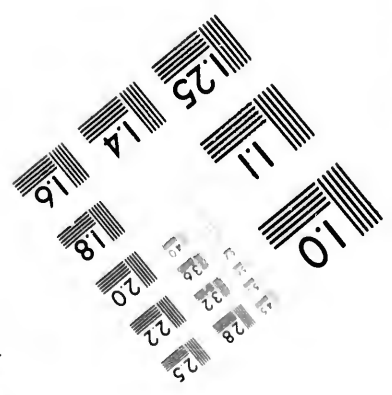
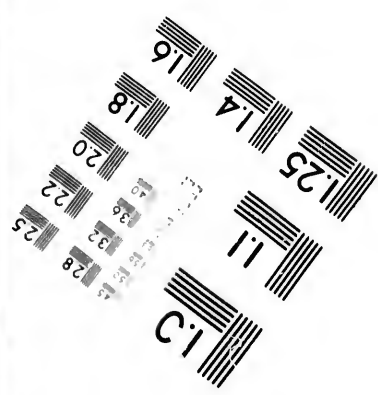
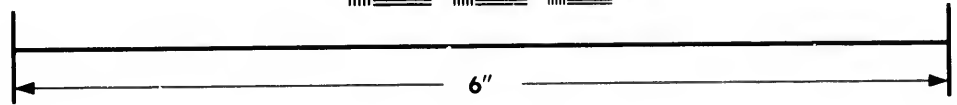
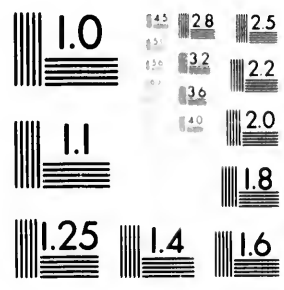


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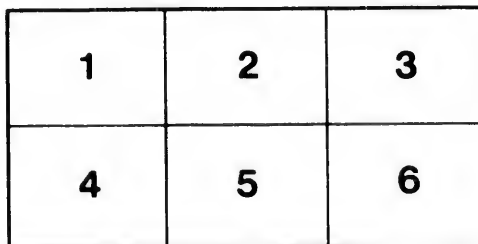
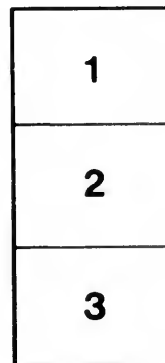
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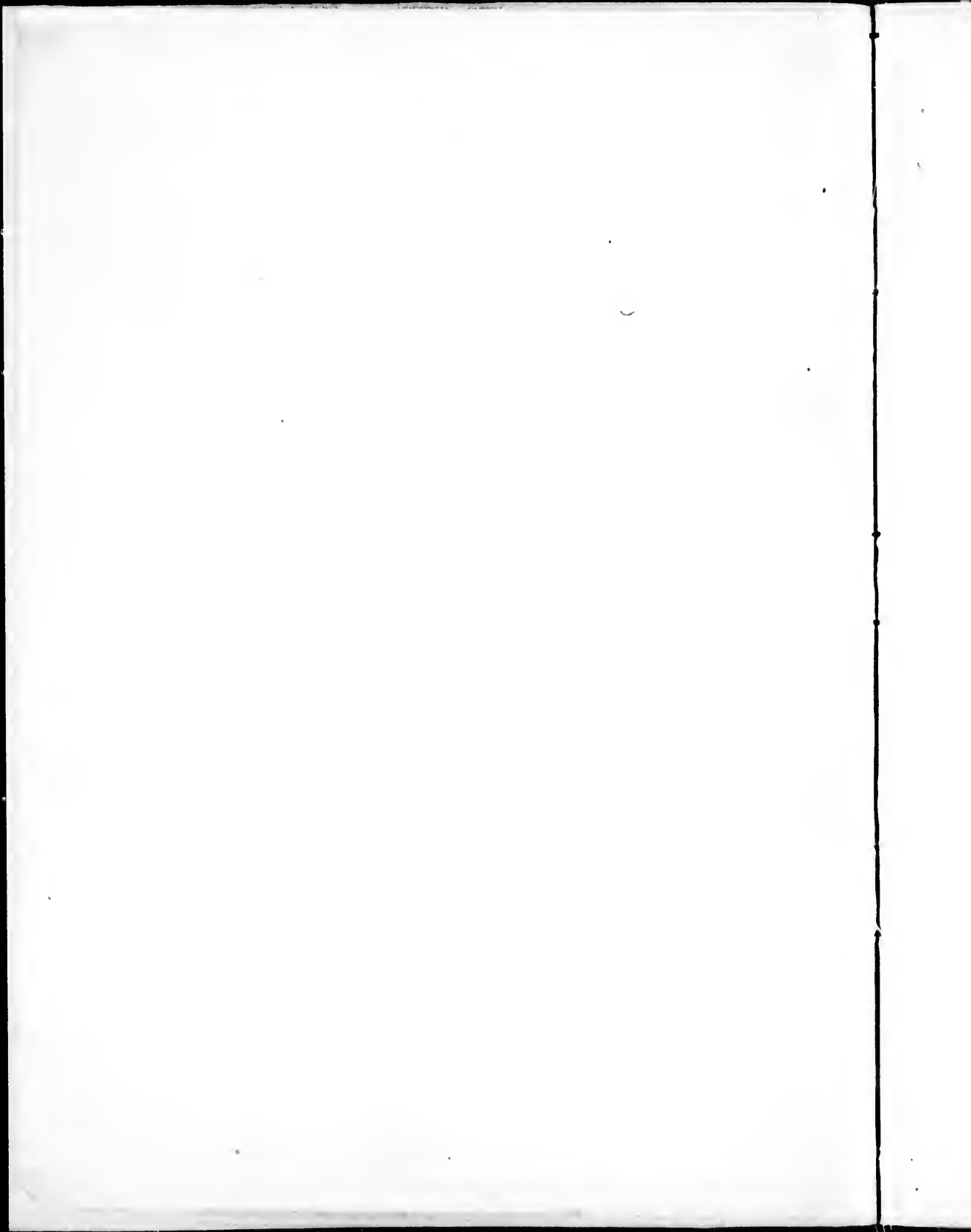
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Fuller, William Henry

H. M. S.

**DARWIN**

—OR—

THE LADY WHO LOVED

**A GOVERNMENT CLERK.**



CITIZEN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, OTTAWA.

1880.

ML 50  
F96 H2

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## PREFACE.

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THE adapter of this piece of extravagance begs to disclaim any political proclivities. He has attempted, he hopes not unsuccessfully, to get a little harmless fun out of political peculiarities and weaknesses, irrespective of party—in fact, he has endeavoured to act as much as possible after the pattern of the Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, and wherever he has seen an available head has tried to give it a good-humoured tap, not out of any animosity, but simply for the fun of the thing. If any head should appear to come in for more than its fair share of taps, it must be attributed solely to the particular prominence of the said head, and not to any other cause. If any expression or allusion in this extravaganza should give reasonable cause of offence to any person, he will be sincerely sorry, and hereby apologizes for it in advance; but, as the epidermis of politicians is proverbially tough, he feels convinced that no offence will be taken where none is meant.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

SIR SAMUEL SILLERY, K.M.G. . . . Chief Financier of H.M.S. "Parliament."  
CAPTAIN MAC. A. . . . . Commander of H.M.S. "Parliament."  
SAM SNIFFER. . . . . Clerk in the Sealing Wax Department.  
ALEXANDER MACDEADEYE. . . . . A Misanthropic Member.  
TOM BLACK. . . . . A Statistical Member.  
BEN BURR. . . . . A Poetical Member.  
ANGELINA. . . . . The Captain's Daughter.  
MRS. BUTTERBUN. . . Purveyor of refreshments to H.M.S. "Parliament"  
— A Monopolist.

The Chief Financier's little ring of Senators and Members.  
Members, Clerks, etc., by a full Chorus.

---

SCENE—First Act—A Chamber in the House of Commons.

