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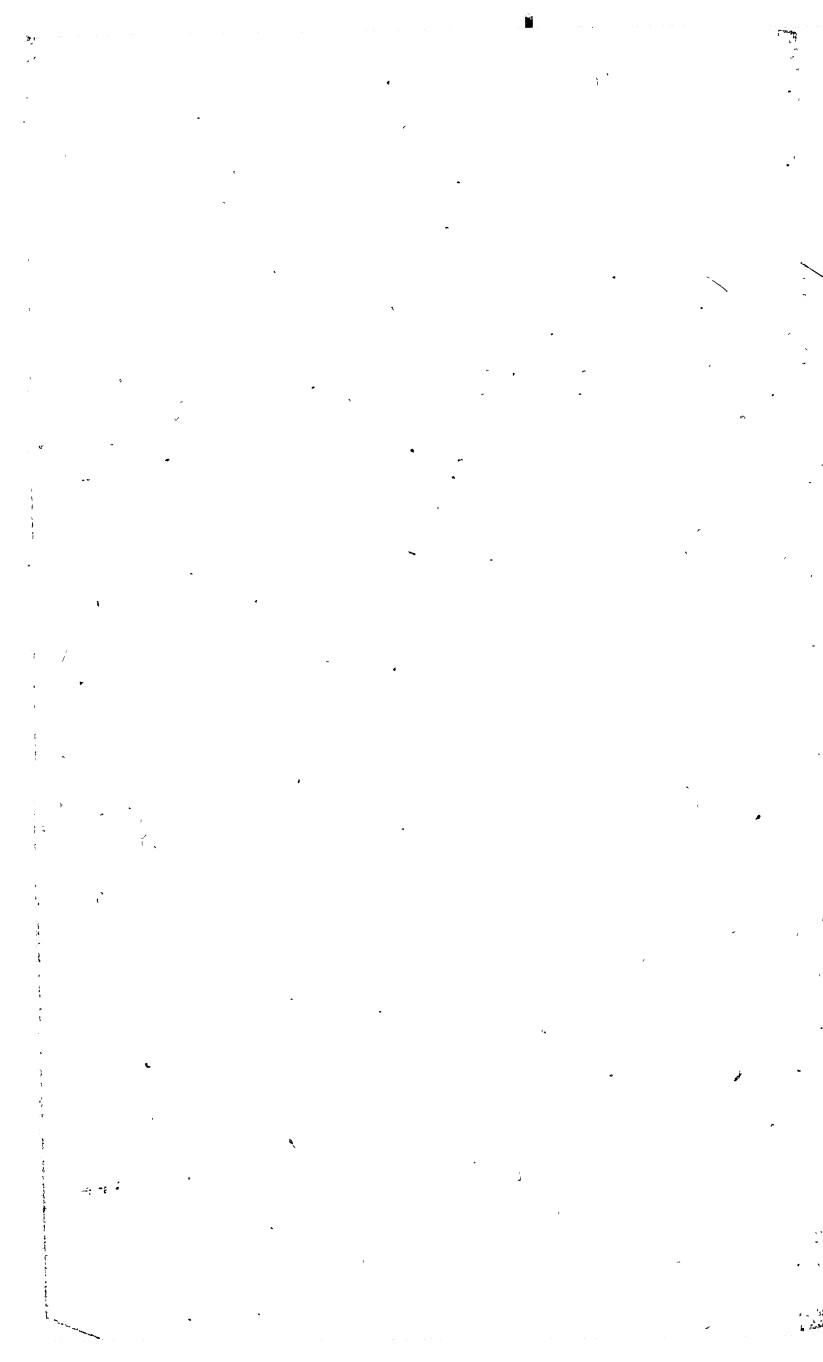
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**DOLORSOLATIO**

**A Local Political Burlesque**

**BY SAM SCRIBBLE.**



# DOLOR SOLATIO:

A LOCAL

POLITICAL BURLESQUE.

BY SAM SCRIBBLE.

*(First performed at the THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL,  
on Monday, January 9, 1865.)*

Montreal;

JOHN LOVELL, PRINTER, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1865.

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# DOLOR SOLATIO,

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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GRANDPAPA CANADA.

MASTER EAST, his son, a gentleman of French education.

MASTER WEST, younger son of Canada, an overgrown boy.

