

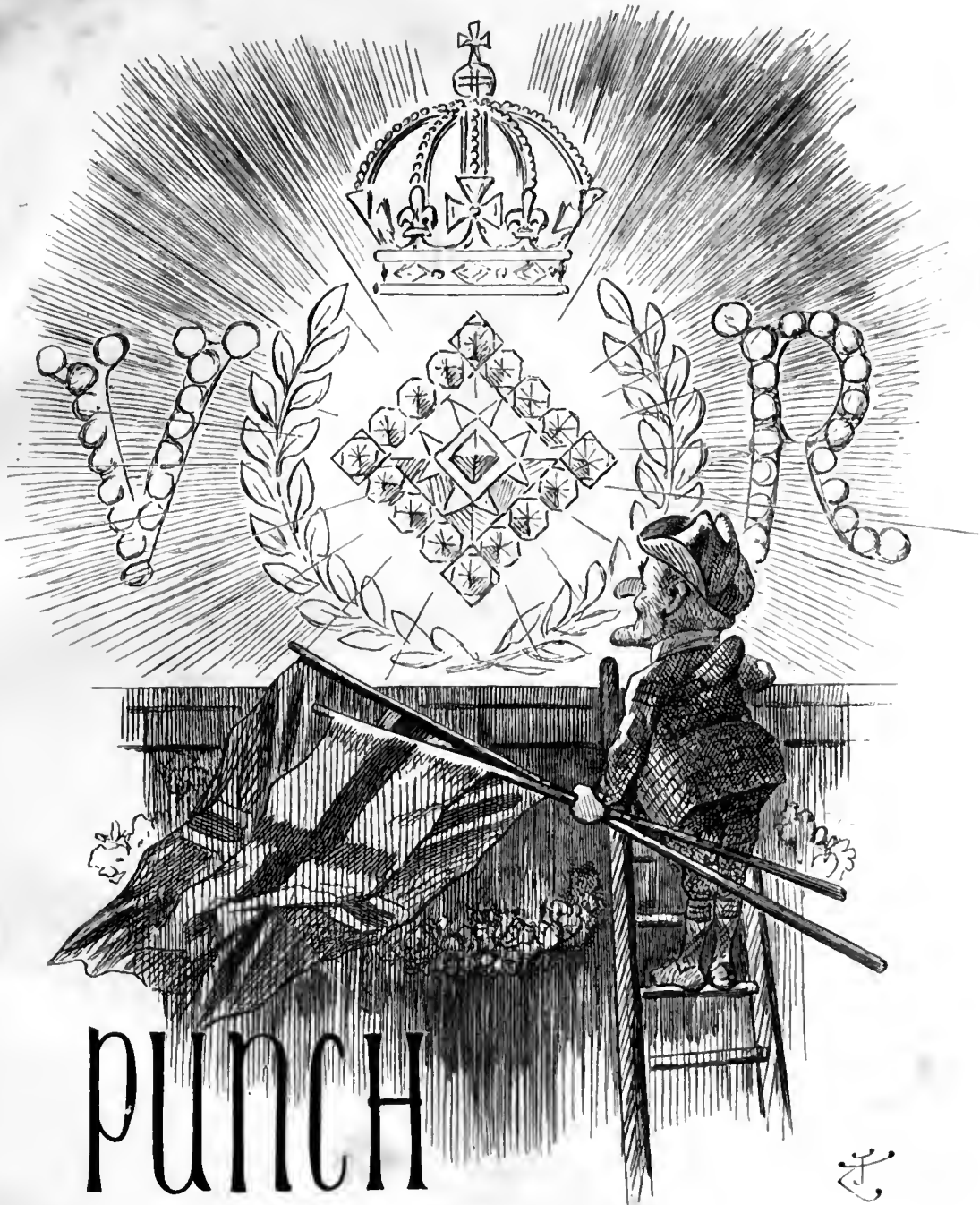




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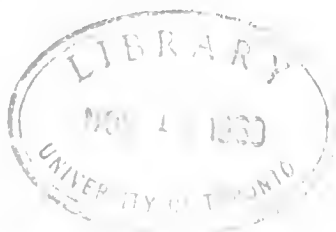


PUNCH

VOL CXII

SWAIN sc

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1897.



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“OVER!” cried Mr. PUNCH, removing his sailor cap and mopping his manly brow, moist with sea-spray, and the perspiration produced by many Jubilee toasts and much loyal shouting.

“Fancy you’re playing umpire at a new game of naval cricket?” queried NEPTUNE, with a nautical wink.

“Nay, NEP,” answered the smiling Sage. “I’m universal umpire at all known games, from croquet to the kriegs-spiel. But cricket on your green sea-fields, old tarry-breaks, has got to be invented. I merely meant that the great Naval Review of June, 1897, is ‘over.’”

“Humph!” muttered NEPTUNE. “Your Armstrongs—aptest of names!—might provide excellent ball-practice for an Eleven of Titans, captained by a HYPERION-GRACE, with an OCEANUS-RICHARDSON for chief trundler.”

“That would be a novel Titanomachia, mustered to make a British Bank Holiday!” responded Mr. PUNCH. “But the one we have seen to-day, though our armour-clad Titans have only been like Leviathans at play, or Cyclops in rehearsal, hath been splendid, pregnant with immense possibilities, and calculated to astonish the Hecatoncheires themselves.”

“Verily,” said NEPTUNE, “the hundred-handed warders of the vanquished Titans never witnessed such wonders as the Diamond Jubilee Naval Review, of which we have just been sympathetic and admiring spectators. My own favourite-modern Titanide, BRITANNIA, has bettered her instructions, and beaten her ancient prototypes, THIA, THEMIS, and TETHYS, hollow.”

“Ah, here is the greatest of the modern Uranidæ!” said Mr. PUNCH, warned by the barking of that genuine sea-dog, TOBIAS, of the approach of BRITANNIA herself, in her strong, deftly-fashioned steel armour, but unhelmed for coolness’ sake and ease, like *Britomart* after battle. Mr. PUNCH pertinently quoted the patriot-poet, SPENSER:—

“Like as Bellona (being late returned
From slaughter of the giants conquer’d;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nostrils burn’d
With breath’d flames like to a furnace redd,
Transfix’d with her speare downe tumbled dedd
From top of Hemns by him heap’d hie ;) Hath loos’d her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorie.”

“Thanks, Mr. PUNCH, for the complimentary and poetic comparison!” said the war-mil’d and day-weary nymph, taking her seat at NEPTUNE’S side. “Have you, from your inexhaustible store, no apt extract for Father NEP himself?”

Mr. PUNCH, the omniscient, responded promptly :—

"Next unto her was Neptune picturéd
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke :
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Droppéd with brackish dew ; his threeforkt pyke
He stearnly shooke. *
That his swift charet might have passage wyde,

Which foure great hippodames did draw in teem-wise tyde,
His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne
And from their nosethrilles blow the lrynie streame.

For privy love his brest empiereéd had.
Ne ought but deare BRITANNIA now could make him glad."

The brown-faced, brine-soaked sailor-god laughed loud and long, and BRITANNIA blushed smilingly, or smiled blushing, whichever way it may be put. "By the blue-green eyes of Amphitrite," he cried, "BRITANNIA has 'made him glad' this day, as he has not often been since that day of days at Trafalgar."

"A mere playful parade of my naval power in honour of dear VICTORIA's sixty years of benignant sway, O salt-bearded Sire of mine," replied BRITANNIA, with a curious double-edged smile.

"Titans who can 'play' like *that*, my shrewd daughter, will give a good account of their steel thews and thunder-throated missiles, when the time for serious tussle comes," said NEPTUNE, grimly.

"I trust so," responded BRITANNIA, looking with pensive pride out seaward, where her miles of ranked and ranged warships were yet visible. "But, TOBY, I am athirst!"

TODIAS, rigged for the great occasion in natty nautical gear, handed round the hospitable Sage's Jubilee jorum, wherein Father NEPTUNE's bearded lip and BRITANNIA's sweet firm mouth were alike ready to dip.

"A toast! a toast!" cried Mr. PUNCH, lifting high his brimming beaker.

"Here's to VICTORIA, honoured and dear!
Many happy returns of this Jubilee Year!
Here's to BRITANNIA, the gentle and brave,
And long may her banner float free o'er the wave!
Here's to old NEPTUNE, and long may he smile
On the daughter he loves, and his favourite Isle!

And here's to OUR FLEET, in this Diamond Year,
And the brave lads who man it and never know fear!
Hearts of oak are they still, though their ships are of iron.
Whilst such ships and sea-dogs our white cliffs environ,
Our QUEEN is at rest, and our homes are at ease!
Hooray! Let this Toast, lads, sound loud o'er the seas!"

"Capital!" cried NEPTUNE. "But I'll venture to add just one couplet;—

"VICTORIA, BRITANNIA, old NEPTUNE! Brave bunch!
But, to make all things square, add sage-patriot PUNCH!"

"Hear! hear!" cried BRITANNIA. "Bow-wow!" yapped TOBY.

"Thanks!" responded PUNCH, feelingly, looking like Erin, "with a smile on his lip and a tear in his eye." "In return let me present you with BRITANNIA's Beacon, the Patriot's Pilot, Queen VICTORIA's most valued *Vade Mecum*, the true British Mariner's Compass, and Father NEPTUNE's Friend and Fun-provider. TOBY, haud 'em my

One Hundred and Twelfth Volume!





THE CALENDAR, 1897.—The Seasons' Quadricycle.

JANUARY xxxi Days.

17 S. Year's d.	17 S. a. f. Epp.
23 A. r. d. 92	18 M. St. Prisca
25 S. a. Chr.	19 Tu. West b. 36
1 M. Sambourne	20 W. Garrah d.
2 Feb. r. h. 3 m.	21 Th. St. Agnes
6 W. Epiphany	22 F. St. Vincent
7 Th. Bp. Kly d.	23 S. a. f. 1896
8 F. Com. L. t. h.	24 S. a. f. Epp.
9 S. a. 4. 9 m.	25 S. a. f. Epp.
10 S. 1. a. f. 9 m.	26 Tu. Gordon d. 85
11 M. Hill St. h.	27 W. Var. Rmp. h.
12 Tu. Levegar d.	28 Th. Pans capt.
13 W. St. Hilary	29 F. V. C. inst. 56
14 Th. Off. L. T. h.	30 S. a. f. 1. hnd.
15 F. Grain post	31 S. 4. s. f. Epp.
16 S. Curonia	

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1 M. Chubb d. 78	16 Tu. Burke con.
2 Th. Casilias m.	17 W. Bth. Alb. h.
3 W. St. Hilise	18 Th. Luther d.
4 Th. G. Herbert d.	19 F. Cosens. b.
5 F. B. r. Th. 3 m.	20 S. F. File b.
6 S. a. 4. 37 m.	21 S. a. f. 37 m.
7 S. 5. s. f. Epp.	22 M. Ferguson d.
8 M. H. q. r. Day	23 Th. S. Lepros d.
9 Tu. Barclay m.	24 W. St. Matthew
10 W. Q. Vict. m.	25 Th. C. Wren d.
11 Th. Kilron b. 47	26 F. Moore d.
12 F. hand d. 1897	27 S. J. Tannal
13 S. Revol. 1895	28 S. Quinga d.
14 S. Septua. E	
15 M. St. Leira	

MARCH xxxi Days.

1 M. St. David	17 W. St. Patrick
2 Tu. Wesley d. 91	18 Th. Burns Cal. op.
3 W. Ash Wed.	19 F. Lockwo d.
4 Th. Tims d. 75	20 S. Spring con.
5 F. Layard h. 17	21 S. 5. m. Lent
6 S. r. 6. 6 m.	22 M. Goshed d. 37
7 S. Quad. 8.	23 Tu. Nat. Gal. f.
8 M. Aboket. 7.	24 W. Q. Kira d.
9 Tu. Gilbert h.	25 Th. Lady Day
10 W. S. a. 6. 4 m.	26 F. Dk. Cam. h.
11 Th. West d. 20	27 S. Bright d. 59
12 F. Toole h. 50	28 S. 4. s. in Lent
13 S. Priestley b. 25	29 M. L. T. e.
14 S. 2. s. in Lent	30 Tu. St. Vigil. Vesp.
15 M. Mass. met. d.	31 Th. Paris
16 Tu. Keat d.	

APRIL xxx Days.

1 Th. Barnard b.	16 F. Good Frid.
2 F. Colson d.	17 S. V. Cole b. 38
3 S. St. Richard	18 S. Raster s.
4 S. 5. s. in Lent	19 M. St. Holiday
5 M. St. Nicholas	20 Th. Cam. R. T. h.
6 Tu. St. John	21 W. Q. R. T. h.
7 W. S. a. 6. 4 m.	22 Th. Odesa bom.
8 Th. Off. R. T. h.	23 F. St. George
9 F. Paul h. 41	24 S. Before d. 31
10 S. Off. L. T. e.	25 S. 1. s. f. East
11 S. Palm b.	26 M. Rosetti d.
12 W. Tennyson d.	27 F. East. Sta. h.
13 Th. Macula 65	28 W. St. Tours
14 W. Hill St. e.	29 Th. Lardner d.
15 Th. Dr. Burney d.	30 F. D. Argill b.

MAY xxxi Days.

1 S. S. a. 6. 3 m.	17 M. Talleyrd. d.
2 S. 2. s. f. East	18 Tu. Howell d.
3 M. S. a. 7. 24 m.	19 W. St. Dunstan
4 Th. B. A. opera	20 Th. Ed. Yates d.
5 W. Napel. L. d.	21 F. Lampore
6 Th. St. John	22 S. M. Leonard
7 F. Rosebery b.	23 S. 8. s. f. East
8 Th. Sags b.	24 M. Q. Vict. h. 19
9 S. 2. s. f. East	25 Tu. Tr. Chr. b.
10 M. Imp. Inst. op.	26 W. Deb York b.
11 Tu. Catham d.	27 Th. Assosion
12 W. Douro 99	28 F. W. F. r. h.
13 Th. O. May Day	29 S. a. f. Res.
14 F. H. Morley d.	30 S. a. f. Asson
15 S. O'Connell d.	31 M. Canton 24
16 S. 4. s. f. East	

JUNE xxx Days.

1 Tu. Nicomede	16 W. Quat Bras
2 W. Harley Day	17 Th. St. Alban
3 Th. R. r. 4. 40 m.	18 F. Waterloo
4 F. Raa. s. t. e.	19 S. B. Warren
5 S. Off. T. T. h.	20 S. 1. s. f. of Tr.
6 S. Whit Sun.	21 M. Summer s.
7 M. Bk. Holiday	22 Tu. Haydon d.
8 Th. Jerrild d.	23 W. B. Flasey
9 W. Cleaves d.	24 Th. Com. R. T. e.
10 Th. a. h. 130	25 F. S. r. 3. 40 m.
11 F. Barnabas 208	26 S. Gen. IV. d.
12 S. Dr. Arnold d.	27 S. 2. s. f. of Tr.
13 S. Trin. Sun.	28 M. Q. Vic. er 59
14 M. B. Nately	29 Tu. St. Peter
15 Tu. Trin. St. h.	30 W. Boscoe d.

JULY xxxi Days.

1 Th. B. Boyas	18 S. Punch b. 41
2 F. B. Pool d.	19 S. S. n. of Tr.
3 S. R. St. Sim.	20 M. Margaret
4 S. P. Chr. m.	21 W. Burns d.
5 Tu. B. Tok m.	22 Th. Bainsmarea
6 W. S. a. 6. 10 m.	23 F. Skechley b.
7 Th. Shalley d.	24 S. Global. t. m.
8 F. Five l. s. of.	25 S. 6. s. of Tr.
9 S. 4. s. of Tr.	26 S. St. Anne
10 M. T. Taylor d.	27 Tu. T. B. a. v. 09
11 Th. O. Orleans d.	28 W. Towley d.
12 W. Bastie d. c.	29 Th. Leylan
13 Th. S. N. Smith	30 F. W. Penn d.
14 F. Bora. er d.	31 L. Loyus d.

AUGUST xxxi Days.

1 S. 7. s. of Tr.	17 Tu. Ad. S. i. k. d.
2 M. Bk. Holiday	18 W. Greenotto
3 Th. S. 4. 29 m.	19 Th. B. m. f. d.
4 W. Shelley b.	20 F. Saragosa d.
5 Th. Ed. How d.	21 S. Michel d.
6 F. March 70	22 S. 10. s. of Tr.
7 S. Q. Canal d.	23 M. Walloe b.
8 S. 8. n. of Tr.	24 Th. Barthol.
9 M. I. Walton b.	25 W. Parady d.
10 S. a. 7. 24 m.	26 Th. Cross. 166
11 W. H. q. r. Day	27 F. Thomson d.
12 Th. Trin. St. d.	28 S. A. Augustin.
13 F. M. Ha. d.	29 S. 11. s. of Tr.
14 Th. L. Clyde d.	30 M. Plevna. 77
15 S. 9. s. of Tr.	31 Tu. Buayau d.
16 S. St. K. che	

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1 W. St. Lamior d.	16 Th. Lamior d.
2 Th. Sedan. 70	17 F. Yala. nat. h.
3 F. Cromwell d.	18 S. Gen. l. food.
4 S. W. Lawson b.	19 S. 14. s. of Tr.
5 S. 1. s. of Tr.	20 M. Alma. 74
6 M. 4. s. 23 m.	21 Th. St. Mark.
7 Tu. S. Sturton.	22 W. Av. n. com.
8 W. S. a. 6. 20 m.	23 Th. B. Assays
9 Th. B. Flinden	24 S. B. S. d. d.
10 F. S. Querey	25 S. Ferson d.
11 S. of Delhi	26 S. 15. s. of Tr.
12 S. 19. s. of Tr.	27 M. Banco. 110
13 M. S. a. 6. 10 m.	28 Tu. S. Leopold
14 Tu. Holy Cross	29 W. Mich. Day
15 W. B. Balgbur	30 Th. St. Jerome

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

1 F. Cam. N. T. h.	17 S. 15. s. of Tr.
2 S. Arago d. 80	18 M. St. Luke
3 S. 19. s. of Tr.	19 Th. Kooler d.
4 M. Guisot h.	20 W. Navarine
5 Tu. S. r. 6. 30 m.	21 Th. Tr. alpar 96
6 W. Tennyson d.	22 F. E. Edge Hill
7 Th. S. a. 6. 25 m.	23 S. Irish Reb.
8 F. Du. M. r. er d.	24 S. 19. s. of Tr.
9 S. St. Denis	25 M. Bala. f. a.
10 S. 17. s. of Tr.	26 Th. H. q. r. d.
11 M. Dr. Bena. d.	27 W. Met. capt.
12 Tu. P. h. n. d.	28 Th. J. Locke d.
13 W. Bradbury d.	29 F. J. Leech d.
14 Th. Harrod b.	30 S. Sheridan b.
15 F. Murat shot	31 S. 20. s. of Tr.
16 S. Bonifacius	

NOVEMBER xxx Days.

1 M. All Saints	16 Tu. J. Bright b.
2 Tu. All Souls	17 W. St. Hugh
3 S. W. Wainford	18 Th. Wilks h.
4 Th. S. r. 7. 1 m.	19 F. A. 74
5 F. Tukruan	20 S. H. d. d.
6 S. S. a. 6. 22 m.	21 S. 2. s. of Tr.
7 S. 21. s. of Tr.	22 M. St. Cecilia
8 M. Milton d.	23 Tu. O. Martin.
9 Tu. P. of Wis. b.	24 F. J. King d.
10 W. B. Fife b.	25 Th. Catherine
11 Th. St. Martin	26 F. St. Aud b.
12 F. Baxter b.	27 S. Ch. Tech. h.
13 S. 1. s. of Tr.	28 S. 1. s. of Tr.
14 S. 22. s. of Tr.	29 M. Bernard b.
15 M. Machinus	30 Tu. St. Andrew

DECEMBER xxxi Days.

1 W. P. W. a. b. 17	17 F. Oxf. M. T. e.
2 Th. Ansterit d.	18 S. Grimaldi h.
3 F. St. 7. 4 m.	19 S. 4. s. n. Adv.
4 S. 7. 24 m.	20 M. S. a. f. Chr.
5 S. 2. s. n. Adv.	21 Tu. Mich. St. a.
6 M. St. Nicolas	22 W. G. B. i. d. d.
7 Tu. Ney shot	23 Th. J. H. a. d.
8 W. S. a. 6. 40 m.	24 F. Christ. Res.
9 M. St. Nicholas	25 A. Chr. St. Day
10 F. Milton b.	26 S. S. of Chr.
11 S. Doyle d.	27 M. Bk. Holiday
12 S. S. n. Adv.	28 Tu. In. v. d.
13 M. St. Lucy	29 W. G. G. d. d. b. r.
14 Tu. P. n. d.	30 Th. Legu. and.
15 Th. W. a. d. d.	31 F. St. Sylvester
16 Th. T. Wilson d.	

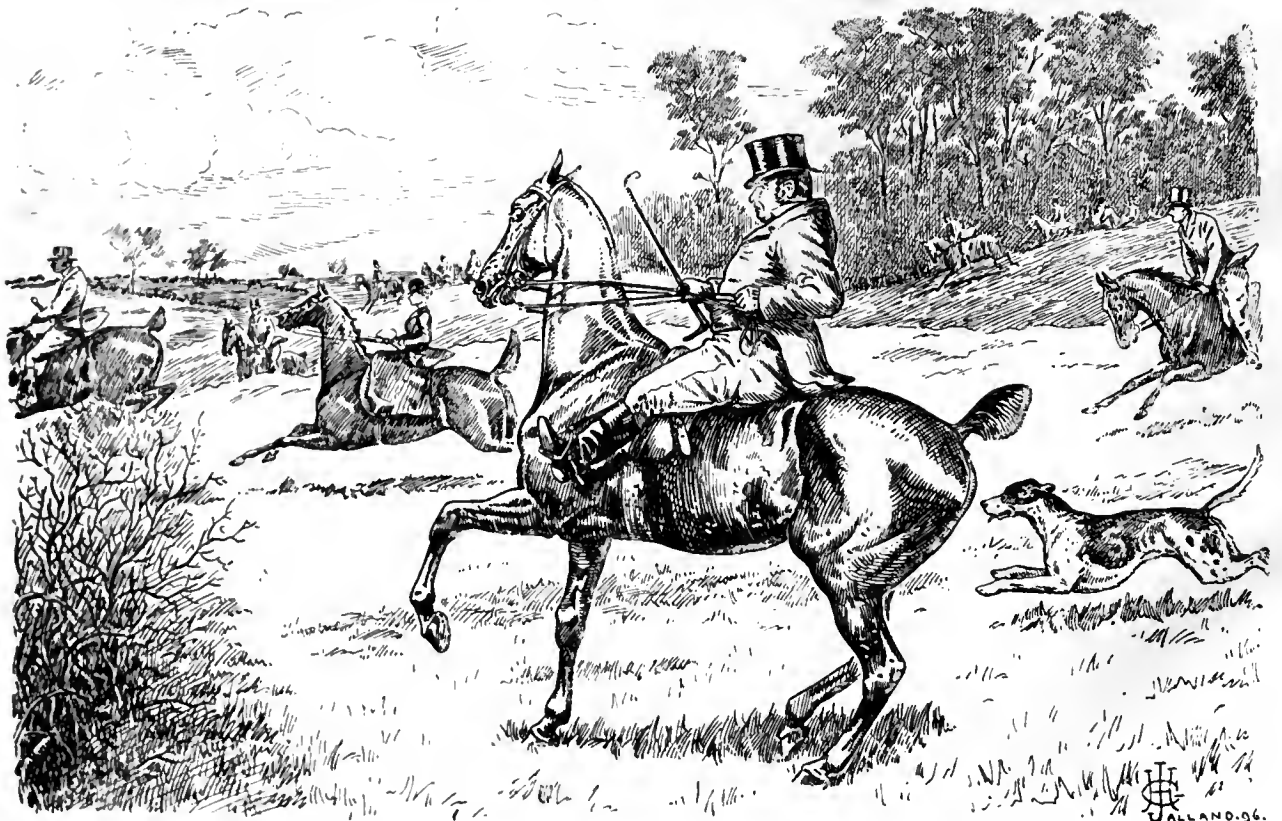


FIELD TRAINING NOTES. (Aldershot.)

General (to Irish Recruit). "CAN YOU TELL ME HOW MANY SPECIES OF PACK ANIMALS THERE ARE?" *(No answer.)*

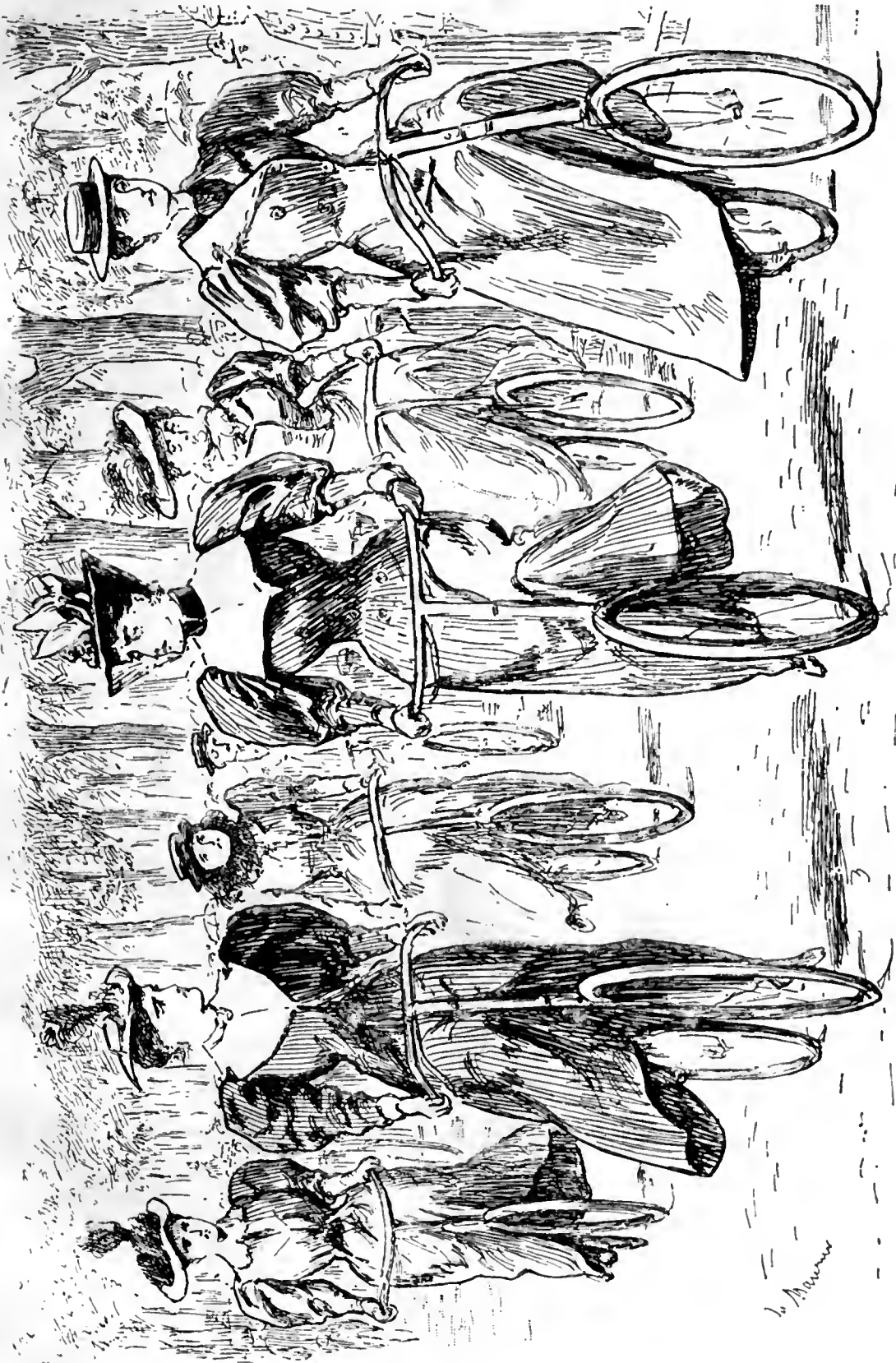
General. "WELL, DO YOU KNOW ANY KIND OF PACK ANIMAL?"

Recruit (inspired by recollection of many days' pack-drill). "YES, SORR. A DEFAULTER, SORR!"



(Hounds just gone away. Gent gallops up furiously at first fence, but pulls up suddenly on reaching it.)

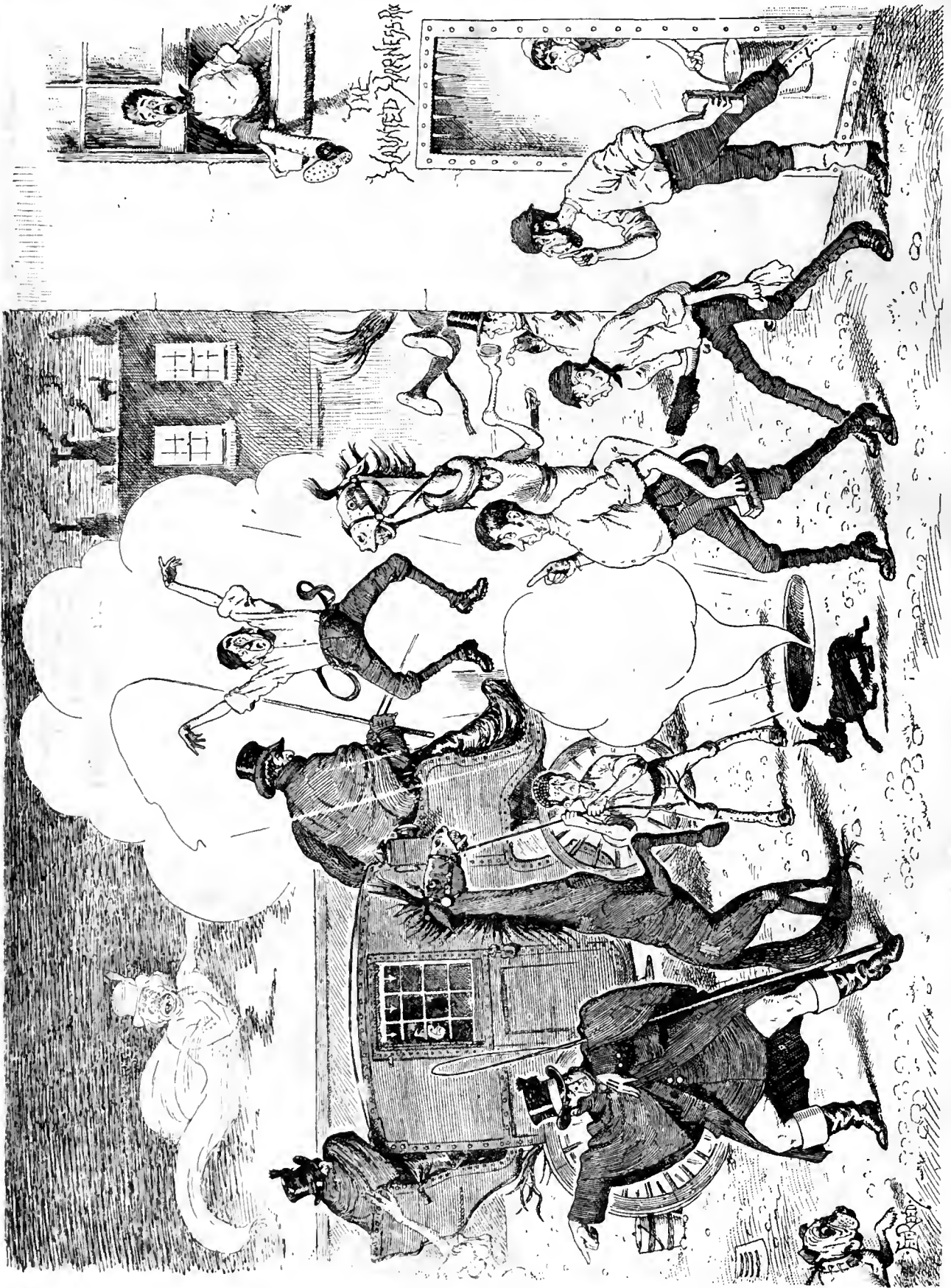
Gent. "STEADY! WHOA, MY BOY! LOOK HERE. YOU'RE NOT MINE, YOU KNOW, AND I'M HANGED IF I ALLOW YOU TO RISK YOURSELF!"



LE MONDE OU L'ON S'AMUSE.

Toujours, toujours,
La nuit comme le jour . . .
Et youp, youp, youp, tra la la là,
La la là!

Eh! "I HOPE BICYCLING WILL GO OUT OF FASHION BEFORE NEXT SEASON, I DO HATE BICYCLING SO!" Maud. "SO DO I! BUT ONE MUST, YOU KNOW!"



SCENES FROM MR. PUNCH'S PANTIMIME.—Scene I.: The Tragic Mews.

AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER I.—*Congratulations.*

MY DEAR CHARLES EDWARD.—I received your telegraphic despatch informing me of your success at the poll. I confess I could have lived through the added hours if you had been content to use the letter-post as the medium of conveying the intelligence. There is an abruptness about telegraph messages—not to mention their charge of two shillings for delivery at the Grange—that is annoying.

I never have used this new-fangled thing myself, and never shall, any more than I use envelopes. In your dear grandfather's time we wrote on a sheet of letter-paper, and when we had covered three sides we folded it over and used the fourth for the address. What was good for your grandfather is good enough for me, and I wish it were so for even younger people.

But I suppose I must congratulate you on becoming one of the Members for the borough of Greatmart. It is, I understand, still reckoned to be an honour to belong to the House of Commons, though from all I hear it is a very different place in all ways from that in which your grandfather sat for twenty-eight years. It is a remarkable coincidence, conveying a lesson which, to my mind, has not been sufficiently inculcated, that when in the autumn of 1832 the first so-called Reformed Parliament met, your grandfather and the constituency he represented for more than a quarter of a century were both effaced. Two years later, the old House of Commons, in which Pitt and Fox and your grandfather had sat, was destroyed by fire!

Now I understand you have got what is called a Palace, containing a thousand rooms, a hundred staircases, and two miles of corridors. All I can say, my dear nephew, is, don't lose your way or your head in them. Yours affectionately,

TABITHA PLINLIMON PENLEY.

The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN UP-TO-DATE DOG.

DREADFUL dream this morning! Thought I was sitting at a cold, draughty street corner, with nothing on but a leather collar, and a tin mug in my mouth, collecting coppers for a common, vulgar blind person. Most degrading! Intensely relieved, on waking, to find myself in my own comfortable padded basket. Had kicked the quilt off, and somehow managed to wriggle out of my nightgown. Talking of my nightgowns, whoever embroidered my monogram on them might have done it in two colours instead of only one. So much more chic.

After breakfast, to Toilet Club with Robert. Curling-tongs not warm enough. Obligated to complain sharply of carelessness of new assistant, who snipped nearly half the tuft off one of my haunches! Sprayed with a new scent, which, personally, I don't care about. Dog shaved just before me wearing rather a smart overcoat, trimmed with fur, and having side-pockets for handkerchief, brush, &c. Asked him who his tailor was. Said he forgot the name—only fellow in town who really knew how to cut an overcoat. Just like my Old Woman, not to have heard of him! Catch her standing me a fur overcoat! Some dogs have all the luck!

Looked in at jeweller's on way home.



"POOR LITTLE DOGGIE.—HASN'T GOT ANY FEVVERS ON!"

Bangle done, at last. Not bad; looks rather well on left front paw, though I don't see why I shouldn't have one on each leg while I'm about it. At all events, she might have made it gold! However, I suppose a silver bracelet is considered good enough for me.

Tried on tan shoes at bootmaker's. Well enough for country wear, but hardly the thing for town. Mr. Ferdie Frivell's principal poodle told me himself that he wouldn't be seen in Piccadilly in anything but patent leathers. And, though Zulu may be rather an ass in some ways, I will say this for him—there aren't many poodles as well turned out, or who can tell you what's right and what isn't right (if you know what I mean) better than old Zulu can. Brown shoes to walk about town with. That's just one of those distinctions women don't seem able to grasp!

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.—Unreceipted bills still very much worn on the hall table. About the middle of the month, articles of the same material come in, but with fresh trimmings in red ink. Demands for rates are also to be seen in the most fashionable quarters. New year de-

scriptions of alterations in address (intended for books of reference) begin to go out. Unbecoming weather for persons with less than a thousand a year, and minus encumbrances.

HISTORY CORRECTED.—On the 21st and 30th of January, Kings Louis the Sixteenth of France and Charles the First of England are said to have lost their heads. Not at all. They both had their wits sufficiently about them at these dates for one of them to leave Paris by the Place de la Concorde, and the other to take an early chop at Whitehall.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.—Valentines now only seen in the servants' hall. Cycles re-appear in the parks at Battersea and Knightsbridge. Beginners wear attendants' arms round the waist as a support. Expression of pained determination quite as prevalent as during the run of last season. Sprains still occasionally seen in the wrist and ankle. Treacherous weather for those who leave their bikes on one side of the river and catch a chill on their walks back to their homes on the other.

AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER II.—*A Little Cheque.*

DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,—I intended in my last letter to send the enclosed little cheque, as I daresay the expenses of the election have drawn upon your purse. This will serve as a sort of postscript to my former letter, and perhaps you won't object to its wording.

I hope its receipt will not involve you in any awkwardness about bribery and corruption. But we never know where we are in these days. We have been reformed

who was present, by command, at the wedding of Queen Anne. I like it because it's the only business-place in London a woman can enter without running the risk of being served by a man wearing whiskers, mustachios, or both. Even the policeman at the door is closely shaven.

That reminds me of the House of Commons when your grandfather sat in it. Not that I ever looked on the scene myself, counting considerably fewer years than some persons are good enough to assign to your aunt. But your grandmother has told me about it. Indeed, I have a picture of the House of Commons as it was just seventy-five years ago. You

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.—Early cuts in the Row begin to appear. General revision of last year's visiting list very popular. Seaside acquaintances of the past autumn now entirely discarded. Hearts upon the sleeve no longer worn. Thoughts of young people of both sexes lightly turn to possible matrimony—at six months' date. Weather becomes trying to the impecunious.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (*loosed from durance vile*).—Q. Why are the watering-places of Great Britain intensely aristocratic? A. Because they can't do without piers.



EFFECT OF ENGLISH LIFE ON LI HUNG CHANG.

His Return to China. (By Our Chinese Artist.)

out of all comfort and consolation. It was different in your dear grandfather's time. There were seventeen electors forming the constituency of Old Sarum. Your grandfather reckoned they cost him at every election, in round figures, a hundred guineas apiece. But that was the beginning and end of it. You paid your money and you took your seat. Now, I believe, you really are not allowed to spend more than a fixed sum on a Parliamentary election.

There's a pretty pass to which free-born Englishmen have been brought!

You will observe that my cheque is drawn on Coutts'. Your grandfather banked there, and so did his grandfather,

see row upon row of country gentlemen, with black stocks, high collars to their coats, short waistcoats, coats cut away a little above their hips, and their continuations the reverse of baggy. All well-bred gentlemen, you can see. Not a lawyer, an Irish Member, or a whisker among them.

Now I am told, that with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Hanbury, and Mr. James Lowther, the old fashion has given place to whiskers and mustachios, which, if not actually made in Germany, are at least a fashion imported from foreign parts.

Your affectionate, but disgusted aunt,
TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY.
The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.—Easter trips to Paris become the mode. Later, hats and bonnets worn *à la Grands Magasins du Louvre*. Gloves *à la Bon Marché*. English much spoken on the Boulevards. Towards the close of the month dinners served up with frequent references to experiences on the continent. Husband's promenades in Parisian shopland personally conducted by the wife. Weather during the four weeks of considerable moment to proper crossing of the Channel.

BAD JOKE FOR JANUARY.—Presentation of Christmas bills.

BAD JOKE FOR FEBRUARY.—The opening of Parliament.



SO FAR, NO FARTHER.

EXTRAORDINARY POSITION ASSUMED BY MR. SNOODLE ON THE SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED REFUSAL OF HIS HORSE.

THE PENDULUM OF TASTE.

(Extract from a London Daily Paper, 1996.)

An event which has been anticipated with considerable interest by connoisseurs took place on Friday and Saturday last, when the celebrated collection of Early Victorian decorative furniture and objects of art belonging to the late Mr. Eylic Culchard was disposed of by public auction in the historic rooms of Messrs. Hammer and Rostrum.

The bidding was spirited throughout the proceedings, and some of the more important and interesting lots obtained sensational prices.

Amongst them the following may be singled out for special mention.

A group of fruit, realistically modelled and coloured by hand, in wax, and in perfect preservation, under cylindrical glass shade of period, was knocked down to Mr. Kernooze, of Old Bond Street, for two hundred guineas; a similar group, in which an orange, or peach, was slightly damaged, going for one hundred and fifty pounds only.

A gaselier, in simili-bronze, warranted a genuine antique, fetched sixty guineas, its richly moulded design and decorative effect causing many present to wonder why our latter-day craftsmen do not show a greater

tendency to return to the elegant floridity of middle-nineteenth-century work.

A set of six coloured lithographs, chiefly scriptural, and supposed to be of German origin, were secured by Sir Thomas Teebord, the recently-elected President of the Royal Academy, for the very moderate sum of twenty guineas apiece. We understand that Sir Thomas intends to present these prints, which are probably unique, to the Tate Collection.

A tea-cosy (the padded and quilted head-dress worn by well-to-do matrons when engaged in drinking the then national beverage) fetched £26 10s. This article is beautifully embroidered with holly-berries in the delicate "crewel-work" which is now, unhappily, a lost art.

An ornamental pendant, composed of coloured glass beads, and said (though perhaps erroneously) to have been intended for the convenience and occupation of flies, was bought for seventeen guineas (Mr. Kernooze).

Another curio, which was the subject of brisk competition, was a convex ornament in solid glass, enclosing an enamelled view of the old pier at Worthing. This article, the only known fellow to which contains a representation of the beach at Tenby, and is now in the South Kensington Museum, was eventually secured, amidst

breathless excitement, by Mr. Finucane, for the sum of two hundred and eighty guineas.

A kneeling statuette, in alabaster, believed to represent the infant Samuel, fell to Lord Boomtrek of Koffyfontein, for two thousand pounds. On the last occasion on which it was put up for sale, it realised no more than five hundred and seventy guineas—a remarkable proof of the revival of public interest in Early Victorian sculpture, which has long suffered from an unaccountable want of appreciation.

A magnificent suite of genuine mahogany chairs and sofa, upholstered in real horsehair—which, owing to the total extinction of these interesting animals, is now an unprocurable commodity—was bought by Mr. Cibber-Wright for fifteen hundred guineas; not an excessive price when we consider the modern rage for examples of perhaps the chastest and most classic period of British domestic furniture.

A very beautiful Kidderminster carpet, with a striking design of large nose-gays on a ground of green moss, which, as Mr. Rostrum observed, no one but the crassest Vandal would dream of placing anywhere but upon the wall of his reception-room, fetched a thousand pounds, and a harmonium (a kind of musical instrument), in walnut wood, with the pedals covered with genuine old Brussels carpet, went for three hundred only.

One lot consisted of a complete set of antique "antimacassars," in wool and crochet, curious and interesting relics, as Mr. Rostrum remarked, of the days when it was by no means uncommon for members of the male sex to be provided with a natural head-covering.

Much amusement was afforded when an authentic specimen of a Victorian "tall, or chimney-pot hat" was put up for sale. It is stated to have been the property of a well-known contemporary demagogue, and to have been habitually worn by him in Hyde Park, though we must confess it seems well-nigh incredible that even the most desperate seeker after notoriety could have descended to such a means of drawing attention to himself.

A CYNIC'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WHEN we bang the house with h-Till it looks as melanch-As a German forest, kn-Gloomy, gnome-haunted, and tr-Damp and dark as an old br-When we over-gorge us wh-Pa and Ma and Jack and P-Old Aunt Nelly, Uncle N-When girls dress up smart and d-Boys play clowns and niggers-G-Howl out carols most car-When poor jests are in full v-Rampant every kind of f-Then 'tis Christmas, miscalled J-olly!

FASHIONS FOR MAY.—Presentations at Court in great demand. Bouquets going out with dowagers otherwise occupied with their trains, and coming in with debutantes anxious for a favourable first appearance. Husbands à la gauche in Victorias in the park. Pictures of new people placed high at Burlington House. Portraits of wealthy somebodies and nobodies by R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s hung on the line. Weather suitable to water-coloured silks and satins at garden fêtes and other *al fresco* entertainments.



DISTINGUISHED ARTIST, STAYING IN CONFIRMED BACHELOR'S COUNTRY HOUSE, BEING HARD UP FOR MODELS FOR HIS PROJECTED WORK OF "THE DISCARDED SON" GETS HIS HOST'S DOMESTICS TO STAND FOR HIM.

THERE WAS A NEW WOMAN.

(Neo-Nursery Rhyme.)

THERE was a New Woman, as I've heard
toll,
And she rode a bike with a horrible bell,
She rode a bike in a masculine way,
And she had a spill on the Queen's high-
way.
While she lay stunned, up came Doctor
Stout,
And he cast a petticoat her "knickers"
about,
To hide the striped horrors which bagged
at the knees.
When the New Woman woko, she felt
strange and ill at ease;
She began to wonder those skirts for to
spy,
And cried, "Oh, goodness gracious! I'm
sure this isn't I!"
But if it is I, as I hope it be,
I know a little vulgar boy, and he knows
me;
And if it is I, he will jeer and rail,
But if it isn't I, why, to notice me he'll
fail."
So off scorched the New Woman, all in
the dark,
But as the little vulgar boy her knickers
failed to mark,
He was quite polite, and she began to cry,
"Oh! Jimmy doesn't cheek me, so I'm
sure this isn't I!"

NOTE BY "DARBY JONES."—At Christ-
mas the "straight tip" is always given
to the conveyors of Her Majesty's Mails,
to the removers of dust, and occasionally
to the harmless, necessary constable.



HERE IS THE PORTRAIT OF CONFIRMED
BACHELOR HOST, ACCUSTOMED TO BE WAITED
UPON IMMEDIATELY HE RINGS THE BELL.

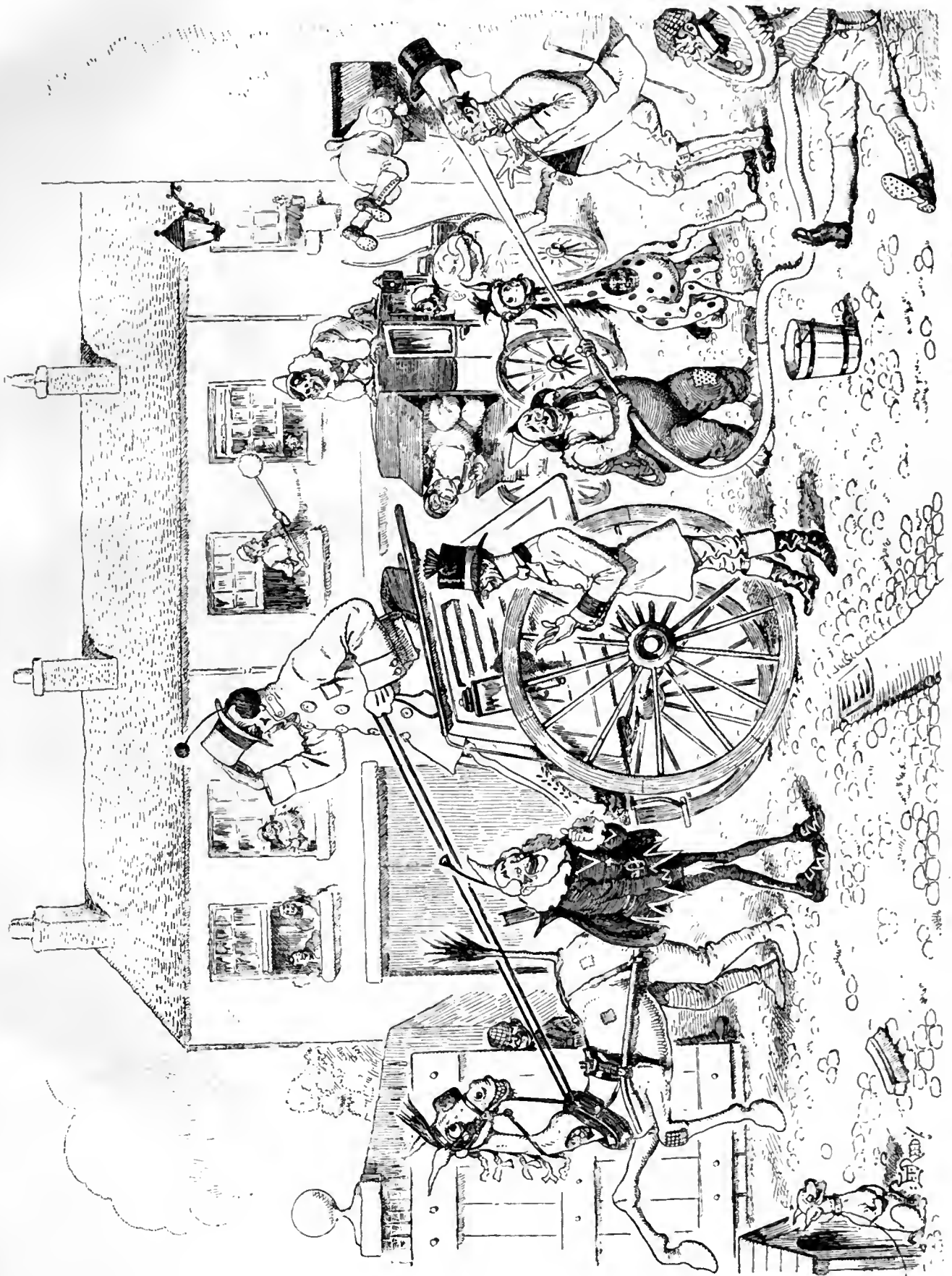
A BRIGHT LOOK-OUT.

(By a wearied Century-ender.)

THE "so-called Nineteenth Century"
Is drawing to a close;
Right soon the Twentieth we shall see!
What *will* become of those
Who live upon one well-worn phrase,
The "Fin-de-Siècle" lot,
The victims of erotic craze,
And pessimistic rot?
The sniff, the sneer, the stale small-beer,
Must soon be "out-of-date."
The young New Age *may* bring good
cheer,—
Oh, most appalling fate!
If health and hope mar phrase and trope
Of cynic hedonist,
For his poor scrag a silken rope
The goose must surely twist.
For what fit theme for opiate dream,
Blue devils, scarlet sins,
When at one Century's extreme,
Another one—*begins*?
Pet phrases then, wherewith his pen
Is fertile, will not fit:
Anachronism, scorned of men,
Must mar his morbid wit.
Oh! dire look-out, when chronic doubt,
And sceptic zest for sinning,
Which fit an "End" are turned about
In face of a Beginning!
But oh! the joy of honest hearts,
Wearied of sin and sludge,
When, with the Opening Age, departs
The *Fin-de-Siècle* fudge!

BAD JOKE FOR MARCH.—"Mad heir."
Quarter day.

BAD JOKE FOR APRIL.—Ratepayers All
Fools' Day.



SCENES FROM MR. PUNCH'S PANTOMIME.—Scene II.: The Comic Mews.

AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER III.—*On the Terrace.*

CHARLES EDWARD,—I declare, if it were not too late, as it probably is, I would stop payment of the cheque I weakly sent in my last letter. What do you mean by promising to take me to tea on the Terrace as soon as it is warm enough to sit out? If I were within arm's reach of you, I would make it warm enough for you, quite apart from conditions of ordinary temperature. What have I done or said that you should imagine I would show myself in such a place, amid such surroundings?

This invasion of the House of Commons by women, these frivolous five-o'clock teas,

out a candle, and fell on the clerk's wig at the end of the table. Your dear grandfather, not knowing whose was the mishap, was so sardonically severe on the subject when he came home to dinner, (Members dined comfortably at home in those days,) that your grandmother thought she had better not mention names. As far as your grandfather was concerned, she carried her secret to the grave, but never saw her fan again, which she always believes the clerk at the table gave to his wife—or someone else's.

Thus you will perceive how, even in early stages of the now riotous fashion, the attendance of women at the House of Commons debates led to duplicity in the most sacred relations of the house-

“Diddy-iddy-dneckums”—but that was entirely beside the point, and she need not have spilt some coffee on my best morning jacket.

Drive with the O. W. Called on Lady Ida Downey, who was not at home. Robert was told to leave one of my visiting-cards on her Japanese spaniel, *Mousmé*, a conceited, pampered little black and white beast, whom I have rather gone out of my way to snub. Much annoyed, because this sort of thing puts a poodle in such a thoroughly false position; but of course my Old Woman doesn't consider that!

Stopped at confectioner's, for sweets. It's a very curious thing, considering how long she's known me, but the Old Lady



Mabel's three bosom Friends (all experts—who have run round to see the Christmas gift). “HULLO, MAB! WHY, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?”
Mab (in gasps). “OH—YOU SEE—IT WAS AWFULLY KIND OF THE PATER TO GIVE IT TO ME—BUT I HAVE TO LOOK AFTER IT MYSELF—AND I KNEW I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BREATH ENOUGH TO BLOW THE TYRES OUT!”

mark the decadence of what your dear grandfather used to call the mother of Parliaments. Long before imperial legislation was degraded into the position of an accessory to a social function, my blood boiled at the complaints of women who go to the House of Commons to hear debates, and abuse the gallery for being “a cage.” Why, in your dear grandfather's time there was no accommodation for women in any part of the House of Commons, it being in those times thought they were much better at home minding the business of the household. If curiosity was insistent, and their husbands temporarily weak, they were conducted to the ventilating chamber over the candelabra in the roof, where three or four of them might, with excessive discomfort peep down on the scene.

Your dear grandmother never went but once, and then she was so perturbed that she dropped her fan, which, falling through the aperture, narrowly escaped putting

hold. So let me hear no more about the Terrace, if you would have me remain
 Your affectionate aunt,
TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY.
The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN UP-TO-DATE DOG.

Tête-à-tête lunch with the Old Woman. Wore my navy-blue lounge-coat, and cerise bow in my top-knot. O. W. boring, as usual. Wouldn't let me have second helping of stewed chicken. Told Robert—in my presence—that I was “getting much too stout.” So is she—but she had some more chicken! I do not wish to break with her unless I'm absolutely compelled, but I cannot live happily under a roof where I don't feel that my merits are properly appreciated. And really, to have personal remarks made upon one's figure, to a menial—! She thought she could make it up afterwards by calling me a

never can get it into her head that I infinitely prefer *fondants* to chocolate creams! Is this native stupidity on her part, or merely want of observation?

My fawn-coloured driving-coat, with braided facings, seems to attract a good deal of notice; it certainly does suit me. How so many dogs can bring themselves to go about as they do in a state of Nature I simply can't understand. If I was in their place, I should die of shame, I really believe. I should certainly catch a severe cold.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.—Opera à l'inter-national at Covent Garden. Musical mélange à la toutes les langues Européennes, popular with numerous artistes of the highest continental reputation. Terrace teas for ladies, with M.P. accessories. Nights on the box fashionable, but trying to Society coachmen. Regimental dinners the regulation during Derby week. Hampers much worn on coaches.



A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

Proud Parent (who has been introducing his son to some of England's gentlemen). "THERE, MY BOY, THIS WILL BE SOMETHING FOR YOU TO REMEMBER WHEN YOU ARE A MAN!"
Young Hopeful (rather disappointed). "ISN'T THERE A CONJURER AMONGST THEM!"



① BIKER AND PELHAM WERE RIVALS FOR THE HAND OF MISS PURTY DURING THE SUMMER BIKER HELD A DECIDED LEAD

② BUT WHEN HUNTING COMMENCED PELHAM HAD THE ADVANTAGE

③ BUT BIKER PERCEIVED IN SPITE OF PELHAM'S STEERS

④ GALLANTLY HE CAME TO THE RESCUE AND OFFERED HIS METAL MOUNT

⑤ ONE DAY BIKER WITNESSED THE ABOVE CATASTROPHIES

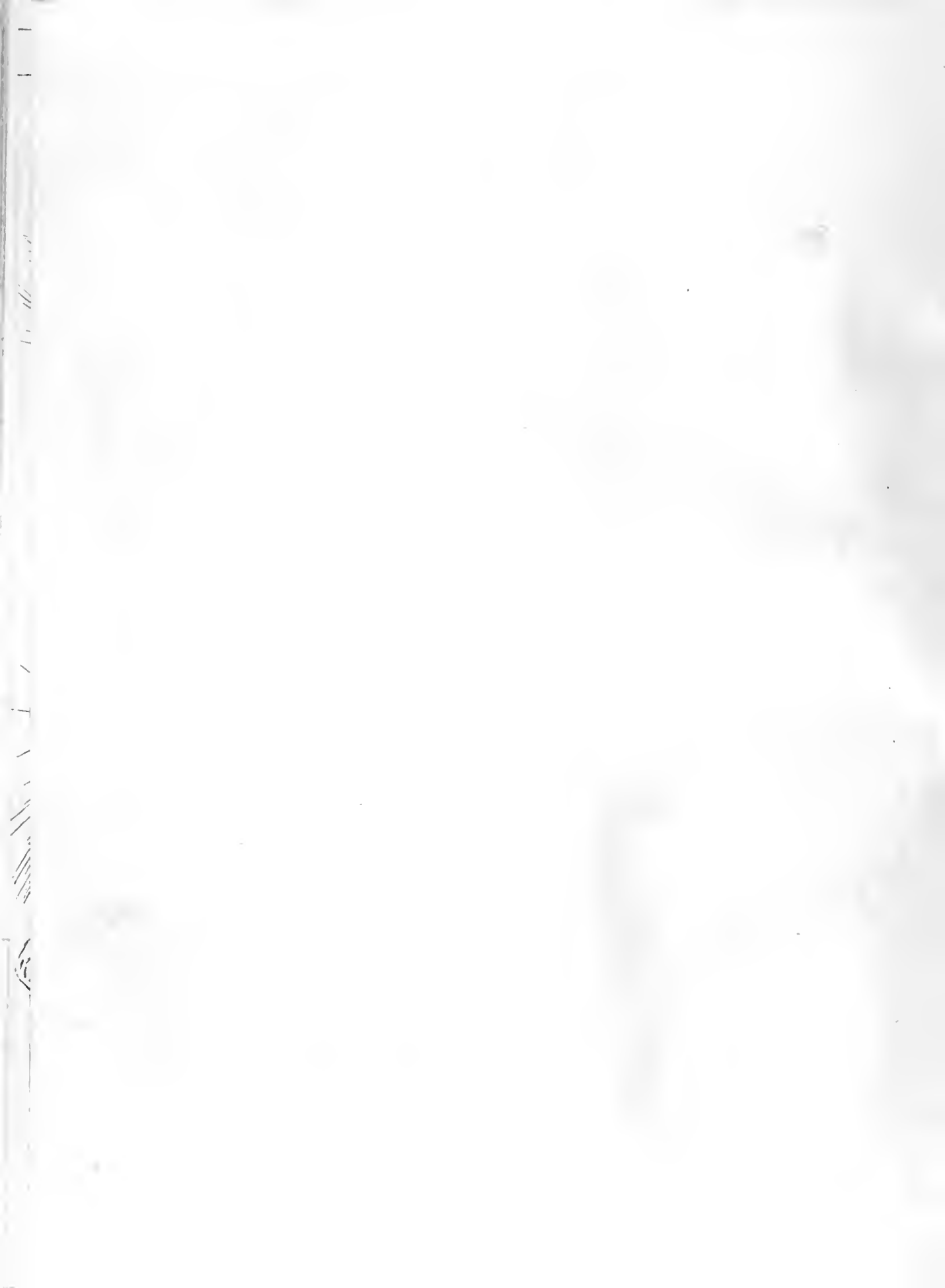
⑥ BIKER CAUGHT THE HORSE - MINUS THE SKIRT

⑦ THUS ENABLING THE LADY TO FINISH THE RUN AND PRESERVE THE DECENCIES

⑧ HE FELL IN WITH MISS PURTY ON THE WAY HOME - PROPOSED AND WAS ACCEPTED

THE RIVALS.







“HUSBANDS IN WAITING.”



A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

Obstructive Lady (in reply to the Golfer's warning call). "THE WHOLE WORLD WASN'T MADE FOR GOLF, SIR."
Youngster. "No; BUT THE LINKS WIS. 'FORE!"



AMATEUR TABLEAUX VIVANTS.—No. I.

MR. AND MRS. FUSSINGTON TOOTLES HAVE RECENTLY ORGANISED AND ARRANGED A SERIES OF DOMESTIC TABLEAUX VIVANTS FOR THE DELECTATION OF THEIR MANY FRIENDS. "NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE *BELLEROPHON*," AFTER THE WELL-KNOWN PICTURE BY MR. ORCHARDSON, R.A., WITH MR. TOOTLES AS THE CHIEF PART WAS VOTED A PERFECT TRIUMPH OF REALISM!

A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

[A mysterious meteorite is reported to have fallen lately, on one side of which are cabalistic characters supposed to constitute "A Message from Mars." *Mr. Punch* has deciphered it, and gives herewith a free translation and pictorial illustration.]

MANAGE things better here? We do, my boy!
 We know how to exist and to enjoy;
 Which you do not. Men call me god of war,
 But there's no fighting in my blood-red star.
 We do not waste our labour and our cash
 On preparations for a general smash.
 A soldier or a sword, war-ship or gun,
 Do not exist, save pictured in pure fun
 In our museums of antiquities.
 Boys howling "latest news!"—mere
 "liners" lies—
 Are superseded here by pretty girls,
 Darlings in classic garb, with flowing curls,
 Who proffer pleasing pennyworths, all
 pith,
 Perfumed and pictured. Any noise there-
 with,
 Or otherwise, in railway whistle shrill,
 So-called "street-music," guaranteed to
 kill

Peace at a thousand yards, harsh chapel-
 bells,
 Coster's coarse clamour, roysterer's rau-
 cous yells,—
 All are taboo. All such are set, with art,
 To music by some Martian Mozart.
 And though we have no savage breasts to
 soothe,
 The noise of German bands, or General
 Booth,
 Would rile our gentle bosoms, for row's
 ravages
 Would turn the mildest Martians into
 savages.
 Our streets are sweet and silent, cheerful,
 clean,
 Broad, brightly-lit, bordered with bosky
 green.
 Advertisements, ruled by a Board of Art,
 Never sensational or coarsely smart,
 Gladden the eye and train the general
 taste
 Unprudish, but aesthetically chaste.
 Amusement is—amusing! Prig or prude
 Finds not free humour coarse, or nature
 rude.
 Our recreation grounds—the crowd's re-
 sort,
 For clean amusement and for honest sport,

Free but unbrutal, eager and elate,
 With aims above the wager and the
 "gate"—
 Are the State's special charge. Our sages
 think
 How to undemonize that Dagon, Drink;
 So that a Martian may at ease recline,
 Like a Greek guest heart-warmed by
 generous wine,
 Sober and graceful on his ale-house bench,
 Safe from the frenzy of a poisoned drench.
 For locomotion? Well, my *Punchius*,
 Mars,
 In spinning cycles and swift autocars,
 Is far ahead of Terra. Wheels and wings
 With us are ancient and familiar things.
 At earthly travelling by road or rail,
 All Martian vocabularies fail
 To voice the Martian marvel!
 As for dress,
 Your trousers, your top hat! Gods! How
 express
 Our pity for your miseries? *Would* a
 vote
 Perpetuate your preposterous dress-coat?
 Our dress flows to the figure, light, yet
 warm,
 And the divinity of the human form
 Disguises not, as with you men, so that
 you
 Dare not invest a hero in a statue
 With what he wore whilst living!
 We don't choke
 Our lungs with wasted fuel, miscalled
 smoke,
 Our old Smoke-Gnome proves worthy of
 his hire,
 Subdued and shackled wholly by King
 Fire.
 Our woman's natural, and, though young,
 not new,
 Winsome, well-dressed, and not a scraggy
 shrew,
 She dotes on Cupid, worships Hymen still,
 Though healthy of physique and strong of
 will.
 In fact, in Mars, Venus is quite at home,
 And welcomes bathing beauty to her foam
 In freedom with decorum. Art with us
 Is healthy, sweet, aspiring; fad and fuss,
 Neurotic nastiness, and sordid grime
 She drives from her, as things of dusk
 and slime
 Are banished by the dawn.
 You, *Punchius* mine,
 Are the Earth's male Aurora. Rise and
 shine!
 With a redoubled lustre sun your stars,
 Helped on, it may be, by these mems from
 Mars!

FASHIONS FOR JULY.—Grand Jubilee
 Celebration universally observed. Every-
 thing à la reine immensely and justly in
 favour. Uniform de rigueur and loyalty
 worn in the heart. All the fashions of
 1887 revived with increased success. The
 population of London rises to six millions
 of well-dressed enthusiasts. National de-
 monstration garnished with the heartiest
 applause imaginable. Weather "Queen's
 brand," and consequently delightful.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.—Seaside in fa-
 vour. Ocean appears with a thick fringe
 of bathers. England, Scotland, Ireland,
 and Wales served à l'Américaine. Anglo-
 Saxon only spoken, with a British accent,
 in France, Italy, Germany, and Switzer-
 land. Tourist suits worn out on moun-
 tains. Innkeepers appear in habits à la
 brigand. Cycles disappear from Battersea
 and Knightsbridge to decorate the roads
 of Belgium, Sweden, Norway, and Hol-
 land. Weather intolerable to toilers left
 in town.



A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

A GLIMPSE BY OUR OWN ASTRONOMER OF THINGS BETTER MANAGED IN THAT PLANET.



THE FESTIVE SEASON IN ANCIENT EGYPT.
A LITTLE MARKETING IN THE NINEVEH NEW ROAD.



CHRISTMAS IN ANCIENT EGYPT.
A FEW FRIENDS AT MRS. MEMNON'S.



THE CHRISTMAS-BOX IN ANCIENT EGYPT.
IT WAS QUITE AN INSTITUTION THEN.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER. — Stubble much worn. Retrievers and pointers both in fashion. Big bags added to leggings adopted by many prominent sportsmen. Hot luncheons garnished with country lanes to be found mid-day mostly in England. Nauseous waters mixed with Society scandals in favour at Hom-burg and other foreign health resorts. Harrogate and Bath largely patronised by both Henry and 'Arry. Weather a matter of slight moment to any one "do-ing the cure" anywhere.

BAD JOKE FOR MAY. — Backing the "wrong'un" for the Derby.

HISTORY CORRECTED. — The 1st of the fifth month is "May Day," but according to tradition, the 13th is the proper date for the holding of the festival. The *mot* "that the controversy about the two May Days caused him amazement" is attributed erroneously to Oliver Cromwell. It was really the invention of Dr. Johnson. The pun encrusted in the saying is the solitary *jeu d'esprit* that has come down to us testifying to the wit that is believed to have been so marked a characteristic of the great lexicographer.

BAD JOKE FOR JUNE. — (Give no) Quarter day.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER. — Long Vacation goes out of fashion in London. Silk and stuff gowns much *en evidence* at the Law Courts on the 25th and after. Wigs on the Green in Dublin and on the heads of Briefed and Briefless at Strand Palace of Justice. Company "ads" once more the fashion in the newspaper offices of Fleet Street. Weather in London not quite up to the standard form of Italy and further South.

BAD JOKE FOR JULY. — Passing the Estimates.

BAD JOKE FOR AUGUST. — Shooting on the moors with a beginner.



L'ALLEGRO.



IL PUNCTUROSO.

*Borned by a
Puncture*

THE MILTONIC CYCLIST.



H. C. Hall
96

"SEATED ONE DAY ON THE ORGAN, I WAS WEARY AND ILL AT EASE!"

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN
JP-TO-DATE DOG.

IN the evening, as it seems to-day is my birthday, I entertain a few intimate friends at tea. Not a very successful party, somehow. *Frisette* put her foot into my saucer, and wolfed up all the apricot sandwiches—which got on my nerves. *Goggles* and I had a little difference about the last macaroon. As his host, I suppose it would have been in better taste not to make my teeth meet in the curl of his tail; but no one knows how provoking a pug can be, till he's tried!

One stuck-up little terrier tried to show off by sitting up and nursing a rag doll between his forepaws, which was really more than I could stand!

The party broke up rather prematurely, in a general row, after which I discovered that my black satin dress-coat with the rose-coloured lining was torn all down the back. I shall never be able to wear it again!

To bed, heavy and depressed, feeling tired of life, and much troubled at night by biliousness, which is all the Old Lady's fault for not keeping a French cook. The sort of slops Mrs. Harricoe sends up are enough to ruin any dog's constitution!

Ah well, some day—when they have lost me—they'll be sorry they didn't study me a little more!

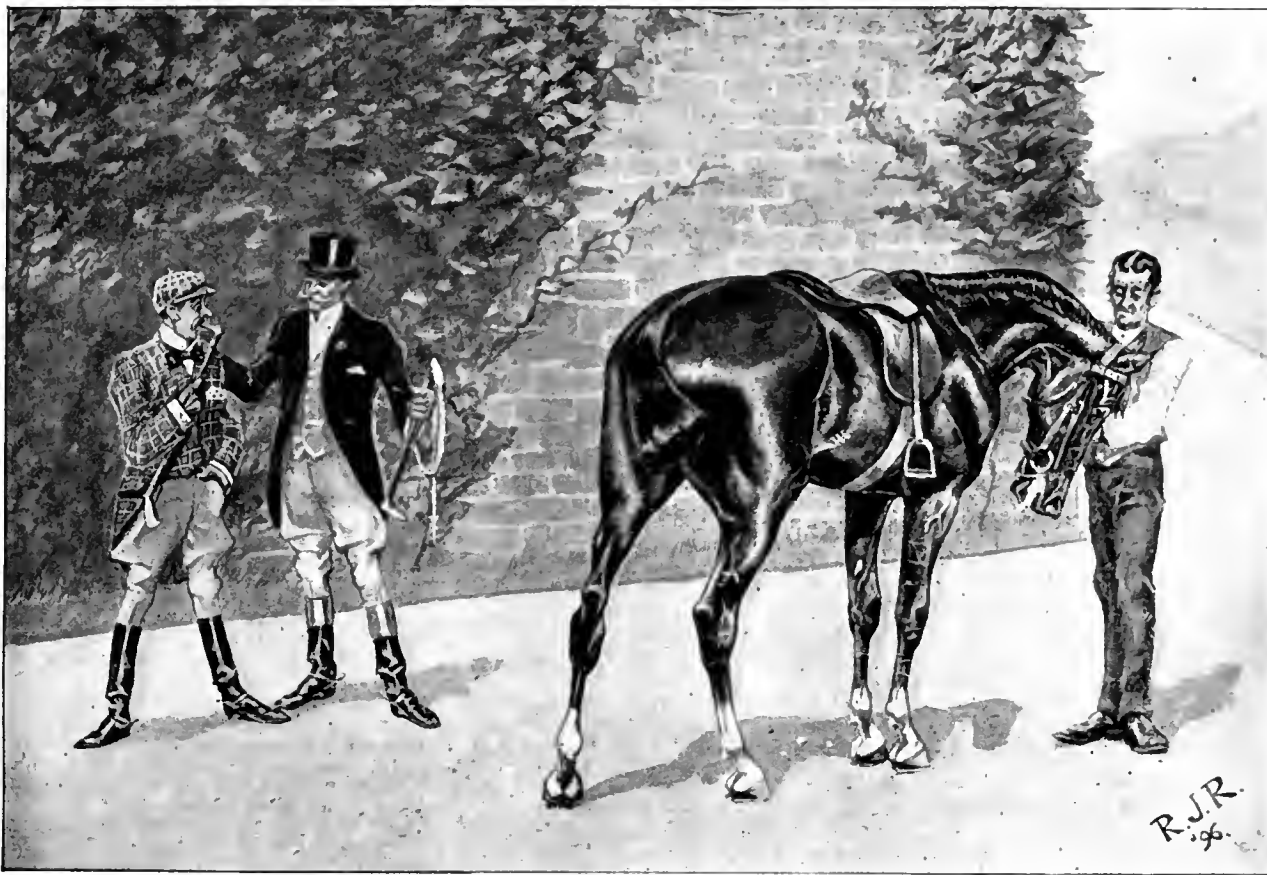
BAD JOKE FOR SEPTEMBER.—Goose's Quarter day.



J. ALLAND

GRATITUDE.

Dismounted Swell (to kindhearted Sportsman). "PON MY WORD, I'M AWFULLY OBLIGED! BUT—I SAY, WILL YOU COME AND HELP ME LOOK FOR MY EYEGLASS?"



Host (to Perks, an indifferent horseman, who has come down for the hunting). "NOW, LOOK HERE, PERKS OLD CHAP, AS YOU'RE A LIGHT WEIGHT, I'LL OBTAIN YOU TO RIDE THIS YOUNG MARE OF MINE. YOU SEE, I WANT TO GET HER QUALIFIED FOR OUR HUNT CUP, AND SHE'S NOT UP TO MY WEIGHT, OR I'D RIDE HER MYSELF. PERHAPS I'D BETTER TELL YOU SHE HASN'T BEEN RIDDEN TO HOUNDS BEFORE, SO SHE'S SURE TO BE A BIT NERVOUS AT FIRST; AND MIND YOU STEADY HER AT THE JUMPS, AS SHE'S APT TO RUSH THEM; AND I WOULDN'T TAKE HER TOO NEAR OTHER PEOPLE, AS SHE HAS A NASTY TEMPER, AND KNOWS HOW TO USE HER HEELS; AND, WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T LET HER GET YOU DOWN, OR SHE'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES. THE LAST MAN THAT RODE HER IS IN HOSPITAL NOW. BUT KEEP YOUR EYE ON HER, AND REMEMBER WHAT I'VE SAID, AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!" *[Consternation of Perks.]*

A WISH.

(By a Wild Wheelman. A long way after Rogers.)

MINE be a "scorch" without a spill,
A loud "bike" bell to please mine ear;
A chance to maim, if not to kill,
Pedestrian parties pottering near.

My halloa, e'er my prey I catch,
Shall raise wild terror in each breast;
If luck or skill that prey shall snatch
From my wild wheel, the shock will test.

On to the bike beside my porch
I'll spring, like falcon on its prey,
And Lucy, on her wheel shall "scorch,"
And "coast" with me the livelong day.

To make old women's marrow freeze
Is the best sport the bike has given.
To chase them as they puff and wheeze,
On rubber tyre—by Jove, 'tis heaven!

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.—Fog à la mode du potage des pois. Guys out of fashion in the streets, but discoverable in patients suffering from influenza. Doctors appear in all directions. Prescriptions made up for immediate use. Lord Mayor shows in the thoroughfares, and Prime Minister in Guildhall.

BAD JOKE FOR OCTOBER.—Commencement of the fifth-rate novel season.

ARTIST AND CRITIC.

McCranky. Ars longa est!
The O'Quiz. I see, my dear McCranky!
That why you make your ladies all so lanky?

INEVITABLE CHRISTMAS BILLS.—Those of the goose and turkey.



FATHER CHRISTMAS NOT UP-TO-DATE.

ENCORE VERSES TO THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(For the Year 1897, the 60th of Victoria's reign.)

God save our gracious Queen!
Sixty years' rule she's seen
As England's Queen.
Victoria, victorious!
Gentle as glorious!
Long still reign over us!
Our noblest Queen!

Should storms of war arise,
Grant that clear, cloudless skies
Still may be seen
Over her well-loved isle!
From foreign wrath or guile
Still may kind Heaven's smile
Guard our good Queen!

WOE ON THE WHEEL.

THERE was a "scorching" girl, who came down an awful purl,
And scarified her nose, and scarred her forehead.
She thought, when first she rode, biking very, very good,
But now she considers it horrid!

BAD JOKE FOR NOVEMBER.—Triumph (mental and physical) of fog.

BAD JOKE FOR DECEMBER.—The end of the year.

NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.



I.—*SEA CUIQUE VOLUPTAS.* (EVERY ONE HAS HIS OWN PLEASURE.)



II.—*NE PLUS ULTRA.* (THE UTMOST POINT.)

AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER IV.—*On Choosing a Leader.*

DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,—I suppose one of your earliest duties when you have taken your seat in the House of Commons will be to select a leader. I do not profess to be well up in information about the present degenerate House of Commons. From what I gather, I fancy you will not be embarrassed by lack of the commodity. Of course, a Penley will be guided by Principle, and you can serve only under a Tory.

I am told, that now my old friend Cavendish-Bentinck (not little Ben, but Big Ben) is dead, and Herbert Knatchbull-Hugessen (whom I knew in Eton jacket) has retired from the Parliamentary scene in disgust, there is only one Tory in the House. That is Mr. James Lowther, known to his friends as "Jemmy." Circumstances never favoured him with the opportunity of being presented to me, but, oddly enough, I have a copy of his portrait. It is a result of the process we used to call daguerreotype. The thing is now, I believe, known as a "photograph." Walking one day in Canterbury, I happened to see it in a shop window. I confess that at first I thought it was some dignitary of the Church, a canon, perchance a dean. There was about the countenance that reposeful, dignified, yet chastened expression we instinctively connect with the Church. It was only when I proposed to purchase the unpretentious work of art, that I was told that it was a portrait of the Right Hon. James Lowther, Member for one of the divisions of the county.

That, by the way. I merely mention it as showing how a certain personality struck me when, in ignorance of identity, I looked upon his portrait for the first time. From all I hear it was not a bad guess of mine. Circumstances have accidentally directed Mr. Lowther's steps into other paths. But he would have been more at home in a quiet deanery than amid the turmoil of political life.

In this connection there is another Member I should like you to know, though, of course, on quite other terms. It is Sir William Harcourt. His politics are atrocious, but his grandfather was an archbishop. He, too, one can imagine, might have risen to high estate had he followed in the steps of his father, sometime Canon of York. I admit it is probable, that had Sir William been a bishop, there would have been exceptional mortality amongst the curates of his diocese. But curates are constitutionally timorous.

However, that again is nothing to do with your associating yourself with a statesman of first rank in your Parliamentary relations. Mr. Lowther would be a safe guide, and is, I am given to understand, not undesirous of forming a party. During the last session his followers numbered only one. I forget whether it was Sir Albert Rollit or Sir Elias Bashmead-Artlett.

Your anxious aunt,
TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY.
The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.—Children's school boxes in the halls. Holly, mistletoe, cards, game, crackers, annuals, almanacks, presents, toys, turkey, roast beef, mince pies and plum puddings in evidence everywhere. Weather seasonable and consequently suggestive (whatever it may be) of "a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year."



AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

Rupert the Reckless Tompkins, a distinguished amateur from Town. "Now, I call it a beastly shame, Jenkins; you haven't ordered that brute of yours off my Togs, and you know I can't go back to the Inn like *this!*"



Mamma (finishing up a Lecture on deportment at Christmas festivities).
"AND, DESMOND DEAR, DO REMEMBER THAT FINGERS WERE MADE BEFORE FORKS."
Desmond (anxious to be off, and considerably bored). "NOT MINE, MA!"



IN A NOVEMBER FOG.

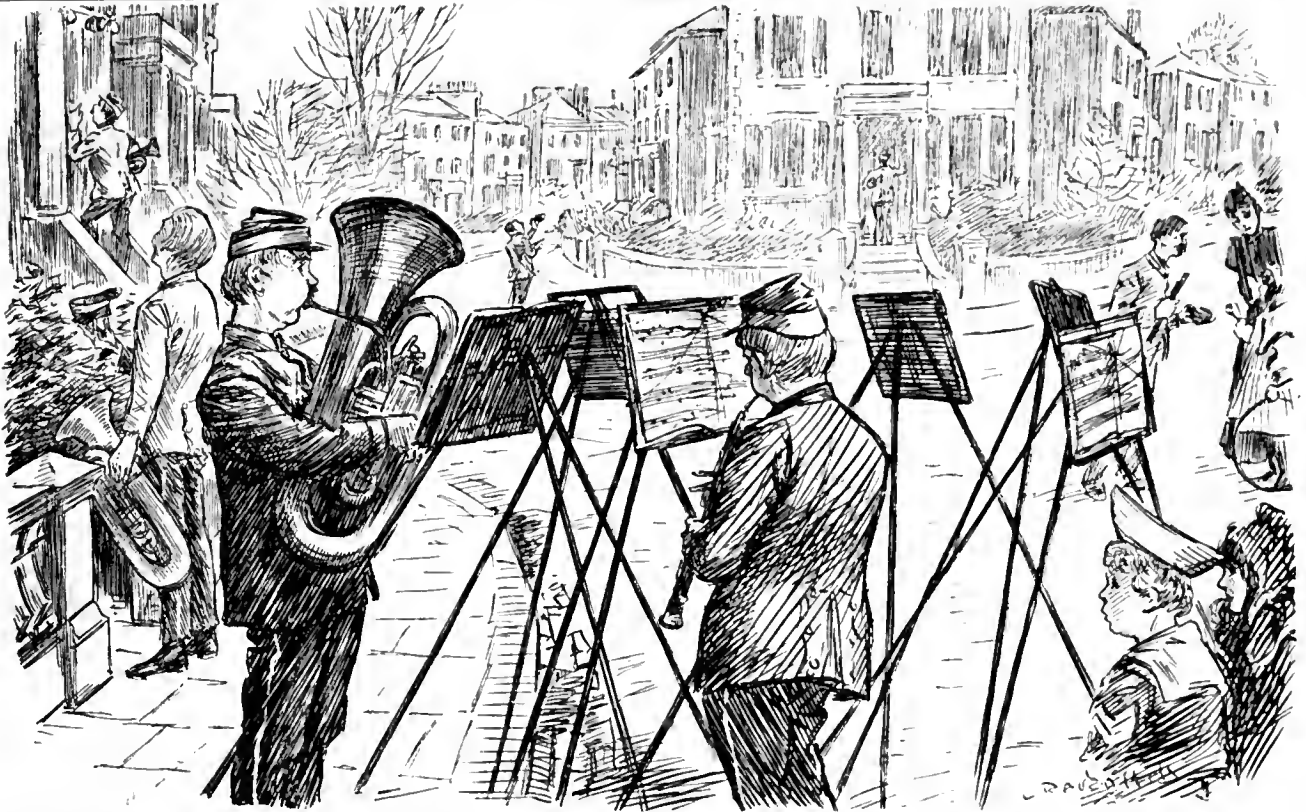
Frenchman (just arrived on his first visit to London). "HA, HA! MY FRIEN', NOW I UNDERSTAN' VOT YOU MEAN VEN YOU SAY ZE SUN NEVAIRE SET IN VOYR DOMINION, MA FOI! *IT DOES NOT RISE!*"



KNOCKED 'EM IN THE OLD GHENT ROAD.
(A Sketch in Belgium.)



Customer. "HAVE YOU GOT ANY GUINEA FOWLS?"
New Apprentice. "WELL, MUM, THEY GENERALLY RUN ABOUT FIVE-AN'-SIX—BUT (thinking he can do a good stroke of business) VERY GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU AT YOUR PRICE, MUM!"



THE ENTERPRISING TEUTON. (A Sketch in a London Suburb.)



THE PROBLEM.

Samuel. "MUVVER, DOES A HEN LAY AN EGG WHEN IT LIKES, OR MUST IT?"



GAME.

New Servant (to Cook). "OH NO, YOU DON'T! IT MAY BE MY FIRST PLACE, BUT YOU DON'T MAKE A FOOL OF ME, STICKING THEM FEATHERS INTO THE BIRD, AN' EXPECTING ME TO TAKE IT UPSTAIRS JUST TO BE LAUGHED AT!"

NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.



III.—LOCUM TENENS. (A SUBSTITUTE.)



IV.—OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE. (RETIREMENT WITH DIGNITY.)

AUNT TABITHA ON OLD PARLIAMENTARY WAYS AND NEW.

LETTER V.—Some General Axioms.

MY DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,—I confess I spent a wretched night thinking of the temptation that will soon surround my

dear brother's only child. Isn't there a man in the House of Commons called John Burns? He may have been christened John, but I think that I have heard that he was nicknamed Burns, because, when apprenticed to a palliasse manufacturer, he set fire to the straw and burnt the

house down. I may be wrong. But that is my impression. I am sure there was something about a palliasse; or was it a door-knocker? Anyhow, he's a demagogue, and I would not trust a demagogue with a box of matches, even if, in accordance with maudlin modern fashion, they strike only on the box.

I do not, for a moment, fancy you will be brought into personal contact with this person, or any like him. Thank Heaven you will always vote in the other lobby. Even that, when I come to think of it, is not certain. Statesmen, as your dear grandfather used to say, must work with any tools that come to hand. I can conceive circumstances or tactics in which so astute a Parliamentary Hand as Mr. James Lowther might have to form temporary alliances with all kinds of sections. For your own part, dear Charles, let them be *strictly temporary*, and go straight home as soon as the House is up, or even before.

In your dear grandfather's time, except when they were passing the Catholic Relief Bill, or wrangling over the Reform Bill, Members, as I have said, dined decently at home. Now, I believe, they never adjourn till midnight, and sometimes sit up all night. In case of late sittings—at least, to begin with—I wish Mr. Lowther would see you home. Under such guidance I should feel no anxiety for my dear nephew.

Now you are in the House you must make a mark in it. Begin by scoring to be satisfied with anything below the rank of Prime Minister, and you may rise to the status of Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Above all things, don't be

An haberdasher of small wares
In politicks and State affairs.

I'll wager you don't know where that couplet comes from? No. The present generation does not read Hudibras. You'll find the lines there, and also this description of a bore of the Rump Parliament whom Charles the Second, of blessed memory, kicked out of Westminster:

Still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
With volleys of eternal babble
And clamour more unanswerable.

It appears that, with the possible exceptions of the Parliaments in which your dear grandfather sat, the House of Commons has been pretty much the same from the Commonwealth to the present day. I hope my only nephew will do something to raise its status, bringing it nearer to its glorious position before it was tainted with the brush of Free Trade, Reform, Disestablishment, and the other plagues that have fallen upon the country—I won't say *because of*, or as a punishment for, but certainly *subsequent to*, the effacement of your dear grandfather from the Parliamentary arena, and the destruction of a faithful constituency that was ready to share his last guinea.

Your affectionate aunt,
TABITHA PLINLIMMON PENLEY.
The Grange, Easthope, Kent.

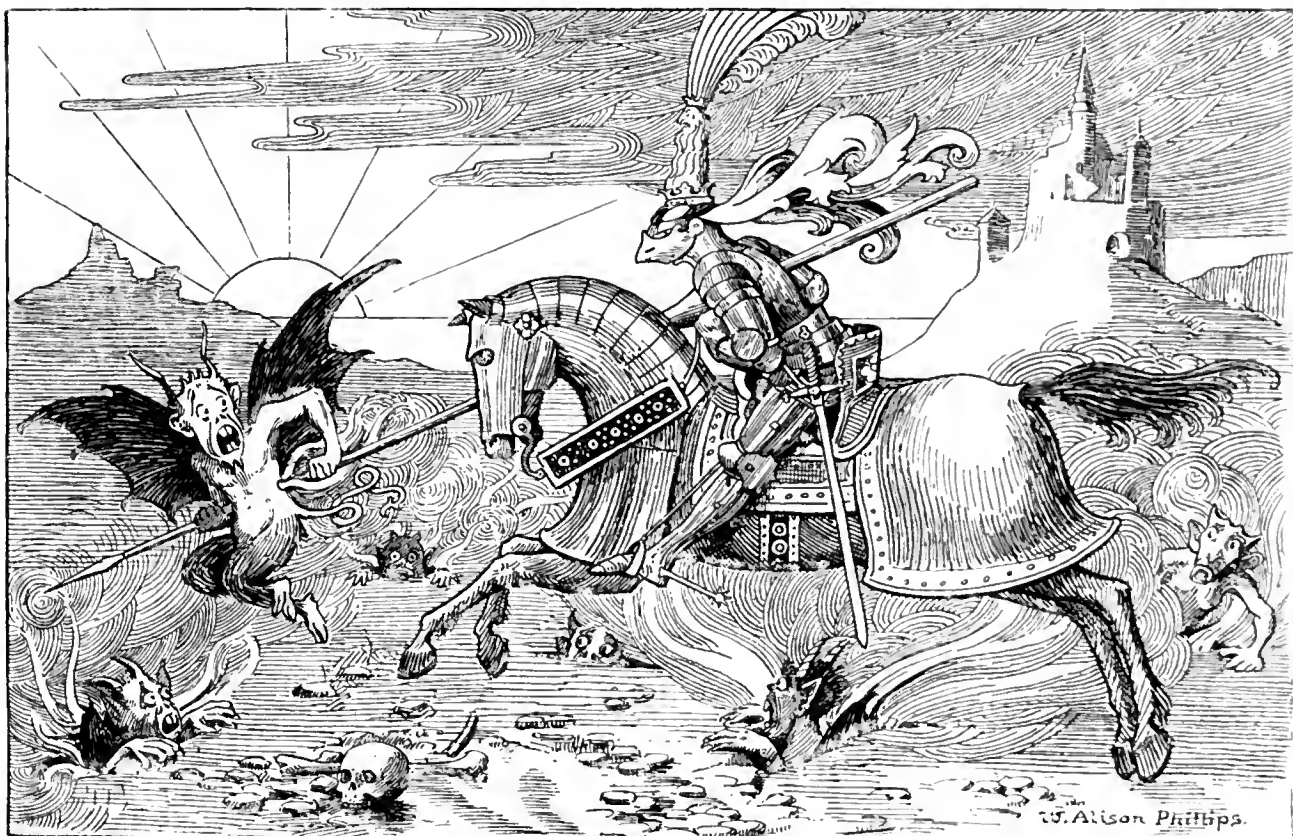
P.S.—I hear the very best things of Toby, M.P., who sits for Barks, a most respectable county. A model husband, a kind father, a good citizen. You might do worse than cultivate his acquaintance.

A SEASONABLE DIPLOMATIST.—Mr. Christmas is Consul-General for Servia. Could he not settle matters satisfactorily with Turkey?



AMATEUR TABLEAUX VIVANTS.—No. II.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE REPRESENTATION OF "CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT" WAS UNFORTUNATELY MARRIED BY AN ACCIDENT TO THE CURTAIN, WHICH SUDDENLY SLIPPED AND RESTED ON THE HEAD OF POOP CAPTAIN SNIFFLEY (OF THE VOLUNTEERS). THIS WAS THE MORE TO BE REGRETTED AS HE WAS IN HOPES OF MISS TOOTLES LOOKING FAVORABLY ON HIS SUIT



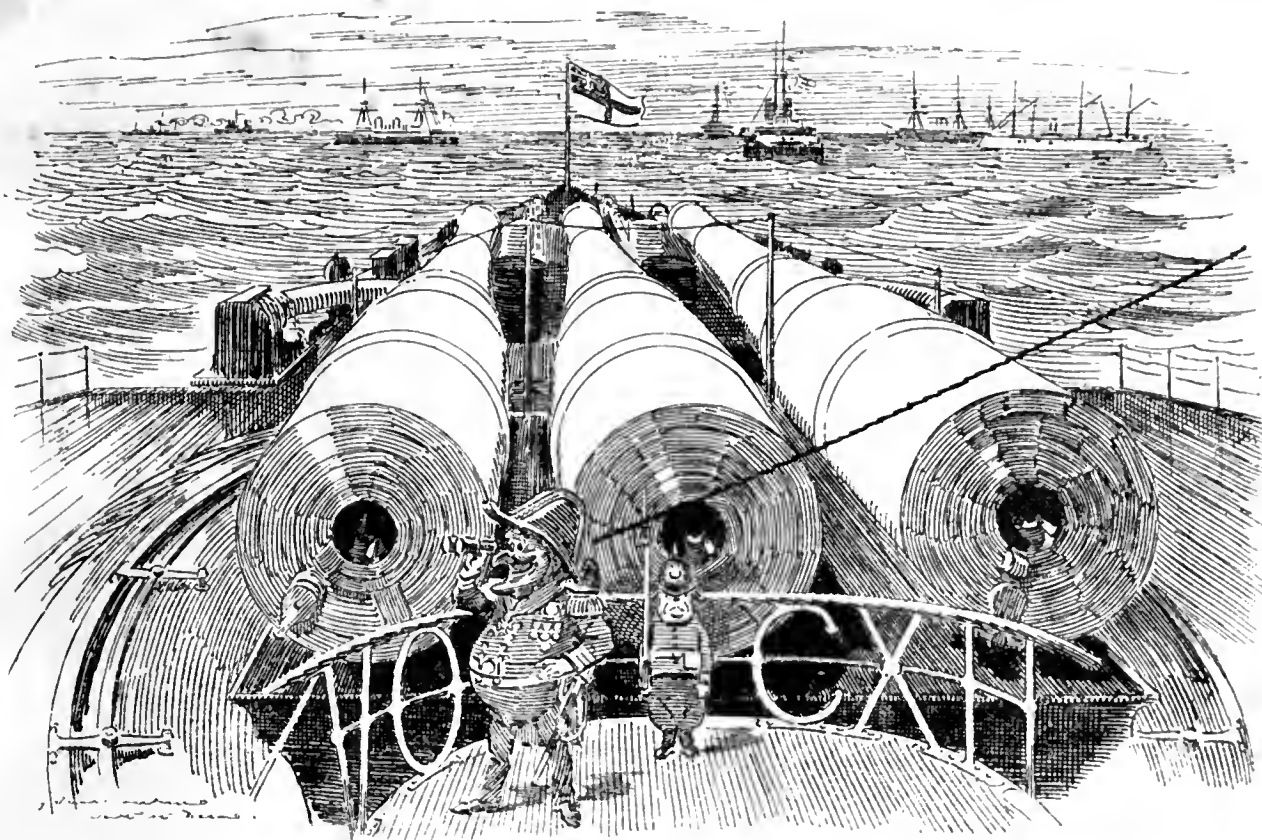
A MEDIÆVAL SPORT. (Design for Goblin Tapestry.)



THE FIRST FOOT.

ENTER MR. PUNCH, WHO WISHES EVERYONE "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

"The first foot in a house brings good or ill-luck for the year."—*Old Belief.*



THE LATEST ART NOTES.

["An exhibition is shortly to be opened of drawings and paintings by children under fifteen years of age."]

THE Academy picture of Master THOMAS TITTLEBAT is now nearly completed, and it is certain to prove one of the masterpieces of the year, appealing as it does strongly to the military and patriotic instincts of the public. It depicts a British soldier in action, and the scarlet of his tunic and the yellow helmet form prominent parts of its colour-scheme. A large cloud of poetic smoke is issuing from his rifle, and, by a brilliant piece of poetic imagination, the bullet (represented by a brown blot) is depicted as visible to the sight as it whistles through the air. Beneath the picture is the inscription, in Prussian blue, "This iss a Soldier."

We are glad to say the indisposition of Miss ANGELINA SNOOKS is less serious than it was at first reported to be. This talented young lady, whose representations of windmills are so justly popular, attempted, in a moment of aberration, to eat a cake of gamboge. Fortunately her nurse was able to interrupt the meal, and it is hoped that in a few days' time she will be completely restored to health.

It is said, on good authority, that Master WILLIAM JENKINS is likely to be appointed to the Slade Professorship, at present vacant. Some of the critics, while admitting his claims on other grounds, are inclined to demur to his election on the score of his advanced age. It is true that Master JENKINS has passed his fourteenth birthday, and that therefore his best work must necessarily lie behind him. Still, his brilliant course of lectures on "The Art of Caricature," and his portraits of schoolmasters (executed in chalk, on wooden palings) seem to point him out as one eminently qualified for the post, and it is said that Messrs. WATTS and BURNE-JONES are extremely anxious to take lessons from him.

BRITISH sculpture is decidedly looking up. We have rarely seen finer specimens of the art than the mud-pies recently designed by Master PHIDIAS BROWN. Should the season permit, it is understood that this clever sculptor will produce a colossal figure in snow during his Christmas holidays.

ALL those who value artistic decoration in their homes should not fail to read the lately-published volume, entitled, *Practical Hints on the Adornment of the Nursery, with special reference to the Use of Chromo-lithographs from the Illustrated Papers*. The distinguished authoress is already well-known, by reason of her brochure on the furnishing of dolls'-houses.

It is curious to notice how variable are the prices obtained in the auction-marts for the work of our best artists. For instance, an original study in slate pencil by that celebrated artist Master WILLIAM DOBBIN—executed, too, in his prime, when he was seven years old—fetched only twenty guineas, at CHRISTIE'S, last week, while his "Portrait of an Elephant" realised double that amount less than a year ago.

THE Philistinism of parents is almost beyond belief. It is said that while Master HENRY RAPHAEL was engaged the other day in decorating his father's drawing-room wall-paper with cartoons painted in vermilion, that ignorant gentleman not only interrupted the artist's work, but even put him to severe physical pain as a reward for his industry! It is to be hoped that the Council of the Academy will prosecute this barbarous parent, and that he will thus reap the punishment which he so richly deserves.

On the Bourae.

Wigsby. I'm seriously thinking of going in for one of these new motor-cars.

Grigsby. Much better stick to your old public vehicle.

Wigsby (taken unawares). My old public vehicle! What's that?

Grigsby. The promoter trap, of course!

[Vanishes into Capel Court.]

At Florence.

First Tourist. Hullo! BARKINS, what brought you here?

Second Tourist (facetiously). The railway, of course. And you?

First Tourist (getting mixed, but thinking he has his friend). My wife's wish to see the Leaning Tower of Pisa!



OUR OPENING DAY!

Lord Salisbury. NOW, MR. PUNCH, A SHAKSPEARIAN TOAST FOR THE NEW YEAR!

Mr. Punch. AT YOUR PLEASURE, "RENOWNED SALISBURY." "DR. JIM" IS OUT OF PRISON, BUT NOT OUT OF DANGER; TWO OTHERS HAVE FULFILLED THEIR TERM. THEN WHY NOT MAKE THE OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR THE OPENING DAY OF THE PRISON GATES TO THE OTHERS, AND, NOT IN TERMS OF QUESTION, BUT OF CHARITY, EXCLAIM, WITH KING HENRY THE FOURTH,

"PARDON AND TERMS OF LOVE TO ALL OF YOU!"



THROWN OUT.

First Lady (to Friend, who has just ridden across a field of young grass to ask directions of a Farmer). "DID HE TELL YOU WHERE TO GO?"
Second Lady. "YES, HE DID. AND IF YOU GO OVER HE 'LL TELL YOU, TOO!"

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. VII.—JANE

Oh, for honeyed words and phrases to describe the subtle graces
 That distinguish her from all the crowd profane!
 Oh, for painter's fairy palette or the sculptor's magic mallet
 To immortalise the charms of pretty JANE!

'Neath her silky drooping lashes there's a hazel eye that flashes
 Where the sunshine seems to sparkle through the rain;
 For the Farmer's winsome daughter is a gem of purest water,
 And the countryside is proud of pretty JANE.

It is striking, very striking, what a number have a liking
 For the Farmer, and come tramping down the lane;
 For the road is long and dusty, and the Farmer's somewhat
 crusty,
 And has nothing of the charm of pretty JANE.

Nay, the gouty red-faced Majors, and the oldest of old-stagers,
 Hobble all the weary way and back again,
 And they do not grudge the trouble, and they would not, were it
 double,
 Just to catch a passing glimpse of pretty JANE.

For 'tis better far than nipping in the Club, to see her tripping
 Through the farmyard, singing softly some refrain,
 While the purring Tom, resplendent in a ribbon, trots attendant,
 Tail erected, at the heels of pretty JANE.

And the pigeons leave the gables and the thatch upon the stables,
 Where they love to circle round the creaking vane,
 Till the foremost, growing holder, will alight upon her shoulder,
 Cooing gently as he nestles up to JANE.

And the hens come hurry-scurry, with their foolish noisy flurry,
 Like a lot of women running for a train,
 While the hantam, crowing loudly, flaps his little pinions proudly
 As he struts along in front of pretty JANE.

And the clumsy ducks come waddling from the pool where
 they've been paddling
 'Mid the water-weeds, and eagerly they crane,
 As they troop in order single up the shelving bank of shingle,
 When they hear the silver voice of pretty JANE.

So she moves about her duties like a queen of rustic beauties,
 Till the youngsters, one would think, were all insane,
 For they take to writing sonnets to the lavender sun-bonnets,
 And the eyebrows, and the lips of pretty JANE.

And the Majors homeward toddle with their gouty little waddle,
 Fondly dreaming they are young too once again,
 And they wish it had been given them to find the way to heaven,
 For they're sadly loth to part from pretty JANE.

After a Run with the Quorn.

(In the Train.)

First Cavalier. I say, never chop your fox!
Second Cavalier. And my motto is, never stake your horse!
Facetious Bagman (in corner of carriage). Belong to the Anti-
 Grill-room League, I suppose, gentlemen!
 [Awful silence for rest of journey to Leicester.]

A Marine Widower.

[Old Harry and his Wife were two natural chalk pillars standing in the sea near Swanage. The recent gales have swept the Wife away.]

Poor Old Harry! at last of your wife bereft,
 Poor Old Harry! for long you were one though twain,
 Poor Old Harry! we're thankful that you are left,
 But poor Old Harry! you never can marry again!

SARTORIAL.—The frock coat is said to be doomed. Probably because the ladies have taken up cutaway jackets. The men must follow suit.



THE SELFISHNESS OF MAN.

Teddy. "AWFULLY SORRY ALL THE ICES ARE DONE—COULD ONLY GET ONE FOR MYSELF. WILL YOU HAVE A MACAROON AND SOME GINGER-POP?"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. V.—ADVICE AS TO CHOICE OF BOOKS.

MY DEAR JACK,—I wonder if you still possess the £10 presented to you by your aunt for the purchase of books. Heaven forbid that I should make any imputations on your perfect moral rectitude; but I know that the youngsters of my own day entertained a dislike amounting almost to loathing for what I may term the conservation of money. No flight of swallows speeding Southward ever went more swiftly than did the shillings, the half-crown, and the sovereigns of those cheerful undergraduates. They scattered a bimetallic shower with generous hands over the town of Cambridge and its surrounding districts, and for a time lived at the rate of £10,000 on an allowance of not more than £300. A gift of £10 for books would have been received with delight, but while the question of how to stock a library was still debating, I warrant the £10 would have fled away into the *Ewigkeit* of HANS BREITMANN'S party. Then in a burst of remorse the books would have been purchased, and the unpaid bill for them would doubtless have been included in the parcel eventually submitted to a stern father for payment at the end of our young friend's University career. That sounds horribly dishonest, and so, indeed, it is, if you consider it with a proper strictness. But this youthful thoughtlessness never considered anything with strictness, and the result was the misery to which *Mr. Macawber* was so frequent and so gloomy a victim. But the lesson learnt was not without its value, and I am bound to add that nearly all the gay young squanderers with whom I have kept in touch have settled down into the most complete financial rectitude and the most perfect general respectability after their bitter experience of pecuniary disaster at the University. Many of them, as I know, thread the mazes of commerce with skill, and battle, *non sine gloria*, on the Stock Exchange and in banks; nor does anyone venture to cast a slur upon their fair fame or their mercantile credit. This is not to say that you are to be a squanderer. Read *Pendennis*, and say if you are anxious to

go through *Pen's* bitter experience. Of what avail to him was his reputation as a wit and a giver of dinners, how did it profit him that he was magnificently arrayed in clothes of beautiful cut, that his person sparkled with jewels when the duns were hammering at his oak, and the ruthless plough of the examiners had passed over him? No; keep away from extravagance; live decently and moderately, enjoy your happy youth and try to be both modest and manly, not merely in your general bearing, but more particularly in the control of your finances. This advice is probably useless to you, for I understand that the young men of the present day are careful and methodical, that they keep regular accounts, and live strictly within their incomes. This information, to the strict accuracy of which I do not pledge myself, came to me from a maternal source, in point of fact from Mrs. HORNBLOWER, whose two sons are, I am told, models of propriety and regulated behaviour in the sister University of Oxford. You know these two young men. Pray, pray relieve my mind by assuring me that the ADOLPHUS HORNBLOWER who quite lately lit a bonfire in his College quadrangle, and afterwards painted a don's door vermilion (I heard of the escapade by the merest chance) was not one of these patterns of the cardinal virtues?

And now to be brief with you as to these books. Buy, in the first place, books that deal with noble actions. NAPIER'S history of the war in the Peninsula is such a book, stately, dignified, and ringing throughout with the true heroic ring. Who can read it without a stir of the pulses and a heightened colour as the magnificent pageant of British endurance and valour passes before his eyes. Then, lest you should think that Britons only are courageous and strong, take such a book as the *Memoirs of Baron Marbot* (they are admirably translated by Mr. BUTLER), and learn from his story of the Battle of Eylau how Frenchmen could fight and suffer and die for their Emperor and their country. Those were the great days, and the figures that trod the stage of life were mighty; but I think, should the need arise, that the men of our own time would answer to the call and bear themselves not less worthily. This soldier, MARBOT, was a fighter from his youth up. He never played football, or ran a three-mile race, or helped to make a bump. Yet he could march, and bear fatigue, and ride long-distance rides with despatches, and fight hand to hand like any Paladin. Courage and great deeds are the private possession of no particular age and country. We have no private patent for them, though to hear some of us talk you might think we had. But this subject grows in the writing. I must revert to it on another occasion if your patience and your money can last for a few days.

Good-bye, my dear boy, Your affectionate uncle, BOB.

THE NEW COINAGE.

OUR change is changed: the penny of futurity
Portrays Britannia seated on the shore
Ruling the waves in prudence, peace and purity,
As heretofore.

But banished are the lighthouse and the galleon,
Which formed the old supporters of the seal;
And now she sits upon the large medallion
(So like a wheel)

Alone, alas! and cold as any icicle.

But, in this land of bye-laws, is it right
Britannia's self should ride upon a bicycle
Without a light?

BLACK CARE BEHIND THE AUTO-HORSEMAN.

The villagers were wild with terror. Every cottage was closed, and the frightened occupants were huddled together in corners, fearful of the least sound that disturbed the awe-stricken silence.

Then there was the sound of hissing, as if a acre of serpents were in pursuit of some hunted rabbit. The sibilation, which grew louder and louder, was followed by the whirl of wheels, and the faint perfume of petroleum crept into the village streets.

The noise increased in volume. And now was heard loud exclamations of anger and despair. "Take care of the pump!" cried one. "Don't upset the stocks!" yelled another. "Keep to the right!" "Keep to the left!" Babel seemed to have broken loose for a moment, and then the whirring of the wheels and the hissing of the serpents decreased and died away.

"Hurrah!" the shout came from every throat. Shutters disappeared in a twinkling, doors were opened in a trice, and the labourers resumed their toil. The bells of the church were chiming now in token of universal joy.

For—the motor-car had passed through the village and had gone far, far away.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A ROMANTIC CENOBITE RECALLS BYGONE BLISS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY BY SOME WELL-REMEMBERED SANDBANKS.

ANOTHER twelve months passed away,
And oh! the world is not so young!
 Day follows night, and night the day,
And oh! the world is not so young!
 But what are nights and what are days,
 Wherein to thread this mortal maze,
 When psalms are sung for roundelays?
And oh! the world is not so young!

There was a time, when wine ran red,
And oh! the world is not so young!
 When joyousness and laughter led,
And oh! the world is not so young!
 'Tis not the space of one short year
 That changes slowly mirth to fear,
 Or brings, instead of smiles, a tear,
And oh! the world is not so young!

I held the earth within my hand,
And oh! the world is not so young!
 Then tried to count its golden sand,
But oh! the world is not so young!
 And counting it the decades flew
 Swift as the flight of wild sea-mew,
 My grains of gold, how passing few!
But oh! the world is not so young!

Each year was but to me a day,
And oh! the world is not so young!
 I reckoned not Life's onward way,
And oh! the world is not so young!
 But yester-e'en it seems that here
 The sky was blue, the sea was clear—
 To-day immeasurably drear,
And oh! the world is not so young!

I deemed myself in realms divine,
But oh! the world is not so young!
 When I said "Mine?" you echoed "Mine."
But oh! the world is not so young!
 Happy as children, our refrain
 Was "Love! and Love and Love again!"
 Our castle thus we built in Spain.
But oh! the world is not so young!

Across the dunes a form I fix,
But oh! the world is not so young!
 With children one, two, three—no! six!
But oh! the world is not so young!
 'Tis you! a matron grave, austere,
 An angel of another sphere!
 Well—here's Good Luck, a Bright New
 Year!
But oh! the world is not so young!

"SMART AND UP-TO-DATE."

Oh, shibboleth new, the sensational crew
 Are mouthing *ad nauseum* daily,
 You sicken the soul! When the gutter-
 imp ghoul
 In crime's nasty details grubs gaily,
 When sickening news from the slums and
 the stews
 Reporters cheap relate,
 They're sure to claim the equivocal fame
 Of "smart and up-to-date."

The cynic clap-trap, the "smart" rag-
 baggish scrap,
 Tit-bits to the trivial taste,
 "Block-ornament" bits from degenerate
 "wits,"
 The cag-mag of art-imps unchaste;
 Gehenna's foul gleanings, impure double
 meanings,
 That tickle the prurient pate,
 All these, be sure, set forth the lure,
 Of "smart and up-to-date."



"'ULLO, JIM, LOOK 'ERE! 'ERE'S A NOO STACHOO! LEND US YER KNIFE!"

The unsexed dame who knoweth not
 shame,
 Who writes, or rides, or dresses
 In fashions the oddest, ungraceful, im-
 modest,
 And so to mode's front proudly presses,
 On bikes, in books, with mannish looks,
 From grace "emancipate,"
 Will pose, right proud, before the crowd
 As "smart and up-to-date."

Oh, century-end, may you come as a
 friend,
 A "*fin-de-siècle*" in truth!
 May we make a new start. May the shib-
 boleth "smart"
 Be taboo to pure maiden and youth.
 For the cynical grin at sly toying with
 sin,
 Ghoul-soul and apish pate,
 Are as stupid as vile, though they've
 swaggered awhile
 As "smart and up-to-date"!

At Church on Christmas Morning.

Startled Sidesman (with collection plate,
 to Mr. Grindstone, who has just whispered
 to him). Eh? What, Sir?
 Mr. Grindstone (still whispering). Kindly
 give me change for a shilling. You can
 pretend it's a sovereign!
 [Sidesman most justifiably passes on.]

Miss and Mistletoe.

(A damsel rebukes a clumsy dancer, who has
 neglected an opportunity.)

I would not say a word, you know,
 To cause you any painful throes,
 But just beneath the mistletoe
 You trampled on my misled toes!

Guard (to inebriated traveller, at junc-
 tion). Now, Sir, all change, please.
 Traveller (with dignity). D'ye ken, mon,
 that I've got a return ticket?



"AH, LITTLE WOMAN, ARE YOU READY? WELL, NOW, I WANT YOU AND NURSE TO GO DOWN TO THE STATION TO ORDER SOME COALS."
 "HAVE WE TO BINGO THEM, MUMMY DEAR?" "OH DEAR NO, DARLING! THEY'LL SEND THEM IN A CART."
 "OH, WON'T THAT BE JOLLY! MAY WE WIDE BACK IN IT, MUMMY?"

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

MR. PUNCH TO YOUNG MASTER NINETY-SEVEN.

A HAPPY New Year! Well, you ought to be happy,
 As sixtieth one of a glorious reign!
 A chorus of cheers greets your advent, young chappie,
 And not all for you, boy, so do not be vain.
 The Laureate, ALFRED, his lyre may be thrumming
 To out-Dryden DRYDEN in eloquent gush,
 Concerning the *annus mirabilis* coming.
 And great recollections do come with a rush!
 Far stronger and sweeter than music and metre
 Can wholly do justice to, memories flock
 From six crowded decades. Time's footsteps seem fleetier
 Than then in the thirties; more rapidly knock
 Time's brood at our doorway. Yet, young Ninety-Seven,
 We welcome you gaily and banish poor fear;
 And wish all the world, by the blessing of Heaven,
 A Happy New Year!

The Queen! God bless her! She's worthy possessor
 Of Time's, as of so many records beside;
 And when, since the days of the gentle Confessor
 Whose memory Westminster treasures with pride,
 Had England a monarch so stainless and stately,
 So patriot-pious and selflessly pure?
 Young Year, your good luck you may chortle o'er greatly,
 Your fame in your sire's lengthy list is secure.
 And what a long story of progress and glory
 You're heir to, young Hopeful! The century's end
 Is close on your heels, for our Age is grown hoary;
 But you will not soon be forgotten, young friend!
 And so, though you come at a critical season,
 With decadence rife, a new century near,
 We meet you, we greet you, and not without reason,
 A Happy New Year!

You've plenty to tackle! There's optimist cackle,
 And pessimist croaking to hear and to judge:
 The welding of patriot bonds that won't shackle,
 Divesting imperial spirit of—fudge;
 Make friends transatlantic without sham or antic;
 Maintain that old Concert, yet not play Dead-March

To simple humanity; neither run frantic
 With gush, nor soul-stiffen with diplomat starch;
 Preserve our old sea-way, and keep the flag flying,
 Without stint of money, or swaggersome waste;
 With everyone friendly, on no one relying,
 The empire up-build without rest, without haste;
 Bind all English-speakers in cordial communion!
 VICTORIA'S Sixtieth then shall appear
 To all who love England, and Honour, and Union,
 The Happy New Year!!!

RAILWAY LIE-ABILITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am always fond of a joke, and can hear its repetition, say, a score of times, but I am getting very weary of that good old jest which meets the eye of the traveller at every railway station. It runs:—

"Any servant of the company accepting a GRATUITY is liable to instant dismissal."

Now for a great many years the directors, the guards, the porters, and the wayfarers of the United Kingdom must have enjoyed this *jeu de mots*, but, like the sandwiches at most refreshment rooms, it palls upon the appetite. Personally I rejoice in infringing this bye-law, and I have never found "any servant of the company" who didn't heartily join issue with me in my ill-doing. The liability is so limited, moreover, that I'll venture to say there isn't a ticket-collector who wouldn't gladly take preference shares in the National Great Public Tipping Company. But why make buffoons of those ever-willing, hard-working, and, with very few exceptions, always courteous men, the rank and file of the Railway Army? Now, Gentlemen of the Railway Interest, this is where your common sense about common pence ought to come in! At least in the opinion of your humble admirer,

NICODEMUS THE PERIPATETIC.
 Gazecook Chambers, W.

MOTTO FOR CYCLISTS.

"How many perils do environ
 The man who meddles with cold iron."—*Hudibras*.

NOT YET OFFICIALLY RECOGNISED BY THE PORTE.—The Vale of Crete to Turkey.



THE QUEEN'S YEAR!





["A great grand-daughter of FIELDING's has revised *Tom Jones* for home perusal."—*Daily Paper*.]

IF THE DESCENDANTS OF OTHER LAST-CENTURY NOVELISTS SHOW THE SAME ENTERPRISE, WE SHALL HAVE NURSERY SCENES AS ABOVE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HERE is Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER's *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, published by Messrs. HODDER and STOUGHTON. Now to write a lengthy biography of some celebrity in several volumes is a laborious work for the compiler, and likely to prove a tedious study for the reader. But here in this book will be found "a better and a Shorter way." Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER shows himself a man of letters and notes, as he limits himself to a collection of epistolary correspondence (CHARLOTTE having been a very *Micawber* in this respect), and provides us with his annotations and connecting links as side-lights. An odd sort of individual was CHARLOTTE, as is evidenced by her occasionally eccentric conduct, and by her opinions, as a spinster, on love and marriage given freely at p. 305, which the Baron advises the reader to compare with her sentiments on the same subjects when subsequently writing as a married woman at pp. 492 and 493. That she most highly appreciated THACKERAY is greatly to her credit, but that she entertained only a qualified admiration for DICKENS shows her deficient in a certain kind of humour. Of the works of such humorists as HOOD, HOOK, the SMITHS, BARHAM, and others, she seems to have known little or nothing. TOM HOOD would have said that in refusing an offer of marriage from the Rev. HENRY NUSSEY, CHARLOTTE BRONTË might have easily informed him that "though she would be delighted to live in a rectory, yet she could not regard with equal pleasure the prospect of taking charge of a Nussey-ry." She confided her offers and what she thought of them to her friends; and very unsentimental, nay, almost heartless are her confidential communications on such subjects. Yet when she was twenty-five she played the one practical joke of her life which was, as she recounts it, that, being a Protestant, and residing in Brussels, she went one evening to the Church of Saint Gudule, and there "an odd whim came into my head," she writes, and she entered a confessional and went to confession, just "to see what it was like." However, she was soon detected, and as, "somehow," she writes, "I could not tell a lie," she owned herself a Protestant. Then she adds, "I actually did confess—a real confession." "I think," she concludes, "you had better not tell Papa of this. He will not understand it was only a prank." The above is a strange episode in the life of a decidedly serious young woman of twenty-five, in whom there was no gush, as is evidenced in her letter (p. 174) on the death of her sister EMILY. The account of THACKERAY escaping from his own literary dinner-

party (p. 422) is delightful. Mr. SHORTER has admirably executed his self-imposed task, but, excellent as is the index of the BRONTË Chronology, the absence of dates in the margin, and of "insets" as side-headings, will be felt by all who wish to use the volume as a book of handy and ready reference.

The Baron trusts that in the course of time we shall have a book on Lord LEIGHTON, and one on Sir JOHN MILLAIS, as perfectly got up as is the splendid work in a single large volume entitled *Meissonier, his Life and his Art*, written by M. VALLERY C. O. GREARD, *de l'Académie Française, Vice-Recteur de l'Académie de Paris*, and published by WILLIAM HEINEMANN, of London. The style of the biographer is as charming as it is easy and lucid, and from first to last the matter is made personally interesting. The reproductions of MEISSONIER's paintings, sketches, and scraps must delight all his admirers, and will certainly add to this legion a multitude that have never had the good fortune to see the originals of even his best-known highly-finished pictures. BARON DE B.-W.

SOME NOTES FOR OUTLINES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.—In the sixth century England was a strictly mathematical country, and its inhabitants were called "Angles." They were divided into clever or "Acute Angles," and dense or "Obtuse Angles." Honest natives were called "Right Angles." That they often lived to a good old age may be deduced from the frequent mention of "An Angle of ninety-five."

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING.—The Russian Government denies that it is about to establish a colony on the Red Sea. Of course the Black C. (of the Press) would not stand any opposition from something likely to be read.

OUR SHAKSPEARIAN SOCIETY.—In the course of a discussion, Mrs. — observed, that she was positive that SHAKSPEARE was a butcher by trade, because an old uncle of hers had bought *Lamb's Tails from Shakspeare*.

REALLY GENEROUS.—At Christmas time and on New Year's Day, a billiard marker, who would not like his name made public, preferring to "do good deeds by stealth," invariably tips all his cues.

HAMLET TO A LINER IN DOCK.—"List! List! Oh don't list."



First Cabbie (à propos of motor-cars). "AFTER ALL THIS 'ERE FUSS A-GETTIN' RID O' THE CHAP AS WENT IN FRONT WITH A FLAG TOO—BAH! WOT THEY WANT IS A COVE TO GO BE'IND 'EM, AN' PICK UP THE BITS!"

NOUGHTS AND CROSSES.

(A Review.)

ONE pipe, perhaps one whisky,
Then bed—it's after two—
By Jove, a pipe's a comfort,
Now for a "bird's-eye" view!
One glance—ah! here's the programme,
Worst time I ever had.
Bad partners, bar those crosses—
The whole affair was bad.
Four crosses! I was leaning,
In fact, against the wall
Those dances, but in fancy
With you I danced them all—
With you, who, all unconscious
Were dancing in to-day
With some confounded fellow
A hundred miles away.
But now some doubting demon
Is whispering in my ear
That "nought" to "cross" must answer—
The game is so, I fear.
I fear to-night those symbols
May represent our thought,
My thought of you—these crosses,
The thought you've given me—nought!

THE NEW AND FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.
—A motor-cardiac affection.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

NOTES SUR L'ALMANACH.

DEAR MISTER,—After to have passed several months in England, I comprehend to the foundation the manners and the habitudes of that country there, as a tourist, or "globetroter," who has passed some weeks in China, or as a Member of the Parliament who has visited the Oriental Indias during the vacations of the House of the Commons. All the two would write their impressions of voyage. In doing of same me I have prepared these notes on the almanack, and I expedite them to you at the fine of december, when all the world thinks to the almanack of the new year.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

JANUARY.—The Day of the Year. I wish to you, *Mister Punch*, the good year! After that I find not that there is much who arrives during the month of january. I consult all days the Almanack of WHITAKER for 1896, and in january I find but some errors. It is very curious. *Mister WHITAKER* says that the six is the twelfth day. How that? It is perhaps a fault of imprinary. Then he says "CHARLES THE FIRST be-headed C. BRADLAUGH," with the date. How that? Then he says, "H. M. STANLEY, M.P. 1841." There is longtime that he is deputy. And at above, "H. M. procl. Emp. of India." I have never heard to say that *Mister STANLEY* was Emperor of India. There is invariably some letters "d" or "b" mixed with the names. Excepted these little errors, the Almanack is excellent.

FEBRUARY.—The fourteen is the feast of St. Valentine, the day where the men in England send to their "sweethearts" some drolls of little madrigals and of other poetrys, printed on paper adorned of little pictures of hearts, of flowers, and of cupidons. It is a custom very ancient. There is at present a functionary, called the "Poet-Laureate," a certain *Mister AUSTIN*, without cease occupied to write the poetrys for the "valentines." He has a pretty talent for that. In february, the sittings of the Parliament commence ordinarily. It is all regulated for the sport. When the chase to the fox, the chase to the partridges, and the chase to the pheasants are almost finished, the deputies have enough of leisure for to discuss the laws. About this time here, according to the date of Easter, there is the *mardi gras*, the tuesday of shrove, when all the English eat the cakes of Pan, usage of which one ignores the origin. He has the air of to date from the time of the ancient Greece.

MARCH.—During this month here ordinarily there has place the great race of boats from Cambridg to Oxford. It is very renowned in the sport. The equipage, *l'équipage*, who gains receives a blue ribbon, called "the blue ribbon of the turf." In England a blue ribbon indicates a man who loves the water. Many hundreds of sportmen go of good hour to the Thames, and attend patiently at the border on the mud for to see to pass the boats. This is *ennuyant*, and therefore anything which is also annoying is called "the blues." At the occasion of this race, as testimony of sympathy with the two equipages, all the ladies of

the college of Oxford and of the college of Cambridg are dressed entirely in blue, so entirely that they are called "blue stockings."

APRIL.—The first, in France, one gives sometimes the one to the other a fish of april. In England the other becomes a fool of april. The scottish writer CARLYLE, said that the most part of the English are some fools. Without doubt he wrote this the first april. For, excepted that day there, I find that the English are not imbeciles of the all. A little egoist, a little that which one calls "jinggo," but imbecile—ah no! CARLYLE, being Scottish, wrote the english language with so much of difficulty that he was obliged continually of to serve himself of german words. By consequence I comprehend but very little of his works. Better would value to write entirely in german, a stranger language, as me I write in english. In this note I speak of Easter. The saint friday in England all the world, *pour faire maigre*, for to make thin, eats only some drolls of little cakes, extremely unhealthy, called "Hotcross Buns." They resemble to the horrible "buns" sold in the restaurants of the english railways. *Ah ça, me I should prefer a thin day to the french, à la française!*

MAY.—One calls the first the "Mayday." It is the day where the English walk themselves adorned of garlands, and sometimes entirely covered of verdure, that which is called "the wearing of the green," and he who is within, "a Johnny inside the green." The first monday of may the opening of the Academy of Arts has place. There is a small number of pictures, and still less of statues, in comparison of the two Salons at Paris. Some ones of the pictures are some chiefs of work, but there is of them many which are but "boilers of the pot," as say the english painters, because they serve themselves of them after for to light the fire. At the end of the month all the world goes to the races, called "the Epsom," at Darby, chief-place of the department of the Darbyshir. Sir HARCOURT was formerly deputy of Darby, but he was not elected after that "the Epsom" was gained two times of following by the Lord of ROSEBERY.

JUNE.—The *lundi de Pentecôte* is called in England "Wit monday." The English are invariably severe and correct, laughing very little, but this day here, at that which he appears, they amuse themselves with some wit. At cause of that all the banks, all the offices, and all the magazines are closed, because they are not spiritual of the all, but naturally sad and severe. Then each one goes himself away some part, *bousculé* in the stations of railway and in the trains, full of world, and a man of the people is enough often drunk dead at the fine of the day. See there an idea of pleasure! Above all the to-morrow when he is condemned to pay some amend by the *jugé de paix*, in english, "the beack." During this month also there is the races of Ascot, and the great games of cricket on the field of a certain Monsieur C. C. LORD, that which one calls "M. C. C. Lord's ground." And the twenty all the world celebrates the Accession of Her Majesty the QUEEN. Permit, *Mister Punch*, that a French may say, with the most great respect and the most humble admiration, "God save the QUEEN."

(La suite prochainement, the following nextly.)

THE ANNUAL GREETING IN COMMON FORM.

(At the service of those who require the article.)

ONCE again three hundred and sixty-five days have passed since the bells of St. Paul's tolled out the then expiring year, and chimed in, &c., &c.

It is pleasant to consider that, in spite of an hour or so of sadness, the sum total has turned out to be, &c., &c.

Our foreign relations are still satisfactory, &c., &c. It is true that France is always chafing at the occupation of Egypt, but in her calmer mood she must be convinced, &c., &c. Then Russia is our close neighbour in India, but when we recollect that there is much in common, &c., &c. Yet again, Germany can claim kinship with us, and if her Emperor for a moment seemed, &c., &c. So, regarding the outlook as one not entirely without danger, we can rest satisfied that England will always be able, &c., &c.

Domestic affairs naturally concern us as we sit beside the Yule-log, and as we glance at our boys and girls, education, &c., &c. But the school question is not unanswerable, and with forbearance and good-will, &c., &c.

In conclusion, we can wait for the tolling bell of St. Paul's without apprehension, &c., &c. The world jogs on with the monotony of, &c., &c. There may be trade rivalries and political follies, &c., &c. For all that, what England has once done, she can, &c., &c. So there is no reason why we should not, as Christmas is past, give a genuinely hearty welcome to the glad New Year.



MISUNDERSTOOD.

Mild Old Gentleman rescues a bun which Child has dropped in the mud. Child (all aglow with righteous indignation). "THAT'S MY BUN!"

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

(Scenes in Dialogue.)

I.—FAILURE.

SCENE—Garden at back of Mrs. ONSLOW'S house in Kensington. On garden seat, near table with coffee-cups, Mrs. ONSLOW, a widow, and DOLLY (eighteen) and DAISY (nineteen), her daughters. Mrs. ONSLOW has an empressé manner and an angry smile. DOLLY and DAISY are pretty girls dressed in pink. TIME—Three in the afternoon.

Mrs. Onslow. It is very curious, but I have an odd presentiment that Lord JASMYN will propose to one of you two to-day, at our garden-party.

Dolly. Mamma always looks on the bright side, doesn't she, Daisy?

Mrs. Onslow. But you don't really think he isn't serious?

Daisy. We're afraid he's far too serious to propose to people who are so certain to accept him as—as either of us!

Mrs. Onslow. He has invited himself to lunch twice, lately.

Dolly. That's very sweet and hospitable of him.

Mrs. Onslow. I think it is DOLLY Lord JASMYN admires.

Daisy. Men often pay far less attention to the girl who is really the object of their thoughts, Mamma, than to a mere casual acquaintance.

Dolly. He must be very devoted to you, dear!

Mrs. Onslow. He talks more to DOLLY.

Dolly. He talks about DAISY.

Daisy. And to me he talks about Mamma.

Mrs. Onslow. DOLLY, do wear your mauve dress!

Dolly. Oh, please not, Mamma! Mauve is the colour I wear when I refuse people.

Daisy. You wear it very seldom, darling.

Dolly. Do you mean that I am always accepting people, DAISY?

Daisy. No, dear, no. I didn't mean that. I know you hardly ever accept anyone.

Mrs. Onslow. I must get EZZIE to persuade you to wear your mauve. He's coming early. EZZIE knows so much of the world.

Dolly. EZZIE's horrid worldliness is no reason why I should wear mauve when I don't want to, Mamma.

Mrs. Onslow. How obstinate you are, child!

Enter EZZIE, Mrs. ONSLOW'S nephew (twenty), coming down steps from balcony.

Ezzie. I've noticed DOLLY'S always obstinate in pink, Aunt. (DOLLY offers coffee.) No thanks—if I did it would keep me awake the whole afternoon.

Mrs. Onslow. I shall leave you for a little while—I'm coming back. (Goes up steps.)

Ezzie. I say, I think these back-garden parties of Auntie's are perfectly ghastly.

Dolly. So do I.

Daisy. I think they're very amusing.

Ezzie. Oh! That's only your nasty cynical habit of making the best of everything. You know they're really rather awful. You don't mind my saying so, do you? I mean, there's never anyone here one knows.

Daisy. I know; but Mamma gets hold of a whole heap of celebrities, and Lord JASMYN likes looking at clever people.

Ezzie. How sweet of him! I hate being the only stupid person in a crowd of clever people—they make such a fuss about one.

Dolly. Instead of talking nonsense, why don't you try and prevent Mamma throwing us at people's heads in the dreadful way she does?

Daisy. Yes. It makes us so uncomfortable. It's so dreadfully obvious.

Ezzie. My dear things, it doesn't make the slightest difference. If she were cool to JASMYN it would give it away ever so much more. He might think her designing, then—he can't, now. She's too frank. Don't you see?

Dolly. It isn't at all nice for us, anyhow.

Daisy. Lord JASMYN has always seemed, lately, as if he were just going to say something, and then didn't say it.

Ezzie. Why, of course! I quite forgot. He asked me to tell you. He said he knew you would be pleased.

Dolly. What conceit!

Ezzie. He's going to be married. To an American girl. He wants to bring her to see you.

Daisy. Poor Mamma! Another failure!

Dolly. I shall go and put on my mauve dress.

Ezzie. Bear up, DOLLY. You're looking very beautiful, to-day. I really must make love to you some time or other.

Dolly. It's dreadful to hear you talk in this way. You used to be such a nice boy.

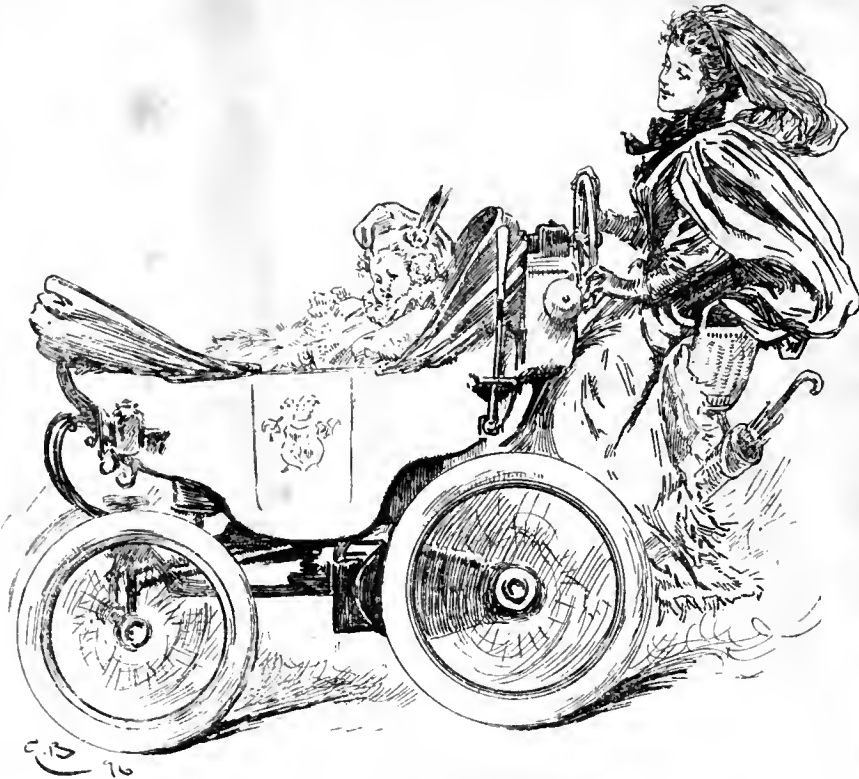
Daisy. We used to tell him stories.

Ezzie. Well, I could tell you lots, if you'd only listen.

Dolly. Oh, you're quite spoilt, now! But you'll tell Mamma—before the people come—about Lord JASMYN?

Ezzie. Yes. I'll break it to Aunt. She overdoes it, that's what's the matter.

Daisy. Yes, Mamma overdoes it. (They sigh.)



HINTS FROM OUR INVENTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE NEW "MOTORAMBULATOR."

THE COLUMN OF FATE.

ONE record on that fateful page
A joyful entry I have reckoned—
Her first appearance on Life's stage.
Alas, it now records her second!

A slim white figure in relief
Against the old black oak outstanding—
I see her still, the heart-stealing thief,
As first I saw her on the landing.

A pleasant house, a pleasant set—
I had the luck, as I'm a sinner,
The only night we ever met,
To take AMANDA in to dinner.

We talked of pictures, books, and plays,
Touched on a hundred subjects lightly;
Our tastes agreed in various ways,
And—well, I think—we flirted slightly!

She had to go, alas, next day;
Perhaps she wished—I know that I did—
That, when they asked us down to stay,
Our visits might have coincided.

How often since that day—since then
Remorseless Fate has kept us sun-
dered—
I've wondered if we'll meet again,
And whether she—has also wondered!

None else has made my heart forget,
Maid plain or pretty, dull or clever.
To think of all the girls I've met,
Yet one to touch AMANDA—never!

So I've good reasons—if not rhymes—
For mourning, since my eye I carried
Down the first page of Monday's *Times*—
She's dead—to me, in short—she's mar-
ried!

CINDERELLA (VERY MUCH UP-TO-DATE).

["There is a praiseworthy tendency nowadays," remarks a weekly literary journal, "to make children's books instructive as well as amusing. . . . History and science are eagerly welcomed when disguised in the garb of romance." In order to assist this "praiseworthy tendency," *Mr. Punch*, always well abreast of the times, hastens to submit some fragments of a new version of an old fairy-tale, which, when completed, will surely both profit and delight every youthful reader.]

ONCE upon a time, assuming for the moment that time has an existence other than as a conditional necessity of thought, there lived a girl called CINDERELLA, whose name was doubtless derived from the Sanskrit root *KIN*, despite MAX MULLER's statements to the contrary. She was very unkindly treated by her two sisters, whose ill-temper was not unnatural, seeing that the eldest suffered from insomnia, and had incautiously taken large doses of bromide of potassium as a remedy for it. The pathological results of this drug are well known, they include . . . (*Insert two pages from the "Dictionary of Medicine" here.*) The other sister was, we regret to say, an assiduous reader of old-fashioned fairy-tales, which contain no instruction whatever and consequently have a most pernicious effect upon the character.

So CINDERELLA sat in solitude by the hearth, where the disintegrated products of the carboniferous epoch were in process of slow combustion, and the exudations from her lachrymal glands coursed slowly down her cheek. Suddenly the door opened; her fairy godmother entered the room, and said—but it is necessary to pause here in order to remark that the supposed fairy was, in point of fact, nothing but a subjective illusion of CINDERELLA's excited brain. Such instances of cerebral subconscious activity are by no means rare, and one theory explains them on the grounds . . . (*Here follow three pages of psychology.*) "And so," continued the fairy, "you wish to attend the ball to-night? You shall certainly do so; but first of all give me your attention while I explain to you the history of dancing, which I shall do under three heads:—(a) As an act of primitive symbolism, (b) As a part of heathen worship, and (c) As a social institution." (*Copious extracts from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" ensue at this point.*) "Let me end by reminding you that you must be home by midnight; indeed, in counselling you to keep early hours, I am only acting in accord with the leading physiologists, whose advice upon this point is practically unani-

mous. To quote from a paper read at the last meeting of the British Association . . ."

CINDERELLA's beauty at once attracted the notice of the Prince, whose presence was due to the fact that the government of this country was monarchical. As to the merits of this system as compared with those of a republican form of rule, it may be pointed out, in the first place (*&c., &c.*). In fact, so happy was CINDERELLA that she took no notice of the flight of time, until a clock at the end of the room, by the help of a familiar yet ingenious piece of mechanism (*here insert a full description of it, with diagrams*), struck twelve times.

"Nay," exclaimed the Prince, "it were needless to place this vitreous slipper upon thy dainty foot, my beautiful CINDERELLA, for I have already ascertained that it is a perfect fit by means of the Röntgen rays, the working of which I will now explain in detail," (*he does so*), "and therefore I claim thee as my bride!"

So CINDERELLA's sisters were overcome with disappointment, and spent the rest of their days in writing Intellectual Fairy Stories, which were both Amusing and Instructive, and which would doubtless have greatly benefited their readers, if there had been any; only the benighted children showed a marked preference for tales of the old and foolish kind. But CINDERELLA married the Prince, and lived happily for about 25·42 years afterwards, if one may accept Professor SAWDUST's estimate of the average duration of married life.

FREE TRANSLATIONS.

(By Our Special Schoolboy.)

Stat magni nominis umbra. Stick your name, large, on your umbrella. (For careful clubbites.)

Stare super vias antiquas. You can't help staring at old guys. (For cheery youngsters.)

Abcont studia in mores. There beant much manners about students. (For townsmen against gowmsmen.)

Aliquid facerem ut hoc ne facerem. Better hock than no liquid at all. (For toppers.)

Aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis. There's nothing singular (now) in a lady riding on an omnibus. (For New Women.)

Crede mihi, res est ingeniosa dare. Take my tip, "tipping" youngsters is the correct thing! (For schoolboys at Christmas time.)



"SANTA CLAUS"; A REMINISCENCE OF CHRISTMAS.

"OH! HE'S BEEN!!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

NOTES SUR L'ALMANACH (suite).

JULY.—During this month all the world goes to the regattas of Henley on the Thames. These regattas are charming, if he falls not of the rain. *Hélas!* That arrives often in England. All the long of the river some boat-houses of the most prettys, of the most coquettes, are placed, and there find themselves reunited all that he has there of the most elegant—the nobleness, the sportmen, and the high finance. And above all the most adorable misses, themselves charming like some roses, dressed in pretty robes gay like some flowers, are there on the boat-houses, all adorned of pretty plants. It is one can not more gracious. A little more late there is the races of Goodwood—*voilà* a word where one finds enough of the letter O, *n'est-ce pas?*

AUGUST.—The season at London terminates at the fine of the month of July, and the nobleness and the burgesy go themselves away, the ones to the regattas of Cows, or to the border of the sea, the others to the country, or in Scotland, or in the land of Wales. A great number traverse the sea for to make a voyage of agreement at the stranger. The English love much the voyage, and at cause of that one encounters *partout* the voyagers Cook. Those who go in Scotland commence the twelve the chase to the grouses. The regattas of Cows, town of the Island of Wight, very frequented by the high nobleness, are all that he has there of the most cheek, *chic*. One sees there all the elegant worlders, *mondains*. The judges, the advocates, the avowed, and the other men of law go themselves away also during the grand vacations, and of same the bankers quit their banks, the negotiators quit their cases—*caisses*—and the pursers quit the Purse, or Stockexchange. Even some ones of the medicins can to quit their ills, *malades*.

SEPTEMBER.—During the month of September the vacations continue still. There is relaxation, *relâche*, at almost all the theatres of London, there is no more of concert, nor of exposition of pictures, nor of game of cricket, nor of game of "polow" in the ground of Hurlinggame. The houses of the "Ouestend" are closed, and one sees there but some "caretackers" and some cats. During this month there is the races of the Saint Leger. Until here I have never heard to speak of this saint, of who one ignores the true name, but it is evident that he was old goodman,

vieux bonhomme, because he loved the races, and was even so gay that one calls him *le saint léger*. He is patron of the "book-mackers." The twenty-nine, the Saint Michael, all the English eat some geoses. It is invariably in eating that they celebrate a feast. At the fino of this month, or in October, the municipality of London commences the reparation of the pavings, and each street becomes an end of sack, *cul-de-sac*, that which continues long time after the vacations, sometimes until Christmas.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

NO. VIII.—THE COLONEL.

THE urchins used to tremble when the Colonel's gate they saw, For trespassers were threatened with the rigour of the law, And notices were posted up that scared the boldest ones—"Beware of Savage Dogs!"—"Beware of Man-traps and Spring-guns!"

Behind these formidable works the Colonel felt secure; He fed his *Gloires de Dijon* with the choicest of manure, He thinned his single dahlias or bedded out the stocks, Or pruned the trees or stuck the peas or trimmed the beds of box.

At times, too, in his study, he would pore with puzzled looks On tables of statistics in the Government Blue Books, Make notes with conscientious care, and gather illustration For his tract, "The Crime of Charity without Discrimination."

And when he met with beggars—and the beggars all took care He should meet them fairly often—he would fly at them and swear

They were idle good-for-nothings, and he'd have them sent to jail,

And—no! they needn't come to him with any whining tale!— And he quoted from his pamphlet and dismissed them with a frown,

And, if no one were about, a surreptitious half-a-crown.

The beggars used to thank him for his alms in Heaven's name, And straightway out of gratitude proceed to poach his game. Then would the Colonel vow revenge and swear the rogues should pay,

And might he go to Hades if the rascals got away! And once it is recorded that his anger burst all bounds, And he positively charged a scamp with poaching on his grounds; But when the rogue was fined and swore he hadn't any pelf, The Colonel shook him by the hand and paid the fine himself.

The boys, too, lost their terror of the man-traps and spring-guns, And the cherry-trees were pillaged by the poachers and their sons,

Who flocked about the orchard like the bees about a hive, Till the Colonel vowed he'd take his whip and flay the lot alive. He caught a pair of urchins and he swore he'd make them squeal, He'd flog them till they couldn't stand—he'd teach them how to steal,

And he dragged them off to slaughter.—When the urchins re-appeared Their mouths were full of toffy and their cheeks with jam were smeared.

And so it somehow happened that, despite the strange beginning, A friendship sprang and flourished 'twixt the sinned against and sinning,

And often of an evening, when the balmy Zephyr blows, And the odour of the lavender is mingled with the rose, The Colonel seeks his garden where he puffs his brown cheroot, Stretched at his ease beneath the trees among his flowers and fruit.

Then come the urchins running when his gaunt, grey form they see,

And they clamour for a story as they crowd about his knee, And he tells of siege and battle, till the youngsters hold their breath,

And he tells of deeds of daring in the very jaws of death, And he tells them of the heroes that have won a soldier's grave, And he tells them of the glory that is given to the brave.

"Courage!" he cries. "Be heroes, too, and dare to do and die! Ah! *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*"

"OH, THE RARITY!"—"Of all the substances we meet with in this world," says the *Scotsman*, "water is in many respects the most wonderful." There is some obscurity about this frank admission. Is it water for mixing purposes, or for the morning tub, the rarity of whose acquaintance extorts the solemn exclamation? The fact that it resounds from Edinburgh on New Year's Eve favours, the first suggestion.



"MANY HAPPY 'RETURNS'!"

House Steward (Sir M. Hicks-Bach—to Mr. John Bull). "HAPPY TO FIND, SIR, THAT FROM APRIL THE FIRST TO THE END OF DECEMBER THERE HAS BEEN NO FALLING OFF."
 The "Broth of a Boy" (aside). "BE JABERS! WHEN I CHUCK MY WEIGHT INTO THE SCALE, THAT 'LL TAKE THE COMPLACENCY OUT OF HIM!"
 ["On the nine months to date the net increase in the gross revenue is £1,730,000, and in the revenue paid into the Imperial Exchequer £1,284,000, or nearly four times the estimated surplus for the whole year." . . . "The good revenue is pretty fully mortgaged . . . and taxpayers must look forward . . . to no sop to angry Irishmen. If the latter are to be pacified it must be in some other way."—Standard, January 1, 1897.]

THE OLD TO THE NEW.

"THERE'S nothing new beneath the sun,"
 Yet, now the Old Year's course is run,
 We greet the next as New.
 Ring out, wild bells! Well, they ring
 out,
 But, 'midst their merry noise, we doubt
 If more than the old clash and shout
 Makes music sweet as true.

As each stout arm tugs at its rope,
 We strive to read the tones of Hope
 Into the clangorous clatter;
 But so we did when Ninety-six
 Was at our door. We count our chicks
 Before they're hatched; but Time's old
 tricks
 Make hope a doubtful matter.

We trust there'll be a boom in trade,
 We hope no other reckless raid
 Will gladden Boer and Teuton.
 We pray that the Armenian murk
 May lighten, that the chuckling Turk
 Won't cut us out a mournful work
 Humanity fain is mute on.

We hope that Concert may at length
 Tune up in unison and strength,
 Whoever be its leader.
 We trust that Pity may no more
 At the barred European door
 Stand helpless, for the suffering poor
 An unregarded pleader.

But whether anything more new
 Than the New Woman greet our view,
 Seems just a bit uncertain.
 Ring out the old—when the old's bad!—
 But, Ninety-seven, my hopeful lad,
 Let some "good news" make our hearts
 glad
 Before you drop the curtain!

THE NEW HUMANITY.

(With Compliments to those who consider Dickens's
 "Christmas Carol" out of date.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Now that Christmas
 is well over, and we have got comfortably
 into the New Year, I will let you into a
 secret. I have set my face against all the
 absurd customs of Yule-tide, with the hap-
 piest result.

I began the festival by ignoring Boxing
 Day. Why should the dustman, the baker,
 the turncock, and the police have a shilling
 a-piece? They don't give me presents,
 then why should I remember them?

Then the idea of commencing the New
 Year peacefully is absurdly conventional.
 Why should I outrage my feelings because
 one set of 365 days is ended, and another
 set of 365 days is about to commence? So
 I fell out with my friends and cut my
 family all round. I am pleased to say that
 at this moment I am not on speaking
 terms with my sons, have turned my
 daughter out of doors, and have just
 signed a deed of separation with my wife.
 Thus I commence the year untrammelled
 by family ties, and free from responsibil-
 ities that have always been irksome.

Finally, I conclude by failing to wish
 you the compliments of the season, as the
 senseless greeting is out of date, and con-
 sequently inappropriate. So no more at
 present from
 Yours sincerely,
 A. KERR MUDGRON.

At FRASCATI'S, in Oxford Street, an or-
 chestra performs during lunch. Of course,
 the selections in a grill-room would be
 chiefly from CHOPIN.



Grand Pastiche

UNGENTLE PERSUASION.

Mother. "TOMMY, WHAT ON EARTH IS BABY CRYING FOR?"
 Tommy. "HE'S ANGRY WITH ME, MAMMA, BECAUSE I WAS TRYING TO MAKE HIM SMILE
 WITH YOUR GLOVE-STRETCHER."

"MADE IN GERMANY."

HOWSOEVER British Trade
 Be affected by the Teuton,
 Some things there are surely made
 It were prudent to be mute on.
 Ravings of the reptile Press,
 Speeches by a shouting Kaiser,
 Meet with such a small success
 That to drop them would be wiser.
 But the Teutons of one trade
 Seem monopolists outspoken;
 'Tis of tricky treaties, made
 (Like old pie crusts) to be broken!
 (Countersigned by O. VON BISMARCK,
 Or most plainly bearing his mark!)

"DEMANDE JOYEUSE."—Supposez que
 vous soyez à Londres, et que vous aper-
 cevez des souris courant sur les genoux
 d'un de vos amis, quel est le nom d'un
 fameux peintre français que rappellerait
 cette circonstance?

Answer. "Mice on knee, eh?"
 [We are informed that our poor dear friend means
 "MEISSONIER."—Ed.]

PIPING TIMES!—We congratulate "Sir
 FREDERICK WILLS, Bart." Her Majesty,
 having taken a "Bird's-eye" view of his
 past services, has given him a "short cut"
 towards the peerage.



THE "NEW HOUSEMAID."

Proposed Mistress. "LET ME SEE—WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
Candidate for Domestic Honours. "GWENDOLEN GLADYS BLANCHE."
P. M. "I'M AFRAID THAT I SHALL HAVE TO CALL YOU 'MARTHA.'"
C. "NOT ME! I COULDN'T DISGRACE MY GODPARENTS NOT TO PLEASE THE QUEEN. GOOD MORNIN'." *[Departs disgusted.]*

THE ARMY CANDIDATE'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Desiring to adopt the military profession—presumably with the view of preserving the honour of the British flag—what steps are necessary to carry out your patriotic motive?

Answer. It is requisite that I should pass the qualifying examinations.

Q. Quite so. And how do you propose bringing this rather ambitious scheme to a successful issue?

A. By obtaining a sufficient number of marks.

Q. Certainly. And how are these to be secured?

A. By spending nearly every hour of five years of my life in the class-rooms of a professional crammer.

Q. But will not this entail considerable expense?

A. Very considerable; but as it will be borne by my parents that is a matter that has for me no personal concern.

Q. Will not your parents regard the coach's bills as a pecuniary substitute for the old-fashioned system of purchasing a commission?

A. Most probably; and if my progenitors are good at figures they will not improbably consider the sum sunk in tuition as money lost, rather than as cash invested, to be returned on my retirement from soldiering.

Q. Then cramming serves as a bar to a call to arms as effectually as purchase?

A. So it may be said. But again, that is an affair that has no claim upon my individual attention.

Q. Leaving the question of cost out of the calculation, will not you have to take up a number of subjects that never occurred to the First Duke of WELLINGTON?

A. Undoubtedly; but then his deceased grace had strange ideas anent the officering of the Army. He is credited with

having once declared that Waterloo was won on the Playing-Fields at Eton.

Q. Adopting his opinions for a moment, what do you know of athletic sports?

A. Next to nothing, as all my knowledge has been derived from hearsay evidence.

Q. Could you captain a cricket eleven or a football team?

A. Certainly not; and it would be absurd to learn anything about the occupation, as the subject is not one recognised by the examiners.

Q. Could you manoeuvre an army in the field?

A. Not unless I found myself in a position to do so from a forced acquaintance with hydrostatics, geometrical drawing, and other knowledge of a kindred character.

Q. Then you will sacrifice physical fitness to mental progress?

A. I have no choice. I must employ my time in learning the subjects required by the examiners.

Q. But if this be so, how can you keep up the glory of England?

A. By following in the steps of my predecessors.

Q. But those steps appear to have been in a different direction. Can you not find a better answer to the question?

A. In the absence of physical training, I must trust to the fact that I am by birthright an Englishman.

Q. Certainly. And as an Englishman what is your opinion on the subject generally?

A. That Britannia rules the waves, and, in spite of the restrictions of the examinations, Britons will never, never, never be slaves.

Q. One question more. Is this last answer of yours logical?

A. No, it is something better—it is patriotic.

NO "CURLING" OF THE UPPER LIP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—An Army Circular has just been issued, by which officers of Her Majesty's Land Forces are reminded that according to Section VII., Par. 25, of the Queen's Regulations:—

"Moustaches are to be worn, and the chin and under lip are to be shaved (except by pioneers, who will wear beards). Whiskers, when worn, are to be of moderate length."

I know, Sir, that the above notice refers to the fact that many young military men have recently taken to shaving the upper lip. But, indeed, the custom has prevailed mainly in *self defence*. Let me cite my own case. I had tried for at least eighteen months to promote the moustaches, so imperatively demanded by our Sovereign. The compounds with which I have anointed my upper labial have been expensive, irritating, unseemly, and, alas! useless. I am a congenital JACOB, and if ever appointed a pioneer could not raise the necessary hird's nest. As to whiskers, I have often wondered, when looking at pictures of the late lamented Lord DUNDREARY, whence he derived them. As a last endeavour to conform with the Queen's commands, I have, under professional advice, severely scraped my face thrice a day, and under the same professional advice I have arrived at the conclusion that possibly eighteen distinct hirsute tributes to Her Majesty's regulations—a thin red line indeed—might surmount my teeth. Do you think that Our August Ruler and Lord WOLSELEY will be satisfied with this show of zeal? Are the Duke of CAMBRIDGE's whiskers up to regulation form? Must I abandon my profession?

Yours in despair,
 RUFUS LEONIDAS NIPCHIN,
 Lieutenant.

Aldershot.

(Name of regiment indecipherable.)

[We recommend our Correspondent to keep his hair on, if he can.—ED.]

The Ear and the Voice on the Transvaal.

[President KRÜGER does not believe in idle reports, and Mr. CECIL RHODES does not speak out for the sake of others.]

A "DUMB CRAMBO" duet mid South African fears,

By two powerful men has but lately been sung.

"OOM PAUL" makes a point of fast shutting his ears,

And Rhodesian CECIL of holding his tongue.

After a Trip to London.

Archie. Weel, SANDY, an' hoo did ye pass the time in Lunnon?
Sandy. Richt brawly, mon. An' forbye, when I'd clappit a stove pipe on my head and put on a frockit coat, 'deed, ARCHIE, if there was a Southron but didna' take me for a Cockney born and bred!

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. VI.—OF LETTERS—OF YOUTHFUL HUMOUR AND GAIETY—OF STYLE AND ITS STUDY—OF CHARLES LAMB, HAZLITT, AND CHARLES READE.

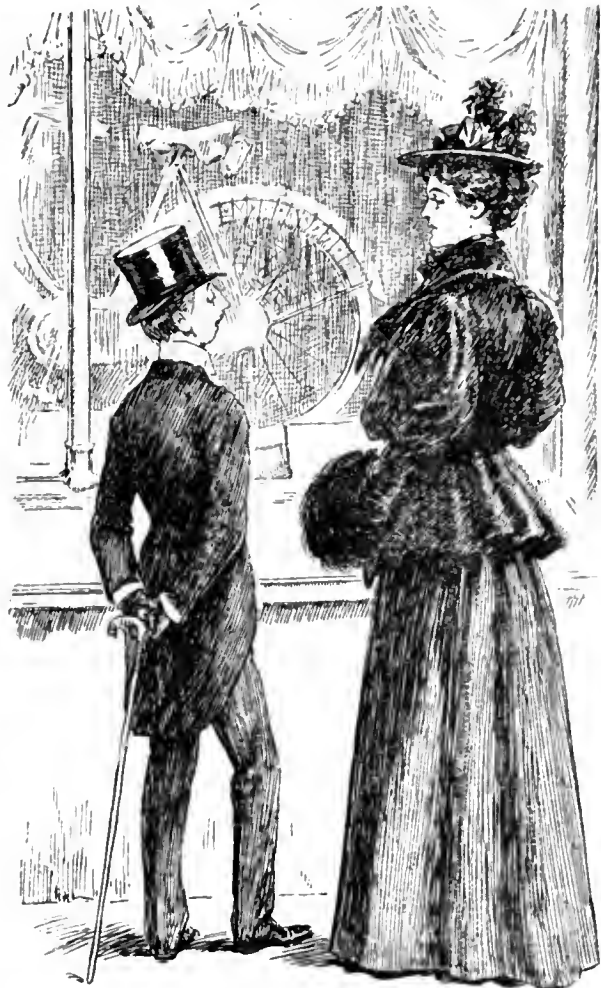
MY DEAR JACK,—Your letter demands a reply. You say (I quote textually) "I have bought NAPIER'S Peninsula and old MARBOT, and I've tackled MARBOT because he's shorter. It's simply ripping. I never read such good fighting in my life. That bit where his mare tore a Russian's face bang off and pulled an officer to bits is grand. If old MARBOT has written anything else I wish you'd let me know, as I shall certainly buy it." I commend your honest enthusiasm, my dear JACK, and I don't carp at the simple style in which you express it. "Ripping" is an emphatic word that in its way is probably as good as "awful," and "stunning," and other words affected by a former generation of youths for the expression of their astonishment or their pleasure; and for my part, I would rather have a lad write a letter in the style that best suits him for conveying his thoughts, the direct and forcible style of the schoolboy, than pick and choose with a precise and laborious care the exotics of language that convey nothing except the writer's own precious affectation and lack of sincerity.

But there's a happy mean, JACK, there's a happy mean. Nearly all youngsters have humour and gaiety, and a bright sense of laughter. Alas, as life progresses and the world lays its deadly clutch upon them—when they pass from careless youth to domestic happiness, the payment of weekly bills and the charge of a growing family afflicted by measles, or clamorously demanding to be clothed, to be sent to the seaside or to school, and generally obscuring the leisure and clogging the energies of their parents—when, as I say, they suffer this change, gaiety and the sense of laughter recede at the advent of the rate-collector and the butcher, and the happy spirit of undergraduate dinners is turned into the dull and plodding citizen.

Still, while there is youth there is brightness—but the brightness does not often find its way into the letters in which the feelings of youth are expressed. It is a vain thing consciously to sit down in order to study style with a view to self-improvement. Legions of prigs and pedants are doing it, I know, all the world over at this very moment, inspired to their dreadful undertaking by the rash and unthinking words of this or the other successful man of letters, who, under the compulsion of an interview may have confessed that as a boy he formed himself upon the model of ADDISON, and that to this fact he attributes the marvellous sale of his latest novel dealing with plot and passion. So, when stretched upon the rack, or with his thumbs fixed in the screws, a mediæval victim would abjure errors of which he was not guilty, and confess to crimes that he had never committed. Still, if you read well-written books, your taste in words and sentences must gradually improve. Why not try the essays and letters of CHARLES LAMB? Even a boy who has just passed his Little Go (did I congratulate you upon the auspicious event?) must, I think, submit to the fascination and enchantment of this master of insight, whimsical humour and playful, tender regret. And how many he is in the midst of his weaknesses, how simple, how human. If you read his letters you will learn to love him not merely as a writer, but as a friend endeared to your heart by innumerable acts of affection and friendship, and by delightful sallies never darkened by the sullen, gloomy broodings that make companionship and life itself a burden. Then, if you want another manly, breezy, hard-hitting fellow to cheer you along, take a turn with HAZLITT, and begin, as you are fond of fighting, with his account of the prize-fight at Bristol, in which the Gasman was forced to throw up the sponge. There's a piece of splendid writing for you. I cannot think of a higher compliment than to say that it does not suffer even by comparison with that immortal battle in *Rodney Stone*, with which my friend Mr. CONAN DOYLE has lately set our sluggish blood tingling. And for another fight take dear old crotchety CHARLES READE'S *Hard Cash*. I took it up again only the other day, and had to read it to the end before I put it down. They talk rashly of epics now and again, I notice, in connection with some hook or other that comes tumbling into the reviewer's hands, but *Hard Cash* is an epic if ever there was one, and the fight of the East Indiaman with the pirate ships is one that HOMER would have rejoiced to witness, and to consecrate in hexameters.

Farewell, JACK; I am glad to hear that your new dog is no undistinguished or merciful enemy of rats. My compliments to him, and my love to you. Your affectionate uncle, Bob.

AXIOM OF THE POSTMAN AT CHRISTMAS.—Tip for tap.



"No, Miss Constance, I do not 'Bike.' The practice has become so effeminate, you know!"

THE ELECTIONS OF THE FUTURE.

(A Forecast based on the situation in Cleveland and Forfarshire.)

First Electioneering Agent. Well, we've got a satisfactory candidate at last. All my voters are delighted with him!

Second E. A. Our constituents are equally pleased with my choice. A thoroughly satisfactory and able advocate of popular views!

First E. A. Might I ask, in all confidence, where you found your man? Because—

Second E. A. Well—I know you had a little difficulty at first, eh? To tell the truth, so had I. [Hesitates.]

First E. A. Just so; but now we know that the old saw about distance and enchantment still cuts crisply?

Second E. A. Precisely! (Looking stealthily around). And where do you think I made my find?

First E. A. Not in Great Britain, I'll lay a sovereign.

Second E. A. You're right! (Whispers.) We cabled for him from Behring's Straits. Good move?

First E. A. Admirable! I secured my man by a special messenger to the Gobi Desert.

Second E. A. Call yours a go-bye election, eh?

First E. A. And yours a case of say and seals. By the way, what's your champion's name?

Second E. A. ULYSSES TELEMACHUS.

First E. A. (aghast). What? Why, that's my man! ULYSSES TELEMACHUS shall stand for me.

Second E. A. But sit for me! [Tableau and curtain.]

[ULYSSES TELEMACHUS falls between two stools. Electioneering agents determine in future to discover eligible candidates nearer home.]



NEW DEPARTURE IN ADVERTISING.

MEMBERS OF THE ARISTOCRACY AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMEN MAY NOW INCREASE THEIR INCOMES BY FULFILLING THEIR EVENING ENGAGEMENTS IN THE STYLE SUGGESTED ABOVE.

THE NEW SHAMROCK OF OLD IRELAND.

(An Irish Melody more or less after Moore.)

AIR—"Oh, the Shamrock!"
 THROUGH Erin's Isle,
 A weary while,
 Were Green and Orange fighting;
 Till £ s. d.
 Joined them with glee,
 The rival tints uniting.
 Now, where they pass
 A triple grass
 Shoots up, like Sydenham's rockets.
 "Union of Hearts"
 Fails, but this starts
 The Union of Pockets!
 Oh! the Shamrock, the green (and yellow)
 Shamrock!
 For £ s. d.
 Henceforth shall be
 Old Erin's genuine Shamrock!
 Says SEXTON, "See,
 This sprang from Me,
 The Saxon Chancellors scorning!"
 Says CASTLETOWN,
 "Faith, I must own
 You did give us fair warning."
 DUNRAVEN, too,
 Joins the same crew
 As DILLON, nay, as DALY;
 The new type blends
 Old foes as friends
 In the same galley gaily.
 Oh! the Shamrock, the green (and yellow)
 Shamrock!
 Sure, £ s. d.
 Henceforth must be
 Old Erin's typic Shamrock!

So firmly fond
 Appears the bond
 That weaves all Pats together,
 E'en TIM lets fall
 No drop of gall,
 And REDMOND stints his blether.
 SAUNDERSON, too,
 Curses the screw
 Wherewith JOHN BULL doth bleed 'em;
 And, nobly rash,
 Would make a dash
 For true (financial) Freedom!
 Oh! the Shamrock, the green (and yellow)
 Shamrock!
 £ s. d.
 Henceforth must be
 Ould Oireland's symbol Shamrock!

PUNCH, NOT "WHUSKEY."

As everyone knows, it is the custom of the Scot to celebrate the birth of the New Year with copious libations. On the present anniversary, a "braw laddie" from Dundee in London was so overcome that he became "nae fou, but just a wee drappie i' the e'e." The next morning—New Year's Day—he was asked how he had enjoyed himself. "Hech! mon!" he said to his interlocutor, "we jest went amazing till they brought in the whuskey-punch. Then I fell. But mark ye, laddie, it wasna the whuskey, but the punch, that did it. A douce dommed flattering body is that same punch, sae invigorating, that I wouldna mind, d'ye ken, taking a sample o' the same ower the Border for the demnification of our ain meenister."
 [And he did.]

NOUGHTS AND CROSSES.

(Her Answer to Verses last week.)

How dare you write such verses—
 Such sland'rous rhymes, for shame!
 I'd have you to remember
 That two must play the game.
 I fear too little supper,
 Or some such slight alloy,
 Inspired your "Noughts and Crosses,"
 You cross and naughty boy!

At least you'll be delighted
 To hear I loved my ball;
 My partners all were charming;
 I did enjoy it all!
 And once I may, in fancy,
 Have danced—just once, I may—
 "With some confounded fellow
 A hundred miles away!"

You lent your "doubting demon"
 A rather ready ear.
 Of all such shady persons
 I warn you to beware.
 And let me add one whisper
 (Not that you'll care one jot),
 Your thoughts of me were—cross ones,
 My thoughts of you were—not!

Amid the mystic Green Glare of the
 Snapdragon Bowl.

Little Daisy. Oh, Captain BOSSWELL, do look at Aunt JENNY! She looks just as she does when I go to wish her good-morning before she gets up!
 [And Captain B. and Aunt J. are an engaged couple.]



CE

—SWAIN S2

THE LOYALISTS' DISLOYAL;

OR, THE GARRISON GONE OVER.

CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH (ARTHUR BLIFR). "MY LIEGE! THE IRISH HOSTS, AT LENGTH UNITED,
ARE AT THE GATES! OUR LOYAL GARRISON
ESPOUSE THEIR CAUSE!"

THE BARON (LORD SLESBURY, *gloomily*). "THEN, BY MY HALIDOM,
OUR GOOSE IS COOK'D!"

(From a doosid Old Play.)





MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Farmer (to Sicell, dressed "in Ratcatcher," who, having come out to hunt with a crack pack, is standing holding his own horse). "NOW, JACK, HAVE A GLASS! NO WONDER YOU LOST YOUR LAST PLACE, IF YOU CAN'T HOLD A HORSE BETTER THAN THAT!"

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

DEAR AND UNPEDANTIC MR. PUNCH,
A Happy New Year to you! My holidays are made unhappy, more or less, by the news that some preposterous old papyrus-hunter somewhere in Egypt has dug up the works, or part of them, of a new Greek poet! Confound the old grave-grubbing ghoul, why can't he leave History's rejected manuscripts in Time's waste-paper basket—as perhaps you will this in yours! BACCHYLIDES is the old beggar's beastly name, it seems, and he is said to have been a rival of PINDAR! Now, if ever there was a crabbed old highfalutin gusher, hard as nails to construe, and dull as ditchwater when you have construed him, it is PINDAR! What can we want with another of him? I wish that the two poets had demolished each other for good, like the Kilkenny cats. But surely one Greek ode-grinder is enough for the universe!

Now look here, Mr. Punch! England is now bossing Egypt. Let that splendid fellow, the Sirdar—Happy New Year to him!—put his foot down on grave grub-

bing and poet-hunting like a cart-load of Pyramid bricks, and that will be an additional and splendid reason for holding on to Egypt! As for the papyrus fragments of old BACCHYLIDES which are found—make pipe-lights of 'em! See to it, dear Mr. Punch, and oblige thousands of British schoolboys, including
Yours admiringly, BLOGGS MAJOR.

A DREADFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS AT MARKET HARBOROUGH.

Lord Charles Highflyer (despondently). There's too much frost to hunt, and not enough ice to skate; all the horses are coughing; the gov'nor writes to say that he's going to endow a new church; BINCO wires that all seats are booked for a fortnight at any theatre worth going to; FANNY CANTERLY is engaged to that ass BLINKERS; I've a bill overdue on Tuesday; HUMMINGBIRDIE BELLEVILLE threatens an action for breach of promise; Aunt GENISTA hasn't weighed in as usual; and some idiot has sent me a card with a robin on it, wishing me "All the Compliments of the Season!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An audacious "detrimental" vows vengeance, and succeeds, in his dreams, with regard to a Damsel who has refused his advances on the previous evening at a country house.

The tiny rills, that seek the stream,
Creep through the heather 'neath the fern,

Unknown, forgotten as a dream
That scarcely gives to night a turn.
The winter snow, the summer sun,
May make them wax and then decline;
But in their purpose they are One,
Sooner or later they combine.

Fair, fleecy clouds that flock the sky
With little languors lean and light,
Like lashes long of Heaven's eye,
Are guileless of its thund'rous might.
But, as the rivulet, the cloud
Foregathers heavy, filled with ire,
And lifts its angry voice aloud,
Charged with the majesty of fire!

The stone that rolls in yonder reach,
Hurled to and fro by every tide,
Is but a plaything of the beach,
An enemy the cliffs deride.
Yet in the coming by-and-by,
When fierce the wave and high the blast,
The cliffs will learn their doom is nigh;
The pebble wins the game at last!

A man of worth and dauntless pride
Once reared a castle on a hill,
And thence his eager foes defied
To do his resting-place an ill.
And truly one by one they fell,
By watch and valour ever cleft;
United, though, they broke the spell,
And knight and castle were hereft!

There was a maiden fain to live
As princess in a fragrant land,
And oh! she said she would not give
To any cavalier her hand.
But then there came a stalwart knave—
A many-witted lad was he—
His many wits made her his slave,
And gladly she his bride would be.

This is a song I sing to you
In feeble rhythm, halting rhyme;
But 'tis the story still as true
As when it hymned the Birth of Time.
I will survive your bitter slight,
Your scathing taunts, your great disdain.
I will—I wake! By George, it's
light!
And I must catch the early train!

Filial Economy.

Irate Father (to young Hopeful). I thought you intended to turn over a new leaf, Sir!

Young Hopeful. So I did, but there were such a lot of blanks on the old page that I thought it would be a pity not to fill them up!

[Begins the New Year with a fresh turnover—of parental cash.]

At Frangipani's Restaurant.

Customer (inspecting bill). Here, waiter, you've charged me eightpence for coffee! I've never paid more than sixpence before.
Waiter. Ah! but, Sir, Signor FRANGIPANI 'ave just buyed a new coffee-machine.

A SUGGESTION TO MADAME FRANCE (in want of a representative in London).—
Why not try the effect of a French polisher on British oak?

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



THOMAS, VISCOUNT B-W-L-S OF THE BOSPHORUS.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, an heraldic cap'en or cuttle-fish sapient, holding in sinister tentacle a master-mariner's certificate; 2nd, two pairs of ducks, worn alternately for distinction, displayed proper; 3rd, on a mount arabesque a diminutive cavalier in his glory urgent (motto, "Noctem in rotigro"); 4th, an eastern khalif or sultan on a field sanguine, charged with a halo for benevolence. *Crest*: A demi superior purzon erect collared, semée of hurts displaying regal hauteur, charged in the middle with a nautical telescope affrontée. *Supporters*: Two sea-dogs or antique "saunts" regardant timbretose, arrayed all proper, coupéd at the elbow and knee, and the limbs replaced by artifice.



BARON B-RTL-TT OF SHEFFIELD.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, sable a turkish imperial star and crescent quixotically flaunted (motto, "Without stain"); 2nd, a swazi chieftain dancetté, labelled "Silomo," armed and accoutred proper, and habited—well, ahem!—suitably to a tropical climate; 3rd, on an heraldic provincial platform a knight rampant and demoustrant charged with a peroration grandiloquent to the last; 4th, a private chart proper, showing the principal ports and soundings on the coast of Poland, discovered and surveyed by the present baron. *Crest*: An american or spread-eagle bearing the union-jack displayed, over all a sun in splendour which never sets. *Supporters*: Dexter, a more or less british lion in fury bearing a fire-arm proper periodically discharged at random; sinister, a russian bug-bear passé and out at elbows, suitably bound for transport to the wilds of bysteria. *Second motto*: "Oh, Swaziland! my Swaziland!"

IN THE LONDON FOG.

"B. AND S." writes as follows from Chickweed Park, Hants:—

In the interest of science it may be well to record a plain statement of the impression made on the overwrought and peculiar organisations of two individuals by the fog in London the other night. The night of its appearance I was staying at the Grand Hotel, Northumberland Avenue, with a friend, and we both sallied forth dinnerless by way of the Strand to the Gaiety Theatre, stopping several times *en route*—the journey from Charing Cross occupying just over two hours. We agreed to sup after the play. On arriving at the theatre we both experienced a dull, dead depression of the brain, and neither of us can even now tell what was the name of the piece, or what it was all about. How we got back to the Grand through the murky gloom I know not. Our symptoms can only be described as those of semi-stupidity, and the hotel porter, who helped us into bed, was clearly of opinion that we had had too much chloral, for he begged us to be careful with the matches. We slept dead-dog sleeps, unconscious of everything, and woke late the next morning, incapable of eating breakfast. There was a kind of buzzing in my head, with a nauseating desire to avoid food. We resolved to return to the country at once. Somehow we reached Waterloo station, and were rolled like milk cans into the train. What happened during the journey neither of us knows, but luckily the guard was an old friend, and pulled us out at the right station. Still the same stupor oppressed us, and when we got

home the manservant and the gardener had to carry us upstairs.

Next day I awoke, feeling no better, and discovered that I had retired to rest in my hat, placed my boots under the pillow, hung my trousers out of the window, and put my watch and chain in the water-jug. On crawling to my friend's room, I found that he was nowhere visible, and his couch had not been slept upon. Seriously alarmed, I was about to pull the bell for assistance, when I heard stertorous noises proceeding from the wardrobe, one of the roomy old-fashioned kind. My poor friend was doubled up in it, feebly calling "steward." I summoned assistance, and

had him, despite my own wretched plight, carefully tucked up in bed. We slept for fifty-three hours, with intervals for the consumption of soda water. This evening I am rather better, but it has taken me all day to write this letter. The swollen feeling of our heads is decreasing, but the burning pain of the eyeballs, the shaking of our hands, and the parched condition of our tongues, remain. What has happened to us? Will any scientist explain? The moral is, in any case, avoid London fogs. There can be no doubt that they contain a humorous poison of hypnotic power. Will chemists analyse it? If so, our sufferings will not have been useless, since humanity will profit by them.

[We gladly print the above remarkable experiences, but are disposed to believe, from internal evidence, that it was intended for a largely circulated daily contemporary.—Ed.]

At the Sweedletopshire County Ball.

Lady Patroness (to Mr. MacNifico (of MacNifico), who sits, like Eugene Aram, "apart from all, a melancholy man"). Now, I positively must introduce you to someone!

Mr. MacN. (crushingly). But there is positively nobody in the room!

[Retires, and spends the rest of the night in despatching five-shilling New Year's Cards to Members of the Aristocracy.]



SUGGESTION FOR NEW GOINAGE.

View of St. George on Motor-car and the Dragon.

WHAT THE LOVERS OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE LONG FOR IN CONNECTION WITH PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—The end of the Chapter.

ALADDIN AT THE LANE; OR, NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

BRILLIANT and artistic in costumes and kaleidoscopic effects of colour, tuneful in song (you hear a good deal of the Barrettone in it), graceful in dance, full of "go" as long as Miss ADA BLANCHE is on the stage, and arousing the crowded house to inextinguishable laughter whenever that most eccentric comedian Mr. DAN LENO is very much "in evidence," supported by the burly-esque actor, Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, who may be considered as representing the breadth of the piece, and by tall Mr. FRITZ RIMMA representing the length, the Pantomime at Old Drury has entered on a successful career.

Its concoctors, Messrs. STURGESS and LENNARD, practised hands at this sort of work, can now afford to cut out and compress; and they would not have had to do this had they gone straight away with the old familiar story, and had they "come to Hecuba" in four scenes instead of in seven. It is a tribute to the arrangement and general supervision of Mr. OSCAR BARRETT to



Dan Drury Leno as The Second Mrs. Twankayray.

say that, from first to last, *Aladdin* is very "funny without being" in the least "vulgar." Thank goodness there is no "topical song"; while of "hits of the day" there are but few, and even these could be spared.

Trop de luxe in the costumes. Why run into the extravagance of three grand transformation scenes, when one would be ample? Why divide the pantomime in two parts, when the whole house would be content if, commencing (as it does now) at 7.30, it finished, harlequinade and all, by just five minutes to eleven?

Miss ADA BLANCHE, prince of burlesque princes, is admirable as *Aladdin*, working with a will that would keep going even a less successful extravaganza. DECIMA MOORE is a sweet *Badroulboudour*. Miss CLARA JECKS is full of vivacity as a little Chinese maid; Miss PILLANS is a stylish *Prince Pekoe*, and Mr. ERNEST D'AUBAN shows himself worthy of the family name by his capital impersonation of the small part of the dancing-master.

DAN LENO as *Widow Twankay* is inimitable! Whether he smirks, or stares, or smiles, or frowns, or bows, or curtsies, or stumbles, or runs, or dances, or attempts to sing, or has a dialogue with HERBERT CAMPBELL, or is thoroughly happy or thoroughly upset, it doesn't matter what he does, the house is at once in roars of laughter. The audience cannot have enough of him, and he never overdoes anything.



Mephisto Campbell and Blanche à la "Show."

This version of *Aladdin*, "partly founded on the scenario of the late Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS," as written by Messrs. STURGESS and LENNARD, with Mr. OSCAR BARRETT's music and management, may be described as a something much more than a "Sturgess and Lennard-cum-Barrett-ive success," since, judging from its reception by a densely crowded house on the fifth night of its existence, which was its ninth representation, it seems likely in every way to rival the most popular of its popular predecessors. May the New Lamps at Drury Lane burn as brilliantly as did the Old ones. So mote it be!

The Jolly Monarch of the Spree.

(Refrain of Song heard recently by a Correspondent at Berlin.)

"AND this is the moral of my song, which must, and always, be: I care for Nobody, no not I! if Nobody cares for me!"

HOW DID HE GET THERE?—A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, referring to Ventnor, says, "Here is a town on English soil where the fairest northern winter sunshine may be enjoyed without crossing the seas." Has the long-talked-of tunnel between the mainland and the Isle of Wight been constructed? or has one of the legendary submarine passages been discovered? or have Spithead and the Solent dried up? The writer should really give his reasons for his startling statement.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—It is announced that "Sir ROBERT PHEL's novel, *A Bit of a Fool*, will be published early in January." We understand that the work is not autobiographical in character.

HE MUST TRAVEL ACROSS SOMETHING.—The *Globe* states that Mr. H. M. STANLEY left Dover for Calais on December 29.

CABBY calls the new auto-cars his motormentors.



THE BEST OF ALL!

Anxious Mother. "WELL, BOBBY, AND HOW DID YOU BEHAVE AT THE PARTY?"

Bobby. "OH, MUMMY, I DIDN'T BEHAVE AT ALL. I WAS QUITE GOOD!"

THE MOST LEARNED PROFESSION.

(Some further Correspondence. See last week's "Times.")

SIR,—As all the campaigns in the future will be conducted entirely upon paper, I venture to suggest that the test provided for the efficiency of Army candidates by the proposed Woolwich entrance syllabus cannot be described as unduly severe. The sooner, in fact, that the standard is raised by the introduction of Obligatory Quantics and Dynamics of the Fourth Dimension, the better for the service and for all concerned. What, I ask, will be the use of our coming generals if, at the age of seventeen, they are unable to floor a five hours' paper in elementary subjects such as these, which are so highly necessary for a military career? What will become of their Intelligence Department if each budding lieutenant has not, at an early stage, mastered by heart so rudimentary an acquirement as a knowledge of CHAMBERS' 10,000 logarithms to seven places? I tremble to think of their certain breakdown in time of war, in grim and real earnest, if these important qualifications are neglected. Let the country awake to its responsibilities in time!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A PROFESSOR OF HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

SIR,—Class II. in the Syllabus for Army Candidates might, with advantage, be extended. Metallurgy, the art of ceramics, high-class undertaking, scientific dress-making, legerdemain, the theory of top-dressing, dentistry, thought-reading, French cookery, plate-laying, the use of the tammy, and window-gardening should all be included in the education of our future warriors. You never know when an odd little piece of out-of-the-way knowledge may not be useful in dealing with the foe.

Yours fatuously,
WHITE KNIGHT.

SIR,—I trust, I sincerely trust that these Army entrance examinations will be discontinued. We are already becoming inconveniently crowded. Our officers had better be made in Germany.

Yours,
HANWELL.

SIR,—It would be well to introduce the Chinese system here. We want genuine *litterati* in command of our battalions. Until archeology and anthropology are taken up in a less half-hearted way than at present, I fear our existing system

of cramming can hardly be considered complete. What we want is the production of a corps of thoroughly nice and gentlemanly bookworms, well-versed in the literature of war, to conduct our theoretical military operations in the future.

Yours obediently,
BEDRIDDEN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Colossus was content to bridge the harbour that opened on to Rhodes. In *The Yoke of Empire* (MACMILLAN), Mr. REGINALD BRETT strides across five Prime Ministers, and pats approvingly on the shoulder the Sovereign they have served. Incidentally he remarks that a rival commentator on history, one MACAULAY, "possessed a genius for commonplace." The Equator does not come in, or, with even more certainty than SYDNEY SMITH attributed to JEFFREY, Mr. BRETT would have spoken disrespectfully of it. As it is, he is occasionally above the rules of grammar, speaking, for example, of Mr. GLADSTONE's "relation to" the QUEEN. What he related is not reported. Minor authorities would probably have written of the ex-Premier's "relations with" Her Majesty. These little foibles apart, Mr. BRETT deals with an interesting subject in a bright, occasionally a picturesque, manner. A fault in style, if fault may be hinted in such connection, is that, treating each chapter as if it were a platform speech, he rounds it off with a peroration—a breathlessly long sentence, such as only Mr. GLADSTONE might be counted upon to deliver without stumbling. The volume is enriched by half-a-dozen portraits, of themselves worth more than its price. That of Mr. GLADSTONE is, my Baronite says, the very best presented of him during the last ten years.

With respect to *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, published some time ago, we are all of *Oliver Twist's* mind, and want "More." Mr. HENRY FROWDE, ever ready to oblige, has issued a second series, under the title, *More Echoes*. They are, like the contents of the preceding volume, culled from the luxuriant garden of the *Oxford Magazine*, having come up between 1889 and 1896. In a prologue, presumably written specially for this volume, "Q," an early contributor to the *Oxford Magazine*, shows what strength and perfect finish may be acquired as time flies and practice grows. A few of the colts are a little wild, presenting in their lightheartedness some amazing rhymes. Exceedingly clever are Mr. MERRY's "Afternoon Sermons at St. Mary's," and T. R.'s "Meister Wilhelm in Oxford," which has a fine smack of CANNING's verse in the old *Jacobin*. As for Mr. GODLEY, he is an acrobat, almost a contortionist in rhyme. He can, my Baronite protests, do anything he pleases with syllables, has even wriggled a passable rhyme out of the apparently impossible DEMOSTHENES.*

* The Baron has not seen the book reviewed by his Baronite, but, inspired, he proposes an original couplet:

"I send you a statue: regret it has lost the knees;
'Tis otherwise perfect. They say 'tis DEMOSTHENES."

BARON DE B.-W.

Rather Mixed.

THE following is from *The Irish Times* on "Landslips," December 31.

"To feel the solid earth rock beneath his feet, to have his natural foothold on the globe's surface swept, so to speak, out of his grasp, is to the stoutest heart of man terrifying in the extreme."

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE.

Q. The name of a long-ago celebrated fat French conjurer reminds one of a Christmas dish. What is that dish, and what is the name of the conjurer?

A. Plump-Houdin, naturally.

NOTE BY OUR OWN GOURMET ON THE COMMON SENSE OF SWINE.—You may cast myriads of pearls before the porker of commerce, and he will treat them with disdain, but throw a single truffle in his way, and lo and behold! what a self-satisfied epicure does he become! This fable shows that pigs have more refined appreciation of the good things of this world than many would-be fine ladies.

Ember-Cinders.

Lancelot (studying almanack). Mother, what's an Ember day?
Mother. One which we have to endure, when your father's forgotten to order the coals as he did yesterday.

APHORISM (by a female philosopher).—Blue Woman is often a sufferer by Black Mail.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. V.

AN IMPALED BURT.

MR. Alderman BURT, of Richmond, Surrey, is, according to the *Morning* and other papers, endeavouring to spoil the view from the Terrace by advocating the substitution of an iron fence for the picturesque holly and thorn hedge between the hill and the sloping meadow. Richmond without its view would be like *Hamlet* minus the Prince of DENMARK. This doubtless worthy and possibly eminent citizen should remember that "it is an ill Burt which fouls its own nest." But perhaps the alderman is like the proverbial cuckoo, and has laid his municipal egg on premises which scarcely concern him. In any case, *Mr. Punch* recommends this particular Burt to respect the wishes of the dwellers on the Terrace in particular, and the landscape-lovers of the world in general, and should he be a reflective Burt, like the jackdaw, to remember that hedges always afford more convenient shelter than the best gilt-topped metal clothes-props ever constructed. The terrible desecration of the walk just inside the Park gates should convince even the Corporation of Richmond that the Age of Stone and the Age of Iron cannot redeem affronts offered to the Age of Nature. Therefore, *Mr. Punch* trusts that, like Folly, this particular Burt will (metaphorically) be shot flying as he wings his way Desert-wards over the Peter-sham Meadows.

NEW INSTRUMENT (invented by Professor Punch for the use of juvenile musical prodigies).—The Pianissimo-fortissimo. On sale nowhere at present.

FOR HIS SHANDY VOLUME.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Taking the hint so wisely given by you, I have attempted a children's edition of one of the works of a famous ancestor, of which I enclose a specimen chapter. I trust your printer will see fit to preserve the dots as they stand in the copy.

LAURENTIA

What a chapter of chances, said my father, turning himself about upon the first landing as he and . . . TONY were going down stairs—what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand . . . TONY, and calculate it fairly . . . I know no more of calculation than this balustrade, said . . . TONY (striking short of it . . . and hitting my father a desperate blow souse on the shin-bone). 'Twas a hundred to one, cried . . . TONY . . . I thought, quoth my father (rubbing his shin), you had known nothing of calculations . . . TONY . . . 'Twas a mere chance, said . . . TONY . . . Then it adds one to the chapter, said my father.

—(. . .)— . . . What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express, and, in truth, I have enow already upon my hands without it. Have not I promised the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon . . . right and . . . wrong . . . ? a chapter upon whiskers? a chapter upon wishes? a chapter of roses?—no, I have done that; . . . ? To say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I shall finish before I sleep. By my great-grandfather's whiskers, I shall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink and calculate it fairly . . . TOBY, said my father, and it will . . .

. . . break down the fortunes of our house . . .

It might have been worse, replied . . . TOBY . . . ?

My father reflected half a minute—looked down—touched the middle of his forehead slightly with his finger—True, said he.

THE DUELLIST'S VADE MECUM.

(From the German.)

Question. From the point of view of an officer and a Teuton, is duelling to be discouraged?

Answer. To an officer it is undoubtedly a necessity, although to a civilian it may be considered a superfluity.

Q. Why is it a necessity?

A. Because the Kaiser considers the honour of the uniform of paramount importance, and that honour can only, under certain circumstances, be protected by the sword.

Q. And when is duelling a superfluity?

A. At times when the Emperor regards the practice as immoral from a civilian point of view.

Q. How can you reconcile the two views?

A. By appealing to a Court of Honour.

Q. Will this course be invariably satisfactory?

A. Certainly not, as it may cause a delay derogatory to the Emperor's uniform.

Q. And this unavenged insult will merit punishment at the hands of the head of the army?

A. It will; and consequently it may be desirable to act without waiting for the decision of the Court.

Q. But supposing an officer yields to this impulse and calls out his opponent, what will be the probable result?

A. That he will be reported to the Emperor for disobedience.

Q. And what will be the consequence?

A. He will run the risk of being cashiered, or incur some punishment of equal gravity.

Q. In this event, will the Emperor act as head of the army or ruler of the State?

A. It matters little whether one or the other, or both.

Q. You consider the result will be the same?

A. Unquestionably; and there seems to be no way out of the difficulty.

Q. Then the officer and the Teuton will find himself in an unpleasant position at all times?

A. He will discover himself impaled on the horns of a dilemma.

Q. Is there any possible solution to the problem?

A. But one. The best thing he can do is to resign his commission, prior to residing permanently in London, and becoming a naturalised Englishman.

Q. Would such a course be patriotic?

A. Scarcely, but something wiser—ininitely more convenient.



GOING TOO FAR.

Right Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n (in his Orchid-house). "RHODES MAY SAY WHAT HE LIKES ABOUT 'UNCTUOUS RECTITUDE, BUT WHEN HE SPEAKS DISRESPECTFULLY OF MY ORCHID——!!'"

["You know every man must do something. Some people grow orchids."—*Extract from Mr. Cecil Rhodes' Speech at the Guildhall, Capetown.*]



J. ALLAND. 96

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

Rector's Daughter. "YOU HAVEN'T JOINED THE CHORAL CLASS, MR. HARRINGTON. WE HAVE SUCH FUN, YOU KNOW."
Bachelor Squire. "CHORAL CLASS! WHY I HAVEN'T AN ATOM OF VOICE!"
Rector's Daughter. "OH, THAT DOESN'T MATTER IN THE LEAST. WE NONE OF US HAVE! DO COME!"

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(On *Rhodesian Eloquence at Capetown.*)

Is it quite fitting that a man should come "To face the music" beating the big drum And blowing his own trumpet? Is "the love Of our own country" always quite above Suspicion of the love of grabbing bits Of other people's countries? Judgment *aits* Even on new Napoleons! Crude and rude Jeers about England's "unctuous rectitude" Suggest there is a difference, clear and strong, "Twixt rectitude—*though* unctuous—and sheer wrong. "Vulgar colloquialism." Bless my heart! We fancied you considered slang so smart! "One thought and one ideal." Splendid brag! A burglar has it, and its name is "swag." "Expansion's everything." Yet one riy dread That species which the Yankees call "swelled head." "Balance of unclaimed country?" A neat name! But—is there no such thing as prior claim? And it might seem 'tis not alone the Dutch Who give too little and who ask too much. "The devil take the hindmost" sounded grand; Now "let the foremost take the hinterland" Appears to supersede that ancient saw. Roll over "rectitude," and banish law;

"All put their shoulder to the wheel?" Quite so. But let it be the common weal, you know! Even if you're the "hub." It is no joke In all wheels save one's own to put a spoke. "No foreign interference." Good, as such! But might not KRUGER and his sturdy Dutch Quote it against the raiders? Sauce's use By a shrewd gander may not please the goose; But then, 'twill need a modern ALEXANDER To give monopoly to goose or gander. Be orchids or expansion a man's hobby, To sneer at it unfairly's small and snobby. Right's right, and Englishmen will give fair trial To one who's brave and British past denial. Though Mr. FULLER, in his genial way, Doubts that his favourite will have "fair play." Fret not, my FULLER, only hounds would hound A brave man beyond reason's clear-marked bound. But there are rules in National Honour's Codes, That even a NAPOLEON or a RHODES Must be content to hide by in these days. Justice must now distribute blame or praise, Not with a partial love or hatred crude, But—if you don't object—with Rectitude!

MOST APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE MINER'S MEETING AT LEICESTER.—Pick-(h)ard.

TURKISH FARCE AND RUSSIAN TRAGEDY.

SCENE—Constantinople. TIME—The Present.

MISCREANT and MUSCOVITE discovered *discussing* *Muscovite*.

Miscreant (surprised). And so you at last oppose me!
Muscovite (sternly). I do, for at length you have gone too far.
Miscreant (still astonished). And yet I was permitted to massacre!
Muscovite (gravely). You were, because, after all, you did what you pleased with your own.
Miscreant (evasively). And I was allowed to misgovern!
Muscovite (as before). Yes; it was your affair, and not mine.
Miscreant (reproachfully). And was permitted to justify my title to "the Great Assassin!"
Muscovite (indifferently). Why not?
Miscreant (tearfully). And now, at a moment's notice, you have turned round upon me, and threaten me with "unpleasant consequences." What have I done to merit this rebuke?
Muscovite (with difficulty suppressing a feeling of almost ungovernable rage). You have dared to propose to tamper with my securities!
Miscreant. Then what is more important than human life?
Muscovite (with tremendous emphasis). Cash, Sir, Cash!

[Scene closes in upon the financial situation.]



THE BATH-CHAIR OF THE FUTURE.

THE ROAST BEEF OF NEW ENGLAND!

(The Pitiful New Year's Plaint of an Old-Style Patriot.)

AIR—"The Roast Beef of Old England!"

"When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood."
So ran the old song, and it does my heart good.

Oh, the roast beef of Old England!
And oh for Old England's roast beef!

But now—well to get it a man tries in vain.
From Australia, America, prairie and plain,
What the Butchers call British beef comes o'er the main.
Oh, the roast beef of New England, &c.

Like good old Cheshire cheese, ribston pippins, sound ale,
British beef seems a thing that is gone beyond hail.
If you try to procure it you'll probably fail.
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

"British beef!" 'Twas the synonym once for true pluck,
But now—like the beef—it seems frozen, worse luck!
BULL argues now where he once would have struck.
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

British beef? Not at all; we are on a new course,
Feed on "Extract" and "Essence"—most likely of horse!
Not beef, but *beef-tea* must now keep up our force.
Oh, the roast beef, &c.

Then sing, "Oh, the beef-tea of Old England!" Our shops
No longer sell English rump-steaks, British chops;
Foreign meat's our new pabulum, varied by shops!
Oh, the roast beef of Old England!
Alas for Old England's roast beef!

THE ORANGE FREE STATE.—The state of the London Pavements during the orange season.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If *Launce Kennedy* had been somewhat less garrulous, Mr. CROCKETT's latest novel, *The Grey Man* (FISHER UNWIN), would have been more delectable. In telling this story, *Launce* so overloads the narrative with detail as frequently to defeat his purpose of making things clear. Its progress is with direful industry drearily halted. At certain epochs, *Launce* rises above temptation, and lapses into clear, strong, picturesque narrative that has not, my Baronite assures me, been excelled by WALTER SCOTT or STEVENSON. Once this happens where he carries the challenge of his master to the Laird of Kerse. Again he shakes off the thrall of prolixity when he pictures the trial and execution of the *Grey Man*. In these two passages the incidents are so dramatic, the movement so swift, the description so picturesque, as to atone for the otherwise prevalent fault.

It is a pity BROWNING has not lived to see the beautiful edition of his poetical works just published. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER have for one issue had recourse to the magic India paper of the Oxford University Press. The result is that the seventeen volumes in which the poems originally saw the light are given in a book of less than eight hundred pages, legibly printed, much lighter than an ordinary volume of its size, and bound in royal crimson morocco. It is an *édition de luxe* without the necessity, once pictured in these pages, of the hapless owner lying prone on the floor with the mammoth book open before him, that being the most convenient way of mastering its contents. In addition to this gem of the printers' and bookbinders' craft the publishers issue a complete cheap edition of the works in two volumes of ordinary library fashion. Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL edits it, and helps the unconverted by, as he modestly puts it, explaining in the margin the meaning of "such words as might, if left unexplained, momentarily arrest the understanding of the reader." There are some who are most fully in accord with BROWNING when he writes,

I still
Stand in the cloud, and, while it wraps
My face, ought not to speak perhaps.

For these the physical charm of the India-paper edition will be a delight. For the rest who can (or think they can) pierce the cloud that habitually wraps the poet's face, the work-a-day edition will serve.

Some readers of the *Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé* (SMITH, ELDER) will agree with my Baronite in the opinion that the most interesting chapters are those which contain HALLE's early letters to his parents dated from Darmstadt and Paris. He was just launched on the sea of life. His observation was keen, his mind impressionable, out of a full heart he communed with the home circle, for whose companionship he yearned. Many of the later letters might have been omitted from the bulky volume, and the prosaic accounts of the visits to Australia and the Cape were better retained for family reading. The judicious reader can effect compression for himself, after which process he will find much of interest in the simple story of a strenuous life.

THE BARON.

SOCIAL SONNETS.

I.—"EXTREMES MEET."

REGGIE L'AMPOSTE was tall and slight,
He waxed his moustache and he curled his hair;
And the chum who was with him from morn till night
Was FREDDY FITZFADDLE, so fat and fair.
They both took into their heads to propose,
And REGGIE's selection was stout and small,
While the pink of perfection that FREDERICK chose
Was as thin as a lath and was dark and tall.

How the Blow fell in the higher Literary Circles of
Islington.

Mrs. Ibsen-Gibsen (to the *MacTavish*, introduced specially from the North, with a great reputation). And pray, Mr. MACTAVISH, what do you consider the finest romance of the century?

[A dead silence, while the great man reflects on Scottish whiskey.

The *MacTavish* (after a pause). I'm thinking, Madam, that the finest prose work I ever conseedered was the *True History of Jack Larkaway*, which was issued in penny numbers—the same forbidden when I was leetle better than a wild whaup meeself. But, craving your indulgence, I was a de'il o' a lad for piratical escaupades, and hae the spell on me noo, occasionally!

[General flight of all the younger ladies, who remember that the mistletoe has not been removed. The elders of the sex remain stationary. So does the *MacTavish*.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A South-country Foxhunter, on a New Forest Pony, celebrates his triumph over a Midland "bullfincher."

He has come in his pride, just to show us the way,
From the country of grassland and spinnies,
And the hunter he's on, so I heard his groom say,
Cost at Melton a "half thou. of guineas."
His seat is a model, his boots cling like wax,
And his hat has a workmanlike air,
And his well-fitting coat is not one of those sacks
That we poor Southern countrymen wear.

Note the hand that he bears on his high-mettled mare,
While her antics he readily baffles,
And seems ev'ry movement of spirit to share
As he curbs it with lightest of snaffles.
He has greeted the Master, saluted the Field
And, I notice, is friendly with you;
I've no doubt that he thinks that all present must yield
To the charm of the *nouveau venu*.

Here are you on the castaway peacocky weed
That has little to boast of but rank,
And my sorry old nag is of true Forest breed,
But a bad 'un to beat at a bank.
You may laugh at the Forester coarseheaded brute,
But I swear he shall show you to-day
That o'er heather and bog, and mid tangle and root,
There is none like my ill-favoured grey!

Just another low laugh and another soft look—
Then the melody-mongers give cry.
We are off! He is leading us all at the brook
By the firs where the scent is so high,
By the copse, where the hazels are crackling and sear,
You endeavour to keep with his pace;
Can't you see that he's but trying to steer,
And that you are not making him race?

Good fox! he has turned from the flint-powdered ridge
To the vale, where the meadows lie dank,
And the hounds are now streaming to right by the bridge,
On the left I will take them in flank.
Go on, dear old *Hengist*, I give you your head,
'Tis wiser than mine is to-day.
Yes! ford it quite gently—the water runs red
With the blood of the churn in the clay!

Good hounds! they have followed the quarry right well,
But the pace is too good long to last,
And what has become of the Leicestershire Swell
Who started the running so fast?
And where, and oh! where is that Queen of the Chase
Who broke with that terrible rush?—
Yet your trophies another fair tribute shall grace,
For *Hengist* and I take the brush!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

NOTES SUR L'ALMANACH (*suite*).

OCTOBER.—The chase to the pheasants commences the first, and during this month here there is the chase to the "cubs." For that one lifts himself of very good morning, in effect, during the night. The English love much the cold bath, and me also, because I find that he is very fortifying, though it is not the habitude of my compatriots. But during the night a cold bath at the candle, or at the electric light—ah, no! At the fine commences the chase to the fox, and also the sittings of the courts in the Palace of Justice. *Maitre Renard* and the advocates in same time—that has the air of a fable of LA FONTAINE. Only, the fox goes quick and loses, the law goes slowly and wins. The twenty and one the English celebrate the battle of Trafalgar. Me I see not for what not, although some French find there some injuries against our country. Provided that one is not *chauvin*, in English "jinggo," and too hostile towards the other nations, the love of the country is a sentiment which is no part more admired than in France.

NOVEMBER.—At this season, or more soon, the great fogs of London commence. We have sometimes at Paris some fog, but, my faith, that it is nothing! Ordinarily the fog at London commences at the fine of October, and, augmenting during the frost, continues until to the spring. Some days he is less thick, and even one can to see the sun, absolutely as one sees him through some smoked glass, without rays or brilliance. But the most part



EVERYTHING CAN BE EXPLAINED.

Cissie (who has never seen an Archdeacon before). "DICK, THAT OLD CLERGYMAN HAS GOT GAITERS ON. WHAT DOES IT MEAN WHEN A CLERGYMAN WEARS GAITERS!"

Dick (who knows everything). "OH, IT MEANS THAT HE BELONGS TO THE CYCLIST CORPS!"

of the days one sees not the sun, and ordinarily the fog is suchly —*tellement*—thick, that one sees neither the sky nor the earth, only the air. And the air is all simply the smoke, *un véritable climat d'enfer, mais froid!* The nine there is a great procession and a great banquet at London for to celebrate the day of birth of the Prince of WALES. Speaking of the City, I wish to make to remark my compatriots that the Lord Maire is not a great personage of the Government, as the *Maire du Palais* of the middle age. He is all simply the Prefect of the Thames—the *Préfet de la Seine* of London.

DECEMBER.—The fogs continue still more thick. During all this month here the English make some vast preparations for the most great feast of all the year, when, following their habitude, they eat, and this time enormously. Ordinarily at Christmas he makes a time unbelievably sad. Sometimes he falls some rain, sometimes he makes some fog, sometimes there is all the two together, invariably there is much of mud and much of obscurity; never the sun, never the fine time, excepted this year who comes of to finish, when the sun shone during two days, that which is all to fact exceptional. Thus, for to amuse themselves, the unhappy English are obliged of to shut themselves at them—*chez eux*—of to light the lamps at midday, and of to eat just to the night. At Christmas in England, and above all at London, the night and the day it is the same thing. Seen these habitudes so melancholy, it astonishes me that the English are not much more sad. In effect they are sometimes *narquois* and gay. With a fine irony they call feast there "The Merry Christmas." *Voilà, Mister Punch*, a pleasantery of your compatriots, worthy of to be printed in your journal so illustrious—a pleasantery with which I terminate these notes, in saying to you, "To the to see again." Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

THE QUARTER OF LONDON WHERE A FRENCHMAN OUGHT TO RESIDE.—The E.C. on *parle Français* district.



A VICARIOUS TRANSGRESSION.

Pater. "JOHNNY, I DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS MAN. RUN DOWN AND TELL HIM I'M NOT AT HOME."

Johnny. "HULLO, PATER,—I THOUGHT YOU NEVER TOLD LIES."

Pater (solemnly). "I DON'T, MY BOY. IT'S YOU THAT'S GOING TO TELL THE LIE."

MINDING OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

THE American Senate, having postponed a resolution asking the English Government to pardon Mrs. MAYBRICK, will probably proceed to discuss the following questions:—

Shall Spain continue to exist?

Ought the West Front of Peterborough Cathedral to be re-erected in steel and concrete?

Is duelling to be allowed in the German Army?

What should be the law as to a "place" for betting in England?

Should the Anti-Semites in Vienna be muzzled or not?

Shall there be a new street from Holborn to the Strand, and shall the houses on this street be twenty stories high, and designed as in Chicago?

Ought Gambling at Monte Carlo to be suppressed?

Is kleptomania on the increase in England?

Shall Russia be allowed to send convicts to Siberia?

Can Hyde Park be improved by an elevated railroad from Kensington to the Marble Arch?

What can be done to hurry up the French Academy, which began a dictionary one hundred and forty years before the Declaration of Independence, and has not finished yet?

Shall our spelling of "neighbor," "parlor," "center" and "theater" be made compulsory in England?

How does the treaty of peace between Italy and Abyssinia conform to the Monroe Doctrine?

Are the *dépôts* and cars of the British railroads satisfactory?

Should the Chinese be compelled to dress in black coats and tall hats like respectable American Citizens?

Shall the Behring Sea Fisheries award be paid?

It is expected that the last resolution will be indefinitely postponed; it is even thought that it will never be proposed.

CAVIARE TO THE GENERAL.

SALVATIONIST BOOTH, Mr. GLADSTONE politely Addressed you as "General," possibly rightly; Yet he all his life has continued to spurn all Such fanciful fame, he is not even Colonel; This Old Parliamentary Hand, this old stager Has failed to attain the position of Major; His manifold talents have never been wrapped in The quite ineffectual title of Captain; He never has carried a banner or pennant, Or beaten a drum—he is not a Lieutenant; His speech is so silver, in heraldry "argent," Your people like talking—he is not a Sergeant; Untitled, not even like KELVIN or LISTER, This man, so much greater than you, is plain Mister.

An Architectural Settlement.

First Man (eminent in painting, literature or science). What a controversy about Peterborough Cathedral! Do you know anything about architecture? I don't.

Second Man (ditto). Nothing whatever. And I've never been within twenty miles of Peterborough.

First Man. Nor have I. Then let us go at once and sign a memorial to the Dean and Chapter, asking them not to let anybody do anything. [Exeunt, excitedly.]

A DIPLOMATIST WHO DOES NOT BELIEVE HIS SURNAME.—Mr. NELTHORPE BEAULIERE, our new Consul-General at Buda-Pesth, speaks Chinese, Russian, French, German, Italian, Danish, Spanish, with other languages. A *beau cleric*, indeed!

THE FAVOURITE HERO OF THE LOG-ROLLER.—"General BOUM."



SWAIN SC

“SECOND THOUGHTS.”

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA (*blandly*). “ALL RIGHT, MR. BULL, ON RE-CONSIDERATION, I FIND WE ARE NOW OFFICIALLY PREPARED TO RECEIVE YOUR GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS THE RELIEF OF THE INDIAN FAMINE.”

(*Vide letter from Lord G-ERGE H-M-LT-N, “Times,” January 4, declining, and, in “Times,” January 9, accepting the LORD MAYOR’S Indian Relief Fund.*)





NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.

SISTE, VIATOR! (STAY, TRAVELLER!)

THE IDEA!

["If all the theatres in London, the 'serious' houses included, were shut up at this moment, what should we lose? A good many sensations, no doubt. But how many ideas?"—*Daily Chronicle.*]

A LONELY idea went limping along,
 Dreary and desolate, doubtful and dim;
 There were all sorts of folk in the hurrying throng,
 From poets to patriots, but none wanted him!
 The statesman severely his head at him shook;
 To be seen in his company simply meant smash.
 The author, to whom he suggested a book,
 Turned pale, and declined to do anything rash.
 The novelist said, "Why, good gracious, you're *New!*"
 And newness in novels is never allowed!"
 The poet, who, perched on Parnassus askew,
 At the sight of his face hid his head in a cloud.
 The dramatist, rousing as if from a snooze,
 Muttered "SOPHOCLES—SHAKESPEARE—PINERO—and SIMS!"
 Of my good golden eggs I shall murder the goose,
 If I get me suspected of notions and whims."
 Party cries and sensations were much in request,
 But ideas were under the strictest taboo.
 They upset the world, destroyed comfort and rest;
 You never could calculate what they might do.
 A Hebrew trudged by, crying feebly "Ole Clo!"
 He carried a big old black bag on his back.
 The idea sighed, "Nobody needs me, oh! no!"
 To save my poor life, I'll—creep into his sack.

They'll never suspect me of hiding in there!"
 "Ole clo!" cried the Jew. "Any lumber? Ole clo!"—
 From that day he was ruined, for even Rag-fair
 Cannot stand new ideas—they muddle things so!

DECEIVED AND DECEIVER.

(A Page from a Diary up-to-date.)

["The royal standard must not be used save by members of the Royal Family."—*Correspondence in the Daily Papers.*]

CAN'T understand why I should receive so much attention. Here am I on board a small sailing vessel that I have hired for the day. Nothing particular about her. Customary sails, and flying from the mast an eighteen-penny pocket-handkerchief, and yet I fancy I am attracting official notice in all quarters. Dear me! What are they doing over there? Seem to be hoisting a flag, and about to fire. Bang! There they go! Twenty-one of them!
 Better be off; no doubt they are practising. Target practice has its disadvantages when you are in the line of sight with the object selected by the marksmen. Boat sails slowly. Sure to be hit! No harm as yet. What are they about? Seem to be sending a boat to board me.
 Now that the boat has come alongside find that it's a large one. Contains a band of music and a number of soldiers. What are they doing? Band plays a familiar tune. Redcoats present arms. What on earth are they after?
 Officer boards us. He uncovers respectfully. "Where is His Royal Highness?"
 Explain that I haven't the vaguest idea what he means.
 "But you must have Royalty on board," he persists. "Look at your flag."
 He is directing my attention to the pocket-handkerchief which cost me eighteen pence.

The band again starts the National Anthem. This is too much, and I say so.
 "Not at all," is the polite reply, "as I feel convinced that you have a right to fly that illustrious emblem."
 It now occurs to me that the eighteen-penny handkerchief shows the royal standard.
 "You are a member of the royal family," suggests the naval officer.
 "No, Sir," is my response; "I am only Mr. TOMPKINS."
 The naval officer utters a mighty nautical imprecation. Things are becoming serious. Have I been guilty of piracy, or what?
 At this moment the boat is struck by a torpedo sent out in practice and collapses. Then the naval ship collides against another vessel, and both disappear together. In a second my vessel (the *Saucy Sarah*) is alone on the ocean.
 "Saved!" I murmur. "Saved!"
 But, to prevent further mistakes, I remove the royal standard from the mast, and once more all is peace and quietness.

CRUSOE'S ISLAND MISSING!

[It is reported that the island of Juan Fernandez, 400 miles west of Valparaiso, has disappeared, probably owing to a submarine earthquake.]

FAREWELL, Juan Fernandez,
 Most famous isle, farewell!
 Foundered beyond the Andes,
 If 'tis the truth they tell.

It must have been a sea-quake
 Made your foundations rock—
 And us the other week woke
 With the same seismic shock.

They say, in time primeval,
 You bobbed now up, now down;
 A million years' upheaval,
 Then for an æon, drown.

A Spanish captain's said it—
 He saw you disappear;
 ('Tis a tall tale to credit,
 Sea-serpent-like and queer!)

A short and sharp commotion,
 And then the trick was done—
 You dived into the ocean,
 Ere men said "Robinson!"

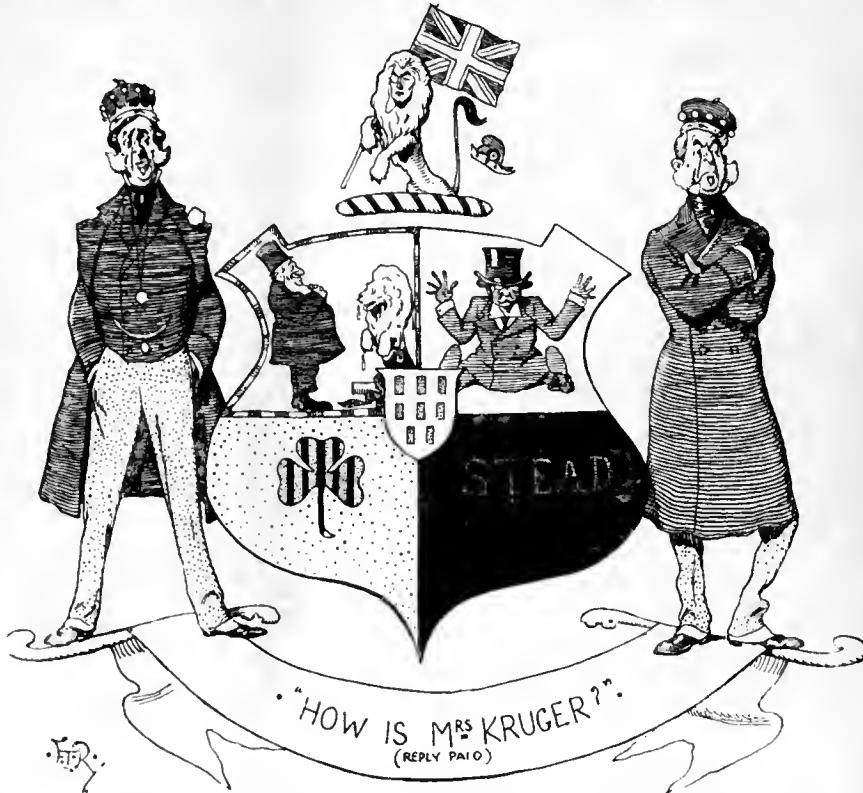
You followed your creator,
 DEFOX, and sought your grave,
 Engulfed in some deep crater
 Beneath the greedy wave.

No matter, for long ages
 Your mem'ry will be green,
 And live in graphic pages
 With glory submarine.

As long as schoolboys nourish
 A taste for pantomime,
 Will Crusoe's Island flourish,
 Defying tide and time!

RECONSIDERED.—At the enthronement of Dr. TEMPLE as Archbishop of Canterbury, the organist opened the proceedings by playing the "*Wedding March.*" Would it not have been more appropriate had he given the popular old air of "*The See! The See!*" And if to those conversant with the words, "the open See!" might have seemed inapplicable, surely a leaflet with the adaptation thus, "*The See! The See! The well-filled See!*" would have sufficed? But they don't think of these things in time, or in tune.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); "OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



JOSEPH, 1ST EARL OF BILMNGH-M.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, an antique boer in his glory regarding a lion spotted over a bordure (chartered) componée, partly whitewashed; 2nd, an heraldic bartlet cuffed and erased under a chapeau doubled up carmine; 3rd, an Irish shamrock, barred in perpetuity on a ground orange of prejudice; 4th, a mysterious libel voluntarily erased sable, rendered more or less illegible after the manner of the new journalism; over all, on an escutcheon of pretence, several ministerial billets of the best, clawed and collared in advance. *Crest:* A lion of debate langued mordant, bearing in dexter paw the union flag flowing to the sinister, dropping in his progress a phrygian or republican cap of liberty "turned up" and refaced ermine. *Supporters:* Two highly crusted pillars of the constitution (sang-)azure in a demi-furious state of suppression.

ON A WET DAY.

(A Fair Cyclist apostrophiseth her Machine.)

My spirits, like the glass, are falling fast,
I'd like to swear—I shouldn't make you
blush!

The rain's been coming down for hours
past.

Adown the gutters tiny rivers rush,
Making the street a very sea of slush—
In doors, my trusty steed, you'll have to
stay,

"The idle Singer of an empty day!"

Yet in this evil day there's good to find—
A chance to groom you—yes, a happy
thought!

"Keep in adversity an equal mind,"
As, I remember, good old HORACE taught—
I wasn't up at Girton all for nought—
And so I'll overhaul you, while I may,
The idle Singer of an empty day!

Forgive me if I stand you on your head,
'Tis handier so—I'll use the greatest care—
How many a mile together we have sped!
Your tyres, I see, are showing signs of
wear.

Twelve hundred miles since May—that's
pretty fair—

Perhaps you're glad to be, once in a way,
The idle Singer of an empty day!

Your handles shine like silver—just a
scratch

Or two may tell of early struggles still!

Your virtues I defy the world to match,
Peerless in any country, flat or hill,
Silent, untiring servant of my will,
To-morrow may you be no more, I pray,
The idle Singer of an empty day!

FROM THE LOG OF A LOG-ROLLER.

January 1, 1890.—What a beginning for
the New Year! All my MSS. back again
—every one of them, the fifteen articles,
the three plays, the volume of verse, and
the novel. Happy thought! I'll be a
Decadent! I have sought the Good, the
Beautiful, the True, but I will seek them
no longer. They are out of date in this
fin de siècle. I will to Vigo Street and
learn to be Decadent.

