

WINDSOR CASTLE.

GEORGE E. CARTIER GOES ON A VISIT TO MRS. VICTORIA REGINA.
SCENE — Time, Night.

Apartment in Windsor Castle, George Etienne pulling off his boots.

By gar! I vara lucky dog,
I get invite by Madame to le Castle;
I vara big; I grow two, tree, six inch;
By gar, I be more big than Galt or Rose,
Or Monsieur Head, I be le plus grand homme
In Canada, oh oui, perhaps I get made
Le knight. Madame, she vara much like me;
She strikes me with the sword one little blow and say,
"ARE George Etienne aise," and I got up.
I shake hands, I say je vous remercie Madame,
And I be vara big, one plus grand homme.
By gar! I wonder when that bete George Brown
Do made le knight. He not have the politesse,
He too much, vat you call it? *monstre*,
brut, *diabre oui*, he too much *mechant*,
I laugh ven I go back to Canada
Et ai le plaisir to be called Sero George,
I be vara strong, one grand Premier,
I send au diable that bete George Brown,
And all de Grits, I be like le Governor,
I, Sir George Cartier, he, Sir Edmund Head.
By gar! I vara lucky dog; I go to bed.
He undresses and the scene changes.

SCENE 2ND.—Time, Morning.

Another apartment in Windsor Castle—Mrs. Victoria Regina
and Mr. Albert Prince.

Mrs. Victoria.

Dear Albert, we our guest must entertain,
Our *petit* guest from Canada to-day;
But that I love my subjects real and true,
Within that noble land, I do confess me,
My will would shrink from spelling out the task;
But still methinks their generous loyalty
And love most earnest towards our queenly self,
Demands that we our will in this should sacrifice,
And that to honour them fair welcome greet
This their own chosen representative.

Mr. Albert.

My noble Queen, and loving queenly wife,
Thy gentle heart proclaims the nobler course;
Well dost thou know that reasons high, of state,
With visage stern do seem to indicate
That we should bear us coldly towards this man,
And seem in nought to approve those late events
In which he hath borne part conspicuous.
Thou hast at once the true occasion found
How we may honour him, and still not him,
But rather those, your loyal subjects whom
He for the mediate time doth represent

Mrs. Victoria.

Well hast thou read my thoughts, dear Albert, I
Would o'er repay their dear love with my own,
To them, not him, be then the honour allow's.

[Exit both.]

SCENE 3rd.—Mrs. Victoria's reception room—Lords, Ladies and
Gentlemen present—Enter George Etienne, attended by gen-
tlemen of the Household.

Gentleman of the Household.—to Cartier.]

Kneel when you reach the Queen.
Cartier [aside.] Oh by gar! oui,
I kneel, she make me one big knight, oh oui.
Novaro you fear mon cher.

[He approaches Mrs. Victoria and kneels, she extends her
hand, of which George Etienne takes no notice but continues
kneeling.]

Lord Stapsdash aside to Lady Richblood.

What can the simpdon be dreaming of, me chere.

Lady Richblood.

Why, good my lord he seems transfixed with fear.
Has the poor dog of wit a single spark?
He looks so much a terrier, I fear he'll bark.

George Etienne [aside.]

Why sho no strike de little coup, by gar?
Why sho no take de sword and make me knight?
Mon Dieu! I wish sho be one little quick,
Perhaps sho not have no sword, *diabre*, I speak to her.
[To Mrs. Victoria.]
Have not your Majesty one little sword?

Stile Madame plait, I lend you mine,
Gentleman of the Household [Whispering to Cartier.]
Kiss the Queen's hand and rise.

George Etienne [aloud].

Oh by gar, non, *diabre*! what for me rise, she not make me
knight, sho not have no little sword, I lend her mine—[Placing
his hand upon the hilt of his sword and eudeavouring to draw
it from the scabbard.]

Mrs. Victoria [who is slightly uneasy.]

Monsieur I fear must make some slight mistake.

George Etienne [sturdily.]

Mon Dieu, me make no vat you call it stile mees-take, de gen-
tlemen he toll me kneel; vat for me kneel?

Lord Stapsdash aside to Lady Richblood.

Caust solve that query for him out of school?

Lady Richblood.

Methinks to make himself a monstrous fool.

George Etienne.

If Madame no make me one little knight,

What for me kneel, what for he toll me kneel?

Gentleman of the Household [Whispering to Cartier.]

Good heavens, sir, rise at once, her Majesty

I fear me will resent this bold effort.

George Etienne [angry whisper.]

Why for you make me one vat you call it—ass,

Why for you tell me kneel?

Mrs. Victoria [with disguised severity.]

Monsieur must rise at once,
'Twere better tho he learned the customs of our court,
If fair propriety doth teach him not,
The subject's duty in the sovereign's presence.
Rise Monsieur, rise, our kindness will impute
To ignorance, not rudeness, this unheard of suit.