QUEBEC, "the fast," a specimen of Young Canada.

KINGSTON, "the slow," a very old boy.

LONDON, a blighted being.

MR. ABE NORTH,

MR. JEFFERSON SOUTH,

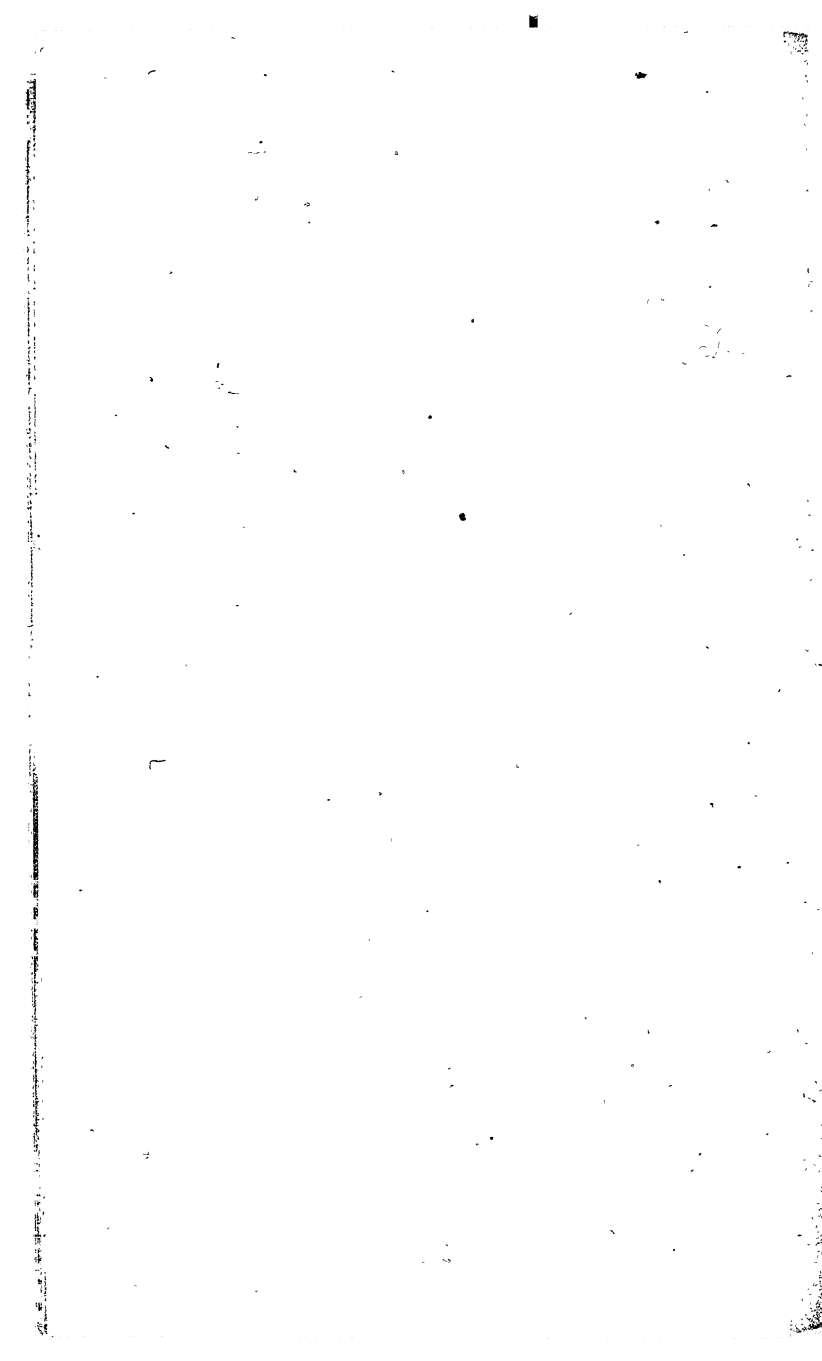
} Two noisy neighbours.

SANTA CLAUS, everybody's friend,

MONTREAL, a fashionable young lady.

TORONTO, a young lady with a very good opinion of herself.

OTTAWA, a young lady scarcely "out."





# DOLORSOLATIO.

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## SCENE I.