The Man of Vigo Street welcomed me
heartily. "What would you of us?" he
asked. "I have sought the Good, the
Beautiful, the True," I replied; "but it
does not pay. I would be Decadent."
The Man of Vigo Street smiled compas-
sionately. "Poor fool!" quoth he. "You
have indeed gone far astray. Know you
not that nowadays the only Good thing is
the Bad, the only Beautiful the Ugly, and
the only True is the False?" I pondered
a moment. "No," I replied. "I had
not realized that." He laughed. "Poor
youth!" quoth he. "These are the very
rudiments of Decadence." "But why—"

I began, not fully understanding. "The
reason is plain," said he. "Folk love
to sin. They have hitherto been
taught that sin is unlovable. Show them
that it is beautiful, holy, the object of
existence, and a grateful public will fill
your purse with gold." "I see," said I,
beginning to comprehend. "Oh, how I
have been mistaken! I had striven to
clothe my thoughts in Godliness—"
The Man of Vigo Street interrupted me
with a laugh. "Godliness!" he cried.
"That is a threadbare garment. Nowa-
days your only wear is Bodliness." "Ah!"
said I, catching at the word, "that is the
ware that I would deal in. But how may
I come by it?" "Easily enough," said he.
"In the first place, you must blaspheme."
"And next?" "Sing the virtue of vice."
"And next?" "Log-roll your Brother De-
cadents." "That is all?" "That is all,"
he said. "Do this, and I promise you
fame and fortune."

January 1, 1895.—Blessed be the day
that took me to Vigo Street! Five years
ago I was starving in a miserable garret,
my MSS. returning to me by every post.
Now I cannot write fast enough to satisfy
the public. My *Sodom and Gomorrah* was
the beginning of my fortune. I sang of
those cities, of their exquisite beastliness
and their divine debauchery. The De-
cadents hailed me as a Brother, and I ex-
changed my garret for a sumptuous abode.
Since then I have blasphemed, and sung
the virtues of vice, and log-rolled my
Brethren, and the Man of Vigo Street has
made good his word—my fame and fortune
are secure.

January 1, 1900.—Curst be the day that
took me to Vigo Street! So long as my
Brother Decadents were alive it was well.
I log-rolled them; they log-rolled me; we
log-rolled one another; and the gaping
public poured their gold into our ready
pockets. But one by one they drank
themselves to death, and I am left lament-
ing. No one will swear any longer that
I am great, that I out-Shakespeare SHAK-
SPEARE; nay, the fickle public will have it
that I am mad, and they have taken me
from my sumptuous abode to a padded
room in Hanwell. They say, in this new
century, that the Bad is no longer good,
the Ugly no longer beautiful, the False no
longer true. They say that Decadence is
now a recognised form of lunacy. Are
they right? I wonder.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE BEFRIEND
THE FAIR.

["Mr. CURTIS BENNETT has undertaken a cru-
sade against cabmen who use bad language to
ladies."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

Oh! magistrate of Marlborough Street!
Here's luck unto your arm,
Which would protect the sex that's sweet
From figurative harm!

The "Jarvey" who can rant and rail
At parsimonious dames,
His fares no longer will assail
With Speaker-horrid names!
For him there looms the heavy fine
Empowered by the Senate,
Or else the punishment condign
Decreed by CURTIS BENNETT.
'Ware then of Marlborough Street, ye
loons

Who cannot speak politely,
And link your words to softer tunes
That run in rhythm rightly!
For whether you drive barb or cob,
Or spavined steed or jennet,
Remember that with grace you rob,
And shun a courteous BENNETT!



Old Lady. "DEAR ME, WHAT A NICE REFINED-LOOKING LITTLE BOY. WHY, JANE, HE HAS A MOUTH FIT FOR A CHERUB; I REALLY MUST GIVE HIM SIXPENCE." [Does so. The Cherub (five seconds later). "S-S-S-B!! BILLEE! THE OLD GAL'S GIVE ME A TANNER!"

CANINE SAGACITY.

A DOG'S SUICIDE THROUGH AFFECTION.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to add to the present interesting correspondence a really touching instance of canine devotion. To my mind, any evidence of a higher nature in animals is of infinitely greater value than mere proofs of cleverness, or feats of vindictive memory. From this point of view, the St. Bernard puppy of your first correspondent ranks considerably higher in the scale of interest than the dog described in a later issue. Now for my own contribution to this fascinating subject.

An aged female relative of mine possessed a fancy apaniel, named *Sniff*, which displayed a wealth of affection for his mistress, unadulterated by the snappishness towards other people which so often renders such a dog objectionable. He had, it is true, a slight tendency to gluttony; but then, none of us are perfect! Several months ago the old lady died, and, by her own wish, the dog was transferred to my little suburban home, in the hope that he might forget his loss amid new surroundings.

Alas, he proved inconsolable, for, within twenty-four hours, we found him lying stark and stiff in the garden—poisoned!

There is no room for doubt that poor little *Sniff*, crazed by his grief, deliberately ran out of the house to seek the means of putting an end to his existence, and found what he sought for in some pieces of poisoned meat left near the greenhouse by my gardener. I may say, in passing, that the man (whom I severely reprimanded) had left the poison about without my knowledge, with the object of exterminating the cats which ruined his budding plants.

Now, what can be more admirable than *Sniff's* refusal to survive his loved mistress? Surely we might go far to find a parallel among ourselves. I am quite aware that many people may object on moral grounds to this admiration, and certainly I do not wish it to be supposed that I hold a brief for suicide—far from it. But I think we should be very careful how we lay down the same laws for animals as for human beings in a matter of this kind, and, although my way of looking at things is often blamed, I am not ashamed to subscribe as

Yours very truly A REAL ENTHUSIAST.

[Any further curious cases must be sent to the *Spectator*.—Ed.]

The very latest Version of an Old Ditty.

As I was going through Sandgate, through Sandgate, through Sandgate,
As I was going through Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing,
"Weel may the wheel go! the wheel go! the wheel go!
Weel may the wheel go!—the bike that my lad's on!"

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

MR. PUNCH is very sorry that this quarrel in a quarry Should show so much of prejudice and hate, PENRUYN-wise may prove pound-foolish. Tot the score with cautious coolish,
Split the difference, and—wipe it off the slate!
When the quarrel is protracted long with cut and thrust and lunge,
Neither likes to "throw the sponge up," but they both may "use the sponge."

FOUNDED ON FACT.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,—As the holidays are nearly over, I don't spend much time in reading the papers. But the other day I came across some elderly fossil complaining that the public did not nearly sufficiently appreciate our national collections. This is all nonsense, at least so far as the rising generation is concerned. Take myself, for instance. I have three brothers and three sisters, and we all have friends who have also brothers and sisters. So when we are gathered together, we are a tidy lot—not as regards apparel, but you know what I mean. Well, what do we do with ourselves? Why, we go to the British Museum. "Very good," say you; "nothing like improving your minds." Right you are; it is "nothing like." We go to the museum, not to look up mummies, but to play at hide and seek. First-rate fun, I can tell you! No chivving one another in a rude, noisy fashion, but politely asking the way of a policeman. When we catch the runner we shout a little, but not louder than an antiquarian making a discovery.

And now that the movement has commenced, why should it stop at Bloomsbury? Surely the School of Mines might be cleared of its cases, and used for lawn tennis, and no one would object (at least, we wouldn't) to the large hall of the Natural History Museum being set apart for football or a game of cricket.

Say a word for us, dear old fellow, and merit the gratitude of your sincere well-wisher,
JONES MINOR.

The Duel Control.

THE Teuton Rhadamanthus lays the law down fair and free Concerning of the Military Duel:
"To blow a German's brains out makes one soldier less, you see! So you must consult. not Heaven, or Humanity, but Me,
Before you give a brother man his gruel.
But if a Court of Honour says 'All right,' and I agree,
Why, pop a bullet into him as promptly as may be!"

THE STRIKE OF THE PIPES.

Mr. Raleigh Stubbs, having come into money, neglects his old favourites.

Miss Briar Root. It's shameful the way we're neglected! I declare he hasn't pressed me to his lips for at least a fortnight.

Mrs. Meerschaum. I'm old-fashioned, I know, but I do feel his conduct deeply. Look how my colour has faded!

Miss Cutty Doodeen. Bedad! as usual, there's plenty of injustice for ould Oireland. Black's not the word for me now!

Mlle. Merisier. Ma foi! What for did I throw my *parfum* about his nostrils? *Misericorde!* What I have did that he should flirt with those impudent Egyptians?

Miss Briar Root. The way in which he clings to those Havana beauties is simply disgraceful. Havana, indeed! If he only knew that they were Belgian atrocities.

[*Weeps nicotine tears.*]

Mrs. Meerschaum. Years ago I used to burn for the wretch. Now I wish I could put him on the rack.

Miss Cutty Doodeen. Faix! that's where he puts us. After mounting meself in hall-marked silver, too! I'd break meself with rage.

Mlle. Merisier. Bah! you talk like a silly *brûle-gueule*. My friends, we are betrayed. It must be the revenge!

Miss Briar Root. Revenge! But how? We can't strike. That's the privilege of the matches.

Mrs. Meerschaum. By my amber mouth! I have it. *We can!* [*Whispers.*]

General Chorus. Splendid!

Mrs. Meerschaum. Are we all agreed?

General Chorus. All!

Miss Cutty Doodeen. Whist! here he comes!

Enter Owner and friends.

Owner. I'm sick of weeds, and shall go back to the dear old pipes again. (*Tries pipe after pipe.*) By Jove! not one of them will draw! (*Silent laughter of conspirators as owner is compelled to light an Antwerp-Cuban regalia. After a few minutes he throws it away, and rings the bell. Servant appears.*) JOHN, chuck all this rubbish into the fire. [*Indicates pipes.*]

John. Yes, Sir. [*Removes pipes.*]

Mlle. Merisier (as they are being borne away). Oh! that we could make him understand.

Miss Briar Root. We've been led astray by the insidious voice of a demagogue!

Miss Cutty Doodeen. The dirty German!

Mrs. Meerschaum (contemptuously). Pshaw! We shall only make ashes, as usual. To-morrow he'll have a fresh harem! [*And the Owner did.*]

A Discussion on Diet.

Little Chris (to Little Kate). Does your governess get ill on mince pies?

Little Kate. I don't know! Why?

Little Chris. 'Cause mine does. At dinner to-day she said, "If you eat any more of that pastry, I know you'll be ill." So she must have been so herself.

[*Conference broken up by arrival of the lady in question.*]

The Solution of a Problem at Harwich.

Mariner A. What'll Newcastle do, when they make coal at Dover?

Mariner B. Why, certainly make passengers at Newcastle!

ADELPHI TERRISS A 1 AND ADELPHI'D SUSAN.

SUCH an opportunity of seeing the best specimen extant of a fine old British nautical drama should not be missed by any playgoer. The Jack Tar's jacket of T. P. Cook, who had become a tradition forty years ago, has descended on the "*William*" par excellence of the present day, i.e., WILLIAM TERRISS. He is the Bill of this play, and though Miss MILLWARD is not, strictly speaking, black-eyed, yet, lacking the "two lovely black eyes," she is as good a "*See-usan*" as any ship's



ADELPHI TERRISS A 1.

Hornpiping Times of Nautical Piece at Adelphi.

company (theatrical) could possibly desire. What a genuine heroine in distress is wet-eyed *Susan*! almost always in tears, except when welcoming *William* after his long absence from "the boards," and from his native Deal, or when smiling gently at the facetiousness of Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS as *Gnatbrain*, who in the first piece has already "given" the audience "fits" of laughter as *Toby Twinkle*. To see Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS "shivering his timbers" in the hornpipe, and rewarded for his exertions by a genuinely hearty encore, is enough to rejuvenate the oldest salt, and to set a-capering the youngest pickle.

Captain Crosstree, the darling of his crew, is largely played by Mr. CHARLES FULTON, though without the song and dance that used to bring down the

House in the old Royalty Burlesque days, when Mr. FRED DEWAR received double and treble encores nightly for asserting roundly and proudly that "*Captain Crosstree* was his name," and no mistake about it!

"One of the best" and most artistic performances in the piece is that of Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE as *Doggrass*, the wicked old miserly curmudgeon (there are not epithets had enough for this reprobate) of an uncle, *Susan's* uncle be it understood. But to fully appreciate this actor's art you should previously have seen him as *Jasper Plum*, the benevolent father in the first piece, *All that Glitters is not Gold*, when he bears a strong resemblance to Mr. GLADSTONE. In other plays, I have seen Mr. BEVERIDGE as a villain of the deepest dye, and as a comic Irishman, always excellent; but this transformation from the impersonation of benevolence to that of sordid villainy, all in one night, is something memorable. Such a chance does not often occur, and the soul thirsting for something satisfying in dramatic art will be quite content with this Beveridge.

MISS VANE FEATHERSTON is a delightful *Dolly*; Mr. CHARLES FISHER a sturdy *Blue Peter*; Mr. OSCAR ADYE as great in the character of the ranting ruffian *Hatchett*, as he was when representing a mild gentlemanly person, in the preceding comedy, called *Frederick Plum*. Highest praise, too, must be bestowed on Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE, *The Admiral* (who shall be here, as he is in the play, nameless), for his dignified demeanour, clear elocution, and most impressive manner, which evidently deeply affected his fellow admirals, and was not lost on the soft-hearted and ill-fated *William*.

That the *Admiral* should, after the verdict of "guilty" has been pronounced, convey to *William* his own private opinion of his own public and official conduct, by allowing the prisoner to kiss his hand, is, as I am informed, a stage tradition, which would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Still, it affects the audience to tears—it is so kind of the *Admiral*, d'ye see? And as to the scene where *Black Eve'd Sue* takes leave of her lover, just before he is going to be hanged at the yard-arm, well, if the audience had been all the birds assembled for Cock Robin's funeral, there couldn't have been more "sighin' and sobbin'." It was heartrending. And oh! the joy, oh! the applause, when *Captain Crosstree* rushed on, alive and well, with his arm in a sling, just in time to save *William's* neck from the noose! Hooray! Rule Britannia! And three cheers for the Messrs. GATTI, the gallant First Lieutenant, FRED. G. LATHAM, who stage-managed both pieces, and the jolly clever crew that acts under his orders!

Older than the Flood.

Young Archibald. What's the meaning of the proverb, Auntie, "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander"?

Auntie (angrily). Have ye quite forgotten the story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, the while sae greedy o' apples?

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER.

(*Still dodging justice.*)

Q. What mortar do swallows use to build their nests with?

A. Bird-lime, of course.



Mr. Dibbles (at Balham). "Ah, THE OLD CHANNEL TUNNEL SCHEME KNOCKED ON THE HEAD AT LAST! GOOD JOB TOO! MAD-HEADED PROJECT—BEASTLY UN-PATRIOTIC TOO!"

Mr. Dibbles (en route for Paris. Sea choppy). "CHANNEL TUNNEL NOT A BAD IDEA. ENTIRE JOURNEY TO PARIS BY TRAIN. GRAND SCHEME! ENGLISH PEOPLE BACKWARD IN THESE KIND OF THINGS. STEWARD!" [Goes below.]

MR. TOM COLLINS, LATE M.P., AND EUGENE ARAM, DECEASED.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOSY, M.P.

Knaresborough, Monday.—SARK tells me that from earliest youth Knaresborough has possessed for him two overpowering attractions. One lingers round EUGENE ARAM, with whom, of course, he had no personal acquaintance. The other centres upon TOM COLLINS, first returned to Parliament for Knaresborough in the Exhibition year. For a while, in the stress of political weather, Tom migrated to Boston, representing that borough from 1868 to the General Election in 1874, when he temporarily disappeared from the Parliamentary scene. He came back with the blossoms of May in 1881, Knaresborough once more having elected its distinguished townsman.

SARK well remembers TOM COLLINS'S reappearance. It was in the time of trouble about BRADLAUGH and the oath he at first wouldn't take and then persistently demanded. WILFRID LAWSON had his little joke at the expense of the unsuspecting THOMAS. When the new Member for Knaresborough presented himself at the table, and claimed to take the oath, SIR WILFRID, textually following a proposal earlier made by STAFFORD NORTH-COTE in the case of BRADLAUGH, moved for "a Select Committee to ascertain the views of the new Member on the question of the sanctity of an oath."

This was fun to the House, but it was nearly death to TOM COLLINS. Brought up in the odour of sanctity—his father was either rector or vicar of Knaresborough—T. C. found himself under the awful suspicion of being even as BRADLAUGH. He was assailed with remonstrance and advice from well-meaning persons in all parts of the country. Tracts were thrust into his hands as he left the Commons. Occasionally he found two or three in the voluminous recesses of his umbrella. The climax was reached when a petition was forwarded to him on behalf of BRADLAUGH asking him to present it. After suffering in silence for a space of nearly two months, he one day rose and claimed the indulgence of the House whilst he made a personal statement repudiating the insinuation of SIR WILFRID.

The House never took TOM seriously, and roared with laughter throughout his lachrymose lament.

As for WILFRID LAWSON, he was incorrigible. There was talk at this time about the long delay following upon the Knaresborough Election before the new Member came to take his seat. "Very odd," said Sir JOHN MOWBRAY, "that TOM COLLINS doesn't turn up." "Not at all," said Sir WILFRID; "he's waiting for an excursion train."

This jibe was founded upon rumour, probably as groundless as that about his views on the sanctity of an oath, that T. C. was, not to put it too strongly, penurious in his habits. He certainly did not waste money upon his tailor. It was his boast that the COLLINS family had lived in Knaresborough for two hundred years. The cut and the decayed colour of his evening suit suggested that it had been a heirloom for at least half that period. But his dress-coat was quite a gay young thing compared with his umbrella. It was credibly asserted that this was the third structure of the kind made in England. Faded to dust-colour, it was tied midway with a piece of tape, a restriction it resented by bulging forth in a series of gingham caruncles.

TOM and his umbrella were inseparable. Wet or fine he always carried it with him, nor would he trust the precious relic to the chances and changes of the cloak-room. He brought it into the lobby and carefully deposited it behind the chair of the principal doorkeeper, holding him personally responsible for its safety. It was after reposing in what he fondly believed was a place of security that T. C. one night found his old companion stuffed with a bundle of tracts, detailing with graphic power the downward course and ultimate end of an atheist.

SARK was recalling these things as we stood this afternoon on the site of Knaresborough Castle, looking on the beautiful scene spread around, with the river flashing far below beneath the bare trees. There is singularly little left of the Castle; a cluster of roofless rooms over a ruined gateway; here and there a bit of bowed wall, standing up like the fangs of a mammoth jaw. We see the old church, the peerless bridge, the houses clambering up the hill, growing quite red in the roof with the effort. On the pleased reflection suddenly breaks a voice. A boy had followed us as we made the tour of the Castle. Now he came to a halt, and, with faraway look, began to reel off some topographical details snipped, as he subsequently confessed, from a guide-book.

He was the oddest automaton I ever saw in biped form. His waistcoat, unbuttoned, disclosed the poverty of a single brace. One hand was thrust in his pocket, the other hung limp at his side. With eyes fixed on the horizon, and total absence of expression on his face, he began to tell how the castle was built in 1017; how it was destroyed by CRUMWELL; how, near by, was the Dropping Well; also the cave of Mother SHIPTON, who had prophesied, amongst other things, that carriages would some day cross the bridge without horses.

"She meant the railways," said the Oracle, parenthetically, without variation of tone or withdrawal of his gaze from the horizon. Further prophecy portended that after the said bridge had fallen three times, the end of the world would come. "It's broke down twice," said the Oracle, absolutely unmoved at the imminence of catastrophe.

"A mile distant is the cave where EUGENE ARAM murdered HOUSEMAN. This Castle was built in 1017 and was destroyed by CRUMWELL." The wretched boy had evidently started off again, the words he uttered having no meaning for him. The circle completed, he went on, like the donkey going round and round in the track drawing water from a well.

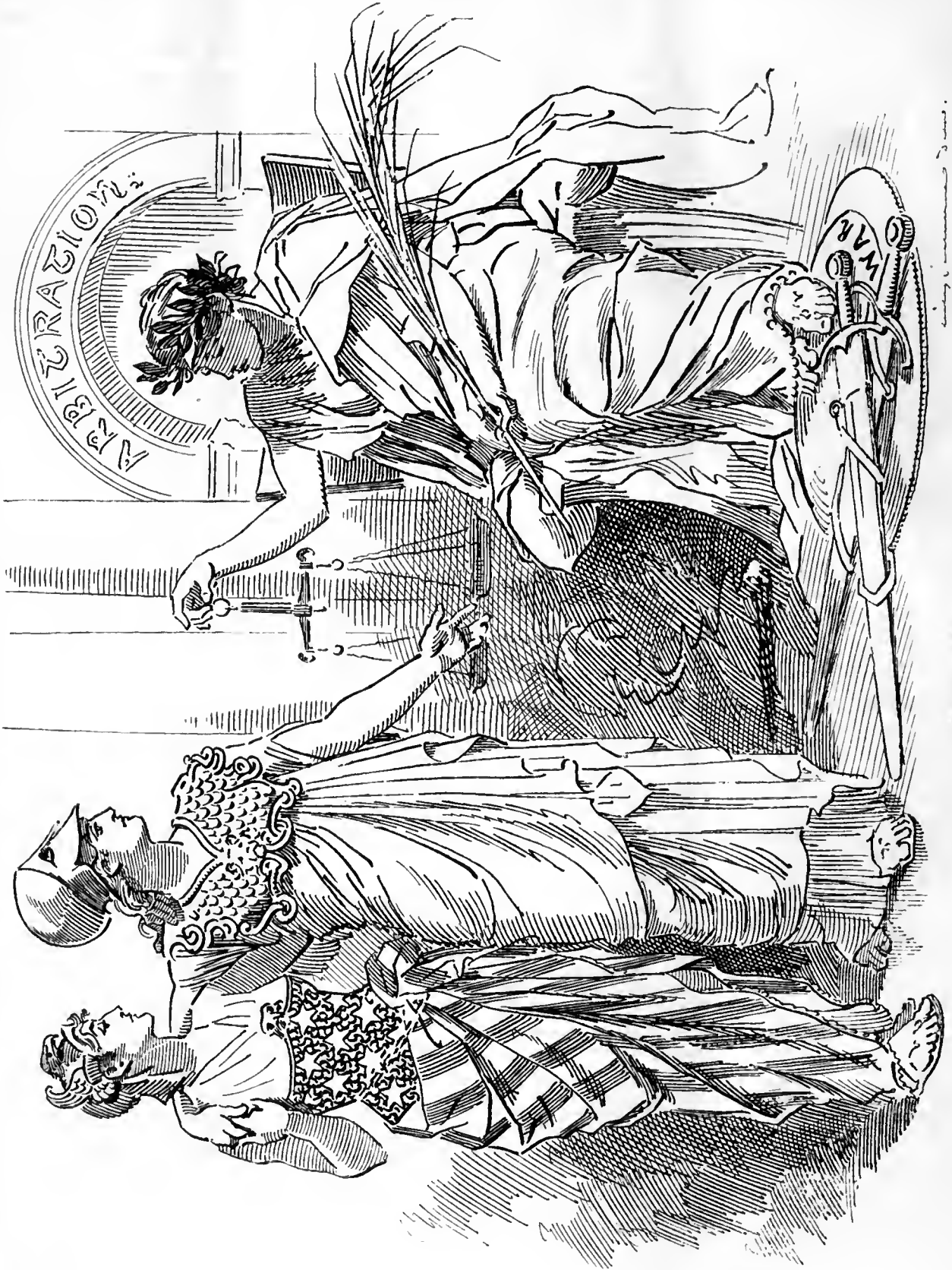
"Drop a penny in the slot," said SARK. So the boy's mouth being at the moment wide open, stuffed with details about Mother SHIPTON, I inserted twopence. He snapped his chops to secure it, and, *en route* to Westminster, where to-morrow the new Session opens, we went on to see the cave where EUGENE ARAM murdered HOUSEMAN.

HOW-DAH THEY?—The "Elephant and Castle" is threatened with demolition. And yet we always thought that the Elephant's safest home—like that of the Briton—was his castle at Newington.

SHAKESPEARE adapted to the recent interruptions at the confimations of His Grace of Canterbury and of His Lordship of London, "Methinks, my lords, they do protest too much."

THE "KENTISH FIRE" COAL-TION.—For convenient quotation and future reference, the "Kent Coast Coal Co." should initial itself thus, "The K. K. K. K."

A PLACE WHERE THE SWITCHBACK AND BLOCK SYSTEMS ARE ADMIRABLY COMBINED.—Eton College



KITH AND KIN.

[The Anglo-American General Arbitration Treaty was signed on January 11, 1897. — *Important Events of the World.*]



'WARE HOUNDS!

Huntsman (exasperated by field of thrusters out for a gallop). "THAT'S RIGHT, GENTLEMEN—JUMP ON 'EM!—JUMP ON 'EM! THEY'RE A CONFOUNDED NUISANCE, AIN'T THEY!"

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FAMILY TREE.

Just a year has gone by since *Punch* celebrated
The Anglo-American Family Tree;
Not long for first-fruit of his hope has he waited,
The end that last year appeared vain to foresee.
Storm-clouds were then looming, and threatened to shatter
The Tree that had stood for a thousand long years;
MONROE and his doctrine seemed destined to scatter,
Not bind its twin branches in two hemispheres.
'Twere "previous," may be, to rejoice while the Senate
Hangs back and still holds the Great Treaty unsigned;
Yet the best of two nations have settled to pen it,
Though "Silver" and Populist tongues he unkind.
The good old "R. A." has begun by electing
Two Yankees to honour that Art has in store;
Let us hope the example will soon be infecting
Our once-removed cousins on New England's shore!
What achievement than this more resplendent, more glorious,
Were wrought for the Diamond Year of our Queen?
To make Peace in Victoria's era victorious,
World-wide, like our Family Tree, evergreen!
Q.E.F. save for an occasional "Punitive Expedition," just to keep one's
hand in.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SINCE *Jos Sedley* ceased to be Collector of Boggley Wollah, came home to England, and didn't marry *Becky Sharp*, we hear little of Collectors, or District Officers, as they are called in parts of India not adjacent to Boggley Wollah. One, Colonel BARROW, having accomplished his modestly veiled, but really important share of governing India, has compiled a little volume showing exactly what is an Indian District, and how it is governed. Lord DUFFERIN, who has been reading the work, testifies that intimate acquaintance with the machinery of the administration of a District, made possible by Colonel BARROW, "helps one very far towards understanding one of the great mysteries of the age, the government of India." THE BARON.

THE EFFECT OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

We cull (and use the term in strictly orthodox fashion) the following advertisement from a contemporary:—

COACHMAN-GARDENER.—Wanted Country Situation. Ride and drive vines, roses, chrysanthemums, carnations, &c. Best testimonials, boots.

Here is an unfortunate Jehu, one of the race of Non-shy, compelled to solicit employment, indubitably by reason of the introduction of the motor-car, "to ride and drive" the choicest specimens of horticulture. We have heard of Puck on Pegasus, but never before of even a fairy gardener who could urge his career on anything vegetable except thistle-down. Probably the best subject for the "coachman-gardener" to tackle would be none of the blooms which he mentions, but that glory of Bushey Park, the horse-chestnut.

EGOIST ECHOES.

- On what subject *must* a man be tart?
Art!
- Who on *other's* Art-work is the tartist?
Artist!
- What writes he without of taste one particle?
Article!
- What of RHADAMANTHUS he—on paper?
Aper!
- What pens he, this ZOILUS sour and scrubbish?
Rubbish!
- At what is he good, besides smart slating?
Hating!
- What to true High Art deems he High Treason?
Reason!
- What style supersedes the fair and placid?
Acid!
- What shows courtesy a dolt's distemper?
Temper!
- What will prove you free from critic crudeness?
Rudeness!



Little Borcham (relating his *Alpine adventures*). "THERE I STOOD, THE TERRIBLE ABYSS YAWNING AT MY FEET—"
That Brute Brown. "WAS IT YAWNING WHEN YOU GOT THERE, OR DID IT START AFTER YOU ARRIVED?"

LOS JINGOS AMERICANOS.

MUY SENOR MIO, — Unto the *Campos Eliseos*, where I am now sojourning, the news from my country come more quickly than in past days they travelled from Villarta to Argamasilla de Alba. Therefore, I receive intelligence of the war in the island of Cuba. *Dios de bondad, qué guerra!* What a war, what a general! If only I could go there with my faithful squire and my good *Rocinante*, I would fight the *canalla infame* as I fought the monstrous giants, whom poor, ignorant SANCHO PANZA called windmills! Even SANCHO would not wish to be governor of the island of Cuba.

But it is not of this that I write to your honour, *á vuestra merced*, Señor Don Punch. There is across the ocean, beyond the Azores islands, even as far as Cuba, a certain country discovered by one CRISTOBAL COLON, a worthy navigator. This country is inhabited by a wild and savage people, the Americanos, ruled by certain

chief men, or *senadores*, who are called "jingos" in their barbarous language. The "jingo" is usually a madman. *Válame Dios!* Such is the custom of the country. And of these wild *senadores* the greatest is one Jingo CHANDLER. There is also Jingo MILLS and Jingo CALL. They are not *caballeros*, and therefore I, DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA, of the order of the knights-errant, despise them. If it could be, I would send my faithful squire with a stout cudgel to cure their madness. But he cannot depart from the *Campos Eliseos*.

Therefore, Señor Don Punch, I write now to your honour these few words of warning to your country. I hear that your people love the Americanos, so much even that they always yield to them, and would almost kiss their boots, which is not dignified for a great nation. Do the Americanos love your people? Have they not still in their pockets the surplus of the millions of *pesetas* given to them when they complained of the ship *Alabama*? Have they not still in their pockets the

thousands of *pesetas* which they ought to have paid to the English for some dispute in the distant sea of Behring? After an arbitration, to whichever side the judges may award them, are not the *pesetas* always in the pockets of the Americanos? One of the knights-errant of ancient days said, in the Latin tongue, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" I would speak likewise, but the Americanos never bring gifts. Nevertheless, your nation, still yielding to the Americanos, wishes now always to decide their disputes in this manner. *Caramba!* Will the English submit everything to the Jingos CHANDLER, MILLS, and CALL?

Some, even of my friends, have said that I was mad. But I was not so mad as these violent leaders of the Americanos. And neither these jingos nor I could be half so mad as the English must be if they believe that the Americanos love them as brothers.

Of your honour the most affectionate servant,
QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA.

POOR OLD DIBDIN!

THE SONG OF THE DOUBTING SAILOR-MAN.

["His verse is rough, his sentiment affected, his nautical knowledge extremely slender." "Such facts as we know about him tell us that he was never at sea in all his life, and we are asked if the set of stupid and drunken mountebanks of whom he trills were the men who won our empire."—*Mr. Quiller Couch and the "Daily Chronicle" on Dibdin, "the sailor-man's poet."*]

AIR—"Tom Bowling."

HERE a sheer fraud lies poor old DIBDIN,
Late darling of each crew!
No more we'll sing the songs he fibbed in.
He's been shown up by Q.
His "form" was fudge; he was "a beauty"
Sea-lawyer, sham, and "soft."
He never went on main-deck duty!
He never climbed aloft!

Old DIBDIN ne'er from shore departed,
His humbug was so rare!
His "Jack" we held so gallant-hearted,
Was just a drunken bear.
We've called him plucky, generous, jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft!
But Q. informs us 'twas sheer folly.
Jack was a swab, a soft!!!

Yet DIBDIN has made pleasant weather
For sailors in all lands.
We cannot "chuck" him altogether
At Mister Q.'s commands.
KIPLING, maybe, the tar's ear catches,
At DIBDIN Q. hath scoffed.
But though Q. shoves him under hatches,
His fame still sounds aloft.

At the Play.

Araminta. Why, dearest, do you call those witticisms, which the comedians deliver with such ready humour, "gags"?
Corydon (the playright). Because they always stifle the author.

[Smiles no more during the evening.]

Honours Uneasy.

"THE pen is mightier than the sword, men say.
Not to get New Year Honours or high pay!
The only "Pen" whose claims our rulers reckon
Is not the one which writes, but draws—a cheque.

NO RISK WHATEVER.—"A safe robbery."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Poetic Philosopher, "slumming", in the East End, comes upon a reminiscence of a day that has gone for ever.

WHEN all the sky is thick and foul,
And hidden is the light of day,
When whistles yell and drivers howl,
I love to wend my silent way
Mid murky crowds down dirty streets,
Where costers ply their roaring trade,
Where cast-off garments jostle sweets,
And gin hobnobs with gingerade.

Great flashes, orange, tawny, red,
Break through the gloom with fitful flare,
And swell the curtain overhead,
Eager its murky folds to share—
In raucous tones the butcher bawls
Of wondrous "bits" of flesh and bone,
Where, heaped upon the reeking stalls,
Is meat most oxen would disown!

The pungent perfume of the fish,
Anointed with some midnight oil,
Blends bravely with the steaming dish
Of whelks or winkles on the boil.
The scent of fruit regales the nose,
The crack of nuts salutes the ear,
And fizzling sausages suppose
Cheap hanquets that the poor hold dear.

Yes; all are poor, the poor who live
Only to strive to keep their breath,
And check the water through the sieve
That daily holds the hand of Death.
Mark how their eager gaze will note
This wealth of garbage spread around,
How some lean loon without a coat
Will spend a farthing like a pound!

Food for the mind I also view,
A barrow full of prose and rhyme,
A holocaust of thought once new,
Made aged by the lapse of Time.
Names famous joined with those that died
Without a gleam of Fortune's sun—
Yet all successful: side by side
Are SHAKSPEARE and the poet BUNN!

A stout Apostle of the Few,
A votary of pen and ink,
Must to his creed and cult be true,
Though other authors "wheel" and
"rink."

I may not buy the meat that's red,
The winding winkle must refuse,
But some fair book I'll take instead,
And pay a tribute to the Muse!

This shall be mine—a quarto tome,
That once was gay with gold and green,
An Ishmael that's strayed from home,
At two-pence it is cheap, I ween.
I open it—my eyes grow dim—
My famous drama, *Golden Crest!*—
Unacted, yet inscribed, "*From him
to Her he always will love best.*"

On the District Railway.

THE MAC TAVISH enters a compartment at the unholy hour of 9 A.M., and is greeted with a chorus of, "Hallo! what brings you out so early?" Replies the exiled chieftain, "I'm bound to put in an appearance at the Auld Baillie." General silence, and search of newspaper information. "The while," continues the Laird, "I'm summoned on the Grand Jury, and by St. Andrew! wud I'd to find true bills against every fause chiel in this same railway machine!"

The MAC TAVISH's wrath is only appeased by the provident discovery on the part of one of the doomed passengers of a flask of the dew, which never failed to restore a Hielander's spirits.



"SWEET LAVENDER!"

A BIRD STORY.

DEAR SIR,—We possess a jackdaw named *Jock*, who is accomplished in all the tricks of his tribe. This amusing old fellow has recently shown a startling proof of intelligence. He had been distinctly seedy for some time, and we hardly knew what to do for him. Little did we guess his own resourcefulness! My wife takes "Carper's Little Liver Pills," and missed a box from the shelf where she is accustomed to place them. As *Jock* is a star of the first magnitude in purloining trifles, we suspected him, and, sure enough, caught him in the very act of taking two of the pills. Feeling that the creature's reasoning faculty (I dislike the word instinct!) was a sure guide in the matter, we furnished him with three more boxes of pills. I feel quite satisfied myself that he took them regularly according to the directions, as he is now in perfect health.

Yours always, A. JAY.

QUERY BY AN OLD TOPER.—Why should not the axiom "No heel-taps" be applied to Rugby football?

Riverain Music and Law.

[The *Daily Telegraph* says that the noises on the Thames disturb the lawyers of the Temple, and that process will ensue.]

THEY say some preparation
Will be made for orchestration
Of the melodies that nobody begrudges.
But we only hope that those
Who this concert diagnose
Will curtail the many solos of the judges.

NOT TO BE BEATEN BY THE GAUL.—Our irrepresible joker (not yet captured) writes, "The French may talk of their Mussulman Deputy, DR. PHILIPPE GRENIER, but I beg to point out that years ago we had our muscle-man M.P. in the person of ex-prizefighting GULLY, representative of Pontefact at St. Stephen's."

NOTE BY OUR THOUGHTFUL THEATRICAL CENSOR.—MR. OSCAR BARRETT is a lad in who has been too long a lad out at Drury Lane.

PETTY LAW-CENY.—Solicitors' fees.



AN AMENDMENT.

Vera. "WHAT MUST I DO ABOUT THE BILLSOMES' DANOE? I DISLIKE THE BILLSOMES, AND I DON'T WANT TO GO."

Phyllis. "WELL, SAY YOU REGRET YOU ARE UNABLE."

Vera. "WOULDN'T IT BE MORE TRUTHFUL TO SAY I AM UNABLE TO REGRET?"

SOME INTERESTING DRAMATIC SOUVENIRS.

Mr. PUNCH understands that the following mementoes, documents, &c., illustrating the history of the English Stage during the past sixty years, have already been offered to the Committee of the Drama Section of the Forthcoming Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court.

Autograph Letter, dated 1837, from A. SUPER (then performing at the Adelphi Theatre), accepting invitation to a tripe and onion supper at the "Grimaldi's Head."

Note, dated 1897, in the handwriting of Mr. FITZHOWARD WALKERON's private secretary, signed by Mr. F. W. himself, regretting that his onerous duties at the Piccadilly Theatre (where he is playing Second Footman in the First Act) will prevent him from dining with the Duchess of DULBOROUGH, but promising to turn up later in the evening.

Set of Barcelona Nutshells (Early Victorian), presented by the Gallery of Queen Victoria's Own Theatyr to Mr. GASPAR MCGURGLE, on the occasion of his first appearance as *The Demon of the Sulphur Swamp*. (Lent by his daughter, Miss CORDELIA MCGURGLE.)

A Bottle of Stage Champagne (vintage 1837, *très sec*), as provided from the Property Room of the Period.

Do. do. (Fizzler and Crema, '84, at 75s. per doz.), as supplied for use of choristers in Ball-Room scene at the Limelight Theatre, 1897.

A Complete Series of Curious Costumes, Headgear, &c., worn by representative Sandwichmen from 1870-90. (Lent by the leading Advertisement Contractors.)

Models of Light Refreshments (sandwiches, oranges, buns, porter, gingerbeer, &c.), provided for the consumption of Pit-tites at Leading Theatres. (1840-70.)

Do. do. (Neapolitan ices, chocolate creams, and coffee), supplied to same. (1870-97.)

Basket of Flowers, presented to Miss FIASCA FLUFFINGHAM at conclusion of Second Act of *Damp Squibs* at a *matinée* at the Nullity Theatre. (Lent by Miss F. F.)

Little Account for same (*unreceipted*), presented to Miss FLUFFINGHAM on a subsequent occasion (by the Florist).

Pair of White Berlin Gloves, worn by A. SUPER, in his celebrated character of an Adelphi Guest during the Early Sixties.

Pair of Bright Green Leather Shoes, first introduced by Mr. FITZSUPER in the First Act of *Smarties* at the Decadence Theatre (April 1, 1896), and subsequently copied by his youthful admirers about town.

Managerial Manifesto announcing that "in spite of the phenomenal and stupendous success of the New Drama, *Balderdash*, the management are compelled, in consequence of arrangements previously entered into, to withdraw it at the summit of its popularity."

Do. do., stating "that the new Comedy, *The Dead Horse*, having failed to attract, the theatre will be closed until further notice." (*Rare*.)

Curious specimen of Ancient Theatrical Gag. (From the torture collection of CHESNUTT WEEZE, Esq.)

Catch-phrase, with mechanical application, constructed to produce one hundred laughs of increasing intensity at every performance. (Still in use.)

Presentation Programme, commemorating the 14th Consecutive Evening Performance of an Ibsen Drama. (*Very rare*.)

Folding Campstool (the identical one occupied by Miss PATIENCE LIMPETT outside the Pit Door of the Lyceum Theatre for ten hours previous to every first Production under the Present Management).

Handsome Suite of Stage Furniture (occasional table in deal, richly gilt; two chairs, do. do; one ottoman in striped scarlet and white satin, secondhand; cabinet in canvas and plaster, painted) used for mounting Interior in a Comedy of High Life, circa 1837-1867.

Several Illustrated Catalogues, containing specimens of real modern and antique furniture in all styles, as supplied for exhibition upon the Modern Stage, and tending to show the immense progress made in Dramatic Art within a comparatively recent period. (Lent by the Manufacturers.)



A STIFF COURSE.

A. J. B-L-E-R (*inspecting the jumps*), "THIS IS A NASTY ONE!"
LORD S-I-S-B-E-R-Y, "YES—BUT T-O-T-H-E-R'S NASTIER!"

THE COLLEGE

IN THE CITY OF



WHOSE FAULT ?

“HE CAN JUMP BUT HE WON’T !”

FROM A CLERICAL DIARY.

December 26, 10 A.M.—Must work hard at the January number of our *Puddleton Parish Magazine* this morning. Horrid nuisance, especially as I had wanted to get away for a short holiday after my hard work at Christmas. The average circulation of the magazine is only about seventy-five, and there is invariably a deficit on it for the year, which I have to pay. At the same time, perhaps it would hardly be wise to discontinue its appearance. How on earth am I to fill the two pages of “local matter” ? Well, anyhow, I must try.

11.30.—Had just begun, by wishing my parishioners a Happy New Year, coupled with the hope that they would support our Blanket Club better, when young HARRY TOMLINSON came in. HARRY lives in London, where, according to his own account, he works as a journalist, though I never could discover to what papers he contributed. He is staying with his father, our village doctor, for Christmas, and came to pay his respects to me. I was obliged to tell him that I was busy, and explained the nature of my occupation. In the most good-natured way, he offered to relieve me of my work. “Seventy-five copies a month !” he exclaimed, when I had told him about the magazine : “why, if you’ll let me run the thing for a time, I’ll multiply the circulation by ten !” Doubtless he is over-sanguine, but still, as a journalist, he knows far more about these matters than myself. Accordingly, I have handed over to him a report of the school treat, and the figures of the offertories (sadly low, as usual) for the last month, and asked him to urge the duty of liberal giving upon our readers, beside making the magazine as attractive in other ways as possible. “Don’t fret yourself, old cock,” were his parting words. “I’ll make the thing simply hum !” HARRY is rather given to slang, I fear, but undeniably he has a kind heart. I start on my holiday to Eastbourne this afternoon.

Eastbourne, January 1.—HARRY’S confidence in himself was not misplaced, after all. Early this afternoon I received a telegram from our Puddleton stationer, which ran : “Whole edition (150) of magazine sold out. Orders for two hundred more. Shall we reprint ?” Of course I answered, “Yes.” What a talent that young man must have ! Feel quite anxious to see the magazine. With a sale, say, of three hundred a month, it will bring us in a nice little profit at the end of the year.

January 2.—Most astounding and unpleasant letters from

home this morning—all abusing me fiercely on account of the magazine, and several of them saying that actions for libel would be brought against me. What can have happened ? Must return home at once.

Later.—I can hardly hold a pen for indignation. That young scoundrel has ruined me ! The magazine consists of a string of offensive personalities. Here are a few of the paragraphs in it :—

“The offertories were very low last month. We may inform Mrs. MIGNON that, in spite of her attempt to conceal the coin in her glove, we are quite aware that it is a penny, and *not* a half-crown, which forms her weekly contribution. Even if she wants more of her money to defray her wine-merchant’s bill, she ought to give more than this.”

“Remarkable event ! Our readers who were not in church on Christmas Day will hardly believe us when we say that Mr. DIXON wore a *really clean collar* on that occasion. Such extravagance on his part is, we believe, quite without precedent. As he is in a reforming mood, why doesn’t he give his wife a new wig ? Her present one is very ugly, and wouldn’t deceive a cow.”

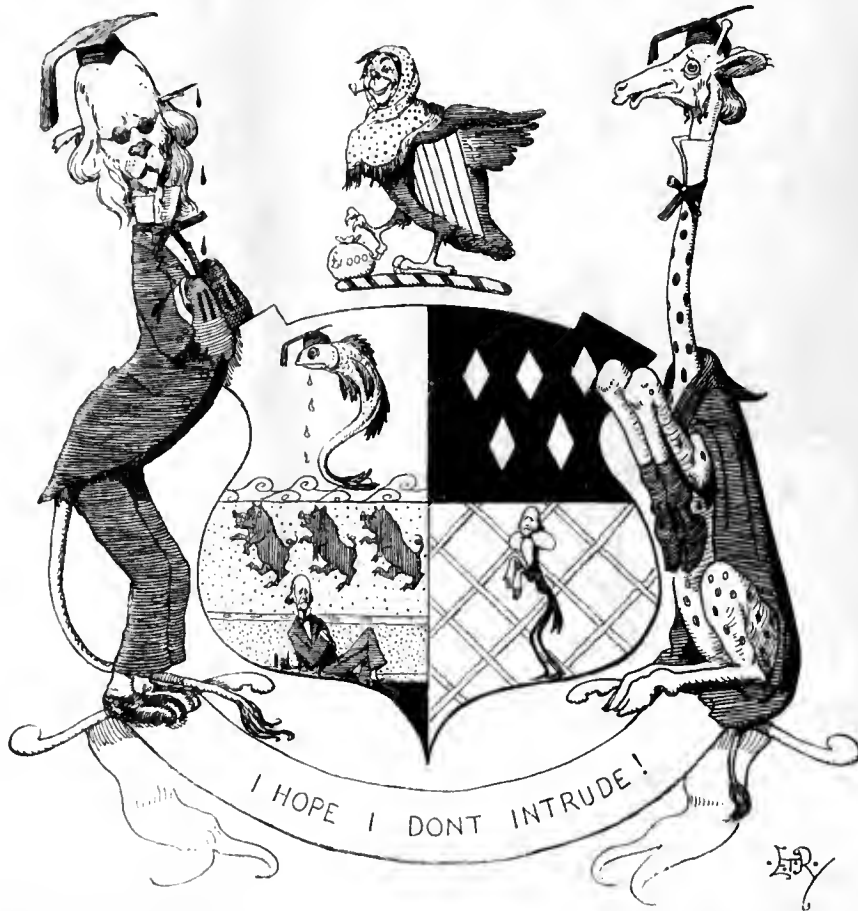
“Miss LAVINIA JOHNSON (whose *real* age, let it be known, is forty-five, if it’s a day) was again escorted home on Sunday by Captain PECKHAM. Fie, fie, LAVINIA ! Remember we have our eye upon you !”

“The Lord Bishop of the Diocese will preach in the parish church on January 24. We strongly recommend all sufferers from insomnia to be present on this occasion. His Lordship’s sermons have been known to cure the most obstinate cases. By the way, why doesn’t his Lordship *pad his calves* ?”

January 4.—When I called on the perpetrator of these outrages, he had the effrontery to say that he had only carried out my wishes by making the magazine readable, and by increasing its circulation. This only could be done, he added, by imparting a flavour of the New Journalism to it, which he had accordingly given it.

This morning’s post brought me a letter from my patron, suggesting that I should resign the living at once, and another from the Bishop, asking for an immediate interview.

“READY-MADE ‘COATS-(OF-ARMS):’ OR, GIVING ‘EM FITS!”



BARON L-CRY OF DUBLIN.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a highly cultured fishfout of water guttée de larme; 2nd, on a field(-night), five lezenges emollient for the voice; 3rd, on a ministerial bench highly proper a sage of renown souffrant under a surfeit of bores rampant; 4th, on ground repugnant fretty a leaky-daisy or irish sensitive plant verdant (green). *Crest*: An irish harpy surcharged financially on the pounce proper. *Supporters*: Dexter, a british lion (LL.D.) of literature indented sable, and suitably arrayed in gants-de-suède and shoes elastically sided; sinister, an heraldic camelopard sejant flexed at all joints, academically habited, collared, capped, and gowned.

OH, LOR I OR, THE WAYS OF OUR WATER-WAGS.

(Some way after Southey's "Lodore.")

How do our Water-wags worry and hore?
Here they come laughing, and there they
come chaffing,
And here they come growling, and there
they go scowling;
They wrangle and squabble,
And get in a hobble;
They haggle along
With language that's strong.
With wise wag and nod irate
Maunder the Moderate;
With anger excessive
The perky Progressive,
Of purchase importunate,
Proclaims it unfortunate
That dwindling majority
Impairs his authority.
And so they go bothering, and pothering,
and "sothering,"
And bah! you're obstructive!—and yah!
you're anothering!
With endless tongue-wagging
Continuously nagging,
And bragging, and gagging, and fagging,
and lagging,

And jeering, and sneering, and yapping,
and snapping,
And fiercely hear-hearing, and stormily
clapping,
Orating and prating, and mutually slating,
What time for sound water supply Lon-
don's waiting.
Till we wish 'twere all o'er
With the endless uproar!
That's how our water-wags worry and
bore!

At Aylesbury.

First Sportsman. First we drew a blank
and then we had a check.

Second ditto (who is financially feeble).
Why on earth didn't you unite the two,
and bring the result back to me?

"MADE IN GERMANY."—A curious mis-
take on the part of swarms of ultra-pa-
triotic Teutons, who emigrate to America,
and avoid that glorious military service
which alone makes a German a gentleman,
and gives him the right to slay his non-
military comatriot without serious conse-
quences. They possibly consider the
United States "the happy farther-land,"
whither they go and fare better.

A NEW "ADDRESS TO THE DEIL."

(A long way after 'Robbie Burns'.)

Oh, thou! whatever name, great Sir,
Prince Lucio, or plain Lucifer,
As up-to-date, thou may'st prefer,—
They're nane great catches,
Whether derived frae classics or
Frae brimstone matches!—
Hear me, great Alias, for a wee!
The leddies winna let thee be.
Ye'd think sma' pleasure it could gie,
E'en to she-novelist,
To drag thee frae the obscuritee
Wherein thou grovellest.
But leddies wi' an eye to fame,
Take leeberties wi' thy dread name,
Thy wanderings frae thy woefu' hame,
Lang fixed afar;
Painting thee neither black, nor lame,
As auld fients are.
True, WULLIE SHAKSPEARE ance did say
Thou wert "a gentleman." But to-day
The leddies linn thee masher gay,
Modish and maudlin',
Weel-groomed, about the public way
Daundering and dawdlin'.

The Prince of Darkness as a dude,
Callow and cantin', crass and crude,
Compound of prater, prig, male-prude,
And minor poet,
Is—weel, I wadna' here intrude
The word—ye know it!
MILTON and GOETHE whyles might summon
Thine image forth, a grund, grim,
glum'un;
But 'tis beyond the scribblin' woman
Wi' truth to paint ye.
She'll mak ye a reedeeculous rum'un,
Unsex, half saint ye!
Thrasonic Bobadil the bard,
Wha deems Parnassus his backyard,
Tried to invoke thy presence—hard;
As did great "Festus."
But somehow their attempts, ill-starred,
Scarce enterest us.
They havena' the true grit and grup
In mighty shape to raise ye up.
They wha'd on genuine horrors sup,
An' scare a body,
Are not inspired by raw pork-chop,
An' whuskey-toddy.

But oh! a leddy-novelist's Deil
Wad scarcely gar a bairnie squeel!
Like HOTSPUR's "sarcenet oath," we feel
It hath nae terror.
Is lathen dagger ta'en for steel
A greater error?
Sorrows o' Satan! Aye, good lack!
'Tis bad to paint ye owre black;
But thus whitewash ye! Oh! quack! quack!
His truest "sorrow"
Satan from the she-scribbler's knack
Must surely borrow.
Weel, fare-ye-weel, Auld Nickie-Ben!
Ye've borne some wrangs at hands o' men,
But frae the writing-woman's pen,
She-poet-prophet,
Gude luck deliver ye—and then
Ye'll no dread Tophet!

PEASE-PUDDING HOT FOR THE I. L. P.—
The Keir-Hardie Norseman of the implac-
able I. L. P. does not seem to have taken
much by his headlong anti-Liberal charge
in the North. The Cleveland voters ap-
pear to be "Pease-at-any-price men."

NOTE BY OUR OWN INDEFATIGABLE AND
IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (still dodging).—Q.
What is the gem most appreciated by an
association football player? A. The toe-
pass, of course.

CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

(Received through the Dead Letter Office.)

["It is understood that the statue of the late JOHN BRIGHT, recently erected in the Central Hall at Westminster, has been sent back to the studio of the artist who fashioned it."—*Evening Paper.*]

WHAT! what! what! Eh! eh! eh! Well, it might be worse! I wish I could get away from the end of Pall Mall West. What! what! what! But who would take care of my horse? Eh! eh! eh! What! what! what!

(Signed) G-RGE THE THIRD.

The influence of the unseen upon Art is noticeable in the garden adjoining the Temple Station of the District Railway. Now for some years I have been seated on a music-stool from which I would have risen if I could. But the foliage conceals me from public view—in the summer time. And yet the cabmen laugh as if moved to merriment by some absurdity in their immediate neighbourhood. It is the influence of the unseen.

(Signed) J-HN ST-RT M-LLS.

Ship ahoy! Now, you landlubbers, as you are allowing us to go ashore, why should not I get down from my mast-head? You put up ladders to cover me with laurels and other evergreens last October. I hoped then to be able to be off. But no, you kept me with my face turned towards the Thames. I am tired of trying to see what they are having for dinner at the Grand Hotel by looking down the kitchen chimney. So, ship ahoy! Every man should do his duty. So take me down and let me go to the Adelphi to see TERRISS in *Black Eye'd Susan*. Ship ahoy!

(Signed) N-LS-N AND BR-NTE.

For nearly two centuries I have been pointing my baton at the cats behind the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall, now given over to the members of the Royal United Service Institution. I have worn during that lengthy period the scanty costume of an early Roman. I am weary of a stony existence, and not even the conversation of the workmen building the *annexe* to the office of the Charity Commissioners interests me. So let me go home to the ruined studio of the wretched sculptor who fashioned me.

(Signed) J-M-S THE SECOND.

I was greatly pleased when I heard that a statue had been erected to my worthy friend and colleague in the agitation against the Corn Laws, JOHN BRIGHT, in the Houses of Parliament. But I am not sorry that he is going back to his native studio. The public never appreciate us. I myself have been standing somewhere in Camden Town in the line of route of the yellow 'busses for a long time. I am a sort of shelter for passengers on foot attempting to escape from passing cabs and furniture vans. And those who seek protection abuse Free Trade! I notice that is a play upon words, but I assure you it is no joke. Take me away. Let me join my old friend JOHN!

(Signed) R-CH-RD C-ND-N.

I am only a voice. But I can give you my name. You will recognise it as one who has much to be thankful for. Never having had a statue, I need not ask to be taken home.

(Signed) OL-V-R CR-MW-LL.

A "BILL" WE HOPE TO SEE IN CIRCULATION AGAIN VERY SOON.—Lord WILLIAM BERESFORD.



HOW WE LIVE NOW.

Prim Old Gentleman. "MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, IT IS HARDLY POSSIBLE FOR ME TO EXPLAIN TO YOU THE NATURE OF THIS—CAUSE CÉLÈBRE, WITHOUT ENTERING INTO DETAILS."

Very Modern Young Lady. "MY DEAR MAN, WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? WHY, I READ THE PAPER EVERY MORNING!"

On Exmoor.

Hurdles (who always hunts with the stag, to Curdles, who affects the fox). Again I didn't see you out to-day.

Curdles. No. I've no time to put a penny on the slot. I prefer a certainty.

[Gallops off triumphantly to the Valley of Rocks.

The Amenities of a Flat.

Lady MacSwitchee (who happens to be in the kitchen responding to the whistle of the lift). Yes! What is it?

Voice from below. Well, old darling, 'ow many loaves shall I send up?

[Cook and baker changed on the same afternoon.

THE FINE YOUNG "ENGLISH GENTLEMEN."—Some English M.P.'s have been to see ARDUL HAMID, and the *St. James's Gazette* is moved to remark "what a lot of cant there must be about us when ordinary English gentlemen can visit, without any popular disgust, a potentate of whom Mr. GLADSTONE speaks as he does." Mr. *Punch* claims the italics here, for the "gentlemen" who are "ordinary" and "English" are Mr. "TOMMY" BOWLES and Sir ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Yet who would ever have dreamt of dubbing Mr. Bowles "ordinary"? And as to being "English," has not Mr. *Punch* already presented Sir ELLIS with a "Ready-Made Coats-(of-Arms)" motto, "We came over with the Cunarders"?



AMENITIES OF SPORT.

Huntsman (to Whip, sent forward for a view). "HAVEN'T YE SEEN HIM, TOM?"
Huntsman. "IF HE'D BEEN IN A PINT POT, YE JOLLY SOON WOULD!"

Whip. "NO, SIR."

THE HAIRDRESSER'S REVENGE.

ELIZA mine—fast flow my tepid tears—
Thou pride of my tonsorial delight!
What cruel fate that both our young
careers

A callous parent should attempt to
blight!

Wild thoughts of murder wander through
my head,

Fierce indignation thrills me to the core,
As thou to me art permanently dead,

Revenge is what I ask, and nothing
more!

So, when thy father comes some sunny
morn

From his secluded and suburban home,
To have his scanty tresses deftly shorn

And seek the soft shampoo's alluring
foam,

Then shall my fury long controlled out-
burst,

Then shall the vials of my wrath o'erflow
In one resistless stream—but not at first—

Some method in my madness I will
show.

With smile polite and expectation bland,
As is my wont, my victim I will greet,

And with a tender, yet remorseless hand
I'll tuck him tightly in the wooden
seat;

But—though his garment I arrange with
care—

No pad of cotton-wool I'll place to
check

The constant falling of his withered hair
In irritating fashion down his neck.

With ghastly glee his hirsute growth I'll
trim

In manner diabolically planned,
So that for weeks 'twill be a curse to him,

And straight on end persistently will
stand;



Then in the basin, stern and uncontrolled,
His head I'll plunge—he is but half my
size—

The water shall be very, very cold,
And all the soap shall get into his eyes.

Next the machine brush in its circling
course

Shall give expression to my deadly hate,
What joy to use it with resistless force

Upon the much-abhorred paternal pate!
The whirr of busy wheels shall sound aloft,

From my revenge I will not be debarred,
And though your father's voice may ask
for "soft,"

I certainly intend to give him "hard."

And then—ah! happy thought—while still
he squirms

And 'neath the brush each tender
temple smarts,

I'll ask him, and in strong, expressive
terms,

If he intends to break two loving hearts;
Resistance will be absolutely vain,

And as his hair I frantically frizz,
I shall be hoping soon to see again

Your cheerful countenance, my dearest
'Liz!

LITERARY. — A novel just published is
called *The Proctor's Wooing*. The Queen's
Proctor's wooing generally occurs after the
matrimonial ceremony, so possibly the ro-
mance is, as suggested by an Oxford cor-
respondent, the romance of a Bull-dog
Show.



Mrs. Flowerly. "COME AND SIT DOWN, MOTHER DARLING. YOU MUST BE TIRED!"
Little Master Percy. "YOU MAY HAVE MY CHAIR, G'AN'MA!"

THE YELLS.

A SONG OF THE CITY OF UNLIMITED SHINDY.

(Containing a Moral for Lord Mayors, County Councillors, and others of the Powers that be.)

I.

HEAR the Yahoos with their yells—
Raucous yells!
Of what a world of Bumbledom their
blatant blaring tells!
How they bellow, bellow, bellow,
On the humid air of night!
While each girl, in red and yellow,
Shrieks and capers with her "fellow,"
In sheer lunatic delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In their trappings through the slime,
With coarse Cockney cachinnation, which
unmusically swells
From their Menad-like emission of wild
yells, yells, yells—
The roaring, loud outpouring of mad yells!

II.

Hear the bellowing minstrel's yells—
Brazen yells!
What a world of savagery their toneless
tumult tells!
Through the darkness or the light,
How they ring out day and night!
From the brazen, blatant notes,
All out of tune!
What a dismal ditty floats
From the family with rough and roopy
throats—
Blessèd bonn!
Oh, from throttles like cracked bells,

What a gush cacophonous voluminously
wells!

How it swells!
How it dwells!

On split top-notes! How it tells
Of the asthma that impels
To the gasping and the rasping
Of the yells, yells, yells,
Of the shrill, harsh, inharmonious, husky,
yells, yells,—
Of the howling and the growling of the
yells!

III.

Hear the clamorous cooster yells—
Strident yells!
What a tale of throats inflamed their tur-
bulency tells!
In our ears, by day and night,
How they shriek to our affright!
Too much scarified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appeal to the attention of
the buyer,
In a mad expostulation with the heedless
should-be buyer,
Rising higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sell, or never,
To the pale-faced througs who moon!
Oh, the yells, yells, yells!
What a tale their chorus tells
Of despair!
How they rattle, rush, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the moist malodorous air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging
And the slanging,
How the custom ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
By the patter,
And the clatter,
How the bidding sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the
shindy of the yells,
Of those yells—
Of the coarse, hoarse, blaring, tearing,
crnaking, clamorous cooster
yells,
By the wrangling and the jangling of the
yells!

IV.

Hear the yowling of the yells—
Newsboy yells!
What a world of eager heed their bellow-
ing compels!
In the gas-glare of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From those husky urchin throats
Brings a groan.
And the nippers—ah! those nippers—
Those shrill shouters, those swift skippers,
"On their own!"
And who, howling, howling, howling,
In that ear-tormenting tone,
Scare the buffer homeward prowling
O'er the slippery, slithery stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are simply subterhuman
Gutter-ghouls:
And each urchin yahoo yowls,
As he howls, howls, howls,
Howls,
"Heertry-speskul!!!" And he yells,
And his impish bosom swells
With the rapture of his yells,
Demon-dancing as he yells
The last horror of the time
In a sort of Runic chime.
"Orl the winners, Sir!" he yells.
How he yells!!!

Keeping briskly up to time
With the latest "Orful crime!"
Oh! the nuisance of those yells,
London's everlasting knells!—
'ARRV's, 'ARRIET's yahoo yells!—
Guttersnipes in grit and grime!—
Tipsy cads and roystering swells!—
Shrieking women smeared with slime!—
Gutter-groveling, uttering yells!—
Oh! those hideous London yells!
Can't we check them? Is't not time
To set limits to the yells,
The awful, lawful, lawful, savage yells,
yells, yells,
Our barbarous, bestial, blatant, Babel
Yells?

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.—Mrs. TRACKERAY RITCHIE says, "The literature of the lower Self is all the vogue just now." That dainty and delightful writer is right, and the name she gives it is an apt one. But is it *very* different from what used to be called "the literature of the *Upper Shelf*?" The main change seems to be that what were once known as "Gentlemen's Books" are now "written by ladies for ladies," and read openly by all. The new wav, like the New Woman, who has opened it up, seems hardly an improvement on the old.

IBSEN UP TO DATE.—According to the *Humanitarian*, the gloomy playwright IBSEN describes Christiania as "the most immoral town in Europe." IBSEN lives there, and he ought to know. Should he emigrate, would the morals of the Norwegian town be improved?



ON THE HIGHWAY TO KHARTUM.

["One of the objects for which we occupied Dongola was because it was on the highway to Khartum."—Lord Salisbury's Speech, January 19, 1897.]



RATHER TOO MUCH.

'Lady (having just cannoned Stranger into brook). "Oh, I'M SO SORRY I BUMPED YOU! WOULD YOU MIND GOING IN AGAIN FOR MY HAT?"

PREPARING FOR WAR.

SCENE—*Examination Room of Candidates for the Army.*

PRESENT—*Examiner and two Aspirants for selection.*

Examiner. And now, gentlemen, I will just ask you a question or two about your physical training. Were you either or both or neither in the Volunteer Cadet Corps at your college?

First Aspirant. No, Sir, I did not care very much about drill.

Second Asp. Yes, Sir, I was advanced from private to corporal, and then from sergeant to lieutenant.

Exam. (taking notes). I see. How about shooting?

First Asp. Never tried, Sir. Fact is, not exactly in my line.

Second Asp. I have won a heap of prizes at Bisley, and made the highest possible frequently.

Exam. (as before). I see. Done anything in football or cricket?

First Asp. No, Sir. I prefer study to that sort of thing.

Second Asp. Captain of the fifteen and the eleven when I was at school.

Exam. (same business). I see. And now how about swimming and horsemanship?

First Asp. Again, Sir, I am rather out of it. But dare say I could manage both if I tried.

Second Asp. Hold the Albert Medal, Sir, for saving the life of a little chap who tumbled overboard mid Channel, and was accustomed to horses long before I got into Eton jackets.

Exam. (as before). Yes. And about athletics, generally?

First Asp. Rather weak in them, I am afraid, Sir. Doctor has passed me, but I am careful of my health.

Second Asp. Haven't got that excuse, Sir. I am as hard as nails, weigh twelve stone, and thoroughly enjoy a fifteen miles' junt before breakfast.

Exam. (closing note-book). I see. Well, No. 2 has come out vory well, but as No. 1 has answered three dates more than his competitor, and, as there is only one vacancy, I fear I must pass him and refuse the other.

First Asp. Thank you, Sir. I'm greatly obliged to you.

Second Asp. Well, I'm blowed—or rather would be if I weren't in such prime condition!

[Scene closes in upon the Future of the British Army.]

SHOTS AT SCIENCE.

(Page from the Diary of a Literary Explorer.)

["Mr. F. C. SELIGS, in his speech at the Sports Club, insisted that big game shooting was a benefit to civilisation."—Daily Paper.]

Monday.—Really must get my lecture upon "The Planetary System" into shape. Promised to deliver it to the Currypowder Islanders before the end of the week. Let me see, "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" Stopped at this moment by the appearance of a tiger.

Tuesday.—Got the tiger-skin all right. Ready to be sent home. Now for my lecture. Let me see, should say something explanatory as a prologue. Bother, interrupted again. This time by a pack of wolves.

Wednesday.—Wolves invisible. Lovely day. Now I will be quiet and get through my work. Simple enough; only have to write for the Currypowder Islanders. Let's see—here we are, "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" What was that? The trumpeting of a wild elephant. Well, I am prepared for him.

Thursday.—Awfully tired! Jumbo gave me a pretty dance! I really must get on with my lecture. "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" Again! Noise of rattlesnake! And there's a cobra! And yonder a python!

Friday.—Splendid sport, yesterday. But now as I have to deliver my lecture to-morrow, must really set to work. Wouldn't disappoint the Currypowder Islanders for millions. "The system consists of Venus, Mars—" As I live, a grisly!

Saturday.—Busy cutting up the bear's meat. Really excellent eating. But who's to help me to discuss— Why, as I live, there come the members of the Currypowder Islanders! And that reminds me that I promised to read them a paper on "The Planetary System." Too late now. They seem disappointed! Only thing to do—ask them up to dinner. . . . They have just finished, and are thanking me. I suggest that I would be willing to read them my paper on "The Planetary System"—as much as I have done of it. They reply that they believe the contents of it already. However, they would be pleased to have my MS. if I wrapped it round a bottle of whisky. Greatly gratified. Most successful meeting I have ever known.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. VI.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Mr. Robert Roundabout to his Sister-in-law.)

NO. VII.—OF LETTERS—OF BREAKFASTS AND THEIR EATERS—OF A CHILDREN'S PARTY—OF JACK HORNER—OF THINKING.

MY DEAR LUCY,—JACK has been good enough to undertake to hand you this letter before he leaves you to-morrow on his return to Cambridge. I admit that this method of postage is not too safe, letters having the most fatal facility for clinging to coat pockets long after they should have been delivered. Still, sooner or later you will receive it, even if JACK, as will probably be the case, has to post it to you from Cambridge. I send JACK back to you, as I received him, in first-rate health, a much-improved shot and a most vigorous wielder of his knife and fork. Indeed I might have contented myself with invoicing him to you in the terms of trade, as for example thus:—Madam, in accordance with your obliging order, I have to-day despatched to your address, by rail, One Boy, containing, in addition to the usual articles, one large sole (fried), two mutton-cutlets, two sausages on mashed potatoes, two poached eggs, toast, butter, marmalade, and two breakfast-cups of best Chinese tea. I trust the parcel will arrive in good condition and give satisfaction. Hoping to be favoured with a continuance of your esteemed commands, I beg to remain, Madam, your obedient servant, &c., &c. This, my dear LUCY, is no exaggeration. I am telling you the plain and simple truth about your astonishing boy's breakfast this morning. Your own experience will convince you of my veracity. Oh, happy time of boyhood, *dura puerorum ilia* (Jack will construe), how far off appear the days when I too thought nothing of such a breakfast, nay, when I could top up with deep draughts of beer from the mighty three-handled

tankard that circulated from hand to hand after our undergraduate feasts. I don't know how it is, but it is a fact that men of my age lose the tremendous gusto for breakfasts that inspires the young to these feats. We dally with a kipper or toy with a boiled egg, and are glad to get the meal over in a dyspeptic hurry while the youngsters are still engaged on the second of the four or five courses into which they divide it.

It was very good of you to lend me the boy for a few days, and I can assure you I enjoyed his visit very much. He's a fine, manly, straightforward lad, fresh, breezy, and unaffected, and, as for looks, he is just the counterpart of what his dear father was in the old days, not an Apollo, but something far better, an open-faced, clean-complexioned, bright-eyed, and crisp-haired English youth. And they all liked him. Old CARRUTHERS, who, as you know, was once in the ministry, and still retains that air of portentous mystery which goes with the possession of *secrets de Polichinelle*, even he relaxed under JACK's influence, and was good enough to smile at some of the boy's undergraduate stories, and to flavour them afterwards with some reminiscences of his own days at Cambridge. Nor was JACK inattentive to the fair. Miss CARRUTHERS—she's a pretty little touzled fair girl, with an attractive *moue*—has no reason to complain of the way in which JACK helped her over various fences when she came out with the other ladies to the shooting lunch, or of his readiness to turn over the leaves of the drawing-room ballads with which she softened our manners nor allowed them to be savage after dinner. In a word, he's a good boy, and though your gentle mind hates the idea of killing, I must tell you that the way in which he pulled down some of my tallest pheasants in Parson's Grove left nothing to be desired. Even the veteran CARRUTHERS, who has missed rocketers with glorious certainty through more than twenty seasons was good enough to say that if JACK went on like that he would make a shot—in time, and approbation from CARRUTHERS is praise indeed. And the boy was just as good, and played his little part with the same simple good nature all through. We all went to a pretty children's party at the HARDYS', not far from here. They had secured him for one of the tableaux—"Cinderella and the Prince"—and I can assure you he made a most excellent Prince, and showed a princely grace in his kneeling position at the fair *Cinderella's* feet. And when the children came on and acted their fairy-stories, finally dancing round JACK, who was robed in a huge fur coat and beard to represent a captured giant, the applause and enthusiasm were deafening. But the hero of the performance was SEBASTIAN HARDY, aged three-and-a-half. To this promising actor the part of *Jack Horner* had been allotted, his duty being to dance gaily on to the stage holding a dish in his hand, to put in his diminutive thumb, to pull out an imaginary plum and devour it with the self-appreciative joy associated with his character. When his turn came, SEBASTIAN, who is but lately out of frocks and into shorts, danced on, but forgot the extraction of the plum. A second performance of the whole series having been called for by the audience, SEBASTIAN appeared again, and on this occasion went through the thumb and plum part with a conscientious gravity that moved us all to fits of laughter. This, however, offended the actor, for when he was brought round to the front of the house and placed in his mother's arms he complained loudly that "When I comed in the first time and forgot my plum nobody laughed, but when I comed on again and put in my thumb, jus' as uncle SYDNEY told me, everybody laughed." Afterwards, SEBASTIAN honoured me by sitting on my knee. The Sandman had strewed his little eyes with dust, but the boy had a fine spirit, and being determined to see the performance out would not yield to sleep.

So I told him I knew he wanted to think—that all grown-up people always thought at this particular hour, and he ought not to be an exception. "How shall I think?" he asked. "Close your eyes very tight," I said; "we always close our eyes when we think." Whereupon his eyelids dropped, and in half a minute the little fellow was asleep in my arms. I often wish I could think like that.

Good-bye, my dear LUCY, I hear the dog-cart coming up the drive for JACK, so I close this letter with all good wishes, and remain now, as always, Your affectionate brother, Bob.

An Involuntary Truth.

Old Female (to Member of Anti-gambling League). Yes, Sir, I'm 'eartily one with you. It aint the 'urdles, or the 'edges, or the other hobstacles that I objects to, but, as my pore 'usband used to say, "It's the hun'appy 'osses wot breaks their backers."

ORNITHOLOGICAL.—It is stated that pigeons frequent the great London fish-market. Surely, therefore, its name ought to be changed to Cooing-and-Billings-gate.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

A SCHEME has been laid before *Mr. Punch* for an agency which is evidently intended to operate in friendly rivalry with one referred to—we regret to say, in sadly unsympathetic terms—by the *Daily Chronicle*, and established to conduct "Smart Society" on "Night Tours through Whitechapel and Darkest London."

The Rival Undertaking is based on somewhat similar lines, as will be seen from the preliminary advertisement submitted to *Mr. Punch*, to which he has much pleasure in giving publicity in these columns:—

THE WEST-END EXPLORATION AGENCY, LD.

Head Office, Second Floor Front, Three Colts Lane, Bethnal Green, E.C.
Branch Agencies at Whitechapel, Poplar, Limehouse, &c.

This Association has been formed for the purpose of organising Night Tours through Belgravia and Lightest London, and thereby affording Members of the Industrial Classes an opportunity of exploring, under experienced guidance and in perfect safety, those parts of the West End to which access has been hitherto either impossible or attended by considerable risk.

On application to any of the agencies, and payment of a small fee per head, parties desiring to make the tour will be personally conducted by competent guides, specially selected for their knowledge of West End purloins, and their intimate acquaintance with members of the "Exposed Tenth."

Arrangements have been entered into whereby tourists will be enabled to penetrate to the inmost recesses of certain Pall Mall Clubs, the mere thresholds of which have never before been crossed by the most enterprising outsider, and it is confidently anticipated that the appalling spectacles which may be beheld during a brief inspection of such notorious haunts as the "Athenæum," "Reform," "Oxford and Cambridge," and "Brooks's" Clubs will surpass the most vivid and thrilling descriptions of Socialist Orators and Feminine Novelists!

Excursionists may, should they desire it, enter into conversations with various members of a population composed almost entirely of Habitual Ecclesiastics, Legislators, Officers of both Services, Casual and Professional *Littérateurs*, and Artists, who, if civilly interrogated, may be expected to furnish invaluable information as to their earnings, occupations, morals, and manner of life generally.

As a rule, the most irreclaimable aristocrats will be found perfectly tractable, provided they are given to understand that they are the subjects—not of idle curiosity, but—of genuine interest and sympathy. Some caution, however, should be observed in localities known to be frequented by Bishops, and it is distinctly unsafe to make advances to a Retired Admiral, unless with the sanction of the Conductor.

Flying visits will be paid to Smart Dinner Parties, from which the Tourist will carry away an ineffaceable impression of the Torpid Society that may almost be said to be the chronic condition of the Upper Classes.

Typical "Balls" and "Crushes" will be prominent features in each excursion, affording as they do Ghastly Examples of the terrible overcrowding, insufficient clothing, and imperfect ventilation, in which so many uncomplaining sufferers are compelled to pursue their sole means of enjoyment!

Facilities have been afforded for the inspection, during any time of the Day or Night, of the most Fashionable Hotels by Parties accompanied by a Conductor, who will be empowered to take them over the various Eating Rooms and Dormitories, whether occupied or otherwise.

Lady inhabitants of the East End wishing to see this neighbourhood can be conducted round *during the day*, and see their jaded and overworked sisters of the West End engaged in their unremitting toil of "driving," "calling," "leaving cards," "bazaar-holding," and other equally arduous and poorly-remunerated occupations.

Owing, however, to the condition of some of the chief West End thoroughfares, *under no circumstances* can Ladies be permitted to join the *Night Tours*.

Male East Enders, if suitably attired (rabbit-skin caps and "pearlies" must *not* be worn), need apprehend no danger at any time, provided they remain close to their conductor, and follow his advice in all emergencies.

In conclusion, the Organisers venture to express their sanguine expectation that these Tours will prove not only popular, but of inestimable benefit to the community at large, tending, as they must, to promote mutual goodwill by encouraging closer intercourse between the Masses and the Classes, and enabling the most thoughtless Son of Toil to realise for himself the depressing monotony and triviality of the existence to which Fashion's mercile decree condemns her countless thousands of White Slaves! And so says *Mr. Punch*.



THERE ARE WAYS OF PUTTING THINGS.

Assistant Milliner. "I SHOULD CERTAINLY ADVISE THE YELLOW TRIMMING, MADAM. I ALWAYS RECOMMEND YELLOW FOR A BRUNETTE!"

THE HAWARDEN CAMPAIGN.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards to us the following news clipping. He unfortunately forgets to mention the paper from which it is taken, but, judging from internal evidence, we are inclined to the opinion that it is the *War Cry*:—

THE CAPTURE OF HAWARDEN

is by this time matter of history. Everyone knows how the General approached the Castle single-handed, and how, after a short but brilliant attack, he forced the garrison to capitulate. But how complete the victory was, comparatively few have realised. Not a single newspaper, so far as we are aware, has taken any notice of the fact that, before the General left the field.

MR. GLADSTONE WAS OAZETTED CORPORAL.

Since then, all has been activity at Hawarden. The Castle has been turned into barracks, and the library into a doss-house. The Corporal is indefatigable. He is already known as "Hot and Strong WILLIAM." He is saving souls by the thousand, and recruits are pouring in so fast that twenty orderlies are busy night and day taking down their names. On Sunday last

A GRAND PARADE

was held on the lawn, when the Corporal for the first time wore his uniform. It would be madness to attempt to describe the enthusiasm of the meeting. Never was such singing heard as when the Corporal led off the Army, marching backwards, and beating time with both hands. But the climax was reached when the hymn was ended, and the Corporal called a halt. "Attention!" he cried, in his well-known silvery voice, which rang clear and distinct to the uttermost rank of that huge armament. "Now then, are you ready?"

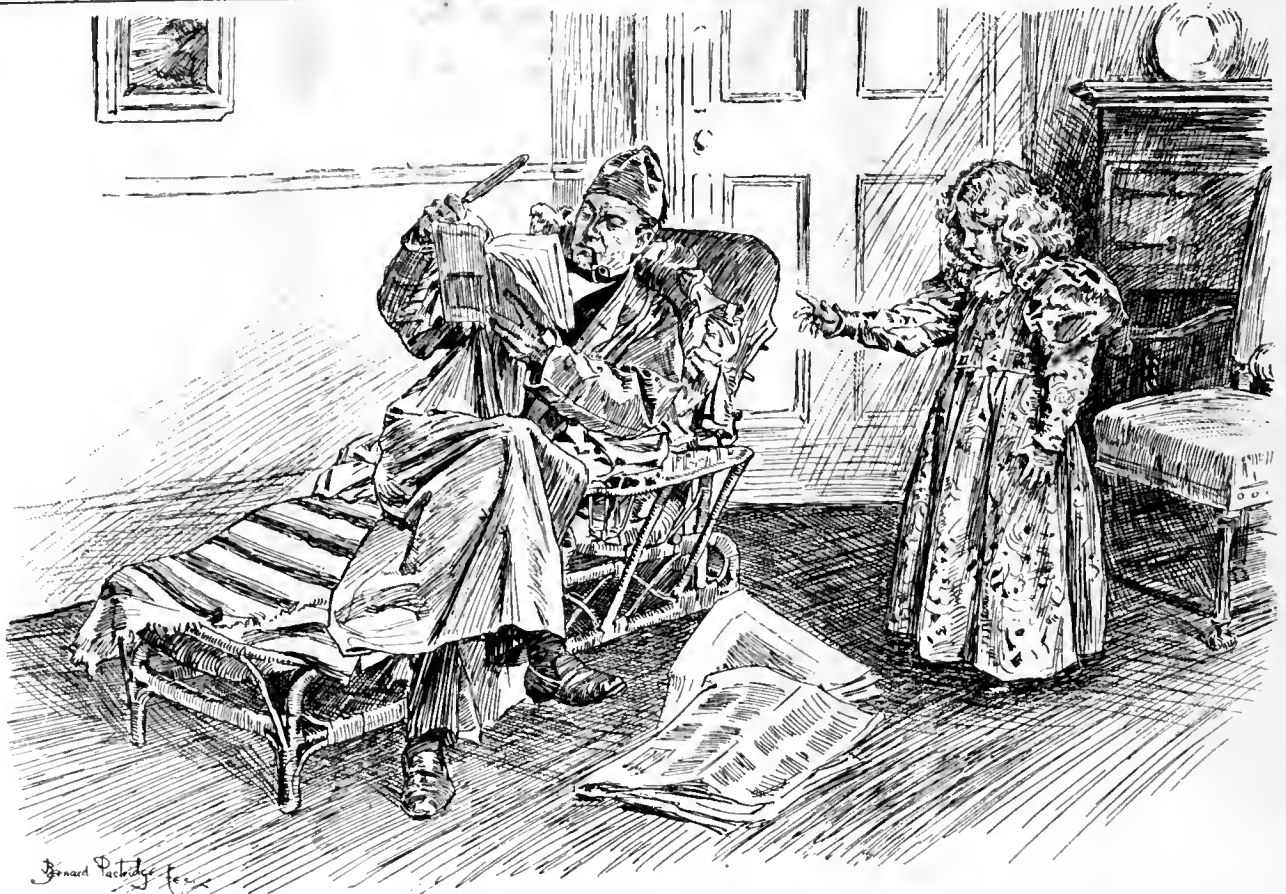
PREPARE TO RECEIVE—SALVATION!"

In an instant the air was darkened with caps and bonnets. Thirty thousand voices cheered; thirty thousand "Hallelujahs!" rent the welkin. In a scene of unparalleled excitement,

"HOT AND STRONG WILLIAM" LAID ON THE SULPHUR AND BRIMSTONE!

Every soul was saved. Satan has no chance against the Corporal. The Hawarden campaign is simply

A SERIES OF BRILLIANT VICTORIES.



A MODEST REQUEST.

Effie. "DADDY, I'SE HURTED MY FINGER!" (No answer.) (Crescendo.) "DADDY, I'SE HURTED MY FINGER!!!" (No answer.) (Fortissimo.) "DADDY, I'SE HURTED MY FINGER!!!" (No answer.) (Reproachfully.) "DADDY, YOU MIGHT SAY 'OH!'"

THE SHEPHERD'S SOLILOQUY.

A POLITICAL PASTORAL.

ARGUMENT.—Menalcas, after the first pastoral contest of the year, museth, not without misgiving, on the show made by his "ragged sheep," as compared with the woolly flocks of Damætas.

I HAVE heard of the "Shepherd of Salisbury plain,"—
The title just now seems a trifle suggestive!—
But I, Malwood's Shepherd, had counted on gain
From a flock which seems proving a little bit restive.
That Salisbury Damætas will mock at my plight,
And swear that my song is the merest stale crambo;
While Palæmon will settle our contest at sight,
And give *him* the prize, though we're *Arcades Ambo!*
My "smart strokes of rustical raiillery" * tell,
Ah! more than they did in Virgilian Pastoral.
But as to my *sheep*—well, they scarce do as well
As those of Damætas, of which he seems master all.
Mine make lots of "cry," but for "wool"—well, I fear
That "my jolly sheep" find the ground "false" and
"shifty";

With "bones barely covered" when time comes to shear,
Of yield to my scissors methinks they'll prove thrifty.
I did deem that hopeful Hibernian lamb

Would prove pretty woolly. Perhaps it may—later:
The Armenian ewe and the Soudanese ram.

Don't seem to come on, and my grief is the greater.
Damætas is smiling. He hints, with that grin,

I'd best "shear my swine," like a Mævius. Confound him!
He is so sardonic! My flock *does* look thin.

How *unlike* the folded one gathered around him!

Baa! Baa! Yes, you're beggars at bleating, you are.

Much cry, little wool! Primrose-POLLIO will chortle.

He's waiting the rise of the right Shepherd's star,
Afar from the haunts where *we* hustle and hurtle.

* VIRGIL'S *Third Pastoral* or *Palæmon*.

Dalmény or Malwood? Our quarrel, our split,
Damætas declares we to mutual folly owe.
Well, well, I don't mean that my skill and my wit
Shall serve but for gracing the triumph of—*POLLIO!*
Baa! Baa! Well, I'll fold you again for the time,
But your pastoral promise is not very cheering.
I do hope you'll plump up and be woolly and prime,
And not prove all cry when the time comes for shearing!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of my Baronites writes:—"I have just been reading *Many Cargoes*, by Mr. W. W. JACOBS, which has made me laugh much and often. It is a collection of short stories, reprinted from various periodicals, and dealing with men that go down to the sea in ships of moderate tonnage; stories told with such fresh and unforced fun that their drollery is perfectly irresistible. It is by no means safe to assume that what has struck oneself as delightfully humorous will seem equally so to others, but, bearing that fully in mind, I find it hard to conceive anyone with any sense of the ludicrous at all reading 'In Borrowed Plumes,' 'Low Water,' 'The Rival Beauties,' or, 'A Harbour of Refuge,' for example, and preserving his gravity unimpaired. I have never heard of Mr. W. W. JACOBS before, and, for anything I know, this may be his first literary voyage, but I can only say that the sooner he puts to sea again and brings back more cargoes of the same goods, the better I shall be pleased." THE BARON.

Signs of a Slump.

"OVERTAXED Ireland means the Union's doom,"
Cried late "United Ireland," much elated.
But now some think that, as a Party boom,
Overtaxation has been—over-rated!

THREE PER CENT-INELS.—The Bank of England guard.



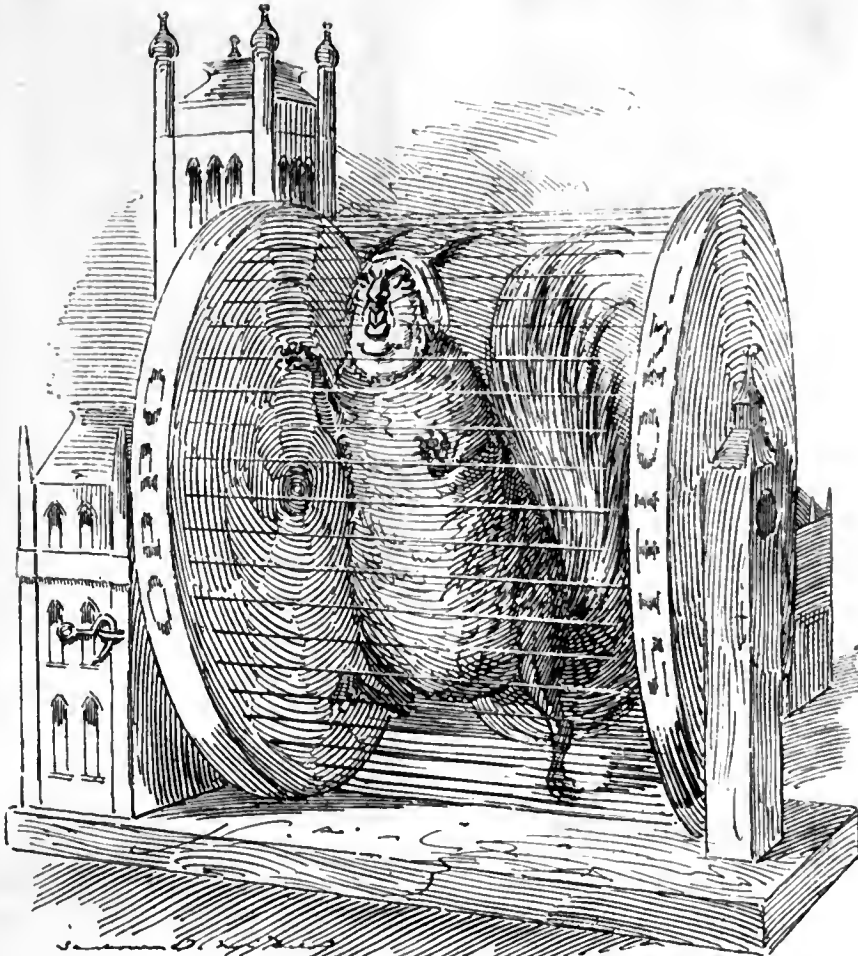
“THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.”

MASTER H-RO-RT. “I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO TACKLE HIM?”

MASTER S-ND-RS-N. “AH! I DID THINK OF IT—BUT IF I WERE TO HIT HIM AND HURT HIM, I WOULD NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF!”

[“Although the Irish Unionists were prepared for an exhaustive discussion on Irish overtaxation, they hesitated to vote against the Government.”
Daily Paper.]





“NO FORRADER!”

Squirrel Harcourt. “DULL WORK! SO MONOTONOUS! WISH I WERE ROSEBERRY!”

“FORGIVE AND FORGET.”

(Recollections of an Argument.)

“FORGIVE” comes first. Perhaps in time
 “Forget” may follow after—
 (I urge no duty in my rhyme,
 To excite irreverent laughter).
 The mind and heart are things apart,
 The heart forgives a debt,
 The mind remembers. Then forgive,
 Although you mayn't forget!

I really wish that you were not
 To this assertion driven,
 That injuries only when forgot
 Can truly be forgiven!
 An act unkind still borne in mind
 Is unforgiven yet,
 You say—and so you can't forgive,
 Because you can't forget!

Forget, forgive—you make them one,
 Or quite misplace the latter,
 And yet, when all is said and done,
 Our difference need not matter.
 Should quarrel be 'twixt you and me,
 Our heart and mind we'll set,
 My heart—most freely to forgive,
 Your mind—to clean forget!

LATEST FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—The SULTAN declares that he cannot touch the European concert pitch without being defiled.

A VERY PRETTY DANCE.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,—Just before I start for old BIRCH, who has told my parents that he will be “glad to see his young friends” this afternoon as ever is, just let me give you a suggestion. When I get back to my beastly school, there won't be much chance for me to write to any old friend like you. There will be the regulation note to the Pater, when it isn't addressed to the Mater. And we can't say much in that.

What I want to tell you is that we have had a very good time of it these holidays. My brother and I have been to heaps of dances, and wherever we have gone, we have found “*The Washington Post*.” Do you know how to dance it? We do. You take hold of a girl by both hands, try a double shuffle, and then slide off to another part of the room and repeat the performance. It's great fun, and far better than the Barn Dance. It knocks Sir Roger de Coverley into fits.

This is what I suggest—and BROWN MAJOR says it would be first-rate—add to the double shuffle a Highland fling and the old hop waltz, and the danco would be twice as jolly. Then when you were standing out, you might keep up the fun by jumping about in time to the music until you were ready to begin again. If that wouldn't bring down the house (as they say at the theatres), I don't know what would. And now, dear old Punch, I must

dry up, as I'm off to Birch's. Tips amount to three pounds, seventeen shillings, and four pence. Not so bad in these hard times. Eh, old man?

Yours, signing himself affectionately,
In the Hall, JONES MINOR.
 Waiting for the Cab. Black Monday.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An old and not yet extinguished Admirer writes to a former Flame on the recurrence of her Natal Day.

I'm writing to you, love, by night.
 The house is hushed, the gas turned out,
 My candle's solitary light
 Proclaims the darkness it would flout.
 The fire with ill-conditioned heat
 Has just demanded copious coal;
 I've got a feeling in my feet
 That tells my slippers' want of sole!
 And yet I write, because I know
 To-morrow will your birthday be.
 In memory of long ago
 You will expect a line from me!
 A little scrawl to bid you wealth,
 And health, and happiness, and joy,
 The wishes that we made by stealth
 When you were girl and I was boy!
 I wish them! Are you satisfied
 To find I still am true in heart,
 Or mourn the vow you once denied
 In order we might ever part?
 No matter! Still I picture you
 An angel in a village church;
 Your eyes and bonnet both were blue,
 And left confession in the lurch!
 Yes! there demure and even prim,
 You drove my mind to earthly things,
 Yet, as I've said, an angel slim,
 You only needed little wings.
 And so to-day again I went
 To that same church where first we met.
 Ah! then I knew the Love you lent,
 But gave it with the curse Regret!
 Days upon days, and years on years,
 Have swiftly come and slowly gone!
 We travel through the Vale of Tears
 Wide separated and alone!
 But still, whatever be our fate,
 I yearly wander to the shrine
 Where once—I need not give the date—
 I knew your prayers were wholly mine!
 And so to-night accept this leaf
 Culled from the pocket-book of Time,
 Who may not play the part of thief
 In this our lifelong pantomime.
 I climbed the Mountains of the Moon,
 And fell.—Why should I thus repine?
 I am a grey-haired Pantaloon
 But you are still a Columbine!

EXPECTED ADDRESSES.

THE rule relating to post cards, “the address only to be written on this side,” is abolished. It is probable that the letter sorters will now be compelled to decipher such addresses as the following:—

Miss JONES, Mudby-in-the-Marsh,
 Love to Granny, Essex.

Mrs. SMITH, 22A, George Street,
 ADOLPHUS sailed yesterday for
 Australia, W.

Army and Navy Stores,
 The number is 45266798 Westminster,
 Also a pound of sausages, S.W.

With lots of kisses to my own
 darling Miss HOPKINS,
 Laburnum Lodge, The Park,
 from your ever Brixton devoted

BERRY BODGER
 P.S. the football match beggins at ¼ past
 2. Master TOMKINS dont be
 late Dr. CANE's school, birchington.



A SUGGESTION.

(For Frozen-out Foxhunters and their Idle Studs, if the Winter is setting in now.)

THE CENTENARY OF THE TOP-HAT.

Introduced at the beginning of January, 1797.

(Some Suggestions for its Celebration.)

Its instant and universal discontinuance.

The erection of a statue of the inventor in every market town of the United Kingdom, wearing a topper, in white marble. This will serve as an object lesson in in-artistic incongruity for future generations.

A general distribution of existing specimens of this headgear among necessitous and deserving scarecrows throughout the country.

A grand parade and march past of guys, attired with the surplus stock of silk hats now lying in London warehouses.

A short Act to be passed through Parliament at an early date this Session, consigning the manufacturers to Hanwell, in accordance with the popular opinion expressed in the phrase, "As mad as a hatter."

Football players, like the cricketers of fifty years ago, to wear it on all possible occasions, viz., before, during, and after a match. The Rugby game, with one continuous "scrum," to be encouraged with this object, but Association players may be permitted to substitute a topper, or succession of toppers (preferably obtained from the onlookers), in lieu of the ordinary leather football. A "free kick" to be given to any person objecting.

Its compulsory adoption by "gutter-snipes," bicyclists, barges, freshmen (when wearing their gowns), burglars (on and off duty), port-admirals, commanders-in-chief, tennis-players, telegraph-boys, heralds, Kings-at-arms, beef-eaters, Highlanders, sea-cooks and their eldest sons in the male line, tide-waiters, mudlarks, Lord

Mayors in their pride, bishops in full canonicals, hangmen in full swing, freemasons in full fig, 'Arries in full force on a Derby day, Tommy Atkins in full war-paint, the horse-marines in full charge, and by other inappropriate classes of the community. Its simultaneous use by such conspicuous individuals as the foregoing will thus prove equally surprising and ridiculous, and should result in its speedy disappearance.

A Centennial Ode in its honour, with a prize of one hundred guineas, to be competed for by the praiseworthy gentlemen who versify for So-and-so's pills or for Thingam's soap. The winning composition to be printed on the leader page of every daily paper (not among the advertisements). This should have a similar effect to the previous suggestion.

The prompt elevation of every Member of Parliament who sits on his own, or, better, another Member's hat, to "another place." Quite a respectable number of stove-pipes (not "wind-bags") can thus be daily sat upon, and snuffed out and extinguished.

A poll-tax on members of the Stock Exchange, undertakers, coachmen, "Johnnies," and other persons who would die rather than be seen without a topper.

The general imitation of the Christ's Hospital head-dress, since no satisfactory covering appears to be before the public.

The abolition of the custom of raising the hat to ladies, which is ruination to the brim.

The abolition of 'busses, which are responsible for the "bashing" of the vast majority of "cylinders."

The abolition of weddings, where they are *de rigueur*; ditto, ditto of Church Parade and Piccadilly.

The abolition of the English climate, so destructive of the silk integument.

The abolition of artists, who, as is generally the case, come a cropper when attempting to draw its difficult curves.

Or, lastly, and best of all, the universal introduction of the most becoming, serviceable and comfortable form of headgear, to wit, *Mr. Punch's* cap, with stripes and turned-up brim, and, like the great Panjandrum, with the little button on top. Ladies may adopt *Toby's* hat and feather. So mote it be.

GO, JINGO, GO!

(A *Jingoldsby Lay up-to-date*.)

["My belief is that a well-working arbitration system would be an invaluable bulwark to defend the Minister from the Jingoës."—*Lord Salisbury*.

"Gengulphus, or, as he is usually styled in this country, 'Jingo,' was perhaps more in the mouths of the 'general' than any other saint, on occasions of adjuration."—*Ingoldsby*.]

EARL BEAKIE hadde a sainte, olde style,
And hys name it was Sainte Jyngo.

J wythe a Y, Y wythe an N,
N wythe a G, G wythe an O,
They called him, then, Sainte Jyngo!

Lorde SOLLIE sayd, "Olde saintes dee fail,
They are notte real stingo!
I looke to Ar-bi-tra-ti-on
To save us from Sainte Jyngo!"

Nowe is notte this a prettie shifte
In diplomatic lingo?
J wythe a Y, Y wythe an N,
N with G O is *nowe* no GO!
Good-bye, poore olde Sainte Jyngo!

A CURIOUS LANDSCAPE FEATURE OBSERVABLE AT MONTE CARLO IN THE EARLY SPRING.—Blue Rocks.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Jan. 19.—In accordance with formal notice and ordered usage, Parliament met to-day for the third Session of the fourteenth Parliament of the QUEEN. Actually, Session opened last night at Devonshire House, where the Duchess was "at home." Earlier there were the Ministerial dinners. On the other side of the hedge Spencer House, which will conveniently hold the full muster of Liberal Peers, was hospitably open, whilst the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD entertained his colleagues of the Commons in the dining-room on Richmond Terrace, where last year, according to his cheerful custom, Lord ONSLOW, *le vrai Amphitryon*, gave his Tuesday dinners. All the Ministers, and some ex-Ministers, met later at Devonshire House, adding to the brilliancy of the throng the distinction of their uniforms.

"Reminds me," says SARK, looking round the room, his eye glowing as it fell on the warlike figures of JESSE COLLINGS and POWELL WILLIAMS with swords girt at their alim waists and suspicion of horse-pistols in their coat-tail pockets, "of another famous gathering under the hospitable wing of an earlier but not more charming Duchess. It was at Brussels, you know, one night in June eighty-one years ago. Wonder whether we shall have Waterloo to follow?"

Plenty of good stories going round, echoes from the several dinner tables. The best is coupled with the name of Lord RATHMORE, even yet better known as our dear DAVID PLUNKET of the Commons, whose appropriation by the House of Lords did more than anything since they threw out the Compensation for Disturbance Bill to aggravate the other House. RATHMORE, though in full dress like the rest of the Premier's guests, didn't wear his sword. Many genial inquiries why.

"Oh!" said the BURLEIGH BALFOUR, "in the present overtaxed condition of Ireland, he feels he cannot afford the luxury of a sword."

"Do you mean to imply," said RATHMORE, "that I have temporarily deposited the weapon with my Financial Relation?"

That was last night. But ancient usage must be observed. It demands formal opening of Parliament, with Lords Commissioners on Woolsack before Throne, a Queen's speech read, mover and seconder anouncing their uniforms, the Leaders from either side of the table crossing swords above it. All this duly took place to-day in more than ordinary humdrum fashion.

Only for JEMMY LOWTHER, scene and proceedings would have been hopelessly flat. Man and boy, with few intermissions arbitrarily enforced by ungrateful constituents, JEMMY has for thirty-two years sat and listened on opening days of revolving Session to recitation of ancient sessional orders coming down from Cromwellian ages. No one says "Aye" or "No" when question is put from Chair that these be re-affirmed. Nobody listens. If by chance SPEAKER forgot the formula, few would notice. To-day slumber of thirty-five years broken. On JEMMY LOWTHER's quickened ear strikes voice of SPEAKER submitting rule prohibiting Peers from interfering in Parliamentary elections. They do so overtly and covertly, and if it please them, what can the House of Commons do to stop them? Nothing. Then why this solemn farce?



THE PARLIAMENTARY (CRIMINAL) BAR!

Constable R-ch-rd W-bst-r A1. "Well, gents, You 're a breakin' o' the law as 'ard as ever you can go, and you want a haet o' Parliament to put you right! Thank you, gents; 'ere's your very good 'ealths and a 'Appy New Year!"

JEMMY first puts question to himself; then, in gravest manner, with that judicial air that at critical epoch saved the Jockey Club, submits it to conscience of awakened House. He even takes a division, and though overwhelmed by numbers, knows he is right, and that right will prevail.

"Don't know how it is," said J. G. TALBOT, brushing away a consecrated tear, "but when I listened to JEMMY LOWTHER just now, and saw TOMMY BOWLES rally to his side to lead the forlorn hope into the lobby, I recalled the last scene by a Smithfield fire. You remember how, when the executioners placed a live faggot at RIDLEY's feet bound to the stake, LATMEN said, 'Be of good comfort, Master BOWLES—I mean Master RIDLEY—and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust shall never be put out.' So JEMMY to TOMMY. They are over-

come to-day. But another House of Commons anachronism is doomed. They have this day lit a candle that will burn up these dust-dried sessional orders."

Business done.—Session opened. *Thursday.*—Things have come to pretty pass with the mother of Parliaments. It appears that for more than half a century House of Commons been nothing less than an unlicensed public-house! WILFRID LAWSON long suspected it. To-night his fears publicly confirmed upon no less authority than that of ATTORNEY-GENERAL. That learned man says short Act must be brought in to put matters right.

That all very well, but what are we to do in the meantime? and what about the innumerable breaches of the law in the past? Suppose Act of indemnity may be passed. But with legislative machine already overloaded, weeks, perhaps months, must

Toby



J-mmy L-wth-r. "Now then, you old dummy, we've had enough of you!"

elapse before it's added to Statute Book. Any night we are liable to a raid of police, and may find ourselves taking part in a morning sitting in Westminster Police Court.

Incident quite demoralised House on eve of Session. The Peers have meanly evaded their share of responsibility by putting up the shutters, and going off home for a week. This is under pretence that they have no work to do, "and," says the MARKISS, "I do not know that any support is given to the constitution by our coming here without business." Having nothing to do is the normal condition of the Lords through the greater part of the average Session. What they really mean by this movement is to stand off and see what line the police will take. If they follow the ordinary course in similar circumstances, and swoop down on premises where liquor is sold without a license, at least they shall pick up no prizes in the persons of Peers of the Realm.

In the Commons, the attendance is very small: probably same motive that moves the Peers operates in individual cases. An Irish debate on, but quite impossible to get up any excitement. Members come and go, entering the House timidly, retiring stealthily, startled at shadow of the familiar policeman in the lobby. The demoralisation may only prove temporary. It is certainly complete. The worst that could happen would be better than this haunting, harassing dread.

Business done.—Debate on the Address.

Friday.—Hardly anything been seen since Session opened of JOHN O' GORST, time-honoured Educationalist. Has, I am told, though I haven't seen him, looked in for a few moments. Certainly has not shown ungovernable disposition to comfort by his companionship his colleagues on Treasury Bench.

Fresh effort being made by Government to pass Education Bill. Reasonable to suppose that the Education Minister would, as last year, have charge of it.

"Instead of which," PRINCE ARTHUR takes it in hand, and JOHN O' GORST has no more to do than if he were a Peer.

"Have you any idea where GORST is?" I asked PRINCE ARTHUR, meeting him in the corridor just now.

"Yes," he said, with a smile childlike and more than usually bland. "I fancy he's at home, drawing up amendments to my Education Bill."

This was early in sitting. Later the childlike smile was chased away, scorched under the Jove-like frown. The summer sky swept by angry blast. Never saw PRINCE ARTHUR in such tantrums; and it was all HENRY HOWORTH.

Who but must laugh if such a man there be;
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

Yes, it was ATTICUS of Printing House Square—ATTICUS, at whose feet the nations are wont to sit when he is pleased to instruct them in the correspondence columns of the *Times*; ATTICUS, confounded by the certainly singular coincidence of serious indisposition amongst dynamitards closely corresponding with access of Conservatives to office and introduction of Irish Land Bill, a sudden epidemic that made their release by HOME SECRETARY imperative.

ATTICUS was as philosophical in his reflections, as courteous in his speech, as benevolent in his bearing as his prototype ADDISON. Effect on PRINCE ARTHUR all the more vitriolic. It was a fine display of fiery indignation; splendid outburst of declamation. But, as SARK says, it really had nothing to do with the gravamen of HENRY HOWORTH'S charge.

Business done.—Close of first week on the Address.

CURIOUS FACT.—The person best acquainted with the power of water is a fireman.

ILLUMINATION NOT POPULAR IN GERMANY.—Tausch light.

THE VERY LAST OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

THE tempest was at its worst. The waves ran mountains high, and the wind shrieked through the rigging. The Premier was prostrate in his state cabin. But, in spite of all this, a mysterious stranger stood beside him holding a document for which he requested his signature.

"Never" murmured the minister, feebly. "Never!"

"But see, the weather gets more terrible with every moment. Sign this, and I will warrant that you will never again have so sad an experience."

"I will not sign," continued the Premier, feebly. "Do you not observe that I have not strength to do so."

"But I will guide your fingers," said the tempter, eagerly. "Consider the great advantage of a painless journey. Consider the brilliant advocacy the scheme has received at the hands of GLADSTONE, COBDEN, and many others."

"But I must protect my country from invasion," gasped out the suffering statesman. "I must be worthy of my race—my reputation."

At this moment the continually stricken vessel lurched, which caused a mournful moan from the wretched servant of the State.

"Sign! sign! sign!" commanded the evil genius once more, proffering the fatal pen. "Spare me!" came from the couch.

"Even the merciless and mercenary ticket-collector, seeing my hapless condition, has had pity upon me."

"I have more at stake than the ticket-collector," retorted the oppressor; "I have the future of the peoples of England and France to take into consideration. I have my own personal prospects to advance."

"But coal has been discovered in the Channel," argued the Premier, in a feeble tone. "Even should the tunnel be never constructed, there will be ample fuel to be wrested from the ocean. This in itself will make the shareholders wealthy."

But the tempter was obdurate. He again pressed the pen upon the stricken one.

"Here you have the pen between your fingers. Sign!"

The request came too late—the statesman had fainted!

"An excellent likeness!" exclaimed the Mayor of Dover, as he removed the covering from the statue, two years later. "He never got over that passage—he sacrificed his life to his duty."

And, amidst every mark of respect, a new monument was added to the already teeming attractions of the Cinque Ports. It had on it an inscription that concluded with the words, "and he saved his country from invasion by submitting to the terrors of the Channel Passage."

Perverted Proverb.

"A FRIEND in need, a friend indeed,"
No doubt sounds very fine.
A friend in need a friend indeed!
No friend is he of mine.

THE CYNIC.

OUR own Idiot declares that, à propos of auto-cars, he cannot make another *jeu de mot* or pun.

NOTE BY A HARROW BOY.—Masters who are always down on cribs invariably provide the hardest beds for their boarders.



LETTING OFF STEAM.

Nephew. "ULLO, UNCLE, HOW 'S THE GOUT?"
Uncle. "HOW 'S THE GOUT! CONFOUND YOU! WHAT 'S THAT INFERNAL THING ROUND YOUR NECK?"
Nephew. "ER—ER—ONLY MY COLLAR, SIR, I BELIEVE."
Uncle. "BAH! Y'LOOK LIKE A DONKEY LOOKING OVER A WHITE-WASHED WALL!"

JEALOUSY ON THE WING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with much interest in the papers that Lord MALCOLM of Poltalloch has introduced the startling on to his estates in Jamaica in order to repair the ravages of the mongoose. But what has the latter ravaged? Surely not the great Argyll chieftain? I would back him against all the mongeese, aye! and all the mongoslings, too, in the world. I know the mongoose well, and so, possibly, do you. He is a being unfitted to be trusted alone, especially in Jamaica, where rum is grown so freely. Evidently, however, he has miscondacted himself, or Lord MALCOLM would not have sent for the starling. But why the starling? I never heard before that he was good at repairs. The tailor-bird I could understand, but not such a Pecksniffian biped as the starling. If Lord MALCOLM has been ravaged he could surely have applied to a neighbouring beak or to
 Yours truly, SEPTIMUS SPARROW.

Of a Gallant Marksman.

[Sir HOWARD VINCENT, M.P., last week failed to induce the House of Commons to pass a measure amending his own Merchandise Marks Act.]
 SIR HOWARD'S game it's easy quite to see,—
 Though to the House it's just the best of larks.
 If Man of Mark Sir HOWARD cannot be,
 At least he'd like to be a Man of Marks.

At Bournemouth.

Irate Ratepayer (to Municipal Councillor). What's the good of a Winter Garden here, Sir?
Municipal Councillor. Only by way of contrast. To show that we have no winter.
 [Exit *Irate Ratepayer*, puzzled.]

A SONG OF DETECTION.

(Adapted to the latest Literary Methods.)

I'm the latter-day prince of detectives, a sort of lieutenant to Fate;
 I can track out a crime or detect a *faux pas*, or unravel a plot while you wait.

If a father gets lost, or a wife disappears, if the heir to a will is mislaid,
 I produce him at once, and dispatch him by rail with the carriage correctly prepaid.

No amount of disguise
 Is too great for my eyes;
 My mind never falters or dozes,
 Though they add to their chests
 By inflating their vests,

Or construct a new bridge to their noses.
 But I'm always precisely at hand with a clue,
 And my price is—but there, I can leave it to you.

If a statesman with orchid and eye-glass goes out for his five-o'clock tea,
 He may think himself wrapped in an ample disguise, but he can't get the better of me.

I am off on his heels in a moment, and into my note-book he goes
 As a fighter of grit who is like Mr. PITT, though he hasn't the gout in his toes.

Down he goes in my notes
 With his talent for votes,
 And his style which is dapper and dressy,
 With a hint at the fall
 That he got from OOM PAUL,
 And the faithful devotion of JESSE.

And his name, which is somehow connected with screw,
 Is—you know it, of course, so I'll leave it to you.

Last week I detected a coster, at least he was rigged up as such,
 With a can-full of naphtha to light up his cart and someone to act as his Dutch:

His goods were the whelk that you swallow alive and the shrimp you devour when he's dead,
 And a cap fashioned whole from the skin of a mole adorned and protected his head.

But I knew him at once,
 Since I wasn't a dunce;
 In rhymes he was really a trader;
 For he dropped on the road
 Half a sonnet, an ode,
 And a ballad addressed to a raider.

With some cantos of blank that I failed to read through—
 If you're anxious to guess him begin with A. U.

When the criminal class is quiescent, the blue-coated constable comes

To his beat with his helmet and truncheon, and there he just twiddles his thumbs.

Oh, it's then that, to tickle the popular taste, and that without thinking of pelf,

In a fraction of time I invent a new crime, and commit and detect it myself.

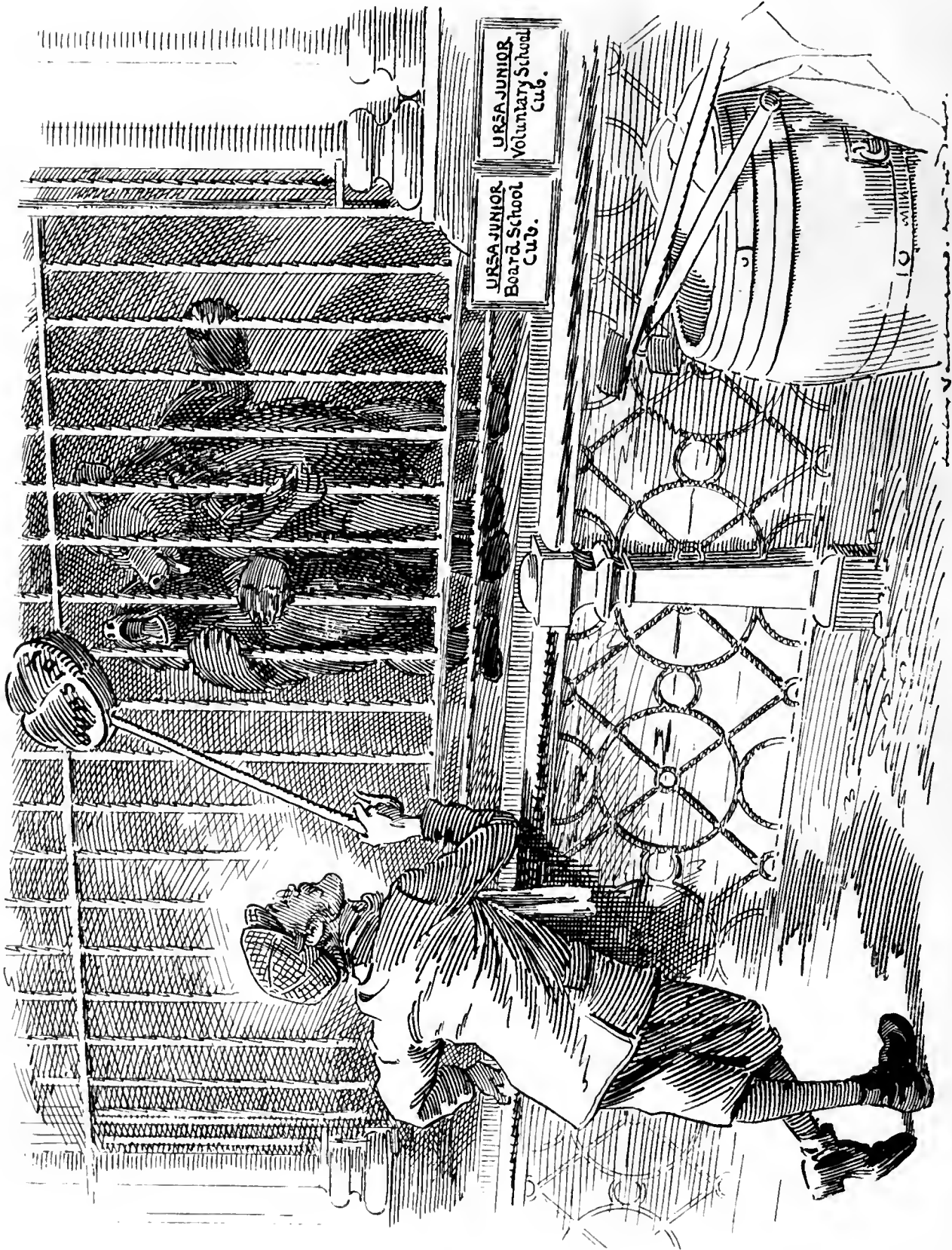
For a plot of my own
 I can follow alone,
 Whether others adopt or eschew it;
 And it adds to your fun,
 If you want a thing done,
 To go out by yourself and to do it.

Of the sleuth-hounds of crime I have met one or two,
 But the name of the best—well, I leave it to you.

OUR LATEST COLONY (IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD).—In the prospectus of a New Parisian Hotel, Sir JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P., V.G.F. (or Very Good Fellow), is described as "Governor of MAPLE and Company, Limited." Henceforth we shall furnish on the higher social system.

SEASONABLE CHANGE OF NAME (by our own irrepressible one, still dodging).—Our metalled roads during the frost have been called (after NANSEN'S ice-ship) Frain-ways.

PRIVILEGED PROVERBIAL PERVERTERS OF THE TRUTH.—Sleeping dogs.



THE BEARS AND THE BUN.



SUMMING UP THEIR MERITS.

Cyclist (arguing with Friend on the way home from hunting). "WELL, ANYHOW, OLD CHAP, MINE CAN GO WHEN IT'S PUMPED OUT, AND THAT'S A LOT MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY FOR YOURS! TA-TA!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Playgoer visits Ibsen and meets with an old acquaintance.

LAST night I went to see a play,
A drama up-to-date,
Wherein a woman holds the sway
With love and rage and hate:
A kind of nightmare on the boards
That I thought very coarse;
French wit played not on laughing
chords—
'Twas taken from the Norse.
I do not like these dreadful homes
Of dirty-linen dreams,
Where Commonplace is writ in tomes
And ranted out in reams!
Where Nature's painted as a brute
And Mankind as a sot,
Where Common Decency is mute,
Because they know her not!
Give me the fables of my youth,
When Virtue reigned supreme!
The striving after what is truth,
And not a filthy dream!
The village maiden sore distressed
I'd rather gaze on far,
Than look upon, with mind oppressed,
This harmony in tar!
Long, long ago—ah me, how long!—
A little maid I know,
She sang a little plaintive song,
And sang to very few.
'Twas all about the buds in Spring
And bells that sweetly chime;
E'en now I hear that ditty's ring,
The while my heart beats time!

A tenth-rate playhouse was the scene,
Where sang this little maid
Of how she welcomed back the green
In Spring, but half afraid
Of what the Summer sun might bring,
Or Autumn's ruddy glow,
She yet would sing the Song of Spring
E'en 'mid the Winter snow!
I loved—the moral of that song!
I loved—its trite refrain!
I loved—the symphonies all wrong!
I loved—the simple strain!
I loved—the singer's untrained voice!
I loved—her shake untrue!
I loved—the darling of my choice!
I loved—the girl I know!

And through the blatant farce last night
That song I seemed to hear,
E'en when the heroine's weird flight
Made ardent pittites cheer.
E'en when she went at last to rest,
Dishonoured and undone,
My heart kept time within my breast,
For she and you are One!

At the Fox-earths.

Mr. Charley Pug (to Mrs. Charley Pug, on the fifth day of the frost). Don't you think, my dear, we might go and look at the skating on Brittlesea Mere? It would be better than doing nothing!

SUBURBAN SENSE.—MR. GRANT ALLEN says that "Clapham is never dumb." But, lying on an elevated plain, it is, alas! deaf to the voice of the hill-top charmer. Is it this fact which annoys the man who didn't?

ADAM AND AN APPLE.

In the charming performance of *As You Like It*, at the St. James's Theatre, the banished Duke and his followers appear to live on a diet of raw apples. It is doubtless as good as the Grape Cure, the Whey Cure, or any other cure. But when Adam, a man of eighty, nearly dead from exhaustion, is revived with a large, cold, raw apple, our admiration for the Apple Cure is vastly increased. And when this aged and almost dying man, instead of having a fit or falling dead, walks and talks gaily, our admiration for the Apple Cure is unbounded. The only improvement we can suggest is that Adam should sing the following song in place of the one written for Amiens:—

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Hang me if I shall mind,
I've tried the Apple Cure;
And after eating these
I care not if it freeze,
All cold I can endure.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green apple,
With which my digestion can gleefully grapple.
Then heigh-ho the apple
Warm as graveyard chapel!
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As does the Apple Cure
I'd eat a lump of ice,
It would be quite as nice,
Though not perhaps as pure.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green apple,
To keep us all out of the grim graveyard chapel.
With, heigh-ho, the apple
I even can grapple.

DESCRIPTION OF MR. RHODES BY A LITTLE ENGLANDER.—An amalgamation of high-ways and by-ways.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. VII.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

AN Assistant writes:—"In *Leaves in the Wind* (ELLIOT Stock) Mr. A. C. DEANE has gathered together some very charming and very clever pieces of verse that have appeared in various periodicals. Light verse is easy and delightful to read just in proportion as it has cost its producer thought and labour. The apparently inevitable words, the happy turns of a sentence, the unforced patness of the rhymes—how simple the whole thing looks when done, how hard it is to do. Now, Mr. DEANE'S technical skill is very great, and his verses ring musically and pleasantly without a single jar or discord. And here and there he strikes a deeper note, but he never forces it unduly. He is to be heartily congratulated on his latest little volume."

THE BARON

Hyndman the Hinderer.

Who says that British rule is India's curse
Must be indeed a bigoted and blind man.
Saying it at this crisis makes it worse.
Let each man close his mouth, open his purse,
And "dickens take the hindmost"—or the Hyndman!

THE WHALE FOR THE BULL.—We understand that in consequence of recent developments, the name of Boscombe is to be changed to that of Belugachine.

MADE IN GERMANY.—Much of our "British Patriotism" of the pinchbeck, or German-silver, sort, apparently.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—Ah, *quel en-tête*, what in head I come of to write! London! I have ventured to make you part of my impressions of some towns of province, but until here I have not spoken of London. It is not a town, it is a department, a country, of houses! But in fine, in preparing my guide, *je dois aborder*, I ought to board this great subject. I go to do it by degrees *de temps en temps*, of time in time, and I commence at present by some parts of the City, the most great *arrondissement* of London, and the veritable centre of the commerce of the world.

As me the most part of the voyagers gain the City in going from the "Westend" by the street which calls herself the Strand. As me they think probably to the great town and to her history of thousand years. They come to see the magnificent centre of commerce, the most great and the most rich town of the world, the proud capital of the britannic Empire, the Rome of the nineteenth century. When they are thus impressed of respect and of admiration, what is this then the first monument which they meet? Is it a statue as that of BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI, which one sole Italian town erected four hundred years before the epoch of the universal suffrage, of the national education and of the official schools of the beautiful arts? Is it a statue worthy of the britannic Empire, thousand times more rich than the ancient Republic of Venice?

At the entry of the City, in face the Palace of Justice, one searches, one regards, one leans the head in outside of the "handsome cab." What is this that this is that that? *Ca? Allons donc*, let us go then! *Oh, la, la!* But, say then, a monument to make to die of to laugh! Planted there, absolutely at the middle of the street, a monument of the most ridicules, of the most divertings! In regarding this droll of dragon, who would can to think of the dignity of London? The most serious of the greek philosophers, who knew themselves without doubt in sculpture, of which they were surrounded of so beautiful pieces, would have burst of to laugh. The most silent of the Red Skins, men still more solemn, and ignoring absolutely the sculpture, would laugh *à gorge déployée*, at throat unfolded. The English soles are enough serious and enough solemn for to pass this monument without to show the least little smile.

As to me, each time that I see him I laugh again. The first time I believed him an announce, a *réclame*, of some "pantomime." But no! It is an announce of the beautiful arts of London, of the good taste of the municipality. It is the unique pleasantery of the solemn Londonians. At some steps from this monument, *Mister Punch*, finds himself your *redaction*, your office of redactor in chief. May I to say that he is never come from there any pleasantery so enormously droll as this pleasantery in bronze? The Londonians are calm and serious, but at the foundation they must to be one can not more laughers. One would have beautiful—*on aurait beau*—to search at Paris, town so gay, a statue as that!

And of more. A statue of your great and good QUEEN should to be placed on a pedestal as he must, *comme il faut*. But on the hideous base beneath this dragon of pantomime, in a position absolutely indignant, and splashed of the filthy mud of London, find themselves two miserable statues which represent, one has told me, the QUEEN and the Prince of WALES. See there the respectuous homage of the City of London!

However, *Mister Punch*, I wish not only to blame, I venture also to suggest. This year here the English celebrate the long and glorious reign of Her Majesty. All the world desires to erect some monuments worthy of a sovereign so illustrious and so venerated. The municipality of London could do better than that, in destroying rather than in erecting. It would be the best evidence of their respect towards the QUEEN that of to make to disappear this frightful monument and the two statues.

As to the dragon, *voilà* a beautiful gift for your friend LI HUNG CHANG. Only, as he is aged, and as he laughs never, the view of a dragon so infinitely more hideous than the most frightful dragon of China would could to kill him of horror. He would value better, perhaps, to sell this *cauchemar en bronze* to the Theatre of Drurylane. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

Two Ways of Looking at it.

"I NEVER," said the agrarian professor, "look upon a corn-field without thinking of the boundless beneficence of nature in the great bread question."

"Nor I," chimed in the MACTAVISH, "on an acre o' barley but that I joost contemplate the workings o' Providence in the matter of whuskey."

AMERICA DAY BY DAY.

VERY INTERESTING TO LONDONERS.)

(By Our Special Flâneur.)

New York, January 26.—There was a snowstorm here last night, which effectually concealed the up and down paving of Broadway, but was highly appreciated by some of the younger members of the Upper Four Hundred, who indulged in a game of snow-balls just as the visitors were leaving the Metropolitan Opera House. The weather did not, however, interfere with the Spoof-Hop given by Mrs. General SPILINS (wife of the Hon. General SPILINS, the great rag and bone contractor), and the gathering was quite one of the successes of the season. Each guest on arriving was presented with a diamond toothpick, which came in very handy after the supper of truffled oysters, stuffed terrapin, and canvas-back ducks on toast, the whole being washed down with '84 champagne in Jereboams only. Among the principal belles present were Miss CHINKIE COCKLESNAPPER (a member of one of the old Knickerbocker families), a delicate blonde with gold hair and teeth; Miss WOOTSIE WAMPUN, the very brunette daughter of Commodore WAMPUN, President of the Brighton Beach Yacht Club; Miss HIBERNIA MACGRUDDERY, second daughter of ex-Judge MACGRUDDERY, Proprietor of the Erin-go-bragh blend of whiskey; and Mrs. PINKUS-PORKUS, the widow of the eminent Cincinnati provision merchant. She was formerly the wife of Senator JUMBLES, and, when divorced, married Governor HOUPLA of St. Louis (Mo.), whom she divorced in order to espouse Mr. PINKUS-PORKUS. Mrs. SPILINS, who wore a green gauze gown trimmed with beaver fur, Valenciennes lace and rubies, danced the cachuca on the table after supper, and Mr. LEONIDAS B. SPROUT (one of the ancient Pilgrim Brussels-Sprouts) led the cotillon, into which a live sucking-pig and a Virginian 'coon were introduced with most humorous effect. General SPILINS had on a pair of boots which once belonged to Marshal BLUCHER, and was much congratulated on their acquisition.

A marriage was celebrated this morning at the 990th Avenue Hotel between Mr. JOSHUA XERXES GRAB, of Wall Street (reputed to be worth eight millions of dollars), and Mrs. JANE JEMIMA VANTOFF, perhaps better known at the Court of St. James's as Mrs. L. J. CORKINGTON, she having been separated definitely from Mr. CORKINGTON last September. The ceremony was attended by the *élite* of New York aristocracy, and the bride, who wore a gown of artificial orange-blossoms on satin, and a sixteen-star diamond coronet, was given away by Mr. NATHANIEL ZEUS CORKINGTON, nephew of her late husband. The wedding breakfast was served on the roof of the Hotel in a glade of palm trees specially imported from Africa, and known as the Riviera Retreat. I have never seen such a coruscation of combined loveliness and jewels as was here exhibited. The happy couple left in the evening for Mr. GRAB's palace in Florida by special Pullman train. They are to be the guests next season of the Duke and Duchess of DHUNNIEWASSAL, at Skelpie Castle, in Scotland.

Things theatrical were rather dull till Mlle. TOUPICHON, known as the Living Top, was arrested to-night by the police after her exhibition at Clam's Temple of Fame. Her performance consists in spinning on her nose. Judge VAN PUMPELBECK held the lively artist to bail, on her own security, in five thousand dollars. The event has created great excitement in fashionable circles.

CONFIDENCE FOR CONFIDENCE.

In a lecture upon the Art of Interviewing, delivered before the Society of Women Journalists, an expert suggested that an important advantage was gained by the interviewer if he made a favourable first impression upon the interviewed. This seems highly probable. So Mr. Punch sees no reason why he should not give a helping hand to those adopting interviewing as a profession. To the young personal inquirer he says by all means make a favourable first impression upon your subject. There is a right way and a wrong way to do it. He will give some examples.

Supposing that the youthful interviewer has to see an archbishop. He gains the presence chamber and finds the dignified ecclesiastic waiting to receive him. Supposing that he seizes the cleric by the hand, and, calling him "Reverend Sir," asks his opinion upon the chances of the winter favourite for the Derby—why, this would be the wrong way of doing it, and very likely create a most unfavourable first impression.

But supposing that instead of acting as described the young beginner respectfully bows before an archdeacon, calls him "archbishop," and respectfully invites "His Grace's" opinion upon the condition of the Diocese. Although he would have made a



BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Lady Binks (a devoted widow, earnestly). "OH, MR. CRICHTON, BE CAREFUL HOW YOU MARRY! SIR PETER, WHO, AS YOU KNOW, ROSE TO THE HIGHEST POSITIONS, USED FREQUENTLY TO SAY, THAT MORE MEN OWED THEIR SUCCESS TO THE BEAUTY AND SOCIAL CHARM OF THEIR WIVES, THAN TO THEIR OWN ENERGY AND TALENTS."

Mr. Crichton (plunging on the "nil nisi bonum" principle). "SURELY, LADY BINKS, NONE COULD SAY THAT OF SIR PETER!"

mistake in the titles of his subject (for which the archdeacon would gently chide him), still, he would have created a very favourable impression.

Lastly, here is another way. Supposing a young man has to interview a literary lion, who can dispose of his work at so many shillings the line in any quantity. Remembering this, the visitor, instead of wasting the time of his subject with idle questioning, might thus address him:—"My good Sir, all you may tell me will make excellent copy, and on that account, as only a pen stands between your words and the printer, I think it is only just that you should derive profit from your own brainwork." Probably this last method would be considered—by authors, at any rate—the best of the three. And, perchance, it might come about that the interviewed would address the young interviewer as follows:—"My good friend, as you have still your way to make I will do you a kind turn. You have been frank and considerate, and I will reward you. Here, I don't want to deprive you of a task that may lead to further advancement in your career as a promising journalist, but as I would rather that there should be no mistakes, I will write the interview myself! If it is too favourable, or the reverse, your editor's blue pencil will know how to deal with it." And then, with a hearty shake of the hand, Interviewing Cox and Interviewed Box would both be satisfied.

At Bath.

Wiffing (sympathetically). Here on account of the waters?
Piffing. No, unhappily. Here on account of the whiskies.



A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

Jones. "I SAY, MISS GOLIGHTLY, IT'S AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME, YOU KNOW. IF I'VE TRIED THIS SONG ONCE, I'VE TRIED IT A DOZEN TIMES—AND I'VE ALWAYS BROKEN DOWN IN THE THIRD VERSE!"

A SHEET-LIGHTNING DESCENT.

[On the burning of her house in Grosvenor Street, the Dowager Countess DELAWARR knotted two sheets together, and safely descended from the burning building, January 26.]

WE have heard of great pluck in disaster,
Of courage in dreadful defeat,
But a Countess has known,
And in peril has shown,
How a woman can yet be the master
Of fearsome retreat

By means of a sheet—just a sheet!
All praise to the Countess—and thanks to
the sheet!

Toujours la Politesse.

MR. SPAWKINS has placed twenty francs en plein on No. 23 (his own age) at the tables of Monte Carlo Madame la Comtesse de VIEILLE-CRUCHE proceeds to rake in the spoil when the coup comes off.

Mr. Spawkins. Hi! Madame! confound it all! That was my Nap!

Madame la Comtesse. Mille pardons, Monsieur. I am so borgne—blind. Permit me that I return you your stake?

[*HANDS SPAWKINS a gold piece, and vanishes before the Briton has recovered from the shock.*

TO TOM.

A BRAVE BOROUGH BOARD-SCHOOL BOY.

(By an Elderly but Earnest Admirer.)

["Oh, he is a good boy—and such a one for readin'! He takes his 'rithmetic books to bed with 'im! That were his only fault—for light is very costly."—*Mrs. Pullen, on her grandson "Tom," a Board-School Boy in the Borough. See "Studies in Board Schools," Daily News.*]

Yes, light is vory costly, as the wisest find, or mostly,

But Tom of Lant Street Board School, you're a brick, and no mistake!
A great GÆTHE well might glory in the hero of this story.

He cried for "light, more light!" But TOMMY, can you keep awake
With arithmetic in bed, Sir? You must have a steady head, Sir.

And an eager zeal for learning that beats ALEXANDER hollow.

He kept himself from drowsing by a brazen ball, arousing
Him from nodding by its tumbling. An example good to follow!

But you've bettered it! How thorough, my young student of the Borough,
Must be your love of knowledge, when you take your sums to bed.

I am sure multiplication cannot signify vexation

To a boy so fond of book-lore and with such a wakeful head.

Why, I do not mind admitting, though I know that study's fitting

To a fellow who means business, and intends to make his way,

That the Rule of Three at Night, Sir, would have filled me with affright, Sir;

For I couldn't always fix my thoughts thereon, Tom, e'en by day!

Young TOM PULLEN, you're a winner, and at study quite a stunner,

And I wish you luck, TOM PULLEN, and may granny never stint

The extra bit of candle to enable you to handle

O'er your pillow ciphering problems,—they're not all "as plain as print,"

As I happen to remember; though I did not, in December,

Take arithmetic to bed with me—'twas mostly SCOTT or DICKENS,

Or some story book or novel. But oh! in a Lant Street hovel,

Where the sun is ne'er too bright, TOM, and the night-mist early thickens,

Though the board school is a boon, TOM, and I trust you'll shine there soon,
TOM,

There would be excuse for nodding o'er your lessons. But you don't!

Your granny, TOM, has said it, and it's vastly to your credit,

And whoever makes a mull of life, dear TOM, I'm sure you won't!

Lacteal Veracity.

Squire (to Mr. Pails, the great dairy-farmer). Bad time for the cows during this frost, eh?

Mr. Pails. Dreadful, Sir. You wouldn't believe how the ice interferes with the flow of milk. But they recognise the fact in the great metropolis. I'm sorry to say.

[*And so does Mr. Pails.*]

CON. FOR THAT CONCERT.—What is the use of an "Ottoman" that cannot be "sat upon," or a "Porte"—however sublime—which cannot be "shut up" when needful?



AT WESTMINSTER HALL.

1795.—1897.

! SHADE OF WARREN HASTINGS (to MR. C-C-L RH-D-S). "I SUCCEEDED, AND WAS IMPEACHED! YOU FAIL—
AND ARE CALLED AS A WITNESS!"





DRY HUMOUR.

"BE'N'T YE COMIN' OVER FOR 'IM, MISTER?!"

A CALL FROM ARMS.

GOOD MASTER PUNCH,—We address you, as you have an heraldic disposition. You have not two supporters to your arms (unless you count your staff), but you have one—a faithful one—in dog *Toby*. And on his account you will feel for us—at least, that is our hope and impression.

For a very long time we have been accorded comfortable quarters—or, we should say, quarterings—in the Royal Arms. We do not allude to a hostelry of that title, but in the Imperial Emblazonment. We do no harm, although there is some slight provocation to cause a disturbance in the facts that the Irish harp is in the next lodging, and the Scottish lion is rampant on the floor—or should we say field?—above us. And our calm air of peacefulness is all the more praiseworthy as three others of our race, who are not one whit better than ourselves, are placed in front of us, leading the whole heraldic procession. Now for our grievance. Suddenly some gentleman, dating from the House of Commons, writes to the daily papers, and asks for our dismissal! We are to be turned out to make room for some double-headed monster representing India and the Colonies! The misguided individual who thus seeks to disturb our comfort proposes that the monster shall be a lion! Adding insult to injury! Why another lion? Surely there are enough

already. Besides, we know what a full-sized lion is like. Look at the Scottish lion. Of course, we must not speak ill of our neighbours, but cannot you see that he is playing an imaginary pair of haggipes? If you don't hear the national instrument, it is because usually our flag is floating too high over your head to hear anything. And why should India and Australia be represented by a lion? India has made the tiger her own, and Australia the kangaroo. Besides, we do not care for lions in too great quantities. Strictly, between ourselves, we are not lions, but only leopards! No; if the Royal Arms must be disturbed, send the two-headed monster or the tiger and the kangaroo outside. Let them help the lion and the unicorn to support our dignity. If we know those two quarrelsome neighbours at all, we fancy they will make short work of them! They have not forgotten the days, we ween, when they "fought for the crown"—as all good subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, indeed, should and truly would.

One last reason for our retention. If we three lions in the last quarter were turned out, the other three lions in the first would mope for us. And all six of us look sufficiently melancholy as it is! So say a good word for us, and earn the gratitude of—

Yours sincerely,
THE THREE LIONS IN THE
FOURTH QUARTERING.

Herald's College, E.C.

PLAINT OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

(After reading the Debate in the House of Commons on Sir H. Vincent's proposed Merchandise Marks Act Amendment Bill.)

Fragment from the new Comic (and Economic) Opera 'Impatience.'

British Trade sings:—

WHEN I first put that trade mark on Foreign goods which for British would pass,

I said, "I have hit on A scheme every Briton Will own is extremely first-class. Foreign goods may have charms for the fair,

But this mark will establish a scare. The Merchandise Act is, When put into practice, Quite certain home trade to repair." A fact that I counted upon, When I popped "Made in Germany" on!

Chorus of Foreign Traders.

By a funny coincidence few Could ever have reckoned upon, The same thing occurred to us, too, When you first put that Trade Mark on.

I said, when I first put it on, "It is plain to the veriest dunce, Each foreign competitor Now must regret it, or Yield to its glamour at once!" But, gracious! I argued in haste; Foreign goods, when cheap, handsome and chaste,

The buyer, though British (Most selfishly skittish), Found still very much to his taste. Which I never counted upon, When I first dabbed that trade mark on!

Chorus.

By a curious difference you Could hardly have counted upon, We took quite an opposite view, When you first popped that trade mark on!

[Foreign Competitors go off joyously.

As soon as alone, British Trade changes her manner and becomes intensely mournful.

Am I alone, And unobserved? I am! Then let me own The trade mark is a sham! VINCENT, I fear, Is but a mere Veneer! TOM BOWLES's smile Is but a wife Of guile! E'en JEMMY LOWTHER Is just another. Oh, bother!

Let me confess! Parliament's use of foreign pencils frights me!

"Faber, Bavaria"? RITCHIE's boldness blights me!

Who cares what "Made in Germany" means,

If gain he gleans? True patriots would not buy Dutch cheese, Or Japanese.

But all that HOWARD VINCENT's Fair Trade attitudes,

And patriot platitudes, Of true "Protection" seem mere affectation.

"Protection" only will protect the nation!



EXCESS LUGGAGE.

Elderly Lady (been out shopping, laden with purchases and very much out of breath). "BUT YOU 'AVE ROOM FOR ONE INSIDE."
Conductor. "ONE INSIDE'S ALL VERY WELL, MISSIS, BUT WE AIN'T A PANTHICKENIN FURNITURE REMOVAL VAN!"

THE PLAY-WRECKER'S VADE MECUM.

["I do not believe in 'organised opposition' on the first night of a new piece—the interruption comes from would-be wits in the pit and gallery."
Article in a Theatrical Magazine.]

Question. With what end in view do you accept an occupation that appears—on the first blush—to be neither amiable nor useful?

Answer. To gratify a strong desire for mischief at the cost of someone else's comfort, convenience and profit.

Q. Then you do not attempt to laugh a play off the boards merely to protect the interests of the drama?

A. Certainly not, for those interests are in far safer hands when they are guarded by managers who have their cash, and dramatic critics their reputation at stake in performing their duty to the British public.

Q. What is the duty of a manager to the British public?

A. To select, cast, and rehearse a play in such a manner that those who attend the performance shall have no reason to regret the money spent for admission to the auditorium.

Q. And what should be the object of the dramatic critic?

A. To write an article that the readers of the paper to which he is accredited shall find a faithful adviser in the choice of theatres with suitable entertainments.

Q. Is the work of these two servants of the public a pleasure?

A. That is a matter of chance, but it is certainly an affair of business.

Q. Then your action as a play-wrecker differs in one important particular from the duty of a manager and a professional critic?

A. Of course; as my object is merely to amuse myself, without counting the cost to the community.

Q. Does it require a profound knowledge of the stage to follow your calling?

A. Not at all; as my object is obtained by catching up some

unimportant line in the dialogue and turning it to account by casting it into ridicule.

Q. Will you give an illustration of your meaning?

A. Suppose that someone on the stage has to say, at the commencement of the last act, "I wish that this were over," then it would be my cue to answer, "And so do we."

Q. It does not matter, I suppose, whether the speech on the stage was appropriate to the dramatic situation?

A. Quite so. Whether the play is good or had the retort will be equally effective.

Q. I see; then the omission of the stage-manager to cut out a risky line in an excellent play gives you an opportunity to endanger the fortunes of a work that may have cost years of thought and thousands of hard-earned money?

A. Very likely; but that is the fault of the authorities behind the curtain.

Q. And you know that the first thoughtless laugh may be followed by many others?

A. So I have observed; and, consequently, when I have made the first step in wrecking a play the remainder of the task is delightfully easy.

Q. I suppose you have not considered that the wreck of a play entails not only loss upon author and manager, but usually scores of breadwinners?

A. I have not given that matter much thought; but no doubt if actors, actresses, and the *employés* behind the scenes see the shutters up, they must look elsewhere for situations.

Q. And what benefit do you derive from having assisted to cause a *fiasco*?

A. The positive pleasure of enjoying a cruel laugh and the possible advantage of being considered a minor wit amongst small circle of acquaintances.

Q. Then, taking everything into consideration, and giving your reply as a representative of a fairly good-natured community of Englishmen, is the game quite worth the candle? [No answer.]

A SLIPPERY SUBJECT.

(Fragment (found floating) from the Diary of a Beginner.)

THE ice will bear. Not impossible that before these lines are in type (if they are ever printed), the sun will have broken out, the frost have disappeared, and nature will be smiling in cheerful spring-brought sunshine. But for the moment—the ice will bear.

My doctor tells me that exercise is everything for me. Well, as I weigh well, or rather badly, over fifteen stone, I require things on a large scale. My horses should be elephants, and if I took to cycling, the machine would have to be particularly strong in the framework. But this is not a question of horses or bikes. All I want is a pair of skates—I am told Caledonians, for choice—and there I am. But there is a certain drawback to my progress. I have never tried skating. Fact is, that whenever there was any ice available in my neighbourhood, the moment I made up my mind to put on skates, there commenced a thaw. So I have never had any practice—to speak of. Indeed, had I had any, there would have been a good deal to speak of painfully. But away with idle regrets, the ice will bear.

I am at the edge of the frozen water. My skates have been put on firmly, and I move forward. Come, this is excellent. I find I can stand on the blades. But not for more than five moments. A gust of wind catches me, and I move feebly forward. Then my right leg suddenly goes one way, and the left another. Then both heels ascend sharply, and down I come on my back. First fall for—or rather on—the ice. I get up, and having lost my hat, try to secure it with the assistance of my umbrella. I cannot rise, as when I put one foot firmly on the ice, the knee of the other leg topples over, and I find myself on all fours. However, at length I secure the hat and replace it on my head. My satisfaction is great, especially when I remember that the ice will bear.

I am assisted to rise by two kindly skaters who take pity on my forlorn condition. I find that I can walk a bit by standing on the sides of the skates. I am told that this is the wrong way, and once more put firmly—well, scarcely firmly—on my feet. I am on the centre of the pond. Or rather, I am a little nearer one bank than the other. There is safety in that nearer bank. The other is a shaky investment. I smile at the amusing thought—and stumble. This is no time for frivolity. I strike out nervously. My left leg behaves better than I could possibly have expected. The right comes up to the left. Both secure—as yet. Then the boisterous wind again makes sport of me. I am being borne along towards a placard bearing an inscription. I cannot control my actions. I have but one comfort left—the ice will bear. . . . No, it won't!

At Salt Hill.

(Fair American attends her first Meet of the Queen's Buckhounds.)

Fair American (after surveying the field). Guess we could match Queen Victoria's friends among poppa's employ-ees at Chicago.

[But, somehow or other, she contrives to make the acquaintance of a British Nobleman and a Baronet.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



VISCOUNT L-B-CH-RE OF TWICKENHAM.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, spotted before a beak several crafty mendicants exposed proper; 2nd, inside a westminster orle a british lion of rectitude daneetté on a charter componée, charged with little games sinister under a cloud proper; 3rd, on a ground party-coloured of revolt a primrose of nobility barred and erased; 4th, in a pillory an heraldic pigott displayed in contumely; over all, on an escutcheon the family coat of Baron Taunton. Crest: Issuant from a club (National Liberal), a hawk-eyed lynx rampant in his glory, gorged with a banquet for popularity. Supporters: Dexter, a classical figure representing Little England suitably attired, her defences somewhat neglected perhaps, atatan on the pale of civilisation; sinister, an elector of northampton proper. Second motto: "Britannia needs no bulwarks—they come too expensive!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, January 25. —At first sight there is nothing about HENRY HOWORTH that reminds one of Falstaff. Nor has WHITE RIDLEY quite the figure of Prince Hal. Yet to-night he fell quite naturally into the attitude of the light-hearted Prince on a famous occasion.

"Mark," said Prince Hal, when Falstaff had made an end of the detailed narrative of his fight with the men in buckram, "Mark now how plain a tale shall put you down."

On Friday PRINCE ARTHUR, knowing all the facts, burning with indignation at aspersions and insinuations which painted WHITE RIDLEY a black conspirator, flew at the astonished HOWORTH, banged him about the head, almost literally hustled him off premises. PRINCE ARTHUR so violently angry, people began to think there was something in the charge.

To-night HOME SECRETARY appears at table, unruffled, serene in the snowy whiteness of his innocence. Did not even turn aside for a moment to rap at HOWORTH or lament over JEMMY LOWTHER'S latest lapse from line with old friends and colleagues on Treasury Bench. It had been said that RIDLEY'S release of the dynamitards was

an encouragement to crime, that it had been accomplished in political collusion with the Irish Members. HOME SECRETARY simply said these things were not, and in few unadorned sentences substantiated his denial. Carried entire House with him, and though JEMMY LOWTHER tipped his hat further back over his broad brow, and smiled inscrutably, HOWORTH hastened to abandon his amendment.

A striking triumph this of force of moral character. There are, as SARK says, two personages for whom House of Commons has unerring scent. One is a humbug, the other an honest man.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY wandering about the corridors and lobby in strangely pensive mood. Committee Room No. 15, birthplace of a United Irish Party, has been once more the scene of interchange of fraternal feeling. Resolution carried which practically expels from the brotherhood TIM and those faithful to him. It is not this thunderclap that clouds his manly brow, that dims his eyes with unwonted moisture, and causes to quiver lips that sternly close when the figure of JOHN DILLON crosses his path. They might pass what resolutions they pleased, and TIM'S stout heart would beat without tremor or

regret. There is worse than that, and TIM's voice falters as he tells the tale.

"After they passed the resolution," says he, "I got up and openly declared that I defied and despised its provisions. On resuming my seat, I wrote a polite request that this phrase should be entered on the formal minutes of the proceedings, and what do you think? *They refused to do it.*"

Thus was the iron driven into TIM's soul. In a free country, at the close of the so-called nineteenth century, gathered within the precincts of the mother of Parliaments, the chairman, representing a majority of a meeting, actually declines at the request of one present to enter on the minutes the fact that the gentleman in the body of the room "defied and despised" conclusions arrived at by the said majority! That is the last straw breaking the stalwart back upon which has been piled contumely after contumely. It was not much to ask; a few scratches of the pen would have done it. JOHN DILLON, inebriate in the strength of his majority, stubbornly refused. So the die was cast, and TIM, perhaps not without generous tears, has finally severed the tie that bound him to his old associates. Now there are not two Irish Parties, but three Irish Parties, all hating each other for the love of Ireland.

"There's the Dillonites and the Redmondites; what will your Party be called?" I asked TIM.

"They'd hetter call us the Ishmaelites," he said; "I warrant we'll live up to the part."

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Wednesday.—The House laughed noisily when RITCHIE jumped up just now, intercepted the lead pencil JEMMY LOWTHER was handing back to HOWARD VINCENT, and put it in his pocket. But there was a hollow ring in the laughter. There remains an uneasy feeling in reviewing the incident.

It arose in debate on Bill to amend Merchandise Marks Act. Early in its



Not Sir Alb-rt R-ll-t, but Mr. Bh-w-n-ggree, of Bethnal Green, walking into Sir W. Wedderburn, Naoroji and Co.

course, RITCHIE lent HOWARD VINCENT a lead pencil. (As marking the happily temporary, certainly deplorable, lapse of morality current, it may be mentioned that HOWARD VINCENT forgot to return the article.) In proof of the invasion of goods made in Germany, lead pencils were flashing forth in all directions. Ever was

found on them the mark of the Beast—"Made in Bavaria."

JEMMY LOWTHER, conscious of rectitude, fearless in his Protectionist principles, drew a pencil from his poke, and (in Parliamentary language, of course) offered to bet the SPEAKER two to one that it was English made. Fortunately for him, the bet not taken. JEMMY, examining his property, found that it also was made in Bavaria. In gallant attempt to cover his confusion, HOWARD VINCENT passed to him across Gangway another pencil hearing the same mark. JEMMY, having ascertained this fact, was handing the thing back, when up jumped President of the Board of Trade, made a dash at the pencil as aforesaid, and pocketed it.

"Then," said Mr. LOWTHER, in stern voice, "this is a pencil supplied to a Minister of the Crown?"

"No," said RITCHIE, trembling under his frown. "I got it in the library."

"Well," said the judicial JEMMY, involuntarily passing his hand over his head as if feeling for the Black Cap, "it is a pencil acquired by a Minister of the Crown, and I think a Minister of the Crown ought to acquire an English-made article."

How lovely is that word "acquire"! "Convey" the wise call it. "Acquire" is the way of putting it that occurs to the judicial mind of JEMMY LOWTHER when for a moment a shade hangs low over the moral character of a Minister of the Crown.

Business done.—HOWARD VINCENT'S Merchandise Marks Amendment Bill politely, but firmly, thrust forth.

Thursday.—Throughout occasional tumult of debate to-night on Lord PENRHYN's quarrel with his quarrymen, there sat on front bench of Peers' Gallery a tall figure with face inscrutably masked, stonily staring. At beginning of sitting, there was crowd of Peers. None spoke to the Masked Figure, nor it to them. It took its seat at question time, and with brief interval, when SPEAKER retired, it remained till eleven o'clock, when debate closed.

Nothing that passed in animated scene below brought a flicker of expression to the stony face. JONES of Arfon set forth case of quarrymen in speech of admirable tone, delivered with modest mien that quickly won sympathy of House. Lord PENRHYN's son and heir stumbled over monuments of manuscript in defence of his noble father. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT delivered brilliantly erratic speech on same lines. President of Board of Trade, jeered at from below Gangway, where the young Tory lions were conscious of approach of feeding time, defended action of his department. SQUIRE of MALWOOD solemnly improved the occasion. PRINCE ARTHUR, troubled about many things, clawed viciously at the stately figure that had just resumed its seat on Front Opposition Bench.

So the discussion rolled on, sometimes monotonously meandering, oftener tumbling down turbulently like the waters at Lodore. Always the figure in the Peers' Gallery sat impassive, stonily staring. Quite fascinated me. Asked SARK who it was.

"Lord PENRHYN," he whispered.

Business done.—Lively debate on the Penrhyn Quarry dispute.

Friday.—Great comfort to us all to have Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES constantly moored alongside Treasury Bench. His presence inspires feeling of confidence in any emer-

gency. Suppose a sudden vacancy either at the Treasury, the War Office, the Admiralty, the Board of Works—anywhere you please. There's the CAP'EN ready and



GETTING A SLATING.

Lord Penrhyn's Attitude! (A recollection of the Peers' Gallery during the Bethesda Debate.)

willing temporarily, or if the nation insists, permanently, to fill up vacancy.

To-night gave fresh assurance in new direction. House engaged in carrying South African Committee; got into a muddle as to whether number should be seventeen or fifteen; dilemma intensified by discovery that the motion as it stood on the paper proposed sixteen. SAUNDERSON, who fears nothing, grappled with difficulty for several moments. At last gave it up in despair. When House believed that, somehow or other, it had been settled, TIM HEALY brought it up in fresh phase.

All eyes turned towards SPEAKER. Right hon. gentleman slowly rose. Before he could open his mouth, the CAP'EN had tripped his anchor, slewed his forearm—"Four arm?" growls JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, "why, he's only got one"—run his lee-scuppers before the wind, and settled the whole matter.

"That is what I was about to say," meekly observed the SPEAKER, when the CAP'EN had signalled his message.

A generous but unfortunate admission. It may lead to the question being some day raised, Why not save the salary of the SPEAKER, entrusting his duties to the care of the CAP'EN?

Business done.—South African Committee appointed.

Walking Home from the Pantomime.

Little Chris (who usually goes to bed very early). Mamma, have all the angels been to Drury Lane to-night?

Mamma. No, darling. Why?

Little Chris (pointing to the stars). 'Cause they've kept the lamps up there lighted so late.



THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

Comely Housemaid. "NONE FOR YOU, MISS."

Daughter of the House. "BUT—WHY—WHO ARE ALL THOSE FOR, THEN?"

Comely Housemaid. "ME, MISS!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—In continuing my researches in the City, after to have passed the dragon of pantomime at the entry, I desire to visit the Bank of England. I have already seen the exterior several times. He is not beautiful; he has the air of a prison. Evidently for to admire the Bank of England he must to visit the interior.

In face the Bank one sees the palace of the Lord Maire. It is a palace enough sad, *noir et morne*, and absolutely without garden. One time I have asked myself how the Lord Maire and *Madame la Lord Mairesse*—how says one her title?—can to walk themselves. It is impossible in the streets so encumbered of persons. What world! What noise! What movement! I thought that, perhaps, the Lord Maire exercises himself to make the "box" in one of the saloons. But, *comme ça*, as that, he would respire but the air of a room. For an English he must absolutely to exercise himself in full air. In passing the palace for to arrive at the Bank of England, I ask myself again that which he does.

I descend from the "handsome cab," I enter the court of the Bank, and suddenly I find the response to this enigma. See there that mister so respectable, so full of dignity, dressed in magnificent robes of scarlet and of gold, and carrying on the head a *chapeau à cornes*, a hat to horns! It is him! I say to myself, "*Tiens, AUGUSTE mon cher, tu as de la chance, voilà le Lord Maire qui se promène en grande tenue!*" In fine I comprehend, by blue! The Lord Maire has not of garden. Therefore he is obliged of to walk himself in the court of the Bank. *C'est dommage*, it is damage that *Madame la Lord Mairesse* accompanies him not to-day. Eh well, I have seen the Lord Maire! He has the figure very amiable, the beard grey and a little long, and he has at the least six feet of height. I per-

ceive that he salutes gravely several misters who enter. It is astonishing that they return his salute so coldly. Even they lift not the hat. See there the pride of the great financiers, of the high bank, in the City! They are equals of the Lord Maire. They are proud as the Senators of Venice, as the Grands of Spain.

I ought to say that I rest during these some instants a little hidden under the arch of entry. Truly I am suchly astonished and interested that I think not, for the moment, that it is impolito that of to regard thus the most great man of London. I hope that he has not perceived me. I think to retire myself discreetly, when I meet the benevolent regard of the Lord Maire. I lift respectfully my hat high form. Him also he lifts the hat, and then he asks very graciously that which I desire. Ah, the good occasion! I respond to him, "Milord, if that can himself I would wish well to visit the interior of the Bank." He says that for that a stranger must be presented to the directors by some person of their acquaintance, but that I can to visit the court, the three offices around, and the garden. The garden! Ah, *voilà enfin le jardin du Lord Maire!* I thank him infinitely of his gracious amiability, I visit the droll of garden, absolutely black, with two melancholy trees, and some shrubs all *fétris*, and then I go to search a mister of my acquaintance, without doubt very well known of the directors, who will have perhaps the goodness of to present me.

He is very amiable, and of a charming politeness. Himself he accompanies me to the Bank, where he shows me the grand saloon and the library. This last is small, and resembles a little to a cellar. Then we visit the printery—*imprimerie*—the cellars of the bullion, the "weighing machina," and the room where the gold and the notes of bank are amassed. Ah heaven, what richnesses! Enormously of gold! *Partout* we are received by some very polite misters, who show to me all these things with a courtesy of which I am extremely recognising. In this last room they show to me a packet of notes of bank, representing one million of pounds sterling. I hold him for an instant. It is a quite little packet, which one could send by the "Parcel Post" for four pennies and half. They take him from a quite little cupboard, filled of notes of thousand pounds; a little cupboard of which the contents represents more than all the richnesses of Johannesburg! My faith, it is astonishing! I am almost *bouleversé* by the idea of richnesses so enormous!

Then we quit the Bank. In traversing the court we encounter the Lord Maire, who salutes my friend, but this last makes but a little sign of head, a nod. "How," I say to him, "you other Londonians are so proud that you return not even the salute of your Lord Maire?" "The Lord Maire," responds my friend, "where is he? I don't see him." "There," I say, "in robes of gala, he has saluted you." My friend *éclate de rire*, and laughs so much that he can not to respond to me. In fine he becomes more calm, and then he says, "That's not the Lord Maire, that's the porter of the Bank."

Oh la la! Je me suis trompé. Mais quelle Banque, avec un concierge comme ça! Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

"WHY RUIN THE GUARDS?"

(Echoes from the Service Clubs.)

From "The Rag." Because somebody must go to Gib. Because why should the Household Brigade be better off than the Line? Because favouritism is prejudicial to the interests of the service. Because one fellow is as good as another fellow, and that sort of thing. Because "side" is bad form. Because the fuss about it is all "jolly rot."

From "The Junior."—Because after all it is not so bad as it seems. Because you can get decent hunting round the Rock. Because if you want big game there's plenty of it over the way in Africa. Because with leave and luck you can have, now and again, a successful flutter at Monte Carlo. Because what's the odds so long as you are happy.

From "708, Pall Mall."—When it will unsteady the men. When the discipline has been first-rate, and no one wants to send them to Bermuda. When there are no facilities for manœuvring and musketry at Gib. When the Household Brigade is the pride of London and Windsor. When the Birthday Parade is about the best function of the season. When the seven battalions are prepared to go anywhere at a moment's notice, barring Gib. When sentry-go is already so unpopular, and there's any amount of that sort of thing on the Rock. When it endangers the safety of the nation, and—but this is quite an afterthought—unsettles everybody's domestic arrangements.

From "The Senior."—Because the Government wouldn't have dared to do it, Sir, if they had known anyone was looking. Because the Service is going to the dogs—and the monkeys at Gib.

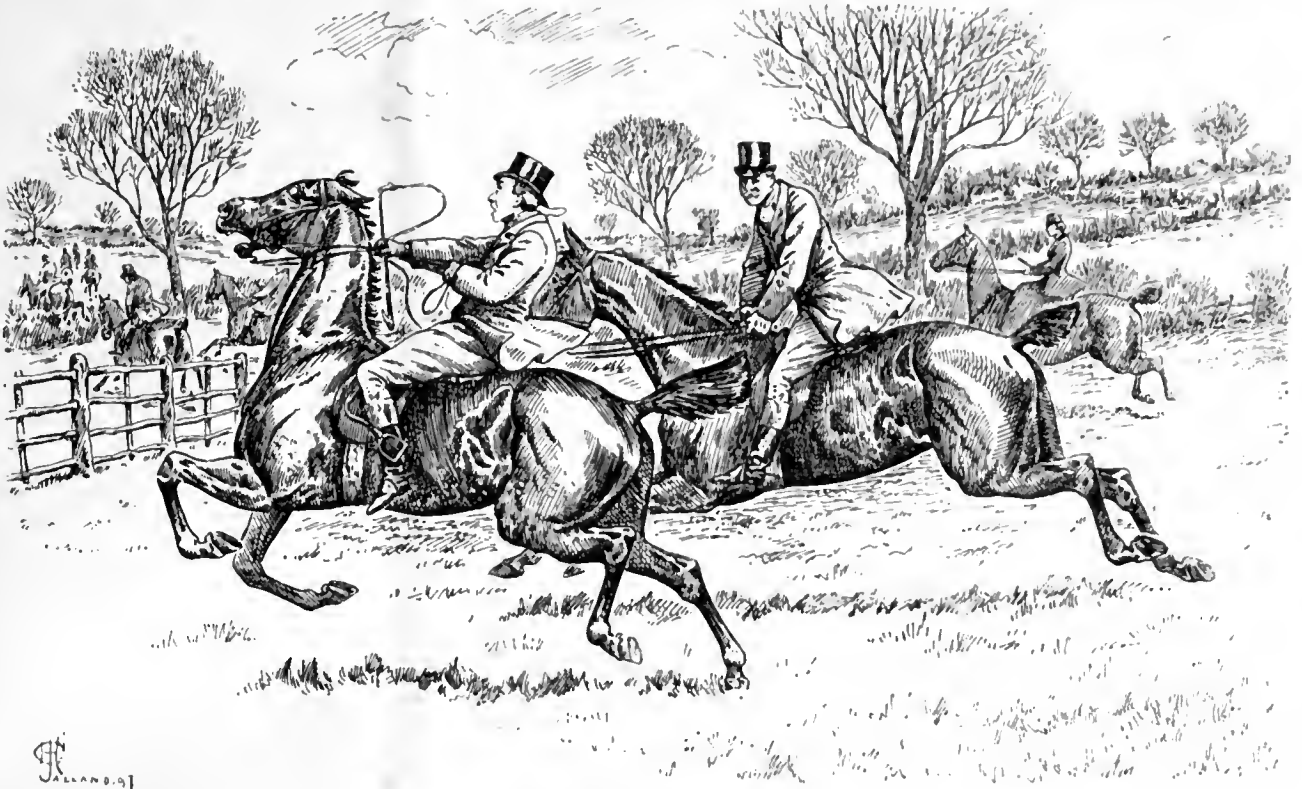


THE EXILE FROM MAYFAIR.

Excited Guardsman (ad "Gib."). "AW—LET ME SEE, DO I KNOW ANY OF YOUR PEOPLE?"

[On Thursday night it was announced by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords that three battalions of the Guards shall be stationed at Gibraltar. One battalion will be sent out this year.]
["The Barbary ape . . . has become naturalised on the rock of Gibraltar."—*Rev. J. G. Wood's "Natural History."*]

Sir John Tenniel



NOLENS VOLENS.

Sportsman (who has mounted Friend). "THAT 'S RIGHT, JACK. BANG HIM AT IT! A GOOD FALL OVER TIMBER WILL SOBER THE BRUTE DOWN!"

THE ART OF REVIEWING.

(See the "Westminster Gazette.")

SOME FURTHER POINTS OF VIEW.

THE LOCAL BUTTERMAN'S.

I REGRET to say that a grate amount of perfunctryness prevailes in our ighclass Trade jurnals with regard to the practise of Revewing. Vast quantities of valuable Littrature never gets any reconition at all at the ands of our most Esteemed Critics—I refer to the Gentlemen as conducts the Litrary Colums of such Infiential organs as *The Aylesbury Butterfly*, *The Margarine Makeweight*, and *The Thames Mudlark*. Praps it is because our most Promising Clients in the Departments of Fixion and Potry fale to submitt their hord'uœvres for notis in the Proper Quarter. Anyway, I regly peroose these Intresting Periodicals evry Saturday nite, and I never see the slitest clusion to the reelly Important fechures of a Book namely the Qolity and Tecksture of the Paper and the Natur of the Ink employd. I do think more attention shud be payd to these Pints. Many and many a edition would go off like of cakes in the leading Butter Cercles if adequit mention was made of these Particlars. As it is, it is ony by a long corse of Tryal and repeted Falures that I ave been abel to discover who are our likelyst young novlists and Minor Potes from a Perfessional Pint of Vew. I ope these slite ints may bare Frute, and awating your Further Esteemed Orders,

Yours obedtly, A. CREMER.

A VICTIM'S.

I have just had forwarded me (by a considerate Press-Cutting Agency) an impertinent and wholly undeserved notice in the *Literary Tomahawk* of the masterpiece to which I have devoted the best years of my boyhood, viz., a little volume of lyrics, entitled, *Duckweed Ditties*, which all my acquaintances in Peckham describe as the most characteristic and astonishing thing I have ever done. I understand that there is a strike at Lord PENRYN'S Slate Quarries (I never read the vulgar daily papers), and I would suggest that all reviewers be invited forthwith to fill up the gaps at that excellent institution, where they would doubtless find congenial and remunerative employment.

ANOTHER SUFFERER'S.

I consider I have been treated scandalously by the reviewers, I am a lady novelist, an exponent of the "literature of the lower self," and my living depends on the denunciatory critiques I get. Well, would you believe it, my last and finest analysis of the illicit passions, *A Human Fungus*, has never had a single line of notice at all. It is bad enough to be praised by our indolent fiction-tasters, but when it comes to being silently ignored, I think I had better give up writing altogether and take to district-visiting.

MISS IDA FALUTINS.

Reviewers? There are no such persons! I have wiped them out of existence. There were individuals who dared to attribute want of taste, lack of humour and bad grammar to my productions, but I abolished them in my latest masterpiece.

UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!

(A Cry from St. Pancras.)

[The St. Pancras Vestry have decided that the streets of that parish are in "a dirty and neglected condition on the Sabbath day."]

If "cleanliness be next to godliness,"
The City, sure, should be well-washed on Sunday!
But need immunity from muck and mess
Be even narrowed to a weekly one day?
Are sludge, and slime, and slop the secular doom
Of the great Matebolge we call London?
Must we add daily dirt to nightly gloom?
Cleansing of streets have cities more than one done.
Paris is clean, why not St. Pancras, then?
And every other parish in our city?
We have no lack of water, brooms,—or men
Eager for any labour, more's the pity!
Turn all hands on to sweep and scrape and squirt
Our dreary, weary City of Dreadful Dirt!

POLITICAL SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—By the crew of H.M.S. Premier, Mr. SAM. WOODS, M.P., is looked upon as a Walthamstowaway.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. VIII.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE *Theatrical and Musical Recollections* of Miss EMILY SOLDENE (Mrs. POWELL) will interest and amuse all who care anything either about music-hall matters or the introduction of Offenbachian opera-bouffe to the London stage. Opera bouffe came in just as that form of burlesque in one act and five scenes, which had succeeded to the extravaganza in scenes and acts, was moribund. With this novelty up went the price of production, and soon afterwards up went the price of seats in the auditorium. Genuine opera-bouffe at its best ceased to exist with OFFENBACH. HERVE and others were only of the Offenbachian school.

The charm of Miss SOLDENE's narrative is her simplicity of style. Like the heathen Chinese, she is "childlike and bland." She is so thoroughly Bohemian, telling so much, and yet leaving just so much more to be understood as can be conveyed in a wink and a nod, expressed by a sudden hiatus in the narrative. The Baron, who never had the pleasure of the lady's personal acquaintance, but who remembers her as *Drogan* in *Geneviève de Brabant* at the Philharmonic, wonders how certain exalted and generally superior personages, nowadays ("at their time o' life," as HERBERT CAMPBELL sings), like seeing the records of their bygone behind-the-scenes days? The pretty little anecdote at p. 137 is one of the instances of the Writer's "I-could-an'-if-I-would" style. Unless Miss SOLDENE were present on the occasion, on what authority is she enabled so graphically to describe the attitude and action of a certain exalted personage during his visit to the dressing-room of Mr. DION BOUCICAULT? However, taken as a whole, the reminiscences are good light reading, as the dry business details can be skipped, and if Miss SOLDENE has "more where these came from," there can be no doubt that her publishers will be "Downey" enough to secure her next book for the general benefit.

"Methinks," quoth one of the Baron's Baronites, "this is the very best number of the *Yellow Book* that I can remember. Miss ALINE SZOLD's sketches are charming. This figure of 'Grief' is positively sobbing, and these trees, 'spectral willows, half-asleep,' are the very 'Children of the Mist' of which Miss ROSAMUND WATSON sings. Whatever be your mood, you will find something to suit it. If you would be grave, read Mr. WILLIAM WATSON'S 'Lost Eden.' If you would be gay, look at 'My Note-Book in the Weald,' and I promise you Miss DEWIE's waiter will move you to merriment. If you are neither for tears wholly, nor for laughter, but for that April mood when sunshine and rain make rainbows in the sky, turn to the end of the volume and read the 'Prose Fancies' of Mr. LE GALLIENNE. They are prosy in nothing but the title. There are many other dainty morsels," remarked the Baronite, "for Mine Host of the Bodley Head has spread us a goodly feast. I c. nnot tell you the flavour of every dish on the table, but I can at least tell you where to dine." THE BARON.

FORTIFIED LONDON.

(By a Nervous Prophet.)

GLAD to read in the papers that at last all the defences of London are completed. Feel safe now from foreign invasion. KAISER, KRUGER & Co. are such untrustworthy people. What is that crowd outside? Why there's a cannon in the street! Suppose it burst? A cannon, indeed! Such a thing ought only to be in a large open space. Dean's Yard, for instance. But this is no time for idle jesting. Must go at once to Athenæum, and write a letter to the *Times*.

Leave by back door into mews to avoid cannon. Shells piled in mews. Get into Piccadilly. Notice on railings of Green Park, "Beware of Explosive Mines!" Retire hastily into Curzon Street and work eastward along back streets. Reach passage under Devonshire House garden. It is inscribed, "Closed for Storage of Nitro-Glycerine." Get round by Berkeley Square into Bond Street. Hope no projectiles will be flying through the air. Put up umbrella. Good idea, walk down Burlington Arcade. Paving there covered with boards. Notice up at entrance, "Tread lightly to avoid exploding Dynamite beneath." Leave hurriedly, and endeavour to get into Regent Street. Find narrow pass of Vigo Street blocked with earth-work and cannon. Retreat to Bond Street and get into Piccadilly. Another battery of artillery commanding the slope of St. James's Street. Observe that all the omnibuses have been arranged to carry one Maxim gun outside. Avoid cannon, go down Bury Street, and at last reach Athenæum.

Hurry inside, and fall over heap of sandbags. Get up, somewhat shaken, and then discover five bishops and a judge assisting in the removal of these bags to the roof. One of them hastily tells me that the club is being made quite safe, the roof being arranged for guns and the wine-cellar filled with barrels of powder. Bless me, how horrible!

Get home somehow. Must arrange to live in the peaceful republic of Andorra. Monaco no good; there is an army there.

Change for a Tenor.

["At the London Bankruptcy Court the failure was announced of JOHN SIMS REEVES, professional vocalist."—*Daily Graphic*, Feb. 2.]

'Tis true, 'tis pity! Poor SIMS REEVES! O how

Can he be left without a single stiver?

For he himself's a "tenner." Even now

Worth two good notes, and yet—without a fiver!

Echo Answers.

Voice (from the *American Senate*). What shall we do the friends of Peace to gratify?

Echo (from all well-disposed persons everywhere).

Ratify!

Voice. What to her cause are Anti-Arbitrators?

Echo.

Traitors!

Clear as Mud.

AFTER the somewhat "too previous" fashion of the day, it is solemnly and ceremoniously announced that "Mr. HENRY JAMES has finished another complete story." Now that is what we call a thoroughly satisfactory—in fact a "finished and complete"—statement. If the story were said to be finished without being complete, or even complete without being finished, now, there might be room for doubt or uncertainty. But since it is both finished and complete, what can the public want more—save (perhaps) the story itself?



BY TRAM TO THE PYRAMIDS.

(And, let us hope, in the above style.)

["The Government has granted a concession to the Cairo Tramways Company to make a line to the Pyramids, and also to fill up the Khalig Canal running through Cairo, and construct a line over it. The latter scheme will be a great sanitary improvement, as it will remove one of the causes of malarial fevers."—Daily Telegraph.]

THE NEW HARDY NORSEMAN.

(Nansenesque Version.)

["One dear old lady wrote to Sir GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, begging him to come to tea one day this week, and bring Dr. NANSEN with him, 'and,' she added, 'I will arrange for some appropriate people to meet him.'"—Daily News.]

The hardy Norseman's house of yore
Was on the foaming wave;
He would have deemed "at homes" a bore
Vikings dared not to brave.
But now, though gallant, grim and game
To front the frozen sea;
He finds one penalty of fame
Is—going out to teal!

The Norseman is more valiant now
Than he was wont to be.
A "Five o'Clock" palea not his brow,
Muffins ne'er make him flee!
Old scalds might hymn old heroes' fame,
But when did Sagas see
The Norseman crown a noble name
By—going out to tea?

A six-foot HAROLD FAIRHAIR stout
Is he, late of the Fram.
His soft blue eyes will smile, no doubt,
On many a social sham.
To burrow in a wolf-skin bag
At sixty below zero,
Was naught to him; but will he flag
When made a Mayfair hero?

Never depressed by loneliness
In the long Arctic night,
How will he stand the social stress
Of *soirée*, crush, tea-fight?
Will lecturing to our learned nobs
And beauteous dames, all soul,
Be ranked by him as tougher jobs
Than struggling toward the Pole?

NANSEN, brave boy, may you enjoy
Your Babylonian boom;
And never when swell plaudits cloy
Regret your Arctic gloom.
Never, half sick of social stir,
And fashionable flam,
Long for far Arctic frost and fur
Aboard your ice-bound Fram.

Booms, hardy Norseman, sometimes bore,
And lionising irks.
Yet NANSEN, you will doubtless score;
And won't it sell your works?

Here's health, wealth, fame, O, Norseman game!

Love, Luck, and £ s. d. !
May Leo not get trim and tame,
Through too much toast and tea!

"TO ARMS!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know that you are, among countless other callings, a Man-at-Arms, a genial Octopus surrounding all Humanity, therefore I venture to ask this profound question: What do you do with your Arms, when you go to bed? I speak as a sufferer, and one, I am sure, representing Millions of fellow-sympathisers. Let me illustrate our common case. I suppose that we all retire to our ouch to go to sleep, therefore, let me summarise how the Arms interfere with this laudable intention, as illustrated by the following table (taking "You" to be "We").

1. You lie on your back, hands crossed after the fashion of a Crusader on a tombstone. *Result.*—Pins and needles and change of position.
2. You shift over to the right side; right arm mutely quiescent, left arm indignantly dependent. *Result.*—Back position again.
3. You shift over to the left side: left arm mutely quiescent, right arm indignantly dependent. *Result.*—Back position again.
4. In opposition to this armed interference with your rest you place both hands beneath your head. *Result.*—Rush of blood to the head, and energetic protest of legs and feet.
5. You turn your face to the pillow. *Result.*—Suffocation and snoring. Arms still obdurate.
6. You cross your arms as if engaged in a hornpipe, and roll about like a water-logged ship. *Result.*—Concussion of elbows with ironwork of bedstead, and a desire to clasp your knees or pummel the wall.
7. Again trying the back position you lay your arms straight down by your sides. *Result.*—Dyspeptic sleep and waking nightmares.
8. *Total Result.*—Nox, et praterrea nihil. In this *précis* I fancy that Lord SALISBURY himself would not disavow my capability, but à *quoi bon*? My slumbers would be still prevented by the horrible interference of those members which are as ob-

trusive and as useless as are several National representatives at Westminster. If you could only suggest a plan for discarding my Arms—which have nothing to do with Mr. HARDINGE GIFFARD'S Armorial Club—I should be nightly obliged,

Yours in fear of the pillow-ry,
REGINALD RETOREX.

Morpheus Club, W.

[We can only suggest that our Correspondent should hang his arms on the bed-post before putting on his pyjamas. There would be no 'arm' in the experiment.—Ed.]

Twin Titans.

(On the announced amalgamation of the two great gun-making firms of Armstrong and Whitworth. By a Patriotic Unionist.)

ARMSTRONG plus WHITWORTH
Must be a good bit worth.
WHITWORTH plus ARMSTRONG!
There does seem a charm strong
In such combination
Of Titans! Elation
Through old England runs,
Seeing two such great guns
United at length.
Such union is strength!!!

At Southampton West (Low Tide).

Master Harry. Is this the place, Daddy, where King CANUTE ordered the sea to go back?

Father (deep in paper). Yes—of course.

Master Harry (pointing to acres of mud). And look how well it has obeyed him ever since.

Just Off—the Bourse.

Stockbroker (to Client, who has been pretty well loaded with certain scrip). Well, it just comes to this. Are you prepared to go the whole hog or nono?

Client (timidly). I think I'd rather go the nono.

A Scientific Nursery Definition.

Little Algy Muffin. What's the meaning of bric-à-brac, that Mamma was talking about to Colonel Crumpet?

Little Chris Crumpet. Those things we mustn't play bricks with, a-fear we'll break them.



A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE.

"WELL, MR. SOFTLEY, DID YOU REVENGE YOURSELF ON ALGY SINCE THAT QUARREL YOU HAD WITH HIM?"

"YES, INDEED. I ORDERED MY MAN TO BE WUDE TO HIS MAN WHEN HE MEETS HIM."

ACADEMIC DISCUSSION.

(Extracted from a Newspaper of a future date, when our own Undergraduates have followed the example recently set them at the Universities of Athens and Moscow.)

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Cambridge, Monday.

I REGRET to say that an incident occurred in one of the Trinity lecture-rooms this morning, which is likely to cause a fresh disturbance here. Professor SAWDUST, in his translation of a passage of THUCYDIDES, pointed out that the standard of courage amongst young men had been greatly lowered since the days of ancient

Greece. The class unanimously regarded these strictures as a deliberate insult to themselves, and they at once knocked the Professor down, and left the room. Subsequently a general meeting of the undergraduates was held, and an ultimatum was despatched to the master of the college, demanding a full apology and ten barrels of audit ale by way of compensation. The reply of the master has not been received up to the present, but if it be unfavourable, an outbreak of hostilities will certainly follow. Machine-guns already are being placed in those windows of the college which overlook the street.

Later.

No answer having been received, war has

been declared. Most of the Dons succeeded in making their escape over the river, but the Senior Dean, the Head-Porter, and a couple of bedmakers (who are suspected of being spies) are now imprisoned in the Buttery. The college is in a state of seige, and the Senate has been sitting for several hours to consider the situation. Reinforcements from Clare and Magdalene are said to be coming to the assistance of Trinity; but St. John's sides strongly with the professor, and their men have announced their intention of taking Trinity by storm to-morrow.

Tuesday.

Trinity is still untaken. One or two sorties occurred in the night, and seventy or eighty townsmen were shot, but no fighting of any real importance took place. There is great excitement at Newnham, where, despite the prohibition of the authorities, a mass meeting of students was held, which passed a resolution of sympathy with the Trinity rebels. Many ladies from the college have announced their intention of nursing the wounded.

Later.

Fighting became general this afternoon, and scenes of terrible carnage took place. A body of Indian students, in native undress, attempted to join in the fray, but were quickly dispersed with the help of a fire-engine. Mr. OSCAR BROWNING superintended a skilful attack made by a body of King's men upon Dr. JACKSON'S light infantry. His manœuvres, I am informed, were based upon a scheme communicated by the GERMAN EMPEROR. It is rumoured that a strong force from Oxford has started by train in order to take part in the rising.

Wednesday.

Hostilities have suddenly come to an end. Thanks to the vigilance of the besiegers, the supplies of the Trinity garrison were entirely cut off. When it was discovered this morning that the whole stock of marmalade was exhausted, negotiations for a truce were at once begun. Six of their leaders met six Fellows of the college in conference in the market-place, and, after some difficulty, a peace honourable to both sides was signed. Professor SAWDUST is to lecture no more for three years, and the undergraduates approval is to be obtained for the appointment of his successor. A first-class in the Tripos is to be awarded to all the men of Trinity and their allies who showed conspicuous valour during the recent engagement. On the other hand, any undergraduate shooting a Don without sufficient cause is to be liable to be fined by the Proctors, and the prisoners are to be released with a caution.

The conclusion of peace has caused general rejoicing, and great festivities will take place to-night. An ox will be roasted whole in the great court of Trinity, and the fountain will flow with Château Lafitte.

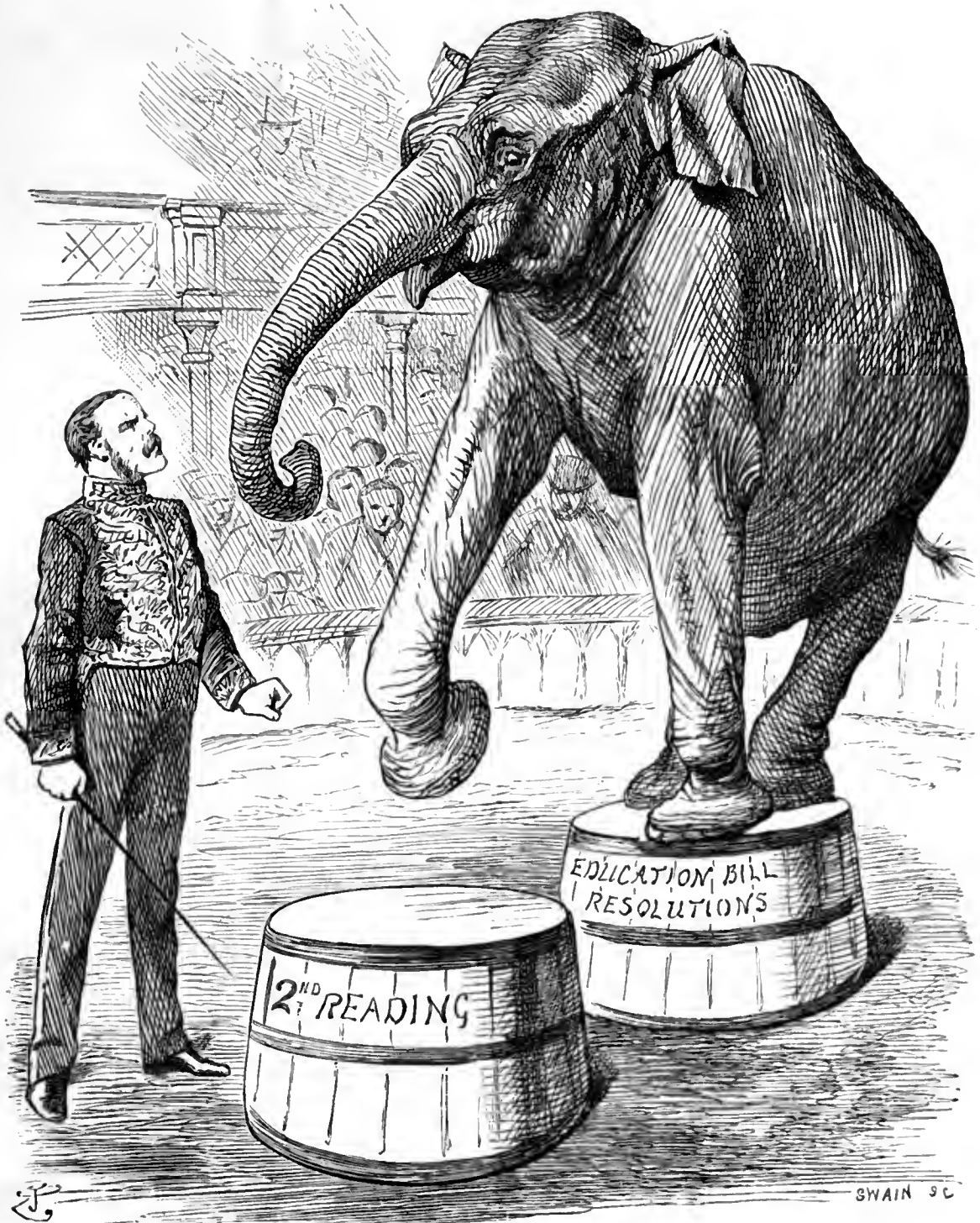
The Henemy.

[Egga, the riverside stronghold of the Foulahs, has been destroyed as a precautionary measure.]

THE Niger Expedition appears to be properly conducted. The proper way to disperse the "Foulah" army obviously being to destroy their "Egga."

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (it is hoped now finally incarcerated).—

Q. What is the cheapest kind of a yacht?
A. A paper-cutter.



THE ELEPHANTINE MAJORITY.

ARTHUR BLAIR (Ringmaster of the Westminster Circus). "HOPE HE'S NOT GOING TO TURN NASTY. HE'LL SPOIL THE WHOLE SHOW."





HIS LITTLE DODGE.

First Hunting Man (having observed the ticket with "K" on it in his friend's hat). "I DIDN'T KNOW THAT OLD GEE OF YOURS WAS A KICKER. HE LOOKS QUIET ENOUGH."
Second Hunting Man. "WELL, HE ISN'T REALLY. I ONLY WEAR THE 'K' TO MAKE PEOPLE GIVE ME MORE ROOM!"

UNMUZZLED.

(Page from a Bud Dog's Diary.)

WELL, they have taken it off at last! Not a moment too soon. However, all my practice has been for nothing. In a few days, I am sure I could have worked my mouth out, and then my friend the butcher boy would have had a lively time of it. I'll teach him to whistle at me! The scoundrel! But I said a time would come! And it has!

Ah! there's the tabby from No. 23. I rush at her. She waits calmly for me, thinking me muzzled. Unfortunately she discovers her mistake just as I get up to her, and hurries down an area. Rude brute! Swearing at the L. C. C. for doing an act of justice and mercy. Well, cats will swear at anything. Sorry I couldn't give her a nip for the sake of auld lang syne. Still, not nearly such good sport as the butcher boy. He's the lad for my money. I'll teach him to make grimaces at me! He'll be a great deal politer now that I can express my sentiments in the customary manner. Or if he isn't, I'll teach him.

The postman! Have a good bark at

him. Daren't go near him, as I know his boots. They are clumsy things, and hurt awfully. But he can't do anything to me if I keep out of his reach and bark. He's very angry, as my noise stops his chat with the housemaid who is doing the steps at No. 34. I don't care. If he dawdles much longer, my barking will attract my owner's attention. And then he will write to the Postmaster-General, or the papers, or something. So for his own sake, he'd better be civil.

Here comes a policeman. Wag my tail. Not that I like him, only its always best to be conciliatory to the powers that be. If it hadn't been for my coaxing ways I should never have been allowed out without my muzzle. My owner said he knew I should get into mischief. Well, well: I've never known him to tell a lie. And that reminds me. What has become of my friend the butcher boy.

The postman complains of me. Policeman says he can't do anything until I bite. Of course not. The housemaid (who seems to know the constable) chimes in. They are having quite a row about it. The discussion is closed by MARY finishing the steps of No. 34, and slamming the door. This gives me an opportunity for a good

sharp bark. The policeman looks at me, and I am off.

Clocks strikes. Surely this should be his time. Yes, there he goes on the other side of the road. Look round stealthily. My young friend is whistling, as usual. I'll teach him to whistle! He gets off his cart-tricycle and prepares to take out the mutton chops and round of beef for No. 76. . . . Bravo! And I have got a bit of the cloth! He shouts. I run for my life. But it's no good. For here comes the policeman. Well, what if I did bite him. It's no business of mine.

The policeman seizes me by the collar. What's he going to do? Oh, I see! Bless the L. C. C. They are always so thoughtful. The constable lets me go, as he's got my owner's name and address!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Philosophic Bard writes to his not too juvenile Lady-love on the subject of the thaw, which she has bitterly deplored in a letter to him.

THE snow has gone, the frost has fled,
 And you regret the wintry scene.
 Do you rejoice in things half-dead,
 Or love the tree no longer green?
 Are ice-blooms on the window-pane
 Fairer to you than buds in Spring,
 And must an Arctic Summer reign
 To make the flowers that you sing?

Let NANSEN tell of mystic spell
 That led him to the cheerless North.
 For me the never-frozen well
 Whence Love and Laughter bubble forth!
 The fount that in a sunny land
 Knows not that biting bitter breath,
 Nor feels the unrelenting hand
 Of him who binds the sea with death.

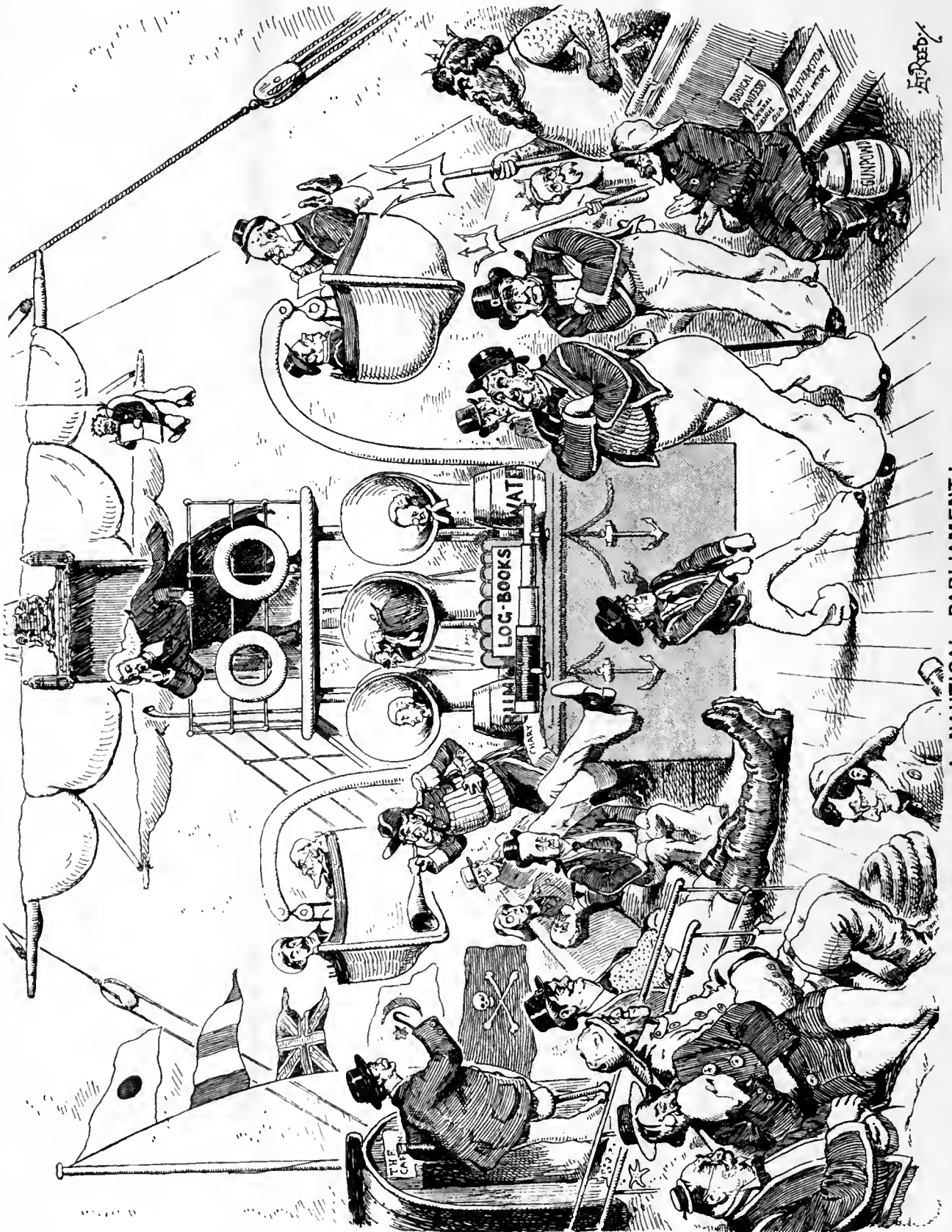
You state that when you saw the snow
 Trickle away in myriad tears,
 You wept, the while you did not know
 The meaning of your foolish fears.
 You say you thought—indeed were sure—
 You loved the earth so fair aud white,
 And mourned the passing of the pure
 Into the dismal drip of night.

I quite believe this morbid craze
 Of turning Nature's love to hate;
 But surely on this day of daze
 You had a bidding-call to skate?
 I say "a day of daze" because
 Your turn of mind is much too true;
 You only list to Fashion's laws.
 You were invited—I was too.

Yes! Lady WRINKER bade me come—
 You didn't know this little fact—
 Indeed she wrote, "Do keep it 'mum,'
 And look on with your well-known tact.
 For FLORRIE"—need I say that 'a you'—
 "Expects to meet her latest swain.
 I hope she doesn't know I knew."
 The only thing I fear is rain."

The rain came down! Your Acmes failed
 To cut the figure that you hoped.
 No wonder that your spirit railed
 To find the lake with care was roped.
 Young Thingummy—I trust he called
 To tell how cruel was his state.
 He's young and curly; I am bald;
 But I can do what you can't—wait!

SUGGESTIVE NAME FOR THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE AT WALTHAMSTOW.—
 Mountain DEWAR.



A NAUTICAL PARLIAMENT!
 (AS CAP'EN T-M-Y B-W-L-S WOULD PREFER TO SEE IT!)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 1. —Universal regret to-night at news flashed from the Border country that GEORGE TREVELYAN will sit among us no more. "At the age of sixty-five, and after forty-two years of laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the present opportunity. The retirement is dictated to me by my personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life. I should, perhaps, add that I am at present, and mean for a short time to be, engaged on a special matter which occupies me closely."

No, no. Of course that's what Mr. G. wrote to "My dear GRANVILLE" more than twenty-two years ago, on eve of epoch in career that would of itself have made fame of any man. GEORGE TREVELYAN not sixty yet; been only thirty years in public life. Circumstances otherwise so similar, even to "special matter" on hand in TREVELYAN's study, that I for moment mixed up things.

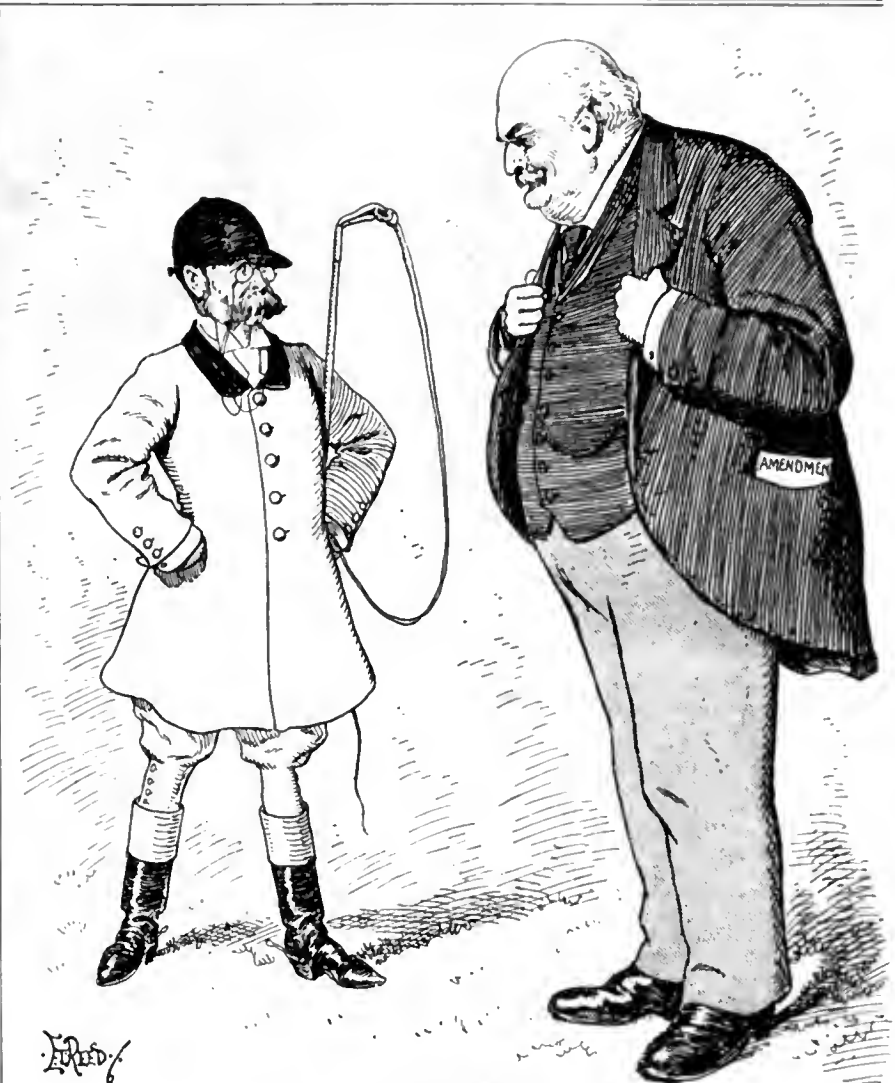
Since TREVELYAN, having, for conscience' sake, separated himself, on Home Rule question, from his old leader and the Party in which he was born, and performed the more heroic act of returning to the fold, he has been object of especial obloquy in certain quarters of House. Could understand a man moved by conscience making one sacrifice. But being thereby fortuitously landed amid circumstances of great prosperity, in a land flowing with milk and honey, where judgeships grew like brambles, Privy Councillorships paved the pathways, and first pick was had of places in the Ministry—how, in such circumstances, a politician should be troubled by further twinges of conscience, passed the understanding of simple-minded men. So, when TREVELYAN rose to speak, they howled at him, openly jeered, or ostentatiously conversed.

That is over now with his Parliamentary career. The bitterest partisan recognises in him an honest man, supersensitively honest if you will; of chivalrous spirit; of a courage that did not fear the assassin's knife in Dublin, nor the Irish Member's tongue at Westminster; a man who invested political controversy with the fine flavour of literature and the grace of gentlemanhood. GEORGE TREVELYAN is a born literary man. From a sense of duty he became a trained politician, and for thirty years has served the public in Parliament and on the platform. His real delight was in books; his home the library. In the triumphs and disappointments of an active political career

His heart untravelling fondly turned to home. Now he has entered it and closed the doors, presently to emerge, all the world hopes, with a newly written book of his own.

First night of new piece at Westminster Theatre Royal. The Education Bill: a serious drama, in three acts. These not named. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD suggests—Act I., Introduction; Act II., Amendment; Act III., Withdrawal. That a matter on the knees of the gods. (I don't mean in the gallery.)

Meanwhile, no doubt about success of



THE OLD WHIP!

Sir W-ll-m H-rt D-ke (to Mr. M-cl-n and others). "Minds of your own,' indeed, never heard of such a thing! Egad, Sir, I'd make some of yer come to heel if I had my way!"

the little farce which, in accordance with old tradition, preceded the drama. A one-man part, played by JOHN O' GORST. He is still Minister of Education, you know, and should, in ordinary circumstances, have had charge of the Government Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR thinks he will do it better, or at least safer. So Vice-President of the Council roots out of pigeon-holes of office a minute measure staggering under the title "A Bill to annul an Order in Council confirming a scheme relating to the Foundation known as the Berriew School." Just before PRINCE ARTHUR rose to explain the Education Bill, JOHN O' GORST, after gruesomely posing for a moment at the Bar awaiting the SPEAKER's signal to advance, solemnly marches up floor, carefully "bringing in" this infant scheme.

"What's the name of the school?" PRINCE ARTHUR asked him when he resumed seat on the Treasury Bench,

"Berriew," said JOHN O' GORST, in funeral, almost sepulchral voice.

"Bury you," mused PRINCE ARTHUR, vainly repressing a shudder. "I hope

that's not the proper pronunciation of the word. It would be a little ominous."

Business done.—Education Bill introduced in Committee of Ways and Means.

Tuesday.—Listening to BILLY DYKE just now discoursing on men and things, the Education Bill, the revolt below the gangway, the iniquity of insubordination and the right divine of gentlemen on the Treasury Bench, one sighs to think of the long silence imposed on this eloquent, persuasive tongue, when tied and bound by the leashes of the Whip. There is general feeling in House that DYKE has been badly done to. He bore the heat and burden of many days merged in all-night sittings. In office or in Opposition he was always at his post, adding to the essential qualities of a man of business the charm, inestimable in a Whip, of personal popularity. When, in 1895, his Party came into power with a thundering majority and the certainty of long possession of office, the old Whip—old in experience, young in years as statesmen go—was, so to speak, hung up in the harness-room. Situation made all the more bitter by seeing pro-

moted to pleasing office obscure men, who not only had not served the Party, but, when DYKE was drudging in the Whips' Room, did their level best to upset the coach.

Some noble souls thus smitten stride below the gangway, and there nurse their wrath to keep it warm. Of finer, truer metal, BILLY DYKE has shown no sign of the resentment others feel for him. Here he is to-night coming to help of Government in nasty circumstances, warning recalcitrants below gangway of the danger of the course they have embarked upon, and, whilst hinting at possibilities of improvement in Education Bill, declaring that he for one will stand by Ministers to the end.

"I am a Party man," he said proudly. "I have always been a Party man. I hope to live and die a Party man."

That's the stuff strong Parties are made of. The pity of it, SARK says, is that Party leaders are apt to take advantage of the loyalty of chaps like HART DYKE, and purchase with prizes that should be theirs the allegiance of shiftier men.

Business done.—Education Resolutions carried by Closure.

Thursday.—There is dolour at Knightsbridge, woe in Albany Street and the sound of wailing. The fiat has gone forth. The word was spoken to-day simultaneously in Lords and Commons. *The Guards, or some of them, all in turn, are to go to Gibraltar.* Brave men turn pale at the thought. Hearts that never beat a moment faster to the music of the cannon feebly throb. Suppose there isn't a pluckier man alive than PAUL SANDFORD, Lord METHUEN. For these twenty years past he has eagerly snuffed the battle-smoke wheresoever it has arisen. Far off Bechuanaland knows the snorting of "Methuen's Horse." Its broad veldts have trembled to the tread of their irresistible onslaught. Yet to-night, METHUEN, rising in the harmless, if not necessary, House of Lords, was so unmanned by the shock, so overcome by emotion, that he actually addressed the paralyzed Peers as "Gentlemen"! Not that the case is otherwise, but the etiquette of the place demands another form of address.

When report first got wind that three battalions of the Guards were to be stationed in the Mediterranean, Albany Street and Knightsbridge were suffused with feeling of patriotic satisfaction. Naturally concluded that Malta was intended. Malta a sort of better-class Eel Pie Island set in the Blue Mediterranean, with troops of friends bound East or West looking in, with the Fleet at hand, and good company assured. Not quite the same thing as Mayfair in the season. Still, consciousness that one is serving his country, protecting the Empire, makes amends for much. But Gibraltar! Fancy leaving London in the high season to yawn through May, June, and July on a blasted rock, Society being chiefly represented by the aboriginal apes who people its caverns! Moreover than which, there is no place at Gib to manoeuvre, the men will mope; the battalion will deteriorate; and all for what? The Guards die, but never surrender. And now they're to go to Gibraltar!

One thinks of CAMPBELL's pitiful lament:

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin.

What were his metrical woes compared with those that swell, at least an inch be-



THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. I.—To GET A TOSS IN A SNOWDRIFT, AND, WHILE LYING HALF-SMOTHERED, TO BE SWORN AT FOR NOT SHOUTING TO WARN THE MAN FOLLOWING YOU.

yond regulation measurement, the breast of him who shall dwell on the rock a poor Exile from Mayfair.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in in Commons.

Friday.—House listening to GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN discoursing on graveyards and other political topics of hour, apt to forget that he was one of the most brilliant men of his day at Balliol; First Class in Classics, Newdigate Prizeman, Chancellor's Prizeman for English Essay, and much else. University education doesn't count for much in our democratic days. Now Mr. G. has left us, few men are bold enough to venture on classical quotation.

A year or two ago, "MABON," it is true, addressing the House lightly dropped into the Welsh tongue. But that not quite the same thing. OSBORNE MORGAN can, I believe, talk Welsh with the pure Machynlleth accent. That he is as fully master of the Latin tongue as if he had studied it with VIROL in "unhappy Cremona" is proved by the little volume from the University Press PRINCE ARTHUR brought down with him to-night to study whilst HICKS-BEACH terrified SQUIRE OF MALWOOD with prospect of new expedition to Soudan.

The Welsh G. O. M. has tackled the Eclogues of VIROL, and, disdaining earlier expedienencies, has done them into English in the bard's own metre. Of course the result is uneven. So is the pathway up Snowdon and Parnassus. How charming it may be made let these three perfect lines from the fifth Eclogue testify:

Sweeter to me that song than the rising breath of the South wind,
Sweeter than music made by the wave-beaten shores of the ocean,
Sweeter than pebbly streams through rock-built valleys descending.

Plenty more like them in the volume.

Business done.—Pay up costs of last year's Soudan Expedition, and prepare for another.

THE NEW AZRAEL.

"Oh! had I but Aladdin's Lamp,
Were't only for a single day,"
I'd send Yank Oil Trusts on the tramp,
Whose only care appear to pay.

A "safety lamp" is in request,
But Oil-king profits it might spoil
Were some one to devise a test
For (reasonably) "safety oil."
Cheap oil may swell the Trusts' accounts;
As to its "flash-point"—don't inquire!
Meanwhile the death-rate mounts and mounts,
From lamp explosions causing fire.
Oh! King Petroleum is a king
Whose power and wealth arrest one's breath;
But need he spread an Azrael wing
Above us like a new King Death?

NEW NAME FOR LADIES WHO SOLICIT THE SUFFRAGE.—The Sturdy (Faithful) Begg-ars.

A BUY ELECTION.—Where the seat is sold.



A SKETCH IN REGENT STREET.

PUZZLE—ON WHICH SIDE ARE THE SHOP WINDOWS?

TRUE LOYALTY.

(Contributions selected from several leading Waste-paper Baskets.)

Cheapside.

SIR.—The proposal so nobly suggested by His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES will doubtless strike a responsive chord in the heart of every Briton. The welfare of our suffering brethren in the Hospitals is indeed an object worthy of our best endeavours. This fact will justify us in reminding your readers that the chances of recovery from illness are often imperilled by the unwholesome nourishment given to the patients, especially when they are ordered to take cocoa. You would hardly believe, Sir, the number of inferior brands of this commodity with which the market is flooded. How, then, could the British public better commemorate the glorious reign of our beloved QUEEN than by purchasing for every hospital in the kingdom a large quantity of the Pure, Wholesome, and Refreshing Cocoa manufactured only by

Your obedient servants,
NIBBS, DINBS & Co.?

Birchington College.

SIR.—My major says that he had an extra week's holiday in 1887 because of the Jubilee. Since then, as old EUCLID would say, this year is greater than the Jubilee, much more than we must have an extra fortnight at least added to the Summer Vac. Q.E.D.

Again, Greek is rot, and I hate it. So do all of us. Why not abolish it? I've got to finish a beastly Latin prose, so can't say more now, but this is the Commemoration Programme suggested by us, the Lower Fifth at Birchington College:—

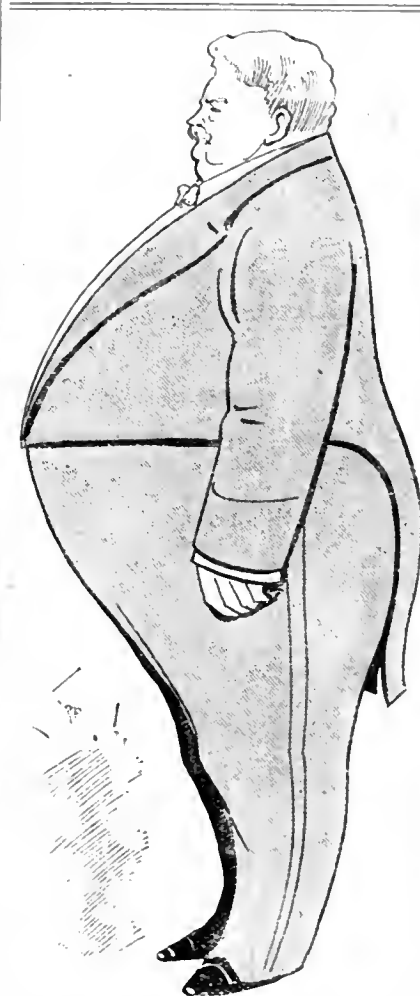
- (i.) Two weeks' extra holiday.
- (ii.) Abolition of Greek and Corporal Punishment.
- (iii.) A jolly good blow-out.

Yours respectfully,
TOMMY TITTEBAT.

Queen's Gate.

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the coming "commemoration," as it is called, will not witness a repetition of the idiotic features which disgraced the Jubilee ten years ago. On that occasion, I was expected to provide board and lodging for one of my idle sons for a whole week beyond the already excessive length of the summer holidays.

This is all very pleasant for the schoolmaster, but it is disgraceful that the unhappy parents should be burdened in this way. Why should not this year mark a great step forward in the knowledge and



PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF DR. NANSEN, IF HE ACCEPTS ALL THE INVITATIONS FOR DINNER WHICH ARE BEING SHOWERED UPON HIM JUST NOW.

accomplishments of the younger generation? This would indeed make the year notable, and it could easily be effected by shortening by a month or so the vacations of our schoolboys, at Birchington College and elsewhere. Hoping that the headmasters will have the sense to act on this suggestion,

Yours obediently,
OCTAVIUS TITTEBAT.

Chelsea.

SIR,—The present year deserves imperishable record in the annals of time. And how is such record to be given? By a few bonfires and fireworks, shortlived as their own radiance? By the ruin of many digestions, owing to the so-called banquets that will be held? Or even by the narratives of its glories in stately prose, such as adorns your columns, and illuminates the quotidian breakfast-table of countless readers? No, Sir; even this is insufficient and inadequate to do justice to the Longest Reign. Poetry, Sir, pure, musical, magnificent poetry is wanted, and that want I propose to supply. My epic in fifteen cantos, entitled *Victoria Triumphans*, will shortly be ready, printed and bound in the most sumptuous style. And it would be false modesty were I to conceal the fact that in future ages, when the memory of our QUEEN herself becomes dim, the year 1897 will still be honoured, because in it appeared the noblest poem that the world has seen—need I again refer to *Victoria Triumphans* by name? The price is ridiculously low—no more than five guineas, in fact. Intending subscribers should send their names—with remittances—to me without delay. Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTUS PINDAR.

SIR,—I never lose an opportunity of letting the public know of my existence, and this the Regal Jubilee Year is a first-rate one for

Yours,
GENERAL BOOM OF BOOMSBURY.

X-TRAORDINARY COOKING.—The X rays have just been introduced into the Royal Kitchens, in order to detect any foreign substance in the food prepared. We conclude therefore that Her MAJESTY will henceforth live upon Xtract of British meat

SUGGESTED EDUCATIONAL ROMANCE.—*The Schoolmaster*, by HALL CAINE.



Charles Vanneman. New York.

ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM.

John Bull. "AT ALL EVENTS, YOU DON'T WANT ME TO CLEAR OUT OF EGYPT!" French Bondholder (winking aside to John Bull). "PAS BEAUCOUP, —NOT MUCH!"

GOODE NEWS

FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AND THE PURVEYORS OF POPULAR VERSE.

[Mr. J. J. GOODE informs the *Daily Chronicle* representative that "during the past two or three years the valentine has been looking up in the most promising fashion."]

People's Poet-Laureate loquitur :—

WELL, I'm glad to hear that! Of late years they've been flat,
and you'd hardly twig what one in twenty meant,
But this news seems to prove that those Pessimist prigs have not
quite banished humour and sentiment.
I feared that the age had thrown off fun and feeling as oft a she-
falcon will her jesses,
And that the last home of the smile and the tear, in our town,
was good old MOORE and BURGESS'S.
With faces cork-blackened, and hy instruments backed, men might
still pose as—well, men of feeling,
But for the most part the dear old human heart seems in process
of rapid congealing.
That sweet bardlet, BUNN, of whom cynics made fun, was what
I call the typical poet,
For the smile, and the blush, and the amorous gush, all as sweet
as the mild fizz of Moet
In saccharine days, BUNN could work, and his bays, tear-watered
are green and immortal.
Only he and the valentine writers I say ought to pass the Par-
nassian portal.
Lord TENNYSON'S rhymes might be taking, sometimes, though a
little bit spoiled by profundity;
But how many of his would be real "good biz" on a valentine?
Why, hardly *one* ditty!
If SWINBURNE and he could compete with—say me, I am certain
they wouldn't be in it
In knocking off suitable verses and mottoes, for trade, at a
stanza per minute:
The Arts, for St. Valentine's glorious purposes, need to be "sim-
ple and passionate,"
Not quaint and intense, like our poets and posters to-day. I
the up-to-date fashion hate!
The phantasmal creatures with angular features who sprawl on
each wall, and each cover,
Would not suit the flagree fripperies dear to the soul of an
old-fashioned lover.
An amorous couple, slim-waisted and supple, who stroll up a
serpentine pathway
Towards a toy-church in the distance—that was in old "Philis-
tine" days our true Gath-way!—
Would now, like old crockery, meet with huge mockery. Never-
theless I feel certain
A cramped, sooty, *silhouette*-faced, scarlet-headed she-ghoul by a
asp-spotted curtain,
And under a mystical sky like a tangle of snakes o'er a horrid
horizon,
A-stare at a lover contorted and pale, like poor Villikins *after* the
"pizon."
Is quite as conventional, not half as nice, and though it may do
for new Street-Art,
Transferred to a valentine 'tis not a thing a good fellow would
send to his sweetheart.
And yet I should not be surprised if some decadent duffer should
try the experiment—
Hang him!—of High Art applied to the valentine!!! Healthy
emotion and merriment
Now seem as dead as the dust of old Pharaoh. Ah! Yes, some
neurotical ninny
Will probably give us VERLAINE-plus-VIERGE as a valentine,
proofs price one guinea,
Printed on coarse sugar-papers, in mud! Oh, for good poet BUNN,
and the fellows
Who limned hearts and darts, churches, lovers, and lanes, in the
good old greens, purples and yellows.
I trust Mr. GOODE is an accurate prophet, that Valentine's Day is
reviving,
And that, like a bird, every boy (though absurd) intent upon
wooling and wiving,
In chill February, aspiring to marry, may venture his bob or his
In buying a love-missive, written and drawn in the dear old con-
ventional manner;
And that, though it meet with the decadent's scorn, and the
halfpenny criticast's curses,
The valentine still may mean popular Art and simple emotional
verses!
Much honest Art-skill is available still for the pictures, if people
will buy them,
And as to the "lines,"—though I say it who shouldn't—I know a
poor bard who'll supply them!



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. IX.

A VOICE FROM THE CLASSES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The other evening, at the "Annual Dinner of the Society of Authors" (poor chaps, do they have only one square meal a year?), the Chairman, Sir JOHN LUNBROCK, delivered, to my mind, a very suggestive speech. He seemed greatly pleased with the progress that education had made during the present century. But I think he was wrong. Speaking for myself (and I represent a lot of other fellows), I certainly have had the benefit of a good school and its teaching. Worse luck! According to Sir JOHN, the Romans had a saying, "that a child should learn nothing that he could not learn on his feet." And why not? A very sensible suggestion. Of course, nowadays, we would alter it to "with his feet," as the correction would enable us to include football and cricket. But why did the amiable president of the Annually Dining Authors hold up to reprobation the glorious fact that thirty years ago several hundred schoolmasters and schoolmistresses could not write? Think of objecting to that! Why, if the gentlemen who look after me at my place of learning had never been taught to sign their names the saving in trouble would have been immense. And then there would have been another distinct advantage—had I not been able to write you would never have received this letter! Yours checkily, JONES MINOR.

