

Charlie, (*plunging out excitedly.*)—"Wha can I get cover?"

[*Rapid exit L.*]

Voice (in distance R.)—"All's well!" (*caught up and repeated.*)

[*Enter GENERAL I R. E. (with a lighted candle and drawn sword, wearing a dressing gown, carpet slippers and a tuque, followed by the A. D. C., and BAXTER HILL, note book in hand.)*]

Gen.—"Well men, you have turned out in remarkably quick time. You are not in the best of trim as regards dress; but I see you all have your rifles and side arms, and that is the main thing, when the enemy is at hand."

[*Enter J. M. C. O'FLYNN running I R. E.*]

O'Flynn.—"Oh, it is only a false alarm."

CURTAIN.—*GENERAL and A D.C. R. side waltzing. O'FLYNN excitedly in the centre. HILL on L. Men drawn up at the attention in the rear.*

INTERLUDE.

THE MARCH AND DRILL OF THE HARD TACK BRIGADE.

[*Stage cleared. Twenty-eight members of the BRIGADE with sword bayonets in hand, drawn up in line, two ranks facing footlights. LEADER on the R. Costume.—Tunics and trousers, forage caps made of round roast-beef cans with a tassel on the top and chin-strap, a white canvas cross-belt with H. T. B. stamped on it, and a two-pound Armour.*]

corn-beef can on the back as a field-glass, a hard tack medal hung on the breast with orange and green ribbons, and an apron made of a large biscuit label. The BRIGADIER-GENERAL wears a large five pound roast-beef can with a cavalry plume on top, a red cross-belt, a four-pound beef can for a field-glass, two medals and a cavalry sabre.]

Brig.-Gen. (very burlesque.)—"Bri—gade! (coughs.) Hem!! (BRIGADE opens order.) Hem!! (BRIGADE brings the swords up to the 'recover.') Hem!! (BRIGADE lowers swords to the 'salute'). Hem!! (swords brought back to the 'recover.' Leader advances to footlights centre, facing audience, draws sabre and gravely salutes twice and returns to R.) Hem!! (swords brought back to shoulder, LEADER advances to centre, sings.)

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE 90TH.

WRITTEN BY MAJOR LAWRENCE BUCHAN.

When we embarked at Winnipeg, as chirpy as could be,
We thought we were out for a bit of a lark, about a two weeks spree,
But when we got to Fort Qu'Appelle we found it different then,
Our tents in a row, we pitched in the snow, just like real soldier men.

(Chorus.)—Pork, beans, hard tack, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Poor hungry soldiers, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
With blistered feet and aching bones we march along all day,
And go on picquet all the night, to keep the rebs away;
But when we meet the enemy, we do not think of rest,
For whether we march or rest, my boys, we do our level best.

We trudged along the winding trail, for many a weary day.
With thunder, lightning, hail, and rain to cheer us on our way;
We fought the rebels at Fish Creek and drove them out of sight,
While many of our good men and true, fell battling for the right.

(Cho.)—Pork, beans, &c.

Brig.-Gen.—"Hem!" (Introduce a burlesque drill movement and march.)

We caught the devils once again right in their own Batoche,
We burst them up and shot them down, we scooped them in (all) By Gosh!
And when no more of them were left, around for us to shoot,
We plundered all their household goods, and carried off our loot.

(Cho.)—Pork, beans, &c.

Brig.-Gen.—"Hem!" (Drill and march manœver.)

At Prince Albert then the ladies came to greet us with their smiles,
Which made us quite forget our woes with all their cheering wiles;
So to put a stop to rushing love, as good boys always oughter,
We marched along to Battleford, going all the way by water.

(Cho.)—Pork, beans, &c.

We left the gallant Queen's Own there, indulging in a swear,
 Because they could'nt come to Pitt to polish off Big Bear;
 But now my boys we have come home to luxury and ease.
 You bet we've earned the name we get, the fighting L. B. D's.

(*Cho.*)—Pork, beans, &c.

Brig.-Gen.—"Hem!" (*A drill and march.*)

[*Exeunt R. and L.*]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A sereba of boxes, sacks, stores, etc. The last day of Batoche. Two day in the trenches. A cessation of hostilities. The men working away with picks and spades, facing heavy wood scene in rear. Field telegraph L. GENERAL and A. D. C. seated R., on boxes, looking over plans and papers.*

Gen. (*turning to A. D. C.*)—"Captain, take down this despatch and have it forwarded. (*Dictates*)—We have now been three days attacking Batoche. On Saturday morning the engagement commenced with the Gatling and guns of 'A.' Battery opening fire—the Grenadiers were extended in skirmishing order to the front, the 90th supporting and the Midland acting as a rear-guard. On Sunday the Grenadiers re-opened the attack, and yesterday the 90th took up their places, carrying the line of advance beyond the church. This morning there is a cessation of hostilities, and it is my intention to reconnoitre on my right front, with all my mounted men, with a view of withdrawing as many men from my left attack, which is the key of the position."