---

Second Act—The terrace in front of the Parliament Buildings by  
moonlight.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—A chamber or Committee Room in the House of Commons. Members discovered grinding axes ; others turning grindstones. On some of the axes are painted in large letters, "Section A," "Section B," "Nut-locks," "Printing Contracts," etc., etc.

### CHORUS.

We sail the ship of State,  
Tho' our craft is rather leaky ;  
Our grindstones swift revolve,  
Tho' at times they're rather creaky.  
We grind away the livelong day,  
And talk in the house all night,  
But if we're in luck and don't get stuck,  
Our axes will soon be bright.

(Enter Mrs. Butterbun with large basket on her arm.)

### RECIT.

Hail! gallant Members ; safeguards of your nation,  
I'm glad to see you at your proper station ;  
Relax your labors—I'll refreshments set,  
Your axes will grind better for a *whet*.

(Produces bottles of ginger beer, apples, etc.)

### ARIA.

I'm called Mrs. Butterbun, dear Mrs. Butterbun,  
Tho I could never tell why,  
For I sell my refreshments at very low prices,  
So I'm *cheap* Mrs. Butterbun, I.  
I supply all the Members and lobby attenders  
With ginger pop, flavored with rye ;  
I've apples so fruity, and oranges juicy,  
For members to eat when they're dry.  
Then buy of your Butterbun, cheap Mrs. Butterbun,  
Members should never be *shy*,  
Tho *indeed that's a failing not often preccailing*,  
Then buy of your Butterbun, buy.

*Tom Black.*—Well, Mrs. Butterbun, how are you to-day? I think I'll take a bottle of ginger pop, with the old rye flavor. How much is it?

*Butt.*—Fifteen cents!

*Tom Black.*—Fifteen cents? Why, it used to be only ten.

*Butt.*—Ah! but Mr. Black, you forget the N. P.—everything has gone up.

*Tom Black.*—Now, Mrs. Butterbun, allow me to inform you that the additional duties imposed by the N. P. on the imported articles which enter into the composition of your ginger beer, amount exactly to one and one-thirty-second of a mill on each bottle, and, consequently, you are not justified in increasing your price fifty per cent. I showed this clearly in my last leading article.

*Butt.*—Can't help that, Mr. Black. I've got a monopoly like some of the big manufacturers, so, if you don't like to pay fifteen cents, you'll have to go without.

*Tom Black (aside).*—Oh! confound the N.P. if this is going to be the game—its all very well in theory, but I don't see the fun of paying fifteen cents instead of ten for my ginger beer—they'll have to increase our sessional allowance at this rate.

*Ben Burr.*—What about apples, to-day, Mrs. Butterbun?

An apple sweet,  
I think 'tis meet  
That I should eat.

That's poetry, Mrs. B. You ought to give me one for nothing for such an exquisite stanza.

*Butt.*—Certainly, Mr. Burr; here is one.

*Burr.*—But this is rotten, Mrs. Butterbun.

*Butt.*—So is your poetry, Mr. Burr, so that's all right.

*Burr.*—Are you aware, profane woman, that I am the Poet of Canada? that the roar of the mighty cataract, beside which I have been nurtured, finds an echo in my verses? Do you not know that I am to be appointed the Poet Laureate of the Dominion?

*Butt.*—Very likely, Mr. Burr; they've been making a many queer appointments lately, but if you want the apples you had better take them; they are two for ten cents.

*Burr.*—Two? Why, they used to be three.

*Butt.*—Dear me, gentlemen, I'm surprised at you. You seem to forget all about the N.P. Why, what was it for if not to put up the price of everything?

*Burr.*—Oh! this is too much. (Aside.) I begin to think the N.P. is a sell, only I don't like to say so.

(Enter Alexander MacDeadeye.)

*MacDeadeye.*—I have thought it often—the N.P. is a sell.—(All recoil from him, with expressions of horror.)

*Butt.*—Why, what's the matter with the man! He looks miserable.

*Tom Black.*—Don't take any notice of him, it's only poor Alec MacDeadeye—he's rather cantankerous. He used to be commander of this ship, but now he's degraded, and he's only an ordinary chap like the rest of us, and it preys upon him.

*MacD.*—Preys upon him! nae doot it does. How would you like it yoursel, after being captain of the ship to step down and be joost a common member of the crew?

*Tom Black.*—Well, Alec, you ought to have been more civil when you *were* skipper, and then, perhaps, you'd have been in command now.

*MacD.*—Ah! that's it!—Joost because I would na condescend to humbug ye, ye turn me oot! Weel, weel, ye'll get enough humbug before ye're done, and as for the N.P., I'm joost fairly sick of it.

*All.*—Oh! oh! oh!

*Ben Burr.*—MacDeadeye, I would not wish to be hard on a man that's down, but such sentiments as yours are a disgrace to the ship.

RECIT.

*Butt.*—But tell me who's yon clerk, whose roseate nose  
Bespeaks a love of beer—or something worse?

*Tom Black.*—That is the smartest clerk in all the House,  
Sam Snifter.

*Butt.*—Oh that name! Remorse! Remorse!

(*Enter Sam Snifter.*)

MADRIGAL.

*Sam.*—The Government clerk  
Loved the great chieftain's daughter.  
He daren't propose,  
For he could not support her.  
He sang "my scanty pay."

*All.*—He sang "his scanty pay."

*Sam.*—The lowly youth  
For his love did vainly sigh,  
And spent too much  
On bitter beer and rye.

He sang "my scanty pay."

*All.*—He sang "his scanty pay."

RECIT.

Thanks, gentlemen, for this your kindly chorus,  
But choruses yield little sustentation;  
If you would kindly get my *pay* increased,  
That would indeed be genuine consolation.

*Butt* (aside).—Beer and old rye must be his consolation.

*All*.—Yes, yes; old rye must be his consolation.

*Tom Black*.—But, my dear fellow, you are *too* ambitious. You can't expect the Captain's daughter to look favorably on a third-class clerk in the sealing wax department.

*MacDeadeye*.—If ye'd ony perlitickal influence, noo, there might be a chance for ye; but, the Captains of such craft as ours don't give onything away unless they get some votes for it.

*All* (recoiling).—Shame! shame!

*Sam*.—It's strange that the daughter of a man who commands H.M.S. "Parliament" may not love another who is in the same service, although in a humble capacity. For a man in this great and glorious country may rise to any position—*if he's only got cheek enough*.

*MacDeadeye*.—Ah! mon, cheek's a grand thing. If I'd had mair cheek I might have been Captain still.

*Tom Black*.—MacDeadeye, I don't want to be hard on a man who has seen better days; but such a sentiment as that is enough to make an honest politician shudder.

*Ben Burr*.—But see, our gallant Captain approaches—"bring on the banquet"—I mean, let us greet him as so great a chieftain deserves.

(*Enter Captain*).—Cheers.

*Song*.—*Capt. MacD.*

*Capt.*—I am the Captain of the "Parliament."

*All*.—And a right good Captain *he*.

*Capt.*—You're very, very good,  
And be it understood  
I've a large majoritee.

*All*.—We're very, very good,  
And be it understood  
He's a large majoritee.

*Capt.*—In debate I'm never slack,  
Howe'er the foe attack;  
And I'm good at repartee,  
I never, never say  
A thing that's not O.K.  
Whatever the temptation be.

*All*.—What! never!

*Capt.*—No; never.

*All*.—What! *never!*

*Capt.*—Hardly ever.

*All*.—What he says is always quite O.K.!

Then give three cheers to show our sentiment  
For the truthful Captain of the "Parliament."

*Capt.*—I do my best to satisfy you all.

*All.*—But some of us are *not* content.

*Capt.*—I'll anticipate your wishes,  
And see some loaves and fishes  
Are served out to the malcontent.

*All.*—He'll anticipate our wishes,  
And see some loaves and fishes  
Are served out to the malcontent.

(*All rub their hands rejoicing.*)

*Capt.*—The position which I fill  
Abuse I never will  
Whatever the emergence,  
Corruption is a thing  
I detest like anything—  
And it never has been charged to me.

*All.*—What! never!