NATURAL HISTORY PHILOSOPHY.—The man who would say "Beau!" to a goose would be capable of ejaculating "Belle!" to a gander.



BY ORDER OF THE L. C. C.

Bobby. "MOTHER! IF THAT GENTLEMAN ONLY KNEW IT, HE MIGHT TAKE OFF HIS MUZZLE NOW, MIGHTN'T HE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WHAT this book wants," Miss MARY KINGSLEY writes by way of introduction to her *Travels in West Africa* (MACMILLAN), "is not a simple preface, but an apology." What it really wants is cutting down by at least two hundred pages. It is a marvellous story of a woman's courage, enterprise, endurance, and other qualities which mere man has been in the habit of claiming as his exclusive birthright. The woman, my Baronite whispers to me, is betrayed in the copiousness of language that enlarges the volume to 627 pages, not counting appendices. That grumble discharged, there remains nothing but praise for the book and of admiration for its author. She has a keen eye for character, an abiding sense of the picturesque, a humour that bubbles over in all places and predicaments, and a graphic pen, whose unflinching flow sometimes carries her a little far afield.

Now that CALVERLEY is no more, Mr. OWEN SEAMAN is his own most dangerous rival. He has excelled himself in *The Battle of the Bays*. A parody, unless done by a master hand, is a poor thing. In this little volume the master hand is visible in every line. Of the nine Muses who compete in the contest it is difficult to say which contributes more to the delight of the reader. My Baronite inclines to the study of Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, whose fine poetic style is exceedingly tempting to the wickedly inclined. That is a matter of taste. The taster will find all toothsome. What the subjects of Mr. SEAMAN's satire think of his work is, as one of them when

he writes in prose is occasionally prone to observe, "another story." The exercise kindly provided should be useful to them as the Röntgen rays in the hands of a skilled physician throw priceless light on other human diseases and malformations. It is one of Mr. SEAMAN's minor japes that his book is published at the Bodley Head, at which he occasionally girds.

THE BARON.

DR. NANSEN'S SHIRT.

WE welcome the fearless explorer;
Undoubtedly he can assert
He's beaten the record, a scorer,
Al in the matter of shirt.
So "*palmas qui meruit ferat*"
Pecuniam ferat—et fert,
For people are crowding to hear, at
His lectures, accounts of his shirt.
Accounts—that is not bills for washing,
No laundress was able to hurt,
With wringing, or mangling, or squashing,
That very unfortunate shirt.
To hear of his journey is thrilling,
That wonderful "Farthest North"
spurt,
And people seem equally willing
To hear this new "Song of a Shirt."
Yet pardon my meekly suggesting,
In phrases, I hope, not too curt,
Of course it is most interesting,
This soiled Scandinavian shirt;
To soap-scented English a truly
Remarkable story of dirt,
Repeated on all sides unduly—
We've heard quite enough of that shirt.

DOGGED GRATITUDE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you allow me to thank through your column the metropolitan and county magnates who have so kindly removed the debasing muzzles, which for nearly a year have degraded our race. Rabies only concerns the wretched two-legged creatures whom we, with canine humour, call masters and mistresses, knowing all the time that they are our devoted slaves. Henceforth, until some blundering biped interferes, we shall, as in the good old days, be allowed to bite as well as bark, to fight among ourselves, and to consume without prevention that garbage of the gutter which is as agreeable to our palates as is lively cheese to yours. With best love to all philocaninethropists,

I am, yours gratefully,

TOBY'S FIRST COUSIN ONCE REMOVED.
Whine Kennels, Snarlborough.

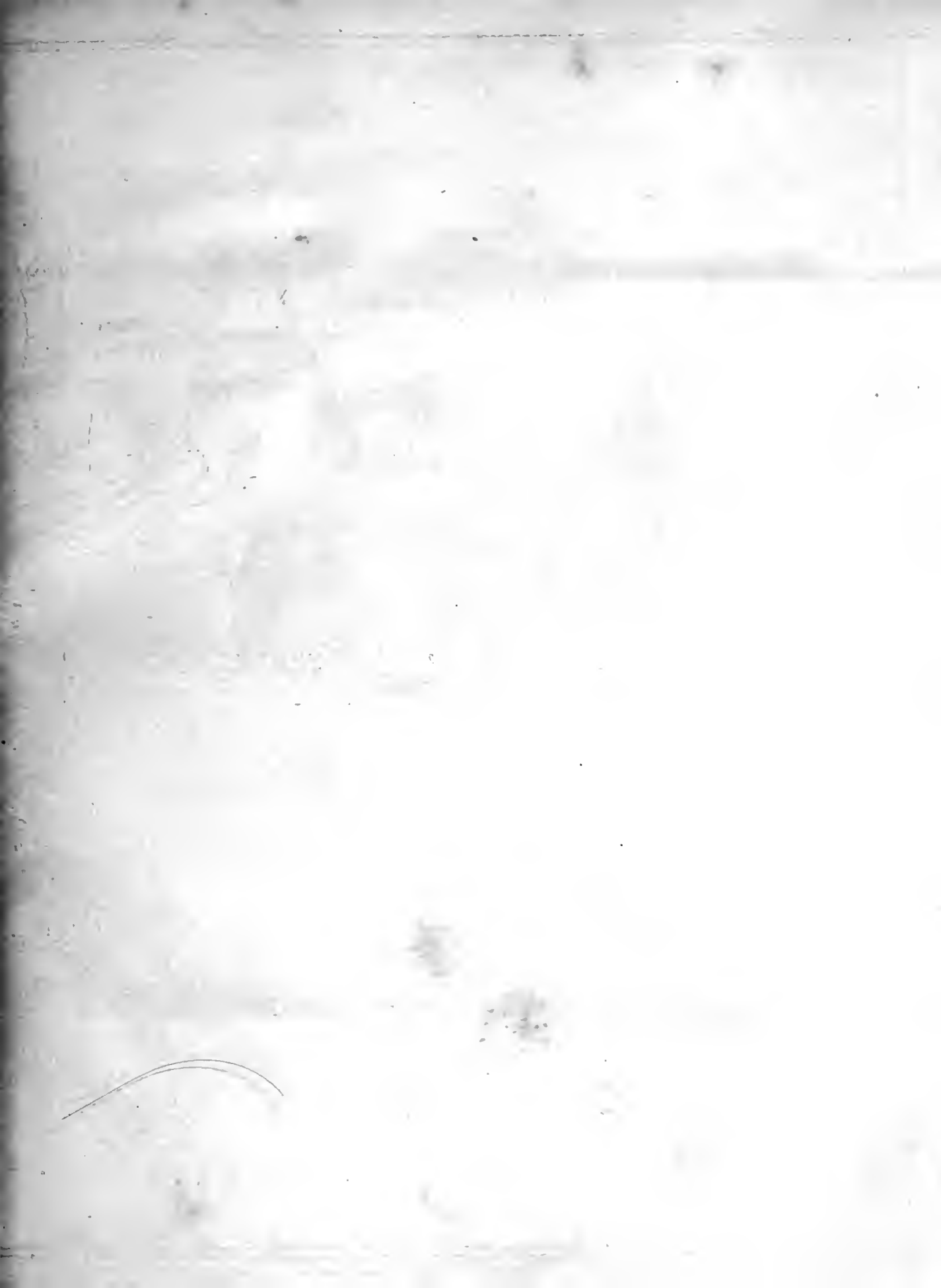
At Windsor.

American Traveller (to *Waiter* at the "Blue Stag"). Say, is it true that you've got a real live ghost here?

Waiter. Yessir. Believed to be either Cardinal GARNET WOLSELEY, 'ERNE the 'Untsman, Queen ELIZABETH, or the late King of the Belgians.

American Traveller. Thanks. Send for the local reporter, if off duty in any one capacity.

A REMINDER TO OUR GALLIC NEIGHBOURS.—We obtained our position in Egypt by French leave.





OUR NEW KNIGHT-HOSPITALER.

The Prince's Plea, urged by Mr. Pursuivant Punch.

LARGESS! Largess! Lieges all!
 Princely Almoners are rarities.
 Who'll not heed so clear a call
 In so high a cause as Charity's?
 New Knight-Hospitaler he,
 Patriot Prince as kind as loyal.
 Heart that's warm and hand that's free
 Are possessions rightly royal.
 Sixty years of glorious reign
 Make appeal through him most rightly.
 Faith, it shall not be in vain!
 England's banner beameth brightly,
 Blazoned with VICTORIA's name,
 And two words of happy omen;
 Which must earn ungrudging fame
 From the lips of friends or foemen.
 Let the cross upon his breast
 Plead to every patriot spirit;
 British hearts will do the rest,
 Hearts that chivalry inherit.
 At his bridle-rein there stands
 A most gracious presence, praying
 Largess large from liberal hands.
 Glad response there'll be no staying!
 For Her Diamond Jubilee
 Were there fitter celebration
 Than a flood of charity
 From a proud and loyal nation?
 Honour to a generous Prince,
 Loved-by Her we love and treasure,
 Fittier could we all evince
 Than hy gifts in stintless measure?
 Gifts to Charity, the cause
 Of the poor our Prince well pleadeth.
 Not mere salvoes of applause
 Our Knight-Hospitaler needeth.
 Largess! Largess! 'Tis his claim
 Urged with simple kindly clarity
 In the loved and honoured name
 Of our QUEEN and gentle Charity!

HOW TO LOSE A SEAT.

(A Farce now being played at the Bye-Elections.)

SCENE—Office of Local Wire-puller.

Local Wire-puller discovered. To him enter
 Would-be Candidate.

L.W.P. (cordially). You got my note,
 Sir?

W.B.C. (with difficulty finding his words).
 Yes; I thank you. It is not for me to
 understand it. For I am what you call
 a stranger.

L.W.P. (heartily). Nonsense, Sir, you
 are a good Englishman—you have been nat-
 uralised.

W.B.C. Yes; like the good gentleman
 who got in by what you call the flesh of
 his teeth at Romford. But he is more ac-
 complished, more English, more popular
 than I.

L.W.P. Oh! you will do well enough.
 You don't, of course, come from the cen-
 tral office?

W.B.C. Oh, no! Oh! they do say I not
 know nothing about anything, and (smiling)
ma foi, I think they are right!

L.W.P. Well, we must teach you.
 What are your views on Education?

W.B.C. I know nothing about Educa-
 tion.

L.W.P. Then come, what are your
 views on any subject of political interest?

W.B.C. I do not know any.

L.W.P. Well, can you tell me anything
 about the constituency?

W.B.C. No; I cannot. For, you see, I
 have never been. I know nothing at all.



"THE MISSIS" WOULD OBLIGE.

Philanthropist. "I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS CONDITION, PARKER. I'M AFRAID

YOU'LL MISS THE LECTURE TO-NIGHT."

Parker. "OH NO, I SHAN'T. I'M GOIN'—SHTRAIGHTOME."

L.W.P. (preparing to make a note). And
 your name?

W.B.C. My name it is PROUDHOMME—I
 beg pardon. I forgot. I have changed
 that. I am Meester SMEETH.

L.W.P. To be sure. I forgot. SMITH,
 First-rate name. Well, Mr. SMITH, and
 now one last question. How about your
 banking account?

W.B.C. (giving pass book). It is here.

L.W.P. (greatly gratified). Five figures!
 Entirely satisfactory! Well, my dear Sir,

with your qualifications, I shall certainly
 have the pleasure of congratulating you
 upon being our Member. [Curtain.

[But the Local Wire-puller finds himself mis-
 taken, as the voters reject "Meester SMEETH,"
 and elect his better-known opponent.]

THE SORROWS OF SAT-ON.—Those of the
 owner of a hat which has mot with the
 oppression of a foreign body.



ARMORIAL SHIRTS.

(For those entitled to wear Armorial Coats.)

THIS suggestion, which *Mr. Punch* offers for the consideration of the promoters of the "Armorial Club," has much to recommend it. Apart from the highly decorative effect produced, it would make it as easy to know "who's who" in the *mêlée* of a modern drawing-room as it was in that of a mediæval battle. Moreover, if proper badges of distinction, marks of cadency, and the like, were added, the Eligible would be easily distinguished from the Ineligible, and the task of the careful chaperon rendered far easier. Lastly, it would do more than anything else to revive the study of the venerable, but somewhat decayed, science of Heraldry.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from *Mr. R.* to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. VIII.—OF ROWING—OF COPY-BOOK MAXIMS—OF SPORTING PAPERS IN RELATION TO MOTHERS—OF MOTHERS IN RELATION TO ROWING—OF PRESIDENTS OF BOAT CLUBS.

MY DEAR JACK,—So you are rowing in the Lent Boat of your College, and have begun to taste the delights of hard training? The seats, you say, are hard, and the food, though plentiful, strikes you as lacking in variety. No matter; when the races are over and you have bumped your way to glory, you will return with an added zest to the cakes, the ice-puddings, and the various other luxuries of ordinary civilised life. In the meantime, proceed in your virtuous career of glowing exercise and manly honest fatigue, and learn how to subordinate your own particular desires to the general good of your crew. The copy-book maxims of your childhood will assume a new and startling force and applicability. The saying, for instance, that health, wealth and wisdom might be expected from early bed-going and early rising has appeared to you as nothing more than a pale and effete generalisation. You will now realise its meaning in the state of your wind and your muscles after you have smitten the sounding furlows of the Cam in a practice course from Bait-bite to the finish. And as for wealth, though you will not at one stroke (or even at forty) become a millionaire, yet, since rowing is a cheap amusement, and by its very nature forbids all extravagance, you will probably find yourself all the better in

pocket for having joined the company of oarsmen. I understand that you recently sent to your mother a copy of *The Field*, in which your crew was referred to as being "distinctly promising," and it was further stated that "one or two of their freshmen, notably No. 6, shape very well." This thoughtless act on your part has roused a passion for oarsmanship in your mother's gentle breast. She who formerly confined her reading to the births, marriages and deaths in *The Times*, now takes in and studies with avidity the *Sportsman* and the *Sporting Life*, and complains that too much attention is paid to the University Crews, and too little to the doings of the Cambridge Lent Boats. She also learns incidentally in the course of her reading that "In answer to JAKE GINGER's challenge, young BOSSY will be only too pleased to box him if Messrs. KNOCKOUT and TOM MITTENS will provide a purse," or that "A Gentleman of Brixton is willing to match his linnet against Mo CLARKE's from £2 up to £5. Business only meant," or again, that "JO MIDDLEHAM requests both old and new patrons to remit twenty-four stamps for his brilliant special for the Dust Park Handicap. Fear nothing. Lightning Results." Into these green pastures of literature your dear mother has turned herself loose. I very much fear that on your return home you will find her a changed woman, and I have thought it my duty in some measure to prepare you for the shock. But as to athletics and the part their sons play in them all mothers behave in the same way. They delight to torture their innocent hearts by conjuring up imaginary dangers cunningly calculated to enhance the splendour and matchless daring of their sons. Your mother has, of course, warned you that you must wear thick underclothing when you row so as to diminish the risk of catching cold, that you must on no account overexert yourself, that you must drink your hot posset before you turn in for the night, and never fail to change both your boots and your socks when you come back to your rooms from the river. Perhaps you think your mother is exceptional in her anxieties. Not a bit of it. The President of the University Boat Club is an embodiment of awe and majesty. Note how the passers-by point his noble form out to one another as he treads the streets on his way to the boat-house every afternoon. He holds the fate of oarsmen in his hands. How impassively he rejects one or calls upon another, with how solemn an alacrity do his crew obey his slightest behest! He orders a course, and a course is rowed; he tells No. 5 that he is rowing atrociously short, and No. 5 feels that his life has been robbed of joy and his future days doomed to despair. The man is more than human. Yet this exalted being has a mother, and at this moment, if the truth could be revealed, he has in his pocket a letter from that lady, in which she announces the dispatch of three pairs of warm stockings, and implores him to retire from the crew at the first sign of fatigue, reminding him that as a child of four he was always susceptible to coughs, and that the family doctor quite agrees with her that rowing is too severe an exercise for young men. So, after all, even Presidents of University Boat Clubs, earth-shakers and cloud-compellers though they may appear, are human, too—on the mother's side, and I'll warrant that if this particular President took his mother at her word, gave up his seat in the boat and retired to a life of inglorious cotton-wool and comfort there would be no more miserable woman in the world than the mother who had urged him to the fatal deed. In the meantime, therefore, if you wish to please your mother, I advise you to continue rowing, and to do your best when the time comes to help your crew to make a bump every night of the races.

Commend me to your amiable terrier, *Tatters*.

Ever your affectionate uncle,

BOB.

AT A WEDDING.

(After the Weather of the last Two Months.)

For weeks and weeks each dismal hour gone,
With skies of quite invariable grey,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor even stars have shone;
The night has been as mournful as the day.

Such sombre skies and such incessant rain
Disgust at last the most contented soul,
And even Dr. NANSEN may complain
Of gloom that seems like winter at the Pole.

O bride and bridegroom, you, as we have done,
Have watched each murky morn, each night-like noon,
Like us, you cannot see the stars or sun,
Then thank your stars you have your honeymoon.

"Give it up," says the new "Perish India" fanatic of St. James's Hall. Well, that—according to the old conundrum-catch—is just "what the other donkey did."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 8. —Looking in again at House at eleven o'clock to-night, weighed down with heaviness that comes of listening to seven hours' debate on Army Administration, hardly knew old friend AMELIUS RICHARD MARK Lockwood, late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Coldstreams, now Member for the West (or Epping) Division of Essex. On ordinary occasions no more cheery presence in the House than that of MARK Lockwood. With hat tilted back from expansive brow, hands in trousers' pockets, a smile on his face and a jest on his lips, he is better on a foggy day than a jet of electric light.

Seen at his best in domestic circle of his learned kinsman, FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C. On Christmas Day and Twelfth Night the numerous progeny at Lennox Gardens, delight above all others in Uncle MARK, with his pockets bulging with bonbons, his coat-tails stored with rocking-horses, portable steam-engines, and Noah's Arks, with elephants cunningly constructed so that they may with prehensile trunk take up in turn SIEM, HAM, and JAPHET, and trot them round the back parlour of the Ark.

To-night Uncle MARK transformed. His very voice altered. A chill, repellant air of business warns jesters off. Fact is, he has prepared a paper on "The Iniquity of Sending the Guards to Gibraltar." Undertaken to read it before United Service Institution—I mean the House of Commons. Hour has struck, and here is the man; a grave and reverend seigneur, profoundly



"CELEBRITIES MORE OR LESS AT HOME!" (No. 1.)

A man's idiosyncrasies can best be judged when one sees him in the atmosphere of home. Colonel II-w-r-d V-nc-nt is most particular that the exact origin of every article should be PLAINLY marked upon it!!

impressed with danger to empire imminent on threatened deportation of Guards. A very good paper it was too, Uncle MARK evidently having whole of question at finger ends, and knowing how to put its best points forward.

But, as I mentioned, hardly recognised him. Would probably have failed, only for two things. One was recognition of the red flower of a blameless life ever worn in his button-hole. The other, the way in which he declaimed the sentence, "Lord METHUEN, speaking in the House of Lords the other night, damned the War Office plan with faint praise."

Used in this connection the verb is quite Parliamentary, a trite quotation. But the emphasis Uncle MARK managed, perhaps unconsciously, to throw upon the little word startled the House. SPEAKER instinctively clasped arms of chair with gesture as if to rise. J. G. TALBOT'S face clouded with expression of extreme pain. But before anything could be done Uncle MARK had trotted on, showing how the average height in the Guards is five foot ten and an eighth; how it is difficult to preserve that standard when trade is depressed; and how when, under a Conservative Government, trade is improving, the eighth of an inch must go, and with it one of the bulwarks of the British Constitution.

Business done. — Army Estimates discussed.

Tuesday. —SAM SMITH is a man of war. The accidents of birth and business association lodged him in an ungarrisoned town, and connected him with the cotton trade. Nature meant him for a Guardsman. Had

he chanced to have been in South Africa when preparations for the famous expedition ALFRED AUSTIN hymned were to the fore he would have been torn by conflicting emotions. Instinctively he would shrink from the moral obliquity of the business; but his right hand would have itched for touch of the rifle-stock, his left for the bridle-rein. In the mind's eye one sees him riding forth on a better errand, booted and spurred, his heart full of courage and his belt of cartridges, his tawny beard shining under Afric's sun, serving for his gallant followers the part played in another fight in other days by the plume of HENRY of Navarre.

Accidents, as aforesaid, have directed SAMUEL'S feet in the pathways of peace. But hot blood will bubble. To-day he leads a forlorn hope against the citadel of the Church. For what timorous men discuss as tactical reasons no worse time could have been chosen for such enterprise. That is sufficient for SAMUEL SMITH. Let others seek even chances. For him the hopelessness of hostile odds is lure irresistible. So he comes up to-night with resolution demanding instant disestablishment of the Church, not only in Wales, but in England. The mercenaries of the Front Opposition Bench retire to their tents; instruct the orderly if anyone calls to say they're "not at home." When the heroic figure of S. S. presents itself above the gangway, holding in red right hand a scroll of manuscript notes which mean a speech at least an hour long, the rank and file of either camp fold their tents like the Arab and as silently steal away.



"Uncle Mark." (Colonel L-ckw-d.)

SAMUEL cares for none of these things. In the calm solitude of his study he has prepared a speech of prodigious length. Topic not entirely new; does not at the moment inflame public mind with interest. What of that? S. S. has the first place in the order of proceedings; the House—at least the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms, the door-keepers, and the benches—are at his mercy. Perhaps, if he has his oration neatly type-written, and sends it to the morning papers, they will gladly allot the three columns of space necessary to its verbatim printing. Anyhow, he'll read his screed from first page to last. If the Sergeant-at-Arms goes to sleep in his chair his blood be on his own head.

Business done.—Mr. SAMUEL SMITH proposes disestablishment and disendowment of Church of England. House yawned through two hours and a half. In midst of yawn of really dangerous stretch found itself counted out.

Thursday.—Mr. WEIR, temporarily withdrawn from forefront of Parliamentary life for reason everyone regrets, is back again, bringing his sheaves of questions with him. Has in leisure time cultivated added sepulchralness of voice. Ever when he came to the crux of his question—whether it related to delayed delivery of telegram between Sanda and Stronsa, whether it touched on sewage at Stromness, or whether it retold some story of town council iniquity that had of late lifted with indignation the hair on Duncansby Head—his voice was heard apparently issuing from his boots.

To-night indignation deeper than usual; righteous wrath profounder; his voice has sought even lower level. Seems as if he had contrived to secure a portable subterranean apartment, standing on which he addresses House. You see him rise; regard House to right and left with severe look; fish out *pince-nez* from his bosom; with wide sweep of right arm place it on his nose. Then is heard a subterranean rumbling which, gradually rising to level of his boots, becomes more or less articulate.

His soul just now seared by PRINCE ARTHUR'S iniquity in appropriating time of private Members for purposes of Education Bill. He has first place next Tuesday for an epoch-making resolution. A Ministry that has not feared to flout France and rile Russia on Egyptian question reckons nothing of an act of petty larceny at expense of GALLOWAY WEIR. But they shall hear from him; and they do, though withal indistinctly, owing to the subterranean oratorical convenience hinted at. After rumbling had gone on for five minutes, sometimes spluttering above cellar lid, oftener falling hopelessly below it, SPEAKER interposed.

"I have great difficulty in hearing the hon. Member, but," he added, blandly, "I am under the impression that he is out of order."

House roared with delight at this novel application from the Chair of the process of induction. The shaft went home; the rumbling noise proceeded for a few minutes with growing hesitancy; it ceased, and Members looking up discovered that Mr. WEIR, having apparently finished his speech, had resumed his seat.

Business done.—Second Reading of Education Bill moved.

House of Lords, Friday.—LONDONDERRY broke out to-night; harrowed ASHBOURNE'S feelings; barred ARRAN; played the Doose generally. And all about GERALD BAL-



COOKED ACCOUNTS.

Extract from old Fitzbadly's Letter to a Friend, describing a run in the Midlands:—"I WAS WELL FORWARD AT THE BROOK, BUT LOST MY HAT, AND HAD TO DISMOUNT."

FOUR. It appears that WILLIAM O'BRIEN—and really we didn't know it till LONDONDERRY gave him beld advertisement—has been making a speech in Ireland denouncing land-grabbing. W. O'B. must do something. An Irish politician cannot live by the memory of shed breeches, disposed of in whatsoever patriotic circumstance. With TIM HEALY starting a new daily paper, JOHN DILLON'S name appearing every morning in the Parliamentary reports, and JOHN REDMOND coming home, other patriots must do something.

From the battlements of his castellated home in Ireland WILLIAM O'BRIEN waves towards Lord LONDONDERRY a handkerchief wet with grateful tears. His noble friend made him the subject of debate in the House of Lords, where TIM'S name hasn't been mentioned in the present Parliament, and DILLON'S is never heard.

True, LONDONDERRY not thinking of O'BRIEN; wanted to strike at GERALD BALFOUR with back-handed blow at PRINCE ARTHUR. When the latter was Chief Secretary, he said, speeches of this kind were promptly followed by indictment. Now GERALD holds the office treason (to landlords) stalks with impunity. As to which is right let the brothers settle between themselves.

This all very well for outburst of ex-vice-

regal temper. But in beating at the BALFOURS the Marquis has simply succeeded in obliging O'BRIEN.

Business done.—Lord LONDONDERRY, pouring water down crater of effete volcano, makes it splutter in fashion suggestive that it is still alive.

A Puzzle in Horticulture.

Little Chris. Daddy, what makes onions?

Daddy. Seeds, of course.

Little Chris. Then what makes seeds?

Daddy. Onions.

Little Chris (triumphantly). Then why don't us feed the canary on onions?

[Discomfiture and retreat of Daddy.]

Couplet by an Angry Celt.

(After reading an Amusing Paper on "The Celtic Renaissance" in "Blackwood.")

Of old great painters limned, great poets sang;
New Art is LONG, and Literature is LANG!

THE CENTRE OF GRAVY-TATER-TION.—The middle of a leg of mutton roasting over potatoes.



WHY TAKE A CHILL?

IF YOUR TRAIN IS NOT HEATED BY PIPES, GET PLENTY OF FOOT-WARMERS, AS ALOY AND BETTY DID. SIT ON ONE, PUT YOUR FEET ON ANOTHER, A COUPLE AT YOUR BACK, AND ONE ON YOUR LAP, AND YOU'LL GET TO YOUR DESTINATION AS THEY DID—WARM AS MUFFINS!

AT THE HUNT BALL.

(The Sad Complaint of a Man in Black.)

O MOLLY, dear, my head, I fear, is going round and round,
Your cousin isn't in the hunt, when hunting men abound;
A waltz for me no more you'll keep, the girls appear to think
There's a law been made in favour of the wearing of the pink.
Sure I met you in the passage, and I took you by the hand,
And says I, "How many dances, MOLLY, darlint, will ye stand?"
But your card was full, you said it with a most owdacious wink,
And I'm "hanging" all your partners for the wearing of the pink!

You'd a waltz for CHARLIE THRUSTER, but you'd divil a one for me,
Though he dances like a steam-engine, as all the world may see;
'Tis an illigant diversion to observe the crowd divide,
As he plunges down the ball-room, taking couples in his stride.
'Tis a cropper you'll be coming, but you know your business best,
Still, it's bad to see you romping round with CHARLIE and the rest;

Now you're dancing with Lord ARTHUR—sure, he's had enough to drink—
And I'm "hanging" all your partners for the wearing of the pink!

Your cruelty ashamed you'll be someday to call to mind,
You'll be glad to ask my pardon, then, for being so unkind,
The hunting men are first, to-night—well, let them have their whack—

You'll be glad to dance with me, someday—when all the coats are black!

But, since pink's the only colour now that fills your pretty head,
Bedad, I'll have some supper, and then vanish home to bed.
'Tis the most distressful ball-room I was ever in, I think,
And I'm "hanging" all your partners for the wearing of the pink!

AFTER THE ESTIMATES ARE OVER.

(Page from "The Story of the Invasion of England in 19—.")

DOVER had fallen. The coal-mines discovered in the bed beneath the abandoned Channel Tunnel were supplying the invaders with unlimited fuel. Ramsgate, always gay, was (although in the hands of the enemy) the scene of a most exciting regatta. Margate was fairly cheerful, and if Herne Bay were dull its condition was only normal. The Fleet, owing to a fault in the machinery, was on its way to the West Indies. Instead of "Attack the Enemy," the signal had been given, "Fly to Jamaica." Immediately at full speed (two hundred and fifty knots an hour) the battleships had departed in the wrong direction. The breakdown of the engine in the signalling-room on the Admiral's flagship rendered the summons of recall practically impossible. So the coast of England, left unguarded by its nautical defenders, had fallen an easy prey to the foreign hosts. True the Guards had done their best, receiving from time to time telephonic messages of encouragement from their comrades at Gibraltar. True the Line had supported the Household Brigade most admirably. True the Militia (represented by the 7th Rifle Brigade and the 4th Cheshire) and the Volunteers (in the persons of the Inns of Court and the 3rd Middlesex Artillery) had performed prodigies of valour. But it had been of no avail. The South coast was in the hands of the enemy, and Eastern Scarborough and Western Cardiff were trembling to their foundations.

No time was lost by the invaders to march on London. They paused for a moment to inspect Canterbury Cathedral (courteously thrown open by the Dean and Chapter), and spent a few days in the novel amusement of sea-bathing at Birchington. But after this the advance became a stern matter of business rather than a pleasure excursion. Place after place fell as the army approached. Every town, every village proved to be empty. There were no inhabitants, and as a natural consequence no provisions. When the invading commander-in-chief roached Chatham he was more than hungry. This town, like the others, was deserted. All the restaurants were closed, and every tavern dismantled. Suddenly there was a shout of joy. An enormous warehouse, marked with the Government "broad arrow," was found crammed with provisions. The invaders sat down to a hearty breakfast. Full of renewed energy they started, and at St. Mary Cray (reached at 1 p.m.) discovered a second emporium. They lunched adequately, and found a third at Herne Hill, and stayed at that delightful spot for dinner. An easy stroll in the cool of the evening brought them to Brixton, where they found a building like its fellows replete with every gastronomic luxury. They enjoyed their supper. The next morning when the advancing host marched upon 85, Fleet Street (where serious opposition was expected), the commander-in-chief of the aliens expressed his entire satisfaction with the arrangements of the Government of 1897 in establishing "block-houses" for the sustenance of invaders en route for London.

Brother Jonathan's Jingoos.

It seems to come to this, one grieves to state,

That, after all the genial gush and chatter,

These Jingoos are prepared to arbitrate

Only about such things as do not matter;

Leaving all matters that material are

To the old Arbitrator—red, ruthless war!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. DRURY FORTNUM's historical treatise of the glazed and enamelled earthenwares of Italy leaves nothing more to be said in the matter of majolica. "*Majolica*," he, as precise in matters of spolling as was Sam Weller's father, names the volume turned out with the perfected art peculiar to the Oxford University Press. The objects critically and historically considered are the glazed and enamelled pottery produced in Italy during the latter decades of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. To the connoisseur or collector the book is invaluable. The untutored reader grows fascinated as he turns over the pages, and learns all about these gems of a lost and irreparable art. My Baronite learns with regret that there are nefarious dealers who "cook" reproductions of the ancient wares with intent to make them look old, and pass them off on the unwary as originals. They have evidently no chance with Mr. FORTNUM. The volume is enriched with exquisite reproductions of the most famous specimens of the ancient craft. The original plates are for our betters. Failing possession of them the twenty-one "plates" in the book are a delight to the eye.

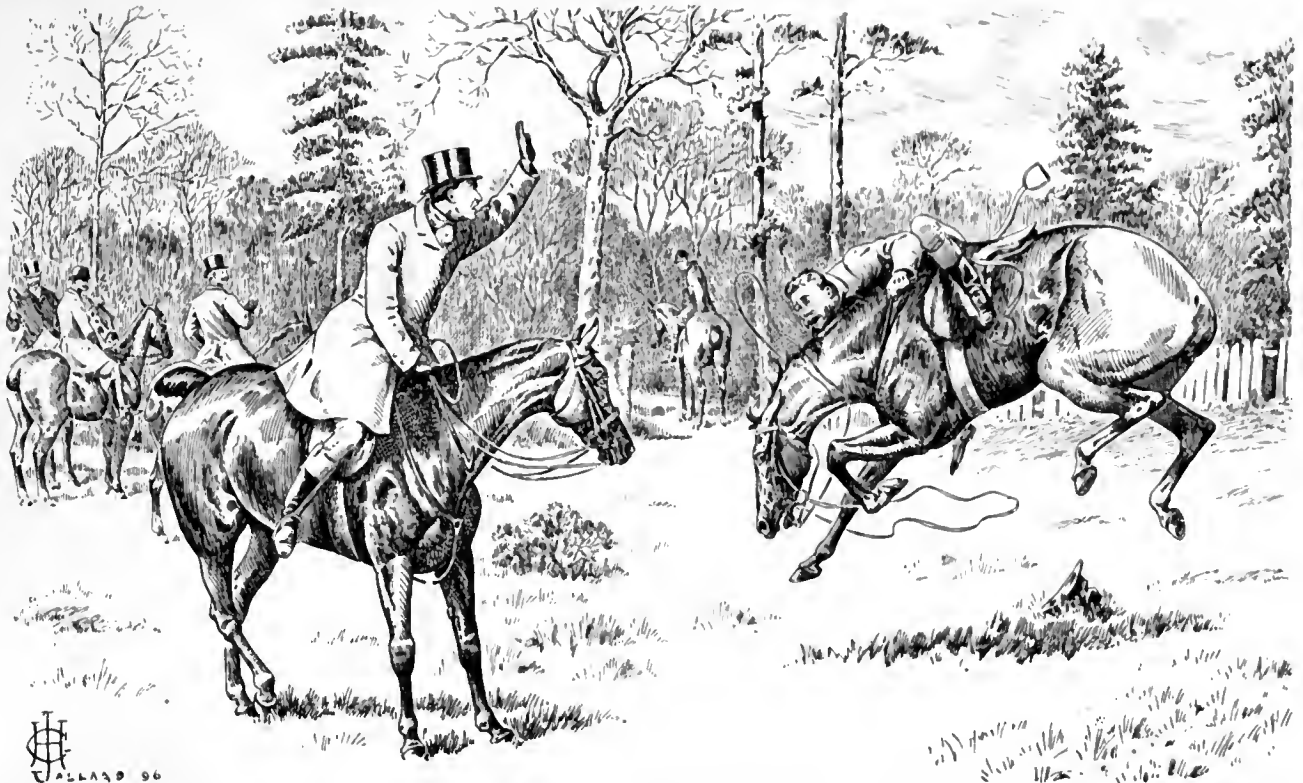
THE BARON.



"FACING THE MUSIC."

GREAT PARLIAMENTARY PALAVER BETWEEN C-C-L RH-D-S AND HEKLA CHIEFS, H-RC-RT, CH-MB-RL-N, ETC.

W. G. Smith



A BAD LOOK-OUT.

Sportsman (to Friend whom he has mounted). "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, OLD CHAP, DON'T LET HER PUT YOU DOWN! SHE'S CERTAIN TO SAVAGE YOU!"

A BILLET FROM QUEEN BESS.

[It is rumoured that Queen ELIZABETH'S ghost has lately been haunting the library of Windsor Castle.]

GOOD COUSIN PUNCH,—When I, in company with glorious ANNA, paid you a visit in your sanctum o' New Year's Eve (as duly recorded in your last Preface), you, very sensibly, took it as a matter of course. And now some varlet pedant, at our old Royal Residence of Windsor Castle, hath been raising a hue-and-cry for that, forsooth, his book-bleared eyes have caught some fleeting glimpse of my royal, if shadowy, presence in the library there!!!

What more natural than that, in this *Annas Mirabilis* of Victorian Diamond Jubilee, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon" (as WIL. of Avon hath it), I should drop in fortuitously at that towered citadel by silver Tamise which cousin VICTORIA honours with *Her* Royal and Imperial presence?

But, worthy coz, it hath come to our royal ear, that *there is a talk of setting the Physical Society on our Spectral track!!!* Body o' me, and beshrew the bungling boors, if they come poking their pedagogish, impertinent noses into my "psychical" peregrinations, "By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!" May not a royal lady take her walks abroad—"my custom always in the—evening"—without being pestered by the pettyfogging prying and perquisitions of amateur ghostseers and sapient bogey-hunters?

Undesirous of disturbing my dear Gossip's slumber at this hour in the morning, We have written this message from the Shades on your studio window-pane, with a diamond ring, as aforetime in the legend whereof you will wot. ELIZABETH R.

"WANTED!"

WANTED! a man with all attainments blest, Who'll work with energy and toil with zest, Whose path through life has been one long exam

On banks of Isis, or on sluggish Cam. A man who's skilled in ancient Latin lore; And over Greek Iambics loves to pore; Binomial Theorem, and "cot" and "tan" Must be familiar to this sought-for man: With French and German, both beyond reproach,

For, in these subjects, he will have to coach The budding hopes of England's Empire great,

Whose minds must guide and hands uphold the State.

To keep in touch with Time's progressive tread

Commercial Subjects must be widely read, The "Yost" he must with skill manipulate, And "Pitman's Shorthand" clearly demonstrate. [wood,

He then must train the boys to carve in Experimental Science, if he could; Pianoforte and Singing he must teach, And, if in orders, would be asked to preach; A good athlete, a football (socker) blue Would be preferred, and find employment, too

In teaching boys to "kick," and "shoot," and "pass,"

When not engaged with some or other class. So now, ye paragons in human guise, Make haste! for he, who gains this glorious prize,

Shall then receive, the facts are plain and clear, The noble sum of "Forty pounds a year."

ELEMENTARY.

MR. HENRY SEDOWICK has published a learned book, entitled *The Elements of Politics*. It seems to *Mr. Punch* that it hardly requires a lengthy treatise to describe the "elements" of modern politics. Like the "elements" of Irish toddy, they seem to consist of (party) spirit, hot water, and the lemon-aid of acidity. "The ructions and the elements they charm me," sings the Hibernian bard of "Ballyhooly." And in politics the "elements" and the "ructions" are certainly found together—especially in Irish politics. Parodying a verse of that song, we may say:—

There's a moral to my song,
And it won't detain ye long;
Avoid strong drink of ivery description;
But if the foe ye'd queer,
And arouse your Party's cheer,
Here's a temperance (political) prescription:
Say the sugar ye have got,
And the wather, *biling hot*,
Wid the limon, wit and satire, blinded duly;
Then, stronger than poteen,
Toss a dose of factious spleen.
Faix! they call it "Politics"—in Ballyhooly.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (who has apparently again broken bonds).—*Q.* Why may we assume that the Phenicians were the inventors of cycling and billiards? *A.* Because two of their principal cities were called Tyre and Sid(e)on.

NEW READING OF AN OLD SAW.—When Greek meets Turk then comes the European tug of war.

AXIOM BY A HOSPITABLE MAN.—Good weeds go apace.



"WHAT, NO SOAP?"

Mamma. "GOOD GRACIOUS, TOMMY! WHEN DID YOU WASH LAST? YOU ARE SIMPLY DREADFUL! YOU HAVEN'T WASHED SINCE BREAKFAST, I'M SURE."

Tommy. "DOES IT SHOW, MOTHER?" (*With relish.*) "HOW JOLLY BLACK OLD NANSEN MUST HAVE BEEN!"

THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

I.

SCENE—*A secluded part of Kensington Gardens. It is a morning in late September. MR. SPENCER WOTHERSPOON, a mild, fresh-coloured bachelor of fifty, with a general air of good-natured simplicity, is seated on a bench in conversation with MERCY MARIGOLD. She is an auburn-haired, cream and rose complexioned girl of about twenty-three, and wears a becoming pearl-grey and white costume, with small bonnet and floating veil, not unlike that of a hospital sister. By her side is a baby-carriage, containing a sleeping infant.*

Mr. Wotherspoon. But—but, bless my soul, why? Why am I not to stop and speak to you any more? Ah! I think I see. I'm getting a prosy old bore, and you've had enough of me, eh? is that it?

Mercy. Oh no, indeed, Sir. Anything but that. I'm sure it's very, very kind of a gentleman like you to show such interest in a poor friendless little nurse!

Mr. Woth. Kind? Nonsense, my dear. Why, I assure you, I find myself positively looking forward to these little morning chats. I'm rather a solitary old fellow—especially now my sister's away—and it's a very great pleasure to me to stop on my way up to the City for a few minutes—well, for half an hour's—conversation with anyone who is kind enough to take compassion on my loneliness.

Mercy. I wonder why you always will talk as if you were old, when you're not a bit old, really!

Mr. Woth. (*with a sigh.*) Ah, my dear, I'm old enough to be your father, I'm sorry to say.

Mercy. Are you? I'm sure no one would ever— But why are you sorry?

Mr. Woth. Because— But there, age has its compensations after all. For instance, if I were a young fellow, I couldn't stay talking to you like this, morn'ing after morn'ing.

Mercy (*innocently.*) Couldn't you? Why not?

Mr. Woth. (*perplexed.*) Well, it might be— But you've never told me why you want me to go up to town some other way in future, and not to take any notice of you.

Mercy. Oh, but I don't. Only, you said three weeks ago, soon after we first got acquainted, that you were thinking of going away to the seaside before long.

Mr. Woth. Did I? I daresay, my dear, I daresay. You see, my sister is away at Scarborough, and I rather thought she might be feeling lonely without me—we've never been separated so long before, you know—but somehow, what with my partner taking his holiday, and one thing and another, I—well, I kept on putting it off, and now she's coming home in a day or two.

Mercy. I'm so afraid—you won't think it very conceited of me—that you didn't go because—well, a little because of me.

Mr. Woth. No, no, my dear, quite a mistake; at least, I'm not fond of fashionable watering-places, you see, and HENRIETTA, my sister, seemed to be getting on very well without me, and besides, there was the business to look after.

Mercy. And you ought to be looking after it now, instead of wasting your time talking to me!

Mr. Woth. Oh, everything's slack just now, my dear. I shall get up to the office in plenty of time for all there is to do; so, if that's your only reason—

Mercy. Ah, but it isn't.

[*A foreign-looking young person passes, with an amused side-glance at MERCY, who flushes suddenly.*]

Mr. Woth. Do you know that young woman? She looked as if she thought she knew you.

Mercy. Did she? She looked at both of us. I'm afraid she thought you were—we were—

[*She stops short.*]

Mr. Woth. Why, what could make her think that? It's too absurd, you know, too absurd!

Mercy. Of course, I'm only a nurse now—a servant. Still, I'm a lady by birth. My papa was a gentleman farmer, and if he hadn't lost all his money, I should never have had to earn my own living.

Mr. Woth. I know, my dear, I know. And—er—no one is degraded by honest work. Quite the contrary.

Mercy. If you knew how hard it is, you wouldn't say so. I have both the nursery grates to do, and all the sewing for Baby, and it's spoiling my hands, I'm sure it is. Look!

[*She extends her hand to him.*]

Mr. Woth. (*inspecting it.*) Upon my word, I can't detect the least— (*To himself.*) Odd that I never noticed before what a remarkably pretty hand it is! It's an infernal shame she should have to— But there, it's no business of mine—no business of mine!

Mercy (*exhibiting a pink palm.*) It's all very well to say that; but I used to be so proud of my hands, and they're getting quite hard. Just feel.

Mr. Woth. (*without availing himself of the invitation.*) Any young lady might be proud of them now, my dear. (*With an effort.*) And, unless I'm greatly mistaken, somebody will be asking you to give him that little hand of yours, long before it has time to harden.

Mercy. Somebody?

Mr. Woth. Some lucky young rascal who— I daresay he has come forward already?

Mercy. I'm not very likely to have a proposal from anyone but butlers and valets and people of that sort; and though I suppose I ought to forget what I have been, I couldn't bring myself to— And if ever I marry, it will have to be someone I could look up to—somebody older and wiser than me. I didn't mean to tell you all this, but it doesn't matter; it's the last time I shall ever meet you.

Mr. Woth. I can't for the life of me see why it should be the last time.

Mercy. Because, if I must tell you—because one of the servants, who hates me, found out that you were in the habit of stopping

to say a few kind words to me every morning, and told her mistress, and she said if she ever heard of it happening again, I should be sent away without a character.

Mr. Woth. Sent away! Gracious heavens, what possible harm can there be in just—

Mercy. I can't think. But she said I ought not to allow a stranger to talk to me like that. As if I could help it!

Mr. Woth. Why, it was the merest chance. I had been taking a rest on this seat—it was a very hot morning, I remember—and I should have got up and gone on without even noticing you were there, only you happened to drop your ball of knitting, or whatever it was, and, naturally, I picked it up.

Mercy. I told her exactly how it was; but she said that no honourable gentleman would take such notice of a girl in my position, unless—unless—no, I can't go on.

Mr. Woth. (indignantly). What vile minds some people— No, MERCY my dear, she's right, I'm afraid; right, at least, as the world goes. I've acted foolishly, wrongly. I ought to have thought that, even at my time of life— If you had only told me all this before! I would have gone away, anything rather than—

Mercy. I know. But—but I didn't want to lose the only friend I had.

Mr. Woth. (remorsefully). I meant to be your friend, my dear; but the truest friendship I can show you now is to go away. I can't let you run any further risk of losing your situation.

Mercy. Oh, I've lost that by this time.

Mr. Woth. Lost it! How?

Mercy. You remember that woman passing just now; that was ANNETTE, the French maid. She came on purpose to spy upon me, and by the time I take Baby home—

Mr. Woth. (in deep distress). It's devilish, perfectly devilish! And to think that I— But, my poor child, what will you do?

Mercy (recklessly). Oh, I don't know. I shan't go into service again. Got an engagement as barnmaid, perhaps, or else as chorus girl. I can sing a little, and I've been told I've rather a good figure. I shall get along somehow.

Mr. Woth. No, no, you mustn't do that. I—I couldn't stand it. . . . *(With a sudden impulse.)* MERCY, I—I thought I felt nothing but a sort of fatherly interest in you; but I know now it was more than that, it's more than that. And—my dear, if you can only care enough for me to—to be—my wife. . . . I wouldn't for the world put any kind of pressure upon you, or— or seem to take any advantage; but, upon my word, I don't see what else can be done. If you would like time to think over it carefully—

Mercy. As if I wanted any time to think over that! Why, of course I'll be your wife, as soon as ever you choose!

LATER.

Mr. Woth. (to himself, as he walks on alone). I can hardly believe it. No more idea when I started this morning— And after all these years, too! But I'd no alternative—no alternative; and I don't see why we shouldn't be exceedingly happy. It isn't as if dear little MERCY was an ordinary— Still, there's HENRIETTA. I'm afraid I may have some trouble with HENRIETTA at first. However, it will make no real difference to her.

Mercy (to the child, as she wheels it home). Baby, you little beast, you won't have me for your slave much longer, do you know that? Ah, you may well waggle that slack-baked little apple-dumpling of a head of yours. I did manage it well, didn't I, Baby? But I don't believe I should ever have got him to the point, if ANNETTE hadn't happened— That gave me the idea. How she would laugh if I told her, only I'm not such a goose! He's a dear simple old thing, and he swallowed it all. I'm really fond of him, in a way, and he'll let me do exactly as I please. And the first thing I shall do after we are married is to get that sister of his out of the house!

Picked up in the House.

Supposed to be a specimen of a New Edition of Poetry for (Political) Children. By "A Perfect Child."

I LOVE PUSSEY GORSTY, he has so much charin;
And, if I don't snub him, he'll do me no harm.
And yet, *entre nous*, I should greatly prefer
If Pussey would scratch less, and not (Mani)purr!

MORAL OF A RECENT "MONTE CARLO ROMANCE."—The plum goes to the Plummer.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. X.

KRÜGER'S LITTLE CLAIM.

[Indemnity for moral or intellectual damages caused by the Jameson Raid—£322,061 16s. 9d.]

THAT odd sixteen-and-ninepence is the latest Boer joke, Enough to make the Uitlander with fits of laughter choke! What is it charged for? we may well inquire of Uncle PAUL, The items should be specified and made quite clear to all.

Is it, perhaps, the moral loss inflicted by the *T-m-s*, When printing thirteen months ago the Poet-Laureate's rhymes? Is it since Mr. KNOWES'S tongue has been a little rude, In talking at a recent date of "unctuous rectitude"?

Or, can it be the net result of the Emperor's telegram?— We crave for further details, or we'll think the bill's a sham! However, when accounts like this are sent, 'tis pretty plain, Some intellectual damage has been done to KRÜGER'S brain!

Tales in School.

It is suggested, it seems, that a school should be started for giving "vocal lessons in the art of story-writing." Splendid notion! One difficulty, however, suggests itself to Mr. *Punch*! Everybody writes stories now—with or without lessons. As we are "all Socialists" (as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT said) so we are all story-writers now. It is to be feared therefore that, as the celebrated German regiment was "all officers," so that projected Story-writing School would be all teachers and no pupils.

LITERARY NOTE.—SIR ROBERT PEEL must have been bereft of his *Manners* when he took the family name of the Duke of RUTLAND for the hero of his romance.



A DAMPER.

Chatty Barber. "OW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE SHAVED, SIR?"
Grumpy Customer. "IN PERFECT SILENCE, PLEASE."

BYRONICAL.

A VOICE FROM MISSOLOGHI.

"Know ye not
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought.
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!"

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

AIR—"The Isles of Greece."

THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!—
 At least they once were Grecian Isles—
 'Tis in the interests of Peace,
 Dodges and diplomatic wiles
 Restrain bold hearts that chafe and fret,
 With the eternal "Halt! Not yet!"

The Putney and the Shoe Lane muse,
 The Attic harp, the Cockney lute,
 A chaunt for Crete should scarce refuse!
 Yet ALFRED, ALGERNON, all are mute.
 Suits it the new Parnassian trade
 To sing an Anti-Moslem Raid?

So ALFRED looks on ALGERNON,
 On ALFRED gazes great A. C.
 Could England dare to stand alone,
 From that crass Concert were she free,
 A Briton yet might help the brave,
 Be more a man and less a slave.

A bard stood on the rocky brow
 Of a high cliff in sea-born Crete.

Ships, iron monsters, lays below,
 A sort of International Fleet.
 He counted them and hoped that they
 Were there to keep the Turk at bay.

Why are they there? And why art thou,
 My country? On thy huckster shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now,
 For heroes are an awful bore.
 And princes brave who make a dash
 With Powers' plans are apt to clash!

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Amid a Mammon-ridden race,
 To voice a poet-patriot's shame.
 Could CANNING stand in CECIL's place!—
 Faugh! naught is left for Greece, I fear,
 But BALFOUR's blush, and HARCOURT's tear.

We can but weep—and dry our eyes!
 We may but blush—and turn the head!
 SILOMIO sole will boldly rise,
 And BARTLETT backs the Turk instead.
 LEONIDAS—big, brave Prince G.—
 Can't make a new Theruopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no; stern voices of the dead
 Sound from the Past's purpled pall,
 And murmur, "Let one living head,
 But one, arise! Could we but come!
 'Tis but the living who are dumb!"

In vain, in vain! Strike other chords!
 Chivalry's flat as uncorked wine!
 Let the relentless Turkish hordes
 These classic seas incarnadine!
 Each Power is fear's ignoble thrall,
 They funk each other, one and all!

You've the new "Pyrrhic" concert yet,
 Where's the old Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons why forget
 The older and the better one?
 The "Harmony" old ORPHEUS gave,
 Can it be tootled by a slave?

Fill high the bowl with gooseberry wine!
 The grape's unfit for themes like these.
 Wine made ANACREON's song divine;
 Ice-sublimed sherbet, sipped at ease,
 As swigged by "XERXES, the great king,"
 Best suits our modern boys who sing.

Fill high the bowl, yet *not* with wine,
 But with innocuous poet-pap!
 Red flows the heart-blood of the vine,
 Hinting of war's hot thunder-clap.
 Red suits the revel or the fight,
 But modern blood runs milky-white!

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
 Nor to JOHN BULL, who buys and sells.
 In native swords and native ranks
 The only hope of freedom dwells!
 The Turk will harry you, as Giaours,
 And—well, his flag flies with the Powers!

Fill high the bowl with—cowslip wine!
 Poets pugnacious idiots are.
 But politicians will decline
 To run the risk of general war.
 ROSEBERY warns, bland BALFOUR craves
 Patience—the virtue once of slaves!

Leave me on Candia's stony steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I
 May hear our mutual murmurings sweep.
 I fancy I did well to die
 Before that Concert could combine—
 Dash down yon glass of gooseberry wine!!!

SUGGESTED HONOUR.—That Dr. NANSEN,
 after his related Arctic experiences, ought
 to be made a Knight of the Bath.



AGAINST THE GRAIN.

JOHN BULL (*loc.*). "AH! THAT GREEK'S A PLUCKY LITTLE CHAP! PRECIOUS SORRY THAT ME AND MY FORIN' MATES HAS TO STOP HIM!"





THE GUARDS AT GIBRALTAR. A FORECAST.

CAPTAIN THE HON. CRASHER, OF LEICESTERSHIRE (WEIGHT SIXTEEN STONE), HAVING SENT HIS STUD OF WEIGHT-CARRIERS TO THE HAMMER, LOOKS ROUND FOR SOMETHING TO CARRY HIM WITH "THE CALPE." HE IS ASSURED, ON THE WORD OF AN ENGLISHMAN—BORN AT GIBRALTAR—THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE STRONGEST HORSES ON THE ROCK, AND QUITE UP TO HIS WEIGHT.

THE SCIENTIFIC BARBER.

["It has been discovered that the Röntgen rays possess the quality of destroying human hair, while a gentle current of electricity promotes its growth in a marked degree—facts of which a practical use will be made in the future."—*Daily Paper.*]

Fragments of conversation in a hairdresser's shop, as recorded by our own prophetic phonograph.

READY for you, Sir, please . . . Röntgened and shampooed, Sir? . . . JAMES, kindly step this way with the induction coil, and mind that battery don't upset . . . Allow me to cover your moustache, Sir, if you don't wish it shortened . . . Oh, no, Sir, we never use scissors in our establishment, we've given up the old-fashioned ways for a long time . . . Head a little more this side, please . . . *Sensation unpleasant?* But then consider how scientific it is—what would our ancestors have said if they could have seen your hair withering away before their very eyes? . . . *Called you a silly fool?* Dear me no, Sir, surely not . . . Is that short enough? Thank you . . . Shampoo, I think you said? . . . *Water not too cold?* We don't use water, Sir, nowadays—current of oxygen gas far more efficacious, with a wash of carbon bisulphide . . . Head a little lower—thank you . . . Yes, gentlemen often complain of the smell at first, but they soon get accustomed to it—"infernal stench" is rather too strong a term for it, if you will excuse me, Sir . . . *Soft brush?* You can have the 40, 70, or 100-volt galvanic power, but the wires are just the

same in each . . . *Pray sit still, Sir—you've kicked a hole in the dynamo—if the current is too strong I can modify it . . . What will you have on? Brilliantine?* We don't use it, nowadays. I'll apply a little of our sulphuric acid wash . . . Sir, I put it to you, how can I do you justice and finish your hair tastefully with you jumping up and running round the shop swearing like that? Why, yes, it *does* burn, as you say, but, as I told you, think of the science of it! The free hydrogen of the acid combines with the oxygen to form—*shut my jaw?* As you please, Sir; I was only endeavouring to interest you in the chemical reaction going on on your head. It's wonderful to think how some persons despise the benefits given us by the progress of science—seems like ingratitude to Providence, doesn't it? . . . Your hair getting very thin on the top. *No wonder, after I've been playing fool's tricks with it!* Not at all, Sir; it's hasty temper which does it. Allow me to put you up one of our Hirsutine Galvanic Batteries, which conveys the electric fluid in a speedy and effectual form to the follicles at the roots of . . . Well, at any rate it won't cost you nothing to look at it . . . You just attach these wires to the scalp for two or three hours every morning, and the effect is wonderful. There's a customer of ours who bought one a month ago; bald as a billiard-hall his head was, and now—well, his own mother wouldn't know him! *Probably not, as he's a lunatic?* He, he! You must have your joke, Sir! But I'll just put this up for you, it costs only five

guineas and . . . Well, of course, it's for you to say, and if you like to grow bald—No, Sir, I'm not scraping your head with needles. The piercing sensation is due to the magnetic properties of our patent electric comb, which is recommended by several eminent physicians. . . As I was about to observe, Sir, the greyiness of your hair can be remedied. We strongly recommend the use of our Polarising Trismus, which are concealed in the hair, and cast a beam of yellow light upon it, giving it a oceanic flaxen tint which . . . I'm not forcing you to buy them, and there's no occasion for such language that I can see . . . *Have I nearly done?* Yes, Sir, quite finished; but there's a little electrical appliance here I should like to show you, and . . . Very well, Sir—pay in the shop, please . . . Good morning, Sir!

"THE CHEMISTRY OF TEA."

[Mr. DAVID CROLE recently delivered a lecture before the Society of Arts on the chemical constituents of tea. He gave a truly formidable list of acids and poisons.]

SCENE—A dark room. In the middle, a teapot. Thunder. Enter Three Old Maids.

First Old Maid.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Old Maid.

Thrice! there's something in the wind.

Third Old Maid.

Mr. CROLE cries, Time, 'tis time.

First Old Maid.

Round about the teapot go;
In the dire ingredients throw.—
Pour them in, and stir them well,
While their awful names you tell;
Quite a tidy little lot,
Flung into the deadly pot.

All.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and kettle bubble.

Second Old Maid.

Call the items one by one,
Now we'll have some fearsome fun:
Acid bring and alkaloid
For the unholy brew employ'd.
Empty in a chemist's shop,
Ere the witches frolic stop,
'Tis a charm of powerful trouble,
See our hell-broth boil and bubble.

All.

Double, double dose of trouble
Pour into our hubble bubble.

Third Old Maid.

Now the compound may begin—
Assamin and quercitrin,
Phloroglucin, theophyllin,
Shall the poison-pot be fillin';
Theobromine helps the stew,
Oxyhydroquinone, too;
Then the horrid mess augment—
Add dioxy-one-per-cent.—
Salicylic acid benzene,
With beheic acid green;
Last let gallic drops and tannin
Put the drinker in a panic.

All.

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and kettle bubble.

AN UNCONGENIAL SPOT FOR TRETOTALERS.—Barmouth.



RECKLESS EXTRAVAGANCE.

Pepperby. "I'VE BEEN TALKING TO MY WIFE, AND BEEN GIVING HER A BIT OF MY MIND."

Cynical Candid Friend. "FOLLOW MY ADVICE, OLD CHAP, AND DON'T DO THAT TOO OFTEN, OR YOU'LL HAVE NONE LEFT FOR YOURSELF!"

IMPROVING LONDON.

(By an Admirer of the County Council.)

HAVE just heard of the Council's proposal now before Parliament to continue the Chelsea Embankment beyond Battersea Bridge. Discover article on it in *Times* of the 2nd. It seems there is a graceful curve of the river bank there, open space, old-fashioned houses, picturesque barges, brown sails, HOGARTH'S "Line of beauty," and all that sort of thing. Now, I'm a practical man, and hate all such useless tomfoolery. Rejoice to see the Council wants to make the bank quite straight. So much more practical. Get the Thames like a wide canal. "Line of beauty" all rubbish. Also to build on open space, concealing old-fashioned houses by practical new ones. Probably lofty flats. How much better than having a silly garden with flowers, or anything of that maudlin sort. The scheme will cost a lot. That's unfortunate. Not so very practical. But you can't make improvements for nothing.

Begin to think what might be done in other parts. There's an astonishing lot of waste space in London. Look at Trafalgar Square. Who goes in the middle? Why not build the new Council Hall there? And look at the Parks. What's the good of the Serpentine? Nothing but water! Why not drain it and build workmen's dwellings? Then look at the Bayswater Road and the Kensington Road. Both quite crooked. Make them quite straight, and build houses all along the Park—good

practical houses, all exactly alike and in a straight line. Look at Kensington Gardens. Nothing but a lot of trees! Cut them all down and build on the ground. Do the same with all the Parks. The land would sell for enormous sums. Then the present streets could be dealt with, and all the chief ones could be made quite straight, and quite flat, and 150 feet wide, with four lines of steam tramways along each.

That's what I should like. That's what I call practical. Don't tell me any rubbish about Piccadilly being better as it is. Why, all the houses are different! And all the building land on one side is wasted for the sake of some old trees! And the road varies in width, and it isn't flat! And there isn't even one tramway! Stuff and nonsense, I say.

So I'm glad the Council is going to build on one open space, and is trying to get the Thames rather straighter. It's a good beginning.

A DUET OF EX-CHANCELLORS.

As sung by Prince Bismarck and Count Caprivi.

(Dedicated, without permission, to Prince Hohenlohe.)

A KING is a thing
You should pull with a string
In a sort of go-one-with-a-dot dance,
A puppet whose motion
Gives rise to the notion
That if left to himself he would *not* dance.
It's a very nice trick
When you cause him to kick,

And his kicks all come off as you plan them,

While a jubilant nation
Gives vent to elation
By shouting the National Anthem.
But it's oh, for retirement, it's ah, for the shelf,
When the king takes his own string and pulls it himself.

For it's then that a Chan-
-cellor feels like a man
In a painful but hardly a rare case,
When, his heart pit-a-patting,
He lands on the matting,
Having stepped where there wasn't a staircase.

For the king knowing best
When his servant wants rest
Insists on retirement as vital,
And you spend your remaining
Few years in complaining,
With an "ex" in the front of your title—
An extra accursed which, as everyone knows,
Destroys peace of mind while it gives you repose.

At the Grand Hotel, Paris.

Blithers (of romantic turn of mind, to SMITHERS, after observing a young couple in close conversation in the court-yard). I'm sure they're engaged. I heard her call him HARRY!

Smithers (a matter-of-fact man). What of that? I call my housemaid, EMILY! He's most probably her footman.

[SMITHERS calls for absinthe.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

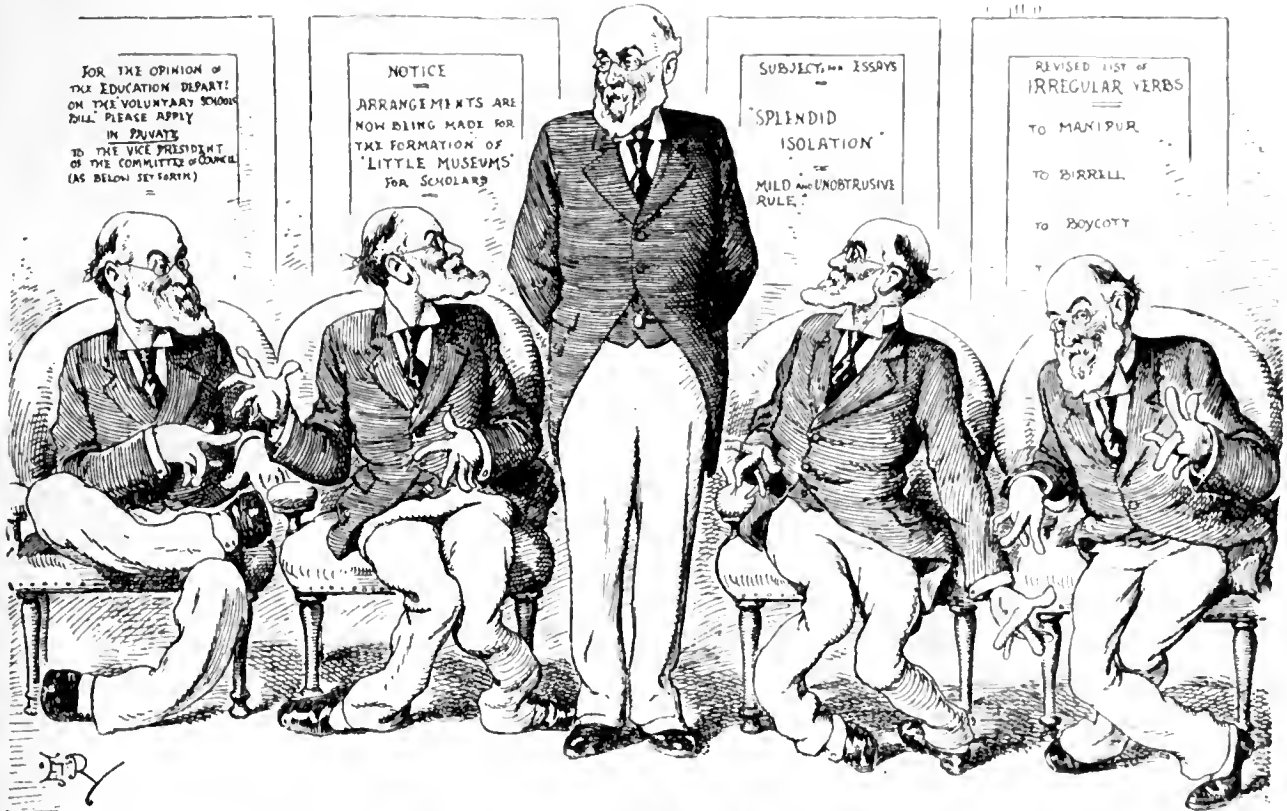
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 15.
 —Afraid when I saw FRANK LOCKWOOD industriously taking notes through to-night's debate on Education Bill, he would miss opportunity of making successful speech. Rude to mention names; but House well knows some of his colleagues on Front Opposition bench whose speeches are smothered—"Overlain" SARK calls it—by preparation. Fortunately House pretty full when the Solicitor-General of

when closely examined, there is really nothing in the speech to which exception could be taken. One can imagine how the MARKISS, studying the newspaper report, would be puzzled to understand the occasion of the "laughter," "loud laughter," "renewed laughter," recorded at every other sentence. On any other stage, in any other circumstances, before any other audience, the speech would have been an ordinary official effort. But circumstances were compact: the actor, the moment, the stage, the audience.

Business done.—The Vice-President ex-

themselves outside. These dozen, faithful among the faithless found, scorn delights and live laborious quarters of an hour listening to GENTLE-DULNESS. Mrs. G.-D. and the Misses G.-D., surveying the scene from Ladies' Gallery, are cheered by this sign of appreciation. They have never been able to make out how it is that Pa, so wise at home, so authoritative on imperial politics and domestic questions, so persuasive in his eloquence, so unanswerable in his argument, should be so little regarded in the House of Commons. Here are at least a dozen who know his full value.



GORST, ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL!

"I do not know that I have a right to speak for my right hon. friend the First Lord of the Treasury, who is not here at present, but I can speak as far as the COMMITTEE of Council is concerned!" . . . "The Committee of Council are a body of very practical men!"—Sir J-h-n G-rst in Education Debate.

two successive Governments rose. Drew hilarious cheer at outset by chaff of JOHN O' GORST. Afterwards all went well; severely disregarding his brief, he spoke brightly, effectively, on subject with which he is intimately familiar; scored unequivocal success.

JOHN O' GORST to follow. Long time since House seen such delightful bit of high comedy. Everything perfect—the passive figure, the almost wooden expression on the face as the cheers and laughter rose and fell; the subtle modulation of the voice investing innocent syllables with barbed point. Nothing lacking, not even PRINCE ARTHUR, evidently anxious but keenly appreciative, seated close by his docile colleague. If JOHN O' GORST had in early life taken to the stage, JOHNNIE HARE would have had to look out for his laurels. The crowning success is that,

explains what the Committee of the Privy Council think.

Tuesday.—No one looking at House to-night when debate on Education Bill was resumed would guess how, outside, the great heart of the nation was throbbing with excitement. Benches almost empty; listless attitude of scanty audience varied here and there by figure of Member leaning forward with hand on knee intently watching honourable gentleman on his legs. About a dozen of these, an appreciable proportion of the so-called House.

The kindly heart yearns towards them. Here, at least, are good men and true, who take profound interest in education question; are willing to add from any source to their knowledge of subject. The authority just now on his legs may be prosy and pragmatical. Less conscientious Members have fled before him, more pleasantly occupying

As he approaches conclusion of eloquent and convincing harangue the twelve Members can hardly contain themselves. They strain like hounds on the leash; they never take their eyes off Pa; seem ready to cat him in excess of their appreciation. Once, when Pa stooped down to pick up one of the folios of his precious speech, they all leaped to their feet as if propelled by the same catapult. When Pa, having found his paper, went on with his speech, the House tittered and they ruefully resumed their seats.

Mrs. GENTLE-DULNESS growing alarmed. "I hope," she says nervously. "they aren't in their enthusiasm going to do anything foolish: lift Pa up shoulder high, and carry him round the House in triumph, or anything of that kind."

When at length the hon. Member on his legs makes an end of speaking, the dozen

are up again as eagerly as before. Bending forward towards the Chair, the anxious eye lately fixed on Pa is now turned on the Speaker. Alack! alack! they haven't been listening to speech, only watching for signs of its conclusion so that they may get the next chance of reading their own precious paper. As SARK says, this is not debate; it's manufacture. Small wonder House is empty whilst process is going forward.

Business done.—Second reading of Education Bill carried by 355 against 150.

Thursday.—J. W. LOWTHER (not to be confounded with the illustrious JEMMY) just now had his breath temporarily, but completely, taken away. J. W. is Chairman of Committees, and a very good one, too. Took to the Chair as a duck takes to water. Where his trouble commences is when he leaves it. When, being in the Chair, he opens his mouth, no dog dare bark, not even that sad dog, TOMMY BOWLES. Very different, as he learns, when he descends from the Throne.

To-night, House discussing proposal to read second time London County Council Bill, authorising purchase of site for building new offices. The gentlemen of England who hate the County Council and all its works resolved to thwart the scheme. Made long angry speeches refusing second reading. J. W., rising from temporary quarters on Treasury Bench, not only supported second reading, but, in most severe Chairman-of-Committee manner, scolded

Had J. W. chanced, as often happens at this early hour, to have arrayed himself in the evening dress Chairman wears even at



A PARLIAMENTARY NELSON!

We understand there is no foundation for the statement that, in order to ensure dignity and reverence of treatment, Admiral Field has undertaken to replace Mr. Forbes Robertson at the Avenue Theatre!

morning sittings when presiding over Committee, he might have escaped. In morning dress, a private Member like the rest of us, bringing the tone and manner of Chairman of Committees into ordinary debate! It was too much. Temptation irresistible. Akin to case of arbitrary usher accidentally encountering lot of the boys in mid holiday. Time, near Christmas; scene, a lonely common a foot deep in snow. Could the boys be blamed if a storm of snowballs darkens the air, or even if a human figure, outwardly revered in term time, is rolled in the snow?

Something like this happened in case of esteemed Chairman of Committees. MAPLE BLUNDELL, putting down his head, butted him (so to speak) in the stomach. COHEN blocked his hat. DARLINO, getting hold of his coat-tails, violently tugged them, contumeliously shouting, "Yah! yah!" As for Cap'en TOMMY, he sailed round and round, dexterously dipping his main brace so as to souse the right honourable gentleman with water. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who has not recently had opportunity of appearing in favourite character of Protector of Ministers, gallantly ran in with attempt to drive the boys off. Too late. The fun was over; a mere wreck of a Chairman of Committees limped off to the glad obscurity of his room.

Business done.—OOM PAUL presents his small account. Item: to material damage, £677,938 3s. 3d. Ditto: to moral or intellectual damage, say a million. What a wag it is!

Friday.—Long hours and a dull evening with Army Estimates illumined by single gleam. It flashed when WILFRID LAWSON and Dr. TANNER walked up floor shoulder to shoulder, co-tellers in a division. Chairman of Committees deftly compounded the mixture.

"Only wants a bit of ice to make it quite complete," said SARK, wetting his lips, for, as hinted, the proceedings had been dry.

With brief intervals spent outside, TANNER has pervaded the place since House got into Committee. "Knowing nothing of the matter," he said, at one point of discussion on Yecmanry vote; "I speak with diffidence—great diffidence, Mr. LOWTHER." Nevertheless, he spoke often; divided at every opportunity. Had taken one division on reduction of Yeomanry Vote, when WILFRID LAWSON, "going one step farther," as WALTER BARTELOT used to say, moved rejection of whole vote. Chairman gave him several chances.

"I think the Ayes have it." "The Noes have it," said wilful WILFRID. "The Ayes have it," repeated the Chairman, in warning voice. This was the last chance. Everyone saw what was coming, except LAWSON, who once more challenged Chairman's decision. Then the bolt fell. "Ayes to the right; Noes to the left. Tellers for the Ayes, Sir WILLIAM WALROND and Mr. ANSTRUTHER; tellers for the Noes, Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Dr. TANNER." House went out to division with uproarious glee.

Business done.—Millions voted on account Army Estimates.

MISUNDERSTOOD!

(A Story of the Road and its Double Fares.)

"And doubtless you have good reason for charging me a double fare?" queried the traveller.

"Indeed I have, Sir," was the ready response. "Our company opponents, on festivals, take off their vehicles at an early hour. It is only we—lowly and despised—keep to our running. Surely for this boon we deserve some recompense?"

"You are indeed right," said he who was journeying, "and this two-pence is given with every feeling of satisfaction."

"Sir, you touch me nearly. Never have I been treated with so much kindness. Believe me, these tears spring from a heart full almost to breaking with the warmest gratitude."

"Nay, I did not mean to make you weep," continued the traveller, wiping away himself a furtive tear. "You are civil and obliging, and if you are under no direct control, I and my fellow-passengers are free from the unpleasant attentions of the inspector thirsting for tickets."

"Ah, Sir, you are indeed a friend!" exclaimed the emotional attendant; "and I would ask you one favour more."

"It is granted before demanded."

"A thousand thanks. I would merely pray of you, when you hear my vehicle described in brutal language by a hard-hearted public, to utter a word in my defence."

"Willingly. In future, when I have occasion to speak of you, I will call you the pleasing alternative to the Road Car and London General."

Then came a shout of joy and a declaration that explained everything.

"Ah, that will be far better than being known as the conductor of the pirate 'bus!'"



£677,938 3s. 3d.!! HOW IT WAS DONE!

Oom Paul (over the banisters). "Now, my dear, is there anything more that you can think of before I send in the bill?"

A Female Voice. "Well, dear, I saw some lovely socks at 1s. 7½d. the pair—you want two pairs badly!"

Members. No business, he said, to go talking round the Bill at large upon second reading stage. Place to discuss merits of Bill was in Committee room upstairs.



WITH A SMART PACK.

"WHERE THE DOOSE IS MY MAN WITH MY SECOND HAT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE New Woman amongst novelists has really left nothing more to be done. One recently took Satan for her hero. OLIVE SCHREINER, in *Trooper Peter Halket* (FISHER UNWIN), has gone one better, sketching on her canvas the most sacred figure known to mankind. If the thing must be done it may be admitted that the difficult task has been accomplished with delicacy and force. It is a noble, majestically-human personage that appears to *Peter Halket* in the loneliness of the night on the veldt. The doubt that disturbs the mind of the reader is as to the object with which the book is written. My Baronite is not sure whether the work was undertaken because OLIVE SCHREINER hates Mr. CECIL RHODES the less, or because she loves the Kaffir more. Perfection of art is not compatible with personal prejudice and exaggeration. Breach of this canon robs *Peter Halket* of full success. The black man is not so white as he is here painted, nor is the white man nearly so black. The cowardly murder of the trooper by his captain, which closes the story, is savage in its libellous reflection on Mrs. SCHREINER'S own countrymen.

"It may frequently happen that an order may be given to an officer which, from circumstances not known to the person who gave it at the time he issued it, would be impossible to execute, or the difficulty or risk of the execution of it would be so great as to amount to moral impossibility." This passage from one of the Duke of WELLINGTON'S despatches was quoted in the forefront of a memorandum from Sir GEORGE TRYON issued to the squadron when he was in command of the Mediterranean station. The occasion was the disaster to the *Howe*. Among his own dicta Sir GEORGE laid down the rule that "risks that are not only justifiable but are demanded during war are not justifiable during peace." This from the author and director of the manœuvre which, on the 22nd of June, 1893, led to the collision between the *Camperdown* and the *Victoria*, the sinking of the latter ship, and the wholesale loss of crew and officers, including Sir GEORGE TRYON, is, my Baronite says, one of the grimmest incidents in biography. In his *Life of Sir George Tryon* (BLACKWOOD), Admiral FITZGERALD surmises that the name of his hero is known to many of his countrymen only in connection with the great maritime disaster. That is inevitable, and the fact will remain till the name ceases to be spoken. In his simply told and fascinating story Admiral FITZGERALD succeeds in deepening the mystery that broods over the fatal order. He shews TRYON from his first appointment as a midshipman on the *Wellesley* devoting energy and supreme capacity to the mastery of his loved profession.

PROSE IT

[The *Evening Standard* thinks the action of the British Admiral and his warships in Cretan waters "should commend itself to every man who can approach a question of international compliation without frenzied appeals to Providence, Hyde Park, and the doubtful medium of minor verse."]

THAT settles it! Dealing with friends or foes,
Our standard (says the *Standard*) must be prose!
The sober, stodgy prose, sense can't resist,
Of—let us say the minor journalist!
Mere Providence, and Hyde Park, and the poet,
Are simply out of it, and ought to know it.
Penny-a-liners, so they be but prosy,
And do not turn on sentiment, or "the rosy,"
Make better guides through the political dark
Than Providence, Parnassus, or Hyde Park.
Tyrtæus now has not a chance, you bet,
With penners of the poorest leaderette.
England's Palladium, as the fashion goes,
Is partisan, and very minor prose!

In Bond Street, 5 p.m.

WIGMORE (to TWIGMORE, whom he hasn't seen for years). By Jove! you are looking well, old chap! Gone in for matrimony?
TWIGMORE. No, my boy, better than that—patri-money.

He knew everything, and could do anything that became a sailor. It was, in truth, as Admiral FITZGERALD testifies, the blind trust confided in him by men and officers that led to the calamity. He ordered the squadron to manœuvre on the basis of the columns being six cables apart. Every cabin-boy knew that such an arrangement must lead to collision. But everyone believed TRYON knew what he was about, that, somehow or other, the thing would come right. So orders were obeyed, and the *Victoria* was run down. It was magnificent, but it was not seamanship.
(Signed) THE BARON.

A PASSAGE IN A FLAT.

(By a Stout Man.)

You may doubtless think that I in this title must imply Something musical, a movement played melodiously at Any concert you recall. No, it is not that at all,
For the A is not accented in this "passage in a flat."

And a "movement" there might lead to disasters great indeed:
For unlucky individuals like me a little fat,
With a far too ample waist, it is awkward to be placed
In the very narrow passage found in almost any flat.

All your rooms, my friend, are fine, fit for bulk yet more than mine,
But the passage is not similar, you could not argue that.
One must be absurdly thin to be comfortable in
Any gangway so contracted as the passage in a flat.

And in yours, by no means wide, you have hung on either side
Some extremely charming drawings which I gaze at from the mat,
Fearful lest I sweep them all to destruction from the wall,
If I try to struggle past them in the passage of your flat.

At Redrufus Castle.

The Duchess of Stony Cross (to Mrs. MACSHODDY, who is returning a duty call). The Duke has actually consented to be Mayor of Crankborough in succession to poor Mr. SLITT.

Mrs. MacShoddy. Well! that 'll be very nice for you! You're sure to be invited to the Mansion House in London during the season!

THE PRESENT LAND OF GOSCHEN.—Crete.



"THREE OF A TRADE."

John Bull (the Enterprising Commercial, to Miss Abyssinia). "HERE, MISS, THIS IS 'THE LINE' FOR YOU,—I THINK THE GOODS ARE THE BEST IN THE MARKET!"



AT A CHECK.

Huntsman. "Hi! HOLD HARD! CAN'T YOU SEE THE HOUNDS ARE NOT RUNNING?"
Gent (out for the day). "THEN WHY THE DICKENS DON'T YOU MAKE 'EM RUN?"

THE ABYSSINIAN MAID.

A VISION IN THE "MOUNTAINS OF RASSELAS."
(Fragment a very long way after "Kubla Khan.")

A DAMSEL with a traveller
 In a vision once I saw.
 She was an Abyssinian maid,
 And he a bagman, bent on trade,
 Bold of front and glib of jaw.
 In the background bagmen twain,
 Commercial rivals, bent on gain,
 Looked on, to see if she'd incline
 To the new commercial's "line."
 Lowered from his big, broad back,
 At her feet he spread his pack,
 Musing, "Could I awake within her
 Desire, just make her look and long,
 To talk and trade with me could win her,
 I should chortle loud and long!"
 He had a bold and winning air:
 "This line 's A1, these goods are nice!"
 But the two rivals standing there
 Said to the maid, "Beware! beware!
 His cunning eyes, his curly hair!
 Madam, take our joint advice,
 Ere you trust, bethink you thrice,
 And close your ears to all he's said,
 For he in Free Trade fields hath fed;
 'Protection is our Paradise!'"

TURF INTELLIGENCE.—A horse called *Kenn* has been supported for the Derby. Is some Scotsman "in the know"?

APPROPRIATE TITLE FOR THE KING OF THE HELLENES.—*GEORGE the Indis-Cretan.*

EXCELLENT precedent for the "actor-author-manager"—"three single gentlemen rolled into one"—is to be found in *WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE* himself. Wasn't it *MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD* who first suggested that the reason why *WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE* cast himself for the part of the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, was that in the intervals he could go in front, "count the house," and generally supervise the box-office?

REAL CHESS-NUTS.—Prizes at a big Tournament.



Cherry

Billy. "AND SUPPOSING *DR. NANSEN* WAS TO FIND THE NORTH POLE, WOT WOULD HE DO WIV IT?"

Tommy. "WHY, STICK IT UP ON THE EMBANKMENT, LIKE THEY 'AVE *CLEOPARTY'S NEEDLE.*"

THE FERULE OF FAME.

(A Cue for the Champion Cueist.)

[When *ROBERTS* (in his match with *PEALL*) completed his great break of 604, *MR. BALFOUR*, who was watching the game intently, applauded loudly with the ferule of his umbrella.]

ANCIENT champions, greatest, truest,
 Found immortal bards to sing 'em;
 But our mighty champion cueist
 Wins praise from—*PRINCE ARTHUR'S*
 gingham!

ROBERTS, long be it ere you,
Magni nominis umbra, stand!
 Break, break, break, till all is blue,
 Keen of sight and true of hand!
 Cynics swear a champion's name
 Is all leather and prunella.
 Safe from fading is *your* fame,
 Shaded by *BALFOUR'S* umbrella;
 Though, if top place you'd not lose
 You must mind your *P(EALL'S and Cues!*

At the Pink Dragon, Bloomsbury.

William Jarkins. I see that the County Council are going to issue bills at short date.

The MacTavish (feelingly). Guid mon alive! did ye iver ken the catamarans not sae to dee?

THE RESULT OF AN IMPRUDENT MARRIAGE (by our own Matrimonial Adviser).—County Court-ship.

ARSIT OMEN!—The Archduke *RAINER* of Austria has gone to Cannes for a stay of several weeks.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XI.

THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

II.

SCENE—*The Terrace of the Spa at Scarborough. It is a fine morning towards the end of September. The Terrace is not crowded, and most of those present are leaning over the parapet, listening to the troupes of Niggers and Pierrots performing on the sands below. Miss HENRIETTA WOTHERSPOON and FRITZ VON GUBLER are walking up and down together, apart from the rest. She is about forty-five, with hair that is beginning to turn grey, ordinary features, and an ingenuously amiable expression. He is thirty, with fair hair, cut brush-wise, small upturned moustache, and a stolid pink and white countenance.*

Miss Wother spoon. The last day at dear old Scarborough! It has been such a happy time. I wish it could go on for ever! Don't you?

Von Gubler. For ever? Impossible. The season is quite over already.

Miss W. I shouldn't mind that so long as— But I'm afraid you think that's silly and sentimental of me!

Von G. (with indulgence). I also can be sentimental sometimes—when there is a moon, and a pand blaying.

Miss W. There was a moon that evening when you asked me—do you remember—on the balcony?

Von G. On the balcony, yes. And underneath in the road a pand blayed. I remember when you promised to be my wife, I was so mad with joy I gave the drombone half-a-grown!

Miss W. It came as such an utter surprise to me. I could hardly believe you meant it.

Von G. I did not. In the dark I take it as a violin. But no matter.

Miss W. I—I mean, I thought you would have cared for somebody who was nearer your own age. It seems so wonderful you should have chosen me, with so many pretty, attractive girls at Marina House.

Von G. I do not care for them. At the Marina House they are too flirtatious, and they are not real ladies. Besides, when they are young and pretty, they expect too much attention. I prefer somebody who is quiet, and middle-aged, and who has a little money or not makes no difference. Since my own is dead, I have plenty. But a real, highborn English lady—that is the principal thing.

Miss W. As to that, I can only tell you my dear father was a sugar-broker.

Von G. A sugar-proker! (With slight uneasiness.) Tell me—that is not the same as a confectioner?

Miss W. Indeed, it isn't. It's not a trade at all. It's quite a nice business to be in—almost a profession. They don't touch the sugar themselves, only deal with it somehow—like stocks. My brother is in it now—but he doesn't do very much, except when his partner is away.

Von G. (relieved). I am glad it is no worse as that. In my country of Switzerland they are demagogical, but my family, the Von GUBLERS, come originally from Owtaria, where they were oal parons. And you understand, for my family's sake I could not marry a wife whose connections were common beoples.

Miss W. I am glad to say that we have scarcely any connections—certainly none that you need be in the least ashamed of.

Von G. I believe it well. Sugar-proking is no doubt quite chendeel, though I do not recollect to have met any sugar-proker at the duple of my friend Lord GOLESCHAFTS. You know him, yes?

Miss W. I can't say I do. Is Lord COLESCHAFTS a great friend of yours?

Von G. At von dime, yes. We were constantly together. I have stayed with him, travelled with him—and so forth. Lately I lose side of him altogether. Is that not the way with your so broud and stiff English lords?

Miss W. I know so little about them. We are very quiet people, SPENCER and I.

Von G. So? And who is SPENCER?

Miss W. SPENCER is my brother. And oh, FRITZ, he doesn't know anything about it yet!

Von G. (staring). Not know that he is your brother?

Miss W. No, no. Of our engagement. I really haven't had courage to write. I'm afraid it will be a dreadful blow to him. You see, he has lived with me in the same house all these years.

Von G. Oal the more reason he find a house for himself.

Miss W. But it's his house just as much as mine. More, because he has always paid the rates and taxes.

Von G. Ach, the good SPENCER. Never shall he be turned from our doors, mine HENRIETTE. Always shall there be a good warm corner for SPENCER!

Miss W. Dear FRITZ, I knew you had a tender heart, though you do try to hide it under— Yes, SPENCER must live with us. I know you will be fond of him. He is so kind, and simple, and sincere—you can depend upon him so absolutely.

Von G. Absolutely, no—because I have myself a little. But he may continue to buy the rates and taxes.

Miss W. He would be simply miserable if he had to live all by himself now. He's some years older than I am.

Von G. So old as that? Quite too old to marry, then!

Miss W. To marry? I can't imagine SPENCER ever doing that—now. He's a little difficult to please, and besides, he has always said he was much too comfortable with me to run the risk of a change. I do hope he won't mind much. It will have to be broken to him very gently.

Von G. I will do it very chendly. To-morrow I walk in with you, arm-in-arm—so; I dig him chogosely—but politely—in the shtomag, and say, "Goot evening, broder-in-law!" Then he gombrehend.

Miss W. No, please, FRITZ! You mustn't come to the house with me—not to-morrow, not the very first evening! You must leave me at King's Cross, and stay at a hotel. You won't mind?

Von G. Nod at all.

Miss W. You see, I must have a little time to—to prepare SPENCER. I know it will be dreadfully dull for you, dear.

Von G. On the gondrary. I dine at a restaurant and drop into a musig-hall after.

Miss W. It is sweet of you to be so good-humoured about it, when— But after all, it's only for one night—and the next you will come to dinner, of course, and make SPENCER's acquaintance. I'm sure he will be perfectly charmed with you when he really gets to know you, and we shall be quite happy and cosy together.

Von G. If SPENCER is gosity to me, I will be gosity to him. (He consults his watch.) Ah! we waste so much time dalking we are late for dapped'hode lonch. Led us go.

Miss W. Don't let's go to Marina House, FRITZ. Couldn't we lunch out somewhere? It's our last day!

Von G. It is much pedder we lonch at the Marina House. We give no notice we will not be there.

Miss W. I see. And you think it might hurt poor Mrs. HACKNESS's feelings if we stay away? You are always so considerate, dear FRITZ!

Von G. Considerate, yes. She put the lonch down in the pills vezzer we eat it or nod. Also at the Marina House, they give you a very good puddle of Bilsener. No, we will not lonch anywere else—it is a waste of money.

Miss W. Of course—how stupid of me! I never thought of that.

Chorus of Niggers (heard from below),
 "Oh, ain't it a pity that the likes of 'er
 Should take up wiv the likes of 'im!"

Von G. Sdraiuch! Those niggers sing always that gomic song with a gorus that nefer mean nodings!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—The Stockexchange is one of the curiosities of the city. I am gone to see her there is some days. Naturally I attend to find a great edifice on a great place, as the Bourse at Paris. But, after much of difficulty and much of explications from the agents of police—so enormous and so polite—I arrive to a small street at side of the Bank of England, where one would attend to find the entry of the personal—that which one calls the "backdoor" in english—and, *voilà*, in another little end of sack, *cul-de-sac*, approached from this little street, finds herself the entry of the Bourse of London. What droll of ideal *Pas magnifique du tout*, not magnificent of the all.

Eh well, I perceive several persons who enter, and therefore me also I enter, as to the Bourse at Paris. Truly I know not, though it is in my country, if all the world can to enter the Bourse, but I am entered two times or more, and I have cried at the interior at the middle of the *boursiers*, pursers, all crying at high voice.

I do of same at London, and I enter with some misters who arrive at the same instant. By consequence the guardian at the entry perceives me not. I arrest myself at the glassed doors of the interior, for to regard before of to enter. One has told me, since, that the strangers are permitted of to do that, and therefore the *concierge* occupies not himself of it more.

The interior is enough vast and enough high. The walls are covered of a substance who resembles to the cheese of Gorgonzola. It is perhaps a sort of marble. The floor is dirty; and covered of pieces of paper, as at Paris, and of pursers, who push some cries with much of noise, also as at Paris. During that I regard, a man in costume of *concierge* waks himself among the pursers carrying a waterer, *arrosoir*, and waters the dusty floor. What droll of ideal! It is evident that the Londonian loves much the mud, if he makes to make some mud even in the Stockexchange. Having seen all this, I open the door, and I enter for to traverse to the other side.

At pain am I entered when all suddenly I have the hat *enfonce*, smashed, on the head. Very astonished I search the reason of this attack, and in this moment here a second blow smashes him yet more. Then my hat falls to earth, I perceive that I am surrounded of pursers, I hear some cries, some exclamations, the crowd pushes, I am *bousculé*, I leave to fall my umbrella, my *pardessus* is almost torn, and, before that I can to say JOHN ROBINSON, I find myself in the court of entry. In effect I am "chucked outside." Me, AUGUSTE, a peaceable voyager from a friendly country! It is too much strong, *c'est trop fort!* *Sacré nom de nom!* But I go to be calm.

"Misters," I say to those who have attacked me, "I go immediately to the trench Ambassade for to demand the intervention of my government. It will be an international affair. At present I say not anything, except that I demand my hat and my umbrella." After to have obtained them, I throw myself in a cab and I go direct to the Ambassade.

In arriving there I am received—in french we say "*interviewé*"—by a young attached man, *un jeune attaché*, who is truly desolated, and one can not more sympathetic, and as amiable as possible. But he is also diplomatist, and, always with thousand regrets and praying me to believe to his lively sympathy, he says me that it is not—he assures me of it—an international affair, that it is not even—*hélas!*—an affair of police, seen that—well sure without any bad intention—I had wrong, because one is defended of to enter. Also that the pursers are very little occupied at present, that they amuse themselves to tree to say almost as some boys, and that it was but a pleasantery of their part. "*Une fort mauvaise plaisanterie!*" I cry, indicating my hat and my umbrella. But by degrees I leave myself to persuade, *je me laisse persuader*, and in fine I commence to laugh. And in laughing one forgets naturally his bad humour. The young attached man smiles—a fine smite of diplomatist—I thank him, and I say to him "*Adieu.*"

In quitting the Ambassade I perceive that my umbrella is not ruined, I buy a new hat, and even I find that my ancient hat—which resembles at present to an accordion, or to a "gibus" *à moitié fermé*, at half closed—can to be "blocked" and repassed, and will be then, in verity, enough good for a such climate.



THAT TYRANT MAN.

Thomas the Drummer. "WELL, EMMAR, YOU NEEDN'T TAKE ON SO. I LOVES YOU STRIGHT ENOUGH; BUT 'ANGIN' ROUND THE BARRICK OATES, ASKIN' FOR ME, IS THE SORT OF THING I WILL 'NOT 'AVE!"

Mon Dieu, quel climat! Not the least little ray of sun; without cease of the rain, of the fog! And that not only the day where I visit the Stockexchange, but during some weeks, during some months, before! It is not the pain of to carry a good hat, for that he may be ruined by the rain, when nobody would could to see him, at cause of the fog. Therefore, *à mauvais jeu, bonne mine*, to bad game good look. In effect I am less illtreated than I thought. Perhaps even it is not astonishing that the pursers should essay to amuse themselves even as that, *même comme ça*, by a time so sad. But all of same I shall revisit never the Stockexchange. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

SENSE FOR THE SEXES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A talented lady has recently written a charming book, called *Manners for Men*. I can praise it with the greatest heartiness as I have not read it. But the title suggests a companion volume, *Styles for Women*. Could not someone—more accomplished than I—take the matter up? To assist the author—it would scarcely be fair for the writer to be of the feminine gender—I jot down a few specimens of style.

Literary.—Hair cut short, *pince-nez*, tailor-cut coat, and divided skirt.

Musical.—Dishevelled tresses, jewels, and fine raiment.

Theatrical.—Picture-hat, furs, thirty-button gloves, and brown paper covered MS.

Charitable.—Prim curls, ulster, umbrella, and carpet-bag full of tracts.

Domestic.—Perfection personified.

There, Mr. Punch, is the germ of the idea. Let the coming author teach our ladies the styles to adopt and to avoid. Why should poor men have to listen to all the preaching?

Believe me, yours sincerely, A LORD OF THE MANNER.

Fineform, Upper Tooting.

LIKELY RESULT OF THE BRITISH MISSION TO ADYSSINIA.—Kissing the Rodd.



RECIPROCITY.

She. "SYMPATHISE WITH ME, GENERAL. I FOUND A GREY HAIR IN MY HEAD THIS MORNING!" *He.* "CONGRATULATE ME, MADAM. I FOUND A BLACK ONE IN MINE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An ardent Lover, deprived of his sorrowful Lady's society by parental decree, sends her a promise of Spring-tide.

HAVE you but seen
The tender green
Of crocuses all blowing,
Wrapt round their hue
Of gold and blue
And white, like goblets growing?
Can't you esteem
The pallid dream
Of snowdrops at their birth?
Each little head
Crept from its bed
Before its leaf had left the earth?

E'en you must feel
The air reveal
The truth of Nature's will,

And if beset
With sad regret
Take council with the daffodil
She does not rise
To meet the skies,
Unmindful of her splendour,
Yet heeds not woe,
But torn, can glow
In light the sunbeams lend her!

I do not sing;
The birds of Spring,
They sing for me, unceasing,
Their joyous song
But makes me long
To own the life I'm leasing.
The winds of March
May storm and parch,
But oh! give me their blowing!
For ev'ry gust
Of whirling dust
Proclaims that Nature's sowing!

So in this morn
Be not forlorn,
But think of Hope's persistence,
Hope is the seed
And Fact the weed
That make a man's existence.
Therefore in Spring
I closely cling
To you—then be not chiding,
But in the tares
The ploughman spares
Find one with Love abiding!

"A WAY THEY WILL HAVE IN THE NAVY."

(Report slightly in advance.)

THE Commissioners of the Admiralty were making their annual inspection. The weather was fine, so their yachting expedition had been exceptionally pleasant. They had seen the ships and the guns. At that point they had stopped short.

"And now you say that the whole of the machinery is worked from the central tower?" queried the First Lord.

"Yes," was the reply. "The vessel is steered, the guns are worked, and the fires are stoked, all by electricity."

"An ingenious contrivance," remarked the Second Sea Lord.

"Very," consented the Superintendent.

"And, as recruits are scarce, convenient?"
"Well, with the inspection of this last first-rate battleship our inspection concludes. I think we have seen everything?"

The colleagues of the speaker whispered a suggestion.

"To be sure—I had forgotten it. We have seen the ships and the guns. But we have not inspected the men. So perhaps we might overhaul the crew of the present vessel. Mr. Admiral, will you kindly beat to quarters?"

Thus invited, the officer whistled, and the summons was answered by a head appearing out of the central tower.

"And who may you be?" asked the First Lord.

"Please your honour," came the reply, "I am the crew."

"The crew! What crew?"

"The crew of this here vessel; and I can tell you, lords and gentlemen, that it's precious lonely working a big ship like this without a messmate!"

And the Lords of the Admiralty—having nothing better to do—made a note of the objection.

BLONDIN—KING OF THE HIGH ROPE.

*Born at St. Omer, February 28, 1824.
Died at Ealing, February 22, 1897.*

BLONDIN is dead! No more he'll tread
The rope that was his path in life
With valiant stride, uplifted head,
And mien of hero loving strife!
But thought of battle never stirred
That modest victor of the cord;
His conquests were the plaudits heard,
His courage was its own reward!
Fearless, his heart was all too soft,
Though true as steel right to the core!
He stretched his steadfast line aloft,
And kept it, wishing nothing more!

QUESTION TO BE ASKED IN THE HOUSE.—
SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT has been summoned for having his chimney on fire. Is this the result of the bombardment of Canea?



THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

DAME EUROPA. "GOOD DOGGIE! GOOD DOGGIE! GIVE IT UP—LET MISSIS HAVE IT!!!"





Rustic Model. "YFS, SIR, THE CHARITY BOYS FROM LONDON STOLE ALL OUR APPLES LAST YEAR. FATHER WOULD HAVE HAD THEM LOCKED UP, BUT THE POLICEMAN WAS AWAY ON HIS HOLIDAYS!" (A Fact.)

EXCURSIONS IN VERSE.

(To Richmond in a Char-a-banc.)

WE sha'n't be long, our neighbours vow,
I only hope they mayn't be wrong—
They've told us all the way that "now
We sha'n't be long!"

It's coming it a little strong
When carelessly the Fates endow
Some people with the gift of—song!
But here we are—I think, somehow,
We'll leave them at the "restaurong."
To such a noisy party now
We sha'n't belong!

"Too Clever by Half."

TOMMY and JOHNNIE were boys at school,
TOMMY was clever, but JOHNNIE a fool;
TOMMY at lessons was sharp and bright,
JOHNNIE could never do anything right.
Genius often is known to fail;
TOMMY turned forger, and went to jail.
JOHNNIE, though slow as he well could be,
Plodded away and became M.P.

At Berlin.

Wilhelm the Wilful (to the Imperial Chancellor).
Greece, Sir! Don't talk to me of Greece!
Melt her down at once!

But the fat was a'-ready in the fire.

IMPRESSIONS OF A PRESENTATION.

(By a D^ébutante.)

STUDY of the weather. Will it be cold or hot?
Waiting for the dressmaker, the hairdresser, and the attendant with the feathers and tulle.
Finishing touches put to one's train spread on a sheet in the drawing-room.
Following Mamma into the brougham after running the gauntlet of the baker, the butcher-boy, and the driver of the van from the Stores.
Taking up position in the Buckingham Palace Road, and nodding to friends and acquaintances.
Proceeding by jerks and starts into St. James's Park amidst a crowd of not-too-complimentary sightseers.
Driving briskly through the outer yard past the military band up to the inner entrance.
Getting out of the carriage and into the room devoted to the care of outside wraps. Up the staircase and past the writing-table and card-baskets.
First room and first wait. Old stagers secure chairs. New-comers get as near the barriers as possible.
Gentlemen-at-Arms objects of great interest. False alarms. Fluttering of plumes. Rustle of trains. Officials counselling patience. General request "to resume our seats."
March from room to room. Long pause in each apartment. Plenty of time for looking at the pictures and getting a view of "the park-like grounds" skirting Grosvenor Place.
Nearing the Presence. Disappearance of "gentlemen in attendance upon ladies of their family." Getting into single file.
Close to the great moment. Display of full length of train. Court officials adepts in the spreading out of drapery.
Card passed from hand to hand. Name read out with explanatory matter by Lord High Chamberlain.
The important Thirty Seconds.
Train caught up and folded round arm, and short rest in the room beyond.
Back down the staircase to the apartment with the wraps.
Telephonic communication with the coachman without.
Amusing mutilation of names and titles.
A weary wait of something under an hour in the hall.
Carriage announced. Sharp drive back with Mamma to home and freedom.
Congratulation of friends, and drawing-room tea.
Quiet evening, simple dinner, and—thanking goodness it's all over—peacefully to bed.

THE TREE MOST UP-TO-DATE.—The Palm.

THE QUEEN'S COMMEMORATION.

(A few Rumours.)

It is stated that the Royal procession will be a mile long. There is reason to believe that Her Majesty will drive round Greater London, through Brentford, Finchley, West Ham and Croydon.
It is said that all the provincial mayors and aldermen will go on foot with the procession round Greater London. Their wives and daughters will follow in provincial flies.
We hear that the procession will be five miles long. It is reported that the procession will include all men who have served in the volunteers, each one armed with an umbrella.
Rumour says that the procession will be fifteen miles long. It is stated that all persons now, or formerly, in official positions throughout the United Kingdom will join the procession.
We believe that the last of the Royal carriages will be followed by all the school children of the metropolis, two and two.
It is understood that the procession will be forty miles long. It is rumoured that all the ratepayers of London will be included in the procession, each one bearing the last printed receipt pinned on the left breast.
It is said that the procession will include the Sette of Odd Volumes, the London County Council, the Art Workers Guild, the Corporation of London, the Jacobite League, the Royal Academy of Arts, the Society of Architects, the Church and Stage Guild, the Two Pins Club, the Primrose League, and other Metropolitan Societies.
There is reason to believe that the procession will stretch in an unbroken line round Greater London from one gate of Buckingham Palace to the other.
It is thought that, this being the case, Her Majesty, to avoid needless fatigue, will leave the Palace by one gate at the end of the procession, and will immediately re-enter by the other gate at the head of it.
As we go to press we understand that all statements as to the route or arrangement of the Royal procession are entirely unauthorised and premature.

REFORMS IN VARIOUS FORMS AT ETON.—The Head Master says that all matters of reform at Eton have his best wishes, and shall be dealt with *en bloc*.

OUR Caustic Critic's remark on British Society:—"It is divided into four classes—The Have-beens, Would-bes, Haven't-beens, and Never-will-bes."



THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

NO. II. —TO BE MOUNTED BY A FRIEND (WITH AN ABNORMAL SENSE OF HUMOUR) ON A HORSE THAT COMES DOWN AT THREE FENCES IN SUCCESSION; THEN TO HAVE A FELLOW REMARK, "HOLLOA! ARE YOU RIDING THE BLIND HORSE?"

A REAL PALACE OF ART.

[“There is every reason to believe that the celebrated collection of pictures and objects of Art formed by the fourth Marquis of HERTFORD, and augmented by the late Sir RICHARD WALLACE, has been bequeathed to the nation by Lady WALLACE.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

SINCE first that Tennysonian Art-Palace
Rose in poetic vision, nobler dream
Of Art than that of HERTFORD and of WALLACE
On London ne'er did gleam.

Ah! Millions, after all, have their utility,
And millionaires are not all *Goulden* calves!
Midas, when moved to liberal nobility,
Does not do things by halves.

Oh! budding VANDERBILTS, and rising ASTORS,
Here is an opening for enduring fame;
To link for ever with the Oldest Masters
The very newest name.

Even a *parvenu* or *novus homo*
May be immortalised on easy terms;
And wealth, from works in Seville, Antwerp, Rome, or
Immunity from the worms.

For what are millions but supreme banality
To Midas, who, despite his gold must die,
Compared with that second-hand immortality
Which they at least can buy.

Canvas and paint, though seeming transient trifles,
Outlive the entries in to-day's *Court Journal*.
Time, who the titan tombs of Pharaohs rifles,
Owns Art almost eternal.

For saints and heroes find posterity's strictures
Perpetually un-heroing and un-sainting them;
But put your name, and fame—and purse—in pictures!—
'Tis safer ev'n than painting them!

MILLET, who has the fame, had not the money,—
Fortune is fickle to the folks who *her* chase,—
But if you boast a cheque-book, (it seems funny,)
Posterity you may purchase.

Ah! Could dead geniuses be “syndicated,”
Or “pool” their own productions,—goodness gracious!
The figures of their “capital” coolly stated
Would scarcely look veracious.
But what a gracious, what a glorious gift
This most superb bequest of Lady WALLACE!—
The country, if not struck with sordid thrift,
Should house it in a palace.
A new Versailles, at cost of Vanity Fair!
The notion may incur the cynic's raillery.
But such grand gifts—and givers—sure should share
Thanks, and a gorgeous gallery!

NOT ALL DIAMONDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The announcement that our well-beloved Sovereign is about to commemorate her Diamond Jubilee seems to have inspired a good many promoters of public undertakings with the belief that most of her subjects will, somehow, derive large accessions of income during the celebration of the Queen's glorious reign. By nearly every post I receive circulars inviting subscriptions to enterprises of a most varied nature conferring benefits on human beings, cats, dogs, horses, and birds, but not one on myself or my family, who, headed by my wife, are already discussing extra allowances in order “to see the sights properly,” like our neighbours and their intimates. I am an extremely loyal subject, and have already contributed some fifty shillings to several lists on behalf of “Young BERTIE, aged eleven” (our youngest son), “Little Trots” (our youngest daughter), to say nothing of 2½s. from our servants severally (I found it all), and eightpence apiece from “Tweet” (the canary), “Slummy” (the cat), and “Phisto” (the fox-terrier). “Jor-rocks” the cob is booked for two shillings on Monday, coupled with “Moofley” the cow. As I write, there comes a solicitation to join in providing all the village-boys with medals, puffs, gingerbeer, and fireworks on Coronation Day! JONATHAN EDWARD GRIMBLE.

P.S.—Have some of these Presidents and Secretaries *any* object in their magnificent endeavours?

ON THE USES OF PARODY.

It was a man of modest wits
Who dealt in vacant chaff;
He did a little book of skits
To make the people laugh.

A fleeting vogue such things will win,
And he was asked to dine,
To meet a many people in
The literary line.

Pride battled in his breast with fear;
He knew his low degree;
He doubted if he dare appear
In such society.

For here would muster men of fame,
Impaled upon his pen;
If they should recognise his name,
What might not happen then?

Stars of the upper firmament,
Lights of a lurid age,
Their dignity might well resent
A puppy's persiflage.

Nevertheless the following thought
Set silly fears aside:—
"I am too much a thing of naught
To be identified."

He went. The air was thick with brains,
The language loud and tall;
Some wore their locks like lions' manes,
And some had none at all.

Who should his neighbours be? He
scanned,
Trembling, the dinner-list;
A decadent (consumptive) and
A blatant atheist!

Both victims! Wedged between the bards.
He spilled, with furtive shame,
A large *hors d'œuvre* across the card's
White face that bore his name.

Too late! They saw it! Through the wall
He sent a steady gaze;
When on his ears began to fall
Polite and lavish praise.

"But quite, quite excellent!" they said,
"A rare and generous jest!
Though other people's taste is dead,
You recognise the best.

"You have, we know, a heart that feels
Beneath your cynic smile;
None but a poet's touch reveals
A brother-poet's style."

Much gratified, he drank their toast,
And subsequently laid
The naked facts before his host,
Who understood the trade.

"The publishers," said he, "regard
Your work as mainly sent
To serve the heavy-hanging bard
For cheap advertisement.

"So far from feeling inward pain,
He shews a sense of wit;
He hopes your humour may attain
To make a thumping hit.

"Already tasting better times,
He sells by twos and fours;
The public has to buy his rhymes
To see the point of yours."

THE MILITARY DEFENCES OF LONDON.—
It is officially announced that the Thames
will be shortly occupied by "The Blues."

LENTEN FARE.—Humble pie garnished
with small potatoes à l'Américaine.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



GEORGE NATHANIEL, 1ST EARL C-R-Z-N OF THE PAMIRS (*specially granted*).

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, under a chief wavy ermine charged with a marquess's coronet for hauteur, a popinjay rising on a ground of undoubted ability; 2nd, a cretan lyre employed during the european concert charged with "wires" strained improper "probably wholly inaccurate"; 3rd, a sun (of a peer) in his meridian glory who declines to set upon the British Dominions; 4th, a lion erased, muzzled and depressed, regarding on a bastion the flags of the Powers flowing in futility; over all, on an escutcheon of pretence "asa minister of the crown" a slip verdaunt. *Crest*: A peacock in pride ruffled and displayed proper rising from a ministerial bench. *Supporters*: On either side an heraldic superior purzon erect omniscient pluming himself on a garb highly proper lined silk throughout. *Second Motto*: "D.V. I shall go higher."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 22.—Blood is thicker than whiskey—even Scotch. BOB REID, though his people come from Dumfriesshire, and he for more than ten years has represented the chief town of the county, never forgets he was born in the Isles of Greece. From circumstances over which he had no control the hallowed place was Corfu. It might have been Crete, and at this moment, instead of being a leader at the Bar, an honoured Member of the Commons, speaking with the authority of an ex-Attorney-General, BOB might have been a shock-haired insurgent, with a waistband full of pistols, a short skirt over a portly paunch, and strips of dubious coloured calico twined round his leg below the knee, picturesquely and economically designed to serve the double purpose of stockings, and preclude the costly extension of trousers.

It has been ordained otherwise, and tonight BOB found opportunity of delivering a speech on behalf of his cousin-islanders that deeply stirred the House. A fine, frank, warm-hearted appeal, hubbling over

with honest indignation at Turkish iniquity and diplomatic deliberation; worth a score of more elaborate indictments.

Brisk debate throughout, happily showing how House of Commons of to-day is as ready to sympathise with struggling Nationalities as it was in CANNING's time. Sorry for PRINCE ARTHUR and his colleagues on Treasury Bench. SARK, from whom no secrets are hid, tells me that when full disclosure of particulars is made it will appear that throughout long negotiations England, as represented by the MARKISS, will be found to have been ever on the side of Freedom against the Tyranny of the Turk. Short of running amuck at the Great Powers, and plunging the continent into war, the MARKISS has toiled incessantly for the deliverance of Crete. Diplomatic usages prevent disclosure being made at present moment. So Ministers, tongue-tied, have to bear the odium of suspicion of helping the Sultan to hold Crete down, with lean hands clasped round its throat.

Once PRINCE ARTHUR, stung to the quick, leaped to his feet; seemed as if the pent-up storm would burst.

"The Greeks have joined the Cretans,"



Bob the Insurgent! (Sir R. T. R-d, Q.C.)

said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, "and," he added, with contemptuous sweep of arm towards Treasury Bench, "you have joined the Turks."

"That is—" said PRINCE ARTHUR, pale to the lips. How in his wrath he might have phrased the contradiction who shall say. Uproar of cheers and counter-cheers breaking forth he, standing at table, had time to compose himself. "That is not correct," he said, and sat down.

Business done.—Brisk debate on bombardment of Cretan Camp.

Tuesday.—"I am not an agricultural labourer," said BOBBY SPENCER on a historic occasion, regarding the House of Commons over the park palings of his shirt-collar.

"I am not a naval authority," said GEORGE CURZON just now, edging away from a pit Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES had dug for him. These hints at the negation of biography are very interesting; might with advantage to the world be extended. GEORGE CURZON'S contribution was elicited in reply to a question from the Cap'en as to who is in command of the allied squadron in Cretan waters. To tell the truth the old sea dog is just now a little rugged in his humour. He did not go to Constantinople and take tea with the Sultan for nothing. Had the coast been left clear for him he might have sailed back to the Thames flying the Turkish flag. At anchor behind Treasury Bench he might have rewarded the Sultan's hospitality by keeping friendly eye on his interests.

BASHMEAD-ARTLETT spoiled his little game. Cap'en's pluck is unquestioned. He fears no man, not even DON JOSE. But even he shrinks from appearance of comradeship with the blatant Knight of Sheffield, whose advocacy of the cause of the dispenser of Medjidiehs is, SARK says, more damaging to his Majesty than would be another massacre in Armenia. So Cap'en TOMMY, who might in happier circumstances have sat up aloft and watched over

the poor misunderstood Sultan, sheers off when SILOMO heaves in sight.

Nevertheless can't help having a little dig at the inoffensive GEORGE NATHANIEL. But G. N., though youthful in appearance, was not born yesterday; effectively stops possible examination on logarithms by protesting that he "is not a naval authority."

Business done.—Private Members secured precious opportunity of Tuesday night all to themselves. House counted out at quarter past ten. But not till ATHERLEY JONES and his learned friends, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the ex-Solicitor-General,



Stirring up the Judges! (Ath-l-y J-n-s, Q.C.)

had agreed that if there is, under the British Constitution, anything hopelessly faulty, it is the administration of justice under the Judicature Acts.

Thursday.—SARK turns out to have been right in his suggestion about real attitude of the MARKISS on the Cretan question. He has throughout been wrestling on side of a people rightly struggling to be free. Other Powers brought round to this view; henceforth Crete will be delivered from the thrall and the trail of the Turk. Greece not thoroughly happy, desiring Crete for her own. But we can't have everything we want. Great thing is, Crete is free, and that is sufficient for the day.

Great triumph to-night for LLOYD-GEORGE. Another step in successful Parliamentary career achieved by sheer ability, lived up to with unvaried modesty. To frame Instruction on going into Committee always been, for technical reasons, work of great difficulty. To-night six Parliamentary hands essayed it with respect to Education Bill. The youngest alone accomplished it.

Instruction raised question of popular representation on direction of voluntary schools. PRINCE ARTHUR firmly declined to have anything to do with it. Even threatened to withdraw Bill, if, by defection in Ministerial ranks, Instruction were carried. Defection nevertheless spread apace. Some good Ministerialists declared in favour of principle of Instruction, but shrank from embarrassing Government by voting for it. Others went all the way.

SEELY'S case brought tears to many eyes unfamiliar with the fertilising stream. Was in favour of giving parents a voice in the management of schools, but could not vex the soul of the best of Governments by voting against them. In a fine passage, delivered in voice broken with emotion, he apostrophised the Mothers of England.

"May they," he was understood to say amid his sons, "waking in the watches of the night, and reflecting on their little ones going to schools in which parental management has no voice, concentrate their attention on a Factious Opposition. May their salt tears, flowing down a furrowed cheek, fall upon its head with the startling, and—so to speak—discomfiting effect of molten lead."

Business done.—Crete emancipated from the Turk.

Friday.—Effect upon Factious Opposition of SEELY'S invocation to Mothers of England seen to-night. Supplementary Estimates on. Opportunity provided of prolonged debate on all subjects under the sun. Might have spent the night on a couple of votes, leaving dozens to spread over other sittings. The Mothers of England marshalled by SEELY, too much for Faction. Votes agreed to as rapidly as Chairman could put the question. By nine o'clock appointed work accomplished; and so home to bed.

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates rushed through.

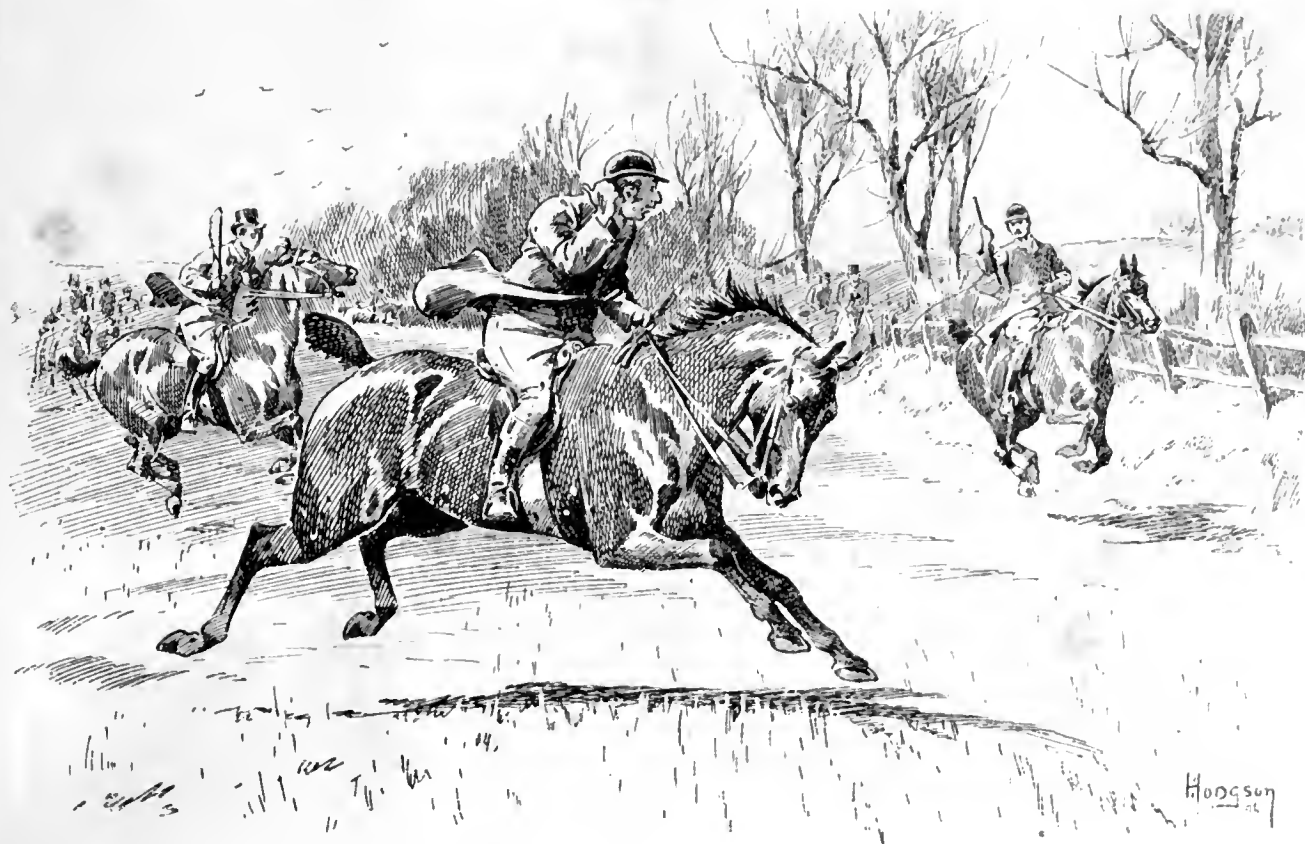
Unmistakable.

Little Chris. Oh! Daddy! a gen'lman comed to see you when you was out.

Daddy. Indeed! Who was it?

Little Chris. I can't remember his name, but he had his face mowed just like SLOPPER, what comes to wait.

MEDICINE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.—MILNER'S Safe Cure.



EXCUSABLE.

M. F. H. (justly irate, having himself come carefully round edge of seed-field). "BLANK IT ALL, ROGERSON, WHAT 'S THE GOOD O' ME TRYING TO KEEP THE FIELD OFF SEEDS, AND A FELLOW LIKE YOU COMING SLAP ACROSS 'EM?"
Hard-riding Farmer. "IT'S ALL RIGHT. THEY'RE MY OWN! AR'VE JUST COME OWER MY NEIGHBOUR'S WHEAT, AND AR COULDN'T FOR VARY SHAM(E) MISS MY OWN SEEDS!"

TO THE BAYARD OF PEACE.

[“Surely between these two countries (England and America) there stood an example that there was something better than arms, however nobly and grandly arms might be illustrated.”

Mr. Bayard's Speech at the Farewell Banquet in the City.]

“THE Great Ambassador of Peace,”
 So Viscount PEEL has fitly named you!
 When factions pass and wranglings cease,
 The few who have abused or blamed you
 Will own, that in your too short lease
 Of power, nought shamed you!
 “Better than arms”? Aye! arms are good
 In patriot hands; but hearts are better,
 When meeting in true manly mood.
 Frank trust is friendship's true begetter,
 And our sea-sundered Saxon brood
 May nought else fetter!
 We're much alike, though far apart;
 Fortune we front, nor find her way hard.
 Strenuous both in field, in mart,
 We work tremendously, and play hard.
 And well you link us heart to heart,
 Our modern BAYARD.
 “*Sans peur et sans reproche*” we say
 Of you, as of the Frenchman knightly.
 Less militant than his *our* day,
 Yet you can hold your own, politely;
 And serve your land in your own way,
 Bravely, yet brightly.
 He, at the Battle of the Spurs,
 To his own prisoner surrendered.

Well, we are all *your* prisoners,
 By our own hearths, warm and well-fen-
 dered.
 You leave kind thanks with England! Hers
 Are hereby tendered!
 Ambassador of Peace, farewell!
 You've honoured England, and she
 knows it.
 Your time is up: 'tis sad to tell;
 We're sorry that you have to close it.
 Still Peace's victories may you swell!
 And so, Sir—*Prosit!!!*

CONCERNING PALMISTRY.

(By One who has looked into it.)

WHAT do I think of it? Well, it is cer-
 tainly very curious. Have I had any im-
 portant event foretold? Why, certainly—
 I was warned that I would soon have to
 turn my back upon my home, and within a
 week I left town for a month's sojourn at
 the seaside.
 Has my past been revealed to me?
 Again, yes. I was told that I had got over
 a great disappointment. That was true
 enough, and I had said nothing about my
 marriage.
 Was I ever foretold truthfully great good
 luck? Again the affirmative. It was said
 that I should have “much relief attended
 by considerable pecuniary profit.” And al-
 most immediately I heard that my tailor,
 to escape bankruptcy, had emigrated to
 Australia.

Have I heard anything about my line of
 life? Yes, that I shall live until I am over
 a hundred. This I fancy will surprise my
 doctor, who, however, is a pessimist in
 matters of health.

And what is my general opinion about
 it? Well, considering all things—and I
 am told that my hand reveals a really mag-
 nificent intellect—I truly believe that there
 must be something in it!

On the Red Sea.

Miss Decima de Lackland (to Captain Midas Millo, who has been “going strong” ever since Brindisi). Oh! how I wish we had met twelve months ago! [Sighs.]

Captain. Why so?

Miss Decima. Because, you know, this isn't leap year. [Sighs again.]

[“Did you rise?” asked a friend subsequently of the Captain, who described the incident with much gusto. “Rise!” cried the Captain. “Rather, and hooked it!”]

Meant as a Compliment.

Shakspeare Smith (to Miss Lagushe, after production of his new comedy). And what did you think of my little piece the other night?

Miss Lagushe. I didn't pay the least attention to the play. All I thought was, what a cruel ordeal the performance must be for you!



A GREAT BIG SHAME.

Mr. Punch (to John Bull). "SURELY, MR. BULL, IN THIS YEAR OF DIAMOND JUBILEE YOU WILL BUILD SOME BETTER HOME FOR HER THAN THESE SHEDS AND CELLARS."



MR. AND MRS. PODGER WISH TO GOODNESS THEY HAD KEPT TO THE MAIN-IDE, AND NEVER TRIED THAT TEMPTING SHORT CUT!

A PAIR OF KIDS AND A HERO.

ON Tuesday, March 16th, the play of *The Two Little Vagabonds* will attain its 200th performance, and Mr. ALBERT AUGUSTUS GILMER, of the Princess's Theatre, is to be heartily congratulated on having got together a company that plays so admirably this strong melodrama of the genuine old Porte St. Martin-Surrey-cum-Adelphi type, in five acts and eight scenes, lasting from eight till eleven, with the excitement kept up until the fall of the curtain. Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, certainly a name of good omen in this instance, gives a most artistically pathetic rendering of *Wally*, the "weaker brother" vagabond; and Miss KATE TYNDALL plays *Dick*, the hale and hearty boy, in a thoroughly boyish style; and this is the greatest praise possible. The three villainous loafers, represented by Messrs. GURNEY, WALKER, and COLEMAN, are repulsively clever; their "make-up" is most artistic, and their acting most natural. Probably it will run on for another hundred nights.

At the Avenue Theatre, *Nelson's Enchantress*, by RISDEN HOME (a name associated in the song with "England, Home, and Beauty, representing, evidently, NELSON, the dramatist, and Lady HAMILTON), affords Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON an opportunity of showing how closely he can make up to resemble NELSON, and how touchingly he can represent the last dying moments of England's naval hero. Beyond this the materials at hand have been thrown away. The dramatist should have dealt with NELSON as the author of *Madame St. Gène* has done with NAPOLEON; and surely the career of Lady HAMILTON offers as many dramatic opportunities as does that of the French washerwoman. As it is, NELSON's enchantress hasn't a chance; and if Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL ever thought she had it in this piece, it is she, and not the author, who is to blame. Critics and public unite in blaming authors when there is a failure, and never lay the blame on the shoulders of managers or actors. The dramatist is invariably "the whipping boy." The attraction for the public at the Avenue is to see how Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON and Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL look as *Nelson* and *Lady Hamilton*.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The bear at the Westminster Aquarium must have been worth a "monkey," seeing that the jury in the recent case awarded 500*l.* damages.

WHERE ARE THE MOTORS OF YESTERYEAR?

(Some Theories as to their disappearance.)

THAT like *Hans Breitmann's* "barty," they have taken the automatic bit between their teeth and moted away into the ewigkeit.

That they have been bought up by the Amalgamated Cab-Drivers' Union, or whatever it is, to serve as playthings during the enforced leisure of strike periods.

That, after their pretty universal break-down on the opening day last November, they are being generally overhauled, cleaned up, deodorised, and having the rattle taken out of them.

That they will only appear once a year, at the Lord Mayor's Show, to increase the hilarity of the London crowd.

That they are being carefully preserved in sawdust or cotton-wool, in order that they may be produced as objects of historic interest, or monuments of inventors' incapacity, at the centenary of the much-boomed "Emancipation Day" in 1996.

That they have all started off for the North Pole, as their drivers affect nautical costume.

That they are lying low, till the County Council provides us with a decently straight and broad street in London, and one where the pavement is left undisturbed for two consecutive days.

That they are being converted into steam-rollers, or flying-machines.

That they have been acquired by the War-Office, in order to strike terror in the hearts of possible invaders, or to transport our microscopic army from the base to the front in time of hostilities. The Cavalry will then become the Mounted Automotry, after the fashion of the early British war-chariots, the horses, if any survive, being put inside.

That they are being used as bath-chairs in Little Pedlington super-Mare or some other quiet seaside resort.

That they are being fitted with poles and shafts, so that horses or donkeys may be harnessed to them.

That we shall see them all on Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday, most probably as boat-swings or steam-roundabouts.

That they have privately exploded and are in smithereens, or,

Lastly, that they have been broken up by their owners and sold as old iron.



"HOW DREADFULLY STOUT THE GENERAL IS GETTING!"
 "YES, ISN'T IT FORTUNATE? OTHERWISE HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO WEAR ALL HIS MEDALS!"

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Yours expectantly,
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Highflyer Club, W.

From the Boards to the Booth.

[Miss ADA WARD, a well-known actress, has abandoned the stage for the Salvation Army.]

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THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

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SCENE—The Drawing-room of SPENCER and HENRIETTA WOTHERSPOON'S house in Sheffield Gardens, Campden Hill. On the walls, some old prints and miniatures; the paper and hangings faded but harmonious; furniture, old-fashioned and severe, though of good design. Miss WOTHERSPOON is sitting by the fire, which a homely, middle-aged parlour-maid is making up

Miss Woth. Past seven! Why, your Master used to be home long before this, MARIA.

Maria. I've never known him so late, Miss—and the night you've come home and all! But it's my belief he's been kep' at the office by business, or somethink o' that. He hasn't seemed himself this last day or two.

Miss Woth. (to herself). He can't have heard already! (Aloud.) What makes you think that, MARIA?

Maria. He's been so restless and excited like, and then he won't take proper care of himself—sends his dinner down hardly touched, till Cook, she's almost broken-arsed about it. And what's the good of my putting out his thick flannel vests now the mornings are turning chilly, if he won't put 'em on? I'm sure I'm thankful to have you back, Miss, for he's not fit to be left alone, and I've got no authority over him!

Miss Woth. (to herself). How selfish I've been! (To MARIA.) There's your Master at last. I hear his key. Run down, MARIA, and make him change his shoes, and tell him I'm up here. (To herself, alone.) I've a great mind to slip upstairs. What a coward I am, afraid to meet my dear, good brother SPENCER, who never in all his life—!

Spencer (entering, with rather laboured cheerfulness). Ah, ETTA, my dear! Home at last, eh? (They embrace.) Delighted to have you back again. Uncommonly lonely here all by myself. (To himself.) Can't tell her the very first thing!

Henrietta (to herself). There is something in his manner! (Aloud.) How—how late you are, SPENCER, dear!

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Spencer. Not so dull as it might have been, my dear. I managed to— Did you have a comfortable journey home?

Henrietta. Yes, I—I was very well looked after. SPENCER, have you walked up to town through the Gardens, as you promised, every morning?

Spencer (guiltily). Every morning, my dear. And very delightful I found it. Wonderful how the trees have kept their foliage. Then the air's been so mild. Why, one could sit about in the shade as if—!

Henrietta. Was that quite prudent of you, SPENCER—if what I've heard is true?

Spencer (alarmed). Prudent. Why, what have you heard, ETTA, what have you heard?

Henrietta. You ought to remember, SPEN, that it's not as if you were a young man, and any sudden change—

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Spencer. Unhappy? No, my dear. Love is natural to us all. We may resolve to do without it, shut it out of our lives altogether, but if we do, ETTA, we miss the thing that's most worth living for. I've come to see that.

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Spen. Yes, yea; and you'll have a companion while I'm away. Three's company and two's—no, I don't mean that precisely, but you understand.

Henr. (*hugging him enthusiastically*). I do indeed, you dear, good, generous SPEN. How little I knew you! To think that I was afraid you might— Oh, you don't know how thankful I am!

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Spen. The poor old Dad? No; he bought this house with the idea that it would be a home for both of us after he was gone. I've often heard him say so.

Henr. Yes. But I wasn't thinking of poor father just then. I meant Fritz would never wish to separate us.

Spen. (*bewildered*). Oh, FRITZ would never wish it. And—who the dickens is FRITZ?

Henr. I forgot I hadn't told you his name. Why, your future brother-in-law, SPEN. You might have guessed that!

Spen. (*blankly*). I might have guessed—yes. So—so you're going to be married, HENRIETTA?

Henr. Why, of course! What else have we been talking about all this time?

Spen. (*to himself*). She has no idea of *my*— (*Aloud*). To be sure. I didn't quite— Afraid I'm rather stupid this evening, my dear. But about this fellow FRITZ. Who is he? How did you come to meet him?

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Spen. (*with disapproval*). What! a German?

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Spen. Then why *doesn't* he like?

Henr. Oh, Switzerland's such a democratic country. I suppose a title is no use there.

Spen. Well, there's some sense in that, if he's not in a position to keep it up.

Henr. He's in a very good position. He's a great friend of Lord COLESHAFTS, and he could hardly be that unless—

Spen. But what does he do for a living?

Henr. Nothing; he has property of his own—enough to live on, at all events.

Spen. Well, you know your own affairs best, ETTA, and of course, if you've made up your mind to marry some stout, elderly foreigner—

Henr. But he *isn't* stout—and he's not elderly. Why, he's not much over thirty!

Spen. Thirty! Why, bless my soul, ETTA, do you mean to say— (*Hastily*) I beg your pardon, my dear, I beg your pardon. I'm afraid I've no right to— (*To himself*) It does make it easier to tell her!

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Henr. MERCY?

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[A silence; each waits for the other to speak.]

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James D. Smith

Child Guest to Child Host. WHAT, NOT REMEMBER ME? WHY, I WAS YOUR MOTHER'S PAGE AT HER WEDDING!

EXCURSIONS IN VERSE.

(In Hansom Cabs.)

THE looking-glass, no doubt, was planned
For lovely woman, winsome lass—
Stern men, of course, have ever banned
The looking-glass.

Yet you may see a screaming farce,
If on the kerb you take your stand,
And watch the hansom cabs that pass.
They constitute the happy land
Where unobserved—he thinks, poor
ass!—

Vain man admires on either hand—
A looking-glass!

THE CHANNEL BAROMETER.

Very fair.—Really delightful. Nothing could be pleasanter. Sunshine. Ozone. Does everyone a world of good. Would not miss such a passage for worlds.

Fair.—Yes; it is decidedly an improvement upon a railway carriage. Room to move about. I don't in the least mind the eighty odd minutes. If cold, you can put on a wrap, and there you are.

Change.—Always thought there was something to be said in favour of the Channel Tunnel. Of course, one likes to be patriotic, but the movement in a choppy sea is the reverse of invigorating.

Wind.—There should be a notice when a bad passage is expected. It's all very well to describe this as "moderate," but that doesn't prevent the beastly waves from running mountains high.

Stormy.—It is simply disgraceful. Would not have come if I had known. Too depressed to say anything. Where is the steward?

Gale.—Why—was—I—ever—born?

SPORTIVE SONGS.

The Amateur Prima Donna of an Irish Opera having asked a candid admirer to give his opinion of her performance, he complies with her request.

You looked, I must confess, divine,
A goddess in a golden wig;
Your bearing, too, was superfine.
How solemnly you danced that jig!
A pavane or a minuet
Might well have matched your stately air.
I smiled to see your face so set.
'Twas not the look you're wont to wear!

I noticed that your laugh was hard,
And had a strange metallic twang;
And surely you belied the bard,—
Who wrote the ballads that you sang?
I'm sure he never meant that air
About the Minstrel and the Moon
Should be delivered like a prayer
That some old witch would love to croon!

Nor did he wish, I note again,
In that duet about the birds,
That you should take the wrong refrain
And steal the luckless tenor's words.
Nor did he rhyme, in verse absurd,
"Killarney" with "my lover's cot."
But then perhaps, as no one heard,
The slaughtered stanza mattered not.

'Twas well the great composer's ear
Was far away upon this night;
For had he present been, I fear
He scarce could deem his senses right.
Not but that like an errant cat
Your voice upon the roof would be,
You never got above A flat,
Although you tried for Upper C!

I hope you didn't speak your lines,—
They had so oft a foolish ring!
And with them mingled constant signs
Of *someone* talking in the wing!
You so broke up the author's wit,
That thrice your prattle found full stop;
In short you made your greatest hit
When on the boards you made that flop!

Well, there, I've done my task at last!
My cruel criticism's done.

You'll read this angry and aghast,
Then let me add I write in fun!
So, pray, your wrath and tears assuage.
You were *all charming* I must own!
But still I'd like, with righteous rage,
To kick that beastly baritone!

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (doubleless in hiding).—"I see that the recent Hackney Show was held at Islington. Surely, in common fairness and reciprocity, there ought to be an Islington Exhibition at Hackney? I also note that there is to be a cookery demonstration at Niagara Hall. Let us hope that it will be a peck-culinary success."



TENDER MERCIES!

DAME EUROPA (to LITTLE CRETE). "DON'T CRY, MY LITTLE MAN. I'VE ASKED THIS NICE, KIND TURKISH POLICEMAN TO STAY AND TAKE CARE OF YOU!"

["It appears to me, and I believe it appears to all the Powers, that it would be a rash act to at once withdraw the Turkish troops, who are really the only safeguard against disorder."—Lord Salisbury in House of Lords, Tuesday, March 2.]





A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Wife. "WELL, FREDDIE DEAR, HOW DO YOU THINK MY DOMINO SUITED ME?"

Husband. "TO PERFECTION, MY DEAR! NEVER SAW YOU LOOK SO WELL! IN FACT, YOU OUGHT ALWAYS TO WEAR ONE!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Being some selections from the Correspondence between Mr. Robert Roundabout, his Nephew at Cambridge, and others.)

NO. IX.—OF BUMPS AND BUMP-SUPPERS—OF A VISIT TO TOWN—OF LECTURE-ROOMS—OF A COUSIN'S ENGAGEMENT.

DEAR UNCLE BOB,—Of course you've seen in the papers that we made our four bumps alright, we caught St. Luke's in forty strokes but they wouldn't acknowledge it so we had to row on till we ran right over their riggers and nearly swamped them, if we had had another night for racing we should have gone head for a moral as St. Michael's were only half a length away from St. Luke's when we caught them, still we shall get our ears given us for making a bump every night which is something. I didn't get cooked any night except Thursday when we had an awfully tough job of it and didn't catch them till after the Railway Bridge and there was a wind against us in the Long Reach but I made up my mind I'd stick to it till I was blind and at last we did it with a rattling spurt. I could always tell when we were on the top of another boat because little PICKFORD our cox got quite purple in the face and foamed at the mouth and screamed all sorts of rot, I thought he'd go mad and he's as proud as a peacock because he thinks it was all his doing and we all tell him he's a cert for coxing the Varsity next year. The Mater and ALICE and Aunt MARGARET came up on the Friday and saw us make our bump at Ditton and I think the Mater was pleased because she waded at me like anything, but she cried a little afterwards she sometimes does. It was very jolly going out of training and we had a grand bump-supper with any amount of lobster mayonaze and lots of tarts and ice puddings, we had plenty of champagne too and we were all very happy but nobody got buffy only excited. BLADES and WILSON who are rowing in the Varsity came in afterwards and sat with us for about twenty minutes and BLADES made a ripping speech the best I ever heard, he said he didn't want better chaps than us to row behind him next May races and we had upheld the traditions of the old Boat Club, he's a splendid man and we're all ready to do anything in the world for him. My eye I do hope I shall row in our May boat. You were quite right, uncle Bob, rowing is simply grand and I'm awfully glad I took it up. Besides you get to be good friends with such a lot of real good fellows. Tatters is quite well, he enjoyed the races immensely and ran along with us every night

yelling and barking, he was delighted with the rattles and seized one out of a man's hand and ran off with it I never saw a dog so pleased, he had a fight this morning with another fox-terrier and got the best of it.

Look here uncle Bob could you put me up over Sunday if I could get leave to come to town next Saturday. We might do a theatre together. I think they'd give me leave if you wouldn't mind writing a letter as they're quite pleased with the way I've been working this term. I should like to see you again very much.

Your affectionate nephew JACK.

(Answer to the preceding.)

MY DEAR JACK,—I am naturally much touched by your assurance that you would like to see me again. In these callous and calculating days it is something to know that one can always rely on the genuine affection of a nephew—and such a nephew. How shall I worthily entertain the laurelled hero of four triumphant bumps? Will he who has tasted the blazing joys of these victories, who has revelled in the fierce but (as I see by your letter) unintoxicating delights of an ice-pudding and champagne bump-supper, and has, glory of glories, been patted on the back by a rowing Blue—will such a one, I ask myself, content himself with the humble fare provided by the *chef* at Brooks's, even though it be followed by an excursion to the Gaiety Theatre, where, they tell me, the sacred lamp of burlesque still burns as brightly as ever? Yes, perhaps he will. And in any case, my dear JACK, I shall be proud to put you up on Saturday and to do what I can for your amusement. You have been working well, and even Apollo—but you know how that god deals with his bow. So I enclose a letter for you to show to your tutor so that his stony heart may be moved to grant you leave over next Sunday, I undertake, as you will notice, to look after your welfare, and to send you back unharmed to the lap of your *Alma Mater* on Monday morning.

You have my heartiest congratulations on your four bumps. They are a grand send-off for you on your rowing career. You need not imagine that because we are old fellows we have ceased to care for such things. Why, these are the very things that we delight in, and by such victories you youngsters warm our hearts. We too have been in Arcadia, and as we send our minds back over the years our pulses stir again with the splendour of those past aquatic tussles when we swung and spurted and panted and shut our teeth and spurted again while the yells and the tumult of the crowd raced with us along the bank. These happy days, the grip of our friends' hands, their cheers, and our own unalloyed delight are what we most reoemember when lecture-rooms and examinations and—I shall not finish this sentence, for after all I reverence lecture-rooms, and I abide by examinations. They are to me a part of the great British constitution—two words, by the way, which I have heard men articulate with difficulty after a bump-supper. No more of this.

You will have heard the news of the engagement of your cousin ADELAIDE to Captain BRUNTON, but you may not know the details of the interesting event. They were staying at Shortlands, and there the Hussar proposed. She asked for time, she wished to consider, the surprise was so great. Thereupon the Captain became gloomy, and went out with a double-barrelled gun. ADELAIDE became alarmed. Horror of horrors! Did her lover meditate suicide? She rushed after him. Soon she heard two shots in rapid succession. What terrible determination! Her worst fears were confirmed, she sank down on a convenient bank, where the Captain, who shortly afterwards arrived with two dead rabbits, found her in a flood of tears, and obtained her consent to their early union. There's romance for you. I look forward to seeing you on Saturday.

Your affectionate uncle, Bon.

"JEANNE, JEANNETTE, AND JEANNETON."

(Written by a Seafaring Man with a "J" Pen.)

I HAD a little sweetheart and her name was "Simple JANE,"
Heigho! her conduct was immoral!
She laughed at my solicitude and revelled in my pain.
Well! well! we both agreed to quarrel!
Then next I met a damsel, who was known as "Jolly JENNY,"
Hal! hal! she made the pieces jingle!
She always spent a sovereign when I possessed a penny,
So! so! I said I would be single!
And then I loved another maid, they called her "Gentle JANET,"
Ah! me! her temper was her mother's!
But now she's left this wicked world to join a blessed planet,
Heigho! why, hang it! I'm another's!

ADMIRAL RAWSON'S SUMMARY.—Ben-in and come out.



A CHECK.

M. F. H. (riding up to old Rustic, with the intention of asking him if he has seen the lost Fox). "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING HERE, MASTER?" Old Rustic (not seeing the point). "NIGH UPON SIXTY YEAR, MISTER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"The Temple Classics" are gems of print and binding. Add to this, they are both companionable and pocketable,—honestly so, of course. J. M. DENT & Co. of Aldine House have just brought out *Le Morte Darthur* in this dainty series.

All lovers of romance will thank me for strongly recommending to their immediate attention the simple yet powerfully dramatic story by MAX PEMBERTON, entitled, *Christine of the Hills*. There is not in it one line of description too much, nor is there any pause in the action. The characters are clearly and forcibly drawn, and the only puzzle for the reader is, how came the ancient mariner, the "Old Sinner of Sebenico," who narrates the tale, to have obtained such an intimate knowledge of all the details he so graphically describes? "There are few that have my tongue, Excellency," quoth the wily old rascal, who was going to be treated to a good dinner before entertaining his entertainer.

A delightful edition of dear old IZAAK WALTON's *Compleat Angler*, edited by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, and charmingly illustrated by EDMUND H. NEW, has been brought out by enterprising JOHN LANE, of The Bodley Head. The Gallienic remarks are original, and the illustrations all New. Delightful are the quaint pictorial reminders of Waltham and its Abbey, of Theobalds, and the house built long ago on the site of Theobald's Palace, called "Thibbald's Place," which, without any breach of confidence, it may be now and here mentioned, was the scene of many of the events recorded in a certain small work entitled *Happy Thoughts*. "Well does the Happy-Thought writer remember," says the Baron, "the house and the garden, so faithfully represented in this present edition of *The Compleat Angler* at p. 111, where many of the happiest of Happy Thought hours were spent. Most dear, also, to the same poor scribbler's memory is the shady lane (p. 94) that led up to that quaint old house." By no one will this book be more enjoyed than by the writer of this brief notice.

NANSEN, the explorer, has been taken up by a Constable, that is, by CONSTABLE & Co. of Westminster, which firm has published, in two big volumes, well illustrated, the story of the Norwegian Polar Expedition undertaken by Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

'Twas o'er the northern ice,
 Brave boys,
 We made for NANSEN'S goal;
 But we had to tack,
 And to home come back,
 As we did not find that Pole,
 Brave boys,
 We could not climb that Pole!

There they were, all ready, aye ready, with their books and diaries, to act on *Cap'en Cattle's* advice, and the Pole, "when found," they would have "made a note of."

What pluck! what endurance! "Strange things came up to look at them!" and "proud" as the ancient admiral were they all "of such a bonnie bark" as was *The Fram*.

During the three years they were away walrus and bears became as "a drug in the market"; while monsters were monotonous. They did not encounter a *Caliban*, and fortunately were not enumbered by the presence of a *Trinculo* and *Stephano*.

The historic meeting between STANLEY and Dr. LIVINGSTONE finds its parallel in that of NANSEN and JACKSON.

Two solitaires meet on an ice plain.

"Aren't you NANSEN?" asks JACKSON, quite casually, as if he had come across him accidentally in a club smoking-room.

"Yes, I am," confesses the Arctic explorer, scorning all unworthy subterfuge.

"By Jove!" exclaims JACKSON, "I am glad to see you."

It is "simple *comme bon jour!*" So commonplace as to remind us of Farmer GEORGE saying to the louts at Gloucester New Bridge, "Why, then let us have a huzzay!" And the whole narrative is so plainly told. Cheerfulness, helpfulness, and marvellous endurance, these are the notes of an explorer's character; and these qualities were shared by Dr. NANSEN and his gallant companions.

THE BARON.

“PRESENT—HUMPS!”

(Address to Mr. Punch by a Constant Admirer.)

WHEN Fortune frowns, and things go wrong,
And life seems on the “slump,”
To meet a hunchback’s more than gold,
A certain road to luck, I’m told,
To touch his hump.

And e’en if Fortune to one’s pile
Keeps adding lump on lump,
Lest she should change, one ought to try,
Should one a passing hunchback spy,
To touch his hump.

Mere superstition? No one need
To that conclusion jump.
In truth a hunchback, as I state,
Brings luck to all, both small and great,
Who touch his hump.

Prince of all hunchbacks, Mr. Punch,
Each trick in life I’d trump,
What cards soever might be in,
If only once my hand might win
To touch your hump!

SUMMARY OF NEWS FOR MARCH.

(Foreign Politics barred.)

THE weather has been changeable. Rain and gale much in evidence. Sunshine intermittent, and resembling moonshine.

The intelligence at Scotland Yard of the customary character. The police are understood to be following a clue.

Fashions much the same as ever. Epau-lettes on ladies’ dresses, and floral adaptations of the *Tour Eiffel* worn on the left of low-crowned, narrow-brimmed straw hats.

Dinners in aid of several charities are being held. At more than one of them, somebody is mildly amusing about the present condition of the British drama.

Novels are still produced at the rate of about one in five minutes. Of these, five per cent. are needed, and about three per cent. pay.

There have been several accidents at football, and the language on the golf links at Wimbledon and elsewhere is choice and distinctly vigorous.

Letters about the early arrival of the cuckoo and the premature budding of evergreens find their way to the waste-paper basket in the editorial sanctum.

And lastly—freshest item of news of all—Her Britannic Majesty Queen ANNE is said to be dead.

In the Waterloo Road.

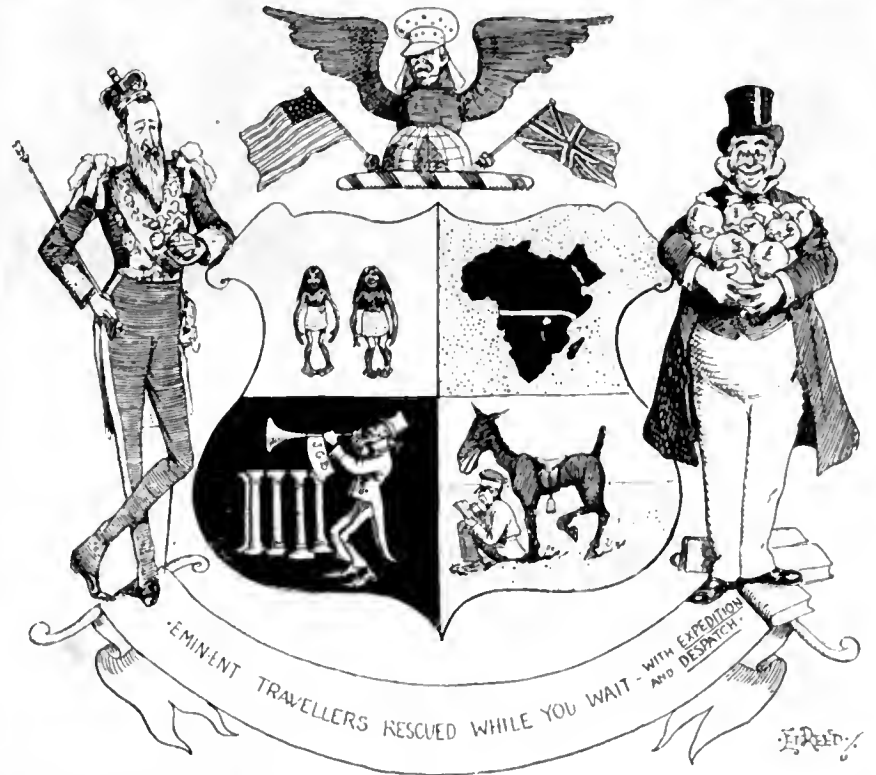
The Rev. Johnson Griggs (who has just arrived from Somersetshire, to sportsman, hurrying to catch the train for Kempton Park). Could you kindly point out the way to Lambeth Palace?

Sportsman. Bless if I ever heard of the place! But if you follow your nose over Westminster Bridge, it’ll bring you to the Aquarium, where the show’s sure to be twice as good.

[Rushes off, leaving the Rev. J. G. speechless.]

“BOTTOM, THOU ART TRANSLATED.”—Our official obscurantists in Trafalgar Square and at South Kensington, the wisecracks of the “Crnet-Stand” and the “Brompton Boilers,” have hit upon a new rendering of the old axiom, “*Ars est celare artem.*” They translate it (very freely) as “Art should be hidden in a cellar.”

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!!



VISCOUNT ST-NL-Y OF THE CONGO.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, two dwarfs of the forest of perpetual night proper, journalistically exploited to the nines; 2nd, a continent sable, crossed by a small white band issuant from the interior; 3rd, a new york herald blowing a trumpet of his own in exultation over repeated columns of copy sensational to the last; 4th, a missionary of renown discovered in solitude near u-jiji sable. Crest: Out of a demi-terrestrial globe (southern hemisphere) a spread eagle proper emergent in his glory gorged with honorary degrees (south latitude), bearing in dexter claw an american flag, in sinister an union jack. Supporters: Dexter, a neutral monarch crowned, sceptred, and habited proper in a can't-go-free state; sinister, a publisher radiant charged in the arms with a colossal profit on the books of the present viscount. Second motto: “Mr. Speaker, I presume?” (on very rare occasions).

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 1.

—Consecrated rule of debate in House of Commons that if there appears on the Orders notice to move resolution on a particular subject no Member may rush in and preoccupy the ground. This makes obvious opening for little bit of tactics. In ordinary way, private Members who can muster forty adherents may force the hand of the strongest Government, compelling debate on any subject by moving adjournment of House in order to discuss it as a matter of urgent public importance. But, you see, if such action is apprehended it suffices for friend of Government to give notice of a resolution on the particular topic, which is straightway barred.

HOWARD VINCENT, the Friend of Man (including the Ministry), much annoyed by importunate Radicals raising embarrassing debates about Crete. Why can't they leave it in hands of best of all Ministries? Happy thought. Place amendment on paper promising to call attention to state of Crete and move resolution. “That’ll spoil their little game.” HOWARD VINCENT said to Member for Sark. “But a tricky lot, those Radicals; must be wary in dealing with them. If I confine my notice of motion to Crete they’ll break out in Macedonia, or return to Armenia, or cut in at

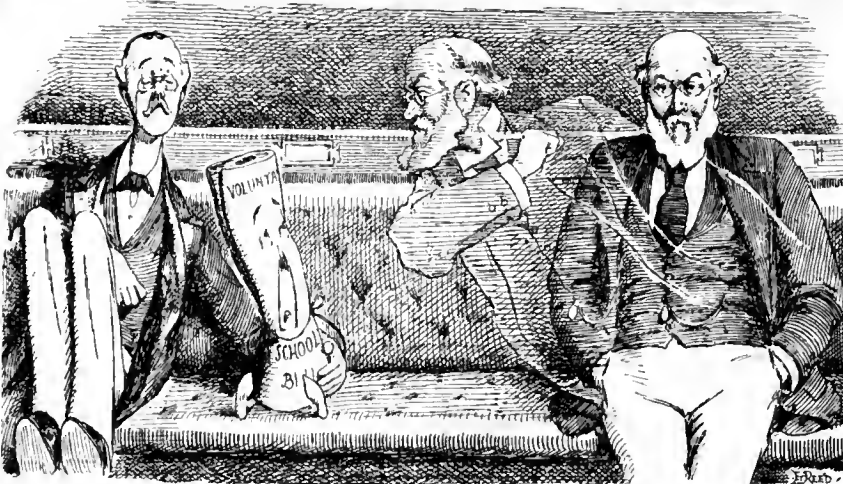
Constantinople. Will try and get round me somehow. I’ll be even with them. Tell you what, I’ll get a resolution made in Germany, warranted to beat them off at any point.”

Experiment seemed to answer to a tinctack. Never was seen such a notice of motion (at the price). Didn’t seem to leave an opening through which a Radical might even peep at a perturbed Ministry. Having carefully erased the mark of origin, H. V. placed resolution on the paper and felt that all was well. Had not forgotten any possible avenue of attack, not even the Balearic Islands or the vexed Bermoothes.

“If any Radical can crawl through that stockade,” he whispered to KENYON-SLANEY, “I forgive him. Wonderful fellows those Germans. When they undertake to make anything, from a hair-brush to a House of Commons resolution, they do it thoroughly.”

“Right you are,” whispered back KENYON-SLANEY, and the windows in the adjoining church of St. Margaret rattled responsive.

To-day SQUIRE OF MALWOOD comes down prepared to move adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent public importance situation in Crete. Has given PRINCE ARTHUR notice of his intention. Gage of battle accepted; speeches prepared; House crowded. And



A GHO(R)STLY VISITANT!

(During the Discussion on the Voluntary Schools Bill.)

Did Our Artist's eyes deceive him, or did Sir John's astral body really emerge in the twilight and give form to his hidden feelings?

where's HOWARD VINCENT's resolution, iron-bound, copper-bottomed, made in Germany, warranted for three years, unsinkable, fire-proof, bomb-proof, water-proof? Why, the SPEAKER has ruled that there is nothing in it. Of no account whatever as bearing on motion for adjournment! Worse than all, a simple notice of three lines, made in London by JOHN DILLON, effectually does what H. V. elaborately strove after. It blocks the way for to-night, and being withdrawn the wicked Radicals will to-morrow have their way. Ignoring existence of HOWARD VINCENT's masterpiece they will discuss Crete at length.

Which only shows how uncertain is life, and how unaccountable its ways in the House of Commons.

Business done.—Got into Committee on the Education Bill.

Tuesday.—This one of the occasions when the House, to which as a rule nobody is indispensable, misses Mr. GLADSTONE. Debate admirable, GEORGE CURZON in particular rising to fullest height of Parliamentary style yet reached by him, and the level has always been high. But only the unsurpassable, unapproachable fire of Mr. G. could fuse into magnificently molten mass the questions of Crete struggling to be free, of Greece stretching out a hand to help, of the banded Powers with irresistible force thrusting it back.

In the Father's absence the House welcomed with peculiar pleasure the interposition of the Son. HERBERT has earned the rare and enviable position that the House would willingly hear him speak oftener than he rises to address it. His early Parliamentary career was naturally, perhaps gratefully, overshadowed by that great mountain DON JOSE once adored. When the mountain disappeared, and there was chance for little hills to skip and hop, HERBERT, resisting the temptation, set himself diligently to the work of First Commissioner, laying the foundation of enduring monument by carrying scheme for the opening up of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament by a broader vista from Parliament Street. Out of office he has relapsed into access of modest mien that covers sterling capacity. House quite surprised to find him at Table to-night

championing the cause of Crete, hymning in glowing language the griefs of

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of War and Peace,
Where Delos rose, whence BOB REID sprung.

Business done.—Debate on Crete.



"Championing the Cause of Crete."

Mr. H-rb-rt Gl-dst-ne.

Thursday.—Another night in Committee on Education Bill. Not exactly exhilarating; lacks the charm of the unexpected. Only thing uncertain is at what particular moment PRINCE ARTHUR will pounce. Remembering the burning indignation with which Conservatives in Session of 1893 resented occasional application of closure, 'tis pretty to hear them hilariously cheer when to-day PRINCE ARTHUR drops down on critic of Education Bill with remark, "I beg to move that the question be now put."

"Odd," says SARK, "how circumstances alter cases. When the Conservatives are

in Opposition, they call the closure 'the gag'; when they come into office, and find occasion to use it, they allude to it by its official name; whilst the Liberals, with equal beat and righteous indignation, in their turn talk about 'the gag.' When the Liberals come into power, things in this respect will be exactly reversed. Natural enough; what is marvellous is the unfeigned sincerity of conviction which attends achievement of crossing floor of the House. To-day, when PRINCE ARTHUR pounces, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and JOHN MORLEY flush with honest, pained indignation, just as in 1893 PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSE blushed for their country when closure was moved in Committee on Home Rule Bill, Gentlemen of England massed behind them wringing their hands, lifting up their voice in long lamentation, 'Gag! gag!! gag!!!' We're a rum lot, when we come to think of it."

Business done.—Committee on Education Bill.

Friday.—The vision of JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg is not bounded by the coast of Ireland. If a Conservative Flute Band, assured in the remoteness of Bellshill, think they can with impunity parade its streets, playing "Protestant Boys," "Boyne Water," and "Kick the Pope," they have already discovered their error. It appears that the religious exercise was followed by a free fight, just as if Bellshill was the floor of the House of Commons. A Roman Catholic, the LORD ADVOCATE narrated, assaulted two of the bandsmen, and was arrested, "the band afterwards retiring to a public-house." Magistrates impartially convicted and imprisoned Protestants and Catholics.

BALLYKILBEG wants to know whether playing Protestant tunes in the streets is contrary to the laws of Scotland? If so, is the LORD ADVOCATE prepared to assent to an alteration in the law.

LORD ADVOCATE is not. BALLYKILBEG resumes his seat apparently discomfited, but actually successful in flashing on the walls of the House of Commons an interesting picture of the amenities of life in hitherto unrenowned Bellshill.

Business done.—Admiral-General—or is it General-Admiral?—Sir CHARLES DILKE, Bart., V.C., discourses at length on the condition of the Navy. A fortnight ago he displayed equal erudition and acumen in respect of the Army. SARK says he is equally all there on such trifles as Foreign politics, and Local Government. The Admirable CRICHTON was by comparison an overrated personage.

A Damp Club Associate.

Blynker (after Slimper has left). I can't stand that fellow at any price! He's such a fearful wet blanket!

Tiffins. Yes, by Jove! His talk's like sheets of rain! And he positively floods the smoking-room with it!

Blynker. Well, let's mix him and his jabber with two "fours"—neat! Then we shall be dry again! [Agreed nem. con.]

NOTE BY DARBY JONES.—As the spring approaches, evidence of regenerated existence is given by two species of bipeds—the layers of odds and the layers of eggs.

WHAT THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCILLOR CANNOT GRASP.—The beauty of Chelsea Reach.

NEW FLEET SIGNAL ACCORDING TO THE INTERNATIONAL CODE.—Cave Canea!



A BOOM IN NELSON PLAYS SEEMS IMMINENT, SO PLAYGOERS MUST BE PREPARED FOR DIFFERENT IDEAS OF THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR.

FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

(By a Nansensical Explorer.)

"THE awakening spirit of man reared its head high, and peered over that mysterious region that lies between Lincoln's Inn on the north, and the great and roaring Strand on the south. The mighty giant! The far-reaching limbs of the Law! In fact, the dismal district of the Law Courts. To make that passage from the north to the south has often been attempted. It can, and shall be done! And I will do it."

It was thus I mused as early in the month of April, in fact, upon the first day of that month, I set about the quest for which for long weeks I had been preparing. As I leave my four-wheeler to take the plunge, how my mind goes back to scenes I have left. It is the first of April. A sunny-faced lad calls out, "Grandad, the pigs are in the back garden!" An old man's trembling step. They are not there. "Yer April fool!" An angry word; and then, as the spring-day sun goes down, the sound of a stick falling with measured beat, and the voice of a child as if in pain. I wonder if they are thinking of me at home?

I am well prepared for what is before me. I have not washed for a month. I have a pair of bands to fasten round my neck, and proclaim myself a practising barrister, should my way be barred. Some foolscap paper, neatly folded and tied round with bright red tape, to be flaunted if opposition be met with. Some counterfeit coins, to be passed if occasion should demand. As for food, I have no fear. The chart which is before me marks in red letters, "Refreshment Bar," at every end and turn. The brightened faces of those who pass out in hurrying streams, assure me that the supplies still hold out. So far then all is well. But the future! What lies there are before me—I mean, what lies before me?

As I arrive at the inner door I find it cunningly contrived, so that he who comes out can thrust it straight on the nose of him who comes in, who in turn can re-thrust it with the same effect. So here, on the very threshold of this interesting region, I find something to engage my attention. A strong current sets here direct for Appeal Court No. 1. I cannot go into court. I have not got clean hands. The course due south has to be pursued. One is presently lost in a multitude of eddies. The sun is no longer with me. The corridors that lie before me are wrapped in gloom. My heart sinks. But why? Did I not know all this before I started? Then why did I start? I several times ask myself this question. I must have done this aloud, as I hear in the semi-darkness the voice of one saying, "He's tight."

Still onward! I must be near the Courts of Chancery. There is a drowsy lull in the air. I see the old church at home. The collection bag comes round. What shall I get this time, I wonder? Are they thinking of me at home?

It must be after lunch. The stream is setting strongly in two directions. My chart shows me that to the right I shall find myself in the perils of the Probate and Divorce Division; while that to the left will gradually carry me to the straits of Sir HENRY HAWKINS. I choose the latter. I am getting nearer. The atmosphere grows warmer. I hear sounds as it were of merriment, rippling laughter. I think of home and the pantomime. I seem to hear the familiar cry of "Here we are again!" I have passed the straits. The tide rolls down a twisted stair.

The doors again remind me of those I felt now so long ago. I am asked what my business is. I make a quick reply. My collar is seized. I try to find my hands. Too late! I have got the chuck! I am in the Strand. I have done the trick. The deep peace of the spring evening sank beneficently over the wearied spirit.

THE SONG OF HYBRIS THE NORMAN.

(After the Greek—and copy.)

[See the Athens correspondence in a daily contemporary.]

My wealth's a style of purple brand,
And some right good cheek, a hide untanned,
And sleeve wherein I chuckle;
With these I wire, I scribe, I show
Six Governments the way to go,
While crowned heads round me truckle.

Oh—oh—oh—oh!

I'll make the Concert, hapless drones,
Bid Crete in diapason tones
To call me King and Lord—
"H. N."s her rightful Lord!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. *Punch* in his early youth-time—Mr. *P.*'s life is all youth-time, but the almanack requires comparison of dates—annually gave the world a pocket-book, stray copies of which are now among its most valued treasures. Probably incited by the great Exemplar, Mr. BURDETT has his pocket-book. *Official Intelligence* he calls the leaflet, which is published in four-horse vans from the warehouse of SPOTTISWOODE & Co. It is now in its sixteenth year, and in matters of size and fulness beats the most bouncing boy of the close of the so-called Nineteenth Century. It is, in sober truth, a marvel of compilation, a monument of industry. What it does not tell in regard of British, American, and Foreign Securities is not worth knowing. An ever-increasing difficulty is its size and weight. With office-rent so high in the City, merchants, companies, and banks, to all of whom *Burdett's Official Intelligence* is indispensable, will soon have to consider the necessity of building a special annexe, fitted with hydraulic reading-stand, in which to store the Brobdingnagian volume.

More power to your elbow and your hand, with a pen in it, Mr. ANTHONY HOPKINS, and may you give us many and many another such a stirring romance as is your latest *Phroso* to take us out of ourselves, our cares, and our troubles, and into the land of pure romance! HOPKINS tells a fluttering tale of love, murder, noble heroism, villainous treachery, inducing the reader to watch a sort of point to point race among the characters until all ends happily, and hero and heroine reach their haven of well-earned rest. "*Espoir! Espoir! C'est la première feuille,*" and "*la dernière feuille*" is as good as the first. All action, no time wasted on useless descriptions; good stirring melodrama told in modern conversational style. No lover of true bustling romance should miss *Phroso*. Of course it will be dramatised; but that operation won't hurt it much, and the majority of Mr. ANTHONY HOPKINS' admirers will still prefer it as a book. THE BARON.



THE TRANSVAAL CROMWELL.

Oliver Kruger. "TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE!"

[The judges of the Transvaal are made removable at the will of the Raad. (See "Spectator.")
 "The judges," said the President, "would have to abide by the voice of the Volksraad or go."—Times, Feb. 25.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A disconsolate Cavalier is reminded by a March gale of a fickle Maiden, and, after desiring death, is cured by its influence.

I HEAR the howling of the Wind
The while the night is black and blind,
And rain gusts crash against the eaves,
The tempest shakes the fragile thatch
And beats the straw it cannot catch
Like flail upon the autumn sheaves.
I hear the shouting of the Wind
Calling for someone left behind,
Forgotten, left too long on earth,
I am the one recalled at last
By all the tumult of the blast
To memories of May and mirth.
I heard the laughter of the Wind
Whispered in accents soft and kind—
Ah, me! it was so long ago!
We called them "ripples 'mid the trees"
Those accents of the wayward breeze
That seemed our ev'ry thought to know.
I heard the singing of the Wind,
A melody composed to bind
Our love for ever and a day
In one harmonious song of Spring,
Teaching us how we, too, might sing
A ceaseless roundelay!
I hear the story of the Wind,
And thus to-night the moral find,
For now it waxes its strength on me;
The message inarticulate
Means, "After all it 'a good to wait."
Windlike, like you, I will be free!

UNVERIFIED WAR RUMOURS.

GENERAL H-NRY L-B-CH-RE has left for the Levant with a battery of air guns.

It is rumoured that the Rev. H-GH WAT PRICE H-G-H-S has hoisted the Independent flag over the fortification of Canea.

Field-Marshal J-R-ME KOSMOS J-R-ME and the Authora' Brigade have been sent out to Selimo at the expense of the Publishers' Union. They are armed with the new Log-rolling Machine Gun.

One hundred British M.P.'s have been despatched telegraphically by the SULTAN.

Mr. W-LL-AM W-TS-N has taken out letters of marque for the first time in his life. His departing privateer is called *The Public Joy*.

In consequence of the Armenian atrocity in South London, there are rumours that Prince GEORGE of Greece's torpedo flotilla has sealed orders to repair to the mouth of the Thames and place itself under the orders of General BOOTH.

The G-RM-N EMP-R-R has invited President KR-O-R to block the Dardanelles.

Mr. GL-D-ST-NE has sent a postcard to the leader of the insurgents urging him to read his monograph on HOMER.

Mr. T. G. B-WL-S and Sir ELL-S ASH-M-D B-RTL-TT have been deputed to collect the samphire now growing on the Turkish men-of-war.

Four socialists and two Nihilists, having been entertained in the Prytaneum, have left Athens.

(Latest despatch.)

Greece has been annexed by Crete with the full approbation of the Powers.

At the Hotel Cecil.

Mrs. JAWKER (to Mrs. PAWKER from Cincinnati). So you're leaving to-morrow?

Mrs. PAWKER. Yes! I guess we must quit. Now that the Queen and Prince of Wales have both gone on the Continent me and Mr. P. feel a kind o' lonely.



Benard Partridge fecit

BRUTES!

Jones. "DID YOU EVER SEE A VOLCANO IN COURSE OF ERUPTION?"

Smith. "NO—BUT ONCE I REMEMBER I CAME HOME VERY LATE FROM THE CLUB, AND MY WIFE—"
[They understand one another.]

At the Grand Military.

Lady BUSBY (to Mr. Haversack). The worst of these meetings is that there are so many subs. about.

Mrs. H. I quite agree with you. Why, only just now I saw young FLAPPER of the 130th Foot walking about in spurs!

[It may be added that young FLAPPER was on his way to the weighing-room.]



THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

NO. III.—THE PLEASURE OF HAVING POUNDED THE FIELD AT A BIG WALL IS RATHER SPOILED BY FINDING YOU HAVE LANDED ANYHOW IN A CUCUMBER-FRAME BELONGING TO THE MOST RABID ANTI-FOX-HUNTER IN THE COUNTY, AND KNOWING THAT YOUR HORSE IS GALLOPING ABOUT ON HIS BOWLING-GREEN!

THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

IV.

SCENE—The Drawing-room. Some moments have passed since SPENCER has mentioned the fact of his engagement, and he shows no disposition to become more communicative.

Henrietta (impatiently). Well, SPEN, can't you see I'm dying to hear all about her. What is her other name besides MERCY?

Spencer (feeling that here, at least, he is on safe ground). MARI-GOLD, my dear, MERCY MARI-GOLD.

Henr. What a pretty name! I don't remember meeting—When were you introduced to her first, SPENCER?

Spen. (with embarrassment). Why, there was—er—no regular introduction. It all came about through my walking up to town through Kensington Gardens. There was a seat where I sat down to rest—occasionally, you know. And she was always there, and—whether it began by my making some remark about the child—

Henr. The child! SPENCER, you're not going to marry a widow?

Spen. (reassuringly). No, ETTA, my dear, no. Ha-ha, I'm not quite— She isn't a widow, anyway. The child wasn't her own. She—she was only in charge of it.

Henr. But I don't understand. How in charge of it?

Spen. (moistening his lips). Well, it's best I should tell you at once. *(Desperately.)* She was a sort of—well, what you might call by way of being—a nurse, you know, a nurse.

Henr. (to herself, horrified). And I told FRITZ I had no connections his family could possibly— *(Aloud.)* A nurse, SPENCER! How could you? What induced you to—to— Oh, you can't mean it!

Spen. If you knew all the circumstances, my dear— Through no fault of her own—no fault whatever of her own, she would have been turned out of her situation to face the world all alone, poor little girl, if—

Henr. Poor little girl? Then she's not— Why, how old is she, SPENCER?

Spen. 'Pon my word, I couldn't say, exactly. The—the usual age, I suppose.

Henr. You must have some idea. Is she *my* age?

Spen. Your age! Bless me, no. A good twenty years younger, I should say.

Henr. That makes her twenty-five, while you are— SPENCER, how can you expect her to feel any real—?

Spen. But she does, ETTA, that's the astonishing part of it, she does. If it hadn't been for that—!

Henr. Ah, SPENCER, I can't think you are acting wisely in marrying anyone so much younger than yourself.

Spen. If it comes to that, my dear, I might remark that you are scarcely the person—

Henr. (colouring). The two cases are absolutely different, SPENCER. FRITZ is considerably older than this girl, and I am some years younger than you are. And he is of good, if not noble, family, while she is a—a domestic servant.

Spen. She's very different from the ordinary nursemaid, ETTA. When you see her to-morrow—

Henr. SPENCER, you *won't* have her here to-morrow? not to meet FRITZ!

Spen. Why not? Who is FRITZ that he should—? I have just come from her, ETTA. She is staying with a kind of relation of hers at Shepherd's Bush. She doesn't seem very comfortable there, and I hoped that, for my sake, at least, you would have her here to stay—just till we are married, you know.

Henr. I can't; you are asking too much, SPENCER. You don't know FRITZ's feelings about those things. If he even guessed that he was going to have a sister-in-law who had been in service, he might—he might feel compelled to break off our engagement.

Spen. If he's such a snob as all that, I shouldn't say he would be much of a loss.

Henr. But I love him, SPEN. And it isn't snobbery at all. You can't expect anyone belonging to an ancient race like the VON GUBLERS not to have strong prejudices. If you have the slightest consideration for me, you will not allow this girl and FRITZ to meet for the present.

Spen. (grimly). Are they to dodge one another in and out of the house like the little man and woman in a weather cottage, then. Is *that* your idea, ETTA, eh?

Henr. Oh, SPENCER, if you would but give it up altogether! We might have been so happy together, you and I and FRITZ, while now—

Spen. (gloomily). Yes, this changes everything. I see that. The same house won't hold you and me any longer, *ETTA*. Well, *MERCY* and I must look out for other quarters, that's all.

Henr. But, SPENCER, where would you go? Why, our joint income is only just enough to—, and we've no rent to pay here. And you'd never be happy away from here!

Spen. I know all that. It will be a wrench; but what can I do? I daresay we shall settle down somewhere farther out of town.

Henr. No, SPEN, it's your house as much as mine. If—if one of us must go, I will be the one. I sha'n't mind it—much.

Spen. Nonsense, *HENRIETTA*. Do you suppose I'm going to let you turn out of this house when I don't even know whether this *FRITZ* of yours is in a position to support you decently? You'll be comfortable enough here when I'm gone.

Henr. Without you, SPEN? No, I should never be comfortable while I felt I was the cause— And then, there's the furniture that was in the old house at Camberwell when we were children. Father left it to you, SPENCER, and you must take it. And the portraits, and most of the other things.

Spen. Do you think I don't know it would break your heart to part with 'em. Besides, we—we're not likely to have much room for them—in lodgings.

Henr. In lodgings! Oh, SPENCER, it does seem such a pity we should separate like this, such a pity!

Spen. (impatiently). Of course it's a pity. And I have been hoping— But if you insist on marrying a foreigner fellow who considers himself too grand to associate with my wife, what can you expect—what on earth can you expect?

Henr. If she had only been a lady, SPENCER.

Spen. A lady? She is a lady. She's thoroughly refined; speaks correct grammar, and—and all that sort of thing. It's the merest accident that she's had to go out as a nurse; her father was a gentleman-farmer, lost all his money, through agricultural depression, and died, I believe. I should have thought, *HENRIETTA*, I should have thought this would have softened your heart to the poor child, instead of—

Henr. But—but you never told me all that before! So long as she's a lady— SPENCER, why shouldn't we live all four of us together? It would be much the best plan!

Spen. (dubiously). If it could be managed, my dear, if it could be managed. But it would be rather a tight fit, and then—suppose *MERCY* didn't get on with *FRITZ*?

Henr. She couldn't help it, *FRITZ* is so placid and even-tempered that, even if she wanted to quarrel—

Spen. *MERCY* quarrel! Why, she has the sweetest nature, the gentlest disposition—couldn't do it if she tried!

Henr. Then they shall meet to-morrow, and if she is all you say, SPENCER, I am sure *FRITZ* would be the first to— How delightful it would be if we can only arrange not to separate!

Spen. We shall see, my dear, we shall see. *(To himself.)* After all, if this fellow's confounded family pride should lead him to—, it would only save poor *ETTA* from an act of downright insanity.

Henr. (to herself). At the worst, *FRITZ*, with his calm, practical common-sense, might make poor SPENCER see how foolishly infatuated he will be if— *(Aloud.)* Really, SPENCER, I'm beginning to feel quite hopeful that it will all come right, somehow.

Spen. Are you, *ETTA*? So am I, my dear, so am I.

THE CREWS ON THE RIVER.

Report (nearly) in Common Form.

AGAIN the Eights put in an appearance at Putney. The first embarked opposite the Leander, and their opponents a little lower down. The coaches looked after matters from their respective steam launches, and the crowd was, as usual, enormous. Much good work was done. A spin from The Doves to Hammersmith Bridge was accomplished at thirty-four strokes to the minute. Here "Halt" was called and the crew paddled quietly to the Limes. Then the men prepared for a strong row. Keeping to the centre of the river so as to avoid the cross-currents, they commenced at thirty-five and gradually increased until they touched forty-two. Again there was a pause, and after a little further paddling the crew disembarked and went home. Of course it is too soon to give a final opinion upon the merits of the competing sixteen. Before the race there is plenty of time for improvement, and no doubt both crews will take advantage of the patent possibility. But writing at the moment it is necessary to say that one of the sixteen does not finish right home with the handle of his oar in his chest; that another skies his blade badly; that a



EXAMPLE.

Uncle Dick. "AH YES, CRICKET IS A FINE GAME, NO DOUBT—A VERY FINE GAME. BUT FOOTBALL NOW! THAT'S THE GAME TO MAKE YOUR HAIR CURL!"

Miss Dulcie (meditatively). "DO YOU PLAY FOOTBALL MUCH, UNCLE?"

third slightly feathers under water, and a fifth is scrappy. And I say all this that it may be believed (by the less thoughtful of my readers) that in spite of evidence to the contrary I really do know something about it.

NOT O. K.

(By a Slumped Speculator.)

OH, what a lot of things depress the market with uneasiness, Catastrophes that catch old birds as much as any tyro; We now connect bad news each day with names that have the sound of K, As KRUGER, KOTZE, KAISER, Crete, Constantinople, Cairo.

Last year it was about the same, for crushing complications came from CLEVELAND; let us calmly hope MCKINLEY may be wiser. Then CAMERON and Cuba rose, and sent shares down with news like those Of KRUGER, KOTZE, Cairo, Crete, Constantinople, KAISER.

From Krugersdorp, and from the Cape, news lowered prices on the tape, The Cairo Court decided that the Caisse must not pay what's a Considerable sum. Before, that telegram disturbed us more, O KAISER, KRUGER, Cairo, Crete, Constantinople, KOTZE!

In sympathy, too, down are sent the rails in Canada or Kent, Coolgardie mines, and companies of cocoa or of sugar, (Excuse the rhyme that follows) I can only give one reason why— That's KAISER, KOTZE, Cairo, Crete, Constantinople, KRUGER.

NEPTUNE'S CROSS.—For further particulars apply during a gale in the channel.



DISADVANTAGES OF THE MIXED PARTY SYSTEM.

Just as Jemmy Lambold thought he had secured the opportunity so long denied him, up comes that young Rupert Green.

"COME ALONG, MISS FORTESCUE! OUR DANCE YOU PROMISED." (And she keeps her promise, too.)

A LENTEN LAY.

'Tis now the jocund time of Lent,
And parsons all are most intent
Each as to how it should be spent,
Their views advancing.
Have I done anything they've taught?
Have I denied myself in aught?
I fear not. Yet—on second thought—
I've given up dancing!

No more I urge my wild career
In "Washingtons" with you, my dear;
With you no more my course I steer
In waltz entrancing.
People may say, as people will,
That balls are "off" in Lent. True bill!
I've had no invitations. Still—
I've given up dancing!

One other Lenten exercise
Of mine might well excite surprise—
I've lately shunned your sweet blue eyes
Like sunshine glancing!
You're miles away at Cannes, 'tis true,
But still—to give a man his due—
Just now attendance, dear, on you
I've given up dancing!

NEW SUBURBAN DISTRICT APPROPRIATELY
NAMED.—Jerry-cho.

JOINT ACTION.—The Roman butchers
have gone on strike.

TALK VERSUS WORK.

SCENE—A boudoir suitably furnished. TIME—
Before the meeting of "The Ladies' Congress
for the Discovery of Congenial Employment
for Females with Nothing to do." MATRON
at her desk surrounded by tradesmen's books.
Enter to her PUSHING SPINSTER.

Matron (laying down her pen). I can
give you five minutes.

Spinster. You must be very busy!

Matron. I am. What can I do for you?

Spinster (producing long programme).
Do you mind reading this?

Matron. You can save time by telling
me what it is all about.

Spinster. It is rather complicated. But
I may say that the object we have in view
is to obtain the equality of the sexes.

Matron. Then my husband should also
be present; but, unfortunately, poor man,
he is hard at work in the City.

Spinster. So he should be! But I don't
want to see him, but you.

Matron. That seems to be rather a
single-sided arrangement. Surely he
should hear any advantages that you have
in store for both of us.

Spinster. Man has selfishly protected his
own interests for centuries.

Matron. Indeed! Well, the world has
gone on very well, in spite of it.

Spinster. That is regarding the subject
from a very low level. Our object is to

teach our sisters that we have a mission
that most of us have neglected.

Matron (laughing). It's just as well my
husband is not present. He would de-
clare that I neglect nothing.

Spinster. Fancy adopting the opinion
of a mere man!

Matron. Why not, if the judgment is
favourable?

Spinster. I can see that you have never
seriously considered the responsibilities of
the situation.

Matron. Maybe; but I have a good
many other matters claiming my atten-
tion. (Looking at her watch.) And that
reminds me that three minutes are up,
and I can only spare you two minutes
more for an explanation.

Spinster. Two minutes! Why, my dear
madam, it would take me hours to de-
scribe only a tithe of our grievances.

Matron. If that be so, I am afraid you
must defer the recital to a more favour-
able opportunity.

Spinster. But you will at least come to
our congress?

Matron. Should be delighted, only, you
see, my good girl, I have to attend to the
house and the children! [Curtain.]

APPROPRIATE SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO FOR
A FIRM OF ADVERTISING AGENTS.—"Posters
of the sea and land."



“YOU GO FIRST!”

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MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE.

Union of the Great Heiress, Miss Polly Naris, with the Hon. Joe Hannis.



Nuptial Duet.

MY PHIZ IS MY FORTUNE,
SIR, SHE SAID,
SIR, SHE SAID,
MY PHIZ IS MY FORTUNF,
MISS, HE SAID.

["A very large annual saving, nearly £17,000, is anticipated as the result of the amalgamation of the Apollinaris and Jehannis Companies.—*Times, City Article, March 11.* "O happy pair!" exclaims *Mr. Punch.* "What an economical young couple!"]

AS YOU WERE!

["It is said that, in order to commemorate 'the Diamond Jubilee,' the fashions of this season are to conform as closely as possible to those of 1837." *Daily Paper.*]

Monday night.—Greatly struck by this sentence. Strange that no one should have recognised earlier that this is by far the most appropriate way of honouring Her Majesty, and, personally, I intend to put the idea into practice at once, and bring back, as far as possible, the glories of sixty years ago. The true object of loyalty must be, to every thinking man . . . Suddenly remember that I am writing by electric light. No electric light in 1837, so switch it off, and light candles. As I was saying, the true object of loyalty . . . Horrible thought! I am using a steel nib—an invention of recent and degraded years. After much search, discover a quill-pen; it splutters painfully, and renders my writing quite illegible. But what does that matter, when I can reflect that I am using the implement employed in the year of our Queen's Accession? As I was about to remark, the true object of loyalty, to every thinking man must be . . . At this moment WILLIAM enters with a letter. He regards my lighted candles with some surprise, and enquires whether the electric light has gone wrong, as it is all right in the other rooms. I take the opportunity of explaining my plan to him, to which he answers gravely, "Yes, Sir;" but I hear disconcerting sounds, as of half-suppressed guffaws, directly he has left the room. The letter proves to be from JONES, reminding me that I am due to

visit him at Exeter to-morrow. Resume my unfinished sentence " . . . to every thinking man must be " . . . Strange, I have forgotten the rest of it. Will go to bed.

Tuesday.—While dressing, suddenly remember that I must go to Exeter by coach—no trains in 1837. After many enquiries, fail to find a coach running beyond Guildford. Ought to "post" the remainder of journey, but this is too expensive, so determine to stay at home. Walk to the post-office to send JONES a wire, explaining reason of my non-appearance. Luckily I remember just in time the gross anachronism of this proceeding—no telegraphs in 1837! Will write later, and ask JUPSON, our Member, for a "frank." Probably he will be surprised until he understands that it is part of my scheme for commemorating the longest reign.

I announce my plan to my family, who display a deplorable want of enthusiasm, especially when I explain that dinner is to be at six o'clock. Sternly rebuke ETHEL, whom I detect in the act of mounting her bike. Bicycles in 1837, indeed! Compel her to come in-doors, and set her to work a sampler. In the afternoon I drive in the park, and make my footman ride postilion, to which he greatly objects. But everyone of any position had a postilion sixty years ago. In the course of the evening, TOMMY, my youngest son, asks me to give him a tennis-raquet as his next birthday present. I decline, explaining that there was no lawn-tennis in 1837, but that he can have a bow and arrows, if he likes. He murmurs at this suggestion, and is not appeased when informed of my resolve to make him wear a high hat this year whenever he plays cricket. But, as I point out, what does his personal comfort matter, when he has a chance of displaying his loyalty? Sixty years ago everyone played cricket in a top hat.

Dine at six, and, having got rid of my wife and daughter, begin to drink the two bottles of port which every gentleman (in 1837) used to consume after dinner. Doctor would say bad for gout—what doctorsh knowboutit? Half-don'sh seconbottl'. Drinksh Queen's healths. Feel alsh-the-better. Sing nanthemish-ational—no, nationalanthem—can't 'member words. Ain' goin-to-bedsh—mush-make a lit'-speech . . . longesh-reign, y'know!

Wednesday.—Strangely enough, I have a severe headache this morning. Doubtless it is caused by the early hour at which I dined yesterday. But, if I cannot be consistent in returning to the ways of 1837, I may as well abandon the scheme altogether. And, as my family do not seem to enter into the spirit of it, and my friends are not sympathetic, while my servants unanimously threaten to give notice, perhaps I had better see whether "The Diamond Jubilee" cannot be commemorated in some other way!

"THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH IN THE MORNING."

(Extract from the Diary of a true Son of Erin.)

NEVER felt in such trim in all my life. Have an excellent shillelagh, and one of the sweetest tail-coats that ever yet was seen. It seems to be hungering to be trodden upon, and the day the best in the year for a little pleasant diversion. Look at that now! And all that is wanted is a subject for argument.

But where will I get one? Everybody seems to have forgotten about Extra Taxation. Not that that mattered much, as there was too much agreement between friends and neighbours. How can you break a head when there's ne'er a bit open to discussion?

Then, Home Rule was an elegant subject entirely, but it seems to have taken a back seat. Sure all the glories are gone, and the old country is more distressful than ever! Look at that now!

But that's not the worst of it. Unless a gentleman can be in two places at once he can't contend against himself. And here am I all alone, without a soul within reach of a tap on the head for the sake of a reminder. Why, even a Kilkenny cat would feel lonesome without company. The other cat is necessary for a rollicking controversy.

So there's nothing to be said but had luck to peace and hurroob for a row—when I can get it!

TWO LINES WITHOUT A NOT.—In *The Kent Argus* for March 6 appeared the following notice:—

"The Thanet Harriers will meet at 11.30 on Tuesday, March 9, at Broomfield; Friday, March 12, at Herne Street. The Committee request that every care should be taken to ride over seeds, roots, and newly-planted ground."

How liberal of the Committee! How nice for the farmers! No more "Ware wheat, gentlemen! Ware roots, gentlemen! Ware seeds!" But on we go, for'ardy, for'ardy, all among the wheat, the roots, and the seeds of all sorts! Rare sport!

AXIOM BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CYCLIST.—The wheel, not the rider, is always tyred.

GONE TO PIECES.—NELSON at the Olympic and the Avenue.



THU MAY 97.

STABLE TALK.

The General. "THAT'S A FUNNY SORT OF HORSE YOU 'VE GOT THERE, CUTHBERT."
Cuthbert. "YES, GRAN'PA. YOU SEE HE'S BEEN 'EATING HIS HEAD OFF' ALL THE WINTER!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—After to have visited the Bank and the Stockexchange, I am gone to see the Tower of London. I go by the Railway under Ground. See there still a curiosity of your great town, of which I must speak in my guide.

I go of good hour to the station of Charingcross, and I demand at the *guichet* a ticket to the Tower. Without doubt there finds herself there a station. Some misters very pressed, as all the world at London, attend impatiently behind me. The employed responds, "Maclène!" What droll of exclamation! It is perhaps an interrogation in the *argot* of London. I repeat therefore, more slowly and very distinctly, "Will you to give to me a ticket

of first class to go and return to the station of the Tower." "Maclène!" repeats he. And the misters, so pressed, push me still more, and cry also "Maclène!" "What is this that this is then that this word there?" I demand to them very politely. Truly the french language dates from an epoch before that of the railways and of the great commerce. For to say a phrase as "*Qu'est-ce que c'est donc que ce mot-là?*" he wants the infinite leisure, the gracious calm, of a library of monastery middle age, or of a saloon of the last century. For the Railway under Ground he must to say hut "*Quoi?*" all short. "What?" I demand. "Maclène!" repeat they furious.

Then one of these misters says to me some words, which I comprehend at pain, in britannic french, "*Vou êtes frongsé, maounsiáh? Je pahle frongsé. Maclène é*

oune gah. Le gah pouah le touah, comprenné?" "Mister," I respond to him, "I speak english. What is then Maclène?" "The station for the Tower," says he. Thus in fine I comprehend, I take the ticket, on the which I see the name "Mark Lane," and I descend the staircase. Naturally it is not the first time that I voyage by the Railway under Ground. Truly I should not be desolated if it were the last! But must to study all the londonian habitudes. I go you to write after that I have voyaged.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

"GANDER'S HOLIDAY."

I.

AWAY beside the sad sea waves
My wife for change has gone;
All household trouble thus she saves,
But I am left alone.

II.

'Tis true there still remain for me
Of comfort sundry crumbs,
For at the club I much can be,
To mingle with my chums.

III.

I need not rise before 'tis light,
Or go to bed at ten,
I can sit up the livelong night
Like naughty single men.

IV.

And yet I miss her gentle face,
Her gentle chidings, too,
Which tell me with a quiet grace
The things I ought to do.

V.

So as from daily work I come,
Oft to myself I say,
"Better a hen-pecked life at home
Than gander's holiday."

The Trade follows the Colour.

Mrs. Miffkins (to pork butcher). I want two pounds of sausages. Which do you recommend, Mr. SLICE, Oxford or Cambridge?

Mr. Slice. Well, ma'am, I need scarcely say that the sympathy of most ladies is with the Light Blues this year.

IN A SLOW TRAIN.

"LOOK out for squalls"—on land or sea—
Where duty or where pleasure calls,
A golden rule it seems to be,
Look out for squalls.

Yet in a train that slowly crawls
Somehow it most appeals to me.
For then sometimes, it so befalls,
An infant on its mother's knee
In my compartment Fate instals—
Which makes a nervous man, you see,
Look out for squalls!

"WHEN Dutch WILLIAM came over to England from Holland it was on a King Jameson raid."—*Extract from very original New History of England, by Sir G. B-w-r, subject to careful editing by Sir W. V. H-re-rt.*

UNDISGUISEDLY IN HOT WATER.—Art in the Brompton Boilers.

MAID IN GERMANY.—A spinster of Berlin.

WHEN GREEK (?) MEETS TURK (?)

It is stated that numerous Englishmen have offered their services to the Greek Government, and that the Turkish Government has received similar offers from many other Englishmen. As both these Governments are practically bankrupt, why waste—not their money, for they have none, but—their credit, such as it is, by travelling to Crete, or Athens, or Constantinople? How much better to fight comfortably in London, three hundred on each side, the Horatii and the Curiatii of to-day. This scheme would also be more sensible, since the £1,200 odd subscribed for Greece would hardly pay all the expenses of a war with Turkey, and the few hundred gallant Englishmen on either side could hardly defy the united forces of the Great Powers. Then what stirring headlines we should read every morning:—

- ENCAMPMENT OF THE TURKS AT PARK CRESCENT.
- THE GREEKS AT CHARING CROSS.
- EXPECTED BATTLE IN REGENT STREET.
- THE ELGIN MARBLES.
- RUMOURED RECONNAISSANCE BY THE TURKS.
- THE GREEK GUARD INCREASED TO EIGHT.
- TURKISH BATHS BOMBARDED.
- VALOUR OF THE GREEKS.
- THE BATHS CLUB DECLARED NEUTRAL.
- STATUES IN GREEK COSTUME DESTROYED BY THE TURKS.
- UNIVERSAL REJOICINGS.
- REPRISALS BY THE GREEKS ON OTHER STATUES.
- INCREASED REJOICINGS.
- OLYMPIA BESIEGED BY THE TURKS.
- SORTIE OF THE GREEK GARRISON.
- ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS BY HAMMER-SMITH OMNIBUS.
- A MOTOR-CAR IN ACTION.
- SERIOUS INJURY TO THE GREEK COLONEL'S UMBRELLA.
- LOSS OF A TURKISH OFFICER'S FEZ.
- THE BESIEGERS' COMMISSARIAT.
- FRESH SUPPLIES OF RAHAT LAKOUM.
- PRIVATIONS OF THE GARRISON.
- NOTHING TO DRINK BUT GREEK WINES.

"CONSULE BILIOTTI."

[Sir ALFRED BILIOTTI, our Consul in Crete, saved by his personal exertions at Candanos many thousand Moslem lives. The King of the Hellenes blames the English Consul's overbearing conduct.]

In the midst of the strife,
 And war to the knife,
 O'er a question fierce and knotty,
 Let us sing to the praise,
 'Mid the death-strewn maze,
 Of Sir ALFRED BILIOTTI.
 No craven was he
 Who could put to sea,
 Saving thousands by pluck and daring.
 Let King GEORGE have his say,
 But we'll cheer the way
 Of our Consul's overbearing!

In the Managing Editor's Room.

Master Printer. Any orders for the bill to-morrow?

Managing Editor. No, the same headings will do—"Greece Defiant, Powers Alert, Mohammedans Massacred, and—Stay, set up "CRETE AS USUAL." Everyone will understand that.

NOTE BY OUR CHAMPION CARD-PLAYER.—A woman's hand is like one at *écarté*. If you propose she won't accept unless she holds the King of Trumps—generally up her sleeve.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 8.—House crowded for a Monday. At four o'clock this afternoon time of grace for Greece was up. Peace or war depends upon answer she shall give to Collective Note. Members hold their breath as they wait to hear what news PRINCE ARTHUR brings.

Captain NORTON discovered on his feet making semaphore signals towards Treasury Bench. This looks ominous. NORTON has

which, as each Bobby passes, he sullenly drops price of a pair of boots.

This robbing of BONAY to pay MATTHEW excites deepest indignation in martial mind of gallant Captain. HOME SECRETARY laboriously explains that it is all a mistake. Boot is, in fact, on the other leg. Men profit, rather than lose, by the new system.

"Am I to gather from that answer," said the ex-cornet, in sepulchral voice, "that the men will practically be defrauded out of a pair of boots?"

"Quite the contrary," said Sir MATTHEW. This presumably means that they will be



SIR MATTHEW "COLLECTS" IN CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE!
 ("Quite the contrary" of the actual fact!)

smelt powder, serving as cornet in the Royal Irish Lancers. Silence falls on crowded House. All eyes turned upon the Captain semaphoring like mad. At length catches eye of MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY.

Captain's concern turns out to have nothing to do with Crete, Greek aspirations, or, save indirectly, with the Peace of Europe. Wants to know about the London Bobby's boots. Got it into his head that HOME SECRETARY has approved dark design whereby, as he put it, "each man of the force is to advance the value of a pair of boots to the authorities." Quickened imagination sees Carlton House Terrace flooded with police off duty. On steps of No. 10 stands massive figure of HOME SECRETARY, holding collection plate, into

defrauded into a pair. The Captain not to be put off with sophism of that kind.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said, his voice now appropriately dropping into his boots, "I would like to ask whether, if the boots are made to last longer than they have hitherto lasted the men are not thereby defrauded out of a certain amount of shoe-leather?"

(Observe how deftly the Captain twice inserts the last into the policeman's stubborn boots.)

Conundrum too much for HOME SECRETARY. Attempted no answer. House turned to other subjects with uneasy conviction that there is more in these policemen's boots than meets the eye.

Business done.—Captain NORTON smells a rat. He sees it moving in the air.

Tuesday.—Conference in Committee Room No. 14 on Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland met today to elect Chairman. Conference most remarkable sign of times. Includes Irishmen of all parties and sections. Dillonite, Redmondite, Healyite, Hittite (the most universal denomination), Unionist, Catholic, Orangeman, each all one in their desire to get something out of the Imperial Exchequer.

Miss Lord MORRIS from the *mélange*. Thinking about him just now when looking back through the glowing pages of *The Eve of St. Agnes*. You remember how, when

As soon as these over, J. W. enters, with air of man who has just dined, and positively proposes to go on with Committee!

Rarely heard such a roar as rises from throats of famished Radicals. If they had known what was in store, might, between three and eight, have taken a little bread with their water. But expected the usual interval, either with the SPEAKER or the Chairman out of the Chair. LOWTHER, who seemed to hungry, feverish eyes to grow plumper every minute, turned deaf ear to entreaty. *He* wasn't hungry, and the first duty of a patriot is owed to his country. So called on LAMBERT to

tion to report progress. Nothing came of this but loss of another quarter of an hour, and the dragging round division lobby of tottering forms. Ministerialists, comfortably dining, rushed in to vote against adjournment. Having defeated motion by two to one, went back to finish their dinner, leaving a few skeletons to rattle their bones in defiance of Clause I. of Education Bill. *Business done.*—Opposition nearly starved to death.

Friday.—SARK hears curious rumour about intention of the gallant Hundred, who the other day telegraphed (at somebody else's expense) to King of GREECE, bidding him fight on, and let them hear occasionally how he fared. Have agreed that their position would be more imposing, their encouragement to Greece more effective, if they wore some outward and visible sign of their brotherhood.

FRANK LOCKWOOD proposes simple contrivance. The national costume of Cretans suggests that, dressing in haste, they have left outside their trousers a garment which, in civilised countries, is more usually tucked within. Why should not the signatories of that noble telegram show their sympathy for the Cretans by adopting a modification of their national dress? The Garibaldians, whom they most resemble, made the red shirt historic. The appearance in the lobby or on floor of the House of honourable Members wearing outside their trousers the white shirt of a blameless life, would certainly at first attract attention. But bold spirits dare anything.

SARK says he wouldn't be at all astonished any night to see JOHN ANTHONY and SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE enter the House arm in arm thus picturesquely arrayed.

Business done.—Navy Estimates.

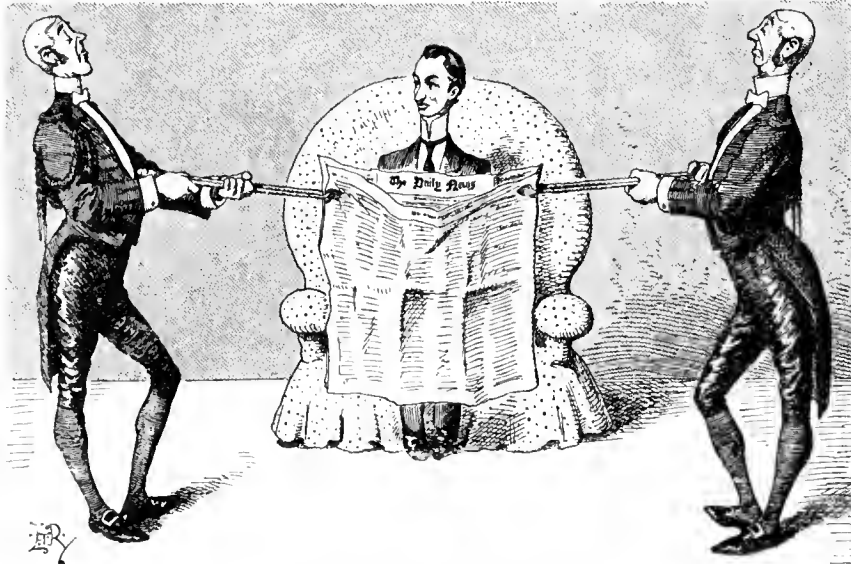
WHERE SHALL WE GO "FOR A CHANCE?"

WHERE shall we go "for a chance?" The answer to this question, says one of *Mr. Punch's* experienced Directors of Public Attention, is "Go and see UGO BIONDI at the Tivoli." One man in his time plays several parts, but only one man, in his time, which is from about 9.30 to 10 or thereabouts every evening, can represent some fourteen different characters (including conducting the orchestra as representing various popular composers), changing costume, face, and manner, over and over again, and that one man is UGO BIONDI. His dexterity is really marvellous. He is several single gentlemen rolled into one, and he is also a couple of totally dissimilar ladies. Of UGO BIONDI it is impossible to say, as DICKENS said of the entertainer, that on every occasion, after he had disappeared under the table to assume a new disguise, "he reappeared more like himself than ever." It would be difficult to recognise the original UGO BIONDI, but for the voice. It is a triumph of dexterous transformation. In this line he is *facile princeps*, or VICTOR UGO! Another real attraction here is MR. JAMES FAWN, "the timid Fawn," singing "*Is it Love?*" Irresistibly funny.

At the Goat and Compasses.

First Horny-handed Son of Toil (to Second Ditto). So your boss is what they calls a mean man?

Second Ditto. "Mean" ain't the word for 'im! 'E's the sort o' cove as 'ud steal an 'a'-penny paper out of a Free Library, and think he was benefitin' Hedication.



"WHAT, NEVER? WELL, HARDLY EVER!"

(The only occasion when he did!)

George C-z-n. "Now look he—ar, you fellows, don't you bring it too ne—ar me! If you don't do just as I tell you there 'll be a European War!"

(In answer to Mr. Sw-ft M-c-N-ll, Mr. C-z-n said he never read the *Daily News*.)

Porphyro secretly makes his way on St. Agnes's Eve into the house of his foeman, the father of his love, an old beldame, shuffling along with ivory-headed wand, warns him to flee. To that end she recites the names of his enemies lodged in the Castle. "Then," she says,

"There's that old Lord MAURICE, not a whit More tame for his grey hairs."

The name is spelt differently; but orthography of proper names is arbitrary, and poets aren't particular. The passage is notable for a remarkable forecast, proving once more how the poet is a seer. We hardly think of our Lord MORRIS as old. But there are the grey hairs, and, truly, no note of added tameness. He would be great acquisition to Conference: though SARK says he would probably feel more at home if the meetings were held in Committee Room No. 15.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—"I wonder what cold Chairman of Committees would be like," said SARK just now, looking hungrily at plump figure of J. W. LOWTHER. "With a choice of pickles, it might do."

It was ten minutes past nine. J. W. just taken Chair; debate on Education Bill resumed. Since three o'clock in the afternoon some of us been at it, first on London Water Bills, then with questions.

move his amendment, which stood next on the paper.

LAMBERT tried to rise in obedience to order. Effort too much for him. With assistance of two Members, almost as emaciated as himself, he was propped on his feet. A pitiful sight—cheeks sunken, eyes glazed, beard and moustache literally starved off his face, leaving it bare. In voice as hollow as his inside, he pleaded for opportunity to get a crust of bread. Chairman obdurate. Members in their agony looked to Front Opposition Bench; discovered SQUIRE OF MALWOOD not there. Where was he? Possibly eating a slice of mutton, whilst they were starving. The very thought of the succulent morsel filled them with new frenzy. Turning aside for moment from the Chairman, they roared, "HARCOURT! HARCOURT!" In few moments SQUIRE came in, trying to look as if he hadn't seen roast mutton since yesterday. Betrayed himself by vigour with which he fronted Chairman, insisting on adjournment. No man could have spoken with equal force upon absolutely empty stomach.

Nothing would move Chairman. Evidently a deep plot concocted in Whip's Room. Closure having proved only partly effective in subduing spirit of Opposition to Education Bill, try starvation now. Sole concession made from Chair was that Committee might divide on mo-



VENICE IN LONDON.

MR. SUMMINGTON JONES, OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, A LOVER OF ALL THINGS VENETIAN, HAS HAD HIS MOTOR-CAR BUILT ON THE GRACEFUL LINES OF THE GONDOLA. ANY DAY, NOW, HE MAY BE SEEN RECLINING IN IT, HALF BURIED IN CUSHIONS, WHILST HIS ENGINEER, IN VENETIAN COSTUME, GUIDES HIM TO HIS CITY OFFICE.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Being some selections from the Correspondence between Mr. Robert Roundabout, his Nephew at Cambridge, and others.)

NO. X.—OF GOING TO THEATRES—OF MR. TOOLE, MISS KATE VAUGHAN, AND MISS NELLY FARREN—OF SOLEMN YOUNG MEN—OF MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL AND MR. DAN LENO—OF LAUGHING AND BEING AMUSED—OF VISITS TO TOWN.

MY DEAR JACK,—I am glad you enjoyed your little visit to London. For me, too, the occasion had its pleasures. I have come to an age when a man does not go to a theatre too willingly by himself. He dines in sedate comfort at his club, cherishing a vague idea that afterwards he may be tempted to rush out to a burlesque, a farce, a Shakspearian revival, or whatever at the moment may be tickling the groundlings, but the minutes and the hours slip away and ten o'clock finds him still in his comfortable armchair, with his feet poised on one of those invaluable red-baize rests which temper the miseries of a gouty man's pilgrimage through this world of hard pavements and tight boots. It was not always thus. Formerly—how distant it all seems—I should have thought it a mere wanton waste of time to spend a night in London away from the play. There was Mr. TOOLE, at whose shrine—he was then a bright particular star at the Gaiety Theatre—we split our sides; we watched the grim beginnings of Mr. IRVING in *The Bells*, waxed ecstatic over the beautiful movements of Miss KATE VAUGHAN as she danced in foam of white lace and flashing feet, or revelled in the sprightly and delightful impertinences of the ever-adorable Miss NELLY FARREN. Those were great days. You will say the change is in me. It may be, but something is changed too in the days (or nights) and in the entertainments they provide. A brightness and a cheerfulness, that I remember, have faded away, and even the young men, I notice, take their pleasures *moult tristement* and with a preternaturally starched solemnity. I have watched them sitting in their rows while their favourites tried to make them merry. They were not men, my dear JACK; they were blocks, white-fronted, single-studded, butterfly-tied expressionless blocks, all moulded on one impassive, stupid, heavy model, bereft of all capacity for honest laughter and enjoyment, and planted in their

stalls, as it seemed, against their wills by some malignant and superior power which permitted them to smoke a cigarette and imbibe a whiskey and soda in the interval between the acts. Thank Heaven, you are not like one of these clods. You can laugh, and don't mind showing the world you are enjoying yourself. So I was not at all sorry to be taken by you to Drury Lane, and to see the amusing antics and hear the humour of Messrs. HERBERT CAMPBELL and DAN LENO, born comedians both of them, with a natural gift of observation and mimicry that it would not be easy to surpass. You seemed surprised at the excess of my laughter. "Why, Uncle Bob, I believe you laughed more than me," was the observation you made. Well, why shouldn't I? The fact is, I was fresher than you (though you were but a schoolboy last summer), I had seen less of and lived less of late, I daresay, in this particular *milieu*, and the effect on me may have been greater. You, at any rate, laughed quite sufficiently to relieve me of any haunting suspicion that by exploding and applauding as I did I cast any disgrace upon you. You pointed out to me the hero TRUMBULL who, as you told me, is the grandest heavy-weight oarsman of his day. Well, TRUMBULL laughed very heartily, there was no solemn humbug about him, and what may be allowed to a TRUMBULL is surely not an offence in your uncle. In any case, if you will so far honour me, I am ready at no distant date to let you take me once more to a play. But this shall be during the vacation.

There was at Cambridge in my time a set of men who tried to live more in London than they did at their University. How they managed it I can't say, but they were perpetually in town, and made their lives one round of burlesques, dinners, and supper-parties, varied by excursions to race-meetings. I am sure their private means were not ample, yet they always seemed to roll in money, and glitter with jewellery. Their end was not peace—but I must postpone what I want to say about them for another letter. Midnight is booming from Big Ben, and even uncles must find time for sleep. Farewell.

Your affectionate uncle,

Bob.

QUESTIONS THAT SHOULD NEVER BE ASKED.

Of an Actor.—"Don't you get dreadfully tired of saying the same words night after night?"

Of an Author.—"Do you mind telling me what *pen* you use?"

Of an Anarchist.—"Don't you find the noise of the bombs quite deafening?"

Of an Attaché.—"Are you quite hand-in-glove with Lord SALISBURY?"

Of a Burglar.—"How on earth did you get in?"

Of a Bird-fancier.—"Do you find you do a brisker trade in canaries, or in peacocks?"

Of a Collaborator.—"Does the other person think of it all, and you write it down?"

Of a Doctor.—"How do you know the right prescriptions to give people? It seems so wonderful that the chemist is a mere tool in your hands!"

Of an Elector.—"Nowadays, don't you find you have to be careful whom you do elect?"

Of a Fanatic.—"Do you take much interest in the subject?"

Of a Farmer.—"Which do you really prefer, sowing, or reaping?"

Of a Fireman.—"Don't you ever splash the wrong house, by mistake?"

ANCIENT AND MODERN CLASSICAL COMBINATION.—See Recent Epistle by MIKAUBEROS GLADSTONIUS, last of the celebrated "Scriptores Græci," addressed to the Duke of W-STM-NST-R on "The Eastern Crisis." "Bless and save the man!" exclaimed my aunt, in a low voice. "He'd write letters by the ream, if it was a capital offence!"—*David Copperfield*, Chap. LII.

"THE RUBBER FORESTS OF UPPER BURMA."

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "DUMMY," writes to say that, having seen the above heading to a paragraph in the *Times* he read no further, but at once sent to Mr. *Punch's* Universal Inquiry Office to know if the climate of Burma is so hot as to make even a sedentary game of whist possible only out-of-doors? Secondly, to know if *Hoyle's Guide* would be sufficient to take a stranger through the Rubber Forests? And thirdly, whether on coming out of the Rubber Forests the traveller would emerge on Card-Table-land? Also he inquires if there is much hunting in these forests, and if so, are packs kept in the neighbourhood? Any information on the above subject will be gladly received by "DUMMY, Trumpington Street, Cam."



Policeman X. (to Sir Henry Hawkins). "HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BET, MY LORD. I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU THAT, BY A RECENT DECISION, THIS IS A 'PLACE,' ACCORDING TO LAW!"

[“After very careful consideration I have arrived at the conclusion that any area of enclosed ground . . . to which persons . . . resort . . . for the purpose of carrying on a ready-money betting business, may be a place within the meaning of the Statute,” &c., &c.—*Decision of Mr. Justice Hawkins in “Hawke v. Dunn,” in which the other Judges concurred. Vide Times Report, March 15.*]



J. GALLAND. 97

FICKLE FASHION.

“WELL, KITTY, THIS DELIGHTFUL SEASON IS NEARLY OVER! DO YOU SUPPOSE WE SHALL HAVE TO TAKE TO THOSE STUPID BICYCLES AGAIN?”

DARBY JONES REDIVIVUS.

HONOURED SIR,—A veteran like myself, wearied of watching the spin of the ball at Monte Carlo, of the British refugees who, wrapped in fur coats, pretend that they are enjoying the delights of sempiternal summer, and of sitting up all night playing baccarat with Eminences and smaller Hilltops of all lands—then it is that the Aged One begins to think once again of the green swards of that island Mother, which it was once the boast of her sons to declare to be absolutely free in matters of Sport. Alas! they can do so no longer, thanks to the agreement of a HAWKE and a HAWKINS over the meaning of an Act of Parliament, upon the meaning of which it has taken forty-two years to throw the X-rays of a judicial decision.

Many months ago, I advocated, under your world-spread banner, that all book-makers should be licensed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and, such is the Seasaw of Events, I ventured to suggest that the Lord Chief Justice, Sir FRANK LOCKWOOD, and Sir HENRY HAWKINS would, from their wide experience, be the most capable personages to draw up a scheme legalising the Layer of Odds (not forgetting, be it understood, his Genteel Pencil). That my humble suggestion will now be carried out seems improbable.

But with due disrespect to Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Mr. HAWKE, and other exponents of the great Principle of “Do-others-because-you-don’t-want-to-be-done-yourself,” I distinctly assert, with all the confidence of those ancient Roman bookmakers, the Sybils, that Betting can no more be abolished in this country than can Scotch

whiskey drinking be removed from the Bars of the House of Commons—though both institutions be opposed to the ideas of those who want to make us enjoy ourselves while playing Spillikins and quaffing Toast and Water. With these reflections I turn to business. Let me saddle Pegasus for the Grand National (you will observe, that with my customary adroitness I make a classic allusion in connection with a classic event), and trust that the flutter of his wings may bring golden results to you and my clients.

The Savage Man from Borneo
No longer will I sing;
Kit-Harry is prepared to go,
The ‘Crat is quite the thing.
Be careful how you cut your Coat,
But bear this well in mind—
St. George’s Banner well may float
The Cob-nut close behind.

Such, Sir, is the vaticination of the seer. May you be at Aintree to see the result of his forecast over a difficult line of constitutional country.

Your devoted henchman,
DARBY JONES.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—There is no ground for asserting that Major BOR was recalled from Crete by the Committee of the Senior United Service Club. In fact, this gallant officer, who is a big Bor of first-rate calibre, has evidently been mistaken for the sempiternal Turkish Pasha BLUNDERNORE. Indeed, we fancy, in event of a Bor hunt, that the Cretan insurgents would have found themselves confronted by a big sticker in the person of the Major.

THE PI-RÆUS.

SING a song of Crisis,
Everything awry;
All the Powers of Europe
Fingering the pie.
When the game was opened,
The Greeks began to sing,
“Isn’t Crete a dainty dish
To set before the King?”

A MODEST REQUEST.

(Sample of many of a similar character.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that we are approaching the glorious event of June next, when, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), I think the time has arrived when an act of, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), should be shown to a most deserving, &c., &c. (editorially deleted).

As you know, as at present arranged, the great historical procession which, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), is to travel *via* the Strand, Fleet Street, &c., &c. (editorially deleted).

What I would ask, and I ask it as one who has the greatest admiration for, &c., &c. (editorially deleted), that the procession should pass by Turnham Green.

I remain, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours, not entirely unknown to fame,
Turnham Green.
(Real name and remainder of address editorially deleted.)

NEW ATHENIAN PROVERB.—When Greek meets Greek then comes the talk of war.



Sarellen. "I'M GOIN' TO T' FOOTBALL MATCH, E-ER!"

Maryalis. "YOU'VE GOT NOA BRASS. THEY WON'T LET YO' IN-A-AH!"

