

**"Ands All Round."**

ENGLISH AND COLONIAL NATIONAL SONG.

The following poem is a striking illustration of the similarity of ideas co-existing in great minds, also of the affinities between English and Canadian poets. That both minds should at one and the same time have felt the need of an appropriate ditty wherewith to musically celebrate the auspicious 24th of May, is certainly remarkable enough, especially after the lapse of fifty-three years; that the burden and refrain of both effusions should be "drink" is still more so, and illustrates what the writer has already remarked elsewhere, concerning the remarkable affinity between poetical and master minds. This song, like the very good imitation of it by Tennyson, is proposed to be sung throughout the colonies on the Queen's Birthday—the British Lion to be the principal *basso*—and it is to be hoped that the voices of the full orchestra of the empire will drown, once and forever, this pitiful maudering humbug about Canadian National Independence.

**"ANDS ALL ROUND."**

I'll pledge my coat this very night  
To drink to Hengland! also my west;  
I'll waik out like a bloomin' fricht  
Before I'll miss this toast, I'm blest.  
May 'aris of hoak for ever live  
And toast the Queen, sir, every day!  
That man is no Conservative.  
Who'd try to take our beer away.  
'Ands all round! hooray! hold, hick, confound!  
'Them chaps wot say, "don't drink," my friends,  
So 'eres to Hold Hengland round and round.

'Eres to the loyal 'arts who long  
'Ave left their boots without a sole,  
'A' toasting it in stout or strong—  
Hold Hengland and this 'ere North Pole.  
And India, where they makes the rise  
Of Jumbos, tigers, and all sich;  
Aud this 'ere bloomin' Canada—my hyes!  
The North-West's 'were a cove gets rich.  
'Ands all round! This temperance rot confound!  
And don't you forget to drink, my friends,  
And get gloriously drunk all round and round.

'Eres to our statesmen, for they be  
The very men our hearts desire:  
The revenue they gets from we,  
Bless you, without it they'd hexpire!  
No danger but we'll get our beer,  
So long as money's wanted bad;  
'Them Scott-Act men we needn't fear,  
Cash down—the liquor's to be had!  
'Ands all round! Reformers all confound!  
Who wants reforms? let's drink, I say, my friends,  
And 'eres to the Queen and Hengland round and round.

JAY KAVELLE BOUSEY.

**There be Bar Tenders and Bar-tenders.**

QUITE A MISTAKE.

"It's a consarned shame that this eternal licker traffic should be allowed to be carried on any longer. I'll be dod durned if I ever give a vote again to either Grit or Tory, who don't go dead agin it," said old Deacon Dusenbury, the other day, to his friend, Major McGinnis, whom he discovered before a bumper of hot stuff, in the parlor of the Queen's Hotel, in the flourishing village of Aurora.

"What's the matter now, Deacon?" said the major, after tasting of the contents of his tumbler to ascertain if it was hot and strong enough,

"Why, consarn it," replied the Deacon. "I was down at the Reeve's office, and I heard the folks discussin' the Parliamentary reports, and they said the country had lost about \$200,000, all through a onssed Bar Tender. Now," continued the old man, "when the licker interest is gettin' so pesky powerful that a bar tender is allowed to beat the kentry out of sich a large sum of money as \$200,000, although I've allus voted Conservative, dod durned if I don't vote straight agin the government."

"And what Bar Tender are ye allowdin' to, Deacon?" asked the astonished Major. Faith, I never heard of any such thransaction! What's the man's name, anyhow?"

"Wall," replied the Deacon, "I didn't hear his name, but I reckon he comes from a place called Emory, for I heard them talkin' about the Emory Bar Tender. Howsenever, I don't make no difference. It's a durned shame, anyhow. \$200,000 lost to the kentry all on account of a bar tender."

It took the major, aided and stimulated by four successive "hot stuffs," two hours to explain to and convince the deacon that the "Emory Bar Tender" was for a contract, wherein Messrs Maedonald & Charlebois were, and Messrs Onderdonk & Co. now are interested.

**Antigone.**

My DEAR Mr. GRIP.—I am a worshipper of the drama and particularly of the classic domain thereof, and in that domain what especially delights me is the Greek. Yes; the plays of old Sophocles, Euripides, and last but not least, Cantharides, fill my soul with a yearning unspeakable for their revival.

I went, I need not say, to the 'Varsity the other night to see the production of Antigone, and although well pleased on the whole with its rendition on that occasion, I am sorry that I have to object to the "lines," or shall I call it the "libretto" of the play, which I am in a position to state are all wrong. A lady friend of mine, the Hon. Miss Lucretia Digandelve, who passed years in searching the orient for antique "Curios," not long ago presented me with a fragment of manuscript found by her or rather her assistants after a tiresome excavation on the site of ancient Tyre. This manuscript, though but fragmentary, gives the "ad," together with extracts of the play of Antigone in a local paper of Athens. I give your readers a free translation of the same from the original Greek. Here it is:

**"IMPERIAL THEATRE,**

ATHENS.