[*GENERAL rises, exit I R. E. A. D. C. goes over to OPERATOR with dispatch, exit R.*]

[*Enter BAXTER HILL I L. E. Places a despatch on Operator's desk.*]

Tel. Op. (*who has been looking over despatch.*)—"What is this word sir?"

Hill.—"You must make no mistake. I better read it. (*Reads*)—'Batoche: Have now been three days on attack. A cessation in hostilities this morning. The General has gone with mounted troops to reconnoitre on the right. At present rate doubtful how long engagement will last.

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 Cæsar 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 Cæsar 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.

With tears she kissed him once again, and turned away her head,
He could but whisper in his pain, and this is what he said.

(*Chorus.*)—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.

They march'd away down the village street, the banners floating gay,
The children cheered for the tramping feet, that went to war away;
And one among them turn'd him round, to look but once again;
And though his lips gave out no sound, his heart sighed this refrain:

(*Cho.*)—Oh! love, dear love, etc.

On the battlefield, the pale cold moon is shedding her peaceful light;
And is shining down on a soul, that soon will speed its eternal flight.
Amid the dying the soldier lay, a comrade was close at hand,
And he said: "When I am far away, and you in our native land.

(*Cho.*)—Oh! say to my love be true, be only, only mine,
My life is o'er, we'll part no more, at Ehren on the Rhine."

[GENERAL and A. D. C. enter I R. E.]

Officer of the Day.—"But men stand to your arms, and keep a sharp lookout."

A Soldier (to officer.)—"There is a white object moving on the left sir."

Gen. (noticing remark.)—"Don't fire men, it is a flag of truce, a party of
Indians for a parley."

[Enter five Indians I L. E., chanting a song followed by the INTER-
PRETER and BAXTER HILL. At conclusion of chant with tom-tom
accompaniment, they group around GENERAL in centre.]

Gen.—"Well who are these?"

Interpreter (introducing them.)—"This is 'Weeping Dog,' chief of the
Hoolykezans. This is 'Stir the Mud Quick,' his son, the dude of the
red man. This is 'Never Tell a Lie,' a politician. This is the 'Medicine
Man,' and this (*turning to a squaw*) is 'Weeping Dog's Mother'."

Gen.—"Tell them to be seated."

Inter. (mock Cree.)—"Squaty-voo-la." (*Indians sit down grouped around the
GENERAL.*)

Gen.—"Ask Weeping Dog if it is usual to go around on the steal like a city
alderman.

Inter. (gesticulating.)—"Mah schooch ke wape ind tow row patter, sacree
mentow kasino."

Weeping Dog—"Yah, nemo met son, conticu er omnes mooni, oh skreecchy banana."

Inter.—"Weeping Dog says, says he, that he would never have stolen anything only he starve, and ne heard, says he, that the pale face children of the Torontos send up jam, cake and new towels to their pale face brothers but send him none; and he want, says he, clean underclothing as his laundry stop his credit account in 1853."

Gen.—"Well, ask him why he went on the war-path."

Inter.—"Ki-yi-tapioca, in sesar bellikum she makitack?"

Weeping Dog—"Kitch-i-nack in hog signes rectum omnia gallia parvum in multiorum, &c."

Inter.—"He says, says he, that Weeping Dog all quiet and peaceable even when he hear that soldiers come to fight. But when he hear that *Piche* and *Worsnop* come out to hunt for his scalp, he get scared and put on the war paint. If *Piche* only go back and not weep for his gore; he says, says he, that Weeping Dog promise to go home quietly, wash his face and bury the hatchet. But Weeping Dog must draw the line somewhere, and for the sake of freedom, he draws it at *Piche*." (*The Squaw comes forward jabbering Indian*)

Gen.—"Well what does she want."

Inter.—"She wants to take part in the council."

Gen.—"Oh tell her to sit down, we can't have squaws in our councils. My experience is that woman's tongue is too long."

Inter.—"Gettee move-ala."

Squaw.—"Oh, ki-yi, mummy tum-tum."

Inter.—"She asks, how about Queen Victoria."

Stir-the-mud-quick (*the Indian dude rising*).—"Hie yi mun, pow-wow-wow-wow."

Gen. (*interrupting*).—"Has he got anything to say?"