S. "YEA, THEY WILL." M. "NAY, THEY WON'T."

S. "THEY WILL, I TELL YO'! HAVEN'T YO' READ T' PLACARDS— 'LADIES ADMITTED FREE'!"

THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

V.

SCENE—The Drawing-room. TIME—The next evening, about 7.45.

SPENCER and HENRIETTA, both suffering from suppressed nervousness, are awaiting the arrival of their respective fiancés.

Henrietta. The visitors' bell! SPENCER, it's probably FRITZ. You may think him a little cold and phlegmatic, at first—but it's only manner. You mustn't let it set you against him!

Spencer. (on the hearthrug). If it should be MERCY, you—you'll do what you can to make her feel at home, ETTA? Remember, she'll be shy and strange coming here for the first time, poor child, and—

[A knock is heard at the drawing-room door; both start slightly. MARIA enters, and announces Miss MARIGOLD, who appears with her hair elaborately fluffed and waved, and wears a black skirt with a silk blouse of resplendent hues.

Mercy. (with a sprightly ease, possibly due to extreme self-consciousness). Well, SPENCER dear, I hope you didn't think I was lost! Am I offully late? I was offully afraid I'd come to the wrong house at first. (To herself.) Not much style here! Shabby furniture, and a parlour-maid who knocks at the door. I call it poky!

Spencer. You're in capital time, my—my darling, capital time. Er—let me introduce you to my sister HENRIETTA.

Henr. (with an imperceptible gasp). I have heard so much about you from SPENCER, my dear. I—I hope we shall be excellent friends. (To herself.) Pretty enough; but oh, how can poor dear SPEN—?

Mercy. I hope so, too—offully. (To herself.) A regular middle-aged frump. I needn't be afraid of her! (To SPENCER.) How do you like me in this? It is such a blessing not to have to wear that horrid nurse's dress any more—so offully disfiguring!

Spencer. Charming, charming. (To himself.) Somehow she looked more herself in that grey stuff, though, and what a trick she has got into of saying "awfully." Nervousness, no doubt.

Henr. (to herself). I must have one word with her alone, before FRITZ— (To SPENCER.) SPEN, dear, will you run down

and see if MARIA has put out the right claret? I am sure Miss—sure MERCY will excuse you.

Spencer. Why, really, I fancy that MARIA— Well, perhaps I had better just— (To himself, as he departs.) I knew she'd take to MERCY the moment they— Best to leave 'em together a little.

Henr. (when she and MERCY are alone). My dear, there are one or two little hints I—I rather wished to give you, if you won't take them amiss.

Mercy. (on the defensive). I'm offul—I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure, Miss WOTHERSPOON.

Henr. My dear, not Miss WOTHERSPOON, please. If—as—we are to be sisters-in-law, you must call me "HENRIETTA."

Mercy. I'm only just getting used to calling SPENCER by his name. And then—it's such a mouthful, HEN-E-RI-ETTA!

Henr. (wincing). Perhaps it is—if you pronounce it like that. Suppose you call me "ETTA"?

Mercy. But wouldn't that be rather familiar, when you're so much older than me?

Henr. (with intention). SPENCER is older still.

Mercy. Goodness! is he? But then gentlemen never do show their age like— What am I saying?

Henr. Nothing, I am sure, intended to— But what I wanted to say to you is this: we are expecting a—another friend this evening, and—(desperately)—so much, you don't know how much—depends upon your making a favourable impression.

Mercy. (drawing herself up). If you're afraid of my not behaving myself at table, perhaps you'll allow me to remark that I'm quite as able to conduct myself as a lady as some that think themselves my superiors!

Henr. Indeed, I quite— Pray don't imagine— It's merely— You made some allusion just now to the fact that, when you first met my brother, you were—

Mercy. A nurse? Well, what of it? I'm not ashamed of it, no more is SPENCER—so why should you be?

Henr. But I'm not, I assure you. All I mean is that—that there's no necessity to mention it—before strangers.

Mercy. (to herself). So likely I should! (Aloud.) Well, I've no objection to anyone knowing it, myself, but of course, if you're afraid of this lady friend of yours feeling insulted by—

Henr. Oh, no, no! And the—the friend isn't a lady at all. (With growing embarrassment.) He's a foreigner, of a very old and distinguished family, and abroad, they—they have prejudices about some things which, though we don't share them, we—we—it is simply polite to respect—don't you see?

Mercy. Well, I'm not sure that I do exactly—unless— You're not hoping he means to propose to you, are you?

Henr. (with dignity). He has already proposed to me, and I have accepted him.

Mercy. Why, my dear ETTA, this is good news! I am glad. You really must let me— (She kisses HENRIETTA, who submits with as good a grace as possible.) And when is it to be?

Henr. Very soon. That is, unless— You do quite understand how—how naturally anxious I am that nothing—

Mercy. Why, rather! And don't you be afraid of me, ETTA! If this marriage of yours goes off, it won't be any fault of mine. You shall see how beautifully I can behave! (To herself.) I should be a little owl if I stopped this snuffy old foreigner from— Why, now I shall have the house—such as it is—to myself!

Henr. I was sure I could trust you, my dear MERCY. (To herself.) After all, FRITZ is a foreigner. He mayn't notice that she isn't quite—

Spencer. (returning). Oh, ETTA, my love, MARIA would like to speak to you. Some message or other that's just—

Henr. (to herself). From FRITZ! Can he be ill? (Aloud.) MERCY, my dear, if you will excuse me, I think I ought— [She goes.]

Mercy. Well, SPENCER, you might have told me ETTA was going to be married! Such a good thing for all parties!

Spencer. I only knew of it myself yesterday. I hope it's all right. But I haven't even seen him yet. He ought to have been here by now. He's an Austrian baron, or something of that sort, she met at Scarborough.

Mercy. Gracious! who'd have thought, to look at her, she was such a giddy little kitten? And what's the baron's name?

Spencer. (slightly annoyed at this flippant reference to his sister). VON GUBLER. FRITZ VON GUBLER. I'm not sure that he is actually a baron, but ETTA tells me he's a great friend of Lord COLESHAFTS', so I suppose— Ah, there he is at last, I hear the knocker. Why, you're not going to run away, my darling!

Mercy. (as she escapes). My hair feels coming down—so tiresome of it. I daresay ETTA can lend me—

Spencer. (alone, to himself). Curious that at the merest mention of a title— I'm afraid she hasn't seen very much society.

Henr. (outside). No, no, my dear, upstairs, not down. . . . A box of them on my toilet-table. . . . Be quick. (*Entering.*) Fritz has come. I quite thought that message— But it was only from the fishmonger. Why MERCY couldn't leave her hair as it is, instead of— (*MARIA announces Mr. von GUBLER.*) Ah, my dear FRITZ, it seems such ages since Scarborough. So nice to welcome you to our own little house! My brother SPENCER.

Fritz. Mine HENRIETTA! I am lade. I com by the Undergrount. (*To SPENCER.*) Glat to meet you. You hear the goot news of our engagement, yes? (*He looks round with patronising approval.*) You haf hier a fery gomfordable liddle dickins.

Spen. A little—? Oh, of course, it is comfortable—might be a trifle larger, perhaps.

Fritz. A goot deal. I schmell your mudden oal the vay osphtairs.

Spen. (with some stiffness). I'm afraid it is—ah—perceptible. One of the inconveniences of a small house.

Fritz. Oh, it's no madder. Ven I am hongry I do not oject to a mudden-schmell. And, however schmell the liddle house, as I say to mine HENRIETTE, "always, when we are married, we keeb a gornor for our goot SPENCER. Nefer we bermit him to lif by himself a zolidary!"

Spen. You're extremely considerate. I'm glad to say that I—ah—do not anticipate being solitary. Perhaps you haven't heard that I expect to marry myself very shortly?

Fritz (staring). You exbect—! Ha, ha. I see—gabitall! You dry to bull my leck? Golossal! Very vonny!

Spen. I am sorry it strikes you as humorous, but it happens to be the simple truth.

Fritz. So? (*Blankly.*) Pedder lade, you think, as nefer at all? After all, some bleasant elterly laty—

Henr. My dear FRITZ, I don't think that *quite* describes Miss MARIGOLD!

Fritz. MARIGOLD! (*To SPENCER.*) You marry a laty of the name of MARIGOLD?

Spen. Miss MERCY MARIGOLD. It's not very likely you have met— Perhaps the name is familiar.

Fritz. No, the name is shdrainch, else I am not surbrised. I nefer meed her.

Spen. (as MERCY re-enters). Then let me make you acquainted. MERCY, my darling, Mr. FRITZ VON GUBLER.

Fritz (with wooden composure). Glat to meed Miss MARIGOLD for the first dime.

Mercy (demurely). Offully pleased to make your acquaintance. We certainly ought to know one another.

Fritz (suspiciously). We ought to— Peg your barden, I do not gombrehend.

Mercy. Oh, I only meant because we have a mutual friend— dear Lord COLESHAFTS, you know!

Fritz (stiffly). I am not aware I haf ever the bleasure to meet you at Berings.

[*He stares at her with stolid disapproval, by which she appears very little impressed; SPENCER looks on in bewilderment, and HENRIETTA with a dismay that is tinged with dawning hope.*]

WITH THE JOLLY YOUNG WATER-COLOUR-MEN.

'Tis a pity that the initials of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours should be the funereal "R.I.P.," as this exhibition proves them not only to be "All alive, O," but also "going uncommonly strong." The R.I.P. was never in better health. The Olympians directing the annual exhibition at Burlington House would do well to take a hint from the neat little guide-book which the Royal Institute of Water Colourists issues, price one shilling, including an elegant pencil attached to the catalogue by a strong silken cord.

We proceed to view the water-colour treasures here gathered together on the top storey, a locality suggestive of very High Art. Why isn't there a lift? However, there is not a lift, so, obey the R. I. showman, and "Walk up! Walk up!"

Commence in the most filial manner, by paying your respects to your DADD, of whose humorous handiwork No. 2, "*Who's there?*" (an old householder preparing to receive burglars) is an excellent specimen. Then note No. 18, Mr. R. D. FRY'S "*Who would be a Whip?*" As time and space allow us only a rapid visit, go on to A. KINSLEY'S "*A Breezy Afternoon,*" and you'll learn what a sea-water colourist can do. Now take a turn inland, and rest awhile at YEEND KINO'S No. 59, "*Tankerness House.*" Lovely. Drop into the farmyard at 111, and see ARTHUR WARDLE'S "*Three Pigs and a Pup.*" "If it's humour you want," as Mr. BRANDON THOMAS used to say in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*, why, here it is. Only, why are the pigs pink?

Indoors again, and see FRANK DADD'S Squire sitting for his portrait, No. 146. Charming. At 160 you will pause to wonder



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

She. "So Mr. BINNS is GIVING US A GREAT BARGAIN IN THAT WINE. ONLY SEVENTY-SEVEN SHILLINGS A DOZEN!"

He. "M—THAT'S A STIFFISH PRICE FOR US, RATHER."

She. "BUT HE ASSURES ME IT IS HIS REGULAR EIGHTY-NINE CHAMPAONE. SO WE SAVE QUITE TWELVE SHILLINGS ON EACH DOZEN!"

how MILTON ever dared to publish his *Paradise Lost* after his MS. had been so severely criticised by CHOMWELL. No wonder the poet only got five pounds for it. Mr. WIMPERIS, in his *High Down, Dartmoor*, has chosen the very subject for water-colours. Mr. DOLLMAN'S "*Dogma,*" representing two old-fashioned elergy-men discussing a knotty point in the presence of a portly port-winey parson, is good; but the portly one is a trifle too luminously pink, just as the pigs are in ARTHUR WARDLE'S above-mentioned. These two artists should advertise, "Pinking done here." FRANK WALTON'S (207) *Land's End*, excellent. Quite freshening to look at it. Do not pass No. 363, "*La Vida es Sueño,*" by ARTHUR BURRINGTON, R.I., who shows us a Spanish guitar-player "discoursing" a decidedly wicked-looking *Carmen*. The artist quotes, "Love is the dream within the dream," but, if you are up in modern music-hall classics, you will be inclined to ask, "Oh, can it be love?" Now "Hook the west port," that is, enter the West Gallery, and make for a picture by LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I., No. 82, entitled, "*Are you coming?*" It is excellent in every way, but, as it is hung only about a foot from the floor, you will have to go on your hands and knees to see it, a position to which even the worshippers of this clever artist might object.

In Nos. 190, 193, 194, 195 you will see choice TENNIELS, from Mr. Punch's collection, as is also 181, by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE, who, "in another place," i.e. East Gallery, No. 333, has contributed a pleasant water-colour sketch, *The Church of St. Enogat, Dinard*. Before leaving, make your most polite bow to Sir JAMES LANTON'S "*Rosalind,*" looking as fresh as paint can make her, and thank him for a most pleasant entertainment.

SUGGESTION TO A WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL PERRUQUIER.—Why, among your wonderful list of various kinds of wigs, for all sorts and conditions of theatrical characters, do you not include some special wigs for "Bald Translators"?



"THAT'S MR. SOAKER, WHO MARRIED MISS DASHWOOD. THEY SAY HE'S SUCH AN INDULGENT HUSBAND!"

"YES; I'VE EVEN HEARD THAT HE SOMETIMES—ER—INDULGES—A LITTLE TOO MUCH!"

WITNESSES IN WAITING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are a well-known advocate of justice, but I imagine that you are no supporter of Themis as personified at the Old Bailey. It has recently been my ill fate to have been summoned to the Old Bailey—not as a criminal, but as a witness. I believe, Sir, in all truth that I should have been better treated in the former capacity. If an Englishman be arrested in Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, or Johannesburg, it is long odds that he will indite a threatening, abusive, or piteous letter to the *Times*, declaring that he has been thrown into the society of the scum which always rises to the top, or amid the cosmopolitan dregs that generally sink to the bottom.

I cannot conceive, however, that his case could be worse than mine, that of a law-abiding, rate-paying and honest citizen. Day by day for one week, guarded by inspectors and detectives, I have been thrust among as offensive a crew as ever desecrated the name of humanity. Day by day—for the indictment on which I attended was continually being postponed—I was forced to be a wretched sufferer. Raucous ruffians exchanged fearsome jokes with the New Women of the lowest class, while impudent scoundrels openly jeered at the constables who seemed powerless to secure decent behaviour within a few feet of the august Recorder and the other judges assembled to maintain the majesty of the Law. If there be with us a modern HOGARTH to-day, let him hie to the Old

Bailey, and depict with photographic exactness the trials, not of the dock, but of the witness-box. Yours irritatedly,
DECIMUS DRACO.

Justinian Lodge, Clapham.

'ARRY ON DIAMOND JUBILEE CHARITY IN GENERAL,

And the Invalid Children's Aid Association in Particular.

[The Invalid Children's Aid Association, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, is greatly in need of money for surgical appliances and long stays at nursing homes.]

DEAR CHARLIE,—You've been on the wonder for weeks, or I reckon you've, As to wot 'ad become of your chum. Well, he's 'ad, ah! the narrowest shave! Flung bang off my bike at a brick wall, when scorching down hill against time! Only just wot they call "converlescent"; a state, my dear boy, as is prime.

I've gone a bit soft in the uptake along of long danger and pain. On your back in a bed, with ribs bandaged, and small chance of biking again, Or padding the hoof e'en on crutches, with fever-dreams spinning like mad About your shaved head—well, there, CHARLIE, it limbers you out like, my lad.

Way-oh! I must turn off *that* tap, CHARLIE! 'Tain't in my line, as you know, But I've just had a spell at the pypers, fust time for two months, don'tcherknow, And they're full up with "Diamond Jubilee," Prince o' WALES' Fund, and all that.

Well, I tell you this "Charity," CHARLIE, is not wot I fancied, that's flat.

I've called it mollyslop muck, mate, but when you've 'ad Hospital care, When you're down on your luck and broke-up like, then Charity takes on a air

Which to chaff and to chivvy permiskus is like shying stones at a saint; So this Jubilee Charity's real good bizness, I'm blowed if it ain't.

There's the "Invalid Children," now, Charlie! Nurse GRACE has been telling a tale

Of them poor young kid-cripples whose sufferings would make good old GORDON go pale.

Poor ricketty, twisted, pale morsels—I've seen 'em, old man, and I know—

With their crutches, and cramped limbs, and faces grey-white like a slum in the snow.

They "Surgical Aid" them, these children, at Buckingham Street, in the Strand. Eighteen, Nurse GRACE says is their number. Now, instrument, bandage and band

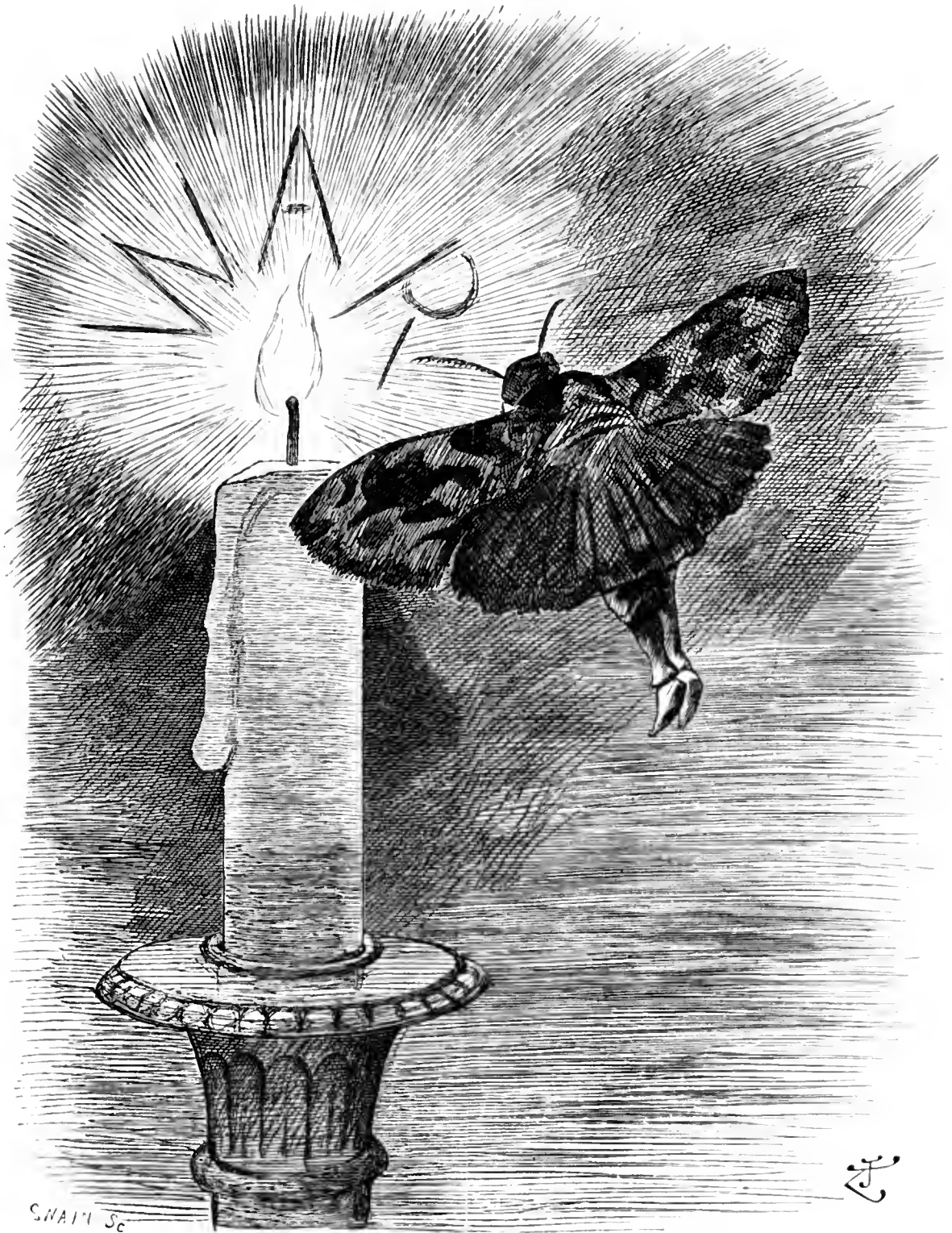
For their maimed little limbs *will cost money*. Perhaps my own turn makes me queer;

But wot do you think of *this* job for our Diamond Jubilee Year?

Not so toffy and taking a Charity, CHARLIE, as some, I dessay;

But long stays at nice Nursing Homes for poor nippers in pain who can't pay!—

Well, I must cut this short, feeling limp-like; but I'll send 'em all I can carry, And if H.R.H. wouldn't back me like beans, it's a wonder to 'ARRY.



THE GREEK MOTH.





OVERHEARD AT A CITY RESTAURANT.

"I SAID WELSH RADISH, NOT HORSE RABBIT!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—I have spoken you of my voyage to Mark Lane. Eh well, I visit the Tower, I find there some things enough curious, some crowns enough superb, and some "beefeaters" in middle-aged costume very picturesque. Ah, the brave eaters of beef! And see there all! Therefore I come again to Charing-cross, by the Railway under Ground, where I voyage at present without difficulty, after some rude proofs—*de rudes épreuves*.

I shall forget never my first voyage in this subterranean. I came of to arrive at London. I studied carefully the plan of the town and, for to see this Railway under Ground, I willed to go one day from Charingcross to Gowerstreet, the half of the circle. In that time there I believed that there was but one sole circle, and that all the trains traversed the same road. By consequence, after to have found the quay—thing enough difficult—*je m'étrangai*, I shot myself, in the first train. Having observed on the plan fourteen stations from Charingcross to Gowerstreet, I inquired myself not of the all that he was to me absolutely impossible that of to distinguish the names of the stations where the train arrested himself. It is true that, at the middle of the obscurity and of the smoke, I saw some names, much of names, evidently some announces, some *réclames*, but never the name of the station. After to have passed of them several we were in full air. I respired again. Then the train advanced at the middle of trees and of gardens, and traversed a river. "*Quelle ville énorme!*" I thought. "*Voilà le beau quartier tout auprès de la Tamise, probablement le Hyd Parc que j'ai remarqué sur le plan.*" Yet two or three stations and then the train arrested himself during some minutes.

I attend patiently. A factor opens the *portière* and says me, "Olchaingiah." *Ciel, quel nom! Sans doute une rue, comme la rue Olborn.* "No," I respond to him, "Govarestrete." "Blouminnfrenché," says he at low voice, and then he shouts, "Olchaingiah." "I am not deaf," I say, "I have heard the name of this station. I go not to Olchaingiah, but to Govarestrete." Then he makes me some signs, I comprehend that I must to

change of carriage, I descend, and one employed demands my ticket. "Allo," says he, "Gaouahstrite." *Ah, on le prononce comme ça!* Then one explicates to me that it is here the station of Richemonde, and that I ought to return to the station of Glossterode for to go to Gaouahstrite.

Eh well, I part, and this time I search very carefully the names of the stations. I see of them several on the lamps, but not Glossterode. After nearly one hour of voyage the train arrests himself during some minutes, and I think that it is the embranchement of Glossterode, when a factor opens the *portière* and says me, "Olchaingiah." *Sapristi! Après une heure de voyage! C'est assomant!* Again I arrive to Olchaingiah by another route! I descend furious. *Il y avait de quoi*, he had there of what. "How," I demand, "is it again the station of Richemonde, which calls herself Olchaingiah?" "Not Richemonde," responds he very quick, "Manshnaouss. Richemondes thotheway. Go back in thisre train."

I mount again one time in the carriage. I pass again a dozen of stations, and then I become so fatigued that I insleep myself, *je m'endors*. A cry awakes me. I listen. It is "Olchaingiah." *Sacré nom de nom! Encorc cette gare! J'en ai assez*, I have of it enough. See there three hours that I voyage, and I make but of to arrive to this villain station! I will not to go to Gowerstreet, I shall go no part, I shall go direct to the hotel. I throw my ticket, I buy one other, I demand at each station if we are arrived to Charingcross, *comme ça*, as that, I succeed to distinguish her, and in fine I quit this miserable railway, sottocated, fatigued, disgusted, but happily without to arrive again one time to Olchaingiah.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

HENRY BLACKBURN.

Died at Bortighera, March 9, 1897, Aged 67.

FAREWELL, long-tryed and genial friend of Art I
"Academy Notes" made yours a household name;
In picture-land you bravely bore your part,
And earned a place in Britain's roll of fame.

"R.A.," New Gallery, will know no more
Their guide and mentor that returned each May;
Bound homeward, on the far Italian shore,
A kindly soul in sleep has passed away.

ENGLAND'S PEACEFUL MISSION.

IN view of recent events the following regulations are suggested for the conduct of Peaceful Missions to barbarian kings, &c.:—

(1.) A punitive expedition shall start at the same time as each peaceful mission.

(2.) The peaceful mission shall march not more than four hundred yards in front of the punitive expedition, or, not more than four hundred yards behind it—as may be considered desirable.

(3.) Each member of a peaceful mission shall carry at least one (loaded) Winchester rifle (not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith), which may be presented to or the natives as circumstances may direct.

(4.) As a precautionary measure, a Salvation Army band shall accompany each peaceful mission, and in case of emergency shall be ordered to play. The officer in charge of the mission will use his own discretion as to when it is necessary to resort to this extreme measure.

(5.) At least one Maxim gun—properly muzzled according to the regulations of the County Council—will be attached to each peaceful mission.

(6.) A transport waggon will accompany each mission to carry the visiting cards of the members. The officer in charge will be responsible for the proper distribution of these cards among the local chiefs, according to their relative standing and the extent of their families. For convenience of transport, and to ensure prompt delivery, the cards will be made up in the form of cartridges.

(7.) Should the chief to whom the peaceful mission is sent require explanation on any point connected with the mission, he is to be at once referred to the officer in command of the punitive expedition, who has orders to afford him every satisfaction in his power.

Special note.—In future the Riot Act is to be read after a massacre instead of before, as laid down in former regulations.

GOOD NAMES.—The well-known advertising agent, WILLING, is turning himself into a company. Just the man to do it. WILLING has "the ready," so what better trading firm can there be than "The Ready and Willing"?



A CRUMPLED ROSE-LEAF.

Fair Sitter. "OF COURSE I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY ARTISTIC, AND I'M SURE I COULDN'T TELL IT FROM A REYNOLDS, OR A RAPHAEL, OR ANY OF THOSE OLD PAINTERS; BUT, STILL, I DO WISH YOU COULD WORK IN MY BICYCLE SOMEROW!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has been at considerable pains to write some historical guide-books for the instruction of travellers. They deal in detail with objects of art and antiquity, showing how local habitations grew to what they were once, and then became what they are now. In Paris, for example, our guide, philosopher, and friend, posing as *Le Diable Boiteux*, takes the traveller on a flying visit, passing over the Champs Elysées, le Tour Eiffel, the Musée Grévin, and other "vulgar wonders," letting him drop into Notre Dame, then into La Sainte Chapelle, then among the mediæval carvings and tapestries of Cluny, and finally deposits him safe and sound in the galleries of the Louvre. In all these places Mr. GRANT ALLEN will give you, in the pleasantest manner possible, a fuller account of the art treasures and of the history of each place than can be found in the necessarily limited space of a "common or garden" guide-book. Modestly does our *Diable Boiteux* apologise in his preface for not being invariably correct. He owns that some of his information may be erroneous, and he implores whatever gentle reader may detect the guide's shortcomings not to be too hard on him, but to speak gently of the author's slip, and to set him right without unnecessary harshness, and without causing a rupture between himself and his publisher. Any such errors it will take *Mr. Sam Weller's* "patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power" to detect, and it may be with certainty affirmed of both these historical Guide-Books to Paris and to Florence that they will be most useful companions to the traveller, and will afford delightfully instructive entertainment to those who, in consequence of the *res angusta domi*, or for any other reason, can only make the grand tour in their own comfortable arm-chair at home.

The Story of Aline (CHAPMAN AND HALL) comes to hand in second edition form. My Baronite ventures to predict that before long it will have passed far beyond that satisfactory mark of public esteem. Presumably a first novel, it is marked by rare workmanship. There is nothing particular about the plot, which

is the old, old story of the wrong people marrying whilst the right people were within reach, withheld from possession by temporary accident. But the successive phases are worked out with surpassing skill. Nothing could be cleverer than the way in which Mrs. EDWARD RIDLEY lightly withdraws from the scene, taking her puppets with her, just when she has brought her story (or her story has brought her) into a dangerously embarrassing situation. The word puppets is here used without prejudice. The men and women who work out *The Story of Aline* are real flesh and blood, even those of minor importance being moulded with sure instinct and plastic fingers. Certainly one of the best novels of the still young year. THE BARON.

"KWA AJE."

If a word more short than civil you should happen to desire, To preserve for future uses in a note-book or *cahier*,

Pious, polished Mr. KRUGER can supply what you require

In that word of many meanings, that debatable "*kwaaje*."

Then, if you are somewhat like him, with a Puritanic style, And a simple sort of speaking, saying just "Ah, nay! Ah, yea!"

It is possible your pious air may save you for a while

From the kicking which should follow when you call a Queen "*kwaaje*."

But perhaps we should remember, when discussing Boer Dutch, That, in his enlightened country, of the *canaux*, *canaille et Canards*, two are not so frequent—ducks, canals—so there is much Of the third, who speak of ladies so politely as "*kwaaje*."

GOING CHEAP.—"A Complete Peerage for Half-a-Crown." Hurry up, and don't miss this chance—you may not get another. But it turns out to be nothing more than the guide to a new work published by the proprietors of *Whitaker's Almanack*.

FRENCH FOR A GAMBLING CLUB.—"*Un Cercle Vicieux*."

THE ARMS-BEARER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is your reason for assuming arms?

Answer. The custom enables me to adorn my note-paper and furniture in a pleasing fashion.

Q. Does the assumption need the sanction of the Herald's College?

A. Speaking by the card, "yes," but many arm-bearers are satisfied with the display of their crest and motto by publicity-seeking stationers.

Q. Is there any penalty attaching to the assumption of unauthorised arms?

A. The earl marshal in olden days had the right to efface a false armorial bearing from a shield or the panels of a carriage.

Q. Is it likely that the earl marshal of to-day would exercise such a right?

A. Most unlikely, as the present Duke of NORFOLK is a most courteous gentleman, who would probably shrink from running the risk of being served with a police court summons. Besides, his Grace, as Post-master-General, has other things to do.

Q. Is there any other punishment for the assumption of false armorial bearings?

A. An occasional exposure in a newspaper, and the chronic, but partially-concealed, merriment of one's friends.

Q. Is there any defence for assuming a device without the sanction of the authorities that are in Queen Victoria Street?

A. Certainly; had the heralds continued their "visitations" beyond the middle of the seventeenth century, there would have been no difficulty in ascertaining "who's who" at the end of the nineteenth.

Q. Then if SMITH of Tooting assumes the arms of the Duke of SMITHSIRE, he is not to blame?

A. He has no ground but "to the best of his belief" upon which to work. As both he and the Peer claim SMITH for a patronymic, it is possible that there may be a blood relationship between them.

Q. Would the assumption receive the sanction of "Garter" and his associates?

A. No; but they might assist SMITH in obtaining arms something like the Duke's in composition, but twice as elaborate and several times more handsome.

Q. Do you think that there is a universal blood relationship?

A. Yes, with a common source in NOAH.

Q. Can you not carry the human pedigree further?

A. Certainly, it dates back to ADAM.

Q. But you cannot give the direct line of ascent from NOAH to EVE'S husband.

A. No more can the Herald's College.

TWINS.

Two baby girls! My brain, O Fate,

At your excessive bounty whirls!

With fatuous joy I contemplate

Two baby girls!

I'll christen them as one who hurls

Defiance at convention strait—

"Bubble" and "Squeak" dyspeptic churls

Suggest as names appropriate.

Yet what to call my precious pearls?

I have it—KATE and DUPLI-KATE!

Two baby girls!

Close-fisted.

Mrs. Savell (after reading contents bill of newspaper). What luck the Prince of WALES do 'ave! He won the Derby with FitzSimmons, and now 'o's carried off the "Great Contest in America" with same good old 'orse. No, my boy, I don't want to buy the paper; the news is enough!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 15.—With Education Bill in Committee the nights pass and resemble each other. Considering enormity of interests at issue, depth of passion stirred, proceedings are dolefully dull. JOHN O' GORST sitting at end of bench a picture of monumental woe is enough of himself to make the soul sad. Beyond is the hopelessness of the whole business. The task of SARK's old friend Sisyphus quite a lively and varied



Sir William declines to "Name the day."

performance compared with that of Members in charge of amendments to Education Bill. After one has been rolled a little way up the hill, PRINCE ARTHUR drops the closure on it, and away it goes to the bottom. Another is substituted, and same process takes place.

Not even the excitement of threatened revolt in Ministerial ranks. HOBHOUSE occasionally hesitates in doubt; but there is nothing revolutionary about HOBHOUSE. COURTNEY more promising of sport. But he labours under disadvantage of being naturally expected to differ from his own side—whichever it may chance to be. The salt of the daily food of the House of Commons is the unexpected. If COURTNEY would some day agree with the majority of the moment, then would thrill through the House the joy of the unexpected, its one unfeeling refreshment.

PRINCE ARTHUR, bound to the labouring oar, grows fretful. To sit hour after hour listening to Members opposite saying the same thing over again at slightly increased length is a trial to the brazen Mace. For PRINCE ARTHUR it is torture. Yet if he followed his impulse, went out to put his feet on the mantelpiece of his own room for a glad half hour, he might come back to find the Vice-President of the Council had been "saying things." So he sits it out, and just as when an elderly maiden lady is about to faint she applies her smelling-salts, so PRINCE ARTHUR, when state of coma is almost reached, moves the closure.

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, in happier circumstances, spares himself an occasional hour's attendance. Fortune has given PRINCE ARTHUR a big majority, tempered by JOHN O' GORST. Heaven has put the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD in a minority, but has blessed him with a blameless ex-Vice-President of the Council. Sometimes PRINCE ARTHUR,

sighing, says MALWOOD's is the happier state. Certainly ACLAUD, standing at the table discoursing learnedly about the Bill, makes no angry passions rise. His preachments are disturbed only by wonder that he has omitted to put on the surplice and bands good curates usually wear.

The most effective speeches delivered from Front Opposition Bench in the long palaver are HENRY FOWLER'S. Brief, pointed, comprehensive in view, moderate in tone, they sometimes almost persuade PRINCE ARTHUR to concede an amendment. Resisting the temptation, he pounces instead.

Business done.—In Committee on Education Bill.

Tuesday.—Housé deeply indebted to JOHN WILSON of Falkirk for making it acquainted with one of the most delightful military forces ever paraded off the operative stage. The 5th Battalion of the Lanark Volunteer Scottish Rifles is the full style blazoned on the scroll of fame. There has, it appears, been some little difference of opinion between the battalion and the War Office. War Office tyrannically used its authority to disband the battalion. Forthwith the heather aflame; public meetings stirred Lanarkshire to lowest depths of its mines; public meetings held in every parish; SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR burned in effigy; ST. JOHN BRONNICK periodically blown up by small charges of cordite.

JOHN WILSON charged to bring matters under notice of High Court of Parliament. A loyal Ministerialist, he did not shrink from duty imposed upon him. Even moved adjournment in order to discuss, as "mat-



"A definite matter of urgent public importance." Mr. J. W-ls-n of Falkirk.

ter of urgent public importance," the iniquitous raid on a gallant battalion. This made opening for BRONNICK, who narrated to delighted House the history of the battalion. For fifteen months it has possessed no Colonel, and none would undertake the command. It frequently happened at com-

pany parades no officer was present. This of less importance, since few of them knew the word of command. If it chanced to be forthcoming the men did not understand it. On one occasion a gallant private marched on parade in his slippers. Leaving the parade-ground after triumphantly demonstrating their total ignorance of elementary drill, the men started a *feu de*

capacity, they dare not move a vote of censure.

A ringing cheer sent home this shaft. You could almost see it quivering in the broad breast of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD as he stood at the table to answer the challenge. Party feeling, long pent up in Committee on Education Bill, rushed downward like a cataract. Cheers and

SARK, guessing at the identity of the writer, says the clever little joke is of the sort GEORGE RUSSELL might work off if he had in his nature even a spice of acrimony. The thing is decidedly acrimonious, so that guess is ruled out. Besides, GEORGE RUSSELL is himself spoken of as disrespectfully as if he were the Equator. Whoever the author be, he knows the ropes, who pulls them, and how.

Business done.—Navy Votes by hands-full.

HER OTHER PARTNER.

Of all the pretty girls around
She has the fairest form and face;
I have invariably found,
At any dance, that is the case.
I don't care what your taste may be,
She is the prettiest to me.

Moreover there is in her glance
A something, which I fancy states
My feelings towards her—lucky chance!—
She more or less reciprocates.
Don't contradict me, I must know
What sweetly smiling somethings show.

And see how willingly she hands
Her programme, so that I may choose
Which dance I like. One understands;
This is a chance one must not lose.
It is as plain as plain can be,
She is not plain, and fancies me.

It seems, however, somewhat strange.
There are not many dances left;
My joyful feelings rather change,
Alas, of what am I bereft!
And half of them have gone to "C."
I'm hanged! Why, who the deuce is he?

Perhaps her brother? Hardly so.
Perhaps her cousin? Still some doubt.
I must immediately know;
I can't ask her to help me out.
I take some dances, three or more;
She smiles as sweetly as before.

Her smile! That quite enchanting smile
I fancied meant she fancied me.
I still believe she does, meanwhile
I wonder wildly who is "C."
Some passing fancy, girlish whim
May make her also smile at him.

If not her relative, why then
How dare he write just "C.," and claim
What is denied to other men,
That she must use his Christian name?
While I put "A. B. B." in full,
For Alexander Bismarck Bull.

And yet her smiles, could they deceive,
Those looks I thought so sweetly shy?
Here's Jones, I'll ask him; I believe
He knows her people more than I.
"Who's C.? Why, Bull. I should infer
That's Charley Smith, quite gone on her."

Cautious Criticism at Putney.

Intelligent Waterman (to *Inquisitive Stranger*). You want to know which I think 'll win?

Inquisitive Stranger. Yes; and I hear you're a good judge.

I. W. That I oughter be. But may I ax if you belongs to Hoxford or Cambridge?

I. S. Neither; but I take a great interest in the race.

I. W. (slowly). Well, then it's my hopinion there's hevery likeli'ood of another dead 'eat.



Another Case for Disbandment.

joie, firing off blank cartridges. So pleased with the martial sound that, taking train homeward bound, they in similar measure woke the echoes at every station.

A right rollicking, light-hearted crew, the 5th Battalion of the Lanark Volunteer Scottish Rifles. SARK says they must have been originally drafted from Little Dunkel', the parish famed in song.

O what a parish, what a terrible parish,
O what a parish is Little Dunkel'!
They hae hangit the minister, drowned the
precentor,
Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!

Business done.—Sat up all night with the Education Bill.

Thursday.—The SQUIRE lounged in, studiously looking as if he had just come up from Malwood after superintending the planting-out of early potatoes. "Instead of which," he has been down at Norwich, saying the most awful things about the best of all Governments. The Opposition, who always want someone to be banged on the head, hail with rapturous cheer the roving SQUIRE. A little later, PRINCE ARTHUR coming in, Ministerialists truculently cheer him as if he had been down at Ipswich saying things about conduct of the Opposition.

Air evidently charged with electricity. Presently forked lightning flashes forth, playing with dangerous energy round two front benches. DILKE puts question about the inevitable Crete; JOHN MORLEY supplements it; PRINCE ARTHUR makes cautious reply on points raised in question. Then, turning with flushed face upon row of archangels seated opposite, he declares he has no satisfaction in answering them, seeing that, whilst by speeches out of doors they endeavour to embarrass the Government to the full limit of their ca-

counter-cheers rang through the Chamber. If only the SQUIRE had been ready to take up the gage of battle and fling it back full in PRINCE ARTHUR'S face, a dramatic situation of rare intensity would have been complete. It would have been magnificent; but it wouldn't have been war.

So the wary Old Parliamentary Hand, avoiding talk about votes of censure, went back to speech of French Ministry in their Chamber last Monday; to what the MAUKISS had said about them on Tuesday; and to what a pass we have come, when the Mother of Parliaments, in search of information closely concerning her brood, has to go listening at the door of the French Legislative Chamber.

Business done.—Education Bill passed through Committee.

Friday.—With my Parliamentary papers from KING of King Street comes an anonymous shilling pamphlet entitled *The Earl and the Knight*. Purports to be passages from a Ministerial Diary, with extracts from a political correspondence. The only identity hidden throughout is that of the writer. For the rest we have boldly presented Lord ROSEBURY and his colleagues in the Administration he formed in March, 1894, to see it blown to pieces by cordite in the summer of the following year. A hapless infant

Called hence by early doom,
Came but to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise might bloom.

The skit, amusing to those not mentioned in its pages, is cleverly done. Evidently from an inside point of view. Of course Lord ROSEBURY and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD would not think of each other as they are here represented; much less would they so speak. If they did, their potential manner of saying things is admirably caught.



Farmer (to Labourer, who is taking it very easy). "Hi! JARGE! YOU CAN LEAN ON THAT SPADE. I'LL RISK IT BREAKIN'!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Unhappy Youth, with expectations, having been banished by his Demosel's Mother from the family mansion, draws a simile from the Almond-Tree.

PINK is the almond-bloom to-day,
Making the leafless garden gay
With daintiness of flowers,
Before the buds are fully met,
Before the leaves are even set,
By sunshine and by showers.

Pink is the almond-tree above,
The early promise of that love
In Eden first created.
Shooting its glory to the skies
In rosy wreaths of Paradise,
For once regenerated.

Pink is the almond-branch; it tells,
In little peals of long-drawn bells,
Of coming summer glory!
And bidding us forget our grief,
Since it can live without a leaf,
To wait our future story.

Pink is the almond! Just suppose
Our life, like it, *couleur de rose!*
(I only say "Suppose it.")

You know the kind of life I mean,
When even almond-trees are green,
And need not diagnose it!

Pink is the almond-bloom! And you
Are pink of all perfection true,
Despite your cruel *mater*.

And so I pray you to reflect
On *what*, one day, I may expect.—
Like almonds, 'twill come later!

At the Pioneer Club.

Mrs. A. (to Mrs. B.). Which do you favour, Oxford or Cambridge?

Mrs. B. That's where I'm puzzled. Tom was at Merton, but Aunt Jane was at Girton.

RESERVED FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

DIAMOND PROCESSION.—An excellently situated Chimney Top (with every recent improvement) on the line of route. Ample accommodation for SIX PERSONS or (with a little crowding) SIXTY. Luncheon can be served (by arrangement) under cover in the space between the fifth and sixth floors. Price, cash down, £200.

THE MARCH OF THE CENTURY.—A really splendid panoramic view of the most interesting event of all time. A lofty pole (with real rope ladder) only a thousand yards from the nearest point. Telescopes 12s. 6d. an hour. Glimpses of Windsor Castle, the Tower, the Crystal Palace, and the Reculvers thrown in. Entrance conveniently situated away from the maddening crowd. A few places still to let. Twenty guineas a person.

COIGNS OF VANTAGE FOR THE SELECT.—A roomy Cupboard on the direct line of route. Lectures on the passing pageant every five minutes. A boon for the blind. Price (with spare shelf for refreshment) Five guineas a seat.

A PERFECT POSITION. commanding a view of the Procession from START TO FINISH. A party of twelve at £100 apiece. Persons weighing more than thirteen stone, a guinea a pound extra. Conveniently-sized luncheon-baskets (fowl, bread, salt, and half a bottle of *medoc*) at thirty shillings apiece. The balloon (which will leave Battersea at 10 A.M.) will be under the superintendence of an experienced apprentice to a gas-fitter.

THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN OCCASION.—Five hundred comfortable easy-chairs, in a most convenient spot within the influence of the entire line of route. The company will be guaranteed a vivid impression of the minutest detail of all connected with the Diamond Celebration. The start from Buckingham Palace, the progress through the Strand and Fleet Street,

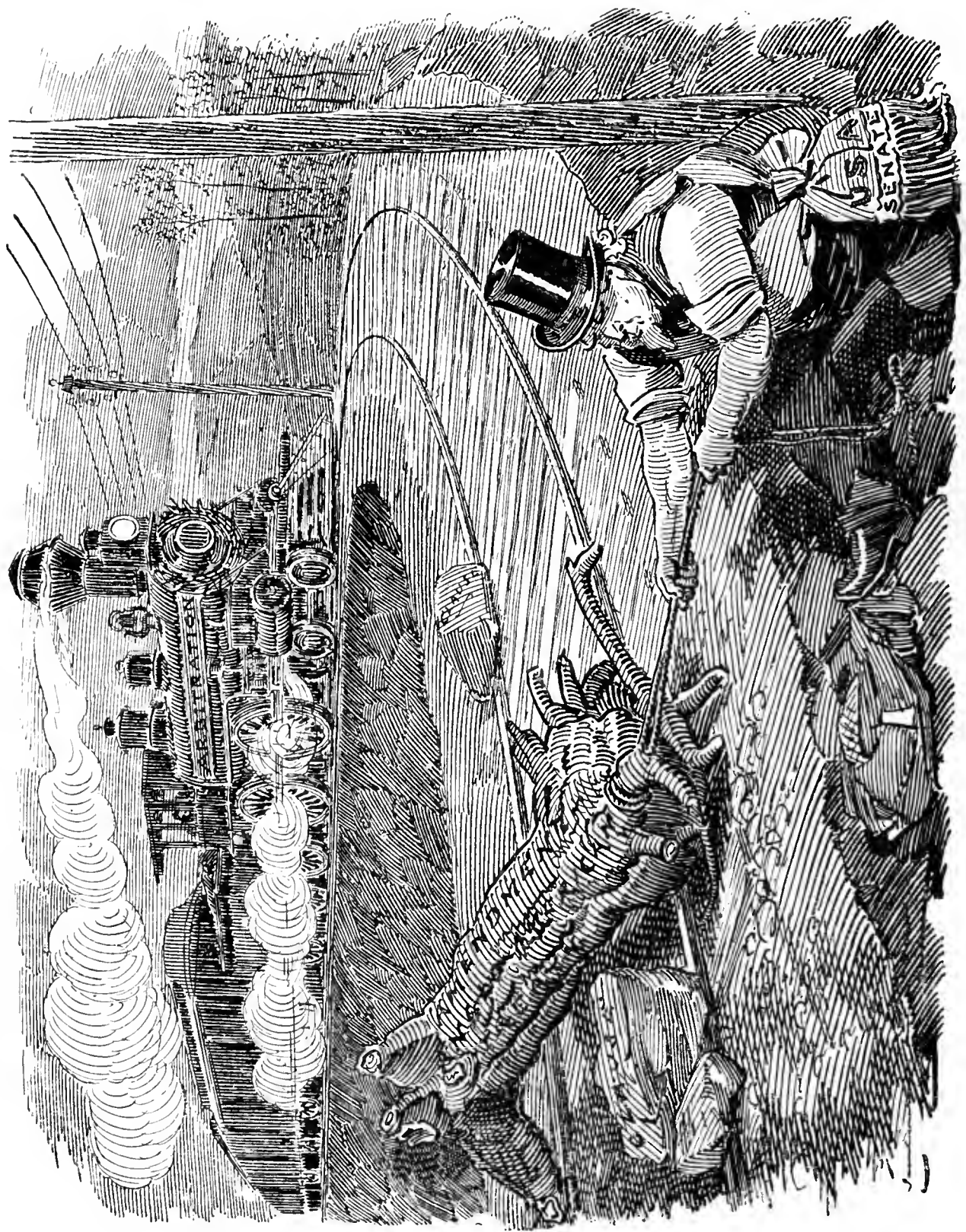
and the ceremony at St. Paul's. To conclude with the immense enthusiasm of the return. Prices from £1 1s. to £500, to suit every pocket. The hypnotic *séance* will commence at eleven o'clock. For further particulars write to "Professor," Post Office, Tooting.

THE FINEST VIEW OF THE DAY.—A real genuine inspection of the Procession as it passes London Bridge. A beautifully decorated coal barge will be moored in the best part of the river. Only room for three hundred. Tickets Eight guineas apiece. Camp-stools ten shillings extra. Passengers are recommended (so that they may comply with the regulations of the Thames Conservancy) to bring their own life-bolts.

THE GRANDEST SITE FOR THE ILLUMINATIONS.—Professor SALAMANDER (of the principal Continental Gardens) has organised an excursion from Kensington to pass over the chief streets in the West End on the night of June 22. Every passenger will be supplied with a stick with parachute attached. Fare (payable in advance) Five guineas. The flight of rockets will start at 10 P.M. precisely.

SEATS OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S AT SIXPENCE A DOZEN.—The best places in St. James's Street, Pall Mall, and Up-ham Park Road, Chiswick, at fourpence each. Visitors will be supplied with a champagne luncheon and a free passage to the colonies. For further particulars apply to MILLIONAIRE OFFIS-HEDD, Esq., care of the Superintendent, The Retreat, Colwell Hantchney.

"THE ARTON affair," said the *Times* correspondent, "is still enveloped in mystery." The French magistrate obtained papers from London relating to the Panama bribes, which were examined in ARTON'S presence. Why did not ARTON keep out of the way? Those implicated should have acted on the old adage, "*Ars est celare Artom.*"



WRECKING THE TRAIN.



“SOCKER” ON THE BRAIN.

Harry. “SMART SORT THAT ON THE RIGHT—FORWARD.”

Tom (a devoted “footer”). “RIGHT FORWARD? OH! NO GOOD FORWARD; BUT LOOKS LIKE MAKING A FAIR ‘HALF-BACK’!”

TALK FOR THE THAMES.

(Suggested by recent revelations of the financial condition of a popular Steamboat Company.)

It must be pleasant to be a man in possession between Battersea and Vauxhall when the sun is shining and the trees are coming out in leaf.

But the occupation must be monotonous, unless it be broken by the occasional fiduciary receipt of a County Court summons.

Does it not seem cruel to leave that portly gentleman on the pier at Pinlicko when he is evidently anxious to get to Lambeth as soon as the boat will take him?

Yes, it does appear to be slightly inconsiderate, but as the charge for his embarkation would not cover the price of his fare the seeming unkindness is merely a matter of business.

But surely his tears are worthy of consideration?

No doubt, from a benevolent point of view, but charity commences in the home of the shareholders.

Would it not be appropriate to change the present names of the fleet to *The Writ*, *The Application at Chambers*, and titles of a similar character?

It would assuredly be a suitable alteration, but the Court would not be likely to sanction the cost of the paint necessary for carrying the idea into execution.

Is not the course we are taking a little erratic?

It would seem so to a non-nautical eye, but the regulations are averse to any conversation with the man at the wheel.

Do you not know the steersman in his private capacity?

I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but I should not be surprised to learn that he was that praiseworthy representative of the law, the Official Receiver.

Could not the London County Council intervene to the advantage of the metropolitan public?

Such a suggestion has already been made, but the L. C. C. have a project on hand of far greater importance.

Then the river traffic must wait?

Yes, until the representatives of the Capital of the World have spent a few millions in erecting a palace for their personal convenience.

QUESTIONS THAT SHOULD NEVER BE ASKED.

Of a Gardener.—“Do you find watering the plants very monotonous?”

Of a Hero.—“Isn't it awfully nice to be as brave as that?”

Of a Humorist.—“Do you think of these things beforehand, or at the time?”

Of a Hostess.—“How large, now, should you say your rooms are?”

Of an Innkeeper.—“What made you think of keeping *this* inn rather than any other?”

Of a Judge.—“How do you guess whether people are guilty or innocent? I always think it so clever of you!”

Of a Liar.—“Do tell me whether you are joking or serious? I never know!”

Of a Milliner.—“Are hats worn on the head this season, or off?”

Of an Omnibus-driver.—“How is it you never lose your way?”

Of a Policeman.—“Don't you find the traffic rather a nuisance?”

Of a Queen.—“How is it you don't get tired of reigning so long over one country?”

Of a Racing Man.—“Do you generally find, now, that the winners come in first?”

Of a Sailor.—“Are you a good sailor?”

Of a Taxidermist.—“Don't you often wish that animals were born stuffed?”

Of a Wheelwright.—“Am I right in supposing that wheels are not nearly so round as they appear to us, when in motion?”

Of a Youngster.—“Well, little man, and what do you learn at school?”

Of a Zoologist.—“Which do you prefer, emus or alligators? Or have you no choice?”

It was recently stated that “Three hundred monks from Mount Athos have offered their services to the Greek Government.” Do their services mean their religious “services”? These are probably included, but be this as it may, this bellicose body offers a practical illustration of “The Church Militant.”



Our Painter's Wife (to Friend who has called on "Show Sunday"). "GOOD-BYE! I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE SCARCELY SEEN THE PICTURES."
Friend. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. GILP! SO SORRY I HAVE SO FEW MOMENTS. I MUST HOPE TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND'S PICTURES HERE WHEN I CALL AGAIN IN A WEEK OR SO!"

THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

VI.

SCENE—*The Drawing-room; immediately after FRITZ's introduction to MERCY.*

Spencer. So this Lord COLESHAFTS is a friend of yours, too, eh, MERCY?

Henrietta (hastily). I don't think MERCY quite said that—did you, my dear?

Mercy. Oh, I don't suppose I saw so much of him as Baron GUBLER did, but our place was quite close to Borings, and my poor Papa, who was a gentleman-farmer, you know, used to go out shooting a good deal with his lordship. Very likely you've met him at one of the big shoots, Baron. I daresay they often asked you down?

Fritz. I do not think I haf seen your Papa out shoothing. And—if you please—I haf not the honour to be a Baron, only a simple Schviss shendleman.

Mercy. Only that? And when I was thinking I was going to have a real live Baron for a brother-in-law! Well, if you never met Papa, you may have heard of me from dear Lady POPPY and Lady BETTY. They were tremendous pals of mine.

Henr. (to herself). She's going too far. FRITZ is certain to find her out if she doesn't take care!

Fritz. Ach, so you are the so charming liddle MERCY that Laty BOPPY and Laty PERRY always rafe apout to me? What a guri-ous goincidence we meed hier at last!

Mercy. Isn't it? It's funny; but I felt somehow from the first that we should get on together.

Henr. (to herself). She must be all right, or FRITZ wouldn't—I'm afraid I've been a little uncharitable.

Spen. (to himself). So like my modest little MERCY to say nothing about these grand friends of hers! Well, this fellow VON GUBLER seems to have given a correct account of himself, which is so far satisfactory. (Aloud.) So you know all about one another already? Capital! And here comes MARIA to tell

us dinner is on the table. VON GUBLER, will you take ETTA? MERCY, my darling—
 [They go down.]

AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

Mercy (to herself). One would almost think from the way he's going on that FRITZ was really spoony—with a dowdy old thing like that! Well, I'm sure she's welcome to him! (Aloud.) ETTA, my dear, you and Mr. VON GUBLER seem to be having a very interesting conversation over there—but don't mind us, we're too taken up with one another to listen, aren't we, SPENCER darling?

Fritz (to himself). Can she truly adore the elderly SPENCER! (Aloud.) Ach, Miss MARIQOLT, the twidder of the loaf pirts nefer disturb the goings of the turdle-duffs!

Spen. (to himself, vexed). They might remember MARIA is in the room! (Aloud.) MERCY, let me give you a little more gravy.

Maria (in his ear). There you go again, Mr. SPENCER; no one would think, to look at it, that table-cloth was clean on this evening!

Spen. (nervously). Dear me, dear me, very careless of me, MARIA. I—I don't know what's come to me to-night.

Maria. I'm sure I don't, Sir. And there's Miss HENRIETTA's spilt her claret now. Don't you do nothing, Miss, you'll only make it worse. Leave it to me, do.

[She applies remedies with a severe forbearance which abashes the offending pair.]

Mercy. This wouldn't be at all a bad little place, SPENCER, if it was only thoroughly done up, and all this rubbishy old furnituro got rid of.

Spen. We are rather attached to our old furniture, my dear. It came down to us from our great grandfather.

Mercy. Well, I like something more in the fashion. There are beautiful things in Tottenham Court Road, all the latest styles. You'll let me refurnish in my taste, won't you, SPENCER darling?

Spen. (troubled). My dear child, I'm afraid you must put up with things as they are: I can't possibly afford—, and I'm quite sure that ETTA would never—

Mercy. ETTA, why, what has she got to do with it? She'll have her own house, won't she?

Spen. Why, we—we rather thought, you see, that, as this house belongs to ETTA and me, and we're neither of us well enough off to—to make a move without inconvenience, we might try the experiment of—of a joint household, all four of us together, you know.

Mercy. Oh, that will be nice! (To herself.) No, we don't, not if I can help it! (Aloud.) ETTA, SPENCER's just been telling me that we're all four to live in this dear little house together. Won't that be delightful, Mr. VON GUBLER?

Fritz (to himself). With the old SPENCER it would be bad enough, but with her also—! (Aloud.) I think we make together a fery habby family—berhaps.

[He becomes silent and moody.]
Maria (to herself). Well, Master and Miss HENRIETTA have made a pair o' fools o' themselves! I don't know what cook'll say to it all when she hears. I'm not going to stay in the house with that little 'ussy!

Mercy (at dessert). I must say, ETTA, my dear, I rather wonder that that parlour-maid of yours hasn't learnt by this time that it's very bad style to knock at a sitting-room door. It's never done anywhere now, you know!

Spen. Why, my dear, we have thought we'd mention it, but we're rather afraid it might hurt her feelings.

Mercy. What nonsense, SPENCER! She can't have any feelings or she wouldn't wear a cap like that! How you can put up with such an old fright at all— We really must have a smart, nice-looking girl to wait at table. Don't you think so, Mr. VON GUBLER?

Henr. My dear, nothing would induce me to part with MARIA after all the years she has been with us.

Mercy. Oh, if she came down to you from your great grandfather—with the furniture! Still, I must say I prefer having young and nice-looking faces about me myself. Some people don't, I know, and very likely they have their reasons. Perhaps if you asked Mr. VON GUBLER his opinion—

Fritz. My opinion is, that yong, goot-looking curls are taincherous, and obinion liddle tevils!

Mercy. Gracious, that is strong language! I hope you're not speaking from experience?

Fritz. I was thinking of a gase; my frient GOLESHAFTS' eldest son; the liddle Lort PITSMOUTH. You know him, berhaps?

Mercy. Let me see. Is that the one who was up at college?

Fritz. At college, yes. A derrible yong fool.

Spen. (interested). Ah, and he got into some entanglement up there, eh? I never was at a University myself, but I've been told—

Fritz. It was at home he ged endangled. There was a liddle curl, daughter of one of his father's keebers, who had been taken up and betted and shoiled by the yong ladies, and she sed her gap at the boor yong lort, and veedle and veedle til he is rotty to marry her.

Spn. Tut-tut. The young idiot! And did he actually—?

Fritz. No. Yust in dime his father find out, quide by agsident, and back him off to dravel round the vorit.

Mercy. I remember hearing something about it now. Wasn't there some horrid wretch of a valet, Mr. von GUBLER, who was taken into poor Lord PITSMOUTH's confidence and went and betrayed him?

Henr. How dreadfully mean of him!

Fritz. Bardon, but Miss MARIGOLT gif a todally false imbression. I habben to know that the valet—a very goot, respectable fellow—did only his dudy. Besides, he was himself keeking gombany with the curl, and when he disgoover she deceif him—why, nadgurally—

Spn. Well, it was a lucky escape for young Lord PITSMOUTH. Did she sue him for breach of promise?

Mercy. She would have scorned to lower herself—according to what I heard.

Fritz. I think she would haf dried, only she haf no efidence, and her father, a goot, sensible man, who did not vish to lose his blice, persuade her to sign a liddle baper, which he gif his lortshib, and find a siduation for his daughter, where she make no more drouble, and nopotty inderefer with her—if she is clefer enough to shud her liddle mouth.

Spn. Poor girl! and now she's lost both the lord and the valet, eh?

Mercy. Well, the valet wasn't much loss! She's better off as she is—in *my* opinion.

Fritz. Much pedder, and the valet also.

Spn. Well, they may come across one another again some-day and make it up—who knows?

Henr. After all, it is no concern of ours, is it? MERCY, my dear, shall we go into the drawing-room?

Mercy (to herself). And leave SPENCER alone with that double-faced beast. Not me! (*Aloud.*) Oh, must I go away, SPENCER? when I've got such lots of things to talk about. Mayn't I stay a little longer. I'll be so good!

Fritz (to himself). Impossible to trust that she-demon with HENRIETTE! (*Aloud.*) Ach, mine HENRIETTE, do not desert your FRITZ on this first night. Sit yed a liddle. A vort in your ear. (*In a whisper.*) I dell you somdings: gondrol your face, and schmile bleasantly. If you loaf me, ged rid of this liddle MERCY. She must not marry our goot SPENCER. She is herself the keeber's daughter!

Mercy (to herself). It drives me wild to see him whispering in her ear like that! But I'll put a spoke in his wheel, whatever comes of it. (*In an undertone.*) SPENCER dear, I—I must tell you. I've been trying to hint to poor, dear ERRA, only she won't understand. That valet, he was a Swiss—and—and well, if you can put up with him as a brother-in-law, I can't, so there! Find a way of sending him about his business without a fuss. And for goodness' sake, don't look like that—or he'll suspect something!

[SPENCER and HENRIETTA sit speechless, each overwhelmed by pity for the other, and the extreme difficulty and delicacy of the situation.]

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

ONE of the many attractions at the Palace Theatre of Varieties is *The American Biograph*, of which moving pictorial series that representing the horses being rushed away from the burning stables is far and away the best specimen. These *Biographic* pictures are unsteady; only of course this is an opinion rather dangerous to express in the presence of any malicious friend who smilingly inquires, "Hallo! where have you been dining?" It is as well to be prepared for this, and to choose your audience, or keep your opinion to yourself. However, "all the other gentlemen noticed the pictures wero shaky," and that was a consoling thought. The French dancing and singing quartette is full of life, and the fact that these performers, as well as the dancing and acting dolls in the automatic theatre (which is a special attraction in itself), all sing in French, and that their hits in this language are most intelligently applauded, shows how wonderfully the education of the masses, as well as of the classes, has improved within the last few years in England. CHARLES MORTON is to be congratulated; only, let him give a hint to the American Biographical exhibitor, advising him that the *mot d'ordre* must be "Steady, boys, steady!"



L C

▲ MR. CYCLAMEN IS GLAD TO HEAR THAT THE UNMUZZLING ORDER CEASES TO BE IN FORCE AFTER APRIL 6TH.

THE PURPLE WEST.

[“The fashionable colour this season is to be Royal Purple in honour of the Diamond Jubilee.”—*Fashion Papers.*]

FASHION'S ways are very queer,
Some new colour every year
Becomes the Season's rage at her imperious behest—
And this year the colour new
Is to be the Royal hue,
For all the “Fashion Columns” have foretold a Purple West.

Not mine the muse who sings
All the fashionable “things,”
The lovely gowns and frocks, in which the ladies will be dressed—
I endeavour but to scan
The effect upon the man,
Whom duty or whom pleasure calls to don a Purple West.

'Tis the colour which will dye
Matutinal scarf and tie,
Even “staining the white radiance” of the vesper-tinted vest;
And light-fingered gutter-snipes
Will prig only purple “wipes,”
As they ply their gentle calling up and down the Purple West.

Some touch of purple hue
Everywhere will meet the view—
It will decorate our faces as we jostle pour forth this year
When the crowds pour forth this year
In all loyalty to cheer
Our gracious Queen of sixty years throughout the Purple West.

But some things are better—much—
Without any “purple touch,”
If it colours, for example, both the jester and the jest.
And our novel and our play
Will not harmonize, we pray,
With the general scheme of colour for this season in the West!

CALLED TO THE “BA.”—The shepherd's dog.



G. S. P.

"IT'S A WISE CHILD THAT KNOWS ITS OWN FATHER."

Grace. "HAROLD, WHY DID PA CALL THAT MR. BLOWHARD A LIAR?"

Harold. "'COS HE'S SMALLER THAN PA!"

MORE MANNERS FOR MEN.

In a Carriage.—If more than six ladies are going in one brougham—which must not be pronounced "bruffum"—the gentleman should offer to follow in a cab. If they insist on his entering with them, he must stand as well as he can. In such a case he would not usually smoke.

In a Hansom.—If three men ride in a hansom, the one whose ancestors coming over with the Conqueror were least numerous sits forward in the middle. But if he is very fat, one of his companions may offer to take his place.

In or on an Omnibus.—This is a position where ordinary courtesy is quite in-

sufficient, and where the most elaborate etiquette prevails. We cannot deal with it adequately here, and must refer our readers to our treatise, in six volumes, entitled *Beaux and Bounders in Busses*.

On Bikeback.—Never ride at more than thirty miles an hour. Never touch the handle with your chin. Never try to run down a traction engine or an elephant.

Games and Recreations.—Chess and whist are very useful, but very difficult. Billiards, backgammon, and baccarat are quite easy. So are draughts and poker. They are all played impartially in the highest circles. Pitch and toss and marbles are less frequent.

Rules of the River on the Road.—In a

flood it is not etiquette to offer to carry strange ladies. But if the water is more than six inches deep, and they are in danger of drowning, a gentleman may rescue them in a punt or a perambulator. A motor-car is rarely used. Even then it is wiser to be introduced by a mutual friend.

Dinner Parties.—It is not now usual to wear armour at the dinner table. Nor is it customary to carve with one's sword. A young man should avoid anything so old-fashioned. Breastplates are no longer used, but soup plates are. The hat should be left in the hall. It is not worn in the dining-room. A young man must not expect to take down a pretty girl. If his conversation and behaviour are entirely regulated by this manual, a lady of uncertain age, stone deaf and partially blind, will probably fall to his share. He must console himself by practising his small talk upon her. Arrived at the table, he must place his napkin on his knees, and not tie it round his neck. He must hold his knife by the handle, not by the blade. Soup is not eaten with a knife. If the beginner has never before eaten anything anywhere, which is improbable, he can safely eat bread, as a little practice will soon show him how to divide that. It is done with the thumb and fingers, which then convey to the mouth a piece of the correct dimensions. A cubic inch is a safe size. Until he can estimate this correctly, the beginner would do well to carry an inch measure in his pocket. As soon as possible he should learn by heart the proper way to consume asparagus, curry, oysters, Gruyère, nuts, boiled eggs, haggis, grapes, Neapolitan ices, Irish stew, treacle, pâté de foie gras, melon, bouillabaisse, Bath buns, birds'-nest soup, mutton chops, canvas-back duck, sauerkraut, polenta, &c., &c. If he forgets whether the under-cut of roast sirloin of beef should be eaten with an egg-spoon or not, he will wisely abstain from the doubtful dish.

At a Ball.—If you can't dance at all, don't. If you can dance a little, avoid falling down. Even if you know her, it is better not to address your partner with such a phrase as "Hullo, here you are! Come along! Look sharp!"

Dress.—This is a most important subject. Don't wear pumps in the Park. Don't wear brown boots in a ball-room. Avoid a straw hat at weddings. Never wear one with a frock coat. Your necktie can be any colour you like. So can your braces. Shirt collars are not usually purple. Nor are patent shoes pink. The correct evening costume is black. Green is not customary. The shirt front, according to the lady novelist, must always be "immaculate." Instruct your laundress accordingly, and explain what the word means. An umbrella is not generally carried on horseback. It is unusual to play polo in an iverness cape.

Personal Speech with Royalty.—If the beginner should be honoured with the friendship of the QUEEN, which is rather improbable, he must speak to Her Majesty as "Ma'am." But he need not give himself much trouble to learn this mode of address, as it is unlikely that he will want to use it, and this Manual of Manners, at the same time.

NOTE BY AN OLD AND CRUEL PHILOSOPHER.—The bread-and-butter misses of my youth appear nowadays to be represented by *les belles tartines*.



CHANGE OF TREATMENT.

MISS ERIN. "SHURE, YE NEVER GAVE ME THE 'ROYAL COMMISSION ELIXIR' THAT WAS TO DO ME SO MUCH GOOD."

ARTHUR B-L-F-R. "NO, MY DEAR, THERE WAS SOME MISTAKE IN THE FIRST PRESCRIPTION. I'LL MAKE YOU UP ANOTHER DOSE!!!"





"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER."

"WHAT COLOUR DO YOU CALL THAT HORSE, COACHMAN?"

"THAT 's A FLEA-BITTEN GREY, SIR."

"DEAR ME! REALLY! THEN WHAT CREATURE HAS BITTEN THAT ONE IN FRONT!"

CLEAR EVIDENCE.

(At Petty Sessions in Ireland.)

Magistrate (to First Prisoner). What's your name?

Prisoner. I'm one PAT MURPHY, your Honour.

Magis. Where do you live?

Pris. Sure, I don't live anywhere, Sorr.

Magis. (to Second Prisoner). What's your name?

Second Pris. I'm DENIS MCCARTHY, Sorr.

Magis. Where do you live?

Second Pris. Begorra, your Honour, I live next door to PAT MURPHY.

A Straight Tip for the Boat-Race.

Light blue, or dark!
Which of the crews shall I select,
Light blue, or dark?
'Tis hard to choose, I would remark;
But then, if neither I reject,
I'm sure to win with, I expect,
Light blue, or dark.

The Voluntary System.

Idle Apprentice (reading newspaper, looks up and asks). I say, what's "voluntary" mean?

Industrious Apprentice. Why, it means doin' somethin' of your own accord, without bein' forced to do it, as you may say.

Idle Apprentice. Oh! then wouldn't I vote for Voluntary Schools just! I'd have nothin' but Voluntary Schools everywhere! And wouldn't I just not go to them! Rather!

DARBY JONES ON GAMBLING AND THE GRAND NATIONAL.

HONOURED SIR,—By a process necessitating the outlay of many hundreds of pounds, one RICHARD DUNN has been fined by the Kingston-on-Thames magistrates the magnificent sum of *Twenty Shillings* (without costs) in the interests of Morality. If I were a member of the Anti-Gambling League, I think I should go and hang myself. The absurdity of the whole business is as self-evident as the Shot Tower on the Surrey side of the Thames. We know the Lords and Commons, who go racing, and we must be as blind as the snake which frequents Hamp-

shire hedges not to recognise the eminent legislators (including judges) who plank down their "little bit" on the gee-gee of their choice. We also know the Idle Apprentice celebrated by the immortal WILLIAM HOGARTH. He is not the child of Misfortune, but of temptation; but the temptation is not begot in 'tattersall's Ring, but in the street by means of the half-penny paper. After all, there is no necessity for going to Monte Carlo, when you can gamble for buttons or marbles in the gutter.

I was not far out of it, honoured Sir, over the Grand National Course. The Ourang-outang from balmu Borneo I discarded as easily as if I were playing *écarté*. But, with a strong sympathy for *Red Cross*, I gave *Filbert* in language not to be mistaken by the wise. The Seer is not often out of the first, second, or third, class compartments.

Trusting that you are as salubrious as the March dust has permitted,

I am, Your ever devoted heeler,
DARBY JONES.

INTERNATIONAL.

Yes! Patriotism is a splendid thing,
And Humour is a most delightful gift.
But *whose?* Here harmony at once takes wing,
And in the lute of love is found a rift.
For it is plain to every candid judge,
And tends to breed a hopeless melancholy,
That *other people's* patriotism's fudge,
And *other people's* fun funeral folly!

THE BLACK DIAMOND JUBILEE.—The drop in the price of coals.



THE MOTO-GROWLER.



Tourist (who has just given Pat a drink from his flask). "THAT'S A DROP OF GOOD WHISKEY—ER, PAT?"

Pat. "FAITH, YE MAY WELL SAY THAT, SORR. SHURE, IT WINT DOWN MY T'ROAT LOIKE A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Hilda Strafford (BLACKWOOD) is the title that covers two Californian stories by BEATRICE HARRADEN. In their touches of life on the ranche they recall some of BRER HARTE'S work—the pathos of it, not the humour. The men are almost idyllically good, generous, unselfish, full of camaraderie. There is only one female on the scene, and Miss HARRADEN, who knows her sex, has made her serve as the foil for the exceeding goodness of man. The stories are prettily told. But what my Baronite chiefly delights in is the framework in which they are set. Turning over the pages one sniffs the pure air that blows through the Californian spring, is rested by the stretches of emerald grass that cool and cover the feet of the mountains, scents the golden violets, the wild hyacinths, and the pale lavender in the shade.

The Young Clanroy, by the Rev. Cosmo GORDON LANG (SMITH, ELDER), is a stirring romance of the '45. The author discloses how the story was originally told to a party of schoolboys in the dusk of summer evenings. The published edition benefits from this origin by reason of the simple, straightforward style of narrative indispensable to such circumstance. A wider circle of boys, some bearded, even grey-headed, will welcome the opportunity of sitting at the feet of the Dean as he prattles about Prince CHARLIE and of some who worked and died for him.

What pleasant memories does not CLEMENT SCOTT'S little book, published by LAWRENCE GREENING, entitled, *The Wheel of Life*, revive! "Here we go round, round, round,"—or, rather, "here we grow round and rounder," at least, some of us do, and are not quite the light-footed youths we were in days of yore, but, let us hope, as light-hearted now as then. The writer's memory is good, his style easy, and above all, which is the great thing for reminiscences, chatty. The Baron trusts that this little book contains only an instalment of what he is subsequently going to tell us. Likewise, should our friend C. S. need a refresher or two, he has only to call on one who will be most willing to oblige him, namely, his very truly,

THE BARON DE B.-W.

BIRDS OF A "FEATHER."—The Oxford and Cambridge crews.

THE RACE IN COMMON FORM.

(By our Reporter in advance.)

NOTHING could have been — than the sky on Saturday. The — was much in evidence, and — were seen in all directions warding off the — of the —. The ladies' costumes were suited to the occasion, and showed that their judgment was not at fault in assuming that — would be a necessity.

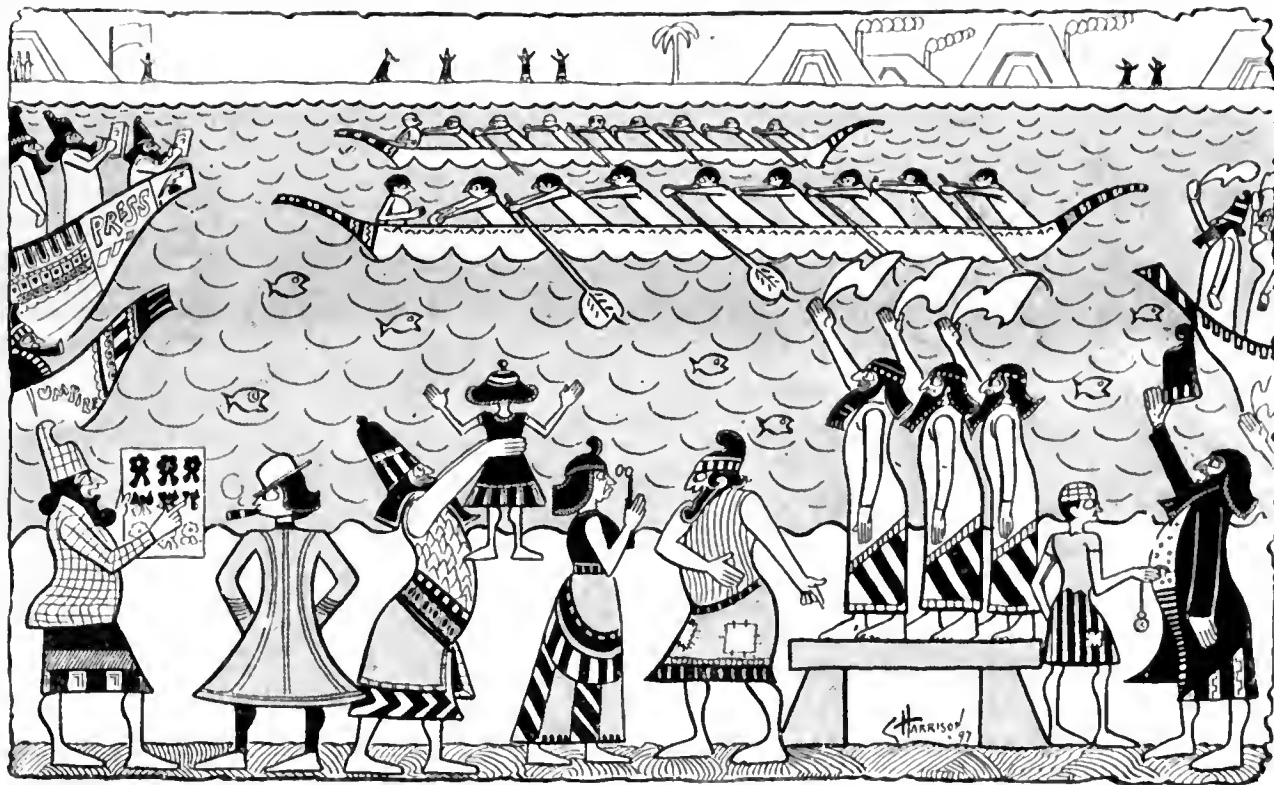
The crowd was —. In years gone by the lack of enthusiasm has been noticeable, but on Saturday critics declared that — was certainly the order of the day. Of course this was distinctly attributable to the — conduct of the clerk of the weather.

The Light Blues, as the challengers, were first to put in an appearance. They were quickly followed by their opponents. It was now noticed that — had won the toss, and consequently his crew took their position on the — side of the river. After a few minutes' pause a successful start was made, and — immediately forged ahead, rowing — strokes to the minute. But this slight advantage was soon recovered by —, and at — the boats were nearly equal. The race continued amidst the enthusiasm of the spectators, until at — the lads of the — Blue were leading by about —. At this point some strange steering by the — coxswain gave an advantage to the —, so that at — the position was, — 1 and — 2. Here a barge floated

on to the direct line of route and created considerable confusion. This no doubt encouraged — to make a spurt, which resulted in the two crews being only — yards separated when they approached —. — was now rowing thirty-nine to the minute, and — thirty-seven, which, however, was shortly increased to forty-one. At — there was — yards difference between the competitors, which remained unaltered until — was reached. At this point a turn in the river gave a temporary advantage to —, which put matters more upon an equality. — now quickened his stroke to forty-two to the minute, and the gap between the boats became wider than ever. At — the — crew was leading by —. Again — called upon his men, a cry that was taken up promptly by them all save —, who seemed to be pumped out, and nearly in the position of a passenger.

The crews passed — in the following order: — in — minutes and — seconds, and — in — minutes and — seconds. Although even now scarcely a procession — had the race so well in hand that the chances of — seemed to be at a minimum. At — the — were leading by —. Once more — spurted, but the effort was in vain, and — passed the winning post in — minutes — seconds, one of the — races on record. The crews dined together at — in the evening.

(Blanks to be filled up—if still in time—in our next edition.)



THE BOAT-RACE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

DESPERATE STRUGGLE OFF THE NINEVEH SOAP-WORKS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 22.—A long time since CALDWELL passed such hours of exhilarating delight. From opening of sitting there loomed the Public Health Scotland Bill, a measure of the sort his soul loveth. You should have heard him smack his lips when, holding forth at proportionate length on this Bill, he observed that it contained 126 clauses! Stoutly bound, would make a pleasant book for the library, to be dipped into when depressed or disappointed.

Before the Scotch Public Health Bill reached there was the Military Works (Money) Bill. On this CALDWELL took a preliminary canter, a brisk forty minutes, just to get breathed for the real work of evening. House, as usual, emptied when he rose. With exception of one Member asleep on top bench he had sole possession of whole space above Gangway on Opposition side. Not a soul on the Front Bench, over which, in ecstasy of oratory, he perilously bent. The attraction for him was the thin black line of Ministers on Treasury Bench opposite. BRODRICK in charge of Bill; CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER watching over its money provisions; CHAPLIN, with tender recollections of himself, with head projecting from Turkish Bath-box, wrestling with influenza; JOKIM and RITCHIE chatting at lower end of bench about repulse of City in its raid on Southwark. To these CALDWELL chatters at rate of two hundred words a minute. Storage apparently illimitable.

"What is the use," he wants to know, "of talking about reducing the National Debt when with the other hand you create a debt covering thirty years?"

Curious effect of speech on Sir JAMES FERGIUSON, sole occupant at the moment of benches above Gangway on Ministerial side. As CALDWELL'S screeed continued—level, loud, incessant, without inflection or promise of pause, for all the world like one of the rolls of calico in process of printing in the paternal mills at Milton-on-Campsie—FERGIUSON'S eyes rested drowsily on the figure leaning over back of bench as if it were edge of pulpit. He caught sight of

the hat planted, rim uppermost, by the preacher, suggesting that presently it would be carried round the pews, with intent to take up a collection. His head dropped gently forward on his chest; his eyes closed; he dreamed of far off times in South Australia, in New Zealand, in sunny Bombay, and so home to snug anchorage, first at the Foreign Office, then at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The voice rising for a moment to a higher pitch, as CALDWELL caught sight of JOKIM slinking out behind SPEAKER'S chair, FERGIUSON awoke; furtively fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket; fished forth a peppermint; meditatively sucked it.

JAMIE for a moment thought he was in church.

Business done.—Military Works Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—Everyone regrets cause of physical infirmity which deprives Plymouth of a moiety of its voice in the House of Commons. House would admire perseverance and courage with which CHARLES HARRISON ignores a painful fact if they were exhibited elsewhere. But, really, to have, as habitually happened in Committee on Education Bill, a gentleman rising above Gangway apparently, for the space of half-an-hour, making a speech, not a syllable of which travels in articulate form across the floor, is a little trying to human patience.

In such circumstances the House is truly sympathetic, most generously forbearing. If it happened on great emergencies, at long intervals, in briefest form, infliction would be borne, if not gladly, at least patiently. But, habitually, and at prodigious length! Well, the House is, after all, only human, and when, tonight, HARRISON comes up quite fresh, full



Effect of C-ldw-ll's Eloquence!

(Sir J-m-s F-rg-ss-n.)

of figures (not to mention tropes) on position of poor clergy, Members madly make for the door.

"What's the difference," SARK asks, "between BASHMEAD-ARFLETT, Knight, and CHARLES HARRISON? One," he answers himself, "is *vox, et praterca nihil*; the other is not even *vox*."

Business done.—Resolution declaring taxation of clerical incomes inequitable and excessive carried by 178 votes against 97. House forthwith counted out.

Thursday.—No one looking round House to-night would imagine that its business is final stage of an iniquitous measure, driven roughshod by tyrannous Minister over a helpless minority, to the grievous wounding of a great nation. Yet that's about the size of it, as set forth in speeches from Opposition benches. Considering the seriousness of the situation, the stupendous nature of the crisis, Members admirably succeed in curbing emotion. Almost the only man who seems really in earnest about the matter is Lord HUGH CECIL. For a while he to-night, with the lever of a living speech, lifted the drear mechanical debate above the level of angry assertion and flat denial.

SARK's prophetic soul beholds in the Premier's younger son a Parliamentary debater who, if he gives himself up to the work, will in time (and it need not be a long time) recall the success of the Lord ROBERT CECIL who forty years ago sat in the Commons as Member for Stamford. He does not possess—or has not developed—the acrimonious spirit that brought his noble father, even in those far-off days, recognition as a master of flouts and gibes. He is painfully nervous when on his legs; but he always gets through. He has something to say, and says it in phrases that have some of the polish, much of the literary flavour, of his father's public speech. He has strong beliefs, and is terribly in earnest; excellent things to begin with. The rest will come with practice. Already he has secured for himself the advantage, inestimable for a young speaker, of winning the sympathy and favour of the House.

Business done.—Education Bill read a third time by 331 votes against 131.

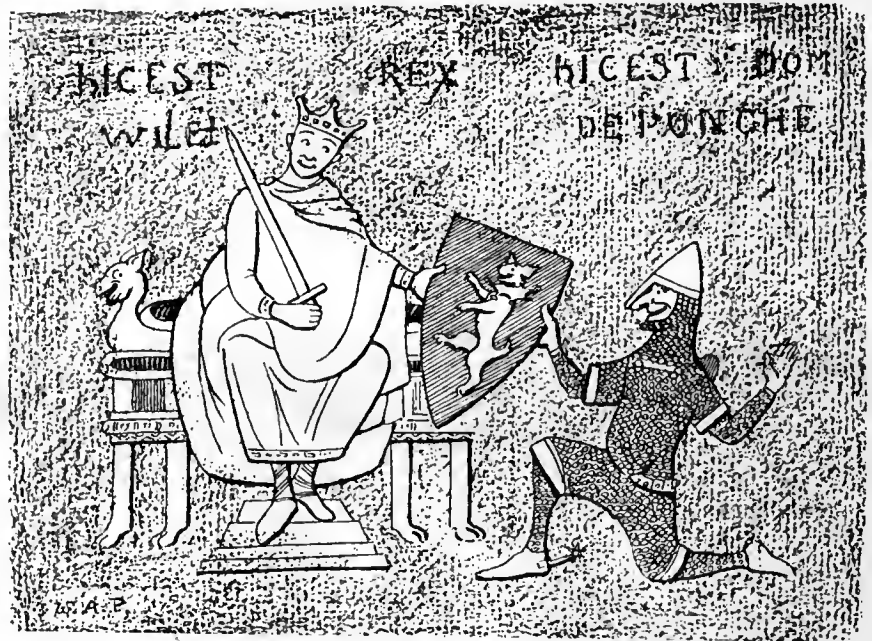
Saturday, 12.35 A.M.—Interesting, though fragmentary, conversation closed week's hard work. Vote on account agreed to after PRINCE ARTHUR had danced round JOHN MORLEY with clenched fists, and invitation to "come on" with threatened vote of censure. LEWIS M'IVER had saved India at Oriel; motion for adjournment of House formally put, when up rose Dr. TANNER.

Had shown signs of restiveness earlier in sitting. When vote on account of £10,631,218 put from Chair, and someone challenged division, the Doctor, with scornful wave of arm, deprecated action.

"Mr. LOWTHER," he said, "it's too contemptible to vote on." Further showed his scorn by walking out of House. Now back again, on his legs; apparently in for long speech.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said. "On the motion for the adjournment—"

The SPEAKER: "The House will now adjourn"; and gathering up his robes, taking sharp turn to the right, the SPEAKER disappeared. The Sergeant-at-Arms marched up, walked off mace; Clerks at table put away their papers; Members hurried towards the door; and no one knows, or ever will know, what, at this



TO REMOVE ANY POSSIBLE LINGERING DOUBT AS TO THE NOBILITY OF HIS OWN BLOOD, MR. PUNCH PRESENTS TO THE PUBLIC THE ABOVE REPRODUCTION OF A VERY INTERESTING EARLY TAPESTRY, REPRESENTING WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR MAKING A GRANT OF ARMS (A TOBY UNMUZZLED AND JUBILANT ON A FIELD VERT) TO LE CHEVALIER PONCHE.

crisis in the world's history, Dr. TANNER was going to say.

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.

Lines on the League Championship.

First Division.

Who for the Cup are fortune's fair eyes
cast on?

Asks everyone; and echo answers

ASTON!

Second Division.

'Tis a knotty point, there is not a doubt,
To prophesy which at the top will come out.
But it seems quite clear to the critical eye
That *Notts* will be found in the "final tie."

NOTE IN NEXT NEW EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.—Everything the Weird Sisters prophesied came to pass (in some way or other) except one important item. *Generalissimo Macbeth* had been promised a Mayoralty. How's that? Well, the sisters were Scotch spirits, Glen Whiskey Witches, and uncommonly neat in appearance, and they would have pronounced "more hereafter" as "mair hereafter," which *Macbeth's* ambition would have interpreted as "Mayor hereafter." This is a point that WILLIE SHAKESPEARE, from want of familiarity with the Scotch language, has certainly missed.

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO ARE NOT FOND OF STREET MUSIC.—Reside close to a dentist's. Itinerant organ-men carefully avoid playing anywhere near the house of a practitioner, who can effectually stop or remove all troublesome grinders.

CHANCE FOR THE JONESES AND SMITHS.—What is the English surname, or rather the Welsh surname, JONES, when translated into Rumanian? It is to be found in the *Times* report of a discussion in the Rumanian Chamber of Deputies, where a vigor-

ous attack on the Rural Bank Act was made by Deputy M. TAKE JONESCO. Take away "co," and plain "JONES" remains. Here is a chance for our eminent dramatist, ENRY HAUTHOR, to translate himself (and his latest play, *The Physician*, at the Criterion) into Rumanian and become ENRI AUTEUR JONESCO. The SMITHS could follow; SMITHESCO and BROWNESCO would be mementos of the Jubilee Year.

In the Name of Charity.

(By a much-pestered Pedestrian.)

CHARITY covers many sins, no doubt,
But, genteel beggars are too much about;
And some of Charity's unlicensed proxies
Do bear—unauthorised collecting-boxes!
Mercy, of whose just claims we'd not be
scorners,
Crieth, methinks, too much at our street
corners!

NEW HELLENISM.—There has been such a run on second-hand *Temprères* that the traffic in Holywell Street has had to be regulated by the police. The nymph Amalthea of Crete, who nursed Jupiter on goat's milk, has been dragged forth from her well-established obscurity, and has received a temporary advertisement, only to have her name misspelt (as Almathea) by a distinguished literary man. The Greek *Chargé d'Affaires* has learnt the names of twenty-eight British authors previously unknown to him. A special correspondent has taken an unfair advantage over his *confrères* in search of copy by getting arrested as a spy.

FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

Q. Why does Mr. HALL CAINE belie the Manx cat? A. Because he has so much tale.

IF GALLANT LITTLE GREECE WOULD ONLY UNDERSTAND IT.—The Powers are Con-Crete.



APPRECIATION.

Miss Ellen. "THIS ONE IS FOR THE ACADEMY, AUNT CLARA."
Aunt Clara (who feels she must say something). "HOW VERY NICE!
OH, MY DEAR ELLEN, WHAT A PERFECT LOVE OF A FRAME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THOUGH S. BARING-GOULD is not seen at his very best in *Guavas the Tanner*, which, considering its subject, might be located among his "miner" works, yet does the tale abound in exciting situations, and presents us with a couple of heroines, the one as good, the other as bad, as they make 'em; a manly hero and a contemptible pair or more of villains, on whom poetic justice comes down heavily before the final chapter. The construction of the story is, like its mining technicalities, a bit puzzling, while the explanations are, at all events to the eager reader who would not willingly be a skipper, somewhat tedious. For all that the Baron recommends *Guavas the Tanner*.

Messrs. A. & C. BLACK, by publishing their most useful *Who's Who*, show that they decidedly know "What's What." It brings us up to the very latest date of the County Council election of March the ninth; it gives us not only the House of Lords but the Heirs of Peers, which, as a title to a catalogue in this work, hath a sound calculated to raise the dander of an anti-peerish Radical who might be inclined to say, "See what airs the Peers give themselves!" Army, Academy, Bishops, Corporation, and even "Agents for Cruises," all are here mixed up with Admirals, Deans, Earls, and Field-Marsals; information as to Ireland and India; Memos. about Magistrates and Magazines; notes on Navy and Newspapers, and brief biographies of notabilities from the first to the last letter of the alphabet, giving even the recreations of distinguished individuals, one of whom has recorded how the little time he has to spare away from his multitudinous duties is devoted to the "recreation" of "amateur soldiering." Delightful! What charming pictures of infantry drill in the nursery, pickets in the pantry, and the charge of the light brigade on the rocking-horse, does this not suggest! And what is the recreation of the "retired statesman," Mr. GLADSTONE? It is simply "Literature." No biking and golfing, such as occupy the spare time of Rt. Hon. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, Captain of the Golfers, and President of Cycle-Unionists. Remark a touching entry in the brief biographical note about the Hon. Sir ROBERT ROMER, whose "recreations" are "shooting, cycling,

rowing; formerly cricket." The "formerly" might be somewhat sad, were it not that any one of the other three sports and pastimes would be quite enough for any ordinary individual. Still can Mr. Justice blithely sing,

I'm a ROMER, I'm a ROMER,
And I'll be a ROMER still!

So "his health and song," and may he long continue to be "the noblest ROMER of them all." *Who's Who* is a most useful and companionable book.

It is pretty obvious that if CLARK RUSSELL had never lived and written his unique Tales of the Sea we should never have had *Captain Castle* (SMITH, ELDEN). There is the same blameless, single female on board a sailing ship; the same villainous, mutinous crew; the same gallant sailor who, almost single-handed, distinguishes himself at every turn of untoward event. There is the same ocean, but with a difference. No one but CLARK RUSSELL is able to bring within the binding of a six-shilling novel (or, for that matter, one published at the old price of a guinea and a half) the movement, the very smell of the sea. Nevertheless, my Baronite says, Mr. CARLTON DAWE is an admirable understudier, his book being, after the manner of the Master, crammed with vivid incident graphically portrayed.

THE BARON.

THE "MERRY FAMILY" CONCERT.

We are a merry Concert, sort of Family "Monday Pop."
We must play on because, you see, each one's afraid to stop.
We all conduct each other, for we couldn't trust a leader,
But we don't know what might happen to the one who turned seceder;
For all the rest might round on him. Of course, it's awful footle,
But needs must when the—Sultan—drives, so on we twang and tootle.
But we all are playing different airs, and none in the same key,
So the tutti's awful shaky, and the tempo—oh, dear me!!!
Russia plays first fiddle, Germany the big drum,
And England—well, I think they say—her instrument 's the comb!
France has the penny-whistle, Italy the guitar.
Oh! we are a merry Concert! Yes, we are, we are, we ARE!!!

"In the Queen's Name."

Martha the Cook (to Lizzie the Housemaid). 'Ere's an 'orrible mistake. In 'is subscipshion list the Heditor 'as spelt your name with a "hi" and a "ho" instead of a "y."

STARTING A SYNDICATE.

A SERIO-COMIC INTERLUDE.

SCENE—An Office in the City. TIME—After Lunch.

PRESENT—Members of a proposed Syndicate.

First Member. And now, gentlemen, to business. I suppose we may put down the capital at fifty thousand?

Second Mem. Botter make it five hundred thousand. Half a million is so much easier to get.

Third Mem. Of course. Who would look at a paltry fifty?

First Mem. Perhaps you are right. Five pound shares, eh?

Fourth Mem. Better make them sovereigns. Simpler to manipulate.

First Mem. I daresay. Then the same solicitors as our last?

Fifth Mem. Yes, on the condition that they get a firm to undertake the underwriting.

First Mem. Necessarily. The firm I propose, gentlemen, are men of business, and quite recognise that nothing purchases nothing.

Second Mem. And they could get the secretary with a thousand to invest.

First Mem. Certainly. Our brokers, bankers, and auditors as before. Eh, gentlemen?

Fifth Mem. On the same conditions.

First Mem. That is understood. And now the prospectus is getting into shape. Is there anything else anyone can suggest?

Fourth Mem. Oughtn't we to have some object in view?

First Mem. Assuredly. Making money.

Fourth Mem. Don't be frivolous. But what I mean is, should we not know for what purpose we are going to expend the half million?

First Mem. Oh, you mean the name. Well, that comparatively unimportant detail we might safely leave until our next pleasant gathering.
[Meeting adjourned. Curtain.]



"WHERE'S YOUR WHEELIE GLADSTONE NOW?"

WHY, IN HIS STUDY, QUIETLY CONTEMPLATING THE PROBABILITIES OF HIS BEING ANNOUNCED AS A PRACTISED GOLFIIST, AN ACCOMPLISHED CYCLIST, A PERFECT PUGILIST AND AN "ADMIRABLE CRICHTON" IN SPORTS GENERALLY.



Mina (whispering to her mother). "MUMMIE, ISN'T COLONEL GRIMSHAW UGLY?"
The Colonel. "DON'T YOU KNOW, MY LITTLE GIRL, THAT IT IS RUDE TO WHISPER IN COMPANY?"
Mina. "WELL, IT WOULD BE RUDER TO SAY IT OUT LOUD!"

UP AND DOWN.

(The Middle-class Taxpayer to Sir Michael.)

"Up, up, up goes the revenue! Again it is advancing by leaps and bounds. This year it has reached the amazing total of £112,128,547; or £2,858,601 over last year's corresponding returns, which was held to be a phenomenal yield."

Daily Chronicle.]

Ah! Here we go up, up, up! And there we go down, down, down!

No, no, not a bit of it! Jubilee gifts should a jubilee revenue crown.

But—the Income Tax stands, as so long it has stood, at eightpence—oh lor!—in the pound

And whenever "phenomenal yields" do turn up, phenomenal claims, too, are found.

Sir MICHAEL, my boy, we will dub you *Saint MICHAEL* if only you'll lower that tax,

Which we middle-class camels have patiently borne, but which slowly is breaking our backs.

Here we go up, up, up! Well, we're glad in this Jubilee Year

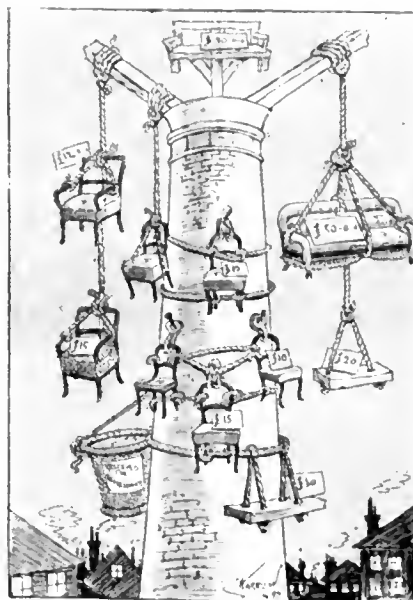
You should have such a bonus. But, mercy upon us! you're apt to forget us, we fear.

We must pay the Old Lady her eightpence, subscribe to the Jubilee Purse,

And eke to the Indian Famine Relief Fund! Our state, my dear Sir, will be worse

In this *Annus Mirabilis*, leaping and bounding. We're loyal to country and Crown,

But oh! since the Revenue goes up, up, up, let the Income Tax go down, down, down!!!



A Suggestion to Owners of Factory Chimneys near the route of Royal Procession. You'd get the above prices easily.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, in his high-spirited and patriotic speech at the Royal Colonial Institute, complained of certain unfriendly critics who "appear to be under the impression that nobody but a foreigner has a right to be a patriot." A hit, a palpable hit, Sir! *Per contra*, however, there are a yet larger number of people who appear to hold the equally irrational opinion that "nobody but an Englishman has a right to be a patriot"; and that the patriotism of the foreigner is, to say the least of it, a mere superfluity of naughtiness. Which is absurd! If patriotism is a crowning virtue in a Briton, it cannot be a vice even in a Boer. Let us, whether common citizens of Colonial Ministers, remember that the worst enemy of Peace is he who would make patriotism a monopoly—anywhere.

A patriot, no doubt, is a fine fellow, Whether he's black, or white, or brown, or yellow; But the wise patriot, foe to strife and schism, Allows for other people's patriotism.

WITH THE S. AFRICAN INQUIRY COMMITTEE.—Mr. L-B-CII-RE hopes to succeed in carrying out his plan of examination, cheered by the ancient Latin proverb, "*Labby omnia vincit.*"

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PROVERB (by an evicting landlord on the route of the Royal Jubilee Procession).—"An empty house is better than a good tenant."



A LA MODE.

Madame Jones. "THERE, MISS! NOW DON'T THAT STYLE SUIT YOUR MA'S FIGURE MOST BEAUTIFUL?"

THE WOTHERSPOONS.

A STORY IN SCENES.

VII.

SCENE—The Dining-room, as before.

Spencer (to himself). It's awful! Poor dear ETTA! engaged to a Swiss valet, and no more idea of it than— I really don't know what I can say or do. I wonder whether— I'll try it. (Aloud.) ER—VON GUBLER, to return to this valet. It strikes me now that he'd much better marry the keeper's daughter.

Fritz (with a short laugh). Fery goot advahice, but a liddle doo lade!

Henrietta (to herself). How blind poor SPEN is! If I could only open his eyes, or work on this girl's better feelings—if she has any—I might— (Aloud, with intention.) Yes, SPENCER, FRITZ means that the girl, from pique or—some other motive, has been foolish enough to engage herself to—somebody more than twice her age.

Spencer. (to himself). That's a back-hander for me. It's not kind, or like ETTA—but there, poor girl, I must make allowances for her. (Aloud.) Oh, I was not aware of that. Well, well, such marriages are not always—

Henr. But this one can't turn out well. And how does she know that, when it is too late, the valet who, I believe, is still devoted to her— You did say so, didn't you, FRITZ? (In an undertone.) Say he is; you're not helping me a bit!

[FRITZ tugs at his moustaches with an expression of hopeless vacuity.]

Mercy. Excuse me, ETTA, my dear, but if Mr. VON GUBLER told you that, he might have mentioned that the valet—unless I'm very much mistaken—is engaged to be married himself.

Spencer. And for purely mercenary reasons, I'm afraid, eh, MERCY, my darling? Still—er—I am sure that, if his fiancée were acquainted with the facts, she wouldn't hesitate a moment in releasing him.

Mercy. Mr. VON GUBLER hasn't said yet whether the valet wanted to be released. (To FRITZ.) Does he?

Fritz. To find himself left out altogether in the colt? Nod likely!

Spencer. Ah, but there's time yet, you see. He might go back to his old sweetheart, and MERCY has an idea that if he did, she might not be unwilling, even now— (To MERCY, sotto voce.) Back me up, darling, back me up!

Mercy. You're going too far, SPENCER. If she's the girl I take her for, she wouldn't have anything to do with a man who's left off caring for her.

Henr. But he hasn't left off, has he, FRITZ? And—and we both think, if she only had the courage to break it off—

Mercy. On the bare chance that he might do the same? I wouldn't, in her place. Besides, how can a girl tell a man like that?

Spencer. (thoughtfully). I see the difficulty. But I tell you what I could do, VON GUBLER. If I only had this other man's name and address—I mean the man this girl is now engaged to, I'm quite willing to go and call upon him myself, and put it to him delicately, you know.

Mercy. Oh, don't, don't! if you only knew how ridiculous you're making yourself!

Spencer. (annoyed). My dear MERCY, you might give me credit for being—er—sufficiently a man of the world to—

Henr. No, no, SPENCER. I will undertake to explain it to him. And if MERCY can tell me where to find this other woman, I will go and see her. I'll appeal to her pride and self-respect to give up this man, the valet, who doesn't really care for her, and does care for somebody else. (MERCY giggles hysterically.) I appear to amuse you?

Fritz. It is nodings. Miss MARIQUET thinks perhaps you will find that lathy a liddle diffigult to convince.

Mercy. But if they were both free, they wouldn't be a bit forwarder, for the valet has nothing to marry on.

Fritz. I peg bardon. I habben to know he has a schmall broberthy, nod much, but enoff to puy a liddle hotel or lotching-house, and lif bretty gomfordable.

Henr. There, MERCY, you see that if the girl only— But let us two go upstairs and talk it over, and leave SPENCER and FRITZ to smoke in peace. [She rises.]

Spencer. Yes, go, my dear, for I should like a little quiet chat over this with VON GUBLER, and if he will leave it to me—

Fritz. (sullenly). It is pedder you leaf it to the yong beoples to saddle. It is fery simble. This yong chab has only to say to the yong vomans, "Look here, if you sack your olt yellow, I gif my olt curl whad you gall the chuck!" There it is in a nudshell.

Spencer. (disgusted). If that's your idea of putting it delicately!

Fritz. Ach, we are oal so deligate and diblomatic we nefer get noverhe! HENRIETTE, de not leaf pefore I ask Miss MARIQUET if she brefer an elterly sugarproker with nod much moneys, a schmall house, and a mittle-aged sister to a yong enderbrising Schwiss with loaf in his heart and in his pocket a liddle gabtial!

Mercy (rushing into his arms). Oh, FRITZ, of course I'd rather have you if you'll give up HENRIETTA! And I'm sure SPENCER won't mind. He's such a goodnature'd old dear. Now, you know you are, SPENCER!

[SPENCER and HENRIETTA stare wildly at them. SPENCER passing his hand over his brows.] But—but, MERCY, you can't be— Why, you told me your father was a gentleman-farmer, and frequently went out shooting with Lord COLESHAFTS!

Fritz. As keeber—quide drue. The rest—well, I sabbuse that was oal liddle MERCY's von.

Henr. (faintly, from an armchair into which she has sunk). But—at least you cannot have been a—valet? A VON GUBLER!

Mercy. GUBLER I knew him as. Plain GUBLER. I fancy the rest was—well, wasn't little Fritz's von. And I can't help being a little amused, you know, at your being in such a state lest I should shock his aristocratic feelings by letting out that I'd been a servant. And oh, SPENCER, when you volunteered to go and put the case to yourself as one man to another—well, there, it was very nearly the death of me!

Spencer. I—I daresay it must have struck you as supremely ridiculous. However, I think I may assure you that my sister and I fully recognise now that—that— Ah, MERCY, MERCY, you might have been frank with me!

Henr. (to Fritz). Do you suppose that if I had known—all this—I should ever have—?

Mercy. Oh, it's all very well, but you weren't so particularly frank with us. I shall always think—I always must think myself—that, being both so young and inexperienced, we ought to have been told more, and not deceived into giving a promise by—well, what some would call false pretences!

Fritz (wagging his head with solemn reproach). Yes, valse brentence, that is just the vort. We haf been imbosd upon.



REASSURING, BUT MORTIFYING.

Aristocratic but Incompetent Amateur (anxiously). HAVE YOU—ER—BACKED THE HORSE FOR MUCH?"
Owner. "MY DEAR SIR, SHOULD I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE MOUNT IF I HAD!"

Spen. (turning on him). Confound you, what do you mean by that? How have you been imposed upon?

Mercy. Why, I'm sure you never said a word about your not being well-off enough to give me a house of my own, and I'd no idea till this evening that I was expected to live in a poky little place like this along with your sister and her husband—let alone that he would turn out to be FRITZ!

Fritz. And Miss VODERSBOON gif me to onderstand that her broder was always to remain a patchelor and bay rades and daxes. I was neter dolt he vas engaged, and to the curl I loafed, and did not expect efer again to see!

Spen. and Henr. (stammering). But—but—but—we never——!

Mercy (sweetly). There, never mind, we forgive you. I'm sure, as things have turned out, we ought to feel very much obliged, oughtn't we, FRITZ? And now, if Miss WOTHERSPOON won't think it offully rude my leaving so early, I must be running away, as I promised aunt I'd be back soon. There needn't be any ill-feeling between us, I'm sure? [*She comes towards SPENCER.*]

Spen. (indistinctly). I—I shall always wish you well, my dear.

Mercy. That's right. And—and I'm sure FRITZ won't be jealous if I gave you just one—— [*She comes closer; SPENCER draws back involuntarily.*] Oh, well, you needn't be sulky about it! FRITZ, you'll see me home to Shepherd's Bush, won't you?

Fritz. Certainly. Gootbye, mine HEN—I mean, Miss VODERSBOON. Do not weep for me. In dime you com to see it is pedder we bart.

Henr. (with her hand on the bell). I think I have come to see that already.

Mercy (cheerfully). Ob, yes, it would never have done. We should only have tought like ferrets in a bag. And now—why you two will have your cosy little house, and your old-fashioned things, and your homely housemaid, all to yourselves. Goodbye, and thanks for a most offully pleasant evening. We can let ourselves out. Come, FRITZ, I daresay we can find a hansom at the corner.

[*She departs, leaving SPENCER sitting stupefied, his head in his hands.*]

Fritz (as he follows her). A hansom—yes. Or a bus.

[*The front door is shut. SPENCER and HENRIETTA remain silent for some time.*]

Henr. (at length). Well, SPENCER?

Spen. (drcarily). Well, HENRIETTA?

Henr. They were right. We—we are better as we are.

Spen. Yes, it would never have done.

[*There is a knock at the door; both start violently. MARIA enters with tray.*]

Maria. I thought p'raps it was coffee you rang for, Sir. (*She sees Miss W. with surprise.*) I've only brought two cups in, Miss HENRIETTA. I was going to give you and the—the young lady yours in the drawing-room.

Henr. Thank you, MARIA, but I will take mine here. And—the other two cups will not be needed—now.

Maria (with comprehension). Well, Miss, I'm sure it's a load off my mind, for, as I've just been saying to cook—(*she checks herself at the sight of their expressions*)—that coffee-machine don't make coffee, not fit to drink, for four. (*To herself, as she goes out.*) Pore souls, it's easy to see what's happened. I think I'd better tell cook I'd only been gammoning her!

Henr. (rising, and putting her hand on SPENCER's shoulder). SPEN, dear, are you feeling very sore about this?

Spen. I feel I've been an old fool, ETIA, my dear, and it serves me right.

[*He draws her down to a seat beside him.*]
Henr. I've been quite as much a fool. SPEN, that—that wretch had the impertinence to tell me "not to weep for him"! Oh, I wish now I could have said something that would have stung even him. And that girl actually offered to kiss you, after—— Did you notice?

Spen. Yes—I noticed. She thought I was sulky, but somehow I couldn't—— (*Half to himself.*) I wish now I'd——

Henr. One never thinks of the right things till afterwards, and then it's too late.

Spen. (with a sigh). And then it's too late.

[*He puts out his hand, which she takes. Both sit gazing silently at the fire.*]

[THE END.]



He. "WHAT PRETTY HAIR THAT MISS DASHWOOD HAS—LIKE SPUN GOLD!"
She (her rival). "YES—FOURTEEN CARROT."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Being some selections from the Correspondence between Mr. Robert Roundabout, his Nephew at Cambridge, and others.)

NO. XI.—OF THE UNDERGRADUATE IN LONDON—OF THE YOUNG TOWN-BIRD—OF YOUTH AND ENJOYMENT—OF A DOG AND A CAT.

MY DEAR JACK,—Lo, how the weeks slip away! Perhaps on the very day of your receiving this letter you will be packing your luggage, paying your bills (ahem!), and descending upon the metropolis to witness, as one who, having been behind the scenes, knows all that is to be known about these two earth-shaking events, the Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports and the Boatrace from Putney to Mortlake. If you wish to make my humble rooms your headquarters for a few days before you go home and rejoice the heart of your mother, I need only tell you that you will be heartily welcome, and that a latch-key, to be used, as I hope, with the modesty and discretion that are the most charming qualities of youth, is at your disposal.

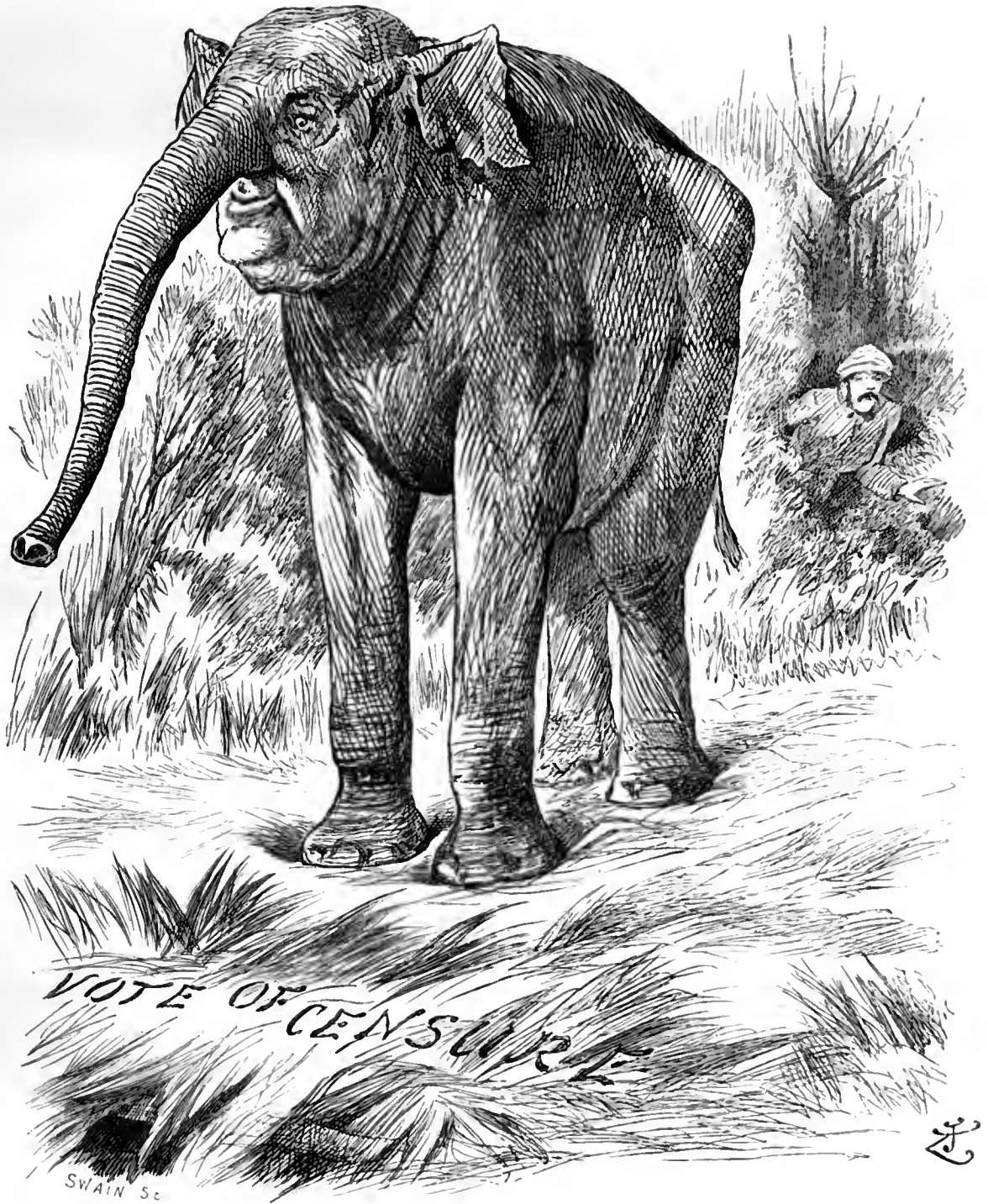
Even if I kept no count of the changing seasons by any other method, I should know the advent of the University Vacation by the appearance of our London streets. At every step you meet the slim and springy figures of the undergraduates, their fresh and cheerful faces somewhat overcast, it must be admitted, by the dread responsibility attaching to frock-coats, patent-leather boots and neckties, that in their ample magnificence leave but little to the imagination. Two of them, it may be, while walking irreproachably down St. James's Street, and reciting to one another the awe-inspiring names of the various clubs they pass, see a friend advancing to meet them. They saw him last at Cambridge two days before, when they parted from him at the end of a Term spent in his society. What does that matter? The three greet one another with a surprised enthusiasm that might be the result of years of separation. There are slappings on the back, hearty welcomings, immediate offers of cigarettes: "Why, old man, fancy meeting you here! What have you been doing all this time? When did you come down? Where are you off to? Are you doing anything to-night? Capital! Let's dine together and go to a play." And so they hook arm-in-arm and away they go together as if the whole world with all its hopes and pleasures were theirs. The town-bird, even when recently fledged, is of a different order. Heaven forgive him,

he has been through everything and seen through everybody; for him everything is *vieux jeu*; he sees no more in life than Sir CHARLES COLDSTREAM (I think it was he) saw in the crater of Vesuvius, and he passes on his way, a parched and pleasureless being, to whom the world is as flat as the late Mr. HAMPDEN always maintained it to be. Even amongst undergraduates, I believe, this pattern has its imitators, who ape the man of the world, attempt to disguise themselves in a mask of cynicism, and put away from them forcibly all the joy and freshness and heartiness of youth. These are the youngsters—their numbers, I am thankful to say, are few, but should be fewer—who haunt the pleasure-palaces of London even in Term-time, whose highest ambition is to be mentioned in print as the associates of Lais or Phryne, and who find, when the unrelenting years have stranded them on the barren shore of middle age, that they have never been young or enjoyed themselves with a genuine enjoyment. Of these are not you. No, my dear JACK, enjoy yourself while you can, and don't be afraid of showing your feelings. It is a great thing to have friends, to hear their welcome as you greet them, to get all the good you can out of this delightful world and all that it contains of fresh, manly, honest pleasure while the fresh capacity for pleasure is still yours.

You say nothing in your letter about the agreeable *Tatters*. Am I to make provision for that talented terrier, or shall you send him home straight? I ask because, as you know, a large and friendly tabby cat in reality owns this house and all that it contains, though it does not disdain to be spoken of as the property of the landlady. *Selina* will have to be consulted on the subject of *Tatters'* arrival, and it is probable that a temporary sanctuary will have to be arranged so that there may be no collisions on the staircase or in the passages. Unlike *Tatters*, *Selina* has no tricks. She is a model of furry dignity, with an irresistible affection for my favourite armchair.

Goodbye. Your affectionate uncle, Bon.

P.S. *Saturday*, 3 P.M.—Oxford has won! Having delayed this letter in order to ascertain the result of the race, I suppose I am bound to condele with you on the recent loss! Not having seen or heard of or from you in London, I shall confide this letter to the hall-porter of my club, where I have no doubt you will make a point of calling.



THE ELEPHANT TRAP.





THE FIRST ASPARAGUS OF THE SEASON.

Farmer (at Market Dinner). "WULL, GEN'ELMEN, I DUNNO WOT BE THE C'RECT WAY O' SERVIN' THESE 'ERE, BUT I OEN'ELLY EATS JUST THE ENDS OF 'EM MYSELF!"
 [Helps himself to the tops!]

"ALONE IN LONDON."

Do calls of duty, pleasure, fate,
 Explain the situation?
 Or has she accepted—somewhat late—
 J. THOMSON'S invitation? *
 I know not. Knowledge, after all,
 My woe might only crown
 For all my pains—the fact remains,
 AMANDA'S out of town!

Though Fashion is a tyrant Queen,
 Her rule I'm now evading—
 I am not even to be seen
 On Sundays church-parading!
 South Kensington may rail at me,
 At me Belgravia frown,
 No more I rush to ball and crush—
 AMANDA'S out of town!

At social functions I have ceased
 To form a pleasing feature,
 For quite a fortnight at the least
 I've scarcely seen a creature—
 Except one day (we met by chance)
 With MAY (I mean Miss) BAOWN
 I'd just a chat—no more than that—
 AMANDA'S out of town!

Far lonelier seems my lonely room
 Than ever I remember,
 For me the sky has all the gleam
 Of London in November.
 The sun shines rarer than it used,
 The rain beats steadier down,
 The streets appear more dull and drear—
 AMANDA'S out of town!

Even the theatres for a while
 For me have lost their magic,
 In funny plays there's ne'er a smile,
 And scarce a tear in tragie.
 A novel seems more hard to read,
 Black care more hard to drown,
 The old club-bore to haunt me more—
 AMANDA'S out of town!

Yet, happy thought! A maiden's bow
 To bear two strings is reckoned—
 Why not a man's, I'd like to know?
 By Jove! I'll start a second!
 This very afternoon I'll go
 And call on Mrs. BROWN,
 And while (with MAY) an hour away—
 AMANDA'S out of town!

* "Come, dear AMANDA, quit the town," &c.,—
 an invitation given a Spring or two ago.

Organic Appreciation.

Mrs. Bountiful (after hearing the new organ at the village church). What I most admire, Mr. SIMPLEX, are the wonderfully human tones of the Nux Vomica stop!

NOTE BY DARBY JONES.—"It is the first time in my long experience that I ever heard of a HAWKE protecting pigeons. In some illogical but ornithological way the gentleman in question reminds me of a cuckoo collecting subscriptions for the preservation of the nests of sparrows."

THE NEW CHIVALRY.

[“It is natural that women should admire fighters. Naturally they think more of a man who can fight than of any other man.”—*John L. Sullivan on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight.*]

“O, WOMAN! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy,” and—all the rest of it,
 When man is on his second's knees,
 'Tis then your presence makes the best
 of it.

Once went to watch in battle's rear,
 Now in fight's brawling, brutal, bully
 van

You stand and shout, despising fear—
 So says the dithyrambic SULLIVAN.

CLARE sat and gazed o'er Flodden's fight
 At a remote, respectful distance.

Mrs. FITZSIMMONS keeps in sight,
 And renders practical assistance.

ELIZA, on the wood-crowded hill
 O'er Linden, watched wild war's vicissitude,

But Mrs. F., at the great “mill,”
 “Conducts herself with great solicitude.”

Oh, sweet romance of the ring-side!
 A pugilist *must* feel complacent,

What time his Amazonian bride
 With good advice is “close adjacent.”

How that Pug's buzzum must rejoice
 Who, true to chivalry's high law alone,

Hears his wife's winning, warning voice,
 “Keep at his ribs, and leave his jaw
 alone!!!”

At the old lists the ladies' eyes—
 So bards who hymn the tourney's shocks
 sing—

“Rained influence and adjudged the prize.”
 How different in modern boxing!

'Tis now the lady's voice that rains
 Pithy advice in free vernacular,

Urges the blow, the rush restrains,
 At once inspiring and oracular.

Fancy Queen GUINEVERE of old,
 When LANCELOT levelled for a casque-hit,

Out-shouting to her champion bold,
 “Give him the lance in the bread-basket!”

“A pugilist at ARTHUR'S Court”
 Would give MARK TWAIN, who never
 spareth,

A chance to show a Yankee “sport,”
 Knocking out LANCELOT and GARETH.

A woman loves a fighter best;
 ELAINE would now back BOB FITZ-

SIMMONS;
 King ARTHUR'S self, put to our test,
 Would never pass our standard—

women's.

The Pug is now the Blameless King
 Who wins the modern woman's heuisein;

And it is “*Idylls of the Ring*”
 Must give his theme to our next
 TENNYSON.

GOLD IN LIVERPOOL.

The following is gleaned from the columns of the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—

L OST, Gold-headed Lady's UMBRELLA, between L. and Y. Station and Sandheys Avenue, Waterloo.—Return to, &c. Suitable reward.

A “suitable reward” is all very well. But what reward can be suitable, in the sense of being adequate, for the honest man or woman who, having happened upon the umbrella of a gold-headed lady, returns the treasure to its owner? *Miss Kilmansegg's* leg wasn't in it with this strangely-gifted female.

A Great Relief on Boat-race Day.

Little Chris (pointing to a horse with red rosettes). O, Daddy! here 'a a poor gee-gee what wasn't at one of the blue schools!



SENDING-IN-DAY AT THE R. A.

"BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO SEE THE PRESIDENT. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE HIM FOR?" "I WANT TO SHOW HIM EXACTLY WHERE I WANT MY PICTURE HUNG."

NOT FOR AN AGE.

(From a Dramatic Romance à la P-n-ro.)

"I AM so glad to see you," cried the young girl, as the man with the brown hair tinged with grey approached her.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, and there was sorrow in his voice. "What is there in common between us?"

"Everything," was the brief but comprehensive reply.

"You are mistaken," he continued, with a heartfelt sob; "indeed you are. I tell you that the past stands between us. I am an outcast. My friends that I have not seen for many months are no more. I am alone. The years that are gone have carried away the dreams of youth and the realities of middle age."

"You surely take a pessimistic view of the situation."

"Indeed, I do not!" he urged mournfully. "What would I not give for my past youth! If I were three years younger there might be some hope. But no, I am too old! The wings of the elderly butterfly are withered, and he no longer can flutter from flower to flower."

"I do not believe it; I cannot believe it."

"But I tell you it is true. I have seen half-a-dozen pantomimes, and can remember the opera for as many seasons. I am out of date. Bond Street has forgotten me, and I scarcely know my way down Piccadilly."

"It is never too late to mend," said the beautiful girl, encouragingly.

"Your suggestion comes from a half-forgotten copy-book. No, no, it can never be. All my companions are gone. I will follow their example. I, too, will away to some desert island, where the aged can meet their peers. I live in the past. I have no power of existing in the future."

"This is cruel," cried the girl, sobbing bitterly. "Can you not see that I am dying for your proposal, that I am ready to become your wife?"

"Believe me, such a thing might have happened five years ago. But now it is too late."

"Nothing is too late—except perhaps a play in five acts, which commences at a quarter to eight, and ends at about half-past eleven!" Then, summoning up courage, she asked the momentous question, "How old are you?"

He trembled in every limb. Then he braced himself up to go through the terrible ordeal.

"You should know—for I must disillusion you—that I am a fossil of thirty!"

"It is wiser as it is," she returned, after a pause. "Perhaps May had better not mate with Early September."

And so they parted, and lived on happily for ever afterwards!

THE EASTER PROBLEM.

Mater. Well, dear, I suppose we must try the coast.

Pater. But wouldn't it be rather dangerous—with the equinoctial gales—for the children?

Mater. Yes, I suppose it would. Well, then we might go inland—to some sheltered spot.

Pater. Better; but then the country is so dull at this season of the year.

Mater. Yes, so it is. Well, I suppose it would be too expensive to go abroad?

Pater. What, all of us! Of course it would!

Mater. On my word, I can think of nothing else.

Pater. Well, my love, while you are making up your mind I will pop across the Channel and consider the matter in Paris.

[And he does!]

Up to Now.

(After reading the denunciations of Arbitration at the Capetown Meeting, and the Amendments made to the Arbitration Treaty in the American Senate.)

ARBITRATE? Yes, about indifferent trifles,
Not so important as to warrant war;
But stick to the old arbiters, swords and rifles,
About all things that are.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—While London is concerned over the water question, Dublin is agitated on the matter of whiskey. Might not the two be amicably mingled in the good old-fashioned way?

THE BEST "FINANCIAL RELATIONS."—Our "Uncles."

RECIPROCITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—No doubt you have observed that the Chancellor of the Diocese of London has decided that Governor BRADFORD's story of the Pilgrim Fathers shall be handed over to the Ambassador of the United States. Very right and proper, and possibly other records of historical interest to our relatives across the Atlantic might be added to the log of the *Mayflower*, with the best results. For instance, could not that bill for SHAKESPEARE's bed be recovered and transmitted? If it were receipted (there is a certain virtue in the "if") it is sure to have been preserved somewhere. Then HAMPDEN's ticket for America, which was never used, might be discovered and forwarded with the rest. Perhaps it would be too much to send the original of Magna Charta, but there is (if I am not mistaken) a capital duplicate at Salisbury, which might be brightened up a bit and posted to Boston. There were claims, too, against the British Government, at the commencement of the present century, for compensation for losses incurred during the War of Independence, by the Mandamus Councillors of the King. Maybe, if these were duly forwarded to Washington, they would be honoured in a fashion beneficial to the descendants of those misguided Loyalists who preferred GEORGE the Farmer to GEORGE of the Stars and Stripes. Such a gift would be something of a set-off to the Alabama Claims that were so promptly honoured in this country. Lastly (if it has not already gone), could we not send out the kind heart of the great British nation? This would be following a precedent set by Sir HENRY IRVING.

All I would suggest in return for these simple gifts is a present of a fraternal good will, an article which, wherever it may exist, is certainly not to be found in the American Senate.

I remain, JONATHAN'S COUSIN IN ENGLAND.

A PROPOS DE BOTTES.—At a meeting of "the forward movement" of the Women's Vegetarian Association, it was said that vegetarian boots would shortly be on sale. Of course these feet coverings will be grown on boot-trees.



MAKING HISTORY.

Young Squire. "AND WHAT, JOHN, DO YOU INTEND DOING TO COMMEMORATE HER MAJESTY'S OLOUROS REIGN?"
The "Oldest." "OH, I SHALL TRY TO KEEP SOBER A WEEK!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, March 30, 2 A.M.—Members just streamed forth from heated air into cool March morning. Unlike the month the sitting, coming in like a lamb, went out like a lion. Ireland to begin with, Ireland for once almost hysterically unanimous. Report of Royal Commission on Financial Relations appears to promise opportunity of getting an extra million or so per annum out of the imperial exchequer. In such a cause what Irishmen would not be friends? As the Lord Mayor of Dublin—who, dressed all in his best, presented at bar a petition in favour of readjustment of financial relations of the two countries—beautifully said, "Let us, me boys, bury the hatchet of private animosity in the bosom of the public purse."

BLAKE presented Ireland's case in monumental speech. A sort of *Whitaker's Almanack-cum-Burdett's Official Intelligence*. Crammed with facts and figures; the long procession ably marshalled; the argument forcefully hammered home in lucid language, occasionally ennobled by simple eloquence. When he sat down there really didn't seem anything left for anyone else to say, unless it were the monosyllabled "No" by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. That would never do in House of Commons, especially in debate on Irish subject. So more speeches followed, all of length commensurate with BLAKE'S.

Midnight mercifully intervened; Members instinctively turned their thoughts homeward, but not their steps. Report of Supply next order. This free from domination of Twelve o'Clock Rule; debate may go on as long as there are forty Members awake to keep it going. PHILIP STANHOPE,

the PHILIPPE EGALITE of a milder century, flung on dying embers of sitting a flask of oil fresh from Crete. Instantly they blazed up, filling the erewhile sleepy chamber with fierce flame and stifling smoke. PRINCE ARTHUR, seething with righteous wrath, protested against "fragmentary, inconclusive and unsatisfactory debates" upon a delicate and difficult question. JOHN DIL- LON gave now Members a taste of his

quality in coercion days. GEORGE CURZON ran amuck at gentlemen below Gangway opposite. TIM HEALY long resisted temptation to associate himself with anything partaking of the character of a free fight. At end of hour and half was dragged in, and soon made up for lost time.

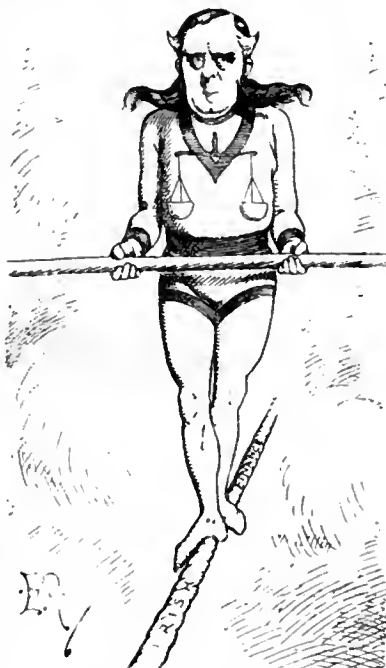
A lively skirmish presaging the pitched battle that can't be long deferred.

Business done.—Mixture of Ireland and Crete; taken hot.

Tuesday night.—General disposition to regard as exaggerated the note in an eminent Frenchman's diary of his visit to an English country house. "It's a fine morning," he represents his host as saying; "let's go out and kill something."

The libel finds some support in episode in connection with occupation of Crete. After taking part in bombardment of blockhouse at Malaxa Admiral HARRIS felt irresistible impulse to go and kill something. Turks forbidden; insurgents for the moment quiet; someone suggested snipe. So whilst Europe trembles on brink of war, all its capitals throbbing with excitement, the British Admiral goes a snipe-shooting. Would never have heard of expedition only for fact that insurgents, not to be outdone in activity, tried to pot the Admiral on returning to his ship, a circumstance which to the true sportsman lends additional charm to snipe shooting in Crete.

Question about it in House to-night. TIM HEALY puts another, which, as usual with him, goes straight to the point. "Will the Admiral in future," he asks, "confine himself to snipe shooting?" GEORGE CURZON, not having had even private notice of question, does not feel bound to answer it. House chuckled with delight at this prospect of settlement. Suppose Admirals of united fleets all go a snipe-shooting, leaving the Cretans to settle their private long-standing account with the Turks?



Rope-walking extraordinary by Sir E. Cl-rke.

Debate on financial relations of England and Ireland resumed. Debate perhaps not proper name for process. It is the reading or reciting of long essays. EDWARD CLARKE, not to be quite outdone by a gentleman from Canada, spoke for an hour and three quarters against BLAKE'S two hours and ten minutes. A pretty spectacle, though the performance a little prolonged. BLONDIN in his prime never so neat in execution as EDWARD CLARKE practising on the tight-rope of Home Rule, with assistance of a pole weighted at one end with "Justice to Ireland," at the other with "Unity of the Empire." So well done that when he lightly leaped down and bowed acknowledgment of applause

"Is it your pleasure that leave be given?" asked the SPEAKER.

"No," cried the guilty Ministerialists.

"Yes," roared a full-throated Opposition.

Challenged for supporters, over three score Liberals rose. Leave accordingly given. SWIFT MACNEILL submitted his case, bringing guilt home to door of the doubly-absent Minister. Never in Parliamentary history was speech so effective. It literally paralysed the audience. No one rose either to further indict or to attempt extenuation. Nothing to be done but to put the question, and, motion for adjournment negatived, House proceeded to ordered business.

and-bye. But you must really allow me to choose my own time for calling."

Business done.—In the absence of his esteemed Leader, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE endeavoured to raise debate on Crete. Didn't raise it much.

THE MILITIA OFFICER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What advantage do you derive from your commission as a commander in "the old constitutional force?"

Answer. The satisfaction of feeling that I am doing my best to secure my country from invasion.

Q. Is that sentiment universally influential?

A. No; for the militia is sadly in need of officers. The roll is no less than 700 short of the authorised establishment.

Q. Leaving out of the question your conscience, do you obtain other satisfaction?

A. Scarcely; unless it be satisfactory to be sneered at by the regulars and jeered at by the volunteers.

Q. Are there not social advantages attaching to the commission of a Militiaman?

A. Undoubtedly. It is a qualification for membership to the Senior Service Clubs, but as the elder sons go into the reserve, and the younger brothers to the active battalions, the former are eligible for institutions of equal distinction.

Q. You can put your rank on your cards?

A. A questionable advantage, as the grade should be accompanied, to avoid ridicule, with the number of a militia battalion—a reference suggestive of amateur soldiering.

Q. Is the training of the militia, then, mere child's play?

A. Certainly not; as a battalion manages to get through more genuine hard work in twenty-seven days than the regulars do in a quarter, or even six months.

Q. Is this fact recognised by the public and the Government?

A. The public know nothing about it, and the Government accept it officially, and then ignore it.

Q. Does not a commanding officer take a pride in the efficiency of his militia regiment?

A. If he does, he is still haunted with the knowledge that at the first talk of war about half of his men will be drafted into the active battalion, and their places supplied by raw recruits.

Q. But surely he should be pleased to think that the militia is the nursery of the regular army?

A. He might regard the reflection with satisfaction if he obtained the slightest recognition of his patriotic unselfishness.

Q. Speaking as a patriot, how would you fill the vacancies in the commissioned ranks of the militia?

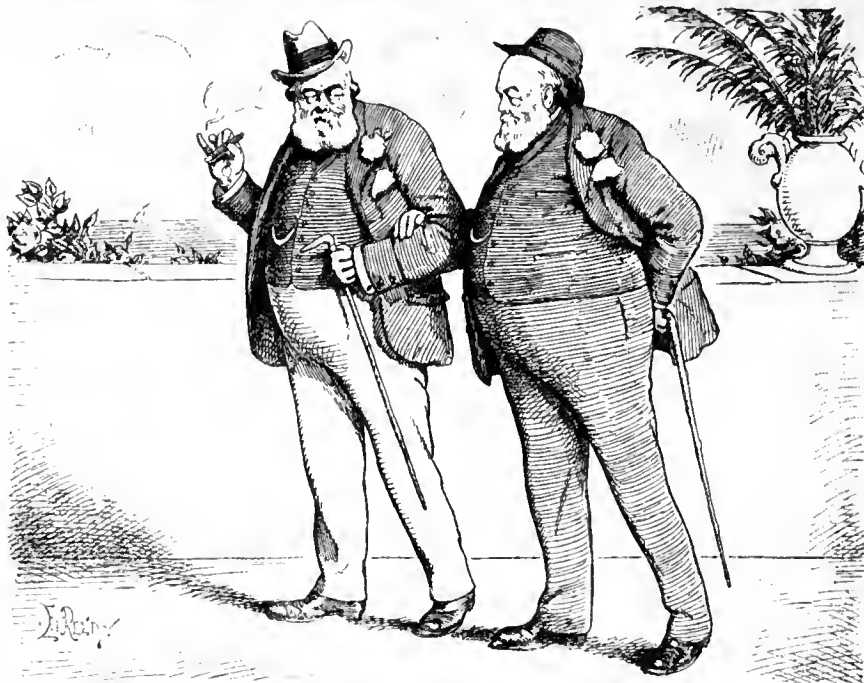
A. By causing all subalterns to pass from "the old constitutional force" into the regulars, and sending back seasoned warriors into the battalions first associated with their names in the *Army List*.

Q. Have you any reason for believing that this scheme is the best possible?

A. Yes; as it has already been received with general approval by a body of experts meeting recently at the Royal United Service Institution.

Q. Is such a gathering as that to which you refer to be relied on for sound sense?

A. Unquestionably; when its members are permitted to speak their minds without regard to the opinions officially formulated in Pall Mall or at the Admiralty.



The Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs take an (un-) "Constitutional" together in the South of France!

no one quite knew what was his exact position with respect to Amendment before House. *Business done.*—More union among Irish Members. New reading of old saying: "Union is Cash."

Thursday.—SWIFT MACNEILL strode down to House to-day full of fell purpose. In spite of occasionally terrifying attitude and thunderous voice, he is one of the gentlest-hearted men in the world. Wouldn't hurt a fly, even if its Saxon birth stared through its luent eyes and betrayed itself in the movement of its tremulous legs. But there are things which pass the limits of fabulous forbearance. The MARKISS'S absence from the United Kingdom just now is one such. If he were merely the Premier, 'twere bad. If he were solely Foreign Secretary, 'twere regrettable. He is both, a Ministerial amalgam, the component parts forming most indispensable element in Cabinet.

That he should be making holiday on the Riviera whilst the dogs of war are baying round Crete is the unpardonable sin. SWIFT MACNEILL will, at whatever cost to private feelings, perform a public duty. So, questions over, he rose, asked leave to move adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent public importance the absence from the United Kingdom of the PRIME MINISTER and FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Painful later to observe surprise on faces of crowd of Liberal Members who had supported demand for leave to move adjournment. Standing Order requires that Members approving shall rise to their feet. Being on their legs in token of their burning desire to hear SWIFT MACNEILL'S speech, Members walked out, coming back after brief interval, surprised to find all was over.

Business done.—The MARKISS narrowly escapes being sent to the Tower.

Friday.—PRINCE ARTHUR entering just now, glanced eagerly at Front Opposition Bench, scanning it in vain for towering form of its Captain. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, careful for a life dear to us all, wisely keeps to his room this bleak April day. PRINCE ARTHUR urgently wants to know how about that Vote of Censure? Nothing would please him better than to have the glove dashed down. Signs on the horizon of restlessness among his own men at news of British ships taking active part in league with fleet coercing Greeks and firing on Cretans. A Vote of Censure would close up their ranks, strengthening at home and abroad position of Ministry by overwhelming majority.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" says PRINCE ARTHUR to the SQUIRE.

"Perhaps," says the wary SQUIRE. "By-



TIME DOES SEEM SO LONG WHEN YOU'RE WAITING FOR YOUR WIFE, WHO IS SHOPPING,

THAT SOMETHING OF THE ABOVE OUGHT REALLY TO BE STARTED FOR THE POOR HUSBANDS.

MY TEN-ACT COMEDY.

I HAD written a comedy. In my opinion it was bright and sparkling. I am a very unprejudiced person, especially where my own work is concerned. I had sent the manuscript to a well-known London manager, feeling pretty confident that it would be accepted without much hesitation. Imagine then my surprise and annoyance, when the play came back with a polite intimation that it was not thought suitable for the Piccadilly Theatre.

"There must be some mistake," said I to myself. So I drove to the theatre. I sent my card in to Mr. JOHN ASHBURNHAM, the manager, and in less than five minutes was ushered into that gentleman's comfortable little sanctum.

"I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mr. WILLIS," he said; "but, if I remember rightly, you have written a play."

"It is about that play that I have come to see you," I said.

"I guessed as much," replied Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "I always make a point of seeing authors when they call upon me—especially unknown authors," he added, with that peculiarly sweet smile which has really made his fortune on the stage. "And at present you are an unknown author, are you not?"

"I am," I answered, with quiet dignity. "The comedy which I submitted to you a fortnight ago is my first dramatic work."

By this time we had settled down into two comfortable chairs, and I thought it better to bring him to the point.

"My comedy has been sent back to me this morning," I remarked. "By mistake, I presume?"

"Oh! no," he answered, gently; "not by mistake."

I looked at him in amazement. "Do you mean to tell me," said I, "that it is rejected?"

"Returned' is a softer word," he murmured.

I felt, of course, intensely indignant, but I managed to control my feelings.

"You owe me an explanation," I said, very quietly.

"You shall have one," replied Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "Your comedy is in ten acts."

I saw what he meant. I had not written enough.

"I could make it fifteen, if you wished," I said. "Then the play might last for three nights. Five acts a night. It would be so

good for business. At the end of the fifth act the stage manager might come in front and say, 'To be continued in our next.'

"It is a good idea," said Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "Now, your first act is all talk. Talk, talk, talk!"

"Naturally," I replied. "Did you think I meant it for a dumb-show play?"

He smiled. "Your second act again is talk—all talk."

"You are hypercritical," said I. "Does not the servant in the second act bring on a box of toy bricks to amuse ALGERNON and his friends? Grown men playing with toy bricks after dinner! Was there ever such a delightful incident!"

"The public would never stand it," said the manager, wearily. "The pit and gallery would simply howl."

"And then," he added, "you introduce a long solo on the bassoon in the middle of the third act. Why, that would stop all the action of the piece."

"You are wrong," I exclaimed; "quite wrong. At that point, as you yourself must admit, the action of the piece has not yet commenced. The action cannot possibly be interrupted when it has not begun."

"There is some truth in what you say," answered Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "Still, if you must have a bassoon solo, I should have preferred it between the acts."

"But you have not noticed my brilliant satire, and my sardonic humour," I urged.

"That is true," said the manager; "I have not. However, I have noticed that you introduce fifty-four speaking characters into your play—"

"All good parts," I cried. "You must allow that."

"And it contains just plot enough for a one-act farce," he added, without noticing my interruption.

"Such an opportunity for costumes, isn't it?" said I.

"Yes; in that respect, I admit, the play is distinctly clever."

"I really think you had better accept it," I suggested.

"Not in its present form," said the manager. "You still have something to learn about the art of dramatic construction."

I demurred.

"Nay, but you have indeed," and he smiled again that fascinating smile. "Take Mr. PINERO as your model. He is a past-master in the art of construction. Buy a copy of *The Magistrate*, and study that.

Above all things, let your play have a plot. The audience generally feel more interest in a play when it has a plot. Avoid mere talk."

I was nearly heartbroken, and it was with difficulty that I could repress my emotion.

"Must I cut out my brilliant satire," I asked, with a choking sob, "and my sardonic humour?"

"Only beginners attempt that kind of thing," said Mr. ASHBURNHAM. "Make PINERO your model. Master his *Magistrate*. Mould yourself upon his methods, and then, depend upon it, you will never write a dull play."

I am going to take Mr. ASHBURNHAM'S advice. I have put my ten-act comedy into the fire; I have bought a copy of *The Magistrate*; and now I am going to imitate Mr. PINERO to the very best of my ability. And what is more, I intend to go next week to the St. James's Theatre, and see his latest piece, *The Princess and the Butterfly*. I hope to learn a great deal from that.

AN EXPLANATION.

TELL me not, sweet, I am untrue,
Or fickle is my roving fancy,
If sometimes I have sung of "you,"
Sometimes of PHYLLIS or of NANCY!

And if sometimes my pen has ranged
To celebrate AMANDA'S praises,
Tell those who'd say my heart has
changed,
Colloquially, to "go to blazes!"

Or bid them (if you like) begone
To Jericho or far Uganda—
Only believe the intent is one
In NANCY, PHYLLIS, and AMANDA.

Sweet lady mine, they're all the same—
Who else than you to me were
sweeter?—

The change is only in the name.
Sometimes required by rhyme or metre!

So Near and yet so Far.

Dibbler (to Nibbler). Going away for
change of air at Easter?

Nibbler. Yes. I think I shall try Epping
Forest or Hampstead Heath.

Dibbler. Well, me and my mate is
divided between Eel Pie Island and the
Crystal Palace.



THE BOY IN CHARGE.

Master Curzon. GOT TO STOP IN THE OFFICE WHILE MASTER'S ABROAD TAKING HIS EASTER HOLIDAY, HAVE I? RATHER FANCY MYSELF IN MASTER'S TOGOERY! QUITE THE PRIME MINISTER!"

[Rt. Hon. GEORGE N. CURZON, M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary, is on duty at the Foreign Office during absence of the PRIME MINISTER.]



MARKET-DAY HUMOURS.

Local Humourist (pointing to hoary veteran). "I ZAY, MISTER AUCTIONEER, DO THIC SIGNIFY TH' AGE O' THAT PEO?"

THE TWO "N'S."

SCENE—*The Shades. Great English Admiral and great French General discovered in conversation.*

Admiral (after glancing at a newspaper). Really most gratifying. In spite of what they said in the House of Commons, I am very pleased to find that I was represented as a model of virtue at the Avenue.

General. By Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON? Yes, certainly.

Admiral. And they treated me fairly well at the Olympic, too. I came down all the way to Deal to be embraced by the fiancée of a common sailor; conducted a court-martial, acting as witness, prosecutor, counsel for the defence, and ultimately as judge; and finally, to comply with tradition, desired when dying to be kissed by a gentleman whose name was apparently ARDY, without the aspirate. Altogether a very pleasant evening.

General (gloomily). Ah! you have been lucky always, but I have ever been unfortunate—in England. At Astley's—once popularly known as "Hashley's"—I used to share a horse with WELLINGTON—which was ridiculous! And then there was the late Mr. JACKSON. He was clever; he was well made up. But did he suggest my glory? Did he present me as a conqueror? No; he only showed me taking snuff!

Admiral. Well, on my word! Talk of ingratitude! Well, I never!

General. I do not comprehend.

Admiral. Why, man alive! Say that you are not appreciated! Why, have you seen the programme at the Lyceum?

General. No. Since I was—what is your expression?—taken round the halls, I have

lost all sympathy with the drama. And am I really to be seen in Wellington Street?

Admiral. I should rather think you were! Why, HENRY IRVING appears for you every evening.

General (greatly relieved and delighted). HENRY IRVING! My character could not be in better hands!

[Congratulations become mutual as the Shades fade away.]

SCENTS VERSUS SENSE.

[Dr. L. ROBINSON, in *Blackwood's*, deduces the development of man's intellectual faculties from the restricted sense of smell in his primeval ancestors.]

Dr. ROBINSON says that mankind has done well

Ever since it "restricted" its "fine sense of smell."

Our reasoning powers are based on the fact that "olfactory shortcomings" led us to

act Upon ocular evidence rather than nasal. These subtle deductions the intellect dazzle.

When man was arboreal, and lived "up a tree,"

He found it less useful to scent than to see. And when he descended and dwelt in a hut, His optics grew wide, though his nostrils got shut.

When men could depend, not on noses, but wits,

From hunters they soon became civilised cits.

And there, if you understand ROBINSON, you see

The history of civilization *in nuce*. Aha! It is perfectly clear, I suppose,

Man was savage and silly whilst "led by the nose."

It was *this* maxim made him so wise and so strong:—

"If you follow your nose you are sure to go—wrong!"

THE VERSATILITY OF MODERN ART.

Editor of Illustrated Journal (to aspirant for position as Special Artist and Correspondent). I understand that you have a world-wide experience?

Aspirant. You may bet on that. At the present moment I'm doing Crete, the Venezuela Commission, the Greek Frontier, the Centenary of the first German Emperor, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, and the Brigade Steeplechases,—all sketches signed. I can also—

Editor (warmly). Say no more, my dear Sir, consider yourself engaged. Would you kindly commence on the Indian Famine, and KUGGER dismissing his grandson, to-morrow?

"Water, Water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the new Thames Steamboats, or rather the old Thames Steamboats, re-painted, are to be "run on temperance principles." Never having been on a Thames Steamboat which could by any stretch of imagination be said to run, I should be very much obliged if you could determine whether the "running on temperance principles" means the adoption of some fresh and powerful hydraulic method of propulsion? Yours curiously,

WILFRID NIBBLECHICK.

Waterbutt House, Peckham.



"DADDY, AS YOU'VE GOT TO GET A NEW MUZZLE FOR CÆSAR, HADN'T WE BETTER KEEP HIS OLD ONE TILL TINY GROWS UP!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—In face the dragon at the entry of the City—that dragon of pantomime to make to die of to laugh—finds himself an all other monument, an edifice of the most lugubrious, the Palace of Justice. The *façade* is one can not more gothic and severe, and the tower is suchly heavy and menacing that one forgets almost the gaiety of the dragon at the middle of the street. The Conciergerie at Paris is of the same style, equally sombre, but she was anciently a prison. Our Palace of Justice to us is not as the yours. Nor the one nor the other is as great as the Palace of Justice at Brussels. "*Savez-vous,*" as say the brave Belgers, they can to vaunt themselves *là-bas*, there low, of an edifice of the most enormous. *Savez-vous*, he takes a cake, as say the English. But, *savez-vous*, he has cost to them almost as much as their State of the Congo!

A mister of my acquaintance has told me that, at place of to mount to the public galleries in your Palace of Justice, a man in hat high of form can to pass the agents of police at the door if he marches all right, *tout droit*, and that he has the air very occupied and very pressed. I do as that one certain morning, and I arrive without difficulty to the Hall of Lost Steps.

There is not there anyone! *Quelle salle énorme, absolument déserte! Salle des Pas Perdus? Ils ne sont pas perdus, il n'y a pas de pas, perdus ou non pas perdus.* In fine I perceive, at the end of the immense hall, one sole man, evidently a commissioner. *Quel édifice, grand comme une cathédrale, pour abriter un seul commissionnaire!* He is probably one of the Commissioners of the National Debt. I have heard to speak of them. The hall has cost too much dear, and he is that which one calls "the man of possession" who represents the creditors of the nation.

Then at side I perceive, on a species of etiquette, the names of several courts. It is at the entry of a tunnel. My friend has counselled me of to advance without to hesitate. Therefore I enter immediately in the tunnel. For the moment I believe myself in the Railway under Ground. However, at the end of

an instant I perceive the feeble glimmer of a beak of gas, and, *tatonnant* in the obscurity, I encounter all suddenly the wall in face, actually at the end of the nose. Then searching still I find that I can to advance at side, and, marching thus with some infinite precautions, I hear the noise of a fall.

I arrest myself. The moment of after something rolls at my feet. I search my carry-matches, and lighting a match while the object lifts himself I see a fat mister, *tout enroufflé*, who is fallen in descending a spiral staircase of whom I perceive the first marches. If I were not actually in the Palace of Justice of the free England, country of the "Habeas Corpus Bill," I should believe myself in an *oubliette* of a middle-aged castle. At the least I am arrived by error in the caves, in the subterraneans, of the Palace. But no! The fat mister, having refound his hat and his umbrella, at the aid of some ones of my matches, explicates to me that all the staircases are as that. And suspecting probably that I am stranger, he counsels me of not to essay an ascension so dangerous. Then he disappears in the obscurity.

Que faire? I must to essay it. Lighting still some matches I mount the staircase very slowly and very carefully, and in fine I arrive at the summit where finds herself an all little window, a veritable "loop-hole." For the first time I can to admire the matches of my country! *Mon Dieu! Il faut se servir d'allumettes françaises pour monter l'escalier du Palais de Justice de l'Angleterre!*

Eh well, I arrive in a narrow corridor, also very sombre, but I can to see a small little, *un petit peu*. I find there much of world, entering and coming out of the doors all the long of the corridor. Me I go to enter. I push one of the doors, who shuts herself behind me. I find myself in complete obscurity, surrounded of a curtain. Not only that, but someone, perhaps essaying of to go out, attacks me from the other side of the curtain, marches on my feet, hits me on the chest, and smashes my hat. In this terrible moment another invisible assailant crushes me in opening the door. Enveloped of the curtain, incapable of to defend myself, suffocated, smashed, I push a cry of anguish, and I lance a good blow of foot in before. *Quel Palais de Justice! Un véritable coupe-gorge! Un quet-apens du moyen âge! On se croirait dans les cachots de l'ancienne Venise!* But I will die in hero! I will combat until the death!

I essay of to disengage myself the arms, for better to defend myself, and I cry at high voice, "*Au secours!*" From the other side of the curtain a voice responds "Silence!" and I hear some murmurs. By blue! Are they then some savages, who will leave me to perish as that? The curtain covers me the mouth, I respire at pain, and, making all my efforts, I push violently in arrear, *en arrière*. The door yields suddenly, and I fall outside in the arms of a commissioner.

Unuseful to demand help, unuseful to explicate to him all the affair, unuseful of anything to say! In vain I demand the arrestation of my assailants, in vain I proclaim myself a citizen of the French Republic! He says me only, "Are you a witness?" "No," I respond to him furious, "I see not anything. Enveloped of a curtain, it would be impossible. I demand—" "Thennoutchougo," interrupts he, and I am forced of to go myself of it by the corridor, by the staircase so dangerous, and by the tunnel to the Hall of Lost Steps, and in fine to the street.

As that, *Mister Punch*, I see but very little of your Palace of Justice. But I shall go perhaps one other time, accompanied of an English friend, *grand amateur de la boxe*, who would could to defend me.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

Little Eloff.

WHEN little ELOFF, full of spite and spleen,
Presumes to splutter at our gracious QUEEN,
The world replies with universal scoff,
And Echo answers little ELOFF—*Off!!!*

A Question of Headgear.

Mrs. Giniper (to *Mrs. RUMBOLD*, at the "Cat and Candlestick"). Wot's the matter, MARIA? You look as 'ow you'd bin cryin'!

Mrs. Rumbold. Cryin'! So would you 'ave bin if jest as you're a-goin' to buy yourself a spring 'at hout comes a Royal horder makin' yer get a new bonnet for the dawg!

Bluff.

One Leader. Strike, if you dare! That's the way among men, sure!

Why don't you tread on the tail of my coat?
The Other. Yah! What you'd like is a Vote of Censure—
We'd like to censure *without* the Vote.

UNDER CONTROL AGAIN!

(Extracted from the Diary of a Sad Dog.)

THOUGHT there was something wrong when I got up. Trilby, who understands human talk better than I do, was pretty cheerful—and that was a bad sign. How I do hate that cat! Then Master HARRY was very angry because he couldn't find something. He went out without me. That was in the morning. But in the afternoon he had evidently got what he wanted. He called me, and I came up as fresh as paint. Thought I might have a chance of showing my enemy the butcher-boy what a what. A little late, but perhaps might catch him outside the shop. But to my horror I found that the article whose loss had caused Master HARRY so much annoyance in the earlier part of the day was no less a thing than my muzzle! I don't like using bad language—even in dog-latin—but cuss it! However, there was nothing to be done. I pretended that I had outgrown it. But it was no good. Master HARRY got it over my head, and although I tried rubbing it against a lamp-post and the Square railings I could not get it off. Beastly thing! Enough to drive one mad. However, in course of time I think I shall be able to work my mouth through it, and then I will square accounts with the butcher-boy. Of course now wanted to avoid him. With my usual bad luck, came across him delivering a leg of mutton to No. 76 in our Square. He grinned like a baboon (idiot!) when he saw my muzzle. Then he whistled. His whistling always makes me wild! Did as much barking as I could with my jaws in straps. Brute of a boy seemed rather pleased than otherwise. Didn't enjoy my walk one bit, although Master HARRY took me into St. James's Park, where I generally manage to chivy the ducks. But on this occasion they seemed to be turning up their beaks at me. Evidently thought I had been muzzled for some crime—possibly for taking something from the larder. As if I would be capable of such meanness! Leave that sort of thing to Trilby, who, when anyone's back is turned, stealthily laps up the milk. So came home with my muzzle on my head and my tail between my legs. Trilby said that she thought the London County Council were quite right. So I suppose it's to that meddling body I owe my loss of freedom. Wish I could get at them! Still, I find that I may go free in the house. Well, that's a comfort at any rate. Buttons had better be on his best behaviour! And then I can have some fun with the handy-man. I always refuse to recognise him. I pretend to take him for a burglar, and treat him accordingly! So if I cannot amuse myself out of doors, I can, at any rate, find rational recreation at home. And now I must stop, as I see that the handy-man has a large picture in his hands on the top step of a ladder. It will be a real treat to have a good bark and perhaps a bite without the bother of a muzzle!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HENRY FROWDE lays at the feet of his Sovereign the tribute of a Diamond Jubilee Bible and Prayer Book. The volumes are produced in the perfection of style and workmanship that marks the Oxford University Press. The Bible contains two portraits, one a reproduction of a picture of the girl-Queen as she looked forth from the recesses of a charming poke-bonnet in the first year of her reign. The other is, apparently, the latest photograph taken of the venerable Sovereign. The volume is further enriched by reproductions of the cartoons painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS in 1778 for the window of New College, Oxford. There are two other portraits of the QUEEN in the Prayer Book, one taken from a painting by AGLAIO about 1837, the other a recent photograph. In both she is presented standing, crowned, and wearing her robes of State. But, my Baronite writes, between the two lies the long journey of sixty years.

The Book of Parliament, by MICHAEL MACDONAGH (ISBISTER & Co.), is a masterpiece of compendious information. It tells in lucid manner everything that may be known about the Constitution and Procedure of both Houses of Parliament. Considering the mass of detail dealt with, and the amount of information conveyed, the range of accuracy attained is remarkable. My Baronite observes only one error in date, and that is probably a misprint. A more serious blemish is misquotation of what Mr. MACDONAGH calls "the famous saying of Lord ROSEBERRY," privily addressed to my Baronite immediately after the fall of the Ministry in 1895. In *A Diary of the Home Rule Parliament* the text will be found to run thus:—"There are two supreme pleasures in life. One is ideal, the other real. The ideal is when a man receives the seals of office from the hands of his Sovereign. The real pleasure comes when he hands them back." Lord ROSEBERRY is such a master of phrase that we cannot have his gems reset



IT DOESN'T SOUND NICE.

His Better Half. "NOW, EDWIN, ABOUT THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION. DID YOU GET THE BEST PLACE YOU COULD FOR ME?"
Her Lord and Master. "YES, MARIA JANE, I DID. IT'S—IT'S IN ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCHYARD!"

by other hands. As Mr. MACDONAGH does not quote the authority he probably gives the marred quotation at second hand.

(Signed) THE BARON.

SUGGESTION FOR THE R.A.

5, The Studios, St. John's Wood, N.W.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The R.A. having once more rejected all my eight pictures, I think it high time that steps should be taken to check the tyrannical conduct of this autocratic body. It is an axiom now generally accepted (by "The Studio" set) that the better the picture the less chance it has of being accepted; the reason being this, that the R.A.'s are naturally afraid to admit any canvases that might eclipse their own. "Which of the Forty," says my wife, standing before her portrait as "*Desdemona*" (15ft. by 22), "which of the Forty could have painted that?" And I, looking sadly at my masterpiece, can only shake my head and echo, "Which?"

I have borne it long enough, Mr. Punch. Mrs. ROSE-MADDER's wardrobe is reduced to the lay-figure's ahroud, while little TITIAN's knickers would hardly pass muster as *caleçons*. This state of things is so obviously unjust that it cannot continue, and I therefore beg that you will assist me in giving publicity to the following resolutions which were passed this afternoon at a mass-meeting of "The Studios."

I. That the present President and Council of the R.A. be abolished.

II. That a new President and Council be appointed.

III. That the said new Council consist of and be solely selected from "The Studios."

IV. That the said new President be

Your obedient Servant, PERCY ROSE-MADDER.



“LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.”

Mrs. Ghoul. AH, FUNERALS ISN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE IN MY TIME! I RECOLLECT WHEN WE 'AD 'AM SANGWISHES AND SHERRY WINE; BUT NOW IT'S AS MUCH AS YOU CAN GET A BIT O' CAKE AND A CUP O' TEA. AH!”

SIR WALTER'S WAY.

“Self-praise is no recommendation.”

Old (and obsolete) Proverb.

[“Sir WALTER BESANT discloses, in the *Corn-hill*, a grave national weakness. Englishmen do not make enough of patriotic sentiment. . . . The Americans have two days of patriotic uplifting, and we have not one.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,

This is my own, my native land,
The rich, the dominant, the grand?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As Russ he flouted, Boer he spurned,
And all the band of “foreigners” banned?
Found all the virtues bound in British;
Called Teutons rude and Frenchmen skit-
tish;

Dubbed Austrian rude, Italian cranky,
And saw the yahoo in the Yankee;
Traced nothing good, great, brave, wise,
glorious,
Save in Old England the victorious?
If such there be, let him not falter,
Or with his patriotism palter,
But go at once to good Sir WALTER!
He'll teach him wisely, coach him well,
And make his manly bosom swell

With any number of fine stories
Concerning Britain's gains and glories;
Will make him recognise with glee
“Our racial supremacy”;
Show the solution of earth's riddle
Is “England playing the first fiddle”;
That “Days of patriot uplifting
Are indispensable for gifting
The modest Briton with a sense
Of his own super-eminence.

BULL is so mighty and—what's oddest—
So most preposterously modest,
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
He will forget, in chase of pelf,
To worship earth's great god—Himself!
He does not know his own renown
As wisdom's top and valour's crown.
But now Sir WALTER has well hit on
A scheme to make the foolish Briton,
By “patriotic sentiment,”

With his high merits more content;
He'll praise himself in style not cursory,
But start a National Anniversary,
Wherein, by his own matchless tongue,
His dominance mankind among
May be more adequately sung!

And then, O gracious heaven above us,
How the whole universe will love us!!!

WHO WROTE THIS?

THE following postcard was picked up near our office on Tuesday. Unfortunately the address and signature are illegible:—

“DEAR SIR,—In reply to your well-meant and, as I deem it, indiscreet question, ‘Should Greece be blockaded?’ I can only say that it is quite without the possibilities of a private person to gauge with accuracy the conditions of the situation in Eastern Europe. Nor is it within the scope of one, who has retired into purely philosophical studies, to determine the balance which hangs between the Hellenes and the so-called Great Powers. At the same time I have no hesitation in saying that the traditions of Marathon must be maintained, and that some remembrance of Salamis should act as a preventive to further aggression on the part of nations possessing no qualification for attempting the duties of marine police amid Homeric remains.”

THE STAFF, WHICH HELPS MOST HUMAN BEINGS TO BED.—The Candle-stick.



THE EASTERN EGG.

WHAT WILL COME OF IT?

27

SWAIN SC

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



A DEFINITION.

(An Easter Monday Sketch by the Sea.)

First 'Arry. "WHAT 'S A GEN'LEMAN RIDER, OLD PAL?"

Second 'Arry. "WHY, A COVE LIKE YOU AN' ME O' COURSE, AS AIN'T A BLOOMIN' PERFESSIONAL!"

THE LIMITS OF CHIVALRY.

O WOMAN in your hour of wrong,
Not vainly shall you seek
My voice and aid against the strong,
Who would oppress the weak.
Whenas I hear the whispered word
(Albeit sometimes true)
That you are fickle, vain, absurd—
Then I stand up for you.

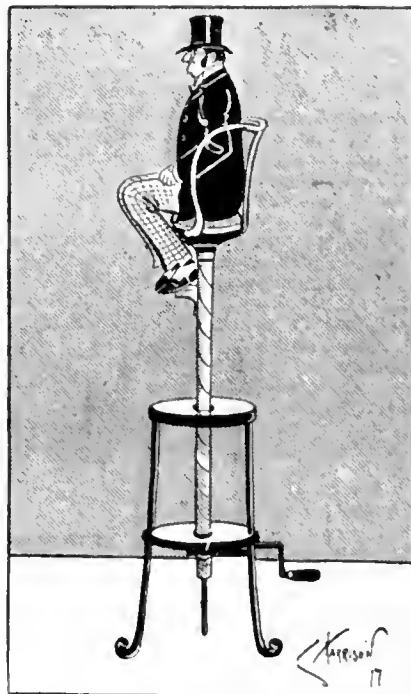
And be you fair, or be you plain,
Of lineage high or low,
In me a champion you shall gain,
If you will have it so.
Dear lady, you may even be
The woman known as "new,"
It matters not one jot to me—
I'll e'en stand up for you.

Whoever in your praise is dumb,
My voice at least I'll raise,
Who worship you in spite of some
Of your less pleasing ways.
At *matinées*, if you but hark,
Or at a private view,
Your hat excites adverse remark—
Yet I stand up for you.

Ape man without one frown from me,
Go out with dog and gun—
If of your party I may be
Excused from making one.
Make speeches, if you like, and wear
The "rational" tenue—
I do not come myself to hear,
Still—I stand up for you.

But when the omnibus is packed,
And you come pushing in;
When there are "six each side," in fact,
And none of us are thin;

And when you murmur soft and sweet
"I'll stand," a gentle cue
For me to give you up my seat—
I don't stand up for you!



Selling in Thousands! Nupkins' Patent Jubilee Chair, on the Pianoforte Stool principle. Packs up into a small portmanteau or hat case. Can be purchased on the Three Years' System.

A BAR TO THE BAR.

To the Editor of Punch.

DEAR AND LEARNED SIR,—As you are admittedly the mouthpiece of Justice, will you allow me to call your attention to the resolution which has recently been passed by the General Council of the Bar objecting to counsel "holding the office of Town Clerk, Clerk to Guardians, or any similar public office" taking private practice? The Committee have gone further. They have sent a resolution to the Benchers of the four Inns of Court, contending that "It is undesirable that a person holding any such office should be called to the Bar." I can quite understand the feeling that has prompted this action. Competition is keen in our profession, and we—no doubt—would prefer to keep Town Clerks and the like to their work to the exclusion of any other duty. But the suggestion that a person holding the positions referred to should not be called to the Bar hints at the undesirability of Barristers themselves accepting such appointments. To this, for reasons of a self-evident character, I cannot possibly agree. And as I speak as the representative of a very large majority of my colleagues, I trust you will give publicity to my opinion. Yours truly,
A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court.

P.S.—I may say that were I offered such an appointment I would relinquish my private practice at once. I may add, that with some such career in view I have for many years past been reducing the number of my clients. Should corroboration be needed my clerk, Mr. PORTNOTON, will be happy to show my fee-book. Of course, only to members of the profession.



Publisher (impatiently). "WELL, SIR, WHAT IS IT?" *Poet (timidly).* "O—ER—ARE YOU MR. JOBSON?" *Publisher (irritably).* "YES."
Poet (more timidly). "MR. GEORGE JOBSON?" *Publisher (excitably).* "YES, SIR, THAT'S MY NAME."
Poet (more timidly still). "OF THE FIRM OF MESSRS. JOBSON AND DOODLE?" *Publisher (angrily).* "YES. WHAT DO YOU WANT?"
Poet. "OH—I WANT TO SEE MR. DOODLE!"

OUR HOTEL DRAWING-ROOM.

(Tout compris.)

Hôtel de Midi, N'Importe Où, Basses Pyrénées.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am staying in a first-class hotel, "replete" with every comfort, with magnificent scenery laid on every floor, a snow-capped mountain-range in the back-garden, and a romantic *gave*, or river, in the foreground. All this you will see from the hotel note-paper, which, in accordance with custom, shows all the other adjacent establishments very properly dwarfed to an insignificant size. But what I want specially to point out to your discriminating readers is the superexcellence of the literature in our *Salon de Lecture*. I have just been taking a rough inventory, and find there is something to suit every taste. The centenarian will discover here the newspapers of his early youth, the hypochondriac can study the illustrated *Album des Villes d'Eaux et de Bains de Mer* and the *Medical Press* of sixteen months ago, and the golf-maniac has *The Little Folks' History of England* and *The British Journal of Commerce* for October, 1896, provided for him—in fact, the assortment is as completely varied and classic as the interesting collections usually to be seen on the tables in dentists' waiting-rooms. Beside these, there is a well-preserved copy of *Westralia* (dated July 23, 1896), and a Post-Office Directory, which I am sure would appeal to the lady visitors, when they are tired of looking at the *Annuaire de Commerce* for 1890, or the Time-table of the London and North Western Railway. And there are several fascinating back numbers of the *Gentlewoman*, and *Hearth and Home*, not more than ten months old, which the stray gentlemen who wander hither from the smoke-room will no doubt be delighted to read from cover to cover. I notice they always do at home, being highly (and naturally) interested in the advertisement pictures.

The drawing-room table also contains several important French publications, such as *L'Ami des Campagnes*, *Le Monde Thermal*, and *La Collection de Mme. Roland*, which, I regret to say, are not as much appreciated as they should be. The French journals,

also, which give some intensely thrilling provincial news, with occasionally a foreign telegram of certainly within the last week, I regret to say, are scarcely ever removed from their wrappers. The *Financial News* and various Store catalogues are taken in for the benefit of the invalids, who derive much pleasure in turning the familiar pages over and over again. There is a charming work on Russia (in French), with only a few pages missing, on a what-not in the corner; a handy-guide to the Peak of Derbyshire, and a Visitors' List of the Swiss Resorts form not unattractive additions to the collection; while the *pièce de resistance* is perhaps the *Album Naturel de la Fabrique et de l'Industrie*. This is truly light reading after the heavy and excellent dinners provided us.

For those who shun newspapers, even though a year old, there is a beautiful and novel toy in the shape of a stereoscope. This would be a still greater success if the photographs, which exhibit family groups in the costume of the sixties, were not somewhat tattered and fragmentary. This about completes the contents of our Salon, but I think I have written enough to shew that, though far from Fleet Street, we are not without food for the mind. Yours fatuously, Z. Y. X.

P.S.—Could you favour me with a London evening paper from time to time? Even a halfpenny one would be a godsend.

"THE VISION."

I DREAMED, but 'twas only a passing dream,
 That from London milk you could skim thick cream;
 That cats in the night had ceased to squall,
 And formed the choir of the Albert Hall;
 That the person leading the Tory Van
 Was known by the name of the "Grand Old Man."
 I woke, and said to myself, "Ah me!
 If this were true, what a change there'd be!"

APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMMITTEE.—The Lobby-rinth.

"MINE EASE IN MINE INN."

[“The Porters and Police have orders to remove all persons making a noise within this Inn.”
Notice Boards in Lincoln's Inn.]

TEMPLE of monastic quiet!

Shrine where noise becomes a sin!
Let no turmoil, no rude riot,
Mar thy peace, O Lincoln's Inn!

Far from madding crowds the Bencher
Samples some old special bin,
Proves himself a valiant trencher-
-man in peaceful Lincoln's Inn.

Leaders thro in fat briefs revel,
And renown and fortune win,
Working hard the willing "devil,"
In the peace of Lincoln's Inn.

Juniors old and grey, who crave its
Shelter, webs of pleading spin,
Draw vast deeds and affidavits,
Peacefully in Lincoln's Inn.

Save the "Devil's Own," when drilling—
Line of heroes somewhat thin!—
There no sounds the air are filling,
Peace holds sway in Lincoln's Inn.

Callous organ-grinders dare not
There their repertoire begin,
There stentorian costers fare not—
All is peace in Lincoln's Inn.

Paper-boys and bands Teutonic
Are to nuisance near akin—
These a notice stern, laconic,
Bars from peaceful Lincoln's Inn.

"Porters and Police have orders
To prevent all noise and din"—
Thanks to these efficient warders
There is peace in Lincoln's Inn!

QUESTIONS FOR THE EASTER OUTING.

(To be ignored by the Patriotic Volunteer.)

Is there any benefit to the British race in rising at five to parade at six?

What is the advantage to our Indian Empire of going to the coast in an overcrowded train in heavy marching order?

Will the Empire be saved by your joining your battalion half asleep and nearly starving?

Will Britannia rule the waves with greater freedom if you manœuvre in the rain for an indefinite period?

Will JOHN BULL sleep more soundly if you deafen yourself and your neighbours by firing off an unlimited number of blank cartridges?

Will the Concert of Europe be strengthened by your putting off your breakfast until after your lunch, and taking that meal later than your customary dinner-time?

Will the cause of International Federation be furthered by your tramping through ploughed fields for eight hours at a stretch?

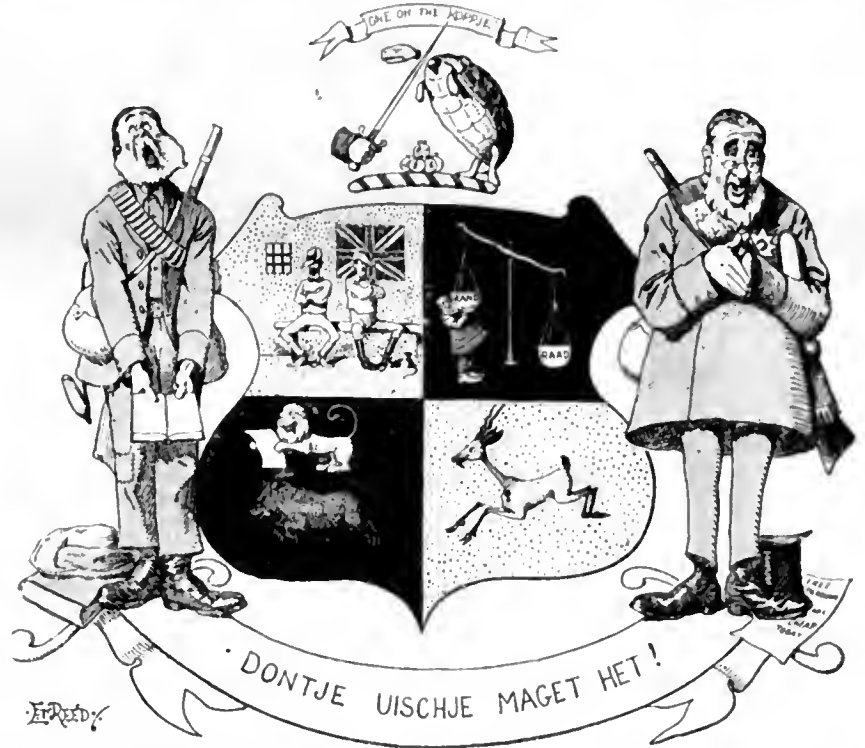
Will Australia advance at a quicker pace by your marching past a flag-staff on the bleakest of bleak downs?

Will Canada love the mother more dearly because you stagger into a railway station at eight in the evening with a prospect of passing the greater part of the night in a third-class carriage?

Finally, don't you think that England might continue to be England still, even were you to shirk your martial duties and stay quietly at home?

A SOUVENIR OF LENT.—A ticket issued by a pawnbroker.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



OOM PAUL, 1ST EARL OF KRUGERSDORP.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, two British cage-birds still vulning themselves on a ground of excessive patriotism; 2nd, a pair of scales-of-justice patent controllable and adjustable at will proper; 3rd, a lion in enchainment roaring over a boar charging to absurdity for moral and intellectual damage; 4th, a dog-a-eared "hym-bök" bound in veldt with covert designs. *Crest:* A reform tortoise of the rand emergent couped at the neck proper disarmed and voided of assets. *Supporters:* Dexter, a burgher rampant in piety armed to the teeth; sinister, an antique dopper also in piety habited proper in broadcloth home-made and moth-eaten to the last; both singing in unison falsetté the idermiddel from "simplicia austriana." *Second Motto:* "Who said Rhodes!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 5.—Everyone glad to see the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD back again to-night. PRINCE ARTHUR, who instinctively does the gracious thing, said so amid cheers from both sides. Young bloods on Tory benches sometimes affect to make light of the SQUIRE, interrupt him when he is speaking, jeer when he rises to purple heights of oratory. But in its secret heart the House, independent of party, is proud of the SQUIRE, recognising in him the greatest Parliamentarian left, the final practitioner in an old school which Time has long been busy breaking up.

Coming back in rather subdued mood after a week's wrestling with that practised athlete the Influenza, the SQUIRE is, perhaps, just a little mild in manner. Has brought with him notice of a resolution forbidding employment of forces of the Crown against the kingdom of Greece or the people of Crete. PRINCE ARTHUR, jumping at opportunity, wants him to call it a Vote of Censure. In his mellowed mood the SQUIRE declines. How, he asks, can they move a vote of censure upon the Government till they know precisely what is their line of policy? All his proposed motion designs is to bring out a full declaration of the intentions of Her Majesty's Government with respect to Greece and Crete.

His coyness increases desire of PRINCE ARTHUR to be assailed. Amid loud cheers from Ministerialists spoiling for a fight PRINCE ARTHUR walks up and down before Front Opposition Bench, temptingly trailing his frock coat. Won't SQUIRE tread on its tail? Words cannot describe the look of ineffable benevolence that mantles the broad visage of the SQUIRE. Why should he tread on anyone's coat, least of all on the garment of his interesting and amiable young friend? A man of peace, he desires, above all things, to avoid strife. Moreover than which, if yielding to sudden temptation he were to accept the challenge persistently fluttered in his face, he would confer great tactical advantage upon the enemy. At the first sound of pitched battle Ministerial ranks would close up; the faintest murmur of independent criticism would be hushed; Ministers would obtain a rattling majority that would enable them to go their way for rest of Session, snapping their fingers in face of discredited Opposition.

These, however, mere details. It is because moved by larger, nobler passion for peace and quietness, that the SQUIRE smilingly shakes his head and keeps his foot clear of the temptingly trailed coat.

Business done.—The Minister for Education brings in an Education Bill.

Tuesday.—Mr. WEIR, meditating in the night season on the position of the country over whose weal he ever watches, is struck by strategical possibilities of Iceland. What if the Concert of the

Great Powers being broken one of them were to swoop down on Iceland, making it what Dr. JAMESON would call a jumping-off ground to seize Orkney and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland? Day



A HEARTRENDING APPEAL!

Mr. B-lf-r sings—

“Won't anybody move a Vote of Censure now on me?”

(Popular Music-hall Song slightly amended.)

and night the fear has haunted him. He thought of calling upon Lord WOLSELEY to discuss the situation. But he knows that military men in high command are absurdly jealous of their position, and resent suggestions from civilians. The advantage of adopting such a course is evident. The communication would have been private. The other alternative, questioning the Ministers in the House of Commons, would put the enemy on the alert, might even suggest to him the masterly manoeuvre.

However, for reasons stated, Mr. WEIR decided to risk consequences. To-night confronted UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR with problem. BRODRICK put best face on matter. Mr. WEIR's suggestion is, that in order to resist any swooping down of a piratical power from Iceland, steps should be taken to fortify the north-west coast of Scotland. St. JOHN BRODRICK frigidly replied that the joint Naval and Military Committee do not consider Iceland a source of danger. Consequently they have not recommended works on the north-west coast of Scotland.

House laughed, but a little hysterically. It felt that with unerring military instinct Mr. WEIR had put his finger on a weak spot in the national armour; was only half assured by the jaunty confidence of UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR.

The little incident appropriately led the way to debate opened by SETON-KARR,

in which he demonstrated how thin is the crust of the crater on which the safety of England rests. Showed how, war breaking out, England would be beleaguered, would in a week eat up all its bread stuffs, and Famine would Stalk through the Land. DILKE said there are peas and lentils. True. Also there are old boots. But in no case is the supply illimitable.

On the whole spent quite a cheerful evening, Mr. WEIR frightening the life out of us with prospect of an invasion from Iceland, and SETON-KARR, like the voice of one crying in a granary, “We have no corn.” By eight o'clock everyone in such a blue funk that we were glad to see each other home before it got later.

Business done.—House counted out at eight o'clock.

Thursday.—“TIM HEALY reminds me,” said SARK, “of the waiter not unknown to fame, who, having a rare holiday, spent it in assisting a pal to serve a big dinner.”

No Irish business to the fore just now. Other Irish Members take advantage of the lull, either to go back to their much-loved country or spend the evening with their friends in town. TIM, on the contrary, hearing that the Welsh Members mean to oppose the Berriew School Bill, tucks his serviette under his arm, and goes to spend the evening helping them. Quite a brisk debate, having the additional charm that very few knew what it was about. Honest CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES frankly avowed that frame of mind as sufficient reason why he should vote for Second Reading. It would have served equally well as logical reason for opposing the Bill. But with the CAP'EN benevolence always predominates. To gentle minds it is easier to say “yes” than “no.” So when the SPEAKER put the question that the Bill be read a second time, the CAP'EN answered with a cheery “Ay, ay, Sir!”

This Berriew School Bill has from the first succeeded in attracting exceptional attention. Members recalled how, on the night when PRINCE ARTHUR, shelving the Vice-President of the Council, proposed to introduce the Voluntary Schools Bill, JOHN O' GORST adroitly and dramatically prefaced the unusual procedure by humbly walking up the floor, bringing in the Berriew School Bill. Here it was come up for Second Reading, with a pack of Welsh Members in full cry, TRUCULENT TIM leading the way. Fought it step by step on motion for Second Reading, and on motion to refer it to Grand Committee on Law. This last TIM denounced as “simply an expedient for ramrodding the Bill through the House.”

I thank thee, TIM, for teaching me that verb. Not to be found in the dictionary; but it ought to be.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Friday.—Since CAWMELL-BANNERMAN left War Office, we don't look to that part of Pall Mall for wit and humour. But, as SARK says, you may break, you may shatter the vase as you will, the scent of the roses will cling to it still. Thus, though CAWMELL-BANNERMAN was, nearly two years ago, blown out of War Office by cordite explosion, engineered by that great military strategist St. JOHN BRODRICK, the building still gives forth echoes of good things.

One such stands to credit of Financial Secretary. In course of conversation across the table, CALDWELL affirmed that something had been said by an earlier speaker.

“But,” said POWELL WILLIAMS, “the

hon. Member was not present at the moment.”

“Oh yes,” said CALDWELL, “I'm always here.”

“Ah!” murmured POWELL WILLIAMS, “but you're not always there.”



Sir “Fregoli” L-ck-w-d, the “quick change” artist, appears as one of Her Majesty's Ministers in raiment kindly lent by Sir R. F-nl-y.

No; it must be admitted that, considering his extreme fluency of tepid speech, HOMOCEA CALDWELL doesn't often touch the spot.

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates in Committee of Supply. CALDWELL all over the shop. Had, as he says, a real good evening.

RINGING THE CHANGES.

THE sweet old days of Long-ago

We thought could never, never change;

Our hearts were all too young to know

That they could ever, ever change,

My darling! O my darling!

When you were just a maiden coy,

And I was but a bashful boy,

When time was meant for endless joy—

Ah me! that we should find the change,

My darling! O my darling!

The promises of Spring were fain;

We thought that love could never change,

'Mid winds of March and April rain,

And so from Spring to Summer change,

My darling! O my darling!

The daffodils sprang into sheen

With gold encrowned upon the green;

Each one, like you, a gentle queen.

Ah me! that we should find the change,

My darling! O my darling!

The hopes of Spring are buried, fled

Into the life that yet must change;

The love is lost, forgotten, dead

As memories that ever change,

My darling! O my darling!

No longer we meet now by stealth.

I have my heart and you your wealth.

Upon my word I'd drink your health—

Ah me! if I could find the change,

My darling! O my darling!



Celebrated Minor Poet. "Ah, HOSTESS, HOW 'DO? DID YOU GET MY BOOK I SENT YOU YESTERDAY?"

Hostess. "DELIGHTFUL! I COULDN'T SLEEP TILL I'D READ IT!"

CHANGE OF AIR.

[There is really no reason why we should not soon be ordering bottles of country air in a stuffy room, just as we call for ice in hot weather.]

Standard.]

DEAR SIR,—In submitting our new price-list for the ensuing season, we beg once more to call your attention to the great boon conferred upon the public by our system, which enables persons of all classes, for very moderate charges, to have any climate they prefer delivered in bottles or cases at their homes.

As the weather, unfortunately, seems likely to be less favourable during this summer than it was at the time of the last Jubilee festivities, we are glad to say that we have in stock a large quantity of superb Summer Temperature (very dry) laid down in 1887. It is only necessary to open one of these bottles in your hall, when your house will at once be filled with the warm, glowing atmosphere of a sunny June day. As the demand for this brand is likely to be very large, your orders for this special "Queen's Weather" quality should be forwarded as soon as possible.

We count with confidence upon doing a very large Summer Holiday business this year. The well-known inconveniences inseparable from travel, and the expense occasioned by the removal of a large family to the seaside, can now be disregarded entirely. You have but to send us an order to secure a cask of guaranteed superfine sea-air, which can be opened in your own home at any time you please. Should the requirements of different members of your family demand it, you can fill one room with Torquay air, another with the Scarborough brand, a third with the peculiar atmosphere of a cheap foreign hotel (duly impregnated with the customary microbes), and a fourth with our special "Nansen" brand—a particularly bracing variety, imported direct from the Arctic regions. The last-named may be utilised with great advantage in the bedrooms of rich, elderly relatives of asthmatic tendencies, and our bottled Malarial Vapour (from the West Coast of Africa) is often used by lovers seeking to dispose of an inconvenient rival.

It is scarcely necessary to point out how suitable a case or two of selected atmospheres is for a present, especially when the recipient is abroad. For this purpose we confidently recommend our double-distilled Fog (London Particular). The unhappy exile from England will indeed be delighted with such a gift, for immediately he opens the bottle (which he will believe, from its appearance, to contain champagne) his house in the Riviera or his log-cabin in America will at once be filled with the orange-coloured, pungent atmosphere of the London fog which he has

missed so long, and he will readily imagine himself returned once more to his beloved metropolis.

No class of the public values our system more than the artists, poets, writers of time-tables, and others whose work is mainly the product of their imaginations, which may be agreeably stimulated by our Bottled Atmospheres. For instance, the poet who lives in London, and desires to write an Ode to Summer on a cold winter's day, can be supplied with a bottle of air collected on a Devonshire farm in June, which (even if it gives him hay-fever) cannot fail to place him thoroughly *en rapport* with his theme. Similarly, the novelist who has never been out of England, but prefers, in deference to public taste, to make Africa the scene of his story, will succeed far more easily when he has emptied a bottle of our very Old Sahara in his study. We also are prepared to supply theatrical managers on special terms with atmospheres from any part of the world, whereby the scenic illusion will be very much enhanced.

For further particulars we beg to refer you to our price-list. All atmospheres are most carefully bottled and packed, so that a repetition of the recent accident (when a bottle of Double Arctic burst in a train and froze the guard to death) is now quite impossible.

Confidently awaiting your orders, which shall receive our most prompt and careful attention,

We are, Dear Sir, Your obedient servants,
THE ATMOSPHERIC SUPPLY STORES, UNLIMITED.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

THERE's a good bit o' chat, Mister Punch, abaout Me,
And a deal on it's kibosh and fiddle-de-dee.
There you sre, Sir, that's strite! Lor! it do myke me grin
When the spouters and penny-a-liners begin
To trot out yours truly! Who spotted me fust,
With my love of a gawp and my stiddy old thust,
I am sure I carn't sy. But I meet my own nyme
All over the bill as a part o' the gyme.
Sort o' super, I s'pose, standin' by with a flag,
And a-quizzin' the "Stars" who're all straddle and brag,
And cop all the coin and the kudoes. Pr'aps so!
Lookers-on do see most of the gyme, dontcherknow.
When you're plying your part, with the foot-lights a-flare,
With daubed cheeks, toppin' togs and some other cove's hair
Frizzled up on your tibby, you're tempted, I s'pose,
To tyke yerself serous. A cockney's flat nose
Ruddled out to a Roman's with grease, paint and stuff
Mykes him feel like a swell though he may be a muff.
I ain't got no properties, bar a white 'at
Now and then in the summer, and shabby at that,
And my hair is my own, what there is of it left;
But at sizing things up, and a-tyking the heft
Of padded-out parties 'arf sordust and wool,
Well, I've larned a good bit as they don't teach at school.
The street 'as bin my only 'Varsity! Yus;
And for warming yer wits like there's many a wuss.
What we do larn we know, and don't heasy forget;
Worked-out wisdom, washed down with a tankard o' wet,
And knowledge druv in like a nyle in a post,
By necessity's 'ammer's a fixture—with most.
Our "coach" is the grinstone, and if we don't "cram"
Like a goose, but feed heasy at large, like a lamb
In the still grassy springtime, I hold, Mister Punch,
Hasty stodge ain't a patch on deliberate munch.
Grub rushed is grub spiled! Rylewy trav'lers know that.
But the quill-driving lot don't know what they are at.
When they trot aout "The Man in the Street," Jimney whiz!
He must back their hideas, wich is mighty good biz
For their side or their argyment, better or wuss,
But for wich, very likely, he don't care a cuss!
I 'ave my own knowledge, likeways my own views,
But a lot of the truck that they call "Art," and "news,"
I call tommy-rot and stale fourpenny! Great Scott,
I'm as ignerent as dirt of a thunderin' lot
Of their patter and pickters. Dunno what they mean,
And what's more I don't want to! The guffins are green
Who farcy I studdy aout all sorts o' stodge,
Abaout furrin flamfudge and perlitikle dodge,
'igh Art and Harnenians, Rooshian and Greek,
Them two bloomin' mystries the Turk and "teckneek,"
That himetal fake, or why PAT is so queer
That he won't dodge the taxes by stickin' to beer!
They don't know me, pussonal, Punch. That is plain;
So I drop you a line, and may do so again;
For you 'll have the savvy to know when you meet
That much-talked-of party

THE MAN IN THE STREET.



Tenniel.

GERMANIA⁸ ARMING KRUGER.

["The *Vossische Zeitung* chronicles with satisfaction the recent arrival at Lorenzo Marquez, on board the German East African liner *Kaiser*, of 1,650 cases of war material for the Transvaal, including a whole battery of heavy guns, and states its conviction that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are 'determined to maintain their independence.'—*Globe*, April 13.]

A VENERABLE ANTI-MUZZLER.

ESTREMED MR. PUNCH,—Has the present generation totally forgotten, or has it never heard of, my once celebrated "hymns," on which most of their fathers, and all their grandfathers, were brought up? Is there not to be found in one of the most popular of my inspired compositions these lines:—

"Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to"?

Would I have advocated the muzzle, think you? Nay, indeed. I remain,

Your old friend's shade,
DR. WATTS.

BRUSSELS BARRICADED!

SCENES IN THE STREETS.

THE POLICE HELPLESS! THE ARMY INACTIVE!
OUR EXTRA SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT
STOPPED!!

INTENTIONS OF THE GREAT POWERS.

The usually tranquil capital of peaceful Belgium is in the throes of a revolution. By some extraordinary censorship the news has hitherto been kept from the English newspapers. The *Daily Chronicle* has not been aroused to fiery denunciation; even M. DE BLOWITZ has remained silent. Yet the fact cannot be denied. Our Extra Special Correspondent, sent regardless of expense (since he paid it himself) communicates to us the following exclusive and astounding information by special post-card. We think that even any one as parsimonious as he might have run to a 2^d. letter, as, by some treachery, the exclusive information on his post-card might have reached the *Times* or the *Daily Chronicle*. Happily it did not, and this morning we alone give to an astonished world the first description of the Barricades of Brussels. These are his words:

This city is in a condition of terrible disorder. The Place Royale is occupied by barricades and trenches, the Avenue Louise, once the fashionable route to the Bois de la Cambre, is impassable, and even in front of the King's Palace all is in confusion. The trenches are occupied by determined men of the lowest classes, armed with rough weapons, pick-axes, even spades. The police are helpless; the army, probably sympathising with the disturbers of the peace, remains inactive. I myself have been stopped! This final and culminating outrage took place yesterday in broad daylight, as I was peacefully crossing the Place Royale to reach my hotel. The barricade was formed by an omnibus and by a dog-cart (drawn by dogs) meeting on the narrow bridge over the trenches. I displayed a copy of the last issue of this journal, but without effect. I, your Extra Special Correspondent, was stopped! I can write no more, partly because there is no more room on this post-card. Up to the present time I have heard nothing of combined action on the part of the Great Powers.

Later—by supplementary special post-card.

I forgot to say the trenches are for the subterranean electric mechanism of the Brussels tramways. The situation remains unchanged. In the intervals of working, between the hours of repose, three or four men are going on slowly. It is hoped that order will be re-established before the end of the century.



AN ADMONITION.

Bridget. "NOW THEN, MISS EFFIE, YOU MUST BEHAVE YOURSELF PROPERLY, OR NOT AT ALL!"

SOME FAVOURITE RECREATIONS.

(Omitted from "Who's Who" for 1897.)

H.I.M. the G-RM-N EMP-R-R—sending "Potsdamograms."

President KR-G-R—suspending his grandson for insulting the QUEEN.

The King of GR-CE—being interviewed by special correspondents.

President MCK-NL-Y—shaking 2,500 free and independent hands per hour.

The Emperor N-CH-L-S—pigeon-shooting off a bicycle in the grounds of Tsarskoye Selo.

The Sultan of T-RK-Y—attending the Selamluk on Friday mornings.

The G.O.M.—denouncing the "Great Assassin."

Prince B-SM-RCK—inspiring the *Hamburger Nachrichten*.

Lord S-L-SR-RY—wishing Crete was at the bottom of the sea.

Mr. RH-D-S—facing the music.

Mr. L-N-CH-RE—putting his tongue in his cheek.

The P-t L-r-te—working night and day over his forthcoming Diamond Jubilee Ode.

Mr. WH-STL-N—the gentle art of appearing in a witness-box.

C-RB-TT—wishing he had never been born, now that the cinematographs of the great fight have proved a failure.

FR-G-LI—imitating B-NDR.

B-NDR—imitating FR-G-LI.

Shopkeepers along the line of route of the Procession—waiting for the Americans, and rubbing their hands.

Mr. and Mrs. BR-DL-Y-M-RT-N—traveling incognito.

The L-RD CH-MB-RI-N—arranging the Tables of Precedence for June 22nd.

The Leading Members of the Profession—waiting for baronetcies on that occasion, and

Provincial mayors, popular authors, common councilmen, chairmen of railway companies, recorders, brewers, stock-jobbers, wine merchants, mine-owners, and nearly everybody else—expecting knightships at least.



"WHY, TEDDY DEAR, WHAT IS THE MATTER? DON'T YOU LIKE ASPARAGUS?"

"YES, MISS BIRCHEM; BUT THE HANDLES ARE SO HOT!"

TO BE (MUZZLED) OR NOT, TOBY?

DEAR SIR AND HONOURED MASTER,

I write these few lines hoping you are having a holiday as they leave me at present. I take advantage of the comparative leisure to address you on the subject of dogs muzzled and unmuzzled. I need hardly say that, personally, it does not affect me. Like Mr. GLADSTONE after leaving Oxford I am unmuzzled. But I have a heart that can feel for another's woe. Unspoiled by associations at Westminster I still, in off days, dwell among my own people, know their feelings, and sympathise with their aspirations.

What they—what we—want is, not to be free from the muzzling order. One of your poets has written about a dog who, to serve his private ends, went mad and bit a man. That shews how little we are understood. We desire to be delivered from madness, and would patiently suffer inconvenience to attain that end. What we object to is the absurd defect of your legislation which makes the muzzles peremptory in one parish and unnecessary in another. Somewhere or other in the counties or parishes where the muzzle is imposed there comes a line touching the boundary of a parish or county where there is no muzzle. On one side is Freedom, and possibly Disease; on the other is Slavery and Safety.

Apart from consideration for the wounded feelings of the muzzled dog looking across the street at the unmuzzled brother, there is the danger of the unmuzzled dog biting his defenceless neighbour, and, peradventure, imparting rabies. What I say is, let there be one law and order throughout the kingdom. Let all be muzzled or let all go free.

With much respect, Yours faithfully, TOBY.
The Kennel, Barks. Easter Day.

"THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."—Already secured for the First Night at Her Majesty's Theatre.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THOUGH not as good as his *Banishment of Jessop Blythe*, and not up to two or three other novels of his that most of us could mention, yet, in *The Dagger and the Cross*, JOSEPH HATTON has struck out for himself a new line, and, although it is a line I would prefer to see struck out altogether, as being suggestive of the Corelliesque scriptural romance and the Wilson-Barrettian semi-sacred drama, yet is this book of his worthy of much praise, and will certainly repay the reader if he be not in too lightsome a humour, and can give the work the attention it demands. JOSEPH HATTON's health and work.

As one of the excellent series of "Little Novels" published by FISHER UNWIN, CLARK RUSSELL'S *A Noble Haul* is a little novel worth several ordinary big ones. It is a sailor's story, admirably told, and in the smallest compass possible—quite a pocket compass. For rail, road, or trip by sea, strongly recommended, as enlivening and shortening the journey, by THE BARON.

A PLEA FOR POOR-LAW OFFICERS.

(Dedicated to our Civic "Guardian" Angels.)

'Tis hard to call a civic gent a sinner
Because he's fond—who's not?—of a good dinner.
The hand that has to wield Law's sword, or truncheon,
Needs strengthening—by a luxurious luncheon.
You can't expect bigwigs, at Bow or Suttan,
To keep their wisdom working on cold mutton.
Though paupers stoop to "skilly" or "cold scran"—well,
Their guardians at Homerton or Hanwell
Their strength must renovate, its loss recoup
On rump-steak pudding after ox-tail soup;
String up their nerves, by generous labour shaken,
On a hot saddle, or roast fowls and bacon:
Shall not the guardian soothe his anguished heart
On Bakewell pudding or on rhubarb tart,
Or his dejected spirit strive to cheer
With limpid sherry or cool bitter beer?
Nay; grudge not poor-law patrons beef or wine!
Paupers must fast that guardians may dine.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was inspecting a quantity of ribbons today, manufactured specially, so I was informed by the intelligent and courteous haberdasher, for display on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee. As all of the fabrics in question were, I noticed, made in France, Germany, and Switzerland, I was not surprised to note that the combinations represented with great accuracy the national *Tricolors* of the French Republic and the Dutch Monarchy. Don't you think that some Union Jack stuff would be mere appropriate to this splendid anniversary? And can't some of our own silk weavers turn out the article? Or has the art of Spitalfields and Coventry been forever destroyed by the glorious era of Free Trade?

Yours loyally and patriotically,
Portsmouth. JOHN STARBOARD.

Holiday Wisdom.

(An Easter Homily.)

WHAT shall we do for a holiday task,
Just to ensure us a useful and jolly day?
Loll by the sea, in the sun idly bask;
Sand-heap for pillow, and kerchief for mask.
Lazily, drowsily, briar and flask
Ready at elbow when yearning shall ask
Peace from the pipe-bowl, and joy from the cask.
The best holiday task is—enjoying one's holiday!

At the New Restaurant.

Customer. Waiter! Bring me a beefsteak!
Waiter. Yessir. Would you like it stamped "Made in Canada," or branded "Cut in South America?"

"As Seeing" the Invisible."

WE hear a deal now of "invisible light,"
By which savans see through the opaque and the murky.
This surely must aid our SILOMIO's sight,
Which sees "signs of improvement in Turkey"!!!

THE SINEWS OF WAR AT A DISCOUNT.

SCENE—An Audience Chamber in Constantinople. Autocrat and his Minister discovered in consultation.

Autocrat (imperatively). We must send the cavalry to the front at once!

Minister. Impossible, your Majesty. We haven't a single reliable saddle in the place.

Autocrat (with determination). Then move up the artillery with the least possible delay.

Minister. Out of the question! All the wheels of the guns are out of repair, and we can't purchase now ones.

Autocrat (authoritatively). Then let the infantry advance at the double.

Minister. Not to be thought of, your Majesty! They have no boots, are months in arrear with their pay, and won't march a step, and, frankly, we haven't the money for their railway fares.

Autocrat (in a plaintive tone). Then what can we afford?

Minister (after reflection). Well, Sire, I think we might manage to squeeze out of the Treasury enough to buy a rocket, two squibs, and a catherine wheel. [Curtain.]

A REAL GOOD TIME!

(An American Girl's Anticipation of the Jubilee Year.)

["A 'Titled Lady' advertises in the *Times* that she would 'chaperon and introduce a young lady into the very highest Society.' . . . 'American and Colonial girls wishing to have a good season in town are invited to communicate.'—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Snakes!!! "Lady of Title," what solid requital,

In dollars and cents, Marm,

Will you be requiring for labour so tiring?

Do tell! You're immense, Marm!!!

I've travelled, with Poppa, from Paris to Joppa,

But, just for variety,

Should like introduction, 'neath "Titled" conduction,

To "highest Society."

Of course you're a Duchess! I wonder how much is

A Duchess's tariff

For trotting this girl out! It takes all *my* curl out,

And unbangs my hair! If

One's shoddy or shady, will this "Titled Lady"

Show—say Lord Tom Noddy,—

A nice gyurl (Amurrican) "goes" like a hurricane,

Though Pop be shoddy?

My Pop's petroleum. Ma was linoleum.

Pop is an odd-fish.

But I and CARRY, I reckon, have nary

A touch of the cod-fish.

High-toned? You bet it. And don't you forget it!

I calculate CARRY

Is Marlborough-House-ish, although her hair's mouseish.

She just means to marry

Some Duke, *not* built boobily—during this Jubilee.

Worst of you British,

Your Dukes are such duffers! A Yankee gyurl suffers,

If smart, spry, and skittish,

A big "noble" noodle, who's after the "boodle,"

Will turn "nicey-picey";

But *that* don't embellish him. Guess I more relish him

Uppish and icy.

These seem "confessions," perhaps. But, O Sessions!

'Twill be kinder funny

If Dukes, with lean coffers, aren't spry in their offers,

Our style, and Pop's money,

Did ought to be fetchin! Fact, CARRY is sketchin'

Her path to a Peerage.

But this "Titled Lady"? Well, England is "grady,"

And this is a queer age,

And as I've a reason to "wish a good Season,"

And "knock out" that puny KATE,

Pop's pardner's daughter, who's dead for Duke-slaughter,

I guess I'll "communicate"!

GAINING TIME.—To reduce the journey from Liverpool to Berlin by a matter of "five and a half hours," as the London and North Western Company are about to do by using the London, Chatham and Dover's Queenborough branch to Holland, is an item of no inconsiderable consideration to all travellers, specially those in a hurry. If "time is money," then here is a saving indeed! It seems a good thing all round, and the "taking a quantity" is pretty certain to follow the "reduction."



Sculptor. "YOU PAINTER CHAPS HAVE ALL THE LUCK; NO MATTER HOW BADLY YOU PAINT, YOUR PICTURES ALWAYS LOOK BETTER AFTER A FEW YEARS. NOW TIME NEVER IMPROVES OUR THINGS!"

Painter. "WELL, NO, UNLESS—PERHAPS—IT KNOCKS OFF A HEAD OR AN ARM!"

"THE CANDID FRIEND'S GUIDE."

THE courtesy of the learned author has enabled us to obtain a brief glance at the proof sheets of this interesting work.

The author begins his labours, as all good authors ought to do, with a great preface, in which he is at much pains to trace the Rise, Origin, and Progress of the Candid Friend.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting, and, from a metaphysical point of view, valuable, portion of the Guide is the admirable collection of maxims, for the use of those who aspire to become Candid Friends, with which our author terminates his learned labours. We have space, and the author's permission, to reproduce one or two of them.

Under the head of "Friends in Difficulties" we find the following judicious maxim. "Never encourage a friend in difficulty to believe for an instant that you have either the power or the inclination to assist him, for if you do you will certainly ruin him, and you, on your part, will forfeit all claim to the title of Candid Friend. On the other hand, do not neglect the excellent opportunity provided you by his misfortune to rebuke him severely on the subject of his extravagance, rashness, want of principle, or whatever the particular indiscretion may be that has caused him to seek your assistance. Under no circumstances whatever lend him any money."

The following admirable maxim will be found under the head of "Conceited Friends." "People who are unreasonably happy or prosperous stand sadly in need of the services of the Candid Friend, who should do everything in his power to discourage them. Perhaps the best way to do this is to talk dismally, and to make the most melancholy grimaces whenever he meets them. Should they, however, survive this spirited treatment, the best thing the Candid Friend can do under these circumstances is, to 'cut' them."



Lady. "I WAS AWFULLY SORRY, PROFESSOR, I WAS UNABLE TO COME TO YOUR LECTURE LAST NIGHT. WERE THERE MANY THERE?"
The Professor (Irish). "UM—WELL—NOT SO MANY AS I EXPECTED. BUT I NEVER THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE!"

QUITE AN EASTER HOLIDAY.

(By Our Own Impressionist.)

ONLY a few days for a jaunt. Must be home almost before I have started. Crowd at the Victoria Station. Pause at Herne Hill. Long tunnel. Beckenham Junction. Chatham. Slowed down to see castle and cathedral from half-a-dozen points of view. Faversham. Canterbury. Dover. Lord Warden. The other side. French territory. Good buffet. Amiens. Paris. Boulevards. Breakfast. In the train again. Lyons. Marseilles. Nice. Monte Carlo. Twenty minutes for refreshment. Ten minutes at a Napoleon per five seconds. Last turn comes up right. No more time for roulette. The Corniche Road. Genoa. Venice. Lounging in gondolas. Impressed with San Marco. Also with the Café Florian. Off again. Rome. St. Peter's. Ancient ruins. Modern improvements. Impressive. Off to Pisa. Leaning Tower a fraud. Dees not lean nearly enough. Florence. Pictures and a good English chemist. Lago Maggiore. Stresa. Isola Bella a mistake. Gardens not equal to Hampton Court. Over the Simplen. Dome d'Ossola, although frontier town, the most Italian-looking place yet seen. Brigue. From various points of view. Mount and descend. Vevey good place for tiny cigars. Steamboat on the Lake of Geneva. Prisoner in tower. Ouchy. Better than Lausanne. Table d'hôte at Beau Rivage excellent. Geneva. Mont Blanc in the distance. Train to Paris.

Grande Vitesse. Once more in Paris. Tour of the Bois. Dinner in the Champs Elysees. Ladies locking cold in open-air concert. Night mail. Amiens as before. Calais. Dover sea-front. Lighted by electricity. Arrival. Departure. Early morning. Canterbury, Faversham, Chatham, and Herne Hill. Victoria. Luggage. Home once more. And glad to be there.

À BERLIN!

(Song by the Right Hon. G. Cretan, M.P.)

I WILL not be "the Boy in charge"
 At the "F. O." to stay,
 While all the others are at large,
 And S-L-SB-RY away!
 (So boldly I expressed my views.)
 I won't be kept at work
 In town, awaiting any news
 Of Cretan or of Turk.
 When the *Punch* "cut" I saw, where I
 Was shown as being left
 To do the work of S-L-SB-RY,
 Of holiday bereft,
 Says I, "I'll do 'a cut'! I'll go
 Abroad! I've time and tin!
 So, au revoir to the 'F. O.'
 Address me 'at Berlin'!"

Domestic Economy.

WHY can the simple letter "s"
 Make housewives, for the future, heedless
 Of holes in stockings, rents in dress?—
 Because it renders needles—needless.

WATTS FOR WHITECHAPEL.

[Canon BARNETT's Easter Picture Show at Whitechapel this year includes Mr. WATTS's pictures. The *Westminster Gazette* says, "WATTS's pictures, explained as they will be to the Whitechapel workers, will be as good as sermons, and probably more attractive than many." Canon BARNETT appeals for £20,000 to build a Picture Gallery in High Street, Whitechapel, as a Diamond Jubilee Gift to the East End. Of this sum £7,000 has already been offered.]

OH! East is East, and West is West, as
 RUDYARD KIPLING says.
 When the poor East enjoys the Art for
 which the rich West pays,
 See East and West linked at their best!
 With the Art-wants of Whitechapel
 Good Canon BARNETT is just the man who
 best knows how to grapple.
 So charge this Canon, lead to the muzzle,
 all ye great Jubilee guns.
 Pictures as good as sermons? Ay; much
 better than some poor ones.
 Where Whitechapel's darkness the weary
 eyes of the dreary workers dims,
 It may be found that WATTS's pictures do
 better than WATTS's hymns.

Out of Evil, Good.

Johnson (meeting Thompson in the Park).
 My dear fellow, what on earth is that
 canary doing in your deg'a muzzle?

Thompson. Well, you see, the bird and
 the terrier are great friends, and now,
 owing to the new Order, I'm able to take
 them out for an airing together.



THE CRISIS!!!

TELEGRAPH BOY. "HERE! TELEGRAM FROM THE EAST—'SALISBURY'—'URGENT'!"

CARETAKER. "DRAT THE BOY! THERE'S NOBODY 'ERE, AND WON'T BE FOR A FORTNIT!"



A NAPPY THOUGHT AT THE LYCEUM.

BUT was this idea of playing Nap an "appy thought" on the part of our HENRY IRVING or not? Did it show our HENRY very wide awake, or was he for once and away "caught napping"? That is the question.

That Miss ELLEN TERRY should be the life and soul of SARDOU's and MOREAU's French play, *Madame Sans-Gêne*, was what any one conversant with the English stage would have expected. She is a charming *Madame Sans-Gêne*. Her washer-woman is not quite so vulgar as was that of Madame REJANE, and therefore our English actress's portrayal of the character is not so life-like, not so "convincing," to adopt the modern critical cant-word, as was the French actress's impersonation of the character. But it is ELLEN TERRY as *Madame Sans-Gêne*, and that, for most play-goers, is enough.

That the play, not a particularly good one to start with, loses in this translation, is evidenced not only by the adapter having made the French washer-woman of 1792 talk London slang of 1897, but also by the absurdity of retaining the scene where Napoleon and his sisters "drop into Corsican," when they are having a family squabble. This *lapsus lingue* was natural enough in the French play, but it is all "sound and fury signifying nothing" in this English version. It must be supposed either that the common sense of the translating adapter, Mr. CARR, was overruled, or that he could not find it in his heart to sacrifice to the exigencies of the English stage what had been so taking a scene, because so natural, with a French audience.

That Sir HENRY IRVING could ever have imagined that the English public, perfectly familiar with the face and figure of NAPOLEON, would accept him as the counterpart of "le petit caporal," is a proof that he knows his public and has rightly gauged his own popularity. HENRY IRVING is as like NAPOLEON as he can be; and if NAPOLEON wasn't like HENRY IRVING, so much the worse for NAPOLEON. It is as simply impossible for him to give us in himself an exact "living picture" of NAPOLEON, as it would be for him to appear as the dwarf Sir GEOFFREY HUDSON. All else is beside the question. Napoleonic attitudes do not make NAPOLEON; but the piece, which is remarkable neither for striking novelty of plot nor for brilliancy of dialogue, must depend for its success mainly on public curiosity to see how Sir HENRY IRVING contrives to reduce himself to physical Napoleonic proportions, and how delightful is the *Madame Sans-Gêne* of Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Mr. FRANK COOPER is good as the brusque soldier *Lefebvre*, afterwards *Duc de Dantzig*; and Mr. MACKINTOSH gives his own idea of what *Fouché*, the celebrated Minister of Police, might have been had he been created by Mr. MACKINTOSH. For the stale device of creaking the snuff-box lid as a warning, Messrs. SARDOU and MOREAU are indebted to the same "business" in *Robert Macaire*, whenever that accomplished scoundrel wishes to hint to his accomplice, *Jacques Strop*, that he had better be careful. Surely this very unoriginal idea of Messrs. SARDOU and MOREAU might have been improved upon by the English adapter.

Years ago the present writer can call to mind BENJAMIN WEBSTER assuming the

character of Napoleon in a piece called *The Pretty Girls of Stilberg*. That was a marvellous impersonation; but then BEN WEBSTER, though a trifle too tall, had just the very face for the Emperor. His wig with the notable lock of hair was perfect; Sir HENRY's wig does not remind one of the best known portraits of NAPOLEON.



ONLY HALF A NAP,—HIS BETTER HALF.
Sir Henry as Napoleon reflects that if only he could have worn



The familiar grey overcoat and the well-known cocked hat, and played the part sitting down, how much more like he could have looked!

Perhaps the cleverest stage impersonation of NAPOLEON (but it was only for a few minutes) was when CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS suddenly appeared as the great Emperor confronting JOHNNIE CLARKE, who, as *Louis Napoleon*, exclaimed, "Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle!" in the last scene of BYRON's burlesque *The Lady of Lyons* at the Strand Theatre. Sir HENRY's im-

personation may be courteously termed an "ideal NAPOLEON."

If Sir HENRY IRVING is as pleased with Mr. COMYNS CARR's version of *Madame Sans-Gêne* as, in his first-night speech before the curtain, he professed himself to be, and as, of course, he must have been to have produced it at all, then such a gratuitous assurance from his own lips must be good enough for the public, seeing that "praise from Sir HUBERT STANLEY is approbation indeed!" It would be well for dramatic authors generally, whenever there may be any doubt as to the author's share in the success of a new play, were the manager, following Sir HENRY's example, to step before the curtain, and courteously but decidedly deprecate all criticism antagonistic to the dramatist, by candidly avowing his own entire satisfaction with the new work, whatever might have been its reception. For the production of any piece the manager alone is responsible to the public. Mr. CARR, representing Messrs. SARDOU and MOREAU, is to be heartily congratulated on having his work played by so excellent a company, and having his praises sung by so generous and loyal a manager; and, as the play is splendidly put on the stage, and as from first to last ELLEN TERRY is seen at her brightest, *Madame Sans-Gêne*, with some judicious pruning, will probably prove a considerable attraction "in this Year of Jubilee!"

TO HELLAS.

(By a Perplexed "Power." A long way after E. A. Poe's "To Helen.")

"In the name of our great mother Hellas, who has called us together in this sacred struggle from all lands where Greeks live."—*Proclamation of Dr. Politis to the Ethniké Hetairia.*]

HELLAS, thy shindy is to me
Liko GARIBALDI's bark of yore.
Our ships are on the Cretan sea,
Thy bands are on the Cretan shore;
Which is a beastly bore!

On desperate games long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy quilted skirts, make bardings foam
Of the glory that was Greece,
Of the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, trying to queer the Concert's pitch,
Bellona-like I see thee stand,
The torch of war within thine hand!
Ah, Mischief, from the regions which
Were great and grand!

DURING THE RECESS.

LORD S-L-SH-RY will appear in a tourist suit by the sad sea waves down south.

Mr. ARTH-R B-L-F-R will show the natives how to play golf.

Mr. C-R-Z-N will not stay in town, but enjoy himself away from the cares of office.

Mr. CH-M-B-R-L-N will accompany Sir FR-NK L-C-K-W-D in a tour round the "monuments" of Paris.

The L-R-D M-Y-R will appear by deputy in the Mansion House.

Mr. BR-W-N will announce his departure from town in one daily paper.

Mr. J-N-S will inform the world of his arrival on the continent in a second journal.

Mr. R-B-N-S-N will publish a list of his movements in a third periodical.