*A Passage—Doors in flat, marked L. QUEBEC, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, HAMILTON, TORONTO, KINGSTON, LONDON, R. A large stocking hanging from each door. Fire place, R. Placards "GOLDEN BITTERS," &c., on Flat. Music. Enter SANTA CLAUS, very stealthily from chimney, R. He carries a variety of toys.*

SANTA CLAUS. Don't be alarm'd—I'm not a burglar, tho'  
Appearance is against me, as I know,  
And such an entrance is unique no doubt ;  
I'm like JOHN A,—you cannot keep me out !  
In fact I'd enter, for I make so free,  
Uncle Tom's Cabin e'en without the key ;  
And yet unlike the usual thief you'll find me,—  
I come and go, but leave ' the swag' behind me,—  
Yearly I visit, with deserved impunity,  
What the press calls the Juvenile Community—  
But yet to leave such playthings here I'm loath,  
For here are children of a larger growth,  
    [*Looking at names on doors, Placards, &c.*  
Who'd scarcely be content with toys like these  
If I may argue by the premises !

[*Rapid music, which continues till the end of scene. SANTA CLAUS goes towards Quebec's door, L. Pulls toy- LOCOMOTIVE, labelled "INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY" out of bag, and places it in stocking on Quebec's door.*

First, here's the RAILWAY, which, with FEDERATION,  
Will make you capital of this new nation!

[*Same business at MONTREAL'S door—placing toy soldiers in MONTREAL'S stocking.*

And what for you, Montreal? ah! yes!, of course  
Here 'ud be a help towards your ACTIVE FORCE!

[*Same business at Ottawa's door—placing bricks in OTTAWA'S stocking.*

Miss Ottawa, you're rayther in a fix  
With your new buildings, here's a box of bricks!  
I hope you'll use them.

[*Going to Hamilton's door.*

Ah! you've come to grief!

Poor boy! Well, here's "MUNICIPAL RELIEF."

[*Places bag labelled "MUNICIPAL RELIEF" into HAMILTON'S stocking. There is a large hole in stocking, bag falls through.*

There's something rotten in the state—'tis shocking  
To see such carelessness!—

[*Places bag in again—bag falls through as before. SANTA CLAUS taking stocking from door and advancing.*

Why, darn that stocking!