Stir-the-mud-quick, (*continuing in a lofty manner, waving his hands*).—"Kam shoock oyay terminay, kuume again, da dee new mown hay Norkey apropos mak skooch de wahpe, &c."

Inter. (*graphically*).—"Stir-the-mud-quick, the dude of the red men, says, says he, that the Indian is the pale-face's best friend; but the pale-face terribly bad on promises. He says, says he, that *Dewdney* promised

him an A. D. C. and a buckboard. He want *Hugh John Macdonald* attached to him as aide-de-camp, only he stipulate that he be attached to *Hugh John* for rations. He says, says he, that the tribe want him to marry the Great Mother's daughter, and he want his Ottawa *Hansard* sent more regularly, so he can follow the Franchise Bill. He says, says he, that the new policy make them all glad, because they are to throw up farming and shooting pale-faces, to become voters."

Gen.—“Ask the Chief to state his case fully”

Inter. (to *Weeping Dog*).—“Yah, see kie yan chuck a luck.”

Weeping Dog (dramatically).—“Yah secum est, parlang chummy kole fateeg kumma off te fence, mowat must go, na pic yook, &c.”

Inter.—“*Weeping Dog* says, says he, that the Great Spirit above, loaned the poor Indian this earth. One day when the red man met the pale-face on the prairie for the first time, he shook hands and there was no blood. But he says, says he, that the pale-face treat the Indian like a dog, shoot him and steal his property. They began the warfare. After this he says, the pale-face made them sell their hunting ground for a medal and a red coat. They fenced them in on a barren reserve, and they send *Dizzy Brotv*, the chief of the pale-faces, around every year to make them cut down their thistles. He says, says he, that before the Indian met the pale-face, the sun shown with happiness, the waters ran merrily, the grass was green and the buffalo filled the land. Now there was nothing to eat—all was hungry desolation for *Weeping Dog* and his tribe, and on the prairie now there was nothing to be found but hundreds of *Acton Burrows'* crop reports.”

Gen. (very much affected).—“What a fate! *Burrows'* crop returns. (*Breaks down and cries.*) Boo-hoo-hoo, (*sobs*), my poor children of the plains. How I do pity you.”

Tableau.—*Indians all cry, the soldiers visibly affected, Hill wipes his eyes, interpreter sobs, and the squaw sheds tears in the arms of the A.D.C.*

Inter. (*sobbing continues*).—“And he says, says he, that if *Weeping Dog* and his tribe only get a little tobacco and flour, they fight no more against the pale-face, and never any more against the Great Mother.”

Gen. (*wiping his eyes*).—“There that will do. Tell him that as long as he keeps the peace, he and his people will always be protected, and I will recommend his appointment as a Justice of the Peace. (*Breaks down again.*) Oh, those crop reports.”

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Inter. (crying mock Cree.)—"No moree jamboree, no moree Burrow's crop reports." (Soldiers bring forward some provisions and tobacco. The Indians rise and commence a wild dance around the GENERAL, beating tom-toms, hooting and chanting. At conclusion they shake hands.)

[*Exeunt* Indians L., GENERAL and A. D. C., R.]

[BAXTER HILL concluding his notes, goes over near where O'FLYNN is sleeping and commences writing a despatch. Motion of O'FLYNN in his blanket, rolls over and sits up rubbing his eyes.]

O'Flynn (stretching himself.)—"Have had a very pleasant somnolent epoch—(yawning.)—Heigho! what would the *ems homo* do if sleep tired nature's sweet resto—(turns and perceives HILL writing) Holy Mack-inaw! what lucid fact hast thou caught onto now?"

Hill (coolly.)—"General's pow-wow with Weeping Dog."

O'Flynn (jumping up.)—"By the shadow of Forbes and William Howard Russell, I'm scooped."

Hill (rises goes over to operator.)—"Rush!" (giving him despatch.)

O'Flynn (following.)—"Say old boy, give us a pointer. For the sake of that *esprit de corps*, that sweet and tender sentiment which should unite all classes of the editorial profesh into one happy bond of union."

Hill.—"Sorry, but haven't time."

[*Exit* 2 L. E.]

O'Flynn (thinking slowly.)—"J. Michal Cæsar O'Flynn are you to be left in this way (thinks, brightens.) Ha-ha-ha, I have it. Happy thought! (Proudly.) As the enterprising Winnipeg *Free Press* editorially says, 'when nothing happens nothing will be reported,' therefore (philosophically) when nothing is reported, why nothing has happened."

[*Exit* R.]

[*Enter* LEATHERBACK 2 L. E., with a large sack.]

Leath.—"Be jabers an' here is the mail and comforts, (all crowd around eagerly.)