*Capt.* (confidently).—No; *never*.

*All.*—What! NEVER!

*Capt.*—Well, *very seldom*.

*All.*—Very seldom has been charged to *he*,  
Then give three cheers to show our sentiment  
For the *moral* Captain of the "Parliament."

(*Escort all but Captain.*)

RECIT.

(*Enter Butterbun.*)

*Butt.*—Sir, you seem anxious; the sad expression of your engaging countenance denotes a more than common sorrow. Here, take a doughnut.

*Capt.*—Thanks, Mrs. Butterbun. Yes, I *am* anxious. The fact is that our party has of late shown signs of weakness—they've such large appetites, the public manger scarcely can contain sufficient fodder to supply them all; added to this, our great Financier, the party's backbone, has lately seemed inclined to put his back up; and so to bind more closely to my cause, I had agreed to wed him to my daughter; but sad to say, she doesn't seem to hanker after him.

*Butt.*—Ah! poor Sir Samuel; but no doubt a man like him, who understands all about *duties* will soon be able to convince your child that 'tis *her duty* to obey her Pa. But see, here comes your daughter. I go. Farewell! (Exit.)

*Capt.* (looking after her).—Her doughnuts are delicious. (Takes a bite.)

(*Enter Angelina.*)

BALLAD—*Angelina*.

Sorry her lot who gives her heart  
 To a young man who can't support her ;  
 Whose hopes of advancement are sadly dark  
 For lack of interest in the right quarter.  
 Oh ! if that *bonus* they'd only give,  
 Hope would have something whereon to live.

Sad is the fate of a third-class clerk  
 Who loves his chieftain's only daughter ;  
 No wonder the poor fellow shirks his work,  
 And drowns his grief in whisky and water.  
 Oh ! if that bonus they'd only give,  
 Hope would have something whereon to live.

*Capt.*—My child, I grieve to see you are still pensive. When I left you Sir Samuel's budget speech to read, I hoped it would have cheered you ; in fact that it would have sent up your depressed spirits as it has done everything else. Sir Samuel would be grieved to see you a prey to melancholy, and you know he will be here presently to claim your promised hand.

*Angel.*— Ah ! papa, your words cut me to the quick. I esteem and venerate Sir Samuel, for he is indeed a wonderful man, and there must be a tender place in the *chests* (I should say the bosom) of everyone for the great inventor of the N. P. ; but, alas ! my heart is given to another.

*Capt.*—Given ! horror ! Not to one of the Opposition ?

*Angel.*—No, papa ; do not think so meanly of your daughter ; but, oh ! pity me ! for he is but a humble clerk in this very house.

*Capt.*—Great Caesar ! a *common clerk*.

*Angel.* (spiritedly).—Not a *common clerk*, papa ; there are no common clerks in Government employ.

*Capt.*—True, my child ; but still—yet, stay, (eagerly) has he any political influence ?

*Angel.*—Alas ! no, papa. If he *had*, he would have been a Deputy Head, at least, by this time.

*Capt.*—True.

*Angel.*—But I assure you, dear Papa, he is most accomplished—he moves in the very best circles—he dances divinely, and he sings comic songs in a way that would bring tears to your eyes. (Beseechingly.) Oh ! Papa, with your interest, who knows what he might rise to ?

*Capt.*—No doubt a young man who can sing comic songs in the way you describe would be very useful to the party. But come, my child ; you know how important it is that I should consolidate our interests by attaching Sir Samuel firmly to us, and surely you would not let a mere sentimental objection stand in the way of so noble an object.

*Angel*.—Oh! I have thought of this :—but fear not, Papa; I know well how important it is for the interests of the country that *we should remain in power*, and though my heart should break, I will never betray my love. Besides, he has only \$400 a year!

*Capt.*—My noble-minded daughter!—but see, here comes Sir Samuel surrounded by the admiring ring of Ministers and Senators, who attend him in his journeys throughout the country in search of the great Boom.

*Angel* (looking off).—But, dear Papa, the Senators are all dressed like elderly ladies!—why is this?

*Capt.*—That, my dear, is to enable the audience to recognize them. But retire, my child, and take with you this last speech of Sir Samuel's on the sugar question, so that you may be able to compliment him on his latest eloquent utterance.

*Angel*.—My dear unsophisticated Pa! (*Exit Angelina.*)

(*Enter Sir Samuel, Ministers, Members, Waiter, Muc Deadeye and Chorus.*)

#### BARCAROLE.

Up from St. John, N. B.,  
Comes Sir Samuel Sillery, K.M.G.  
Wherever he may show,  
Up, up the prices of all things go.  
Shout! for the great N. P.,  
And Sir Samuel Sillery, K.M.G.

#### CHORUS OF MEMBERS.

We sail the Ship of State,  
And gallant Members *we are*,  
We're ready in debate,  
And quite devoid of *fe-ar*.  
Our foes may rail, but they can't prevail  
Against our majoritee,  
And we'll have the sway for many a day,  
All along of the great N. P.

*Capt.*—Now, let us all give three-times-three  
For Sir Samuel and the great N. P. !  
Hooray !

#### SONG.—*Sir Samuel.*

I'm Sir Samuel Silleree,  
Inventor of the great N.P.,  
Whose praise Canadians loudly sing.  
*Ministers.*—And we are the Ministers who form his little ring.  
(*Repeat.*)



*Sir Saml.*—When in Council I preside,  
 My bosom swells with pride.  
 For I see prices rising for almost everything.  
*Ministers.*—And so do the Ministers who form his little ring.

*Sir Saml.*—But if wages don't rise too,  
 I fear I shall look quite blue,  
 And seek the seclusion which private life will bring.  
*Ministers.*—And so will the Ministers who form his little ring.

SONG.—*Sir Samuel.*

When I was a lad, in the year '34,  
 I was errand boy in a druggist's store ;  
 I washed out the bottles and I rolled the pills,  
 And I dunned the patients for their little bills.  
 I washed out the bottles so carefullee,  
 That now I am a Minister and K.M.G.

*Chorus.*—He washed out the bottles, etc.

As errand boy I made such a mark  
 That they gave me the post of dispensing clerk ;  
 I mixed up medicines and pills so blue,  
 And pasted the labels on the bottles too.  
 I pasted on the labels so carefullee,  
 That now I am a Minister and K.M.G.

*Chorus.*—He pasted on the labels, etc.

As dispensing clerk I made such a name  
 That a partner in the firm I soon became :  
 I prescribed for my customers' little ills,  
 And totted up the totals of their yearly bills.  
 I totted up the totals in a way so free,  
 That now I am a Minister and K.M.G.

*Chorus.*—He totted up the totals, etc.

At totting up totals I made such a pile,  
 That I thought into politics I'd go for a while ;  
 I talked about figures so very gliblee,  
 That they thought a great financier I must surely be.  
 I talked about figures in a way so free,  
 That now I am a Minister and K.M.G.

*Chorus.*—He talked about figures, etc.

Now, Government clerks, whatever your degree,  
 If you wish to rise to the top of the tree,  
 If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
 Be careful to be guided by this golden rule :  
     Always tot up your totals very careful<sup>ee</sup>,  
 And you each may be a Minister and K.M.G.

*Chorus.*—Always tot up your totals, etc.

*Sir Saml.*—You have a remarkably fine majority here. *Capt. MacA.*

*Capt.*—It is a fine majority, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.* (examining a rather seedy looking party)—A Canadian Member is a splendid fellow. *Capt. MacA.*

*Capt.*—He is indeed, Sir Samuel. That gentleman is from one of our *remote* constituencies.

*Sir Saml.*—I hope you treat your crew kindly, *Capt. MacA.*—give them plenty of nice little sinecures, and all that sort of thing, eh ?

*Capt.*—I hope so, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—Never forget how much you owe them, Captain *MacA.*, and that they or their friends naturally expect to have the preference in any little matter of contracts, or anything of that sort. They never complain now, eh ?

*Capt.*—Never, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—What ! *never !*

*Capt.*—Hardly ever, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.* (looking round)—Desire that remarkably fine looking young clerk to step forward.