To-morrow evening will be produced at this theatre, Sophocles' new Musical Drama in two acts, entitled

**ANTIGONE**

OR

**THE CURSE.**

New scenery, new decorations, entire change of cast! Notwithstanding the great expense attending the production of this play, no extra charge for admission will be demanded. The old and popular prices will be sustained.

**GOD SAVE THE EMPEROR!"**

Notice from Athens *Globe*, July 1, a. m. 9354 (old Greek Computation) :—

"The play of *Antigone*, by Mr. Sophocles, last evening at the Imperial was a great and well deserved success. The author was repeatedly called before the curtain. The play opens with Laius and Antigone seated at table. C. at risk."

ANTIGONE—"What ails thee uncle? Tell thy little niece! Troubles of state of course I know you've many, Has the fierce Olivius brought down his savage legions To threaten Greece from Hyperboreal regions? Is he annoyed because we've built a foundry Or does he wish to chance the Theban bound'ry?"

LAIUS—"Nay, nay! my child I care not for sedition, I'm thinking, dear, of changing my condition. This place requires a mistress, and its master Is going to wed the loveliest—"

ANN.—"Not Jocaster!"

LAIUS—"Yes, Jocaster, tho' the Delphic oracle Has threatened me in language diabolical, And said if I should wed such a low person, Even my latest progeny there'd be a cuss on But yet I'll show that oracle I'm master! Oh, Anny! I'm dead gone on sweet Jocaster! I think I've made a strike, I should say *tufto*."

ANN.—"Oh! uncle dear, how could you ever stoop to?"

CHORUS—Io! Io! gamma, delta,  
Old Jocaster let us pelta!  
Pi, rho, sigma tau!  
Still give old Laius lots of jaw."

The first act (continues the reporter) went very smoothly and the chorus, though some of the tenors were rather weak in their upper register, still on the whole

they did very creditably. In the second act, Creon the successor of Laius to the kingdom is discovered seated on a throne. (An interval of five years is supposed to have elapsed).

CREON—"At last old Laius has passed in his checks, And now my brow his regal crown bedecks. Now is my time to gain the fair Antigone, Sometimes I fear the saucy jade is riggin' me, And then young Haemon, just for a diversion, Is sparking her. I'll kill him like a Persian, If he my secret finds—I know he's twiggin' me, Ah, here he comes! I'll let up on Antigone."

Enter Haemon, Euridice, Ismene, Terresius, Watchmen, Fly Cops and Mounted Police.

CREON—"How now good Haemon, why enter with confusion, Has Socrates not taken his infusion? Perhaps it has not troubled his digestion— Now, what I've want?"

It's not a question

HAEMON—Of Socrates, my Lord, or poisoned tea, But what's become of my Antigone, I know you've got her stowed somewhere about, Produce her or we'll turn you inside out, Come tell us now just where this lovely maid is, Or, if you don't, we'll—

CREON—Go to Hades!"

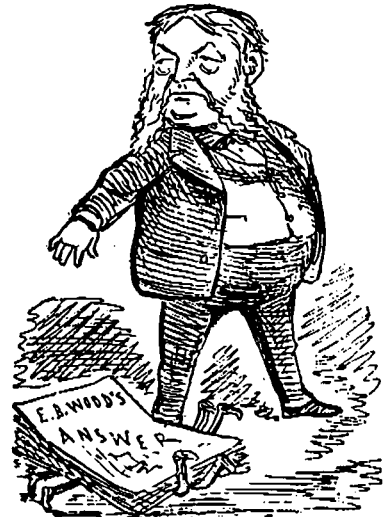
This scene (continues the *Globe*) created the wildest enthusiasm, and the plaudits of the audience rent the air when the king called in his guards who slew Haemon and the rest of the conspirators, and the act ended with a lively chorus in E minor, to the effect—

Zeta, Eta, Theta, Mu  
The Omicron, Pi  
Creon's going to put you through,  
You all have to die—  
You shall have a splendid flagon  
Of Hemlock tea apiece,  
You must keep your tongue from wagging  
If you want to live in Greece.

This is all that has been preserved of any really authentic account of the great play as it was performed on the ancient stage, and, with all respect to the Varsity text, I am sure the readers of GRIP will be interested in the above.

Yours truly,

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Coll. Inst. Can.



**A CRUSHING ANSWER.**

Chief Justice Wood has at length replied to the charges formulated against him, and his answer is certainly weighty, if the quantity of paper it embraces is any criterion. It consists of some four hundred odd sheets, devoted to an able treatment of all and sundry the allegations made by the aggrieved parties. The friends of the Chief Justice believe that he has fully refuted the charges of incapacity and injustice, and his argument, taken in connection with Sir John Macdonald's reproof of the unconstitutional action of the Manitoba Government in taking the matter in hand at all, has fairly discomfited the commission of inquiry.