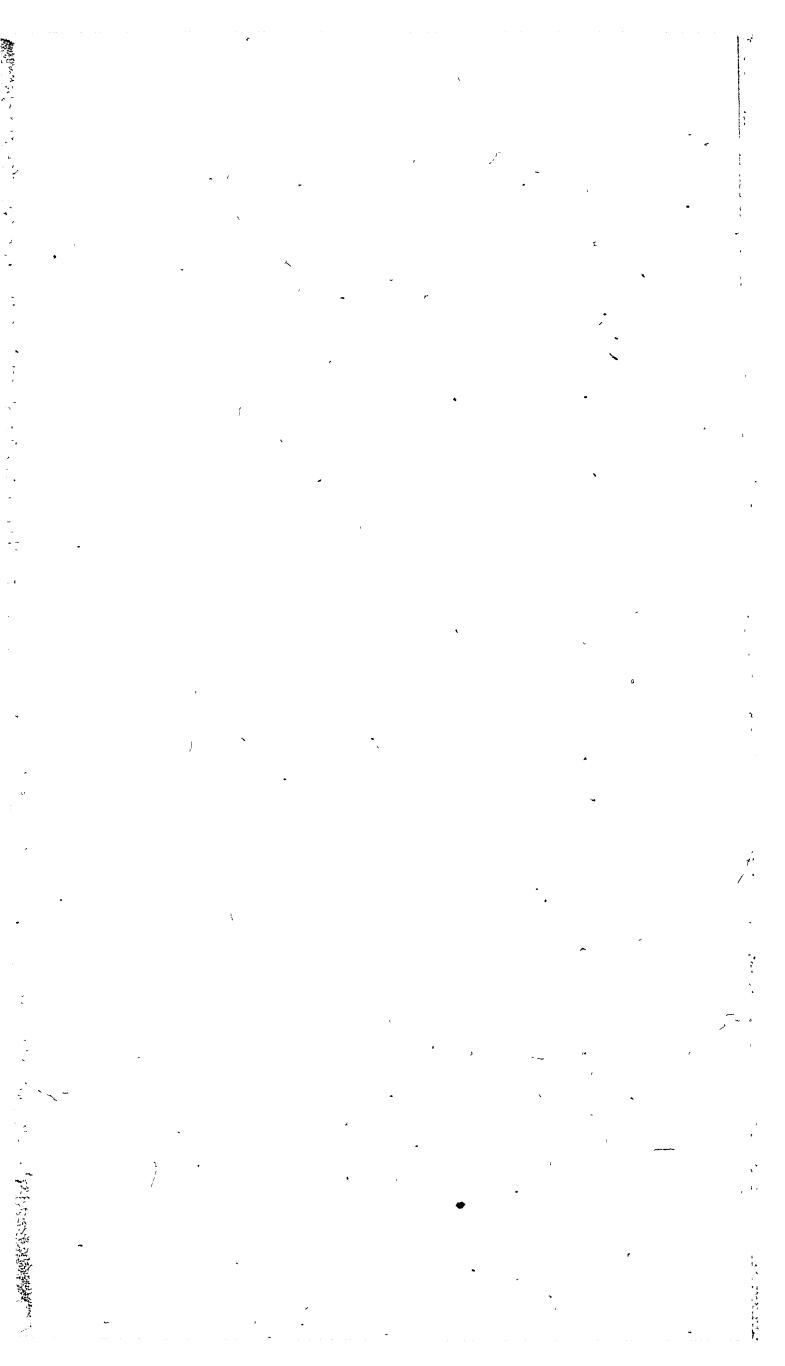
[*Showing stocking to audience.*

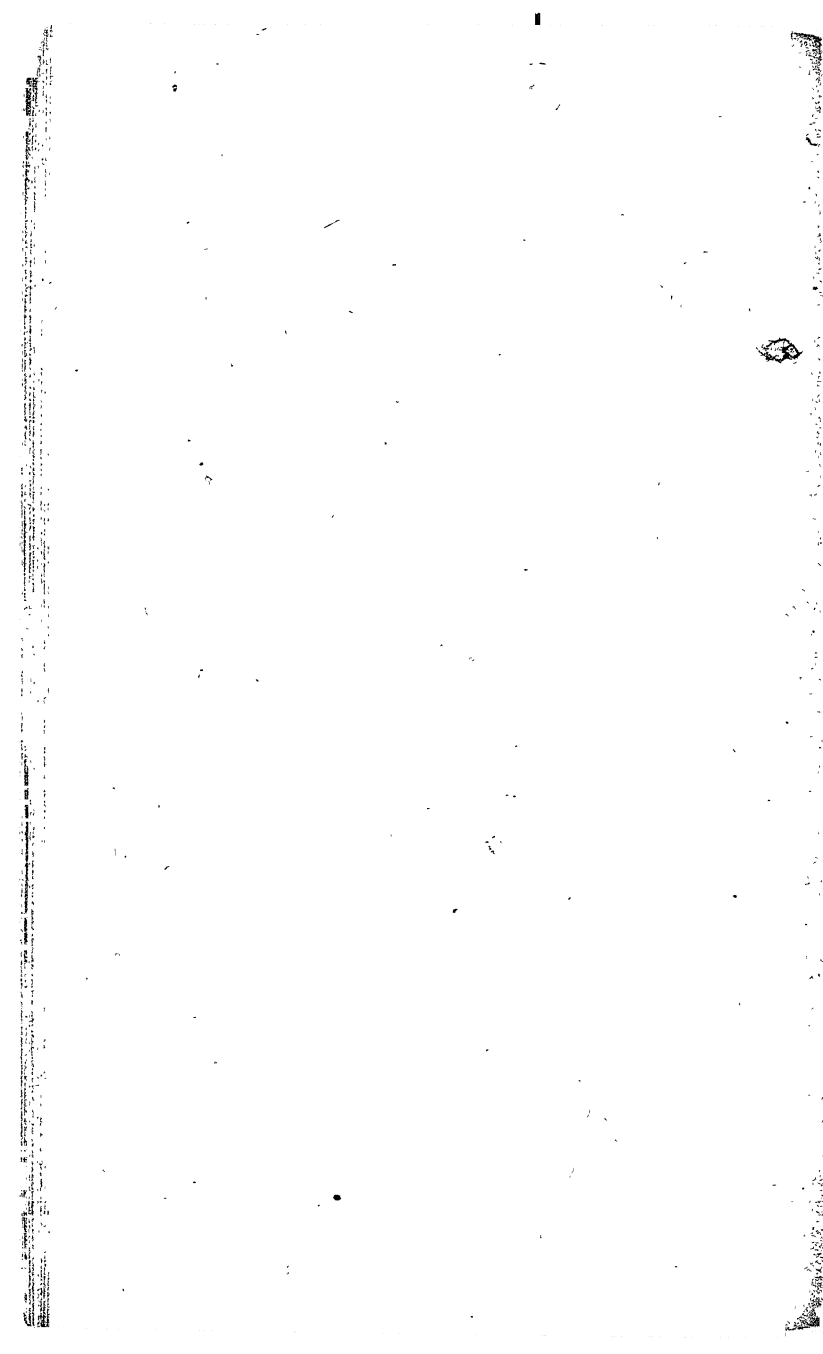
It seems the constable he has out run,  
And put his foot in it,—more ways than one.