*Capt.*—Mr. Snifter, Sir Samuel desires to speak to you.

(*Sam Snifter steps forward*)

*Sir Saml.*—You are a very handsome young man, Mr. Snifter.

*Sam.*—Yes, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—I hope you work very hard for the Government ?

*Sam.*—Very hard, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—What department are you in ?

*Sam.*—The Sealing Wax Department, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—I should like you to explain to me in detail your duties.

*Sam.*—Well, Sir Samuel, I come every morning punctually at half past nine and sign the book.

*Sir Saml.*—Very good. And then what do you do ?

*Sam.*—Then I take a rest, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—Quite right—Government officials should always be careful not to overwork themselves ; the strain of official duties on the mind is very wearing. What next ?

*Sam.*—Then I read the papers, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—Very proper ; Government officials should always keep themselves acquainted with the events of the day ;—but I trust you never read the Opposition journals ?

*Sam.*—Never, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—What ! (stops suddenly) I mean—Quite right. I presume you read my budget speeches ?

*Sam.*—Over and over again, Sir Samuel—(aside) *over the left.*

*Sir Saml.*—This is a remarkably intelligent clerk, Capt. MacA. ; I trust you will keep your eye on him.—What do you do next ?

*Sam.* (hesitatingly)—Then I smoke a pipe, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.* (doubtfully)—Smoke a pipe ?—I don't know about that.

*Sam.* (eagerly)—I smoke *Canadian* tobacco, Sir Samuel,—I only do it with a view of encouraging home manufactures.

*Sir Saml.*—Oh ! that alters the case. Our home manufactures *must* be encouraged—that's one of the chief features of my National Policy. What is your next proceeding ?

*Sam.*—Then I go to lunch, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—Of course ; it is impossible to continue in the performance of such arduous duties without regularity at meals. Well, what next ?

*Sam.*—Then I come back, Sir Samuel—(aside) *sometimes.*

*Sir Saml.*—Naturally. Well ?

*Sam.*—Then I smoke another pipe, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.* (anxiously)—I hope this laudable devotion to the furtherance of our National Policy has no bad effect on your constitution ?

*Sam.*—I *do* feel rather seedy sometimes, Sir Samuel, but the knowledge that I am doing my duty to my country supports me.

*Sir Saml.*—Patriotic young man ! such self-sacrifice will undoubtedly meet its reward ; after that, what do you do ?

*Sam.*—Then it's time to go home, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—Of course. And what salary do you get for the performance of these important duties ?

*Sam.*—\$400 a year, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—That's a very liberal salary for a young man. I hope you save money out of it ?

*Sam.*—Oh ! yes, Sir Samuel ; nearly \$200 a year.

*Sir Saml.*—Dear me ! How do you manage that ?

*Sam.*—By a periodical issue of promissory notes, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—Quite a financial genius, I observe, Capt. MacA. This young man will make his way in the world.—I see you are a youth of ambition ; tell me, have you any plans matured ?

*Sam.*—Yes, Sir Samuel ; I hope to get an interest in a contract some day.

*Sir Saml.*—Very naturally.

*Sam.*—Yes, Sir Samuel ; and then I have an uncle who is a Member, and he is going to get the Government to purchase a new patent corkscrew that I have invented.

*Sir Saml.*—A corkscrew ! Hum. But would the Government be able to use a sufficient number to make it pay ?

*Sam.*—Oh dear, yes, Sir Samuel ; every clerk would want a new one every day, and then all the Members and Senators would take home boxes full every Session, along with their stationery.

*Sir Saml.*—I am delighted to see, Mr. Snifter, that you have fully mastered the details of your department. Capt. MacA., if the crew of H.M.S. "Parliament" comprises many such members, the public is, indeed, to be congratulated.

*Capt.*—Yes, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—For I hold that politics  
Should be free from any tricks,  
And be above suspicion in everything.

*All*—And so do the Ministers who form his little ring.

(*Exeunt Captain, Sir Samuel and Ministers.*)

*Tom Black.*—Ah ! that's something like a Minister. You heard what he said to the captain about treating us properly.

*Sam.*—Yes, and how kindly he spoke about my patent corkscrew. What's to prevent me from making a nice little pot of money out of it, and then I can run for some constituency, and perhaps be a Minister myself some day. That's how they all begin, and why should not I have the same chance as another ?

*All.*—Well said ! Well said !

*MacD.*—Hoot ! hoot ! did ever anyone hear of siccan a thing ! Why, ye're all a set of corruptionists, and ought to be ashamed of yersels.

*Tom Black.*—Alexander MacDeadeye, if you go for to infuriate this ship's company, I won't answer for holding of them in. What we purpose is perfectly legitimate, and is done by every crew of Her Majesty's ships of State, and you know that just as well as I do ;—why, you did it yourself.

*All.*—So he did.

*Sam.*—Gentlemen, my mind's made up. I'll take out the patent for my corkscrew to-morrow, and the first opportunity I get I'll tell the Captain's daughter of the fervent love I have for her, and ask her to wait till I get a seat. What say you, gentlemen ? do you approve of my determination ?

*All.*—We do ! we do !

*MacD.*—I *don't* ! Why its awfu' !—here's a miserable third-class clerk talking about contracts and patents and getting a seat in the Hoose. I ken weel he wouldna have talked so when I commanded the ship.

*Tom Black.*—What is to be done with this hopeless chap ! To

think of his running down the officers of the craft in this way. Suppose, Mr. Snifter, we sing him that song you composed in honor of the service; perhaps it will bring the poor creature to a proper frame of mind.

*Glee.*—*Sam Snifter, Tom Black and Chorus.*

A Government clerk is a soaring soul,  
And ought to be his country's pride;  
He will always be genteel, tho' perchance he want a meal,  
And very many things beside.

His moustache should be waxed, and his hair should curl;  
He should lift his hat to every girl;  
His bosom should heave and his breast protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude.

*Chorus.*— His moustache should be waxed, etc.

The "Boston" he should dance with an inborn grace,  
He should skate, toboggan, and ride;  
He never should be met beyond the proper set,  
Nor familiar be with folks outside.

He should wear kid gloves, and a cane should twirl,  
He should break the heart of every girl;  
His nose should curl, and his lip protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude.

*Chorus.*— He should wear kid gloves, etc.

*(All exeunt except Clerk, who remains leaning against  
a desk in a melancholy attitude.)*

*(Enter Angelina.)*

*Angel.*— It is useless. Sir Samuel's attentions bore me;—fancy a man whose idea of making love is to explain the effect of the duty on raw materials! And when I asked him if he had seen the new step in the "Boston," he thought I was referring to the movements of the American markets! (Sees Clerk) Sam Snifter! (overcome by emotion.)

*Sam.*— Ay, lady; poor Sam Snifter!

*Angel.*— And why poor Sam!

*Sam.*— I am, at present, lady, rich only in unrest. I cannot settle to my work. I am perpetually thinking of the last time we circled together in the mazy "Boston."

*Angel.* (aside).— Ah, that was a delicious waltz!

*Sam.*— When I take my modest quencher in the morning to allay the fever caused by a sleepless night, it recalls the sweet but exhilarat-

ing negus we sipped together; and when in the afternoon I seal the office letters, my emotion causes me to drop the hot wax on my hand instead of on the envelopes—see these blistered fingers (extending his hand) the ribalds in the office say it is screwiness—but I know it is veniment.

*Angel.* (looking at his hand).—Poor fellow! Have you tried arnica?

*Sam.*—Of what avail is arnica for a wounded heart! (Aside.) I will make the plunge. Angelina, your love is the only arnica that can cure my wounds.

*Angel.* (indignantly).—Sir; you forget to whom you are speaking. (Aside.) Oh! my poor heart.

*Sam.*—No, lady; I know too well you are my chieftain's daughter, and I only a humble clerk; but I have expectations—my corkscrew!

*Angel.*—Sir, I am amazed at your audacity to talk to me of *corkscrews*. I shall begin to think you have been using your corkscrew too much already. (Aside.) Oh! how eloquently he speaks.