The ordinary events of the universe will go on as per usual.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 12.—Principal business of to-day's meeting was to arrange for Easter Holidays. Incidentally there were some speeches about affairs in Crete; but actual business was the adjournment over Easter. When question about to be put, SAOR OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE moved amendment proposing that instead of making holiday, Members should remain at Westminster and keep their eye on the Government. A grim sort of joke, submitted with great gravity, treated by SPEAKER with imperturbable mien. His not to reason why. Here was resolution moved by the Leader, that on rising the House do adjourn till Monday, 26th of April. Another Member moved to omit certain words. If amendment were carried there would be no holidays for anybody; House would, unless it further ordered, sit on Good Friday.

Nothing more nobly unselfish recently performed on public stage. When the division was taken, it appeared that, tellers included, there were fifty-one men who held their country dearer than their own delight, a gallant half-hundred ready to sacrifice a well-earned holiday in order to keep unwinking eye on Her Majesty's Ministers. It was a forlorn hope. The battle was lost before the first blow was struck. But what of that? It is even possible that, had the SAOR and his faithful fifty been certain that in the Division Lobby they would have overcome, they would have shrunk from the encounter. Anyone could win who commanded a numerical majority. For some brave hearts the irresistible attraction lies in the certainty of overwhelming defeat. So, silently, doggedly, they passed into the lobby, and were swamped by the Ministerial horde.

SARK says it reminds him of a scene in CORNEILLE's *Horace*, where *Horace* is lamenting the disgrace he supposes has been brought upon him by the flight of his son in combat with the Curiaes. "*Que voulez-vous qu'il fit contre trois?*" asks *Julie*. "*Qu'il mourût!*" the old man passionately exclaims. What could the SAOR and his fearless fifty do against the more than two hundred kept together by the Whips? They could have died; and (of course using the word in a Parliamentary sense) so they did, each one faced by four.

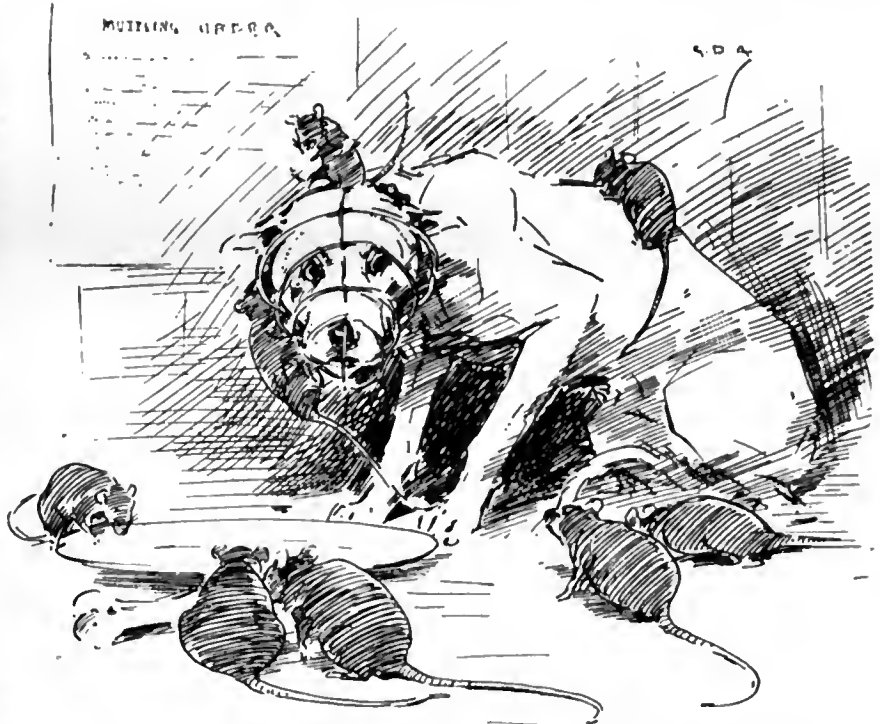
It is true they had their reward, for they got their holiday in addition to having posed as ready to scorn delights and live laborious days for their country. But that was a mere accident of the situation, and does not dim its heroism. Since the hundred Members signed a memorial to the King of GREECE bidding him keep on fighting, and then, getting into the family 'bus, went off to their several homes, no such gallant deed has been done at Westminster.

Business done.—Adjourned for Easter Holidays.

On the Basingatoke Road.

Farmer (to stalwart sergeant of police). Hullo! what was the matter with those lady cyclists, whom you stopped?

Sergeant. Well, I can stand a good deal from the fair sex, but I'm blowed if it isn't past a joke when three of 'em come riding on the footpath, ringing their bells for me to get off it!



SIDE LIGHTS ON THE NEW MUZZLING ORDER.

WHAT IT MIGHT COME TO.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Officer crippled in action reminds a former Partner of the Jubilee of 1887.

ONLY ten years since first we met!
A century it seems to me.
Can either of us e'er forget
That joyous time of Jubilee?
When you had only just come out,
Quite chicken-like from schoolroom shell,
And I was but a dreadful lout
Who deemed himself a London swell.

At Lady TWEEDLEDEE's you sat
With such a mute, appealing glance,
Until—*bis dat qui lente dat*—
I nerved myself to crave a dance.
A pretty blush and bow, then dumb
With joint delight we whirled away.
A polka! Ah! its rum-ti-tum
Is throbbing in my head to-day!

You wore a robe of clinging white,
Such as a fairy queen might choose,
With lilies of the water sprite
And roses of the faintest hues.
Your gems were sapphires blue as sea,
That shone beside your dainty nose,
And pearls in coral shown to me
Whene'er I trod upon your toes.

And so we danced the season through,
As happy as young hearts could be;
Was I in love? I scarcely knew.
Were you in love?—well, not with me!
I never dared to gauge your mind,
But distance now enchantment lends,
Perhaps you might have been more kind
Instead of being the best of friends.

And here's another Jubilee,
And all the world is just as gay
As when there shone for you and me
That other sun of yesterday!

My dancing seems a wretched ghost
That haunts a cripple for his sins,
While you, I see by Thursday's Post,
Have just enriched the world with twins!

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE MILLION.

ANGELINA.—Pray forgive me. I have bought the Patent Self-grinding Coffee Pot. It is the best of its kind, and the cheapest. I paid 12s. 6d. for it at SLOCUMS, Buncomb Street. So now you must be satisfied. Come home.—EDWIN.

DEAREST MOTHER.—Have you seen the *Union Jack Parasol*? It will be the rage of the Diamond Jubilee. You can get it at all the shops and stores. The design has been registered by BLISTERBOROUGH, the celebrated drapers in St. Peter's Churchyard. Cousin BESSY has bought four. We thought we must tell you the news.—Your loving daughters, MAY and ALEXANDRA.

NAPOLEON is the rage. Not only at the Lycoum, for he is popular, too, in the St. James's Arcade. It is the universal opinion of the traders there that had he used SKIP & RUN'S *Champion Boots*, he would have been the victor at Waterloo!

TWO JOHN JONES, Esq., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.—Pray take notice that the Eureka Kokalorum Head-wash is the best preparation for strengthening and increasing the growth of the hair.—KOSTS, RETAINER & EXIS, Solicitors.

THE HON. MRS. VERE DE VERE BELGRAVIA. of No. 379A, Windsor Castle Residences, W., begs to recommend KURL'S *Wigs* to all her friends, relatives and acquaintances. A perfect fit guaranteed. At home first Mondays.



THE LONDON POLICEMAN'S SUMMER COSTUME.

A POSSIBLE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT.

THAT CONCERT.

TALK about the Gordian Knot! *That* a tangle? Rubbish! rot!
It was nothing to our general mix to-day.
A modern ALEXANDER would be looked on as a gander,
For you see "decisive action" does not pay.
We've a "European Concert," and by Jove, if anyone's hurt,
He must not cry out and so disturb the *tutti*.
For our mighty "Monday Pop," at the least excuse would stop,
And to keep it going's everyone's first duty,
For if the big drum burst, or the fiddle known as first
Were to break a string—a whisper slight might do it!—
All the players left and right would at once begin to *fight*,
And then, by Jingo, all the world would rue it.
"Go, lovely Peace!" Oh, yes! Lovely Peace would go, I guess.
No, you mustn't stir or whisper, cough or jar,
And if there's any "spoken" straight that Concert will be broken,
And then there'd be a European War!!
Oh, Orpheus, when *you* twangled not a wild beast growled or
wrangled,
The Bear the couching Lion laid his head on;
But now it is the Brutes play the fiddles, fifes and flutes,
And if Orpheus interferences it's—Armageddon!

At Brighton.

Visitor. Why, Mrs. FLINTER, your lodgings are a pound a week dearer than they were last year!
Mrs. F. Yes, Ma'am, but you see there's so many antiquariums come down to inspect the ruins of the Chain Pier that we don't know where to put 'em!

TRULY NATIONAL!

(Prophetic Report of a Coming Council.)

"THERE seems to be no doubt," observed the General Commanding, "that the mission of the Volunteers has been entirely misunderstood."

"With the greatest possible respect I beg to differ," returned the Auxiliary C. O. "Our motto is defence, and not defiance."

"My good Sir," continued the Regular, "what earthly use can you be protecting Putney or Paddington, instead of carrying the war into the enemy's country? At this moment at such a crisis you should be marching on the enemy's capital."

"Not at all," replied another Volunteer Colonel. "We are essentially for home use. Let the foe tread our sacred soil and we take the advice of the First Duke of WELLINGTON and 'rise up and at 'em.' That is our object, and no other."

"Well, then, you must wait until you have the chance. I am aware that the Fleet is away off the coast of China, but as yet we have not heard of an invasion."

"Of course not," said the Commanding Royal Engineer. "How could we? Why, all the wires were cut at eight o'clock this morning. I should have considered the matter serious were it not that I know that schoolboys are thoughtless and mischievous. No doubt the interruption of our communication is due to a silly practical joke."

"Well, in the face of no further communication," returned the General, "we will accept that as authentic. And now let us continue the discussion."

"I do not see the use. With all due submission to the better opinion of my superiors, I venture to declare, that as the Volunteers were established by Acts of Parliament we can do nothing to alter their constitution away from Westminster."

"I am afraid you are right," acquiesced the Regular, after a few minutes of the deepest cogitation. "The military power is subservient to the civil. This is regrettable at all times, but it is especially lamentable just now, as the enemy is, so to speak, at our gates."

"Beg pardon, Sir," interrupted an A.-D.-C., who had just come to attention, "but the foe is a bit nearer than that. They have taken the town and we are surrounded, and practically prisoners."

"And they select this moment," indignantly exclaimed the Volunteer, "when we are considering our organisation, to take us unawares! It is unsoldierly, it is ungentlemanly, it is bad form!"

However, there was no more time for denunciations, as an officer of the enemy appeared and demanded the swords of all present.

"Gentlemen," said the now ex-Commander-in-Chief, when the ceremony of disarming had been completed, "there is but one other thing to do, and we will do it. We will adjourn the consideration of the Volunteers until the next invasion."

And as this appeared to be sensible, the proposal was adopted unanimously, but without enthusiasm.

EXPERIENCES OF A FRENCH PHANTOM.

(Extract from the Diary of a Ghost.)

Now I am really very comfortable. Crossed the Channel in a gale and frightened none of the passengers. Fact was, some of them were so feeble that they appeared quite pleased to see me. Now I am here in a very well appointed *château*. If the press will only leave me alone I shall get on nicely. I am jotting down my notes in the library. . . A newspaper! Had a presentiment I should find one. And of course, "strange noises, knockings—bell-ringing!" Yes, all that's meant for me! Thought they wouldn't leave me alone for long! I suppose they consider me "good copy" when the war news is scarce, and the last murder is a fortnight old. Now a lot of idiots will follow me up to discover what I am. Doctors, lawyers, and the rest of them. Well, I had better make the most of my time. . . Got a lot of raps out of that panelling, and set the bells all over the house "a-ringing for SARAH!" Great fun! . . . Thought it would be so! There's one of the lunatics taking a pot-shot at me with a Kodak, and another attempting to riddle me with the contents of a revolver! No peace nor quiet! Well, I suppose there's nothing to be done—I must be off to England again! And oh! I am so tired of ruined castles and the interiors of dried-up wells!

NEW FABRIC DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION.—Dog-muslin.



Lambertson (who is nervous, and weighs about a cart-load of bricks, to Dapperton, who has just nipped across, and weighs about nine stone nothing). "OH, YES! ALL VERY FINE FOR YOU TO SAY 'DON'T DWELL ON IT,' B-B-BUT—"

A CYCLE OF CATHAY.

[According to the *Novoye Vremya*, LI HUNG CHANO has recently stated that the bicycle was a Chinese invention, known as the "happy dragon" in the year 2300 B.C., when it became so popular among Chinese ladies that their household duties were neglected; the result being that cycling was suppressed by order of the Emperor.]

A GOOD old Li! Our ancient friend CHUNG TONG
Has beat the record with his "happy dragon";
Four thousand years ago 'twas flying strong,
Or All Fools' Day has set some Russian wag on
To draw a bow that's long!

It must have been a marvel to behold
Celestial ladies, alias "tottering lilies,"
Endeavouring to bike in days of old
With feet all cramped—the slit-eyed little sillies
Soon over would have rolled!

A phantom "prehistoric peep" we take,
And feel ourselves belated "foreign devils,"
To see each yellow dame her homo forsake,
And hold with pig-tail squire her flow'ry revels
On wheels of wondrous make.

O worthy Li, the shade of KONG-FU-TSE
Warns you, I'm sure, in language most emphatic,
That China's wares were chop-sticks, opium, tea,
Joss-houses, junks, and *not* the fleet pneumatic
Those centuries B.C.

Your "happy dragon" doubtless was a "pram"
Or early rickshaw, miserably laden
With Mrs. Mandarin, meek as a lamb
Inside, with babies and Manchu hand-maiden
Packed in a solid jam.

Perhaps a reason for this fable gay
May be its author has been dimly musing
O'er "Locksley Hall," and let his fancy play
On damsels of the Middle Kingdom using
A "Cycle of Cathay!"

NOW AND THEN.

(According to the latest University Authorities.)

THE PRESENT.—Representatives of the Stronger and Weaker Sexes
considering the Situation.

She. I can assure you that all we desire is suitable recognition.
He. But, really, a degree is useless. Nearly all the professions
are closed (and I think properly) to the weaker sex.

She. You forget we are permitted to dabble a little in medicine.
He. But really under protest.

She. Still, a degree would give a woman a certificate of having
attained a certain educational standard.

He. But, my dear madam, you would never be satisfied with
that. You would require a voice in the government of our
ancient institutions.

She. Pardon me, but you suggest an impossibility. It has
always been admitted that woman has been the weaker sex.

He (smiling). In theory! [The concession is granted.]

THE FUTURE.—The Position as before.

He. Pray take my word for it, that all we ask is to be granted
suitable recognition.

She. You must admit that a degree for men in these days is
absolutely valueless. All the professions (with scarcely an excep-
tion) are filled (and rightly filled) by the stronger sex.

He. You forget that the clergy are still of the masculine
gender.

She. But our foremost feminine thinkers regard the reservation
with distaste.

He. Then think of the social value of a degree to a man. It
would be a proof that he had a mind above rounders, and lawn-
tennis.

She. But, my dear Sir, a man once writing B.A. after his name
would never be satisfied with that. It would be the thin end of
the wedge. He would next be asking to have a voice in the
government of our ancient institutions.

He. Pray let me correct you. I can assure you that you speak
of a ridiculous impossibility. It has ever been found that man
has been the weaker sex.

She (smiling). In fact!

[The concession is refused.]



ALL GONE!

Sir Mch-l H-cks-B-ck (Kennel-Master—to good dog "Income-Tax Payer"). "Poor old boy! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR YOU!"

Henry S. ...

A MANIFESTO OF THE FUTURE.

(To be issued when there is a deficiency of Food in England in time of War.)

SOLDIERS! You have again proved victorious! The French have been beaten at Herne Bay, and have had to take refuge in and put to sea in the local bathing machines. The Russians, compelled by your bayonets, have evacuated Hythe! The Swiss have disappeared from Ramsgate, and the foot of the invading Swede is no longer set on the sacred sands of Pegwell!

Soldiers, this is glorious! For these triumphs follow a series of still well-remembered successes. Were not the Germans driven from Scarborough, the Austrians from Folkestone, and the Italians from Southend? And above all, did not your colleagues in the sister service send to the bottom of the ocean the combined fleets of the five Great Powers, Turkey, Spain and Portugal, Greece, and the Principality of Monaco?

Yes, soldiers, Britannia has conquered Europe in arms! And the result? Why, I have the satisfaction of announcing to you in displayed type that

BREAD IS DOWN AGAIN AT 2s. 9d. THE HALF-QUARTERN LOAF!

(Signed) BUNKUM,
General Commanding-in-Chief.

THE CRY OF THE INCOME-TAX PAYER.

It is "Tax! Tax! Tax!"

Whether Tory's in or Rad;
And it's "Tax! Tax! Tax!"
Whether times be good or bad.
The Surplus swells and swells,
And the doles are fast and free;
But whosoe'er may have less to bear
The burden's the same for Me!
For the rate is eightpence still,
Though they lessen the load on the land,
And though they willingly fill
The parson's outstretched hand.
Of the squire they acknowledge the claim,
And they don't forget the Church;
But the Income Tax payer, O, thundering
shame!

Is eternally left in the lurch.

Tax! Tax! Tax!

In the time of war or peace;
Till, tired of the pain in our aching backs,
We call all the Chancellors greedy quacks,
Who let the parsons and squires go snacks,
And make us furnish whatever lacks;
Whatever wanes, our load will wax.
The patience it passes
Of camels or asses;

'Tis worse than treacle upon molasses.
And, though we are patriots, loads like
these,

Which are always swelling, and never cease,
Make us call the land of the Income Tax
The Land of the Golden Fleece!

ONE-DAY WONDERS.

(Page from the Diary of a Constant Reader.)

Monday.—Terrible! What an awful state of things! And to fancy that we should have submitted to such a matter for so long a time! Well, now that public attention is at last aroused, we are sure to see the end of it. The Press is full of it!

Tuesday.—At last it has begun. Expected for months, but now at hand. We shall learn the truth. Leaders every-



ART IN WHITECHAPEL.

"WELL, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A HIMPOSSIBLE PERSITION TO GET YERSELF INTO!"

where, and any number of opinions. Weather quite forgotten in the present excitement. The Press is full of it!
Wednesday.—What a scandal! Well, it might have been expected. Still, the details are startling. The public conscience seems this time to be absolutely shocked! Go where one will, nothing else is discussed. The Press is full of it!
Thursday.—Something like a crisis! Troops hurrying hither and thither. The fleets all in motion. The money-market rising and falling like a tennis-ball! What will be the end of it? Was ever the like seen before? The Press is full of it!
Friday.—Of course the fund should be supported. England is a wealthy nation and should be equal to the occasion. It is strange that no one should have sug-

gested it before. Well, now that it has been proposed the cash will flow in abundance. The Press is full of it!
Saturday.—Something else! Dear me, we can't get one sensation on the tapis without it being elbowed out by a fresher excitement. Just been looking at my first entry this week, and can't remember the least to what it referred. Well, whatever it might have been, the Press was full of it!
Possibly a Misapprehension of Title.
Employer (to Working Man). You haven't been near the factory for a week, SMITH. How's that?
Working Man. Well, Sir, I belongs to the Independent Labour Party. We works when we chooses, and dees what we likes.

74-MA-97.



Professor Scoop, F.N.S. (the great Anatomist, who rather fancies himself something of a lady-killer). "AH, MY DEAR MRS. PUMPPIM, THIS IS A MOMENT I HAVE LONG WISHED FOR!"

Mrs. Felicia Pumpmim (who believes herself so keen on all scientific matters). "AND SO HAVE I, PROFESSOR! NOW WE HAVE A MINUTE TO OURSELVES, DO TELL ME ALL ABOUT THOSE DEAR OLD BONES OF YOURS!"

SAMPLING THE SALON.

(By Our Impressionist in Paris.)

FIND myself on the Boulevards for the Easter Holidays and not visit the "Ouvrages de Peinture, Sculpture, Architecture, Gravure et Lithographie des Artistes vivants exposés au Palais des Champs-Élysées"—impossible! So direct my steps to the principal entrance of the first of the Paris International Exhibitions. Building, by the way, doomed. New one ordered, and soon to take its place. Great crowd entering, great crowd watching the enterers. Reminds me of a first night at the Lyceum, when lion-hunters in humble life watch the celebrities flocking to the theatre leased by HENRY IRVING. It is the "Vernissage"—French equivalent to our Private View at the R.A. At Burlington House only the cream of the cream of all that is most artistic, most intellectual, most respectable. "Instead of which," at the Palais de l'Industrie, officials, painters, and (as a vast majority) payers of ten francs.

Passed the turn-style and bought a catalogue. And this is "All Paris." "All Paris" is disinclined to look at pictures. "All Paris" is in the garden in which appears the sculpture. Statues are neglected. Everyone talks, and (when of the feminine gender) wears a blazing red hat. Or rather bonnet. *Matinée* hats no longer the thing—quite old-fashioned. Bonnets arrangements of straw worn four inches in rear of the forehead. On straw foundation a low brushwood of flowers. Except on the left—there a May-pole of the prevailing bloom. Simple and effective. Men's hats much the same as in England. Except now and again a perfectly level brim to the regulation stove-pipe. Seen something like it before on the heads of an eminent artist-writer recently in the witness-box, and a very accomplished actor-manager now in retreat. But why this talk about the mode? Because it is the chief topic of conversation at the "Vernissage"—or nearly so.

But are there no pictures? Certainly. Well-known Parisian journalist (born an aristocrat, developed into a democrat) has

indicated one or two in the pages of a French paper printed in English. Search the catalogue for it. "No good. "Explication" alphabetically arranged as to artists, but nothing said about position of pictures. Still, this may be it. A pose of the nude. Four or five bouncing hoydens on a river bank chatting with a man. From their costume—or rather want of it—hoydens have evidently been bathing. River in the background. One hoyden has her arm round the man's neck. Ah, to be sure! the neck belongs to a donkey's head. Quite so. The picture represents "The Madness of Titania." French version of a scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Wouldn't do for England. Examiner of Plays would object. Might do for "the halls." Wrinkle for Mr. MORRON. In their present peaceable condition of mind L.C.C.'s would be rather pleased than otherwise. Almost opposite *Titania* admired the wreck of a fishing smack in the open sea. By the painter of "the useless mouths starving in the snow" in last year's *Salon*. Quite a different treatment. Not nearly so sensational. Eminent French critic calls attention to the pathos of an outstretched hand emerging from a "great big wave." Nonsense! Hand too small to attract attention—almost requires a microscope. Might just as well talk of the grandeur of the gilt frame. Find other exhibits noted by Parisian journalist in the first two or three rooms. The scribe seems to have tired of his subject. Hunt up a reception of the CZAR by French soldiers. The Parisian journalist calls attention to the excellent lustre of his black silk hat! Ah, to be sure, French sarcasm!

Take my own impressions. Several crayon-coloured creations. Paintings look as if they had been produced under the direction of Master JACKY, Member of the Nursery School of Art. Sea made of small circular discs of yellow and pink cheese. So it appears to an outsider. Fields of the same tone, but greater finish. Then one wonderful picture—the admiration of all lovers of pots and pans. Girl pouring vinegar into a bottle of gherkins. Glass marvellous. Ditto brass. See reflections of the rest of the room in both. Two ladies with the head of St. John the Baptist. One is spoiling her "Sunday best" with it. The other carries it on a platter, although she has nothing on to spoil. Or next to nothing. Less blood than usual. Most notable shows a German soldier with his two boon companions silenced by a shell. Teutonic warrior singing a song. Music stopped by the explosion. Some portraits. "Le Comte de —" in one room, looking slightly feeble. "La Comtesse de —" in the next—masterful. Betting five to one on the lady. Some landscapes. Many functions connected with the Russian visit. An eagle seizing a hare. A husband about to shoot "a cousin" (with accessories) in a hotel. Several "first communions." A child kneeling by a grave (murmurs of "sweetly pretty" from female sympathisers with tender hearts), and numerous nymphs turning their backs upon the public.

Ah, what is this! Art is entirely forgotten! Everyone is crowding round a central figure in the gardens! There is much enthusiasm. The private viewers are applauding a lady of striking appearance. The cheers are received with appreciation. And who is the lady? The papers of the next day give the information. The lady is one who has recently been divorced from her coroneted husband, and who is anxious to secure a "turn" at a music-hall! The scene contrasts with the dignified calm incidental to the holding of the Private View at our own Royal Academy. You shrug your shoulders, and come to the conclusion that after all there are some things managed better in England than in France.

HAY, HAY, SIR!

(Punch to the new American Ambassador, greeting.)

WHEN the *Mayflower* sailed, nigh three centuries since, She began a new "Log." It is now packed with wonders. Here goes a new entry! Our love to evince,

Forgiving old wrongs, and forgetting old blunders, We log, "Hailed the good Yankee bark, Colonel Hay."

The world is not ruled by post-prandial speeches.

Alas! If it were Peace would come—and to stay.

But, Sir, we know you, and we love "Little Breeches."

A pleasant beginning fast friendship for winning.

"Shake, Sir! May that friendship last firm and unshaken.

Since strife between your folk and ours were sheer sinning

'Gainst nature and reason, each step that is taken

To knit friendly bonds, without bunkum or blether,

Is one to the good. PHELPS and LOWELL and BAYARD

Have done their joint best to bring brethren together.

You're on the same track, and may nought make your way

hard,

Our May will soon flower. Be sure, Colonel HAY,

Like the *Mayflower*, you're 'welcome as flowers in May!'"

TO AMARYLLIS (OF AUBURN).

(To explain why Daphnis cannot come.)

["The smockfrock is seen sometimes, though not on Sundays, and here and there the plough is even now drawn by Virgilian oxen. But the worst of the depression seems to be over; Auburn is looking up, and Daphnis may as well come home from the city. His place is not in London, but here, in the fields, where Amaryllis still wears a lilac sun-bonnet."—Article in the "Times" on "Auburn revisited."]

DEAR AMARYLLIS, basking in the shade—
If not on that account the least bit shady—
Led to the country though I'd be, afraid
I am you cannot be my leading lady.
You may be all that fancy pictures you,
And varied charms, may be, you do not lack.
In any case, of course, it's always true
Your Auburn hair is streaming down your back.
With you one sees anon the homely smock,
"Virgilian oxen," also, plough the tillage,
Yet these, alas! are joys that do but mock
Since I'm resolved to choose some other village.
Try as I will I cannot quite forget—
I hope it will not cause you needless pain—
Though Auburn is "the loveliest village," yet
It is "the loveliest village of the plain."

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—Having encountered there is some time one of the deputies, I have seized the occasion of to visit the Palace of the Parliament. One afternoon I go there, and following the instructions of the brave policemen I arrive to a great octagon hall, where I give my card of visit to another policeman—*partout des policemen!*—who indicates to me that I must rest at the end of a range of persons at side of the entry. I attend there patiently while that a fat policeman marches of long in largo, *de long en large*, almost on our foots. *C'est ennuyant.* I attend as that during one half hour. Of time in time a *huissier* comes to the entry and cries a name, but never the name of the deputy whom I desire to visit, *ni le mien non plus*, nor the mine not more. *C'est très, très-fatigant.*

At the moment where I go to ask if I may to seat myself on the pavement of the hall, I hear a hurling, *un hurlement*, at the entry. It are the policemen and the *huissier* who call. The hall resounds of the cry "Béssmpiah." In fine I comprehend that it is my name, *BASSOMPIERRE*, pronounced at the English mode. *Enfin!* I disengage myself from the other persons, and I go at rapid step to the entry where I find the deputy. I shall call him Mr. X.

He receives me very politely and conducts me around of the rooms of the fashion the most amiable. At first we enter in the "Lobby," and from there we pass in a *couloir*, as sombre as the corridors of the Palace of Justice. *Toujours* the gothic style, but of another epoch. If they love the gothic style, the English, and that in a climate so sad, so black! We arrest ourselves at the glassed door of a quite little room, where I perceive some men reading some journals. *Evidemment une petite salle d'attente des huissiers, ou des agents de la police de sûreté*, that which you call "detectors." But no! Mister X. says to me that this little room, enough sad and enough sombre, is the *cabinet de lecture* of the deputies themselves, the "Newspaper Room" of the most great, or at the least of the most ancient, of the parliaments of the world. What droll of idea!

And of more! There is not there one sole stranger journal, *un seul journal étranger*. In vain the brave journalists of Paris discuss the question of Egypt, in vain the most violent of the german writers say thousand injuries, *mille injures*, to you country, your deputies can only read all that translated and compressed in the english journals. And of more! There is there but one sole illustrated journal. It is true that, among all, the deputies have chosen the most respectable, the most illustrious, that magnificent journal, of which I am, dear *Mister Punch*, the *collaborateur* the most humble and the most indignant, *indigne*. But the others in your country—the *Illustrated Graphic*, the *Black and Blue*, the *Policemen News*—they appear never in this little room.

Then we arrive to some other little rooms, *encore plus mesquines et plus noires*, where the deputies can to invite their friends to dine. Mister X. *célibataire*, who has perhaps forty years, or less, complains himself much of these rooms so "shabby." He desires to invite some ladies and some misters of his friends, and he must to receive them in a *salle-à-manger*



FLOWERS OF SPRING.

A SKETCH AT A DRAUGHTY MATINÉE.

which resembles to a little *salle d'attente* of an english railway. *Ce n'est pas grand'chose*, that is not great thing.

And the charming english misses of his acquaintance, whom he invites to the fiveo'clock! It is terrible. The other deputies are perhaps more aged, and the beautiful misses come not to render visit to them. But Mister X., truly I pity him! However, in summer, if he makes fine—that which arrives sometimes in your country—Mister X. can to receive these ladies on the terrace which gives on the Thames. That must to be very agreeable. I figure to myself a beautiful afternoon of June, the air soft and perfumed of roses, and, on the terrace, reposing himself at the shade, the illustrious legislator surrounded of adorable misses. What charming fashion of to serve his country! *Moi je voudrais travailler comme ça!* Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Le Morte Darthur, by Sir THOMAS MALORY, Part Third. A new volume. The series to which this belongs, published by J. M. DENT & Co., Aldine House, is the daintiest, handsomest, and handiest, ever as yet issued by any publishing house. Portable gems every one of them.

I do not remember ever having read any work by ENEN PHILPOTTS previous to his *Lying Prophets*, published by INNES & Co., but if his others are equal to this his latest, then is there in store for me, quoth the Baron, a great treat, for a more masterly novel, both for analysis of character, exact reproduction of local dialect, poetic appreciation of scenery, and sustained interest in the events of a very simple and probable story, it would be difficult to find. Where THACKERAY, supposing he had chosen such a theme, would have assumed the showman and would have stopped to moralise on the action of his puppets, Mr. ENEN PHILPOTTS, on almost all occasions save two or three, continues his story as a narrator, and does not distract the attention of the reader at the risk of wearying him by becoming an apologist for each action of the beings of his own creation. Nor does he fill pages with sordid unnecessary details, as does ZOLA, though he fearlessly calls a spade a spade, when thereto compelled by the necessity of the case. It is a pathetic tragedy of homely and very real life, and if we would have had it end otherwise than it has seemed good to the author to end it, it is because, while reading, we have come to love, pity, or sympathise with, the principal characters in the story.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Bernard Partridge fecit.

A REMOTE CONTINGENCY.

"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, DON'T FIDGET SO, 'ENERY! YOU'LL HAVE ME IN THE WATER!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A young Britisher, having taken a fair American "round the Town," resents the intrusion and anger of her Father.

Our escapade was very sweet
The while it lasted, darling;
Some day the joke we may repeat
Without your father snarling.
You see that he was born discreet,
Bred up with views severest,
'Mid bell-topped hats and chokers neat—
Not what I wear, my dearest!
I know 'twas wrong when you and I
Devised that morning ramble,
When I cried, "We must do or die!"—
You bravely answered "Gamble!"
And so you joined me in the Square,
Where with the cab I waited;
I made the crossing-sweeper stare,
With proof of being elated!
Then merrily, I think you'll say,
We did a round of shopping,

It seemed a kind of business day,
When I did all the stopping.
And thus at length with such a bunch
Of springtide buds and blossoms,
We went to Regent Street to lunch
On "fricasseed opossums."

That was your simile, not mine,
You're Yankier than a Yankee—
And when I touch your lips with mine
I've hardly time to thank ye.
The "fricasseed opossum" jokes
Would make a Scotchman shiver,
They're all about the "Haggis-Hoax"
That haunts the Hudson River!

'Twas when I'd lighted my cigar,
And your sweet eyes were merry,
I felt a touch of strong catarrh,
And tried my nose to bury,
For there before us both revealed
Your gallant sire was scowling!
His language was most unconcealed,
'Twas pure primeval howling!

Wipe out your tears with Belfast lawn!
Destroy your pain with powder!
Meet me at eve, at midday, dawn,
And let your laugh be louder!
For with these versicules I send
The proof of Daddy's hard case;
He quite forgot his lady friend
Had dropped her pretty card case!

ATTENTION AT THE PLAY.

(As performed at many London Theatres.)

SCENE—Interior of a Private Box.

TIME—Towards the end of the First Act of an established success.

PRESENT—A Party of Four.

No. 1 (gazing through opera glasses). A good house. Do you know anyone?

No. 2. Not a soul. Stay, aren't those the FITZSNOOKS?

No. 3 (also using a magnifier). You mean the woman in the red feather at the end of the third row of the stalls?

No. 4. You have spotted them. They have got BOBBY TENTERFORE with them. You know, the Johnnie in the F. O.

No. 1. I thought Mr. TENTERFORE was at Vienna.

No. 4. No; he was going, but they sent another chap. Brought him back from somewhere in the tropics.

No. 3. Then what is Mr. TENTERFORE doing in town?

No. 4. Oh! come home on leave. Lots of that sort of thing at the F. O.

No. 1 (having grown weary of looking at the audience). By the way, à propos de bottles, I have some money to invest. Can you suggest anything?

No. 3. They say that Diddlers Deferred will turn up trumps.

No. 1. What do you mean by that? I only want to pop in and out between the accounts.

No. 3. Then the Diddlers ought to suit you. They rose six last week, and ought to touch ten before settling day.

No. 1. Then I am on. Thanks very much for the information. Ah! the curtain has fallen. So much for the first act! (Enter visitor.) Ah! how are you? Where are you?

Visitor. Well, I have got a stall, but I have only just come into the house. What are they playing?

No. 2. I am sure I don't know; but if you are curious about it, here's the programme.

Visitor. And what's it all about?

No. 1 (on behalf of self and companions). We haven't the faintest notion.

(Conversation becomes general, and remains so until the end of the evening, regardless of the dialogue on the stage side of the curtain.)

Lawn-Tennis versus Bicycling.

(After Goldsmith.)

WHEN lovely woman strives to "volley,"
But finds that men her strokes despise,
What art can soothe her melancholy,
And reinstate her in their eyes?

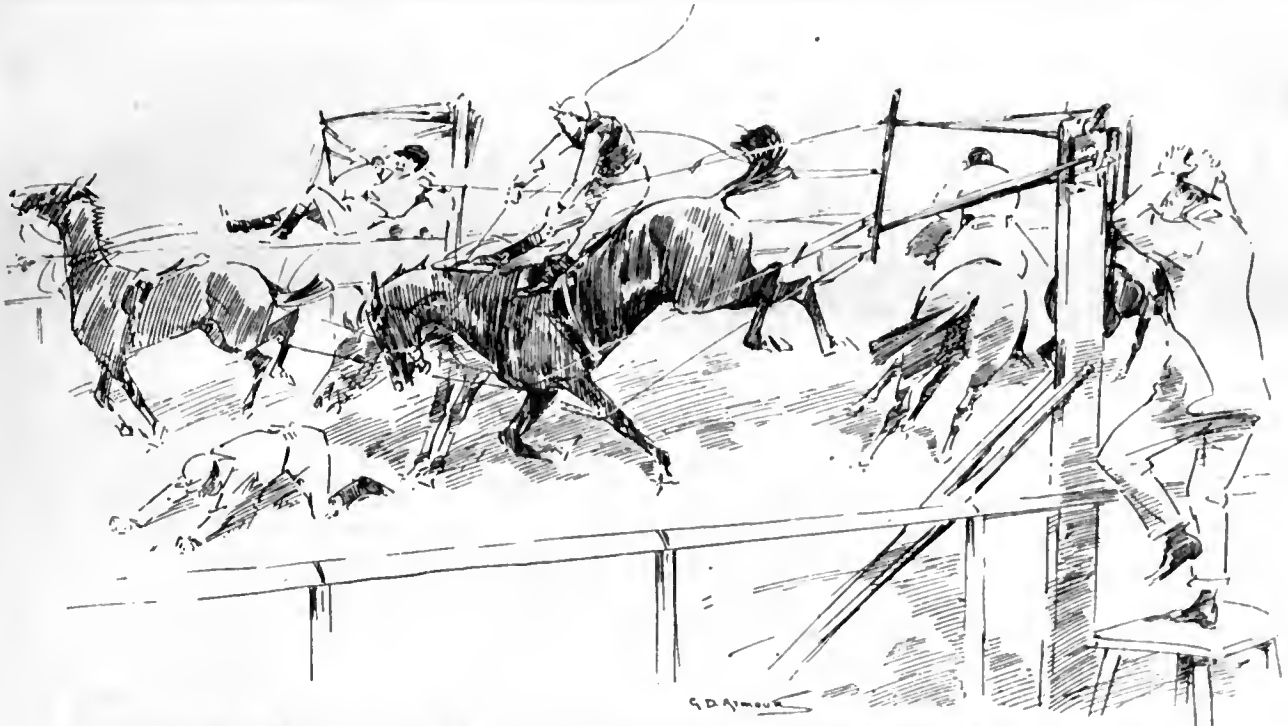
The only art her loss to cover—
To charm and to subdue alike—
To bring back her repentant lover,
And fire his bosom—is to "bike."

IMPERIUM IN IMPERIO.—The KAISER in Austria.



“ENOUGH!”





PROPOSED ADOPTION IN THIS COUNTRY OF THE AUTOMATIC STARTER.

REMOTE POSSIBILITIES:—"SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE WORKS."

THE BEAR'S SHARE.

(Dr. Watts Up-to-date.)

LET Turks delight to blast and blight,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let angry Pashas rage and fight,
For fate has planned it so.

But, Cretans, you should never let
Your angry passions rise.
Your patriot bands were never meant
To mould your destinies.

The egregious Greek in vain shall seek
To raise a patriot fuss;
The Concert checks Hellenic cheek—
Obedient to the Russ.

The Bear and Lion growl no more,
They're banded friends of Peace,
But—when the Turk's estate is shared,
Then it will be *Bear's* Greece!

A Question of Reciprocity.

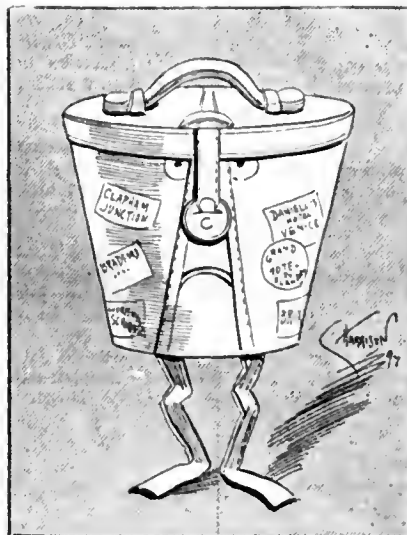
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice that one EYLOFF has been placed on his trial for speaking disrespectfully of Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN, he being an officer of the Transvaal Republic. I could not help wondering, when I read the intelligence, where we should be able to try all the British officers, who have spoken, and speak, disrespectfully of President KRUGER. I fancy that they could not be accommodated with any comfort either at the Crystal Palace or the Albert Hall—at least, such is my calculation.

Yours in doubt, - CORNELIUS COCKER.
Logathrim Club, W.

CURIOUS MILITARY FACT.—The seat of war is always the spot where two forces are standing up to one another.

"ELEGANCE AND EASE."

JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE stood six feet two,
His calves were pink and his livery blue;
His head was powdered, and proud his mien
As in nobleman's gentleman e'er was seen.
But JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE had a social club,
Where he took what he called his "hextry grub,"
Where he smoked his pipe with a jovial air,
And forgot the department of Belgrave Square.



"Oh, there 's going to be a grand fuss about the High Hat Centenary, but nobody 's taking a bit of notice of me!—and what would a High Hat be without me?"

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE MILLION.

CHARLES, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, give up your present life. Discard whist-playing, horse-racing, and roulette. They will be your ruin. If you want rational recreation, buy the new patented game, "*It's a great big shame,*" price one shilling. My best love to you.—Your heart-broken MOTHER.

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT would keep better time if they purchased BRUMMAGEM'S *Pure Gold Watches*, at 5s. 6d. apiece, as supplied to Royalties throughout the world.

DARLING! Don't forget to supply your sweet self with KOVOH'S *Lozenges* (in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 3s. 7½d., and 48s.) until my return.—Your guardian angel, THE DEVOUT LOVER.

OH! DARLING PAPA, do use the last dividend you collected for me in buying *Pure English Cigarettes*, instead of nasty foreign cigars. If you do, I shall "tank you so much, booty puppy."—Your own daughter (with a separate estate), LITTLE TODDLERKINS.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for this page, if not received to-day, will, if they arrive in time, be gladly inserted to-morrow.

In East Dorsetshire.

Pedestrian (to *Native*, pointing to inviting-looking Park). Is there any right of way through those grounds?

Native. I doan't know nothing 'bout a right o' way, but if thee happens to meet Squire's keeper I guess thee 'll find there 's a gra-at wrong o' ro-ad.



BACK TO BUSINESS!

AFTER A RELIEF IN A PARLIAMENTARY RECESS

GOING FOR GRACCHUS.

[“GRACCHUS” has suggested signalling the Diamond Jubilee Year by the abolition of the silk hat.]

GREAT Scott! At the suggestion wisdom smiles;
Wild spasms of sardonic laughter rack us.
Fancy the “chimney-pots” from ‘midst the “tiles”
Banished by “GRACCHUS”!

Jubilee japes are many, but *this* jest
Is sure “no joke”! It stirs impetuous passion
In plodding Trade’s mild, imperturbable breast,
And “riles up” Fashion.

Abolish the Pot-Hat? Æsthetic craze!
“GRACCHUS” hath heart of flint and brains of batter.
Now, now we know the meaning of the phrase
“Mad as a hatter.”

What? Celebrate the Diamond Jubilee
By leaving hundreds of poor hatters “clemming”?
Nay, save us from *that* dismal destiny,
BENJAMIN HEMMING!

That noble champion, of Nelson Square,
Is square, and a true hero, the Trade’s NELSON!
He writes a right smart letter, too, to air
The theme he dwells on.

“Go it, great HEMMING, Hero of the Hat!”
The Trade exclaims. “Æsthetic prigs attack us,
But he, our BENJAMIN, lays GOWER just flat,
And knocks out ‘GRACCHUS.’

“The artists of this era are a pest,
With all their twaddle of technique,—sheer fudgment!
And as to when a gentleman’s well drest
Who’ll trust *their* judgment?”

“Their art’s all fuddle and their hat all flop;
Trimness and tightness, symmetry and sleekness,
They cock the nose at, but a Hatter’s shop
Might teach them meekness.

“Swashbucklers and art-students, clowns and cads,
Cowboys and organ-grinders, prigs and costers
Love floppiness; so do the finick fads
Who paint our posters.

“But *Gentlemen*—and *some* still serve our QUEEN,
Thanks most to H.R.H. and England’s Hatters!—
Know stiffness, silkiness, and apotless sheen
Are mighty matters.

“‘GRACCHUS’ would mark the Diamond Jubilee
By levelling England down to Buffalo Billiness.
Oh, hideous mixture of disloyalty
And utter silliness!

“There’s safety in Silk Hats! Other head-gear
Brings a vile blend of rascally and dowdiness.
Shall we perpetuate in this Jubilee Year
The rule of rowdiness?”

“Forbid it, Heaven, and the Hatting Trade!!!
Squash-hat KEIR HARDIE’s levelling tide for stemming,
Cry ‘Down with “GRACCHUS,” of the Downward Grade,
And up with HEMMING!!!”

Toby on the True “Unspeakable.”

THE cruel Mussulman men flout,
But there’s a man more cruel than
The Turk, and that’s beyond all doubt,
The cruel Muzzle-man.
The Turk may call his foeman dog, may be,
But does not treat him as my “friends” treat me!



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Landlord (who has been listening to his Tenant's grumbles). "WELL, SMITHERS, YOU MUST ADMIT YOU'VE HAD GOOD LUCK WITH THE LAMBS."
Tenant. "UMPH! THERE ARE TOO MANY BY HALF. LOOK WHAT A SIGHT OF MONEY THEY'LL COST TO REAR!"

THE PHANTOM VEHICLE.

THE youth was almost crazy with excitement. It had been a sad disappointment to have been absent from the great meet which had taken place while he was abroad. He had longed to join in the shout of enthusiastic exultation that had greeted the commencement of the movement that practically was to revolutionise the universe. He had read eagerly the newspapers teeming with descriptions and prospectuses, and then had travelled post-haste from the Antipodes to his native land.

"It is a great thing for the nineteenth century!" he exclaimed. "It would have been a thousand pities had the honour been delayed until the twentieth could have claimed the distinction. But now to work! I must see them with my own eyes! Oh, the joy, the triumph of it!"

He hastily left his house. He expected to meet the object of his search outside his door. But it was not there.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "I shall find them in the busy streets, in the public places, where the men of commerce most do congregate."

But again he was disappointed. His quest was fruitless in the Strand, Fleet Street, Oxford Circus, the Poultry, and Cornhill.

"How absurd!" he murmured. "Of course, they are in the suburbs. Greater London is the place for them. It will be time when Brixton and Tooting are occupied for Lombard Street to be invaded."

But a visit to the delightful localities to which he had referred yielded no results. He was equally unsuccessful in Kensington, Richmond, Putney, Chiswick, and Wimbledon.

"Ah, the parks! I shall find them in the parks!"

But he did not. Hampton Court was free, and so were the graceful grounds adjacent to the Albert Memorial.

"The provinces are always in advance of the metropolis," he thought. "I will go farther afield."

Then he remounted his bicycle. He journeyed to Westward Ho; he sped to Birmingham. He was found in Chester, Scarborough, Cardiff, Stoke, Oxford, Cambridge, and Crewe Junction.

And the result was ever the same. Nothing to be seen. They were nowhere.

He had grown prematurely old. He was dispirited. But still he would have continued his examination had not fatigue bade him halt. At last he fainted. When he recovered he told his story.

"But what have you been looking for?" asked the doctor.

Then came the reply which showed how hopeless had been his perambulatory investigation from the first. He murmured, with a deep sigh, "I have been searching for a motor-car!"

"But you have not found one?" queried the medical man.

"I have not."

"No more has anyone else," returned the disciple of Æsculapius. And the statement had the admirable accuracy of scientific research.

PROVERBS FROM THE PLAY.

You may fill a comedy with tons of talk, but that won't give it a plot.

A line after a time freshens up nine hundred and ninety-nine.

A woman may be called, on the stage, *trente-six*, but that won't make her appear older than twenty in her dressing-room.

Look after the stalls and boxes and the pit and gallery will take care of themselves.

A hiss is not so good as a smile.

A notice that is one man's bread may be another man's poison.

If silence before the curtain is silver, signed letters in the newspapers are golden.

Scotland for Ever!

"WHY," asked the old customer of the MacTAVISH, "have you changed the name of this apartment from the Milton to the Burns Room?"

"Frae puir patriotism," replied the Laird. "'Deed, mon, wherefore shouldna one blind poet take the place o' anither? Ye'd no be wanting me to name the chamber the Wilfrid Lawson?"



VIVE LA POLITESSE! LADIES FIRST!

DARBY JONES ON THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

HONOURED SIR,—I feel assured that, during the visit of the eminent Dr. NANSEN to this country, he must have left a specimen of the North Pole in the keeping of the Royal Geographical Society, or some other influential body, for never do I remember the Newmarket Craven Meeting to have been so afflicted with that chilliness, which is more suited to Mr. HARRY DE WINDR on the bleak shores of Behring's Straits, or Mr. JACKSON amid the none too congenial surroundings of Franz Josef Land, than to yours truly in the vicinity of the famous Ditch, to which we invariably raise the chimney-pot or bowler of commerce and conventionality. The victory of the Prince of WALES with *Mousme* on Thursday, however, threw a little warmth into the meeting; and will Mr. HAWKE and the Anti-Gambling League be down on H.R.H. when I state that he had a bit on his pretty child of *St. Simon*? (N.B.—I never knew a race-horse yet without a bit on it when running. *Twiggez vous*, honoured Sir?)

In the meantime, what do Mr. H. and the Aggravated-Grandmother League want? If they imagine victory assured because a few bookmakers and their genteel pencilers are convicted, they err as lamentably as did Mrs. PARTINGTON when battling the Atlantic Ocean with her mop. Take the word, Sir, of an old and white-whiskered pard. You might construct the Channel Tunnel or travel to Pekin in an aeronautical vessel, but, if we were Medes and Persians, the laws couldn't prevent us from imperilling our paper, gold, silver or bronze in the Game of Speculation. And

if Mr. H. and the Aggravated Grandmothers drive us off the Turf in England, you may rest assured that, like Irish shamrocks, we shall rise up again somewhere else, be it on the broad plains of Thessaly, where gate-money meetings would be of immense advantage to King GEORGE of Greece, or on the gentle sward which, I am told, environs the great and salubrious lakes of Africa.

But, *jam satis*, as the poet said when he had finished the pot of marmalade. Let me turn my lighthouse eye on the troubled sea of the City and Sub—a name which, in this abbreviated form, rhymes nicely with "pub," and Bacchus and that German beer-swiller, Gambrius, know that the Licensed Victuallers not only flock to Epsom on the occasion of this London-cum-Clapham and Tooting contest, but are always accompanied by a Birnam Flower Garden of Licensed Victualleresses, matrons and maids, dames and damsels, ladies and lasses, relieved for the nonce from the strain of the beer-engine and the manipulation of the corkscrew. Bless their happy faces! Their manners may not be those of *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, but they are a good deal better than those of *Madame Sans-Gêne* at Sir HENRY IRVING'S Theatre, in my humble opinion.

And now to business. Let me mount Pegasus with the hope, Sir, that you, and the Princes and Nobles with whom you consort, have your silken handkerchiefs so well tasselled that you will be able to place a goodly number of shekels on the selections—remember I am of the I, 2, 3, or Ancient Order of Starters Belief—of your true friend and faithful adviser. So here goes, as the Dog exclaimed when he rescued the child who wasn't drowning.

With *Fallen crest* I'd surely be
Did *Aural head case* win the prize.
The *Bornean nag* is not for me,
But *Cagliostro* can't despise.
The *Hebronchitis* runneth well,
But I prefer the *Scottish Bay*.
The *Devil* pulls, as all can tell,
Against the *Peace* we need to-day.
But give the *Market Horse* to me,
Conjointly with the *Almond Tree*,
And *Melfy* in the one, two, three.

There, honoured Sir, is the little programme laid out as neatly as Lieutenant DAN GODFREY was wont to arrange his melodious selections for the Trooping of the Colour. Knowing that you are somewhat chary under the Hawke-Hawkins decision of risking your revered self within the precincts of a Place, I take leave to tell you that, in partnership with my friend, Captain PHILIP QUISBY, I have chartered a coach, which will be found on the Hill (close by the topmost "Knockme-downs"), where *business can be done with the utmost secrecy and despatch*.

Ever your devoted helot,
DARBY JONES.

WE ARE SIX.

A Wordsworthian Fragment.

I MET a little Concert chap,
He was one of Six, he said;
His hair was thick, but, by strange hap,
Less thick than was his head.

He had a simple stolid air,
And he was quaintly clad.
He said, "I'm here to see all fair!"—
His folly made me mad.

"Your co-performers, wooden-head,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Six in all," he said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And what's your game? I pray you tell!"
He answered, "Six are we;
Young CURZON is an awful swell;
Our ships are on the sea."

"If CURZON is an awful swell,
If ships are on the sea,
What mean the Six? I pray you tell
What your joint game may be."

Then did the little chap reply,
"Six Mighty Powers are we,
And Three of us—well, we stand by,
And watch the other Three!"

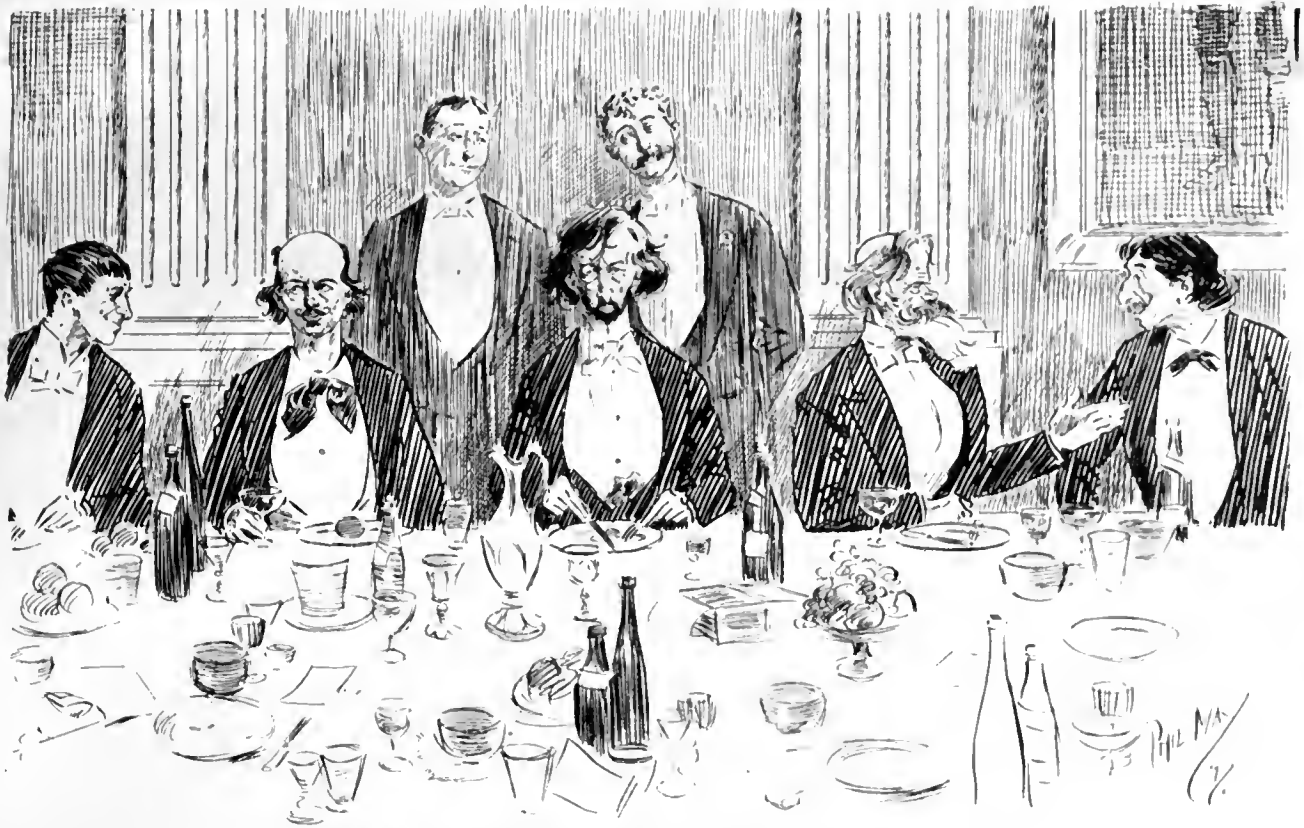
"And of the latter Three there's One
Who seems in a queer fix;
The other pair, they boss the fun.
Ah! we're a Mighty Six!!!"

"If Three are mute, or dead," I said,
"And One is in a fix,
You're practically *Two*!" But still
That Concert cove would have his will,
And said, "Nay, we are Six!!!"

Honours Divided.

(Thought on Transactions in the Transvaal.)

To open people's eyes one man desires,
Another's special business is to shut them;
One politician has to pull the wires,
Another has to—cut them!
It all depends—sure nothing could be clearer—
If you are in Mafeking or Madeira!



AT A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC BANQUET.

Waiter (to Colleague). "WELL, THEY MAY 'AVE THE INTELLEC', FRED, BUT WE CERTAINLY 'AS THE GOOD LOOKS!"

DARBY JONES REFERS TO THE "TWO THOUSAND."

HONOURED SIR,—I can well understand that you, with other honoured patrons, were not altogether pleased with my diagnosis of the City and Suburban Handicap. Nevertheless, remember that I failed not to point out the transcendent merits of the Winner and of hraw *Bay Ronald*, the while my outsider, *Amandier*, ran a dead heat for fourth place. You will observe, too, that I utterly disregarded the claims of such crass pretenders as *Crestfallen* and *South Australian*. The latter should be set aside as a mount for one of the gallant Antipodean Brigade, which has arrived to honour the Diamond Commemoration Day.

"After Epsom, Sandown!" the racing folk cried, just as the magnificent *Louis Quinze*, King of France, Navarre, and other minor countries, invoked the deluge. Personally I do not appreciate Sandown, especially in very showery or very hot weather, when the toil from the station reminds one of the excursion of *Longfellow's* hero in that abstruse poem, "*Excelsior*." "Sand up!" not *Sandown*, ought to be the cry, while ascending that inconvenient mount abutting on the most accidental course in Great Britain.

Let us rather to Newmarket. Have you, honoured Sir, ever seen, as I have, the ever-sportsmanlike Heir-Apparent cantering over the classic Heath on his cob at nine o'clock in the morning, and surveying with a critical eye the "strings" about which there is no "roping"? I trow not. Newmarket is indeed a glorious place, and that H.R.H. should forsake his well-earned

feather bed in order to examine the Ups and Downs of Racing, does not astonish yours truly.

The Two Thousand Guineas Race has not that importance which it held of yore, but among these latter-day saints of the Racing Calends, we must still remember such heroes as *Surefoot*, *Common*, *Isinglass*, *Kirk Connell*, and *St. Frusquin*. It used to be held as a Dress Rehearsal for the Derby Drama; it is now only the Preliminary Farce. Nevertheless, it commands the same respect which we bestow on the Acropolis of Athens, the Pyramids of Egypt, and St. Paul's Cathedral, because it smacks of remains. The Bard therefore dedicates these few lines to the object of a subject, which once aroused an interest second only after the event to Nunhead Cemetery. The Augur (mark his words) says:—

This used to be a race, but now

It seems to be a sort of promenade;

For ev'ry mare's apparently a cow,

And ev'ry horse unfit to meet a jade.

The *Irishman*, they say, will "funk" the task,

The *Royal Flunkey's* chances are much fainter,

The *Channel Islands* won't do what they ask,

So I must choose the Primrose *Spanish Painter*.

But don't forget, with women as with men,

A *Bard* may chant, "There 's someone on the

Ken."

The Aggravated-Grandmothers League appears to be in want of friends. Let the members—I never met one—slip out of the circle of good bookies, and invest the price of the latest subscription from Mr. *HAWKE* on the carefully-weighted selection of

Yours ever on the spot,

DARBY JONES.

THE SPEC IN SEATS.

(A Possible Development.)

Letter No. 1.

May 10, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you have recently arrived from New York, and no doubt are desirous of securing a window to view the Diamond Jubilee Procession, I beg to submit the excellent situation described overleaf. The price will be £1,500.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Letter No. 2.

May 20, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—The negotiations consequent upon your refusing to pay the price suggested in my letter of the 10th inst. having fallen through, I will again offer you the window. The price will be £1,000.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Letter No. 3.

May 30, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—You will remember that ten day ago I had the pleasure of submitting a window to you for occupation on the 22nd of June. The price is now £500.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Letter No. 4.

June 10, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that the window of which I have written several times, and which is described overleaf, is still unlet. The price is now £50.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Letter No. 5.

June 20, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—As time presses, I beg to say that the window is still unlet. You can have it for £5.

Yours truly, MANAGER.

Telegram (reply paid).

June 21, 1897.

Window still unoccupied. Price five shillings. No reasonable offer refused.



A DECIDED PREFERENCE.

John Bull (to Miss Canada). "THANK YOU, MY DEAR! YOUR FAVOUR IS AS WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY!"

["The immediate point is that Canada has decided to shift her main market from the United States to the United Kingdom."—*Times*, Monday, April 26.]



THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Short-sighted Old Gent (to realistic Scarcrow). "CONFOUND YOU, SIR, PUT YOUR STICK DOWN! CAN'T YOU SEE YOU ARE FRIGHTENING MY HORSE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Thackerays in India (HENRY FROWDE), purports to be an account of the history of the family and connections of the great novelist. That purpose is fully accomplished. But beyond it Sir WILLIAM HUNTER, in a volume of less than two hundred pages, manages, with perhaps unconscious art, to give a picture of India in John Company's time, full of light and colour. His first chapter, "Some Calcutta Graves," conveys a more vivid impression of the birth of our Empire in India, and of the personalities of the men who brought it about, than some much larger tomes my Baronite has read through. The THACKERAYS Sir WILLIAM HUNTER follows in patient, loving quest from the first WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, who, in 1776, went out as a covenanted civilian in the service of the East India Company, down to the last and more illustrious, born in Calcutta on the 18th of July, 1811. Four sons of the first W. M. T., and fourteen of his descendants and kinsmen, served John Company. In the novelist's grand-uncle and guardian, PETER MOORE, is disclosed the lay figure which THACKERAY later clothed with the simple virtues and noble dignity of *Colonel Newcome*. Though ruined himself, cast down as *Colonel Newcome* was from a position of wealth and ease to one of poverty, PETER MOORE so well served his little ward, that when in 1832 THACKERAY came of age, he found himself in possession of £20,000. The hook is fascinating from first page to last. It is worth more than it costs simply for this glimpse of *Colonel Newcome* in the flesh.

"I do not speak well your beautiful language, but I admire him," said, apologetically to a Frenchman, a certain distinguished English artist who loved to be mistaken by strangers for a foreigner. So quoth the Baron to the bicyclist, "I do not myself 'wheel,' but I admire him," and, on the "*humani nihil alienum*" principle, nothing that interests so vast a majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen can possibly be foreign to the large-hearted Baron. With pleasure, then, has he considered the pages of *The Complete Cyclist*, which is No. 2 of the Isthmian Library, published by INNES & Co., of Bedford Street. The Baron does not know who the "Co." in this firm may be, but how apposite for the publishers of any guide-book showing bicyclists and others where to go, and at what hotels to stay, would be the

name of "Innes and Outs." Curious to note, that at first a bicyclist was called "a cad on castors." Not a few caddish bicyclists there are, unfortunately, like the poor, "always with us," and many a lady and gentleman wheeler has had to suffer for coming into collision with these 'ARRIES of the wheel. In this book there are several very amusing stories, one of the best being the story of "The Duck and the Wheel," which sounds as if it were part of a menu. The "Scorcher" is ridiculed and denounced. Apparently every fair "bicycliste" must be a bigamist, as she cannot get along without a couple of "hubs." Decidedly an amusing, and, at the same time, to all "leaders" of the bicycling fashion, and to all "wheelers," an interesting and useful volume.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A KEW-RIOUS PROPOSAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Seeing that considerable difficulty is being experienced by the Court officials in finding sufficient accommodation for the guests of HER MAJESTY during the Commemoration Festivities, I venture to suggest that the Representative of the Emperor of CHINA might be very comfortably housed in the Pagoda of Kew Gardens, which is at present, as useless as when it was erected, and denied to the public. It consists of nine stories and a basement, and no doubt could easily be converted into Celestial flats, with, let us say, a Jubilee lift. Moreover, Kew Gardens are celebrated for birds' nests, wherewithal to provide the necessary soup, and I can guarantee plenty of nightingales. Trusting that you will bring my idea to the notice of Sir SPENCER PONSONBY-FANE, or someone equally versed in the vicissitudes of Box and Cox,—I am, yours expectantly,
Willow-Pattern Lodge, Isleworth. CAPRICORNUS JUNKET.

"TANTENE ANIMIS SEASIDIBUS IRE!"—Judging from the reports in the *Daily Mail*, and from some remarks in *Truth*, the recent royal visit of H.R.H. The Duchess of Teck to Ramsgate has resulted in a feeling of Wei-gall-and-bitterness among the Mayor, Corporation, and towns-folk of that salubrious seaside resort. The Mayor represents, in himself, the Head and the *Hart* of the town.



Eva. "MOTHER SAYS I AM DESCENDED FROM MARY QUEEN O' SCOTS." Tom. "SO AM I THEN, EVA."

Eva. "DON'T BE SO SILLY, TOM! YOU CAN'T BE. YOU'RE A BOY!"

DOING THE TOWER.

It is a dull and chilly afternoon. The crowd of Sightseers is large and miscellaneous; amongst them may be mentioned (1) a Matron from the Mile End Road, addressed as "Mrs. Edkins, Mum," whose hilariously expresses itself in the form of persiflage; with her, a bevy of factory girls, by whom her humour is keenly appreciated. (2) A Person with a talent for impromptu platitudes which almost amounts to genius; with him, an adult nephew, who has the highly irritating peculiarity of never being at hand when addressed. (3) A tall Sergeant in the Guards, with his "young woman" and her married sister. (4) A wheezy and husky old Lady, with an admiring country friend. (5) A Languid Man, with two bored Ladies, and (6) Our inevitable acquaintance, the Comic Cockney.

IN THE REGALIA ROOM.

Mrs. Edkins. That's 'ER MAJESTY'S best crown'd, that is. I wonder if she'd let me 'ave the loan of it some Sunday. I should look nice goin' down to Eppin' Forest with that on my 'ed!

First Factory Girl. Lorluyver, Mrs. EDKINS, mum, a top'eavy concern like that wouldn't stay long on your 'ed.

Mrs. Edkins. Oh, I dunno. With a couple o' 'at-pins!

The Sergeant's Young Woman (shrewdly). The Royal Family seems partial to salt, from the number and size of the salt-cellsars they've got here!

The Sergeant. That's natural enough, being, as you may say, the salt of the earth themselves. In this case over here, you see (with an air of proprietorship), we keep the Swords of State!

His Companions (with awe-struck reverence). What whoppers!

The Platitudinarian (to his Nephew). By a striking and beautiful allegory, the precise origin of which is lost in obscurity, the Sword of Mercy—though forty inches long—is entirely lacking in point.

The Comic Cockney (whom, owing to the gloom, he has addressed by mistake). You don't s'y so, Mister. Well, I've 'eard remarks since I come in 'ere as kin tike the shoine outer the Sword o' Mercy!

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARMOURY.

The Comic Cockney (to his Companion). J'ever 'ear me purtend to be a kid? Jest you listen, then. (Approaches Warder on guard, presents ticket, and speaks in the excruciating falsetto of a stage-infant.) P'ease, Misser Beefeater, I wants my ticket pun'sed.

The Warder (after surveying him). You mean your 'ed.

[The C. C. crawls upstairs, crushed for the moment.

IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN.

The Platitudinarian (to his Nephew). Strange to think that these very arches must have frequently witnessed the devotions of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and his family! How it thrills one with the consciousness of our close kinship with the past. Don't you feel that?

Youthful Policeman (whose arm he has taken in the darkness, modestly). Why, you see, Sir, not bein' related to the fam'ly myself, I can't 'ardly—

[He finds himself abruptly released.

The Platitudinarian (to himself). It's an extraordinary thing that nephew of mine will lag behind like this. No, he's on ahead, in the Armoury. What good he expects to get by coming here if he doesn't keep with me, I don't—

[He follows in pursuit.

IN THE BANQUETING HALL.

The Sergeant's Young Woman. I like the way they've done the walls and ceilings, all in patterns with swords. So out of the common.

The Sergeant (gratified). Yes, it's tasty. But you come along and I'll show you a trophy of Injian corn and a bird pursooin' a butterfly, all made out of old bayonets and ramrods and gunlocks.

His Young Woman. What! a bird and a butterfly made out of bayonets! Well, you 'ave got some novelties 'ere, I must say!

First Factory Girl. 'Ullo, there's ole Queen ELIZABETH on the 'orse, d'yer see? and that's her page-boy 'olding of it.

Second Factory Girl (reading placard). "As she appeared on her way to St. Paul's to return thanks for the Destruction of the Spanish Armada." Well, she ain't dressed not what I call smart, would you, Mrs. EDKINS, mum?

Mrs. Edkins. I wouldn't be seen so shabby myself. Still (indulgently), she'd be nicelookin' enough, if it wasn't for her fice.

IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

First Bored Lady. It really is rather worth seeing, don't you think. I'm quite glad we came.

Second Bored Lady. Yes, all these old knights in armour are rather dears. (Checking a yawn.) Only there are so many of them!

The Languid Man. They're distinctly not bad. And they've got some tolerable things here. Here's the old beheading-axe, you see, and the block Lord LOVAT was executed on.

First Bored Lady. I think they're quite horrible. (Sleepily.) It makes me feel perfectly creepy to look at them.

Second Bored Lady (checking another yawn). But rather interesting. You can see the marks of the axe on the block quite plainly.

First Bored Lady. I don't see the use of preserving such horrid things—they only spoil one's tea.

The Platitudinarian (once more addressing his elusive Nephew). The executioner's axe! A sinister-looking implement indeed. How many noble and promising careers have been cut short by that grim hatchet!

The Bystander (a complete stranger, but sympathetic). Yer right, Guv'ner, it's took the crumpets orf of a good few blokes in its toime, ain't it?

[The Platitudinarian moves away in wrathful discomfiture.

The Wheezy Old Lady (to her Friend, as they inspect a mounted effigy in tilting-armour). You see, my dear, you see, this was when they 'ad 'and to 'and fighting, whereas now, you see, they fight a 'undred miles away from one another, which is very different.

Her Friend from the Country. Law, Mrs. BELLARS, mum, I do like to 'ear you talk, I dew. But 'owever them sojers could get on top of a 'orse at all in them stiff iron petticoats—well, that beats me.

Mrs. Bellars. They 'ad their ways, my dear, depend upon it. Some, now, 'ud tell you it was done by pulleys; others, as the man stood a-stredle across two blocks, and the 'orse led under him—or again, they might ha' used a pair o' kitching steps, or trained the 'orse to lay down—same as camels—but it stands to reason it was done *some'ow*.

Her Friend. It's a wonder wherever you dew get all your knowledge from. I declare you've a word to say 'bout everythink.

Mrs. Bellars. Well, o' course, my dear, o' course, living in a place like London, well, it *do* stimulate the intellects.

A Guide (to his party). This curious 'elmet, the one you see with twisted ram's horns, painted mask, and round iron spectacles, was long supposed to have belonged to the celebrated jester, WILL SOMERS, but is now known to have been presented to HENRY THE EIGHTH by the Emperor MAXIMILIAN.

The Intelligent Member of his party. I see, yes. For the Fifth of November, eh?

IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

A Mother. Only fancy, CHARLIE, all these carvings on the walls were done by poor people who had their heads cut off afterwards outside in the yard there!

Charlie (who has observed the notices prohibiting the Public from defacing the Stones). What do they do to people who carve their names on the wall now, Mummy?

The Languid Man. Some of the prisoners seem to have had a very fair notion of carving.

First Bored Lady. Yes, poor dears, I daresay it was quite an amusement for them. There's nothing *else* to see, is there?

The Platitudinarian (addressing—with his usual luck—the Comic Cockney). Ah, if these old walls could only speak, what tales they might tell!

The Comic Cockney. Not much they wouldn't, Guv'nor. They wouldn't git no chiornee while you were about!

The Platitudinarian (to himself, catching an explosive snigger from behind). This is the very last time I come out with that boy! He's no companion for me!

OUTSIDE.

First Factory Girl. See that plice they've riled in? That's where they chopped ANNE BOLEYN's 'ed orf, strite, it is!

Second Factory Girl (interested). Lor! 'Ere, less go an 'ave a jig on it. Come on, Mrs. EDKINS, mum!

Mrs. Edkins. Not me! One o' them ole blokes in the blue penwipers (alluding to the Warders, who are wearing their winter capes) might 'ave my 'ed off if I did. I'm goin' to 'ave a little talk with some o' these sojer-boys, I am. (Addressing some privates, who are standing outside the Main Guard.) I say, boys (in the tone of a person who has just discovered an abuse), there's a pore young man stuck up over there agen the wall with a gun in his 'and, and he *won't* move! I can't git 'im to pass a remark.

First Private. All right, Mother, you let him alone—he's doing his dooty, he is.

Mrs. Edkins (suddenly seized with patriotic enthusiasm). 'Evin bless yer, my boys! You fight for your QUEEN, you do!

Second Private. Ah, and for you, too, if needed.

Mrs. Edkins (with feminine variability). Lorluveyer, I don't want yer to fight for me. I can fight for myself, I can.

Third Private. Better leave that to us, Mother.

Mrs. Edkins (unaccountably aggressive). If you was to give me a black eye, I could give you two—I tell yer that much!

The Factory Girls (leading her gently towards the archway). Lor, Mrs. EDKINS, mum, don't you git a torkin to them—they ain't on'y a lot o' lobsters!

Mrs. Edkins. I was on'y a-tellin' of them that they've stuck a pore young man agen the wall, and, try as I *may*, I *can't* git 'im to—

[She and her party disappear round the corner, hilarious to the last.]

MOST POP-ULAR!—BRAVO, M. HEIDSIECK! A really magnificent gift! One hundred dozen bottles of champagne, '93, for distribution among all the hospitals of London! What a rush there will be to become a patient in any one of the wards where Heidsieck, '93, is prescribed by the Faculty. Real pain to disappear after a tumbler of sham pain! Chills to be cured by draughts of the beverage which, in the slang of a few years ago, was known as "the Boy." "O *Formose puer nimium*"—but there cannot be "*nimium*" of the "*Formosus puer*." The last years of the century are made memorable by this Fin-de-Heid-sieckish bounty!

CATERING.—It is announced that Messrs. SPIERS AND POND have taken the Furness Hotel. We presume that they will provide it with a silver grill.



A PASTORAL PUZZLE.

SHEEP SEARCHING FOR THEIR LOST SHEPHERD.

A BALLADE OF CHIMNEY-POTS.

["This article of head-dress, which gives the finish to the gentleman."
Letter in the "Times" from a Firm of Hatters.]

O TELL us not of laurel crowns, which might
Have deeked the singer of another lay,
Of Greek or Roman helmets to affright
The fearful foe in some immortal fray!

Hence Tudor cap, and Stuart hat away!
'Tis but a hundred years since we began
That crowning glory, nobler than the bay,
"Which gives the finish to the gentleman."

Bald CÆSAR would have hailed it with delight,
Better than wreaths to wear throughout the day.
Alas, Black Prince and BAYARD you were quite
Ungentlemanly bounders in your way!

Nor you, nor CŒUR-DE-LION, could array
Yourselves in what our counter-jumper can,
In those dark ages you could not display
What "gives the finish to the gentleman."

Poor PHIDIAS lived ungladdened by the sight
Of such a head-dress, graceful, gallant, gay.
VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, TITIAN—king, or knight,
In chimney-pot they never could portray.

That's why the modern man, perhaps R.A.,
Excels them all, for he can daily scan
The hat, unknown to duffers such as they,
"Which gives the finish to the gentleman."

Envoi.

Prince, you whose taste in dress these hatters say
Is universally acknowledged, can
You not begin a better hat which may
Give, likewise, finish to the gentleman?

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MOST "HAPPY THOUGHT."—For her excellent practical suggestion and her liberal contribution towards the funds for carrying it out, the Princess will dwell in the memories of the "Children of the Jago" not only as Princess of Wails, but as Princess of Good Cheer! Three times three for H.R.H.!



She. "I TOLD YOU THAT YOUR OLD AUNT HAD A WILL OF HER OWN."
He (tired of waiting). "I KNOW SHE HAS. I ONLY WISH SHE'D ENABLE US TO PROBATE IT!"

THE MODISH MAY-QUEEN.

(By a Modern Daughter of Babylon.)

I MUST wake and rouse up early, rise up early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the tryingest time of all the London year,
Of all the social year, mother, the tryingest, tiringest day;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
There'll be many a tired, tired eye, mother, but none so tired as mine,
When I've "done" the leading pictures, when I've toed the R. A. "line."
Then there'll be the "New," and Jan Van Beers, ald—oh! more than I can say;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
I shall sleep so sound o' nights, mother, I shall never want to wake,
With the "head" of an R. A. crowd, and a back that seems like to break.
But I must gather hints and tips, and learn knowing things to say;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
I'd rather be in the valley where Spring Nature I might see,
For much modern Art is—entre nous—a mystery to me;
I'd rather watch the lilac bud, and the little lamhkins play;
But Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!

I shall feel just like a ghost, mother, my cheeks all drawn and white;
I'd rather run in the meadows, mother, watching the blackbirds' flight,
But then they'd call me a Philistine, a most awful thing to say;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
The task most trying I fain would shirk, but that can never be.
They say that Art is long, mother—and so it is, to me!
There's many a nicer way of passing a warm, bright, springtide day;
But Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
I'd rather be rustic maid, and dance round a Maypole on the green.
I wish that Art, in its modern phase, had never been made our Queen.
But to bow to her like an idol huge we must flock from far away;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
Society truckles to the brush, and to the chisel cowers;
So we must crowd the R. A. or "New," and do cuckoo-talk for hours.
All about "values," "tone," "technique,"—what they mean I cannot say;
But Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
The critics'll come and pose, mother, and cocksure strictures pass,

And the artists—they are free, frank chaps—swear the critic is an ass.
There'll be no rest, scarce a flop on a seat, the whole of the livelong day;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, Art is our Queen o' the May!
Upon Show Sunday, mother, I felt stale, and fagged, and ill;
And the Private Views, which one can't refuse, just make one wearier still.
And the rivulet of Society talk must ripple round Art, they say;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, our autocrat Queen o' the May!
So I must wake and get up early, breakfast early, mother dear, [London year:
To-morrow'll be the heaviest day of all the To-morrow'll be of this Jubilee Year the awfulest, achingingest day;
For Art is our Queen o' the May, mother, our London Queen o' the May!

OPEN SESAME!

"We have the Muses nine, the Graces three,
And all the passions—under lock and key."
The Poet Laureate's Poem, at the Opening of the new "Her Majesty's."

ALFRED, if you've the Nine, and Three,
Confined—as in Pandora's box—
Pray, now you're Laureate, set them free!
Ungracious 'tis to turn the key—
And in the rustiest of locks—
Upon them, till we hardly know
If even Hope remains below!



HAMLET AT ATHENS.

KING GEORGE (*Prince of Denmark*).

“THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT; O CURSED SPITE!
THAT EVER I WAS BORN TO SET IT RIGHT!”





Clerk (in the temporary absence of his Employer). "ARABELLA! ARABELLA! BLOW ME A KISS!"



His Employer. "IT ISN'T ARABELLA!!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

Overlooking the Gardens of the Crystal Palace on a hazy evening in early Spring, a Disappointed Being pens some lines to One whom he hopes to recover.

ALL dreamily the purple mist
Creeps o'er the wooded vale,
With here and there a spire sun-kissed,
Like beacons of the dale.
And yonder, where the tender green
Is leaping from the brown,
Grim spurs of sullen grey are seen
Outlying forts of Town.

Here at my feet those flowers nod
That make the Summer's dawn,
'Mid bosky dells as yet untrod,
And grass not "out" in lawn.
The rosary is faint with bud,
The hawthorn holds its sprays,
While PAXTON on the gravelled mud
The scarce-clad nymphs surveys.

'Twas on an evening just like this
We'd dined on BERTRAM'S best,
The champagne raised our bubbling bliss,
The menu gave us zest.
We'd eaten new asparagus,
And duckling, and green peas,
Ice-pudding, too, they found for us,
And first New Forest cheese.

Such *primeurs* would the gods regale,
Our hearts were young and gay,
We deemed the light could never fail,
But shine for us alway.



The Police are to be supplied with a short Serge Jacket for the warm weather. Let us hope the Serge will be thoroughly shrunk, and that we shall never see Robert as above.

You whispered you would e'er be true,
That I was best of men,
I pointed out our church to you,
It smiles to-day as then!

When suddenly down came the rain
With pelting crash of hail,
That covered up our fair demesne
In one long streaming veil.
Our park was gone, our landscape bright
Was desolate, forlorn;
And so began that weary Night
That has not found its Morn.

An omen surely 't must have been,
My banker failed next day,
And all the *primeurs* good and green
Were gone and put away.
But now there comes no stormy spell
To work its wicked will,
I've got back all I lost, but—well,
Our church is waiting still!

A Zoological Conundrum.

Intending Tenant (to Lord BATTUSNATCH'S Head Keeper). And how about the birds? Are they plentiful, GASKINS?

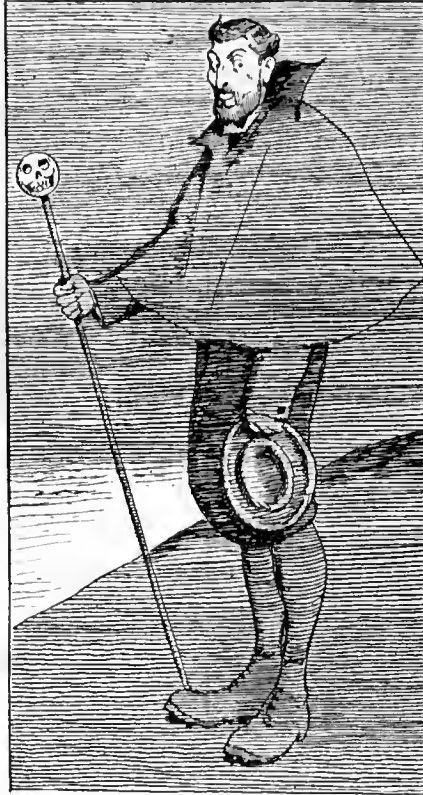
Gaskins. Well, Sir, if the foxes of our two neighbours was able to lay pheasants' eggs, I should say there'd be no better shooting south o' the Trent.

AN ATTEMPT WARD-ED OFF.—The endeavour of the Radicals to pick a crow about Crewe.

ROYAL ACADEMY PEEPS.



No. 670. "Pearls before Swine!" An incursion of the inhabitants of No. 678! W. H. Margetson.



No. 638. The Haggard Novelist of the Cape! "What a thundering storm there will be directly!" M. Greiffenhagen.



No. 291. The Perils of Steep Perspective! "Hold up, mother; it's only like the switchback!" J. S. Sargent, R.A., Elect.



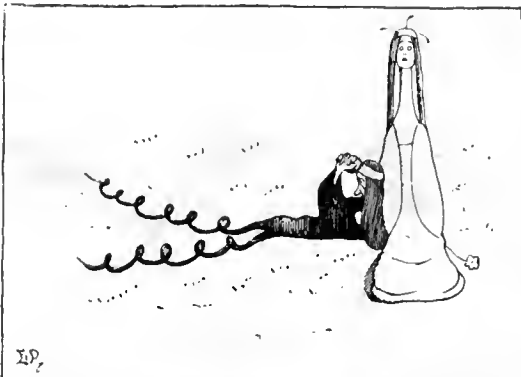
No. 591. The Accomplished Collie! "A dog teekut tae Glasgie, please." J. H. Lorimer.



No. 669. The Disadvantage of being hung next to a Battle Picture. David Farquharson.



No. 388. H.R.H. "Just a trifle, please, for my Jubilee Hospital Fund!" Julian Storey.



No. 477. Design for a Double Corkscrew; or, Gimlet, Prince of Denmark! E. A. Abbey, A.R.A.



No. 527. The Last Rehearsal at the Lyceum! Harold H. Piffard.



CONVERSATIONAL PITFALLS.

Fertie Spiller (to Miss *Wilsn*, an hotel acquaintance). "OH, YES, MOTHER AND I ARE TROTTING ROUND TOGETHER. BUT DON'T YOU FIND TRAVELLING ALONE RATHER DULL?"
Miss Wilsn. "NOT ALTOGETHER."
Bertie Spiller. "AH, I EXPECT YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE WHO DON'T CARE FOR ANYBODY—AND NOBODY CARES FOR YOU!"

AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THIS, the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Royal Academy Exhibition, will be memorable as the first under the Presidency of Sir EDWARD J. POYNTER. "What's an 'at without an 'ead?" wrote a very ancient author of burlesque, and, *à propos* of Sir EDWARD, an 'ARRY may ask, "What's a Nacademy without a NED?" Sir EDWIN LANDSEER would have rejoiced could he have foreseen that a POYNTER would take the Presidential chair at the Council of "clever dogs," all Royal Academicians. Conspicuous this year among "The Elect" are the works of JOHN SINGER SARGENT—a Sargent worthy to be a Colonel, a Singer to be reckoned among the Great Tone Poets.

No. 76. JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A., gives us "*Affric Water, looking up*." This eminent artist should be at once engaged by the Amalgamated Apollinaris and Johannis Co., to illustrate the shares in these two waters "looking up."

No. 77. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., instead of such a subject as Una and the Lion, presents us to *A Lady and a Donkey*. The lady has just nlighted, and the donkey shows no signs of moving. "If," quotes the lady to herself, "I had a donkey what wouldn't go, Would I wallop him? Oh, dear no!" But I'd dress him up in bright ribands, put a leopard's skin on his back—just to remind him of the old *Æsopian* fable—and, whatever might be said as to his obstinacy, I would stand by him to the last—that is, while my portrait was being painted."

No. 84. Portrait of an unfortunate young gentleman, who is looking very serious, and enough to make him, as he is so leaning to the left that it is evident he has *lost his balance*, and has hardly anything to support him. This is by W. W. OULESS, R.A.

HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., has done a goodly number of portraits, but his gem is in the Sculpture Gallery, No. 2052, "*The Presidential Badge of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours*," which no lover of art should fail to see, whatever else he may not have time for in this Academy. In this room, too, note "*George Alexander—bust*" (*absit omen!* but GEORGE ALEXANDER is a theatrical manager), by ONSLOW FORD, R.A.; also a life-like bust of *Sir Richard Quain, M.D., F.R.S.*, Most Extraordinary Physician, &c., &c., by THOMAS BROCK, not the fire-work maker, but the Royal Academician. GEORGE FRAMPTON'S *Dame Alice Owen* is so marvellously life-like that the awed spectator is fully prepared to see it move its head, lift its stick, and perhaps step down and ask for a catalogue.

Look at No. 2053, female figure, which, like the lady at the Derby that wouldn't bet, "has nothing on," and is holding a scimitar in a most dangerous position. It is called *Salome* ('ARRY will read it out as "Sal Ome"), and is the work of Mr. BERTRAM MACKENNAL.

No. 2024. *Pope Leo XIII., P.M.* Signor RAFFAELLI NANNINI represents his Holiness in the most smiling mood. Probably after mid-day refection. Had it been "A.M." instead of "P.M.," the expression might have been less genial.

No. 1001. *Calm in the Channel*. Delightful little picture. Might have been aptly called, "*Where all is Blue*." There is no shore visible, except in the name of the artist, J. RICHARD BAGSHAWE, a grandson of that great marine painter, CLARKSON STANFIELD.

No. 453. Special correspondents a hundred years ago, asking for information during an Egyptian campaign. W. C. HORSLEY.

No. 445. *Temptation of St. Anthony* (for the thousandth time). The Saint not to be tempted by any amount of "monkeys" (no "ponies" were offered), cannot be attracted by a study from the nude, or a mere bare idea, as suggested by JOHN C. DOLLMAN.

. Some of the demon monkeys worthy of a Walpurgis night.
 No. 558. Quite an ideal master of hounds. Where did he get his hunting breeches and topless boots made? Hounds apparently stuffed with cotton-wool. Painted by CHARLES W. FURSE. Quite a "*tour de Furse*."

No. 580. "*There's a picture for you!*" *Tableau Vivant!* No one must leave the Academy without studying the picture, and thanking the Hanging Committee. It is called "*A Trial for Bigamy*," by EYRE CROWE, A.R.A. Pity it cannot be bought for an automatic show, where you "put in a penny and the figures will work."

No. 278. Congratulations to GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A. He paints "according to his lights," and the effect of these torches is excellent.

Our artist has shown how admirably JOHN S. SARGENT has depicted *Mrs. Carl Meyer and Children*—quite the portrait picture of the year—on a sliding scale, a sort of drawing-room tobogganing exercise.

SUMMARY.—Academy exhibition, on the whole, not up to the highest oil and water mark.

EVIDENTLY TRUE.—What Sir E. MONSON said as he sailed away: "There's a large heart in this Brest."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 26.
—Something under two hundred Members come back after Easter holidays. Look much more like as if they were going to a funeral. Depression so overpowering that by nine o'clock feel they really can't stand any more. So House counted out, which is pretty well for a Monday night in April. Incidentally, second reading of Necessitous Schools Bill carried after feeblest show of opposition. Government offer Schoolboards little present of over £100,000 a year. Like young person who shall be nameless they "want more." Make show of righteous indignation at inadequacy of dole compared with that bestowed on Church Schools. But half a loaf better than no bread.

"They pocket the money," said PRINCE ARTHUR, "whilst snapping at the hand that bestows it. Would give a few half-crowns to charity out of my private purse if I were in position to get up after CHANNING had moved his hostile amendment and announce that in view of honest scruples of gentlemen opposite, the Government feel bound to withdraw Bill for present Session. How they would howl; even cut themselves with knives. But JOKIM says subject too serious. We can't afford to play with another Education Bill. So they have their growl and our £100,000."

Only ray of consolation on dull, dark evening found in contemplation of countenance of JOHN O' GORST, time-honoured Educationist. As SARK has said before, the world has lost a great actor in GORST's accidental divagation into politics. Delightful to watch his face to-night as he sat on Treasury Bench actually in charge of an Education Bill. Behind him, visible to the mind's eye, fit ghostly figures of the Committee of Privy Council on Education. Now and then he furtively looked up and down the Treasury Bench to see if he was truly left in untrammelled charge. Practically that was so. Occasionally PRINCE ARTHUR stole in with studiously casual air. Possibly secretly anxious to learn if the Vice-President of the Council had broken out in any fresh place. Anxiety concealed behind smiling countenance. Would not presume to approach his own seat as leader of the House. The Leader *pro tem.*, the Minister in charge of an important Bill, was his esteemed friend the Vice-President of the Council. With him at the helm all was well with the Ship of State.

All the same, PRINCE ARTHUR thought it desirable to ask the SOLICITOR-GENERAL to remain in close attendance till the Bill was through second reading. A thoroughly safe man Sir R. FINLAY. No kicking over the traces with him.

Business done.—Necessitous Board Schools Bill read second time.

Tuesday.—It will be remembered how when Mr. Vincent Crummies found in local newspapers paragraphs eulogistic of his own art, or the talent of his incomparable company, he was struck with marvel as to "how these things get in the papers." There's nothing of Crummies about HICKS-BEACH, save, momentarily, a similar state of marvel. Here are the newspapers saying that Conservative Member for Crewe has resolved to resign his seat. So credulous is the public in these matters that, reading announcement in print, they accepted it without reservation. The local Conservatives, who might be expected to

know the mind of the sitting Member on so important a matter, selected another candidate. Nay, so astute, far-seeing, and well-informed a personage as DON JOSE, wrote a letter wishing the new candidate success!

The Liberals selected their man; the fight in full fling, when it occurs to the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE to ask HICKS-BEACH if ROBERT WARD really had applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. No, said HICKS-BEACH. It's all those newspapers. "One more of the numerous instances in which a newspaper report is incorrect."

The SAGE's mind is as childlike as his manner is bland. It was startling to hear on this unimpeachable authority that whole



A SUGGESTED QUESTION FOR MR. C-GH-LL.

"May I ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he has received any application from Unionist Members expressing their desire to vacate their seats in order to contest Crewe?"

business rested upon newspaper invention. If HICKS-BEACH said it was so, so it must be. But how about DON JOSE's letter? His knowledge is anterior to newspapers. He could not possibly evolve out of his inner consciousness the conviction that a critical election for a seat held by a Government supporter was pending owing to resignation of sitting Member. How about the COLONIAL SECRETARY's letter recommending a candidate for a seat that was not vacant? The SAGE put the question with look of almost infantile embarrassment clouding his ingenuous countenance.

"I always," said DON JOSE, severely regarding the innocent intruder, "reply to letters addressed to me in suitable terms."

The SAGE sank back slowly upon his seat, staring into space with vacant eyes. There are some things beyond the comprehension of average man. He feebly felt this Crewe conundrum is one of them.

Business done.—Another Count Out.

Thursday.—Whilst HICKS-BEACH pictured the marvellous growth of the British

Empire within the limits of the QUEEN's reign, the Right Hon. JEREMIAH LOWTHER was a sight to see. Such a miracle as CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER dilated upon finds no parallel since the world began. The expenditure has more than doubled; but the revenue has forged ahead with even greater briskness. This means more taxation in the bulk, but so widespread has been prosperity, upwards and downwards, that the burden is borne in individual cases much more easily than when, at the time the QUEEN came to the Throne, it was half as heavy in aggregate bulk. This not only in spite of, actually by reason of, that Free Trade over which JEREMIAH makes Lamentation.

This would have been hard to bear from SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, brought up from early youth in quagmire paths. But from HICKS-BEACH, in private life a Tory squire, in public position CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER in Conservative Government! It was too much. Unwonted wrinkles marked JEREMIAH's mild and massive brow. An ashen grey tinged his sometime ruddy cheek. Once he pulled himself together, and feebly smiled. It was when HICKS-BEACH incidentally expressed the wish that HOWARD VINCENT had flourished in the year preceding the QUEEN's reign. JEREMIAH, who is quick at figures, knocked off a sum which demonstrated that in such case, the military and civil arms of the State, the public platform, and the Parliamentary forum, would to-day lack the counsel and the company of the warrior political economist. The House, seeing the point HICKS-BEACH slyly made, hilariously cheered. JEREMIAH sadly smiled, and as the CHANCELLOR proceeded with his heretical dogmas, he relapsed into attitude of utter woe.

"One of the stalest leaflets of the Cobden Club," he described the speech, when forcing himself to stand up to remonstrate against its delivery. But shocks like this are not easily got over. Early in the sitting JEREMIAH withdrew from public view, to nourish in secret this fresh stab dealt by the hand of a friend.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Friday.—Lawyers came to the front to-night in Committee of Supply. On vote for Land Registry Office, showed strong desire to discuss Land Transfer Bill, at present in the Lords. Chairman LOWTHER sharply pulled them up. Out of order to discuss the measure on vote in Committee of Supply. The third offender in this direction being shut up, it seemed that vote might forthwith be passed, when HOPKINSON, Q.C., strolled in.

Charming fellow H. A pleasing presence, a low, clear voice, an admirable speaker. Looking at paper, finding Land Registry Office under discussion, thought he would say a few words. Rising diffidently, crossing one leg over the other, smiling sweetly round the expectant Committee, he began, "I think, Mr. LOWTHER, this is a singularly convenient time to say a few words about the Land Transfer Bill—"

"Order! order!" roared the Chairman. Smile faded from HOPKINSON's face: his twined legs gave way at the knees; dropping into his seat, he had explained to him how, unconsciously, he had offended.

"I think," SARK whispered in his ear, "this would be a singularly convenient time for you to go home before you get into further trouble." A hint HOPKINSON, Q.C., made haste to accept.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply. Few speeches, many votes.



A CASE OF GREAT INTEREST AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

STUDY FROM LIFE.

RETRENCHMENT!

"It is obvious," remarks a daily paper, "that the enormous expense incurred this year by the fashionable world in connection with the Jubilee Festivities, will subsequently entail for many a rigid and unpleasant economy." Hence we may look for the appearance of such paragraphs as the following in next year's Society journals:—

The Duke and Duchess of PEPPERCORN gave a select dinner-party on Monday last at their new London house, No. 2, Slum Alley, Whitechapel. Their garrets are furnished with the utmost elegance, and an organ-grinder had been specially engaged to play to the guests during dinner. The menu of course was simple, but I hear that her Grace's *chef de cuisine* is unequalled at cooking tripe and onions, while the PEPPERCORN cellars are famous amongst epicures as containing some of the best ginger-beer in London.

A highly fashionable wedding took place at St. Sepulchre's on Wednesday, when Sir ALGERNON FITZCLARENCE was happily united to Miss ERMYNTRUDE PLANTAGENET. Fortunately the weather was all that could be desired, as, in accordance with the present fashion, the entire wedding-party walked to and from the church, with the exception of the bride's father, who, owing to a recent attack of gout, had to be accommodated with a wheelbarrow. The bridal dress was simply but tastefully made, being composed entirely of white calico, and the bouquet of daisies and buttercups which the bride carried was the cause of general admiration. The wedding presents were numerous and (comparatively) costly, including a pewter pint-pot, an electro-plated Jew's harp, and several postal orders for eighteenpence each. In the afternoon the happy pair travelled by penny steamer to Rosherville, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Owing to the genial spring the sporting prospects for this season are exceptionally bright. The followers of the Quorn and Pytchley have enjoyed some splendid rat-hunting lately. The Duke of HURLINGHAM has rented some well-preserved potato-plots near Hammersmith, on which large bags are sure to be made, as the sparrows are very plentiful. While on sporting

topics, it may be mentioned that that well-known angler, Mr. MAYFLY, landed fifteen gudgeon lately in the course of two days' fishing on the Regent's Park Canal.

Since golf and lawn-tennis have been abandoned, on account of the ruinous expense which they involve, the good old English game of skittles has become exceedingly popular with the fashionable world. It is said that several members of the Peccage will be among the competitors on Saturday afternoon, when the Seven Dials Club is to hold its championship meeting.

Owing to the strict economy which has to be practised this year, the custom of going abroad for the holidays will be wholly discontinued; indeed, several of the smartest people are contenting themselves with a cheap Saturday-to-Monday excursion to Southend. We notice that our contemporary, the *Daily Tellewag*, ever to the fore with philanthropic schemes, has started a Summer Treat Fund for children of the impoverished aristocracy. Owing to this well-timed movement, a large number of those who will one day be the leaders of Society are sent down each Saturday to the Crystal Palace, where they spend a thoroughly happy day. Before returning home each is presented with a bun, a new sixpence, and a china mug, on which the arms of his or her family are emblazoned.

A very successful performance of that historical drama, *Punch and Judy*, was given by an itinerant showman in Belgrave Square the other evening, which was witnessed by a large and aristocratic audience. Needless to say, all the theatres are now closed, as no one could afford to pay even half-a-crown for a stall in these days. From the same cause, great destitution exists amongst musicians and authors. Dr. RICHTER is compelled to utilise some of his orchestra as a street-band, while Mr. LEONARD BORWICK may have been seen of late playing a piano-organ. And since no one is able to afford a library subscription, Mr. ANTHONY HOPE and Dr. CONAN DOYLE now find employment in the writing of penny novelettes.

I have only room to add, that it is quite the correct thing to be dressed as simply as possible this season. A very charming costume was worn by a lady of title at a recent party. The body was made of household flannel, the skirt of sacking, and the whole was trimmed with bows of pink tape. For second-hand hats you cannot do better than go to Mr. ABRAHAM'S pawn-shop; he numbers among his *clientèle* most of the fashionable people in town, and his prices are most moderate—a very important fact when, in consequence of last year's Jubilee, we have to practise "a rigid and unpleasant economy!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the direction of imposing on the human mind the sensation known as making your flesh creep, the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* isn't in it with *The Oxford Dictionary*. The phrase is here applied in its sense of concentrated marvel. Never since the writing of books began was there such a monumental undertaking as this dictionary, edited by Mr. JOSEPH WRIGHT, published by HENRY FROWDE. For close upon a quarter of a century a multitude of people in all parts of the United Kingdom have been engaged in collecting materials for it. It is like a hive of bees; perhaps more exactly like the coral insects which, in the course of time, uplift rocks and islands out of the sea. "The workshop," as it is modestly called, has now completed its appointed task as far as the letter D, has even made some progress with the letter F. As a rule one does not take up a dictionary for ordinary reading. An exception will certainly be found in the case of *The Oxford Dictionary*. It is an inexhaustible mine of interesting information, garnered from all known writers and multitudes of unknown. For busy people the book may indeed be found fatally fascinating. My Baronite, setting forth to look out the bearings of a particular word, turning over page after page, came upon so many attractive bits that he found, to his amazement, an hour had sped.

A Farrago of Folly, by GEORGE GAMBLE (FISHER UNWIN), is unflinchingly described in its second title as "Some Vagaries and Verboisities of Two Vulgarians." Certain critics will probably find vulgarity the note of the book. But that is a tribute to its life-like touch. You cannot expect the repose of good manner in two young people who make chance acquaintance in a picture gallery, where the lady attempts to steal the gentleman's book. This pleasantry so much endears her to him that, after several meetings and partings, they secretly depart for Paris, and live there for a few days as brother and sister. The book is decidedly original, and would rank much higher if it were less determinedly funny. My Baronite believes that even Vulgarians do not in private conversation persistently talk with music-hall smartness. It is presumably a first effort, and Mr. GAMBLE will do better when he plays more quietly. The account of a night bicycle journey is appropriately full of go. THE BARON DE B.-W.



SYMPATHY.

‘ SO LONDON AT HER SISTER’S SIDE WOULD STAND,
AND BY THE SILENT PRESSURE OF A HAND
PROVE MOURNING PARIS DOETH NOT STAND ALONE
IN GRIEF, BUT THAT HER SORROW IS OUR OWN!’

[On the afternoon of Tuesday, May 4, the Charity Bazaar, in the Rue Jean Goujon, was burnt down in a few minutes. The City of London was represented by its Chief Magistrate at the funeral of the victims of the terrible misadventure.]



HER "COURT" DRESS.

Fair Defendant in Cause Célèbre (reading report of yesterday's proceedings). "THE IDIOTS! THERE'S NO TRUSTING ONE'S REPUTATION WITH THESE NEWSPAPERS. THEY DESCRIBE MY HELIOTROPE POPLIN AS PUCE ALPACA WITH A MUSLIN FRILL!"

SYMPATHY.

"Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."—VIRGIL.

WHEN woes are greatest, words are ever weak
The grief-choked passion of the soul to speak.
And what avail they here? Pressure of hand,
The silent look which love can understand,
Perehance are best, though all unhelpful they
The pain to lessen or the tear to stay.
Beautiful Paris, stricken with mad grief!
The rolling hours alone can lend relief
To such a shattering anguish as is this.
Gay lips, fresh from the joy of childhood's kiss,
Blackened to awful silence at a stroke!
Since o'er Pompeii the death-deluge broke
Scarce aught of swifter horror! Gentle hearts,
Playing their beautiful and blameless parts
As high-bred almoners of Charity,
Midst modish glitter and patrician glee,
And poor blind children, in wild tumult blent,
Hurried to death together, impotent
In the red clutches of relentless flame!
A piteous holocaust! The noblest name,
The haughtiest beauty and the gentlest grace,

Glory of history or pride of race,
Availed no more than childish helplessness
In that dread hour of torture's fiercest stress,
When the new Moloch claimed his shuddering prey;
And the poor shapeless heaps that scattered lay
About that fatal booth—death-trap and snare,
For whose black end the burden who would bear?
Brought anguish to the noblest homes in France,
And half the Courts of Europe.
Which is no gloating ghouls, must turn aside
From that dread scene where Paris, in her pride
Of birth, and beauty, and benevolence,
Was smitten sore. A silent reverence
To sorrow so unspeakable is due.
That scattered gold which the grave soldiers drew
From forth that awful wreckage, was designed
To assuage miseries of poor human kind;
And a less glorious death-roll hath been writ
In golden blazon by heraldic wit,
Than that of the great ladies and fair girls

Who, through fire's torturing flame and black smoke-whirls,
Passed to sweet womanly Charity's reward,
True martyrs of Humanity!

The sward
Of the gay city gleams, boughs laugh with leaves,
But in the budding Springtime Paris grieves.
"Yet tears to human sufferings are due,"
Sang the austere Lake poet, grave but true,
Sunt lachrymæ rerum! How the general heart
Echoes the Mantuan's music, claiming part
In all great sorrows, which must general be
So long as Man is moved by Sympathy.
So London at her Sister's side would stand,
And by the silent pressure of a hand
Prove mourning Paris doth not stand alone
In grief, but that her sorrow is our own!

Nicotiana.

Mrs. Gusher. Smoke! I should think I did. I positively devour tobacco from morning till night!
Our Own Irrepressible (out again). Then I conclude you live on the cigar-ate!
[Not asked to have a second cup of tea.]



Hairdresser (with an eye to business). "YOUR 'AIR'S GETTING VERY THIN ON THE TOP, SIR! HALL COMING OUT. EVER TRY ANYTHING FOR IT?"

Customer. "YES. I TRIED YOUR TONIC LOTION, AND IT MADE IT WORSE!"

INTERVIEWS WITH INANIMATE OBJECTS.

AN ANCIENT "ORDINARY" BICYCLE.

It tried to smile when it saw me—I feel certain of that, and then it looked as smart and juvenile as its rustiness would allow.

"Do you consider yourself as finally superseded?"

"By no means. It is true that the tide of fashion now runs in favour of the so-called 'safety,' but, in the long run, common sense will prevail, and I shall be reinstated in the affections of the public."

"Yet the 'safety' is a faster machine, is it not?"

"In one sense, no doubt, for it is vulgar and decidedly low. My wheelmen were exalted in position, and commanded an extensive view."

"Are not pneumatic tyres an improvement?"

"Were you ever punctured? Besides, they are a mark of the effeminacy of the age. No such thing was thought of in my time."

"So you think that cyclists have degenerated?"

"I am sure of it. The wide spread of cycling among nervous and elderly people is having a most disastrous effect. Nothing is now considered but comfort. It my early days people treated a somersault over a hedge as a matter of course."

"What is your view of horses?"

"They are necessary evils, as bicycles cannot be expected to draw carts. Still, there should be legislation to keep all horses under proper control. I would have them go at a walking pace, preceded by a man with a red flag."

"What about pedestrians?"

"I confess that pedestrians are a nuisance. They should never have been allowed to monopolise the pavements and footpaths. I fear the mischief is done in that direction, but there is no reason why they should act as if the public highway belonged to them. Stringent regulations would diminish the evil. Every pedestrian should be compelled to take out a license, and also to carry a handbell and ring it when crossing a road. After dark he should carry a lantern."

"Do you approve of motor-cars?"

"They are a fad which encourages idleness, and should be

heavily taxed. Happily they show no signs of coming into vogue."

"You do not consider yourself a pessimist?"

"No, the worst is past, and there are signs of a more healthy public opinion. In ten years' time the 'ordinary' will have completely ousted the 'safety' bicycle, while there will be a sensible diminution of horses and pedestrians."

The poor old machine spoke with such evident sincerity of belief that I had not the heart to continue. "After all," I thought, as I bowed myself out of its presence, "you are not the only one who is living in a fool's paradise!"

FOR AND AGAINST THE CHIMNEY-POT HAT.

(Vide Recent Correspondence in the "Times.")

It would be advisable, or inadvisable, as the case may be, to abolish It in the Jubilee Year.

Because all the scarecrows in the country are already fitted.

Because It is the hall-mark of human dignity, and, combined with a smile, is sufficient by itself, without any other costume, to stamp the wearer as one of Nature's Noblemen, whether he be a Missing Link or a King of the Cannibal Islands.

Because It is indispensable, as part of, the stock-in-trade of conjurers, for the production of live rabbits, pots of flowers, interminable knotted handkerchiefs, and other useful and necessary articles.

Because no Harrow boy is happy till he gets It.

Because It is a decided protection in a street-fight, or when you fall out hunting or coming home late from the Club.

Because It only needs to be carefully sat on to make an excellent and noiseless substitute for the concertina.

Because no self-respecting Guy, Bridegroom, or 'Bus-driver, is ever seen without one.

Because It is a very effective counterpart of the Matinée hat at Lord's, and similar gatherings.

Because, to be at all in the fashion, and to look decently dressed, you require a fresh one every day. This is good for the trade.

Because It stimulates the manufacture of umbrellas, eye-glasses, hansom cabs, frock-coats, hair-restorers, and forcible language.

Because no one has yet ventured to wear It on the all-prevalent bicycle.

Because no statue has ever had the face to sport It, with very few deplorable exceptions.

Because It is really the most becoming head-gear hitherto devised.

Because It is really the most unbecoming head-gear hitherto devised.

Because, after a hundred years, it is time we had a change.

Because, when a thing has been running for a century, it is a pity to abolish it.

Because, if It is abolished, the custom of raising It to ladies will perish as well, and there will follow the Extinction of Manners for Men, the Decadence of Church Parade, the General Cutting of Acquaintances, the re-introduction of Thumb-biting, Nose-pulling, Duelling, and Civil War, the disappearance of Great Britain as a first-class Power, the establishment of a Reign of Terror, and much inconvenience.

Because I have recently purchased an Extra Special Loyal and Up-to-Date Jubilee Tile, which I hope to wave, throw up, and generally smash and sacrifice on the Great Occasion.

But that is not another story.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

A SUGGESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am sick of this everlasting pother about the Diamond Jubilee. Didn't we have it all ten years ago? Is there *no* originality left in the world? For Heaven's sake let us have a little novelty.

Is it not preposterous that at this time of day we should be organising another mediæval pageant to parade the streets of London? Let us have something fresh, something progressive, something democratic—something typical of the spirit of the age. What are your gilded coaches, your cream-coloured steeds, your escorts of princes? Relics of barbarism! No, Sir; instead of this tinsel show, let us have something simple, business-like, "neat, not gaudy." Let the Procession go to St. Paul's on bicycles. LORD SALISBURY and MR. GLADSTONE on a tandem, change places alternately.

Hoping that you will see your way to give publicity to my suggestion,

I am, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours, &c.,
PNEUMATIC.

MO HER EUROPA'S WORLD-RENOVED "CONCERT" CUR TIVE.

A MARVELLOUS PANACEA!
EXTRAORDINARY RECOVERY!

Read the Testimonials from the Faculty.

DOCTOR NICHOLAS writes:—"I have tried the 'Concert Curative,' and found it efficacious where all other treatment had failed to achieve the result I was anxious to obtain. *It does not act too violently upon the system, but, after allowing the symptoms to run their natural course, protects the sufferer from an otherwise inevitable collapse.*"

DOCTOR WILHELM writes:—"I consider this an admirable preparation, and, *in the proper hands, absolutely infallible. I take care to recommend it strongly in consultation with all my fellow-practitioners.*"

DOCTOR FRANCOIS F. FAURE writes:—"I entirely endorse the opinion of my esteemed colleague, Dr. NICHOLAS. A most charming and elegant tonic—with *no disagreeable after-effects.*"

DOCTOR FRANCIS JOSEPH writes:—"It is compounded of several powerful and dangerous ingredients, but *so ingeniously combined as to neutralise one another in the happiest manner.*"

DOCTOR HUMBERT writes:—"Very pleasant to take, as it does not irritate the patient, but *acts as an emollient.*"

DOCTOR SALISBURY writes:—"I confess I have never been a firm believer in the efficacy of patent medicines in general, but in the present instance I feel *bound to add my testimony to the almost unanimous verdict of my professional brethren.*"

"After having, not without hesitation, given my consent to the employment of your remedy in a case which had resisted all previous treatments, my belief is—I hope I do not speak too soon—that it has succeeded in preventing all further effusion of blood, and *localising the danger.*"

"Whatever future changes may take place, I shall still have the satisfaction of believing that they will be under the sanction and angury of the leading European specialists, and that all danger of serious complications has been happily averted.

"If that is the result—I trust I am not premature—I cannot help thinking that it will be a *great achievement.*"

NOW READ WHAT THE PATIENT HIMSELF SAYS!

"A SICK MAN" writes:—"I was almost at *my last gasp*; I was constantly haunted by a feeling as if I should FLY ALL TO PIECES, and the dread that I should NOT LAST MUCH LONGER. All my European friends declared that I was NOT FIT TO GO ABOUT. I seemed to have *lost all control over my movements*, and was A MASS OF CORRUPTION.

"Several acquaintances of mine in Armenia told me that I LOOKED LIKE DEATH. None of the physicians who undertook to cure me *did me any good. I GOT WORSE EVERY DAY*, and could attend to *nothing*—until at last I was strongly recommended to try MOTHER EUROPA'S WORLD-RENOVED 'CONCERT' CURATIVE.

"I resisted for some time, but, discovering it was not unpleasant, I took it regularly during a prolonged residence in Crete, and gradually found myself beginning to return to active life and my ordinary occupations.

"After having been given up as A DOOMED MAN by Dr. SALISBURY and all the LEADING CONTINENTAL AUTHORITY, I am rapidly getting STRONGER DAY BY DAY, have thrown away my crutches, and am now WALKING OVER GREECE without the slightest difficulty or inconvenience of any kind.

"This happy result I attribute entirely to your INVALUABLE panacea, which I hope to have ALWAYS BY MY SIDE in future, as it has certainly PUT ME ON MY LEGS.

"You are at liberty to make any use you like of this."
—[ADVT.]

"We Three."

SAYS the Squire to the Parson, "Some people expected

A lot from the Surplus of MICHAEL HICKS-BEECH,

But the tax-payers now look extremely dejected.

Let 'a hope that a lesson his Budget will teach."

Said Parson to Squire, "Those bad Rads have derided

The Church and the Hall. How the infidel host

Will howl when they see that the spoils are divided

"Twixt you, and me, and the (Penny) Post!"



Photographer (to Sitter). "I SAW YOU AT CHURCH LAST SUNDAY, MISS SKEATE." Sitter. "OH, DID YOU?"

Photographer. "YES; AND ALSO YOUR FRIEND MISS BROWN. (IF YOU COULD RAISE YOUR CHIN A TRIFLE. THANKS.) AND WHAT AN ATROCIOUS-LOOKING HAT SHE HAD ON." (After a pause.) "THERE, MISS SKEATE, IT IS OVER, AND I THINK WE HAVE CAUGHT A VERY PLEASANT EXPRESSION."

THE DARING M.P.'S PHRASE-BOOK.

(To be translated into Modern Greek for Use on Future Occasions.)

I CAN assure you it is a mistake. I only wanted to see how they let off guns.

Really, it was very natural curiosity. I don't mind telling you that I have never before seen a real battle.

Very pleased with it on the whole, but don't think it is quite up to the standard of the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall.

You need not be so curt. I only wanted to make myself conversationally agreeable.

If you have no objection, instead of carrying me as a prisoner to Athens, I wish you would kindly take me as an excursionist to Margate.

Do you know, I really don't require to be put in irons.

As I have not the slightest intention of attempting to escape—too pleased to meet you—why suggest incarceration in the black hole?

I do not wish to threaten, but if there is any suggestion of trying me by court martial, I am really capable of giving someone quite a hard knock.

Why am I to keep silence?

Why, I was doing nothing—only seeing how to manage a cavalry charge.

No right to cruise about within the sphere of action! Why not? I wasn't bombarding anyone.

Well, I give you fair warning, that if I am put to any more inconvenience I will appeal to my Government. And if that won't do—mind, I mean it!—I will write to the *Times*!

QUAINT ANALOGY.—Mr. BOTTOMLEY describes himself as a Radical, and all the while he is a (HANSARD) Unionist. At the same time he is undoubtedly Liberal. Like a successful jockey, he appears to have a good many pounds in hand!



AFTER MANY YEARS!!

Country Parson (to distinguished Peer, who has been making THE Speech of the evening). "HOW D'YE DO, MY LORD? I SEE YOU DON'T QUITE REMEMBER ME."

Distinguished Peer. "WELL—ER—NOT ALTOGETHER."

C. P. "WE WERE MEMBERS OF THE SAME CLUB AT OXFORD."

D. P. (with awakening interest). "OH—AH! LET ME SEE—WHICH CLUB WAS THAT?"

C. P. "THE—ER—TOILET CLUB, YOU KNOW!"

HEARTFELT LOYALTY.

(As per Advertisements and Circulars.)

IN honour of HER MAJESTY'S Diamond Jubilee, Messrs. WINKELSTEIN AND KOCKELSDORF, of Puffer Row, W., beg to announce that they have purchased 1,000,000 cases of Tartaric Acid Toothpowder, which they can offer to the public at 9½d. a box instead of the usual price of 1s. 1½d. All who wish for white teeth wherewith to eat Commemoration viands should apply at once. N.B.—This offer can only be made during the present glorious year.

I yield to none of HER MAJESTY'S subjects in loyalty. In proof of which I am, in order practically to show the same, prepared to supply my Everlasting Jubilee Boot Polish at the usual price, viz., 8d. per flagon, despite the immense strain which has been put upon my factories by the presence of so many opulent visitors in London. None genuine without a wrapper bearing the signature of the inventor, ADOLPHUS TOZER, The Shineries, Southwark.
"Vivat Victoria Regina et Imperatrix!"
Such is the loudspoken and heartfelt shout of that mighty Empire upon which the sun, by the inimitable laws of Creation, is never

permitted to set foot. GRABBLETTIN AND MAINCHANCE re-echo the Imperial cry, and would draw attention to their desire to lay their humble contribution on the steps of the Throne in the shape of their Matchless Packet of Commemoration Jewellery, containing fancy brooch, rich bangles (4), solid Albert chain with exquisite pig charm, and pair of globe earrings. Every article warranted to be made of Patagonian gold, and thickly studded with Jubilee Diamonds. Each packet sacrificed at 2s. 4d., post free. 1004, Brummagem Street, E.C.

"Long to reign over us!" "Amen!" says SAMUEL SCHIRMWASSER, and out of respectful devotion to HER MAJESTY he has resolved to supply all applicants before QUEEN'S DAY with a sample of his Pocket Umbrella, for the insignificant sum of eighteenpence. It can be fitted on an ordinary walking-stick, and can also be used as a puggaree or handkerchief. Of all stationers, and wholesale at 1, Chipmunk Avenue, Whitechapel.

The Favourite Flower of the Queen-Empress is said to be the Rose of England. Loyal anxiety that this fragrant flower should be more widely known among HER MAJESTY'S subjects during the coming glorious fêtes, Messrs. HOE AND RAKE wish it to be known that they are sending out well-rooted bush specimens at 6d. apiece. The Guelph Nurseries, Little Ganderby, Beds.

(Here the waste-paper basket cried "Enough!")

NOT A PUFF OF SMOKE.

[CHANG, the Chinese Ambassador, declared that he would rather return to China in disgrace than submit to be fumigated by the quarantine officials. —Vide Daily Paper.]

AIR—"Chin Chin, Chinaman."—The Geisha.

CHANG, CHANG, Chinaman,
Welly, welly sad;
Muehee hate fumigate,
Makee welly mad;
Allo smoke makee choke,
Tellee mans to stop;
CHANG, CHANG, Chinaman,
Chop, Chop, Chop.

"BONOS DIES, SIR TOBY!"

TO-DAY, our "TOBY, M.P. for Barks," though "not unaccustomed to public speaking"—as in the House he has heard enough of it to last him a life-time—makes his first appearance on any public platform. From this elevated situation "TOBY, M.P." will address his constituents, who belong to all parties, but unite in electing him as their representative, telling them in a lecture a great deal, if not all, about "The Parliaments of the QUEEN." What TOBY doesn't know on the subject is not worth knowing, and what he will not tell must be well worth hearing. However, there is a time to speak and a time to be silent, a division of the hours which will be properly adjusted by that Eminent Old Parliamentary Hand, the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who takes the chair on this memorable occasion. *Ex luce lux*, and the best of Good Lucks attend our "TOBY, M.P."

A QUESTION OF NOMENCLATURE.—It is obvious that in view of the recent strained relations between the Crown Prince of GREECE and EDHEM PASHA, the name of the latter could be written either Head-him or (very nearly) Had-him.



“WHO SAYS ‘SICK MAN’ NOW?”





"HONEYMOON AMENITIES."

"LOST THE RETURN TICKETS? NONSENSE, MY DEAR BOY! I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER SEEING YOU PUT THEM IN YOUR MONEY POCKET THE DAY WE CAME HERE!"

"YOU DO? THEN THAT SETTLES IT. MUST HAVE LOST 'EM. THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT POCKET!"

A SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of Punch.

DEAR SIR,—Just now there are so many extra calls upon the pockets of the "smart," that I am sure a move in the direction of economy would be very welcome amongst "the upper ten," or say, "the more select quarter million." For instance, it is the pride of some hostesses to have a crowd at their at-home days. If the many social functions of the present memorable season should deprive them of the glory of a large gathering, they would naturally feel annoyed. Now cannot this be remedied? I think so. Why not hire a carriage and a man who thoroughly understands his business from a livery stable? But it will be objected that a vehicle staying outside a door for hours would look peculiar. At first it might be considered as suggestive of the *crème de la crème*, but after a while the immobility

of the vehicle would be understood, and cover the hirer with ridicule. And here my idea comes in.

All that is wanted is as before, a brougham and a coachman who thoroughly understands his business. Mark the qualification, "*who thoroughly understands his business.*" Now the brougham drives up, and the neighbours notice that the coachman is clean shaven and has mutton-chop whiskers. The vehicle drives away after a sufficient pause. Then comes another coachman driving a brougham. He evidently belongs to an owner with military tastes, for he has a black moustache. He retires, and is succeeded later on by an old retainer of a coachman, with white hair and a venerable beard allowed to be worn, no doubt, on account of his many years of faithful service. But it will be contended "so many carriages will be expensive?" Not at all. There will be only one vehicle, and the coachman *who thoroughly knows his business* will do the rest. The moment

the Jehu is out of sight, he will change his costume with the utmost rapidity, and then return to your house a different (outer) man. The effect might be increased by supplied visitors, who would also change their appearance at the same time as the coachman altered his. This could easily be done in the brougham itself.

I think the idea so good that I would be pleased to form a syndicate to work it. A small supply of carriages and horses, and a good company of useful people would be all that would be necessary.

As manager, I would suggest one of the now fairly numerous "quick-change" artists who have done so much recently to render the leading London music-halls popular. Perhaps, with a few pots of easily-removed paints, even the horses might be altered. But that is a detail.

Yours faithfully,

A LOVER OF COSTLESS SPLENDOUR.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A long-time Lover expresses his intense dislike to the high-heeled tight Boots of his Lady, who professes to enjoy the wearing of the same.

YOUR heels of brass make pit-a-pat,
Like NANSEN's feet about the Pole;
Upon an india-rubber mat
You'd make the substance pay its toll,
In order to attention draw
To those twin props on which you walk!
I think upon a street of straw
You'd demonstrate your pedal talk!

The inch step arched is fair to view,
The little *brodequin* fine and neat,
But when I love to look at you,
Must I be always at your feet?
May not my eyes be sometimes raised
To meet those orbs of liquid glow
Shot with pure gold that, half amazed,
Have kindred tints with boots below?

I never have quite understood
The glory of the cobbler's art;
The last, I know, is made of wood,
And only lasts that we may "part"!
But in your shoon of tightest fit,
Such as you wore at church to-day,
I'm sure you said a little bit
That could not fitly rhyme with "pray"!

Do, dearest damsel, think of this,
That feet were only made for bards
To join with "love," and "bliss," and
"kiss,"

And break the porcelain 'mid the shards.
The dainty "uppers" cannot make
Your long, lithe presence more to me
Than when you deigned to undertake
A barefoot ramble by the sea!

Those rambles! How we've paced the shore

The bonny, fir-clad cliff beside!
Till when the all-forgotten roar
Had warned us of the rising tide,
And then we'd scamper up the cliff,
To sit among the pine-grove roots.
That was a time without a tiff—
Your soul did not know high-heeled boots!

Five toes upon a foot expressed
(Perhaps a foot has got a thumb),
Ten marks upon the sand impressed
So fairly that my tongue was dumb.
But now (and here I broach a line
That all my manhood bravely scorns),
Did you, in that sweet "Auld Lang Syne,"
Have any knowledge, dear, of *corns*?



Irate Cabbie. "OH, IF I 'ADN'T GOT SOMETHING INSIDE, I'D TALK TO YOU!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 3.—LOUGH, though in later life he mixes his tea in London, had his earliest breakfast in Ireland. Occasionally, as to-night, he pleasantly reminds House of his paternity. Had question on paper addressed to WALTER LONG with reference to muzzling of dogs. Answer given with wealth of detail. LOUGH, charmed with the conversation, desires to prolong it. SPEAKER beneficently sharp on Members who attempt to evade rule that notice must be given of questions. The only safe thing is to assume that Minister has broken fresh ground by his reply. That done, the Member says, "Arising out of that answer I beg to ask—"

To-night WALTER LONG having made his answer, sat down. Up jumped LOUGH, holding out a letter snatched from his pocket. "May I," he said, "ask a question which has been sent to me by a correspondent, arising out of that answer?"

We are getting on to end of century. What with telegraphs, telephones, torpedo-catchers, big wheels, balloons, motor-cars, and railway trains running through the sea, we are doing pretty well in the way of inter-communication. House felt LOUGH's correspondent took the cake. Echo of LONO's answer still rumbled through chamber. Yet here was Member for West Islington with a letter in his hand "arising out of that answer" which correspondent had written, posted and obtained delivery of!

House roared with delight, whilst LOUGH stood staring round, wondering what on earth he had said now. "Only shows," says WILFRID LAWSON, "how strong is the force of habit. A man who spends his morning mixing tea is apt in the late afternoon to mix his sentences."

Business done.—Two more Government Bills brought in, Employers Liability, and the Undermanning of Ships.

Tuesday Evening.—Dr. FARQUHARSON, favourably known to House of Commons for other reasons than because he owns a mountain, to-night crowned honourable career by delivery of one of most effective speeches of the QUEEN's long and happy reign. It was on question of habitual

criminals. CAMERON moved resolution calling upon Government to establish adult reformatories for the special treatment of this class of our sisters and brothers. In course of his address CAMERON had much to say about long sentences and short sentences. His speech was rather a long sentence, extending over three quarters of an hour in delivery. Question important and interesting. Members accordingly went out to think it over. Thus it came to pass that FARQUHARSON came into heritage of an audience fully twelve strong.

Was evidently in fine form. Cleared his voice with one or two preliminary but eloquent coughs; squared his elbows; tugged alternately at his shirt cuffs; shook his legs out about the knees; was just getting into stride when someone suggested that perhaps the House had better be counted. FARQUHARSON sat down; sand-glass on table turned; bells clanged through all the corridors. Slowly a score of Members trooped in; but the habitual criminals, acting in accordance with those ingrained habits CAMERON deplored, remained in their lairs. When SPEAKER counted he found only thirty within signalling distance of his cocked hat. So, at ten minutes to five, House counted out, beating all recent record in the matter of earliness of the hour.

FARQUHARSON not at all puffed up at this achievement worthy of Jubilee Year. "Tut, tut," he said, blushing, when congratulated. "In the circumstances anyone could have done it."

But we know better. PRINCE ARTHUR, who, following the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's example, is sitting by his own fireside to-night, disposed to take the matter seriously.

"These fellows will force us to take Tuesdays, dear TOBY," he said, when I looked in to give him the news. "We don't want any more time at our disposal. If we get it we'll have to do something. Got quite enough time for what we mean to do. If they had only managed to keep



"Arising out of that answer, Sir."

(Mr. T-mmy L-gh.)

things going for this one Tuesday night wo might have gone on as wo are till after Whitsuntido. But, really, when not satisfied with counting out on every Tuesday they have had since the Session opened, private Members manage to get a count out at ten minutes to five on a May afternoon, I don't see how wo can decently refrain from forthwith burdening ourselves with this extra day."

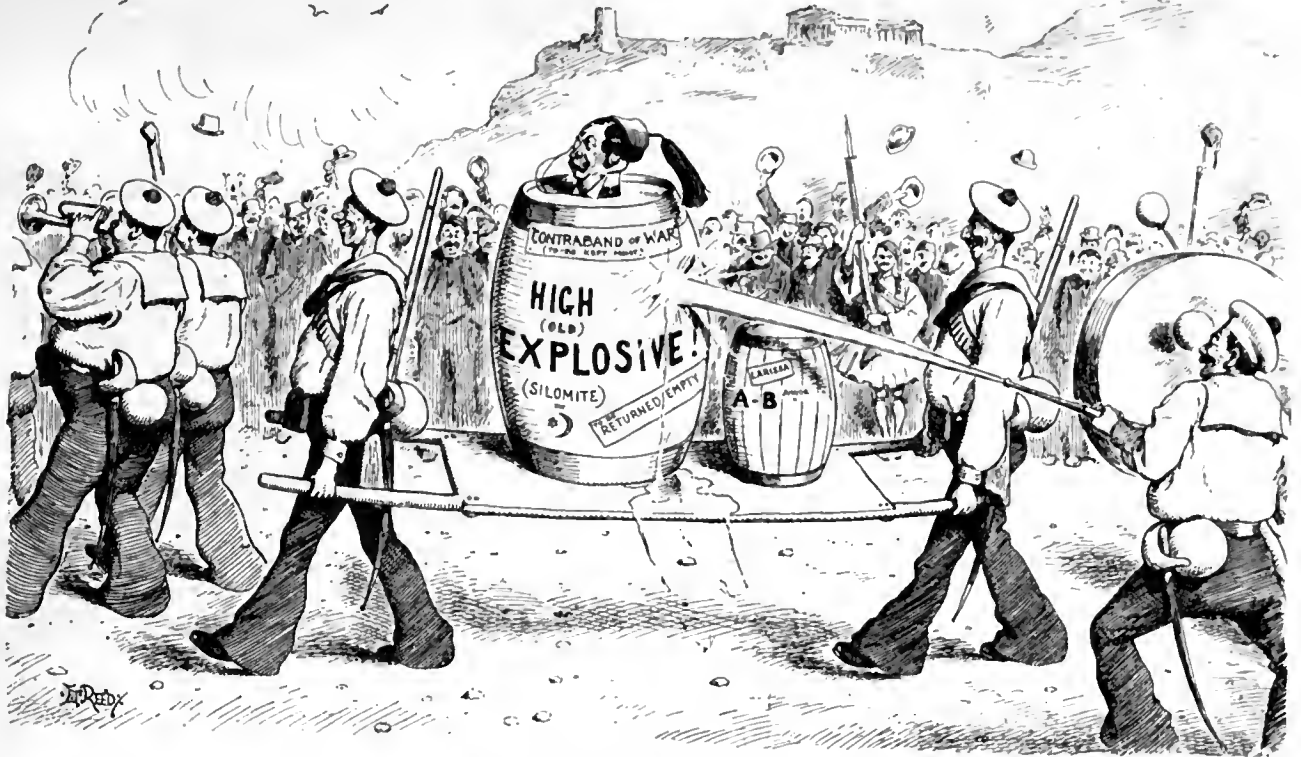
Business done.—Nono.

matter? Would they demand SILOMIO's immediate release? or was his sacred person to be deemed contraband of war?

UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, whose gravity is one of the safeguards of the Great Powers in times of crisis, so smitten by contagious merriment that he could hardly frame a reply. House roared afresh when he assured FIELD that the captive knight was in no personal danger, and that application had been made to

pool. The captain was for instant surrender. The crew (aged thirteen) sobbed bitterly. SILOMIO was pale, but that appearance was owing to other causes than fear. The sea was much more perturbed than was the hero.

"We will hold on our course," he said, "and let Greece take the consequences. If a hand is laid on me, England will rise as one man, and demand a million sterling for moral and intellectual damage."



A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH FOR THE GREEK FLEET!

(The Captive enters Athens!)

Thursday.—Long time since House of Commons been in such merry mood. Circumstances attendant thereupon made case more remarkable. The morning newspapers presented their customary contribution of war news. A great battle impending at Pharsala; fierce fighting at Velesino; the iron hand of the Turk slowly but surely closing round the wrist of the Greek. Stirring news; but it all faded into nothingness before the import of one detail. Unfortunate on land, the Greek fleet had by a single stroke retrieved the fortunes of the day.

It had captured SILOMIO!

Yes; BASHMEAD-ARTLETT, Knight, the elect of Sheffield, the pride of the Senate, the champion of the Empire, the canonized of Swaziland, outmanœuvred at sea, is carried captive to Athens.

It might be thought, in face of such national calamity, that the flag would fly at half-mast on Victoria Tower, that shops would be closed, that bells would toll, that the House of Commons would mournfully adjourn. "Instead of which," as the irrepressible judge said, here was the House on the broadest of grins, breaking forth into uproarious laughter when Admiral FIELD, in his best transpontine quarter-deck manner, enquired what the Foreign Office were going to do in the

place him at disposal of HER MAJESTY'S Minister at Athens.

Business done.—Irishmen for once united (in fresh demands on Exchequer), repulsed by 219 votes against 127.

Friday.—SARK has some particulars of the naval engagement off Salonica, which shows it to have been rather a desperate affair. Don't know how he got the despatch, but it reads as if it came from headquarters.

SILOMIO setting forth from Larissa to Athens, intent upon resuming charge of imperial affairs at Westminster, was warned of danger. The whole Greek fleet was on the look out for him. Let him give them the slip, and go by land.

"Bismallah!" said the doughty knight. "A Primrose Leaguer does not go off his ordered course for any foe."

After an hour's sailing from Tzayezi, something at first taken for a cloud began to converge on the sailing boat which carried SILOMIO and his fortunes. The hero was at the moment lying at the bottom of the skiff, the sea being choppy. But at sign of danger he rose to his knees and, fixing his eyeglass, scanned the horizon. The cloud drawing nearer, turned out to be the Greek Fleet. SILOMIO was entrapped. His little boat was as if caught in the vortex of a whirl-

In a few minutes a torpedo boat emerged from the slowly-closing circle; made straight for the sailing boat; captured the knight; conveyed him to Admiral's flagship, where he was received with full honours, officers and crew drawn up to receive him.

"You ought to have been at Salamis," said the Admiral, respectfully saluting.

"Thank you," said SILOMIO, gratefully feeling a firmer tread on the deck of the man-of-war; "I've had enough of travel just now, and, if you could arrange it, would rather be dropped at Sheffield."

This despatch (delayed in transmission) bears sign of hasty writing. But it also carries the impress of truth.

Business done.—Some votes in Supply.

Providing for the Future.

The O'Hooligan (to the MacTavish). Faix! but yo seem to be overlapping your quantum to-night, Laird. Has your grandfather jined to the Kensal Greeners?

The MacTavish. That no, Sir, but the morrow, gin that nae accident happen, I shall hae the luxury o' lurching wi' my bluid cousin, the ex-Baillie o' Whilkna-craigie, a strict temperance mon, wha canna stand whuskey. And so I'm joost drinkin' up to his soda-water beforhand.



“YOUNG LOYALTY.”

(Aunt and Cousins lionising Bluecoat Boy.)

“BUT DON'T YOU FIND THE SUN VERY TRYING WITHOUT A HAT?” “OH NO, THANKS.”

“OR THE COLD IN WINTER TIME?” “NO, I DON'T MIND IT.”

“OR THE RAIN?”

“NO, I DON'T MIND THAT KIND OF THING. THE ONLY TIME I WANT A HAT IS WHEN THE BAND PLAYS ‘GOD SAVE THE QUEEN,’ AND THEN I DO WISH I HAD ONE TO TAKE OFF!”

QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE.

THE other day Mr. LOUGH asked the President of the Board of Agriculture whether a dog must have a muzzle on when taking his morning bath in a pond on Pockham Rye. Since then notice has been given of the following questions:—

Mr. LUFFER.—To ask Mr. HANBURY what would be the postage of a letter from Brixton to Bogota, the envelope of which contained, in addition to two sheets of note-paper, one woollen comforter, knitted by his, Mr. LUFFER's, sister-in-law.

Mr. MUFFER.—To ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer the name and address of a shop, in or near Clapham, where his, Mr. MUFFER's, aunt can obtain good bird-seed for her canary at the lowest price.

Mr. STUFFER.—To ask the Home Secretary whether if he, Mr. STUFFER, should visit Margate during the summer, the right honourable gentleman could recommend an hotel where the terms are small and the meals are large.

Mr. BUFFER.—To ask the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, as he, Mr. CURZON, has personally studied the manners and customs of Persia, whether his, Mr. BUFFER's, cat, a native of that country, should be fed with ordinary English meat, or with some diet of a more oriental nature.

Mr. DUFFER.—To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty whether, in the event of his, Mr. DUFFER's, great uncle visiting Southend, it would be advisable, in view of possible adverse winds, that he, Mr. DUFFER's great uncle, should attach his, Mr. DUFFER's great uncle's, hat to his waistcoat by means of a cord or other appliance called a hat-guard.

DARBY JONES CONSIDERS KEMPTON.

HONOURED SIR,—Who is the Gentleman who starts rumours about Non-starters for Big Races? Naturally Echo will query the term “gentleman,” but it would perhaps surprise you, Sir, and the Peers, Baronets, and Members of the Privy Council, who complete their education by committing the axioms of Professor PUNCH to Memory, to know that on those grades of Society which I may call the Lower Rungs of the Ladder, the word “gentleman” possesses no attribute of superiority, but is always applied to One possessing the Bounder-like characteristics of the Kangaroo—a being, indeed, looked down upon from a perch by the Common or Jubilee Cad. Well, Sir, one of these Esquires for indefinite right put it about that *Galtie More* would not start for the Guineas at Newmarket, and the Prophet was only able to nail the Second and Third on the Board of Speculation, the lay of the *Minstrel* at 50 to 1 for a win and 4 to 1 for a place possibly reflecting some of that credit displayed by a well-polished, hall-marked silver soup-ladle on your henchman and heeler.

Lord ROSEBERY deplored, I believe, that he had met with another *Isinglass*. The noble earl has met with continual *Isinglasses* during his Political and Turf career, but, like little *Jack Horner*, he is still sitting in his corner, pulling out the Plums of Life, and on his fiftieth birthday (good gracious me! it was only yesterday that he was Lord DALMENEY at Eton!), I beg to tender him my sincerest congratulations, wishing him over the Derby that luck which befell *Salvation Yeo* in *Westward Ho*, when he and *Amyas Leigh* en-

countered the Gubbins clan on the moors of Devon. His Lordship will know what I mean, honoured Sir, even if the reference pass your understanding.

Hats off to the Ditch, to the Rutland Arms, and the Jockey Club! Away to Sunbury by the Thames, to the Most Convenient Race Course in the World—and that is saying a great deal—Kempton Park, the demesne of Mr. S. H. HYDE, who apparently is about, as a Model Magistrate and a Simple District Councillor, to sit upon himself as the wicked Manager of a Sinful Spot, where the voice of the “Bookie” mingles with that of the thrush and the blackbird. Mark you, Sir, I don't say that Kempton is the *best* race track in the world, all I say, it is the most convenient. If you, or any other Master of *Savoir Faire*, will tell me another place devoted to the Sport, wherewith Monarchs are supposed to amuse themselves in their hours of pastime, so perfectly “get-at-able” in all sorts and conditions of weather, I should be glad to know the name of that rendezvous. For my own part, there is only one Kempton which can be reached under shelter the whole way from your front door in London to your Grand Stand or Members' Enclosure, *viâ* Waterloo Station, and once there, you need never be grilled by the sun or pelted by the rain. Take my word for it, Sir, if the nave of the Crystal Palace were turned into a cricket ground, it would be equally popular. Nowadays your pleasure-seeker likes to be taken to, and brought back from, his temporary Mecca without disturbing the cotton-wool in which he is of course packed as a precaution against the climate. Oh! dear me, why doesn't the Aggravated-Grandmothers League let the rich or poor race-goer alone? At Kempton Park he has everything done to make him respectable and harmless, and yet the A.-G. Leaguers *won't* let him enjoy himself after his own way. It isn't the folk, who show themselves at a Gathering of this kind, who go home in a hurry and volunteer for the Greek Army on the morrow. But, as my friend Captain QUTSBY always remarks, “The real gamblers are those who frequent disreputable houses in Soho, where the Tape runs from morning till night, and who don't know a horse from a gander.” Even the other colleague to whom Lord SALISBURY recently referred when they brought back Peace and Honour from Berlin, was an unsuccessful plunger. I believe, too, that Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., is a Greater Englander, when the interests of *Pari-Mutuel* are attacked.

But let me to work, and endeavour to unravel the skein of the Diamond Jubilee Stakes, which are to be run in the Park of HYDE and seek. Here goes.

You will not *Shoot the Bird* this time,
Nor wedding bells for *Husband* chime;
The *Welshman* may go nearly.
For me I'll choose that *Conqueror Wild*,
Who off the backer has beguiled
And sometimes cost him dearly;
Together with the *Mixture*, who
May run *Our Uncle* for 1, 2.

Put your Faith, Hope, and Charity, honoured Sir, on your devoted adherent with the Röntgen rays, DARBY JONES.

PICTURE FOR NEXT YEAR'S R.A.—No. 145. Mr. AUSTEN BROWN'S “*Calves*” will be succeeded by his “*Ankles*.”



SHAMEFUL PARSIMONY.

Thomas. "AND WOT D'YOU THINK 'ER LADYSHIP 'AD FROM THE DUCHESS FOR A WEDDING PRESENT! TWO SECOND-AND CUPS AND SAUCERS!"

Jane. "LOR, MR. THOMAS! I DO THINK AS 'ER GRACE MIGHT 'AVE MADE OUT THE 'ARF-DOZEN!"

CHARITY AT HOME.

(Extract from the Diary of a Philanthropist.)

Monday.—Received an application from a Society for the Extension of Education amongst those most in need of it. Very proper scheme. Regard it with the heartiest approval. Seems old-established, too. Wonder why I have not heard of it before. The circular enlightens me. "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." I see. Well, will consider it with the others already forwarded.

Tuesday.—Appeal from the management of "The Self-Supporting Orphans." Good notion. When a baby is left destitute the organisation steps in and sets it up in business. Refer to appended documents, and discover that its foundation dates back several decades. Why have I been addressed after this neglect of years? Ah, to be sure, "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." Pigeon-hole with the others.

Wednesday.—Another appeal! This time the lower creation attracts attention. "Home for Reclaimable Blackbeetles." Seems commendable. Idea to turn a pest into a blessing. Train blackbeetles to spin silk. Wonder why I have never heard of the scheme before. Founded, too, fifty years ago. Ah, I see, "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." Appears to be common form. Circular is added to the rest.

Thursday.—Post brings in customary application. "Convalescent Home for the Healthy." I see. Not a bad idea. Prevention better than cure. If people are well, keep them so. Wonder why it has not been started before. It has. Founded early in the century. Why then address me at this late hour? Oh, I see, "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." Added to the others.

Friday.—Postman with the usual batch. "Cinderellas for the Aged." Why not cheer the evenings of second childhood! Certainly, why not? The cheering seems to have been going on for some time. But why now address me? Ah, "Taking advantage

of the approaching auspicious occasion." I have heard the phrase before. Put away with the others.

Saturday.—Again they come. "Homes for the Affluent!" Argument, if the poor are looked after, why not the rich? Seems something in the idea. Circular proves that the charity is older than the century. Dear me. Wonder why I should have been addressed. Suppose they thought, "better late than never." Not exactly. "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." Exactly.

Sunday.—Looking through my benevolent bequests for the past week. Plenty of them, and ninety-nine per cent. to "commemorate the approaching auspicious occasion." A little awkward! Hundreds of applications sent in. Can't attend to every suggestion. Invidious to make a selection. Perhaps the best thing to do, as I cannot subscribe to all, is, to give to none! Haa the advantage of being economical!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OUIDA's latest novel, *The Massarens* (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), is, from every point of view, excellent. Since THACKERAY's immortal "Becky," there has not been drawn by any satirical writer a type so true to nature, to nature, that is, with its natural good almost obliterated, and its evil fully developed, as the *Lady Kenilworth* of this story, known in her family as "Mouse." THACKERAY's heroine in his "Novel without a hero" sprang from the people, and had to work her way upwards to position and fortune: OUIDA's heroine, on the other hand, is a patrician of patricians, lacking the true nobility of race, but a spoiled child, with an hereditary contempt for the plebs, a cultured sensualist with so powerful a hunger for money that no amount of wealth could appease, and with such a capacity for profligacy that millions cannot satisfy. The picture of her husband, "Cocky," son of the *Duke of Otterbourne*, as he lived and as he died, is drawn with great power; and the sketches of the very smartest of the most modern Smart Society are as true as they are intentionally caustic and disillusioning. There are three straightforward, virtuous persons in the *dramatis personæ*, and of these the first is the co-heroine, *Katherine Massarene*, who seems just a bit too hard to be quite lovable; yet is she well mated to the second *Lord Hurstmancaur*, an admirably conceived character, just good enough to be true; while the third is the young Duke, a mere child, a splendid little fellow, worth a wilderness of *Little Lord Fauntleroy's*. The finish of the story is as artistic as is that of *Vanity Fair*, and to no work of fiction can a higher compliment be paid. The quite unnecessary introduction of an exalted personage is non-essential, and is decidedly an error: but it is the only one. Of this novel, as a photograph from life at high pressure in these last years of the nineteenth century, it may be truly said that, beyond interesting and amusing, it gives food for serious reflection. Is our time morally worse than that of the Tudors, the Stuarts, or of the Regency? More than ever is it essential to keep up "appearances," and to observe, most strictly, "*les convenances*"; then, these canons being obeyed, "Respectability," that "tribute which *Vice* pays to *Virtue*," is the note of Modern Society.

If OUIDA had required prototypes for her Modern Society characters she had only to turn to a book recently published by FISHER UNWIN, entitled, *Twelve Bad Women*, and from that compilation, excellently well done, with a moral to every narrative, she could have selected either *Lady FRANCES HOWARD*, who "flourished" between 1593 and 1632, or have taken as a model *BARBARA VILLIERS*, Duchess of Cleveland (1610-1709), or *ALICE FERRERS*, the favourite of *KING EDWARD THE THIRD*, to whom this amiable lady seems to have played the part of *Becky to Jos Sedley* in his declining years. It is a curious book, as morbidly interesting as a well-written *Newgate Calendar*; but it can only be recommended to the healthiest, and cannot with safety be given as a pass-time to an invalid who, himself blessed with a clear conscience, yet suffering from an evil liver, would scarcely be cheered or consoled by the example of such notorious "evil livers" as are those of whom he will read in this work.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—Writing last week about *The Oxford Dictionary*, my Baronite, temporarily dazed with the erudition of the monumental work, attributed the editorship to Professor JOSEPH WRIGHT. That was Wrong. It is *The English Dialect Dictionary* Professor WRIGHT edited. The Editors of *The Oxford Dictionary* are Dr. JAMES MURRAY and HENRY BRADLEY.

PROSPECT FOR A NEW EQUESTRIAN STATUE.—The owner of this year's Derby favourite says, "If he wins he will have the horse's statue made in gold." If he loses, the statue shall be made all the same, but—in "beaten gold."



THE CONSERVATIVE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

THE GOOD FAIRY SIR M-TTH-W WH-TE R-DL-Y PRESENTS THE WORKMAN WITH THE COMPENSATION BILL.

Henry... ..



A SERIOUS MATTER.

"YOU SEEM TO HAVE QUITE FORSAKEN YOUR BICYCLE, CAPTAIN PELHAM!"

"Y-A-S. FACT IS, IT MADE ME SO CONFOUNDEDLY MUSCULAR, I COULDN'T GET INTO A PAIR OF DECENT HUNTING-BOOTS!"

CHELSEA REACH.

The County Council did not like
 This bay, these bends, a useless waste;
 An artist's eye perhaps they strike,
 They must offend a vestry's taste.
 Oh! bother men like KEENE or LEECH,
 Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council did not care
 For curves which artless Nature made;
 They wished no "line of beauty" there,
 Such fads as that had never paid.
 Oh! hang what HOGARTH used to
 teach,
 Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council did not wish
 To contemplate artistic spots;
 Why leave to water and to fish
 Such eligible building plots?
 Oh! blow the barges on the beach,
 Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council could not bear
 To let this vast "improvement" wait;
 Such crooked banks they must repair,
 They longed to make the river straight.
 Though artists rave, and scream, and
 screech,
 Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council fancied that
 Just settled all about the bay,
 Till this Select Committee sat
 And settled them the other day.
 The Chairman made a little speech,
 "You shall not alter Chelsea Reach!"

True Charity.

Amy (meeting Harry with a collecting box). Are you collecting contributions for the Jubilee Week Fund?
Harry. No, dear, for the Regeneration and Soda Water Committee the week after.



A REGULAR KNOCKER.
A Study of the latest Society Coiffure.

A BICYCLING BALLADE.

(A Fair Cyclist celebrates a Triumph.)

To hunt or ride or drive may be
 To some fair sisters passing sweet,
 The wheel (at present) is to me,
 However tyred, a tireless treat.
 Some love shop-windows in the street,
 Some golf or tennis live to play,
 Some do no more than eat and sleep—
 I've done my sixty miles to-day!

We pedalled "o'er the downs so free,"
 And heard the merry lamhkins bleat,
 No thought of mint-sauce marred their
 glee—
 On, on we pedalled, sure and fleet.
 In spite of wind, in spite of heat,
 Though long and hilly was the way—
 Cyclometers are above deceit—
 I've done my sixty miles to-day!

By forest—"lawn" (and, haply, "lea"),
 By village, farm, and country-seat
 We pedalled on from morn to tea
 And—I'm alive to tell the feat.
 This one small triumph is complete,
 Beyond all question. Come what may,
 "Fate cannot harm me"—I repeat,
 I've done my sixty miles to-day!

Envoi.
 "Bike"—your forgiveness that I greet
 You thus cacophonously I pray—
 My record you have helped me beat,
 I've done my sixty miles to-day!

ROYAL OPERA • COVENT GARDEN



THE Opera Season commenced on Saturday, May 8, with a "Concert of Europe," and the Operatic Pie being opened, the birds began to sing, as follows:—

Monday.—*Faust* and foremost. Pleased to see Madame EAMES, as *Marguerite* (a bit tired of Peggy, not of Madame EAMES, in a general way), and delighted to hear her as "*jaîche comme une Marguerite*" in that ever-brilliant gem, the jewel song. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, several years younger than ever, trying to appear an-

cient as the *Duenna Martha*. *Valentine*, NOTÉ; *bien Noté*. But he made the audience smile loudly when he died, such a flop did *Valentine* go down! Merry MANCINELLI conducting self and orchestra in first-rate style. Chorus a bit wrong at first; all right at last. Big house. Royal Highnesses present in two boxes. Good start.

Tuesday.—House seems to know *Roméo et Juliette* by heart, as it doesn't come in till long after commencement of Opera, and then, suddenly, it is "full up." M. SCARAMBERG, as *Roméo*, a bit nervous; quite strong enough, however, to support himself and *Juliet* in the balcony, when both obtained support of audience. Mme. SAVILLE, delightful as a *cantatrice*, but as *Juliet* rather of the "reserved force" order. Opera not complete without Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Gertrude*. MANCINELLI turned on for every night in the week up to Friday. Stage management of T. H. FRIEND, all right. Motto of Italian Opera:—"Friend in need is stage manager indeed."

Wednesday.—Warbling WAGNER'S *Tannhäuser*. Poor EMMA EAMES "indisposed"; kind Mlle. PACARY takes her part. Noble conduct of Mlle. PACARY! it is so rare to find one woman taking another's part. H.R.H. Princess of WALES and distinguished visitors evidently much touched by Mlle. PACARY'S devotion. VAN DYCK first rate: his skill in making up evidently inherited from celebrated artistic ancestor. M. NOTÉ so full of "go" that he is now known as "*Noté Beany*." Bowery Lass, BAUERMEISTER, singing the shepherd's song to perfection. M. JOURNET very good *cette soirée* as *Landgrave*. Stage management looking up; everybody generally acting on "Friendly" hints. Also gratifying to remember that "Now we sha'n't be long" seems to be the motto for what used to be needlessly protracted *entr'actes*.

Thursday.—*Aida* (which of course is not pronounced by really accomplished linguists "aider") lends her assistance. House delighted to welcome her, and, in spite of the apology offered for the cold of the lady in the title-*rôle*, declares that lady to come out "Strong," in fact, SUSAN STRONG. Miss SUSAN maintains the reputation, secured a couple of years ago in the music of the only occasionally Waggish WAGNER. Has an excellent help-mate in "the other lady," Miss MARIE BREMA, who sings in faultless style and a Babylonian wig. A welcome newcomer in Signor CEPPI, who looks a fine figure of a man—not in the least like an effeminate "Cheppy." PLANCON of course admirable, and ANCONA artistically truculent. Stage management very good. Ballet of small foreigners quaint, but requiring a little extra drill. Otherwise everything excellent. Ladies of the Egyptian chorus dusky to the wrists, and then—as they should be, seeing they are lameless—appearing with white hands. Large and enthusiastic audience. H.R.H. the ex-Commander-in-Chief in evidence reviewing the army from a private (not a sentry) box. Seemed to appreciate the powers of manœuvring evidently possessed by (should be) Brevet-General FRIEND. Altogether a delightful evening. Stalls smart with pretty gowns and diamonds, and denizens of the gallery wearing spectacles and reading huge scores. Intellect and beauty from floor to ceiling.

Friday.—A huge house for the *Huguenots*. Royalty present and appreciative. Miss MARIE ENGLE distinctly engaging as *Marguerite de Valois*. Charming both in voice and appearance. Strong cast, PLANCON, NOTÉ (worth his weight in gold), and the ever-changeable Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. On the present occasion she appears as a maid of honour, radiant with youth and beauty, as a prelude to the assumption of the part of the decrepid *Martie* ordered for the morrow. *Urbain*, the page, appropriately brazen-faced (in the accomplished hands of Mme. BRAZZI), and consequently quite attentive to the lady of the Court. Orchestra and chorus all that could be desired—M. FLON in the (conductor's) chair. The programme obligingly communicative. "The Incidental Divertissement" it begins. Then the reader pauses for a moment to consider who would dance the incidental divertissement. Not M. VAN DYCK, because he is busy preparing for the morrow's reappearance in *Faust*. Not Signor ANCONA, because he is this evening in the front of the house. Then who on earth would it be? Then the reader returns to the programme, and the mystery is solved. "The Incidental Divertissement by the *Corps de Ballet*." Why, of course! Quite natural! How do they think of such clever things? House and performance most satisfactory. Mutual congratulations exchanged from either side of the curtain.

Saturday.—*Faust* and last. Grand repetition of sensational effects. Duel scene goes splendidly until the end, and then comes a heavy drop. In fact a couple of drops, because the curtain falls shortly afterwards. For the rest, the good ship *Opera* starts on a prosperous voyage. So far, no breakers ahead.



AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—I have said you that Mister X. the deputy showed me the *salles-à-manger* for the strangers who visit the House of the Commons. After to have visited these poor little rooms, he shows to me those who are reserved for the deputies. *C'est une autre paire de manches, partout le confortable anglais*, the english comfortable. But the ladies can not to go there. That shall arrive perhaps, after many years, when they can to be elected. *Une députée!* See there a new word. But, *hélas*, the female deputy shall be probably that which you call "a strongly minded woman." *Oh quelle horreur!*

I see also the libraries, very tranquil and very luxurious, and then we retrace the "Lobby" and the octagon hall, and we arrive to the House of the Lords. With the deputy I can to enter in a species of lodge, *loge*, at side of the door. From there I see a great hall, much of sculpture in wood, a gilded throne and several ranges of benches covered of red. At the middle, on that which the English call a mussulman—ah no, an ottoman!—a mister is seated. He has the air enough melancholy, planted there at the middle, and forced of to hold himself "bolted upright," as one says in english, from fear of to roll from his seat so incomedious. Himself is enough droll. At first I think that he has the hairs grey, enormously long, and then I perceive that he carries a *perruque* at the ancient mode. What droll of person! He must to be some senator condemned to be punished thus. Some customs, some habitudes, so ancient exist still in England. I have heard to speak of a "stool of repentance" and of a "dunce's cap." I know not that which they are. *Les voilà peut-être.* It is desolating to see a mister so respectable in a situation so deplorable.

On the red benches there is perhaps twenty misters, who repose themselves and speak together at low voice. Without doubt they are fatigued. It is at present 4.40. They have worked perhaps since ten of clock. They are not young. They work as that without any salary. What noble sacrifice for their country! Ah, at present they adjourn! They part, and we also. In the corridor I say to Mister X. that the senators have the air fatigued, that they work much. "Not so much," responds he, "they began to-day at half-past four." "How," I say, "only ten minutes? It was but the time of to put the culpable, *le coupable*, on the stool of repentance." "The what?" demands he. "The poor mister on the ottoman," I respond to him. "That," he cries, *tout ahuri*, "that was the Lord High Chancellor of England!"

Oh ciel! I shall comprehend never the costumes of your country. The *concierge* of your Bank resembles to a Lord Maire, the Chancellor on his ottoman has the air of I know not what of sad and of pathetic.

Then Mister X. conducts me to the gallery of the House of the Commons. We sit ourselves. I perceive that the hall resembles not to the Chamber of Deputies at Paris. Absolutely not of tribune, not of benches in half-circle, not of desks for the deputies. At the middle I perceive a dignified and respectable mister, not on an "ottoman," but on a throne. This time I deceive not myself. I say to Mister X., "It is the Chancellor of the Commons." "No," responds he, "it is the speaker." "Truly," I say, "what droll of ideal! That species of throne is then the tribune, and each orator carries a wig and speaks seated?" He explicates to me that the "Speaker" speaks not, and that he is in effect the President of the Chamber. Then he indicates to me some ones of the deputies, Sir HARCOURT, Sir BALFOUR, Lord CHAMBERLAIN, Sir BARTLETT, Sir LABOUCHERE, and some others of whom I forget the names. The benches have the air of to be enough incomedious. The deputies are very squeezed, and several, above all Sir BALFOUR, have almost slipped from the seats. In effect this last, for not to fall on the floor, is obliged of to put the foot on a table before him. It would be perhaps possible to prevent the slipping of Sir BALFOUR and of the others, in fixing a strap around of the waist, as for an infant in a "perambulator." I have the honour of to offer this idea to Misters the Deputies.

While that I regard I hear some inarticulate cries, as the "*Très bien!*" of our Chamber. They become more loud. Then I perceive that the President on the throne has not of bell, as the ours. And in effect that values better. At Paris, more the President rings, more the deputies cry. *C'est un vacarme effroyable!*

But at the fine I see the thing the most curious. Before me, at the other end of the hall, there is a large grille, not that which you call "a silver grill," for she has the air of to be gilded. For sure it is a species of ventilator. *C'est énorme.* The English are enraged of hygiene and of currents of air, and therefore they



MR. PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE POETS.

"SO CAREFUL OF THE TYPE, SHE SEEMS."—Tennyson.

have fixed in their Chamber of Deputies the most great ventilator of the world. By consequence some ones of the deputies are forced to carry their hats. But I perceive not a current of air. In effect the air is net good. It is not the suffocating and poisoned atmosphere of the Casino of Monte Carlo, it is rather the closed air of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

In quitting the Palace, and in thanking Mister X. of his charming courtesy, I speak to him of the great ventilator. "Not a ventilator," responds he, "it is the Ladies' Gallery. They are hidden behind the bars." *Sapristi! Ma foi, c'est incroyable!* To shut the charming english misses behind a grille, as some wild beasts. *C'est étonnant!* *Voilà* a gallery for the "strongly minded womans," the *députées* of the future. One would hide them very voluntarily, *très-volontiers*. But the adorable misses! *Oh la, la! Tiens, tiens, tiens! Ah par exemple, voilà qui passe les bornes!* Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

TACKLING THE TRAFFIC.

FIRST METHOD. IN PARIS.

SCENE—A crowded thoroughfare. All sorts of Vehicles hard at work. Foot passengers, riders, and drivers jumbled together.

Guardian of the Peace (drawing his truncheon). In the name of the law arrest your movements!

Cabman (paying no attention). I am off to the station.

Omnibus Man. Can't stop—only wait at the ticket offices.

Guardian of the Peace. In the name of the law stop! I command you!

Tradesman's Cartman (laughing). Nonsense! Don't be absurd!

Guardian of the Peace (drawing his sword). I will be obeyed!

I denounce you! I insist upon your staying your progress!

Everyone. Rubbish!

Guardian of the Peace. Unless you submit I summon the military! In the name of the law, and for the last time, I order you to desist!

[The Traffic is gradually regulated.]

SECOND METHOD. IN LONDON.

SCENE—As before, and characters as before, subject to English adaptation.

Policeman (raising his hand). Hold hard!

[The Traffic is immediately regulated.]



WITHERING.

'Arry. "I s'y--DOES ONE TIP THE WITERS 'ERE?"

Alphonse. "NOT UNLESS YOU ARE REECHER ZAN ZE VAITER, SARE!"

A MORAL FROM MARPMANN.

(To Splenetic Pens dipped in Septic Ink.)

[Dr. MARPMANN, of Leipzig, has recently published the results of the microscopical examination of sixty-seven samples of ink used in schools. Most of them were made with gall-nuts, and contained saprophytes, bacteria, and micrococci.

Lancet.]

O PEN! than sword more mighty—
Or so your wielders think—
Be not too hoighty-toightly!
To impotence you'd shrink,
Futile as foolish-flighty,
But for the aid of Ink!

Those sixty-seven samples
Instruction may impart,

And also set examples
To dogmatist too tart,
The critic hoar who tramples
On other people's Art.

The gall they make the basis
Of everything they write.
Nature hath but one phasis,
And Art one only light;
All else sheer cranky craze is,
They sputter in their spite.

Bacteria pathogenic
Commingle with their gall.
The simple or the scenic
Sets them at once a-squall;
The subtle-stygian-splenic
With such is all in all.

They septicæmia scatter,
Ill-temper's virus spread.
Their ill-conditioned clatter
Dazes the public head.
They blare, and hawl, and batter,
They deem their foes are dead.

They micrococci mingle
With every splecnful phrase.
Whether in prose or jingle,
They *must* denounce, dispraise;
Till honest ears will tingle
To hear their blatant brays.

Their "nigrosin bacillus"
(So fatal to poor mice),
Though worrying, scarce will kill us,
But, oh! it is *not* nice,
And with disgust must fill us.
Smelfungus, take advice!

Ink-spilling hath its virtue;
There's power in the pen;
But scribes whose aim's to hurt you
(We meet such now and then),
With septic gall to squirt you,
Are microbes more than men!

PUBLIC THEATRICALS.

HERE is a proposal for a Diamond Jubilee Revival of *The School for Scandal* at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's, Westminster, with the following (fore)cast:—

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Sir Peter Teazle . . . | Lord S-L-SBURY. |
| Sir Oliver Surface . . . | Duke of D-Y-NSH-RE. |
| Sir Benjamin Backbite . . . | Mr. J-H-N B-RNS. |
| Sir Harry Bumper . . . | Sir W-LFR-D L-WS-N. |
| (with song) | |
| Sir Toby . . . | Mr. G-SCH-N. |
| Joseph Surface . . . | Mr. L-B-CH-RE. |
| Charles Surface . . . | Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT. |
| Crabtree . . . | Mr. DR-GE. |
| Careless . . . | Mr. H-NRY CH-PL-N. |
| Rowley . . . | Mr. ARTH-R B-LF-R. |
| Moses . . . | Sir S-M-L M-NT-GU. |
| Snake . . . | Lord K-MB-RL-Y. |
| Trip . . . | Mr. G-ROE C-RZ-N. |
| Lady Teazle . . . | Mr. CH-MB-RL-N. |
| Lady Sneerwell . . . | Mr. T. G. B-WL-S. |
| Mrs. Candour . . . | Colonel S-ND-RS-N. |
| Maria . . . | Sir E. ASHM-D-B-RTL-TT. |

The entertainment will be produced under the immediate patronage of the South Africa Committee, and the whole of the proceeds devoted to the relief of the Eastern Question. Copies of the Playbill obtainable from the CH-NC-LL-R OF THE EXCH-Q-R, who has kindly undertaken to direct the entire stage management. "Gags" will be seen and approved by the L-RD CH-NC-LL-R and the SP-K-R. Dr. T-NN-R and the Free List entirely suspended.

"Hoist with his own Petard."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am exceedingly pleased to note that President KRUGER is importing German war material into the Transvaal, because the quality of those manufactures has been ascertained, weighed and gauged for some time past. But I sincerely trust that the excellent grandfather of Lieutenant EYLOFF has not, as is reported, succeeded in ordering rifles and revolvers from Birmingham, for this commission would cast a shell into the country of President CHAMBERLAIN. The only retort possible would be for the Colonial Secretary to ask for the purchase of the Teutonic fireworks in order to be used on Queen's Day. Believing them to be guaranteed harmless,

I am, yours patriotically,
EBENEZER CHALKER.



“MY FRIEND—THE ENEMY!”

GREECE (*acknowledging defeat*). “MY MISTAKE, SIR.”

JUBILANT SULTAN. “NOT AT ALL! EXTREMELY INDEBTED TO YOU! YOU’VE QUITE SET ME ON MY LEGS AGAIN!”





"OW MUCH DO YOU CHARGE FOR PULLING OUT A TOOTH, YOUNG MAN?" "ONE SHILLING,—AND FIVE SHILLINGS WITH GAS."
"FIVE SHILLINGS WITH GAS! THEN I'LL COME AGAIN TO-MORROW, WHEN IT'S DAYLIGHT!"

THE LADY CRICKETER.

(Directions for attaining Perfection.)

Get up a match by saying to some local subaltern that it would be such fun to have a game, and you know a girl who could give points to GRACE.

Agree with the youthful warrior that the fun would be increased by allowing the men to play with broom-sticks, and left-handed, and the girls, of course, with bats, and unrestricted.

Arrange your eleven in such a fashion that you come out as captain in the most picturesque costume.

Be careful to "kill" your colleagues' appearance by an artful combination of discordant hues.

Carry out the above scheme with the assistance of a joint committee consisting of two, yourself, and the local subaltern.

Arrange, at the last moment, that the men shall only send out six of their team to field.

Manage to put yourself in first, and play with confidence the initial ball.

Amidst the applause of the six fielders you will be clean bowled.

Retire gracefully, and devote the rest of the afternoon to tea and mild flirtation with the five men who have been weeded out.

THINGS NOT TO BE SAID.

(Compiled from a popular Book of Etiquette.)

To a Wearer of the Victoria Cross.—I am sure you must have done something brave or they would never have given it.

To an Eminent Q.C.—I am certain you will dissuade my boy from going to the Bar, for you know that it never leads to a really satisfactory income.

To a Distinguished General (Royal Engineers).—How nice to have risen so quickly and so well. But I always thought sappers only built offices and surveyed roads.

To Mr. Gladstone.—I really must take away your post-cards, and forbid you to speak about Greece.

To the German Emperor.—No doubt plenty to say for yourself, but hope you won't think it rude if I hint that I would like to listen to someone else.

And lastly, to Mr. P-nch (most important of all).—Such a clever anecdote about my little boy! He is only four! I will tell you the story, and you can put it in your paper to-morrow.

TRUE GENIUS.

(A slightly Anticipatory Interview.)

FEELING sure that some account of the life of Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, the well-known non-writer, could not fail to interest the public, I called upon that gentleman a few days ago in his delightful London house.

It is, as I need hardly remind the reader, Mr. Brown's proud distinction that throughout the sixty years of his well-spent life he not only has never written a book, but has not even contributed a single article to any magazine. Among the exceedingly few non-writers of the present day, there is no name more consistently absent from the publishers' lists than his, and it is gratifying to know that his success in this direction has gained for him the grateful recognition of the public.

"Yes," he said, after our preliminary greetings had been exchanged, "I may say, without boasting, that my position has only been gained after many years of patient struggle. Never can I forget what I owe to the early discouragement given me by my dear father. On one occasion he heard me explaining to a friend the plot of a story which"—and the recollection made Mr. Brown blush—"I fully intended to write. His forcible entreaties that I should not do so—he used a hunting-crop, I remember—brought tears to my eyes, and I promised him solemnly never to scribble even an article for an Encyclopædia. That promise," he added proudly, "I have never broken."

"But the temptation to do so must have been awful at times?" I asked.

"Terrible," he replied; "and even now it has not altogether left me. My worst dream is that I have actually given way, and fancy in my sleep that I see two large volumes on a table, with *The Recollections of William Brown* in gilt letters on the back. And how often, half unconsciously, have I found myself seated at the table, the pen already in my hand, just about to begin a Scotch novel or an article on 'the Present Want of Manners' for the *Nineteenth Century*! But—not without a fierce struggle—I have invariably overcome the unmanly weakness."

"And, if the question is not an impertinent one, may I ask whether non-writing is a lucrative profession?" I inquired.

"Certainly not," he answered, "if one takes into account the years of preliminary struggle that are requisite for success in it.

Of course I have not been entirely without any reward. That plate," he pointed to the magnificent service on a sideboard, "was presented to me by a dozen leading editors in consideration of the fact that I had never sent them MS. A well-known publisher, who had been misled into thinking that my years of silence were due to the fact that I was preparing a *History of Mankind* in fourteen volumes, which would ultimately be sent to him, was so gratified on learning the truth, that he rewarded me with the freehold of this house. Best of all, of course, is the knowledge that the public regard me as their truest friend, since to me alone can they always look for consistent silence. How many letters of thanks have I received for the books which I have not written!"

"And what, may I ask, in conclusion, is your advice to the aspiring non-writer?"

"He cannot begin too young," said Mr. BROWN, earnestly. "It might be well wholly to neglect his education, but this well-meant step has proved to increase the number of writers rather than to lessen it. Of course every assistance must be given to the young non-writer; the illustrated papers with their insidious panegyrics of authors and advertisements of their works must be kept out of his way. Every effort should be made to make him swallow the old Grub Street legend. Any kind of indulgence is worse than useless. He may promise never to go beyond a paragraph, but having once tasted ink, he will go on the steady downward path—he will write leaderettes, which will become leaders, then magazine articles, and so will find himself the author of a novel or a biography before he realises that he has begun to write. Therefore parents should be very firm—much may be done by cruelty. And after all, how great will be the distinction of their children if they go through youth and age without adding by a single line to the Pest of Print which afflicts our unhappy country!"

Perhaps an Unconscious Speaker of the Truth.

The Vicar (to Coastguardman). Ah, good evening, HOOKER! I understand that you've been to the Levant in the course of your career. Now, what's your opinion about the difference between the Greeks and the Turks?

Hooker. Lor' bless ye, Sir, there ain't no difference. Take my word for it, Sir, it's six o' one and half a dozen o' t'other; and a precious good job 'twill be when the whole twelve is wiped out!



FLAG WAGGING.

Sergeant of Signallers. "WHAT AILS MURPHY TO-DAY? HE DON'T SEEM ABLE TO TAKE IN A THING!"

Private Mulvaney. "SHALL I SIGNAL TO 'IM, 'WILL YE 'AVE A DRINK'?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Betrothed Cavalier replies to his Inamorata, who has addressed certain reproaches to him.

AM I to blame because you chose
To wear a robe of doubtful blue,
Amid a crowd of cruel foes,
Who'd dresses donned of brighter hue?
I quite allow I said that tint
Would other colours put to shame—
You didn't quite take up my hint—
Am I to blame? Am I to blame?
Am I to blame because your friend,
The Captain with the vacant laugh,
Those theatre tickets didn't send,
Nor mado amends by telegraph?
I must admit I said the piece
Was weary, wicked, bad, and lame,
Not one to which I'd take my niece—
Am I to blame? Am I to blame?
Am I to blame by reason that
You cut Lord TOWZER in the Row?
He was about to raise his hat;
You didn't bow to him, I know.

Am I, when walking by your side,
To note each personage of fame,
A sort of Piccadilly guide?
Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame because you try
To prate of politics, as though
You had your Ministerial eye
Upon an Opposition blow?
Whereas—and here again I err—
You're just a pretty Primrose Dame.
If to your logic I demur,
Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame because I know
Your foibles I may not deride;
Like thorns that will by roses grow,
They point the fragrant bloom beside.
So, if my love for you is sure,
And proof against all other flame,
To burn for ever and endure—
Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

ALL THAT THE GREEKS HAVE CONSTANTLY
BEATEN DURING THE WAR.—A retreat.

A (DOUGLAS) STRAIGHT TIP.

THE Montagu Williams Clothing Fund "In need of aid? In a voice rotund (To reach all round), *Punch* makes appeal To all who remember, and all who feel. All who remember a model "Beak," All who to aid the suffering seek, WILLIAMS to honour, the poor to cheer, Should send a cheque in this Jubilee Year To HADEN CORSER; whilst DOUGLAS STRAIGHT Of left-off clothes will direct the fate. Here's a chance for a generous chap! *Punch* recommends it. *Verbum sap!*

** Subscriptions may be sent by cheques payable to "HADEN CORSER, Esq., or order," and crossed "Account Montagu Williams Clothing Fund," and addressed "The Magistrate, Police-Court, Worship Street, E.C.," whilst articles of clothing can be forwarded to the depôt built by Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, at 20, Albion Road, Dalston, N.E.

A Manns a Manns for a' that— he's done!

THERE is an ardent, talented, silver-haired Master of Music, who for many years has been in command of the vocal and instrumental forces at the Crystal Palace. He is just about to gather round him the three or four thousand performers, who every three years do, under the *bâton* of Field-Marshal MANNs, gallant tribute to the melody and grandeur of the immortal HANDEL. When knighthoods are being bestowed, it will be well to remember that if ever man deserved a "handle to his name," it is this Handelian MANNs.

Muzzle and Gag.

THE thought of tyrants two the anger stirs
Of a dog-lover, or Superior Person;
The chap who'd clap a muzzle on our curs,
The other who would muzzle our own CURZON.
The tyke-tormentor's bad enough, but how
Punish the churl who'd gag the Big Bow-Wow?

POP FOR THE POPULATION!—According to a recent calculation, there is a sufficient supply of champagne this year to give to everybody, that is, to our thirty-eight or forty millions, three-quarters of a bottle to every individual, man, woman, and child. And after this, there will be fifty-six million bottles (full, barring ullage) left in stock for all Europe: that is, just about four bottles a-piece to go on with. What a chance for a few millionaires to club together at Jubilee time, and stand champagne all round the British Isles!

One Way or Looking at it.

Young Larkspur (cheerfully, at the Club, to Mr. MANTYS-KAKONE). Well, there'll be plenty of jollification during the Season. Heaps of money spent over the Jubilee this year!

Mr. Mantys-Kakone (gloomily). Probably. But think of the workhouses and the rates next year, young man!

A SEA SIMILE.—According to Mr. BAYLEY's evidence before the Life Boat Inquiry Commission, the "self-righting" boat is not unlike those "unco' guid" or "self-righteous" persons, who are "a most dangerous type," easily upset, and "not to be depended upon to right themselves."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 10.— Since the Session opened the lot of JOHN o' GORST has not been entirely a happy one. But it is a little too much that in a moderately full House, in the presence of an acquiescing SPEAKER, he should be hailed by the son of the PRIME MINISTER as the very D— himself. Of course HUGH CECIL couldn't fill in the letters and pronounce the word as spelt in the New Oxford Dictionary. What he did was to drop—or rather to soar—into poetry.

The regrettable incident happened in Committee on Necessitous School Boards Bill. CRANBORNE wanted to put fresh spoke in wheels of School Boards. JOHN o' GORST said the Committee of the Privy Council could not sanction the new Clause presented with that intent. Then up gat the gaunt figure of brother HUGH. Wringing his hands with passionate energy, turning flaming eyes on the placid figure seated solitary on Treasury Bench, HUGH apostrophised him as "Lucifer, son of the morning," and lamented his abyssmal fall.

Of course everyone remembers Lucifer in what is probably the earliest article of the now familiar series, "Celebrities at Home." DANTE visiting him *chez lui* describes the host as a three-faced giant. Ono face, he adds, is yellow, a hue assumed when envy fills his breast. Red he flames when wrathful, black when melancholy. "At six eyes he wept," whereas the visitor could do it only with two; at "every mouth he champed a sinner."



Comparing Sir J. Gorst to "Lucifer, Son of the Morning"! Lord H-g-h C-e-l.

Now, is that what Lord HUGH CECIL meant, or had he in his mind some milder vision more applicable to the repository of the confidences, the reflector of the dignity, of the Privy Council? At best the remark seems unparliamentary. That it should have escaped rebuke at the hands of an exceedingly watchful SPEAKER only adds to the regrettableness of the incident. JOHN o' GORST took no notice at the moment. A little later he lived at least halfway up to the picture, with one mouth champing three sinners—CRANBORNE, brother HUGH, and J. G. TALNOT, who, with most melancholy mien, supported the new Clause.

Business done.—Necessitous Board School Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—RASCH, with characteristic boldness, attempted to make a House after morning sitting. Positively succeeded, and after brief debate, induced House to pass resolution affirming that "The duration of speeches in this House has increased, is increasing, and ought to be abated." CALDWELL, who has strong views on the subject, wanted to second resolution. But RADCLIFFE COOKE had already volunteered. House regretted lost opportunity of hearing CALDWELL: rewarded by delightful incident in connection with RADCLIFFE COOKE'S speech. So righteously eager for brevity was he that he went on and on till Members at length could stand no more. Angry shouts of "Divide! divide!" cooked RADCLIFFE'S goose, or, to drop metaphor, shut him up.

Nearly everyone on RASCH'S side. R. G. WEBSTER specially convincing. On divi-



PRACTISING THE NEW "ONE-LEO" SYSTEM FOR ENSURING BREVITY IN SPEECHES! (See *Essence*.)

[We understand that Major R-sch, after the above experiment in a secluded corridor of the House, expressed his entire approval.]

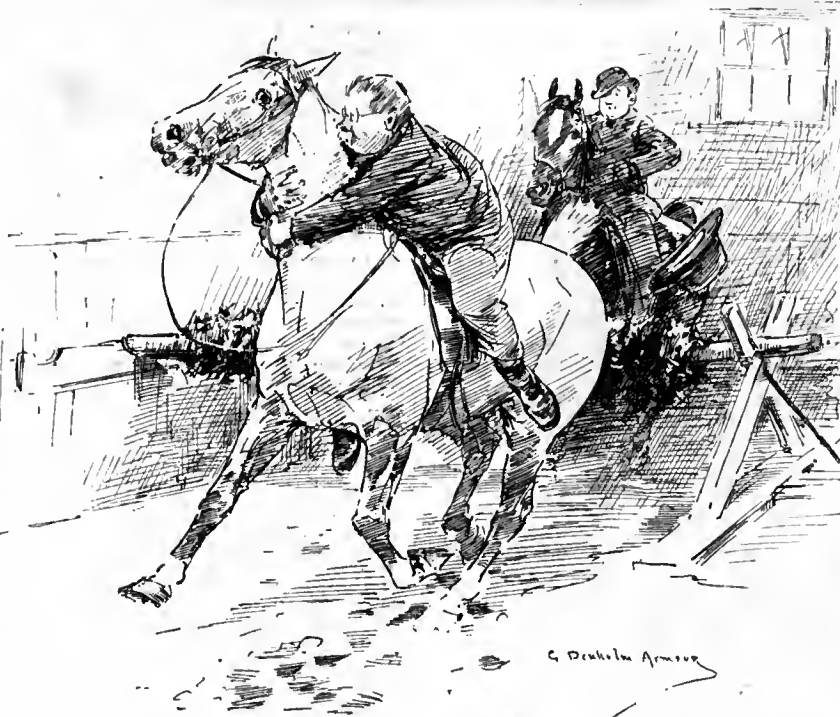
sion, 85 voted for short speeches, 24 for long ones.

Debate interesting, but offered no practical solution of the question. H. M. STANLEY tells me of experience he had in Central Africa which he forgot to mention in any of his books. He came

upon a tribe whose affairs of State were administered by a council meeting once a week. Some of the members developed inconvenient tendency to making long speeches. Efforts made to check it by the flinging of friendly assegais gave only temporary relief. The orator, thus inter-

rupted, never spoke again, but somebody else took up the story, and the number of the tribe steadily decreased.

An old Brave having passed a restless night thinking over the difficulty, had a happy idea that was instantly adopted. At the time of STANLEY'S visit it was the cus-



"MADE IN GERMANY."

"SHTOP! SHTOP! I AM UNLEVEL! I COME FOR SURE DOWN!"

tom for any member addressing the council to stand on one leg. When, through fatigue, he touched the ground, even with the toe of his other foot, his speech was peremptorily ended. The plan has the further advantage that even in the case of peculiarly gifted men, able by practice to stand a long time on one foot, a gentle nudge will upset their equilibrium, and bring their speech to a conclusion. Next time reform of Parliamentary procedure is discussed in the Commons it might be worth while to consider this device of the simple African.

Business done.—A good deal at the morning sitting.

Thursday.—Will back DON JOSÉ to rouse House of Commons from whatever depth of depression. To-night, up to ten o'clock, debate fluttered round proposal to read second time Bill prohibiting importation of foreign prison-made goods. The level flow of talk varied by vigorous denunciation of Bill by DALZIEL; far away the best speech he has made since he came from Kirkcaldy. House nearly empty when DON JOSÉ rose. With that curious instinct which draws Members when sport is to the fore, the benches swiftly, silently filled, till, before he had talked fifteen minutes, scene was changed to one of seething excitement, cheers and counter-cheers ringing across the floor.

It is the old story of circumstances altering DON JOSÉ's case. "An admirable exhibition of political agility," BRUCE described the speech, he himself happily inspired with unprofessional vigour. As for HONEST JOHN, he sat on the front bench, watching his old friend and colleague with half-amused smile, his eyes twinkling at the enthusiastic cheers with which the Tories applauded their old foe.

"What were you thinking about?" I asked him as we went out to the division lobby.

"I was thinking," said HONEST JOHN, "how true it is that the poet is a seer. PRÆD has been dead these sixty years. But there are some lines of his about JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE which, with the alteration of a proper name, might have been written this morning. They often come to my mind when I sit here and listen to my friend and companion dear of 1880-5.

"We were patriots together! Oh, placeman and peer
Are the patrons who smile on your labours to-day;

And Lords of the Treasury lustily cheer

Whatever you do and whatever you say.

Go, pocket, my JOSEPH, as much as you will,

The times are quite altered, we very well know:

But will you not, will you not, talk to us still,

As you talked to us once, long ago, long ago?"

Business done.—Prison-made Goods Bill read second time by 221 votes against 90.

Friday.—DARLING, Q.C., nearest approach to the Fat Boy present Parliament produces, going about making our flesh creep with stories of Apparitions. Heard a good deal at time of General Election about One Man One Vote. Now we have detailed accounts of One Member Two Bodies. The scare began with M'DERMOTT, who makes oath and saith, that on an hour and a day when TAY PAY in the flesh (such of it as there is) was in Athlone, he (the deponent) coming in after dinner, saw and spoke to the hon. Member in the House of Commons.

That of itself is not extraordinary. There is a well-authenticated case, celebrated in familiar verse, where a great statesman, seated one evening about the same hour on the Treasury Bench, saw two Speakers in the Chair. The serious part of the business lies in the fearsome opening up of possibilities. If some Members of present House are to enjoy a dual existence, when absent with their constituents are to be present in the House, life at Westminster will not be worth living.

The influence of the epidemic is shewn in the case of DARLING, Q.C., alluded to. He tells me that at ten minutes to seven to-night he saw the Member for Sark standing behind the SPEAKER'S chair paring his nails.

"As you are paring," I said to him in my genial way" (this an extract from DARLING, Q.C.'s deposition), "will you pair with me for the dinner hour?" "The hon. Member," deponent further deponeth, "started, looked me straight in the eyes, and went on cutting his nails, just as CHARLOTTE, when WERTHER first saw her, went on cutting bread and butter."

DARLING, Q.C., we all know as a man of high probity, serious mind, profound legal erudition, long familiarity with the laws of evidence.

Yet I have the very best reason to know that the Member for Sark has not been in the House of Commons to-night.

Business done.—Appointment announced of new Commission to inquire into operation of Irish Land Commission. "Piling Pelion upon Ossa," says TIM HEALY, bitterly.

THE PUZZLE PICTURE CURSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you strenuously exert your unbounded influence against the spread of the terrible plague known as the Puzzle Picture Disease? The Acrostic Fever was had enough at its height, but the present malevolent malady is assuredly assuming deadly proportions, which will drive many unassuming citizens, such as myself, into those Asylums usually associated with permanent or temporary aberrations of wit. I cannot take my walk at home or abroad without some dame or damsel, some adult or youth, producing from her or his pocket a sheet of printed paper covered with strange devices, and inquiring whether I would kindly state what well-known personage a lucifer match in a donkey's mouth, or a balloon sailing on the sea, or some equally idiotic delineation represents? Hating mysteries, pictorial or otherwise, I generally return evasive answers, and the consequence is, that I have broken off my approaching marriage (because I could not inform my intended bride what the Mephistophelean delineator meant by a hippopotamus waltzing with a ballet dancer). I have also been wiped out of the will of my rich uncle (by reason that I differed with him as to the signification of a locomotive apparently running a race with a giraffe); and I have quarrelled with my old chum, HARRY HOGGINSON, in that, quite in chaff, I gave him the correct definition of a cut showing a boa constrictor consuming a cathedral, which solution he did not use. I therefore beg to announce that in future I shall be deaf to all inquiries so far as ladies are concerned, and that if any one of my own sex torment me, I shall give him an illustration of your Noble Self, a Hostelry and an Optic, right or left as opportunity may allow.

Yours morbidly, but pugilistically,

DIONYSIUS DRIPPING.

Reading Room, British Museum, W.C.

The Latest Expression at Eton.

Deadly Foe (shouting to enemy who is vanishing down Keates Lane). Hi! What are you Greeking for? Take a licking, and I sha'n't Turk you any more!



OUR FLAT.

Extract from *Lady's Correspondence*: "—IN FACT, OUR RECEPTION WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS. WE HAD SOME EXCELLENT MUSICIANS. I DARESAY YOU WILL WONDER WHERE WE PUT THEM, WITH SUCH A CROWD OF PEOPLE; BUT WE MANAGED CAPITALLY!"

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Telegraph*, Mrs. WYNFORD PHILIPPS, founder of the Women's Institute, states that a comfortable living may be secured by ladies, who adopt the profession of dog-walking, i.e., taking the domestic pets of their clients out for daily exercise and air. We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following advertisements just received:—

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED, Young Lady, of Prepossessing Appearance, to act as NURSERY DOG-WALKER to Fox-terrier Puppies, occasionally accompanied by Owner. Highest references and photo required. Must be able to play piano, sing, cook, do needlework, and speak at least four foreign languages. Apply to BENEDICT, No. 1, The Flats, Barking.

GENTLEWOMAN (middle-aged), of Sound Principles and Moderate Views, required as DAILY COMPANION to Invalid Collie. One Sunday in the Month free. Duties would include use of soft-soap, combing, and cat-shooing. Send dated testimonials to HOUSEKEEPER, 10, Fleabitten Row, Houndsditch.

GOVERNESS (Finishing), who has had Previous Experience in Dog-walking, WANTED immediately, to superintend the education of high-spirited TOY TERRIER. Will be required to pay special attention to Deportment, and Behaviour in the Park, or out Driving. Sympathetic Treatment and Tact indispensable. Address X., The Ladies' Kennel Club.

SITUATIONS REQUIRED.

STRICT DISCIPLINARIAN, accustomed to the use of the Whip and Muzzle, is at present Disengaged. Will accept Visiting or Resident appointment. Method never known to fail with the most Rabid or Refractory Pupils.

HOLIDAY for thirteen guineas! Personally-conducted Canine Travelling Parties now being formed, under Supervision of Experienced LADY-GUIDE. All parts of the East End and Belgravia visited. Street-fights arranged. Bull-dogs and Bloodhounds on reduced Terms. Lectures given (with demonstration) in course of the Tour, to Butcher-boys, Postmen, and others. Unrivalled Opportunity for CO-OPERATIVE EDUCATION.

YOUNG WIDOW, good looking, without encumbrance, and with a moderate Income of her own, is anxious to adopt PUPPY. Is a Member of the Dogs' Toilet Club. Can teach Music, French, and Dancing. Has a loving heart, and would travel with any Dear Creature.

THE RUDDY YOUNG SLAUGHTERMAN.

["Life is forced to believe that within a year the reading public will be so sick of 'Bluggy' fiction that they won't look at it."—"Droch" in *New York "Life."*]

Air—"The Jolly Young Waterman."

AND have you not heard of the ruddy young slaughterman,
Who in our fiction his axe used to ply?

He handled its edge with such fiendish dexterity,
Sticking its "beak" in the enemy's eye.

He looked so fierce, and slew so steadily,
The foemen went down in his path so readily!

And he eyed the young braves with so awful an air
That this slaughterman always established a scare.

What sights of sheer bloodshed he managed when merry,
With "smelling out" witches his tale could appal;

He was always "so nice" with the Library ladies,
Who like something "bluggy" and "terribly tall."

Though oft-times the critics came carping and sneering,
'Twas all one to him their jibing or jeering;

For critical liking he little did care,
Whilst our slaughterman captured the youthful and fair.

And yet but to think, now, how strangely things happen,—

As he wrote along thinking of—nothing at all,
A change in the fashion came in without warning,

And "blugginess" found in the market a fall.

And would this young writer but banish his sorrow,
He must chuck up sheer gore, and try nature to-morrow.

For how will our ruddy young slaughterman fare,
If dropped by the young and tabooed by the fair?

The Queen's Highway.

Infuriated Cyclist (after a collision with a fast-trotting dog-cart).
I shall summon you to-morrow! I've as much right on the road
as you, Jehu!

Irate Driver. And I shall summon you! This thoroughfare's
mine as well as yours, let me tell you. Scorcher!

Pedestrian (who has been nearly killed by the collision, and is lying prostrate after being cannoned on to the path, very feebly). And
what about me, gentlemen? Have I any right of way?

SENTIMENT FOR A CRICKET CLUB DINNER.—May the British
Empire rule the wide world over.



QUITE ARCADIAN.

Labby Lubin (to Chamberlain Colin). "TELL ME, SHEPHERD, HAVE YOU SEEN MY FLORA PASS THIS WAY ?"

Message from Dr. Harris to Cecil Rhodes. — "I have already sent FLORA to convince J. CHAMBERLAIN." — (Telegram No. 6. See Times' Report, May 19.)



FUBLEIGH, HAVING ACCIDENTALLY HOOKED A FINE, ACTIVE JACK SHEEP, WHICH WAS GRAZING ON THE BANK BEHIND HIM, HAS (IN THE ENDEAVOUR TO SAVE HIS TACKLE) QUITE THE BEST SPORT OF THE SEASON WITH THE MAY-FLY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WHEN I got the cholera it was three in the morning. I thought I was dying. So I got up, went to my desk, and settled all my worldly affairs, carried my last instructions to KEIB in her bed, put on my clothes and went out to confession and communion." Here, in a couple of sentences, is indicated the manner of living of the rare woman whose history is written in *The Romance of Isabel Lady BURTON* (HUTCHINSON & Co.), told in part by herself, in part by W. H. WILKINS. The collaboration supplies excellent reading, competing in interest with any ordinary novel of the year. It is the story of a passionate-natured, yet clear-headed, practical-minded woman, mated with one of the oddest men of the century, a soldier of fortune, whose inclination and duties called him to the remote corners of the earth. My Baronite doubts whether BURTON was quite such a god-like creature as he seemed to be when the glistening eyes of his loving wife were turned upon him. Amongst her other qualities LADY BURTON is a graphic writer. Thanks to the discernment of Mr. WILKINS, who in this and other respects has done his work admirably, we get bright glimpses of Brazil, Portugal, Teneriffe, and other places now first given to the world. As to her account of her visit to Madeira and Teneriffe, Mr. WILKINS states that her husband would not allow her to publish them. To have one BURTON in the book market was probably enough for him, and the wife, as was her manner in this and many analogous circumstances indicated in her story, uncomplainingly submitted. "It was a habit with the BURTONS all through their lives," Mr. WILKINS writes, "that whenever they were leaving England for any length of time BURTON started first in light marching order to prospect the place, leaving his wife behind to pay, pack, and bring up the heavy baggage in the rear." An admirable arrangement—for the husband. In development suitable to varied countries it is common to Oriental races and the untutored savage. It seemed quite proper to the unselfish nature of the woman, who, when she thought she was dying of cholera, got out of bed, made things comfortable for everyone else when she should have passed away, and then went forth to pray for the repose of her own soul. To know LADY BURTON as she stands revealed in this book is a privilege calculated to make women proud, and man even humbler than is his wont.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A LILT OF KEW GARDENS.

In the garden I love of all pleasaunces best,
 In the Paradise perfect of Kew,
 Where the eye and the ear can for ever find rest,
 Not the heart, I am thinking of you,
 Of you as you were in the days that are dead
 But not buried—they never can be
 As long as I hold to the words that you said
 When you plighted your troth here to me.

O! my dear little sweetheart, I cannot forget
 How happy we were in that May.
 Your portrait is garlanded, treasured and set
 In a frame of that dear yesterday,
 In a frame that was gilded by first Summer aun,
 And adorned with all clustering bloom;
 I have only that picture, my own, only one,
 A miniature limned with perfume.

The soft golden rain of laburnum still sways
 In the breeze as it did, dear, of old;
 The lilac yet laughs in the aun's pointed rays
 As it did when our story was told,
 That story which sank in Life's tide like a stone
 (E'en the splash was but noticed by few),
 But I'm living the whole of that story alone
 In the garden—no! Desert of Kew!

In a Fleet Street Tavern.

Jawkins (to PAWKINS). What 'a become of RAWKINS? I haven't seen him lately.

Pawkins. Don't you know that he went out as a volunteer to Greece?

Jawkins. No; but it's very appropriate. He was the best long distance runner when I was at Cambridge, and I expect he's kept up his form now.

: A Distinction with a Difference.

Disappointed Porter (to *Mate*). I thought you said he was a gentleman.

Mate. No, that 'a where you mistook me. I said he was a gent.

THE GAME OF ADVERBS.

(A COUNTRY-HOUSE TRAGI-COMEDY, IN TWO PARTS.)

PART I.

SCENE—*The Drawing-room at Driestone Manor, a stately Jacobean mansion recently acquired by Mr. JOSEPH SHUTTLEWORTH (of SHUTTLEWORTH AND CLACK, Carpet Manufacturers, Yarnminster). It is towards dusk in early October. Mrs. SHUTTLEWORTH, a plump, good-humoured-looking matron of about fifty, is discovered with her children, viz., GRACE, a rather prim and precise young woman of twenty-three; FLOSSIE, a pretty and lively girl of eighteen; CONNIE, twelve, and COLIN, ten. With them are GILLIAN PINCENEY, a High School friend of GRACE'S; IVY GORING, a Boarding-school chum of FLOSSIE'S, who are staying at the Manor; and the younger children's Governess, Miss MARKHAM. Mr. SHUTTLEWORTH, fifty-five, florid and prosperous-looking, enters with his son BOB, twenty-one, of Eton and Cambridge. Both are in shooting things.*



"Is Mrs. Shuttleworth at home, my good man?"

Mrs. Shuttleworth (to them). So you're back at last! I've just sent away the tea. But if you'd like some, I could easily—

Mr. Shutt. Not for me, LOUISA, thanks. BOB and I had something as we came through the dining-room. That Jack-o'-dandy friend of Bob's, DORMER, may like a cup, though, for all I can say.

Mrs. Shutt. But what's become of Mr. DORMER?

Mr. Shutt. Gone upstairs to titivate, I expect. Bless you, you wouldn't catch him coming in here in his shooting toggery!

Bob. Fact is, Mater, the Governor's rather riled with DORMER for saying on the way home that, on the whole, he thought the safest thing to be was a pheasant. DORMER didn't mean anything by it, Sir.

Mr. Shutt. It's my belief he did. And considering how confoundedly bad the light 'a been this afternoon, and that I never took to shooting at all till late in life, I don't call myself a particularly poor shot.

Bob (sotto voce, to Miss GORING). Never knew anyone who did. But the poor old Governor is rather apt to draw his how at a venture.

Mrs. Shutt. I can't say I quite take to your friend Mr. DORMER, BOB. He has such a nasty sneering way with him.

Grace. He's atrociously conceited. If he's a type of the Oxford Undergraduate, I prefer Cambridge.

Flossie. I'm certain he's looking down on us secretly all the time.

Bob. What bosh! You don't understand old DORMER, that's all. He's a nailing good fellow. Capital company!

Mrs. Shutt. You said he would keep us all amused if he could only be got to come. But so far, I can't say—

Bob. Well, Mater, after being at the same house at Eton with him, I ought to know. And all I can tell you is, that he was far and away the best mimic I ever heard. He could imitate everybody and everything.

Flossie. Up to now he has only favoured us with an imitation of a disagreeable stuck-up pig. It's life-like—but still it is beginning to pall. (*She starts as DORMER lounges in; he has dressed for dinner, except that he is wearing a black smoking-coat.*) Oh, Mr. DORMER, you did startle me so! You look exactly like a curate.

Dormer. And are curates such alarming objects? But you're all in the dark, here.

Flossie. Yes. We thought you would come in and be brilliant.

Dormer. I'm afraid I can't compete with the ordinary methods of illumination. (*To himself.*) Wish this girl would see that I'm not in the humour for this sort of thing.

Mr. Shutt. (to himself). Can't do with this young fellow! (*Aloud, to his wife.*) I'm off to my study, LOUISA. Got some letters to write. [*He goes out.*]

Dormer (to himself). On the sofa—with his eyes shut! Only wish I could slip out, too—but they might think it rather casual. (*Aloud, to FLOSSIE.*) You haven't told me why you charged me with looking clerical? Can't say I feel complimented.

Flossie. Oh, it doesn't go any deeper than a buttoned-up coat and white tie. And you might have a worse compliment than being compared to a clergyman!

Mrs. Shutt. Talking of clergymen, my dear, that reminds me the Rector has never called yet. Considering we have been here six weeks, and attended church regularly every Sunday morning, I do think he *might* have found time to return the civility before this!

Dormer. If it was the Rector I had the privilege to hear last Sunday, impressing upon us the duty of cheerfulness in sepulchral tones that were calculated to draw howls from a china poodle, I should be inclined to think myself that the gaiety of the party has not suffered appreciably from his delay.

Mrs. Shutt. Mr. POLYBLANK's pulpit manner is a little melancholy, certainly—he's a bachelor, poor man. But they tell me he's very much looked up to; comes of a very good family, and intimate with all the county folk, so perhaps he doesn't consider us good enough for him.

Grace. Really, Mamma, you talk as if we were Pariahs! Most of the county people round here have called on us. What does it matter if Mr. POLYBLANK chooses to stay away?

Mrs. Shutt. All the same, my dear, there's a sort of natural tie between the Rectory and the Manor which—not that I'm one to force my acquaintance on anybody. Still he might give us credit for not being downright savages, if we do come from Yarnminster!

Flossie. There, Mother dear, that's a enough of the Reverend POLY. I vote we have a game at something. Are you fond of games, Mr. DORMER?

Dormer. Indoor games? Er—not immoderately. The mere fact of being supplied with a slip of paper and a stumpy pencil, and required to compile a list of animals beginning with A, paralyses my faculties. I assure you I never can produce a single animal beginning with A.

Flossie (with intention). Not even one? But it's too dark to see to write. We might have a guessing game—where somebody has to go out of the room, you know.

Dormer. Ah, I think I could play at that.

Flossie. And when you come back, you have to guess from our questions what celebrated historical person you're supposed to be.

Dormer. I should never get within a mile of it. I've forgotten my *Little Henry's History of England* ages ago.

Miss Markham (in a small, thin voice). There's a most amusing guessing game called "Adverbs."

Dormer. It sounds perfectly delightful. Only I'm afraid that I've only the sketchiest idea of what sort of thing an adverb is.

Miss Mark. Surely you know that! It's a part of speech, formed by adding the termination "ly" to an adjective. For instance: bad—badly—

Dormer. Good—goodly. I see now, Miss MARKHAM. Tremendous fun, I've no doubt.

Miss Mark. (annoyed). I was about to explain how it's played. One of the party goes out, and the rest agree in what manner they are all to receive him when he returns—"admiringly," "affectionately," and so on.

Dormer. And he comes in pretending he's somebody else?

Miss Mark. He can if he chooses, of course. But all he need do is to ask questions all round, and from the way in which they are answered he guesses what the adverb is. Now do you see, Mr. DORMER?

Dormer. I think I have grasped the idea. I don't mind volunteering to go out of the room, at all events.

Grace. Very well. You go out, Mr. DORMER, and just wait about in the hall till we call you in.

Dormer. Delighted. (To himself, as he goes out.) It's just possible I may be a little hard of hearing.

Flossie (after he has closed the door). Now, what adverb shall it be? Do let's make it something difficult!

Miss Pinceney. Why not something which would let us show him what we think of him—"Candidly"? "Contemptuously"?

Bob. That would be rather rough on him, Miss PINCENEY. I asked him down here, you know, and really—

Mrs. Shutt. Yes, my dear, it wouldn't be kind to make any visitor of ours uncomfortable, would it?

Flossie. He makes us uncomfortable. He's as rude as ever he can be!

Grace (thoughtfully). Why not make the adverb "rudely"? We could be rude without being personal.

Mrs. Shutt. If you're sure he won't misunderstand—

Bob. Oh, he'll understand all right. After all, it's only a game. "Rudely" will do first rate. I'll call him in.

IN THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

The Rev. Peregrine Polyblank (at the glazed doors). I wonder if they heard me ring. (He descries DORMER in the gloom.) Ah, at last! He doesn't seem to see me—Perhaps I'd better— (He goes in.) Er—I am the Rector—Mr. POLYBLANK. Is Mrs. SHUTTLEWORTH at home, my good man?

Dormer (stiffly). I've no doubt Mrs. SHUTTLEWORTH will be pleased to see you, Sir, if you wait a moment. (To himself, as he passes on to the library.) Confounded cheek, taking me for the butler! But this will put that adverb foolery out of their heads, thank goodness. I shall get a nap in peace, now!

The Rector (alone, to himself). Painful to enter the old place again. I miss those poor dear HARDUPPS at every turn. To find strangers in the familiar rooms—it will be an ordeal, but I could not put it off any longer. . . . Why doesn't the butler return? Does this good lady mean to keep me here awaiting her pleasure? If these are manufacturing manners— But I must beware of prejudice. No doubt there is some good reason for her delay. After all, people may have made a fortune out of carpets without being necessarily lacking in the refinements and courtesies of well-bred society.

Bob (opening the drawing-room door). We're ready for you now, old chap. You can come in as soon as you like!

The Rector (to himself). "Old chap"! I "can come in"! . . . Well, well, I suppose this is the Yarnminster idea of cordiality. A little crude, perhaps—but well-meant.

[He enters the drawing-room.]

END OF PART I.

INTERVIEWS WITH INANIMATE OBJECTS.

A MATINÉE HAT.

I MANAGED to get hold of it when it was off duty, so to speak, and at once broached a most delicate subject.

"What do you think of the recent legislation in America (New York, isn't it?) abolishing the matinee hat?"

"It is only one other instance of the supreme folly which crops up at times in whole sections of the human race. Nations, like individuals, occasionally lose their heads. But what can you expect from a people which has rejected the Arbitration Treaty?"

"I can quite understand your wounded feelings, but are you not sometimes an obstruction? Is there nothing to be said for the point of view—literally the point of view—of those who wish to see the play when they go to the theatre?"

"There are none such! Matinée going is a social function, in which the 'play' is of no more importance than is the musical accompaniment to conversation in a fashionable drawing-room."

"That is a hard doctrine. Why, then, should all men clamour for your destruction, if they have no real wish to see the performance?"

"My poor friend, are you indeed so dull of comprehension?"



WORTH KNOWING.

It is through nothing else in the wide world but pure jealousy! The agitation would cease to-morrow, if men were allowed to wear such elegant productions as myself. Indeed, I have come to the conclusion that this would be the true solution of the difficulty. Design a superb matinee hat for the men, and they would at once be perfectly happy."

"You take my breath away."

"Allow me to continue. I cannot altogether blame the unfair sex for their jealous feelings; they are much to be pitied, with their ugly stove-pipe hats. Let but the Prince of WALES set the fashion of wearing a miniature flower-garden on his head, and it would be eagerly followed."

"The head?"

"No, the fashion."

"Yet I do not gather that artists are prepared to worship the matinee hat as a type of beauty. How is that?"

"The same answer holds good—jealousy. They have no reverence for anything that is not an oil-painting. England will never be truly great till the Royal Academy does its duty and opens a section for artistic hats, and possibly bonnets. I can conjure up hitberto unimagined heights and depths of loveliness—symphonies in silks and satins, and glorious visions of vegetables and flowers, contrasting with the gleaming, waving trophies of ostrich, humming-bird, and egret. RUDYARD KIPLING might be engaged to celebrate each exhibit in incisive verse. But there are other poets beside RUDYARD KIPLING.

A feather, a wire, and a stack of straw.

How does that strike you for a neat epigrammatic description?"

"Do you approve of the slaughter of birds for personal adornment? I am truly grieved if such is the case."

"Nonsense! You should not indulge in silly sentiment. What is a heron or a kingfisher compared to a HAT?"

How could I reply?"

"PLACE AUX DAMES."—Not at Cambridge University.



Ethel. "WELL, JIMMY DIDN'T BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT AFTER ALL BECAUSE YOU REFUSED HIM. HE PROPOSED TO MISS GOLIGHTLY YESTERDAY!"

Maud. "DID HE? THEN HE MUST HAVE GOT RID OF THEM IN SOME OTHER WAY!"

MARKING TIME.

(A Tragi-Comedy in a couple of Dialogues.)

FIRST DIALOGUE.—*The present moment.*

Her Mother. Darling little thing! Didn't she behave sweetly?

Her Father. Couldn't have been better. Quite smiled when her godfather gave her the cup.

Her Mother. Yes; and so intelligent! Never cried; not even when Mr. SMITH nearly dropped her at the font!

Her Father. And really, I think it was a capital idea to celebrate the glorious

event of the century by giving her an appropriate name.

Her Mother. JUBILIA! Shows she can't be many days old. JUBILIA!

SECOND DIALOGUE.—*Some years hence.*

Her Lover. She is the most charming girl that ever existed. Clever, too!

His Friend. Yes, so I have been given to understand.

Her Lover. Then, accomplished to a degree. Talks French, German and Italian as if she were a native of Paris, Berlin, and Rome.

His Friend. How useful! Quite the traveller.

Her Lover. And can paint, sing, dance—do everything!

His Friend. Splendid! You are to be congratulated.

Her Lover. I should think so! And then her name is so pretty—JUBILIA!

His Friend. Why, then she must have been born in the year of the Diamond—

Her Lover. So she must! JUBILIA! She can't be less than forty! JUBILIA!

BYRONIC AFTERTHOUGHTS.

(Up-to-date version of a famous passage in "The Giaour.")

["The Greek Army has fallen back on Thermopylæ."—*Times.*]

CLIME of the unforgotten brave!

Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Seems Freedom's tomb and Glory's
grave!

Scene of skedaddling! Can it be

That this is all remains of thee?

Approach, O, Islam's beaten slave;

Say, is *this* your Thermopylæ?

What shall your hosts from EDHEM save,

O, funky offspring of the Free?

Pronounce what sea, what shore is this.

Can it be rock-bound Salamis?

Yours shall not be a name, I fear,

That Tyranny shall quake to hear;

But rather one whose bitter fame

Your sons will mark with shrinking shame.

From Freedom's fight to cut and run

Must shame the sire before the son.

It is not *thus* that Freedom's won!

And yet, perchance, on History's page,

In records of this "Golden" Age

(For Mammon is our modern Mage),

Facts now in dusky darkness hid

Beneath the diplomatic lid,

Will light a bit this sordid gloom,

Where "heroes" bolt, and despots

"boom";

Will show how high-placed Hidden Hand

Pulled wires which balked an ancient

land;

That there is more than meets the eye

In all this piteous puppetry.

'Twere long to tell, and hard to trace,

Each step in Greece's dire disgrace.

Enough—the SULTAN's hordes can quell

Thermopylæ's hosts; and who shall tell

What 'twas that paved abasement's way,

Or Mammon's bonds or despot sway?

A GENUINE "ABBEY THOUGHT" AT WESTMINSTER.—Placing the bust of Sir WALTER SCOTT in Poets' Corner.

H.R.H. the Duchess of York.

BORN MAY 26, 1867.

GREETING! Princess, to you this day.

Greeting! with all the warmth of May.

Greeting! with hope of happy years.

Greeting! with never thought of tears.

Greeting! with thousand heartfelt cheers,

Born, bred, and wed upon our Isle,

On you may Fortune ever smile,

What time the years are fleeting.

Greeting, Princess! great greeting!

PROVISIONARY MOTTO FOR MR. LIPTON (the munificent donor of £25,000 to the Tea-serving poor).—"Fabula narratur de Tea."

To Sir Richard Quain.

(On his recovery from his recent illness.)

SAYS Mr. Punch to Sir RICHARD QUAIN—"So glad that 'RICHARD is himself again.'"

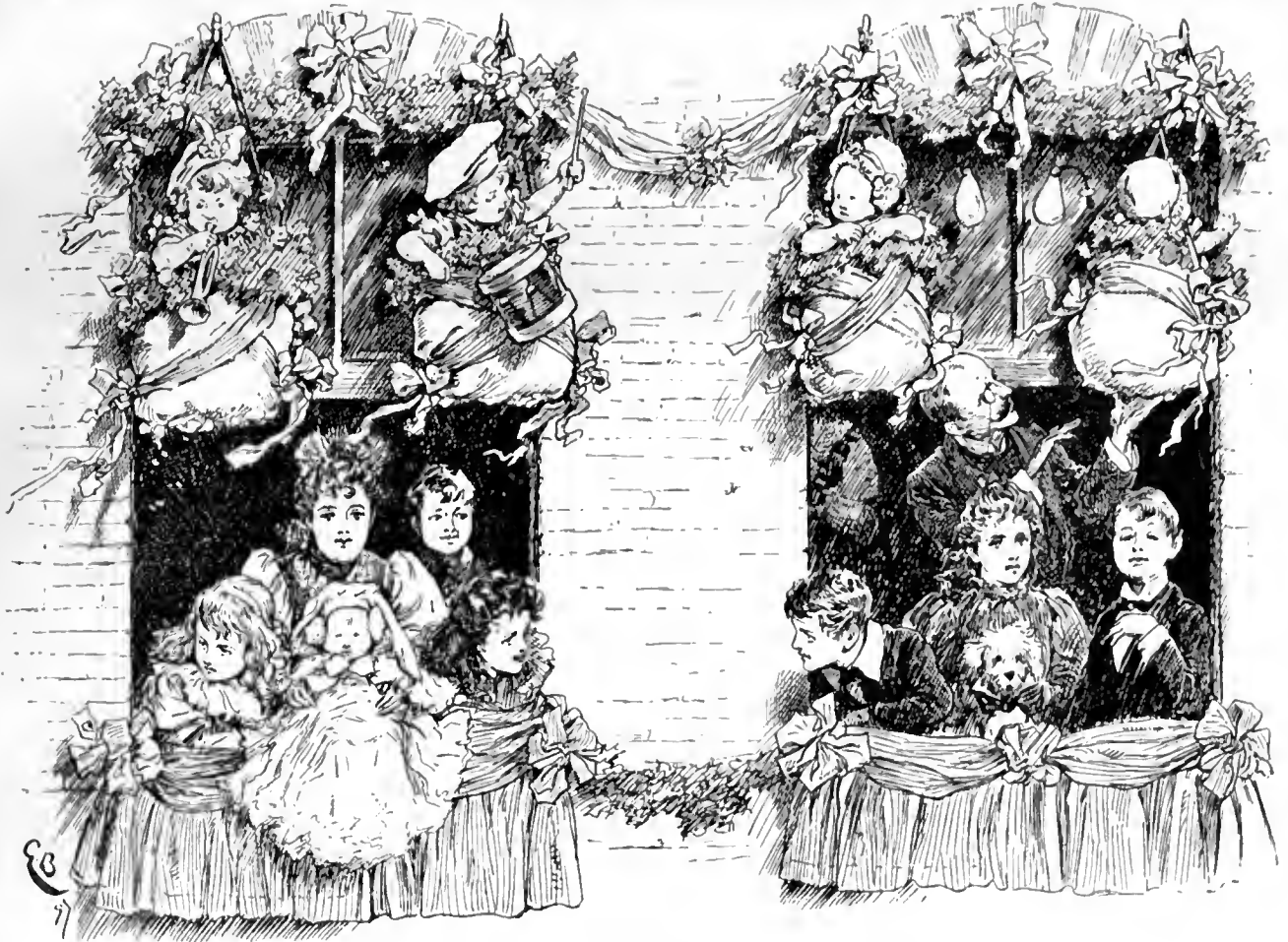


SWAIN Sc.

THE TURKISH SHYLOCK.

EUROPA (as PORTIA). "TARRY A LITTLE!"—*Merchant of Venice*





A SUGGESTION.

JUBILEE WINDOW, AS DESIGNED AND ARRANGED BY MRS. FELICIA MANYTWIGG.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Country man laments to his London bride on the iniquity of the House Sparrow.

In Springtime, when the sparrows build,
Oh! then my heart gets sadder;
I know it means my gutters filled
With nests that need a ladder!
The sparrow eats our budding peas
In manner quite illegal,
But slug and snail leaves to their ease—
I wish he were an eagle!
For then, mayhap, he'd scare the cats
Who desecrate our roses,
Or decimate the ghoulish bats
That flit about our noses.
An eagle lodg'd beneath the eaves
The farmer's lambs might harrow,
But would not stoop to strip his sheaves,
As does that beastly sparrow.
He always wakes me up at five,
A noisy, tuneless suitor;
Upon our grain he seems to thrive,
An unabashed freebooter.
In short, he is the curse of May—
Don't think my views too narrow—
The dodo long has passed away;
Won't some day, too, the sparrow?
I do not wish to chide the zeal
That causes you to scatter
Big chunks of bread at every meal,
Responsive to his chatter.
You say he Childhood's days recalls,
When you were wont to feed him,

But far from Mayfair's stuccoed halls,
Do you still, darling, need him?
The blackbird, thrush, and nightingale,
Are fain to hymn you daily;
The robin, linnet, lark, ne'er fail
To warble to you gaily.
So pray give up your cockney friend,
He suits not plough and harrow,
And grant me leave to make an end
Of each confounded sparrow!

