

**S**IR JOHN

AND

**S**IR CHARLES,

OR THE

SECRETS OF THE SYNDICATE.

---

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

---

MONTREAL:  
PUBLISHED BY A SYNDICATE.  
1881.

SIR JOHN AND SIR CHARLES,  
OR THE  
SECRETS OF THE SYNDICATE.

---

*The Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.*

---

*Dramatis Personæ.*—SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD AND SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

---

*Scene.*—Sir John A., seated.—Enter Tupper.

---

*Tupper*—Hey day! Sir John, whence comes that gloomy brow?  
In other words—old fellow, what's the row?  
You look as sad as Spain's most famous Don,  
My erstwhile, frisky, *debonnaire* Sir John;  
(He of the rueful countenance, I mean).  
Cheer up, my chief, the Contract's all serene,  
That bumptious Blake henceforth must sing quite small:  
I, Tupper, I have pricked his wind-bags all;  
I, Tupper—I, with most persuasive skill,  
Have gilded o'er our patent contract pill,  
And now, with eager throats our followers yearn  
To go it blind, and gulp the whole concern.

*Sir John*—Bear with me, Tupper; I am ill at ease.  
I feel, I know that Contract's not the cheese;  
Pacific! yah! it's torture, fire and pain,  
It's horrible, this pressure on my brain.  
Oh! I was mad; in very truth, thrice mad,  
To crow so loud at Hochelaga,—had  
I boasted less, would I have been the fool  
Of this cursed Syndicate? Oh, fool! fool!! fool!!!

*Tupper*—Hush! hush! my chief—my noble chieftain, hush!  
You're weak, and faint—these sickly fancies crush  
Your wonted courage, Mac, and thus you see  
Through tinted glasses.

*Sir John—*  
 I, weak! I, faint! I—well, well, perhaps I am  
 Both weak and faint—Oh! Tupper, what a cram  
 That Hochelaga business was, and now  
 It's landed us in this most beastly row.  
 What! hand that country over, bound anew,  
 To such a Syndicate?—a motley crew  
 Of Yankee Grits,—Oh! had there been a Baring,  
 A Rothschild, Glyn; 'twere better worth the daring;  
 But this mere third-class crew—not even rich—  
 To sell ourselves and that fair land for sich!  
 It drives me mad to think on't.

S'death, Sir! this to me—

*Tupper—*  
 What's set you on this melancholy tack?  
 Grant they're not Rothschild—ha! ha! what's the odds?  
 I vow by all fair Greece's motley gods,  
 They'll soon mend that;—but, tell me, what's gone wrong?  
 You're out of tune.

Come, come, Mac!

*Sir John—*  
 I'd sell myself—I feel so mean, so small,  
 'Bout this cursed Contract. Better had we all  
 Confessed a failure than accepted it—  
 'Twill crush the party.

Oh! Tupper, for a song

*Tupper—*  
 Some balked a little, and some made wry faces;  
 But that's all changed—-I've whipped them in the traces.  
 Both men and organs now compact and firm,  
 Our high behests obey without a squirm.  
 White says the country sleeps—

Pshaw! man, not a bit.

*Sir John—*

White! White!—who's he?

*Tupper—*Our dainty Thomas!

*Sir John—*  
 With his small nothings;—swore I black were white,  
 He'd say, "Dear me, Sir John, I think you're right!"  
 I've other things to think of, good my Tup.

Pshaw! don't bother me

Oh! how I vowed, when I was so cut up  
 About that other wretched Scandal, I,  
 If but restored to power, would thenceforth try  
 To keep clean hands—and now, oh, now I feel  
 I've sinned more deeply 'gainst my country's weal!  
 But yet there's time; truth, conscience, all forbid  
 This monstrous bargain!—Sir, it can't be did—  
 I'll throw it over—back down—funk—resign!

*Tupper*—And never more be premier of mine?  
 Heavens! Mac, you're mad, indeed—but stay, you jest—  
 One of your tricks, my Johnnie!—for the rest,  
 I'll not believe you!

*Sir John*—

Won't you? well, you'll find

I'm in dead earnest. Tupper, call to mind  
 The terms of this vile Contract as it stands:  
 What does it give?—Cash in abundance; lands  
 In reckless plenty—this I might condone,  
 If hedged with proper safeguards,—there are none!  
 Next, it divests us of all just control  
 Of a most huge monopoly, *sans* soul;  
 And binds the future of the teeming West  
 Firm in its cruel grasp; then for the rest:  
 Freedom to choose its choicest lands at will;  
 Freedom from taxes and free imports—still  
 'Twas not enough!—the tell-tale blood will rush  
 Hot to my brazen cheeks with painful blush  
 As I the prairie section grant recall,—  
 Ten thousand cash per mile, and that's not all;  
 Twelve thousand acres, too—say fifty thou  
 For what may perhaps cost ten—and even now  
 There's more to tell,—we leave them really free  
 To feed Chicago with our traffic. We,  
 In fact, have no control of route or rate,—  
 We make them lords, lords absolute!—a fate  
 For all the future of that glorious land.  
 I'm reckless, true; but this I cannot stand!  
 What do we get? a road—ah, pshaw! a road  
 For which we shoulder far the costliest load.