*Sam.*—No, haughty lady; nothing stronger than whiskey, I mean *water*, has passed my lips to-day. I have spoken, and I await your answer.

*Angel.*—You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir; and learn to cast your eyes upon some maiden in your own rank; they should be lowered before your chieftain's daughter.

DUETT.—*Clerk and Angelina.*

*Angel.*—Refrain, audacious youth,  
You're too assuming,  
And on my condescension  
Are presuming.  
You are a humble clerk  
Who seals the letters,  
And I the very best  
Of all your betters.

(Aside.) If cruel fate, my love  
Did not look cross on,  
We'd glide through life in one  
Delicious "Boston."

*Sam.*—Proud lady, cease; refrain  
My hopes to crumble;  
I know that, like "Uriah  
Heep," I'm 'umble;

But still, like him, I love  
 My master's daughter,  
 Although I'm quite aware  
 I didn't oughter.

(*Exit Angelina.*)

(*Aside.*) Despite the haughty way  
 The lady snubs me,  
 I have a strong suspicion  
 That she loves me:

I'll put it to the test— (calling off)

My friends, my friends,  
 Come here, come here !

(*Enter Members, Clerks, MacDeadeye, etc.*)

*All* — Ay, ay, my lad,  
 What cheer ?—what cheer ?  
 Now tell us, pray  
 Don't stop, don't stop !  
 What did she say ?  
 Did you pop ?—did you pop !

*Sam.*—The maiden made an awful fuss,  
 And down my fondest hopes did tumble ;  
 She said I was a cheeky cuss,  
 And that I'm very much too 'umble.

*All.*—The stuck-up thing !

*MacD.*—She spurns your suit—it's proper quite ;  
 It sairve' you right—it sairves you right.

*Sam.* (taking a large ink-bottle from the desk)—

My friends, my friends, my heart is breaking,  
 With poison now my life I'm taking !  
 When I am gone, oh ! prithee say  
 He died in the genteelest way.

*All.* (turning away weeping).—

With poison now his life he's taking,  
 For oh ! his faithful heart is breaking.  
 When he is gone we'll surely say,  
 He died in the genteelest way.

*Sam.* (uncorks the bottle).—

Be warned my comrades all,  
 Who love in rank above you,  
 For Angeline I fall. (lifts bottle to his mouth)





In spite of low degree, by cheek he wins, you see.

The lady for his bride.

He will wear kid gloves, and a cane will twirl,

His moustache will be waxed, and his hair will curl,

His back will curve, and his chest protrude,

And *this* will be his customary *attitude*.

(Embracing the lady.)

(*Curtain.*)

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## ACT II.

SCENE.—Terrace outside the Parliament Buildings—moonlight.  
Capt. MacA. discovered gazing at the moon, with hurdy-gurdy (practicable handle) slung round his neck. He advances to the footlights and addresses the audience.

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*Capt.*—Ladies and gentlemen, according to received tradition, I ought to sing this song to the accompaniment of a “guitar” or “mandolin,” or some such romantic instrument, but, unfortunately, my musical education has been somewhat neglected, and I prefer this sort of thing; (turns handle) you see it reminds me of my old political exercises.

SONG.—*Captain.*

Fair moon, I don't intend  
To call thee “Heaven's bright regent,”  
Though that would be, I know,  
Strictly according to precedent.  
I merely wished to say  
Things are in awful muddle,  
And that I quite foresee  
Ahead, a precious peck of trouble.  
For now Sir Samuel sulks, because  
His flame of love my daughter quenches.  
And threatens straightway to desert  
Unto the Opposition benches.  
And so, fair moon, I sing,  
These little facts to mention,  
And let my audience know  
This was my sole intention.

(*Enter Mrs. Butterbun.*)

*Butt.* (aside)—Ah! here is the captain. He seems in a sentimental mood—now is the time to press him for that appointment he promised me. (Aloud.) Good evening, dear Captain.

*Capt.*—Mrs. Butterbun! and out of the House at this time? This is not right, my good lady; Sir Samuel is now on his legs, and you know how hoarse he gets unless he has some of your oranges to suck. Why, you might be the means of spoiling one of his greatest efforts, and think what a loss that would be to the country.

*Butt.*—True, dear Captain, but I was so anxious to speak to you about that appointment—the Session is already far advanced, and you know you promised.

*Capt.* (pettishly)—Of course I promised, we always do; but how can you expect me to anything more than promise, when I have at least a dozen applicants for every post likely to be vacant, (Aside.) And I have promised them *all*.

*Butt.* (change of manner)—Ah! I understand. You think your promises to the poor apple woman may be broken with impunity, but beware!! I have influence! Many Members owe me for refreshments! (Pulls out memorandum book, and points to it melodramatically.) I can bring pressure to bear on them—there is danger ahead!

*Capt.*—Danger!

*Butt.*—Ay, danger! Be prepared.

DUET.

*Butt.*—Things are seldom what they seem,  
Power will pass away like dream;  
Once, not many years ago,  
Suddenly *you* out did go.

*Capt.* (reflectively).— Yes, I know  
I did so.

*Butt.*—Constituencies are often fickle  
When you cease their ears to tickle;  
On a very slight pretence  
Members often *jump the fence*.

*Capt.* (sadly).— Very true,  
So they do.

*Butt.*—Though the spoils you may divide  
Some must be dissatisfied;  
Then majorities we see  
Dwindle to *minorities*.

*Capt.*— Yes, I know  
That is so.

*Capt.* (aside).—I am thinking, I am thinking,  
This good lady's been a-drinking,  
Something strong has been a-drinking.

*Butt.* (aside).—He is thinking, he is thinking,  
That I must have been a-drinking,  
Something strong have been a-drinking.

*Both.*— Yes, I know  
That is so.

*Capt.*—In this misty style I'm clever,  
And could talk like that forever,  
To constituents, you know,  
We are always talking so.

*Butt.*— Very true,  
So you do.

*Capt.*—“ If relative or friend has need  
At the public rack to feed,  
Vote for us ; you may depend  
We will satisfy your friend.”

*Butt.*— Yes, I know  
You talk so.

*Capt.*—But when we're in, why then we say,  
“ Call again another day,  
Just now nothing can be done ;”  
Then they grumble, and look glum.

*Butt.* (significantly).— Yes, I know  
That is so.

*Butt.* (aside).—Though he thinks I'm only fooling,  
I'll dissemble, I'll dissemble ;  
When he sees the wires I'm pulling,  
He will tremble, he will tremble.

*Both.*—When he sees } the wires { I'm } pulling.  
When I see } { she's }

He will } tremble ; { he will } tremble.  
I shall } { I shall }

But meanwhile I must dissemble.  
Yes, I know  
That is so.

( *Exit Butt., tragically.* )

*Capt.*—I begin<sup>d</sup> to fear that old lady may be dangerous ; I know she has a good many members on her books. I must try and think of something to keep her quiet—let me see—there will probably be a Senatorship vacant soon ; suppose I promise her that—or stay ; a thought strikes me ; I will offer her the Inspectorship of the Cotnam Bridge, as soon as we have decided to build it ; that will give me plenty of time to look about me. Alas ! dangers multiply in every direction.

(*Enter Sir Samuel.*)

*Sir Saml.*—Captain MacA., I am greatly disappointed, not only with your daughter, but with you ; I am afraid I shall have to go over to the other side.

*Capt.*—I am sorry to hear that, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—The fact is, that although I have paid great attention to the young lady, and have read to her several of my finest speeches, she does not seem much impressed—she actually went to sleep in the middle of them ; but this is not all—worse remains behind ! !

*Capt.*—Good heavens ! Sir Samuel you alarm me.

*Sir Saml.*—She alarmed *me*. Why, after I had explained to her at great length, and with my usual perspicuity, the exact working of the N.P., she actually said, “Oh, bother the N.P.” BOTHER THE N.P. ! ! Surely, Captain MacA., she has never heard *you* speak disrespectfully of my N.P. ?