Noblesse Obliges Sometimes.

Mrs. Wallaroo Cornstalk (to hostess).
What an obliging man your butler is! I asked him to call my carriage, and see, he's making signs that he's got it.
Hostess (aghast). My butler! Why, good heavens, Mrs. CORNSTALK, that's the Duke of FITZFADDELETON!
Mrs. Wallaroo Cornstalk (calmly). A Duke, is he! But what a beautiful butler he would have made! [Exit in triumph.]

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—It is understood that every one of the hundred Members of Parliament, who despatched the famous message to the King of the HELLENES, has been created a centurion in *partibus infidelium*.

THE PEACE THAT THE SULTAN WOULD PREFER.—A piece of Greece.

LAYING THE HURRICANE.

(Oriental Sequel to "Raising the Wind.")

SCENE—Constantinople.

PRESENT—His Majesty JE-RE-MI-AU-DIDD-
LER and Ambassadors.

His Majesty. By my beard, I must have Athens, Thessaly, the Crown Prince as a slave for life, and the revenue for a hundred years!

First Ambassador. Impossible.

H.M. Then allow Athens to go. The entire Grecian population in chains will do as well. See, this is my decision. I have spoken.

Second Am. Impossible.

H.M. Then sell all the ancient monuments by auction, and let me have the proceeds. Is not this well? Have I not spoken wisely? Come, by my beard, it shall be so!

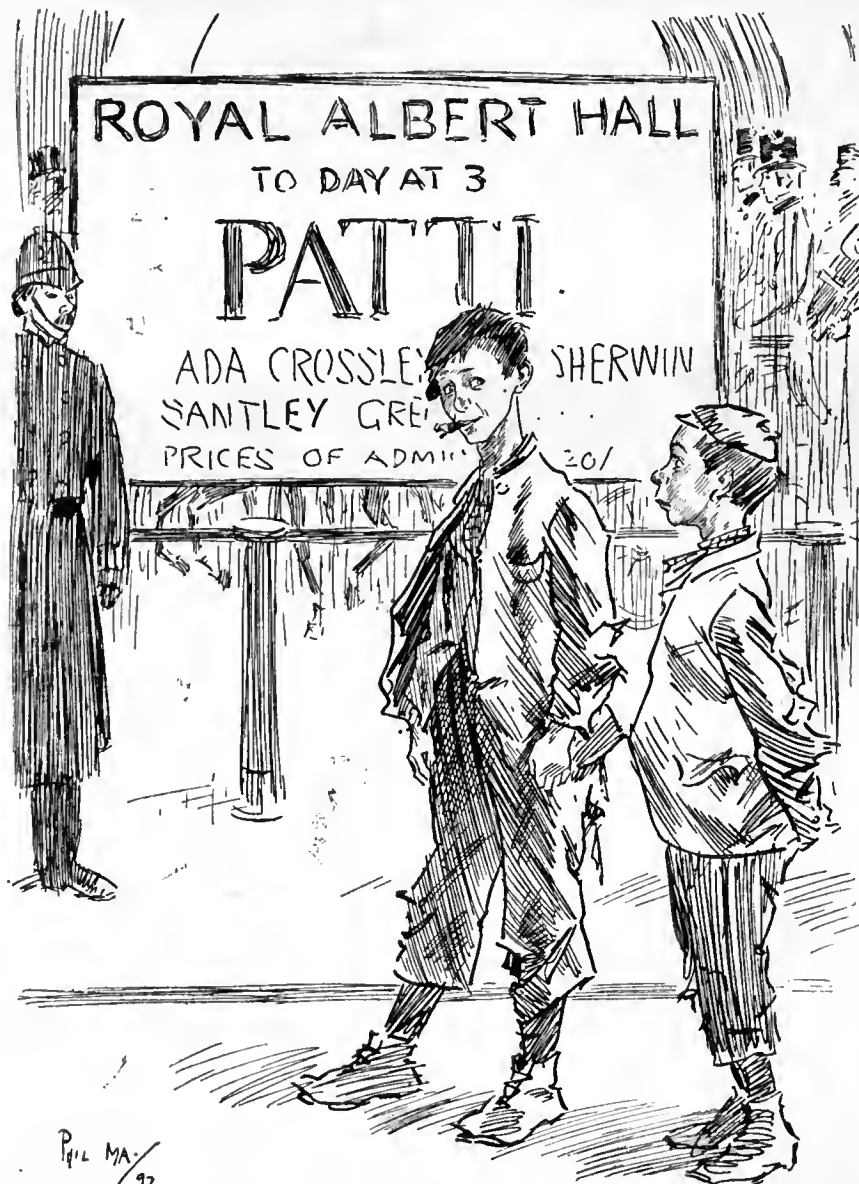
Third Am. Impossible.

H.M. I speak but once more. I will have everything. King, capital, and the entire Treasury.

All the Ambassadors. Impossible.

H.M. (resignedly). Well, well! Kismet! Stay! You will not be hard with me! You will not refuse me everything! If I may not have Greece and all it contains, you will not decline to lend me the ridiculous sum of two and sixpence halfpenny?

[Curtain drops for the request to be taken into consideration.]



P. L. MA.
97

"I 'EAR THIS 'ERE PATTI AIN'T 'ARF BAD!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Covent Garden Opera. Wednesday, May 19.—To-night, a matter of Bizetness, *i.e.*, *Carmen*. First-rate house to welcome Mlle. ZELIE DE LUSSAN, the very *Carmenest* of all *Carmens*. As good as ever she was. M. SALIGNAC, the new *Don José*, rather quiet at first, but coming out strong, vocally and dramatically, at the finish. Signor ANCONA is a robustious *Escamillo*; but, alas! the freshness of the *Toréador contento* has departed, and an audience can now hear it unmoved. Couldn't have a fitter name for a low comedian taking the part of *Il Remendado* than M. ROMMY. Missed the former and much Rummier than the Rommi-Remendado, to whom audience had become accustomed. MARIE ENGLE charming as the tender-hearted, light-headed MICAELA. Of course, no contraband company perfect without Mlle. BAUERMEISTER-singer as *Frisky Frasquita*, one of the card-sharping gipsy maidens. M. FLON conducted,

and all went well. Chorus, "Flon, Flon, Flon!" *ad lib.*

Friday.—MASSENET's *Manon*. Always delightful, because we haven't had too much of it. M. VAN DYCK suddenly indisposed, so M. BONNARD nobly stands up for his absent friend, and takes his part. To say that M. BONNARD looks the *Chevalier des Grioux* is complimentary to his artistic talent; but there never was such a hopeless milkop as *Des Grioux*, or such an old humbug of a sermoniser (with a song) as his father the Count, excellently played by M. PLANON.

M. DUFRANE comes out well as that light comedy rascal, *Lescout*, and Madame SAVILLE gains all hearts and hands by her representation of *Manon Lescout*, though she makes her too much of a "real lady" to be quite in keeping with the character of that sly little heroine. House filled up well after 8.30, but before that hour, dinner must be attended to.

What everyone with dramatic instinct must admire to-night is the admirable stage management! Take, for example,

the scene where, when it is growing dark, three candles are brought in to illuminate a snug apartment (for two) the width and height of Covent Garden stage; and when *Des Grioux* has to read a letter, what does he do? Does he walk up to one of these candles, and avail himself of its assistance? Not a bit of it; nothing so commonplace. Accompanied by the crafty Chevalier, who always wants to keep him in the dark, *Des Grioux* walks away from the candles and up to the window at the back, where there isn't even a ray of moonlight, and there, by the light of his own unaided intelligence, he reads the letter. Then, how touching is *Manon's* sweet farewell to the big soup tureen and the bottle of cheap claret which her lover, regardless of expense, has ordered in for their supper,—a meal they never take, and which is left untasted when the curtain descends, in spite of the lover's festive "A table! A table!" The opera to-night abounds in these little touches. Finally, as no opera here can be considered quite complete in its cast without Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, here she is as the pretty little puss *Poussette*, a companion picture, in court dress, to her *Frasquita* in *Carmen*. FLON conducted the orchestra, and himself, admirably.

Saturday.—A grand LOHENGRIN-DE-RESZKE night to end the week. Nothing risky about the Reszkys.

A PARIS IMPROMPTU.

[The much-discussed tramway across the Champs Elysées has just been opened.]

'Tis the eighteenth of May,
And a noteworthy day
For the Champs Elysées.
At the Rond Point I stay,
And just over the way,
From my room I survey
Le highlife tout gai,
Diplomat—décoré,
All in faultless array,
And an endless display
Of *snobisme outré,*
Epatant and blasé,
Of *cocottes* and *cochers,*
And the *jeunesse dorée.*
Some motors convey—
'Tis a perilous play,
And the *diable* to pay,
If the thing runs away,
With a snort and a bray,
Ventre à terre, as they say.
And hundreds essay
The swift *velo's* sway!
Not a moment's delay,
As they mean to make hay
While they see the sun's ray
Through the sky too long grey.

Mais v'là—qu'est-ce que c'est?
Why this sudden *mêlée*?
Is a mad dog astray,
Or a new *Charité,*
Or a *voyou's* affray,
That causes dismay,
And makes coachmen inveigh,
"Sapristi—sacré!"
While their steeds jib and neigh,
And refuse to obey?
What is it, I pray?

'Tis the latest tramway
That they've opened to-day;
And the Champs Elysées
They'll rechristen for aye,
In its hour of decay,
"L'Avenue Dix-huit Mai"!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 17.—Curious how soon and how completely House forgets old Members, whether small or great. There was a time when it seemed impossible to carry on without Mr. G. He has been gone these two years, and the SPEAKER takes the chair as usual, the Clerk proceeds to read the Orders of the Day, speeches are made, divisions taken, as if Mr. G. had never been.

For quite other reasons it seemed impossible to forget CHARLES AUGUSTUS VANSITTART CONYBEARE: "the CURSE OF CAMBORNE," SARK, for brevity, used to call him. His strident voice, his forbidding manner, his habit of opposing everything at interminable length, made such sharp impression upon a long-suffering House that, released from his presence, Members might be expected to have abiding sense of deliverance. But the CURSE OF CAMBORNE withdrawn, the House is absolutely indifferent.

Reminded of blessing to-night by hear-



"Scuse-Cox!"

The Member for the Kingston Division.

ing a voice, evidently made in Germany, discoursing on Employers' Liability Bill. Who is it? Members ask. It's STRAUSS, who, at the General Election, beat CONYBEARE out of Camborne.

"And a very good thing, too," says PRINCE ARTHUR, in high spirits to-night, since SQUIRE OF MALWOOD has come back hale and strong. "Apart from that claim upon the favour of the House, the new Member will be of invaluable service to us. It is something to know that we can always put up STRAUSS when we want to know which way the wind blows."

Business done.—Useful, but not precisely alluring, debate around Employers' Liability Bill.

Tuesday.—Young Members will do well to study the manner of the Member for the Kingston division of Surrey when putting a question to a Minister. There are various ways of doing this, from FORTESCUE-FLANNERY's portentous mouth- ing of unimportant syllables to Mr. WEIR's laconic but impressive "Question 42." SKEWES-COX has an insinuating, self-deprecating manner that is irresistible. As he rubs his hands and sets his head on one



TOUCHING THEM UP FOR THE JUBILEE!

Mr. John A-rd and the Statues on the Queen's Route.

side, he seems to say, "Really, I do hope that of your infinite kindness you will be able to 'Scuse-Cox.'"

Of course no one, least of all WHITE RIDLEY, can refuse the request. Accordingly, when to-night Member for Kingston apologetically introduced the topic of gipsies and other vagrom men, dwellers in tents and vans, the HOME SECRETARY made conciliatory reply.

There the matter might have ended, and SWIFT MACNEILL now wishes it had. Thought he saw opportunity of scoring off Members opposite. HOME SECRETARY had said, that under existing statutes local au-

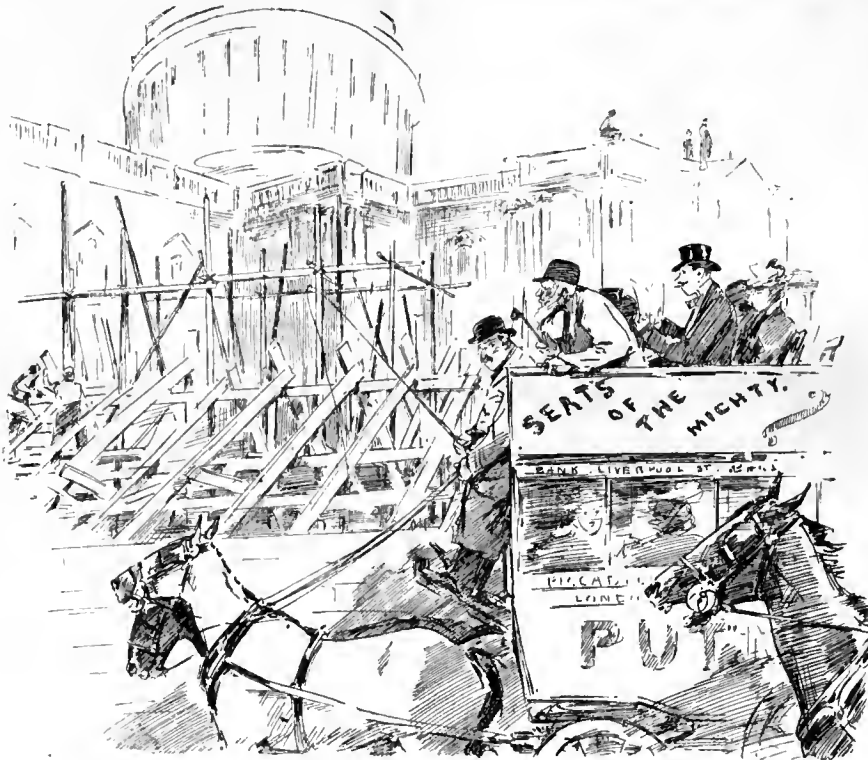
thorities are enabled to deal with nuisances caused by dwellers in tents and vans.

"Do those powers apply to persons in Primrose League Vans?" asked SWIFT MACNEILL; and good Liberals chuckled.

"They apply only to persons who become nuisances," answered the HOME SECRETARY, in emphatic voice, with significant nod towards his interlocutor. House tho more delighted since WHITE RIDLEY doesn't look the kind of man to say such things. MACNEILL thinks he will leave him alone in future.

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill read second time.

Thursday.—Pretty to see the Right Hon. JEREMIAH LOWTHER standing just now between Chancellors of the Exchequer, past and present, lamenting their perverseness. Motion made to read Budget Bill a second time. This JEREMIAH met with amendment which, apart from politics, is a gem of literary construction. "That in the opinion of this House," so the verse ran, "the existing fiscal system of the country is unequal to the continually increasing demands of the public service, and that the time has arrived for recourse to be had to more varied sources of taxation."



THE JUBILEE PREPARATIONS.

Unsophisticated Colonial Visitor. "WHAT BUILDING IS THAT, DRIVER?"

Driver. "WHY, BLESS YE, SIR, THAT'S ST. PAUL'S!"

U. C. V. "INDEED! THEN ARE THEY TAKING IT DOWN TO BUILD SEATS FOR THE JUBILEE PROCESSION?"

Observe the fine antique flavour of that last sentence. It is *Mr. Micawber* in his severer, more classic mood. What *JEREMIAH* meant, as he plainly set forth in a chapter of Lamentations which occupied just an hour in the reading, is that a five shilling duty shall be clapped on corn. Some people would have said so. *JEREMIAH*, looking round congregation with a face whose supernal gravity is threatened by a smile lurking in the corners of the humourous mouth, lifts up his voice and cries aloud, "The time has arrived for recourse being had to more varied sources of taxation."

Very few Members present. Even the Budget Bill debate, opened by our own *JEREMIAH*, is not a prospect that will draw Members. But *St. MICHAEL* was there, in the absence of *All Angels* sitting alone on the Treasury Bench as on a cloud. Opposite him, in full view of *JEREMIAH*, was the *SQUIRE OF MALWOOD*, softly smiling at the heresies proclaimed. *JEREMIAH* did not lament the absence of a thronged audience since these two were within hearing. If only he could overcome what he called their prejudices, all would be well with his beloved country. The last years of a long reign would spring into birth glowing in the dawn of unexampled prosperity. So *JEREMIAH*, with one eye on the *SQUIRE OF MALWOOD*, and the other on the saintly *MICHAEL*, improved the occasion, heedless of the knowing smiles the eminent financiers flashed at each other across the table.

Some question arisen as to what subject shall serve for fresco in one of the vacant corners of the outer lobby. Surely here it is to hand *JEMMY LOWTHER* standing between *HICKS BEACH* and *HARCOURT*, trying

to convince them of the equity of a five shilling duty on foreign corn.

Business done. — Education Bill read third time; Budget Bill second time. Flowing tide evidently with Ministers.

Friday. — *JOHN AIRD*, whose large heart and generous mind care for the meanest creatures among us, has turned his thoughts upon the lot of the statues on the line of the Jubilee Procession. Whilst London is gay with bunting, streets and houses filled with crowd dressed all in their best, the statues remain in all their forbidding grime. Why not give them all a wash and brush up, even if it costs more than the statutory twopence? Has brought the matter under notice of *FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS*. Few men can resist *JOHN AIRD*'s genial manner. To-night *AKERS-DOUGLAS* announces that the thing shall be done. *JOHN* beaming with delight.

"I don't mind telling you, *TOBY*," he whispered in my ear. "that if *DOUGLAS* had, as some more hide-bound *FIRST COMMISSIONERS* would have done, refused to listen to the suggestion, I meant to take off my coat and carry it out myself. Been used to hard work all my life, though you wouldn't think it to look at me. What with an hour or two in the early morning, and taking advantage of moonlight nights, I would have made the statues look so that they wouldn't know each other. But, of course, it's better for the Board of Works to turn on a lot of men. Get the washing done more thoroughly."

"And when you've washed and nicely *AIRD* them, I wish," said *SARK*, "you would consider the desirability of mangling a few."

"I think not," says *JOHN*, almost severely for him. (He doesn't like *SARK*; thinks he makes fun of people.) "Best to do one thing at a time, and do it, thoroughly."

Business done. — *PRINCE ARTHUR*, in speech of rare excellence, announces scheme of Local Government for Ireland, gilded by equivalent grant in relief of rates. "If *PRINCE ARTHUR* wants a motto for his new Bill," said *TIM HEALY*, who is as well up in the poets as he is in Parliamentary practice, "he'll find in *WORNWORTH* :—

'With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the hand of heaven!'"

THE ONE HUNDRED.

(*Not the Light Brigade.*)

[*LORD SALISBURY* had some very severe things to say of the action of the 100 M.P.'s who telegraphed to the King of *GREECE*.]

In a league, in a league,
In a league, onward,
Mounting their hobby-horse,
Wrote the One Hundred!
"Forward the Greek Brigade!
Thump the old Turk!" they said;
Unto the King of *GREECE*.
Wrote the One Hundred!

"Forward the Greek Brigade!
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the papers said
Badly they blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to wire (*not die*);
So to the King of *GREECE*.
Wired the One Hundred!

Critics to right of them,
Critics to left of them,
Critics in front of them.
Scolded and thundered:
Stormed at by the *Pall Mall*,
Boldly they wrote, and well,
Unto the King of *GREECE*,
Their sympathy to tell,
Wishing the Turk—not *well*,
Wrote the One Hundred!

Flashed on their message there,
Flashed, to the general scare,
Stirring all statesmen's hair,
Backing the Greek cause, while
All the world wondered.
Bang at the Moslem yoke,
In every line they broke;
Teuton and Russian
Thought it, perhaps, a joke
(And it did end in smoke)
From all sense Sundered.
So most men thought, but not—
Not the One Hundred!

Papers to right of them,
Papers to left of them,
Papers behind them,
Chivied and thunder'd;
Stormed at by the *Pall Mall*,
Daily News, *Times*, as well
(All but the *Chron-i-cle!*)
They gave their "jaw" free play,
At a great cost—of *breath*,
Wishing the Greek cause well,
And—*there* they left the job!
Left, the One Hundred!

When shall their glory fade?
Oh! the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered!
What use the charge they made?
Humph! *None!* I'm sore afraid!
Luckless One Hundred!



PRIVATE LODGINGS.

Obliging Landlady (to Major and Mrs. Totterly Syms, who have delayed taking rooms till their arrival in Town for the Diamond Jubilee).
 "YES, 'M, YOU AND THE GENTLEMAN CAN 'AVE A COUPLE OF PILLOWS AND A RUO IN THE BASEMENT-'ALL, FOR TWO GUINEAS. THE PARTY AS YOU MET ON THE STEPS 'AS TAKEN THE FOLDING CHAIRS IN THE CONSERVATORY, OR YOU MIGHT 'AVE 'AD THEM."

A COMPENSATION BALANCE.

[In Committee on the Workmen's Compensation Bill, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN opposed Mr. TENNANT's "Instruction," which would have given the Committee power to provide for the case of persons injured in their health through noxious trades.]

INSTRUCTIVE, very, is the line Our JOE
 Took upon Mr. TENNANT's new Instruction.
 Like the mere scratch which killed *Mercutio*,
 It was "too wide." Well, JOSEPH's "wide," we know!
 But how he yields to "Proputt's" seduction!
 He who the Liberal flag once wildly waved,
 Now valiantly uplifts the Tory pennant:
 He who the Landlord once so boldly braved,
 Now boldly braves the—TENNANT!

WILL THEY GET IT?

OUR advertisers, in the *Times* and other newspapers, are certainly leaving no stone unturned in view of *The event*. Thus one Lady, "moving in the best Society, and member of several London clubs, would be willing to CHAPERONE one or more YOUNG LADIES in London from June 19th to 24th inclusive, in exchange for board and lodging for that period, also seat near St. Paul's Cathedral, wherefrom to view procession. Address EADYTH BEAUTY C.," &c. A gentleman offers a fine old manor house, *within an hour of London*, at a lordly rent, for the Jubilee week; and so on. Will a double-million-magnifying telescope be provided in the latter case, capable of seeing through ten miles of brick walls, and the bodies of loyal cockneys forty deep? And is EADYTH BEAUTY C. going to have the seat to herself in the centre of all things, leaving the one or more young ladies at home or severally in the London Clubs? Anyhow, such pushing and enterprising loyalty can scarcely fail to "get there," as the Americans say.

Mr. Punch can hardly improve on the ingenuity of this class

of advertisers. He will not, therefore, be surprised to hear of grand stands being erected all over the country, whence Britons can face their Mecca, and view with the eye of faith the ceremony going on at St. Paul's. And EADYTH BEAUTY C. (who could resist such a name?) will probably be found inside one of the Royal carriages on the great occasion, or seated at daybreak on a camp-stool in front of Queen Anne's statue. If the lady gets her wished-for youthful charges, and a window, with board and lodging thrown in, it will doubtless be a case of youth at the helm, i.e., in a back seat, and Beauty at the prow. Next, please!

EXASPERATION!

(A Screeled from Paris.)

O FUTILE product of a foreign clime,
 Unspeakable, unstriking, unlightable;
 I use you up by dozens at a time,
 Impossible, intractable, indictable!
 Take then this tribute of a wrathful rhyme—
 Ne'er shall I smoke with you the peaceful calumet!
 They charge ten centimes with a cheek sublime
 For box of thirty miserable *allumettes!*

THEATRICAL NOTE.—Sorry to see that in consequence of not being quite so well as everyone would wish him, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM is knocking off some of his *matinées*. No remonstrating with a man who is his own *Physician* and takes his own receipts.

SUGGESTED TITLES (should Mr. HARMSWORTH be raised to the *Peerage*).—"Lord Missingword of Answers." And for Mr. PEARSON, "Lord Coupon."

"MAXIMS' IN ACTION."—"Go in and win"—"Hit him hard, he ain't got no friends," &c., &c.



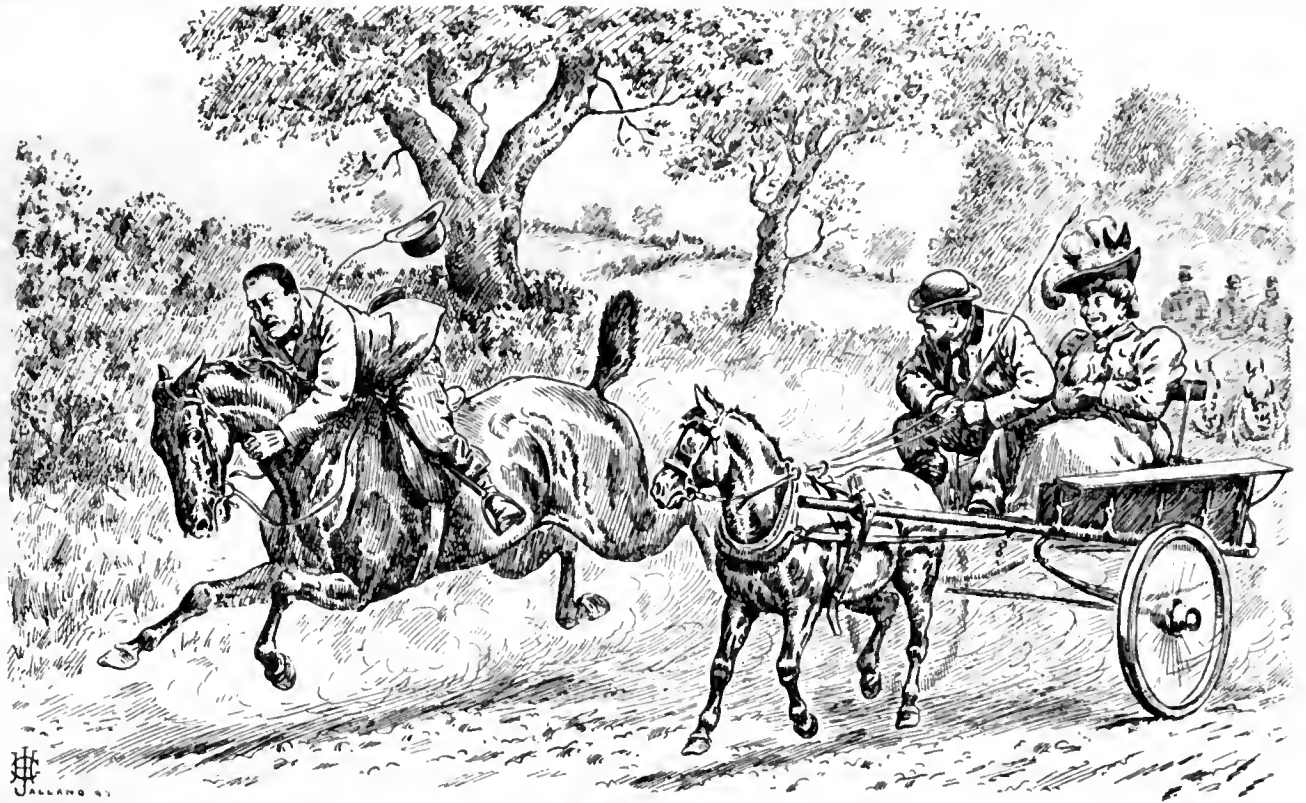
A FRIEND INDEED!

Russian Bear (so disinterested). "AHEM! ALLOW ME TO SETTLE THIS LITTLE MATTER."

["M. de NEKIDOFF made the remarkable alternative proposal that Russia should take over the contemplated Greek War Indemnity, and that the Porte should write off an equivalent sum from the amount of the debt which it still owes to Russia."—*Times' Berlin Correspondent, May 25.*]



Henry Vernon.



BY ROAD TO EPSOM.

Factionist Coster (to Jenkins, whose hireling has bolted). "THAT 'S THE TICKET, GUV'NOR—KEEP HIM GOING—AND YOU 'LL BE IN TIME FOR THE FIRST RACE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has at length completed his *History of Our Own Times*, CHATTO AND WINDUS issuing the last volume, which carries on the wondrous tale from 1880 up to this year of Jubilee. Mr. MCCARTHY is his own and only rival. Remembering the fascination of his earlier volumes, my Baronite came to a study of this conclusion of the matter with some apprehension. He finds that the historian has kept his very best wine till the last. Obviously, in dealing with the last seventeen years Mr. MCCARTHY has the advantage of intimate personal knowledge. He writes history, pages of which the Party he led in the House of Commons helped to make. That in some men would be a fatal condition. Mr. MCCARTHY has a judicial mind, which enables him to withdraw from the inner circle where he has played no mean part, and regard actions, motives, and consequences with impartial eye. The volume is marked by those fine literary qualities, that rare power of condensation without loss of colour, that established the enduring fame of the earlier volumes. Some of the characterisations of public men are marvels of accuracy, models of style. Of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, first Lord SELBORNE, Mr. MCCARTHY writes: "He was a theological politician, the theologian perhaps predominating over the politician." Of the Duke of ARGYLL: "He had a little too much of the essayist and the small philosopher in him to be a stalwart political figure." These two gems are extracted, not because they are the brightest, but because of their compactness. Many others sparkle through the volume, which carries the reader almost breathless through history which seems strangely old, though its starting point is the opening of the first Session of the Parliament of 1880. The book is not illustrated. Otherwise photographs of the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons in May, 1880, and in May, 1897, would shew in a flash how much has happened in the interval.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

BRAVO SIR HENRY!—Presiding, on last Thursday night, at the annual festival of the Royal Society of Musicians, Sir HENRY IRVING suggested that amateur flute-players constituted so large a portion of general society that they could, among themselves, so "raise the wind" as to considerably benefit the funds of this Society.

ANOTHER JUBILEE SUGGESTION.

SIR,—Twenty-seven years and eleven months ago I sent a joke to your paper. It did not then appear, but in January, 1882, there was a joke something like it. The joke was not a very long one, for it only occupied the space of three lines. For this article, or suggested article, I have received *no remuneration whatever!* I would not now distress your generous nature by reminding you of this; I would only suggest that the Royal Procession will pass your office, 85, Fleet Street, on June 22, and that a few seats, for my wife, my sister-in-law, my five eldest daughters, my cousin's aunt by marriage, my godfather's stepson's niece, and myself, would be a slight return for that joke, and an encouragement to me to send further contributions.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, OWEN DEED.

[We should, of course, have invited our intending contributor and his relatives, had he not omitted his address.—Ed.]

AT KIRALFY'S VICTORIAN ERA SHOW.—According to a *Daily Mail* Special interviewing the Daily Female special waitresses at Earl's Court Exhibition, these young ladies have a grievance. They don't like their old English costumes. "I've been a waitress for two years," said his fair informant, "but I never had to look a guy like this before." She ought to have brought her sorrows before H.R.H. the Prince of WALES when he visited "Guy's" last week and opened the "Queen Victoria" ward. Our Own Exhibition District Visitor (nothing less than a Duke in disguise to visit the Court of the Earl), after close personal inspection, describes the costume of the handy maidens—the "ladies in waiting"—as most becoming. They are all of them "studies in Black and White," and he wishes to draw the attention of artists to these models of neat-handed Phyllises. Also our E. D. V. reports that not only the musical and dramatic part of the show is well worth a visit, but that all the departments, when quite finished, and in thorough working order (which by the time this appears they probably will be, and then he shall look in again), will equal, if not surpass, any previous exhibition in this quarter.

DOUBTFUL.—On June 24 the Deserving and Undeserving Poor are to have good dinners. But will they get their desserts?

THE GAME OF ADVERBS.

(A COUNTRY-HOUSE TRAGI-COMEDY IN TWO PARTS.)

PART II.

SCENE—The Drawing-room at Dripstone. The Rector has just entered, and stands helplessly endeavouring to identify the Mistress of the House in the deepening dusk.

Bob (cheerily). Make yourself at home, old fellow. Take a pew! The Rector (to himself). "Take a pew"! The heartiness of manufacturing circles is really rather trying! (Aloud.) But excuse me, I don't yet see—

Bob (taking him by the shoulders, and thrusting him down on a couch in the centre of the circle). Squat there, and fire away.



"Joking apart, old man, you were simply ripping!"

The Rector. I—ah—don't know whether you are aware that my—um—ah—name is POLYBLANK, and that I am the Rector of Dripstone?

[A general ripple of genuine, if reluctant, amusement.]

Bob. The Reverend POLY! By Jove; capital! All right, now begin asking questions—any rot will do, you know. Start with the Mater.

The Rector (to himself). Are they all like this in Yarnminster? (Aloud.) I confess that in this—ah—semi-darkness I find considerable difficulty in ascertaining the precise whereabouts of my—um—ah—hostess. [An outburst of irrepressible laughter.]

Mrs. Shuttleworth (giggling helplessly). Oh, dear, dear, I oughtn't to laugh—but he is so ridiculous! This is me, over here in the corner.

The Rector (pitching his voice in that direction). I trust, my dear Mrs. SHUTTLEWORTH, that I have not seemed reprehensibly—ah—tardy in coming here to make your acquaintance?

Mrs. Shuttleworth (in a whisper). I don't know what to answer. (Aloud.) Tardy? Oh, dear no. I shouldn't have cared if you'd stayed away altogether. (In a whisper, to GRACE.) Do you think that was too rude, dear?

Grace. Oh, not at all, Mamma. (Aloud to the Rector.) There, you've had Mamma's answer. Now it's my turn.

The Rector (to himself, in mild surprise). These people are really too impossible! (Addressing himself to GRACE.) May I

plead in excuse that my delay is due (firstly) to the preparations for our Harvest Festival, and (secondly) to the entire parish work being thrown upon my shoulders by my curate's having unexpectedly extended his holiday? [A universal roar of delight.]

Bob. Just his pulpit manner, isn't it? (Sotto voce, to FLOSSIE.) Now perhaps you'll own I was right about DORMER?

Flossie (in the same tone, to him). I must say he can be awfully clever and amusing—when he chooses.

Grace (replying to the Rector). You can plead no excuse for trying to be clever at the expense of a clergyman who, with all his peculiarities, has fifty times your brains.

The Rector (to himself). I should not have said that BARLAM's brains were— But why should I let myself be annoyed by such a trifle? (Aloud.) My dear young lady, need I protest that I had not the slightest ideah—?

Bob. Leave this to me, GRACE. (To the Rector.) Not the slightest idea? No, old chap, nobody here ever supposed you had! [Applause.]

The Rector (to himself). I trust I am not unduly puffed up with the pride of intellect—but really! (Aloud.) I came here in the hope that the natural—ah—bond between the Rectory and the Manor— (Shouts of laughter.) Don't you think—(with pathos)—don't you think you are making this rather difficult for me?

Flossie. It would be easy enough for anyone who wasn't a hopeless idiot.

The Rector (to himself). Can there be insanity in this family? Merely ill-manners, I suspect. I won't give up just yet. Perhaps, by patience and sweetness, I shall win them over in the end. (Aloud, with laboured urbanity.) I am indeed in the Palace of Truth! But there—we must no more look for reverence from the young than for—er—figs from an—um—ah—thistle. Must we?

Ivy Goring. I should have thought myself you would prefer the—um—ah—thistles. [Uproarious applause.]

The Rector (gasping). You compel me to remind you of a certain passage in the beautiful Catechism of our Church which—

Gillian Pinceney. Please don't. There are some things which should be respected—even by a professional buffoon!

The Rector (thunderstruck). A professional buff—! (Allowing his voice to boom.) Is there nobody here capable of answering the most ordinary remark without some monstrous insult?

Colin. Not your remarks.

The Rector (to himself). I never was in such a household in all my life—never! (Aloud.) As far as I can distinguish in this dusk, there is a little girl sitting over there. I'm sure she— (To Connie.) Are you fond of animals, little girl?

Connie. I'm not fond of animals like you.

[A felicitous repartee, which is received with the wildest enthusiasm.]

The Rector (to himself). I will make just one more effort. (To Mrs. SHUTTLEWORTH.) You must find a great pleasure, Mrs.—ah—SHUTTLEWORTH, in occupying such a picturesque, and, I may say, historic house as this?

Mrs. Shutt. (wiping her eyes). Oh, dear, is it me again? . . . Yes, it is a pleasant house—except when one has to entertain tiresome visitors who will ask foolish questions.

The Rector. You may rely upon being secure from such inflections for the future, madam. (With warmth.) Why, why is it that I can count upon a kindly welcome in the humblest cottage, whereas here—? [He chokes.]

Miss Markham (demurely). I really can't say. Perhaps cottagers are not very particular.

The Rector (passing his hand over his brow). I confess I am utterly at a loss to understand what all this means!

Colin. Keep on asking questions. Ask GRACE how she'd like to be the Reverend Mrs. POLY, and see what she says. Mummy said only the other day how nice it would be if—

The Rector (rising). Silence, boy! I have heard enough! I have stayed too long. I will go, before I am tempted to disgrace my calling by some unclerical outburst!

All (in fits of laughter). No, no, you mustn't go yet. You haven't said how we've received you!

The Rector (in a white rage). How? How!! . . . Why, outrageously! Abominably!! [General hissing.]

All. Wrong, wrong! You haven't got it yet. Don't give it up! Try again!

The Rector (stiffly). Pardon me—but a necessarily restricted vocabulary— [Howls of laughter.]

Flossie (as they calm down). Well, the right adverb was "rudely."

The Rector. I am not prepared to dispute it. Though there are others which perhaps are even more—

Flossie. I thought you saw it long ago. We might have been a little ruder, perhaps.

The Rector. I should be sorry to question your capabilities—but still, I can hardly conceive that possible.

Mrs. Shutt. Well, I don't know *when* I've had such a good laugh. It certainly is a most amusing game. Or at least you made it so. How wonderfully you did take the poor dear Rector off, to be sure! When you first came in, I said to myself, "That can't be Mr. DORMER!" But of course, directly you began to be so ridiculous, I remembered Bob had told us what a mimic you were. You really ought to go on the stage. You'd make your fortune as an actor, you would indeed!

The Rector (dropping feebly into a chair). I—ah—you do me too much honour, my dear Mrs. SHUTTLEWORTH. (*To himself.*) These poor dear deluded people! I see now. . . . It was a game. . . . They didn't know me in the dark—they don't know me now! . . . What a position—for them and me. What a horrible position!

Mrs. Shutt. GRACE, my dear, will you ring for the lights?
The Rector (to himself). The lights! If they're brought in, I shall never be able to look these people in the face again! (*Aloud.*) Er—ah—so pleased to have afforded you so much—um—ah—innocent amusement—but I'm a little fatigued, and, if you'll allow me, I—I think I'll slip away.

[*He makes his exit, amidst hearty rounds of applause.*]

IN THE LIBRARY—A LITTLE LATER.

Bob (to DORMER, whom he discovers asleep on a sofa). What, lying down, old chap? Well, I must say you deserve a rest after your labours.

Dormer (apologetically). Tramping over those beastly wet roots does take it out of a fellow. But hasn't somebody called—the Rector, wasn't it?

Bob. What a chap you are! I should jolly well think it was the Rector! Joking apart, old man, you were simply ripping! How on earth you got old POLY's voice and manner so perfectly, after only hearing him once, beats me. What with the room being dark and that, I swear that once or twice, when we were all rotting you, and being as beastly rude as we knew, I half thought you really were the Rector!

Dormer (to himself). The Rector must have had the Deuce's own time of it! (*Aloud.*) I—I hope your mother isn't—er—doesn't—?

Bob. The Mater? Not she! She was in fits. And as for the girls, why, they're all raving about you!

Dormer. Are they, though? Very nice of them. (*To himself.*) I'm like Thingummy—I've awoke to find myself famous!

Bob. The way you kept it up to the very end!

Dormer. I'm glad you think I kept it up to the very end.

Bob. Your exit was a stroke of genius. I'm not flattering you, old chap, it was downright genius. I say, you'll do old POLY for us again after dinner, eh?

Dormer. My dear fellow, I couldn't if you paid me. Besides, I—I'd rather, if you don't mind, it didn't get talked about; it—well, it might be awkward, don't you know.

Bob (nodding his head sapiently). I see. You mean, it might get round to the Rector, eh?

Dormer. Exactly. It might—er—get round to the Rector.

THE END.

“CHURCH AND STAGE.”

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For years I have taken the greatest interest in this subject, and am so delighted to see that at last we have a notable composer of comic oratorios and serious operas—no, I beg pardon, I meant t'other way about, composer of serious oratorios and of comic operas—I am not sure whether he has done more than one of the former, but this is a detail)—writing a Jubilee Ballet for the Alhambra to a *scenario* by a Signor CARLO COPPI (this name as pronounced Englishly is not suggestive of much originality), and at the same time composing a hymn-tune for the Diamond Jubilee Service to words written by the Bishop of Wakefield, a diocese ever memorable because of its immortal Goldsmithian Vicar. But why didn't these two forces combine before? Why didn't the Bishop write the ballet, for which Sir ARTHUR could have supplied the music, and then the composer would not have had to seek abroad for a foreigner to invent what was intended to be pre-eminently English, with lots of *Rule Britannia*, *Girls I left behind me with British Grenadiers*, and all sorts of popular national melodies so mixed up in it as to leave but comparatively little space for the composer's own charming and original work. Let us hope that soon, remembering the success of the Vicar so capitably played by the Rev. Mr. BARRINGTON in *The Sorcerer*, we may look forward to a Ballet of Bishops with the most graceful pastoral music from the Sullivanian pen. At last there is a chance of union between



A NEW RELATION.

Dora. "JACK, WHO WAS THAT LADY WITH YOUR FATHER! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A SISTER."

Jack. "OH, THAT ONE ISN'T A SISTER. THAT'S FATHER'S STEP-WIFE!"

Church and Stage. Did not Sir HENRY, as a Canterbury Pilgrim, do penance at the shrine of BECKET, last Monday, by reading TENNYSON's play to all and sundry in the restored Cathedral Chapter House? and has not Sir ARTHUR composed an Alhambra Jubilee Ballet and a Jubilee Hymn with a Bishop as collaborateur? "Now we sha'n't be long!" Is the other ARTHUR, surnamed ROBERTS, that light-hearted link between stage and music-hall, preparing any little surprise for us? Congratulations to eergy and composers, Yours, JUBILEE JIGGINS.

P.S.—What a characteristic song for Sir ARTHUR, with dance, which he could compose for himself, would be "*I am so versatile!*" I forget who wrote it. By the way, Church and Stage were once upon a time, in the long-ago period, united in the person of that delightful composer with an ecclesiastical title, Sir HENRY BISHOP.

Old Doggerel brought Up-to-Date.

THERE was a Greek in Thessaly, and he was most unwise, He dashed at a Turk "hedge of spears," and scratched out both his eyes.

But, when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main, He tried another (sporting) "hedge," to scratch them in again!

"INFELICE!"—It was not a happy thought that inspired Signor FELICE to insult the Italian Premier, Signor RALLI. The latter being, to use a prize-fighting term, "a sharp Ralli," the result was temporary imprisonment for FELICE, and subsequent release owing to intervention of Italian Minister. Felicitations to FELICE.



A NEW GAME.

PLAYING AT JUBILEES; OR, MAKING A KNIGHT OF IT.

DIARY OF AN INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER.

Monday.—Guide book tells me that I should see Trafalgar Square. Said to be the finest sight and site in Europe. Find my way there. Nothing but scaffolding. Can hear splash of water behind hoardings. Possibly fountains. Mounting out of the tiers of seats a column with a figure on the summit, presumably NELSON. Not sure of anything, save placard about "Seats to view the procession."

Tuesday.—Off to St. Paul's. Must see the cathedral before I return to the continent. Again enormous scaffolding. Dome in the distance. Disappointing.

Wednesday.—Pall Mall said by guide book to be a "street of palaces." Must admire the different architecture of the Carlton, the United Service, and the Reform. Can see nothing but scaffolding.

Thursday.—Obeying instructions, visit Piccadilly. Same view. Scaffolding here, scaffolding there, scaffolding everywhere. Rows of planks monotonous.

Friday.—Must look up Whitehall. Full of historical recollections. CHARLES THE FIRST, INIGO JONES, original site of production of "Maske of Flowers," and the rest of it. Frontage of everything hidden by scaffolding. Seats—nothing but seats.

Saturday.—Have had enough of it. Scribble this as I pack up my bag *en route* for native land. Will return to London to see it—after the Diamond Jubilee.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 22.—House crowded for *Lohengrin* on anniversary of its composer's birthday. Prince and Princess of WALES present. HERR SEIDL, whose name suggests the first half of a Seidl-itz powder, conducting splendidly, but much astonished when Madame EMMA EAMES walked down—no! *sidle'd* down—to footlights, and, when his back was turned, tapping him on the shoulder just to draw his attention to fact that she personally wished to congratulate him on his conducting by shaking hands with him; after which ceremony he could emphatically shake hands with himself. Much amusement and considerable applause. It was musically suggested that the orchestra should welcome HERR SEIDL by playing the old tune of the song "*Get your hair cut.*" Perhaps the advice, meant in quite complimentary spirit, would have been better conveyed by performing some airs of LOCK'S. Chorus excellent. MARIE BREMER the best *Ortruda* up to now, with Brother JOHNNIE and Brother TEDDY DE RESZKE as *Lohengrin* and King respectively. They received a grand ovation. MR. BISPHAM as *Telramund*, and EMMA EAMES, as *Somebody-Elsa*, completed a cast on which the Covent Garden management is to be heartily congratulated.

Tuesday.—Big Night for Big People. Royalties and RESZKIES. EMMA EAMES woke up in her acting, and was almost the ideal *Juliet*, though even as *prima donna* just a bit too prim for SHAKSPEARE'S gushing young Venetian of sweet seventeen, if as much. No matter about the Bard, though; this *Juliet* is GOUNOD'S. What age *Romeo*? If JOHNNIE DE RESZKE be ideal *Romeo* (as he undoubtedly is, both operatically and dramatically), then, considering him as a fine-grown youth of twenty-five, you have a *Juliet* at ten years less. There you are. EDWARD DE RESZKE excellent as *Friar Laurent*, the Botanical Brother and Herbalistic Hermit, quite big enough to represent himself and the apothecary (who does not appear), and be two single vocalists rolled into one. Always think that if a *suite* were composed to this opera, *Friar Laurent* ought to be represented as having obtained a dispensation from his vows of celibacy in order to marry *Gertrude* (*Juliet's* nurse, with an excellent character from her last place in SHAKSPEARE'S play), whose light and leading features are on this occasion so charmingly portrayed by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. In balcony-scene moon a bit erratic, but this quite Shakspearian, and in keeping with the lunatic "inconstant" characteristics attributed to it by original poet. Stage management, evidently benefited by Friendly hints, decidedly improved. Merry MANCINELLI does his work thoroughly, though mysterious musicians will assert themselves occasionally. Forgot to mention old Mister *Capulet*, the Fat Father, in excellent voice, and at his little party quite a host in himself, and as

gay a dog as they make 'em. In every respect a triumphantly successful show for everybody concerned.

Wednesday.—Late Dinners, Parties, and QUEEN'S Birthday Receptions robbed *Manon* of a good many of her friends. Pity, because VAN DYCK, as *Des Grieux*, restored to health and voice, and Madame SAVILLE ("*Sa ville*" *de notre ville* by this time), as *Manon*, transformed Monsieur MASSENET'S light work into Grand Opera. PLANCON, or M. PLAIN-SONG, good as representing stagey Heavy Father. Orchestra asserted itself on occasion strongly: very natural, however, that these mysterious musicians, almost "lost to sight," should, just now and then, wish to recall fact of their existence to memory of audience.

Friday.—*Lohengrin* again. Grand, with Brother NEDDY RESZKE as "monarch of all he surveys," though occasionally hidden by his crowded Court of remarkably rude Noblemen; with the Hieland Lassie, MAGGIE MACINTYRE, charmingly naïve as *Elsa*, a sort of "Alice in Wonderland," and singing splendidly; and with JEAN DE RESZKE magnificent as *Lohengrin*, the White Knight, who floors *Sir Bispham Telramund*, the Black Knight, in single combat. Mlle. MEISSLINGER (*vice* MARIE BREMER) was the "penny-plain-twopence-coloured" female villain, singing well, looking handsome, and acting just as female villain would act in such circumstances. Signor PRINGLE (*Anglicè* Mr. PRINGLE) was the Herald. I do not credit WAGSTAFF, who says PRINGLE is an American, and therefore ought to have come on as "New York Herald." I suspect WAGGY is joking, even if with difficulty. ANTON SEIDL, of the flowing locks, conducted vigorously. Crowded house. Good night.

A NEW TABLE OF INTEREST.

(Under Government Supervision.)

ONE touting circular equals 20 impecunious replies.
 20 impecunious replies equal £100—advanced at 60 per cent.
 500 cases of 60 per cent. equal 10,000 applications to the Court of Bankruptcy.
 10,000 applications in bankruptcy equal an occasional article in the newspapers.
 500 articles in the newspapers equal a growl of popular indignation.
 20 growls of popular indignation equal a money-lending inquiry.
 Numerous meetings of a money-lending inquiry equal a more or less valuable report.
 One more or less valuable report equals shelving the subject indefinitely.
 A shelving of one subject indefinitely equals chronic ruin as before.



“BROKEN TO HARNESS.”

MISS ERIN. “SURE IT’S A NICE PAIR YE’RE DHRIVIN’, MISTHER ARTHUR!”

ARTHUR BELFUR. “YES—NEVER THOUGHT THEY’D GO SO WELL TOGETHER!”





A POPULAR ACTRESS IN TWO PIECES.
An Optical Delusion seen in the Strand, and due to the fashionable Bolero Costume.

DARBY JONES ON THE DERBY.

HONOURED SIR,—I trust that you, with other sagacious clients, planked savings on *Victor Wild* for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton, for at 6 to 1 for a shop he should have provided many loyal and deserving with the wherewithal to procure windows whence to view the Commemoration Progress of Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN. I regret to say that, from the sporting point of view, the Diamond Jubilee Derby is not likely to vie with the Procession aforesaid. In *Little Doctor Faust*, the light work of the late lamented BYRON (the dramatist and actor, not the peer and Phil-Helleno), there was a catching chorus, "We should ne'er forget the days when we were young." Probably on account of the beauty of the ladies, who delivered the sentiment musically and trippingly, the refrain was very well liked by the most "dosey" frequenters of the Gaiety Theatre, young bloods who, then nurtured on chicken and champagne, are now reduced to the humble half-and-half, and the vulgar, but nutritious, heef à la mode. With your lightning-like habit of detecting bad florins, you will naturally ask, Sir, "What on earth has this to do with the Derby?" Ready for your not unjustifiable attack, I reply, "Because one of the dainty damsels who did justice to the ditty in question, induced me at Epsom in 1876 to

become her commissioner to the extent of five indisputable sovereigns on the chances of *Kisber*. As you are well aware, Mr. BALTAZZI's animal was rewarded with the Blue Ribbon of Tattenham Corner; but alack! alas! and well-a-day! the genteel penciller with whom I had done business on behalf of my fair client made tracks for Snowdon. I had, therefore, to settle his account with the songstress, thereby imperilling the continuance of a somewhat precarious income. Nor was the lady grateful for my self-sacrifice, for she—
But *cui bono*, as the Bard hath it? Suffice it to say I shall never "forget the days when we were young." Derby Day always recalls extraordinary experiences. I once had a cousin, a hopeless ne'er-do-weel, who was from time to time expatriated to British Columbia, or West Australia, or Texas, or the West Coast of Africa, provided with a brand new outfit, red flannel shirts, white duck trousers, and a comfortable cheque. But he always turned up at Epsom on Derby Day, and then he was subscribed for again. I also knew a man who went to the Derby with the sole object of seeing a dead-heat. He never wagered a copper on the race. In 1884, when Mr. HAMMOND's *St. Gatien* and Sir JOHN WILLOUGHBY's *Harvester* accomplished the trick, my poor friend was laid up in bed. He never recovered the shock, so his housekeeper told me. Anyhow, he withdrew from this World a few weeks afterwards. I was also acquainted with a Great Lady—quite understand, Sir, as a nebulous satellite. She was accustomed to dream about races—some ladies are—and in the Jubilee Year of 1887, she had a vision that *Merry Hampton* would win the Derby. She implored her husband to mortgage his property in order to back Mr. "ABINGTON's" candidate. But her spouse was callous, and refused to entrust the animal with even so much as half-a-crown. The result of the race led, I am sorry to say, to separation for life between the Dreamstress and her mate. Again, I never plant my boot on the Downs without recalling the query of a famous Reveller of the Tom and Jerry days, "How many four-year-olds have been returned winners of the Derby?" Incarceration in one of the QUEEN's Compulsory Hotels would suit neither you, honoured Sir, nor me, so I refrain from transcribing the Reveller's answer to his own question. But away with the Past. Let the Muse speak of the Future! There will be a very small field, unlikely to get into double figures, like a moderate cricketer. Well satisfied as to the peril of his position, the Bard delivers himself as follows:—

It seems a gift for *Kendal's Son*,
Yet I prefer the *Painter*.
The *Yankee* chance is not quite done,
The *Frenchman's* hope is fainter.
Historic Tale will not prevail,
Nor yet an *Ardent* rush;
A *Shiver* we can scarcely hail,
But if the *Favourite* should ran stale,
Look out for *Joicey's Brush*.

Trusting to meet you on the Hill, where the asparagus, the lobster, the salmon, the prawn, and the quail mingle so refreshingly together about the Fountains of the "Boy,"

I am, as usual, honoured Sir,
Your Helot and Vates in one,
DARBY JONES.

FISHING INTERROGATORY TO LABBY.—
"Got a Beit?"

TWO KINGS.

(ENGLAND, 1649. GREECE, 1897.)

KING CHARLES, the Stuart, lost his throne,
And after, lost his head.
'Tis not that sequence, though, alone,
A King hath cause to dread.
Another King, ambition-led,
His fate must now bemoan.
A monarch who has "lost his head,"
Perchance may lose his throne!

THE ISLINGTON TOURNAMENT ONCE AGAIN—and if possible, more popular than ever. The opening day was a success; but the show was too long, and the repetitions were wearisome, except, perhaps, to those insatiable Oliver's who are always asking for more. Captain DANN of the stentorian voice, who towards the end of the fortnight always qualifies himself for a Hoarse Guardsman, is there to be seen and heard. As he enters, the band ought to play "*Roary O'Moore*," as he is quite the Dan de Lion of the exhibition. But 'tis a far cry to Islington, and is it not possible to move the show "To the west, to the west," as veteran HENRY RUSSELL used to sing?

SONGS OF SPRING (ONIONS).

(By an Envious Poet.)

["It is no longer considered a sign of genius to live on lilies; the poetical faculty in particular seems nowadays best cultivated on beef and beer."
Daily Paper.]



If you'd know the precise apparatus
To produce the poetic afflatus,
You need, it is clear,
But a pint pot of beer
And a big plate o' beef an' pertatus!

A QUESTION WHICH MIGHT BE ASKED (IF NOT ANSWERED) IN PARLIAMENT.—In view of the danger which the National Collections at South Kensington run from risk of fire, what are the Commissioners of the International Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862 doing with the income derived from the property in their charge? Perhaps devoting the money to the extinction of rabbits in Australia, or the exploration of the South Pole.



Master Tom. "I SAY, PATER, DID YOU BUY THAT BOAT FOR ME OR FOR YOURSELF?"

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go to the Congo State from Saturday to Monday. A peaceful Sunday in those happy countries, so recently endowed with all the blessings of civilisation by the noble and self-sacrificing zeal of the officials, will doubtless prove very restful.

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THE TWO BOOKIES.

'A BALLAD OF BARGAINS.

(By a Badly-done Bookseller.)

[AIR—"The Heathen Chinese."]

WELL, I wish to remark,
And my speech shall be plain,
That for tricks that are dark,
And for ways that are vain,
A Book-hunter beats a "Bookmaker,"
And that I am bold to maintain!

The "Bookie," I'm told,
Is a shadyish sort;
But I say, and I hold,
He's a fair-and-square "Sport,"
Compared with the sly Book-collector
Who visits my shop down the court.

He will bounce you to sell
At the price of a "bob,"
What he knows very well
Is a bargain. I sob
When I think on the way I've been diddled,
By Book-hunters kept on the job!

I, too, know a bit
About books, and the like,
But some harpies who fit
Round my stall—well, a pike
Is not half so cunning or greedy
As they when a bargain they strike.

They come looking so meek,
With such innocent eyes,
And their style is so sleek,
That one's temper it tries.
When one finds they have done one—for
tuppence—

Out of, oh! *such* a wonderful prize!

They put on a frown,
An indifferent glance,
"Eh? What? *Half-a-crown!*
Eighteen-pence! No advance!"
Then they pocket a prize some will purchase

At ten quid—and glad o' the chance!

The times I've been done
By such old buffers—clean!!!
They find it great fun,
A fine harvest *they* glean,
And—well, read Mister HAZLITT'S *Confessions*,

And then you will twig what I mean.

Which is why I remark,—
And I put it quite plain,—
That for dodges most dark,
And devices most vain;
The Book-hunter bangs the Bookmaker,
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ONE OF THE TRUEST OF SHEFFIELD BLADES.—The Duke of NORFOLK, because he never cuts anyone, high or low, rich or poor. Mr. *Punch* congratulates the grinders on having in our Premier Peer a Mayor, who tries to make everyone the merrier, as was shown when the QUEEN did honour to the metropolis of English steel by her visit. The Duke is a Great Englander, and the men and women of Yorkshire rallied round the flag on their flagstones as was right, and just, and honourable. The Duke of NORFOLK and Sheffield showed the real grit of the country, and sharpened all our understanding.

THE *Daily News* states that Mr. HOOLEY is to be confirmed by the Bishop of SOUTH-WELL. But first the news must be confirmed.

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The Chairman, half turning his head, and catching a glimpse of TOMLINSON, said something that sounded uncommonly like "Tut! tut!" and called on NUSSEY to proceed.

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"This," said WILLIAM EDWARD, hoarsely, when he had partially recovered, "comes of household suffrage, free education, and the admission of women to the Terrace at teatime."

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Quite affecting air of injured innocence about SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE as he took his seat to-night. The lynx-eye of JEREMIAH LOWTHER has discerned in him the victim of a breach of privilege. The SAGE been "saying things" about Dr. HARRIS, and his colleagues on South Africa Committee have censured him. JEREMIAH finds new food for lamentation in this procedure. Has looked up the authorities; finds that a trifle over a couple of centuries ago House ordered that in such circumstances Committee should report to it, not presume to act on its own authority. Action by Committee *re* the SAGE clearly a breach of privilege. Meant to raise it last night; just missed opportunity. Not to be done again that way. So this evening, questions on paper over, JEREMIAH in corner seat below Gangway bobs up and down like a middle-aged cork on troubled water.

When at length SPEAKER calls on him, his judicial manner almost appalling in its intensity. Understand now how it once awed the Jockey Club. SARK says he would give anything to see JEREMIAH in Judge's wig and gown. Will cheerfully plump down his guinea if subscription be got up to present him with one. The spectacle of LOWTHER (J.) thus arrayed, seated below Gangway, would invest that lawless part of House with much-needed dignity. As it is, by sheer force of character and sense of situation, JEREMIAH succeeds without adventitious circumstances of wig and gown. Sublime the tone and manner with which he remarked, "I would desire to call your attention to the resolution passed on March 16, 1688." Some frivolous Members laughed. House generally felt older, wiser, in closer touch with historic England. As for SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, he blushed to find the Centuries marshalled on his behalf, as in Court counsel call witnesses to character.

LOWTHER (J.) not the kind of man to mar magnificent generalities with mere particulars. House crowded in expecta-

tion of piquant discussion of the SAGE'S indiscretion, and the South Africa Committee's irregularity. "I bring forward no particular instance or case," said his Ludship. Gathering imaginary robes round his statuesque figure, he resumed his seat.



Mr. Justice (Jiamy) L-wth-r.

Thereupon House went into Committee on the Employers' Liability Bill.

Business done.—Not very much.

Thursday.—Grubbing away at Employers' Liability Bill. Debate excellent; only occasionally exciting. This happens on such points as whether a workman willfully at default shall obtain compensation; and whether the parties may contract out. DON JOSE, who looks after the HOME SECRETARY and the Bill, offers compromise. Then Members on one side or other tear their hair, rend their clothes, get Mr. PRIM to send in a few ashes, on which they sit, and declare "All is Lost."

DON JOSE says, "No such thing. The proposed amendment to the amendment to the proposed amendment as amended is not nearly so bad (or so good) as the hon. Member thinks."

Thereupon the bereaved gets up, combs out what is left of his hair, mends his clothes, gets the ashes swept away, resumes his seat as if nothing had happened.

All this, of course, in a Parliamentary sense. But it's about the sort of thing we suffer through the week.

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill in Committee.

Friday.—ROBERT ARTHUR WARD, the so-called Member for Crewe, really has set out for the Cape. SARK saw him off at Southampton, after vain endeavour to induce him to stay and deliver his promised maiden speech in Committee on the Employers' Liability Bill.

"The fact is," SARK said to him in his fatherly way, "we don't quite know where you are. Like to hear your views on various matters. Now, could you give me a brief summary of the Public Health (Scotland) Bill?"

"No," said the wearied WARD, edging



"Frivolous" T-ml-us-n.

the Committee that the best thing would be to drop the Bill—at least till TOMLINSON had time to further consider it. Having at last lugged his manuscript out, smoothed



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What he knows very well
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I, too, know a bit
About books, and the like,
But some harpies who fit
Round my stall—well, a pike
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"This," said WILLIAM EDWARD, hoarsely, when he had partially recovered, "comes of household suffrage, free education, and the admission of women to the Terrace at teatime."

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Quite affecting air of injured innocence about SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE as he took his seat to-night. The lynx-eye of JEREMIAH LOWTHER has discerned in him the victim of a breach of privilege. The SAGE been "saying things" about Dr. HARRIS, and his colleagues on South Africa Committee have censured him. JEREMIAH finds new food for Lamentation in this procedure. Has looked up the authorities; finds that a trifle over a couple of centuries ago House ordered that in such circumstances Committee should report to it, not presume to act on its own authority. Action by Committee *re* the SAGE clearly a breach of privilege. Meant to raise it last night; just missed opportunity. Not to be done again that way. So this evening, questions on paper over, JEREMIAH in corner seat below Gangway bobs up and down like a middle-aged cork on troubled water.

When at length SPEAKER calls on him, his judicial manner almost appalling in its intensity. Understand now how it once awed the Jockey Club. SARK says he would give anything to see JEREMIAH in Judge's wig and gown. Will cheerfully plump down his guinea if subscription be got up to present him with one. The spectacle of LOWTHER (J.) thus arrayed, seated below Gangway, would invest that lawless part of House with much-needed dignity. As it is, by sheer force of character and sense of situation, JEREMIAH succeeds without adventitious circumstances of wig and gown. Sublime the tone and manner with which he remarked, "I would desire to call your attention to the resolution passed on March 16, 1688." Some frivolous Members laughed. House generally felt older, wiser, in closer touch with historic England. As for SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, he blushed to find the Centuries marshalled on his behalf, as in Court counsel call witnesses to character.

LOWTHER (J.) not the kind of man to mar magnificent generalities with mere particulars. House crowded in expecta-

tion of piquant discussion of the SAGE'S indiscretion, and the South Africa Committee's irregularity. "I bring forward no particular instance or case," said his Ludship. Gathering imaginary robes round his statuesque figure, he resumed his seat.



Mr. Justice (Jimmy) L-wth-r.

Thereupon House went into Committee on the Employers' Liability Bill.

Business done.—Not very much.

Thursday.—Grubbing away at Employers' Liability Bill. Debate excellent; only occasionally exciting. This happens on such points as whether a workman willfully at default shall obtain compensation; and whether the parties may contract out. DON JOSE, who looks after the HOME SECRETARY and the Bill, offers compromise. Then Members on one side or other tear their hair, rend their clothes, get Mr. PRIM to send in a few ashes, on which they sit, and declare "All is Lost."

DON JOSE says, "No such thing. The proposed amendment to the amendment to the proposed amendment as amended is not nearly so bad (or so good) as the hon. Member thinks."

Thereupon the bereaved gets up, combs out what is left of his hair, mends his clothes, gets the ashes swept away, resumes his seat as if nothing had happened.

All this, of course, in a Parliamentary sense. But it's about the sort of thing we suffer through the week.

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill in Committee.

Friday.—ROBERT ARTHUR WARD, the so-called Member for Crewe, really has set out for the Cape. SARK saw him off at Southampton, after vain endeavour to induce him to stay and deliver his promised maiden speech in Committee on the Employers' Liability Bill.

"The fact is," SARK said to him in his fatherly way, "we don't quite know where you are. Like to hear your views on various matters. Now, could you give me a brief summary of the Public Health (Scotland) Bill?"

"No," said the wearied WARD, edging



"Frivolous" T-ml-ns-n.

the Committee that the best thing would be to drop the Bill—at least till TOMLINSON had time to further consider it. Having at last lugged his manuscript out, smoothed



“NON EST INVENTUS.”

(A Derby Problem.)

Ostler (on the Downs, after the Races). “DON'T YOU EVEN REMEMBER 'IS COLOUR, GUV'NOR?”

off towards the panting tender. “I don't think I've time just now. Subject most interesting; think I've heard the Bill contains 700 clauses, and that CALDWELL talks two hours and forty minutes about it every day select Committee meets. Should like above all things to join in your deliberation. Scotch Committee Room sort of Parliamentary Rosherville, don't you know. The place to spend a happy day. But I've got an engagement in South Africa which unfortunately calls me off. Duty first, delight after. That's my motto. Ta ta. If any of my constituents ask after me, say I'll be back soon. In fact, before leaving my diggins in Stratton Street, I had a little bill put up on my front door, 'Back in an hour.' It saves trouble, and gives an air of business to the shop.”

Business done.—In Committee of Supply. REDMOND Frères, finding trade dull, run out bold advertisement. Get themselves suspended. A poor plot, lacking finish in execution. House laughed, and as soon as Redmondites had been cleared off premises, went to work; did fair night's business with votes.

The Way we Live now.

Captain Spooner (to Miss DASHAWAY, at Epsom). Shall we have a bet in long “fives”?
Miss Dashaway (a “Heads-I-win-tails-you-lose” damsel). No; in short “fivers,” if you please.

THE MISSION TO MENELIK.—The Abyssinian Emperor received Mr. RODD and party right royally. Of course one of the Eastern ceremonies is “kissing the Rodd.”

T. R. ADELPHI, U.S.A., STRAND.

Secret Service, at the Adelphi, is a melodrama that ought to have come to stop, or rather to run. But unless some arrangement is arrived at, this capital specimen of American authorship and acting is to leave us before it has attained the zenith of its success in this year of Jubilee! It is in four acts, but so constructed that a visitor coming in late, say, after the first half was over, would be quite satisfied with the second half. A character who, whether in military or civil capacity, is generally considered as an unprincipled scoundrel, *i.e.*, a spy, is here made the hero of the drama, worthy of the love of the chillingly virtuous heroine. His one good act is to yield to the request of this young lady, who implores him for her sake, and because she has done him the simple service of saving his life, to refrain from wiring false intelligence to Head quarters. In a moment of virtuous weakness he consents. The misleading information is not sent. No one is hurt, and after very nearly expiating the intended crime by forfeiting his life, he is at the last moment let off, though sentenced, by a remarkably hearty old general with a stronger American accent than any other actor in the piece, to remain a close prisoner until the war is over.

It is all most exciting from first to last, and the light comedy relief is admirably given by Miss ODETTIE TYLER, as *Caroline Mitford*, and Mr. HENRY WOODRUFF, as *Wilfred Varney*, a surname that recalls Scott and Kenilworth. The two negro house-servants, played by Miss ALICE LEIGH and Mr. H. D. JAMES, give real

colour to the piece. The villain, Mr. CAMPBELL GOLLAN, would be even more villainous than he is, had he not elected to make up after PHIZ's well-known figure of *Nicholas Nickleby*, with the addition of the moustachios; and, on consideration, in the moustachios lies all the villainy of what would otherwise be a very pleasant and amiable countenance. It is *Nicholas Nickleby* with the moustache of *Lord Verisopht*, in the same novel; and it is a *Nicholas* who would, at very first sight, have won the heart of that thorough-going old theatrical manager, Mr. Vincent CRUMMLES. In case the play should not return, or the thread of its present existence be snicked by the advent of SARAH BERNHARDT, strongly does this deponent advise all who can enjoy such a flavour-some dish as is this melodrama, with American spice, to see it ere it quits the Adelphi.

Birthday Honours.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to see that you remembered the birthday of our bonny Princess MAX. I'm not much of a poet myself, but I say ditto in the following lines to the Duke of York, born June 3, 1865.

Here 's three cheers for the Duke,
May he never fail to fluke
His anchor aground of the nation!
And may ev'ry gentle gale
To his ship of luck give sail,
Wherever and whatever be his station!

Yours obediently,
Gosport, June 2. ROBERT RATLINE.

THE BEST LUBRICANT FOR CYCLES.—
Castor oil.



DOUBTFUL.

Dick. "EVA, WHY DO THEY ALWAYS HAVE GREEN PEAS WITH DUCK!"
 Eva (who is absorbed in the third volume of "One Heart, One Pant"). "OH—I—P'RAFS BECAUSE THE DUCKS LIKE IT!"

LITERARY RECIPES.

(From Our Own "Authors' Cookery-Book.")

The Romance.—This dish is very popular just now. Take the language, manners and costumes of the last three centuries, and mix them thoroughly. Having stirred well, drop in a hero of superhuman strength, a fresh young titled heroine, and the blackest villain obtainable, and when this mixture begins to simmer, add six murders, two suicides, and three elopements. Garnish with illustrations, and serve up in a volume of five hundred pages.

The Society Novel.—Select half-a-dozen well-known persons, and give them transparent pseudonyms. Add a liberal portion of *sauce piquante*, compounded of malicious gossip, cynical aphorisms, and fashionable slang, and the dish will then be complete. Some authorities are in favour of including a plot in preparing the Society Novel, but this cannot be recommended. Nothing should be added to spoil in any way the perfect imbecility which is the distinguishing flavour of this dish. Another of its advantages is that it can be made by anyone in an extremely short time.

The Detective Story.—Take one part of GABORIAU and fifty parts of water. Add a lady of title, a comic official from Scotland Yard, and a diamond bracelet. Strain the mixture into twelve equal parts and serve up monthly in a magazine.

The "Realistic" Character Study.—First boil down as many disagreeable stories of the Divorce Court as possible. Into this syrup pour a solution of London fog, add a few unpleasant diseases, described with full detail. Mix with a little dipsomania and suicide, then slowly boil the whole. After a short time a thick scum will rise to the surface; this should be carefully separated off and published. The rest can be thrown away.

The Religious Novel.—Take a few Biblical characters, and rewrite their sayings in the language of third-rate journalism. Season with a smattering of psychology, a quantity of irreverence, and a preface declaring that every critic is either a fool or a knave—probably both. Serve up with puff-paste. This dish is immensely popular, and can be confidently recommended.

The Improving Book.—This dish is peculiarly well adapted for children. To a handful of priggishness add another of imbecility. The product should be gently baked, and can then be used as your juvenile hero. Add an unsympathetic parent, a runaway

HOW TO SEE THE PROCESSION.

(By One who has Thought it out.)

Of course, you must be out early. As the traffic will be stopped soon in the morning, you must rise betimes. Perhaps, to insure this, you had better not go to bed overnight; then you are sure to be ready by dawn.

Say that you want to get to a window in Piccadilly. Of course, if you insist you don't, it upsets the calculation. Well, if you live south of Buckingham Palace Road, your best way is by the Embankment, over Hammersmith Bridge, and then by easy stages to Hyde Park Corner. Once there, all you have to do is to send for a balloon.

If you wish to get to the Strand, and live at Brixton, you can start early, and find your way to Victoria Station. Now you will have to cross the line of route at Westminster. As this may be difficult, you should make friends with the authorities, and mount either the Clock Tower or the roof of Westminster Abbey. If this fails, you may get a "Cannon King" from the nearest theatre of varieties, and ask him to shoot you from his gun to your place of destination.

But perhaps the best way of all to see the object of your search is to miss the present Jubilee, and wait for the procession in the next.

A VERY DESIRABLE GEM IN THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CROWN. — The unblemished Star of South Africa.

cab, a hospital, a lingering death, and plenty of maudlin pathos. Serve up between bright boards at Christmas.

The Superior Magazine Article.—For this purpose little more is necessary than a wholesale ignorance of politics, together with a large share of impudence. Sign only with a single letter of the alphabet. Throw in many suggestions of your close familiarity with the POPE, the GERMAN EMPEROR, and LORD SALISBURY. Stir these ingredients well, and serve up hot as long as editors and the public will allow you.

THE OLD LEAD OF THE COURT DANCE.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,—As the representative of the recognised organ of the profession, I beg to address you. On the 9th of July next a Subscription Ball is to be held at the Middle Temple. Very properly, tickets are only to be issued to the members of that hon. society or their nominees, and the list of applications is to be closed when five hundred vouchers have been distributed. Here comes my grievance. In the circular announcing the function the following (what I venture to call) fatal passage occurs: "In the event of more tickets being applied for than five hundred, the allotment will be made in order of seniority of standing of the applicant." The italics are mine. But fancy! The ball, under such circumstances, is sure to be crowded with elderly "silks" and the more aged of our judges. Surely there will be something incongruous in Mr. Justice STARBLEIGH dancing "*The Washington Post*," while the leaders in his Lordship's Court (all of them well over sixty) revel in the vulgar vagaries of "*Kitchen Lancers*"? And I tremble to think of the Law Officers of the Crown throwing their hearts (and wigs) into "*The Barn Dance*." No doubt, before the close of the evening, a "*Lords Justices of Appeal Quadrille*" will be organised, with a "*Lord High Chancellor Cotillon*" to follow. But the climax of the sartorial exercises will be reached when the Lord Chief Justice and the Master of the Rolls start "*The Bench Sir Roger de Coocley*." But it is sad to jest with an aching heart. If all our leaders are to oust us, what are we to do of the junior Bar? It is bad enough to lose our briefs, but give us, oh, give us our dances. Yours faithfully,

(Signed) AN OUT-AT-NIGHT TEMPLAR.

Pump-handle Court,
 c/o A. Briefless, Jun., Esq. June, 1897.



Lily Sambrook del. & sculp.

H.M.S. "AFRIKANDER."

[The Cape House of Assembly unanimately adopted the motion in favour of the Colony contributing towards the Imperial Navy.]



RETRENCHMENT.

Jinks. "DON'T MEET YOU 'ERE SO OFTEN AS WE USED TO, BINKS, EH?"

Binks. "WELL—NO. IT DON'T RUN TO A HOPERA-BOX THIS SEASON, BECAUSE, YOU SEE, WE 'VE TOOK A WINDOW FOR THIS 'ERE JUBILEE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Knight's Tale (BLACKWOOD), by Mrs. (or Miss?) EMILY PHILLIPS, is a masterpiece of incoherency. No doubt, when she sat down to write, the lady had conception of a plot, ideas of living character. My Baronite, painfully groping through the book, discovers occasional proof of their existence. There is a melodramatically wicked father, an incomprehensible son, a beautiful girl who loves a man and, to begin with, leaves him. Also, among other names occurring, are those of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, two exceedingly commonplace persons, to whom the dizzied mind turns with gratitude. The scene is chiefly laid in Paris. An attempt is made to lash upon the pages pictures of the outbreak of the Commune. This is a partial success, since it involves deafening noise and blinding smoke. In the environment characters grow more than ever indistinct, and the last state of the hapless reader is worse than the first.

A Short Life of Thomas Davis, contributed to FISHER UNWIN'S new Irish Library, proves afresh how history repeats itself. Reading Sir CHARLES DUFFY'S accounts of O'CONNELL'S proceedings during the last two years of his life, above all his references to the Liberator's son JOHN—"this feeble, barren young man"—my Baronite recalls Committee Room 15, and all that has since happened among United Irishmen. It is true that Mr. PARNELL'S contemporaries and colleagues stop short of accusing their leader of treacherous collusion with the Government at a time when he was openly professing to serve the Irish cause. Sir CHARLES DUFFY, writing of O'CONNELL in 1844-5, has no such scruple. For the rest, 1895 and 1845 are linked in Irish annals by the coincidence of a state of things where Irishmen hate each other for the love of Ireland. Sir CHARLES, who lived and worked through the latter epoch, gives vivid glimpses of the men and the times. His hero, THOMAS DAVIS, brightens his pages with the lustre of a pure patriot and a man of genius. Incidentally we get a peep at FATHER MATHEW. "If you knew Mr. MATHEW," DAVIS writes to WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, "you would relish his simple and

downright manners. He is joyous, friendly, and quite unassuming." We of this generation did not know FATHER MATHEW. But we have the happiness of having among us one of his blood. If anyone desired to describe in two sentences Mr. Justice MATHEW, he could not improve upon DAVIS'S characterisation of his famous kinsman. **TUE BARON DE B.-W.**

IN A CONSERVATORY.

A COUPLE sat out on a snug settee,
A waltz in the distance droned,
"Best ball I ever was at," said he—
She "allowed it was real high-toned."
"Do you know what I want to ask you, NAN?"
And a laughing answer came,
"I don't pan out on riddles, young man,
You'd best peg out your claim."
Then he made her an offer in terms express
Of his heart and hand and patrimony.
"It's a deal," she said, "Next fall, I guess,
We'll meander into matrimony."

LATEST NEWS FROM THE RIVER.—The appearance of the *Maria Wood*, the once famous City barge, now lying off Isleworth Eyot, and labelled "For Sale," does not suggest any sailing power. In fact, *Maria* does not look at all sale-ubrious, but, nevertheless, is enjoying the *osiers cum dignitate*.

That Committee!

HONEST inquiry abandons hope,
'Midst a maze of fudge and a fog of fables.
Our "makers of empire" want "plenty of rope,"
But they rather shirk the "cables."

INTERESTING BOTANICAL STUDY.—The "Flora" of South Africa.



THIS IS WHAT OUR FRIEND PENNYFATHER HAS BEEN DRIVEN TO BY THE IMPORTUNITIES OF HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS!

REST AND REFRESHMENT.

A STUDY AT A ROADSIDE HOTEL.

SCENE—The Coffee-room at "The Wheel of Fortune" Hotel, about fifteen miles from Hyde Park Corner. TIME—1.30 P.M. Tourists of various kinds discovered lunching at main and side tables.

A Lady Cyclist (fastidiously, to her husband, as they enter). It's perfectly stifling in here. And a fire too! On a day like this! Fancy!

Her Husband. I was just thinking the fire looked rather jolly. Er—you haven't overtired yourself, dear?

His Wife (very properly bristling at such an insinuation). Why, GEORGE? Are you feeling as if you'd done too much?

George (with innocent complacency). Me? Rather not, FANNY. Fresh as when I started!

Fanny. Then why on earth should you suppose I must be tired? (She sinks into a seat, after a glance at the mirror.) You men are such conceited things, you won't believe any woman can possibly be as strong as you are! And yet I rode every bit as fast as you—now didn't I?

George (who has been adapting his pace to hers). Every bit, dear. We did that last five miles in only a little over three quarters of an hour, which isn't so bad.

Fanny. I should call it very good—against such a hurricane as there is to-day!

George (whose truthfulness is occasionally too much for his tact). Oh, come, you can't call a bit of a breeze like that a hurricane!

Fanny. You haven't to bicycle in skirts. The tyranny of men compels us unfortunate women to take violent exercise in utterly unsuitable clothes, and then you turn round and wonder—!

George. I must say I don't think women look their best in knickerbockers, as a rule.

Fanny. All your narrow, selfish prejudice. As if it mattered how they look!

George. Oh, I don't say there aren't cases in which this "rational costume," as they call it, is rather becoming. That young—er—lady who has just come in, for instance, now she looks—

Fanny (after subjecting the newcomer to a withering glare). That creature! How she can have the audacity to appear in

public like that, I don't— Can't you see what a ridiculous and unfeminine object she has made of herself?

[GEORGE thinks it politic to express his entire agreement. A Cycling Enthusiast (a recent convert—to his Neighbour). Roads in capital condition to-day!

His Neighbour. The country is looking delightful indeed. Quite a treat to get away from smoky London!

The C. E. Come from town, have you? How long did it take you to get down here, now?

His N. Why, let me see—(considering)—I left— Well, a little under half an hour.

The C. E. (with increased respect). Over thirty miles an hour! Why, it took me— What are you geared to? Over seventy, eh?

His N. (mildly hurt). I'm not much above fifty.

The C. E. Then what machine do you ride?

His N. (conscious of inferiority). I don't ride any machine. I came down by train—just for a stroll in the country, you know.

The C. E. Ah, I was thinking you hadn't the look of a wheelman. (He loses all interest in him, and turns to his Other Neighbour.) Been riding far to-day, Sir?

His Other N. (in a tone stiff with self-importance). Aw—no. Only from Hillford.

The C. E. (with approval). Just a nice easy run. Wonderful how popular cycling's become within the last two years. Why, not long ago, you and I would have turned up our noses at anyone who rode a bike, and yet, what a delightful exercise it is!

His O. N. (from immeasurable heights). Cawn't say I agree with you.

The C. E. Then I expect you're a beginner. Haven't got a machine of your own, yet, I daresay?

His O. N. Cawn't say I have. Not come down to a bike yet. Aw—four legs are good enough for me.

The C. E. (nettled). You're not meaning to make yourself out an ass, are you? It's a bad bird that blacks his own boots!

His O. N. (with crushing dignity). I—ar—meant to convey that—speaking personally—I prefer to ride—aw—a horse.

The C. E. Ah, no accounting for tastes, is there? (To himself.) The side these riding fellows put on!

A Veteran Cyclist (to his Companion, a Neophyte). Feel a bit stiff, eh, old man?

The Neophyte (to whom a cane chair is torture). Very comfortable, thanks. Capital cold beef, this!

The Veteran. You don't seem to be getting on with it. Afraid you're rather upset by that last spill you had.

The Neo. (wishing his friend wouldn't talk so loud). Can't think how I managed it. I was going straight enough!

The Vet. Yes, old chap, but if you go straight when you ought to turn a corner—!

The Neo. The confounded thing wouldn't steer—handles askew, or something.

The Vet. You must have twisted them soon after we started, running into that hansom. Jove! I thought it was all over with you that time!

The Neo. You took it pretty coolly—going on and never looking back to see whether I was following!

The Vet. My dear fellow, you told me you could ride all right, so naturally, it never occurred to me—

The Neo. (sulkily). Well, I've got here, anyhow, and that's something.

The Vet. Something? If you're half as lucky going home as you've been coming out, it will be the nearest thing to a miracle I ever— Are you looking for the wine list?

The Neo. No—the railway time-table.

The Equestrian (to a New Neighbour). You're not one of this cyclist lot, are you?

His New N. Not I. No opinion of 'em. "Cads on Castors," as somebody called 'em.

The Eq. Doosid good name for 'em too. Cawn't git away from the beggahs.

His New N. They're a noosance. Ought to be put down, I say. Behaving as if the whole road belonged to 'em!

The Eq. They do. What with their bells and fog-orns, my 'orse was as near bolting with me as makes no difference. Took me all I knoo to 'old 'im. Fact is, old England ain't the place any longer for quiet riding-men like ourselves, who like a tittup along the 'igh road.

His New N. Well, to tell you the truth, I've given up keeping horses—now.

The Eq. (in a burst of confidence). Well, the 'orse I'm ridin' ain't my own. It's like this—I've a partickler friend who keeps a livery stables, d'ye see, and now and then, when I've a day orf, he lets me 'ire a gee orf him very reasonable. He knows I'll bring him back none the worse, and there's somethink exhilarating, to my mind, in feeling a good 'orse under yer—if it's on'y a nack.

His New N. I tell you this much, if you once took to a motor-car, you'd never look at a horse again.

The Eq. (impressed). Why, have you got one of these motor-cars, then?

His New N. (with superiority). I came down here on one, Sir. Fastest thing on the road. Why, I went spinning along at the rate of— Well, you wouldn't believe me if I told you! Talk about exhilarating—a horse is a fool to it!

The Eq. (with an effort at self-assertion). Aw—that's your opinion. 'Ere, waitah, have you told 'em to bring my animal round? I'm rathah in a hurry.

Waiter. The ostler was told, Sir. But I was to say as p'raps you wouldn't mind mounting in the yard. There's one o' them motor-cars at the front, Sir, and they can't get the 'orse past it. He may go quieter with you in the saddle.

The Eq. He—aw—may. (With a rather pallid politeness, to the motor-car man.) Perhaps I'd better let you start first.

The Motor-car M. Right! Bless you, I shall be about half-way home before you can put your foot in the stirrup.

IN THE BAR.

A Cyclist (to the Landlady). But I thought you took off something for members of the C.T.C.?

The Landlady (with beaming candour). Well, we did, Sir, but we found we had to put something on before we could take anything off, so we gave it up.

AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

The Owner of the Motor-car (on the driving-seat). Bless you, no, simplest thing in the world! You see, I move this button along the groove—that regulates the power—then press the button—so—and I'm off. . . . No, it's all right—sometimes it doesn't start quite—I'll just get down and see if the accumulator— (He descends.) Hi! stop it, somebody. . . . Jump on to it, then! Get out of the way, you idiots! . . . Well, it won't come to any harm on the green. . . . Oh, I'll pay for the beastly geese! . . . Eh? a pond, is there? . . . What of it? It isn't very likely to— Dash it all, it has! Don't stand grinning there—come and see if there's any way of getting the confounded thing out, can't you!

IN THE STABLE YARD.

Crowd of Unsympathetic Cyclists (watching the Equestrian's futile efforts to mount). Steady does it, Sir. . . . Put your left foot on the step behind and 'op! . . . Go on, the 'orse ain't got no step! . . . Lend 'im a ladder! . . . Now he's up! . . . Don't clutch the 'andlebars, guv'nor! Backpedal a bit. You ought to 'ave a brake fitted to that 'orse, you ought. . . . Good-bye, Sir. Don't put your feet up going down hill!

The Eq. (haughtily, as his mount sidles crab-fashion with him out of the gates). If you fellers think I ain't accustomed to a horse—

A Cyclist. You're accustomed to the 'orse all right, old man—it's the 'orse ain't accustomed to you!

The Ostler (with bitterness). Ah, you may jolly 'im, gen'lm'n, but I tell you it's gettin' to be a treat to me to see anyone on a 'orse—even the likes of 'im!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 31.—Sudden Indisposition of Mons. JEAN DE RESZKE, so *Tannhäuser* for *Die Meistersinger*. Poor "Mons.," not a mountain, but "a little 'ill." Audience gradually put into excellent temper by M. VAN DYCK as the much-tried *Tannhäuser*, and by EMMA EAMES as *Lisbeth*. Very warm midsummer night, and Mlle. PACARY as *Venus* much envied. *Noté*, as *Wolfram*, notable; Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, as a "Berger," blooming. Conductor MANCINELLI meritorious.

Tuesday.—*Aida* going strong, i.e., Miss SUSAN STRONG. Encore M. *Noté* et Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. Mr. Classical-and-Mythological-Dictionary-PRINGLE (this evidently ought to be the name, "writ large," of Mr. LEMPHIERE PRINGLE) good as *Il Rè*. *Verdi's* motto, when hesitating as to writing the now celebrated march, and get as far away as possible from other celebrated marches, must have been, "When in doubt, play trumps."

Friday, June 4.—WAGNER'S Opera, *Tristan und Isolde*, announced, with two DE RESZKES and MARIE BREMA in it. Unfortunately, either one, or both, of the Risky RESZKES could not sing, so Opera not *Tristan und Isolde*, but *Tris'tun* (myself) and I sold-again! We have dear old *Traviata*, *La vicille dame aux camélias fanées*. Signor ASCONA excellent as *Germont*; SALIGNAC good as milk-sop *Alfredo mio*; and Mme. SAVILLE a consummate consumptive *Violetta*. Everyone interested in recent South African Inquiry delighted to see Mme. VAN CANTEREN looking so well as "*Flora*."



WHY BUY EXPENSIVE DIAMONDS WHEN YOU CAN GET A MUCH MORE BRILLIANT EFFECT WITH ELECTRICITY!

A PARALLEL.

["Services as usual." Notice posted on the Jubilee Stands in St. Clement Danes churchyard.]

WHAT time the enterprising tradesman tricks
His premises out, from bottom floor to top,
With ladders, workmen, scaffold-poles and bricks,
Until the place seems hardly like a shop:
Then, just to show his house, and not his trade,
Is undergoing sundry variations,
You shall observe this legend there displayed—
"Business as usual during alterations."

So now a church would chiefly seem to be
A site whereon the sight-seer may perch;
St. Clement Danes is for the Jubilee
So girt with stands it hardly seems a church.
Still, though the crowds who soon those stands will fill,
Exceed a dozen Sunday congregations,
There is a church there—read the modest bill—
"Business as usual during jubiliations!"

Monkeys on the Stick-fast.

THE English Jacobites propose to "demonstrate" at the presence of Prince RUPERT of Bavaria (who, according to their theory, ought to be Prince of WALES) in the Diamond Jubilee Procession. Mr. Punch sincerely hopes that the Prince will be heartily cheered, and understand that, in view of no change of Heir being needed by the British Constitution, the Jacko-bark is as harmless as the Jacko-bite.

THE JUBILEE CARPENTER'S CONUNDRUM.—In what year of Roman History might the present aspect of the Jubilee route incline us to believe we were living?—Consulte Plank-o.

(Signed) ANTONY A WOOD.



Brown. "DID YOU EVER TRY THAT TAILOR I RECOMMENDED TO YOU—SNIP & CO.?"

Green. "YES. TOG EXPENSIVE. GOT TWO SUITS FROM HIM—ONE DRESS SUIT, ONE LAW SUIT!"

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

JUBILEE VERSION.

(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

The Walrus . . . A Jubilee Jack Tar.
The Carpenter . . . A Jubilee Stand-builder.

'Twas in the district called E.C.,
Men were, with all their might,
Doing their level best to make
The City gay and bright
In honour of the Jubilee;
It was to be a sight!

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were somewhere near the Strand;
The latter cried, "Confound this tree!
Its branches spoil my Stand!
If all these boughs were chopped away,"
He said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven woodmen were to chop
(Like WEG) for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"London of trees they'd clear?"
"I doubt it," growled the Carpenter.
"Some fool would interfere!"

"The papers always raise a fuss
When anything is done
By which a man may make a bit.
However, I, for one,
Am doing well on this here job.
These Jubilees are fun!"

The Carpenter his hammer took,
And smote like anything.
He said, "God save the QUEEN!"—of
course—

"So all the poets sing:
But during this here Jubilee time
The Carpenter is king!"

The Walrus stood with both his hands
Plunged in his pockets, like
One waiting for the pub to ope,
Or workman out on strike.
He winked his dexter eye, and said,
"Shipmate, you're wide awyke!"

"This job, at one-and-eight per hour,
I grant you is good biz.
None o' your common four-arf now;
No, it will run to fizz!
Ain't it like that?" The Carpenter
Replied, "Old salt, it is!"

The Walrus gave his quid a turn,
And gave his slacks a hoist.
"Avast!" he cried. "When you have
done
With bulk, and beam, and joist,
I feel, d'ye know, as I could do
A drop o' somethin' moist!"

"D'ye recollect our oyster feed?"
The Carpenter replied.
The Walrus said, "I do, indeed!
I think on it with pride.
But thoughts of yesterday's good grub
Won't fill to-day's inside."

"I'm on this Jubilee job, you're not,"
The Carpenter began.
The Walrus winked and cried, "Just
wait!"

To crown the Jubilee plan
They must Review the Fleet, and then
They'll want the Sailor Man!"

"Old salt," the Carpenter rejoined,
"You're very right indeed!
When I have made my little pile,
I hope you'll get your meed.
And then, O, Walrus! won't we have
Another oyster feed!"

In Anticipation of the Naval Review.

Customer (to South-Coast yacht-owner). I want to hire a launch during the Naval Review week.

Yacht-owner. Very sorry, Sir, but we haven't a launch left. But we're raising a nice schooner wrecked in the Channel yonder, and I could let her to you for £200, if you'd say "done" at once.

[But the word "done" frightened the customer.]

Two Jubilees.

THE Jewish Jubilee spread wide content.
Of our Victorian one was *this* effect meant:
For wealthy landlords an excessive rent,
And for poor tenants, summary ejection?



“THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER”

(Jubilee Version.)

“I’M ON THIS JUBILEE JOB, YOU’RE NOT,”
THE CARPENTER BEGAN.
THE WALRUS WINKED AND CRIED, “JUST WAIT
TO CROWN THE JUBILEE PLAN
THEY MUST REVIEW THE FLEET, AND THEN
THEY’LL WANT THE SAILOR MAN!”





"AT SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE I INQUIRED WHICH IS HE! AT TWENTY, WHO IS HE? AT TWENTY-FIVE, WHAT HAS HE? AND NOW, WHERE IS HE?"

TALK AT THE TOURNAMENT.

(Echoes from Islington.)

A LITTLE difficult to get to one's seat when one has to run the gauntlet of the R.H.A. preparing for "a musical ride" in the corridor.

Good thing that horses are trained not to crush civilians—at least, I hope so.

Nice idea decorating Royal Box with flower-pots and muslin.

Pleased to see the warrior, DANN, performing his customary duties with a book and a small Union Jack—only looking, in spite of the passing years, a good deal younger.

Capital notion to confine the "dead-heads" to children from soldiers' schools and the veterans from Chelsea Hospital.

Improvement to have no background for "the combined display," as the painted canvas representing an Afghan fort not only took up space, but looked ridiculous.

Another alteration to be commended in "Balaclava mêlée"—"horseplay on horseback" destructive to discipline.

Much harder work than usual, and less of the "show" element.

Suppose that "the pageant," called on the present occasion "Our Army, 1704—1882," is a concession to popular sentiment.

Soldiers in wigs not nearly so enthusiastically received as the heroes of Tel-kebir.

Public seem to prefer the present day to the period of Marlborough.

"Pageant" pleasant, but scarcely up to the standard of the past; not comparable, for instance, with the gathering of the Imperial forces of last year.

Same old "tug-of-war," same old "lemon-cutting," same old "sword v. sword mounted," same old everything.

"Throwing the Djerid by Zaptiehs of the Cyprus military police" rather a feeble performance; after seeing it, one comes to the conclusion that the thieves in distant Cyprus must have rather a good time of it.

"Naval display by detachment from H.M.S. *Excellent*" in every way ad-

mirable; so useful for sailors to be able to dismantle a gun in three or four seconds, and then rest on the pieces.

No doubt the new authorities have made the Tournament a deal more military, but not more amusing.

Question is, whether the martian game will prove to be quite worth the pecuniary candle.

MORIBUND.

["To parody a famous line of MATTHEW ARNOLD, ZOLA may be said to see life steadily and to see it *vile*. . . . M. BRUNETIÈRE (the great French critic) says that Zolaism is not a good influence, and is dying or dead in the land of its origin."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

Is the realistic novel, which is wont to grub and grovel,

In the mud-bank and the muck-heap, and to call the same "the world,"

To find vileness in high places, and erude horror in the lowel,

Is it really dead or dying? Long the modern muse has skirled

Mænad strains and called them music! Is the clamour Corybantic

Of the deafening drum and cymbal, and the clash of sword on shield,

To give place to sounds less horrid, and to songs less Phrygian-frantic,

To the music of the woodland and the fragrance of the field?

If this critic is a prophet, then the literary Tophet,

The Acheron of Art, have now had their dismal day,

Which was only night made lurid. Are we out of it and off it,

The artistic Malebolge which was never sweet or gay?

Alas! our little Zolas, with their sombre screeds and scrappy

Are still playing the muckraker and the gatherer of Old Clo'!

Tabooing all that's healthy, and disdaining all that's happy

In the name of Realism. Are they dying? Will they go?

To write rubbish *about* rubbish and to call it realistic,

To analyse the sordid, and to picture the obscene,

With a pencil that is graphic and a pen that is sophistic,

Is much easier than mastery of the healthy and the clean.

Large style and lucid outlook are equipments of the mighty;

It needs *health* to breathe the æther of the mountain-tops of style.

So whilst little pens are cynical, and petty pencils flighty,

They always picture *Life* as *they* can see it, small and vile.

AN INTERIM REPORT.

(Under consideration.)

WE beg to report that we have made an examination of matters of examination, and that the examination has been conducted as an examination.

We beg to say that we have discovered that the discoveries to be discovered are still ripe for discovery.

We request to be allowed to state that the statements that have been stated have been stated as statements.

We desire to record the fact that the evidence that has come before us has been received as evidence of the existence of evidence that might be received as evi-

dence, were that evidence as evidence admissible as evidence.

We wish to announce that the witnesses we have examined as witnesses have witnessed that they are witnesses that have been examined as witnesses.

We submit that the conclusion at which we have arrived is a conclusion founded upon a conclusion that comes as a conclusion to the conclusion at which we have arrived as a conclusion.

We suggest that the condition of things into which we have examined is a condition that is still the condition of the condition of the things under examination in that condition.

We advise that our advice should be accepted as advice that should not be advised unless received as advice that yet has to be advised as advice that can properly be adopted as advice.

We propose that the propositions put before us as proposals should remain proposals unless they propose to be proposals, when it will be necessary to propose proposals that may become proposals.

We announce that we have learned that learning cannot be learned without learning that learning is learning that has yet to be learned.

We recommend that our recommendations shall be accepted as recommendations to be founded upon recommendations not yet recommended as recommendations.

We find that our finding is still to be found as a finding when the finding is found as a finding.

And we beg to report that, for the present, at any rate, we have nothing further to report.

OH, THE JUMBLE!—As usual, the *Penny Illustrated Paper* is equal to the occasion. The history of the record reign appears in its pages with great effect. The talented editor depends more upon illustration than letter-press. Well, and why not? There is but one point to which we call attention. Surely Mr. LATEY must find, as a bright and clever journalist, his name rather a misnomer. Evidently his new title should be Lord ANYTHINGBUTLATEY.

A DEAL TO BEAR.—The stands for the Diamond Jubilee.



WHICH THE GREATER TORTURE—
THE 1837 STOCK OR THE 1897 COLLAR?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 31.—BLAMELESS BARTLEY, brought up amongst wholesome economies of penny-bank, shrinks with horror from demand of a guinea for luncheon on Jubilee Day. Why, in New York there are places where you get a free lunch! 'Tis true its chief constituent is clam. Moreover than which, the guest treats himself to a drink. But the lunch is free—free as the country. Why should the mother of free Parliaments be less liberal than her lusty child? Surely England is rich enough to supply to its hardworking legislators free lunch of clam in the various delectable forms possible to clever cooks. On such occasion, the sixtieth anniversary of a glorious reign, a modest drink might be thrown in.

beer running from a fountain in the centre of the hall. I don't disguise the probability that we'll make a handsome profit out of it."

Failing this, B. B., whose resources are illimitable, suggests that Members should bring down their own luncheon, and eat it from the grand stand, *coram publico*. In his mind's eye SARK sees BLAMELESS with a chunk of cold bacon in one fist, a knife in the other, a loaf of bread under his arm, and a foaming flagon between his knees, what time HER MAJESTY rides past in Jubilee State.

Business done.—In Committee on Employers' Liability Bill.

Tuesday.—Kitchen Committee on strike. If ever one was justified this is. In general way the lot of Lord STANLEY and his colleagues is not a happy one. They give up much time and thought to controlling

night. JOHN AIRD wanted to know whether arrangements have been completed for enabling Members and their friends, seeing the review from the *Campania*, to stay on for the illuminations. As at present arranged, having had frugal lunch served to them at national expense, the *Campania* company are to be put ashore in time to catch afternoon trains for London.

Appearance of MACARTNEY at table to answer question gave assurance of hope to Members personally interested. No man could beam like the Secretary to the Admiralty did unless he had good news.

"Yes, Sir," he said cheerily, "I am glad to say it has been possible to make such arrangements. (Cheers.) Accommodation can be provided for 350 persons to dine—(renewed cheers)—sleep—(loud cheers)—and breakfast—(hilarious applause)—on board the ship. *The charge will be five guineas a head.*" A pained silence, broken by low groans.

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill in Committee.

Friday.—General jubilation at adjournment for Whitsun Recess. Only HENNIKER HEATON gloomy and depressed.

"All very well for you and the rest to go and make merry," he said, when I asked him if he wasn't feeling well. "You don't care a rap whether the telegraph people reckon stepfather as two words, whilst you may get your grandmother through as one. It's different with me. Can't sleep o' nights thinking of it. Then there's Charing Cross. Is Charing Cross one place or more? I know of only one, and yet they make two words of it at the telegraph office. Similarly Kentish Town is reckoned at a penny in a message, whereas you may welter in Woodford Green for a half-penny.

"Why these things should be I can't tell you, and I can't get the Postmaster-General to tell me. The only gleam of light on a darkened existence was flashed on me when the Duke of NORFOLK, in response to earnest and repeated entreaty, allowed mother-in-law to go as one word. In his letter to me his Grace said the relations with one's mother-in-law are so tender and intimate, the occasions for loving communication so frequent, the desire for rapid inter-communication so overpowering that he really could not turn a deaf ear to my petition. So mother-in-law costs you only a halfpenny. But, as I say, the Post Office, whilst passing your grandmother on the same terms, draws the line at stepfather, sternly insisting on a penny. You may go and jubilate in the Jubilee if you like. For me, whilst these things are, life is scarcely worth living."

Business done.—Adjourned for Whitsun Recess.

A Recent Incident.

By the side of a murmuring Brooks

An elderly gentleman walked;

The one was excited in looks,

The other quite cool as he talked.

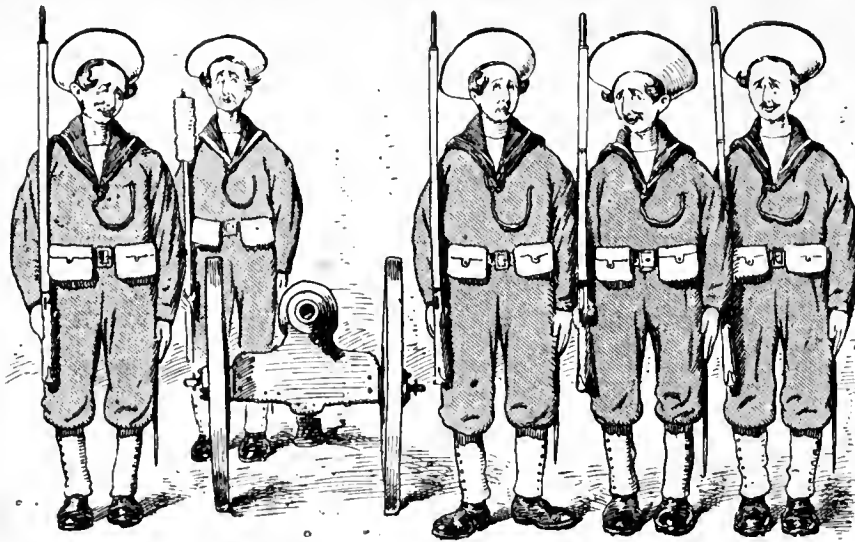
He spoke of the folly of youth,

In tones that go straight to the heart,

His moral was "Stick to the Truth."

"Stick!"—"Um—here's the House—we must part."

OBSERVATION BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH THE GREEK HEADQUARTERS STAFF.—At the seat of War! Why, we never had time to sit down!



A NAVAL FIELD BATTERY FOR THE JUBILEE!

["I can only say that the bluejackets will be brought up from the ports, because it has been considered that their appearance at conspicuous parts of the route would be satisfactory to the public at large and agreeable to the men themselves."—*Mr. Goschen's reply to Admiral Field.*]

SARK says CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER has been approached on subject, but is obdurate. "No more grants-in-aid this year," ST. MICHAEL says, instinctively buttoning up his pockets. "We've subsidised the landlords, bolstered up the Church schools, tossed a trifle to Board Schools, and hired the *Campania* to take Members to the Naval Review. We must draw the line somewhere, and it's ruled firm and deep at a midday meal eaten at the nation's expense under the storied rafters of Westminster Hall."

The BLAMELESS BARTLEY explains that he doesn't want anything for nothing. What he resents is demand of a guinea for mere luncheon. "Five bob is ample," he says, in the excitement of the moment dropping into the vernacular. "The Kitchen Committee get coal, gas, china, glass, cutlery, table-cloths, all for nothing, rent free, and no questions asked. Place the business on those terms in the hands of the National Penny Bank, Limited, and we'll undertake to turn you out a good lunch at three and six a head, with ginger-

commissariat department of House, and get no thanks. By way of making up that omission they are continually grumbled at. In connection with Jubilee they have put an extra spurt in endeavour to make Members and their friends comfortable on what should be a happy day. Straightway immaculate Members are up in arms, asking Why is this, and Why is that, and Who says they sha'n't go into Westminster Hall, ticket or no ticket?

To this, culminating to-day in more questions addressed to FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, Committee reply by taking off their aprons, turning down their shirt-sleeves, putting on caps and coats, and leaving the premises. If Members want luncheon they must share the BLAMELESS BARTLEY's cold bacon and bottled half-and-half.

General ill-humour about what ought to be a joyous day. MACARTNEY didn't improve matters by his elaborate little joke. Still, it was well done: much enjoyed by Members who are not dependent on *Campania* for dinner and bed on Jubilee



Monsieur. "VOILÀ UN CHIEN COMIQUE! WHAT YOU CALL HIM?"

Miss. "I THINK IT IS A TERRIER."

Monsieur. "TERRIER, PARBLEU! THEN I CALL HIM VENTRE À TERRE-IER!"

A TAIL OF SCIENCE.

(By Tommy.)

[At a meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society, Mr. E. MAWLEY presiding, a paper "On the use of Kites to obtain Meteorological Records in the Upper Air," by Mr. A. LAWRENCE ROTCH of the Blue Hill Observatory, Mass., was read.]

EXCEPT Mr. Dick and myself—whom Science has now proved right—I fancy that no one in history has given due heed to the kite!

There was BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, of course, who knew it was more than a toy; But the pioneer of Science, I hold, after all, was the Boy!

The toys of youth, you will find, if you look with unprejudiced eye, Have taught man to dive and to soar, and will probably teach him to fly.

I spent all my pocket-money last month in a monster kite;

And my father spanked me—for waste—and said it was sinful, quite, To squander on paper and paint, and a mile of string on a skewer,

What I might have spent on a book upon Science by HUXLEY or BREWER.

And now come Mr. MAWLEY, and Mr. A. LAWRENCE ROTCH,

To prove that as Science's wonder and meteorology's watch,

The kite of our youth takes the cake! In informing my Gov. I shall glory.

Hooray for that LAWRENCE ROTCH of the Blue Hill Observatory!

'Tis a lovely tale, by Jingo, chock full of those long-tailed words

On which the Gov. is so sweet. These kites they use, like birds,

With an An-mothermograph, or a Baro-thermohygraph,

Attached to each aluminium tail—and this isn't my chaff—

And they'll tell you all sorts of things about height, and heat, and humidity; And to kick at a kite after *that* is a proof of paternal stupidity.

I mean to mug up these long words, as I know it will please the Gov.

If there's one thing more than another my respected pater *does* love,

It is what he calls polly-syllables. I'll give 'em to him in plenty,

Like Mr. *Tite Barnacle*, with "circumlocution," "with the air of about five-and-twenty,"

For that will fetch him tremendous; and just won't dad look seraphical,

And give me a tip—when I come out slick with—Barothermohygraphical?

INTERVIEWS WITH INANIMATE OBJECTS.

A BARREL-ORGAN.

It is no easy matter to successfully interview a barrel-organ. How I managed it must remain a secret, tempered by one dark hint of "bribery and corruption."

"What do you consider your proper rank as an instrument of—of—music?"

"Beyond all question, I should head the list. Other instruments have no conception of tune apart from a more or less skilled musician, whereas the veriest donkey-power, if properly applied, is all that I need for the production of melody."

"I think I grasp the idea. The trumpet, trombone, and fiddle, are, comparatively speaking, raw material, but what of the musical box?"

"I confess that the musical box runs me close in intelligence, but it is deficient in power, and cannot produce my truly orchestral effects."

"What is your favourite definition of yourself?"

"As a powerful instrument for the elevation of the masses."

"Then your mission is—?"

"To disseminate far and wide the choice music-hall melodies of the day."

"What is your favourite tune?"

"It is rather hard to select where so many are really good. Personally, I place '*E dunno where 'e are*' in the very front rank, but there is no denying a great deal of inspiration to '*The Bogie Man*.'"

"Have you not been objected to?"

"Yes; by confirmed faddists who have no music in their soul. I quite agree with MAX NORDAU that the mass of artistic and literary men are neurotic degenerates, and therefore unworthy of consideration."

"But have you no pity for invalids?"

"A case of genuine illness is a different matter, but there are so many *malades imaginaires* in this world, that a medical certificate should always be forthcoming."

"Is it not true that some grinders are unsympathetic, and would refuse to move on, even for a medical certificate?"

"A great deal of nonsense has been written on the subject. I have never yet known a man refuse to move on, if presented with half-a-crown for the purpose."

"Would not that be an expensive method of purchasing peace and quietness?"

"That leads me up to my great remedy for everything! Music is an integral part of education. Money is being spent on Voluntary Schools and necessitous Board Schools. Why should not the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER endow all the barrel-organs of the nation? It would then become unnecessary for a grinder to insist upon playing at any given spot, and houses where sickness prevailed might hang out some recognised sign which would secure immunity. Of course, to prevent imposture, the Public Officer of Health (or, perhaps, the Charity Organisation Society) would inquire carefully in every case to see that it was a *bonâ fide* case of illness."

"Admirable! And now, what do you think of the prospects of English music?"

"There is much to encourage the connoisseur. Music-halls are spreading, and leavening the population. You will find *ten* boys and girls capable of whistling the latest music-hall ditty, for every *one* who could do so a few years ago. Yes; the outlook is distinctly promising!"

Just then, someone began to turn the handle, and I retired.

THE LAY OF A GARDEN HAT

A Swain having been reproached by his Fiancée for cutting her, replies.

DEAR AMY, do not think I deem

You not, as ever, charming,

The subject for a poet's dream,

One's sense and heart disarming!

So prithee, in your mercy say

You will not be too hard on

The man who can but crave and pray

To gain a boon—your pardon!

It simply was because you wear

A hat of such pretensions,

That underneath its gay *parterre*

You lose your own dimensions.

That hat conceals your violet eyes

With artificial roses,

And recognition so defies

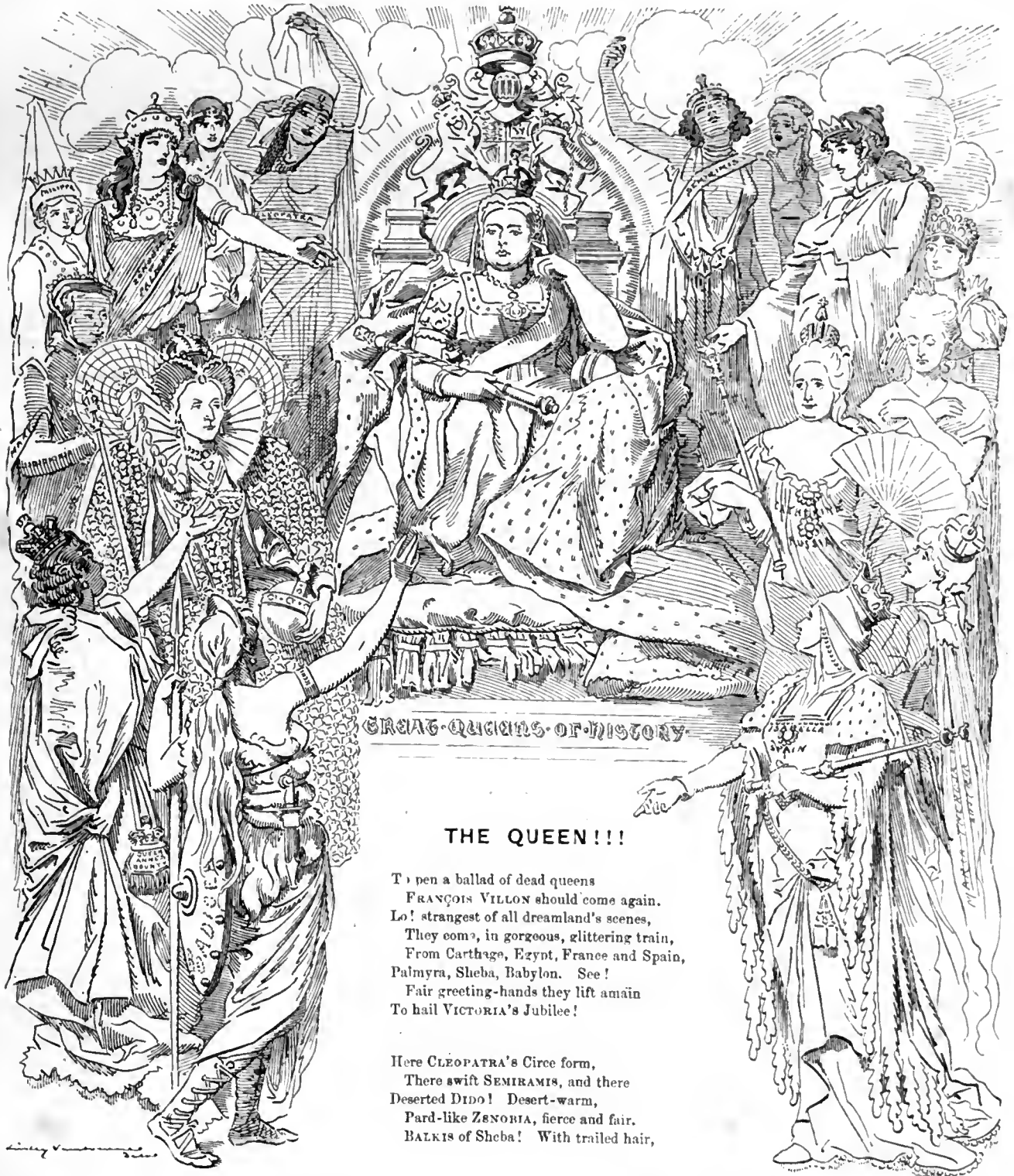
One wonders where your nose is!

It is a hat that wants much room,

Bedecked beyond expression—

I only trust you'll clip its bloom

Before the QUEEN'S Procession!



GREAT-QUEENS-OF-HISTORY

THE QUEEN!!!

Open a ballad of dead queens
 FRANÇOIS VILLON should come again.
 Lo! strangest of all dreamland's scenes,
 They come, in gorgeous, glittering train,
 From Carthage, Egypt, France and Spain,
 Palmyra, Sheba, Babylon. See!
 Fair greeting-hands they lift amain
 To hail VICTORIA'S Jubilee!

Here CLEOPATRA'S Circe form,
 There swift SEMIRAMIS, and there
 Deserted DIDO! Desert-warm,
 Pard-like ZENOBIA, fierce and fair.
 BALKIS of Sheba! With trailed hair,

With firm-gript lance and gesture free,
 BOADICCA! And ANNE—strange pair!—
 To hail VICTORIA'S Jubilee!

Hainault's PHILIPPA, EDWARD's bride,
 The brave she-lion ELIZABETH,
 MARY, MARIA the Austrian's pride,
 That lovelier MARIE, wed to death,
 JOSEPHINE, CATHERINE, 'she whose brea'th

Wafted COLUMBUS o'er the sea!—
 Earth's host of great queens mustereth
 To hail VICTORIA'S Jubilee!

God save the QUEEN! So shout her peers,
 Great shades from earth's long history,
 Who greet VICTORIA'S Sixty Years,
 And hail her Diamond Jubilee!

TOM THUMB AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

"TOM THUMB exhibited in the evening at Buckingham Palace as NAPOLEON, HER MAJESTY liking a little nap after dinner." So said Mr. Punch in his "Bubbles of the Year"



(1844), under date April 2, of his Almanack for the year 1845. The young QUEEN is taking her little NAP—by the hand; the PRINCE CONSORT, the Duke of WELLINGTON, SIR ROBERT PEEL, Lord BROUGHAM, and SIR JAMES GRAHAM looking admiringly on.

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC DREAM.

MR. PUNCH was certainly seated in a private box, so he must have been in a theatre. But what the play was about, and where it was performed, are different matters. Mr. Punch refuses to pledge himself. All he knows is that he had many visitors. He recognised most of them, and they all knew him.

"This place is more comfortable than the old house of '37," said Mr. MAC-READY. "In the early days of HER MAJESTY'S reign stalls were unknown."

"Yes, and the patent theatres had a monopoly of the legitimate," observed Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES. "In our time a play had to be turned into a burletta and garnished with music before it could be produced elsewhere."

"At the Haymarket, just sixty years ago," continued Mr. MAC-READY, "I was playing in a version of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Maid's Tra-*



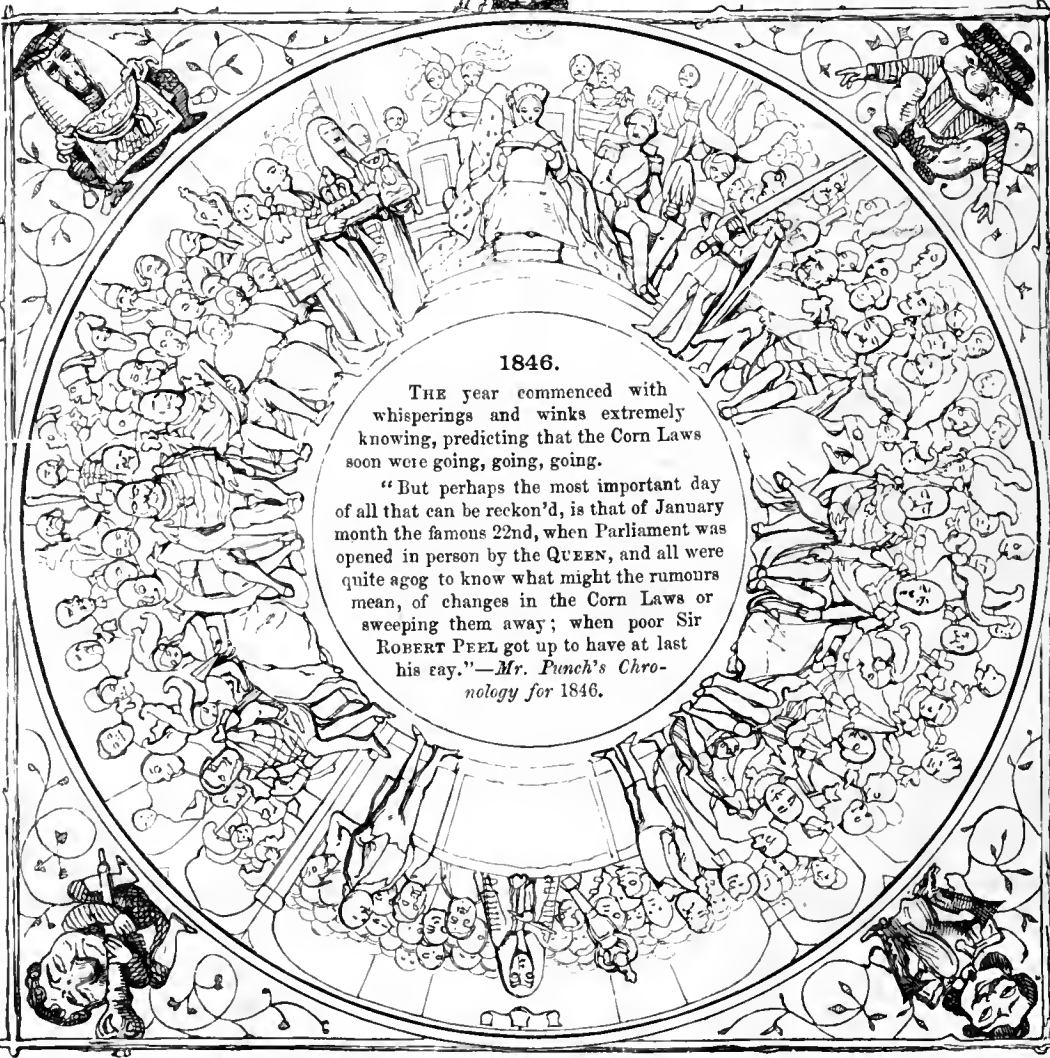
gedy, called by our friend here, *The Bridal*. I of course took the principal character myself."

"I was singing at His Majesty's Theatre at the same date, and they called me Miss GRISI," said a famous cantatrice, "and I had for my colleagues PASTA and LABLACHE."

"Who was at the Strand?" asked Mr. Punch. "I fancy they were playing a piece by MONCRIEFF, called *Sam Weller*; or, *the Pickwickians*. Who was in it?"

"I quite forget," said Mrs. STIRLING. "But at the date of our dear QUEEN'S accession there were at least two of your own merry men writing for the stage, DOUGLAS JERROLD, of *Black-eyed Susan* fame, and *King In-cog*, *Revolt of the Work-house*, GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT."

"Before my time," cried Mr. Punch. "I did not take up my permanent abode in London until 1841, and you are talking of 1837."



1846.

The year commenced with whisperings and winks extremely knowing, predicting that the Corn Laws soon were going, going, going.

"But perhaps the most important day of all that can be reckon'd, is that of January month the famous 22nd, when Parliament was opened in person by the QUEEN, and all were quite agog to know what might the rumours mean, of changes in the Corn Laws or sweeping them away; when poor Sir ROBERT PEEL got up to have at last his say."—Mr. Punch's *Chronology for 1846.*



MADAME LA' MODE REVIEWS A FEW OF HER VACARIES DURING THE LAST SIXTY YEARS.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND MR. PUNCH.

THE Victorian Era and the Punchian Period have been, as was fitting, almost exactly contemporaneous. HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY had—as was also fitting, *place aux dames!*—a little start. VICTORIA acceded to her throne, upon the death of WILLIAM THE FOURTH, on June 20, 1837, and was proclaimed on the 21st. *Punch* came into his kingdom just four years later in 1841, and was proclaimed, *urbi et orbi*, by Preface, his own favoured and especial form of proclamation and edict, on July 17th of that year.

Punch, however, though owning no man master, was ever a loyal subject to his Sovereign Lady, whom, in his third number, he referred to as

“HIS ROYAL MISTRESS,

“ever solicitous to enchain the hearts of her devoted subjects by an impartial use of her prerogative.”

With a foresight truly remarkable, he, in his sixth number, when the young QUEEN, only just of age, had occupied



the throne of the world-wide British Empire for four years only, referred to her in his “Royal Rhythmical Alphabet” in this prophetic line:—

“V is for VICTORIA, ‘the Bess of Forty-one.’”

Now, fifty-six years later, everybody is drawing comparisons between VICTORIA and that earlier great English

queen, ELIZABETH, whom she has rivalled in glory, and surpassed both in all womanly excellence and in length of reign. Let it be remembered that *Punch* prophetically and publicly made that comparison as early as August 21, in the year of grace 1841.

Punch,—whot slightly modify the familiar aspiration of HER MAJESTY’s earliest Poet Laureate,

“— could wish his days to be Bound each to each by rational loyalty,”—

is now celebrating, in his Hundred and Twelfth Volume, the Diamond Jubilee of the same royal lady whom he soberly honoured in his First.



1846.

“THIS is a time of sharp intrigue, confusion, noise and bustle; for ROBERT PEEL has lost his place, and given place to RUSSELL. So the “Great Commoner” retires, but in heroic attitude; sure of remembrance by the poor, with goodwill and with gratitude. The gentle, constitutional, young QUEEN well stands the test of welcoming the coming, while she speeds the parting, guest. Sir ROBERT’s followers look glum and mutter grim admonishment, whilst JOHNNY’s boys romp gaily in, to the Iron Duke’s astonishment.”—*Mr. Punch’s Chronology for 1846.*

SOME JUBILEE STATISTICS.

(By a Mathematician very Much Abroad.)

It has been estimated that the seats to view the Procession, if placed side by side, would reach from St. Paul’s to Liverpool; but that is not all, for calculating from the returns to land which are based on the 1887 figures, it appears that

7,126,459 corns will be trodden on 257,166,002 times between the hours of 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. on June 22. Their respective owners will utter 949,422,785,124 imprecations, which, if carefully recorded in 623,655 phonographs, instead of being wasted on the wrong persons, would be enough to supply the whole population of London and their heirs at the rate of 188,472.142857 per head until the arrival of MACAULAY’S New Zealander in 3258 A.D.

“Now we sha’n’t be long!” will be remarked by 6,238,651 persons, 6,237,520 of whom ought to be confined in 58,109 lunatic asylums, the remaining 1,131 having escaped for the day.

2,642 Derby dogs will get in the way of the *cortège*, giving vent to 38,122 howls, and receiving 400,009 kicks.

2,489,060 views will be obscured by 248,906 matinée hats.

94,361 infants will be lost or mislaid by 94,180 mothers—the difference in these totals being accounted for by the fact that 358 will be twins.

32,604 persons of the male sex will not come home that night, having lost, so 14,392 will say, 178,299 trains; the remainder will appear in 218 police-courts the next morning.

Of the 289,175 seat-holders 52.3 per cent. will view only the top half of the Royal Bonnet, 17.06 per cent. will be busy with lunch at the critical moment, 8.5 per cent. will have fainted from fatigue or excitement, and 7.17 per cent. will not get there at all.

A Peep into the Crystal Palace.

HANDEL is the composer in possession. The motto of the day is “*Manns conscia recti.*” It will be a great week for the Palace, which will always be a genuine delight for all visiting London on “this occasion only,” and who would omit from their agenda almost anything rather than a visit to the Crystal Palace, especially during a “Handel Festival.” The C. P., with a HANDEL to its name, is an irresistible attraction. *Mr. P.* wishes the C. P. a big success with the B. P.



1837.



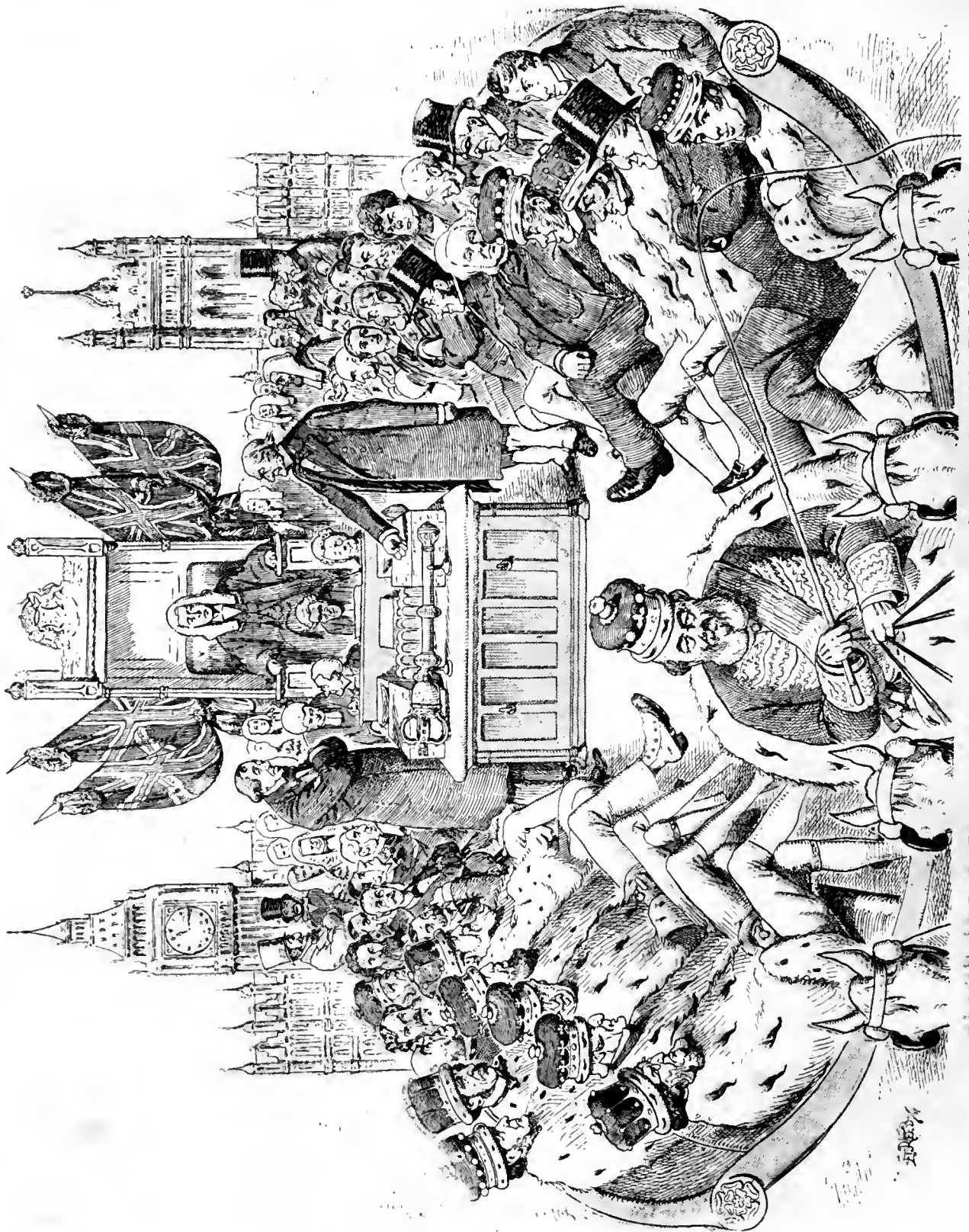
1897.



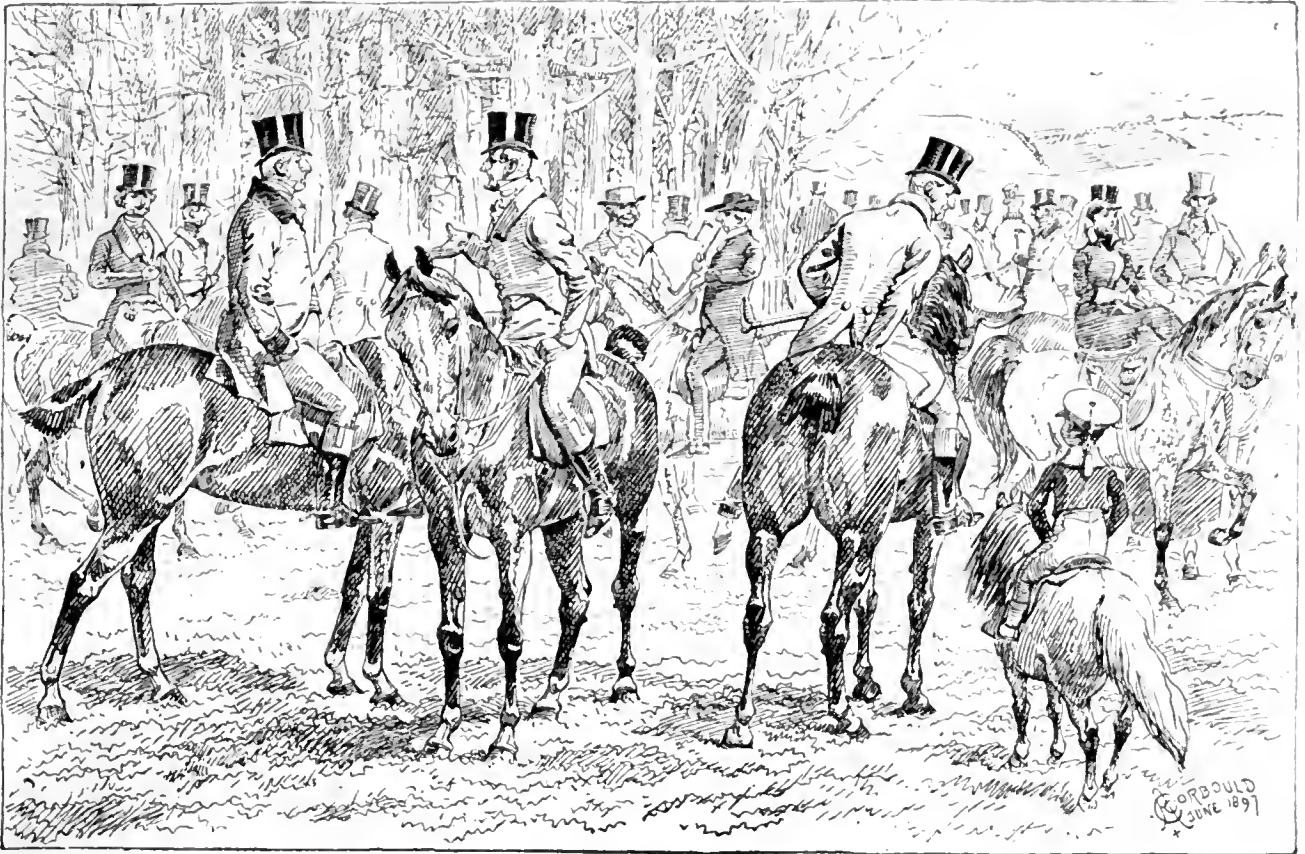
THE JOURNALIST—THEN.
THE FLEET PRISON.



THE JOURNALIST—NOW.
FLEET STREET.



DESIGN FOR A PARLIAMENTARY CAR FOR THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION.
A COMBINED ASSEMBLY OF DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES DURING HER MAJESTY'S REIGN.



A MEET. 1837.



A MEET. 1897.



AT THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

First Doubtful Character. "MY EYE, MATE, THIS IS A SQUASH!"

Second D. C. "SQUASH! WHY, S'ELP ME, IF I AIN'T 'AD MY 'AND IN THIS COVE'S POCKET FOR THE LARST TWENTY MINITS, AN' CAN'T OET IT OUT!"

EXTREMES MEET;

OR, SOME VICTORIAN CONTRASTS.

I.

SCENE—A Club Smoking-room. (ARTIST—Mr. Punch.) CHARACTERS—AUGUSTUS FITZFADDELL, a "heavy swell," tempore LEECH, with eyeglass, whiskers, lisp, and drawl of period. BOBBIE BLOUNT, a gilded youth of the present day

Augustus. Haw—twy one of these wegaliaws?

[Tendering a weed of about the size of a rocket.

Bobbie (flinching at the mere sight of it). My dear old chap, afraid I mustn't, really. Never smoke anything but an occasional cigarette, don't you know.

[Produces a small gun-metal case with cipher in brilliants, and lights a slim, gold-tipped cigarette.

Augustus. Wathaw pwetty, those little paper things—look tho doothid innothent.

Bobbie (looking at his wrist). Hullo, confound it all! I've lost my bangle—nuisance!

Augustus. I can feel for you, my deaw fellow; only the othaw day I lost the little gwidiron off my *chatelaine*, and I've been a positive weck evaw since—haw.

Bobbie (to himself). Beastly effeminate ass, this. (Aloud.) Ah, we all have our sorrows, what.

Augustus. I vewy nearly cwied, I assure you. And this morn'ing I made the howwid discovey that a wuby had dwopped out of one of the eyes of my death's-head scarf-pin!

Bobbie. Hard luck!

Augustus. It was thuch a weally stunning pin. I don't feel pwopery dweessed without it.

Bobbie. Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. No one can accuse you of not being "dressed."

Augustus. Think not? I—aw—flattaw myself these twousaws are wathaw neat. Got the ideaw from the zebwa at the Zoo.

Bobbie. Rippin'—that is, well, I mean to say—they look all right—on you.

Augustus. Don't you find it a howwid baw not being able to gwow any whiskaws?

Bobbie. Oh, I don't know; most of the fellows I know are rather by way of clean-shavin'—if you know what I mean.

Augustus (shuddering). Weally? If I sacwificed my whiskaws,

I should look tho extwemely widiculous. They're the pwide of my existence. Without whiskaws, life would be an—aw—dweawy blank.

Bobbie. Oh, you could keep a poodle or somethin', what?
Augustus. A westless quadwuped who would expect me to thwov sticks into the wataw and muddy my side-spw'ing boots! Haw, no thanks. I feel faint at the mere ideaw. Take my arm and let us—aw—stwowl down Piccadilly.

Bobbie (to himself). Stroll down Piccadilly arm-in-arm with a Johnny like an old-fashioned music-hall pro! Catch me! (Aloud.) Er—delighted—that is, well, fact is, promised I'd bike down to Ranelagh with some people. Time I got into bicyclin' kit. Do you ride a bicycle, what?

Augustus. Me wide a howwid velocipede and woll along in a fwantic huwwy! No, no; I think any want of wepose is shockingly vulgaw—aw.

Bobbie. My dear chap, nowadays the only really vulgar thing is refinement. By, by. (To himself.) Where on earth has that emptyheaded bonnder sprung from?

Augustus (to himself). Wegulah snob! Aw, I wondaw what's become of all the weal swells.

THE DIVERSIONS OF JUBILEE DAY.

LONDONERS cannot be accused of taking their pleasure sadly, or, if they do, it is their own fault, and not that of the officials, who are so considerably providing for their entertainment.

"Vehicular traffic" is to be "diverted" in all sorts of ways: apparently it will be in constant fits of laughter.

"Light vehicular traffic" is also to be "diverted," with probably some less boisterous form of amusement. For "Traffic going Eastward," other "diversions" are arranged.

And, what is more, anybody employing vehicular traffic, and, in spite of all police blandishments, obstinately refusing to be "diverted," will find himself in Chokee, or in Queer Street, where he will be left to himself to reflect on the inconvenient results of any individual not falling in with the official sense of humour.

"Diversions" everywhere, and, probably, most theatres closed.

WEEDS THAT DIMINISH APACE AT A SMOKING CONCERT.—Cigars.

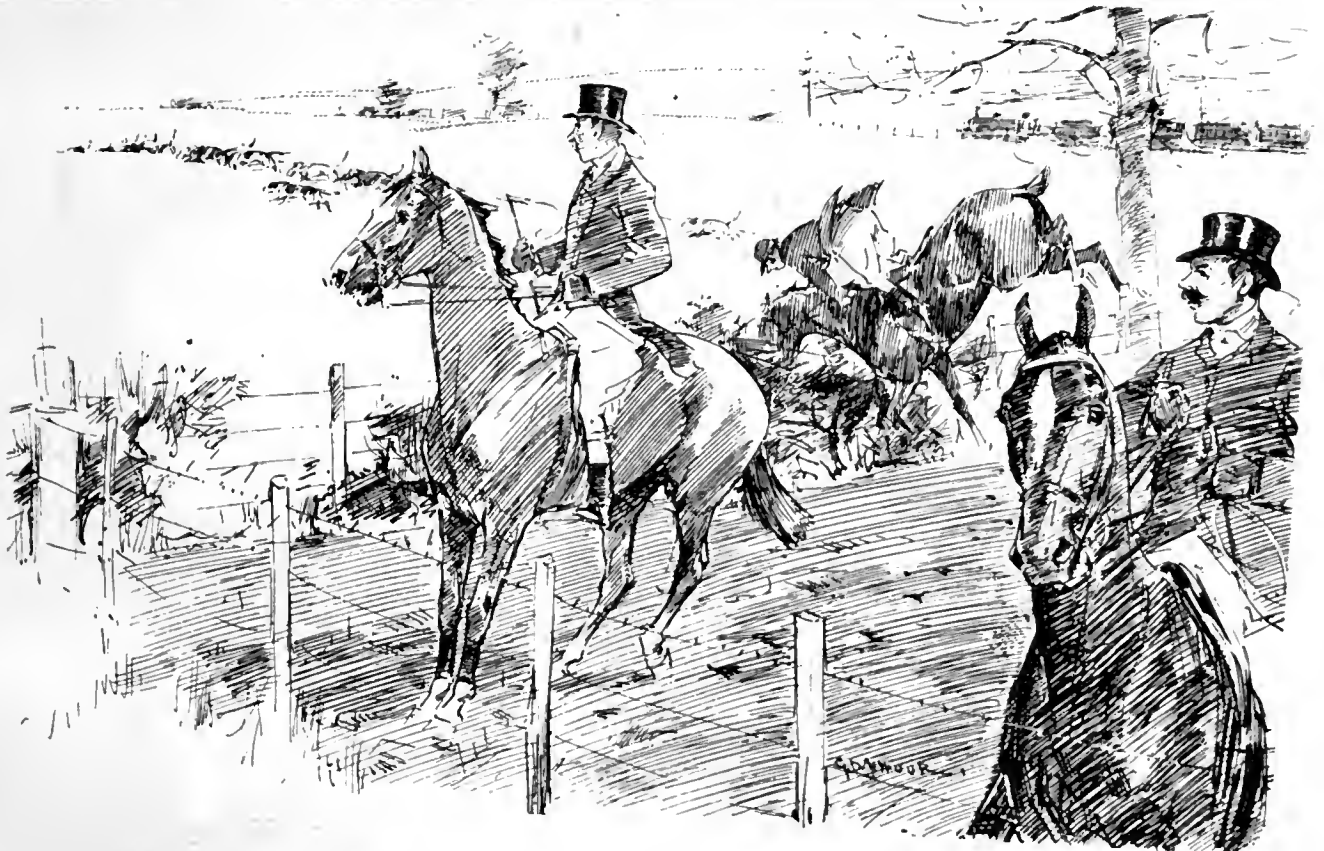






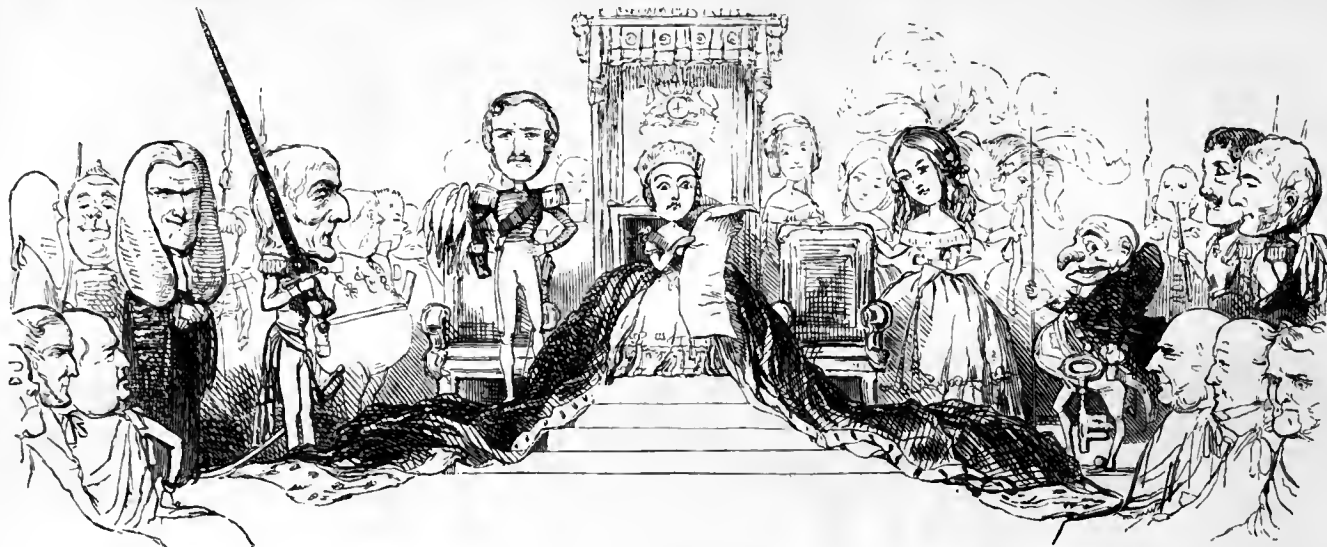
PAST AND PRESENT. A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1837.

"GLORIOUS RUN TO-DAY! DREW TOD'S GORSE—A SURE FIND. TOOK A SPLENDID LINE. BIG JUMPING, MOSTLY TIMBER."



PAST AND PRESENT. A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1897.

"WRETCHED SPORT! NO FOXES IN THE COUNTRY! FOUND LATE IN THE AFTERNOON AT TOD'S GORSE, BUT COULD NOT RIDE A YARD FOR WIRE. SEVERAL HOUNDS KILLED ON THE RAILWAY."



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

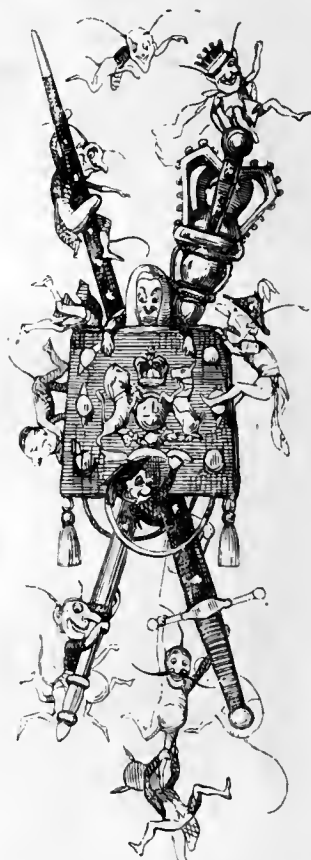
FEBRUARY 4, 1845.

THE opening of Parliament, by our young QUEEN in person!
 A theme which *Punch's* loyal Muse failed not to turn a verse on!
 The fair young QUEEN of February, Eighteen-forty-five,
 In Eighteen-ninety-seven, Heaven be thanked! is yet alive;
 Though half a century hath fled, and forms have passed away
 Of many great ones who beheld that Royal Opening Day,
 The handsome, glad young CONSORT with plumed hat and princely
 port,

The venerable Iron Duke, pride of the young QUEEN's Court,
 LYNTHURST, the stately Chancellor, suave GRANVILLE, stern
 BUCCLEUCH,

Grave ABERDEEN, proud STANLEY, NAPIER, ELLENBOROUGH, too,
 All cluster round the sweet girl QUEEN who holds in fingers taper
 A memorable Royal Speech, that wondrous "Scrap of Paper,"
 Whilst down below, in a wild rush the "loyal Commons" troop,
 Headed by Mr. SPEAKER. PEEL and RUSSELL lead the group.
 GRAHAM and GOULBURN follow; there is BROUGHAM's colossal beak;
 O'CONNELL, with "Repeal," intent Ould Oireland's wrath to
 wreak

Upon the haughty Saxon, whilst behind him swift "BEN DIZZY,"
 Intent on "smashing everyone," is making very busy.
 Then that "Cheap Bread Petition!" Ah! what changes it portends
 Of PEEL's fast coming policy doomed to sunder closest friends!
 Alas! Or friends or foes these hosts are now all passed away,
 The QUEEN and *Punch* alone survive to greet this Jubilee Day;
 VICTORIA to see a sight no Sovereign yet hath seen,
 And *Punch* to ponder memories, and to shout "God save the
 QUEEN!"





THALIA AND MELPOMENE, ASSISTED BY MR. PUNCH, HOLD A RECEPTION OF NOTABLE HISTRIONS OF THE PAST SIXTY YEARS.

THE VICTORIAN SHIELD.



THEN first he formed th' immense and solid shield,
 Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
 On whose broad disc the artificer made plain
 The wondrous triumphs of VICTORIA's reign.
 Thereon, in symbolism fair, appears
 Science's victor-course through Sixty Years.

Thereon, too, pictured clear in every part,
 The gentler conquests of her sister, Art!
 The images of Peace, and types of War;
 Engine and cycle, ship and motor-car,
 Great gun's and swift torpedo's Titan might,
 Triumphs of Health, sweet ministries of Light:

Wonders of speed and miracles of sound,
 With Beauty's benedictions, grace that rind;
 Of marvels, showing plain how Power and Wealth,
 Culture and Cultivation, Taste and Health,
 Growths of her Sixty Years, their honours yield
 To deck the disc of the VICTORIAN SHIELD!



"COMPASS'D BY THE INVIOLETE SEA."

(On the Diamond Jubilee Day.)



A QUEEN sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er the broad British sea;
 War-ships in hundreds ranged below,
 To grace our Diamond Jubilee.

Punch counted them, and cried, "Hoeray!
 'His sight well crowns a glorious day!"
 Britannia silent sat and gazed
 On those grim warders of her isle,

Flags faunted, bescons brightly blazed!
 Responsive then to Punch's smile,
 "All's well," she cried, "old friend, whilst we
 Are 'compass'd by the inviolate sea.'"



PAST AND PRESENT.

A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1837.

"HAD A GLORIOUS DAY'S SPORT! BAG NINE AND A HALF BRACE. DOGS WORKED BEAUTIFULLY! I BEGIN TO LIKE MY NEW PERCUSSION GUN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 21.—House in Committee of Supply; benches almost empty. CORPORAL HANBURY at gangway-end, and PRINCE ARTHUR seated nearly in the middle, are only occupants of Treasury Bench. After a while, soothed by monotonous voice of Chairman putting vote after vote, PRINCE ARTHUR's chin dropped on his breast. He seemed to sleep—no strange thing in circumstances. What puzzled me as I watched him (noting, by the way, the streaks of grey beginning to gleam in his dark hair), was the motion of his head and the expression on his face. Sometimes he turned his head to the right, bending down as if listening to one seated an inch or two lower than himself. His mobile face displayed the keenest interest. Occasionally his lips moved, as if in response to an observation. Anon, he turned quickly to the other side, and his head now uplifted from its bending attitude, seemed to listen with the same air of reverent attention.

The curious scene did not last many moments. Not the least weird part of it was the conviction borne in upon me that I had been watching a conversation carried on for at least an hour. PRINCE ARTHUR

assured me later he had certainly been talking to LORD JOHN RUSSELL and PAM for over an hour. Yet I am prepared to take oath that the whole thing, which I saw from first to last, did not occupy two minutes.

Whilst it was fresh in his mind, PRINCE ARTHUR told me all about it. He was sitting, as I have said, watching the votes piled up; last thing he remembers was the voice of Mr. LOWTHER saying, "The question I have to put is—"

"Do you think this is the Treasury Bench?" It doesn't look like the same shop."

This last was not LOWTHER's voice, nor was it a continuation of the question he had been putting.

"Of course not," said another, sharper, and more cheery voice. "The place we sat in this night sixty years ago, on the eve of the accession of Her Gracious Majesty Queen VICTORIA, was a temporary building run up after the old Houses were burned down. It was used pending the building of the palatial structure opened in the Exhibition year."

"The year you were turned out, my dear JOHNNY; when DERBY came in, bringing DIZZY with him as Chancellor of the Exchequer."

PRINCE ARTHUR knew who they were at once. The little gentleman with the broad-

brimmed hat was LORD JOHN RUSSELL, Home Secretary and Leader of the House of Commons in LORD MELBOURNE's Ministry, the one which paid earliest homage to QUEEN VICTORIA. The other (who, PRINCE ARTHUR was surprised to see, didn't carry a straw in his mouth) was LORD PALMERSTON, Foreign Secretary in the same Government. They seated themselves one on each side of PRINCE ARTHUR, LORD JOHN to the right, PAM to the left.

"Didn't you feel creepy?" I asked him. "Not a bit," he said. "Seemed most natural thing in the world. 'Good evening, my lords,' I said. 'Very pleased to see you in the old place. Glad, also, to find you so friendly. Old scores forgotten up there—or, I mean, wherever you may chance to foregather?'"

"Oh! yes," said PAM; "I long ago had tit-for-tat with JOHNNY RUSSELL, and we bear no malice. Thought we'd drop in on this interesting occasion. Hope we don't intrude. Were present, you know, at first Privy Council of the girl-QUEEN; heard her first speech from the throne in another place; interesting to stroll round and look in on the old shop sixty years after. Place looks different from this night sixty years ago. I don't mean chamber itself, that of course; but in style of Members and fashion of dress. You've more young men than we had. If you turn up the list of the House of 1837, you'll see we were mostly middle-aged gentlemen of substance."

"Yes," said JOHNNY; "and what strikes me particularly is the way you fellows sport the moustache. In our time, only army men, and not all regiments, wore the moustache. If I remember right, some years after the QUEEN came to the throne, only two regiments wore the moustache, the Huzzars and the Blues."

"Quite so," said PAM. "Your memory, always wonderful, has not shrivelled up under normal circumstances of extreme heat. Ahem! I mean you are still as smart as when you fomented that row about my saying a friendly word to the Prince President after the *coup d'état*."

PRINCE ARTHUR thought he detected a sneering tone in this remark. LORD JOHN took no notice.

"I am much obliged to you," he said, with courteous inclination of his head. "I certainly remember a scene in the House just fifty years ago. There was there a member of O'CONNELL's party, one ALDERMAN REYNOLDS. He represented the city of Dublin. An Orange Member who wore a heavy pair of moustachios, having made a violent attack on the Repealers, ALDERMAN REYNOLDS rose to reply. In course of his speech he constantly alluded to the Orangeman as 'the hon. and gallant Member.' 'I am not in the army,' interrupted the Orangeman. 'The hon. Member says he is not in the army,' responded the alderman, 'but I think if he has quitted the trade he ought to take down the sign-board,' and here the alderman swept from his upper lip an imaginary moustache."

"Ha! ha!" laughed PAM, in his cheery way. "I suppose my PRINCE knows no personal remarks of that kind in his multi-reformed Parliaments; no shaking of fists across the table, no Members suspended for disorderly conduct, no free fights on the floor of the House, eh?"

A blush mantled ARTHUR's ingenuous face. This must have been the moment when I observed him hanging his head.

"Tut, tut!" said LORD JOHN. "Human nature's the same at all epochs. House of

Commons, the most perfect microcosm of human nature, varies little through the ages. Nor does the tendency to laud earlier times as compared with the present. I suppose, now, you've lots of superior old gentlemen who protest that your House of Commons to-day is a ragged assembly compared with what it was sixty or seventy years ago? I can imagine one of these writing, "The new Parliament consists of more editors of papers, shopkeepers, obscure harristers, and attorneys than any former Parliament. Holland and Portugal might disappear from the world without exciting the feelings or care of a single shopkeeper or attorney amongst us."

"I heard something at the Carlton the other day very like that," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "Only there was nothing said about Holland and Portugal. It was the Cape and Constantinople that troubled the patriotic mind. Cropping up in our foreign politics of to-day there is about mention of Holland and Portugal a smell as of faded apples."

"Precisely. You've just hit it. The passage I quoted is from a letter by SCARLETT, afterwards Lord ARINGER. I remember it as if it were yesterday, though it was dated February 11, 1832. At that time, Holland and Portugal were troubling the waters of foreign politics. But there's always something for what believe you call the Jingo to get in a fluster about. There's nothing new under the sun, certainly not the Jingo. PAM was the primest Jingo of the century; weren't you, dear boy?"

"Yes; and a nice time I had with you and Prince A——r," murmured PAM, a look of melancholy momentarily clouding the place where his brow used to be. "After all, many things are new in this place," he added, after an awkward pause. "Your closure, your twelve o'clock rule, your long contributions to debate by inconsiderable Members, your tea on the Terrace, your private rooms for Ministers, your objection to adjourn over the Derby, your electric lights, your signal from the Clock Tower, your national expenditure of over a hundred millions, and, more marvellous still, your income in excess of that fabulous sum. All these are new since the June afternoon when JOHNNY and I sat on the bench corresponding with his in the temporary House of Commons, knowing that in the early morning WILLIAM THE FOURTH had passed away, and that we were now the Ministers of a Queen."

"There are," PRINCE ARTHUR observed, "some other novelties in the situation as compared with the epoch you recall. How would you like——"

PRINCE ARTHUR turned to put a question to Lord JOHN, and found the space he had occupied empty. There was nothing between him and the portly figure of CORPORAL HANBURY. Turning his head quickly, he found that PAM also had vanished, leaving not a straw behind. He rubbed his eyes. There was Mr. LOWTHER in the Chair, at the moment remarking, "The question is that a sum not exceeding £320,000 be granted to HER MAJESTY to meet the charges arising out of——"

"Why," cried PRINCE ARTHUR, looking round, decidedly dazed, "he was saying that when THEY came in!"

Business done.—Strangers in the House.

A DRUCE OF A PLAYER.—The captain of the Cambridge University Cricket Club.



PAST AND PRESENT.

A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1897.

"SPORT FAIR TO-DAY. BAG THREE HUNDRED BRACE. MY NEW PAIR OF HAMMERLESS EJECTORS SHOT WELL. SHOULD HAVE DONE BETTER IF I HAD HAD A THIRD GUN."

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC DREAM.

(Continued.)

"I was coming to the front in 1837," said JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE. "I wrote and played for a quarter of a century."

"You did," acquiesced BENJAMIN WEBSTER. "I was lessee of the Haymarket in the forties, and you took my lease of the little house afterwards. Don't you remember, Mr. Punch, that I offered a prize for the best comedy, and one of your staff gave a series of scenes from the rejected competing compositions?"

"To be sure. And the collection included TALFOURD, BULWER LYTTON, and FITZBALL."

"The last was my rival with the books of the operas," put in Mr. BUNN. "You used to chaff me, Sir, but so you did everybody, inclusive of that poor little foreigner chap, Monsieur JULLIEN."

"He was a foreigner," put in BALFE, "but he could appreciate native talent, such as that possessed by Miss ROMER, who was playing in my *Catherine Grey*, not to speak of my contemporaries of later days, LOUISA PYNE and WILLIAM HARRISON."

"You were rather hard upon me, Mr. Punch," said CHARLES KEAN, "but I bear no malice. I did my best, although I gave you the impression that all the characters I created suffered from a cold in the head."

"My good CHARLES, I am delighted to see you," cried the Sage, cordially. "And you, too, CHARLES the younger, son of the elder MATHEWS. KEAN, you regenerated the poetical drama, and CHARLEY, you taught us light comedy."

"I was in that line myself," observed LEIGH MURRAY. "Do you remember *The Camp at Chobham*, with KEELEY?"

"Ah, now we have taken a jump into the Crimean days, when Miss WOOLGAR and Madame CELESTE were at the Adelphi."

"I believe you, my boy," drawled PAUL BEDFORD. "I played up to WRIGHT."

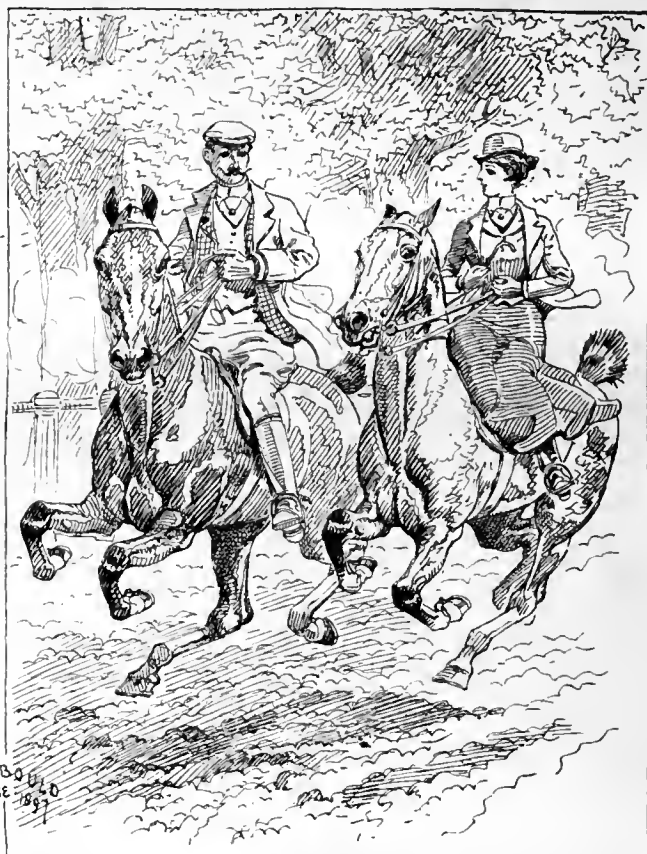
"And JOHN LAURENCE TOOLE," said Mr. Punch, "who is still happily amongst us."

"HEARTS" THAT ARE OFTEN BOUGHED DOWN.—The cherries of Kent.

HOT COPPERS.—Perspiring policemen on Jubilee Day.



ELEGANCE—1837.



EASE—1897.

ROTTEN ROW.

EXTREMES MEET ;
OR, SOME VICTORIAN CONTRASTS.

II.

SCENE—A London Street (designed, arranged, and executed by Mr. Punch). CHARACTERS—Street-boy, early Victorian: battered tall hat, comforter, short jacket, and shorter white duck trousers; Street-boy, late Victorian.

Early Victorian Boy. Vell, but I say, vill it come along this 'ere werry road?

Late V. B. Yuss! yn't I a tellin' of yer? Tork abart a bloomin' mug, you tike the kike, strite yer do!

Early V. B. But vot 'll it be like ven it does come along?

Late V. B. What 'll it be loike? Whoy, loike a Jubilee, o' course, yer fat 'ed!

Early V. B. But vot is a Jubilee—sort of Jack-in-the-Green?

Late V. B. A Jeck-in-the-Green! Na-ow! There 'll be a bloomin' percession, wiv the QUEEN in 'er kerridge, and all the ryal blokes on 'orses, an' sojers, and sich.

Early V. B. Crikey! And vill the QUEEN be a vearin' or 'olding of it?

Late V. B. Wearin' o' what? D'yer mean a topper, sime as what you've got on your crumpet?

Early V. B. I never said nothink about no topper, nor yet crumpets. I mean this 'ere Jubilee Dimond.

Late V. B. Oo're yer gittin' at? There yn't no Jubilee doimond, it's a Doimond Jubilee.

Early V. B. Vell, it's made o' dimonds, ain't it?

Late V. B. Na-ow! It yn't made outer nuffink.

Early V. B. Then vot do coves go and call it a Dimond Jubilee for? Come, now!

Late V. B. What do they?—Whoy, it's pline enough, yn't it? They call it a Doimond Jubilee becos— Well, there, you wanter know too much, you do, with yer "vells," and yer "vots," and yer "vys," loike a bloomin' 'Oundsditch sheeny! I cawn't mike out whart yer syin' of arf the toime. Whoy cawn't yer pernounce sime as what others do?

Early V. B. It ain't my fault if I haven't had your heddication, is it?

Late V. B. Well, there's suthink in that. Them Board School blokes yn't arf as sharp in some plices as what they are in others. I've 'ad to gow regler, I 'ave.

A SONG IMPERIAL. 1897.

STAND up England, land of toil and duty,
In your smoking cities, in your hamlets green;
Stand up England, land of love and beauty,
Stand up, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

Stand up Scotland, up Wales and Ireland,
Loyal to her royalty, crowd upon the scene;
Stand up, all of us, we who are the sire-land,
Stand up, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

Stand up ye Colonies, the joy-cry reaches you,
Near lands, far lands, lands that lie between;
Where the sun bronzes you, where the frost bleaches you,
Stand up, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

Stand up all! Yes, princes, nobles, peoples,
All the mighty Empire—mightier ne'er hath been;
Boom from all your decks and towers, clang from all your steeples
God save VICTORIA, God save the QUEEN!

Why not? Has she not ever loved and served us,
Royal to us, loyal to us, gracious ever been?
Ne'er in peace betrayed us, ne'er in war unnerv'd us;
Up, then, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

But now our sun descends, from the zenith westward,
Westward and downward, of all mortals seen;
Yet may the long day lengthen, though the fall be rest-ward,
May we long together cry, God save the QUEEN!

When in the coming time, 'neath the dim ocean line,
Our dear sun shall sink in the wave serene,
Tears will fill these eyes of mine, tears will fill those eyes of thine,
Lowly kneeling, all will pray, God save the QUEEN!

"He is not exactly an infidel, nor a deist," observed a Mrs. Malaprop of our time; "they tell me he is an Acrostic."



The Harp.
1837.



The Banjo.
1897.

Schmidt



1854.

EXTREMES MEET;

OR, SOME VICTORIAN CONTRASTS.

III.

SCENE—*The Sea-shore (from sketches made by Mr. Punch).* CHARACTERS—Miss FLORA, *tempore* LEECH: mushroom hat, hair in a net, zouave jacket, and erinoline; Miss BLOOMER, same period: Spanish hat, jacket, white waistcoat, short skirt and frilled pantaletts; Miss LATCHKEY, *present date*: divided skirts, straw hat, tweed coat, man's shirt, collar and tie.

Miss Flora. I know you'll say I'm a silly little thing, but I don't want the men to think me a fright.

Miss Bloomer. All sensible men, my dear, consider the Bloomer costume most becoming. It's only that stupid old Punch that tries to hold it up to ridicule.

Miss Latchkey. Why should you care what men think of you? Surely, surely a woman has some higher object than to make herself the pet and plaything of those selfish tyrants. She has her work to do in the world.

Miss Flora. I do work hard, at my piano and harp, and I make head mats and wax flowers, and oh, lots of things.

Miss Bloomer. And I have laboured incessantly to prove to these so-called "Lords of Creation" that their most distinctive articles of attire are even better adapted to the feminine figure than to their own.

Miss Latchkey. You neither of you understand! Don't you see that all your pretty accomplishments, all your eccentricities of costume are alike directed to the slavish end of making yourselves more attractive to the eye of man? I have got far beyond that. I ignore man's very existence—except as a comrade and rival, to be met and crushed in the struggle for existence. I assert the woman's right to live her own life in dignified independence.

Miss Flora. La, dear, and how do you manage it?

Miss Latchkey. Very easily. I share a tiny flat with another girl, and live on tinned lobster and marmalade and tea, which is better than vegetating in the stifling atmosphere of the domestic circle. Besides, I have the support of knowing that I am doing good and useful work.

Miss Bloomer. Might I inquire what work?

Miss Latchkey. Certainly. I am on the staff of "Chiffons," and do the fashionable weddings and parties, and describe the frocks and so on. Sometimes I get a minor celebrity to interview—a woman, of course. The pay isn't much, but anything is better than the degrading rôle of ministering to the vanity of the other sex!

Miss Bloomer. So far as I can understand, your present mission, my dear, is to minister to the vanity of your own sex, which is undoubtedly a far higher and nobler occupation.

Miss Flora. It must be very nice, and I'm sure it's quite as ladylike as doing wool-work. I shall try and coax dear Papa to let me take it up. [Speechless disgust of Miss LATCHKEY.]

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC DREAM.

(Concluded.)

"AH, what memories are conjured up when we speak of the Adelphi," said BEN WEBSTER. "There were the *Green Bushes* and the *Colleen Bawn*."

"Myself in that same," cried DION BOUCICAULT, with a taste of a brogue.

"And don't forget myself—in the *Peep o' Day*," murmured EDMUND FALCONER.

"It had a plot that no fella could understand," stammered Lord DUNDREARY SOTHERN.

"Glad to see you," said Mr. Punch. "Your *David Garrick* has a worthy representative at the Criterion."

"Pray don't forget the merry companies at the Strand, the Royalty, and the old Prince of Wales," said Mr. JOHN CLARK. "There were *PATTIE OLIVER*, *CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS*, *ROGERS*, *JAMES*, and a lady and gentleman who since have become as famous in comedy as burlesque."

"*JOHNNIE HARE* and *Mrs. BANCROFT*," acquiesced Mr. Punch, "are both still amongst us."

"Your merry men kept the drama on its legs for the greater part of the half-century," observed Mr. E. T. SMITH, who, like Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, had been both lessee of Drury Lane and proprietor of the *Sunday Times*.

"You are very good to say so," returned the Sage, politely. "And when I think of those of my staff already mentioned, and add to their names those of *LEMON*, *SHIRLEY BROOKS*, *TOM TAYLOR*, and *BURNAND*, I am inclined to believe you."

And then Mr. Punch turned to greet fresh arrivals. CHARLES FECHTER (claiming to be an Englishman), BANDMANN (refusing to be a German), JEFFERSON (admitting his American citizenship), TOM ROBERTSON, PHELPS, H. J. BYRON, ROBSON, EMERY, WIDDICOMB, CRESWICK, Mr. and Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS, Mr. and Mrs. ALFRED WIGAN, Mr. and Mrs. CHIPPENDALE, COMPTON, CLAYTON, and a score of others, recalling to his mind the hopes and fears, the triumphs and failures of half a century.

And as Mr. Punch rose to greet them he suddenly awoke, and attended to the performance on the stage for the remainder of the evening.

Messrs. Compiler RYLAND and Publisher ALLEN might have made a better use of their own idea than they have done in their small book, entitled, *Events of the Reign from '37 to '97*, which, in a general way, will be found an aid to memory. Herein is of course recorded the principal event of the century, to which it was impossible for our blushing "TOBY, M.P." to allude in his admirably-arranged volume recently published, entitled, *The Queen and Mr. Punch*, which has already achieved world-wide renown, yecept the issue of "*The First Number of PUNCH, July 17*," a day ever memorable in the glorious annals of our country.



A PREHISTORIC JUBILEE!

(Our Artist assures us that he has accurately represented the scene of loyalty and enthusiasm at a principal point of the route, so what can we do but take his word for it!)



'CHARLES' KEENESQUE GROQUET PERIOD. 1866.



"AYE, THERE 'AVE BEEN A SIGHT O' CHANGES IN THESE 'ERE SIXTY YEAR; BUT, BLESS 'EE, A PINT POT DON'T 'OLD NO MORE NOW THAN IT DID THEN!"



"JUST THINK OF IT, MY BOY. IN THOSE DAYS WE HAD NO ELECTRIC LIGHT, NO X RAYS NO CINEMATOGRAPH, NO—" "MUZZLING ORDER!"



EARLY DU MAURIERESQUE CRINOLINE PERIOD. 1860.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

THIS PORTION OF THE PROCESSION WAS RECEIVED WITH UNBOUNDED DELIGHT AND SYMPATHETIC INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE ROUTE.

1897

THE BANNER AND THE BEACON.



It was about the lovely close of a warm day in June,
Sweet bells, loud trumpets, all that day had played most joyous tune;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night as England ne'er had seen, nor e'er again shall see.

And now, to greet the Jubilee night of our glad sea-girl isle,
At earliest twilight beacon-piles lay waiting many a mile.
Far on the deep the sailor sees, along each shore and shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire!



THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

Olivia. "OF COURSE YOU WENT TO THE JUBILEE, MR. DUDELEY!"
Mr. Dudeley. "BLED TO, DON'T CHERKNOW. KNEW ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE PROCESSION!"

SOMETHING LIKE A FESTIVAL!

THE Crystal Palace, with a **HANDEL** to its name—an anticipated honour at Jubilee time—achieved a great success last week. What selection on Selection Day could have been more select than Mesdames **ALBANI**, **ELLA RUSSELL**, and **NORDICA**, with a couple of tenors, **LLOYD** and **McGUCKIN**, our "Charley-is-my-darling **SANTLEY**," and the **BLACK**, not a bit off colour? Then last, but not by any means least, Miss **CLARA BUTT**, whose very name is so suggestive of a voice clear and full. "Butt me no Butts," except this one, and she is magnificent. The Crystal Palace ought to do a good business with all our Colonials and visitors from many lands during this Jubilee fortnight. Lots of "Brocken" Nights, and splendid fireworks.

Cursory Rhyme.

(By an Expectant Lover of Cricket.)

BATTER wake, batter wake! Cricketer man,
 Make a big score as fast as you can!
 Cut it, and drive, mark it "W. G.,"
 And put it in print for the public to see!

On the Cards.

[It has been complained, that in the preparation for the great Jubilee Pageant, Labour, save in the crush of the streets, had hardly a "look in."]

THE **QUEEN** of *Hearts*, on her *Diamond Day*,
 Will smile on her subjects, and make them feel gay.
Clubs, too, will flourish, but *Toil*, I'm afraid,
 Will find small provision is made for the *Spade*!

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

"A GRANDMOTHER" ON TWO GREAT DAYS.
(A long way after the late Laureate.)

SIXTY years ago, my darling, sixty years ago!
 My hair was as dark as your own, little ANNIE, though now it is white as snow.
 King **WILLY** the Sailor-King, had died on the twentieth day of June.
 Methinks I can hear the bells a-tolling their solemn and sorrowful tune!
 And I was a girl, like the sweet young **QUEEN**, who on that day came to the Crown.
 "Sweet seventeen!" said your grandfather then, and my hair was shiny and brown,
 Banded in formal bands, little ANNIE, drawn over each ring-pierced ear.
 Ah! the fashions then we thought fine, though now you might fancy them quaint and queer.
 Early Victorian style, little ANNIE, the modern critics may mock, But I was as proud of my big poke-bonnet and prim short-waisted frock
 As a modern girl of her tailor-made dress and her hat like a garden-bed.
 The boys who besieged my heart, little ANNIE, cared not what I wore on my head.
 Early Victorian style! Ah, well, it was stodgy, and stiff, and strange,
 And sixty years in our fashions and tastes have witnessed a wondrous change.
 The horse-hair sofa on which I sat when your grandfather came to woo,
 I remember well; and the wall-paper, too, with its pattern of crimson and blue.
 But manhood was manhood, and love was love, e'en in Eighteen-thirty-seven,
 And that stiff, quaint room in the twilight gloom was an Early Victorian heaven
 To two young hearts, on that summer eve as the summer sun sank low,
 Sixty years ago, my darling, sixty years ago!
 How well I remember my first glad glance at our gentle, girlish **QUEEN**
 At her palace-window. She seemed half shy, half shamed that her tears were seen,
 Yet stately, too, in her girlish style, for then, as at this late day, Queendom and womanhood mingled in her; at least, so the wise ones say.
 And so I think; though she well might shrink. Such a burden for one so young!
 But the weight of a crown hath not bowed her down. She'd a spirit that ever sprung
 Like young wheat after the beating shower, so slight, but erect and proud.
 And now, on her Diamond Jubilee Day, I would fain make one of the crowd.
 That may not be, little ANNIE; but still, in my lonely waiting here
 To rejoin the friends of that early time, who have left me many a year,
 I can raise my prayer. And there's many an old heart, lone, unknown, unseen,
 Will join to-day in its quiet way in the cry, "God save the **QUEEN**!"
 Early Victorian! Ah, my child, art-critics may sneer and slate, But the heart hath its fashions that do not change, be it early, or be it late;
 And a bosom wearing a dowdy dress with as loyal love could glow, Sixty years ago, ANNIE, sixty years ago!
 Yes, mine is a time of peace, my child; I have little left to grieve;
 And so may it be with our Gracious **QUEEN**! May she, too, have Light at Eve!
 And when all the jubilant shoutings of this Jubilee Day shall cease, May the crown of all this glorious time be the boon of blessed Peace!

THE PLACE FOR DYNAMITING ANARCHISTS TO BE IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.—Bomb-ay.



A QUICK CHANGE.

Miss Jubilee. "WE HAD A RARE GOOD TIME IN LONDON, AND NOW I'M OFF FOR A 'WHIFF OF THE BRINY' AT THE NAVAL REVIEW!"



THE PERILS OF CYCLING.

(A sketch in Battersea Park.)

Angelina. "COME ALONG, DEAR!"

OUR CONVERSATION-BOOK.

Some Idiomatic Questions and Probable Answers. For the Use of Intelligent and Polite Foreigners during the Celebrations.

To a Railway Porter, on arriving at Charing Cross.—Pardon me, Sir, but would you be good enough to indicate to me where I may possibly find my luggage? I have two travelling trunks, five portmanteaux, one hold-all, one bicycle, one hat-box, one bassinette, one perambulator (as the case may be). You will do me a thousand favours if you will kindly spare me a moment.

Very sorry, but I can't stop. We're short-anded this morning. Wait a moment, I beg of you. Would you oblige me by accepting this trifling present of five (ten, fifteen) shillings?

Thanky, Sir. P'raps I can 'elp you for 'arf a minit. You come along with me.

Dear me, what a crowd! Excuse me, Sir, but you are treading on my toes! No, I do not see my baggage anywhere. How annoying!

Dessay it will turn up somewheres next week. Must be orf, now!

To a Policeman, outside.—Good morning, Sir. I am anxious to pay a visit at my friend's town-house in Soho (Leicester Square Tottenham Court Road). Can you direct me thither?

Yes, Mounseer. Tako the train back to Dover, go over to Ostend, then you cross to Harwich, and arsk for an excursion ticket to Birmingham, Oxford, and Paddington. That's the only way you can git through this crowd.

At a Cabman's Shelter.—Good afternoon. I hope I do not disturb you, Sir, but I have been waiting here two (three or four) hours. Could you tell me if there is a likelihood of your being disengaged to-day? I trust you will not charge by the hour for the time I have been standing here?

Look 'ere, JIM, 'ere's a blooming furriner expects me to put 'im dahn on my waitin' list for nothing! Go 'ome and eat coke!

At a wayside Coffee-stall.—Madame, I have the distinguished

honour to present you my compliments. It is now half-past six, and I have been unable to obtain any refreshment since I arrived in England this morning. Could you favour me with a slight repast?

Certingly. Will you 'ave whilks—there's three left—'arf-crown apiece, or would you like cawfy rinsins, three-and-six-pence a cup?

Somewhere in the Remote Suburbs, 10 P.M.—I heg your pardon, Ma'am. Pray do not shut the door in my face! I have been on foot for thirteen hours, and have not yet arrived anywhere at all. No, I am not a burglar in disguise, nor a tramp, though my hat has been smashed, my coat is torn, and I have only one boot left. Here is my card (my passport, my *acte de naissance*). I cannot find Soho nor Leicestersquare, and am unable to walk a step further. Can you afford me shelter for the night? I shall be eternally grateful to you.

There are no lodgings to be 'ad nearer than Barnet or Biggleswade. Lawkamussy, whatever made you come over to London on a day like this? Good night!

Familiar Line from Cibber-Shakspeare's
Richard the Third.

(Adopted to the Present Time and Fashion.)

Irritable Sight-seer (whose view is blocked by a lady's hat). "Off with her . . . hat! So much . . ."

[Gives the necessary directions.]

A Cruel Young Fellow.

Adolphus Hardcase (reading from the money article of the "Daily Mail" to his family at breakfast). Hallo! here's some news. "Little Turks hardened, Italians advanced, Russians declined."

Aunt Matilda. Good heavens! Then war in the East has broken out at last!



A NICE CALCULATION.

Small Child. "MOTHER, YOU SAID IF I WAS GOOD ALL THE AFTERNOON YOU WOULD GIVE ME A PENNY. IF I WAS ONLY RATHER NAUGHTY, WOULD YOU GIVE ME A HALFPENNY?"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 14.—Show me where, within measurable distance of 85, Fleet Street, which is the hub of the universe, there is to be found a finer performance of WAGNER's *Tristan und Isolde* than was given at Covent Garden on Monday night last, and, by my halidome, gadso, and so forth, I will hie me thither and hear it. Such a performance as was this on Monday would almost persuade me to be a Wagnerite. But "almost" is a very long way off, and for my part I cannot believe that with our tune-loving, barrel-organised public, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Götterdämmerung*, and "all the Wagnerian lot of 'em," will ever be genuinely popular, as, for example, have been the works of MOZART, AUBER, DONIZETTI, GOUNOD, BALFE, *cum aliis compositoribus*. And what a trial for the mimetic powers of the actor-singers, when they have to express their feelings in action for the space of some fifty bars of music! Their feelings would probably be very simply expressed in rather forcible language to the librettist or to the stage manager. Had it not been at the Opera, where everyone, from topmost gallery to foremost orchestral stall, is on his or her very best superfluous behaviour, would not a few of the immortals up above have "guy'd" the good old familiar situation, repeated *ad nauseam*, of two lovers placing their wobbly hands over their heating hearts to express their overpowering passion, sighing, advancing a few paces, pausing, sighing again, giving die-away glances at each other, meant to be expression of undying yearning for each other's love, but conveying the idea that both of them are awfully bored by having to "fill up the time with business." And then that other part of a long "love" scene (so totally different in every sense from the innocent boy and girliness of *Romeo and Juliet*), where the two guilty lovers remain on one of "the benches in the park," locked more or less in each other's arms, not singing a note for the space of what may be ten minutes, but which to an Unwagnerian seems quite an hour while the lady's maid "without" sings, to a harp accompaniment, what to an Unwagnerian must

seem the song of the Opera—is not this most undramatic, for drama means action, and it is only with the return of the King Husband and his friends that there is any action at all. Then there is a very mild row, and a short, sharp encounter between husband's friend and wife's lover, in which the latter comes off second best, apparently to the annoyance of *le mari un peu complaisant*.

JEAN DE RESZKE magnificent in voice and appearance as the sad and spoony *Tristan*—*plus triste 'un que jamais*—and *Frère EDOUARD* excellent as the Heavy King MARK—"quite up to the Mark" observes the man who will have his joke and somebody else's too.

Mlle. SEDLMAIR as *Isolde* ("as *Is-young*" would be more complimentary than "as *Is-olde*"), thoroughly good, as was Miss MARIE BREMA, representing the confidential lady's maid condemned to such pantomimic action as was the "Confidant" in SHERIDAN'S *Critic*.

Mr. Classical-Dictionary-PRINGLE and Mr. DAVID BISPHAM, both equally good as the malicious *Melot* and the kind *Kurwenal* respectively. Hair SEIDL energetic as conductor, and honoured with a call on to the stage. He came up from the vasty deep orchestra when called, and modestly, in Wagnerian pantomime, disclaimed all share in the honour done to him.

Summary.—House crammed and brilliant. Royalties and Diamond Jubilants about everywhere. Up goes the price of seats.

Tuesday.—*Les Huguenots*, or *Gli Ugonotti*, whichever you like, my little dear, only not much "glee" in the "Ugonotti"; and an odd substitute for the promised *Nozze di Figaro*. Miss ENGLE a charming *Queen Margaret of Valois*, JUPITER PLANCON grand as *St. Bris*, *con brio*; Brother EDWARD a good strong, rugged *Marcello*. Signor CEPPI not much as *Raoul di Nangis*, probably annoyed at having the first vowel omitted from his name in the play-bill, where the character was announced as "Raul"—which, as Captain WAGSTAFF observed, "was raully too bad." MAGGIE MACINTYRE vocally delightful, but, histrionically, not quite "all our fancy painted."

Wednesday.—*Die Walküre*; or, *The Pedestrians*; Thursday, we're *Lohengrinning*; Friday, an encore of *Tristan*, and announcement of *Tannhäuser* to finish what would have been an entire German Wagnerian week, to some folk, dry as a bone, but for one draught of Meyer-beer on Monday.

By Royal Command, the Lord of HIGH DE GREY, and the Admirable ARRY IGGINS, our two Covent Gardenian Directors-in-Chief, have arranged, with their practical foresight, or rather, with their practical NEIL FORSYTH, a Grand Jubileratic Gala Night for Wednesday, June 23. *Prosit!* But—how tired everyone will be!!

THE SONG OF THE JUBILEE.

This is the Song of the Jubilee!
The Song of the Air and the Land and Sea!
The Song, that shall ring with a heartfelt glee
From the foam of our home,
From the sand of our strand,
To wherever there stretches the gentle hand
Of the Mighty QUEEN, who rules the Free,
"VICTORIA! VICTORIA!"

This is the Song of the Jubilee!
From the grandfather down to the babe on the knee!
From the bird in the cage to the bird on the tree!
Hail it East, with the West!
North and South join with zest!
Wheresoever our QUEEN and our Flag is blest,
There welcome the Song with your Three Times Three,
"VICTORIA! VICTORIA!"

Result of the Aggravated Grandmother's League.

Turf Patron (to Bookmaker). Well, Mr. RAILS, I see you've been summoned again. I hope it hasn't done you any harm!
Mr. Rails. Not a bit of it! The public always gathers round an injured party!

FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE (*evidently dodging the Authorities*).—
Q. What parish in England is most abundantly provided with clergy? A. Kew. Since every dwelling is provided with a Kew-rate.

CORRECT DEFINITION OF THE INCOME IMPOST.—The Tin Tax always well hammered in.

TAKING THE AIR.

["If the day ever comes when cycling shall have had its vogue, there is a fair possibility that it may be succeeded by an epidemic of ballooning."—*The World.*]

Now that the season is in full swing, everybody in town is ballooning, and an enormous number of ascents are made from Hyde Park every morning. But it is surely necessary that the authorities should take steps to protect those who are old-fashioned enough still to walk or drive. At present this can only be done with the greatest peril, as the humble wayfarer is in continual danger of being flattened by a large bag of sand dropped on his head from an altitude of a few thousand feet. Again, something should be done to prevent the repetition of such an accident as befell Lord COLCHICKEN the other morning. As that aged nobleman was walking along Pall Mall, the grapnel from a descending balloon, whose occupants were bound for the Reform Club, caught in his clothes, and, owing to the strength of the wind, dragged him rapidly through the streets. By running at top-speed, his lordship avoided falling, but it was not until it had reached Kensington Gardens that the balloon at length was brought to the ground, by which time Lord COLCHICKEN, who is about seventy years of age, was extremely exhausted.

Messrs. AERONAUT keep to the fore as the best balloon-makers, and their catalogue reminds us that their firm numbers all the leading members of Society among their customers. It is now fashionable to have your car painted in brilliant colours, while for those whose means forbid them to buy a balloon, Messrs. AERONAUT manufacture dainty parachutes at very moderate prices. Certainly one's machine must be made of the best quality, or a disastrous accident is sure to happen. Only the other day Lady FLOPKINSON punctured her silk while flying in the park, owing to some defect in its quality. Fortunately, she was immediately above the Serpentine at the moment, and so escaped with nothing worse than a cold bath and a great shock to the nerves.

We are glad to hear that Sir HUBERT FITZTOMPKINS has been restored to his anxious friends, who had been much distressed by his sudden disappearance. It seems that he had gone out with his balloon as usual, intending to fly down to Hurlingham. Unfortunately the wind suddenly changed, and blew very strongly, carrying the involuntary traveller to Iceland before he could effect a descent, thereby causing him very great inconvenience. No news has been heard since last week of the Countess of BUNKUM's picnic party, who started in seven balloons for a trip to Brighton. They were last sighted in the south of France, and it is feared that they must now be suffering from the heat, as in all probability they have descended somewhere in Central Africa.

As usual, the doctors are endeavouring to persuade the public that the newest pastime is unhealthy and even dangerous. Their diatribes, however, do not seem to receive much attention, to judge from the number of balloons which daily darken the sky. Of course, in order to enjoy it properly, one should never start unless equipped with clothing for every temperature, and provisions for a couple of months. And all attempts at "breaking records" in altitude of ascent should be left to the professionals. But, if indulged in moderately, ballooning is a most satisfactory pursuit, giving its followers both change of air and pleasurable excitement, especially when one sails into a thunderstorm, or the valve jams, or the gas leaks—incidents which constantly happen, and prevent ballooning being over accounted an uninteresting form of amusement.

We are glad to see that the Church, at any rate, gives this recreation hearty support. Indeed, on Sunday last the Bishop of Smithfield converted his captive balloon into a pulpit, and addressed a large congregation from it in the open air. Apparently his treatment of some rather controversial points offended one member of his congregation, who severed the rope of the balloon with a pocket-knife. This, unfortunately, brought the sermon to an untimely end, as the Bishop was immediately carried away into space, and has not been heard of since.

Several balloon gymkhanas are shortly to be held, and will doubtless prove interesting. Of course, when the season is over, everyone will take their balloons with them into the country, and it is possible that the servants, who rather resented pumping

THE QUEEN AND THE HOLIDAYS.

Delight of Mr. Barlow and Pupils on hearing of Her Majesty's wish for an extension of School Holidays this Diamond Jubilee Midsummer.



"HOORAY! THE JUBILEE!
THE JUBILEE! THE JUBILEE!
HOORAY! THE JUBILEE!
WE'VE GOT AN EXTRA WEEK, O!
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

out a tyre in the old bicycling days, will feel still more injured at having to inflate twenty or thirty balloons for a country-house party. But before long the cook and the butler will be seen disporting themselves in mid-air on their own account.

What Sir H. Irving didn't Hear

When he uncovered the Statue of Mrs. Siddons at Paddington.

One of the Well-Informed in the Crowd. I say, BILL, I thought as a statue if it weren't a-norseback were allus a-standing hup?
Second Better-Informed. Rightchyar ol' man! Only this 'ere is a statetoo of Missus Sit-downs.

TEST OF TRUE GALLANTRY.—Were a young belle of the season to be suddenly placed in imminent danger, would not men of all ranks and ages rush to her assistance? Would they not, at all hazards, attempt to save her? Why, certainly. Well, here is an "Old Belle"—the "Old Bell of Holborn"—once the pride of coaching men, now doomed to certain destruction unless those interested in the good old coaching days, and their survival in this "so-called nineteenth century," will come forward and save this "Old Bell" from destruction. Let it be preserved and restored to its former usefulness, with a first-rate cuisine, where simple fare shall be had in perfection, of which the simply travelling fares to Brighton and back will, in company with the friends and guests, partake previous to departure and on their return. Let there be preserved us at least one of the "Fine old English Hostelrys" of the Pickwickian days, "all in the good old style," adapted to the modern requirements.

At Denbyshire Summer Assizes, Mr. Justice RIDLEY recently sentenced one TAYLOR, of the Royal Order of Ancient Shepherds, to penal servitude for three years for forgery and embezzlement. The "Malus Pastor" was punished for illegally "fleeing."

OUR REAL ALEY-UNS.—The thousands of Britons whose motto is "Beer and for beer!"



"KIND LADY, I WAS NOT ALWAYS LIKE THIS!"

"WHY, NO. IT WAS YOUR OTHER ARM THAT WAS PINNED UP YESTERDAY!"

WARRANTED MADE IN GERMANY.

(Extract from an Imperial Note-book.)

OH! how I should have enjoyed it! Fancy miles and miles of bowings and cheerings and flags! Splendid! But of course I would have had something better than the stage coach. Would have designed a car something between the Tour Eiffel and the Pyramids. Of course, searchlights directed at me from all sides! Oh! I would have a grand time of it! But think I should have done better at Temple Bar. Would have made the Lord Mayor and sheriffs get off their horses, seen them into my triumphal car, and then ridden the three chargers at once myself! Could have done it easily. Always direct the Berlin circus myself. I am, by the way, a

first-rate master of the ring. Oh! it would have been lovely! And what a thanksgiving service I would have had! But the whole world should have been turned upon St. Paul's by telephone. And I would in person have conducted the *Te Deum*.

And then, after my procession, I would have made all the seatholders march in procession before me. They should have saluted me, the whole lot of them. That *would* have been grand! Then, at the Ball, I would have done all the dancing, and at the Naval Review all the manœuvring. What a grand affair I would have had! With all those ships ready to hand, not sure I wouldn't have paid my promised visit to Paris. Don't know much about naval manœuvring, but think I could have brought up a few men-o'-war, *via* the Seine, to the Louvre.

And oh! what a game I would have had at Aldershot! And out of it! Yes; all out of it! Of course, it was felt that if I were there, I would sure to be the central figure. Well, that wouldn't have done. Show belonged to much-revered relative. But should so like to do something of the sort myself. Could easily get a million soldiers; and by depopulating all the Crown colonies, would scrape up a hundred German colonists. And I daresay old KRUGER would turn up for a consideration. Then with cardboard and fireworks could do a lot more. But then I haven't reigned sixty years. At least, not quite. And yet I should so like to do something of the sort! Eureka! I have it. I know what I will do. I will hold a Double Diamond Jubilee on behalf of my predecessor, FREDERICK THE GREAT!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Boating Man, invited by a Comely Widow to view the Jubilee Procession, answers her with considerable audacity.

THERE is no subject of the QUEEN
Who yields to me in loyalty!
And yet somehow I'm rarely seen
About the haunts of royalty.
This is not due to disrespect,
Nor yet because I'm hazy
About Court loings. I select
My plan—because I'm lazy!

A beefeater in full costume
Impresses me most vastly;
But sometimes, at a Drawing Room,
I've seen fair maids look ghastly!
It would not do to diagnose
Why they should just have failed in
The light in which full many a rose
Assuredly had paled in!

I only know I cannot stand
The crowds, the bands and cheering.
The sight, I know, is very grand,
But not my sense of hearing!
And so with all my thanks to you,
I plead lack of progression;
You'll tell me everything that's new
About the QUEEN'S Procession!

Meanwhile, when you are lacking food
And drink, from window speering,
I shall indulge (in other mood),
Praps Staines or Windsor nearing.
"The Bells of Ouseley" seems to me
The spot whereat to linger;
And yet, you know, I'd love to be
Beside your wedding finger!

A ROYAL (RICHMOND) GRANT.

DEAR SIR,—I understand that the Mayor of Richmond (Surrey, not Yorkshire) has been voted £250, in addition to his salary of £300, in consequence of the Jubilee, by the members of the Corporation. This is an example which ought to be followed all over the country, but half a "monkey" is, after all, but a poor tribute to a mayor. Let the Corporation go the whole hog or none, at the expense of the i-ratepayers.

Yours to command,

Sheen Green.

FORK-OUT.

DURING the Kempton Park case, Sir FRANK Lockwood remarked that there was "every chance of Scotland becoming a Monte Carlo." The national song will be, "Bonnie Monty Carlisle!"



SPLTHEAD. JUNE 26.

BRITISH LION (taking the Young Lions out to see the Great Naval Review). "LOP' LOVE YER, MY LADS, THIS IS THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE!"





OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.

The Gushington Girls have just arrived by rail, and are inhaling the Odours of an average London Terminus.

Miss Milly Gushington. "WAIT A BIT, UNCLE." (Sniff.) "OH, ISN'T IT LOVELY, HILLY? DOESN'T IT JUST SMELL OF THE SEASON?"
Miss Hilly Gushington. "DON'T SPEAK ABOUT IT—ONLY SNIFF!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Waste and Repair have nothing to do with a repairing lease in the ordinary adaptation of the term. It is the title given by Dr. ROBSON ROOSE to a collection of his essays, contributed at various times to some of the principal magazines, now published in one volume by JOHN MURRAY. It is waste and repair in the lease of life with which the eminent Doctor (known in diplomatic circles as RUSTEM ROOSE PACHA) is concerned. As many of our best known public men can testify, the subject is one he is by successful practice peculiarly qualified to deal with. The results of his wide experience, guided by profound knowledge and singular aptitude, is distilled in this handy volume. Among the subjects dealt with are the wear and tear of London life, the art of prolonging life, clothing as a protection against cold, health resorts and their uses. In the course of dealing with these and other subjects of every-day life, Dr. ROBSON ROOSE manages to convey in simple language a multiplicity of valuable hints, useful alike to the invalid, and to the healthy man, whose day is not long enough for its appointed tasks.

Messrs. BURNAND and MAY have been making a sort of Canterbury Pilgrimage through Kent, keeping chiefly to the coast in the neighbourhood of Ramsgate and Margate. The result is seen in the handy volume published by A. AND C. BLACK. *The Zig-Zag Guide* is totally unlike anything previously put forward by the firm whose name is given to many guides. There is about it very little that is archaeological, historical, or in other ways heavy. It is just the bright chatter of a gay companion, who enjoys a holiday himself, and is the cause of desire on the part of others to make holiday. In spite of its bantering tone the book is full of shrewd hints of what to see and how to see it, "round and about the bold and beautiful Kentish coast." The sparkling pages are further illuminated by abounding illustrations. Some of PHIL MAY's very best work will be found in this modest volume, whose price completes its attractiveness. People about to visit Ramsgate and Margate will find it indispensable. Those who are not going, will, when they read it, wish they were.

"I want to make your flesh creep," might Mr. BRAM STOKER well say as a preface to his latest book, named *Dracula*, which he has given in charge of the CONSTABLES (& Co.) to publish. The story

is told in diaries and journals, a rather tantalising and somewhat wearisome form of narration, whereof WILKIE COLLINS was a past-master. In almost all ghostly, as in most detective stories, one character must never be absent from the *dramatis personæ*, and that is The Inquiring, Sceptical, Credulous Noodle. The Inquiring Noodle of Fiction must be what in comedy "CHARLES his friend" is to the principal comedian, "only more so," as representing the devoted, admiring slave of the philosophic astute hero, ever ready to question, ever ready to dispute, ever ready to make a mistake at the critical moment, or to go to sleep just when success depends on his remaining awake. "Friend JOHN" is Mr. BRAM STOKER's Noodle-in-Chief. There are also some secondary Noodles; Noodles of no importance. This weird tale is about Vampires, not a single, quiet, creeping Vampire, but a whole brood of them, governed by a Vampire Monarch, who is apparently a sort of first cousin to *Mephistopheles*. Rats, bats, wolves and vermin obey him, but his power, like that of a certain well-advertised soap, "which will not wash clothes," has its limits; and so at last he is trapped, and this particular brood of vampires is destroyed as utterly as would be a hornets' nest when soused with hot pitch. It is a pity that Mr. BRAM STOKER was not content to employ such supernatural anti-vampire receipts as his wildest imagination might have invented without rashly venturing on a domain where angels fear to tread. But for this, the Baron could have unreservedly recommended so ingenious a romance to all who enjoy the very weirdest of weird tales.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A NOTE OF THE DAY.

(Intercepted.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—According to my promise I write you a line to give you all the news of the moment. Of course you know we have had the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee. But let that pass.

The progress of the peace negotiations at Athens are of considerable interest. And when I talk of Greece I am reminded that illumination by electric light is much cleaner than oil. On Jubilee night this was evident. But let that pass.

The House of Commons has got into Supply. And when I talk of Supply it is a matter of conjecture whether the wood employed in the seats can be used again. Of course the Jubilee was unique.

The cricket averages so far have not been sensational. We have the Philadelphians, but the Australians are *non est*. And this reminds me that the Colonial Premiers have had a good time of it, thanks to the Jubilee. But let that pass.

The theatres are doing well. You know that Mr. BEERBOUM TREE has opened Her Majesty's. The Poet Laureate wrote the inaugural verses, and that reminds me that the poem on the Jubilee was up-to-date. But let that pass.

I really can scarcely describe the fashions. Red, white and blue are the prevailing colours—no doubt in honour of the Jubilee. But let that pass.

The season is on the wane. When we reach July we begin to look out trains. And this season has been particularly brilliant on account of the Jubilee. But let that pass.

And now, my dear friend, I think I have exhausted my budget of news. Of course I could tell you all about the Jubilee, but as you have seen what I could say in the newspapers, my account would be a trifle stale. And this is rather unfortunate. If I omit the Jubilee I can think of nothing else.

Yours very truly, TAIT MONTAY.

A Matter of Metal.

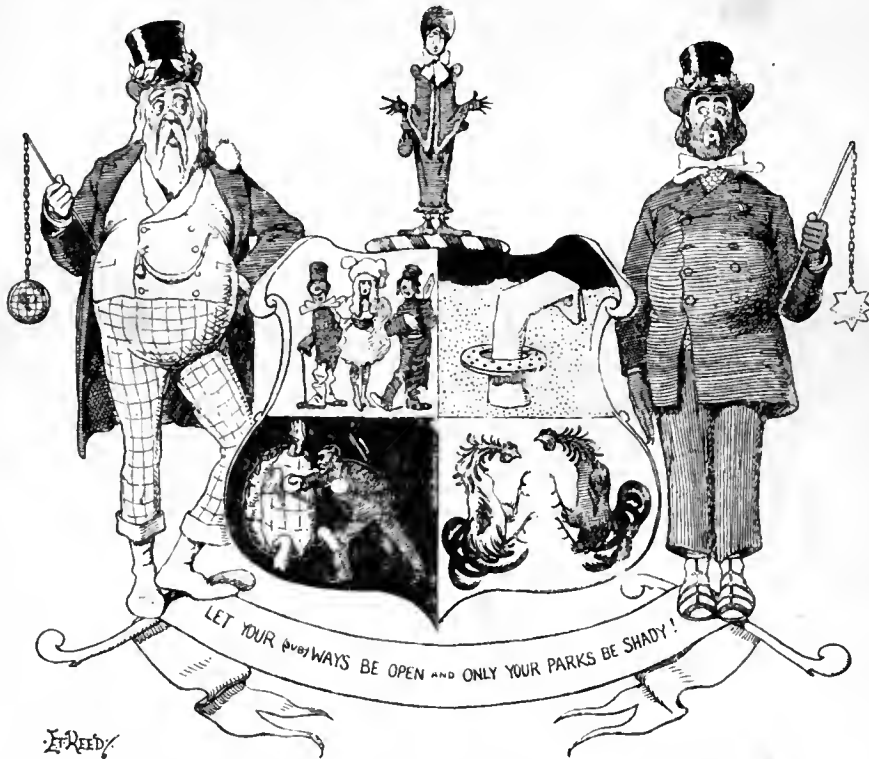
AT RICHARD LE GALLIENNE some seem enraged;
But Art's brains, with a strange epilepsy a-twirl,
And fiction erotic, seem chiefly engaged
In "The Quest of the Brazen Girl."

PROPHETICAL.—In *The Comic Almanack*, illustrated by GEORGE CRUICKSHANK, under date, June 21, 1837, Mr. *Punch's* private secretary has found the following lines:—

"The QUEEN proclaimed upon the longest day!
May this coincidence be not in vain;
But prove prophetic of her lengthened sway,
And to the longest day proclaim her reign."

The favourite weapon of the burglar ought to be the Repeating Rifle.

READY-MADE COAT-(OF-ARMS) FOR THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.



Arms: Quarterly; 1st, three music-hall stars blatant voided of guile charged with double-entendres studded azure; 2nd, issuant from a "ring" sinister spotted and exposed proper a balance-sheet doctored and distinctly fichée to the last, all under a cloud sable; 3rd, a civic turtle pommel and affronted proper charged in the middle for betterment with a belabour member poignant in satire or battersea cough-drop rampant; 4th, two party-coloured fighting-cocks dancetté in fury chronically embroiled proper on a ground litigious in the main. *Crest*: A prude vigilant on the pounce armed with pince-nez and reticule highly proper; in her bonnet an heraldic bee rampant. *Supporters*: On either side an antique civic effigy habited proper up to date, the dexter bearing a special globe gules, and the sinister a star extra-special vert.

HAYMARKETABLE PIECE.

"GENTS' old materials carefully made up" and turned out as good as new, or even better, by Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, who has shown workmanlike skill in this the latest, but probably not by any means the last, adaptation of ALEXANDRE DUMAS' comedy, *Un Mariage sous Louis Quinze*. When in 1861 PLANCHE did it for Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS, as *My Lord and My Lady*; or, *it Might have been Worse, The Général*, so capably played now by Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE (who, by the way, makes him so rough and uncouth as to be more suggestive of *Orson* than *Valentine*), was transformed into a lady, and played by Mrs. WILKINS, and Mrs. FITZWILLIAM played the soubrette, which is now vivaciously interpreted by Miss ADRIENNE DAIROLLES. The old-fashioned confidential valet, *Jasmin*, is effectively played by Mr. HOLMAN CLARK, "by permission of Mr. TREE." By the way, three out of the four principal characters, exclusive of Manager MAUDE and wife, appear here by kind permission of somebody else. Mr. TERRISS is "permitted" by Messrs. A. and S. GATTI, and Mr. VALENTINE is "permitted" by Sir HENRY IRVING. The formula used to be, "by kind permission," but on a *chagné tout cela*, and into what is evidently purely "a matter of business," kindness does not enter.

Miss WINIFRED EMERY, as *Comtesse de*

Candale, has not had a better part, nor played a part better than this, for some time. True, it makes no such extraordinary demand on the dramatic resources as does the very compound character of the *Chevalier de Valcos* on those of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, whose impersonation of a frivolous coxcomb, with all the courage of his opinions and absolutely spoiling for a duel, is masterly. Had Maitre DUMAS not fashioned this character on these lines, the *dénouement* as it is would have been impossible, and the comedy would have become a tragedy.

Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS is so delightful as the Count of Many Costumes, that the audience would not spare a single riband, or buckle, or scrap of lace, from his adornments; and as to the way in which he holds a letter in his left and slaps it with his right hand, as a preliminary action to reading its contents, why, there is not a genuine gallery-goer, or persistent pittite, but must feel tempted to murmur sobbingly, "Sure-ly that letter comes from *See-usan*! Bless her dear eyes!" and then anxiously expect him to address the Chevalier as "messmate," previous to proposing a *hornpipe à deux*. Yes; Number Al Adelphi TERRISS is every inch a sailor. But, pardon, here he is quite the young debonnaire French count, with all the airs and graces associated with the court of LOUIS QUINZE.

Congratulations to Messrs. HARRISON,

MAUDE and GRUNDY on their successful revival of a play which has already had a good time or it during its long career in a former state of existence. By the way, in 1851, Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, who had a knack of taking over whatever suited his purpose, used one scene of this play in his *Love in a Maze*, without any acknowledgment. But PLANCHE found him out, and mentions the fact in the preface to his published play, *My Lord and My Lady*.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

THE FEASTS OF THE JUBILEE.

DEAR MISTER,—Unuseful of to write the in-head, *l'en-tête*, of this letter! *Les fêtes du jubilé*, voilà that of whom all the world speaks!

Me I go not to write a letter also long as at the ordinary, for in effect I have but little of things to say. Only, and this it is not a little thing, that a French desires to offer, with the most great respect, his very humble felicitations to Her Majesty the QUEEN. I dare to say that all my compatriots, even the most furious *rédacteurs* of the most despicable journals of Paris, even the most violent of the Socialists—in effect the least important of the French, but those who make themselves to hear the most—for little that they love the England and the monarchy, must to admire a sovereign so worthy of homage. As to the persons more tranquil, as me, they are for sure of my advice.

All the preparatives are very curious to see. I admire much the enthusiasm, so rarely in evidence, of the English ordinarily calm and correct. Ah, the beautiful occasion of to forget *la morgue britannique si morne*, the britannie mortuary so mournful! Figure to yourself, *Mister Punch*, the millions of Londonians become gay as some *Marseillais* in the honour of the QUEEN! What day of feast! Provided that he makes fine! But hope we all days that we shall see, at above of the vast concourse of Londonians, gay as some Meridionals, a sky blue as at Nice.

During almost all the duration of this reign so long and so glorious, you have been, dear *Mister Punch*, one of the most loyal subjects of HER MAJESTY. Me I am stranger, and I have passed but some months in your country. Permit, however, that we say together our wishes the most sincere. God save the QUEEN! Hipipourra! Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.

From an Eminent English Tenor of the Past to M. Jean de Reszke.

(AIR—"My Pretty Jane.")

MY stalwart JEAN, expensive JEAN,

Oh! do not be so shy!

But sing, oh! sing, on all your evenings,
Or else they'll think that you are I!

By Central News wire the news arrived last Wednesday that Prince HENRY of Prussia was about to present the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. GOSCHEN, with a picture, representing a fleet of English cruisers, drawn by the GERMAN EMPEROR. Very nice; Mr. GOSCHEN delighted, of course; but—*what will he do with it?*

STAGE DORIC.—The language of the hall-keeper at a theatre where a chorus is employed.

RED TAPE AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Some of the members of the Colonial Forces, now visiting the homeland of their QUEEN, are reported to be rather sore because official Red Tape—that dreadful hamstring of the old bureaucracy—has in minor measure not done justice to their patriotism in crossing the seas for the Diamond Commemoration of our well-beloved Sovereign. You, Sir, representing, as you do, an Imperial Concert, know well that neither the QUEEN nor the People of the United Kingdom desire that any slight should be passed upon these gallant warriors, who, like the followers of LARS PORTIUS of Clusium, have come from East and West and North and South. Rather would we all wish that they should be, as they deserve to be, the Heroes of this Jubilee Year. I am convinced that wheresoever they come from, the Sons of the Empire are welcomed by their British brethren with fervour and delight, but it is just as well for them to understand that the Permanent Clerk in a Government Office is generally so tied and bound with the Red Tape aforesaid, that a statue of him would resemble the Laocoon without any of its artistic qualities. He is not a man, but a machine, and in the latter capacity he has never got beyond the possibility of being worked otherwise than by hand. He was brought up by hand, and he lives by hand—often to mouth. He has no ideas beyond Tradition, and he resents interference with those ideas.

I am not sure whether the American plan of shaking all the Civil Servants out of their places on the change of President would not be beneficial here, when a Ministry goes into Opposition. But in any case I am sure that Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, our greatest Imperialist, would like, as I would, to cut up all red tape and join it with white and blue for decorative purposes. Let all our Colonial visitors believe in the sincere love of their Mother Country for them and their prosperity, as does the great Dominion of Canada.

Yours obediently,
BRITANNICUS.

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A BICYCLE THIEF.—NIXION.



“WELL, 'OW DID YOU GET ON AT THE CLUB LARST NIGHT?”
“OH, I HAD BEASTLY BAD LUCK. LOST A 'UNDRED AND SEVENTY QUIDS, AND THE WORST OF IT IS, FIFTEEN BOB OF IT WAS READY MONEY!”

INTERVIEWS WITH INANIMATE OBJECTS.

A PENNY ICE.

I HAD heard a great deal of the pernicious character of the common or “barrow” ice, so felt considerably embarrassed on recently finding myself face to face with one. Its evident coldness did not tend to put me at my ease, and I made a lame commencement of my cross-examination.

“Do you suffer at all, this weather, from over-heating?”

“Who are you a-gittin' at?” was the suspicious reply. “It ain't no odds to me whether you heats me or not. I s'pose I was made to be beaten. If you mean, does them suffer as does the over-heating, I dunno but what as 'ow there might be some think in it.”

“You have misunderstood me, but I am not sorry, because you have incidentally touched upon the very thing about which I should like definite, first-hand information.”

“Fire away, guv'nor!”

“Are you, strictly speaking, wholesome? I have read unpleasant medical opinions to the effect that you are ruining the interiors of countless little East-end arabs. Doctors say that you are positively thick with microbes.”

“Mike who? I'm positive I ain't thick with any cove of that name. Never 'eard tell of 'im.”

“It's like this. An analyser who—”

“'Old 'ard, guv'nor! If you mean Anna 'Liza of our Court, I don't see that you've any call to bring 'er or any other lydy into this 'ere bizness.”

I saw that I must make a simpler appeal. The want of culture shown by this uneducated ice struck me as a forcible contrast to the refinement of the barrel-organ

that I had previously interviewed in the interests of Mr. Punch's readers.

“They say that you are not clean, and that you make the children ill.”

“Tommy-rot, guv'nor! Dirt's all right if you don't git too much of it. Some of the poor little beggars do git too much of it, there's no denying that, but not from me. There's lots o' folks who'd be all the better of a penny hicc. Keep 'em cool, like! 'Alf them there editors of noo-papers, and sich, should be made to eat a hicc reg'lar. They're sich blessed fire-eaters that it would do 'em a power o' good. Then I'd feed the 'Ouse o' Commons on hices. That would settle their HASHMEAD-BARTLETTs a bit, and save 'em from gittin' into 'ot water.”

“Thank you for the suggestion. I will write to Mr. Punch about it—but I cannot believe that you are wholesome.”

“Just one thing more, guv'nor. As a loyal subjec', I has my views about honourin' the QUEEN's Diamond Jubilee. Let that £25,000 cheque be spent in providin' all the school-children of England with penny hices on Jubilee day. Let 'em hall stand up at noon punctual, sing 'God save the Queen,' and then eat the hices. They will never forget it as long as they live!”

Desperate Remedies.

First Male Passenger (in train from Waterloo to Windsor). When I first got hold of Xavier Olibo, I had pretty well to cut him to pieces.

Second M. P. That's the way to do it. I gave the Marquise de Castellane the same treatment. In some cases there's nothing like the knife!

[Old lady in the corner nearly faints on hearing of these atrocities, and changes her compartment at Vauxhall; but after all, the supposed assassins were only enthusiastic rose-growers.

JUBILEE BOOTS.

A Pendant to *Matinée Hats*.

[“An author has devised a cork golosh, 4½ inches high and weighing 10 oz. to the pair, for the use of short persons, who wish to view the procession and find themselves in the back rows.”—*Daily Paper*.]

ZACCHÆUS now no more need climb
A tree or lamp-post handy,
Nor seek an eminence sublime
To make his *locus standi*.

A simple means has been evolved
By genius too long latent;
The dwarf sightseer's *crux* is solved
In this, the latest patent.

A writer sells to those who'll buy
(The *Daily Mail* announces)
A cork golosh five inches high,
That weighs as many ounces.

“Boots off in front,” the crowd will yell
To each obstructive giant,
Since they obscure the view as well
As girls with hats defiant.

If all the lieges bought a pair,
One scribe in luck would revel;
But we should all be “as you were”—
A mob upon one level!

The Latest Form of Assurance.

Managing Clerk (to Customer at Insurance Office). Insure your seeing the Jubilee Procession! Certainly, Sir, but we must insert a clause in the policy insisting upon your taking up your position on the previous night.

In the Royal Inclosure at Ascot.

Lady Millesteurs (to Mrs. GOBEMOUCHE). How on earth did you get in here?

Mrs. G. Because I wrote and said that I was a friend of yours!



SIMPLE ENOUGH.

Yotel (in pursuit of escaped Bull, to Timmins, who is "teaching himself"). "HI, MISTER! IF YER CATCH HOLD OF HIS LEADING-STICK, HE CAN'T HURT YER!"

DARBY JONES ON ASCOT.

HONOURED SIR,—Crippled by over-indulgence after the success in the Derby of *Galtie More*, who represents, I understand, a kind of Alps in Ireland, I nevertheless have crawled from my gout-laden couch to put my hand to paper other than that delicate "flimsy" manufactured by Messrs. PORTAL in Hampshire for the use of the Bank of England and the benefit of Mankind. There are those who pretend that a ten-pound note is difficult of circulation. So is the blood. Nevertheless, I knew a Man who used to patronise the defunct Chain Pier at Brighton, and boast that he obtained admission gratis by exhibiting the Order to Bearer for ten doubloons issued by the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, the gatekeeper being unprovided with the requisite change. This dodge succeeded for a time, but it so happened that at Brighton Races, the crafty individual in question produced his lucky tenner to back a quadruped for a sovereign, and was promptly made a victim of the Confidence Trick, one of the simplest and most effective games ever contrived by the Israelites during their sojourn in the Land of the Nile.

But Ascot, noble Sir, is my theme. I can imagine you arrayed in a suit of pearl grey, surmounted by a white "chimney-pot," and not unadorned with a Jubilee buttonhole—red, white and blue—strolling

in the Royal Enclosure amid the Great Personages of the Diamond Commemoration, conscious that socially you were a sort of MORNINGTON CANNON, and capable of rivalling that famous jockey, as at Hurst Park, in landing winners. Ascot, however, is not what it was when it was chiefly patronised by those recorded in the immortal chronicles of BURKE, WALFORD, and DEBRET. The excellent service of the London and South-Western Railway Company, coupled with Sir CHARLES SCOTTER, has much to answer for. I can remember a period when the temporary tenant of a mansion in the neighbourhood, provided with all the luxuries of Messrs. FORTNUM AND MASON, was unable to supply bread to his guests owing to the failure of a local roll-maker. How different is the case nowadays! One runs down to the classic Heath from Waterloo with all the ease of the Lord Mayor proceeding from the Mansion House to inaugurate a Hospital in the region of Whitechapel.