[*Going to Toronto's door,*

Toronto!

*See farther back for p. 9*





[*Feels in bag—Cock crows—SANTA CLAUS starts melodramatically.*

Ah! my senses feel a shock!

That summons from the early village C—rooster!

I'm a night bird, and so when once I hear

That matutinal rooster's chant I clear!

[*Chord. SANTA CLAUS sinks down trap C.*

SCENE. II.

*Interior of GRANDPAPA CANADA'S House.*

[GRANDPAPA CANADA *discovered.*]

CANADA. Heigho! the time runs on, and yet I'm told  
I'm better looking, now I'm growing old,  
And hale and hearty, though I've lately found  
My *constitution* is by no means sound—  
And sure enough my troubles are unceasing,  
When my small family keeps on increasing:  
My sons are two fine boys, and yet I see  
With sorrow that the lads don't quite agree,  
The elder's all French polish, but the other  
'Bosses' his Pa, and quarrels with his brother!—  
And then, to add to all my cares and labours,  
My rest is broken by two noisy neighbours,  
Who over there make such a great to-do,  
As if there was not room enough for two!  
But, thank my stars! as the shop-keepers say  
There's "*no connection with across the way!*"  
But ah! here comes the child I love to spoil,  
My western angel!

*Enter MASTER WEST, R., drawing OTTAWA on  
sleigh. He leaves OTTAWA at back, who plays  
with bricks that were placed in stocking in  
Scene I. R. U. E.*

Yes! I smell coal oil!—  
My precious darling, how you have grown!

[*They embrace—during the embrace enter MASTER EAST, L—Tableau—EAST looks at the others, à la Paul Pry.*

EAST. By Gar!

Ve interropt him!

WEST. How d'ye do, Papa!

I'm pretty spry, I guess—but don't you think  
Common politeness would suggest a drink?

CANADA [*to EAST*]. Mon cher, you're rather late—

EAST. C'est vrai—you know

Dat Grand Tronk Railway is so goddam slow—

CANADA. [*Seeing OTTAWA. R. U. E.*]

And Ottawa? where is she? in disgrace?—

WEST. No—in the back ground—that's her proper place.

EAST. Mon cher, vous avez, what d'ye call it, reason:—

*Enter QUEBEC, L. 2. E. on a Toboggan.*

QUEBEC. The compliments, dear governor, of the season—

CANADA. Gracious! you've made me jump!

QUEBEC. The fun's immense! I

Have just tobogganed down from Montmorenci!

Our winters all the best of sport provide—

All day I *skate*,—

WEST. And let your business *slide*!

QUEBEC. [*Showing toy from stocking in Scene I.*

Look what I've got, aint *the* a pretty toy!

WEST. It may do some day, but not yet, my boy!

Talking of playthings, let my youngster show

Her box of bricks.

[*Brings OTTAWA down to C, OTTAWA tries to build,  
but the bricks always fall down.*

QUEBEC. Well! here's a pretty go!

Whoever thought a serious game like that  
 Could be well understood by such a brat!  
 Just let me try *my* hand—

[QUEBEC ADVANCES—WEST INTERPOSES—and  
*pushes* OTTAWA out, R. 2 E.]

WEST. You'd like to bone  
 Those buildings—never mind—she'll hold her own—  
 [*Lugubrious music.*]

*Enter* KINGSTON, *very feebly.*

CANADA. And here comes Kingston—you look sad, what is  
 it?