*Capt.*—I am overwhelmed with amazement. Sir Samuel, I cannot conceive the possibility of any sane person saying “bother the N.P.” (aside) though, possibly, the N.P. may bother *them*.

*Sir Saml.*—How, then, do you account for this extraordinary conduct ?

*Capt.*—I can hardly say, Sir Samuel. She is a very modest girl, and it may be that your massive intellect daunts her.

*Sir Saml.*—That is very probable ; but what would you suggest ?

*Capt.*—Well, Sir Samuel, if you would kindly descend somewhat to her mental level, and talk to her of more trivial matters,—the little gossip of society, the latest marriage in high life, the Glengarry caps that young ladies wear now, or something of that sort,—or if you would condescend just to try a few steps of the “Boston” with her occasionally,—she would then see that you were mortal like herself, and, I am sure, would yield at discretion.

*Sir Saml.*—It is a great condescension, still I will adopt your suggestion. And, see, she is here—let us withdraw and watch our opportunity.

(*Retire up stage.*)

(*Enter Anjelina.*)

*Anjel.* (confidentially to audience)—This is a scena, and I ought.

by rights, to sing it ; but really, you know, some of the notes are so awfully high that I *know* I should *squeal*, so I think I had better express my feelings in a soliloquy.

(*Strikes an attitude à la "Hamlet."*)

To elope, or not to elope : that is the question.  
 Whether 'tis wiser to endure Sir Samuel,  
 And put up with his slow and prosy ways,  
 Or to bolt off this evening with my Snifter,  
 And, marrying him, to end it ? To elope !  
 To marry ! And, marrying him, to have a partner  
 Always on hand to dance the " Boston " with me :  
 'Twere a consummation devoutly to be wished.  
 To elope, to marry, to marry, ay ; there's the rub,  
 For, if we marry, what have we to live on,  
 Unless papa relents, and raises Snifter's salary ?  
 There's the respect that so long makes the maid  
 Endure a single life ; for who would tread  
 The long and dreary road of spinsterhood,  
 But for the dread that matrimony brings  
 Of debts and duns, and babies without end,  
 To red dresses, and empty pockets.

But, soft—here comes Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my massive intellect.

*Angel.*—Well, Sir Samuel, you *are* rather heavy.

*Sir Saml.*—Heavy ? I don't quite understand !

*Angel.*—I mean your intellect, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—Oh ! yes, I see. (*Aside.*) Of course, she means *massive* : the poor girl does not understand these niceties of expression.

*Angel.* (*aside*)—Don't she, though ?

*Sir Saml.*—If this is the case I desire to express to you, *unofficially*, my willingness to descend occasionally to your mental level.

*Angel.*—You are exceedingly condescending, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—Of course, it must be distinctly understood that these descents are to be confined strictly to the privacy of our domestic circle ; in public, if you are unable to grasp the full meaning of any remarks, as is most probable, you must listen attentively, and when we are alone together I will explain them to you.

*Angel.* (*enthusiastically*)—This is, indeed, an entrancing prospect you hold out to me. (*Innocently.*) But does *anyone* ever fully grasp the full force of your remarks, Sir Samuel ?

*Sir Saml.*—Very few, indeed !

*Angel.*—So I should think, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.* (aside)—There is a good deal of sound common sense in this young lady, even if she is not very brilliant. (Aloud.) I am given to understand that you are particularly partial to a dance which they call the "Baltimore," or the "Philadelphia," or some such name!

*Angel.*—Oh! you mean the "Boston"! Oh yes, I dote upon it.

*Sir Saml.*—In that case, if you are quite sure there is no one looking, I shall have no objection to descend to a little "Boston."

*Angel.*—But can you dance, Sir Samuel?

*Sir Saml.*—The man who could invent the N.P. is capable of anything.

*Angel.*—But, Sir Samuel, you don't dance with your *intellect*, you dance with your *legs*.

*Sir Saml.*—It is the same thing.

*Angel.* (aside, looking at his legs)—At any rate, his legs are *not* (vary, *are* or *are not*, according to legs) very massive, whatever his intellect may be—however, we can but try. (Aloud.) Come, Sir Samuel, I am ready.

(Dance the "Boston" indifferently badly.)

*Angel.* (aside)—He little thinks how he has confirmed my wavering resolution—to think of going through life with a man who can't dance better than that! (Aloud.) Sir Samuel, I *did* hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer.

(Captain has entered during this speech—he comes down.)

TRIO.

*Capt.*—Never mind the why and wherefore,  
Angelina consents, and therefore,  
Though Sir Samuel's fond of prosing,  
And his N. P. is a bore,  
Though he sets the house a-dozing  
Whene'er he holds the floor.

*Both.*— Set the merry bells a-ringing,  
Rend the air with warbling wild,  
For the union of Sir Samuel  
With the chieftain's lovely child.

*Capt.*—For a chieftain's duteous daughter;

*Angel.*—For a chieftain's simple daughter;

*Sir Saml.*—For a chieftain's lovely daughter;

*Angel.*—And a clerk not fond of water.

*Sir Saml.*—Never mind the why and wherefore,  
 Angeline consents, and therefore,  
 Though her intellect's but slender,  
 And I fear she's frivolous,  
 Yet I think she's young and tender,  
 And I might have done much *wuss*.

*Both.*— Set the merry bells, etc.

*Angel.*—Never mind the why and wherefore,  
 Angeline consents, and therefore,  
 Though they both are quite mistaken,  
 And Sir Samuel's not the man ;  
 To their error they'll awaken  
 When they see the other Sam.

*Both.*— Set the merry bells, etc.

*Capt.*—Sir Samuel, I cannot express my delight at the happy result of your experiment—your dancing was irresistible. I had no idea you could cut such a *figure* in the mazy waltz.

*Sir Saml.*—Capt. MacA., it would be a strange thing if a Finance Minister of my standing could not cut a *figure* in anything.

(*Exit Sir Samuel.*)

*Capt.*—At length I can see my way clearly. By the aid of my daughter, Sir Samuel will be firmly bound to me ; a few fat sinecures, judiciously distributed, will confirm the waverers, and if the "boom" only continues a little longer, I shall be secure.

(*During this MacDeadeye has entered.*)

*MacD.*—Captain ! !

*Capt.* (recoiling)—MacDeadeye ! You here ? Ah——

*MacD.*—Dinna shrink from me, Captain. I know I'm unpleasant to you, I remind you of some awkward things, don't I ? But this time I come out of kindness, I want to give you warning !

*Capt.*—Warning ! You are surely not going to open up another scandal ? You haven't been collaring any *more letters of mine*, have you ? (Evinces great terror.)

*MacD.*—You mistake my meaning, listen !

DRET.

*MacD.*—Great Chieftain, I've important information,  
 Sing hey ! the very awful piece of work.  
 About a certain intimate relation,  
 Sing hey ! your artful daughter and the clerk !

*Both.*—The artful, artful daughter and the clerk !

*Capt.*—MacDeadeye, in commundrums you are speaking,  
 And keeping me entirely in the dark ;  
 The answer to them vainly I am seeking,  
 Sing hey ! the artful daughter and the clerk !  
*Both.*—The very artful daughter and the clerk !

*MacD.*—Great Chieftain, your young daughter is a trying  
 Her engagement with Sir Samuel to burk—  
 She means this night with Snifter to be flying ;  
 Sing hey ! your artful daughter and the clerk !  
*Both.*—The very artful daughter and the clerk !

*Capt.*—MacDeadeye, you have given timely warning,  
 The obligation I'll not try to shirk ;  
 I'll talk to Master Snifter in the morning,  
 Sing hey ! the sack I'll give to that young clerk !  
*Both.*—The very artful daughter and the clerk !

*Capt.*—MacDeadeye, I thank you for your warning ; I will at  
 once take measures to arrest their flight. This will afford me ample  
 concealment—*no one will be able to see through this !*

*( Lets fall a sheet of white calico on which is painted the  
 words " Ministerial Policy." Holds it up before him. )*

*MacD.* (aside)—Ha ! ha ! he don't see my little game. I've given  
 Sir Samuel notice, and he'll drop on them just at the nick of time ; and  
 when he sees the Captain here he'll think he's in the plot too, and then  
 he'll come over to our side of the hoose ! How's that for a conspiracy !

