



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Answers to Correspondents.

Th-m-s Wh-te.—Fight your own battles, Thomas; we have no quarrel with the *Witness*. No, we do not think the *Montreal Gazette* the most influential newspaper in the Dominion, nor you the most forcible and polished speaker in the House.

R-ch-rd C-rtwr-ght.—Well, and what then? It does not follow because a poet is born and not made that therefore a great embryo financier was rocked in the cradle when you were a tiny little pet-y-wetay. Yes, write again, if it amuses you, but do try and be more logical.

J. B-r Pl-mb.—Unceremoniously declined. Halting measures and false rhymes may pass muster in the House of Commons, but the readers of *GRIP* are accustomed to something better. We beg that you will not trouble us again.

W-ll m McD-g-ll.—Your fitful spasms of independence do not entitle you to be considered the purest and ablest of living statesmen. We are sorry for you, Mr. Looking-both-ways William,—you have spoiled what might have been a prominent and honourable career.

G-ldw-n Sm-th.—Never mind Webster,—continue to spell honour with the 'u'—and no doubt u will be correct—as usual.



Taking the Census.

Intelligent Census-taker to Gentleman of the House.—Where was your wife born?

Gentleman.—In India.

I. C. T.—Inda! Inda! Why, I never heard of such a place. Oh! of course there's the Indians, but I didn't know there was a place of that name. A village in Ontario, I suppose. Where was your eldest child born?

Much amused Gent.—Off the coast of Morocco.

Much puzzled I. C. T.—Morocco! Where's that? Is it in this province?

Gent., winking internally.—Well, aw, you can say it's in France.

SAM LEE'S NOTICE.

"You come my house you no ketch 'um washee,
'Less you blingee me allee time cashee,
Me no give cledit, no usey me try,
Me no likee 'um sweet by 'um by."—Argo.

Rizzio: a Drama.

Being a sequel to "Chateaud." Written expressly for *GRIP* by All-churn-a Pigburn, Esq.

ACT I.—*Holyrood. The Queen Marie Stuart, Lady Alice. Sound of an Italian organ man playing in the street.*

The Queen:
It likes me well, this pilgrim organist,
Whose deft hand grindeth thus my favourite tunes.
No rude Scotch reels, for bag-pipes only fit,
But minuets and measures fresh from France.
What is his name, sweet Alice?

Alice: Rizzio.

The Queen:
Bid him approach our presence.

Alice: Oh my Queen,
Be careful, for good Master Knox, you know,
Is very strict about such things. He hath
'Gainst "kists" o' whistles' conscientious qualms;
And if of bagpipes thus you speak in scorn,
The lieges will revolt.

The Queen: Tartan-wearing loons!
Too scanty clad to 'scape my hand that smites

Alice:
Flout not the tartan, madam!

The Queen: GOLDWIN SMITH
In last *Bystander* hath distinctly proved
The Tartan is not Scotch, but Cockney, made
At first by London tailors! Call him in.

Alice calls. Enter Rizzio, dressed as Italian organ-man of the period, with hurdy-gurdy, which he plays. Alice sings.

BALLADE.

Extremely like is **CÆSAR**, so they say,
But yet more like is **POMPEY**, any day!
Till loved, in love young ladies must not fall.
Good Master Knox is far more good than gay,
And smart young men so seldom come this way!
Oh dear! the Queen or I would like a ball.
This handsome troubadour so well doth play,
At Holyrood if he again should call
I fear, 'tis clear, I'd give myself away.

Enter Lord Darnly with attendants and pipers. Rizzio sings to the Queen, stealthily.

O ma Reine,
Ma Marie!
Soir prochaine,
Rends ici
Pour l'amour, j'en suis sur, un tout pour
Paradis!

The Queen smiles on Rizzio and bestows dime of period. Darnly frowns and lays hand on sword. Bagpipes play. Rizzio withdraws, shuddering.

ACT II.—*Chamber at Holyrood. Rizzio and Alice.*

Alice:
You come from England; pray, fair sir, what news?

Rizzio:
Mere scandal about Queen Elizabeth:
Wilt list my song?

Alice: Do not sing to me—
Sing to the Queen!

Rizzio: A queenlier queen art thou!
A queen of hearts as sweet as tarts!

He kisses her hand. The Queen enters unperceived and listens from behind Japanese screen.

I don't think much of Mrs. Mary Stuart!
She's old, she paints, she wears a flaxen wig!
She scolds poor Mr. Darnly all to fits!
She flirts, she swears, she drinks! while you, sweet
Are really quite too nice for anything! [girl]

The Queen comes forward.

Alice: Gracious sakes!

Rizzio, mustering courage:
Dost like it not, fair monarch?

The Queen: Dreadful well!
Of my applause I'll give you striking proof.

Rizzio: Your Majesty I fail to understand.

The Queen:
At Government House to-night then come to tea,
And you the meaning of my words shall see.

ACT III.—*Banquet Room at Government House. Rizzio at the Queen's feet, drinking coffee, and playing hurdy-gurdy.*

Rizzio:
What shall I sing, great Queen?

The Queen: I pray thee sing
A song of sixpence.

Rizzio:
Chantez un chanson de six sous,
Un valise plein de rye!

Voices of rebel army without:
We want na organ-mon wi kist o' whistles,
Na Goldwin Smith to scorn auld Scotland's thoughts!

Enter Darnly, who kills Rizzio.

The Queen:
This last *Bystander's* killed.

Tableau: Exeunt Omnes.

Rev. W. Morley Punshon.

In common with thousands of his fellow-citizens, *GRIP* desires to pay a respectful tribute to the memory of the lamented Wm. Morley Punshon. The fact that the deceased orator was the subject of the first cartoon which appeared in the pages of *GRIP* gives his name an association with this journal which would justify this notice, aside from our sense of his talents and virtues. Our cartoon represented a "Farewell to Punshon"; and now with far sadder feelings we lay aside the pencil for the pen, and write again, Farewell to Punshon.



Our Canadian Naves.

Rather more Ridiculous than Pinafore, though by no means Fictitious.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope.—Well, aw, Captain Scott, have you performed the mission I indicated to you?

Capt. Scott.—Yes, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope.—And, aw, have you brought Her Majesty's gracious present, the training ship *Charybdis* safely to Canada?

Capt. Scott.—No, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope. My amazement—my surprise you may learn from—aw, by the way, did you use up all the \$5,000 I gave you?

Capt. Scott.—Yes, Sir Joseph, and I require \$5,000 more to complete the service.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope.—Indeed? And, aw, what is your opinion of the *Charybdis*, Captain Scott?

Capt. Scott.—She's a rotten old hulk, Sir Joseph, and it would cost at least \$15,000 to put her in seaworthy condition, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope.—Aw. You positively astonish me. Then I am to understand that she will not serve the purpose of a training-ship?

Capt. Scott.—O yes, Sir Joseph. Training-ships are used sometimes for drowning boys in, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope.—Aw, you display more intelligence than I had given you credit for, Capt. Scott. A Minister of Marine must have a navy to rule, and the loss of a few juvenile lives musn't be allowed to stand in the way of Canada's naval glory. Bring the *Charybdis* over, Capt. Scott, and draw on my Department for the charge!

The Conservative organ of Hamilton informs us that at the anti-Scott Act demonstration in celebration of the victory "the verandah and portico of the Royal Hotel were lined with Spectators." We presume the Anti-Scotts paid three cents apiece for these *Spectators* and suppose that when they used them in this strange fashion they put them where they would do the most good. The *Mail*, however, is the most suitable journal for purposes of Bunting.