KINGSTON. I've not recovered yet the Prince's visit—  
 I'm old, used up, and stupid, and in short  
 I'm scarcely now, I may say, worth a thought.  
 They call me slow.

WEST. And your appearance may  
 Be held to justify what people say—  
 [*Sleigh Bells outside.*]

CANADA. More visitors I guess—d'ye hear the bells.

*Enter* MONTREAL and TORONTO, R.

QUEBEC, L. Toronto! and Montreal—and ar'nt they  
 swells!

TORONTO [to CANADA]. How well you look—

CANADA. My dears, and as for you,  
 I scarcely know who's prettier of the two!

MONTREAL. Why, Grandpapa, without of doubt a particle,  
 I, Montreal, am *the* superior article!

TORONTO. You're well enough—in many ways you shine—  
 But your appearance don't come up to mine—



MONTREAL. Appearance! yours! I laugh at such pre-  
tence—

*I've got the Dollars!*

TORONTO. And I've got *the sense!*

So I'll not quarrel.

WEST. That's well said, my dear;

For even Politicians now appear  
To hit it off, and one don't know a bit  
Whether a man's Conservative or Grit!

CANADA. My boy, the moral to yourself apply,  
And love your brother—

WEST. Love? that's all my eye!

I'll do as I darn please, because I choose—

I never could a-bear them *parlez-vous!*—

EAST. [*Getting angry.*] Dis donc, mon frère—

WEST. Ding-dong! Say, no Sirree!

I won't be bullied—aint this country free?

Your tight French cut no longer suits my figure,

For though you're older yet I'm much the bigger,

And growing still, although so stout of limb:

Look on this picture—

WEST. [*Turning round and showing patches.*

[*He has out-grown his clothes to a ridiculous extent*

—*pointing to EAST, who is now very angry.*

And then look on him!

Look at my jacket—it would be a feat

If I could only make *the two ends meet*—

But yet extravagance is not my taste:

No one accuses me of any *waist*.

I thrive, whilst *he* remains in *statu quo*—

I'm sorry for him—

EAST. You take care, *mon gros*—

I knock you in de'middle of next week!—

WEST. You will, by jingo! take that for your cheek!

[Boxes EAST's ears—they fight—the other characters form a ring,—CANADA in great agitation.]

CANADA. My goodness gracious! children, I observes  
You've little thought for my paternal nerves!  
My darling boys—

[Fight renewed.]

But 'tis in vain I ask it—

[EAST gets the worst of the fight.]

Again he's got it in his dear bread basket!

Hit him!

[Fight renewed.]

No! Stop them! I must not forget to!

[EAST's teeth are knocked out.]

There go his teeth! 'twas such a pretty set too!

[Combatants are separated.]

QUEBEC. There's no use fighting any more I see—  
You've not yet fixed upon your Referee!

CANADA. My darlings, let's agree, for so we ought  
*Fighting* at any rate is not our *forte*!

You silly boys let each concede a point:—

[To EAST.] What matter if your nose is out of joint!

QUEBEC. Where's London? and that boy they call *th'*  
*Ambitious*!

Young Hamilton?

WEST. He's in a state most piteous—

And can't afford to leave the wretched place he has,

Although he's just escaped a '*fieri facias*'—

But London's coming, so he said, though he,

Poor *Forest City*, too, is *up a tree*!

And here he comes—

*Enter LONDON.*

QUEBEC. He's seedy past belief—

LONDON. That's true for you—I've come to awful grief!—

KINGSTON. Cheer up! of kindness I will not be chary!

I'll lodge you in my *Penitentiary!*

LONDON. Time was when I was happy by comparison,

But *now* what's life to me without my Garrison!

O for those happy days—when truth to tell,

I thought with reason that I was a swell,

Above all envy, and secure from doubt

That man of woman born could cut me out!—

But now, what Volunteers can e'er restore

The Military pride I've known of yore?

What care in collars now? what choice in suits?

What charm in waistcoats? or what pride in boots?

Old Rye's a mockery to soothe my grief,

Gin Cocktails even fail to bring relief,

And fevered thoughts come through me with a throb.

Can it be true they think that I'm a Snob?—

[*Noise of fighting at back.*]

TORONTO. Why, goodness! what's that most unseemly  
riot?