*( Enter Snifter, Angelina, Butterbun, Cleris, &c.  
 Captain at back, shrouded, unnoticed. )*

ENSEMBLE.

Carefully on tiptoe stalking,  
 Moving gently as we may ;  
 While Sir Samuel is talking,  
 We will softly steal away.

*( Trumbone note. )*

*All.* (alarmed)—Goodness, me !  
 I hear them come ;  
*MacD.*—Silent be,  
 It was the " Hum."

*( Here the cover of a magic lantern arranged at  
 wings or in front, so as to throw the shadow of  
 a large " Bug" on the back scene, is withdrawn..  
 the figure of the " bug" is seen at back. )*





*Chorus.*—He is a Civ-il-i-an,  
 For he himself hath said it,  
 And it's greatly to his credit  
 That he is a Civ-il-i-an,  
 For he might have been a Draper,  
 A Grocer or a Baker,  
 Or perhaps a Hardware man.  
 But in spite of all temptations  
 To other occupations  
 He remains a Civilian.  
 Hurrah ! hurrah !  
 For the Government Civ-il-i-an.

*Angel.*—Dearest papa, do not be angry, we only came out to listen to the "Hum."

*Capt.*—The Hum ?

*Angel.*—Yes, papa, the "Hum," you know, of the N.P.—it is to be heard very plainly in the evening at this time of year.

*Capt.*—(in a passion). Oh, this is too thin—blow the Hum and the N.P. too !

*MacD.*—Hear ! hear ! blow the N.P.

*All.*—Oh ! oh !

CHORUS.

Did you hear him ! did you hear him !  
 Oh ! the monster overbearing !  
 Don't go near him ! don't go near him !  
 He is swearing ! he is swearing !  
 He "blowed" the N.P.—he "blowed" the N.P.—  
 Yes, he "blowed" the N.P.

(*During this Sir Samuel has entered and comes down.*)

*Sir Saml.*—My pain and my distress,  
 I find it is not easy to express ;  
 To abuse my great N.P.  
 Is a thing incomprehensible to me.

*Capt.*—Sir Samuel, one word—The facts are not before you ;  
 The word was injudicious I allow ;  
 But hear my explanation I implore you,  
 And you will be indignant too, I vow.

*Sir Saml.*—I will hear of no defence—  
 The expression was too awful—  
 I question very much  
 If it was not unlawful.

Not many days from hence  
 I promise that you *shall* see  
 What is the consequence  
 Of thus speaking of the N.P.  
*All.*—This is the consequence  
 Of thus speaking of the N.P.

*Sir Saml.*—For I'll teach you that the great N.P.  
 Must be spoken of respectfully,  
 And always be regarded as a sacred thing.

*Chorus.*—And so say the Ministers who form his little ring.  
 etc. etc.

(*Captain retires back of stage.*)

*Sir Saml.*—Come here, my worthy young man,—for you *are* a very  
 worthy young man, I am sure

*Clerk.*—Very much so, Sir Samuel.

*Sir Saml.*—How came your chief so far to forget himself as to use  
 such horrible language?

*Clerk.*—It was in this way: You see, Sir Samuel—I am only a  
 third-class clerk—

*Sir Saml.*—Don't be ashamed of that; you may rise. You will  
 probably scarcely believe it, but I myself was at one time in a compar-  
 atively humble position:—The force of genius, Mr. Snifter—the force  
 of genius!

*Clerk.*—Exactly so, Sir Samuel—that is just what I said to Angelina.  
 Angelina, I said, Sir Samuel has risen to the top of the tree, and why  
 should not I?

*Sir Saml.*—Stop—Angelina? I don't quite comprehend—To  
 whom do you allude?

*Clerk.*—To the captain's daughter—We love each other, Sir Samuel!  
 She is the seal which has stamped an indelible impression on the wax of  
 my heart!—(rush to each other's arms.)

*All.*—A very pretty simile!

*Sir Saml.*—Wax indeed!—Insolent subordinate! you shall feel the  
 consequence of putting *me* in a *wax*. Let the Sergeant-at-Arms arrest  
 this insubordinate clerk instantly. (Sergeant-at-Arms arrests him.)

*Clerk.*—A moment ago you said I was a subordinate—now you say  
 I am *insubordinate*!—This is another specimen of Ministerial inconsis-  
 tency.

*Sir Saml.*—Away with him! Captain MacA., have you such a  
 thing as a *cell*—a dungeon *cell*—in this building?

*Capt.*—Oh dear! yes, Sir Samuel—the whole institution is a *series*  
 of *cells*, in fact the *whole concern is one gigantic cell*!

*Sir Saml.*—Then *cell* him at once.

*MacD.*—Yes, as he has sold a mony mair in his time.

## OCTETT AND CHORUS.

*Clerk.*—Farewell, my own  
An-ge-li-na, farewell ;  
This is, I own,  
An extremely awkward *sell*.

*Angel.*—Oh, were it known  
Who it was pa did tell,  
He should atone  
To me for this horrid *sell*.

*Sir Saml.*—The sack, the sack,  
I'll give to this clerk so fell,  
And he'll confess  
That it is indeed a *sell*.

*MacD.*—If *he* gets the sack,  
And loses his love as well.  
It will, in fac'  
Be a terribly awkward *sell*.

*Butt.*—But, when is known  
The secret I have to tell,  
All will be thrown  
On their beam ends by the *sell*.

*Sir Saml.*—Angelina, I can hardly express to you my annoyance at this painful revelation. You, who might have been the bride of the financial genius of the age, to throw yourself away upon a third-class clerk !

*Butt.*—Hold ! I have something to say to that !

*Sir Saml.*—You ! !

*Butt.*— Yes, I. Prepare for the revelation ! !

SONG.—*Butterbun and Chorus.*

*Air*—“ My love he is a sailor boy.”

You remember, Sir Samuel, you once had a nephew,  
Who, like little Charley Ross, was stolen away ;  
And where he was taken to,  
Or who did abduct him,  
You never had no notion,  
Up to the present day.  
Oh ! his uncle he did value him  
Just as if he was his own,  
And his name it was Samuel,  
Just the same as your own.

*Chorus.*—Oh ! his uncle, etc.

Well, I'm sorry to say that I am the very person  
 Who abducted that infant, at thirteen months old,  
 And I brought him up most careful,  
 And I got him in the Government,  
 And he is the very party  
 Which now you behold.

Oh ! his uncle he did value him  
 Like silver or gold,  
 And his name it is Samuel,  
 Now twenty-one years old.

*Chorus.*—Oh ! his uncle, etc.

*Sir Saml.*—Then I am to understand, Mrs. Butterban, that this young gentleman is my nephew who was stolen by you at the early age of thirteen months, and has since been brought up secretly by you ?

*Butt.*—That is the idea I intended to convey.

*Sir Saml.*—This is very remarkable—in some respects it is almost as remarkable as the National Policy ; but, I confess, I should like some further proof of identity. Are you in a position to furnish any ? If not, it is of no consequence ; as a politician, I am aware that a great deal must be taken on trust.

*Butt.*—I can furnish you with indisputable proofs, Sir Samuel ; you remember that your nephew had a large pimple on his nose ?

*Sir Saml.* (reflectively)—Let me see ! He was thirteen months old—yes, if my memory serves me, his nose *did* look remarkably like a large pimple !

*Butt.* (tragically)—Examine, for yourselves, the nose of Mr. Snifter—there is no deception, ladies and gentlemen—tell me if you observe a pimple.

*All.* (examining nose)—Yes, several.

*Sir Saml.*—In that case, there can be no doubt about the identity. Mr. Snifter, I should say Samuel, I am aware it would be the correct thing to request you to come to my arms, but, as I observe you have your arms full already, (clerk is embracing Angelina) I will content myself with congratulating you on the distinguished relative you have discovered. Capt. MacA., this alters matters entirely.