[George Etienne attempts to rise, but whether from native
awkwardness or carelessness resulting from angry disappoint-
ment, his sword becomes entangled with his legs, and his nose
comes in violent contact with the floor; torrents of blood flow,
and the crimson stream decorates his coat suit; ladies scream,
gentlemen rush to the rescue and Mrs. Victoria commands the
attendants to convey him to his own apartments. On the way
George Etienne vents the bitterness of his wrath.]

George Etienne.

Mon Dieu! sho call me one grand ignorant, she say me rude
no not know de customer. *Diabre oui*, me, de grand Premier.
Sacre! When I go home, I raise de revolution, I be revenged
by gar; I be one little King myself.

Here the plentiful application of cold water to George Etien-
ne's proboscis stayed for the nonce the torrent of his indignation.

SCENE 4th.

Mr. Albert Prince [to Mrs. Victoria.]

Nothing fair queen your loyal subjects, have
Been most unfortunate in this their choice
Of Premier. Will thou to audience again admit him?

Mrs. Victoria—

Yes I most certainly,
'Twere cruel, Albert, and unjust to slight
The loving people for their ruler's faults.

I would, dear Albert, though some one should straight
Instruct him in the customs of our court,
'Twill him improve and save our Lords some sport.

[George Etienne was accordingly drilled by one of the gentlemen
of the Household, and profited sufficiently by the instruction, to
wriggle through the remainder of his stay at Windsor, without
doing more than rendering himself a splendid object for the
court wits to discharge their shafts at.]

Supplementary Course of Lectures before the Me-
chanics' Institute:

The Science of Pettifogging.....Mr. R. W. Allen.
The Philosophy of Drunkenness.....Harry Henry.
Horse Flesh.....Sam Sherwood.
Editorial Manners.....Editor of *Colonist*.
Gas Metres.....Councilman Purdy
Cow Pounds.....Mr. W. Boulton.
Feathers; with some remarks on
plucking.....Mr. Hogan.
Antiquity of Ten pins.....Mr. Moody.
Roast Beef.....Mr. Ald. Dunn.
Concluding Lecture.....Mr. N. C. McIntyre

YE HUNGRY GRITS SIGHING FOR MORE DINNERS

AIR—*N'll nobody marry me.*

Heigho! for a dinner heigho!
The late agitation is dead.
Shall we never again have a feed?
Will nobody get up a spread?
We begin to feel strange, we declare,
Of dining our prospects do fade,
Must we give up the ghost in despair,
And be quietly dung in the shade.

Heigho! for a dinner heigho, &c.

Oh! once there were dinners enough,
"Trustlard from so many to choose,
And we even had then in a buff,
The courage at times to refuse.
But now, oh! I not one is proposed,
Good gracious, we're frightened, we vow;
Who the deuce could have really supposed
There wouldn't be one for us now?

Heigho, &c.

The glory of Godrich is gone,
The sun of Elora is set,
Toronto would give us a bone,
To season our temperance wet.
Too soon did we turn up our nose,
If we thought the potatoes too small,
And now in the midst of our woe,
None will give us a dinner at all.

Heigho! for a dinner heigho!

The late agitation is dead,
Shall we never again have a feed,
Will nobody get up a spread?

HIP! HIP! HURRAH!!

Three cheers for East Brant! Three more for the Growing
Majority in the Assembly! And Thrice Thrice for the Governor
General!!!—*Colonist of Monday.*

—Hip! hip! hurrah! Off with your hats,
boys! Three cheers for the Queen!!! Three
cheers for the big buffalo!! and thrice three cheers
for everybody; the editor of *Old Double* in the bar-
gania. Hurrah! doesn't he deserve them after treat-
ing us to the above magnificently cheering para-
graph? We are dying to know whence he drew
the divine fire which inspired his pen, or whether
some jovial spirit whispered the glorious sentence in
his ears? If so, we hope it wasn't the spirit of bad
brandy, or villainous whiskey, though we have our
doubts about the matter, for it evidently bambooz-
led him into an absurdity. Only fancy a Ministerial
journal calling for three cheers for the "growing ma-
jority in the Assembly" when recording the return
of an opposition candidate. Go it again, *Old
Double*, but for mercy sake, do strive to "go it"
without seeing *double*.

"THE BLASPHEMOUS OPPOSITION."

The *Dundas Warder* is absolutely shocked. Mr.
Wm. McDougall, one of the Grit men, has actually
said that Hon. J. A. McDonald is trying to find his
way to heaven by the Southern Railway. We agree
with the *Warder* that such language is improper,
though perhaps excusable after dinner. We do
trust that in future the "dinnerers," as the elegant
English of the *Colonist* has it, will be more chaste
in their language. If Grits have no regard for pub-
lic morality, Moderates have. Their leader never
plucked the wall of the Assembly with "false as
hell," nor did one of his supporters in the Upper
House talk of "d—d nonsense" to the Canadian
peers. Even if they did, it is all very well in Par-
liament, but extremely out of a respectable din-
ner table. The *Warder* is very right.