CANADA. Its our two neighbours who will *not* keep quiet;

They're both big fellows,—tolerably strong,—

Don't hit much, but they keep it up too long;—

MONTREAL. Stop them.

CANADA. Of that indeed I've no intention,

They'd not appreciate my intervention!—

MONTREAL. A wretched state of things!—but there's no  
doubt

There's nothing for them but to fight it out!

CANADA. What with their Telegrams and all the rest of it,  
 One never knows who really has the best of it!  
 For, when they seize each other's goods and chattels,  
 One claims the Victories, t'other wins the Battles!  
 And so the War grows fierce, their hatred double—  
 Some times indeed I fear they'll give me trouble.  
 So you, my children, must be smart as aiders  
 In case we're troubled any more with *Raiders*:  
 If Britain fails us then we come to grief—

WEST. Nonsense! you've RADWAY ready for RELIEF!  
 But surely if our neighbours break the peace  
 The Britishers won't grudge us their Police!

EAST. Dis done—they'd better learn to curb their temper, or

I'll be obliged to call in the French Emperor!

WEST. *That* to the States would be a perfect cure!  
*Napoleon* he would *bone a part*, that's sure!—

CANADA. My dears, take warning, as I hope you will—  
 Think of their Taxes,—there's a *bitter Pill*,  
 And hard to swallow—

WEST. Yes—such Pills give warning,  
 There'll be a *Draft* most likely in the morning!

TORONTO. And all this row, I think I've hit the mark,  
 Is 'bout the *Niggers*.

WEST. Keep that subject *dark*—  
 What may turn out 'tis difficult to say,  
 Although, I guess 'twill all come right some day—

CANADA. But of an end there seems no hope.

WEST. Not any,  
 They're fighting like those two cats in Kilkenny!  
 Their *late election*'s as bad as may be,  
 For still their *Alphabet* begins with A B!

In vain of smartness now they raise the cry,  
There's *Lincoln green* too clearly in their eye!

[*Noise of fighting at back.*]

LONDON. Ah! there's a row! and so I vote for one,  
We're off at once, my boys, to see the fun!

CANADA. Agreed! but stay! I fear that this admission  
May pr'aps be construed into *Recognition!*—  
I'm strictly neutral! and my feelings smother!  
I hate one side! and can't a-bear the other!  
I'll stay at home!

WEST. At home! what's that you say?  
At any rate you're bound to see fair play!

*Air:* BILLY TAYLOR.

LONDON. *So off we go! There's a row I tell you!*  
*Such a bully fight you will shortly see!*  
*Come along, old cuss!*

CANADA. *Well! I will, young fellow!*  
*Canada is the boy to enjoy a spree!*

[*Repeat in chorus, and exeunt omnes, B. dancing off  
in couples—Kingston by himself, in rear.*]

SCENE III.

*Gardens of GRANDPAPA CANADA'S House—Palings at  
back c., villa L. C.*

*[Rapid music—enter all the characters, R. 2. E.  
hurriedly—noise of fighting at back.*

CANADA. Ah! here they are! by jingo! here's a tussle!  
Stand back, you boys, and let them show their muscle!

*[Great noise of fighting outside—Enter c., knocking  
down paling. MR. A. NORTH, and MR. J.  
SOUTH, fighting down to front—Tableau..*

LONDON. Bully for you!

QUEBEC. By jingo! aint this prime?

TORONTO. I'll back the old 'un—

MONTREAL. I the young 'un—

CANADA. Time!

*[Combatants glare at each other fiercely, R. C., and  
L. C.—characters forming ring, CANADA, C.*

CANADA. Not in my house! I won't have such marauders  
Spoiling my garden, trampling on my borders!

*[Combatants glare at each other—they appear as  
if about to fight, but don't.*

MR. SOUTH. I'll gouge him, that's a fact!

MR. NORTH. Snakes! there's a figure!

MR. SOUTH: You tarnal Yank!

MR. NORTH. You everlasting Nigger!

*[Same business, after which MR. NORTH and  
SOUTH skedaddle in opposite directions.]*

CANADA. I tell you what, this sort of thing won't do—  
We all must stick together—

KINGSTON. Yes, that's true—  
And get those palings mended—

CANADA. So I will.

WEST. And say, old cuss, you'd better learn your drill!