*Capt.*—Yes, Sir Samuel, but I hope you mean to marry Angelina, all the same.

*Sir Saml.*—It would be impossible for me to marry my nephew's wife—or, at any rate, his promised wife ; that would be bigamy, or something equivalent. Besides, I don't think she is *massive* enough for me. I think that, under the circumstances, you had better marry your daughter to my nephew ; and, of course, as a near relation of mine, and a Lower Province man, he must be provided for comfortably.



It sends up the price of everything,  
 And makes the producers merrily sing,  
 The producers merrily sing.  
 Oh ! if ever we have prosperitee  
 It will come on account of the Great N.P.,  
 On account of the Great N.P.

*MacD.*—I have sat in the Hoose for many a year,  
 But sic rubbish as this I ne'er did hear,  
 Sic rubbish I ne'er did hear.  
 For *producers*, nae doot, it's all verra weel,  
 But how do the puir *consumers* feel?  
 The puir consumers feel.  
 Oh, we ne'er shall have real prosperitee  
 Till we knock on the head the horrid N.P.,  
 This horrible sham, the N. P.

*Ang.*—The P., the P., the Great N.P.,  
 Of opinion there seems much diversitee  
 Regarding this strange N.P.  
 But when Doctors like these do disagree—  
 (points to MacA. and MacDeadeye.)  
 So very decidedly disagree—  
 About the effect of this queer N.P.,  
 There is no other course, it seems to me—  
 No other course seems open to me  
 But to you to leave the *Decree*.

*Chorus.*— He is a Ci-vil-i-an ;  
 For he might have been a Draper,  
 A Grocer, or a Baker,  
 Or perhaps a Pub-li-can.  
 But, in spite of all temptations  
 To other occupations,  
 He remains a Civ-il-i-an.  
 Hurrah ! hurrah !  
 For the Government Civ-il-i-an.

(*Curtain.*)

## CLOSING SCENE AND TABLEAU.

(A noise of altercation is heard behind scenes. Enter "Canada," followed by "Britannia.")

*Canada.*—It's no use your talking like that in mamma. I won't be dictated to. I'm quite old enough to manage my own house. Anyone to hear you talk would think I was not even *grown up*.

*Britannia.*—There is no doubt, my dear, about your being grown up; the only dread in my mind is whether you are not *outgrowing your strength*.

*Can.*—You needn't be anxious about that, mamma; I assure you my *constitution is quite sound*.

*Brit.*—I am very glad to hear it, my dear, but you must admit you have been very extravagant lately—building all those long railways. Why, when I was your age, a few stage coaches were quite good enough for me. Where do you expect all the money is to come from?

*Can.* (indignantly)—The idea of talking like that! It's all very well for you, mamma, in your little poky house, but in this great big place of mine I shouldn't see some of the children from one year's end to the other if I didn't build railways (bursts into tears). I never would have thought it of you, mamma, wanting to keep me away from the dear children all the way off in British Columbia! (cries bitterly.)

*Brit.* (comforting her)—There, there, don't cry my pet, I wouldn't keep you apart from your children for the world; but you know, really, you have been drawing on me for a great deal of money lately.

*Can.*—I am sure, mamma, I have'n't spent nearly so much as sister "Zealand" or sister "Australia" has—and see what a lot of beef and things I sent you last year!—but then, I always thought you liked them better than me; and if you don't want to give me any more money I can borrow it from "Cousin Jonathan." I know he'll lend it to me.

*Brit.* (re-echoing)—Now, Canada, this is very ungrateful of you. You know you have always been my favorite daughter. Didn't I send you Lord Dufferin and his darling wife to help you manage the House, though I could ill spare him.

*Can.*—Well, mamma, you can't say we did not appreciate him.

*Brit.*—Of course you appreciated him, child; how could you do otherwise? and when he came back didn't I send you my favorite Princess and her husband? and yet you have the face to say I don't love you as well as I do the others!

*Can.* (coaxingly)—So you did, dear old mammy, and it *was* naughty of me to say you didn't love me. But see, mamma, here are quite a number of the gentlemen of my household. I mean my present household, for you know I have had to make a change lately. This, mamma, is Captain MacA., my superintendent.



*Brit.*—I am glad to see you, Captain MacA. You are remarkably like one of my own people, and I fancy you resemble him somewhat in other respects besides personal appearance. Benjamin is a very clever man, but, as I have had occasion to tell him, there is such a thing as being *too* clever. I hope you won't be too clever, Captain MacA.

*Capt.*—I shall endeavor not to be, madam.

*Brit.*—There is one good thing I have heard about you, Captain MacA., and that is, that, although you are said to be a little too fond of your party, yet that, personally, you are remarkably free from reproach. This is a very good thing, but you must remember that, to a great extent, you are responsible for the good conduct of your subordinates, and I am not too well satisfied with the behaviour of some of your provincial adjutors. Will you bear this in mind, Captain?

*Capt.*—Yes, madam.

*Can.*—This, mamma, is Sir Samuel, who manages my money matters.

*Brit.*—How do you do, Sir Samuel? I think I had the pleasure of seeing you lately in my money market, and a very good bargain you seem to have made. We are very glad to see you, provided you don't come *too* often. So I see you are going to make Canada a great manufacturing country, Sir Samuel?

*Sir Saml.*—We hope so, madam.

*Brit.*—Well, well! I should have thought that with nearly three million square miles of territory and only about four millions of people to occupy it, that it would have been better to have devoted your attention in the first place to developing your agricultural resources. However, as I tell my daughter here, I am not going to interfere with your domestic arrangements, and I hope the experiment will answer your expectations.

*Can.*—Now, mamma, I must introduce to you Mr. MacDeadeye, my old superintendent. I liked him very much, mamma, and I am quite sure he was very honest, but somehow he didn't get on with the family. I fancy it was the hard times, as much as anything else, that made them quarrel.

*Brit.*—I am very happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. MacDeadeye. I have heard much good of you. I am sorry that you would not allow me to confer on you the same distinction that I have conferred on some of your brethren. Sir Alexander MacDeadeye would sound very prettily.

*MacD.*—Ye're verra kind, ma'am, but I dinna pretend to be anything mair than a honest working man, and I take no heed of ony empty titles.

*Brit.*—Tut! tut! Mr. MacDeadeye, that is all very well, but it is not very complimentary to me, and I fancy that sort of talk has done you some harm. However, no doubt you mean well, so we will say no more about it. (Turns to Canada.) Now, my child, there is one

thing I must really speak to you very seriously about. I don't want to meddle with your domestic affairs, and, although I can't say I approve of your going back on your *mother's free trade principles* in the way you have done, still I don't feel called upon to interfere, but I am told you are carrying on a flirtation with your "Cousin Jonathan," and some people are even talking about an alliance between you. (Reproachfully.) Oh! Canada, *I would never have believed it of a well-conducted girl like you!*

Can.—(Indignantly.) *It's a horrid story mamma, I like "Jonathan" very much as a near neighbor and a cousin, but I should never dream of a closer connection, and I don't believe he desires it either. It is people like that horrid "Bystander" who have been setting these stories about. Believe me, mamma, there's nothing in it.* (Breaks into the following song.)

SONG.—Air, "*Captain's Song.*"

Can.—For I'm very very fond of my dear mamma.

Chorus.—And a right good "ma" is she,

Can.—And believe me when I say, those who think the other way  
Are a very small minority.

Chorus.—And believe us when we say, those who think the other way,  
Are a very small minority.

Can.—To help I'll ne'er be slack, whatever foe attack,  
Let him come by land or sea;

I may flirt a bit, of course, but for better or for worse  
I will never be untrue to thee.

(Addressing "Britannia.")

All.—No; never!

Brit.—What, never!

All.—No; NEVER!!

We will never be untrue to thee.

GRAND CHORUS.—Air, "*Rule Britannia.*"

Hail Britannia! the ruler of the sea,  
Canada to Britain ever true shall be.

(*Wave flags, Union Jack and Canadian Ensign.*)—TABLEAU.

(*Curtain.*)