We build the heaviest part—for all the rest  
 Pay more than cost,—then with a kindly zest  
 Hand over all to this cursed Syndicate—  
 This motley crew of Yankee Grits! I hate—  
 Yes—hate the thought! I'll none of it—no, no!  
 This weltering in the mire is not for Joe!

*Tupper*—Put out your tongue, you are, you must be ill!  
 I'll send a draught round and a large blue pill.  
 (I'm both your colleague and your doctor now),  
 Hum! pulse quite quick, eyes glazed—ah, that's the row!—  
 You're feverish, sir,—I order bed instanter.

*Sir John*—Bed me no beds, but clear out in a canter—  
 Lest that befall you I were loth to see;  
 I'm master here—I order—now, sir, flee.

*Tupper*—My honored chief—

*Sir John*— Shut up!

*Tupper*—

My dear Sir John,

I can't, indeed I won't be sat upon;  
 You must be ill, or mad, indeed you must,  
 To kick up wildly this ferocious dust  
 About the Contract—why, who better knew  
 Its full details, its ins and outs than you?  
 I know the pill's a tough one, but what then?  
 You've swallowed tougher.

*Sir John*— Never, sir!

*Tupper*—

Not when

You took Sir Hugh's hard cash? Ha! ha! you shrink;—  
 Ere you grow super-virtuous stop and think.  
 You're—

*Sir John*— SILENCE, sir! get out!

*Tupper*—

Indeed I won't.

*Sir John*—Then mind this, sir, you'll suffer if you don't.  
 You egg'd me on to sign this contract, sir,  
 Smiled at my scruples, laughed at each demur—  
 You said we must, no matter what the cost,  
 Grant everything was asked, or else be lost.

You sneered at duties—called them airy graces,—  
 Said our first duty was to keep our places,  
 And now, you ruffian you, you dare to twit  
 Me with a bygone weakness—vanish! flit!  
 Absquatulate! or bit from little bit  
 I'll tear you.

*Tupper—*

Mad! mad as a hatter—stay

Whilst, turn about, I have my little say.  
 Was't I who spoke at Hochelaga then?  
 Was't I who said we "held them firmly" when  
 To say so was a——well, I'll not say what?  
 Was mine the bumptious brag—the arrant rot  
 That got us in the scrape from which alone  
 This Syndicate has freed us? Sir, I own  
 This contract bad, but blame yourself, not me,  
 I'd rather make a worse—much worse than be,  
 Before our friends and foes alike convicted  
 Of that to which no gentleman's addicted.

*Sir John—*S' death, Sir, and fury—what! you bandy taunts?  
 What of that legacy? a something haunts  
 My mem'ry—ah! substantial, was it not?  
 Don't you and all your children get a pot  
 From this same Syndicate?

*Tupper—*

Enough! enough!

Yes, this black insult is quite *quantum suf.*  
 A Cartwright *redivivus*—that's your role!  
 Then now I swear no longer cheek by jowl  
 I'll sit with you. Henceforth my cry shall be  
 Revenge for this unheard of perfidy.  
 There—(*he writes*)—there's my resignation—root and branch  
 I'm free—beware the coming avalanche.

*Sir John—(Aside)* Hum! Longfellow—Oh! Tupper.

*Tupper—*

"What's the matter?"

*Sir John—*There! there! old boy, don't keep up such a clatter—  
 "Have you not love enough to bear with me  
 When that rash humour" (Pshaw! t'won't rhyme, I see.

Shakespeare, avaunt!) There, Tupper, there's my hand—  
 Forget, forgive,—whatever comes we stand  
 A pair of brothers.

*Tupper—*  
 About the Contract and that weak rehash  
 Of Blake's wild thunder. What the dickens, man,  
 Has ailed you lately?

Well, then, stop your gash

*Sir John—*  
 Can you not guess? I sat on New Year's night  
 And thought the Contract over. Perhaps I might  
 Have felt the influence of that solemn time,  
 When sober thoughts with sober reason chime.  
 I doubted first, and then grew fully sure  
 This Contract should be cancelled—aye and more—  
 I thought to cancel it—I was—am still  
 Half mad between "I will not" and "I will."  
 Oh! Tupper, there are times when I can feel  
 That truth and justice, and the country's weal,  
 Should be preferred before a party gain.  
 Come! shall I plead, old friend, with you in vain?  
 Shall we withdraw the contract?

Oh! my Tupper, can—

*Tupper—*  
 The laughing-stock of Grits throughout the land?  
 No! no! still no! a thousand times, still no!  
 The Contract stands for weal or stands for woe.

What! and stand

*Sir John—*'Nuf sed. Let's have a nip. Don't tell the rest—  
 Here's Tilley coming; he likes coffee best.

[*Sir John has his nip, and the Scene closes, minus blue fire.*]