CANADA. But then this *soldiering* does so enlarge  
My bills—

WEST. Then you must learn to *stand the charge*.

We're not so weak as every one supposes,  
Besides we now may count on the Blue Noses;  
We'll stand our ground, and laugh at ev'ry threat—  
The New York Herald never scared us yet.  
Now then let's liquor—

[SANTA CLAUS rises through trap c, as a quack  
Doctor.]

S. CLAUS. May I be allowed,  
Altho' a stranger here, to treat the crowd?

CANADA. And who are you?

S. CLAUS. Well, Sir, first let me state,  
I've dined, and that I'm not a *Delegate*!  
I've heard with grief that you have long been ailing,  
In fact I'm told your *constitution's* failing—  
I'm the great Doctor, Santa Claus—N. B.  
ADVICE IS GRATIS,—I'm above a fee—

[Giving his card.]

Here's SOOTHING SYRUP, whose effect's immense!  
An instantaneous cure for fifteen cents!

[Offering bottle to WEST.]

Here's a PAIN KILLER, when the pain is crushing!  
And PILLS to stop *involuntary blushing*!

[Offering Pills to QUEBEC.]

The FRAGRANT SOZODONT! a nostrum new,  
 And recommended to those gents what chew!—  
 It gives new fragrance to the breath, I know!  
 Throw out your *plugs*, and try this *quid pro quo!*

[*Same business.*]

READY RELIEF! I can with safety boast,  
 Which cures a stomach-ache, if sent by Post!—

[*Same business.*]

To all Dyspeptics quite a welcome treat!  
 And "GOLDEN BITTERS" I may add, *en suite!*

WEST. But all these things no more such puffing need—  
 Look at our palings—you may run and read,  
 When now each wall its pet prescription owns  
 A sanitary sermon in the stonès—

SANTA CLAUS. True! these are trifles! you've been ill so  
 long

I'd better try a med'cine far more strong!  
 Delays are dangerous! my advice is haste—

[*Showing a Demijohn labelled "DOLORSOLATIO."*]

DOLORSOLATIO! would you like to taste!  
 This remedy is new, but most expedient,  
 And "FEDERATION" is the sole ingredient!

[*Takes out cork, and pulls out paper marked  
 "FEDERATION"—Tableau.*]

Take a long pull and you'll not fail to think  
 It is a most insinuating drink.

[*Gives bottle to CANADA.*]

CANADA. A pleasant tipples!—and uncommon sound!

[*Drinks.*]

WEST. Drink fair, old cuss, and pass the bottle round.  
 Here's luck! gents all, and ladies!

[*Drinks.*]



MONTREAL. Yes, but stop:

You'll spare the ladies just a leetle drop?

[*They all drink.*]

OMNES. We're all much better.

SANTA CLAUS. Then I need not stay.

There's nothing more for *me* to do—good day.

CANADA. One moment, pray don't let your favours cease,

You've stopped *our fighting*; now *conclude the piece!*

SANTA CLAUS. Nonsense! why you, since you're no longer  
weak,

Must for yourself henceforward learn to speak.

CANADA. D'you think I could? Well, really I must doubt it,

I've had such help, I now can't do without it—

I think, to save me from too great confusion!

Our friends had better draw their own *conclusion!*

[*Pause—CANADA is pushed forward.*]

Kind friends,—for you're all friends that here I see;

WEST. Pitch it in strong, old Guv'nor, like MCGEE!

CANADA. [*To audience—advancing.*]

You've seen how I've been cured,—to make me stand

Firm in my new resolve, give me *your hand!*

I see you will—then you approve—that's certain—

Thank you! now then, blue fire! and down the curtain!

[*Curtain half down—MUSIC, piano: "THE CURE,"  
then crescendo, Characters keeping time to  
symphony.*]

SANTA CLAUS.

[*Speaking through music.*]

One moment—

[*Curtain up.*]

There's one duty yet before us!

We're bound, of course, to finish with a chorus!

## FINALE: "THE CURE."

CANADA. *To melody appropriate*  
*(Though out of breath, I'm sure,)*  
*Allow me once again to state,*  
*I've found the perfect cure!*  
*The CURE! the CURE! O yes! the CURE!*  
*Then our success is sure!*  
*If friends but say that our new play*  
*Is the only perfect CURE!*

*[Repeat in chorus—Dance by characters.]*

CURTAIN.