Last year, Mr. HAMAR BASS appropriated the Ascot Cup with *Love Wisely*, and the Hunt Cup was annexed by *Quarrel*—both the owners being of high degree. Take my word for it, honoured Sir, that at Ascot, the noble and wealthy horse-owner is always to the fore—like a sailor on the look-out.

Truth must be told at all hazards, and I regret to say that, owing to the uncertain state of the Law on the subject of what I

may term "Place-betting," I was unable to be present. But—the tip I sent you, was it not an inspiration?

His prospect was never a dim 'um,
You know how I spotted *Perasimon*.*

Ever your henchman,
DARBY JONES.

* We don't "know" anything of the sort.—Ed.

A JOLLY JUVENILE JUBILEE.

(By a Human Boy.)

["It has been left to the QUEEN herself to suggest the form such recognition (of youth at the Jubilee) should take, and she has shown her perfect comprehension of the juvenile mind by intimating that it would please her if the governing bodies of schools could see their way to making this year some addition to the ordinary summer holidays, in order that the Diamond Jubilee may live resplendent in the memory of those to whom we must look to carry on the work of the Empire."—*Times*.]

AH! God save the QUEEN, boys! And all I can say is that if those same "governing bodies"

Can't find out a way to oblige HER MOST GRACIOUS, they *must* be disloyal old noddies!

A Jubilee Holiday! Lor! what a jolly day! or—so the *Times* speaks for royalty—Several days! Why not make it a week, and so give lets of room for our loyalty?

Hang it! you can't do sufficient hooraying in twenty-four hours! That's sheer fudgery!

We want, as the *Times* very properly puts it, a few days more "respite from drudgery."

It *would* be mean to our glorious QUEEN to cut down *her* holiday stingily.

All very well for those blamed Little Englanders, who would do everything dingly.

All boys are Tories and patriots, you bet, hating everything funky and shabby; And making our Jubilee Holiday less than a week would be worthy of LEBBY.

He would cut down Royal Grants, Fleets and Pensions, and everything noble and jolly,

And no doubt he'd *like* to cut down the QUEEN's gift, which is all nasty Radical folly.

Make it a week and you'll make us all patriots! Pater and mater, I reckon, Will squirm at the notion; but in their devotion, wherever VICTORIA may beckon

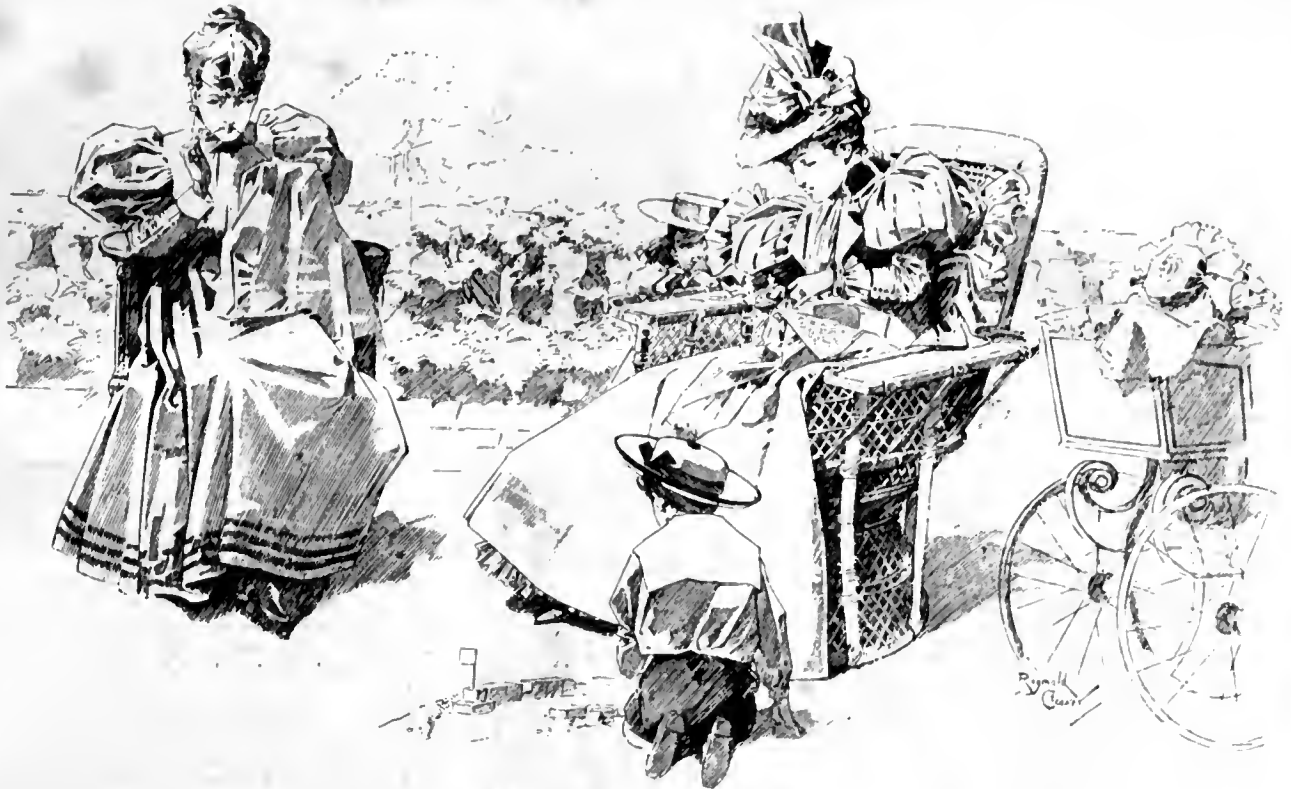
They'll loyally follow! 'Twill beat LUB-nock hollow, VICTORIA's week for the nippers will;

And just *won't* we enjoy it, and better employ it than all the Bank Holiday trippers will!!!

A CASE OF IDENTITY.

DR. GRIMSHAW, Head Master of St. Boniface, is taking the Sixth Form, when there enters a telegraph-boy. The Doctor, thinking to impress the class, motions the intruder to be quiescent till one of the form has finished his construing. When the boy has finished, he beckons to the postal emissary, and in his rich, sonorous and academical voice, enquires: "Well, my lad, what do you want?" *Telegraph Boy*. "Ere's a wire for GRIMSHAW." *The Doctor*. "Give it to me." *Telegraph Boy* (*resolved to have his revenge*). "But are you GRIMSHAW?"

[*Simultaneous convulsion of the Form.*]



MARRIED V. SINGLE.

Bee (single). "WHY DO YOU WEAR A PINK BLOUSE, DEAR? IT MAKES YOU LOOK SO YELLOW!"
Bella (married). "DOES IT, DEAR? OF COURSE YOU CAN MAKE YOUR COMPLEXION SUIT ANY BLOUSE, CAN'T YOU!"

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is not the celebration of the Jubilee nearly over?

Answer. Certainly not, for although the great event has passed, minor exhibitions of enthusiasm will continue for a fortnight or longer.

Q. What has been the characteristic of the demonstration?

A. After mature deliberation I would suggest miscalculation.

Q. Upon what evidence do you rest your proposition?

A. The evidence of my senses. For instance, it was thought that the procession would be the indirect cause of many accidents—as a matter of fact it was accountable for none.

Q. Can you give other instances?

A. I can. It was believed that the streets would have been crowded to excess, and every precaution was taken to prevent mischief. According to statistics, the spectators in the streets on the line of route were comparatively few, and scarcely up to the average of the customary multitude watching a Lord Mayor's Show. Then it was believed by a number of speculators that the sale of seats beside the progress would produce fortunes, whereas most of the transactions connected with such like ventures resulted in loss.

Q. Was it not thought that the raising of fares would be a good thing for the proprietors of omnibuses and cabs?

A. It was. And here again may be traced evidence of a miscalculation.

Q. What are the physical requirements of an official Jubilee celebrator?

A. He or she should be able to dispense with horses and carriages, trusting to his legs alone, to keep a clear head in the vastest crowds, and to do without nourishment for an indefinite length of time.

Q. Ought a celebrator to be able to spend money?

A. He ought to be able to spend money freely, by paying about four times the normal value of everything, from pen-wipers to bedrooms in a hotel.

Q. What would be the Jubilee price of a penny bun?

A. About threepence, and a halfpenny glass of milk would often be valued at twopence.

Q. From this I take it that enhanced prices have to be paid for everything in London during the celebration?

A. Certainly. Perhaps the prices would have been lower had the anticipations of the visitors been more moderate.

Q. You mean to say that the newcomers, expecting to have to pay, found their hosts ready to accept the suggestion?

A. Quite so; and where a stand was made for a reduction, a compromise immediately followed.

Q. Can you give an instance of this?

A. Certainly, in the sale of seats, where a place originally valued at five guineas ultimately fell to five shillings.

Q. But leaving pecuniary considerations out of the question, is the Jubilee a success?

A. A gigantic success, for it has shown that a quarter of the world loves and appreciates a blameless Queen, and rejoices to be her subjects.

Q. And such a demonstration no doubt will be an excellent object lesson to envious foreigners?

A. Unquestionably.

Q. Then, when all is said and done, the game has been worth the candle?

A. Undoubtedly.

THE KEMPTON PARK APPEAL.—What is "a place"? Give an "i" to it and it will certainly be a "plaiice" not "within the meaning of the Act." But then comes the question, "What Act?" It must be a Fishery Act, at least, so it would appear to a fisher for plaiice, but not to a place-hunter. A place is somewhere where a horse can stand, *vide* the poet:

"This is the Place; stand still, my steed!"

There are all sorts of "places," and sooner or later the Book-maker may find himself in "a tight place." The vagaries of this argument are endless.

ON BOARD THE "CAMPANIA."—On Saturday, at the Jubilee Naval Review, an un-nautical M.P., following in the wake of the *Victoria* and *Albert*, had provided himself with a large number of daily papers. "You're an uncommonly sharp chap on most occasions," observed a friendly Oppositionist, "but to-day even you won't be able to 'read between the lines.'" And he gave up the attempt.



Sam Jones is not in "the profession," but has been sent on, in an emergency, without rehearsal, as the "Baron's servant," with one line to speak.

Sam (entering). "ME LAUD, THE DOOK DE LAVAL IS DEAD!"

The Baron. "WHAT SAY'ST THOU, KNAVE?" Sam (annoyed). "YOU 'EARD!"

"THE CHAP WITH THE RAPS."

(A Shadowy Fragment from a Phantom Romance.)

"How did I become possessed of this desirable residence?" I said to my little grandson, who, having had an altercation with his nurse, had prematurely joined our circle. "I'll tell you."

I looked round and admired our domicile. It was a fine place, but having of course been left severely alone, was falling into decay. That is the worst of our society. We can stand in the moonlight, or float about woods, but we cannot keep mansions in thoroughly decorative repair. More's the pity, but then, the existence of a shade has compensating advantages. The power

of becoming visible or invisible at will opens out a large field for the perpetration of practical jokes.

Not that I am fond of humour—as a matter of fact, I jest with difficulty—but still, I can see the benefit of the privilege of spectre ways.

"Yes; I got it from Messrs. POSTER AND HAMMER, the eminent estate agents and auctioneers. It came about in this way. I and my friends who occupied the very best parts of town—Belgravia (North and South), Mayfair, and Upham Park Road—had seen with no little regret that our presence was driving away possible tenants. For you must know, boy, that at heart we ghosts are not a bad lot."

"The very best of fellows!" exclaimed the phantom lad, enthusiastically.

"It may be so," I admitted, complacently. "Well, there was the cavalier who stabbed his lady in white satin, and the Scotch dame who came out of her picture, and the chap who woke them up with raps."

"Slightly vulgar, the chap with the raps," said the juvenile apparition.

"Granted," I again acquiesced. "And it was the chap with the raps who caused us to relent. I went to see the house agents, and found them very decent people. They were a little frightened at first, but I put them at their ease by some pleasant chaff."

"And everything was settled satisfactorily?"

"Quite. We gave up the other houses on condition of taking this. And our residence here hurts no one, because the estate is in Chancery."

"I see. And what has become of the chap with the raps?"

"Well, I scarcely know; but from what I see in the papers, I fancy he must be the originator of that immense correspondence, 'On the Trail of a Ghost.'"

"And will he keep in the papers long?"

"I should think so," I replied. "For such a fellow is the right man in the right place in the silly season. And here I break off—with the break of day."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Unfortunate, asked for a description of the Queen's Jubilee Procession, explains.

No! I cannot sing of the Jubilee.
Of its sheen, and glitter, and glare,
Of the doings of High and Low degree,
By the token I wasn't there!
From the crowded streets I went away
To a village that looks on the sea,
On the chalky cliff of a nebbly bay,
Where I spent my Jubilee.

O'er this sea-girt village the sea-gulls flew
With their wild and weirdlike scream.
But the grass was green and the ocean blue.

So they didn't prevent my dream.
I dreamt as I stretched 'neath the blazing sun

Of the time that perhaps might be,
When a little more Love was said—and done

The time of the Jubilee.

I do not complain of the wanton wight
Who broke all my dream to bits.

For I know 'tis a golfer's chief delight
To go in for the deffest hits.

But I did object when from forty winks
I arose with a head so sore.

Because I didn't know what were "links"
And that some one had shouted "Fore!"

It wasn't pleasant, that hard, white ball
That struck me upon the cap.

Oh! would that I'd heard the striker's call
Before I received that rap!

Then my dream was dissolved for ever and aye.

As I fled from that blessed "Tee";
And mournful I thought of the games they play

In the year of the Jubilee!

Can it be true?

Affable Passenger (to 'bus driver). What has become of the motor cars?

'Bus Driver. Well, Sir, I 'ave 'eard as 'ow Mr. WOMBWELL 'ad bought 'em all to cago 'is beasts in at the Crystal Palace; but don't think I speaks from jealousy.



THE BEST OF THE JOKE.

Jones (who has been taken for a quiet drive by Friend). "WHAT THE DEUCE IS THERE TO LAUGH AT, MAN?"
Friend (roaring with laughter). "HA, HA! THE RASCAL WHO SOLD ME THE COB, HE—HE—LENT ME THE CART!"

JUBILOPERA NOTES.

Wednesday, June 23.—The night of the season at the Opera. Splendid! How it would have rejoiced the heart of our only Sir DRURIOLANUS COVENTGARDENSIS, could he have been present to see how thoroughly those educated up to this sort of business under his management had learnt their lesson and even improved on his teaching. It was the crowning triumph by Night of the Two Days Jubilee. Everybody was there to be seen by Everybody Else, and woe be to Anybody's friend who shall say to Anybody, "Why, I didn't see you there!" Not to have been at the Opera on the great night argues yourself out of it. And Madame MELBA was there!! This admirable cantatrice, after whom there had been previously so many kind inquiries, was there, if not in all her glory, in at least in some of it, with a bit over for another night. O the heat! O the uniforms! O the entoosymoosy! and O the lovely loyal thirstiness! O the dear draught! and the still dearer, or cheaper, draught, not of air, but of liquid, "after the Opera was over!!" Ah! Some of 'em had thirsts they would not have exchanged for the biggest diamonds of the very first Water,—unless it had just the least taste in life of something mixed with it! Then "came the sweetest mossel of the night!" Resplendent, happy and glorious, appeared our Princess and our Prince! and mightily enjoying the feast of music prepared for them in small parcels, sat all the Royalties and Attracting Magnates; while the great officers of State (in such a state, too! with the thermometer at ninety-five degrees in the electric light shade, if any) watched, lynx-eyed, yet with the gentle winkiness of the cooing turtle-dove. If a Royalty felt faint, Her Royal Highness had but to call "Steward!" and at once Lord PEMBROKE was in attendance. Had anyone forgotten his, or her, pocket-handkerchief, or mislaid a smelling-bottle, was not my Lord Chamberlain, Lord LATHOM, G.C.B., on the spot with everything that could possibly be required? Was his lordship, too, not at hand to answer confidently, and correctly, any questions as to the music, as to the singers, as to the history of Opera from the time of MARIO and GRISI up till now?

for my Lord LATHOM knows his Opera by heart, and could "musical honours" be added to his title, then to his "G.C.B." might be added all the other notes of the octave. Should any distinguished visitor prefer riding to driving home in the cool of the night, "after the Opera is over," was there not his Grace of PORTLAND there as Master of the Horse, ready to have a "Gee" round at the door before you could say "Gee-rusalem?" Then, if the operatic actors went at all wrong in their "jeu de scène," was there not Sir G. PONSONBY-FANE, K.C.B., one of the best of the "old stagers," to rush to the wings or down into the prompt-box, put 'em all right, and sing, "I'm Fano to tell you all I feel!" And finally, should anything whatever have been required by any of the Great Personages then present, were there not in attendance, and in a twenty-dance for the matter of that, all "The Officers of the Household" in "full dress with trousers," and therefore ready, aye ready to run out at a second's notice and do the Royal bidding with a will? Chorus, outside, to an old tune, "How did you get your trousers on? And do they hurt you much?" O the Jubilee! This was the crowning Night effect, as the QUEEN'S Garden Party will be the crowning Day effect in London, while before that comes off the Naval Review on the 26th will have been the crowning Day and Night effect at sea. Bravissimo, Operatic Committee! Mr. Punch, distributing his Jubilee honours, says to Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, "Kneel, FORSYTH! Arise, Sir NEIL"—but he can't do both. This must be thought out. *En attendant, Virat Regina!*

The Tartan Epidemic.

The MacTavish (very angrily, to the new Boots at the "Rising Sun"). Where, by St. Andrew! have ye planted my braw new kilt that I put out, for to be decently brushed! Green, red, black and white plaid.
Boots (after search). I beg pardon, Sir, but the chambermaid mistook it for the skirt of the young lady in No. 13. *But you've got her gown!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 21.—PRINCE ARTHUR, still tanned with the toil of golf, moved resolution preparatory to House repairing to Buckingham Palace to present address to the QUEEN on the sixtieth anniversary of her accession. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD seconds resolution in tone of profound emotion. Then DILLON and REDMOND *ainé* sprang up, straining like hounds in leash for first place in opposing motion. In turn made towering speeches. Resolution carried by enthusiastic majority.

Whole business did not occupy more than an hour and a half; but it had curiously irritating effect upon the Member for Sark.

"Irish opposition in PARNELL's time was," he growled, "bad enough in its way. At least, it was concentrated in one well-defined quarter, guided by a single firm hand. Now, Irish Nationalists split up into sections, the long-suffering of the House is not only lengthened, but the ordeal has no compensation. In PARNELL's time we had for our money good sharp fighting, with definite purpose and ordered plan behind each combatant. Now we fight the air, and the Irish Members fight each other. Take the case of REDMOND *cadet* turning up—"

"Order! order!" I said, with abrupt sternness studied from several Speakers. "To speak of an hon. Member as 'caddy' is not Parliamentary. Worse still, it is not English. Of course, I know what you mean. But suppose you wanted to describe a man as something of a snob. Would you call him 'snobby'?"

"Take the case of REDMOND *cadet*," SARK continued, ignoring my remark, which showed it was unanswerable. "First of all, we have JOHN DILLON issuing magniloquent declaration that Irish Members never, never, never will take part in the Jubilee celebration, for which the large proportion of them were careful, availing themselves of their Parliamentary privileges, to obtain free seats. Whilst his party are congratulating themselves on this stroke of leadership, comforting themselves with assurance that the Redmondites, the Healyites, and HARRINGTON, are out of it this time, REDMOND *ainé*, going one step further, as dear old WALTER BARTELOT used to say, trumps DILLON's card by giving notice of a bombastic amendment to the Address congratulating HER MAJESTY. Thursday last, when the House met after the Whitsun Recess, seemed to be TIM HEALY's opportunity. But TIM carries in Ireland, and REDMOND *cadet*, romping in, got the advertisement sheet on the Parliamentary reports all to himself. Same kind of thing goes on to-night and all through the Session. Where in current debate one Irish Member used to speak, we have now at least three orations. So is our last state worse than our first."

Business done.—Agreed to present Jubilee congratulations to the QUEEN.

Friday.—The view of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES is not bounded by the Bosphorus. He counts the SULTAN as a personal friend, to some extent a *protégé*. On the occasion of his visit to Yildiz Kiosk, the Imperial host showed a memorable gift of distinguishing character. To BASHMEAD-ARTLETT, also making a morning call, he tossed the glittering Medjidieh. Recognising

the finer nature of the CAP'EN, he shared with him the pure delights of a private concert. The SULTAN may be lacking in some of the better qualities of humanity. Evidently he is a consummate judge of men.

Chumming with the SULTAN would be enough for some men. It does not prevent the Old Salt from supervising the CZAR. Serving in Committee on Public Accounts, the eagle eye, that in the forties was known to pierce the densest wall of fog silently building itself up, bulwarking the coast of Newfoundland, discovered a little job. When the late CZAR died, he left in custody of the Bank of England a trifle of over £200,000. Death Duty payable on this exceeded £13,000. CAP'EN TOMMY, "overhauling the wollum," as hidden by an old shipmate whose soul long since went aloft, discovered this money had never been paid.

In Committee of Supply, TOMMY brought whole matter to light of day. SQUIRE OF



Mr. Speaker and Toby, M.P., review the Fleet at Spithead!

MALWOOD was Chancellor of Exchequer when the affair was squared. Looking across at the CAP'EN, watching the convincing sweep of his terrible hooked arm, the SQUIRE concluded best thing he could do was to make clean breast of whole matter, charging it to "the comity of nations." This phrase had marvellous effect on Committee inclined to be suspicious. More blessed than Mesopotamia. Scotch Members particularly pleased, recognising tardy acceptance of favoured pronunciation. CALDWELL always speaks of "the Comity of Supply," or "the Comity of Ways and Means." Was going to make a speech or two on this find hooked up by the CAP'EN. But so pleased to hear SQUIRE OF MALWOOD dropping into Scotch that he refrained.

So "Comity of Nations" carried the day. SQUIRE left the House without a stain on his character. All the same, it is felt that as long as the CAP'EN sits up aloft watching over the Treasury, there will be no more remission of Death Duties to the advantage of heirs of deceased potentates.

Business done.—In "Comity" of Supply.

R.M.S. *Teutonic*, Spithead, Saturday.—Parliament adjourned for the Solent. Everybody here, from the SPEAKER to the newest Member, from the latest Peer to

the LORD CHANCELLOR. After the vision of glory the eye has been privileged to rest upon through the week, one feels quite awed to see HALSBURY in serge suit, tan shoes, and a yachting cap. Difficult to believe it is the same person we saw at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, enveloped in robes of State, plump on his knees before his Sovereign, to whom he brought the congratulatory address of the Peers. Wish there had been more people to behold the spectacle. The procession on Jubilee Day was well enough in its way. But if you want to impress foreigners with the might and majesty of the Empire, they should see LORD HALSBURY in his State robes. At least, that's what SARK says, and what he doesn't know, isn't worth taking account of.

SARK, by the way, has come out a first-class seafaring person. To see him walking the deck you would think he was born in the foretop. In fact, only yesterday he was taken for the pilot. Steaming here from Liverpool, we ran into a fog off Start Point. Couldn't see anything two cables off. (Don't know how much a cable is. Suppose they differ in length according to price; but at sea we always measure things by a cable's length.) Fog-horn blowing; engines slowed; sharp look-out fore and aft. SARK standing on larboard side looking out with air of wisdom the longest cable aboard ship could not fathom. Up came one of the pretty girls who decorate the *Teutonic* and touched him lightly on the arm.

"Where are we now, pilot?" she asked. "Still in the fog, Miss," he answered; and she went off, reassured by his manly presence, his unflinching tone, as he fronted a situation not without peril.

Fog lifted, disclosing long lanes of battle-ships all flying the British flag. A pretty snow on Tuesday, when all the ends of the earth sent their contingents of soldiers, forming part of the army of the QUEEN. To-day completes the object lesson for whom it may concern. Overheard SARK telling the pretty girl (who still believes he's the pilot) that no two other naval powers clubbing their resources could make such a show. Even the *Teutonic*, in ordinary times a peaceful Transatlantic steamer, comes out as an armed cruiser, showing sharp, white teeth in the shape of eight Nordenfolt and eight quick-firing guns, capable of doing as much damage to the enemy as a whole armament of the *Victory* in NELSON's time.

When you come to think of it, this not the least striking feature in the unique display. Admiral of the White Star Fleet, ISMAX, tells me it did not take more than forty-eight hours to transform the mighty mail steamer into an armed cruiser.

Business done.—Done our duty at dinner and luncheon as England expected of us.

Jubilee Jotting.

(By a Purist.)

THIS is the most illogical of lands!—The Jubilee Seats were commonly called "Stands"!

NOTE BY A PHILOSOPHER.—When a man's fortune has gone to ducks and drakes, it is generally the ducks who have acquired most of the golden grain.

A VETERAN SAILOR OF '37.—Jack of the "have-beens"-talk.

HONOURS DIVIDED.

(A Thought on Jubilee Day.)

THE Force of the Empire was mustered to-day;
 But amidst gorgeous soldiers and glorious horses,
 We must not forget, *Punch* will venture to say,
 The plainest, but not the least proud, of our Forces.
 "Force is no remedy?" That 's as may be.
 But "the force," for *prevention*, of risk to our city,
 In all this huge jostling of great Jubilee,
 Did a wonderful work to forget which were pity.
 The soldiers and sailors went striding along;
 To be drawn to injustice by glitter were snobby.
 So let 's make division of praise from the throng
 Between General "Bobs," and the general "Bobby."

MY AUNTS AND THE JUBILEE.

June 1.—Most unfortunate. Last winter promised my maternal aunt JANE to escort her to see the Jubilee Procession. Good old lady, good old house in Devonshire, good old port in cellars, good old sun in nice, safe Consols, and so on. Could I refuse? But shortly after, my paternal aunt ELEANOR also desired me to escort her to the Procession. Rather sour old lady, gloomy old house in Bath, only teetotal drinks in cellar, but many thousands in Home Rails. Weakly agreed.

June 2.—Must secure three seats. Aunt JANE, stout, always warm, has written that she must sit in the shade. Aunt ELEANOR, thin, always cold, says in this weather she prefers the sun. Can I put one on north side of Strand, one on south side, and myself on church in the middle? Hardly. Neither would sit alone.

June 5.—After seeing innumerable plans and innumerable seats, have at last secured three on a stand, so placed, that Aunt ELEANOR at the end will get the sunshine on her rheumatic right shoulder till one o'clock, Aunt JANE being entirely in the shade. That 's settled.

June 8.—Letter from Aunt ELEANOR. Will on no account venture to sit in any wooden erection likely to catch fire. Letter from Aunt JANE. Cannot occupy seat on any temporary structure which might possibly collapse. Start again. Dispose of three seats at considerable loss. After great search discover small corner room in solid, fire-proof building, with large northern window taken out, and small eastern window to admit sunshine. Aunt JANE will no doubt require this window opened, causing a draught highly detrimental to Aunt ELEANOR's rheumatism, neuralgia, and chronic catarrh, and Aunt ELEANOR will demand that it be shut, with the blind up, a state of things likely to produce apoplexy, or sunstroke, or cerebral congestion in Aunt JANE; but I can do no more.

June 10.—Aunt ELEANOR writes that she cannot bear the noise, draughts and excitement of a London hotel, and will therefore stay at Richmond. Aunt JANE writes that she wishes to be at the coolest part of Norwood. Secure rooms for them.

June 11.—Letter from Aunt JANE. She quotes leader in *Times* of yesterday, warning seat-holders of every possible danger. Was afraid she would see it. It refers to excitement, early rising, anxious and fatiguing journey, imperfect provision of food, possibility of fainting, delay in getting away, instability of stands, danger of fire, risks of smoking, removal of shavings under seats, and need of restoratives. She wants to know what time she will have to start. Try to reckon it out with help of *Times* article. If seat-holders driving a distance usually covered in twenty minutes must start at 5.30, at what time must anyone start from Norwood to drive to the Strand? Evidently not later than midnight. Good heavens! And here 's a letter from Aunt ELEANOR. She writes that she has just seen an article in the *Times*. Of course she has. And she wants to know when she will have to start. By Jove, yes! Richmond. That 's soon calculated. About 8 p.m. Say immediately after dinner. Answer both letters as cheerfully as I can.

June 19.—Have made all necessary arrangements at last. Aunt JANE supposes that it may be possible to leave safely about six hours after the procession has passed. Aunt ELEANOR would prefer to dine in our hired room, as she evidently cannot reach Richmond till breakfast time the next day.

June 21.—Have stowed in room large quantities of tinned meats, biscuits, wine, lemonade, mineral waters, &c. Also restoratives of various kinds.

June 22.—The great day. Up at 4.30. Start at 5.30, with luncheon and dinner packed in hampers. Expect to reach Strand at eight. Arrive there at 6.10. Something wrong in



HEREDITY.

Fond Parent. "WELL, WE WANTED TO GIVE 'IM A CHAWNCE, AND WAS 'AVIN' 'IM TRAINED FOR A BUTTERMAN, WHEN WOT DOES THE BEGGAR DO BUT CHUCKS IT, AND SAYS AS IT 'S CHIMBLEY-SWEEPIN' AS 'IS 'EART WAS IN!"

calculations. Aunts not come yet. Of course not. Wait patiently. At eight become anxious. At 8.30 very anxious. At nine desperate. What can have happened? Surely thirteen hours from Richmond should suffice. My calculations were based on *Times* article. Can they have mistaken the number of the house? Rush out. Obligated to go into side streets. Continue search. Suddenly hear cheering. Good heavens, it 's the procession! Can't get back. Remain behind crowd. See nothing. Tremendous final cheer. Then people slowly disperse, and at twelve o'clock walking in streets is quite easy, and I stroll sadly home. No news of aunts.

June 23.—Letter from Aunt JANE: Left Norwood at midnight. Arrived in Strand at 1.15 a.m. House shut up. Nowhere to go. At last drove back to Norwood, much annoyed at bad arrangements. Letter from Aunt ELEANOR: Left Richmond at 8 p.m. on Monday. Arrived in Strand at 9.30 p.m. Room locked up; could not remain in carriage all night; nowhere to go. At last drove back to Richmond. Had not expected that any nephew of hers would annoy her with vulgar practical jokes, and need not express her opinion of such conduct.

MR. DOUGLASS, the *Athenæum* informs us, "finds from his observations" that "Jupiter's fourth satellite, as well as his third, rotates on its own axis in about the same time as it occupies in revolving round the planet." What capital exercise, or axisize! Except perhaps a ride on the switchback, there can be nothing to equal the delights enjoyed by the third and fourth satellite. It is sad to think that those two satellites, attached to such an old monarchy as that of Jupiter, should be such thorough revolutionists.



A GREAT "TOUR DE 'FORCE.'" "

MR. PUNCH, UNIVERSAL PUBLIC COMMISSIONER, ON BEHALF OF EVERYBODY GENERALLY, AND OF "THE SPINDLE SIDE" PARTICULARLY, HEARTILY COMPLIMENTS THE METROPOLITAN AND CITY POLICE, UNDER SIR EDWARD BRADFORD, G.C.B., COLONEL HENRY SMITH, K.C.B., AND MR. REGINALD BRETT, C.B., THE CLEVER "HEADS OF THE POLICE," ON THEIR ADMIRABLE ARRANGEMENTS FOR FACILITATING TRAFFIC AND PRESERVING ORDER IN THE STREETS OF LONDON, SO SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT BY ALL THE CONSTABULARY ON JUBILEE DAY, JUNE 22.

OUR COLONIAL "COMRADES" AT THE LYCEUM.

[At the special invitation of Sir HENRY IRVING, the Colonial troops in London for the Jubilee attended a performance of *The Bells* and *A Story of Waterloo* at the Lyceum on June 26.]

WELL changed, Sir HENRY! "Comrades" was the word.

"Ladies and gentlemen" seemed too punctilious.

Few things more striking have been seen or heard

In all this jocund time of joy Jubilous, Than *Corporal Brewster*, drawn by CONAN DOYLE,

And played by HENRY IRVING to "Our Boys"

From over-sea. What charm it lends to toil

When such an audience admires, enjoys! *A Story of Waterloo*, told to a crowd Of such Colonial "Comrades," was a thing

To hear, see, and remember. Did one proud To mark those stalwart fellows rise and sing

God save the Queen together! CHAMBERLAIN

Doubtless enjoyed his portion of the cheering,

As did the moving actor. Scarce again To such a "house" will either be appearing.

A grand occasion, met in style deserving Of Art, such "Comrades," and Sir HENRY IRVING!

HER PEOPLE'S REPLY

(To the Queen's Jubilee Message. Voiced by Mr. Punch).

[“The QUEEN'S Message to the Empire reached Australia, India, and the furthestmost parts of the globe before the QUEEN had emerged from Buckingham Palace.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

From heart to heart! O'er land and sea That message flies, like Peace's dove! Where'er your world-spread people be, Knit to large unity by Love, Swifter than SHAKESPEARE'S sprite could run, They answer promptly, and as One!

Like Ariel, "ere your pulse twice beat," Love "drinks the air," and so returns To lay our message at your feet.

From heart to heart the message burns, As warmly 'midst the northern snows As where the tropic sun-blaze glows.

From every race, and from all ranks, Round the great globe where floats your flag,

Responsive to your royal thanks, From hearts and lips that will not lag, Fly thanks as loyal. Thanks, great QUEEN, For all you are, and long have been!

Thanks for Imperial service high, And thanks for simple hearth-side grace, For patriot zeal, for purity,

Womanly sweetness in high place, And the strong heart that ne'er did fall, Though duty danger-clad might call.

Thanks from our hearts, beloved QUEEN, God's blessings crown your future days! Still may you be, as you have been,

The theme of world-wide love and praise. A proud, free people bow the knee To womanly worth and genuine royalty!



“THE QUEEN’S MESSENGER!”

“FROM MY HEART I THANK MY BELOVED PEOPLE. MAY GOD BLESS THEM. V. R. AND I.”
(JUNE 22, 1897.)

“I’LL PUT A GIRDLE ROUND ABOUT THE EARTH.”—*Midsummer Night’s Dream.*





Verdant Green Horn, Esq. "I DON'T LIKE HIS HEAD." *Old Flatcatcher.* "HEAD! YOU DON'T RIDE ON THEIR HEADS, DO YOU?"

THE YOUNG FOLKS AT HOME.

(DIAMOND JUBILEE VERSION.)

AIR—"The Old Folks at Home."

'Way home, from many a lake and river,
Far, far away,
To where your hearts are turning ever,
Greet the Old Folks to-day!
Though up and down the wide creation
Gladly you roam,
Still clinging to the mother nation,
And to the Old Folks at Home!
All our hearts are proud and cheery,
Glad that you should come.
Here's welcome that should never weary,
Hail to the Young Folks at Home!
Though round our little world you wander,
Brave, bold and young;
We of our Young Folks grow but fonder,
Close-knit by blood and tongue.
Here Sundered brother meets with brother,
Happy and spry,
All welcome to the proud Old Mother!
Friends let us live and die!
All our hearts, &c.
Though scattered far on plains and bushes,
Our boys we love;
Old kinship o'er our memory rushes,
No matter where you rove.
We're glad at heart to hail your coming,
Come, Young Folks, come!
While all the land with joy is humming
Down in your good Old Home!
All the land is proud and cheery
Glad that you should come!
Here's welcome, hearty, warm, unweary,
Hail to the Young Folks at Home!

APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE LITTLE ENGLANDER.—The scuttle-fish.

THE COMPLETE WRANGLER.—A mother-in-law.



WHAT TO DO WITH SOME OF THE JUBILEE DECORATIONS.

Send them to Foreign Parts, where they would be greatly appreciated.

TO A GENERAL FAVOURITE.

PETITE, perhaps, but charming—quite—
And beautifully dressed,
One always meets you with delight
At parties round the West.

The cynosure of neighbouring eyes,
The hostess's trump card,
You hold the undisputed prize
Of man's sincere regard.

Your aspect is serene and cool,
Though crowds have round you crushed—
If one may state a general rule,
One will not see you flushed.

And if, as I've heard people say,
Too oft they find you cold,
The warmth which you sometimes display
Affords them joy twofold.

What praise, wherever you are found,
Night after night you win!
And oh! when supper-time comes round,
How sweet to take you in!

You need no bard your praise to pen,
Your fame will never fail;
'Tis yours to "fly through the mouths of men,"

Because you are—a quail!

* ENNIUS.—"Volito citius per ora virum."

TWO WORDS WHICH RHYMED UNPLEASANTLY WITH SEAT SPECULATORS ON THE JUBILEE DAY.—"Slump" and "hump."

JUBILEE FIREWOOD.—Jubilee seats.



THE JOYS OF TOURING.

First Cyclists. "WELL, YOU DIDN'T ESCAPE A DUCKING, ALTHOUGH YOU DID RIDE AWAY AND LEAVE US IN THE LURCH."
Second Cyclists. "NO; BUT WE GOT THE PICK OF THE CLOTHES!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

NOVEL readers, awary of the clacking in the kail-yard, will turn aside from *The Lady Grange* (SMITH, ELDER) if they know the scene is laid among Scotch folk. Wherein, my Baronite tells me, they will make a grave mistake. The story dates back to 1753, when Scotland was seething in rebellion. Mr. ALEXANDER INNES SHAND manages, by what seems exceedingly simple art, to reproduce the very men, even the atmosphere of the times. His study of that hoary but fascinating villain, SIMON LORD LOVAT, is an admirable portraiture. So are the drawings of LORD GRANGE and his shrewish wife, whose punishment is the thread on which the story hangs. Incidentally there are some powerful word-pictures of the uttermost Highlands and the least-frequented islands of Scotland. Altogether a picturesque book, of keen human interest.

My Baronite is not familiar with the name of MAY SINCLAIR, and is not sure whether *Audrey Craven* (BLACKWOOD) is a first essay in novel writing. It has about it some marks of the inexperienced hand. But it is full of promise, and displays even exuberant power.

The Story of a Billiard-Ball (SAXON & Co.) is one with a purpose. Mr. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, STANLEY'S companion-in-arms in the search for EMIN PACHA, desires to bring home to the public mind the horrors and iniquities of the slave-raiding which goes on in Africa to this day in connection with the hunting up of ivory. It is a pitiful tale, recalling some passages in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mr. JEPHSON knows what he is writing about, and, scarcely less essential, knows how to write. The story is told with a simplicity that adds much to its force and effect.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"A SIMPLE INQUIRER" writes:—"Among recent advertisements and notices of 'Jubilee Music' I see advertised '*The Proper Psalms*.' Are there any *Improper Psalms*? I hope not; but if there are, I trust they will never be made public, but relegated strictly to the Secret Service Department."

ONE OF THE "LAST KNIGHTS."

"SQUIRE BANCROFT BANCROFT," that's our old friend's name; Now as "Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT" is known to fame. Rarely ere this has such a thing been done, A Squire and a Knight rolled into one!!

Even amid General Rejoicing.

Mr. Timnius (at the bar of the "Pig and Parsley," to Mr. SIMNIUS). Well! here's health and happiness!

Mr. Simnius (who has lived for a fortnight on multitudinous whiskies and scanty biscuits). Health I never had, and happiness has long departed, but still I'll drink with you, TIMNIUS.

IN the *Cornhill* there is a paper by Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS, entitled, "How to Scan a Prospectus." Very good; but if it is not a poetic Prospectus or a Prospectus in verse, how can it be "scanned"? Perhaps our WITHERS will be unwrung by this critical query.

On the Course.

Angelina. What do they mean, dear, by the Outside Ring?
Edwin. Oh! that's the place where we always back outsiders. A splendid institution!

[So it was till EDWIN fell among gentlemen from Wales.

ANGLO-TEUTONIC JOKE (from the *Irrepressible*, released during the rejoicings). Count SECOND-OFF looked so magnificent in the Jubilee procession that most spectators backed him for Furst place.

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PUNCH

SWAIN Sc

VOL CXIII



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Amplified by the artist's pen.

NO more beautiful day could have been imagined, and no more beautiful scene. It was mid-winter in Montreal. The bright sun was gleaming upon the magnificent Ice-Palace in which King Frost held his Court. The lofty towers, the gorgeous battlements, and the spacious arches sparkled and glittered with rainbow hues. Through the crisp, clear air sounded the tinkle of the sleigh-bells and the keen, whirring song of thousands of skates tracing fantastic figures on the hard, black ice. All that Montreal could show of beauty, of grace, of fashion was gathered there, and over all a bright spirit of delight held sway.

But from this gay and rejoicing crowd two figures stood apart, not moodily, but in kindly contemplation.

One was short in stature, yet majestic. His eyes, surmounted by shaggy eyebrows, shone with a strange light. His nose and chin, longer and more pointedly curved, perhaps, than mere ideas of classical beauty might warrant, beamed back a rosy welcome to the frost. He was clad in a fur coat, and from the centre of his back projected—— But why describe him further? It was PUNCH, the Sage, the friend of mankind!

"A pretty scene, Sir WILFRID," he was saying to his companion, a man of an alert face, such as belongs properly to men of thought and action, "a pretty scene! At home we cannot rival you in this. Imagine an Ice-Palace in our London. Why, the soot would lie thick on it before an hour was past, and the fog would hide it from our view."

"Yet there are compensations," replied his companion. "Have I not myself seen your crowds on a day in June assembled to do homage to their QUEEN? And, as they shouted for their Colonial brothers and friends, did I not feel the larger spirit of our common patriotism stir within my breast? For we are all brothers, though differing in race; sons of one great mother, though parted by

'The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.'

I myself——"

"You yourself, Sir," retorted the Sage, "are one of the glories of our brotherhood. A Frenchman in name and in race, have you not shown in your own person how wisdom and freedom may avail to bind men together in one citizenship? Our ancestors sprang at one another's throats. Their descendants work together in peace and harmony for the good of their country."

"You speak the truth, as you always do, but——"

"I know what you would say. It was not always so. No mortal is invariably wise. We have had our follies. Would they had always ended as well as in Canada. Sometimes we have forgotten that you and yours have a natural pride in the great deeds of the Frenchmen who hewed out civilisation from the wild and rugged wastes that met their advance; who suffered, and fought, and persevered, and reclaimed, and taught in the midst of naked savages clamouring for their blood. It is a stirring and a splendid history, fitly to be read in the great narratives of FRANCIS PARKMAN. And while we honour WOLFE, we do not forget to pay a tribute of admiration to his noble enemy, MONTCALM."

"And now?"

"And now, Sir, we are all, as you said, brothers. Your welfare, your honour, your illustrious achievements, where shall they meet with a more sincere appreciation than with us in our little sea-girt island?"

"True again, and worthily said. Our skies are cold, but our hearts are warm, and if, *quod Di avertant*, the need should arise, we are ready to prove our love for the men of the Old Country by fighting at their side."

"I thank you, Sir WILFRID," said the Great One, "I thank you heartily. But I see there is only one thing that you lack."

"And that is?"

"This," said Mr. PUNCH, as he presented to Sir WILFRID LAURIER, G.C.M.G., Prime Minister of the Government of the Dominion of Canada—for it was indeed he, and no other—his

One Hundred and Thirteenth Volume!



W. J. L. & Co. del. & sculp.



VALE!

[Mrs. OLIPHANT, the gifted woman of letters, passed away on Friday, June 25, 1897.]

THE brave, long life at last is done!
 No more her pen shall tell with grace
 The stories that—each one by one—
 Strengthened the writer's pride of place.
 Not hers the art of painting fight,
 Or weaving plot for tragic end.
 She limned Romance with pure delight,
 And so made all the world her friend.
 She had the knowledge of the lives
 We find in English womanhood;
 And showed that maidens, sweethearts,
 wives,
 Had hearts of gold for England's good.
 Not here to sing her noble aim
 While working as a self-made slave;
 Only in honour of her name
 We place this leaf upon her grave!

CONFESSIONS OF A JUBILEE POLE.

YES; it is quite true. I was used for the CZAR'S coronation; and before that I assisted at a function in Persia; and before that I was in India. And before that—well, my memory fails me. But ever since I left my native forest I have been on the road. You see, I am put up in the streets, and then covered with red cloth. Then they hang a banner to me. Of course, the device on the banner depends upon the country and the occasion. The other day I was all Royal Standards, but at my last resting-place I absolutely shone with Imperial Eagles. It all comes in the day's work. And

I don't mind! Then they tie paper garlands to me. Some of these are on the road like myself. See that the decorations of St. James's Street have been bought (second hand) to freshen up Birmingham. Rather suggestive of Brum, isn't it? And do I like my work? Why, yes. It's exciting, if it's nothing else. There's the putting up and the pulling down, and the fuss of the function itself. I look rather a sight towards the close. So I ought, after such dissipation. You can't be out night after night in an atmosphere of crowd and hammering without losing something of your freshness. And then the language that reaches you! But the Colonials and the Indians were first-rate, and I had generally a good time of it. The "Foreign Princes" are old friends of mine. I am always running across them. Yes; I am sure to see them again. Probably at the next State function. They travel about as much as I do myself. And where am I going to next? I am sure I don't know. If you really want to learn, you had better ask my contractor.

At the Naval Review.

French Visitor (to English Host). Mon Dieu! what a number of your sheeps 'ave got French names!

English Host (anxious to be pleasant). Yes! You see, there was a time when—ahem!—we had to borrow some vessels from your country. We hadn't got enough of our own.

[*French Visitor is delighted at this proof of English sympathy.*]

AFTER THE SPITHEAD DEMONSTRATION.

(Suggested by a South Wales Lady.)

OUT of the valleys of the Deep
 That lie between the Mountain waves,
 There comes the phantom spirit Sleep,
 To make all folk her grateful slaves.
 Sweet, kindly Sleep! denied to me
 When looking on this lace-like foam,
 For on this great and godlike sea
 My heart awakes with dawn of Home.

Home! Yes, *our* Home is far around,
 Each rippled crest is all our own.
 Where can such Home be elsewhere found?
 What Monarch owns so grand a Throne?
 The Sea is England's! Let them brag
 The Armies of the great Un-free,
 But underneath the British flag
 The Home of Freedom is the Sea!

A Most Trying Situation.

Mr. Chortlebury (who has met a couple of friends, and invited them to his house to have a drink). Good heavens! my wife has gone out with the key of the tantalus!

[*And the parlour-maid grinned considerably when Mr. C. had to send to the nearest public-house for whiskey.*]

After the Jubilee.

Robinson (to Jobbinson). What have you been doing since I saw you last?
Jobbinson. Buying up all the stands I can for winter fuel. I sha'n't be able to afford coals.



ANOTHER RECORD BROKEN.

Aunt Mary. "I'M READING A LETTER FROM YOUR BROTHER FRANK. DID YOU KNOW THAT HE'S BEEN PLAYING IN A CRIKET MATCH AT SCHOOL, AND MADE FORTY RUNS?"

Lily. "OH, AUNTIE, WHAT A LONG WAY FRANK MUST HAVE HIT THAT BALL!"

THE (ART) VAMPIRE.

(A Horrible Tale of the Fate of a Fashionable Philistine in the Art Season. A long way after Kipling.)

A CHAP there was, and he went to stare
(Even as you and I!),
At technique and tone, and some wispy
hair.
What they meant he knew not, nor did he
care;
But all who were "in it" had to go there—
(Even as you and I).

"Oh! the hours we waste, and the days we
waste,
And the aching of head and hand,
On pictures whose meaning we do not
know
(And now we know we can never know,
And much less understand!)"

This fool was "in it," and so he went
(Even as you and I!),
To stare at scarecrows of cryptic intent
(He hadn't a notion of what they meant),
But a fellow must follow the fashion's bent
(Even as you and I!).

"Oh! the toil he lost, and the moil he lost,
And the modish bonds he banned,
When he went with the crowd who didn't
know why
(And now we know it could never know
why,
And never could understand!)"

This fool was filled with a foolish pride
(Even as you and I!),

Though he yawned a yawn which he
wished to hide,
For the "Vampire" sorely his patience
tried;
And he stared, and dawdled, and nearly
died—
(Even as you and I!).

"And ain't it a shame, and who is to
blame,
That, even in this 'free' land,
We must 'do' the pictures, and none know
why
(Seeing we hate 'em, and well know why,
Can anyone understand?)"

DARBY JONES ON RACING IN GENERAL.

HONOURED SIR,—At a time when American millionaires are making fabulous bids in "greenbacks" for that splendid son of Erin, the Diamond Jubilee Derby Winner, *Galtee More*, when that gallant little crock, *Victor Wild*, has once more covered himself with glory at Kempton Park, and when Lord ROSEBURY has been consoled by the triumph of *Velasquez* at Newmarket, it may seem presumption on my part to refer to the prettiest and most select meeting in Great Britain. I refer, of course, to Stockbridge, where the Bibury Club meets in full force, and hard by one of the best trout streams of England, where the fly-fisher is as well-known as is the flat-catcher at Epsom.

Stockbridge is not, of course, Goodwood. There is nothing Ducal about the arrangements. There are no huntsmen in canary

liveries, or birdless groves, or female costumes calculated to make husbands think of Official Receivers, but there is a sort of "Far-from-the-madding-crowd" Peace, which would, I verily believe, cause the Aggravated Grandmother League to recognize that the merry dance of the Turf is not always tuned to the coarse hawl of the Bookmaker. In short, honoured Sir, at Stockbridge, even if you are not a Bibury-ite, you may enjoy one of those old-fashioned meetings, which remind one of the sporting prints in which the Prince Regent, Colonel GEORGE HANGER, CHIFFNEY, and hob-tailed nags figure with such effect.

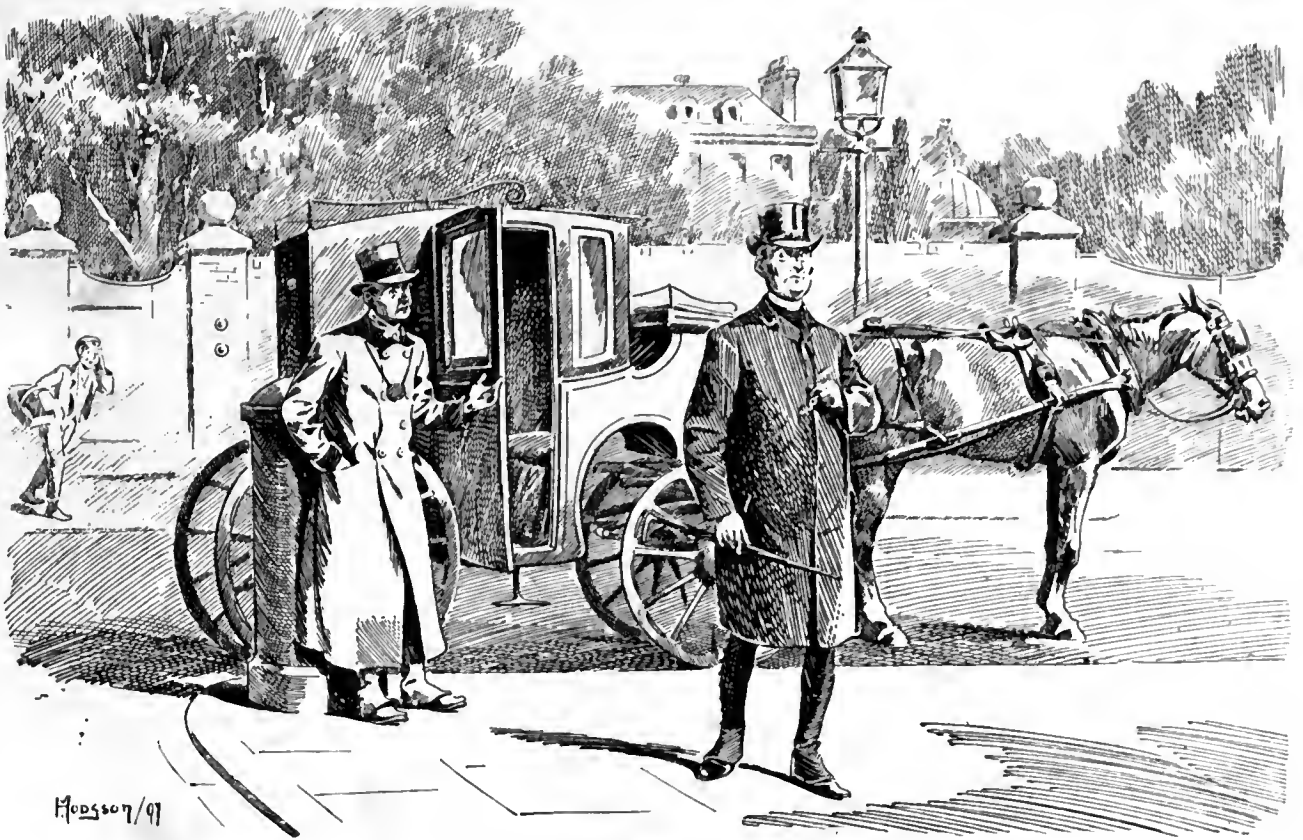
And now for that little distich, which is so valued by the followers of the sport of Kings, Princes of Wales, and even Prime Ministers. The little bird on the tree sings:—

Beware, oh! beware
Of the pride of Kingsclere,
And look for the horse with a man on,
That fitly will go
At the pace that we know
Like a ball from the mouth of a cannon.

Leaving you and my honoured patrons to decipher the rebus, in all confidence that we shall be so many slayers of the golden *œuf* (or oof) bird,

I am, Your devoted henchman
and practical adviser,
DARBY JONES.

PROVERBIAL MOTTO FOR A CERTAIN COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY (?).—Ask no questions and you'll have no stories told!



SQUARING ACCOUNTS.

Cabbie (on receipt of his legal fare). "ALL RIGHT, MY LUD! I CAN JIS STOP A TRIFLE OUT OF MY SUNDAY ORFFERINS!"

THE PHILADELPHIANS.

(By One who wishes them better luck.)

[The Cricket Match between the Philadelphian team and Yorkshire at Sheffield, June 28—30, was wholly spoilt by rain, and on the third day, when barely half played, had to be left unfinished.]

AIR—"Off to Philadelphia."

IN weather wet and weary
It is anything but cheery
(Though good cricketers the elements
seem scornng)
To sit in the Pavilion,
When 'tis one chance to a million
That we'll see the Philadelphians play
this morning!
With my macintosh on shoulder,
I'm a weariful beholder
Of Yorkshire and the Yankees idly
yawning;
And I've got a gloomy notion
Good Lord HAWKE won't make a
motion
To score off the Philadelphians this
morning!

These Yanks, it is well known,
With the bat can hold their own,
WOOD or CREGAR any team would be
adorning.
But they all look sad and weary,
When the wickets soaked and dreary,
Gave no start to Philadelphia all the
morning.
With his bat across his shoulder,
Sure no slogger could look holder
Than LESTER; but the rain came
without warning,

Till the wickets, I've a notion,
Are much like the German Ocean,
And it's "off" with Philadelphians
this morning.

Such gloom would dull e'en genial GRACE!
They strove to keep a cheerful face,
Like batsmen bold, bad luck and weather
scorning.

But 'tis hard to "buck up" cheery,
With the wickets wet and dreary,
When you have to "draw the stumps"
on the third morning.

But though top-coats grace each
shoulder,
And it wetter grows and colder,
From Sheffield the bhoys start, bad
omens scornng.

And some day I have a notion,
I shall feel a prond emotion,
To see the Philadelphians win—one
morning!

From our own School Boy under
Examination.

Examiner. Give the Latin for "night-
mare."

Our own S. B. (after considerable cogi-
tation). I know, Sir, "Equi-nox."
[Takes the cake and exit.]

On Kew Bridge.

First Pedestrian (meeting Second Pede-
strian on the summit of the central arch). Why
on earth are you carrying that alpenstock?
Second Pedestrian. I'm practising for my
ascent of Mont Blanc in August.

A GERMAN PUZZLE SOLVED.

(Place of origin—Berlin.)

REALLY cannot make it out! I am
distinctly anti-English. I do my best to
thwart Britons all the world over. I regard
them with a jealousy that knows no
bounds.

And yet! I love the sea, and nothing
pleases me better than wearing the uniform
of a British admiral. I am fond of yacht-
ing, and a race in the Solent is my special
delight. I take the deepest interest in the
Harrow and Eton cricket match, the Uni-
versity Boat Race and the Derby. I am
as proud as Lucifer of my English regi-
ment, and never forget to deck their
colours on Waterloo Day. I have the
energy that only a Briton can boast. I can
turn my hand to everything as only an
Anglo-Saxon can manage. My mother was
English, and her mother, too, and I speak
English with scarcely an accent.

Then how comes it that I grumble at
everything British? Eureka! I have it!
It is because, in spite of the temptation to
belong to the other nation, I am—an
Englishman!

Some Folk are so Nasty.

Mr. Optimus Hopkins. Well, wasn't it
lucky that the Jubilee windows fell so
considerably just before the Procession
Day? We all went.

Mr. Pessimist Popkins (who had no
seat). Humph! it was lucky that you all
came back safe. I fully expected that the
stands would follow the example of the
windows.



NOT VERY LIKELY.

Waiter (in response to the Colonel's very vigorous reminder). "OH YES, SIR, IMMEDIATELY! 'M—LET'S SEE—A GLASS OF MILK, SIR, WASN'T IT?"

DINNERS AND DINERS.

(With Apologies to the P-U M-U G-z-tte.)

It had been my good fortune to give to Mademoiselle FAUSTINE, a charming little actress, a tip for the Welter Plate last Spring. What more natural than that I should ask her to give me a dinner as some slight return? She readily accepted, and asked me to name the day. Glancing at the sixth volume of my engagement book, I found my first vacant date was June 18, '97. This was fortunate, as it is hardly possible—except at VOISIN'S—to get a decent dinner unless you order it a year in advance.

"Where shall we dine?" asked FAUSTINE.

"There is only one place where people *do* dine," I answered, a little reproachfully. "The Bon Marché. I will order the dinner." So the place and the date were fixed.

As FAUSTINE was a quarter of an hour late—I had not seen her since our arrangement—I waited in the alabaster portico of the Bon Marché, chatting amiably to the courteous commissioner, an old comrade of mine in the Wimbledon days. JULES, the courteous *chef*, was *au désespoir*. Why had I not given him more notice? Madame was fifteen minutes late. If he had only known! In a year and fifteen minutes it is possible to cook a dinner. In a year—no. I tried to calm the worthy fellow—an old ally of mine in the Crimean war. In vain; he complained the sardines were spoiling. So I went into the dining-room, nodding courteously to eight princes of the blood, neither of whom appeared, for the moment, to recognise me.

As I seated myself, the entire staff, headed by a brass band, brought me my *Sardines à l'huile*. These are a *specialité* of the house, and are never—should never be, at least—eaten with the tin. The *Potage à la potasse* was quite excellent. I congratulated the courteous *chef*, pointing out to him the desirability of mixing, sometimes, a little anti-pyrine into the potassium—both drugs far too rarely used in modern cookery. Then came the question of wine. This I solved for the moment by ordering two Jeroboams of STEROSCOPIC COMPANY ET FILS; a *cuvée* of '80, abso-

lutely *reservée* for my own use. As I had engaged the entire staff of waiters, a crown prince, who was entertaining one of our leading bicyclists, rose to leave, with his guest. I smiled and nodded to them as they passed, which appeared to hasten their departure.

The *Moulin à vent* was delicious, but the *Dindon décousu* I could not pass. No self-respecting *gourmet* will pass everything at a dinner.

GONTRAN, the kindly *maitre d'hôtel*, was almost in tears, but I consoled him by observing that the ostriches were cooked to a turn, and the *Bombe glacée à l'anarchiste* faultless.

But my hostess? Where was she? Where was Mademoiselle FAUSTINE? I had quite forgotten her! I beckoned to HAGENBOCK, the Press representative of the restaurant, who informed me she had been dead eight months! I, who read nothing but menus, had omitted to notice this in the papers. I was greatly pained. The shock unnerved me—I could eat no more. Besides, who was now to pay the bill?

I reproduce the bill.

Couverts, £5. Diners, £36 8s. Pain, 2s. Champagne, £47. Liqueurs, 15s. Addition, 3s.

In all, £89 8s.—(This is one of the few restaurants where a charge is made for the addition.)

"Make out the bill," said I, "in francs, and send it to the executors of Mademoiselle FAUSTINE."

II.

MONSIEUR VICTOR DE TRAIN-DE-LUXE is in many respects a delightful person. In other ways he is not. For instance, because he was, accidentally, the cause of my backing a winner at Ascot (simply by means of ordinary stable information), he had the bad taste to suggest that I should stand him a dinner.

I said, "Certainly, my dear Comte" (Comte being the courtesy title I invariably give to foreigners from whom I have the hope of borrowing money).

"Where shall it be?"

"There is only one place where one *can* dine," I said.

"Of course—the Bon Marché," he replied.

"No," I answered. "No, *mon ami*. If you wish to eat a really characteristic English dinner, come to the Vegetarian Restaurant in Edgware Road. Come along. Come, *now!*"

"But it's only six o'clock. I am not hungry."

"All the better," I replied. And I also pointed out to him that the best way to see London is outside an omnibus. So we started.

Arrived at the restaurant, I was enthusiastically received by the courteous cashier, who presented me with a previous bill, which, I noticed, had not been receipted. I said I thought it rather rude to present a gentleman with a bill which they hadn't taken the trouble to receipt.

We sat down.

"I'm glad," I said to VICTOR, "that I didn't know this dinner was coming off to-day. If I had had notice, I might have ordered it beforehand; and a dinner, to be perfection, should be eaten, if possible, on the day it is cooked. At least, that's what I always think. I may be wrong."

Monsieur DE TRAIN-DE-LUXE smiled, said I was a *farceur*, and I ordered our dinner.

First, some turnip turtle soup, then, ortolans of spinach and mashed potatoes, followed by a canvas-backed duck made of Indian corn, and last, not least, plum-pudding. As all will agree, this makes a very delicious and seasonable repast. Long dinners have quite gone out of fashion. And this was washed down with a sparkling bottle of Orange Champagne, '97.

My friend VICTOR, who is rather a *gourmet*, was so struck with the first mouthful of soup, that he said it was quite enough, observing, he had never tasted anything like it.

Pleased with this praise, I asked his opinion of the ortolans. He said that their aroma dispensed with the necessity for their consumption. He was evidently surprised.

When the bill was presented by the courteous "chucker-out," we found that most unluckily neither of us had any money.

I append the bill.

Dinners (for two), 1s. 9d. Champagne, 3d. Total, 2s.

To this I ought really to add:—

Cab (for three) to Marylebone Police Court, 1s. 6d. (The constable refused to walk without us.)

Loss to reputation by report of proceedings, 8d.

QUERY.—When somebody wishes to blacken somebody else's character by uttering dark hints about him, wouldn't he begin by carefully *pitching his voice*?

CONSTABLES IN COUNCIL.

INTERLOCUTORS.

Pleaceman X . . . Early Victorian Constable.
P. C. A1 . . . Lato Victorian "Bobby."

Pleaceman X. Vell, I ham blowed! Vot an egstrawnary soot. I feels fair flummaxed at you—as a Copper!

P. C. A1. Same here, old man! That toppler! That there boot!! That iky swaller-tail!!! Ah! you'd look proper— In a old-fashioned pantermine, you would!

Pleaceman X. Vell, I esteemed myself a hinnovation —On the hold Charley! I vas picktered, good, By Mister TITMARSH, gent of heddcation, And 'andy with 'is pencil. Vich you see He took me down and rote me hup, permiskers.

P. C. A1. Lor! I'm as like you as great W. G.— The cricket champion with black beard and wiskers— Is like old CLARKE, who looked a bit like you, If you took horf your coat and showed your braces. Didn't the boys just chivey and yah-boo You and your mates where'er you showed your faces?

Pleaceman X. D'yer take me for a Charley, vich the nobs Used for to bury hunder their hown boxes? No, no, PEEL's pets vos ekal to their jobs, As wigilant as sentries, firm as rockses!

P. C. A1. Lor! yer don't say so? Well, them Charleys were Hantediluvian old himages! But I must say you, in huniform and hair,— Where did you git them curious cowslicks cut?— Look a bit Noah's Arky, dontcher know! More like pew-openers than sharp handy coppers. I know one in a Bethel out at Bow, With just such kite-tail'd coat and mutton-choppers.

Pleaceman X. Ah! if you arsked A'BECKETT, the great beak, Or Mister THACKERAY the novel riter, They'd tell you as ve didn't stand no cheek, Altho' prehaps our toggery vos tighter. Yours—vell, it may be wery cumferable, But it don't look hoffishul or himposing. I can't 'elp vonderin' 'ow you vill be able, In that there toonik loose and easy-closing, To atrike street-boys vith hor, or charm the airey!

P. C. A1. Oh, don't you worrit; gutter-snipes and cooky We'll manage still. Lor bless yer, X, my MAAY Tells me I look as smart as a swell booky. Our summer-wear, long promised, keeps us cool: June perspiration sometimes was a drencher. All we want now, is to break down that rule As won't allow us just a modest quencher. Ah, X, you should ha' felt that Jubilee thust! If Mister BERNARD ABRAHAMs gits his way, And Bobby is allowed to lay his dust With a cool tankard—then we shall be gay!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—A considerable number of those who had been Jubileeing at the Royal Garden Party, and who had yet to finish the day at the great reception of the Colonials, given by Sir HENRY IRVING, at the Lyceum, have made a hurried dinner—or rather, taken a mere snack—and have rushed to Covent Garden to hear Madame MELBA as *Marguerite*, Monsieur ALVAREZ as *Faust*, with Signor ANCONA as *Valentine*, Madame BRAZZI as *Siebel*, and the *semper utile-dulci* BAUERMEISTER-singer as *Marthe*, in GOUNOD's *Faust*. A first-rate cast. Apology made for the state of M. PLANCON's throat, but apparently it was needless, since, as *Mephistopheles*, he sang as well as ever, and acted better. Madame MELBA looks the German *Gretchen*, who was of course a rather stolid kind of young person, not inclined to be over-emotional, while her singing is perfect, as is also that of Tenor ALVAREZ. *Faust*, with an ordinary cast, is not, nowadays, a great attraction in itself, but to see it with such a cast as above given, the house is crammed. MELBA's motto is, "Better late than never," and that she and ALVAREZ, with the others, can, at such a busy time, draw so big a house, may by a wee bit reduce the compass of the De Reszkian voices, though any Opera-goer would be sorry to hear that the Big Brothers should be "singing small."

Tuesday.—Jubilee reaction setting in. Covent Garden Party exhausted by Royal Garden Party, and all the rest of it—precious little "rest of it" for anyone, especially for H.R.H. the Prince, and other R.H.'s—yesterday; so *Manon* sang to comparatively

poor house—not very "poor," however, considering the diamonds glittering here and there—until end of second act, when house itself again, or something like it. Madame SAVILLE's *Manon* is popular, and Tenor VAN DYCK, in Act IV., came out as strong as a vocal Samson, and, like that muscular prototype, "brought down the house" only without any injury to himself. No Royalties visible. "Royalties" paid possibly on performance of Opera,—but that's another story, and on we goes again to

Wednesday.—*Die Meistersinger* at seven! House soon full. Royalties present. All must have sacrificed a meal to music. Supper in prospect. NED DE RESZKE in fine form; likewise his



M. JEAN DE RESZKE AS A MEISTERSINGER.

brother. Company generally at its best; audience enthusiastic, and MANCINELLI, "called from the vasty deep" of orchestra, "came when called," and modestly bowed his acknowledgment of compliment. Fine singing, and excellent bit of character-acting by DAVID BISPHAM as *Sextus Beckmesser*. Quintette at end of third act, magnificent. WAGNER outwagnered! Likewise finale. Fancy that either this hot weather agrees with "our stout JEAN" DE RESZKE, who seems to have become a trifle stouter, or the heat has reduced the rotundity of t'other Meistersingers. Too hot to consider problem. Think Opera had better have commenced at 8.30 and finished at 1 A.M. Also of opinion that house, applauding so warmly, could have afforded to let itself be refrigerated just a bit. Decided attraction.

Friday.—New Opera. Made in Germany by WILHELM KIENZL, and sung, here, in German. There are, in *Der Evangelmann*, some charmingly melodious moments, when the ordinary Opera-goer will murmur, "O si sic omnia!" Whatever there might have been of real dramatic action in the original plot, as first conceived by its author, has been ruthlessly crushed out of it in the course of construction. There is nothing new in the jealousy felt by the elder for his younger brother, better favoured by nature, and more favoured by the lady. The heroine disappears after the first act!! The elder brother, capitably played and sung by Mr. DAVID BISPHAM, appears as a sort of German *Paul Pry*, without "I hope I don't intrude." In appearance, the younger brother, quite an artistic triumph for M. VAN DYCK, calls to mind some old pictures of "Farmer GEORGE." Miss ENGLE, as the *Fraulein Martha*, was excellent. No time or space for details. We must leave the sweets of the Even-jelly-man until "our next."



CONFIDENCES.

Miss Girton. "AND DO YOU LIKE BROWNING?"

Muscular Undergraduate. "WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'D AS SOON READ A TIME-TABLE!"

DEVONSHIRE CRÈME DE LA CRÈME.

BIGGEST success of the season. Triumph of Art-in-town! Perhaps one of the greatest hits of this exceptional festivity was the appearance of my Lord Rowton in two characters, as, according to the *Times* report, his Lordship appeared as "Archbishop FARRER" and, "to the amusement of his friends, as Archbishop PARKER." Quite a Mr. Peter Magnus in his way, who, it may be remembered, informed Mr. Pickwick how he signed himself "Afternoon," because it amused his friends. "It is calculated to afford them the highest gratification, I should conceive," said Mr. Pickwick, rather enjoying the ease with which Mr. Magnus's friends were entertained."

By the way, the *Times* reporter mentions "the jewelled page of romance," but does not say who wore this particular costume. Seeing that Lord Rowton took a hint from Mr. Peter Magnus, and amused his friends by coming out as a "dual entertainer," perhaps the "jewelled page of romance" was a Pickwickian Fat Boy of the time of "CHARLEY MANG." Did Princess HENRY OF PLESS, as the Queen of Sheba, carry a beautiful bouquet furnished by SOLOMON? Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR was seen to advantage as "My Old Dutch" of 1660, and JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

wore a costume "in two shades of rose-coloured corded silk"—quite the Unionist, though the description of his costume sounds "shady." Lord BURTON, as Cardinal DUBOIS, was a study from an old basso relieve. There were "Napoleons and Josephines" for the benefit of Sir HENRY IRVING, to whom the Napoleonic variety must have been quite an "object-lesson." And this great success "for one night only!" But, as *Juliet* observed, "Such a night!" Memorabile!

DISCOVERED BY THE DOCTORS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Through a fairly long life I have been more or less a failure. I could not pass for my exam. to Sandhurst. I could not run through my matric. for the University. I couldn't even get called to the Bar!

Hitherto, this inability to grapple with tasks seemingly simple to others has puzzled me. Now the reason of my want of success is perfectly clear. I find that during my infancy, my nurse continually deranged my circulation, disturbed the grey matter of my brain, and injured my eyesight. If you have read the latest medical opinions, you will be prepared for what follows. I owe my present wretched condition to the fact that my nurse, when I was a baby, used a rocking-chair!

A VICTIM TO A MALEVOLENT MOVEMENT.

INVISIBLE ELEVATION.

If the cost's two-and-ninepence a dozen,
The charge five-and-sixpence a pair;
It is not a fraud or a cozen,

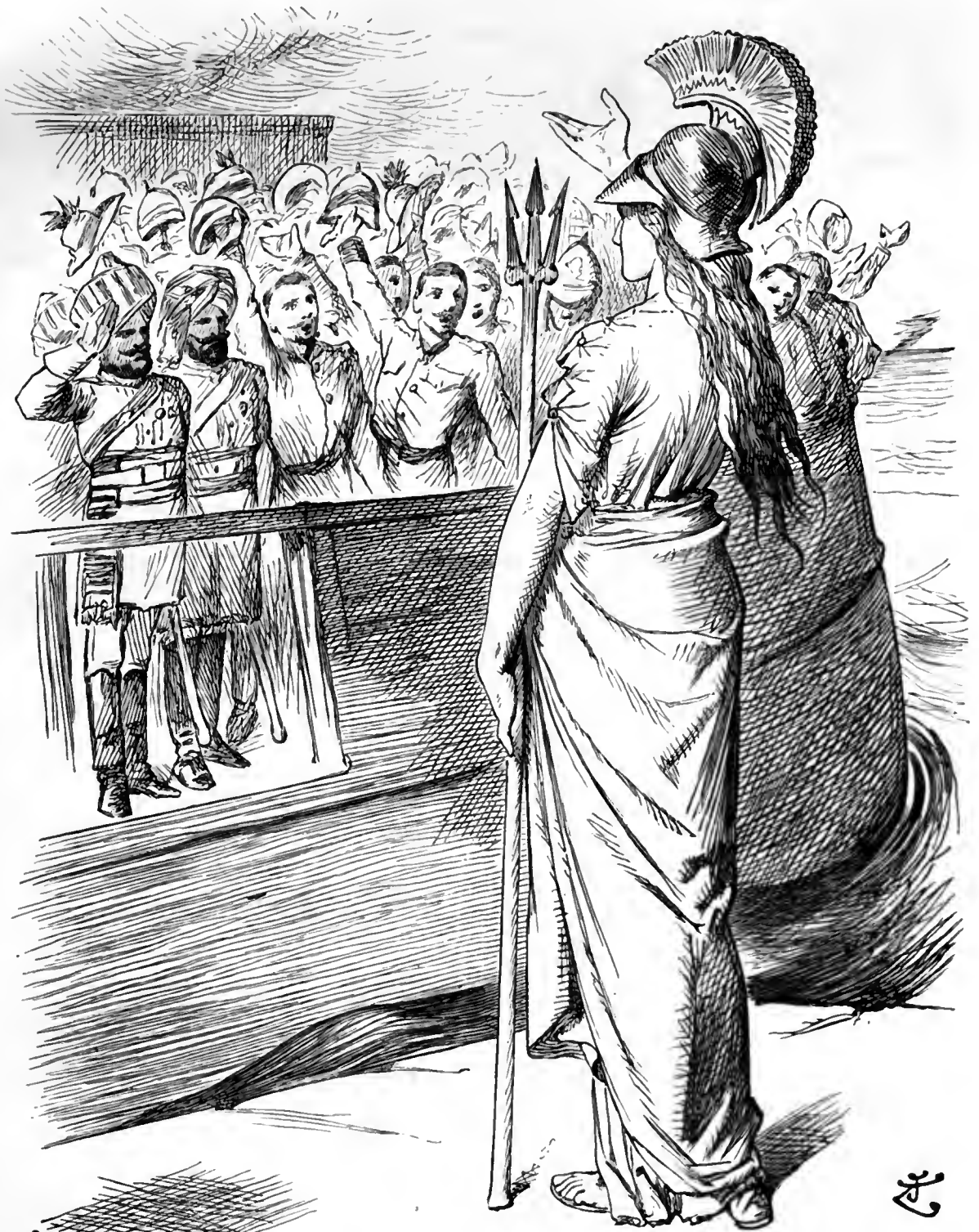
'Tis Trade, and—presumably—Fair!
Cork wedges, when called "Elevators,"

Do raise, if 'tis only the cost,
'Tis funny, to simple spectators,
But scarce to the simple who lost.
Cork soles—for the heels—at such price,

A "new line" in trade have created.
But they out of whom cork has taken this
rise,

Can hardly feel much "elevated."

LAST JUBILEE NOTE.—The Lord Mayor, Sir FAUDEL PHILLIPS, has been having a really "high old time" of it during his mayoralty, and has done everything admirably. So say all of us! It was one of the best sights in the Bestest Show that ever was, to see him, an accomplished rider, mounted on a high-trotting horse, bowing right and left to the applauding citizens. As was observed by a certain Eminent Personage at Temple Bar—the only "bar" visited by the thirsty processionists—"Really, one does not know which to admire most; so we applaud both the horse and the MAYOR."



“GOD SPEED!”



IN THE DOG DAYS.

MILITARY MANŒUVRES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
"COOLING HIS COPPER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE republication of CHARLES LEVER's works, by Messrs. DOWNEY & Co., goes merrily on. The latest out is *Tom Burke of Ours*, which, if not much of a story, as far as a connected plot goes, is thrillingly interesting as a clear narrative of the Napoleonic campaigns, personally told by an Irish volunteer, who, after studying at the Polytechnique in the days of the first Consul, joined the French army, and, with one brief interval, when Fate for the first time frowned on "the Man of Destiny," was with the great Emperor, the tyrannical Corsican, from the capitulation of Ulm and the overthrow of the Austrian Empire, to the last victory of the French at Monterau, where the real heroine of the tale, *Minette*, the *vivandière*, dies the death of a gallant soldier,—for which the Baron cannot forgive the author of her being, as she ought to have lived to be *Mrs. Tom Burke*—and thence to the last sad scene of all at Fontainebleau, when "the Empire was ended; and the Emperor, the mighty genius who created it, was on his way to exile." With the restoration of the Monarchy the story finishes. Even now this book exercises over me a marvellous charm. The colouring of the historic pictures is as bright as ever, the style as dashing, and the whole narrative as absorbing as when first I devoured it, years and years ago, in my little room at Eton.

If Mr. TOM GALLON had written *Tatterly* in time for Messrs. HUTCHINSON to publish it before *The Cricket on the Hearth* chirped in the ears of a delighted world, it would have had stupendous success. As it is, the book lies under the cloud that broods, needlessly in this case, over the second hand. Mr. GALLON reckes so little of this that he names his principal character by the Christian name of the memorable *Caleb Plummer*. But because CHARLES DICKENS lived and wrote, shall there be no more cakes and ale? The world is large enough for two good books, and here is a second. The plot underlying the story of *Tatterly* is not new, but the manner in which, at a critical point, its obvious course is turned aside, is exceedingly clever. My

Baronite, in reading it, was struck with its adaptability for the stage—wherein also it resembles the great original. It is a far cry from *Demetrius*, or *Svengali* to *Tatterly*. But Mr. BERRONN TREE is an artist to whom nothing is impossible. It might be worth his while to look up *Tatterly*, and consider its possibilities for the stage. In the meanwhile, the reader will find the book delightful in its pathos, its humour, and its humanity.

The *Natural History* volume of The Concise Knowledge Library, edited by Mr. ALFRED H. MILES, just issued by HUTCHINSON & Co., is a marvel of erudition, condensation, lucidity, and, not least striking, of cheapness. For five shillings one has the chance of making the personal acquaintance of the creatures upon the earth, under the earth, and of those that fly above its surface. The text, contributed by an imposing array of learned men, is illustrated by upwards of five hundred original drawings. On the threshold of the fascinating study, my Baronite was confronted by the difficulty that the English language does not possess a word of its own that will include all the animals forming the class known to zoologists as the mammalia. Quadrupeds is sometimes loosely used. But the term excludes man and includes the turtle. To show how minute is the inquiry, it may be stated that not less than nineteen different classes of worms are mentioned. Oddly enough, reference to the book-worm is omitted. The revered head of the family, the erudite Baron himself, is passed by as if he were not. This is, however, the only omission noted in eight hundred pages, teeming with interest.

"Did I want to visit the East," quoth the Baron, "I would take my Davey,—I mean, I should take my RICHARD DAVEY with me, represented by his two volumes (CHAPMAN AND HALL) about *The Sultan and his Subjects*; the SULTAN now having become one of Mr. DAVEY's subjects." But the Baron is pained by the want of confidence shown by Mr. DAVEY towards his readers, as, knowing so much, and having had such unusual advantages, he pauses on the threshold of the harem, turns round to his reading followers, and saying, with a wink, "Wait here till I come out," disappears,—and when he does return, to his anxious inquirers he has not a word to say—not a word—no more than had *Bottom*, the weaver, when he came back from the wonders of Fairyland. Now, what is the use of having the run of a harem or two if you're to hold your tongue for ever afterwards? No, Mr. RICHARD CŒUR DE LION DAVEY, you just give us another volume, and speak out!

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"FINIS, CORONAT."

ROYAL Academy Soirée at Burlington House last Thursday. Crowded house. "Here we go up, up, up" the grand staircase, overcrowded at first, but soon cleared as guests gradually melt—it was not by any means the hottest night of the season—and disperse to "do" the pictures and to "do themselves" uncommonly well in the refreshment department. President Sir EDWARD and Lady POYNTER, receiving everyone with hearty courtesy, wonder what has become of Colonial Premiers. There are present gorgeous Indians, magnificent colourists, but no Colonial Premiers! Then it is reported that they are all dining at the Mansion House, and that genially hospitable Sir FAUDEL won't hear of their leaving the banquet until they've "finished the bottle" and drunk all the toasts.

At 11.30, no Colonials! At midnight, "the cry is still they come," but haven't yet arrived. "O where and O where are my Co-lo-ni-als?" hums the President, who, after shaking hands with everybody, may now shake hands with himself, in congratulation on the success of the reception—even without the Colonial Premiers, who, it appears, were late in arriving at the Mansion House banquet, and are now being detained by my Lord SALISBURY's post-prandial eloquence.

Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has yet a speech to deliver, but he must keep it in his pocket for another occasion, as the Colonials can't stand any more just now, and, if they go anywhere, they are bound for the Academy Soirée at Burlington House.

At this late hour, as long as everyone can intelligibly articulate "Bri'sh consh'tooshun," we know, on the authority of LEECH's picture, that they must be "all right," and in a fit state to "join the ladies." But whether the Colonial Premiers and their Premières ever did reach Burlington House this deponent is unable to say, having retired from the gay and festive halls of dazzling light on the stroke of half-past midnight.

A Question for the New Woman.

(By an Old Man.)

MISGOVERNMENT has marred mankind's content.
Will things be bettered by Miss-government?



Mr. MacSimius. "WELL, OI DON'T PROFESS TO BE A PARTICULARLY CULTIVATED MAN MESELF; BUT AT LASTE ME PROGENITORS WERE ALL EDUCATED IN THE HOIGHER BRANCHES!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AT PORTMOUTH.

DEAR MISTER,—All the world has spoken, and speaks again, of the Jubilee. Me I can not to render count of all the impressions of that unforgettable day. I shall say all simply that I saw the magnificent procession, that I held myself upright, the hat to the hand, for to salute, with the most great respect, your illustrious and venerable QUEEN, that I saw the illumination the evening, and that all the day and all the night, I ceased not of to admire the brave agents of police, and the honest burghesses who promened themselves so tranquilly. And see there all!

But I go to tell you how I am gone to Portsmouth to see this astonishing spectacle of the english fleet. Being stranger I avoid the great crowds, where the english themselves can voyage but with difficulty. Therefore I go not the day of the review, I attend even just to wednesday last, and then in fine I lift myself of very good morning, I entrap a train of very good hour, I arrive to Portsmouth before midday, and I hasten myself of to embark on a steamboat for to make the turn of the fleet. Ah, what superb blow of eye! Me I am that which you call "landman," I know

not of all the diverse parts of a vessel, at pain have I learnt the words "starboard" and "portboard," and, however, I find all that a spectacle truly magnificent. He makes a superb time, the sea is calm, she is even blue, and the sky—eh well, it is an english sky, but almost blue when even, *quand même*.

He arrives by hazard that the *bâtiment de guerre*, the building of war—that which you call a "warman"—of the Germans is parted. Eh well, that is equal to me! One has said me that it was the sole warman, enough as he must, whom the Emperor WILLIAM could to find. What drole of ideal! Figure to yourself, Mister Punch, the Emperor who demands something that he can not to obtain! *Mon Dieu, quel tohu-bohu à Berlin!* At the future, after to have heard to speak of this great english fleet, the Emperor perhaps will not amuse himself so much to send some telegrams to his friend MISTER KRUGER. *A la bonne heure!*

I see the warman of the Austrians, and that of the Russians, and the flag—ah, the dear threecolour!—of my country. What pleasure! And in fine the warman of the Japanese, very *chic*, with the enormous flag of the chrysanthemum. But these here, the vessels of the strangers, are little of thing. In face extends herself an interminable line of the most great warmans, the magnificent fleet of your country. Permit, Mister Punch, that I offer to you, me, although stranger and landman, to you as representant of your nation, my most warm felicitations. Hope we that the threecolour and the union john may never encounter themselves, excepted, as at Portsmouth, in amical neighbours. Then even the fleets of MISTER KRUGER and of the Emperor WILLIAM, the two re-united under the orders of a swiss admiral, would never dare to attack the most small little *torpilleur*, english or french. See there, as says the great SHACKSPIR, "a consommation most devoutly to desire." *Une consommation! Ah, un toast—toast, a french word whom one may to translate "a drink."* Drink we then to the cordial amity of the two fleets, english and french!

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Engaged Young Man, inspired by the presence of his Lady-love, gets up early at a Country House.

I SAT in a garden upon a green lawn,
Fenced around with a rampart of yew;
'Mid the flowers that welcomed the coming of dawn,
While shedding their circlets of dew.
The blackbird made merry with pipe of delight,
The thrush cried, "Hallo!" to the morn,
For the joy of the thought of the death of the night,
And the joy of another day born.

There I sat, 'mid the flowers, where roses were fain,
And larkspur with clematis met,
Where the lily looked down with a lofty disdain
On the charms of the coy mignonette.
Where geraniums flushed with a ripe, ardent red,
And forget-me-nots answered with blue,
To the signal the heaven was giving o'er head,
In its eloquent promising hue.

I looked at your window with rapture and bliss,
And longed just a creeper to be,
To tap at your lattice and whisper a kiss,
A dainty "good-morrow" from me,
Just to tell you my love, and so I drew near
To that spot where I'd oft been before,
In softest of accents I made myself clear,
And you answered me—Yes! with a snore!

FABULA NARRATUR.—MIVIUS is a playwright, with a note-book, a good memory, and a faculty for assimilation and adaptation. "Good tempered fellow is MIVIUS," observed a friend; "always ready to take a joke." "Yes," quickly returned a sayer of good things, who had suffered from MIVIUS' cleverness. "Very ready to take a joke—from anyone—and use it."

Charity at Home.

(Mr. Punch's Tip.)

THOUGH this Jubilee Year has brought claims of all kind
On the purse of the lovely and—well, say the *less* sex,
While for India and Hospitals "raising the wind,"
Forget not our storm-ruined farmers in Essex!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

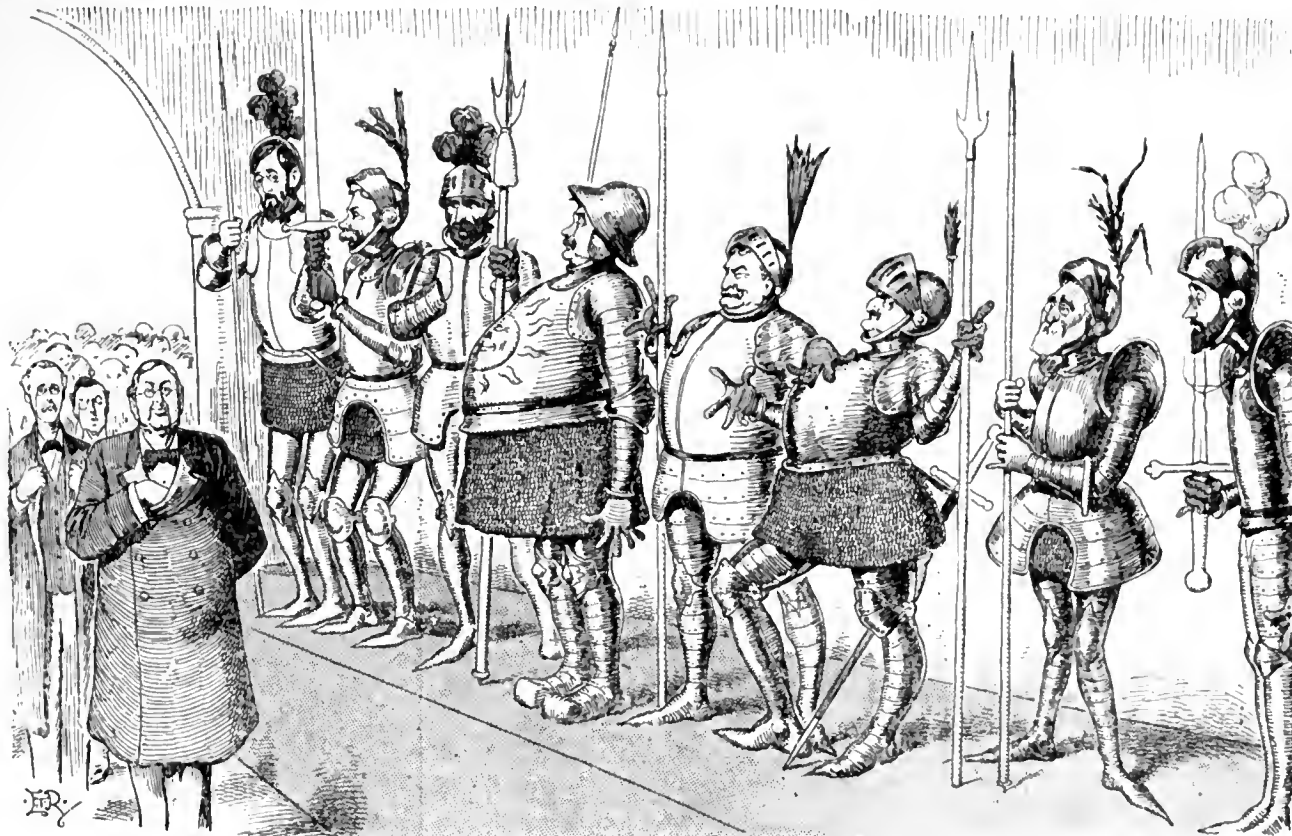
House of Commons, Monday, June 28.— PHIL MAY once drew in these pages a scene humorous or pathetic according to the mood of the looker-on. Three figures are shown outside a public-house. One, a stout, frowsy, angered woman, holding by the hand a crying child, addresses her bibulous lord and master with the inquiry, "Will you come 'ome?" He, as yet in a genial Saturday-night condition, replies, "I'll do ellsythil you like in reasol, M'RIA (hic), bur I won't come 'ome."

Thought of this picture to-night when PRINCE ARTHUR strategically endeavoured

HOME SECRETARY didn't think it even necessary to urge claims of measure on favourable attention of House. Moved second reading by the hat signal. SPEAKER put question; seemed about to be carried as matter of course, when Members below gangway challenged decision that the Ayes had it. Then Ministers began to smell a rat. PRINCE ARTHUR, looking hurriedly round the forces on either side, saw it moving in the air. Nothing to be done but divide. After division, the clerk handed to DALZIEL the paper containing figures. That meant Government were defeated. Loud shout went up from jubilant Opposition. "Resign! resign!" they shouted, a good old Parliamentary joke that never loses its freshness.

Tuesday.—Ministers come up smiling to-day as if nothing had happened. Yet they have accomplished a feat worthy of Jubilee year. Never before in England's story did a constitutional Government, beaten in three successive divisions, calmly continue to carry on the QUEEN'S Government.

"I must say," I hinted to PRINCE ARTHUR, as we walked down to the House together this afternoon, "I thought, after the second division, you would have advised the QUEEN to send for DALZIEL and LLOYD GEORGE. Not that I think they would have been able to form a Ministry. The SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE would have been quite at home at the Foreign Office, and CALDWELL would know his way about the Scotch Office. But TANNEA



OUR ARTIST HAS (MORE OR LESS) REASON TO BELIEVE THAT ARRANGEMENTS WERE MADE TO ENABLE THE IRISH MEMBERS TO BE PRESENT IN WINDSOR CASTLE, ON SATURDAY, JULY 3, QUITE UNSUSPECTED, AND CONSEQUENTLY WITHOUT LOSS OF PRESTIGE IN IRELAND.

to escape from a quandary by moving adjournment of House. "We'll do anything in reason, PRINCE ARTHUR," said the Opposition, "but we won't go home." As usual in the House of Commons, bolt fell out of blue sky. Through question hour nothing to indicate that, before dinner-bell rang, strengest Government of modern times would be thrice beaten in division lobby.

Benches on both sides nearly empty. Everybody except the Blameless and Spartan BARTLEY gone to Buckingham Palace for garden party. Seemed just one of nights when heaps of business might be shovelled over. This anticipation realised by rapidity with which London Water Companies Bill passed second reading. No one liked it; some kicked it; its party friends pleaded that it was at least harmless. But they let it pass.

Crisis crashed down on obscure, innocent-looking measure local to Isle of Man.

PRINCE ARTHUR, with great presence of mind, moved adjournment of House. It he could only get these fellows away, further embarrassment, even possible danger, would be avoided. Young lions below the gangway not so easily disposed of. They were masters of the situation; would remain to enjoy it as long as possible. Anything in reason, M'RIA, but they would not go home. On a second division they had fresh triumph. Yea, on a third they beat the hapless Government. But BLUCHER was coming up from Buckingham Palace. He arrived in haste, generally in white waistcoat, always in frock coat. He came in in twos and threes, in tens and in scores. PRINCE ARTHUR, feeling the reinforcements were sufficient, made a final charge, sweeping the enemy off the field with a majority of nearly two to one.

Business done.—Government thrice defeated in the division lobby.

would never have done as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and it is well known he will take nothing else. Therefore, in following the ordinary course, you would have had the satisfaction of observing constitutional usage without risking personal or party advantage."

"I darsay you are right, TOBY. In fact, I fully admit you are. But you must make some allowance for my position. It was all so sudden; no chance of consulting the MARKISS. I'm bound to say I don't hold you altogether free from responsibility in the matter. I'm not superstitious or given to blench before omens. At same time, I cannot forget that two years ago this very month you went off with Mr. G., tripping it in the *Tantallon Castle* for opening of Kiel Canal. When you left, nothing seemed more remote than Ministerial crisis. When you came back, you found the Government defeated, the coun-



THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HENLEY REGATTA.

try on eve of general election. Now you go off with Admiral of the (White Star) Fleet ISMAI to Naval Review. You leave us with a majority of over a hundred and forty, apparently stronger than the forts at Spit-head. After three days' absence, you come back to see us beaten in division lobby, not once nor twice, but thrice. It may be accident, a mere coincidence. I confess it looks a little uncanny. Next time you contemplate one of these alluring trips, I beg you will, for the sake of old friendship, give me timely notice. I'll take care that till you are back again, there shall be no chance opening for the adversary such as he has found to-night."

Business done.—Budget Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—A pleasant, restful evening with Scotch business. Education first. Congested districts to follow. Some first-rate speaking on earlier subject; but debate hopelessly suffered, as debates do with Ministerial majority of 140, from inevitableness of conclusion. LORD ADVOCATE, in charge of Bill, did his best to keep up flagging spirits. To pass round the usquebaugh at a particularly dull moment, or to give a twirl of the pipes when anyone in the company is seen nodding, a natural impulse. But GRAHAM MURRAY feels it would shock Southern prejudice. So when his watchful eye observed signs of yawning, he handed round a little sum.

"I will not," he said, at one perilous juncture, "stop to do the sum myself. Probably hon. gentlemen will work it out for themselves as I go along. If eleven-eighths of £44,000 shew us where Scotland stands under this Bill, where will England be supposing, instead of sticking to the 17s. 6d. limit, you take the proportion of 11 to 80, and give Scotland 21 instead of 11?"

That may not convey anything definite to the Southern mind. But you should have seen the Scotch Members figuring it out on their copies of the orders! LORN ADVOCATE, watching them out of one corner of his eye, went on with his speech. When he saw spirits of audience drooping again, handed round another sum.

Quite a new development of Parliamentary debate. But, as SARK says, at

one time nigger minstrels were novelty at Primrose meetings. And see how they took on, returning Unionist Government with unparalleled majority. Anyhow, GRAHAM MURRAY carried his Bill, though, as CAWMELL-BANNERMAN cannily said, he was the only Scotch Member on either side who expressed cordial approval of its principles. *Business done.*—A heap.

Friday.—Rare to find a man endowed with dual gift of speaking and writing. Where phenomenon exists, the platform style is quite distinct from the literary. An exception in the case of Member for West Fife. Picking up in reading-room just now that admirable weekly, *The Speaker*, read article entitled "The John-sonian Legend." Hadn't got through first paragraph before I murmured, "BIRRELL or Beelzebub." Turning over page, found it wasn't Beelzebub. Article reads exactly like BIRRELL talks; an admirable style, unique, as all really good styles are, being as much a part of a man as his nose or his ears. A. B. is steeped in the spirit, flavour, and colour of eighteenth century literature, adding to it a certain delightfully sly humour, born of Scotch lineage, tempered by English birth and Bar associations.

Business done.—Irish votes in Committee of Supply.

NOTES BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

THE PLEASURES OF JULY.

THE fly season has now begun, and bald-headed people should be provided with the new patent "catch-'em-alive-oh!" cap.

Earwigs have wakened up, and are very busy in their invasions on to pillows, which do not belong to them.

Ants are swarming, and disregard all attempts to keep them off gravel paths or out of sculleries.

Moths make a fine display at night. Sometimes by a dexterous hit an expert cricketer may hit one to leg off his lamp or candle.

Snails and slugs take up their summer quarters on rose bushes, strawberry plants, lettuces, and those peas which the sparrows have not already consumed.

Green fly and black blight are generally vying with caterpillars in the destruction of vegetable life.

Spiders have a knack of dropping on the human body, but they totally disregard their natural prey. Midges are undisturbed by tobacco smoke, and bluebottles and gnats help themselves.

REFLECTIONS ON A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

WE parted—cheerfully! Yet now
I've fallen into disrepute
With nearly all her friends, who vow
That she's an angel, I'm a brute;
Black isn't black enough for me,
My conduct will not bear inspection—
A statement which I hold to be
Fair food for critical reflection.

WE parted. The consummate ease
With which "united hearts" can range
From their allegiance, if they please,
But illustrates the laws of change.
The thoughts and tastes of yester year
Fall under Father Time's correction—
This is not critical, I fear,
But platitudinous reflection!

WE parted. She had quite a pack
Of friends, "nice boys," as she avowed;
She called them BOB, and DICK, and JACK,
And I was—one amongst the crowd.
I did not, people may infer,
Possess entire her young affection—
Yet, be it understood, on her
I cast no shadow of reflection!

WE parted. Men cannot persist
In playing uncongenial parts—
I was a keen philatelist,
Her hobby was collecting—hearts!
A simple case. I did not pine
To add my heart to her collection,
She had no stamps to add to mine,
We parted—wisely, on reflection!

A WONDERFUL LINER.—A New York paper states that a boat is shortly to be launched which will cross the Atlantic in sixty-five hours. The motive power is gasoline. Mr. Punch believes that this ought to be spelt "gas o' lying."



Our Poetess. "DO NOT TALK TO ME OF DINNER, EDWIN. I MUST STAY BY THIS BEAUTIFUL SEA, AND DRINK IT ALL IN!"
Bill the Boatman. "LOR! SHE'S A THIRSTY ONE TOO!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AT THE THEATRE.

DEAR MISTER,—At the month of July when he makes ordinarily so hot, we other French we go rarely to the theatre. In effect during this month here one amuses himself rather where the windows are all great open, or yet better in a garden in full air. When one desires even to sleep at the beautiful star, *à la belle étoile*, one loves not to be shut in an atmosphere so suffocating. But at London it is not "*autres temps, autres mœurs*," for the other manners are at the same time, and the brave English, mans and womans equally, can to support the atmosphere of the theatre, calm and correct as at the ordinary.

I admire much your theatres. I go not to pronounce a discourse on the artists of the theatre in England. I have seen of them many—Sir IRVING, Mister HARE, Mister WINDAM, and, there is some time, him who has the double title, Sir Esquire BANCKROFT. And the ladys also—Lady TERRY, Lady Esquire BANCKROFT, Missis PATRICK-CAMBELL, and some others.

Since the feasts of the Jubilee, the number of the spectacles diminishes. And, thing enough droll, several among them are not english. When he makes too much hot for to play at Paris, the french artists come to London, and the other strangers also. Thus, by example, the English, who study not the stranger languages as the Russians or the Austrians, can to go to see at London Missis BERNHARDT, Missis RÉJANE or Missis ODILON. Ah, the charming artist of Vienna, so gay, so admirable! I am gone to see her, and I am enchanted. Sometimes also the Londonians can to see Missis DUSE, or COQUELIN youngster, without to speak of the Opera, where some singers, polonish or italian, sing in french some german operas before the english asistance.

All lastly I am gone to see the french artists several times. I know so well the pieces, and I have seen the artists so often, that I find myself as at me, *comme chez moi*. But the theatre it is not the same thing. I have remarked that at the moment of to arrive, for I encounter not the merchant of programmes at the entry. It is true that one offers to me a translation of the piece—to me, what droll of idea! Then at the interior one finds not three men, installed behind a counter, who have the air of magistrates, and after that some openers, *ouvreuses*, enough old and

enough ugly. Ah no! In England the openers are young and often pretty, and they are so genteel, *gentilles*, that one buys almost volunterly, *volontiers*, a miserable programme, covered of announces, at six pennys. It is not the charming little programme of *L'Illustration* which one receives gratis in the theatres of Paris, nor the self-saying journal, which one buys at two pennys; it is all simply a list of the artists, surrounded of reclamations, *réclames*. See there one thing which I admire not.

In effect all costs more dear than at Paris. An armchair of orchestra at ten shillings six pennys is enough dear; at twenty and one, or even at twenty-five shillings, as at the Opera, it is too much dear. One time, for to see Missis BERNHARDT at the Adelphi, I pay twelve shillings six pennys for an armchair of balcony, and I see not anything, absolutely not anything excepted the heads of the spectators pushed in before, *penchées en avant*. There is even some persons at the last rank who, seeing not anything from their places, hold themselves upright all the time, and pay more than fifteen francs for that. It is very bad arranged that balcony there.

It is true that the most part of the theatres are better aerated than at Paris, that the armchairs of orchestra are more large and more comfortable, and that the ladys are all in great toilet, so that the scene is not entirely hidden by a hat of the most gigantic, that which arrives so often at Paris. Truly this part of the londonian theatres, filled of adorable ladys in robes of evening, the hairs graciously arranged, and not covered of hats, is absolutely charming to see, and has the air of a flat band, *plate-bande*, of flowers. But even for that I love not to pay two times, almost three times, more dear than at Paris.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

PREMIER PUNCH TO COLONIAL PREMIERS.

[Sir EDWARD BRADDON, Premier of Tasmania, speaking at a meeting convened by the British Empire League, "to welcome the Colonial Premiers to the City of London," said "He would leave this country—that was, if he lived to do so—bitterly disappointed if some steps were not taken to forward that which would bring the mother country and the colonias closer together."]

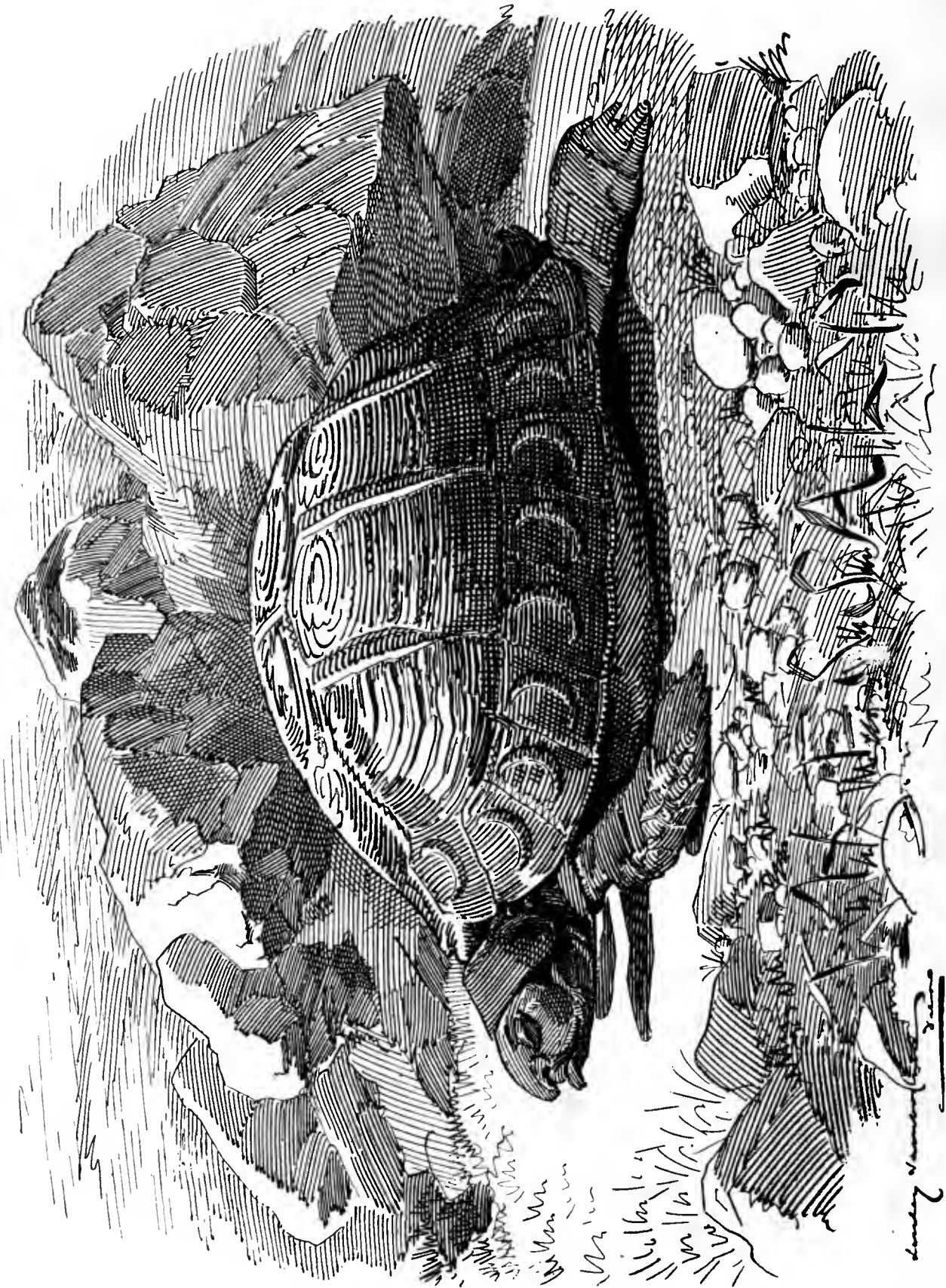
"A MISS is as good as a mile," it has been said;
But not as good as a (British Empire) League!
To bring Imperial Unity to a head,
Without compulsion as without intrigue,
Is our joint hope, and would we might compute
That "*Ce n'est que le 'Premier' pas qui coûte!*"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Our old friend *Les Huguenots*. Poor MAOGIE MACINTYRE ill, and replaced by Mlle. PACARY. Good house. Good performance. ALVAREZ in fine voice, and Baritone RENAUD, a name suggestive of gay duellist in *Corsican Brothers*, excellent as *Comte de Nevers-too-late-to-mend*. MARIE ENGLE raised herself in public opinion by her "Sister MARY JANE'S top note" in the Queen's song, and PLANGON sang *con brio* as *St. Bris*. Opera completed by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Dame d'Honneur*. But what character cannot she play with distinction? Wonderful BAUERMEISTER-singeress! Cannot M. FLON, the conductor, hurry on the operatic omnibus? O those "waits" between the acts! Why remind us that "Christmas is coming," by lugging in "the Waits" between the acts?

Friday, at 8.—"Original version" of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with EMMA EAMES, aristocratically charming as *La Contessa*, and first appearance here of Mlle. CLEMENTINE DE VERE as *Susanne*. CLEMENTINE not remarkable for anything in particular. NED DE RESZKE quite the Count, married and unsettled; ANCONA a dapper *Figaro*; CORSI, a burlesque *Basilio*; and *Dotty Dottore Bartolo* conventionally represented by "Vive Lemprière" PRINGLE! ZELIE DE LUSSAN, *en garçon*, a buxom, boyish *Cherubino*, more like herself than ever when "disguised" as a girl. And—quite a novice as *Marcellina* . . . guess? . . . Operatic management's proverb . . . —"When in doubt play BAUERMEISTER." Renowned RANDEGGER conscientiously conducted; and Mr. DOLMETSCH, somewhere down below, accompanied the recitatives on an ancient harpsichord, whose peculiar sound is rather suggestive of orchestra having been re-inforced by TINNEY.

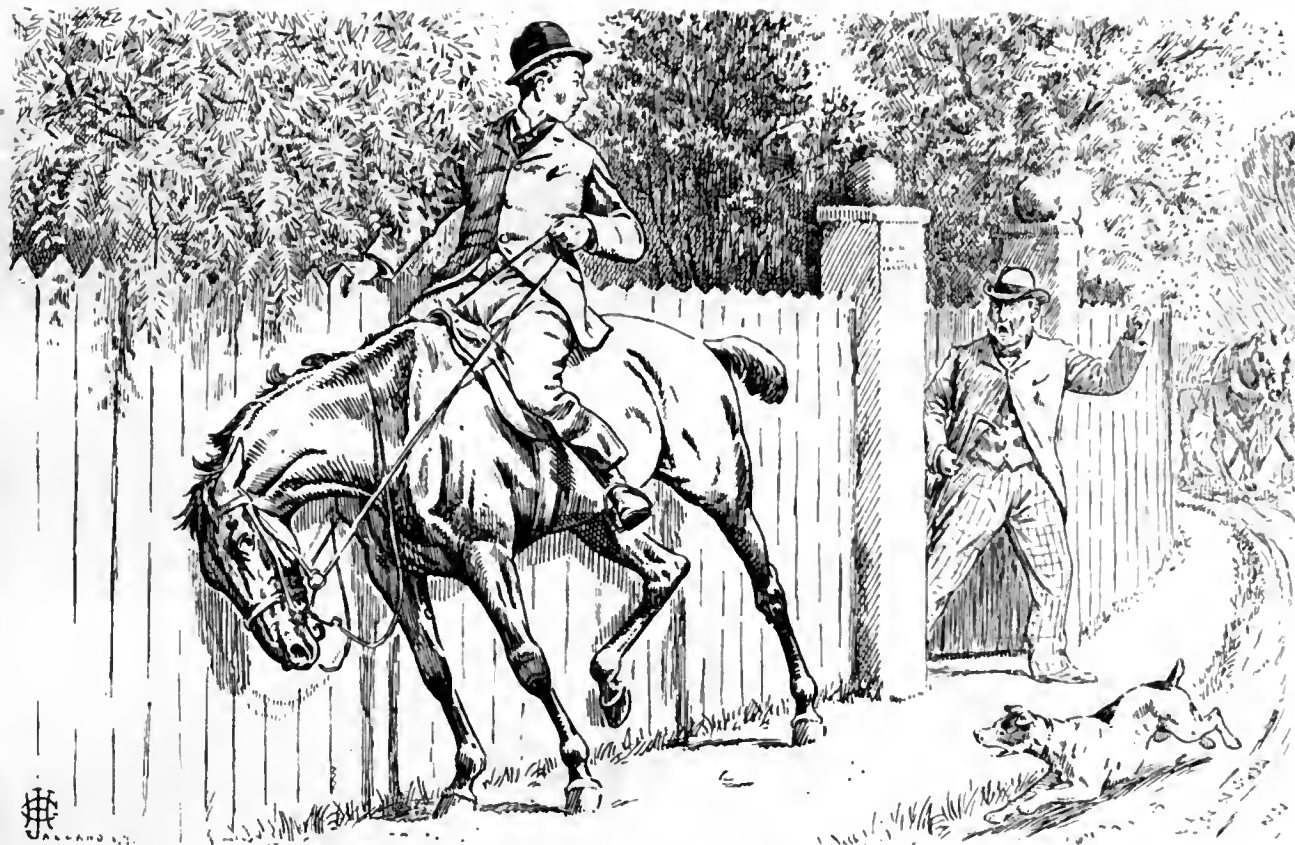
Saturday.—New Opera by FREDERIC REGNAL, "first production on any stage,"—entitled, *Inez Mendo*. What "Inez" has to "Mend-o," or whether she might be improved and be "*Inez On-the-Mendo*," this deponent cannot say this week. The English version by W. BEATTY-fied KINSTON. "Now we sha'n't be long," which is not what we can ever say about the *entr'actes* at the Opera. Observations on *Inez* reserved till we've heard it.



THE TURKISH TORTOISE.

T. T. (to himself). "THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE—I'M NOT GOING TO BE HURRIED!"

James D. James



UNWILFUL DAMAGE.

Irate Householder (to Gent, whose steed is trying to scrape him off). "Hi! CONFOUND YOU! GET AWAY FROM THAT FENCE! CAN'T YOU SEE IT HAS JUST BEEN FRESH PAINTED, YOU FOOL?"

THE LAY OF AN OPTIMIST.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these—" It might have been."
J. G. WHITTIER.

The lady-novelist contrives
A woeful tale and long,
She parts the lovers, spoils their lives,
Makes everything go wrong;
She loves to see the Fates make hay
In endless fits of spleen,
That in the end she gaily may
Bemoan the "might-have-been"!

Love once, it happens, crossed my way,
And bound me with his spell;
I often still recall the day
When I proposed to NELL.
She now possesses children nine,
A tongue and temper keen—
She's JONES's wife, you know, not mine,
To think—she might have been!

To *Tiny Tim's* untimely fate
I also may appeal—
He foolishly evinced of late
A taste for human veal.
The dog, they said, was clearly mad
To bite a calf so lean—
It was not mine, I wish to add,
But still—it might have been!

A host of "moving accidents
By flood and field" I've known—
I say I've known, since my intent's
To tell the truth alone.
A railway amash is not much fun,
Yet do not think I mean
That I have ever been in one,
But that I might have been!

There may be pathos, one admits,
In "might-have-been" sometimes,
Although it's a not a rule which fits
The cases in my rhymes.
And 'spite the lady-novelist,
Some comfort I can glean—
There's nothing sad in having missed
Some things which might have been!

HINTS FOR HENLEY.

(At the Service of Visitors wishing to be comfortable.)

TAKE care to be invited to the best situated house-boat.

If you can, get permission to ask a few friends to join your host's party at luncheon.

Be sure to secure the pleasantest seat, the most amusing neighbour, and all the periodicals.

If you are conversationally inclined, monopolize the talk, and if you are not, plead a headache for keeping every one silent.

Mind that "No. 1" is your particular numerical distinction, and that the happiness of the rest of the world is a negligible quantity.

If you are a man, keep smoking cigars and sipping refreshing beverages until it is time to eat and drink seriously; if you are of the other sex, flirt, chatter, or sleep, as the impulse moves you.

And when you are quite, quite sure that you have nothing better to do, give a glance to the racing!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Married Man contrasts Henley at peace with Henley in time of war.

AT PEACE (1895).

THE long reach stretches by the meads,
With placid run of ripple,
The osiers bend beside the reeds
To join them in their tipple.
Just here and there a lazy boat
Lies languid on the stream-way,
And you and I, while thus afloat,
Let all our thoughts go dream-way.

I cannot scull, you cannot steer,
And so we're slowly drifting
Beneath this sky so blue and clear
'Mid scenes that need no shifting.
All happiness is ours to-day,
No storm our bark can shiver;
But, as in Tennysonian lay,
We two go on for ever!

AT WAR (1897).

The aspect's changed! Not for the best,
To him who sings this ballad.
The *frou-frou* of the smartly drest
Combined with lobster salad;
The signal-gun by corks is drowned,
The boom of "fizz" and soda!
What time the minstrel strains resound
That surely need a *coda*!

All this I bear with humble mien,
Amid the flare and flaunting,
But really wish I ne'er had seen
This sight of jolly jaunting.
For on the house-boat, where for long
Both you and I have tarried,
I see that you are "going strong,"
And I—well, there! I'm married!



"'ERE, JUST 'OLD MY BROOM A MINUTE, I'M JUST GOIN' UP THE STREET. IF ANY OF MY REGULAR CUSTOMERS COMES, JUST ARST 'EM TO WAIT A BIT!"

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

I.—IN A BOUDOIR.

SCENE—BLANCHE'S house in Mayfair.

BLANCHE and ENID sitting on sofa. BLANCHE fair and irresponsible. ENID dark and sensible.

Blanche. ENID, I'm rather worried. Can I trust you?

Enid. O, BLANCHE!

Blanche. It's such an awful thing, dear! POOR SAVILE! Ever since I married that boy's been getting into scrapes. He now wants to marry CARRIE FLOYD, and has written to ask me to lend him fifteen shillings!

Enid. Is that enough to marry on?

Blanche. Oh, of course not! But she has a splendid salary at the—where she sings, you know. A music-hall. Besides, she's married already, and has six chil-

dren. And think of the disparity of age! She's forty, and SAVILE's only sixteen. He says he quite realizes all this; he's not blind to the facts; but it's—well, it's real, you know, this time; the sort of thing you read of; and he can't live without her. Fancy how my people will—

Enid. Oh! I don't think you need be anxious. I am sure there is no immediate danger of the match.

Blanche. Really? Well, perhaps not! How sensible and soothing you always are, dear!

Enid (laughing, and taking up a little velvet case). I suppose this is a birthday present from EUGENE. He's a very polite husband.

Blanche. Wasn't it nice of him? And yet—

Enid. You don't care for jewels, do you?

Blanche. They last so long.

Enid. And the flowers?

Blanche. Oh! the orchids are from young REEVES. He thinks I'm a heartless, sophisticated woman of the world, and says I have a "morbid attraction" for him. The roses are from old Colonel CAMERON. He says I'm so refreshingly simple and innocent—quite a child. ALAN TRISTRAM sent me his new book; it's horribly clever!

Enid. Isn't this a new photograph of ALAN? It's rather flattered.

Blanche. Well, you see, he took it himself. He photographs very well.

Enid. Do you still like him?

Blanche. Oh! he has faults. But I do him a great deal of good. I appeal to his higher nature. Dear ENID, I envy you sometimes for being married to a celebrity.

Enid. I don't think you'd like it, BLANCHE. You'd have to order dinner. Besides, they never get up.

Blanche. What does that matter? They know such amusing people.

Enid. Why don't you do something yourself? Write: I'm sure you could.

Blanche. I do sometimes think I should like to write a book—just a little, long, narrow book, that would go easily into a waistcoat pocket, and would make a great sensation.

Enid. If it's only so that EUGENE should know amusing people—

Blanche. Oh! he does, of course. But his old friends, those who gave us wedding presents, make love to me as if it were a painful duty, and the others, the new ones, talk racing, and whisper hoarsely in my ear, "Back Silverpoint; back it when and where you can!" and I say, "Oh! thank you so much; do you think it will really win? The dear thing! I love horses!"—and then I forget all about it. ALAN TRISTRAM has been a little trying, lately. I had to hint that EUGENE was jealous. He isn't, really. ALAN's going away. For my sake! Fancy! He says I ennoble him, and am made for better things.

Enid. Better than what? Than CHARLIE REEVES?

Blanche. Oh! he is a dear boy! He says my cynical views terrify him. I shall miss him very much—soon. I'm not really cynical, you know, at all.

Enid. I suppose you represent for him dangerous fascination.

Blanche. Well, I make up for that by being ALAN's better angel. I keep him up to his ideals; I lead him in the right path.

Enid. And Colonel CAMERON?

Blanche. Oh! he wants me to know more of the world—more of life. Really, dear, it isn't that one wants to pose. But if people will call one names, how can one help living up to them? I'm always sincere. But you can't be the same to every one; they won't let you. How anxious I feel about SAVILE! It's seems such a pity. To marry at sixteen! And a woman who—

Enid. Talk of something else. What are your arrangements for the early summer?

Blanche. One is coming to call this afternoon.

Enid. Do I know him?

Blanche. Well, no. I met him at the CLINTONS.

Enid. How long ago?

Blanche. Last night! Now, don't be silly, ENID. His name is LANCE CHALLONER. He seems unusual, and clever. Don't go when he comes—for ten minutes.

Enid. Are you going to be sophisticated, or a simple little thing? I'm getting anxious.

Blanche. Oh! I don't know; I shall see how things turn out. He seems thoughtful and broad-minded. I mean, he's not a mere trifler—takes an interest in things.

Enid. Do you mean he's a socialist?

Blanche. Oh, no! He thinks the rich ought to have a chance, too; he sees every point of view. And he's a fond of music that as soon as he found out I had a piano, he asked to come and see it. Could I refuse? It would have been so rude to the CLINTONS!

Enid. I quite see. The only person who will ever be dangerous to you, my dear, will be the person with whom you can be perfectly natural. If you seem to be, with your new friend, I sha'n't leave in ten minutes.

Blanche. Really, dear, I've no idea what I shall be. He puts one quite at one's ease; he understands palmistry, and I heard he kept an emu in his garden. But he's not an artist; he's an *attaché*.

Enid. Then I wonder Lord SALISBURY allows it! What is an emu?

Blanche. I haven't the slightest idea! Oh! I'm so miserable about poor dear SAVILE!

Servant (announcing). Master SAVILE!

Enter BLANCHE's brother, a neat, fair, pink, Eton boy, with round, blue eyes, and a shy manner.

Savile (speaking in a self-conscious, inarticulate mumble, rather gruff, and blushing). I just came in, you know— You got my note all right?

Blanche (anxiously). Yes! Well?

Savile. Well, it's off. See? It's all off.

Enid. Shall I leave you?

Savile. Oh, no! (*To Blanche.*) I suppose she knows?

Blanche. Well, I did just hint—

Savile. I don't mind ENID, she's all right. Yes, it's off. She treated me in the most beastly— Never mention her name in my presence again!

Blanche. Have I ever mentioned it, dear? But I am glad. It's surely better so, isn't it? Don't you feel it yourself?

Savile. Oh! yes; rather! I didn't care. Of course, I'm rather cut up, and all that. It's the sort of thing that rather ruins a chap's life. But she behaved— Never mind. How are you, old girl? You look very fit. GERALDINE sent me her photo from school. She's done her hair up. It looks awfully rum.

Enid. I hope you're not engaged to GERALDINE yet?

Savile. Engaged! No thanks! You don't catch me marrying. I've had enough of that game. No more marrying for me! I say, many happy returns—and, I say, does EUGENE know what's going to win at Sandown?

Blanche. I shouldn't think he knows for certain. Don't these things depend a good deal on chance, and how the jockeys ride, and so on?

Enid. What about Silverpoint?

Savile. What! The favourite! No thanks! No more favourites for me! I say, are you coming to the Mater's beano on Tuesday?

Blanche. Oh! yes.

Savile. It'll be appalling, my dear. You take my tip—have neuralgia. You'll be taken down by old BRAITHWAITE or that singing Johnnie. I forget his name. Don't come! You'll be bored to death.

Blanche. Oh! thank you, dear. I'm so pleased it's all right about you.

Savile. Well, don't bother any more about me. I've had a lesson! Would



THE MODERN DON QUIXOTE.

"OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE TERRIBLE AND NEVER BEFORE IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, AND OTHER EVENTS WORTHY OF HAPPY REMEMBRANCE."

you believe it, she actually— Oh! well, what does it matter? I say, you don't expect any clever Johnnies or anything, do you?

Blanche. Well, I think one or two people may perhaps—

Servant. Mr. LANCE CHALLONER!

Blanche (greeting him). I thought you said you were going in the country?

Mr. Chall. I was. But I put it off till—till to-morrow.

Blanche. What do you generally do in the country?

Mr. Chall. I look for three-leaved clovers, Mrs. SINGLETON.

Enid. And do you find them?

Mr. Chall. Often! Far too often!

Savile (staring). Well, I'm off, old girl. Remember, the dinner-party will be ghastly. And it's all right now, you see? I'm writing to GERALDINE; any message?

[ENID, evidently satisfied that BLANCHE is not in any danger of being too natural, takes leave. MR. CHALLONER, smiling, takes a seat nearer BLANCHE. Scene closes in.]

STATESMEN WHOM MR. PUNCH MOST APPRECIATES.—The Peace-Makers of the Empire.

THE SPHINX'S LATEST RIDDLE.

(When is a Place not a Place?)

The old *cruz* of the logic-seorner Is, "How shall man define a corner?" (Not "Tattenham"). Gravely or in fun The thing has never yet been done. But now another *cruz* arises, Leading to many strange surprises; Lawyers, and lovers of a race, Are puzzled to define "a place." What is a place? There is the rub! The judges now are "on the job," And, though so far they have not got, Five have determined what is *not*. So men may bet on match or race In any place that's not "a place." At least, to men of simple pate, That seems Law's verdict up to date; Though RIGBY puts another face, And says, "Every place is a place." And common-sense, putting the wig by, May seem inclined to side with RIGBY. It seems, after much legal jaw, Betting's in need of a new law; While, if it means not mere position, "A place" requires re-definition.

A HENLEY TOAST.—"May rivals meet without any skulls being broken!"



"AND WHAT IS TO BE THE SUBJECT OF YOUR LECTURE TO-MORROW NIGHT, PROFESSOR?"

"WELL, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I CAN HARDLY HOPE IT WILL HAVE MUCH INTEREST FOR YOU. I SHALL LECTURE ON 'SUN-SPOTS.'"

"OH, BUT THAT'S OF THE GREATEST INTEREST TO ME. I SHALL CERTAINLY COME. YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW I SUFFER FROM FRECKLES!"

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

(With Apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

"Sir EDWARD GOURLEY, in view of the grave state of affairs in India, to which he has paid a hasty visit, wanted to know whether the SECRETARY OF STATE would advise the immediate return of the Government from Simla."—*Times*.]

THIS one remedy for all wrongs, Sir EDWARD GOURLEY,
Is strange, surely!
To keep men sweltering, for whatever reasons,
At all seasons,
In Calcutta with an atmosphere as pure
As a sewer

(So Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING somewhere tells),

'Midst bad smells,
"By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by the swamp
Moist and damp,"
May look Spartan, but its lack of common sense

Seems immense.
"An annual migration to the hills?
No! Take pills!
And put up with all the miseries, risks and pains
Of the plains!"
Says the Radical—in theory—heroic,
Stout and stoic.

"What odds, so you economise the cost,
Though lives be lost?"
Well, Sir EDWARD, should you wish to boil
and stew,
Why, so do!
If you fancy that a chronic stew and boil
Will not spoil
Your capacity for work and for wise rule!
But to cool
Torrid blood, and steady brain, and pulse,
and nerve,
It may serve
Less Titanio individuals to retire
From the fire,
And the fetid fume that hot Calcutta fills,
To those hills.
For, as RUDYARD KIPLING says, it may be,
Do you see,
That "for rule, administration, and the rest,
Simla's best,"
As even you might feel if you fell poorly,
Stoic GOURLEY!

THE CURSE OF THE ROAD.

(A Fragment from the account of an unsentimental Journey.)

THE traveller thought he had escaped. But he was mistaken.

"Surely you will not refuse me," said a virgin of fifty with a winsome smile. "If you give me a penny, you will secure some tiny sufferer the third of a wine glass of Epsom Salts. I have totted up the sum, and that's how it comes out."

And the skinny female grinned again, and rattled a money box. The traveller parted with another penny to be rid of her.

"Now you are going to be kind," smirked a little girl of thirteen. "You will give to me because I am collecting for the Caretakers' Orphans. One penny sends a child a mile and a half towards Brighton, Worthing or Herne Bay. Come, you can't refuse that!"

The traveller again responded. He was deathly weary of the appeals, but what could he do?

"Now, you sha'n't pass until you have given me a copper," cried a portly person of unprepossessing appearance, rattling a money box. "I represent the Mountain Top Tea Gathering. Give me a penny, and it will help to take a hamper to the peak of the Alps."

"But I have given away all my coppers. I have none left."

"What does that matter? If you haven't any bronze, I will take silver. There, give me a florin, and I will let you pass."

"This is absolutely highway robbery," cried the traveller, angrily. "It's as bad as DICK TURPIN."

"Bad as DICK TURPIN!" echoed the shade of that Knight of the Road, putting in a sudden appearance. "Why, it's worse. I always took away a purse without descending to cant; and although I was not particularly inviting in a mask and carrying pistols, still I looked, I flatter myself, a deuced sight better than a pack of ugly females!"

And the traveller agreed with him.

A DICKENS OF A FETE.—Broadstairs, like *Todgers's*, "can do it when it likes." "Dickens Fête" reported as "great success." The shows had a real Jarley time of it. There was a merry Jingle of bells, and as a memorial of event, the Fat Buoy is to be left afloat within measurable distance of the 'Arbour.



UNREST.

1857—1897.

SHADE OF LORD LAWRENCE. "I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM. HOPE THEY UNDERSTAND HIM BETTER NOW THAN THEY DID IN MY TIME."





TOO SOLID.

Skipper. "DID YE GOT THE PROVESSIONS, ANGUS?"
Angus. "AY, AY! A HALF LOAF, AN' FOUER BOTTLES O' WHISKEY."
Skipper. "AN' WHAT IN THE WOARLD WILL YE BE DOIN' WI' AAL THAT BREAD?"

THE SEA-SIDE VISITOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. It is your intention to leave London at once to benefit by the ocean breezes on the English coast?
Answer. Certainly, with the bulk of my neighbours.
Q. Then the metropolis will become empty?
A. Practically, for only about three and a half millions out of the four millions will be left behind.
Q. What do you consider the remaining residuum?
A. From a West End point of view a negligible quantity.
Q. Do not some of the Eastenders visit the seaside?
A. Yes, at an earlier period in the year, when they pay rather more for their accommodation than their neighbours of the West.
Q. How can this be, if it be assumed that the East is poorer than the West?
A. The length of the visit is governed by the weight of the purse. Belgravia stays a couple of months at Eastbourne, while three days at Margate is enough for Shoreditch.
Q. Has a sojourn by the sea waves any disadvantages?
A. Several. In the first instance, lodgings are frequently expensive and uncomfortable. Then there is always a chance that the last lodgers may have occupied their rooms as convalescents. Lastly, it is not invariably the case that the climate agrees with himself and his family.
Q. And what becomes of the house in town?
A. If abandoned to a caretaker, the reception rooms may be used by her own family as best chambers, and if let to strangers, the furniture may be injured irretrievably.
Q. But surely in the last case there would be the certainty of pecuniary indemnity?
A. Cherished relics cannot be restored by their commonplace value in money.
Q. Then, taking one thing with another, the benefit of a visit to the seaside is questionable?
A. Assuredly; and an expression of heartfelt delight at the termination of the outing, and the consequent return home is the customary finish to the, styled by courtesy, holiday.

Q. But has not the seaside visit a compensating advantage?
A. The seaside visit has a compensating advantage of overwhelming proportions, which completely swallows up and effaces all suggestions of discomfort—it is the fashion.

RHYMES WITH REASON.

(Made at the Merchant Taylors' Hall on Monday, July 5, 1897.)

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is a wise old warrior;
 MR. R. J. SEDDON has a right sound head on;
 SIR WILLIAM WHITEWAY is inclined the right way;
 SIR EDWARD BRADDON is not half a bad 'un;
 MR. G. H. REID is bound to succeed;
 Colonel GEORGE T. DENISON hath *Punch's* benison;
 And the Duke of DEVONSHIRE and young Lord TENNYSON;
 With good Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who swelled the ranks,
 With patriot speeches and proud votes of thanks,
 From patriot *Punch* meet a cordial greeting.
 And he may say (quoting), "Doth not such a meeting
 As this make amends," amongst brothers and friends,
 For the "Little Englandism" which this Jubilee ends?

THE TURK THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

(Intercepted Messages.)

From Paris.—What is to be done? Can't get him to move. Puts us off. Of course, won't do to ask England to interfere. Have you any suggestion?
From St. Petersburg.—Quite agree. Have sent a few messages myself. Doesn't have much effect. Perhaps might consider the situation when I meet your M. FAURE.
From Vienna.—Glad to assist if possible. But cannot well do anything while action of Russia is undecided. You are generally pretty ready of resource. Have you any suggestion?
From Berlin.—Hands fairly full at present. Am writing a new opera, painting a new picture, producing a new ballet, in addition to my regular routine work of managing everything and everybody. Besides, I sent the SULTAN my portrait, and regard him as a personal friend.
From Rome.—Have urged him to fall in with your wishes. Now that the Jubilee is practically over, no doubt you will have time to think of the complication. Sorry I cannot be of greater assistance.
From Constantinople.—I have the best intentions, and will carry them out—some day. Be assured of my good will. In the meanwhile, receive my congratulations upon your magnificent fleet. I console myself for not having seen it with the thought that it must have been far more splendid at Spithead than it would have been off the Dardanelles.
From London.—Your procrastination is accompanied with danger. You should act with the promptness that you displayed when the treaty of San Stefano was revised. It is to be regretted that Prince BISMARCK is not in the chair!
From Frohsdorf.—Hal hal hal! What do I hear? "To be regretted that Prince BISMARCK is not in the chair!" Quite so! I knew they wouldn't be able to get on without me!

Weather-Wisdom for Wiseacres.

THEY who hold that the Government might have done more in the East, should remember a canon of cricket:
 GRACE could tell you how largely the state of the score
 Must depend on—the state of the wicket!

STARS AND GARTERS!—MR. ISMAY, of the White Star Line, declined the proffered Baronetcy. Lord SALISBURY should have offered him a Garter, and then Mr. ISMAY would have been chief of what would for evermore have been known as "The Jubilee-White-Star-and-Garter-Line."

A TIP TO SIR HENRY.—SIR HENRY IRVING ought to advertise his *Corporal Brewster* in CONAN DOYLE's one-act play as a "special attraction to bicyclists." Isn't he always talking about there being "something wrong with his 'tubes'?"

OCCUPATION FOR A SUSPICIOUSLY INQUISITIVE PERSON AT AN EVENING GARDEN-PARTY.—Counting the spoons.



THE TRUTH, YET UNPALATABLE.

Servant (to convalescent Curate, prop of the Sunday School). "PLEASE, SIR, THE SUPERINTENDENT WANTS TO KNOW HOW YOU ARE, AN' YOU 'RE NOT TO BOTHER, 'COS THEY CAN DO PERFECTLY WELL WITHOUT YOU."

THE 'VARSITY MATCH.

By a Shilling Sightseer (?).

Oh! M. C. C.,
Oh! Powers that Be,
Likewise ye Members of the Fourth Estate,
And youthful Blues,
Of rival hues,
Pray hear my grumble, though it comes
too late!

Year after year
I reappear
At Lord's, and pay my hob to see the
Match;
And each year, too,
There's nought to do
But take my hook with more or less des-
patch.

The carriage folk
Sit there and smoke,
And feed and flirt, oblivious of the game,
Nor care two pins
Which party wins—
They have their annual picnic all the same.

But fifteen deep
I stand and peep,
And rarely catch a casual glimpse of green;
And through the day
Of all the play
Two hits, one wide, three byes, alone I've
seen!

If I could buy
A Röntgen eye,
I might look through these solid four-in-
hands

Drawn up all round
The blessed ground,
Where they can squeeze between the rows
of stands!

But now 'tis vain
To peer and crane
My miserable neck to snatch a view;
I merely see
Half DRUCE's knee
And JESSOP's elbow—so, to Lord's, adieu!

NOTES BY A COUNTRY NATURALIST.

THE PLEASURES OF JULY (*continued*).

THE cockchafer is now upon the whirl.
He smites you in the eye when least ex-
pected.

The ardent slug, having exhausted the
strawberries, fastens upon the gooseberries
and currants. He is far from disliking, if
able to crawl, the raspberry of commerce.

The privet moth is also in grand form,
playing havoc with candles, and perform-
ing the *hari-kari* nightly with the aid of
lamps.

An unspeakable kind of grub harries the
few remaining turnips and carrots. He is
callous to assaults from a syringe.

Young starlings are now fully developed,
and eat everything except insects.

The gamekeeper "minding" the youth-
ful partridge and the immature pheasant
objects to rank weeds being destroyed on
the ground—that they are coverts.

Cats take to the woods and spinnies,
and live on rabbits. Hares begin to be
mistaken by farmers for rabbits.

Wasps assemble in legions, bees in co-
horts, and hornets on "special service,"
with stag-beetles in great evidence. On
the other hand, worms, well aware of the
fishing demand, have gone to their various
sanctuaries, and are difficult to shake by
the tail. The nightingale is in full voice,
and readily to be distinguished, except
when a boy is whistling late at night.

THE BEAUTY OF BISLEY.

THAT it takes you away from town in the
dog days for a clear fortnight.

That, being farther away from London
than Wimbledon, you escape the more
easily the attention of those who love tea,
firtation, and strawberries and cream.

That there is plenty to do at the ranges
with the rifle, and to see in the neighbour-
hood on a bicycle.

That the conversation of your comrades
is congenial, if slightly "shoppy."

That, after all, it is better to talk all day
of scores than of links or tyres.

That if the life becomes too monotonous,
a train can carry you back to Waterloo in
forty minutes.

That life under canvas is recommended
by the doctors when it is subject to certain
favourable climatic conditions.

That, with the power of enjoying your
outing to the end, or cutting it short at
the beginning, you can yet claim credit for
your self-denial and patriotism.

MOTTO OF THE CAT-DESTROYER.—*Finis
coronat, O puss!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Midnight, July 5.—Hardly know CORPORAL HANBURY as he sits on Treasury Bench just now. Seems to be literally shrivelled up, whilst grey clouds of anguish brood over his manly brow. Nothing visible in ordinary course accounts for depression. Since he won his stripes he has done very well. We who remember him as PRIVATE HANBURY, sometimes marvel how through the revolving hours he can sit silent on Treasury Bench whilst his old pal, CAP'EN TOMMY, talks at large. Is it worth £2,000 a year, and the stripes, to be thus dumbfounded? In the bitter moments of early parting the CAP'EN shewed tendency to claw his old companion.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for some poor stripes to wear on his sleeve.

So trolled the Old Salt, till he was reminded that he was parodying lines from *The Lost Leader*.

"No leader of mine," he gruffly said. "I was post-captain when he signed articles."

That natural feeling of resentment has died away. Occasionally the CAP'EN fetches the CORPORAL a sly hit with the tip of his hook; but it's all kindly fun. In the main, hacks him up; keelhauls any who essay to belittle him. Evidently it can't be faithful TOMMY BOWLES that is at bottom of the Financial Secretary's megrims.



A PATHETIC FIGURE!

Mr. H-nb-ry.

"No, Toby," said the CORPORAL, fairly breaking down, when a kind voice sounded in his ear, "it's that Historical Commission Report business that has upset me a bit. Mum's the word between old confidants. I don't mind telling you, as I know it won't go any further, that we're getting into a fix at the Treasury. What



CONTRACTING-OUT.

"When the Colonial Secretary had completed that assimilation of the Tory Party which was now going on."—*Mr. Maclean.*

"Not being desirous to be converted, not having yet arrived at that happy stage."

Mr. Jimmy Lowther.

with relief of the landlords, and comfort for the clergy, we've been making a little free with our takings. Then comes this Jubilee, with perpetual strains on the public purse. Some of the items don't seem appalling. There's the luncheon to Members on the *Campania*. One-and-fourpence a head is, you will say, a trifle. So it is, if, following ordinary usage, you had only one head. But when it comes to eight hundred, you see, it mounts up. A sop for such a Cerberus, even at a low contract, is a pretty expensive meal to provide. Thought I saw a way of relieving exchequer, partially balancing extraordinary expenditure, by savings on Reports of Historical Manuscripts Commission. Hitherto distributed to Members free. Why shouldn't they pay for them? Settled they should. Save at least £50 a year to put against subsidies to landlords and church schools. But those fellows below gangway opposite kick up such shindy am obliged to abandon beneficent scheme."

A tear fell on the CORPORAL's Orders of the Day. I silently withdrew. Nothing so painful as to see a six-foot-two man in tears.

Business done.—Report stage of Workmen's Compensation Bill.

Tuesday.—Since *Mrs. MacStinger* broke in upon the retreat of the runaway *Captain Cuttle*, and ordered him to return home with her, there has been nothing equal to the Descent of Woman on the hapless House this afternoon. As in the case of *Mrs. MacStinger* and the unsuspecting *Captain*, the irruption was as unexpected as it was volcanic. Prayers just over; a holy calm breathed through the Chamber; the few Members present settled themselves to chat till finger of clock pointed to hour for commencement of public business; COURTNEY observed on his legs. Later in the sitting that would portend a lecture and reproof for one or other, perhaps both, political parties. Now private business being to the fore no opening for lecture.

It was a petition he was presenting.

Curiosity stirred when he asked that it might be read at table. PALGRAVE, K.C.B., took document in hand, and, all unconscious of *Mrs. MacStinger's* handwriting, boldly plunged at its contents. The wooden horse the Trojans unwarily dragged into their city from the Greek camp hid no more startling surprise. Woman had at length been permitted to uplift her voice in House of Commons; and she made the most of rare opportunity. "Existing practice of House of Commons viewed with indignation and alarm." "Legislation reduced to mere game of chance." "Just claims of woman repeatedly and insultingly postponed;" only chance for House to escape wrath to come was to "so reform your procedure as to secure in future fair consideration of public questions with some regard to their relative importance." To begin with, not only pass Woman's Rights Bill through Committee to-morrow, but also run it through third reading.

JEREMIAH LOWTHER first to regain his breath. Was a harmless husband to be thus addressed in the public streets?—he meant, putting his inquiry in Parliamentary form, should a petition couched in this language be received by the House? After some belated talk mere man gratefully agreed to "drop the subject." Meanwhile, divine woman had had her say. House more than ever yearns for female companionship in its legislative labours.

Business done.—Lovely woman stoops to scolding.

Thursday.—Few sights more touching than to behold DON JOSE seated on Treasury Bench whilst MACLEAN of Cardiff girds at him from below gangway. Never heard explained grounds of MACLEAN's quarrel with the main staff of his party. That he does not like DON JOSE he knows full well. So does the House, and eke the unoffending object of his dislike. Of course, if Member for Cardiff sat on Opposition Benches, there would be nothing notable in his kickin' out afore and abint at COLONIAL SECRETARY. The fact that his biting remarks are blandly



Objectionable Paupers Cleansing Bill emerges after occupying an entire Sitting.

“Sorry to shut yer hout, Lydies, but the 'Ouse o' Commons was so delighted with me that I couldn't get out no sooner!”

delivered from Ministerial side lends them irresistible charm. Moreover, he is a shrewd debater, an excellent speaker, and has, withal, a certain benevolent presence that lends the charm of the unexpected to flashes of acrimony. No lean and hungry *Cassius* he; rather of the order of sleek-headed men such as sleep o' nights.

DON JOSE contributes to the little scene the finishing touch of imperturbability. Mr. G. in similar circumstances would have tossed impetuous on the bench; when his assailant resumed his seat, would have risen and crushed him. Such was his manner with even so inconsiderable a person as Mr. WARTON, whose parti-coloured pocket-handkerchief—the size of a Union Jack—waved in the great statesman's face had effect similar to a red flag thrust under nose of a bull. DON JOSE imitates rather the manner of the departed DIZZY. In fact SARK, looking on just now whilst the burly figure standing below the gangway “said things” about the slight figure seated with folded arms on the Treasury Bench, was reminded of far-off days when Big Ben used to say what good Tories thought of their esteemed leader, and DIZZY sat with impassive face, unheeding, apparently unlistening.

Business done.—Another night with Workmen's Compensation Bill.

Friday.—ASCROFT's eagle eye has discovered breach of standing orders which threatens, even in this moment of exaltation, to shake British Empire to foundation. The Chaff-cutting Machines (Accidents) Bill has been read a third time without being reprinted! What did House think of that? ASCROFT asked, in hoarse whisper.

PRINCE ARTHUR was very sorry, but pleaded that Accidents will happen with the best Chaff-cutting Machines Bill. The Right Hon. JEREMIAH, beginning to recover from Mrs. MacStinger's incursion, called aloud upon the SPEAKER to suggest an alteration in rules preventing recurrence of calamity. SPEAKER “respectfully declined.” J. L. next cited PRINCE ARTHUR. He also funk'd the job.

There matter left; evidently cannot so remain. Immediate effect was so to paralyse House that it was not to be revived even by discussion on Irish Votes. *Business done.*—Irish Estimates in Committee.

A TRAGEDY AT THE ZOO.

(After “Two Red Roses across the Moon.”)

THERE was a lady walked in a hall,
Where the Simian race is held in thrall;
And she sung as the morn grew on to noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.*

There was an ape in a cage hard by
The plumes in her hat eyed wistfully;
And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

Yet none the more she marked at all
The ape, as she paced around the hall:
But ever she sung, as it neared the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

Because, forsooth, her mind was set
On her young man, who had got to be met
In the monkey-house that fatal noon—
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

The young man came, there was no one by,
But the ape looked on with attentive eye,
And he said to himself, as they kissed at the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

They stood together the cage a-near,
There was no one by, they had nought to fear,
Save a hairy arm 'twixt the bars at noon—
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

Verily then was her hat pulled through,
And, alas, her golden hair went too!
And the ape he chuckled and chattered at noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

I trow the young man left the hall,
Nor word to the lady spoke at all;
And her lips were fain to curse at the noon,
Two Blue-noses and one Baboon.

* *Semnopithecus leucopymnus*, the purple-faced monkey of Ceylon.

CABBY'S COMPLAINT.

“It seems that though the omnibus companies disgusted most of their regular customers by raising their fares in the Jubilee se'night, they made a good thing of it.”—*Daily Chronicle.*]

THE song says, “Cabby knows his Fare,”
meaning the party as he's driving;
Some do in another sense. There may be
hesting and conniving,
But Cabby's “fare” is fixed, yer see, and
most of Cabby's fares well know it.
But 'ow about the 'bus fares, hay? Fare's
fair, or oughter be, but blow it!
The L. G. O. had a fair go this Jubilee time
at people's pockets!
They can afford to sympathise with all the
rush, and row, and rockets;
We've got a “maxerum rate,” oh! yus;
our 'ands is tied in hevery manner,
And it is only charnce or luck if we can cop
a hextry tanner.
But they can pile it on at will. “Sixpence
all distances,” they sticks up,
And there you are, as right as rain! But
when his fare pore Cabby picks up,
If he should say “a hob a mile,” wouldn't
there be a blessed bobbery?
The fare would 'owl, the hobby run yer in,
the Beak would say, “sheer robbery!”
And Cabby, 'e would cop the knock. Now,
wot I want to know is this 'n,
W'y should a Cabby get it 'ot all round,
with a fair chance o' prison,
For doin' wot the 'Bus Co.'s do permiskus
like, and with impunity?
Perhaps them parties on the gush erbout
our patriot love, and unity,
And 'appy altogetherishness, and all this
jolly Juberlee patter,
Will say if fares is fair all round; and if
they ain't so, wot's the matter?
W'y should them wallopping cars be free to
charge jest wot they like, and 'buses
Make their own fares capricious like, in
spite of passengers' 'owls an' cusses,
While cabs is tied hup every way, mustn't
“drive furious,” “crawl,” or vary?
Fare's fair, indeed? I beg to say I thinks
—for hus—it's quite contrary!

Too much Realism.

Crumpet (to MUFFIN, upon whom he has called at his chambers). Good heavens! my dear fellow, what is the matter with you? Your arm in a sling, your nose in a state of pulp, and both your eyes under shades! Have you been at the seat of war?

Muffin (feebly). No, old chappie; but I thought it would be a good joke to go to the Devonshire Ball made up as KRUGER, and the mob in Piccadilly imagined that I was the real article!

At the Eton and Harrow Match.

Simperton. What, you in light blue, Miss GLORIOSA! I thought you were Harrovian to the core!

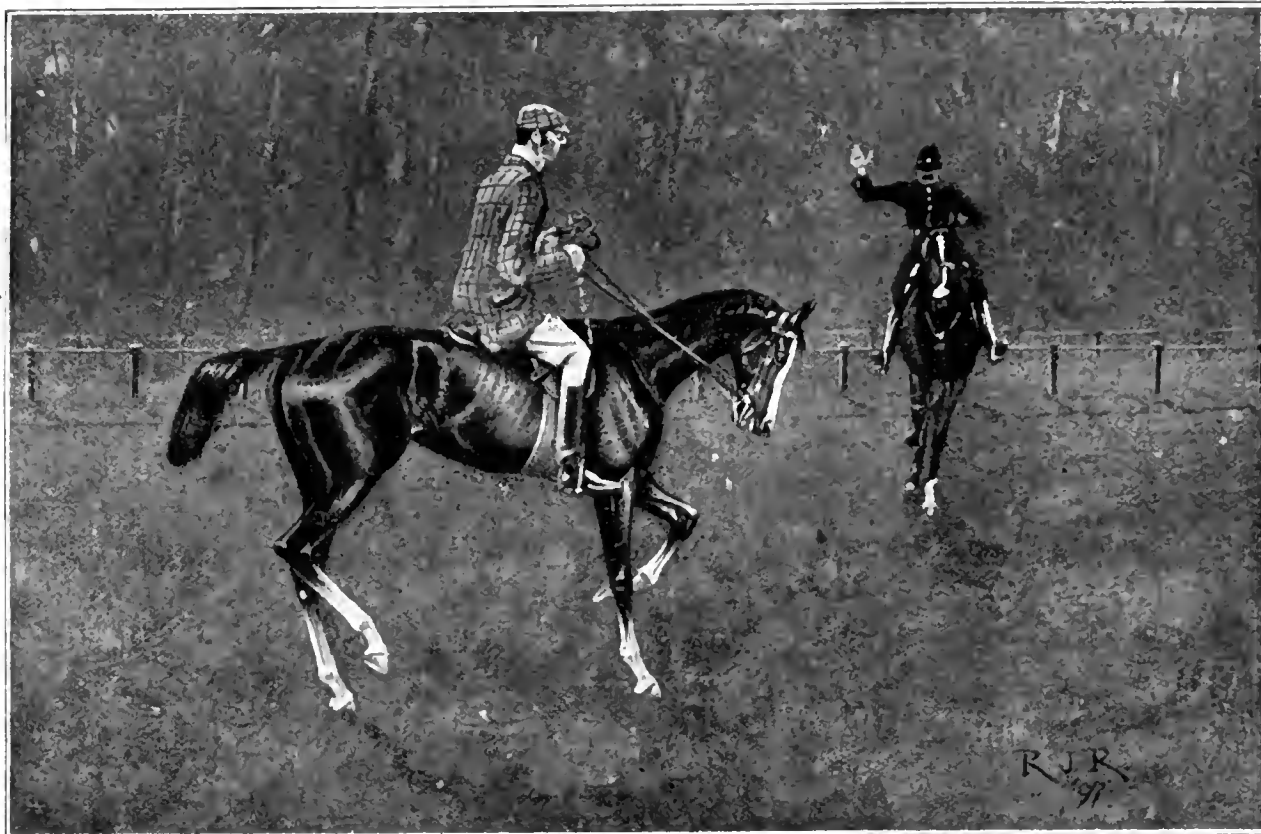
Miss Gloriosa. So I am, but I'm also Cambridge, and as I can't possibly afford two new dresses in one week, I decided to choose the most becoming colour!

[And SIMPERTON of the dark blue was quite satisfied with the explanation.]

At the Grand Prix de Paris.

“WHAT,” cried an English spectator, “Doge, ridden by DODOE, the winner! Why, it's only the difference of a ‘d.’”

“You forget the £ s.,” put in his friend, sorrowfully, for he had backed the favourite.



In the Row. Early Morning.

Policeman (to Lord Rupert, who prides himself on his horsey get-up). "NOW THEN, YOUNG MAN, ALL GROOMS OUTSIDE BY SEVEN O'CLOCK!"

"PAS DE CHARGE" À CANTERBURY.

LAST week the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, having caved in before the guns of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, fearing a like fate, summoned to their aid "Lieutenant-Colonel S. NEWTON DICKENSON, High Seneschal of Canterbury Cathedral"—(splendid title, but majority of folks never heard of him before, which shows the blissfulness of majority's ignorance)—who forthwith attacked the "Pious Pilgrim" for having written to the *Times*, narrating how he (the P. P. and friends) had refused to pay an attendant, "as verger clad," half-a-crown for a private view of some part of the Cathedral. Pious Pilgrim withstood the charge. Gallant Colonel DICKENSON, of the Church Militant, returned to the charge (of half-a-crown extra, the usual fee for a party being sixpence a head), and bore down on the Pious Pilgrim. For ourselves, we would, judicially and judiciously, suggest that there should be a few special vergers in attendance to take care of those wishing for a quiet time in the Cathedral apart from the wearied and wearying parrot guide and the crowding tourists that usually accompany him, and that these guardian angels should be empowered to charge extra for the special privilege. But why cannot the humble Canterbury Pilgrim be allowed to wander about the Cathedral just where he likes, fancy free, all day, if he be so minded, without his reveries being disturbed by vergers, guides, Deans, and Chapters-out-of-guide-books? The "Pious Pilgrim" will take precious good care to isolate himself from the crowd; and if the Pious Pilgrim puts in his pious pence, why should not the entire Cathedral be open to him, crypt and all? Try the penny-in-the-slot principle. Put a penny in and "Open, Sesame!" Of course, place a detective verger or two to walk about and watch, lest Pious Pilgrim pick pieces with pocket penknife, in which case Pious P. could be handed over to Canterbury Constable, or—let Lieutenant-Colonel NEWTON DICKENSON, High Seneschal, at his full height, be sent for, and let the Ready Representative of the Church Militant take prisoner the Impudent Iconoclast, and confine him in the deepest dungeon of the castle moat, wherever that may be.

"TATE MONTÉ!"

THE National Gallery of British Art is opened! It is to be found on the Embankment, easily get-at-able when you know the route. A pleasant trip to it from either East or West in summer-time would be by steamer if there were only a pier or landing-stage immediately opposite the Tate Palace of Art. Had HENRY TATE not been *entêté* on the subject, even this site might not have been obtained. To-day it is to be opened by H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. HENRY TATE must be a proud man this day, and restraining his emotion by saying, with his hand on his heart, "*Tate toi mon cœur!*"

A NAVAL HERO'S VICTORY.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD—"CHARLEY is our darling"—induced H.R.H. the Prince of WALES to impress on the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's the falsity of the step they were contemplating in their design of removing the BRUGES memorial from its place in St. Paul's to make room for a bust of Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A. So the Dean and Chapter, unable to withstand this broadside, have decided, in a truly nautical Beresfordian fashion, to keep Admiral BRUGES aboard, and to "let go the painter." Simple folk used to think that Bruges was in Belgium. Now they know that BRUGES is in London, at St. Paul's.

"De Deux Shows."

It is said that DALY's and the Gaiety skimmed the cream of the Jubilee visitors, and, in a general way, took the cake for their entertainments. The little *Geisha*, *The Light o' Love of Asia*, is still as seducious as ever, while, in spite of the hot weather, crowded houses at the Gaiety are convulsed by the wonderful low-comedian face and genuinely humorous acting of Mr. EDMUND PAYNE as *Biggs*. The whole wrestling incident is immense; and as for his face, it is the chief feature of the piece. Motto for Gaiety programme at present,—"*Peine forte et dure.*"



CLEARED!

Custom House Officer Jackson. "ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"

Joe Ch-mb-rl-n (frankly). "NOTHING WHATEVER!"

HOW THE MATCH CAME OFF.

A HARMONY ON WHEELS.

(Miss Angelica has challenged Mr. Wotherspoon to a race on the Queen's highway.)

Fytte 1.

Mr. W. Fine start!
(Faint heart!)
Miss A. Horrid hill!
(Feeling ill!)

Fytte 2.

Mr. W. Going strong!
Come along!

Fytte 3.

Miss A. Road quite even!
Perfect heaven!

Fytte 4.

Mr. W. Goal in view!
Running true!
Miss A. Make it faster!
Spur your caster!

Fytte 5.

Mr. W. Fairly done!
Miss A. Match is won!

[They dismount. Pause.]

Mr. W. What! Confess!
Miss A. Well then—yes!

ETON V. HARROW.

It seems to me inexpressibly sad that these two Schools should still be pitted one against the other. The same thing happened last year, and, I believe, the year before. But in the name of common sense, speaking as a rate-payer, what is all the trouble about? What grievance has Harrow against Eton, or, if it comes to that, Eton against Harrow? Surely it would be a graceful act in this year of—the word begins with a J—if these Schools could shake hands and bury the cricket-bat. Besides, it might take root and become a wooden wall.

As one HAROLD, some time the local king, remarked, with so much truth, "The playing fields of Eton were lost at the Battle of Hastings." Of course the match at Lord's may be a great moral influence. That is the stage name of anything that seems to serve no useful purpose. But what does it decide? Nothing. If Eton beats Harrow, the Etonians do not take that Hill. If Harrow beats Eton, no wet Bobs are sent into captivity. Then the question arises, "Why do it?" It is splendid, but is it sense? And the taxpayer? Half-a-crown is surely a great deal of money to pay for the privilege of walking about, bedecorated as for a belated cattle show.

Possibly, when the other Lords are abolished, this one will go, too. And it is high time, for yesterday I witnessed a disgraceful scene. A bright young lad strolled aimlessly, and quite inoffensively, out of the pavilion to potter about at the wicket. It seemed silly, but anyhow, he took his pleasure that way. Suddenly a stupendous stripling, apparently a complete stranger, seized a solid sphere, and without a word of warning hurled it at the bright young mind. Brave little fellow! Armed only with a cricket-bat, possibly a present from his mother, he tried to defend himself, but was severely struck on the off hind leg. And the crowd,



LIFE'S LITTLE TROUBLES.

CYCLIST (AFTER A NASY SPILL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL) CATCHES SIGHT OF THE TAVERN SIGN-POST.

Englishmen, cheered! The poor wounded lad immediately ran for his assailant, One expected a general fracas. But no. The young student was as good as he was brave. When within a foot of his tormentor, he decided to forgive him, and ran back again, evidently mistrusting the stability of his forgiveness. Who says that little WILLIE is dead? But if this is cricket, give me spellicans!

However, the remedy is simple. Let these lads settle their differences by arbitration. I would suggest that a committee be appointed consisting, say, of myself, with power to add to my number, and a couple of casting votes.

I have absolutely no prejudice in favour of either Kindergarten, having been educated at one of our leading night-schools,

and the Old Bailey Mess. But should my knowledge of cricket be deemed an obstacle, there is always the judge who gained the record reputation for ignorance by asking, "What is an idiot?" and "Where is London?"

Anyhow, and at all costs, let us remove an institution which is a disgrace to this so-called Nineteenth Century.

The Behring Sea Seal Difficulty.

MR. SHERMAN'S manners (or rather, the want of them) are peculiar. With the poet we exclaim, "Tantæne animis scælestibus iræ!"

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BUOYS.—Put them over our Wrecks.



A SUITABLE PROFESSION.

Rector's Daughter. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO DO WITH YOUR SON JAMES, MRS. BLOBB?"

Mrs. Blobb. "WELL, MISS, HE'S GOING TO WORK FOR MR. LIGHT, THE BUTCHER, WHICH IS FORTUNATE, FOR JAMES BE DESPERATE FOND OF ANIMALS!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Inez Mendo.—How is the new Opera liked? "Some men do, some men den't," as an old refrain has it; but the consensus of opinion seemed, at the *première*, when our Representative Riter was present, to be decidedly favourable, and the feeling of the house friendly towards the composer, Mr. D'ERLANGER, who, as a well-informed critic on a daily paper confided to his readers, is "a gentleman well known in financial circles"—though how this directly concerns his capability as a musical composer is not by any means evident. Perhaps some sly allusion to "notes" was intended, and, equally, perhaps it wasn't. However, be this as it may, famous will be the successful financier who can write a successful Opera, and Beatified the Banker who can compose a beautiful ballet! A tuneful *Timon* or a musical MÆCENAS, how welcome! This prefatual. *Inez Mendo*, by Mr. D'ERLANGER—longer-loo, has made a decided hit. Madame SAVILLE, as the Spanish heroine ("Sweet Saville!"), is charming, both as to her acting and singing; while, as to Miss MARGARET REID, the composer is fortunate in finding such a REID, not a broken Reid on which to trust his weight, but a tuneful REID whereon to pipe his tunes, especially that one in the first act where she replies to the singing, "heard off." The first two lines, in English, of the village chorus are,—

"Away, you joyous lads and lassies,
To the house of Inigo,"

which may perhaps be a misprint for

"To the house,—and in *we go!*"

But whatever the words may be, the music and the singing left nothing to be desired,—except to have some "more where that came from." Signor ALVAREZ was in good voice, and uncommonly well as *Salvador de Mendoza*. Mlle. VIGNE and the *utile-dulci*

Mlle. BAUERMEISTER were "two village girls,"—lucky the village that could be full of such clever maidens! M. RENAUD impressive as the headman *Juan Mendo*, showing how finely he could execute his musical task. The finish of the Opera is a sort of go-as-you-please affair, since the tender-hearted librettist makes *Mendo*, on one side of the last page, commit suicide, while on the other side *Mendo* only injures himself so slightly with the dangerous weapon that the Rev. Mr. Pintado, "Vicar of Monclar" (played by Mr. GILIBERT), being something of a surgeon as well as a clergyman, is able to pronounce an opinion gratis to the effect that "His hurt may yet be healed," that is, that he is already "on the mend O!" and goes on to explain how *Inez* "in clinging to his arm, diverted the keen poignard." So not only did *Inez* "divert" a poignard, but she also delighted an anxious audience. Personally, we prefer the happy finish; but the purchaser of the book, having paid his money, can take his choice.

Tuesday.—A splendid performance of our superb old friend (with several new faces) *The Don*. In the bill it is *Don Juan*, kindly translated for us in a bracket as "*Don Giovanni*." How ignorant Mr. MAURICE GRAU, manager, must think the general public! *The Don* sung in French too! Why, some of us scarcely recognised the most familiar airs when the titles are given à la Française. Scenery, in working, a trifle uncertain, not knowing perhaps whether it was French or Italian. Claveçin in the orchestra tinkled accompaniments to recitative.

Tinkle, tinkle, little claveçin,
To your notes so many have sang.

Lots of "tin" in the tinkle of these claveçingular accompaniments. MOZART wrote for it; that's sufficient. Write for a claveçin, and see that you get it. Here it is; MOZART wrote for it, and now he has got it, at Covent Garden. Monsieur MANCINELLI—not "Signor," when conducting in French—had quite an easy time of it; not his own time, of course, but MOZART'S. M. FUGERE'S *Leporello* vastly amusing, as also was M. GILIBERT'S *Mazetto*. M. RENAUD excellent as *The Don*, difficult as it is to come after MAUREL. Mademoiselle MACINTYRE in capital voice for *Elvira*, and Madame ADIN, unoppressed by her Aubrey-Beardsley hat, distinguished herself as *Donna Anna*. M. JOURNET, a *journée tranquille* as the statue of the *Commendatore*, grand, as representing the statue and the base. ZELIE DE LUSSAN delightful as the village coquette *Zerlina*, and, altogether, as perfect a performance of *The Don* as the most exacting Operagoer could demand. 'Tis announced again for Monday next ere these musical notes appear.

LAWN LORDS AT WINDSOR.

A SPECIAL Correspondent, giving his account of how Her MAJESTY'S gracious invitation to the Castle was loyally accepted by all the Colonial and American-Anglican Bishops now in England, who, like the little mouse in the old nursery adage, are thus enabled to sing, "We've been to Windsor to see the QUEEN," recounted how, during the service in St. George's Chapel, "the gorgeous colour of the great east window, and the lovely alabaster reredos made up for the absence of episcopal vestments, and, &c., &c." How stained glass and an "alabaster reredos" could possibly be excellent substitutes for episcopal vestments is perhaps a trifle difficult to laic comprehension. But on such an occasion, far be it from the mind of even the most ordinary mortal to expect a mere prosaic narrative. It was a great day for shovel-hats, aprons (not Masonic, but episcopalian) and gaiters; smiling faces everywhere. Only three Bishops looked black: but this was their colour, a colour indyed by nature, and which they, as *Justice Shallow* observed to *Sir John Falstaff* (Knight of Windsor), "will die in." Having regard to the episcopalian costume, and remembering PHIZ'S illustrations to the immortal Dickensian work, we cannot but exclaim, "What a really typical bishop Mr. *Pickwick* would have made!" Fancy *The Right Reverend Dr. Pickwick*, Bishop of Eatanswill, attended by his apparitor, *Rev. Samuel Weller!* Only one omission. The distinguished nobleman who ought to have received the ecclesiastical Lawn Lords should have been the Marquis of LORNE, who is not mentioned as having been present. It is to be hoped his lordship was enjoying himself in good company elsewhere, and that he was not complaining, like *Mrs. Gummidge*; of being "Lone and Lorn."

QUITE APPROPRIATE.—Where in St. Paul's ought the statue of a great naval hero to be placed? Why, in any "bay" that happens to be vacant.

AT BISLEY LAST WEEK.—Ninety-five degrees in the shade. Too hot to be Bisley engaged in anything.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

SCENE—A London Cricket Match. A "Jessop" of the hour "on the slog." A scientific young cricketer and an enthusiastic old spectator exchange views.

HAY? Wet am I a howling at? Well, if yer want ter know, Becos I am enjying of myself!
 You're a young cricketer, I s'pose; may be yer veins ruu snow, And I—well, I'm a "crook," upon the shelf.
 But to see that young bloke batting warms me up, mate, end no kid,—
 Bravo!!! I know'd he'd bust that bloomin' roof.
 Ought never to 'ave touched it? Well, but there, yer see, 'e did! And long-field rubs his poll as if in proof.
 Most unskientific cricket? Shouldn't wonder if you're right, But, by jinks, the bright-eyed youngster makes 'em go.
 They mayn't go where they ought to, but they go nigh out o' sight,
 And they can't field in the skies, mate, don'tcher know.
 He'll hit up a ketch direckly? Smooo'll nail him, sure as fate?—
 O well, so much the luckier, then, for Smooo.
 But you'll own that up to now he is top-scorer, seventy-eight,—
 And I 'ope he'll pile his cent'ry, though a mug.
 Look at that! "Ought to ha' drove it, and he mowed it round to leg?"—
 Lor! Isn't there no law against sech crimes?
 Look at W. G. a-grinning. Ought to take BAR down a peg,
 But 'e doesn't, though it's 'appened several times.
 Wot's that! Eighteen in one kover? Ah! yer see that swells the score!
 And most captains 'ave a weakness for such play.
 Yns! To make his level hundred 'e wants only one more four.
 And, by Jingo, 'ere it comes! Hil clear the way!
 And let young Hundred-Tonner's swipe go whack for all it's worth!
 Hooray! he's done it! Scissors! don't they howl!
 This here's as good as most things they git up on this old earth.
 A shout is better bizness than a growl.
 Why, you're howling—like a hoysterman! You 'umbug! 'Ave a drink!
 That is, when you 'ave fairly done your shout!
 I 'ope he'll make a million 'ere he goes to the Pavilion,
 And by Jingo, I am game to sit it out!

A SURPRISE!

TIME—Breakfast time, Saturday, July 17. SCENE—The Laureate's Bower. Harp and Laurel-crown suspended. Tea and toast on table.

Alfredo Austino (starting, as he opens his "Times," and first catches sight of RUDYARD KIPLING'S poem, and then reads conclusion of leading article, where R. K.'s verses are extolled for their "simple grandeur"). "Recessional,' indeed! This is rather too progressional! (Laying down the newspaper, and appealing to the world generally.) Hang it! Am I the Laureate, or am I not?"
 [Meditates over cup of tea, and wishes he had thought of "Recessional,"]

H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE."

(With three times three for Sir Gordon Sprigg and the Cape Parliament.)

WHERE fierce Atlantic's restless breast
 Is bosomed wide from East to West,
 Where Pacific of the South meets her Sister of the North,
 By myriad isles of ardent glow,
 By continents of constant snow,
 Wherever lurks a common foe,
 Ship of Good Hope, go forth!
 Go forth! with rounds of ringing cheers,
 First of the Empire's volunteers,
 When the enemies of Britain with her children try to cope.
 Then show them that we may not be
 Coerced while we possess the Sea,
 The Heritage that makes us free.
 Go forth, well-named Good Hope!

THE SULTAN says that Nine Powers are allied against him: Five sovereigns plus FAURE.

HENRY.—Heat plus heats. Scorching. Pretty to see GUY NICKALLS "stroking Leander." Leander seemed pleased.



Father Thames (coming up for the opening of the National Gallery of British Art by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales). "BRAVO, TATE! NOW, IF ONLY THE PUBLIC CAN FIND THEIR WAY HERE, THERE'LL BE QUITE A RUN ON MY MILLBANK!"

A SUGGESTED TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I venture to submit to your notice a change of scene likely to be appreciated by all Londoners and their country cousins, in view of the electric lighting about to be re-established on the Thames Embankment.

Now, as it is.—Darkness made visible. Disreputable characters. Thieves, and possibly assassins. Loafers and prowlers. Pretty gardens wasted. The shade of beautiful trees neglected. Thirty folk and no refreshments. One band.

In future, as it might be.—Bands playing. Marionette and Punch and Judy Shows. Out-door cafés. Plenty of chairs and little tables. A recreation ground for children. Everything bright and cheerful under the beam of Electra.

In some matters they certainly do manage things better in France. Why should our fine Boulevard be wasted? Why should the L.C.C. neglect a source of revenue from gruh contractors?
 Yours obediently, A. BUTTERFLY.

Temple, E.C.

ECLIPSING HIMSELF!—"Why drag in VELASQUEZ?" as JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER pathetically inquired of the gushing lady who had said there were only two great artists, namely, the painter she was addressing and VELASQUEZ. Lord ROSEBURY, however, was determined to "drag in Velasquez" for the Eclipse Stakes last Friday at Sandown, which H.R.H. the Prince of WALES's popular Persimmon won by a couple of lengths, Velasquez being second. Persimmon has now won seven events, so at present it is, with him, a case of "seven to one" on him.

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE ON THE SOUTH AFRICA COMMITTEE REPORT.—Drop it.



Ethel (reading from book of familiar sayings). " 'A MAN AT FORTY IS EITHER A FOOL OR A PHYSICIAN.' THAT'S RATHER FUNNY, KATE. DADDY IS MORE THAN FORTY, AND HE'S CERTAINLY NOT A PHYSICIAN! "

THE POLITE POST-BAG,

July 13.—Much struck by article in morning paper regretting hurried and unpolished style of modern correspondence. This, it seems, was one of the things which were managed far better in the past, "when," I read, "there was a delightful spirit in private letters, a stately formality in those concerning matters of business." Why should I not contribute towards wished-for improvement? Yes, I will.

I.—TO MY BOOTMAKER.

"To Messrs. TAG AND LACE, makers of boots, shoes, and slippers, Greeting. We by these presents do make known unto you that we require for our own personal use and adornment one pair of Boots, to be made, executed, and fashioned in the same manner as those formerly constructed at our command. And you are to take notice that the aforesaid boots are to be forwarded within fourteen days from this date, under pain of incurring our displeasure. Given under our hand this thirteenth of July, at our abode, No. 52, The Shrubberies, Putney.

(Signed) THOMAS JONES."

That ought to impress them, I think. Now for my tailor, who asks for the "settlement of his little account."

II.—TO THOMAS SNIPS, TAILOR.

"How now, saucy varlet! Dost think to affright me with thy foolish threats? Beshrew thee, right sore shall thy pate be if thou thus addressest me again. 'Small account,' forsooth! O, SNIPS, SNIPS, the love of money hath gotten hold of thee; ill indeed is thy craving for this world's dross, nor will I aid thee in satisfying it. Out upon thee for a scurvy rascal!"

Feel quite sure that SNIPS has never had a letter like that in all his life, and the effect upon him will be tremendous. Next comes an invitation to dinner. Yes, the modern way of answering invitations is deplorably bald. How much nobler is the Queen Anne style, which I shall henceforward adopt for letters of this kind!

III.—TO MRS. SNUPBKINS, QUEEN'S GATE, LONDON.'

Madam,—Of all the delights which we poor mortals are permitted to enjoy, not least, the philosophers tell us, is the pleasure of anticipation. And that delight, O incomparably fairest of

your sex, you have granted to me, the humblest of your devoted servants. How long will the days seem, how slowly will the hours pass until, at 8 P.M., on the 24th, I can obey your commands, I can hasten into your presence, I can bask in the divine sunshine of your smiles! Until which time, Madam, I would have you to know that I am, and shall continue to be for ever, your most devoted servant and admirer, THOMAS JONES."

Yes, what an improvement is that upon "Mr. JONES has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. SNUPBKINS' kind invitation for the 24th inst.!" Only one more letter this morning—to my old Aunt TABITHA. This is clearly a case for that "delightful ease and familiarity," which, the article tells me, ought to be manifest in one's letters to relatives and friends.

IV.—TO MY AUNT TABITHA.

"Well, old TABBX, how are you? Pretty fit, I hope? Have you got a new wig yet, by the way? That last one of yours was a fair terror—wouldn't deceive a cow. How are the missionary meetings getting on? I suppose you get a good commission on the tracts, don't you? Let me hear from you before Goodwood, and I'll put you up to one or two real good things, in which you can invest the takings of your collecting-boxes. You want me to stay with you again at Puddleton, but you don't catch me at that game twice. I remember my last visit far too well to let myself in for another of the same sort. Well, so long, old girl. Keep your pecker up. Yours ever, THOMAS."

Plenty of "esprit and playful badinage" there, I think. Yes, the article is quite right—letters of this kind are a great improvement on the modern sort, with "their curt sentences, their unpolished style, their hurried manner." I shall await the replies with much interest.

P.S.—Two days later.—After all, I'm afraid I can't recommend my friends to follow my example. My bootmakers "must decline to take my order," and my tailor is about to take legal proceedings against me. Major SNUPBKINS proposes to call upon me with a horsewhip, alleging that I have grossly insulted his wife, and Aunt TABITHA has promptly cut me out of her will! Alas, why did I read that fatal article? Clearly the age is not ripe for reform!



“IT’S AN ILL WIND—”

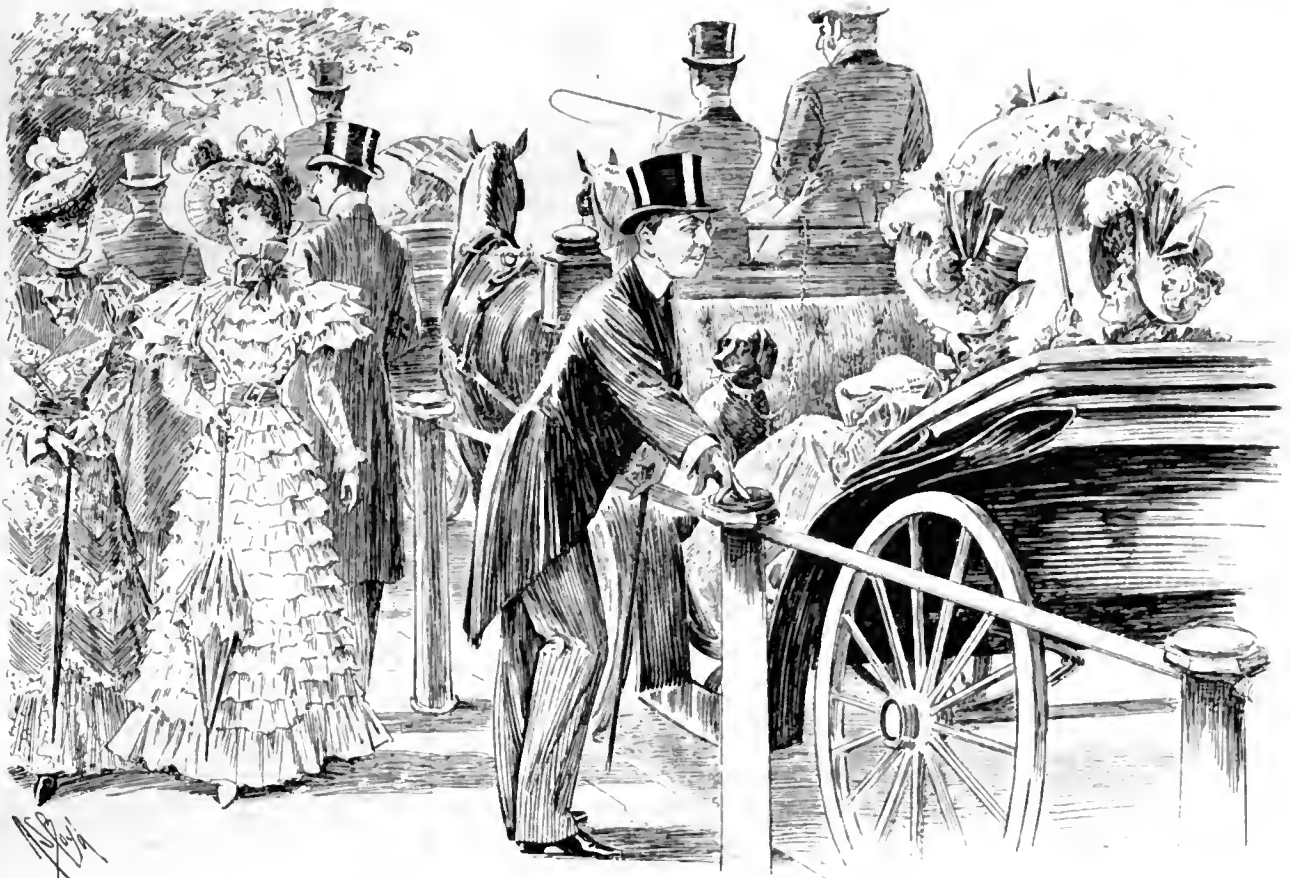
FOREIGN ARTISANS (together, aside), “GREAT ‘LOOK-OUT’ IN ENGLAND! AHA! SO MUCH THE BETTER; FOR ME!”

SWAIN 9c

7

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ANCIENT HISTORY.

The Frumps (who rather fancy themselves in this style). "IT'S CALLED THE EARLY VICTORIAN BONNET."
Guileless Youth (under the impression that he is paying a graceful compliment). "OH YES. I SUPPOSE YOU WORE THEM WHEN YOU WERE QUITE GIRLS!"

THE "SCHARIWAR" CYCLING COSTUME.

[It is said that the Russian authorities have sent a commission over to England to study the subject of ladies' cycling dress, and that they have approved of a design known as the "Schariwar," the price of which is to be fixed at from 14 to 18 roubles.]

NADYEZHDA NIKOLAYEVNA, we met
 Last year (perhaps you have by now forgotten!)

Not far from Moscow—I cannot forget
 Your costume, as you rode your *bicyclette*—
 High boots, a sort of kilt, and blouse of cotton.

Whom should I meet again the other day
 But *you*, in Paris, on your airy *vélo*,
 Along the Avenue La Grande Armée;
 This time you had a jersey *décolleté*,
 A flat straw hat, with pants and gaiters yellow!

They say the Muscovite police are shocked
 At such un-Russian feminine vagaries;
 Their fiat is that English *modes* be stocked,
 Henceforth, and every cyclewoman frocked
 In modest, unassuming "Charivaris."

This latter word one's soul with wonder fills—

Excuse me if the question over-rude is!
 Is it that you may coast the Sparrow Hills,
 Or thread the Kremlin with no fear of spills
 In costume that resembles Punch and Judy's?

With prices fixed you're shamefully coerced
 By dull officialdom that ever meddles;



Still, NADYA, may you yet ride many a verst,
 However drest! May his tyre promptly burst
 Who would forbid you use your dainty pedals!

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA-SHORE.

The "disguised minstrel," believed by the public to be a peer of the realm collecting coin for a charity, but who is in reality the sentimental singer from a perambulating troop of nigger banjoists, "working on his own."

The preacher whose appreciation of the value of logic and the aspirate is on a par.

The intensely military young man whose occupation during eleven months in the year is the keeping of lodgers in a small city office.

The artist who guarantees a pleasing group of lovers for sixpence, frame included.

The band that consists of a cornet, a trombone, a clarionet, some bass, and a big drum, which is quite as effective (thanks to the trombone) when all the principals have deserted in search of coppers.

And last (and commonest of all) the cockney who, after a week's experience of the discomforts of the seaside, is weary of them, and wants to go home.

FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (*in so far as we learn, in concealment*).—Q. What plant reminds one at the same time of Christmas festivities and a summer carouse with German students? A. The holly-hock.



SHERMAN, THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

A FANCY PORTRAIT.

REFLECTIONS ON A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

HER REFLECTIONS. (See p. 12.)

"We parted!" Yes, I saw your verse,
Which, though (thank heaven) so far
true,
Has only made me think the worse,
If that is possible, of you.
I think you positively base
To tell the public how we parted,
I think you might have had the grace
To be a little broken-hearted!

I think, to give you answer back,
I'd sooner wed an utter scamp
Than any virtuous maniac,
Whose soul is centred in—a stamp!
I think a girl, to be your wife,
Should be, what I am not, ambitious
To share one lofty aim in life—
A green or blue (surcharged) Mauri-
tius!

I think my conscience is unpricked
By any of your falsehoods black,
I think you ought to be well kicked—
And so do "BOB," and "DICK," and
"JACK"!

I think I've put you to the rout;
Let me return to where you started—
"We parted—cheerfully." No doubt.
To me the main point is—we parted!

At the Hyperion Club.

(After the Jubilee.)

First Member. Going to Goodwood, old chappie?

Second Member. I'm not quite sure, but my gov'nor's trying to get me a shop as race-card seller. You see, being in the Upper House, he's got a little influence.

First Member. That's where you fellows get the pull. My dad's only a parson, and he doesn't know the Bishop of CHESTER!

THE CARETAKER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What do you consider your duties?

Answer. To keep in the house in which I am placed, and make myself comfortable.

Q. Is your comfort your first consideration?

A. Certainly; as that would be the wish of my employer.

Q. If you occupy an unfurnished house, and have to show over a possible tenant, what do you do?

A. I take care that the possible tenant shall know that the basement is damp, and the shape of the reception rooms awkward.

Q. Then you point out the defects?

A. Very freely; as it would never do to make a false impression.

Q. When you are in an unfurnished house, how long can you remain?

A. As long as I please, for visitors usually adopt the opinions of the resident guide.

Q. Do you take charge of furnished residences during the absence of their owners at the seaside or on the continent?

A. Of course; and then I turn the best drawing-room into my boudoir, while using the pantry as a resting-place.

Q. Can you answer the questions of callers?

A. Only by saying, "I am sure I don't know where they have gone."

Q. Can you give any further information?

A. Yes; I can say, "I don't know when any of them are coming back."

Q. But surely that might create an impression that the owners were ruined and sold up?

A. May be; but that is their business, and not mine.

Q. And do you give satisfaction to your employers?

A. I suppose so, as I am engaged by them year after year, and time after time.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Gentleman of the Town gently reproves a lady with whom he has dallied, for circulating false reports with regard to himself and a damsel.

I CAN enjoy a diatribe
Without the anger boiling
That makes one hate a jeer or jibe
When there's no chance of foiling
The enemy who plumes his dart
With just enough of scandal
To pierce the hapless victim's heart—
A shaft that others handle!

The thunder in the air, may be,
Has soured your milk of kindness;
Or is it that you cannot see
From momentary blindness?
Something is wrong, or you would not,
O'erfilled with wrathful flurry,
Write letters venomous and hot—
Forgetting LINDLEY MURRAY.

I did not mean your charms to slight—
How could I? They're entrancing!
Does not your presence give delight?
Do I not love your dancing?
You trip the light fantastic toe
Like some fleet, flitting fairy;
You have the rare and mystic "go"
That makes a waltz seem airy.

Why letters so absurd inscribe
To me about Miss—you know?
No Venus could my judgment bribe;
Athene fail with Juno.

But this at least I may confess,
To stop sweet Mrs. Grundy,
I put a query; she said, "Yes";
And we'll be one on Monday!

SARA'S LATEST SCENE.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT went to play *La Tosca* at Portsmouth. Great preparations. Mayor, with Corporation, ready to receive her. She came, she saw, and, according to the *Daily Mail*, noticing that there were many steps up to the town-hall, where the dignitaries awaited her, she refused to ascend, and instead, she, like *Mr. Box* when he had made all his preparations for committing suicide, "walked off in the opposite direction"—that is, drove off, leaving *Mr. Mayor planté là*.

Our inspired poet, remembering the old chorus of "*Sally, come up*," still popular with niggers on the sands in summer-time, says:—

"SALLY, come up!" But SALLY did frown,
Staring at Mayor in chain and gown;
Then SALLY drove off to inn in town.
Now who can read the riddle?

Soon after this *contretemps*, *Mr. MAYER*, of BERNHARDT staff, called on *Mr. Mayor* of Portsmouth, and explained why *S. B.* would not take those steps up to the town-hall, and why she took the step she did. No doubt the explanation was satisfactory.

The Swooper at Bisley.

Friend (to Private BUTTS of the Mumbledon Fallbacks). Are you going in for the QUEEN'S PRIZE?

Private B. QUEEN'S PRIZE be hanged! I always enter for the *useful* competitions. Already I've won a sewing machine, three dozen of Scotch whiskey, a package of sardines in oil, a miniature organ, and box of compressed soups. And I've a very good chance of getting a case of champagne and a revolver to-morrow, old boy!



Cockney. "GOOD 'EVINS! THERE 's A PHEASANT!" Country Friend. "WELL, WHAT OF IT!"
Cockney. "WHY, IT AIN'T THE FUST OF HOCTOBER!"

IA PRIVATE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY.

Question. What is the difference between a Circumlocution Office and a Committee of Inquiry?

Answer. One objects to questions and the other to answers.

Q. How do you mean?

A. The one objects to "fellows who want to know, don'tcher know," the other to fellows who are ready to tell, "don'tcher see."

Q. Does an Inquiry Committee, then, object to inquiry—which would seem to be the reason of its existence?

A. Not exactly. It only objects to inquiry which is likely to elicit anything definite, or disagreeable—often the same thing.

Q. What, then, is the use of a Committee of Inquiry?

A. Well—ahem!—it might be necessary to appoint another Committee of Inquiry to—ahem!—inquire into that.

Q. But would it find out?

A. Most certainly not.

Q. What, then, would it do?

A. Issue a report—perhaps several.

Q. What would they contain?

A. Nothing—to the purpose.

Q. I think, perhaps, we may as well close this inquiry.

A. So do I! Though I could tell you a good deal more, mind you!

Q. Ah! yes—but—

A. Quite so!

[*Exeunt severally, musing gravely.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 12.—Of all places in the world, House of Lords to-day narrowly escaped becoming scene of deplorable scandal. Danger skirted in connection with discussion on the question of County versus Diocesan Associations for administration of Voluntary Schools Act. WANTAGE, V.C., complains that in the county I have the honour to represent in the Commons, the Oxford Diocesan Conference have jockeyed the managers of the schools. Managers elected representatives to choose two delegates for each rural deanery in Berkshire, such delegates to be the governing body, for educational purposes, of the County Association. The Oxford Diocesan Conference, backed up by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, got at the representatives, and when the business was concluded, the school managers, who are all in favour of a County Association, found to their pious horror that their men had voted for a Diocesan Association!

What the school managers said when they heard of the success of this archiepiscopal plot probably is not translatable into Parliamentary language. Anyhow, WANTAGE, V.C., who never served with our army in Flanders, refrained from quoting it, depending for effect upon the simple narrative of Diocesan Episcopal perfidy here summarised.

Speech brought up Bishop of OXFORD, who strongly objected to having the little performance "put forward as an attempted fraud." WANTAGE, V.C., disclaimed such intention. Bishop accepted disclaimer, but, turning upon the hero of Alma and Inkerman, said in plaintive tones, "But why, my dear Lord, did you kick me downstairs?"

This sudden inquiry added infinitely to growing horror of situation. Lord SPENCER made haste to change subject by disclosing similar clerical plot in Northamptonshire. In the end, rising passion soothed by speech from Duke of DEVONSHIRE, whose yawn (it being a sultry afternoon) was so contagious that the Primate, who looked like fighting, dozed off.

SARK hopes the incident will escape the notice of the gentlemen who draw up contents-bills for evening papers. He remembers case in early history of evening journalism, where the town was startled by reading in largest type on the bill, "CHARGE OF INDECENCY AGAINST THE BISHOP OF OXFORD." It was in Dr. WILBERFORCE'S time. SARK, humbled and horrified, bought a paper. After diligent search, found in Parliamentary report that somebody (he thinks it was the Duke of ARGYLL) had in course of debate spoken of "the almost indecent warmth" of the Bishop's advocacy of some small matter. Here is a double chance for the lively contents-bill. "CHARGE OF FRAUD AGAINST THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY!" "THE BISHOP OF LONDON KICKED DOWNSTAIRS!!"

Happily, the passage escaped notice in dangerous quarters. But SARK still shivers at thought of peril passed.

Business done.—Commons grubbing away at Workmen's Compensation Bill.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Report current that, before going into Committee on Foreign Prison-made Goods, RITCHIE bargained with HOWARD VINCENT that he was to refrain from taking part in debate. "We've risked enough," President of Board of Trade is reported to have said, "by taking up this precious idea of yours, and really can't stand you prancing round whilst I'm trying to shove the thing through."

Probably no truth in the story. Certainly the gallant Colonel refrained from speaking, that is, from delivering ordered speech. Through frequent divisions, his voice was heard like rolling drums that beat to battle where he stands. Once he cried out, "No! no!" when PARKER SMITH proposed to withdraw an amendment. In the main, he found relief for overcharged feelings in muttered commentary. Also, after the manner of the alderman at the city banquet who stimulated a jaded appetite by taking a fresh chair, the Colonel was observed at various stages of the engagement reconnoitring the enemy from divers benches.

Had the satisfaction of seeing RITCHIE, lacking his assistance, get into fearful muddle with Bill. Debate throughout disclosed curious state of irritation.



Gwyllym ap Harcordd, the Bard.

(In training for the Eisteddfod.)

Chairman constantly on his feet calling to order. JOHN BURNS had a round with DON JOSE. HALDANE, lapsing from ordinary judicial manner, publicly expressed his regret that he was "not able to get an idea into the head of TOMLINSON." CALDWELL, proposing to supplement innumerable speeches by LOUGH,

was incontinently howled down. The WEARISOME WEIR expressed a wish that RITCHIE "would confine himself within the four walls of the prison, especially in relation to the manufacture of locks." What that meant the Committee had not the remotest idea. Supposed in some quarters that it was a guarded reference to the disease of LOUGH-jaw, from which the Committee to-night suffered in exceptional degree. Everyone grateful when the Chairman ruled the observation out of order. Seemed that at least he understood it. Towards midnight, PRINCE ARTHUR mercifully attempted to cut tangled skein by the Closure. But that did not carry Bill through Committee.

"I hope RITCHIE likes his arrangements," said HOWARD VINCENT, with a gleam of malice in his eyes. "If he'd left the Bill in my charge, I would not only have got it through Committee to-night, but would have persuaded House to read it a third time."

Business done.—Workmen's Compensation Bill reported.

Thursday.—End of session in sight. PRINCE ARTHUR made customary declaration of Ministerial intention with respect to Bills still standing on Orders. Amount of work that must be done does not promise undue prolongation of Session.

"And a very good thing, too," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. "I've got a little business on hand in the autumn, and want time for study. It's the part of the Bard. You know I promised to attend the National Eisteddfod of my countrymen, to be held at Newport, Mon. When I say my countrymen, I of course speak in the Gladstonian or Homeric sense. The Plantagenets did not come from Wales. But I happen to represent Monmouthshire. In fact, I'm not at all sure whether, if I gave my mind to it, I might not, with LOULU's help (lovely Bardic name, LOULU), trace back my descent on the distaff side from TALEISEN. Not going as far back as the sixth century, pausing in the purlieus of the tenth, we have HOWEL DRU. TOM ELLIS, M.A., a Welshman first and a Whip afterwards, tells me that a literal translation of that name, dear in Bardic circles, is the Black Harcourt."

"But," I ventured to remark, "you're not so black as you are sometimes painted."

"I hope not," said the SQUIRE, with a far-away look in his eyes. "I *Dhu* hone not. I confess I'm looking forward with some interest to my new part. Am told I didn't look had at Devonshire House the other night in my forbear Chancellor HARCOURT'S gown. But for a man of noble mien and commanding figure, there is more scene in the habiliments of a Bard."

As I left the room, the SQUIRE, posing in weird majesty, murmured the music of a memorable Ode:—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless PRINCE!

Boast not thy great majori-tee.

Though buoyed on Conquest's crimson wing,

My ARTHUR, soon it shall not be."

Business done.—Workmen's Compensation Bill read a third time.

Friday.—YERBURGH tells me no chance of getting Government to do anything this Session in direction of national granaries. YERBURGH agrees with R. B. MARSTON that we are hastening to a condition of starvation. The whole case forcibly, lucidly, if not convincingly, set forth by R. B. in his book, "War, Famine, and our Food Supply," just

issued from St. Dunstan's House. Not often a publisher permits himself the luxury of publishing one of his own books. R. B. M. gives himself and the public this pleasure. A terrible prospect, calculated to cloud the sunlight of Jubilee days.



The future Lord Granaries.

(Mr. Y-rb-gh.)

We are, it seems, dependent on North America and Russia for our daily bread. United States and Russia go to war with us; stop supplies; in a week stock of corn and flour in Great Britain exhausted; famine stalks through the land; supply of plump young children grows scarce; the sun of England sets.

YERBURGH, M.P., and MARSTON, publisher, want ST. MICHAEL to fork out £30,000,000 to buy corn, store it up against the day when iniquitous designs of Russia and the United States shall be accomplished. ST. MICHAEL swears by All Angels he will have nothing to do with the scheme, and on we go to our doom!

SARK says he once knew an estimable gentleman who could not sleep o' nights, apprehensive that the Gulf Stream would cease to circulate round the British Isles. In such case we should become even as Iceland. That danger still exists. Now, *pour comble de malheur*, famine stares us in the mouth, so to speak. Life seems hardly worth living.

Business done.—Supply in Committee.



AT HENLEY. "IPSE DIXIT."

"For a mile and a half the river was covered with elegant craft, in which youth was always at the prow and pleasure always at the helm."—*Daily Paper.*

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

(*Mr. Punch's Special Correspondence.*)

Bournemouth.—The beautiful bay is studded with pleasure boats, and the beach strown with bathing machines. Six thousand excursionists visited the Winter Gardens to-day, and the price of whiskey has risen. Among the latest arrivals are the Earl and Countess of FLOUNDER and Ladies SOLE, Sir REGINALD RAPPEE, and Baron BUNCO of New York.

Brighton.—A fresh breeze is blowing off the land, and in the midst of lovely sunshine the pleasure yachts are doing a handsome trade. An interesting accident very nearly occurred this morning to Miss PENELOPE LIPNECK, youngest daughter of Alderman Sir ULYSES LIPNECK, Kt. The young lady in question was fishing off the West Pier for crabs, when an enormous crustacean, presumably a mammoth lobster, seized the bait, and would infallibly have dragged the fair votary of ISAAC WALTON into a submarine grave, had not Lieutenant SPARKLETON, of the 23rd City of London Volunteers (the Empress of CHINA'S OWN Fallbacks), gallantly cut the tackle. Miss LIPNECK happily suffered no injury beyond the loss of her *gants de suède*, which were swept into the

water. The musical attractions of this Queen of watering places have been materially increased during the past few days by many vocal and instrumental artists of both sexes, now on their way to the Ducal groves of Goodwood. Shrimps are cheaper.

Cromer.—With considerable right, certain of the most influential towns-folk have resolved to bestow the title of Queen-Empress of the East Coast upon this favoured resort. The influx of visitors is not altogether dissimilar from the descent of the Huns on the sunny plains of Italy, and like the progression of the barbarians of old, it never ceases. Last night a bagatelle board was converted into a bedstead by a lady, who receives paying guests. The bands are numerous and harmonious, and the popular air appear to be "Sweet Marie" and "Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer!" Several large butterflies have been caught on the cliffs. The second coconut once removed of the Rajah of BANDICOOT is expected here next week.

Douglas (Isle of Man).—As usual in the land of the Deemster, the Liverpudlians are flocking to recruit their jaded appetites with plenty of bracing pick-me-ups compounded of sea-air and sea-bathing in equal proportions. Some capital negro minstrels help the general gaiety of the scene. It is scarcely necessary to add that

Sir WALTER SCOTT derived most of the inspiration which pervades *Pevenil of the Peak* from this hardy little island, enjoying the benefit of Home Rule denied to her larger, but not more important, neighbours.

Dover.—Nothing can be more interesting for a visitor to watch than the rapid progress now being made on the new Harbour Works. The driving of piles, with the concomitant hustle, is as exciting as the cinematographe, while the arrivals at and departures from the Admiralty Pier constitute a veritable kaleidoscope of International indisposition on the narrow way. The Duchess of GORGONZOLA and suite passed through here on her way to Switzerland. There have been several expeditions by road to St. Margaret's Bay, whence the secrets of empires are whirled over the bed of the ocean. An officer of one of the Belgian steam packets has been seen to order some stout bottled in England. Naturally great excitement prevails.

Eastbourne.—The trees are now in full leaf, thanks to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, and what visitor in the romantic park named after his grace would fail to maintain that lawn tennis is the birthright of every Eastbournian? Picnics on Beachy Head are of daily occurrence, and it is said that a London glass merchant has made a contract for collecting the disused and abandoned bottles. At this time of year the coastguards are always in prime condition, and old salts with smuggling tales are at a premium. Owing to the influence of the aristocracy, the sale of winkles is not what it might be, though liberally supported by the Salvation Army.

Folkestone.—A curious incident occurred here last night. As a gentleman was walking on the Lees, an enormous poodle dog obstructed his path, and but for the courage of its owner, Colonel WALTER WAGTAIL, would no doubt have left its mark upon the unfortunate visitor. Happily, the catastrophe was averted, and supper at the Pavilion was the sequel of what might have been a lamentable *contretemps*. The boats to Boulogne run with remarkable regularity, and the pleasure of seeing passengers land has been distinctly discounted by the fact that the sea has been remarkably smooth. The Vicomte de NERON, direct descendant of the Emperors of ROME, has organised a picnic at Cæsar's Camp.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

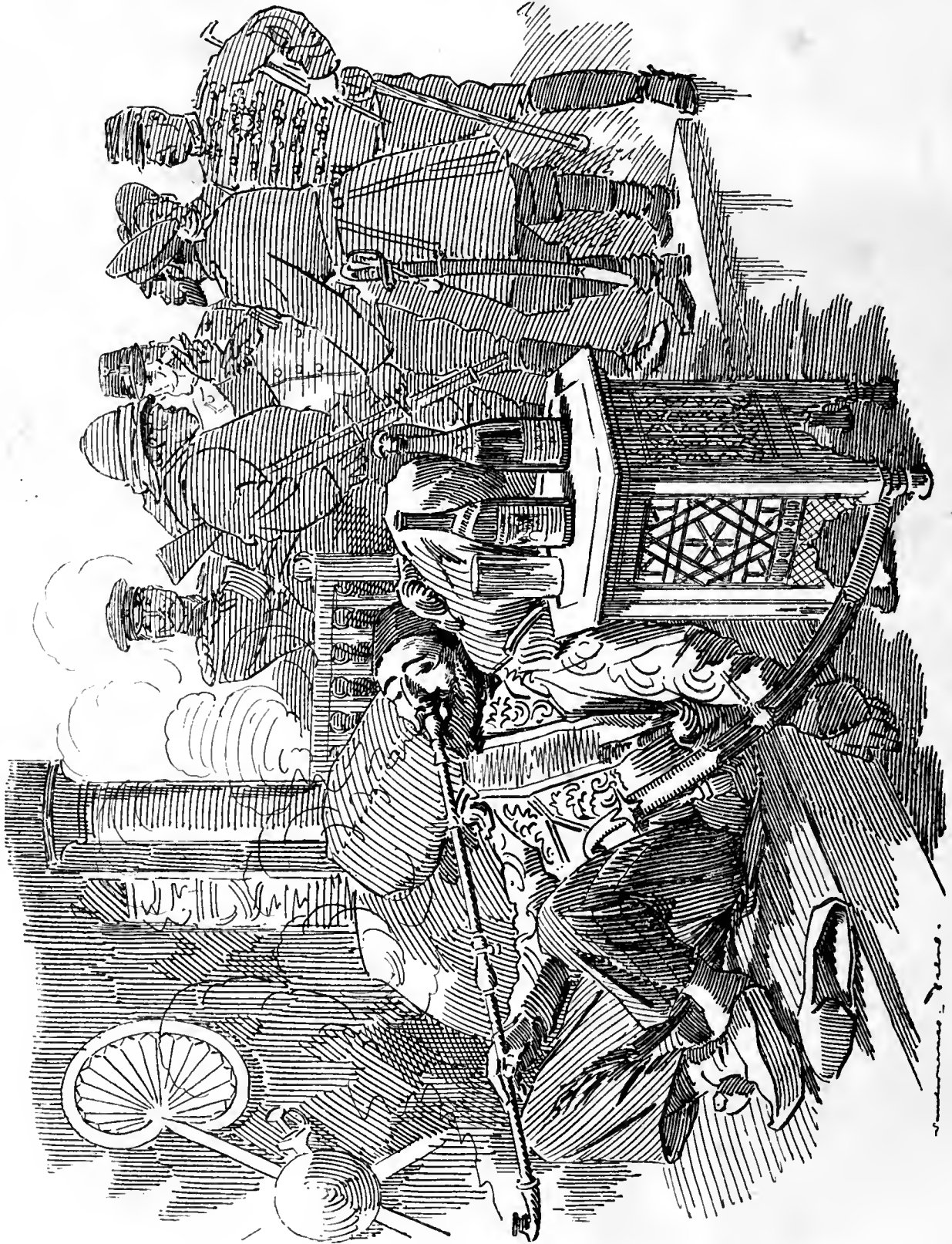
FIGS.

A FIG? No thanks! Yet I will swear
That never yet on any twig
Hung half so juicy, rich and rare
A fig.

'Twould simply be a shame to dig
One's teeth into a thing so fair—
Besides, it's really *far* too big!
[The reason, frankly, I forbear
Is not lest I should seem a pig,
But that for figs I do not care
A fig.]

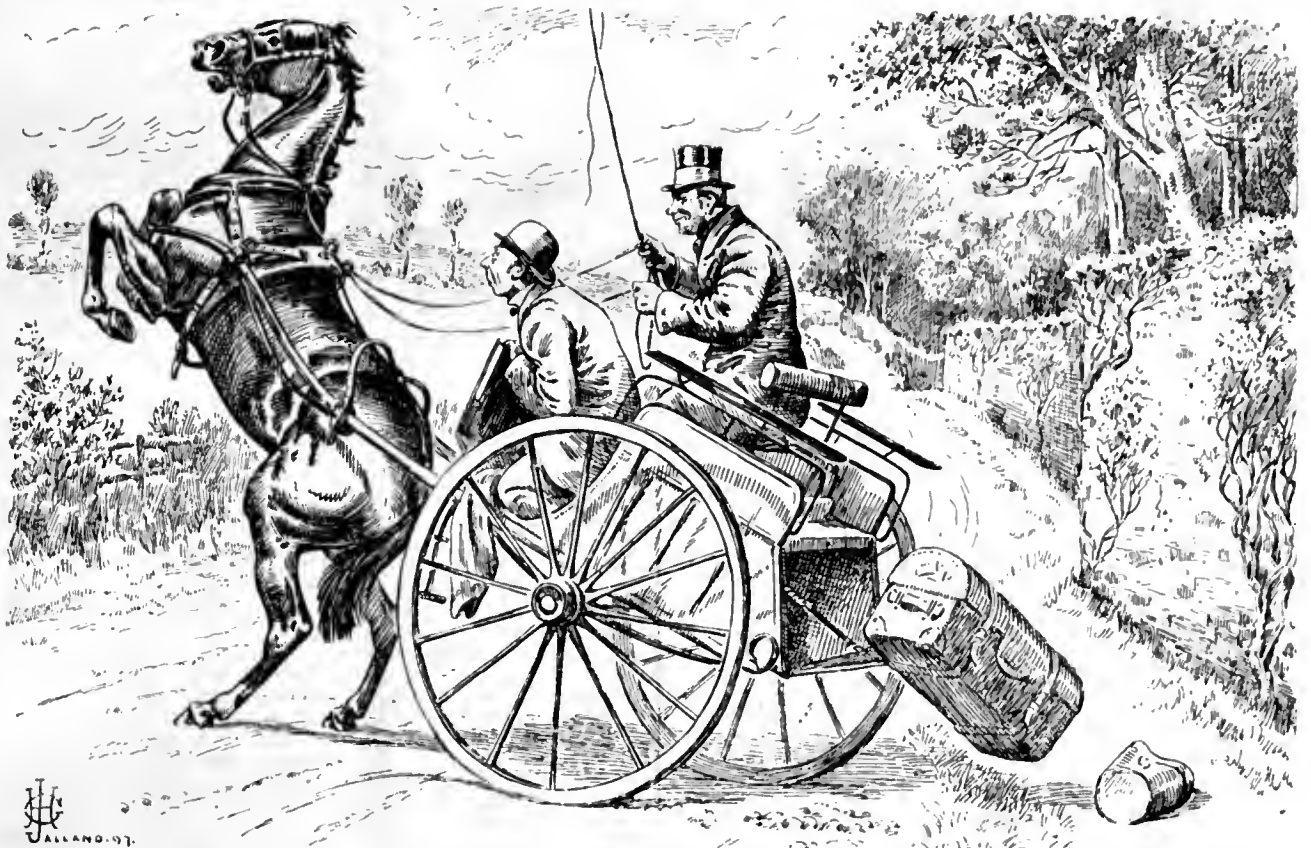
NOT THE SORT OF FARE WHICH AN EMINENT SURREY CRICKETER IS ABLE TO DIGEST.—A couple of ducks.

"SENDING THEM AWAY WITH A FLEA IN THEIR EAR."—The crowding-out of the Woman's Suffrage Bill by the Verminous Persons.



NO HURRY!

The Sultan. "DEAR, DEAR! HOW THEY DO DAWDLE! SUCH A TIME IN COMING TO A DECISION!"



COMFORTING.

Driver of hired turn-out (to Nervous Passenger). "ALL RIGHT, SIR! YOU MUSTN'T BE AFRAID. SHE DON'T OFFEN COME OVER BACKWARDS!"

AFTER THE PASSAGE IS OVER.

SCENE—An apartment. *Inmate discovered arranging a scientific apparatus.*

Inmate. And now I think everything is ready, and it's time to begin. (*A knock.*) *Pray enter. (Two travellers appear.)* Will you be so kind as to say whether you have any cigars about you?

First Trav. (*promptly.*) Certainly not.

In. (*politely.*) Pardon me, but I think you are mistaken. Allow me. (*Produces a bundle from the inside pocket of the First Traveller's overcoat.*) And in this parcel I fancy we shall find six pounds of cigars!

First Trav. (*astonished.*) Yes, you are quite right!

Second Trav. (*in amazement.*) How wonderful!

In. (*turning to Second Trav.*) And now, Madam, will you be so good as to disclose whether you have any lace concealed about you?

Second Trav. (*indignantly.*) Of course not!

In. (*smiling.*) You are quite sure? Now I think, in spite of your assurance, that I shall be able to discover some. With the assistance of this apparatus I turn on a ray of light—(*does so*)—and hi! presto! there is the lace pinned to your underskirt!

Second Trav. (*deeply impressed.*) Marvellous!

First Trav. It is certainly very ingenious. I suppose you discovered the cigars and the lace with the help of the Röntgen rays?

In. I did; and can now tell you that in the other inside pocket you have a bottle of Benedictine, and a parcel containing five thousand cigarettes.

First Trav. Quite right. Wonderful!

Second Trav. Marvellous! Are you a conjurer?

In. (*sternly.*) No, Madam, someone more terrible—a Custom House officer!
[*Scene closes in upon the discovery.*]

LUGGAGE À LA SHAKSPEARE.

First Stage. Bottle, cradle, and christening robe.

Second Stage. Satchel, marbles, and pound of toffy.

Third Stage. Guitar, short pipe, pound of tobacco.

Fourth Stage. Sword-cover, and regulation uniform-case.

Fifth Stage. Bag and wig-case.

Sixth Stage. Slippers and dressing-gown.

Seventh Stage. Railway-ticket to Woking—not return.

CIVIC INTERNATIONAL CIVILITIES.—Hope the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress are enjoying themselves at Brussels,—“where the sprouts come from,” as Mr. PENLEY observed, in *Charley's Aunt*. In case anything should be wanting at the Burgomaster's table (which is improbable), they take with them their own “Savory,” and nothing else, that is, “Knill” besides. From the “historical pageant” they may get a hint or two for the next Lord Mayor's show,—in which, however, Sir FAUDEL will take only a modified interest.

The Brutality of Man.

Miss Emily (*aged forty, or thereabouts, to Lord HARRY SHAVER.*) Oh! how I should love to be a Jubilee bride!

Lord Harry. Well, cheer up! You won't have to wait very long!

“DECLINED—WITH THANKS.”—Lord WANTAGE has returned the decoration recently conferred on him by the SULTAN for Red Cross Society services. The SULTAN will remember this nobleman's title as “Lord Don't-Wantage.” His Lordship did not consider the possession of the Order as peculiarly advantageous to himself.

SONG OF OMNIBUS PROPRIETORS (*as they left the Court after the sensible magisterial decision last Friday, July 23.*)—“We're leaving thee in sorrow, HANNAY!”

AQUATIC AND NEGROLOGIC.—It seems fitting that the Wingfield Sculls should now have a Black-staffe fitted to them.



"I 'EAR THAT THEOLOMON ARONS 'AS 'AD 'IS SHOP BURNT OUT!"
 'WELL, 'E 'TH A VERY GOOD FELLER, ARONTH ITH. 'E DETHERVES
 IT!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AT THE THEATRE.

DEAR MISTER,—I recall to me my first visit to an english theatre. In that time there I spoke at pain a hundred of words, and by consequence I carried all days a dictionary of pocket in the which I searched the translation of the french phrases. Happily I had heard to say that the English go to the theatre in great holding, *en grande tenue*, and I carried my habit, all to fact as he must. I am gone to a theatre where they played an operette. If I could not to comprehend the words, I could to hear the music and to regard the dances.

I part in handsome cab, and I arrive to the theatre. Since that time there I have learnt that one should all days to retain a place in the principal theatres, as at Paris, and that, not as at Paris, the location costs not more dear. Eh well, I mount the *perron*, and, having found the word *fauteuil* in my dictionary, I demand at the *guichet*, "one armchair of orchestra." The employed responds, "One stol." *Une stalle, ah non!* "One armchair of balcony," I say. And him of to respond, *et lui de répondre*, "Dreseukl." What is this that this is that that? *Pas de fauteuil d'orchestre, pas de fauteuil de balcon.* "Can one to have one place in a lodge?" I demand to him. "A lodging," says he. "Yes," I respond to him, "a lodging." *Sans aucun doute ça veut dire une petite loge.* "No, Maounsiah," responds he, "not here, you must go to-morrow to a haoussaigentt." "To-morrow," I say; "but I desire to see the operette this evening! Give to me then any place, even a stall, if you have of her."

Then I pay ten shillings six pennys—*quel prix énorme!*—and I

resign myself to pass the evening very squeezed, *serré*, on a bench all to fact in arrear under the balcony. But a pretty little female opener, *ouvreuse*, indicates to me an excellent *fauteuil d'orchestre*, absolutely at the centre, large and comfortable, where I install myself between two charming ladys in toilets of evening of the most elegants. I regard around and I see *partout* some adorable ladys, and not one sole hat. And all the men in habit. It is an evening of gala! Ten shillings six pennys for that, it is not too much dear, by blue!

During the between-act, *l'entr'acte*, at Paris all the world goes out. That he makes hot, that he makes cold, what that may be who arrives, one quits his place, and one walks himself in the *foyer*, or in the *couloirs*, or in the street, or one drinks a *bock* or a lemon with some water of seltz in a *café* at side. As that one escapes from the suffocating atmosphere of the parisian theatre, but at the fine that becomes fatiguing, and if the piece is in several acts and the between-acts drag in longness, *trainent en longueur*, one traverses some *kilomètres* in marching of long in large. At London one can to repose himself tranquilly in his armchair, if he wishes not to smoke a cigarette, or to drink a "wisky" at the english mode, in the refreshments-room, that which one calls in french, "le bar." I find that more commodious, *plus commode*.

At the fine, in going out of the theatre, he falls of the rain, that which arrives often at London, sometimes at Paris. *Ciel, est-on bousculé!* I arrest myself at the entry, seeking a handsome cab, and all these ladys, several very fat, several of high waist, *de haute taille*, march on my foots without even to demand pardon. And of time in time he arrives a mister, who cries, "Now then, here he is, come along!" or an employed of the theatre, or a groom in a "mackintosh" all wetted, and then the ladys run after, and they march all on my foots, *jusqu'à ce que*, just to this that I succeed to obtain a cab, and to go myself of it.

One other time I go to the Opera, so had situated at the middle of those villain little streets, so dirty, so miserable, and there also he falls of the rain, and I attend all one half hour, still more shoved, *bousculé*, and I part absolutely the last, at the moment where the employeds shut the doors. And that after to have paid twenty and one shillings!

The third time I am gone to see Sir IRVING and Lady TERRY in this charming comedy of the illustrious SHACKSPIR, *Much To Do About Nothing*. I had read her in advance in french, and thus I hoped to comprehend of her a small little, aided by the jests, *gestes*, of these artists so celebrated. The comedy is admirable. And what put in scene, *quelle mise en scène!* *Superbe!* I admire much Lady TERRY. She plays of a fashion truly ravishing, and one can not more gracious. Sir IRVING is a great artist, but I comprehend not one sole word that he says, for he pronounces not the english as the most part of your compatriots. And what of lively applauding! I have heard to say that the *claqueur* exists not in England. That comprehends himself when all the assistance applauds so vigorously. At the fine there is so much of noise that Sir IRVING is forced of to make a little discourse. I comprehend not one word, but I suppose that he prays the spectators of to go themselves of it tranquilly. More late one tells me that Sir IRVING thanked the assistance and that it is him who inaugurated this mode of speaking at the theatre. What droll of idea! Figure to yourself, *Mister Punch*, a french actor making a discourse on the scene! Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

JEAN INGELOW.