Omnes—"Anything for me." (LEATHERBACK proceeds to pass out various articles, plug hats, bologna sausages, neckties, perfume, letters, foghorns, knapkin rings, pumpkins, newspapers, &c., &c. All are busy reading, jabbering and exhibiting their comforts.)

Leath. (*drawing out the last parcel from the bottom.*)—"Be jabbers boys, they have not forgot me after all. (*Exhibiting a parcel wrapped up in paper.*) Aint it purty all done up in paper so car'ful."

Omnes—"What is it—what is it—open it up Leatherback—halves you know."

Leath. (*unwraps several coverings of paper and at last exposes to view, a can of corn beef to the merriment of the others.*)—"Ochone! if it is'nt a can of corned meat, and I've bin livin' on it for the last three months."

No. 1 Ord.-Sergt. (*with a newspaper, R.*)—"Oh! Boys just listen to this. Hear what the *Winnipeg Times* says about our Fish Creek battle. They call it a defeat." (*Reads.*)

"A DEFEAT."

"LITTLE DOUBT THAT YESTERDAY'S BATTLE WAS A REVERSE FOR MIDDLETON."

"THE VOLUNTEERS FORCED TO RETIRE WITH HEAVY LOSS, THE REBELS FOLLOWING."

"NO INTELLIGENCE THAT A SINGLE HALF-BREED OR INDIAN WAS KILLED."

(*Crushing up paper.*) "A defeat! Ah, Yes! No matter what sacrifice a poor volunteer may make,—no matter what efforts for good may be made by anyone, there will always be in this world, a certain class who never contribute anything to the cause, but who live only to criticize and condemn; and there will always be newspapers which, fond of sensation, will adopt any means to sell a few copies of their ragged sheet."

Officer (*standing on a box L. with a field glass in hand.*)—"I wonder if that is an Indian over there on the right. No, it can't be an Indian. Yes, I guess it is an Indian. No, it aint either (*a shot—suddenly ducking.*) Bet your life it is an Indian. (*Shots immediately follow in rapid succession, cheering in the distance. The men in the trenches keep up a fire.*)"

[*Enter J. M. C. O'FLYNN hurriedly, R.*]

O'Flynn—"And when the bullets fly,
Here in my blankets I lie."

Officer—"Hello! that cheering sounds like business."

Voice (*in L. Wing.*)—"90th stand to your arms—markers fall in (*bugle*) 90th—double march."

Gen

O'F

Gen

Scou

Gen.

CURT

[Enter the 90th L. in fours, doubling across stage and exeunt R.]

Voice (in R wing as men exeunt.)—"A' company hold river bank picquet—
'D' line the trenches, 'B' reinforce the Midland's, 'C' the Grenadier's
'E' and 'F' to the right." (Cheering, firing and volley firing in rear
of stage.)

Officer (in zarefa, standing on a box.)—"Hurrah, the 90th have caught
up to the Grenadiers and Midlands and have joined the fighting
line. There is a flag of truce coming up. (Bugle in distance)—the
bugle sounds cease firing, but the boys keep on cheering and advancing,
and on they go with a rush. Now they are all going down over the hill
into Batoche (cry in distance—"ambulance! ambulance this way—a
stretcher! a stretcher!" two men with stretcher double across stage, and
exit R.) Now Boulton's horse and the intelligence corps with 'E' and
'F' companies of the 90th have outflanked the town on the right and
the artillery are playing on the ferry (continued cheering.) Hurrah
boys the rebels are running and our boys are following. There, they
have released the prisoners. (Increased cheering in the rear.) Hurrah.
Batoche is carried at last."

[Enter GENERAL and A. D. C., R., the whole force, scouts, artillery
and infantry crowding up over the zarefa and receiving the GENERAL
with a cheer.]

Gen. (smiling.)—"This is the happiest day of my life, and I am the proudest
man in America to-night. Men, we have carried Batoche——"

O'Flynn (jumping up.)—"Hurrah, we have carried Batoche.

Gen. (continuing.)—"The prisoners have been rescued, the rebellion has been
crushed and——"

Scout (rushing in R.)—"Riel has been captured."

Gen.—"——the country is saved and (wheeling to front with hand to
salute.) God save the Queen."

[ORCHESTRA, National Anthem.]

CURTAIN—GENERAL and A. D. C., centre, O'FLYNN L., HILL R., men in
the trenches and on the zarefa in the rear. All singing, "God save the
Queen."

TABLEAU FINALE.


SCENE.—*Batoche, the night after the victory—a moonlight scene in the zareba. The men with arms, lying asleep in their blankets, in the trenches. Two sentry's R. and L. motionless.*

[CURTAIN.]



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Two

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