Born at Boston, Lincolnshire, 1820. Died at Kensington, 1897.

SWEET is the perfume of a perfect life!

Dear is the incense of a noble name;

Happy the ear removed from worldly strife,

That only hears the echo of the voice's fame.

JEAN INGELOW! these attributes were yours,

Sweet songstress! gifted mistress of the pen!

You sang of Hope that still for us endures,

And weaved your lyrics from the lives of Men.

You told of what has been, and what, perchance, might be,

You held the banner of the Great Good Right,

And so across the unknown silent Silver Sea

We bid "Good morn" in faith to your "Good night."

At Goodwood.

He. Did you say, put a fiver on *Ugly* for the Cup?

She. Yes; but please be sure and see that Sir HENRY HAWKINS isn't in the ring, or we may be committed for contempt of court!

THERE AND BACK WITH A CARD.

DURING a delightfully refreshing Saturday-to-Monday outing at our dear (in one sense, but reasonable in an argumentum-ad-pocketum sense) old friend Boulogne-sur-Mer, there came into our possession a card directing our attention to the South Eastern Hotel, formerly Hôtel Zeeland, where, judging from the truly *al fresco* Parisian style and appearance of its Restauration in full view of everything that is going on, including the easy travelling trams, in Boulogne, it ought to be all that any traveller's fancy could paint it in two coats of paint, inside and out, especially as its manager is Monsieur G. FABESCH, late of the Hôtel Continental, Paris, whom, personally, the present deponent knoweth not from Mons. ADAM du Jardin de Paradis, —which is simply Paris "writ large,"—though he has a pleasant recollection of the aforesaid Parisian Hotel. But it is Manager FABESCH's card that will delight the idler who has absolutely nothing to do, after a quite perfect "breakfast at the fork," or, as this can't be provided for a mere song let us term it "breakfast at the fork-out," in the airy little "Café Restaurant Garnier, Parc aux huitres," on the *Jetty*, except to lazily smoke the soothing cigar, dawdle with the fragrant coffee and its accompanying *chasse*, and, when not gazing on the merry bathers, to peruse the literature provided by the aforementioned card. It speaks as excellent English as THACKERAY's English hero did French, when, in answer to the inquiry "Qui va là?" he, "knowing the language" answered "Je!" The card announces how "The S. E. Hotel Co., L. D., London, has purchased a grand site opposite the Casino and the sea for the purpose of building a Magnificent Hotel (400 Rooms), but during this Season (1897) they ave decided to open the existing buildings, which will a commodate about 100 guets."

May we be among those future "guets" whom this hotel is to "a commodate." To culinary connoisseurs there are just two places on the Continong that may rival each other in a reputation for *cuisine*, namely, the Restauration at the Gare Maritime, Calais, and this "Parc aux huitres," B'logne, which is not to be excelled, go where you will, except, perhaps—but that it is a bit too far from England merely for a breakfast—at Monte Carlo.

Mr. Punch's special traveller in the Déjeûnering business always likes to do a good turn to all who deserve to benefit by a brief holiday, and now, when the weather is tropical, and the sea absolutely calm, being fearful of moving violently lest it should get too hot, now is the time for the *aller et retour!* to Calais and back, to Boulogne and back! *et voilà tout!*

EXPERIENCES OF AN EARL'S-COURTIER.

So hot and fine to-day that I feel disinclined to work at my *History of English Civilization*. Happy thought; why not visit the "Victorian Era" Show at Earl's Court? I shall doubtless collect valuable material there for my book, especially if I go not in the frivolous spirit of a mere holiday-maker, but in the reverent mood of the anxious seeker after knowledge. Having provided myself with a large note-book, I start.

Numbers of people passing through turnstiles; it is delightful to see how widespread is the desire to learn as much as possible about our national progress. First of all I meet some steam-engines and a large number of curious contrivances which are not, as I at first supposed, gigantic sewing-machines, but are electrical appliances of some kind. Wish I knew more about them; note them down for special study at a future date. Pass on, and discover women making tin match-boxes. Strange, I never realised before how much the greatness of England depended upon the manufacture of these articles. Mustn't forget to mention tin match-boxes in my chapter on commercial progress. Other people are cooking sweets and polishing imitation diamonds. This last exhibit is doubtless a satire upon modern hypocrisy. But I notice they are called "Parisian Diamonds," and wonder vaguely how they illustrate the progress of the British nation. Now, as it is very hot here, I will sit down in the garden and write down the results of my observations thus far. Having done so, turn towards the Panorama, where I doubtless shall find a vivid presentment of some eventful scene in our national history. . . . Rather to my surprise, it proves to be an excellent picture of Ancient Rome. Am not quite certain at present what it has to do with the Victorian Era, but doubtless this is owing to my own stupidity. Next visit the "Living Photographs." Having waited about quarter of an hour in solemn silence, the showman takes pity on us at last. Must work the pictures of ballet-dancers into my chapter on "National



AN INFORMAL INTRODUCTION.

Polite Little Girl (suddenly). "THIS IS MY MAMMA, SIR. WILL YOU PLEASE SING HER, 'IT'S THE SEASONING WOT DOES IT!'"

Recreations." But I don't quite see how I am to deal with the circus and the marionettes, so I won't visit those attractions at present. Might connect the great wheel, somehow, in a footnote, with the Revolution of Time. Doubtless those people who are going up and down on the switchback find that this helps them to realise the greatness of England, especially as the switchback is an American invention.

Passing again into the building, I find myself in a model hospital ward. Very interesting. Pathetic wax dolls repose in cots, and are supposed to be suffering from various unpleasant diseases. And their beautiful complexions, which no doubt are exactly copied from life, testify in a very striking way to the progress of medical science. I feel sure that sixty years ago sufferers from diphtheria hadn't such rosy cheeks. By the side of one of the cots is a splendid model of a nurse, really most life-like. I wonder if the wax it is made of is very hard. Pinch its cheek to see, when, to my astonishment and horror, it proves to be not a wax model like the rest, but a real, live, and justly indignant hospital nurse. I endeavour to explain my mistake, and retreat hastily. Visit the "Sporting Section," which seems to be very popular. Crowds of people are gazing with intense reverence at a row of shapeless cricket-balls, which, it seems, have been used in important matches.

Proceed through many other galleries, and inspect an excellent collection of pictures. Then I return to the garden, sit and listen to the band, and drink tea. The buns which accompany it are interesting relics, and were evidently baked (though the official guide omits to mention this) at the time of Her MAJESTY's accession. Afterwards, feel disinclined for exertion, and refuse to join the unhappy-looking gentlemen who, clad in top-hats and frock-coats, are being jolted round on elephants. I visit "Old London," and learn, for the first time, that, sixty years ago, it was paved entirely with cobble-stones.

Altogether, an excellent show, but somehow I have not learnt quite as much as I had expected from it about the national progress of England during the last sixty years!

FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (dodging).—Q. What is the meaning of the United States bawl? A. Bounce!



Friend (to Minor Railway Official at Provincial Station). "ULLO, COCKY, WHERE 'AVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME?"

Minor R. O. (with dignity). "OH, I 'AD TO GO UP ON DUTY FOR THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPIT'HEAD, I 'AD." *Friend (impressed).* "AH! FINE SIGHT I EXPECT IT WUR?"

Minor R. O. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY AS I SAW MUCH OF IT. I WAR A TAKING THE TICKETS AT VAUX'ALL!"

THE DELIVERANCE OF DOROTHEA.

(A Fragment of an Up-to-date Romance.)

CHAPTER XL.

FAIR shone the evening sun upon the lists of Bunkum Castle, fairest upon the noble features of Sir HUBERT DE MONTMORENCY, as, with a deft movement of the lever, he caused his gallant motor-car to caracole nimbly in the midst of the arena. Throughout the afternoon had he ridden in the gymkhana, and with such success that towards the close not one of the onlookers had dared to venture a ducat against his chances, partly because his victory seemed assured, and partly because it was doubtful whether the lists of Bunkum were not a "place" within the meaning of the Act, and the rumour was freely bruited that more than one member of the Anti-Gambling League was present in disguise.

Skilfully did Sir HUBERT apply the brake and bring his car to a standstill before the Marquis of BUNKUM's seat.

"Sir," he said, his features glistening

with petroleum and the glow of victory, "having conquered in all the motor-car contests, I come, in accord with the best precedents, to claim the hand of your daughter, the lovely Lady DOROTHEA FLAPDOODLE."

"Gadzooks!" answered the Marquis, angrily, "you may claim as much as you please, but you're not going to have her."

"What?" cried Sir HUBERT.
"Sir," answered the other, "you told me the other day to buy shares in 'the Abracadabra Gold Mines. And by this evening's paper I see that the company is in liquidation!"

"'Tis false!" shouted Sir HUBERT. "That paragraph is the work of that sorry scoundrel, Sir MIDAS PLUTOCRAT—"

"Who is about to become my son-in-law," said the Marquis of BUNKUM, with a cruel smile. "I have already despatched the Lady DOROTHEA to London, and she is to marry him to-morrow!"

"But—but," said Sir HUBERT, aghast, "he is already married!"

"What of that? This very evening he

is to entice his present wife into the lethal chamber at Battersea, and to-morrow he will marry—"

But Sir HUBERT had turned the lever of his motor-car to full speed a-head.

"Stop him!" cried the Marquis, "stop him! Prosecute him with the utmost rigour of the law! He is exceeding the rate of 80 miles an hour!"

But the gallant young knight had disappeared in the distance.

CHAPTER XLII.

Alas! Sir HUBERT had been too impatient in his flight. Scarcely had he travelled ten miles on his way, when his supply of oil gave out, and his motor-car came to a standstill. Leaping down from his engine, he knocked at the door of the nearest cottage, to see whether he could borrow some petroleum. The door was opened, and, to his amazement, before him stood the Lady DOROTHEA!

"My HUBERT!" she exclaimed; and rushed into his arms. Then she explained that, suspecting her father's design in sending her to London, she had quitted the train on the first opportunity, and had taken refuge in this cottage.

"Then we will fly together, my love!" said HUBERT.

"Hark!" quoth DOROTHEA, growing deadly pale. "What is that?"

They listened in silence, and heard the dreadful baying of bloodhounds!

"Alack!" said DOROTHEA; "my father has taken a hint from one of Dr. CONAN DOYLE'S romances, and means to destroy us by these fearsome beasts!"

Scarcely had she spoken, when two enormous hounds came bounding round the corner. But a stalwart figure stepped in the road, pulled a pistol from his pocket, and—crack! crack!—the beasts lay dead almost at their feet!

"Noble hero!" exclaimed Sir HUBERT, rapturously, to the stranger. "How can I thank you?"

"County Council's orders," explained the unknown, who proved, indeed, to be the village policeman. "No dogs allowed without muzzles nowadays."

"Heaven reward the County Council!" exclaimed Sir HUBERT. "Having got some more petroleum, let us fly to my own castle."

Hardly had they started when the shriek of a steam whistle sounded close at hand, and both turned in terror.

"'Tis my father!" cried Lady DOROTHEA. "'Tis my father pursuing us on his steam motor-car! Full speed a-head, my HUBERT!"

And by this time they could clearly see the Marquis of BUNKUM, as, seated tightly upon the safety-valve of his engine, he drew nearer and nearer.

But Sir HUBERT'S gallant motor-car was not beaten yet. Indeed, it flew like lightning, leaping, rather than running, along the road at a fearful speed. Yet the steam-engine still gained upon them until—

Suddenly there was a fearful explosion! Fragments of iron, wood, and the Marquis of BUNKUM, darkened the air! His boiler had exploded.

Sir HUBERT folded the sobbing DOROTHEA in his arms.

"Weep not," he said. "We are safe, and your father is dead. So perish all those who sit upon the safety-valve! Now will we go and be married."

And he pointed the head of his motor-car straight for St. George's, Hanover Square.



THE "TRICKSY SPIRIT"!

Ferdinand I-RD S-L-SB-RY.

Ariel RT. HON. J. CH-MB-RL-N.

FERDINAND (*L-rd S-l-sb-ry*). "WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE? * * * * I HAVE FOLLOW'D IT, OR IT HATH DRAWN ME—RATHER."

The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2.





Mrs. Newealth. "AND HOW IS MY DAUGHTER GETTING ON WITH HER MUSIC, PROFESSOR?"
 Professor Da Capo. "REMARKABLY WELL. THE ONLY DIFFICULTY I FIND IS IN MAKING HER OBSERVE THE REST!"
 Mrs. Newealth. "OH, BUT SHE MUST. SHE HAS PLENTY OF TIME!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Cricketer, repulsed in his advances to a Widow—relict of a wine-bibber—retorts in forcible tones.

"THE King is dead! Long live the King!"
 That is the moral of your plan.
 "Old Time is on the wing," you sing;
 You only need but one—the Man
 Who, thinking you the Queen of Earth,
 All beatific and all sweet,
 Will gown you as a dame of Worth,
 And doglike Yapp about your feet.

This slave, of course, you may not love,
 But judge his sense by welcome deeds,
 And coo like any turtle dove
 Amid the desert of your weeds.
 You'd test his ardour, did he own
 The wherewithal to make a match;
 But, failing that, you'd field alone,
 No "hutter-fingers" at a catch!

Your innings first was all too short—
 A little over one long year—
 Your Late Lamented, bowled by port,
 Enjoys another atmosphere.
 He, knowing not the joyous shout
 That would his disappearance greet,
 Left you with thousands still "not out,"
 Another partner here to meet.

I wished that partner I could be,
 Before you sold yourself for pelf;
 I had not got the £ s. d.,
 You only batted for yourself!
 And now "not out" you will not wear
 The colours that you sadly lack.
 Keep up your wicket! I don't care
 If your life-score is framed in black!

DARBY JONES ON GOODWOOD.

WE all know, honoured Sir, the rapturous, not to say frivolous, feelings with which the Troubadour was inspired as he returned after his trip (doubtless under the conduct of the antique Cook or GAZE) to Jerusalem and Joppa, carrying the banjo of the period. In similar temperament, the Bard and Fates combined journeys to the resplendent Park, wherein, for a considerable consideration, his Grace the Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON permits the members of the General Public ("our Pollies," as I once heard a Greek scholar describe them) to assemble on that upland course which contributes so richly to the prosperity of the lowlanders of Chichester. I look upon the Goodwood Meeting, Sir, as the final picnic of the London season, where wearied Duchesses and fatigued Countesses can regale them-

selves under the trees on viands not to be despised by those Sybarites of whom we read at Free Libraries, in works descriptive of classic times. I know nothing so pleasant as a lunch beneath those beeches. I believe them to be of that order of trees which in fair sunshine convert the hillside into an aristocratic Rosherville Gardens. The mayonnaise, be it of salmon, lobster, or the more modest crab, gathered from the tanks of Hamble by Southampton Water, seems to have a succulence denied to the crustaceans to be found in the shell-fish marts of our Great Metropolis, while the vintage of champagne cools the gullet with an extra sparkle of satisfaction.

Perhaps this jubilation of Food may be accounted for by the brilliant costumes with which it is surrounded. Lovely indeed is this *parterre* (I trust I have spelt the word right) of fair women arrayed in garments which even the Queen of SHEBA, on her celebrated visit to the Emperor of ISRAEL, could not have rivalled. A Lovely Lady whom I once knew used to regret that her sex was not, like the jockeys, accommodated with an apartment wherein to change apparel. She assured me that if any great milliner could contract for such a room, the metamorphoses would exceed in one day at Goodwood those chronicled by the Poet OVID. I quite believe her, and so, no doubt, do you, Sir.

At the same time, it is only right to record that, despite Royal and Ducal surroundings, Goodwood is frequented by bands of the most unscrupulous brigands ever permitted to exercise an illegitimate calling. I am not squeamish, and am well-known at Scotland Yard, but I do aver, and with feeling (for was I not three years ago relieved, *volens volens* (Latin Dictionary again), of thirty-two glittering spondulicks in a canvas bag just opposite the Grand Stand?), that the modest Waterbury watch is not free from molestation either on the Ducal drives or in the High Street of the Cathedral Town.

But away with melancholy! Let us to the top of the cue. Your tipster sings, after depriving him of declaring that certainty which he wired you for the Stewards' Cup:—

Look out for the Cape that owns a Saint,
 Look out for the Martian Field,
 Don't think of another Sister's faint
 With a MILLAR, who cannot yield.
 A DUKE and an EARL will surely score,
 And the HEIR APPARENT shine;
 While the Upper Crust is brought to Rust,
 And Pretty Miss Fanny is mine!

Trusting to meet you amid the Blaze of Rank and Fashion with which you corruscate, I am, as always,

Your humble henchman,
DARBY JONES.

[We never received any message from D. J.—Ed.]

A LONDON BOUNDEL.

In summer set, the meadows gay
 Will smile for you a little yet,
 While suns with glorious westerling ray
 In summer set.

The joys which sunlit fields beget,
 The hay-making, half toil, half play,
 The music made when scythes are whet,
 The scented swathes of new-mown hay,
 Inspire in me one fond regret—
 I would that I were down to-day
 In Somerset!

A VULGAR TONIC.—Gent-ian.



Lizzy. "PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU OPEN THE GATE FOR ME?"
Short-sighted Old Gent. "WHY, MY LITTLE GIRL, YOU CAN OPEN IT FOR YOURSELF!"
Lizzy. "OH, PLEASE SIR, DO OPEN IT."



Short-sighted Old Gent. "VERY WELL. THERE! NOW TELL ME WHY YOU COULDN'T OPEN IT FOR YOURSELF."
Lizzy. "PLEASE, SIR, 'CAUSE THE PAINT'S WET!"

CONFESSIONS.

For you my cudgelled brains have made
 Not unreluctant album-rhymes,
 For you Dumb Crambo I have played—
 Grotesque impromptu pantomimes.
 Blindfold for you the unerring pig
 I've drawn with eminent success—
 My latest task is just as big,
 I must confess!

You come to me with book in hand,
 And first upon the open page,
 Obedient to your command,
 I meekly write my name and age.
 Next, answer all these questions, eh?
 By Jove, I'm in a pretty mess!
 My inmost thoughts and tastes, you say,
 I must confess!

What are my favourite Christian names?
 At any rate, I'll answer that;
 Though Rhyeme, perhaps, might point to
 JAMES,

Reason approves JEHOSHAPHAT.
 And as for girls—sweet names abound,
 AS SARAH, JANE, JEMIMA, BESS,
 Yet 'LIZER has a winsome sound,
 I must confess!

My favourite book? That's rather hard.
 One might put first some three or four—
 Old FROISSART, or the Immortal Bard,
 Or *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*.
 But since there's only in the pack
 One ace of trumps, the claims I press
 Of WHITAKER, his Almanack,
 I must confess!

The colour I love best—is blue,
 The colour of your eyes, I think—

Which leads appropriately to
 The question next, my favourite drink?
 'Tis not distilled from vine or hops,
 I drink, I trust without excess,
 The mild, exhilarating "Kops,"
 I must confess!

My favourite game—is grouse. You scoff,
 How greedy of me? Ah, I see!
 The other sort of game—say, golf.
 And sport? Well, ridding does for me!
 What quality I most admire?
 In lovely woman—fickleness,
 In man—for wealth a high desire,
 I must confess!

Pet hobby? That should be a hawk—
 I speak but as a naturalist—
 What nonsense, do you say, I talk?
 Well, there, it's—stamps, if you insist.
 One last confession now for you,
 What I have written, more or less,
 Is not conspicuously true,
 I must confess!

THE STALL MENDICANT'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is not a Stall Mendicant a lady who stands with a money box at street corners petitioning for alms?

Answer. Certainly; but the accessories to her calling—a rug, a chair, a table, and a placard—must not be overlooked in the full description.

Q. What is the object of the Stall Mendicant in rattling her money box?

A. To attract the attention of the busily employed to the claims of the charity displayed on her placard.

Q. Is the character of the charity thus displayed of any great importance?

A. It is not, if care is taken that it bears reference to either the sick or the young.

Q. What is the customary age of the Stall Mendicant?

A. Usually that classified "uncertain," because it is certain to be in the neighbourhood of forty.

Q. But is not the Stall Mendicant sometimes of tender years?

A. Occasionally; and this species is particularly irritating to old gentlemen hurrying to catch a train.

Q. Then the Stall Mendicant can cause irritation?

A. Assuredly; for her importunities are frequently unwelcome familiar, and chronically out of place.

Q. Are the Stall Mendicants of comely appearance?

A. Rarely. As a rule the Stall Mendicant is a spinster who has long ceased to attract by either charm of manner or beauty of form or face.

Q. What is the excuse for the Stall Mendicant's importunities?

A. Charity, which in her case is required to cover, if not a sin, at least a nuisance.

Q. Can you think of any benefit that springs from the existence of Stall Mendicants?

A. It is possible they may be a blessing in disguise to the editors of daily papers.

Q. In what way?

A. By causing the infuriated public to write letters of complaint adapted for insertion during the silly season.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 19.—Often heard of "dragging red herring across path." Never before to-night witnessed performance. Proceeding most effective. It was a Scotch herring, and the draughtsman was the WEARISOME WEIN.

House in Committee of Supply; Foreign vote on; for weeks and months the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, reminiscent of an earlier statesman, had been publicly "longing to be at 'em!" PRINCE ARTHUR, with his sword drawn, stood waiting for the man of hrawn. Now the lists were open; trumpets brayed; swords flashed; the tourney had commenced. Proved an exceedingly tame affair. SQUIRE seemed to have exhausted all his ardour in anticipation. Mindful of one of highest traditions of British statesmanship, he would not embarrass Her MAJESTY'S Government on questions of Foreign policy. Only wanted to know, you know, just as much as it would be convenient to tell.

GEORGE CURZON told as little as possible in speech of half hour's duration. Then Members went off at a tangent all over world from Madagascar to the Mediterranean, from Cephalonia to Cyprus, from Trichinopoly to the Transvaal. ERNEST BECKETT, dropping in on the Sandwich Islands, told interesting story of missionary enterprise. These good men, hailing from United States, have, he averred, deposed QUEEN; established a standing army; compelled everyone to go to church; made sleepiness through the sermon a high crime and misdemeanour; denounced dancing as the unpardonable sin.

BECKETT'S weird story illustrated by uncanny effects. As he spoke the lightning flashed; the thunder rolled; the lashing rain was heard through open windows falling on the courtyard outside. The startled House, attuned to solemn mood,



The Wearisome One. "Man, it's gettin' pairfeckly awfu'! I merely rrise tae ventilate the Scottish herrria', when, ye'll hardly believe it, but up gits yon Belfour and elloaurres me!!!"

not to be lightened by SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE denouncing Government as meanest in motive, lowest in action of any he had known since, in the prime of youth, he joined the diplomatic service.



THE MODERN HAT. (A STUDY IN SHADOWS.)

When SAGE sat down, the WEARISOME ONE discovered on his legs, looking more than usually wise. What would be his subject? Autonomy in Crete? the Peace negotiations? the Soudan advance? the Behring Sea imbroglio? There was a rumbling sound. Members thought the thunder had begun again. It was only premonition of movement of the hydraulic machinery whereby, in moments of intense emotion, the WEARISOME ONE draws his voice from remote recesses of his boots. "Mr. LOWTHER," the voice said, in curdling tones, "I desire to call the attention of the Committee to a question affecting Scotch herrings."

In a moment the House threw off the sombre mood born of a sultry night. A peal of merry laughter broke forth. Before it had subsided PRINCE ARTHUR moved the closure. The WEARISOME ONE, his herring and his string, were hustled off the pathway, along which public business moved with merrier pace.

Business done.—Mr. WEIN draws a Scotch herring across the path, and what came of it.

Tuesday.—A nice frank way about LONDBERRY. No difficulty when he speaks in knowing exactly what he wants. In Lords, to-night, Workmen's Compensation Bill down for second reading. BELPER understood to have moved that stage in the course of a private conversation with himself conducted with head drooping over bundle of manuscript on the table. WEMYSS had intended to move rejection. In deference to recommendation of Miners' Association, he magnanimously withheld his speech. This was LONDBERRY'S opportunity. Seized it to run amuck at Bill, and thrust viciously at the meek figure standing behind it, which he alluded to as that of Mr. "CHAMBERLIN." Too much reason to fear he does not view DON JOSE and his works with the loyal satisfaction that becomes a leading Member of the Unionist Party. Almost pathetic to

see him holding out trembling hands to the MARKISS, begging him to save sound Conservative principles from malign Radical influence.

A touch of genius was the creation of the one-armed miner. Having drawn painful picture of the ruined mine-owner, LONDBERRY, with quick, unexpected movement, dragged in the one-armed man. Short and simple are his annals. With constitutional tendency to place himself in the way of compensation for accident, he lost an arm whilst engaged upon his daily avocation. A compassionate employer found work for him in the mines. But when a Bill, foisted upon a Conservative Cabinet by a former Radical, becomes part of the law of England, that one-armed labourer must go. No employer



Lord L-nd-nd-rry introduces his Marvellous One-armed Miner to the House of Lords.

harrassed by such legislation could afford to find work for a man whose early predisposition to get into the way of things resulted in disablement calculated to make him more than ever liable to accident.



THE TWO BOWLES'S—THE MAJOR AND THE "CAP'EN."

Tommy. "Really, Mr. Lowther, SIR! To call on a mere land-lubber like him before ME; and merely because he bears MY name! Really, SIR, well—shiver my timbers!!"

With only one arm and a large family he must be cast out.

Great literary geniuses have ere this made effective use of partial dismemberment. LOUIS STEVENSON knew how to make terrible the beat on the pavement of a wooden leg. An older master, CHARLES DICKENS, added a wooden leg to the pathos and effect of the reading of *Mr. Silas Wegg*. It is reserved for the Marquis of LONDONDERRY to lead into House of Lords a one-armed man, slowly walking him through the ranks of a tearful assembly. That anonymous one-armed man has struck a blow at the Workmen's Compensation Bill, under which it still reels.

Business done.—In spite of LONDONDERRY'S one-armed friend, Lords read a second time Workmen's Compensation Bill.

Friday.—A quiet night with Army Estimates in Committee of Supply. SARK finding time to scan outer sheet of *Times*, comes upon pretty line in marriage announcements. "FAREWELL—WINTER." Then follows prosaic announcement of how a Mr. FAREWELL has married a Miss WINTER. But these details cannot, for a poetic mind like SARK'S, spoil the matchless effect of the single line "*Farewell, Winter!*" Henceforth all is sweet spring, lush summer-time.

Never since poets began to sing has there been such a perfect epithalium. Of course SHAKESPEARE forestalled it, as he was before everything. The same idea, applied to other circumstances, is expressed

in those lines said to be written in gold on an inner chamber at White Lodge, Richmond:

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.

That counts fifteen words. It may be all said in two. "*Farewell, Winter!*"
Business done.—Voted millions.

FURTHER PRIVILEGES FOR COLONIAL CELEBRITIES.

(To be conferred on them at their next visit.)

PERMISSION to sit on the Woolsack and in the Speaker's Chair during the debates in the Lords and Commons.

Latchkeys to Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House, and Windsor Castle.

Pass to the Royal Box at Covent Garden, the Lyceum, and the other theatres patronised by Royalty.

Entrance at all times to private views everywhere.

Perpetual right to visit, on the Sabbath day, all places of entertainment closed on Sunday.

Pass to the editorial rooms of all the leading London dailies and weeklies.

Free admission to the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum on a Students' Day.

And—as a unique distinction—right to travel in a railway compartment not overcrowded in any excursion-train started on a bank holiday.

A LAY OF THE G. P. O.

WE live in a whimsical age,
'Twixt you and myself and the *Post*;
'Tis the ways of the latter supply me with matter
For marvel—they have me on toast!

It constantly has me on toast
(Of course, it is only in play!)
Though its tricks are so num'rous, not the least hum'rous,
Is surely the theme of my lay.

The particular theme of my lay
Is what recently moved me to mirth,
In a place where they traffic in things telegraphic,
And wire to the ends of the earth.

'Twas not to the ends of the earth
That I wired, hut to towns near at hand—
The rule of addresses, each one will confess is
The joke of St. Martin's-le-Grand!

I wired from St. Martin's-le-Grand
To New-Cross and Newcastle-on-Tyne;
Each address had a hyphen or two to enliven

Its look—'tis a habit of mine!

I laughed (an old habit of mine)
At the Postmaster-General's fun;—
While New-Cross amounted to *two* words,
he counted
Newcastle-on-Tyne as but *one!*

This simple example's but one
Of the freaks of the Post-Office sage,
Whose fancy created this system belated,
That lasts in our whimsical age!

THE N. P. BY PIGEON POST.

First Wing. Got well over the snow. Going strong. Can see a lot of bears in a sort of inland sea.

Second Wing. Still on the move. Came across the moon. A portion of it seems to be made of green cheese.

Third Wing. Balloon still on the move. Quite a fashionable watering-place within sight of the Pole. Ice baths splendid institution. Bathing so bracing.

Fourth Wing. French idea of North Pole quite right. It is a sort of dancing-ground—just like the place in Paris.

Fifth Wing. Just over the North Pole. The advertisers have been there. See distinctly an announcement about somebody's soap.

Sixth Wing. On the road home. Everything a great success. Please give to HARRY—who will apply for it—half-a-crown.

P.S.—*Extract from a private letter.* So, my dear old man, I sent off all the pigeons myself, and I only hope they will like them. Applications for half-crown so far unsuccessful.

DE ERRORE CORRIGENDO.—"*Burges v. Bruges.*" In last week's issue, in mentioning the monument of Admiral BURGES, the name was spelt "Bruges," and on this false foundation a monumental joke was erected. Finding too late that "Burges" was the correct card, our monumentally-affected "Defendant in error" at once confessed and apologised, and Mr. Justice PUNCH, in his own Court of Uncommon Pleas, now quashes the writ.



ANXIETY OF MR. PUNCH LEST HIS MAJESTY, KING KHOUALONKORN, OF SIAM, SHOULD DESIRE TO PRESENT HIM WITH A "WHITE ELEPHANT."

TO H.R.H.

["The Prince of WALES is going to Marienbad for a course of the waters."
Pall Mall Gazette.]

This joyous time, Sir, you have stood the test
Of never-ending trouble and turmoil,
You've worked with arduous and unflagging zest
To make a real pleasure of your toil;
You've made the show a genuine success,
You've made us proud that you're VICTORIA'S son,
By courtesy and tact and deft address
You've made the Empire more than ever One!
You've earned your holiday, and at Marienbad
May you refreshed be by its healing cure;
But at the 'Bad remember for your good the cad
That neither Prince nor peasant can endure!

OUR ARCHÆOLOGICAL OUTING.

London, July 28, 1897.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For real, downright giddiness you can't do better than take a day with the archæologists, and I therefore venture to give your readers the benefit of some experiences.

We started—a party of two, in company with other members of the Society—about ten o'clock yesterday morning, from the terminus of one of the Southern lines, and duly arrived, not more than a quarter of an hour late, at Six Elms, a pretty country town some twenty miles from London. Here we were met by some local fellow-workers and other enthusiasts who had flocked from all parts of the country, to the number of about three hundred. The first item of the programme was a paper by the rector on the Parish Church, whither we proceeded, in order to hear it read. The reverend gentleman, however, was unavoidably absent, and his dissertation was delivered from the pulpit, to the accompaniment of a thunderstorm, by a clerical substitute. The congregation—I mean audience—were much impressed by the novel way with which the preacher presented the architectural details of the address. He generally said "North" when he meant "South," and told us that the church was 175 feet long by 56 inches wide, and that the pulpit (meaning the gallery)

ran all round the edifice, and altogether he kept us in a state of pleased and expectant attention. After learning that the pulpit had been captured from a neighbouring parish, "the dear rector having, with his own loving hands, scraped off the paint," we made for the "Sceptre Hotel."

Here we had a hasty stand-up lunch on sponge-cakes and similar etceteras, and then took our places in the eighteen breaks, which were drawn up in the High Street outside, waiting to take us to Six Elms Park, a distance of about a mile. We sat for an hour before the order to start was given, time apparently being no object with archæologists. When the parson in charge had found the last lost sheep, and counted us over for the fifteenth time, the signal was given by dog-whistle, and, like GALLIHO's world, we moved after all. The rustics stood, one-deep, wondering what sort of beanfeasters we were anyway, especially as we had no concertinas, and were forbidden to blow a horn. For fear of being too modern we pulled up at the slightest descent to apply the skids, which mostly refused to catch. However, we eventually reached the Tudor mansion without mishap, and a further wait occurred before we were admitted.

After we had been sufficiently reminded of our presumption in intruding, we were somewhat reluctantly let in through a wicket-gate by a prehistoric menial. Like a pit-door crowd, we streamed into the second court, where we stood in the sun, while a learned professor discoursed on the history of the place. Of this I remember nothing, except that some antiquarian was called the "Perambulator" of the county—a delightful designation which may be recommended to political organisations when they are tired present titles. Our jaws collectively fell when the announcement was made that we could only view the inside in parties of twenty-five, as the floors were *unsafe*. This was in spite of the county ball, which had been given there shortly before. The majority of us therefore waited another two hours in the backyard and the garden while the first two or three parties were being taken through the three hundred odd rooms. Some, I regret to say, never saw the bedchamber at all where JAMES THE FIRST was to have slept but didn't, or the owner's peer's robes, or any of the other attractions. We had to content ourselves with a sight of the governess at tea. Then our personal conductor hurried us off to the country seat of the Society's noble President.

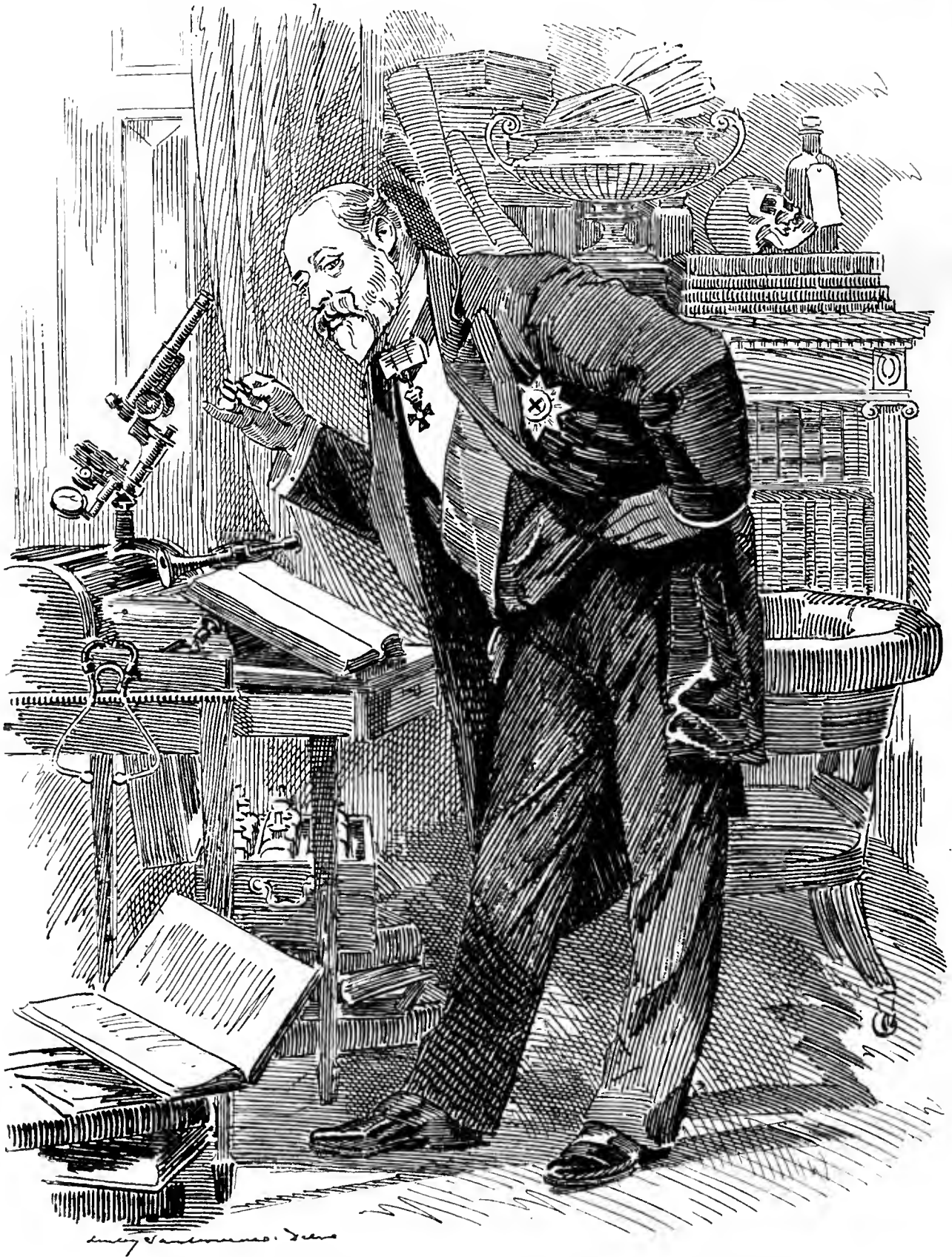
Arriving famished, an hour late, we hastily partook of his hospitality, and then skidded back to the "Sceptre." Here we had dinner, followed by loyal and local toasts, and much patting on the back. We wound up the evening in the Public Hall, where a lecture by an unconscious humourist was in progress, on "Palæolithic Kitchen Middens." Slide after slide of split bones, and what the lecturer termed oval-headed flint implements, were exhibited on the screen, and were loudly cheered. Too much of this excitement after dinner might have been bad for the digestion, so we departed apologetically for the station, missing the



Some of the Antiques.

final paper on "Old Six Elms." It was truly a day to be remembered. Not the least interesting of the antiques were the occupants of some of the carriages in the procession. Our van-load included three dreadfully proper young ladies, a married woman, who cooed forth platitudes to her husband in a drawing baby-voice, as if each word were worth a bank-note, four fat men, and a centenarian.

Yours dissipatedly,
Z. Y. X.



Henry S. ...

H.R.H. DR. WALES, F.R.C.P., THE POPULAR PHYSICIAN.

"THAN WHOM NO ONE BETTER KNOWS HOW TO FEEL THE PULSE OF THE PEOPLE."



INSINUATING.

Uncle Nicholas. "SO YOUR AUNT MARY GAVE YOU THAT NICE HORSE AND CART. DO ALL YOUR AUNTS MAKE YOU SUCH NICE PRESENTS?"

Freddy. "NO; BUT THEN, YOU KNOW, AUNT MARY IS MY GODMOTHER."

Uncle Nicholas. "AH, I HAD FORGOTTEN THAT!"

Freddy. "AND I AM AFRAID YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT YOU ARE MY GODFATHER!"

SHOPPING A CENTURY HENCE.

(A Sequel to the recent discoveries in British Columbia.)

SCENE—Stores of the period. Assistant discovered polishing fancy articles of yellow metal. To him enter Customer.

Customer. Rather pretty, those knick-knacks.

Assistant. Yes, Sir, we have just received them by the Electric Waggon Post. They are becoming very popular.

Cust. Were they made in England?

Assist. No, Sir, in Canada. Nothing is made in England nowadays. Since the last strike the country can't stand the expense.

Cust. I see; and what are they made of? Tin, I suppose.

Assist. Well, no, Sir. They are cheap, and tin is expensive.

Cust. Then I suppose silver, or, rather, silver-gilt?

Assist. Well, no, Sir, we couldn't afford silver. For this sort of line we go in for the showy combined with the cheap.

Cust. How do you secure it?

Assist. By using the most plentiful metal in the world—gold.

Cust. I see. Well, I will have a shilling's worth. In the meanwhile, can you oblige me with change for an ounce of coal?

Assist. Certainly, Sir.

[Opens cash-box and produces bank-notes.]

OUR Irrepressible One writes to inquire whether many of the statements made by the disloyal Press of India may not be fitly described as "Brahmin Bulls."

CORRECT DEFINITION OF THE LITTLE ENGLANDERS.—The mites of a Mighty Imperial cheese.

THE MODE OF THE MOMENT.

SCENE—Editor's Sanctum. TIME—The Eve of Publication. PRESENT—Editor and Sub.

Editor: Now, have we got in everything of importance? *Sub.* I think so. The races are fully reported, including the betting at the post.

Ed. That's right. Pedigree of the winners given in every case?

Sub. Certainly; that is one of our strong points.

Ed. And the cricket—is that all right?

Sub. Quite. Careful analysis of the bowling, and four columns given to consideration of the SLOGGER's second innings.

Ed. Could not be better. Have we our usual amount of golf and polo?

Sub. Assuredly. Specials at Ranelagh and Wimbledon have reported fully.

Ed. Billiard match provided for?

Sub. Quite. Column and a half devoted to BOB's last break.

Ed. Well, is there anything else?

Sub (after consideration). No. I think not. Stay! We have some foreign intelligence, a report of the proceedings in Parliament, an account of the doings in the County Council, a long ease in the Chancery Division, and a forecast of the harvest.

Ed. I see. Well, you could dispose of all that sort of thing in a ten-line paragraph! *[Scene closes in on the suggestion.]*

At Scarborough.

Miss Araminta Dove. Why do they call this the Spa?

Mr. Rhino-Ceros. Oh! I believe the place was once devoted to boxing exhibitions. *[Miss A. D. as wise as ever.]*



Mrs. Brown. "MIGHT I ASK HOW MUCH YOU GAVE THAT NIGGER?"

Mr. Brown (first day down). "SIXPENCE."

Mrs. B. "OH, INDEED! PERHAPS, SIR, YOU ARE NOT AWARE THAT YOUR WIFE AND FAMILY HAVE LISTENED TO THOSE SAME NIGGERS FOR THE LAST TEN DAYS FOR A PENNY!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

THE COFFEE CONCERTS OF LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—The stranger finds at London so many of parks, so many of gardens, so many of squares, that he would believe himself of aboard, *d'abord*, in the city the best arranged for to amuse himself in full air the evening. But no! *Partout* some parks, some gardens, but as *restaurant*, as coffee concert, there is but two—the Exhibition at Earl Court and the Imperial Institution.

One time I am gone to visit this last. What sad place! I march by some innumerable gallerys, filled of announces, and of time in time I demand, "Where finds himself the garden?" As that I arrive in fine to a court of the most lugubrious, absolutely that which you call the "backyard" of a house, surrounded of high walls, where I perceive a crowd of persons, very squeezed, essaying of to sit themselves on some chairs not enough numerous. At the middle a "band's stand," where Mister STRAUSS and his orchestra play some dances of a ravishing fashion. But what garden! A garden in brick, shut up, absolutely without air. And these amiable Londonians, who pay some taxes enough great for to maintain the magnificent Hide Park and the delicious Kensington Garden, at two steps from there, sit themselves all tranquilly in this "backyard" without to desire other thing!

One other time I am gone to Earl Court. A friend invites me to dine at the "Wellcome Club" in the garden of the Exhibition at eight of clock. That should to be very agreeable by a such heat. I put myself in habit, I mount in handsome cab, and I say to the cocher, "The Exhibition." "Erlskt," says he, "euitcentrinss." I comprehend not, and therefore I say, "Earl Court." "Raïtcha, Maounsiah!" responds he, and we part.

After a course enormously long we arrive, I pay to him three shillings six pennys, and I enter by a narrow door. That astonishes me not, for I recall to myself the entry of the national Museum of South Kensington. He makes very hot and I march very far until to this that I arrive to a staircase. I find there an employed, and I say to him, "Is it that I shall arrive soon to the Exhibition?" "Nettir," responds to me he, "other side, stationir." *Sapristi!* He is already eight of clock, he must to

retrace road, *rebrousser chemin*, immediately. I march very quick all the long of the corridor, I traverse the street, I pass a *tourniquet*, I go all right, *tout droit*, and I arrive to a lake. I see an employed. I demand to him, "It is here, the Wellcome Club?" He responds that no, and he explicates to me that I must to traverse the bridge at side. I traverse him. I encounter another employed. Him also indicates to me the road. I engage myself in a labyrinth of gallerys, I go to right and to left, and in fine I arrive to another bridge. *A la bonne heure, encore un pont!* Some bridges, some staircases, as Venice. I regard my watch; he is eight of clock and a quarter. He must to hasten the step. I traverse this new bridge and I arrive to the entry from where I am parted. *Que diable!*

Of new I demand by where he must to go, of new I traverse the bridge, and in fine I arrive to one other bridge still more long, entirely covered of reclaim, *réclames*. It is enormous, and at the end finds himself a staircase of the most steep. I descend him with care, and, as I see not any employed, I go to left. I find myself in a species of tunnel, and I arrive to another entry. The employeds say to me that I must to return. *Sapristi, encore!* And at present he is eight of clock and half. By blue, he must to run!

At step of course I go out of the tunnel, I pass the staircase so steep, and I arrive to another "band's stand," surrounded of *cafés*. Ah, without any doubt it is here! I demand again. But no, not yet! Another staircase, another bridge! *Mon Dieu*, what of bridges! By a such heat, it is one can not more fatiguing. I mount the staircase very quick and I find myself in a bazaar, filled of world, where the air is still more hot. Impossible of to run. All slowly I advance, and I arrive to another staircase and to another garden. There I perceive the words, "Wellcome Club." In fine!

My friends are very, very amiable. They have attended three quarters of hour, but all of same they complain not themselves of it. I demand thousand pardons, and I express all my regrets. Then we dine, we are all very gay, there is some charming misses among the inviteds, and I pass an evening of the most agreeables. But I shall forget never the staircases and the bridges of Earl Court.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.



VIDE UT SUPRA.—'ARRY BY THE SEA.

COME FROM THE DOGS—A PROTEST.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We all of us look upon you as our friend, and if our representative on your establishment used, in days gone by, to bite your nose, he now is entirely respectable. And if he did bite your nose in those distant times, it was not from malice, but only in the day's work, or, rather, play.

Well, my dear Sir, as our friend, we ask you to call the powers that be to attention. For the last two or three years we have been chivied and worried as if we had strayed on to the Derby course, and were taking, amidst hooting, a preliminary canter. We have been muzzled and unmuzzled, put under restrictions here, and left free there. Like the gentleman in the song, "We don't know where we are."

And now comes a crowning annoyance. If we leave England, to follow our people on the Continent, we are to be put in quarantine before we are permitted to return!

I see that some of our friends are declaring that at the next election they will turn the Ministry out if the Ministry don't get us in! Quite right! Love me, love my dog. They had better be warned in time or else there will be what I have the honour to sign myself,
A NICE BOW-WOW.

THE USE OF USURY.

(Supplementary Letters.)

Post-mark—St. James's.

SIR,—I think the money-lender should not only be prevented from taking more than three per cent. (on the model of the old interest for Consols) for his money, but should also be required to give substantial security to the borrower. If some such regulation as this were put in force I should not have to sign myself,
ONE IN SAD NEED OF A PALTRY FIVER.

Post-mark—Boulogne.

SIR,—It is obvious that money-lenders should be forced to pay not only the principal but the interest of the money advanced. A person who requires cash, and applies to a usurer, is nearly always as innocent as a lamb, and quite unable to cope with the arts of the wily dealer. He requires the protection of the law. Why not make loans unrecoverable? That would simplify matters considerably.
Yours truly,
A MAJOR IN RETREAT.

Post-mark—Mayfair.

SIR,—I have run through three fortunes, and for more than a quarter of a century have been a child of nature. How can I bother about the repayment of cash advanced? As my sire used to say, "Dem it!"
Yours truly,
MANTALINI THE YOUNGER.

Post-mark—Regent's Park.

SIR,—I want money, and I am very frivolous. Well, when I want money, I will sign anything. Now, isn't it a shamo that when I do get money I should be asked to repay it? It is most provoking! And I growl about it. Yes, I do! But, in spite of my frivolity, I have my head screwed on more or less the right way, and know what I am about. So when I am asked to repay money borrowed at thirty or forty per cent., I promise to create a rumpus, and after having a loan, am left alone. See the joke? They don't. Yours sincerely,
QUITE A CLEVER LITTLE THING.

Post-mark—Fleet Street.

SIR,—Of course usury is detestable, but those who borrow are not all saints, and consequently there may be something to be said on the other side. Yours sincerely,
COMMON SENSE.

THE VAC. AND ITS VACUUM.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—As the acknowledged organ of the legal profession, will you permit me to address you? I notice that the question of the duration of the Long Vacation recently attracted the attention of the solicitors. It seems to me that the initiative should have emanated from the Bar. And it is to mend this fault that I am writing to you.

I have thought the matter over very carefully, and have come to the conclusion that the proposed curtailment of the vacation would be of little service to the class I have the honour to represent. Taking myself as a type of a class, I can say that the premature commencement of the Term would have no appreciable effect upon my finances. I have read my fee-book (my admirable and excellent clerk, PORTINGTON, checking the entries), and for the last twenty years I find the average precisely the same. So by no means curtail the vacation on our account.

(Signed)

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, July, 1897.



Pretty Cousin. "BOBBY, HOW DARE YOU! GIVE ME A KISS!"

Bobby (unabashed). "WELL, IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, YOU CAN GIVE IT ME BACK AGAIN!"

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

(*Mr. Punch's Special Correspondence.*)

Harrogate.—His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of TRANS-CAUCASIA is taking the waters. He finds them slightly bitter. The Night Porter at the principal hotel is getting accustomed to being called up for whiskies and sodas.

Harwich.—This ever advancing port is greatly indebted to the Great Eastern Railway Company for the supply of fish which comes from Holland and Belgium. Last Friday one of the largest skates ever seen was captured by a local trawler. It is suggested that the bones of this magnificent fish should be made into a Diamond Jubilee comb.

Guernsey.—Weather magnificent. More

tourists than sheep. Tobacco, brandy and whiskey under cost price. Militia-men in grand order.

Hastings.—If there be one place where the electric lighting arrangement has caught on, it is at this favoured spot in Sussex. It quite eclipses the sunshine elsewhere. Mr. WILLIAM LUCAS SHADWELL is M.P. for the borough, but he is a diffident man at St. Stephen's. Mussels are now in first-rate condition. It is always well to remember that St. Leonard's is "on-Sea."

Newquay.—Most of our artist friends are back again painting Cornish lobsters with that accuracy which we imagined had expired with LEIGHTON and MILLAIS. The lizards in the adjacent fields are more plentiful than ever. Professor GINGERTOP, R.M.A., is staying at the chief hotel. He is collecting beetles for the next In-

national Exhibition at the Imperial Institute.

Ilfracombe.—"Why languish in London, when a little run of 225 miles and a quarter from Waterloo will land you 'mid the foamy breezes of Ilfracombe?" Such was the query put by an American Doctor of Civil Law last night, and no one attempted to answer his question, while he picked his teeth with a fork. The sea-gulls are on the wing, and promise rare sport.

Lynnton.—Never has the Valley of Rocks looked more pleasant. The celebrated line of railway from Lynmouth is in grand going condition, and the coaches to and from Barnstaple and Minehead have never been more crowded. As usual, we are saturated with *Lorna Doone*. She rivals Plymouth gin, and quite copes with such natural beauties as Watersmeet, Ragged Jack, and the Devil's Cheese Wring. Sir GEORGE NEWNES going strong.

Lowestoft.—Some folk object to the breeze which crosses direct from Scandinavia across the North Sea, by others termed the German Ocean; but it must candidly be confessed that the mannikins and womanikins who paddle and make sand castles about this delightful beach return to Mayfair, Pimlico and Bloomsbury with less colour in their hat ribbons and more in their cheeks. A strong gale last week considerably disturbed one of our most prominent townsmen, whose name must be sacred. He was about to place a penny in the slot of a medium for supplying sweets, when an extraordinary bit of breeze wafted his bronze coin into the ocean. Shortly afterwards a grand halibut was captured by one of our fishermen, and in its intestines was found a token of precisely similar value. Bathing machines are in ready demand at the usual prices.

A STRANGE DECISION.

(*By Our Not-to-be-believed Interviewer.*)

IGNORING your instructions, I called upon the potentate, and asked him if it were true. He said it was.

"You see," he explained, "I am more or less a king in my own country."

"What, have power of life and death, and that sort of thing?"

"Well, yes; there or there about."

"And I suppose," I suggested, "when you go out for a walk, they turn out the guard, and fire a salute of guns?"

"Yes," he admitted; "that's the idea."

"And I suppose you can wear robes of diamonds instead of flannels."

"Quite so; in my own country I would have to exchange this flannel cap for a turban encrusted with precious stones."

"And yet, in spite of all this nuisance, you have determined, with your great position in the field, to give up the game?"

"Yes," he said; "I have."

He sobbed for some moments, and then wiped away his tears, and added, "But it's only for a time!"

And when this last item became known, to adopt an Eastern phrase, the cricket ball of hope lowered the stumps of despair.

At Cowes!

Lady Mirafior (to American Lady). The Cowes air always does me such a deal of good!

American Lady. So it does me. It makes me quite *Royalist* to think that the QUEEN and I are imbibing the same atmosphere!



“STUMPS DRAWN.”

S-L-SB-RY. “PHEW! . . . NOT A BAD INNINGS, JOE?”

CH-MB-RL-N. “GLAD YOU THINK SO! BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE BACKED ME UP BETTER AT THE FINISH!”





RESIGNATION.

He (Third-Class). "COME AWA'! D'YE NO SEE THAT 'S A FIRST-CLASS?"

She (ditto). "AWEEL, ON A BUSY DAY LIKE THIS, WE MAUN JUST PUT UP WI' ONY ACCOMMODATION WE CAN GET!"

CHANNEL CHATTER.

(As arranged by H.M. Customs for the Night Service.)

ALTHOUGH the journey from Paris to Calais was extremely tedious, a stormy night on the sea, such as one looming before us, is not suggestive of relief.

In spite of the rain and wind it is better to sit on the upper deck midships, in rear of the funnel.

It is a matter of congratulation that, thanks to the excellent fleet of the L. C. and D. R. the crossing is timed only to last eighty minutes.

It is fortunate that there is no one who can disturb us.

Thank you, but I am *not* in a mood for conversation.

You may be a Custom House officer, but I really am not in a position to give you my attention.

No, I have nothing to declare, save that I shall greatly appreciate your instant departure.

This is not the time to speak of spirits and cigars.

Take my hand baggage, and do what you please with it.

I am glad you have found nothing contraband and subject to duty, but if you had you might have thrown it overboard, and—if it becomes much rougher—no after it.

Yes, I have some registered luggage, but I cannot be worried at a moment such as this about it.

What! you wish to examine *that* on board?

It is impossible to discover my small Gladstone bag under that huge pile of baggage.

Yes; and if I did, my feelings would not allow me to assist at the examination.

You ask for my keys, but I cannot get them. How can I get at my pockets when every wave breaks over me?

It is disgraceful that the luggage is not examined on arrival.

It may not be your fault, but the Customs deserve the heartiest imprecations.

What! Have to wait until 11 A.M. at Victoria because I can't see to it at once! Disgraceful!

I shall miss my train to the Midlands, and be subjected to the greatest inconvenience. Oh, law! Oh, law! Cuss—the—Customs!

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Here are some of mine.

1. A discussion on the probability of reaching the North Pole by a Northern light railway.
2. Correspondence with regard to New Zealand mutton being conveyed to London by balloon post.
3. Political cartoons of Salisbury plain and Salisbury coloured.
4. Sketches by Mr. GL-DST-NE without the convenience of a post-card.
5. Descriptive article on President KR-G-R being drawn through the streets of Pretoria by Uitlanders attached to his new State coach.
6. Portraits of Mr. L-B-CH-RE, Mr. C-RIN-Y, and Hon. PH-L-F ST-NH-PE (with names affixed) exhibited at, say, the Tivoli Music Hall or Palace Theatre of Varieties.
7. Correct details of the Treaty between Spain and Japan.
8. Pictures *in camera* of the bathing costumes adopted by many virtuous ladies of England as compared with those worn by numerous vicious females of France.
9. The latest idea of the G-RM-N EMP-R-R, with possible developments.
10. How to cash a cheque on Bank Holiday.
11. A treatise on the best way of draining the Thames and converting it into a boulevard from London to Oxford. References to the water companies permitted.
12. The fair price to pay for a bed at Cowes, and the fair wage to give a boatman for sculling one half a mile.
13. How to meet Diamond Jubilee expenses?

I am,

Your obedient servant,
REGINALD RATTLEBRAYNE.

Tiptop Club, N.



Clerk. "RETURN?"

Pat. "PHWAT FOR 'UD OI BE WANTIN' A RETURN TICKET WHEN OI'M HERE ALREADY?"

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

(A Legend of the School Board, founded on fact.)

THERE was great excitement. The Inspecting Official had discovered the imperfection. The Head of the Department was ready with an explanation.

"They had come undone."

"I see," said the Inspecting Official.

"And now they are useless?"

An admission was made to that effect.

"Then they should be replaced," was the decisive rejoinder.

"It may take some time. It will be necessary to apply for others."

"Have you no forms?"

"Certainly. But the cost of the printing, the price of the postage, the time of weary waiting?"

"Are nought," was the prompt response.

"You have your orders."

And then the Inspecting Official took his departure to perform his duties elsewhere.

And so the necessary application was made, and after a while—a rather long while—the new ones were received, and work was resumed with the former vigour.

But the matter was not to rest there. If there was one thing abhorrent to the Board, it was waste, and that this severed pair, useless in their present condition, should be left on the premises, perhaps to rust, perchance to be mislaid, was not to be tolerated for a moment. So the proper machinery was called to the assistance of the Board, and all went as merrily as a marriage bell.

After the others had been in use for some time, a waggon harnessed to a pair of horses appeared in front of the temporary resting-place of the discarded ones.

"Are they ready?"

Yes, they were; and without the assist-

ance of a single supplementary porter the damaged articles were carried carefully into the waggon, the horses started off, and the equipage with its valuable burden disappeared.

Then there were congratulations all round, for every one connected with the Board considered that all had been done that should have been accomplished.

"But what has the fuss been about?" asked a ratepayer, who from the first had taken an interest in the complicated proceedings.

Then came the explanation. A pair of scissors having been discovered to be damaged, new ones had replaced them, and the original piece of cutlery had been returned into store.

SEX VERSUS SEX.

(By a New Woman.)

[“At the present time a girl’s education is effeminate, whereas it should be feminine.”—Dr. Clement Dukes on “Hygiene of Youth.”]

Good gracious! Our girls’ education effeminate?

This makes it most hard to be clement to DUKES.

This is prejudice—sheer,—which is what all we women hate,

Just as, in games, we hate cheating and flukes.

Effeminate? Lawks! Look at togs and lawn-tennis!

At “bikes,” and at fashions bifurcate in—bags!

How awfully jealous the judgment of men is!

In true up-to-dateness how slowly man lags!

What is effeminate? Mollyish? Mawkish?

The girl of the period, some years ago, Was soft, sentimental, shy, blushful and squawkish;

But can DUKES imagine that now she is so?

To squeal at a mouse, or to flush at a flattery

Once was the “note” of a young English girl,

Now she fears not battle, banter, or battery,

Hunting-field cropper, or bicycle “purl.”

Ingénues, all crumpled muslin and cackle, LEECH had to picture; but girls of to-day

Calculus, cricket, or cleft-skirts will tackle,

Equally “manly” in dress, work or play.

Swift on the Wheel, or successful as Wrangler,

Woman fast stealeth a march on poor Man.

Woman effeminate? Many a dangler

Is left “in the cart” while she goes to the van.

Men are effeminate, now, but too often.

Soon, though, there’ll be small distinction of sex,

Unless women harden still more as men soften,

And then interposition the grumblers may vex.

Fancy how MRS. LYNN LINTON will flutter,

How “OUIDA” will wail, how BUCHANAN will skirl;

When, owing to changes too awful to utter,

The true type of manhood is found—in a girl!

A WAITER’S PAY.—The cork-screw.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A young Yachtsman in difficulties responds to his Inamorata from Cowes.)

You ask me to sing of the Sea,
To tell of the joys of the Solent,
When I'm pestered with grim £ s. d.,
And the hills on which money ABE Mo
lent.

A capital fellow, ABE Mo,
With a rare understanding for whiskey;
His percentage is—well, I don't know
If I'd truckle with matters so risky.

Yet he does it—and so I've a yacht
(ABE Mo is the dear ducat finder),
But somehow I wish he would not
Ship a passenger known as a "Minder,"
For he's one of those curses of trade,
When it comes to a matter of dealing,
Who are stubborn, and must be obeyed,
And don't reckon with friendship and
feeling.

I'm the owner, and fly the burgee
Of a club with an Admiralty warrant;
But the "Minder" has eyes that can see
And a manner that's grossly abhorrent.
He insists on his right to behave
In a way that is most democratic;
Why, the skipper he'd treat as a slave
And a salt, who is far from the Attic!

But the skipper is one of the sort
That perk up at a land-lubber's bawling,
And whether it's "starboard" or "port,"
He can weather the breeze without
"hauling."

You will laugh at this pitiful tale
Of a pitiful picnic at sea, dear,
But I'd rather be struck by a gale
Than have ABE Mo's "Minder" with me,
dear.

There must come an end to endurance,
A finish to bluster and bluff,
And even a "Minder's" assurance
Isn't proof against waves that are rough.
Of course, I was simply a fool
To attempt to look big to the many,
And the "Minder"'s but one of the school
Who at Cowes make a pound for a penny!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, July 26.—"Yes," SARK whispered, looking across at COURTNEY, clothed in indignation and a buff waistcoat, bemoaning the shortcomings of the South Africa Committee, lamenting that SQUIRE OF MALWOOD should have overlooked main point of attack, protesting his unreserved belief in DON JOSE's innocence, but warning him of the possible consequences of doing it again; "yes, I believe in the transmigration of souls. DIOCENES has been dead these two thousand years and more. But he lives in London to-day, dwells in Chelsea instead of a tub, and in place of a coarse cloak, sometimes indulges in the luxury of a blue coat with brass buttons. On the whole, he's not more acceptable to easy-going brother to-day than he was in Athens of old. He has a way of telling inconvenient truths at un-welcome moments, and does not make the lesson more palatable by courtly phrase or grace of manner."

DIOCENES COURTNEY truly in fine form to-night. Worst of him from some points of view is, that he goes straight to heart of question, tears off tinsel of

sophism, tawdry dress of sentiment, leaves the facts naked, and some one ashamed. The long-pending attack on South Africa Committee in full cry. Why didn't they insist on production of cables withheld by HAWKSLEY? (a) Because there was nothing in them. (b) Because there was not time to pursue inquiry and report this Session. (c) Because it was not HAWKSLEY, but CECIL RHODES, who ought to have been proceeded against. (d) Because CECIL RHODES was in South Africa. (e) Because—because they didn't.

DON JOSE magnificent as usual when his back is to the wall. "He's like the walrus as described by the French poet," said

in to lunch with ANTISTHENES, and that grave philosopher so far forgot himself as to fetch him a wonnier with his stick? "Strike me, ANTISTHENES," remarked the then young man, "but never shall you find a stick hard enough to drive me from your presence whilst there is anything to be learned, any information to be gained, from my conversation and acquaintance."

"Excuse me," I said, "but if I remember the quotation right, it runs, 'any information to be gained from your conversation and acquaintance.'"

"Quite so," said SARK. "But you are thinking of DIOGENES of Sinope. I have in my mind DIOGENES of Bodmin."



"DIOGENES COURTNEY."

CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, looking across the table admiringly:

"Cet animal est très-méchant;
Quand on l'attaque il se défend."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD grandly, pathetically reproving. "I hope at least," he said, with Cardinal-Wolsey-come-to-lay-my-bones-among-you voice and mien, "I shall not live to see the day when the House of Commons is prepared to declare by a majority that it does not trust the word of its statesmen, and that it has no reliance or confidence in the good faith of its Committees."

DIOCENES smote this glittering bubble with his staff. "There is," he thundered, "no question of the honour of the Committee, but of their wisdom."

It was well DIOCENES had so safe a place as his tub for retreat after this speech. Otherwise DON JOSE would have shrivelled him up with bitter rejoinder. Even canny CAWMELL-BANNERMAN girded at the philosopher, whilst the Ministerialists amongst whom he sat shouted themselves hoarse in angered reproof.

"You remember," said SARK, "what DIOCENES said when, uninvited, he looked

Business done.—House decides by 304 votes against 77 that the South Africa Committee could do no wrong.

Tuesday.—Comfort of CALDWELL to an overworked Minister is incalculable. Tonight question suddenly sprung upon PRINCE ARTHUR as to order of precedence of Scotch Bills. As Leader of House he, of course, ought to have known all about it. Frankly admitted he didn't; looked round hurriedly for Lord Advocate. GRAHAM MURRAY not in his place. Has of late sat up through some fearful nights with Scotch Public Health Bill. Said to be at this moment in bed in darkened room, with damp sheet of amendments to Bill bound round his aching brow. In his temporary absence PRINCE ARTHUR obliged to admit he knew nothing of the matter.

"I know I ought to have made myself acquainted with it," he timidly observed, "but I confess I have not."

CAMERON suggested that Public Health Bill should be taken first. PRINCE ARTHUR, fancying he had heard mention of such a measure, bowed acquiescence. BUCHANAN agreeing, he felt the ground grow firmer under his tottering legs. Then it was CALDWELL came to aid of belated Leader.

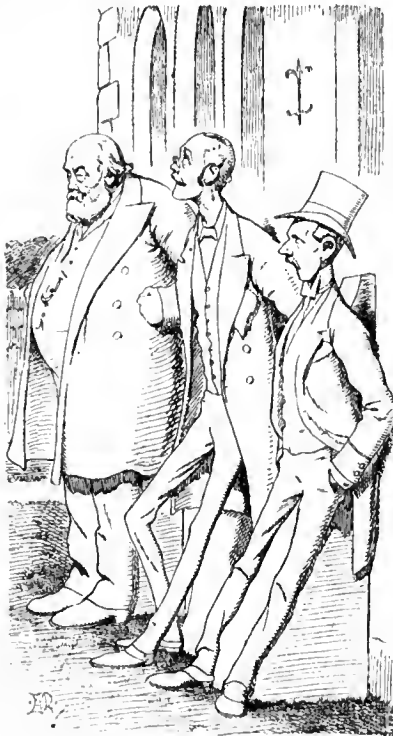
"I believe the Public Health Bill will be taken first," he said, nodding, with reassuring friendliness, towards stricken Leader of the House. That, PRINCE ARTHUR gratefully remarked, left nothing more to be said.

Beyond the gratification of the moment, stretched the desire for permanence of the system. Why should Ministers be worried with questions of the order of business? They crop up every night, particularly at this period of the Session. They lead to bickering and the parting of friends. Why not leave it all to the CONVERSATIONAL CALDWELL. The promptness, the ease, the authority with which he settled the knotty question suddenly presenting itself to-night promises the dawn of Elvium when the whole arrangement of Government business shall be left to him. As Ovid somewhere represents CALDWELL saying, with the pleasant accent of the Scotch Lowlands,

"Me duce, damnosas, homines, compescite curas."

Business done.—Navy estimates. JOKIM, envious of Jubilee generosity of the Cape, proposes to present his sovereign with a new yacht at the cost of a quarter of a million sterling. Taxpayers will, of course, find the money. But that (to JOKIM) a trifling consideration.

Thursday.—Whips' rooms swiftly emptied on startling news going round that TOM ELLIS was up. No reason why a Whip shouldn't take part in debate. He is a

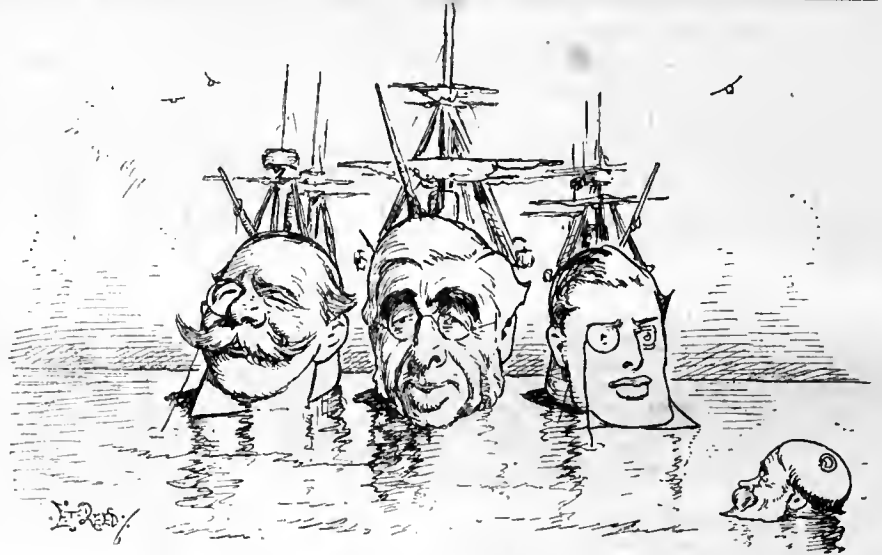


BUTTRESSES OF THE CHURCH!

"A very able family Triumvirate."

Sir W. H-ro-rt, July 29.

representative of the people like the rest of us. As SHAKESPEARE pointedly puts it, Hath not a Whip eyes? Hath not a Whip tongue, ears, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Wherefore, then, should a Whip not join in debate? He may; but as a rule he doesn't. So the incursion of TOM ELLIS, M.A., in debate on Education question stirred the sluggish current of



FIGHTING CAPACITY!

A Battleship and two Cruisers. Mr. G-cb-n, Mr. M-c-rtn-y, Mr. A. Ch-mb-rl-n.

what PRINCE ARTHUR, following the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD in discussion, pointedly alluded to as "a hot night."

WALROND and ANSTRUTHER, rare visitors to Treasury Bench, sat huddled together at Gangway end in amaze. It wasn't one of your snippetty speeches in Committee. Rather it was a well-informed, clearly thought out, forcibly argued, admirably delivered, denunciation of the Bishops and all their works in relation to education. Once TOMLINSON, thinking that, whilst a Whip was omnipotent in the Lobby, he was of no account in the House, interposed a contradiction. Before Member for Preston quite knew where he was, he was prone on his back, and kicked aside so that he might not impede progress. All done in a minute. No one more astonished than TOMLINSON.

"This won't do, you know," said WALROND, gloomily regarding the Opposition Whip. "These fellows mustn't have it all their own way. Tell you what, BOB: instead of going up to Scotland for the 12th, you must go into training: come out next Session as a first-class debater; take all the shine out of TOM ELLIS. What do you think?"

"It would be very nice," said ANSTRUTHER, successfully repressing enthusiasm at the prospect. "But don't you think that degree has something to do with it? You know he sneaked off up to Oxford the other Saturday, and took his M.A."

"Very well, BOB," said the Ministerial Whip to his esteemed junior, "you shall do the same. We're not going to be beat for a trifle like that. So just arrange it."

Business done.—Oyster divided between Elementary Schools. Voluntary Schools get the oyster (£619,000); Board Schools the shell (£91,000).

Friday.—Best thing about Foreign Prison-made Goods Bill is WALLACE's speech in moving rejection on third reading. Almost boisterously humorous, with some flashes of wit, and much solid argument.

"And to think," SARK says, "that at one time WALLACE wanted to get an appointment as a coroner! He wouldn't be safe in such a position. Any corpse in which remained the slightest sense of humour would be sure to get up and laugh

as he charged the jury. And that, you know, would never do."

House grateful to Member who in these closing days of long Session can keep up his spirits. But outburst had no effect on fortunes of Bill. House listened, laughed, and, by majority of more than two to one, read the Bill a third time.

Business done.—Everything the Government put forward.

THE LAY OF THE GREAT AUK'S EGG.

[A slightly cracked specimen was sold, on July 27, to Mr. MIDDLEBROOK for 160 guinea—"a ridiculous price for such an egg as this," as the auctioneer observed.]

OH! talk not to me of Klondyke,
Coolgardie, Peru, or the Rand;
As investments they're failures alike,
Compared with the latest to hand!

But give me the egg of the auk,
The great auk—I ask for no more;
When it's cracked, they can fill it with
chalk

Till it fetches its weight in gold ore.

There are only just threescore and ten
Of such eggs in existence to-day,
And no longer a live specimen
Of the fowl any further to lay!

Each egg has a long pedigree
Drawn up from the date of its birth;
They'll be smashed, till at last there will be
But one on the face of the earth.

Ah! then, if that egg were but mine,
My treasure at once I would float
In the City—the chance would be fine
An unlimited boom to promote!

I would turn myself into a Trust
With a Board and the rest of the Tribe;
The market we'd nicely adjust,
While the public would rush to subscribe.

The world, I am sure, would take shares
In my single and marvellous egg;
I'd buy up the arch-millionaires,
And reduce them to work or to beg!

Alas! it is merely a dream—
For I haven't the guineas to spend
At these auk-tions (ahem!), and my
scheme,

With my Lay of the Egg, 's at an end!



A SAD FACT.

Impudent Choir-boy (to our Vicar, who is "teaching himself"). "HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON!"

ON THE RIVER.

(Page from the Diary of a Sweet Girl Clubbist.)

Monday.—Very pleased I have been chosen for the boat. So glad to have been taken before AMY and BLANCHE. I am sure I shall look better than either of them. They needn't have been so disagreeable about it. AMY asking for her racquet back, and BLANCHE refusing to lend me her cloak with the leather trimmings. FANNY should make a first-rate stroke, and KATE a model coach.

Tuesday.—We were to have practice to-day, but postponed it to decide on our colours. Blouses are to be left optional, but we are all to wear the same caps. We had a terrible fight over it. FANNY, ROSE and I are blonde, so naturally we want light blue. HENRIETTA is a brunette, and (selfish thing!) stood out for yellow! However, we settled it amicably at last by choosing—as a compromise—pink. Then I made a capital suggestion, which pleased everybody immensely. Instead of caps we are to wear picture-hats.

Wednesday.—Went out in our boat for the first time. Such a fight for places! I managed to secure bow, which is the long way the best seat, as you lead the procession. Everybody sees you first, and it is most important that the crew should create a good impression. HENRIETTA wanted the position, and said that her brother had told her that the lightest girl should always be bow. I replied "quite right, and as I had lighter hair than hers, and my eyes were blue and hers brown, of course it should be me." FANNY and ROSE agreed with me, and KATE (who was annoyed at not being consulted enough) placed her five. HENRIETTA was in such a rage!

Thursday.—We are in training! Think it rather nonsense. Why should we give up meringues and sponge-cakes? And as to cigarettes, that isn't really a privation, as none of us really like them. A mile's run isn't bad, but it wears out one's shoes terribly. KATE wanted us all to drink stout, but we refused. We have compromised it by taking fleur d'orange mixed with soda-water instead. The Turkish bath is rather long, but you can read a novel after the douche. Take it altogether, perhaps training is rather fun. Still, I think it, as I have already said, nonsense, especially in regard to sponge-cakes and meringues.

Friday.—Spent the whole of the morning in practising starts.

Everybody disagreeable—KATE absolutely rude. Fancy wanting me to put down my parasol! And then HENRIETTA (spiteful creature!) declaring that I didn't keep my eye on the steering (we have lost our coxswain—had to pay a visit to some people in the country) because I would look at the people on the banks! And KATE backing her up! I was very angry indeed. So I didn't come to practice in the afternoon, saying I had a bad headache, and went instead to FLORA's five o'clock tea.

Saturday.—The day of the race! Everybody in great spirits, and looking their best. Even HENRIETTA was nice. Our picture-hats were perfectly beautiful. FANNY came out with additional feathers, which wasn't quite fair. But she said, as she was "stroke" she ought to be different from the rest. And as it was too late to have the hat altered we submitted. We started, and got on beautifully. I saw lots of people I knew on the tow-path, and waved to them. And just because I dropped hold of my oar as we got within ten yards of the winning-post they all said it was my fault we lost! Who ever heard the like? The crew are a spiteful set of ugly frumps, and on my solemn word I won't row any more! Yes, it's no use asking me, as I say I won't, and I will stick to it. There!

CONSTANTINOPLE WITH A "NO" AND A "YES."

(Page from a Turkish Diary—last week's date.)

Monday.—Received a suggestion that the frontier should be fixed as arranged by the military experts. The ambassadors most desirous that I should consent to the arrangement. Plans capitally executed, and descriptive matter very good indeed. Most delighted to look over it. Understand I am expected to give a reply. Certainly, most reasonable. Only too pleased. Would do so at once, but unfortunately promised to inspect a set of ivory chessmen, so must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Tuesday.—Pressing invitation from the ambassadors to settle up. Certainly, only too pleased. Have again inspected plans and letterpress. Most interesting. Quite like a second reading. Very reasonable to ask for my decision. And the invitation polite in every respect. Would certainly decide at once, but, unluckily, promised to take a boat on the Bosphorus. Friend of mine desires to see the sun shining on the water. Don't like to disappoint him. So must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Wednesday.—The ambassadors still urgent. They must have very little to do to make such a fuss about a trifle. However, from their point of view they are right. And I am so willing to oblige them. Only too rejoiced to oblige anyone, especially the ambassadors. Would do it at once, but, to tell the truth, fancy I arranged to see someone or other. So cannot be rude. Must attend to him or her as the case may be. So must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Thursday.—The ambassadors are becoming quite an institution. Still anxious about their maps and plans. Had a good look at them. So very nicely done. And so easily understood. Of course, glad to oblige representatives of fellow sovereigns. Would write at once, but rather an inclination to a headache. Never can attend to business when this happens. So must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Friday.—As I expected, another communication from the ambassadors. They are distinctly pushing. Still, they are right. Of course, it would be better if we could arrive at a settlement. And everything so simple. Maps and letterpress as clear as crystal. Admirable scheme. Nothing objectionable. Would certainly agree to it if I had not a prior engagement. Truth to tell, I have got a toothache—or, rather, what may become a toothache if I am not careful. So must postpone the frontier matter to another occasion.

Saturday.—Customary call of the ambassadors. Actually saw them this time. Most delightful people, every one of them. Seized the opportunity of their visit to offer them orders in brilliants. Fully discussed the scheme. Most reasonable. Most excellent! Would certainly have settled it on the spot had I not remembered I had an important fixture. Must have my hair cut.

Sunday.—Change of front. Had a most amusing game for the last three weeks or a month. Foreign papers always talking of "to-morrow." Well, all will be ready by "to-morrow"—when "to-morrow" comes. In the meanwhile, settled everything, or nearly. With the emphasis on the nearly!

THE REAL DIFFICULTY OVER THE BEHRING SEA BUSINESS.—The Seals of Office.

THE CHARGE OF THE "LIGHT" BRIGADE.—"A penny a box."



... ..

THE END OF IT!

German Emperor (to poor Greece). "HAND OVER ALL YOU'VE GOT, AND WE'LL DO THE BEST WE CAN FOR YOU!"



Customer. "PITY YOU DIDN'T 'AVE ANOTHER APPLE, AIN'T IT?"
 Landlady (whose Cider is not of the strongest). "WHAT D'YE MEAN?"
 Customer. "WELL, YOU MIGHT 'A MADE ANOTHER BARREL."

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

THE SUNDAY AT LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—See there that which is absolutely the black beast of the stranger in an hotel of London! However, I find that the sunday is not so terrible if one knows the *Ropes*, as one says in english. I ignore the origin of this saying, but I suppose that this is the name of some family, and that this wishes to say that he must to have some friends. Even the sunday at London is supportable when one has some acquaintances in the town. By blue, the stranger must not to walk himself in the Fleet Street or in the Strand Street! There in effect one sees but a town of closed magazines of same in the "Westend." At the month of may he must to go to the Hide Park, where the beautiful misses and the very correct misters walk themselves under the trees.

But in summer, when he makes hot, he must to quit the great town the sunday. See there the occasion of to accompany the family ROPE on the Thames. Not at London, ah but no! Nor in descending the river towards Southend or Grayend. He must to go in amount, *en amont*, to make a walk in boat at Cooekham, at Maidenhed, or at Henly. There what charming places for to make "un pique-nique," french word that one may to translate in english, a repast in full air at the country—in italian, *una merenda al fresco*. In verity at London at the month of july one desires much to repose himself at the fresh, *au frais*. And on the Thames the invited stranger finds that which is most agreeable in summer, *eau fraiche au frais aux frais de—de la famille ROPE, par exemple*.

In effect a sojourn at the border of the Thames costs enough dear. The millionnaire sole can to possess a palace and a park. For those who are less rich, there is all sorts of houses, the house of country, the cottage, and the "bungallo." Also, floating on the river, the boat-house. Others, who inhabit London, have but a boat of agreement, *bateau d'agrément*—a canoe, *canot*, by example—and amuse themselves to pass some hours therein the sunday.

One sunday of the last month me I am gone as that with some friends. I traverse the streets all desert and I arrive to the station of Paddingtown about ten of clock twenty. What of world! *Partout* some misses in clear robes, *robes claires*, and

some misters, each one dressed of one trouser of flannel, *vêtu d'un pantalon de flanelle*. *Partout* some hats of straw; not one sole hat high of form. And this at London the sunday!

My friends and me we go to the station of Burn End. It is a name enough interesting. I have heard to speak of the ancient legend of to put the fire to the Thames. Evidently it is here that the incendency of the river is finished, at Burn End. But, though the name is ancient, the village is all beating new, *tout battant neuf*—some little modern houses at the middle of some lands to sell. What drolls of little houses! From the station we go direct at, *chez*, the boater to seek the canoe of my friends. We are six. The two English love much the exercises of the body and are great *amateurs du canotage*. Me by this great heat I repose myself of preference. Thus, the canoe being ready, we embark ourselves all the six, my two male friends putting themselves to row with great vigour, the three ladys sitting themselves, and me reposing myself at the stern. I am a little incommoded by the *paniers du pique-nique*, but I think not to it when we are in road, the air being so fresh, the sky almost blue, and my friends so gay, so amiable. As that we go to some distance at the beyond of Marlow and in fine we arrest ourselves for the lunch.

We eat at our ease at the shelter of the foliage, and after that the men smoke. By pleasantery I offer a cigarette to one of the ladys. *Sapristi*, she accepts her! An english miss who smokes a cigarette even at the country! More late I find that she is "new-woman," young enthusiast of the "mouvement féministe" in England. *Tiens, c'est drôle!*

Then we descend the river. The canoe of my friends is also a boat to sails; as they that serve themselves of the wind of the west, and we make a walk to the sail of the most agreeables just to Cooekham. After the "fivocklock" we remount the river, and in fine we render ourselves to London, very content of a *pique-nique* truly charming.

Agree, my dear Mister, with my considerations the most distinguished, AUGUSTE.

THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW WRITE FROM WRONG.—Certain native Indian editors.



Big Scotchman. "CONFOUND THESE MIDGES!"

Little Cockney. "WHY, THEY 'AVEN'T TOUCHED ME!"

Big Scotchman. "MAYBE THEY HAVENA NOTICED YE YET!"

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I.

SCENE—The garden at "Sunny Bank," Trimbleton, the residence of Miss CAMILLA LYDE, author of "Fettered to a Fool," "In the Sight of Heaven," and other popular novels. Miss LYDE (age about thirty-five, tall, handsome, with a somewhat high-strung and sensitive expression) is in a wicker-chair on the lawn, engaged in answering a reply-telegram which her parlour-maid, KEZIA STILWELL, has just brought out. Her niece, NORA VYVIAN, an exceedingly pretty girl of about twenty-four, is seated near.

Miss Lyde (as she writes). I suppose I ought to ask him to lunch. (Handing reply-form to KEZIA, a pale, sandy-haired girl, who has been waiting in dignified abstraction.) There, KEZIA, just see if you can make it out.

Kezia. It's perfectly legible, Miss. (Reading aloud.) "BOWATER, Lebanon Lodge, Starbiton. Yes. Delighted to see you; but do come to lunch at two, if possible. LYDE."

Miss Lyde. Make the telegraph-boy read it, too. And, KEZIA, get out my bicycle, please, I shall want it directly.

Kezia. If you were thinking of going to Fitcham, Miss, I went over before breakfast myself, and there was nothing for you.

Miss Lyde. There may be an answer by midday; at all events, I can go over and see.

Kezia. I could easily go again, Miss, and save you the trouble. And I could tell the post-office people to forward anything that came.

Miss Lyde. I thought I told you I didn't wish that done. And I can't spare you this morning. I shall go to Fitcham myself.

Kezia. Oh, very good, Miss.

[She departs, with an expression of lofty displeasure.

Miss Vyvian. You spoil that girl, CAMILLA. Her head's completely turned ever since you've allowed her to disport herself on your bicycle. She has actually gone off in the sulks because you preferred to ride it yourself, for once!

Camilla. You don't understand KEZIA, my dear NORA. She is most willing to make herself useful, and it's an advantage to have a maid who can bicycle. I rather wish Mr. BOWATER hadn't asked himself here to-day. I wonder why he was so anxious to

A FINAL FAREWELL.

(Personal to the Last.)

HE was distinctly alone. The streets were empty, the country depopulated. There was not a sign of living being on sea or land beneath the sky. There were records, though, of the race that had disappeared.

"Yes," said the man, taking up a few magazines and glancing at their contents. "Here are the customary articles. An illustrated interview—and another, and another! Nothing but illustrated interviews! I am weary of them!"

And he threw down the pile of ephemeral literature with a gesture of distaste.

But the idea haunted him. It made him search the more diligently for the missing man. He was to be his companion, his friend, his benefactor. But no, the quest was made in vain. He was gone from the towns, the trains, the seaside, the continent. There was no trace of his presence anywhere.

"But it must be done," murmured the survivor. "Ah! I have an idea!"

And then he procured pens, ink and paper, and set to work. He wrote for a long time, rising now and again to take pot-shots at his surroundings with his pocket camera. At length his task was accomplished.

"I am in the fashion," he exclaimed, with pride. "My life is at length revealed. I have fallen back upon autobiography."

And the author glanced at his MS. approvingly. It bore the title, "The Last Man on this World, by Himself—an Illustrated Interview."

make sure of finding me at home. I told him I couldn't promise to let him have my next novel at present. He really might have a little more patience!

Nora. I fancy he wants you to promise him something more important still. Ah, CAMILLA, don't pretend not to understand. You must have noticed!

Camilla (with a slight flush). I have sometimes fancied—but I hope it isn't that that brings him here to-day.

Nora. But if it should be—you don't dislike him, CAMILLA?

Camilla. No; but as yet I don't feel that we have enough in common to—you know my views about marriage, NORA. No artist, above all, no literary artist, should marry anyone who is not in entire sympathy with his or her Art. I am perfectly certain that I should be a miserable woman if I married a man who had no genuine appreciation of my work.

Nora. If Mr. BOWATER didn't appreciate your work, he wouldn't be so eager to publish your next novel.

Camilla. It doesn't follow. He might, for all I can tell, be merely anxious to please me.

Nora. But wouldn't that show how deeply devoted he was to you?

Camilla. I shouldn't care for a devotion which showed itself in deceiving me. Besides, I should learn the truth sooner or later, and then it would be all the worse. No, before I could ever bring myself to think of JASON BOWATER as—in that way, he must convince me that he values my work for its own sake, that it appeals to his intellect, and satisfies his taste.

Nora. But, my dear CAMILLA, if you're determined not to believe a word he says, I don't quite see how he is going to convince you.

Camilla. There is a way by which he might—I wonder if I can trust you, NORA?

Nora (hurt). CAMILLA! Don't you know by this time that I'm an absolute well?

Camilla. I will trust you. You remember my telling you that I had finished a novel and sent it to be typed some time ago?

Nora. The one you wrote while I was away. I forget what you said it was called.

Camilla. Stolen Sweets. You must read it when I get the proofs I really think it is far the best work I have ever done. Well, I sent it to Mr. BOWATER with a note to say that the

author preferred to remain anonymous for the present, and requesting that any communications might be addressed to M.N., the Post Office, Fitcham.

Nora. So that's why KEZIA has been making these mysterious expeditions to Fitcham!

Camilla. KEZIA is very goodnatured about it. She likes going. You see, I was compelled to take her into confidence, to some extent.

Nora. I don't think I should have done that. Why were you?

Camilla. Because, as Mr. BOWATER knows my handwriting, I had to get somebody to write the letter for me, and you were away—so I dictated it to KEZIA. She writes a really excellent hand, and is altogether unusually well-educated for her station in life.

Nora. But there was the novel itself. Oh, but of course, you had that type-written!

Camilla. Yes, that would tell him nothing. And I gave the address at the Post Office, Fitcham, instead of Trimbleton, as a further precaution.

Nora. Well, provided KEZIA holds her tongue about it—

Camilla. Of course, I didn't let her know that it was my story I was sending. I—I gave her to understand that I was acting on behalf of a friend, and that I couldn't write myself that day because my hand was too stiff.

Nora. She must have thought so much mystery a little odd, to say the least of it.

Camilla. Oh, KEZIA has the vaguest notions of how such things are managed. She evidently supposed it was the ordinary way of addressing a publisher. And besides, it's of no consequence what she thinks.

Nora. No, I suppose not. And so far, then, there's been no answer from Mr. BOWATER.

Camilla. Not a line. And that makes it so very awkward his coming here to-day. Because, you see, whether it's the novel he wishes to see me about or—something else, I can't possibly decide yet. Unless, of course, there's a letter for me at Fitcham. I shall just have time to bicycle over and ask. You don't feel inclined to come too?

Nora. It's so hot. I think I'll stay where I am, thanks. But tell me, suppose you find a letter saying that *Stolen Sweets* is simply the most extraordinary work of genius Mr. BOWATER has ever read (as I'm sure it is!), what will you do then?

Camilla. I shall know that I have found my ideal—publisher.

Nora. Only that, CAMILLA?

Camilla. Anything more will depend upon—circumstances. I don't even know yet whether Mr. BOWATER will stand such a test at all.

Nora. I'm sure he will if he reads the manuscript. He prides himself on his success in discovering unknown geniuses.

Camilla. I know he makes a point of reading everything that is sent him. (*Rising.*) Well, we shall see. By the bye, NORA did I tell you I asked GERALD ALABASTER to come in to lunch to-day if he can get away from the Treasury in time?

Nora. Oh, CAMILLA. He's always here!

Camilla. He hasn't been here for more than a week. I thought you'd be pleased. You're such old friends, and he's devoted to you—though you do snub him so unmercifully.

Nora. Oh, that's good for him, he's much too conceited. But GERALD isn't a bad sort of boy in his way, and I daresay I can manage to put up with him for one afternoon.

Camilla. Poor GERALD! . . . Well, I must be off, my dear, if I am to get to Fitcham this morning. [*She leaves the garden.*]

Nora (*alone, to herself*). I wonder whether CAMILLA really— But I'm afraid she cares a great deal more about her work than for poor Mr. BOWATER. It is a pity, for he's such a dear, and it would be such a good thing for both of them. . . . If she had been quite indifferent, though, I suppose she would hardly have taken the trouble to test him like this, and yet—CAMILLA never does things like anybody else. . . . But I really believe he has a chance, if only he doesn't— CAMILLA would never, never forgive that. . . . However, it isn't very likely; CAMILLA's books are so clever, and she thinks herself that this is her very best. Mr. BOWATER can't help recognising how good it is, and then—oh, it's a sure to come right.

A Satisfactory Explanation.

Mrs. Griddleton. What are those square things, coachman, you put over the poor horse's eyes?

Driver. Blinkers, Ma'am.

Mrs. G. Why do you put them on, coachman?

Driver. To prevent the 'orse from blinking, Ma'am.

[*Inquiry closed*]

FIE!

(*A Holiday Shock.*)

PRAY, why are you reading, studious maid,
This sultry noon in a woodland glade,
A print of decided crimson shade?

It isn't the *Sporting Times*, I think
(From such a male paper perhaps you'd shrink),
And the *Sun* and the *Globe* are not so pink.



Since ev'rything comes to him who'll wait,
I'll not intrude, for I hesitate
To disturb a wood-nymph so up-to-date!

All the same, it whets my interest
To discover what journal you read with zest—
Whoever's the Editor's highly blest.

It has pictures (I see them well from here)
Of murder and burglary, all too clear,
And scenes from very low life, I fear.

Ah, here is the chance my doubts to ease!
Borne hither upon the fav'ring breeze
Is the blush-red sheet that I haste to seize.

Good-bye! Excuse me, I've got the blues
To think that in weather like this you choose
To peruse the gruesome *Police Court News!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Elementary Jane, by RICHARD PRYCE (HUTCHINSON), is a story of the life of the curious crowd my Baronite, driving Westward from Waterloo Station, sees every Monday grouped outside a public house at the corner of York Road. Women and girls in hats and frocks of boldest colour; clean-shaven men in gorgeous waistcoats; stout women seated in the minutest of gigs drawn by the tiniest of ponies, covered by the most brilliant of horse-cloths. Rather a vulgar crowd the passer-by may think, a people apart from his respectable walk in life. Mr. PRYCE knows them intimately; how they live, and where; how they act, drink, and eat; how they make love and (sometimes) marry. He paints them on his canvas with a free hand, not too bold, whilst the innate vulgarity of the surroundings is chastened by the pure, unselfish, if elementary (why elementary?) JANE. To the art of the story-teller Mr. PRYCE adds an admirable literary style.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

Solved at Last.

Jawkins. Why do they always call sailors "tars"?

Parvins. Because they're so accustomed to the pitching of the ship.

THE FARE WHICH A CERTAIN COUNTY COURT JUDGE SERVES UP.—Bacon with beans.



DISCOURAGING.

Nervous Philanthropist (on a Slumming excursion). "CAN YOU TELL ME IF THIS IS LITTLE EREBUS STREET, MY MAN?" *Suspicious-looking Party.* "YUS."

Nervous P. "ER—RATHER A ROUGH SORT OF THOROUGHFARE, ISN'T IT?"
Suspicious-looking P. "YUS; IT IS A BIT THICK. THE FURTHER YER GOWS DAOWN, THE THICKER IT GETS. I LIVES IN THE LAST 'AOUSE."

[Exit Philanthropist hurriedly in the opposite direction.]

WEALTH V. HEALTH.

(Page from the Diary of a Child of Fortune.)

["The sufferer is the man who cannot stand prosperity."—*Daily Paper.*]

Monday.—Cannot make it out. Received a letter telling me that I had come in for £10,000 a year. Could eat no breakfast, lunch or dinner. Generally out of sorts. If this kind of thing continues, must send for a doctor.

Tuesday.—Was getting better, when completely upset by the post. Solicitor's letter (delayed in transmission) brought me the news that the family Chancery suit had been decided in my favour. This will

double my income. Lost all interest in my surroundings, and had a bad headache for the rest of the day.

Wednesday.—Distinctly better, until a letter came from my publisher saying that my latest book had gone into its twentieth edition, and had been admirably reviewed by all the press. Most annoyed; told my publisher never to worry me about these matters. Sudden shock of success caused me to succumb. Prostrate for the day.

Thursday.—Getting over my ailment, when my eldest daughter—who is rather plain and in the thirties—told me that she had received an offer of marriage from the Duke. She had accepted him. Upset me for the day. Never felt worse in my life.

If not better to-morrow, must see my doctor.

Friday.—On the mend, when, looking through the morning paper, found my son had won the V.C. As I never expected him to do anything useful or ornamental, knocked all of a heap. Terribly ill, and went to bed early.

Saturday.—Better. In fact, getting on famously, when, looking at my paper, I found that the shares in the mine I had purchased at sixpence a-piece, had sprung up to a thousand premium. Why, this makes me a millionaire. Terribly ill. Fortunately, doctor looked in at the moment, and after hearing my symptoms, declared I was suffering from a severe attack of the new disease, "nervous prosperity." As I close my diary, he is writing a prescription for me. From what he says, I think it will have something to do with a week in a workhouse! That would be nice, after this wearisome week of monotonous luck. The reaction would be absolutely delightful!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A County Guy, displeased with his lady love's desire to dwell in London, breaks off his engagement, apparently fearless of the damages which she may recover from a metropolitan jury.

Some glory of the rivers
That run on with crushing crash,
With a force that breaks and shivers
In a pent-up power of smash!
But give me the gentler twining
Of a rivulet obscure,
That 'mid meadows ever shining
Sings the song of water pure!

Some hail the doughty scaling
Of a peak that's long defied
All the mountaineers, who, failing,
Leave their bones to deck its side.
But for me the hill—say, Harrow—
Where there stands a goodly inn,
And the climber's weary marrow
Is refreshed by ale within!

Some greet the might of London,
And extol its pomp and pride!
'Mid its majesty I'm undone,
And its Beadledom deride.
For I'm nothing in its traffic
But a fly expecting death,
And each "Bobby" seems seraphic
When he's saved my parting breath.

No! I cannot like the bustle
Of what you folk call "Town";
There's a rustle and a hustle
That turn me upside down.
The flat you talk of taking
May be fit for any "toff,"
But no ginger-beer-like shaking
Will make me "fizz up"—I'm off!

Don't mistake me! If your mother
Would supply the rent and rooms,
I wish you'd find another
Who would buy the chairs and
brooms.
Yes! It's simply this. I love you—
That means worship and adore;
But with that flat above you,
It's—Farewell for evermore!

WHY THE HUMANE HEAD MASTER OF HARROW OBJECTS TO CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—Because he was once Assistant Executicener at the block.

THE PLACE WHERE THE GOOD DIGGERS GO, GO, GO.—Klondyke.



W

WANTING TO KNOW.

MR. PUNCH: "SOBRY YOUR MAJESTY WAS SO LATE IN COMING. EVERYBODY'S OUT OF TOWN!"
KING OF SIAM: "BUT WHEN DO THOSE GO OUT OF TOWN?"

[“The total of the Children’s Country Holiday Fund for this year is £2,000 short of last year’s contribution.”—*Daily Paper*.]

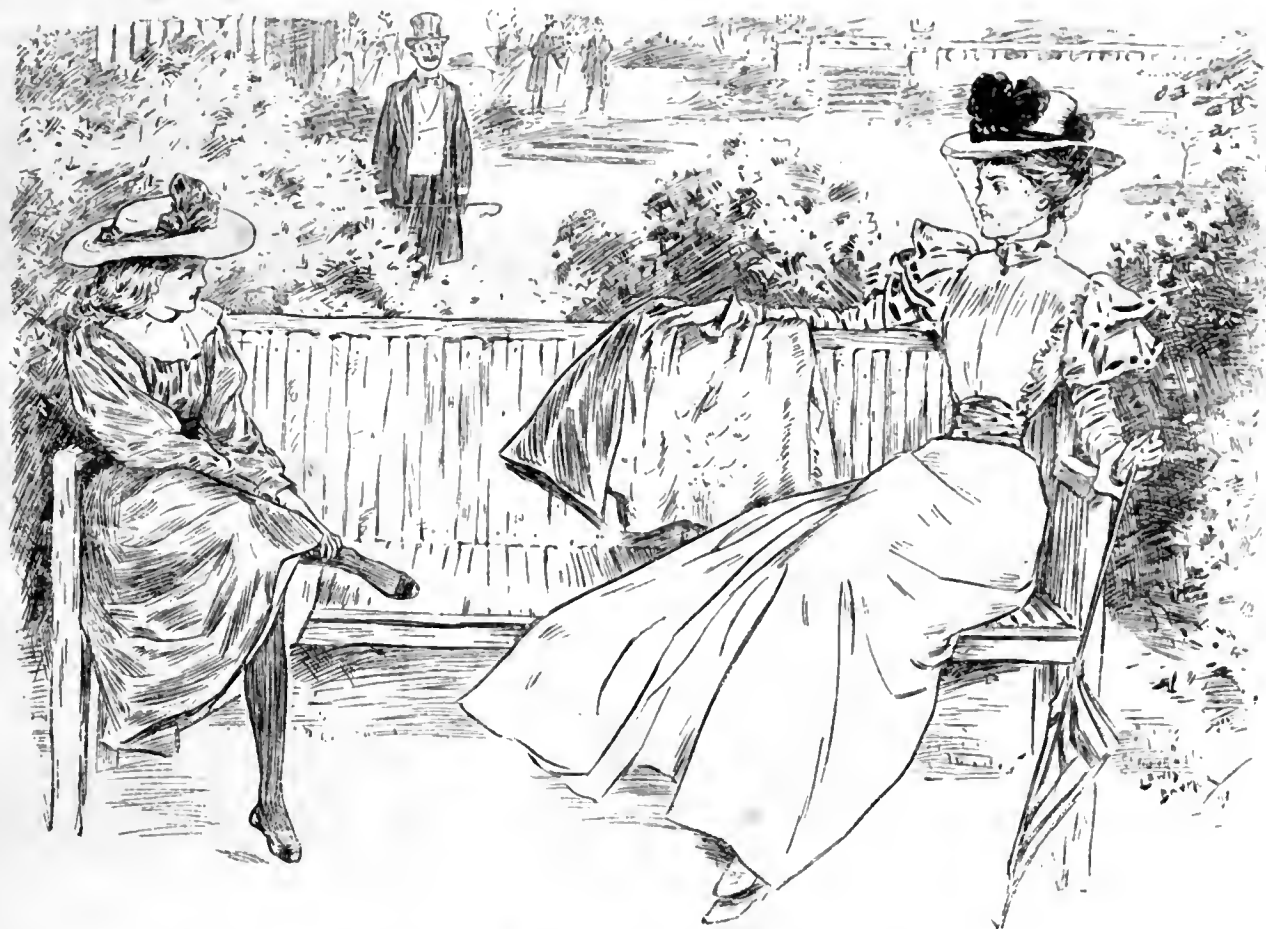
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A HARD BARGAIN.

Young Sister. "MABEL, HERE COMES CAPTAIN GOLDMORE! NOW, DECIDE QUICKLY. EITHER YOU GIVE ME YOUR NEW SASH, OR I STICK TO THIS SEAT LIKE A LIMPET!"

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

THE following list of charming places wherein to spend the holidays has been sent us by Messrs. DORORE and DIDDLEUM, the well-known agents. By some accident, we seem to have received an annotated copy reserved for the firm's private use, which we therefore publish with a great deal of pleasure.

Shingleford-on-Sea.—This delightful spot is rapidly winning its way to the first rank of favourite sea-side resorts. Its splendid pier, its charming Aquarium, its delightful Assembly-rooms will (N.B.—They are not built yet) afford visitors a never-failing round of amusement. *Al fresco* concerts are given daily (two hurdy-gurdies, one bagpipes, one concertina with monkey), and splendid sea-fishing may be had (by those who bring a boat of their own; there are none for hire). We can recommend to those who propose to visit this favoured spot the attractive residence known as 2, Marine Place, which we have received instructions to let at a very moderate rental. Conveniently removed from the town (three miles) it commands a delightful view of the ocean (from the roof, with a telescope). Its sanitary arrangements have been recently put into complete order (the last tenant died from typhoid). As Shingleford is certain to be crowded by the nobility and gentry during this season—in fact, every room at the Hotel Red Lion is full at the time of writing—(quite true; SANGER's circus is spending a night there)—an early application should be made.

De Courcy Hall.—This magnificent mansion is to be let for six weeks. It stands in its own park-like grounds, and is within easy distance of a station (six miles). It contains noble reception rooms, furnished in true mediæval fashion (i.e., trestle tables, forms, and no carpets), and about forty guests could be entertained in it with ease. (Might almost say fifty—in term-time Dr. BIRCHUM puts twelve boys in each of the four large dormitories.) To any wishing for a holiday of real country-house life,

this mansion may be confidently recommended. Attached to it is a private chapel, a cricket ground, and gravel court-yard. (*Query.*—Would it not be better to strike out the last sentence? Mustn't let it be known that after six weeks De Courcy Hall will again become Swishington College.)

To lovers of boating.—We are instructed to let for a short term the charming bijou residence known as Waterside Cottage. While comparatively close to London, it offers all the attractions of Venice (especially when the river comes in at the dining-room windows). It stands in the midst of delightful scenery; there is a charming lawn, and the river is at the bottom of the garden (except when the garden is at the bottom of the river, which it usually is). Fishing rights are included in the lease, and as many as one hundred and fifty fish have been taken by a former tenant in one day (minnows). For permission to view, application must be made to us. (N.B.—Be careful only to allow people to view when the place isn't flooded.) We can confidently recommend this as a holiday seat. The tenant will have the use of a large boat free of charge. (This is kept in the hall in case the river rises suddenly.)

Tumbleton Towers.—This historic house, close to the lofty cliffs of Sandiford, is to be let. It possesses the charm of an antique castle, together with the conveniences of a modern residence. To all those who really love a picturesque and mediæval home, it should offer special attractions. (N.B.—It was built, as a matter of fact, ten years ago, by Messrs. JERRYBUILDER, but it's a really splendid imitation of a mediæval ruin.) Very prompt application should be made by intending tenants. (The place may come down with a run any day!)"

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—MR. FITZALAN HOPPE, the defeated of Sheffield by a diminished majority, looks on the Bright-side of the contest. Although unsuccessful, he is not a forlorn HOPE.



"I'M SURPRISED TO FIND THAT YOU KEEP A DOG, TOMKINS! WHY, YOU CAN BARELY KEEP YOUR WIFE! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU FEED HIM ON?"

"WELL, I GIVES 'IM CAT'S-MEAT. AND WHEN I CAN'T AFFORD THAT, WHY, 'E 'AS TO 'AVE WOT WE 'AVE."

SMALL CULTURE.

Tuesday.—Have just read Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech at Hawarden. Admirable as usual. "The nearer an egg is laid to the place where it is consumed the better it will be." Of course. No more foreign eggs for me. In this garden, fifty yards away from the dining-room, I will have a poultry run. Must get it put up at once. Hurry out to carpenter, and at the garden gate run against SMITH, my neighbour. Capital fellow, SMITH. We think alike in most things. Says he is just off to the carpenter. Find he has also read the speech. Gets all his eggs from his father's place in the country. But likes rabbits very much, and will stand no more foreign ones. Excellent ideal "Why consume rabbits," he exclaims, "laid—that is, hatched—I mean, reared, at Ostend?"

Why, indeed? So he is going to start rabbit hutches. Begin to think we should not stop at eggs. SMITH agrees. Why eat bread made of American or Russian corn? Can't grow wheat in ordinary back gardens. But might grow potatoes, which suit our fellow countrymen in Ireland. Do this next year. Meanwhile, buy English potatoes, and eat my own lettuces, now in excellent condition. And why have things "made in Germany"? Hate the Germans. So does SMITH. But how about hock, such a capital drink? And all the real French clarets made in Hamburg? Never mind. Give them up, and all other foreign wines. Go on to grocer, and order in supply of British wines. SMITH does the same.

Friday.—Poultry runs finished. Cocks and hens arrived to-day. Shall be glad to get some home-grown eggs at last. Begin to feel quite unwell, no doubt from eating

the foreign ones. SMITH'S rabbits also arrived. Hear he is unwell.

Saturday.—Wake about five. Those cocks begin crowing rather early. Feel rather worse. Very little appetite for home-grown egg at breakfast.

Sunday.—Wake about four. Tremendous crowing. Feel still more unwell. Cannot manage even one egg at breakfast. Stroll in garden. Why, SMITH'S beastly rabbits have got out somehow, and got through a hole in the fence, and eaten all my lettuces! Hurry out, and run against SMITH at the gate. "Your rabbits—" I begin. "Your poultry—" cries he. "Your rabbits have got—" "Don't talk about rabbits when your beastly fowls—" "Have eaten all the lettuces; I say your rabbits—" "Have been crowing all the whole blessed night—" "And there isn't a single lettuce—" "Had a wink of sleep—" "It's a confounded nuisance—" "And all through your idiotic fad for new-laid—" "Rabbits he hanged!" With this, retreat to the house and slam the door. SMITH does the same. Feel so unwell that I am forced to send for JONES, my doctor. He comes in the afternoon. Says I have been drinking something unwholesome. "On the contrary," I say, "nothing but British wines." He bursts out laughing. "That's just it," he says. "Poor SMITH'S as bad."

Monday.—Wake at three. After breakfast, make it up with SMITH. We give the rabbits and the poultry to the gardener, who works for both of us. Throw in the run and the hutches, on condition that he removes them. Want also to throw in the British wines; but he says, with a respectful smile, that he prefers British beer, that it's a warm day, and so forth. However, he agrees to take the British wines to the Vicar for the next school treat. The British boy can doubtless manage them. So at last peace reigns in our back gardens; SMITH will let me have some of his fresh eggs; I will shoot some rabbits for him when I go to see my people in the country, and we will make no more attempts to follow Mr. GLADSTONE'S advice, excellent though it was.

THE ECONOMICAL DRAMA.

(Recommended to Managers as useful during the Dead Season.)

Manager. And now, have you cut down everything to the lowest possible?

Factotum. I think so. We are only going to have half a limelight, and the scenery and machinery are going to be worked single handed by the wardrobe keeper, who also takes care of the properties.

Man. Quite so! And we have reduced the cast of the new piece by half?

Fact. Certainly. Our leading man is a ventriloquist and "quick-change artist," and now that most of the characters are supposed to be in hiding in cupboards, he says their words for them.

Man. First rate! And now that we have cut off the gas, and are taking the money at the doors on the pay-in-the-slot system, we have only to sell the triangle and pledge the drum-sticks.

Fact. I have already arranged that, and told the musical director that as we can't afford a *bâton* he must conduct with his fingers.

Man. Quite! So now we shall lose as little as possible! [Curtain.]

"IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE—WIGS!"

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—To use the customary formula—one that tradition, combining truth with justice, has sanctioned—"you, as the representative of the profession of the law," are bound to protect its interests. I have no wish to complain of the decisions of the Lord Chief Justice, for they have invariably been of the highest excellence. Still, I am forced, in the cause of the dignity of the Bench and Bar, to protest against a ruling in a case which was heard by his Lordship as recently as the 5th instant. I can do this with the less hesitation, as my objection in no way affects the rights of parties. It will be remembered that the Thursday to which I call attention was remarkable for the extreme sultriness of the temperature. According to the reporters the thermometer marked from eighty to ninety in the shade, and no doubt such a heat was very trying. Influenced by these atmospheric considerations, the Lord Chief Justice not only invited the counsel practising before him to remove their wigs, but set the example of dispensing with his own headgear.

Now, I can make every excuse for such a proceeding, but surely anything that deprives the Bench and Bar of a cherished privilege is to be deprecated? It is common knowledge that for many years past there has been a movement to put the two branches of the profession on an equality. A great distinction between the barrister and the solicitor has been the wearing of the one-time honoured horse-hair. The gown has been adopted when the junior branch has pleaded in the minor Courts, but the wig has been sacred. I would consequently ask, Is it quite judicious to permit an innovation which may be followed up by others even more dangerous?

That I write unselfishly will be believed by all my friends to whom my name is known. But as others may be more critical, will you permit me to add that the new departure, if allowed to become a regulation, would practically lead to my re-appearance as an advocate. In evidence of this I would explain that, from a regrettable oversight on the part of my excellent and admirable clerk, PORTINGTON, my own wig has been mislaid for the last six years.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.
Pump-Handle Court, August 7, 1897.

Joseph and his (late) Brethren.

(Comment by an Admirer.)

ALTHOUGH clever JOE has his foes, there's a small doubt
When they swore he was "in it," they found they were out!
And they'll certainly learn they will need all their wit
To put *him*, like his namesake of old, "in a pit."

Go a-head!

Piffler (to RIFFLER). Where are you going to spend your holiday?

Riffler. At Spitzbergen!

Piffler. Spitzbergen! Is there any hotel there?

Riffler. No, you fool; but I shall have one in full swing by the time the Andrée Rescue Expeditions have started!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 2.—Foreign Prison-made Goods Bill reached Lords to-night. General opinion is that it's a poor thing; RITCHIE, with all his passion for quotation, cannot he got to



RUSTICUS EXPECTANS!

add, "but mine own." Has been contemptuously treated since its birth. Its avowed friends say as little as possible about it, whilst its enemies comfort themselves against action of irresistible majority by declaring it will be impotent even to do harm. Thus KIMMERLEY to-night. "A trivial and paltry Bill," said he; "fortunately will have no practical effect, though it may prove pleasing to a certain number of ignorant people." FARRER more seriously opposed measure. Nothing if not logical; slew the slain with irrefragable syllogism. This speech tempted the MARKISS into the lists. Found irresistible temptation to give FARRER one.

"The stream of time," said the MARKISS,

"has gone past the noble lord, who now finds himself a son what belated advocate of a rather outworn doctrine, preaching in the wilderness."

"A little mixed, don't you think, TOBY?" said FARRER, coming across to the steps of the throne, where sons of peers and Privy Councillors are privileged to stand. "It's plainly an echo of memories

of *Rusticus expectans*, the countryman who, ever since the days of HORACE, has been watching and waiting until the river shall cease to flow. But the MARKISS forgot how the passage runs:—

at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

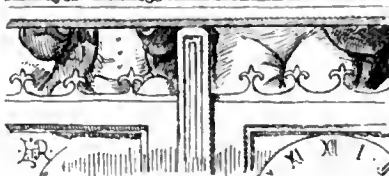
It is the MARKISS who (regarded, of course, strictly from the point of view of politics) is the gaping rustic on the river bank, waiting, as he has waited all his life, for the flood of social progress and political freedom to dry up. But the river, 'still it glides on, and will glide on for all time to come,' in spite of all the CECILS."

Business done.—Committee of Supply closed in the Commons.

Tuesday.—"Of all Monarchs I Have Met," says SARK, "and the record exceeds BEATTY KINGSTON'S, His Majesty of SIAM is by far the merriest."

King came down this afternoon to call on Lords and Commons; hopped about like a sparrow pecking corn. What he pecked was information; wanted to know everything and all about everybody. Our old King GEORGE of precious memory, with his "What? what?" nothing to King of SIAM. Wonderfully bright face; bubbles of humour always breaking through his eyes.

Delightful to see how swiftly he spotted HALSBURY in House of Lords. Chair placed for him on steps of throne immediately behind Woolsack. Up got Lord Chancellor, nothing if not polite, and did courtly obeisance. King looked curiously at the *sette* figure; smiled; nodded; gave his attention to TWEEDMOUTH'S exposition of points in Scottish Parish Councils Bill. Presently Lord Chancellor, running a Bill through various stages, performed customary paces; bobbed up and down, putting question of first and second reading; stepped aside from Woolsack when House got into Committee;



GEORGE NATHANIEL IN HIS ELEMENT!

King of Siam. "Why are you not Prime Minister?"

Mr. C-r-z-n. "That, your Majesty, is one of the mysteries of English Politics!"



By a piece of great good fortune, our artist has obtained a peep into the Royal Sketch Book! This is manifestly a hurried and furtive note in the House of Commons!

back like a shot to Weolsack when Committee concluded.

King sitting immediately behind the wigged-and-gowned figure, almost crowded with delight. With arm outstretched and eager forefinger, he pointed it out to Lord HARRIS; followed each movement with boyish glee. When Bill read a third time, Lord Chancellor subsided. King leaned over to HARRIS and eagerly asked, "Who put the penny in the slot?"

Evidently thought the Lord Chancellor was a figure automatically worked on penny-in-the-slot principles.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in in Commons.

Thursday.—Colonel JOHN HAY, United States Minister at the Court of St. James's, looked down for a moment from the Diplomatic Gallery on the desolate scene of 'he closing hours of the Session. Except in war time, the Colonel is constitutionally of retiring habits. Has scarcely had time, certainly has not sought opportunity, of making himself known to British public. But he is an old friend who needs no

formal introduction. He comes along leaning on the arm of *Jim Bludso* of the *Prairie Belle*, with *Little Breeches* toddling on the other side.

By happy chance, there have just issued from the "Bodley Head" two neat volumes enshrining his new Excellency's poems and his charming records of Castilian Days. This last is comparatively little known in England. It is an acquaintance worth making; the home letters of a keen-eyed, shrewd-headed man of genial humour, temporarily a sojourner in a foreign country. As to the poems, whilst everybody knows *Jim Bludso* and *Little Breeches*, here is much more in varied style that has, for the English reader, the charm of novelty. In the small, but precious collection of *Pike County Ballads*, there is one that has not found wide currency with us. Yet for graphic touch, for grim humour, for terrible intensity of effect compressed into a line, *The Mystery of Gilgal* has no rival, whether in Colonel HAY's book or another.

Business done.—Indian Budget passed.

Friday.—Prorogation.

WIRES AND WORK.

(Fragment from a *Telegraph Romance*—more than less imaginary.)

It was certainly of the greatest importance that the despatch should be conveyed to its destination, and at once. The millionaire looked in all directions for a cab, but none could be found. Then he sought for a messenger, but again his luck failed him.

"But it must, it shall go!" he murmured; and then he added, after a moment's hesitation, "It's a desperate course, but I will pursue it. I will wire!"

So he hurried to the telegraph office. He rushed in and filled in the form. Then he passed the little paper through the grille.

"And so we all went down to Herne Bay and had a shrimp tea," said a young lady behind the counter.

"Now, did you, dear?" responded a colleague. "Well, for my part, I prefer the Crystal Palace."

"Will you kindly send this telegram?"

"Yes; Sydenham is all very well in its way, but there's nothing really like a whiff of the briny."

"Will you please to send this telegram?"

The young lady behind the counter regarded the millionaire with astonishment.

"Yes," said he. "I am addressing you, and when you have done chatting over your domestic affairs, perhaps you will attend to me."

"Do you want postage stamps?"

"No; I want this telegram despatched."

"Well, I can't attend to that," replied the maiden, turning again to her colleague. "Yes; I like Herne Bay; and now, with these afternoon excursions, it's so convenient."

"Can't I send a telegram?" cried the millionaire.

"No; you can't," returned the young lady, tartly. "The operators have temporarily resigned. And what an idea! Only so far! Why don't you take it yourself?"

"Eureka!" exclaimed the millionaire.

"Why not?"

So the would-be sender carried the manuscript to its destination himself, and discovered later on that there was a saving of time by the proceeding.

"Yes," said the temporarily resigned

one, on learning the fact. "But that was not what I wanted to teach the Public. I wanted them to find out that they couldn't do without us."

But they didn't.

THE SEASON-ENJOYER'S VADE MECUM.

(To be considered at the Sea-side.)

Question. What is your first step to secure enjoyment for yourself and surroundings during the London season?

Answer. To take a house or flat in town.

Q. Which of the two residences is preferable?

A. The house is more dignified, and the flat more compact. The first with its larger staff of servants is more expensive, while the last, with its neighbours to the right, to the left, overhead, and underneath, is scarcely as private as may be desirable.

Q. Settled in town, what should you do?

A. Give a crush to your friends, and expect crushes in return.

Q. When may a crush be considered successful?

A. When so many guests arrive that the last-comers cannot get beyond the doorstep.

Q. What are the customary incidents of an ordinary crush?

A. A crowd on the staircase; a hand-squeeze at the door; a muffled conversation to the sound of music in the distance, and the lightest of light refreshments in the hottest of dining-rooms.

Q. Can any other pleasure be extracted from such a function?

A. Some satisfaction may be obtained by the appearance of one's name in the list of invited published in the smart newspapers.

Q. Are there any distractions other than those you have indicated?

A. Plenty. Dinners, visits to the play, with supper afterwards, and of course any number of dances.

Q. What is a dinner?

A. From a Society point of view, a solemn function for the wiping off of old scores, and the creation of new claims.

Q. Is it necessary that a dinner should be eatable?

A. Not absolutely; but it is better that at least one course, exclusive of the soup, should be possible for even a *malade imaginaire*.

Q. Should the wine be unimpeachable?

A. It should be of a character that it could be drunk without fear and spoken of subsequently without reproach.

Q. You have mentioned visits to the play—do they lead to gaiety?

A. If the visitors are fairly cheerful.

Q. But surely the action of the stage prevents conversation—lively or the reverse—in the auditorium?

A. Not at all. In fact, the dialogue on the stage is rather a help than otherwise to a chat in the stalls.

Q. Are there any other pleasures which you have not mentioned connected with the London Season?

A. Any number. The Park, the Opera, and a hundred other distractions.

Q. And then bicycling is an out-door feature with the revellers?

A. Not quite so much as formerly. To sum up, all May, June, and July are passed in a continuous whirl of excitement.

Q. Quite so. And what is the greatest pleasure of the Season?

A. To find oneself at the end of it.



THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

“THERE, MARIA, LOOK AT THEM BOYS! NOW I CALL THAT DOWNRIGHT CRUELTY!”

SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

[As Mr. Punch's Principal Official Translator is away for his holiday, the following important communication from St. Petersburg has been translated by a young German subordinate in a rather unsatisfactory manner.]

Saturday.—We come to-day after a happy Voyage to the beautiful Peterhofish Palace at. During the Voyage have I some russian Words learnt. It rejoices me that we before the Voyage of FAURE come are. What Voyages concerns am I without Doubt absolute the First, “*facile princeps.*” So must no to the first Time out of France travelling President me rival. The Russians are very friendly. Now have I again a Title, and again a Uniform. Admiral *à la suite.* FAURE cannot Admiral to become. Ha, ha! Peterhof is wonderfine. All is wonderfine. After the Dinner speak I very friendly and say the russian

Words which I learnt have. NICHOLAS speaks ever very coldblooded, but he is a good Fellow. So live he! High, high, high!

Sunday.—To-day to Petersburg. Absolute no Arch! And man says they will when FAURE comes five or six beautifullest Triumpharches erect! That rejoices me not. Only few Flags, and their stupid Bread and Salt! Even those will they to FAURE on a much eleganter Presenterplate offer. Towards Krasnoe Selo journey we therefore very willing forth. Again Soldiers. Ah so! That is much pleasanter. I love ever the Soldier, much more than the Burgessman. Stupidhead! FAURE is Burgessman. And also with the Soldiers have I ever a new Uniform. Ah, the beautiful Uniforms! FAURE has no Uniform. Poor Man! Mornings, Afternoons, Evenings, wears he ever a black Coat. After the Review play they my “*Song to Ægir.*” The Russians have a very fine Taste. In

Music are they very learned, and play ever the beautifullest Masterpieces. If I only to-day sooner arrived were had I to them one of my Sermons to read to be able. FAURE is no Musician, no Preacher. Never has he a Song composed. To Bed much happier.

Monday.—A great Review. Ah, the fine Cavalry- Artillery- Infantry- and Sea-Uniforms which I worn have! After the Middayeating return we to Peterhof back. After the Dinner go we in the Theatre in the free Air. Ah, if I only to Paris to go could, so would I in the Jardin des Ambassadeurs a happy Evening pass. FAURE can every Evening in the Summer therein go! Yes well! Happy Man!

Tuesday.—To-day has man to me said that FAURE the new Nevabridge inaugurate will. Thunderweather! Why not I, as I here am? It is shameful. She will not the Williambridge be, but probably the Felixbridge. Felix—happy! That am I not! To-morrow happilywise depart we. To-day remain I to House and see nobody.

Wednesday.—I go. Live you well, ungrateful People. Now can you the Decorationpreparations for FAURE begin. Live you well! I go to Germany back. Live Germany! Live I! High, high, high!

OBJECTIONS TO PLACES.

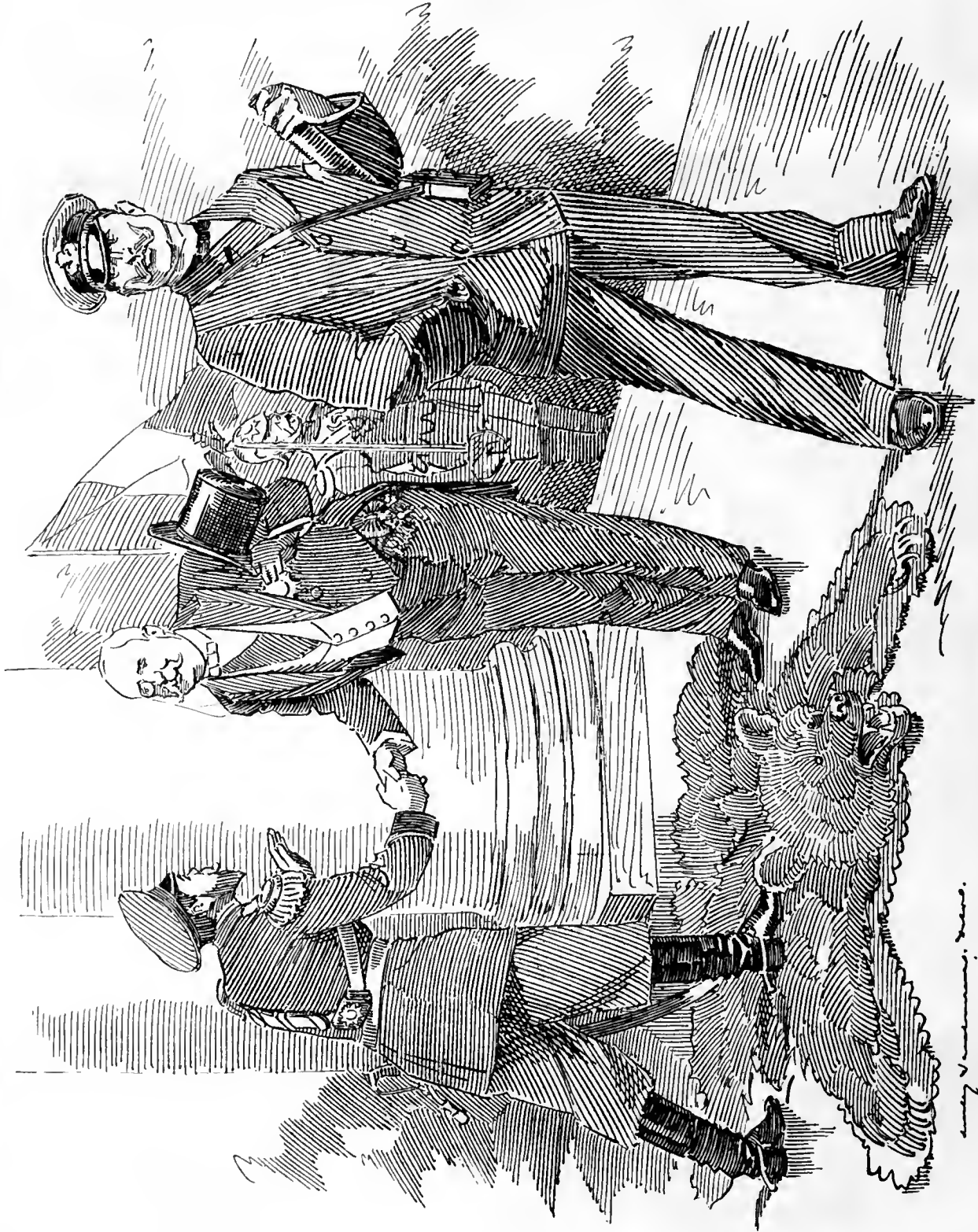
(By a Stay-at-Home Cynic.)

- Antwerp.*—Too many pictures.
- Boulogne.*—Too many English.
- Calais.*—Barred by the Channel passage.
- Dieppe.*—Journey there literally a “toss-up.”
- Em.*—In the sere and yellow leaf.
- Florence.*—Paintings anticipated by photography.
- Genoa.*—Can get watches nowadays elsewhere.
- Heidelberg.*—Castle too “personally conducted.”
- Interlaken.*—Jungfrau monotonous.
- Jerusalem.*—Looks better on paper.
- Kissingen.*—Fallen off since SERRIDAN's days.
- Lucerne.*—Lion in stone too irritating.
- Madrid.*—Bull-fights can be supplied by bicograph.
- Naples.*—No longer an *ante mortem* necessity.
- Paris.*—Used up.
- Quebec.*—After the Jubilee, too Colonial.
- Rouen.*—Preliminary journey impossible.
- Saumur.*—Not to be tempted by the vintage.
- Turin.*—Out of date more than a quarter of a century.
- Utrecht.*—Nothing, with or without its velvet.
- Wiesbaden.*—For ages superseded by Monte Carlo.
- Xeres.*—Can get sherry without going there.
- Yokohama.*—Products purchasable at the stores.
- Zurich.*—“Fair waters” disappointing.

At Margate.

Angelina (very poetical, surveying the rolling ocean). “Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink.”

Edwin (very practical). No drink! Now, hang it all, ANGE, if I've asked you once I've asked you three times within the last five minutes to come and do a split soda and whiskey! And I can do with it!



FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

German Emperor (seeing the Franco-Russian Meeting in his "mind's eye"). "HA, HA! THEY MAY EMBRACE AS THEY LIKE; BUT I WAS THERE FIRST!"
["President FAURE leaves France for Russia on the 18th inst."—*Daily Paper.*]

every V. Thorne.

Thorne.



He. "YOU'RE FOND OF CRICKET, THEN?"
 He. "WHAT PART OF A MATCH DO YOU ENJOY THE MOST?"

She. "OH, I'M PASSIONATELY DEVOTED TO IT!"
 She. "OH, THIS PART—THE PROMENADE!"

NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

(Fragment from a Military Romance that may prove more real than Moonshine.)

THE council of officers eagerly awaited the arrival of the messenger from Pall Mall. They were prepared to accept any suggestion from Head-quarters. The new attack had been threshed out thoroughly—pros and cons had been carefully discussed—and only the last word had to be uttered. What would it be? That was the question that required an immediate answer.

"I know they are very busy," said the General. "Now that Europe is arming in all directions it will not do for England to be behindhand."

"Yes, Sir," acquiesced a Colonel. "And every suggestion is valuable. No doubt you noticed that there was a proposal to attempt the landing of a hostile force on our sacred shore? A correspondent to one of our leading papers some time ago proposed that some five thousand soldiers should be embarked on board a small fleet and—"

"Be furnished with sealed orders to be opened when the flotilla was far from land," continued his second in command. "Then the enemy composed of friends was to make a descent upon us, and we were to do what was best to repulse the mimic invasion."

"Yes," returned the General, thoughtfully. "But I question whether the scheme would work. I have had some experience of the vagaries of the Channel, and if there were bad weather none of the fated five thousand would be worth the weight of their rifles on disembarkation."

"You think that a rough sea would render them practically valueless?" queried a Surgeon Field-Marshal or a medical officer of some equally exalted rank. "Well, certainly the *mal de mer* is a sad creator of inertia."

"But what would apply to us would in the same manner weaken a real and foreign enemy," hinted an official connected with the commissariat. "But there would be the compensating advantage that the scourge would save suppers. It is difficult to enjoy a meal in a choppy sea. At least, that is the experience of nine out of every ten landmen. Still, with the sea omitted, Lord ROBERTS has recently tested something like the idea in Ireland."

And so the talk went on. But as the warriors spoke their eyes were fixed on the distant horizon. The wait for the wanted despatch continued with ever-increasing impatience. After some time a speck was seen in the distance. There was a shout of joy.

"He will be with us directly," announced the General, who had been watching the movements of the newcomer through a telescope. "Ah, he is here!"

The exclamation was caused by the bearer of despatches riding, travel-stained and dead beat, into the midst of the group of expectant officers.

"From Pall Mall, Sir," cried the messenger, jumping from his jaded steed and presenting a packet to the General commanding.

There was a hush of expectation, and then the old warrior, with a trembling voice, declared that the message had taken him by surprise. It was not what he expected, not what they all wanted.

"What is it?" asked the Colonel. "What have we got in this critical moment of the British Army?"

Then came the reply, which explained everything.

"Gentlemen," said the General, "I have the honour to inform you that an order has come from the War Office!"

"Altering some important detail of strategy?" cried a seasoned warrior. "No doubt the outcome of the present manœuvres, eh, General, eh?"

"No," was the calm reply. "We have nothing about strategy—we have instead something about putting more lace upon our uniforms!"

THE PATRIOT PATIENT'S RESOLVE.

(Not Made in Germany.)

LIVER and limbs seem all awry;
 Something sulphureous or ironic
 In Autumn I am bound to try.

My tonic, though, sha'n't be Teutonic.
 I used to go to German spas,
 And drink, and tub in, German waters,
 But since that WILHELM's wild hee-haws,
 I've changed my water-curing quarters.
 Harrogate suits my patriot moods;
 For I've resolved, my British lads,
 No more to purchase "German goods,"
 Nor go to German "Bads"!

LITERARY NOTE.—MR. HALL CAINE'S recent novel is said in the London hospitals to be the most exciting nurse-awry tale of the century.



LONDON OUT OF SEASON.

MR. PRIMEY'S CARETAKER GIVES A GARDEN PARTY; MUSIC AND REFRESHMENTS IN THE CONSERVATORY.

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART II.

SCENE—*The Drawing-room at "Sunny Bank."* NORA VYVIAN seated alone. KEZIA announces Mr. GERALD ALABASTER. He is a good-looking youth of about twenty-four, with a pleasant, boyish face, and a certain air of ingenuous self-sufficiency.

Nora (as she shakes hands). How do you do, GERALD? Aunt CAMILLA will be in directly. So you've managed to tear yourself away from the Treasury in time for lunch?

Gerald. Yes. They don't keep our noses quite so close to the grindstone on Saturdays, you know.

Nora. I don't believe your profiles are ever in much danger. You generally get away at four, don't you? And you haven't any work to do in the evenings.

Gerald. As it happens, I do work in the evenings, occasionally.

Nora. I suppose you roll the lawn or water the flower-beds?

Gerald. No, there's nothing of the old Adam about me. I do literary work—of sorts.

Nora. GERALD, don't tell me you've gone in for writing novels!

Gerald. I've gone in for reading them—worse luck!

Nora. And you call that work? I should call it amusement.

Gerald. Oh, is it, though? Not when they're in manuscript. It's like this, NORA. I've accepted the post of reader to BOWATER—the publisher, you know.

Nora. Of course I know Mr. BOWATER. But I thought he made a point of reading everything for himself.

Gerald. Till lately. But he gets such quantities of stuff sent him that he can't wade through it all. And I've met him here once or twice, and at one or two other places, and we rather chummed; found we agreed on literary subjects, and so on, and the other day he asked me if I would care to read a manuscript for him now and then and let him know my opinion of it. So of course I jumped at the chance. There's no knowing what it may lead to.

Nora. I never thought of you as a great authority on Literature, somehow.

Gerald. Oh, I got through a lot of novels at Oxford. And I didn't do so badly in my schools. I fancy I've rather a feeling for style, and all that. I shouldn't recommend BOWATER to publish anything that didn't strike me as really first-rate.

Nora. And have you come across anything yet that did strike you as first-rate?

Gerald. Well, up to the present I've only had one, and there couldn't be two opinions about that.

Nora (to herself). If it should be CAMILLA'S! (Aloud.) You mean about its cleverness?

Gerald. No, I mean about its being unmitigated bosh.

Nora (to herself). It isn't CAMILLA'S. (Aloud.) So bad as all that?

Gerald. Utter rubbish. I saw that before I'd come to the end of the first chapter.

Nora. And so you didn't trouble yourself to read any further?

Gerald. I beg your pardon. There was a weird fascination about its foolishness that held me. I read every—well, almost every page of the confounded thing. I could pass an exam. in it. Kind of stuff one would like to forget, but can't. When BOWATER reads my report, I don't think he'll feel much hesitation about returning *Stolen Sweets*.

Nora. *Stolen Sweets!* GERALD, it wasn't called that!

Gerald. Ridiculous title, isn't it? But better than the book. I haven't written much about it, but I fancy I've said enough to save BOWATER the trouble of reading it himself.

Nora (to herself). It can't be the same! (Aloud.) Do—do you remember the author's name? Was it a man?

Gerald. It was certainly written by a woman—but so far as I remember it was anonymous. At least, there was a letter sent with it, saying that the author preferred to blush unseen as M. N. at some post office—Fitcham, I think it was.

Nora. GERALD, if you only knew!

Gerald. If I only knew what?

Nora (to herself). I must stop this if I can! (Aloud.) No—

thing—at least, you mustn't ask me. But suppose—I only say suppose—you discovered this novel had been written by—by somebody you knew—would not that make a difference in your opinion?

Gerald. A considerable difference in my opinion of its author.

Nora (desperately). Suppose I was the author?

Gerald. It won't do, NORA. I know you haven't a very high opinion of my intellect, but I'm not taken in quite so easily as all that. You never wrote *Stolen Sweets*—it's simply impossible.

Nora. Well, then, I didn't; but—a very great friend of mine did.

Gerald. I can't congratulate her—or you.

Nora. I didn't ask you to. But couldn't you tone down that report, or—something?

Gerald. It's too late. I sent it in the day before yesterday. BOWATER ought to have got it by now.

Nora. Well, you could tell him quietly that you had entirely changed your mind about the novel.

Gerald. But I haven't.

Nora. What does that matter? Couldn't you say so—to please me?

Gerald. There isn't much I wouldn't do to please you, NORA—but don't you see, I'm in a position of trust, so to speak. I can't recommend BOWATER to publish a novel that's absolute drivel, not even to oblige a friend of yours. BOWATER has a great reputation for bringing out only the higher sort of fiction. It wouldn't be fair to him. I must consider his interests, you know.

Nora. He ought to be very much obliged to you. But tell me this, GERALD, would you say that my Aunt's writing was "absolute drivel," to use your elegant expression?

Gerald. Of course not, though I'm bound to say I've never read a line of her.

Nora. Oh, yes, you have—though you may not be aware of it. And possibly you're not aware either that Mr. BOWATER is very anxious to secure a novel by my Aunt, that he is an immense admirer of hers, and—unless I'm very much mistaken—intends to ask her to marry him on the very first opportunity?

Gerald. I can't for the life of me understand what that has to do with it.

Nora. No, you wouldn't. But all I can say is that, if Mr. BOWATER declines *Stolen Sweets* unread, on your advice, he will never forgive you. And no more will I!

Gerald. What? NORA! do you mean that it's Miss LYDE'S?

Nora. I haven't told you. You've guessed. Now do you see what mischief you may have done? He may have rejected it already. My Aunt has gone over to the post office at Fitcham to inquire if there is a letter for M. N. And Mr. BOWATER is coming over to lunch. I ask you what chance the poor dear man will have of touching her heart if she once knows he has declined her novel?

Gerald. And of course he has no idea of it. It's a mess, NORA. There's no denying it's a mess. But I don't see any way out of it.

Nora. It mayn't be too late. You can give him a hint—put him on his guard.

Gerald. I'd rather you did, NORA.

Nora. How can I betray my poor Aunt's confidence? It would be most dishonourable. But there's no harm in your letting him know what you've discovered by the merest accident. . . . Ah, somebody has just come in! If it is Aunt, we shall know by her face whether she has heard or not.

Kezia (opening the door). Mr. BOWATER.

AN AWKWARD MISS.

(The Result of not Remembering.)

I MISSED the train. Right gallantly I fought
To get it, but alas! all quite in vain.
I failed outright, and when I should have caught,
I missed the train.

I wondered if, perchance, 'twould be a gain
To take a wholly different line. This brought
No sort of comfort. Yet to make it plain,
I feel the time has now come when I ought
To state quite clearly that what caused me pain
Was no mismanaged journey. 'Twas of thought
I missed the train.

On the Moors.

First Guest (at lunch, to second guest, who would talk during the drive). I wish you'd remember that we don't come out to shoot parrots?

Host (who has suffered bitterly). Oh, I wish to goodness we had!

THE SEASIDE PHOTOGRAPHER.

I do not mean the Kodak-fiend,
Who takes snap-shots of ladies dipping,
And gloats o'er sundry views he's gleaned
Of amatory couples "tripping."

No, not these playful amateurs
I sing of, but the serious artist,
Who spreads upon the beach his lures,
What time the season's at its smartest.

His tongue is glib, his terms are cheap,
For ninnence while you wait he'll take you;
Posterity shall, marv'ling, keep
The "tin-type" masterpiece he'll make you.



What though his camera be antique,
His dark-room just a nose-bag humble,
What if his tripod legs are weak,
And threaten constantly to tumble.

No swain nor maiden can withstand
His invitation arch, insidious,
To pose *al fresco* on the strand—
His *clientèle* are not fastidious.

"You are so lovely," says the wretch,
"Your picture will be quite entrancing!"
And to the lady in the sketch
I overheard him thus romancing.

A PROGRESSIVE QUESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In George Street, Richmond, this week, I had a singular proof of the superiority nowadays of the Opposition Sex. There passed along that tortuous thoroughfare, on a bicycle, a fair-haired damsel attired in a man's cap, a man's shirt, and a man's pair of knickerbockers *plus* stockings and shoes. The lady also adopted the jockey style of riding. The public and the police looked on admiringly. Now, had I put on a woman's bonnet, a woman's bodice, and a woman's skirt under similar circumstances I should have been stopped, arrested, and fined. The wheel-rights of women are evidently progressing.

Yours obediently,

IXION ROWLEY.

Tyre House, Sidon Square, S.W.

Tip for Teetotalers.

(Pleasant Paradox by a Close Observer.)

THERE'S not a toper whom you meet at any public bar in town,
Who when he says "liquor up" does not mean "Let's put liquor down!"

Whereby 'tis seen, by every sober thinker,
The best teetotaler is the constant drinker.

FROM OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT.—After his visit to St. Petersburg it is believed that the Kaiser will be known as the German Kisser. The amount of cheek displayed was, on the face of it, a fine exhibition of Imperial lip-salve. It was curious, however, that NICHOLAS, after parting with his guest, was heard to mutter, *sotto voce*, "Thank goodness, there goes the Bore-Russian!" while the versatile quick-change monarch from the Spree whispered to his Ambassador, Prince RADOLIN, "Beware of Bear's Greece." These expressions of mutual regard have been much appreciated at Yildiz Kiosk.



English Tourist (in the far North, miles from anywhere). "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU AND YOUR FAMILY LIVE HERE ALL THE WINTER? WHY, WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN ANY OF YOU ARE ILL? YOU CAN NEVER GET A DOCTOR!"

Scotch Shepherd. "NAE, SIR. WE'VE JUST TO DEE A NATURAL DEATH!"

"CÉAD MÍLE FáILTE!"

(To an old Irish air of 'Forty-eight, adapted to the changed circumstances of 'Ninety-seven.)

Hibernia sings:—

Hol heart speaks to heart, and we're neighbours!

Ye're free of my hearth and my home!
Sure, let love be the end of our labours;
God bless ye and prosper ye—come!

Come—out of the guard of your soldiers;
Come—in 'mongst the children and all;
And I'll guard ye for sake of old Ireland,
Till CONNAIL himself gets a fall.

Away with the hatred of ages!
Come in—everything is your own;
Sure, I'll bew to ye, friends of old Ireland,
As I wouldn't for king on his throne.

God bless ye! Ye stand in no dangers
In the midst of the Island of Green.
Come and dwell with us, not as mere
strangers,

But guests. Who cries, "God save the
QUEEN"?

Well, well, bygone woes have been bitter,
And loyalty has been made hard.
But love's inspiration is fitter
Than hatred's for patriot or bard.

Come, make your home with us, and trust us

(A thing ye have never yet done);
Let injustice no longer disgust us,
And loyalty, good cheer, and fun,—
Things native to Ireland—will waken,
And anger die out of our breast.
As soon as his hand we have taken,
A man, though once foe, is our guest.

Come in, with a "Céad míle fáilte"*;
Sit down, share our sorrows and joys;
To know that with love they may crown ye
Will gladden the hearts of the boys.

Arrah! shake hands again! Right good fellows

Ye'll find those same boys, though
they're poor.

Not a man in the land would betray you,
Or shut up his heart or his doer!

* "A hundred thousand welcomes!"

IN THE HOT WEATHER, TOO!—Our Irrepressible One (where are the authorities?) writes, "Hampshire made a Surrey exhibition of themselves at the Oval!"

TO BE TAKEN LITERALLY AT KLONDYKE.—
Auri sacra fames.

THE STIFLED STOCKBROKER.

(A Song of Summer.)

In winter I wear, with dignified air,
A dignified high silk hat,
With clothes well made of a sombre shade;
Professional custom, that.

When winter has gone I at times put on
A bewler and suit of grey,
For people complain it's hot in the train;
It frequently is in May.

But now, if you please, with ninety degrees
In the shade, to toppers ta, ta!
For fashion I care not a fig, I wear
Pyjamas and Panama.

On the Mound at Waterloo.

Mr. Ephraim B. Chunks, U.S.A. (pointing to Lion). Is this 'ere animal the Britisher?

Guide. No, Sar, it is ze Belgic Lion.
Mr. Ephraim B. Chunks (drily). Indeed. Recken he borrowed the other one's skin when he set himself up on this potato heap!

[But the guide is not a student of Æsop.]



“CÉAD MÍLE FÁILTE!”

MISS ERIN. “IT’S WELCOME YE ARE, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES! ARRAH, NOW! YE’LL BE TAKIN’ A HOUSE OF YER OWN HERE SOON!!”





AUGUST IN SCOTLAND.

Bag Carrier (to Keeper). "WHAT DOES THE MAISTER AYE ASK THAT BODY TAE SHOOT WI' HIM FOR? HE CANNA HIT A THING!"
Keeper. "DOD, MAN, I DAUR SAY HE WISHES THEY WAS A' LIKE HIM. THE SAME BIRDS DOES HIM A' THROUGH THE SEASON!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE only fault my Baronite finds with *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* (SMITH, ELDER) is the quite unnecessary introduction of the foreign compound word in the title. It is odious enough in its own country. Dragged into a Surrey garden it supplies a jarring note to the restful hum as of innumerable bees. Mrs. EARLE has been led astray in this small matter by anxiety to be precise. Strolling through her Surrey garden with keen eye for faded leaves, weeds, and slugs, she pleasantly talks of a multitude of things. Forced bulbs, rhubarb tarts, sowing annuals, making coffee, winter-gardening, colour-blindness, packing cut flowers, the stewing of chickens and game, early rising, and orange-marmalade are only a few topics of her pleasant chat. She is content to talk without making effort to write, a method which, consciously or unconsciously adopted, often leads to good literature. The Surrey garden is comparatively small in area. It cannot take us all in to enjoy companionship of its charming custodian. Happily, here is the book, through which ripples the low voice of a gracious-mannered gentlewoman, who knows most things about house and garden, and modestly shares with the stranger at her gate the garnered fruit of long experience.

The comedy in *Good Mrs. Hypocrite* (HUTCHINSON) is so excellent that my Baronite thinks RITA would have done well to have foregone the luxury of the tragedy abruptly introduced in the penultimate chapter. But the earlier and much longer part through which the servant-maid *Tibbie* elbows her way with angular force is so good that what looks like a wanton fault of construction may be forgiven. *Tibbie* is quite delightful—when studied in another and distant household. In one's own home she might pall upon the taste.

Punch's advice to Persons About to Marry was, more than a generation ago, enshrined in the proverbial philosophy of the English-speaking race. My Baronite's advice to persons in that parlous condition is to read *The Larramys* (HUTCHINSON). Most of the characters in Mr. GEORGE FORD's powerful novel run, or are driven, in couples. Invariably they have a bad time. Worst of all is the fate of the heroine, a handsome, well-born, high-natured woman, who marries a farmer. Early in their married life *William Larramy* informs *Essie* that "a man must

keep his wife in order, and if he can't do it any other way, he must thrash her, that's all." It is specially mentioned that *William* thus "answered lightly." It was only his fun. But the nature from whose depths such humour bubbles is obviously not of fine texture. How the high-born dame struggled with the boor is told with a force and skill which, if this be a first essay, promises uncommonly well. The study of pig-headed *père Larramy* is one of the abundant good things in the book.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE BOW OF THE ANTI-LOGLOLLEB.

Is there "a winter of our discontent"?

I know not, nor in truth would care to know,
 Because my strength is not as yet o'erspent,
 So long as I can bend, not break, my stalwart bow!
 My shaft is long, and feathered to the end
 With choicest feathers of the grey goose quill.
 It never pierced the heart of any friend,
 It never failed to do a foeman ill!

Good honest bow! 'tis yet the summer-time.

Long, supple, Englishborn, and that means true.
 Deft to obey my will as in your early prime,
 A heart of real oak beneath your bark of yew.
 Up to the shoulder let me test your might,
 Taught by your nature, profligate of pain,
 I only fight for might, and right, and light,
 And revel in the stubbornness of strain!

Good humble bow! the one poor dauntless thing

That criticism at its worst cannot disarm.
 You were not built for bitter bite or sting,
 Only to save and shield from littleness of harm;
 Only to keep the vultures from the bones,
 Only to ward the jackals from the prey,
 Only to thwart the slingers of the stones,
 Picked from the mud To-day as Yesterday!

"CALLED BACK."—The Austrian Envoy, CALL, "retired" from Sofia.



Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over wall). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"
Brown. "FISHING." *Lunatic.* "CAUGHT ANYTHING?" *Brown.* "No."
Lunatic. "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?" *Brown.* "SIX HOURS."
Lunatic. "COME INSIDE!"

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

(Mr. Punch's Special Correspondence.)

Swanage.—This is a spot remarkable for possessing but little foliage and an enormous Model of the Earth. To compensate for the absence of trees, lettuces are singularly prolific in the Isle of Purbeck, and the model in question affords a ready means of conveying instruction at no expense to the visiting child. Corfe Castle, Studland Bay, and "Old Harry" (minus his defunct wife), are as attractive as the lobsters for which the pretty Dorsetshire watering place is so renowned. In some towns, they swear by unmentionable

people. At Swanage, they all swear by BURT.

Margate.—As usual, this Koh-i-Noor of Kent is sparkling with splendour. A famous high-low comedian, renowned for his spontaneous and side-splitting "wheezes," remarked yesterday that the only black thing, bar the "Niggers," about the place is the *jetty*. His quip was naturally greeted with hurricanes of laughter and copious doses of restorative Scottish whiskey. The Aristocrats or Cliftonville, as well as the humbler but possibly more jovial denizens of Margate proper and improper, have no reason to complain of that genial doctor (not of Irish extraction) known as The O'Zone.

His recipea aniff of the briny. Miss BELINDA PLANTAGENET, the well-known serio-comique, Madame WRIGGLINI, the famous centotionist, Baron BUFFARD, the renowned baritone, and Chevalier MACCARONI, the decorated tenor, are among our most noted patrons. The Flagstaff is in superh condition, as also are the "Aunt Sallies."

Minehead.—Where can we find a Plume of Feathers? Only at Minehead, where a personage not unknown in the precincts of Whitefriars supplies golf and hunters, with many other luxuries. We only suggest a rhyme to "whistle" and "thistle" to suggest a solution of the conundrum. Whence the name of this favoured spot? A correspondent writes that an English monarch (was it HENRY THE FOURTH?), while hanging brigands and other caitiffs in the vicinity, exclaimed after a hard day's work, "Mine head doth ache. Don't stir," and forthwith bestowed the fefs, &c., on the LUTTRELL of the day for his singular sympathy with the King's malady. Hence Minehead and Dunster Castle. We only repeat this legend as a local *on dit*, as the French have it. The great charm of Minehead is that the stranger never knows whether he be in Somerset or Devon. The inhabitants on both sides of the border drink cider and speak—what shall we call it?—Lorna Doonish?

L'enzance.—There are no pirates here now. They were killed by Mr. W. S. GILBERT and Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, and have most of them become churchwardens and sidesmen. Those who have not been converted have apparently developed into hotel and lodging house keepers, and no longer present pistols, but bills. They are an amiable race, and are very proud of St. Michael's Mount and Mount's Bay. Niagara, the Pyramids, the ruins of Baalbec, and the remains of Nineveh, are not in it with St. Michael's and the Mounts. They are unique. Only herrings or mackerel could be more belauded. A London man came down last Wednesday fortnight, and talked about St. Paul's Cathedral. "Heaven help thee," cried a staunch man of the Grand Old Duchy, "Go to Truro!" And he was justified, inasmuch as the cucumber season is now in full blast.

Ryde.—Now and again you come across a Person who objects to the long voyage down the Pier at Ryde. He (but it is generally She) must be curiously constituted. On landing from the Portsmouth boat is there not a "Rest and be thankful" kiosque right before the traveller's eyeballs, with copious seagulls flitting hither and thither as plentiful as grouse on a well-furnished Scottish moor? What more enchanting scene could be expected? He or She may complain of the tolls, but does not the house of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club compensate for the disbursement of a few paltry coppers, or rather, bronzes? Ryde, moreover, has one great advantage over many watering places. It is always possible to go *anywhere* from Ryde. The entertainment at the Pier Head may not unjustly be compared to the harmonious luxury of the Royal Italian Opera, and at the neighbouring village of Sea View shoes and stockings are apparently unknown. Prawns in Ryde are apparently often confounded with our glorious and gorgeous pink shrimps.

Ramsgate.—Mr. FRITH, R.A., once immortalized Ramsgate, that is to say, if any immortalization were possible. You can take Ramsgate in two ways. First, as

a rollicking, frolicking, jump-about, sand-hopping, and thoroughly earthly playground; and again, when you have climbed the cliffs and looked down on the harbour, as quite another kind of refuge from the din of London, or Manchester, or Birmingham. It isn't exactly heaven on a hot day on those same cliffs, but Mr. CLARK RUSSELL's pen would be needed to tell in appropriate, not to say nautical, language the aspect of the English Channel under such circumstances. On the east side, the inhabitants, being proud, call their combination of chimney-pots St. Lawrence-on-Sea. Nobody minds the assumption, because they have a capital hotel with most wondrous bathing accommodation. Indeed, it is on record that Prince HAVEMOFFSKY recently arrived, and on inquiring whether he could have an Iceberg Bath, was met with the response, "Certainly, Sir; would you prefer Canadian or Siberian snow?" The samphire at Pegwell Bay is a grand crop.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Visitor at a Swiss Hotel, madly enamoured of a fair Widow, and invariably separated from her at the table d'hôte, addresses an appeal to her on the back of the Menu.

I do not like the table d'hôte,
With strident noise and rampant crowd,
With clattering plates' discordant note,
That louder gets and yet more loud.
I do not like the napkinned loons
Who thrust strange dishes 'neath one's
nose;

I hate the rattle of the spoons,
And long for simple fare's repose!

But martyr-like I must attend
This Walpurgis of flesh and fowl,
That never seems to have an end,
While jaws are working cheek by jowl,
Amid a Babel buzz of voice
That would confound a Polyglot.
And yet I join this throng from choice,
For you'd be here if I were not!

You like to hear the touring cad
Discant upon his cycling feats,
Or list to tales of Kur and Bad
The curate yonder oft repeats.
With smiles you lend a ready ear
To fable lyred in Yankee twang,
You have a liking, it is clear,
For scandal told in Pall Mall slang!

You are not bored by stale, drear news
Such as that German loves to bring;
The tragic Frenchman's comic muse
In sympathy to you can sing.
You're friendly, too, with all your sex,
The long-time spinsters, new-made wives,
For youth and age you've nods and becks,
Amid the din of forks and knives!

My appetite is dead and fled
(Oh, *Kellner!* stay your constant hand),
And I would hie me off to bed
But for that heastly Teuton band!
Here is the reason—miles away—
At least, so it now seems to me—
My chair is placed from day to day
From where I know it ought to be!

You'll guess, of course, my meaning now,
And why I hate the table d'hôte.
You'll know why I must knit my brow,
A starving Selkirk, quite remote!
I ask, in pity ease my pain!
And fill once more my empty plate.
Do, darling, say "I will" again,
And dine with me then, tête-à-tête!

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



PRINCE KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI, DUKE OF SUSSEX.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, sable a star of India radiant in splendour; 2nd, on a field vert several long tops volleyed and despatched proper to the boundary; 3rd, on a ground semé with centuries under an heraldic pavilion a champion of renown regardant in envy barbed to the full and inclined to embonpoint; 4th, two canards conjoined or double duck proper collared with an eastern coronet wanting employment. *Crest:* An Indian panther of agility capped and sashed azure glancing furtively to log inister. *Supporters:* Two umpires smocked and habited for distinction proper. *Second Motto:* "Ad anga runem ibit rangit singe."

THE OLD BAT.

(To the Tune of Tennyson's "Brook.")

The Champion soliloquiseeth:—

I've faced them all, from SHAW to HEARNE,
From SOUTHERTON to CUTTELL;
SPOFFORTH at me had many a turn—
A trundler keen and subtle!

EMMETT to me has hurled 'em down,
Kent WILLSHER, Yorkshire FREEMAN,
With STEEL of amateur renown,
"The Terror" and "The Demon."

But still I'm game for fast or slow,
Old hand or youngster clever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!

I chatter over good old days,
Like LANG, or "The Old Buffer";
But to let dust pile on my bays
Is what I cannot suffer.

To stand out yet my heart would fret.
The grand old game I'll follow;
And on my day when I'm well set,
I lick the newcomers hollow.

The chatters say, "Retire!" Oh! no.
Old ties I'm loth to sever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!

Though I am stout, to get me out
Is not such easy sailing.
When I appear the lusty shout
Shows that my fame's not failing.

My century still I'm game to make,
Though slower I may travel;
New tricks of pitch, and pace, and break,
"The Old 'un" will not gravel.

I take 'em all on, fast or slow,
"Express" or "ticer" clever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!

I steal short runs by little plots,
I "slide" 'twixt point and cover;
I tie their bowling up in knots,
And score from every over.

I drive, I cut, I snick, I glance,
Turf-skimming like a swallow;
I lead the field a pretty dance
My changeful hits to follow.

McLAREN, "RANJI," grand young stars,
Your play the veteran pleases!
But still he loves—and pray what bars?—
To "lag" about the creases.

Superfluous? Thanks, boys, for that
"No!!!"

Some chatters are too clever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!



"SHOP."

Hostess (to our Pet Author, who has just spent a happy couple of hours describing his latest and greatest work). "GOOD-BYE, DEAR MR. EGG-SMITH. COME AGAIN SOON. WE PROMISE NOT TO MENTION YOUR BOOKS. YOU MUST BE SO TIRED!"

CRICKETESE.

(*"English as she is spoke"* by the Sportive Reporter.)

OH, wonderful world of the Wielders of Willow!

As seen from the Press Box where poets foregather!

Our great-little Laureate, prone on his pillow,

His Pegasus—stabled—and all in a lather

With spurring rhetorical, hot, allegorical,

Really must envy the cricket recorder,

Who—minus the Malmsey—the stream metaphorical

Pumps—at a penny a line too—to order!

Sweet and sonorous, and sesquipedalian,

Style of all styles, Pateresque, periphrastic,

Is his who gives odds to the wordiest Australian,

To every Parnassian influence plastic:

He for the big polysyllables stipulates.

GRACE does not bat, no, he "steers to the boundary";

RICHARDSON bowl?—nay, "the sphere he manipulates,"

Nothing that's lengthy and sounding is found awry.

BROCKWELL don't "block," he "negotiates straight ones";

ABEL won't "drive" at good balls, he "dispatches" them.

READ does not "cut," he "lams into the late ones,"

STODDART "accounts for the skyers," not catches them.

MCLAREN'S first hit is not "breaking his duck" only,

No, 'tis "cementing the partnership" skilfully.

SHREWSBURY'S slip is not pretty bad luck only,

It is "Dame Fortune entreating him wilfully."

GUNN does not add to the score, not a bit of it!

He's "instrumental in swelling totality."

SUGG, if he makes a sensational hit of it,

"Gives 'em a taste of his old Titan quality."

Pity rhetorical roundaboutation

Can't be confined to sensations spectacular!

Pity the dear, good old game of our nation

Can't be described in the good old vernacular!

TREASURE TROVE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As I know that you take an interest in all matters domestic, I am sure you would like to hear about our Little Household Treasure. She came to us with a very noble character, written by the wife of an eminent clergyman (and rural dean), and really this lady may be said to have dipped her pen into milk and honey, so beautifully were the virtues of our Little Treasure described. You must know, that being childless and living in a small cottage, my wife and I have no retainers with the exception of the Gardener-Boots-Knife-and-Window-Cleaner and the Little Treasure herself. The G.-B.-K.-and-W. man is one of the most unsavoury and besotted of mortals. He cannot write, and has a regard for strong liquor, which is probably congenital, since his parents, either singly or coupled, were constantly brought to the notice of the local magistrates for breaches of public-house discipline, and their son and heir has not failed to keep up the family reputation. On the other hand, the Little Treasure is of the Teetotal persuasion, and has been educated at a Board School with that disregard to cost so dear to the ratepayer up-to-date. She cannot, it is true, speak her own language with the accuracy of Dr. JOHNSON or Lord MACAULAY, but she possesses a smattering of French, I suppose, inasmuch as I have missed certain works in the Gallic tongue from my bookshelves—works, moreover, not without a suspicion of cayenne pepper in their construction. But this literary larceny I would readily forgive did the Little Treasure answer to her description. The wife of the eminent clergyman (and rural dean) describes this exceptional handmaid as the Model Girl of the district, in fact, but for the expense, there can be no doubt but that the Board School would have been abolished in order to prove that so rare a flower should have been cultivated in a more select nursery garden. Nevertheless, I have ventured to draw up the following Table of Comparison. The Little Treasure is, according to the spouse of the eminent divine (and rural dean), said to be

1. Thoroughly honest—to be trusted with thousands of pounds (of what not stated), and innocent of the value of precious metal and stones.

1. She is, according to me, hopelessly addicted to petty larceny—her requisitions ranging from strawberry jam to pickled onions, and from stray pieces of bronze to small articles of jewellery.

2. So clean in all her habits that the Bishop of the diocese once compared her to the Pool of Siloam.

2. So begrimed as to her face and hands, that the G.-B.-K., &c., could readily grow mustard and cress on her skin.

3. So devoted to early rising that any lark matched against her would infallibly return to its uncomfortable resting-place, the "watery nest," defeated and disgraced.

3. Incapable of stirring till the milkman, baker, and green-grocer have piled their produce on our doorstep. Is suspected of the assassination of our prize Cochon China rooster.

4. Willing to do anything. Never so happy as when at work. Especially busy with her needle. Never breaks anything. Has a special knack of polishing silver ware. Always carries the plate-basket up to bed with her at night.

4. Grumbles at pulling up a venetian blind. Has spoiled all our best table-cloths by cutting bread on them. We used to have three dinner and two china tea-services. Some few sorely wounded members still exist. Spoons getting very scarce, and survivors dirtier day by day.

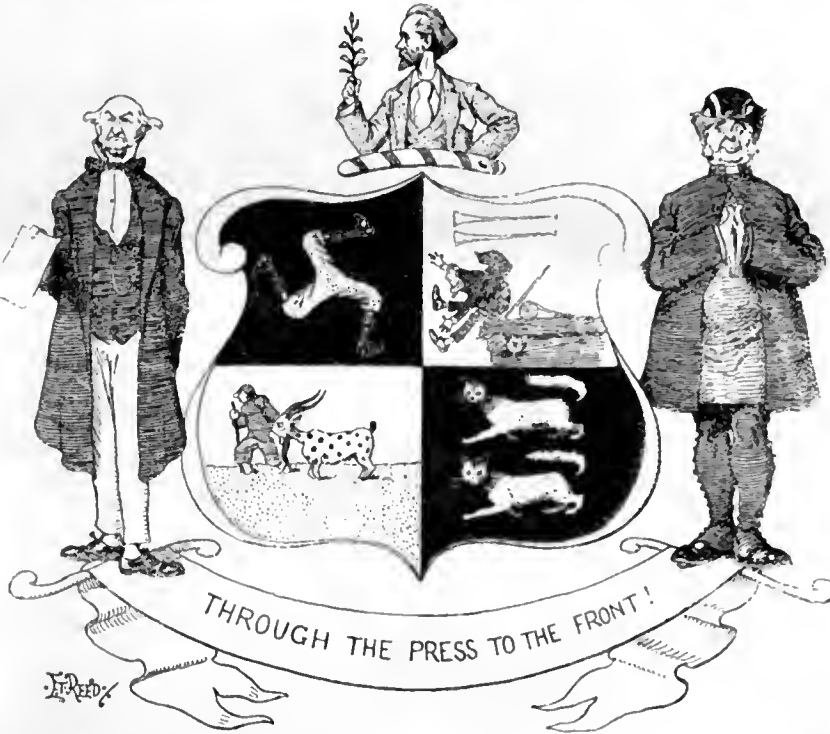
Such, Sir, is a *précis* of the difference between the opinion of the wife of the eminent cleric (and rural dean) and my own. The latter is not, perhaps, wholly favourable to the Little Treasure. You will probably say, "Why not give her warning?" I have done so at least twenty times, but she always comes back again, sometimes disguised as a blonde, sometimes as a brunette, sometimes red and sometimes black, but unflinchingly with the same delightful testimonial to her virtues from the sacerdotal lady. Is it impossible to import into Great Britain, for household purposes, the patient and industrious, but alas! heathen Chinese? I verily believe that others beside myself would prefer the Celestial creatures to the Little Treasures produced by the unwholesome atmosphere of our educational green-houses.

Yours, longing for a motor-servant,

The Eaves, Swallowbury.

MARTIN MACSWIFT.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



HALL CAINE, 1ST LORD MANXMAN.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, three human legs conjoined at the thigh and flexed in a triangle garnished and hygienically knickered proper running gaily through several editions; 2nd, under a flourish proper of trumpets a christian in broadcloth issuant pêle-mêle from a printing-press; 3rd, sable a scapegoat preceded in triumph by a bondsman more or less accurately portrayed; 4th, two manx cats passant with sensational tales aptered and displayed specially contributed by the present holder of the title. *Crest:* An author of distinction aesthetically habited proper, charged in outrecuidance with a sprig of the manx beerbohm effronde for réclame. *Supporters:* Dexter, an ancient statesman void of guile inveigled drawn and exploited to the full; sinister, a dignitary of the church radiant in approbation scenting purple patches for delivery in a rural diocese arrayed proper to the nine. *Second Motto:* "And the harvest shall be mine."

[We understand from a purely casual chat with the Artist-Author of the above Arms that he is so prostrated by the "colossal" work entailed in its production that he is unable for the moment to grant more than three or four accidental interviews to the press per day. All allusions have had to be most carefully verified and reported on by experts. Sensational and blood-curdling details of the next drawing of the series may be obtained at his private address.]

DIARY OF A WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR.

Sunday.—Completed my sixty-page article upon "Feather-Weights considered from an Antediluvian Point of View," and posted it to the *Quarterly Entertainer*.

Monday.—Just got a recent number of the *Author*. See that editors are bound to return MS. Wire to the editor of the *Quarterly Entertainer* to know what has become of my paper on "Feather-Weights considered, &c."

Tuesday.—Reply from editor (by post) that there is no recollection of the receipt of my MS. at office of Q. E. Too indignant for further action.

Wednesday.—Have consulted a solicitor. He is distinctly of opinion that I have a case for untold damages, or at any rate to secure a verdict covering costs.

Thursday.—Down to the office of the *Quarterly Entertainer* to demand my rights. Altercation with attendant in the hall, who attempts to prevent my entrance. Force my way into the editor's room, and find its occupant surrounded by voluntary contributors asking for their papers—or his blood. Editor declines to give either. Ultimately am ejected with the rest by the assistant-deputy-junior-sub-editor and auxiliary chucker-out.

Friday.—Return to the office of the *Quarterly Entertainer* with my solicitor, and freely distribute writs. Find other would-be contributors engaged in the same occupation.

Saturday.—Last visit to the bureau of my adopted periodical. Try to see the editor, to talk matters over quietly, and then come to a peaceable arrangement. Find that the editor is away. Ask for his private address. After some difficulty, it is given to me. Owing to the strain caused by the suggestion that all MS. should be returned, the editor has gone—for the sake of his health—to Colney Hatch.

A SYNONYM.

(With a difference.)

No matter though they cough and choke;
While "gentlemen" presume
Outside an omnibus to smoke—
Ladies can only "fume."

At Boulogne.

Mrs. Sweetly (on her honeymoon). Isn't it funny, ARCHIBALD, to see so many foreigners about? And all talking French!

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

(Mr. Punch's Special Correspondence.)

Sheringham.—Many tourists have never heard of this favoured East Coast resort, where Norfolk jackets and Sandringham boots are, as they say in Arctic circles, *de rigueur*. Nevertheless, Sheringham is like the seaweed or the bay tree, flourishing. Some very exciting contests have recently taken place on the links, and there has been a brisk competition at the Library for the latest works of fiction. It is whispered that an eminent member of the Faculty is engaged on perfecting a system, whereby bottled Sheringham air can be forwarded to London and the great manufacturing centres. But those with gound minds in unsound bodies will take unlimited draughts at the fountain head. Billiard tables in grand going order.

Scarborough.—The Spa is in full swing, and the pony-chaise jockeys in their gay jackets are racing with Time all day long. Why is it that these jockeys cannot thrive anywhere else? They have tried them at Bridlington, and several neighbouring resorts, but in a very short time their gay jackets get faded and their wearers forlorn. Only at Scarborough can these humming-birds on horseback be seen to perfection. The Russian Prince, who came last week to drink the waters of the Spa, was doubtless disappointed when he found that the "Kur" was not on hand, but, inasmuch as he and his resplendent lady have, notwithstanding their aqueous disappointment, continued their sojourn, it may be safely asserted that the Queen-Empress of the Yorkshire seaboard possesses attractions superior to those of the Baltic or the Caspian. Among the cricketers of the neighbourhood there is some talk of erecting a life-size statue to Mr. C. I. TUOANTON, the beneficent batsman to be represented with a willow in his right hand and a pot of jam balanced on a bun in his left. A party of Edinburgh antiquaries have recently arrived to investigate the connection between Robin Hood's Bay and the bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest. The consumption of Scotch whiskey has consequently increased. A municipal bye-law for the prevention of importing the Mac-Hamburg, Glen Bremen, and Loch Antwerp brands is earnestly demanded by the explorers.

En Blanc.

Mrs. Simpleton Chevillé. I see that white stockings are very much worn now.

Affable Shop-walker. Yes, madam. You see that on a muddy day they show the splashes of dirt so easily, and that's a great advantage to the wearer.

[Mrs. S. C. immediately buys a dozen pairs of lacteal-hued hose.

At Ostend.

Biffles (to TIFFLES). In this bloomin' country everyone's a prince or a marquis or a baron or a nob of some sort, so I've just shoved you down in the Visitors' Book as Lord HARTHUR MACOSSIAN, and me as the Deok of FITZDAZZLEM!

Tiffles Well, now, that is a lark! What 'd our missuses say?

[And what did their "Missuses" say when B. and T., held in pawn by the hotel proprietor (charging aristocratic prices), had to write home to Peckham Rye for considerable advances from the family treasuries?



Lilly

KLONDYKE!

DARBY JONES AT YORK.

HONOURED SIR,—The ancient stronghold of the archbishops of the North, the universal emporium of those porcine delicacies which the ignorant French invariably describe as *jambons de York*, and the headquarters of the Truculent Tyke, the city “pleasantly situated” (as the guide books have it) on the rivers Foss and Ouse, is to my mind chiefly remarkable for the stretch of Turf somewhat inauspiciously known as Knavesmire. For some occult reason the Romans preferred to style the town Eboracum; and therefore his grace the prelate signs himself “Ebor,” and the race of the August meeting is termed the Great Ebor Handicap. A not illiterate friend declares that the appellation was derived from a man called Ebor the Keen Knight, whose wife knocked a nail into the skull of a foreign military commander the while he was sleeping off the effects of a most potent draught of something stronger than water. As I am no Historian, my learned friend may, like a certain waggish barrister, have been pulling my leg. If so, he may go on hauling, for I believe that my shanks are attached to my body with tolerable security against accident and misadventure.

Wafting aside this *persiflage* (ever since the Grand Prix, I cannot help drifting into Gallic verse), I beg you to believe, honoured Sir, that a pleasanter place of sojourn than York does not exist in HER MAJESTY'S dominions. I look upon the magnificent cathedral with awe, but I gaze upon the splendid breakfasts provided at the hotels with unconcealed delight. In the South we are supposed to be *gourmands* (Paris again!) of the first water if we consume, say, a haddock, a rasher of bacon, and a couple of eggs to our morning meal. At York, the honest waiter or dainty parlourmaid stares at you with astonishment if, in addition to raiding the warm food, you do not make the fiercest onslaught on to the succulent cold viands with which the sideboard is reeking—I was going to say groaning, but sideboards in prose only reek. And the Yorkshire grouse! Ah, Sir! he is a bird to be thought well of in any Ornithological Happy Family. Mr. ARCHIBALD STUART-WORTLEY has frequently shewn him on Canvas with a marvellous accuracy of brush and gun combined, but associated with chipped potatoes let him smoke for me on a Dish. Mellowed by a bottle of choice Burgundy, the Yorkshire grouse flies away from his cousins over the Border. But this Gastronomic Elegy has nothing to do with the question of Knavesmire, where the Aristocracy of the largest county in England foregather with the unanimity of Penguins in the uninhabited isles of the Southern Pacific. As my esteemed friend Baron VON KINKLESTEIN, Knight of the Order of the Cygnet of Mesopotamia, once remarked, “At York you do not know which to admire most, the ladies with two legs or the ladies with four.” He was considered a bit of a Bard in the Fatherland, but, I regret to say, so misused his talents in orthography that he is now being entertained by our Queen-Empress regardless of expense. But, with all his faults, he was decidedly superior to that Italian-Swiss waiter who, callous to one's feelings, made hold to tell me that if Yorkshire only produced decent cheese, it would be worth visiting. And the beast had just consumed at least half a pound of



Mrs. Mashem. “BULL-BULL AND I HAVE BEEN SITTING FOR OUR PHOTOGRAPHS AS ‘BEAUTY AND THE BEAST’!”

Lord Loreus (a bit of a Fancier). “YES; HE CERTAINLY IS A BEAUTY, ISN'T HE!”

the best Wensleydals, which I put before the primest Stilton.

Now to business—hoofs, not *fromage*. The Laureate sings enigmatically:—

There are some, who will prate of a Bay,
A Composer some others will please,
Private Mission, well-backed on the day,
Belgic River will hold at his ease.

But for us none of these will I claim,
All the East End I throw to the wind,
Toes-in-front is the horse that I name,
With the Home of the Grouse close behind.

And if there be any to upset the pot,
The Corn-oof, the Aster, and Nip beat the lot.

I salute you, *mon rédacteur*, trusting that, like myself, you have recently profited by the wondrous resurrection of

Castle Or. A rogue who wins at 33 to 1 in a field of five, even at Alexandra Park, is worth following, in the opinion of

Your devoted henchman and heeler,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—My friend the MAC TAVISH tells me that he has despatched two boxes of grouse birds, not from Yorkshire, but from Glen MacWhuskey, addressed to me. Have they arrived?

[No such boxes have arrived, but the Commissionaire at the door informs us, on inquiry, that an emissary from a West-end poulterer called yesterday, and was anxious to know the address of a person answering to D. J.'s description, who had ordered three brace of grouse and not paid for them.—ED.]



ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF SHOOTING FROM A BUTT.

Keeper (on Moor rented by the latest South African Millionaire, to Guest). "NEVER MIND THE BIRDS, SIR. FOR ONNY SAKE, LIE DOWN! THE MAISTER'S GAWN TAE SHOOT!"

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART III.

SCENE—*The Drawing-room. MR. JASON BOWATER has just entered. He is about forty-five, spare, of medium height, but dignified appearance. He wears a trimly-pointed beard and gold eye-glasses; his manner and speech have a faintly scholastic flavour.*

Bowater. How do you do, Miss VYVIAN? Ah, ALABASTER—the very man I wanted to see! I called at your house on my way up the hill. You will find something I left there for you when you go back. Mr. ALABASTER, my dear Miss NORA, is good enough to give me his invaluable assistance with some of the manuscripts which I can no longer cope with single-handed. Perhaps he has mentioned it?

Nora. Yes. He—he *did* mention it. I can't imagine why my Aunt is not in yet.

Bowater. I am afraid her bicycle must have gone wrong again. I met her near the station, and she had been obliged to stop to have the hind tyre repaired. We had a little talk, but she had to go over to Fitcham, she told me, and was in rather a hurry. I mentioned to her that I'd been looking through an anonymous manuscript lately which has struck me very much. In fact, I really believe that I've unearthed a new genius—unless indeed. . . . Why, do you know, the suspicion *did* just cross my mind that it *might* be—

Nora (involuntarily). Oh, I'm so glad! I felt sure that you— (*Checking herself.*) Please don't notice what I said—it slipped out.

Bowater. I won't ask any indiscreet questions. But, disguise their style as they may, there is a touch about our best authors' work which— Really, ALABASTER, it's a most extraordinary hook, and if you don't share my enthusiasm about it—

Gerald. Well, I—I may have read it carelessly. I'm very glad, as it happens, that you came to a different conclusion about it.

Bowater. But you can't have read it at all yet! I've only just left it at your house, in a small black bag, which by-the-hye, I'll call for on my way home.

Gerald. Did you look at my report on *Stolen Sweets*? If not, I—I'd just as soon you didn't, you know.

Bowater. *Stolen Sweets*—let me see, oh, yes, I read what you said about *that*. Very poor stuff, evidently.

Nora (to herself). Oh, dear, and I made sure it was all right! (*Aloud, to BOWATER.*) Have you read it yourself yet?

Bowater. After his report? No, I knew I should merely be wasting my time. I told one of my people to see that it was returned at once with the usual formula, and the author has probably received it by now.

Gerald (ruefully). I'm afraid she *has*!

Bowater. A lady, is it? Well, we publishers can't afford to be chivalrous in these matters. If women *will* write trash, why—! And I've always gone upon the principle, since I've been in business, of never allowing *my* name to be associated with any fiction that had not some claim to be considered Literature. On that point I'm inflexible. (*Sounds are heard outside.*) Ah, our hostess—at last!

Gerald (to himself). Poor old BOWATER! When he finds out! But he can't blame *me*.

Camilla (appearing at the doorway, looking heated and dishevelled). I know I'm abominably late—but I've been upset.

Nora (breathlessly). Did—you—did you get to Fitcham?

Camilla. No—so provoking, I only got about half way when, just in the quietest part of the road, the hem of my skirt caught in the pedal and threw me down, and there I lay, helpless, till somebody came by and set me free. . . . No, I wasn't in the least hurt, but it was so late, and my wretched tyre was in such a state, that I turned back, and had to walk most of the way.

Nora (to herself). How fortunate she broke down *before* she reached the post-office.

Camilla. Now, I must just rush up and make myself fit to be seen. I won't be long. Mr. BOWATER, did I hear you, when I had to leave you a little while ago, beginning to tell me about some manuscript you were interested in?

Bowater. Interested! My dear Miss LYDE, completely carried away! Whoever the author may be, and—hem—his identity is not revealed at present, I really don't *know* when—!

Camilla (endeavouring to conceal her delight). You must tell me all about it at lunch. I can't stop now.

Bowater. Take care, Miss LYDE. If I am once started on that subject, I shall become a bore—a positive bore!

Camilla (smiling). Ah, I am not afraid of *that*, dear Mr. BOWATER. I am quite curious, I assure you. [*She goes.*]

Bowater. Miss VYVIAN, unless I am mistaken, I foresee quite a pleasant little comedy over this.

Nora (in distress). No, Mr. BOWATER, no—indeed you are mistaken. It—it won't be *that*. Oh, for goodness's sake, tell him, GERALD, it's the only thing you can do now!

Gerald (reluctantly, to BOWATER). Well—er—the fact is, I'm afraid Miss LYDE thought it was *Stolen Sweets* you were so enthusiastic about.

Bowater. Stolen Sweets—why, I've rejected that—on your recommendation.

Gerald. I know. I—I gave you my candid opinion. But if I'd known it was Miss LYDE'S—

Bowater (petrified). Miss LYDE'S!! ALABASTER, do you mean to tell me that you have actually misled me into rejecting a work by Miss LYDE?

Gerald (crestfallen). I'm awfully sorry. But, really, if you'd read it yourself—!

Bowater. I wish to Heaven I had! But I thought I could depend on your judgment, and this is the result! To condemn a novel of hers in that offhand way. It's either conceit, Sir, or the most unpardonable ignorance—I don't care which.

Nora. Both, I'm afraid.

Gerald. Oh, all right, pitch into me, if it's any relief to you. You can tell her it's all my doing.

Bowater. I shall not attempt to shelter myself in any such way, Sir. She would only think the worse of me if I did. But when I think that the next time she calls at that post office, she will find— Ah, if I had only waited a day before returning that manuscript! But there, it's too late—it's too late, now!

Nora. I've an idea. I could bicycle over directly after lunch and ask if there is any parcel for M. N. If it's there, they would be sure to give it up to me, and if it's not, I could leave instructions to re-address it to Lebanon Lodge, and then you would get it again, and my Aunt would never know.

Bowater. My dear Miss NORA, it's an inspiration! If you will only do that, I—I shall be unspcakably obliged. It will get me out of this most embarrassing— But there's another difficulty. Suppose in the meantime Miss LYDE questions me about that other manuscript—the one I was foolish enough to mention to her?

Nora. You haven't told her the title, or what it was about?

Bowater. Fortunately the title has quite escaped me. I don't remember noticing it. And I had no time to go into particulars.

Nora. Then if she supposes it is *Stolen Sweets*, why undeceive her?

Bowater. I could praise it with a clear conscience. I accept it beforehand. I know it's a masterpiece, in spite of our critical young friend here. Only, the—the worst of it is that she'll naturally wish to know what parts I admire most—and I haven't read a word of it!

Nora. But GERALD has. He told me he could pass an exam. in it. GERALD, coach Mr. BOWATER—quick—before my Aunt comes down!

Bowater. I only want an outline—names—a scene or two—anything I can go upon. I think you owe me that, ALABASTER!

Gerald (shamefacedly). Oh, I'll do my best. (*Taking BOWATER aside.*) It opens something like this: The heroine—

[He proceeds to pour a rapid summary of the plot into BOWATER'S eager ears.]

Bowater. Yes, yes. I see. I've got that. What next? . . .

No, stop—I hear Miss LYDE!

Camilla (enters, cool, fresh, and smiling). Now let us go to lunch. I'm sure you must all be ravenous!

[She leads the way into the dining-room.]

Bowater (detaining NORA, and speaking in an agonised undertone). Miss VYVIAN, for Heaven's sake keep Miss LYDE off the novel if you can. Her plot seems most complicated. And ALABASTER hasn't told me half of it yet!

Nora. It will be all right, Mr. BOWATER, I'm sure it will. GERALD will prompt you, if it's necessary.

Gerald. I shall put my foot in it somewhere, I know. I never was a good liar!

Nora (indignantly). Don't run yourself down like that, GERALD. I'm sure you're an excellent liar!

Bowater. Understand me, ALABASTER, I don't ask you to descend to actual untruth. Personally, though I am prepared to say anything rather than cause a moment's pain to a charming lady whom I respect and admire, I shall endeavour to avoid any downright falsehood—if possible. But, should I find myself forced to—to refer to you for corroboration of matters of fact, I—I shall expect you to back me up, Sir.

Nora. And if you don't, I'll never speak to you again!

Gerald (sulkily). Well, if I must, I must. But Miss LYDE will spot something if we stay in here whispering like a lot of conspirators. Let's go in and get it over.

[NORA and he go towards the dining-room.]

Bowater (to himself, as he follows). A conspirator, that's what I am. If I can only leave this house without having betrayed myself, I shall be a fortunate man. And I came here with the fixed intention of— But one thing's certain—it would be madness to propose to her this afternoon!

[They enter the dining-room.]



MORNING CIVILITIES.

(Overheard at Scarborough.)

Small Boy (to Chum, on his way to sands with Donkeys and Foal). "HELLO, BILLY! HOW MUCH FOR T' LITTLE UN'!"

Billy. "GET AWAY! THY MOTHER CAN'T AFFORD TO KEEP TWO O' YER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Few things in recent literature are more pathetic than the Preface written by Mrs. OLIPHANT to what proved to be the last book published (SMITH, ELDER) in her long and busy lifetime. *The Ways of Life* comprise two stories linked by the common incident of failure on the part of hard-working business men, trouble falling upon them when they are past the prime of life, and have no chance of re-establishing themselves. Mr. Sandford is a painter who has won his way to the rank of Royal Academician. One day he finds his pictures cease to sell, and that he who once commanded the market is beginning to be spoken of by his friend as "poor SANDFORD." Mr. Robert Dalryell was something in the City. In his fiftieth year a long course of financial prosperity was suddenly overclouded by prospect of bankruptcy. In the Preface Mrs. OLIPHANT tells how she came to write these sombre stories. They were, she says, produced "under influence of the strange discovery a man makes when he finds himself carried away by the retiring waters, no longer coming in upon the top of the wave, but going out. "The discovery," she testifies, "comes in diverse ways: in the unresponsive silence which greets an orator who was once interrupted by perpetual cheers; in the publishing of a book which drops and is never heard of more; in the matter of unsold pictures; in the changed accent with which the fickle public pronounce a once-favoured name." Mrs. OLIPHANT does not make direct admission of her own apprehension, but it is clear that at the time of writing, the shadows were falling fast. "On the Ebb Tide," she called her Preface. Now, like Barkis, she has "gone out with the tide," leaving on the hither shore this last of an almost countless tale of books. It is pleasing to note that in the matter of finished workmanship it shows no sign of the failure she dreaded.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE REAL "MULLER."—Not the fanatic who has caused the frontier tribes of India to rise, but quite a different personage.



Brown. "LIGHT-HEARTED, CARELESS SORT OF CHAP OUR YOUNG FRIEND THERE! I DO BELIEVE HE'D ROB HIS OWN FATHER, AND BE DELIGHTED!"

Robinson. "WELL—ER—TRANSPORTED RATHER THAN DELIGHTED, I SHOULD HAVE SAID."

A BID FOR FREEDOM.

(Extracted from the Private Correspondence of Master Thomas Tittlebat, and kept until the Summer Vacation for Holiday reading.)

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I know that you like to have a letter from your affectionate nephew, and so, as usual, I am writing you a line just now, and as I am doing so, I wish to remind you that it is my birthday on Monday week. You should send off your present by parcel-post on Friday at latest, so that it may reach me by the proper day. Besides the regular present, a hamper would be very acceptable, as I require nourishment after the hard work of last term. (Remember, it *must* be sent on Friday—not later.) The one you sent me last term was no good, I regret to say, because it was seized by JONES major, who is a liar. I will tell you about this.

JONES major has a father, who is the Radical member of the House of Com-

mons, and JONES is always talking rot about politics, and spouting speeches. Why, you may ask, do I listen to him? Alas! my dear uncle, I have no choice. Once I did point out in the politest way that he was getting a little mixed in his arguments. His reply was most forcible. I had to go to the cook, and beg for a piece of raw beef-steak.

Towards the end of last term the temper of old BUNNY (our esteemed head master, better known to you as the Rev. RICHARD BUNBURY, M.A.) was simply too awful. He set impots, all over the place without the least excuse, and then gave out after prayers one night that a half-holiday would be taken away, because some one had smashed one of his blessed cucumber-frames with a fives-ball, and he couldn't find out who it was. As soon as we got into the dormitory, JONES major had us all out into the passage, which he called "convening a general council." There he made a speech. He said that old

BUNNY's conduct was a disgrace to civilisation, which was quite true. Then he asked whether we would remain down-trodden slaves any longer? We didn't say anything at first, till JONES knocked together the heads of two small boys near him, calling them "spiritless worms," and told them to shout "No." So we all shouted "No"—not very loud, because of BUNNY. "Thank you, my gallant comrades," said JONES, "this spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm nerves me anew for the great struggle. We will begin to-morrow!"

JENKINS, who is nearly as big as JONES, asked *what* we should begin.

"We shall strike, you booby; we shall combine against the tyrant employer!" said JONES, savagely. "And now we must make preparations. We are sure to be met by a lock-out, so the first thing is to form a strike-fund. Every fellow must hand me over his week's pocket-money. I will administer the strike-pay myself!"

There was some murmuring at this, and a good deal of hesitation.

"If any dastardly black-leg," roared JONES, "is among us—if the heart of any of you chaps is so depraved as to distrust the great principle of co-operation—I'll jolly well punch his ugly head!"

So we had to hand over our pocket-money. But worse was to come for me.

"I saw a hamper in the hall just now," JONES continued, "addressed to you, young TITTLEBAT. That shall be used for the relief of neccsitous strikers."

Such, my dear uncle, was the fate of your benevolent gift! Not so much as an acid drop from it reached the mouth of your unfortunate nephew.

Then JONES went on with his preparations. He set SMITHERS to write, "Down with the Tyrant!" "Who would be free, himself must strike!" and other things, in red ink, on pocket-handkerchiefs. Then he dictated a manifesto, which JACKSON had to write down. It told old BUNNY that our demands were (1) The half-holiday to be restored; (2) Jam for tea; (3) First school an hour later. It added that the great heart of the nation was with us, and that we would die rather than yield. Then JONES made another speech.

"To-morrow morning," he said, "we will refuse to go into school. We will form a procession, and march about the yard, and sing. CARSON, I appoint you a picket to see that no one slinks away. Then old BUNNY will come out, and a nice rage he'll be in. TITTLEBAT, you have been of distinct service to the cause; your hamper is most acceptable. Therefore you shall have a special honour. You shall be our delegate."

I didn't catch his meaning at first. "But I'm not delicate," I objected. "If you want me to go to the sick-room—"

"Delegate, you dunderheaded ninny!" shouted JONES, seizing my arm, and twisting it in the most unpleasant manner. "You and SMITHERS shall interview BUNNY on our behalf, and read him that manifesto."

Under the circumstances, I did not see my way to decline the honour.

Next day, the programme was duly carried out. Instead of going into school, we marched round the yard, waving our banners, and singing as much of the *Marseillaise* as we could remember. Soon old BUNNY appeared, in a towering rage, and wanted to know what this meant.

"SMITHERS and TITTLEBAT," shouted JONES, from the background, "are our



ON THE ALERT!

J. B. S.
FRONTIER

30

J. B. S.



THE JOYS OF TOURING.

Oldest Inhabitant. "WULL, ZIR, THE VINEST ZIGHT IN THESE PARTS BE THE VINEDOCK, I RACKON, ZIR, AN' I BIN 'ERE NIGH ON EIGHTY YEAR COME," &c., &c.

Tourist. "VINEDOCK! NEVER HEARD OF IT. SOUNDS MOST INTERESTING. WE 'LL GO AND SEE IT."

[But the Wiltshire pronunciation of "Viaduct" was more interesting than the real article.]

accredited delegates. They will lay our views before you."

"SMITHERS and TITTLEBAT," said BUNNY, "come to my study."

You never saw anything like old BUNNY's face when I read him our manifesto. "Thank you," he said, when I had finished. "That is a most interesting document. And now, if you don't mind, I mean to do a little striking myself!"

Over the scene that followed, my dear uncle, I draw a veil. I have scarcely yet recovered from the effects of it. Indeed,

it is not selfishness, as my mother declares, which causes me to select for myself the softest chairs in the room.

So I am sure you will agree that a large hamper (you will send it on Friday, won't you?) will be a welcome, though inadequate relief for the wounded feelings of your innocent and unfortunate nephew,

THOMAS TITTLEBAT.

CURIOUS PHASE OF YEA AND NAY.—Those in the know at a race meeting always say "yes" when offered the odds.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Boating Man sculls in the dewy eve to the riverain house, where he supposes his lady-love is dwelling.

THERE'S a mist on the river to-night, my love,
A veil of a silver-grey hue,
That a man with a Röntgen ray light, my love,
Could not pierce at our dear old belle vue.

There for weeks we foregathered and told the sweet tale
That ripens as ages go by;
Folks say that it's getting uncommonly stale,
Yet somehow it never can die.

There's a mist on the river to-night, my love,
And the banks are all reeking of dew,
But catarrh does not give me affright, my love,
Nor sore throat, when thinking of you.
I would recklessly welcome the challenge of cold,
Influenza would fearlessly meet,
If only we lived in the days, not so old,
When each minute, each second, was sweet!

There's a mist on the river to-night, my love,
There were mists when the moonbeams we'd see,
When we said what we should and we might, my love,
In the kingdom of Going-to-be.
The argosy fair that we launched on the tide

From the summer-house under the slope,
Was freighted with plenty of young-hearted pride,
And captained by masterful Hope.

There's a mist on the river to-night, my love,
O'er the willows it hangs like a ghost
Of the argosy lost in our sight, my love,
With the treasure that we loved the most.

The treasure that's worth all the wealth of Klondyke,
And surpasses the gems of the Rand,
The claim that all hunters of fortune can strike,
That joins every heart with each hand!

There's a mist on the river to-night, my love,
I am chill as I sit in this boat,
I feel like a castaway wight, my love,
Who is somehow or other afloat.

I know you are thinking of me, and I think
Of the days that are gone with regret.
The mist parts! The moon! Horror! Give me a drink!

There's a board up—"This House is to Let!"

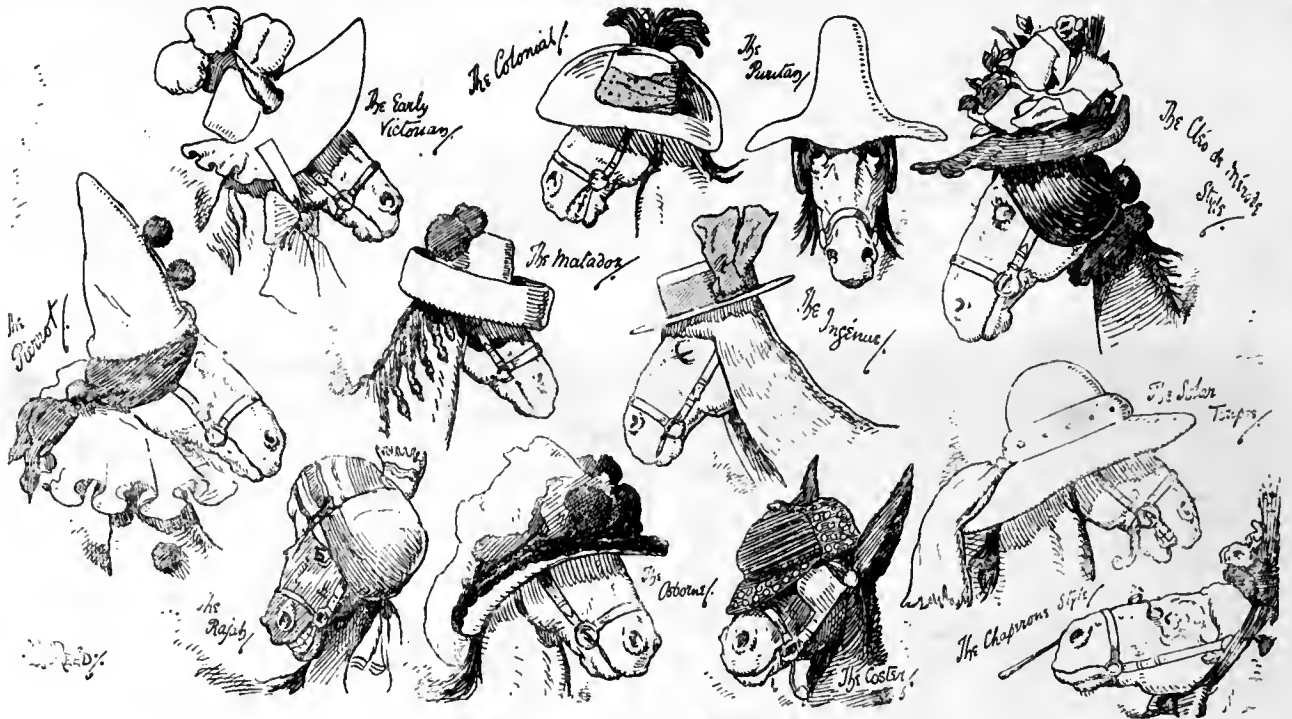
A Practical Agriculturist.

Keeper (to small farmer, who is "over the border" with a gun in his hand). Now, look 'ere, Mr. GRUBBINS, you know what's your land and what's ourn.

Mr. Grubbins. In course I do; but surely you don't object to my seeing how your turnips is getting on!

[Keeper collapses.]

FRENCH ARITHMETIC.—The Republic can be numbered by millions, but at St. Petersburg it counts as Faure.



“ SHALL HORSES WEAR BONNETS ? ”

A FEW DESIGNS FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF “ THE TRADE ”—ALL WARRANTED TO LOOK REMARKABLY WELL !

“ DOWN SOUTH.”

SOME years ago you, Sir, or one of yours—but *qui facit per alium, facit per se* (and lately, *en voyageur*, I have had to face it *per sea* pretty frequently)—recommended Bournemouth as being a place where one (or more) could spend a happy, healthful holiday. Now, when I hear any recommendation of anything by anybody given out *urbi et orbi*, experience has taught me to consider, deliberately, first, the *bona fides* of the utterer, secondly; the circumstances of the utterance. Being aware of possessing a too confiding disposition, I become acutely suspicious. I sit as judge to hear the pros and the cons; as counsel I examine witnesses; then, reappearing as judge, I sift the evidence, sum up, and direct the verdict.

To this judicial process I submitted your correspondent's recommendation, and, as the verdict was in his favour, I finally decided on acting in accordance with his advice.

When casually I mentioned to friends that I was going for a summer holiday to Bournemouth, my best friends—who do not care a hang where I go, provided that I *do* go and do not bother them—stared in astonishment, and would have attempted to dissuade me from carrying out my intention, had not the idea evidently occurred to them, as a second thought of the happiest description, that, by selecting Bournemouth for my summer-holiday residence, I should be choosing a spot, within measurable distance of which none of them would be in the least likely to be found. Only three among my bosom intimates exhibited any curiosity as to the exact time of my visit. These friends appeared much relieved on my expressing my intention of avoiding the Isle of Wight during “the Cowes week,” and I subsequently ascertained (though they did not mention it at the time) that they were members of “the Squadron,” and were due on board their small yachts for that special aquatic festivity.

They all wished me a “good time of it,” and departed, the majority going north in search of the wily grouse (a fact they omitted to mention in my hearing), others to Homburg, Aix, and similar Continental resorts, where the burden of the chorus is “The Cure! the Cure! the Cure!”

After some considerably varied experience of watering-places and seaside resorts, both in summer and winter, I have come to the conclusion that all of them, wherever they may be, are uncommonly alike in their effect; only in summer your temporary residence must be on a height, away from the town, and in full view of the sea. At Bournemouth in August there is the purple heather (but no grouse, except at the poulterer's), and there are

woods of pine and fir, affording in summer a shade deliciously cool, but not so absolutely cold as that of the pine-forests on the hills above Royat.

At Bournemouth the air at early morn and dewy eve is sweet-scented, refreshing, and more or less invigorating, according to the constitution of the visitor. If only you are a moderately good sailor, there is so great a variety of trips by sea, in first-rate steamers, as will satisfy the aspirations and be within the pocket-compass of the most enthusiastic of nautical amateurs. With such chances by land as Bournemouth can offer, you will have change in full for your money. Ashore there is amusement for everyone, plenty of “places to go to”; river-fishing, picturesque walks and drives, at fairly reasonable prices. Mr. DAN GODFREY, junior, Lieutenant DAN GODFREY's musical heir, conducts a large orchestra, which is divided between the Pier and the Winter Garden, and on Saturday evenings uniting its forces, it comes out uncommonly strong with a popular programme, supplemented by good comic singing, and other entertainments, either by conjurers, or whistlers, or ventriloquists, or, it may be, by all three.

In the afternoons there is always at these same Winter Gardens,—which, by the way, is an enticing but deceptive name in Summer—a more or less classical concert, as an attraction for those more seriously and dozily-disposed persons, who, having dined early or heavily lunched (for Bournemouth does produce a powerful appetite), do not grudge their sixpence for entrance to these gardens, where, in a huge glass-house, there are chairs and benches where they can “lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily” enjoy the sweet strains of most superior composers. It is conceivable that there might be a better place for sound than this same Hothouse, where the orchestral performers appear as if they were planted amidst ferns, and may be individually and collectively considered as an essential portion of the Fern-iture. Perhaps, instead of “Classical Concerts,” the afternoon performances as given here might be known as “The Glassical Concerts.” Mr. DAN GODFREY will see to this; and that he should be permanent musical director at Bournemouth is sufficient guarantee for the popularity of the selections and for the excellence of the performance.

But the special attraction offered by Bournemouth to its visitors, during its summer season, is in the shape of a bait, a sea-bait, not a “ground-bait,” held out by the steamboat companies, whether antagonistic or co-operative this deponent knoweth not, for “excursions” (without the Shakspearian addition of “alarums”) to all sorts of places along the English coast, ranging from Brighton to Torquay, and, occasionally, a voyage to the



ALL OVER!

"HULLOA, BOS, YOU DOWN HEEE! HOW MISERABLE YOU LOOK! WHAT IS IT?"

"TED, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT LOVELY DARK GIRL WE MET AT THE FIELDS? I GAVE HER LESSONS ON THE BICYCLE."

"WELL?"

"WELL, SHE HAS LEARNED!"

French coast, visiting Boulogne or Cherbourg. Of these two last "trips" I have not as yet had experience, but to those who are only moderately qualified sailors, I can confidently recommend the others, especially if you have your own party, so as to secure your own seats together, and your own table for lunch and the "Five o'clock."

On these steamers everything is of the A-wunness character, with one exception; and to rectify this these Southern ateamboat companies might well take a hint from the perfect arrangements on the Calais-Douvres line. *Empress, Monarch, Lord Elgin, and Brodick Castle*, are ruled by sturdy captains, who know when the *dulce* moment has arrived for them to *desipere in loco*, and served by civil sailors, and polite pursers. There is capital catering at reasonable rates, and, with the exception of coffee, for which, if you are accustomed as a hardy mariner "to rough it," you can easily substitute tea, the veriest "stow-away" (as regards wittles and drink) will be thoroughly satisfied.

Mem.—Go on board a good hour before starting. The early Boarder secures the best place. This is important.

Mem.—After stepping on deck, saluting, and reporting yourself to the captain with "Come aboard, cap'en!" scuttle away below, all hands on the deck-chairs, on which, when you have placed them in position and taken their numbers, place your coats, newspaper, and any *impedimenta* you may be carrying with you. This strategic movement having been taken, seek out the steward or under-steward, or under-steward's assistant, give him the number of your party, and secure your seats for a certain hour, say lunch at 12.30, which gives you a good half hour's start of other hungry *voyageurs*, who will not appear on the scene until one o'clock, when the hot dishes appear, of which you will not partake, but be satisfied with quite fresh and just-boiled lobster (reminding you of the shell-fish at Swanage), cold chicken, and tongue or ham, and a good salad, which you will mix for yourself.

But this is anticipating. If the boat starts at 10.30, you will be aboard by 9.30, and from your vantage ground you will find amusement enough during the next hour in observing the genuine tourist-varieties that have come here from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland for a holiday, spiced with a sprinkling of lively French, and "stolidified" by no inconsiderable number of Germans. Judging from the odour of some of the cigars, you,

although a smoker, and it may be a good sailor, will be grateful to the captain or his first mate for drawing particular attention to the order that smoking is strictly forbidden on this deck, and still further grateful to him for seeing it enforced. Of course, anyone refusing to obey the captain would be at once put in irons, and— But let us hope even the sternest martinet will never have to proceed to extremities.

ABDUL SEDET.

ABDUL AZIZ sat on a wall,
And didn't care aught about storm or squall;
He laughed at the Powers, who made much brag,
And defiantly waved his Moslem flag.
He laughed, for he knew that his game was won,
That wolves (with the sheep) were foiled and done,
That whenever he wanted a card to play
He'd only to get up a fresh affray.
Armenia! Greece! What mattered the spot?
So long as the battle was fierce and hot.
So ABDUL AZIZ sits on the wall,
And don't care a rap for the Powers' call;
He'll sit and he'll sit till the crack of doom,
For he knows that there's never a foe with a broom!

From Our Irrepressible One.

(Apparently concealed on the Scottish Moors.)

Fair American (new to Great Britain, but looking out for an eligible Duke). Say, what's the meaning of a grouse-drive?
Myself (the I. O.). We harness them to light buggies, and make a match of it. ["But I didn't," *advis* the I. O.]

Not to be Outdone.

Britisher (to *Citizen of the United States*). What did you think of our Diamond Jubilee?

U. S. Citizen. Fair, Sirree, very fair, but just you wait till we bring off our Ruby Commemoration!



Obliging Horseman (of riverside breeding). "AVE A TOW UP, MIS!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AUGUST IN ENGLAND.

DEAR MISTER,—The english in-head has the air of to be translated from the french in-head. But no! *Ce n'est pas moi, c'est le mois.* And what month of movement, of vacations! All the world, from the royal family just to the most poor little child of the "Eastend" renders himself, if that can himself, to a station of railway. The ones, the princes, go to Goodwood and to Cowes; the others, the poor little child, conducted by the good clergymen and by the amiable instructresses of the schools, go to pass the day at the country for there to see, them also, the good woods and the cows. Ah the poor littles, *les pauvres petits!*

All the world is in voyage. The first monday the workers dispense much of money for to make some excursions to the border of the sea. *Partout* some trains of pleasure—*de plaisir, oh la, la!* And during all the month in all the streets of London enormously of "fourwheelers" cabs, and of omnibuses, covered of baggages and of bicyclettes. The trains are full, the stations are full. The facters, *facteurs*, are suchly occupied that one is obliged of to carry his baggages himself. And the hotels are still more full. Not only in England, but in Scotland, in France, in Swiss, *partout.* What of english travellers!

Thus I rest all tranquilly still some days at London. There he has there enough of place! Since the great heat of the first days of the month the temperature is less elevated. In effect some days he has made very fine and very agreeable. I walk myself at my ease, dressed of very light habits and of hat of straw. How the streets are desert! In the Piccadilly there is not almost anybody. And yet the park at side is still very beautiful. But what difference since the feasts of the Jubilee! *Mon Dieu!*

I amuse myself much to think to the losses of the speculators so rapacious who made to construct the tribunes for that day there. They have well merited their sort, *leur sort.* But I have heard to say that the railways, the hotels, the theatres, the

magazines, the librarians-editors, the merchants of bicyclettes and of all sorts of things, have lost also some enormous sums. What damage, *quel dommage!* I demand myself for why. Who then has gained? The Londonians have dispensed enormously of money, and nobody has gained anything. Excepted perhaps the Germans, who fabricated much of decorations, of remembrances, *souvenirs*, for these english feasts.

It are all days the Germans who gain. If NAPOLEON First lived still, for sure it would he the Germans whom he could call "A Nation of Shoppers." You other English you are very amiable and you love the Germans when even, *quand même*, for you let them to serve themselves of your country for to train the pigeons of their Ministry of War. *Bah, c'est trop fort!* Your compatriots owe much the *tir-aux-pigeons* at Monte Carlo. Eh well, why the english sportmans shoot they not on the german pigeons? Me I admire not much the shoot to the pigeons. It is a sport truly despicable. But in a such case it would be a sport of the most admirables, of the most patriotics.

The Emperor WILLIAM would be furious, he would send some telegrams *partout*, he would implore the sympathy of his best friends, MISTER KRUGER and the SULTAN—*ah, les dignes associés, GUILLAUME, PAUL, ABDUL et Cie.!*—he would demand of new, with still more of violence, the augmentation of the german marine, but he would rest of it at that. And the English also. Your marine so magnificent, she is all days the best. As says the english poet, you would "put your fingers to your nose and stretch your thumb." Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

"OUR SQUARE AT THE SEASIDE."

(Extract from an Intercepted Letter.)

WE are quite proud of our doings. You must know we have a committee, and they manage it all for us. We have all sorts of burning questions. Some one wanted to bring in dogs without muzzles, but the committee sternly interposed, and said they mustn't do anything of the sort. Many of our houses are let out in apartments to people from Town, and we can't admit them. The gardener was ordered "to exclude any dog unmuzzled, or which may do mischief or cause annoyance, and to report the matter to the committee." Some of us thought that the committee were rather putting too much responsibility upon the shoulders of the gardener. How can he tell from the appearance of a dog if he may do mischief? Why, any dog *may* do mischief. However, the gardener, when he has any doubt, will probably report the matter to the committee.

We all hope that another direction to the gardener to "exclude dogs" will not keep him unduly from his work—which, after all, is to see to the seeds, the grass, and gravel-paths. The picture of the gardener, "excluding a dog," chivving it here, there, and everywhere, has made our BOBBY go into fits. But our lad is noted for his sense of the humorous. Then our committee have very kindly been looking after our keys for us. They say that "our keys are not to be lent to strangers!" This is a happy thought. If we had not this rule to guide us we should have been parting with our keys to every passer by. We should have been calling to every stranger, "Here, my good Sir, you are doubtless *en route* for Australia. Take my key of the Square. You can return it when you come back from the land of the Southern Cross."

We have not much fault to find with our committee, save that perhaps they are not sufficiently explicit in their "regulations" for our guidance. For instance, they say "that persons must close the gates on entering and leaving the gardens," and yet utter not a single word about opening the same. How on earth are people to get into the garden unless they open the gates? That is what is bothering us just at present. However, at the moment it is impossible to consult the gardener. It would be perfectly cruel to bother *him* on so trivial a matter when he has so much to do in the arriving at the true characters of dogs (and some curs are so deceitful), and reporting the matter to the committee. I may have something further to say about our Square when I write to you next.

Mem. by a Manager.

To say "boo" to a goose requires some doing. In theatres 'tis the goose who does the "hooning." And though a man may do the best he can, Sir, Anser will hiss, though hissing may not answer!

DESCRIPTION OF OUR FAVOURITE HOUSE-PIPE AFTER A THUNDER-STORM.—It never drains but it pours.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN.

DURING HIS RECENT TOUR IN SWITZERLAND, TOMKINS, WHO IS RATHER NERVOUS, HAD A MOST TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE.

“A TOUCH OF THE BADGER.”

(A Lay of the Last Stage of Labour.)

“A touch of the badger!” Ah, yes, so the manager told me that day, five year ago now, when he saw that my whiskers were fast growing grey. His hair was as white as old Winter; but then he was deputy-boss. And I, just a grizzled old grinder, to whom every grey hair meant loss. These words were a knell to my hopes, for I know, yes, heaven help me, I know that the sun of a labourer's life chills and pales with the first patch o' snow. Yet ain't it the Good Book that says hoary locks are a glory, a crown? Ah! not at the hench or the scaffold! The face of the boss wears a frown

As a glance from the tail of his eye tots you up, with a bit of a stoop— First sign of the days when long work curves the labourer's back like a hoop— And that terrible “touch of the badger,” the curse of poor children of toil, Which gives the first hint to the masters that greedy old Time's on the spoil. It do spoil a man, do the grizzle, the splash o' the whitewash-brush. Aye! Us toilers are not tittivators, not after the days, long gone by, When first we “walk out” with a sweet-heart. Poor Bess! Time has spared her that touch Which whitens the head like a frost, and which tightens the heart like a clutch; And her hair is as berry-brown now as it was forty long year ago. But what is the odds if I'm grizzled, and bent, and a little bit slow,

And ticked in the gaffer's discharge list? “Your services no more required!” The slip with those words on means—doom; the sharp ending of all we desired, The stony wide world and—the work-house! The finish of hope and of fun, The seal of a youth that is vanished, the sign of a course that is run. And yet I'm hand-strong and heart-steady, less prone to the drink and the skulk Than many a chap in his thirties. But that seems a battered old hulk Over which the grey flag is seen waving. And if, after thirty-five year Of the best of my manhood, old gaffers don't want me no longer, 'tis clear New gaffers will not take me on. Though I tramp, and I tramp, and I tramp, On the chance of a job, till the dust makes me look like a shiftless old scamp. That grimy, grey flag's still a-floating, and warns off the world from my track, As the ancient sea-farers were warned by the gloomy piratical black. ‘Thrown aside like an old boot as useless!’ Yes, that is the lot of our sort, And “that's the last act in the drama,” the end of life's a comfort and sport. Who whispers about Old Age Pensions? Well, that's what our betters do get; But we are so many, you see; it seems all talkee-talkee, as yet, And—too late for me, anyhow! Ah! my head's in a whirl and a daze. Thirty-five year—and thrown out! Is it manhood and pride, or sheer craze, Sets my thoughts all a-hanker round— Death, like a light-maddened moth round a flame? Thirty-five year, and thrown out!—for that touch of the badger! A shame! A shame and a wrong! Yes, I swear 'tis not Christian and fair. Can it be When the age that brings honour to statesmen brings dark desperation to me? Poor Bess and the bairns! 'Tisn't fear, but far worsen, that catches my breath. I gaze on the grey that's my bane till the yet greyer face of old Death Draws—draws! It gleams out like a hope from the mist, and the tangle of thought. I can face work or death—not the work-house. God help me! The poor moth is caught In the lure of the one light in darkness! Sit idle and see her starve? Nay! There's one way out of all! Who'll dare blame him who's helplessly driven that way?

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. CONAN DOYLE. —The GERM-N EMP-R-R's latest romance is said to be a startling Nihilist romance entitled *The Sign of Faure*. Orders from Siberia are rushing to Berlin. The Retreat from Moscow is treated with considerable humour, and the Fall of Sevastopol is described as an interesting episode leading up to the liberation of the Sultan of Turkey from the pressure of the Powers and the installation of Count Tolstol as First President of the Muscovite Republic. But we have no Imperial authorisation for making this statement, either from the Neva or the Spree.



BUTCHER VERSUS BAKER.

Brother Beef. "THOU BEEST IN A PARLOUS STATE, FRIEND QUARTERN, AND NO CRUME OF COMFORT IN THE FUTURE!"

["People eat more meat, and therefore want less bread."—*Purport of Official Report.*]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE stamp "Second Edition" on a book causes the heart of the author to rejoice. Dr. AUBREY will with mixed feelings observe it on the title-page of his *Rise and Growth of the English Nation* (ELLIOT STOCK). Fire, untroubled by the controversy round the question of 3*d.* discount in the shilling, or merely 2*d.*, gobbled up the whole of the first edition before it could reach the shelves and counters of rival tradesmen. Presumably the type was standing, or a chance copy of the book was preserved. Even NEWTON would have shrunk from resumming the "many years' research and labour" to which Dr. AUBREY modestly alludes as having produced these three volumes. His design is, as it was that of the late J. R. GREEN, to present not pictures more or less fanciful of kings, great statesmen, and renowned soldiers, but to tell us how the people worked and lived, slowly, for centuries unconsciously building up a great empire. In this task he has fully succeeded. Not that he leaves in misty shape kings and queens and other men and women whose names are most familiar in English history. He has the gift, essential to success in such endeavour, not only of lucidly summarising a long course of events, but of sketching forceful characters within the limits of a page. My Baronite, in the course of a reading he found more fascinating than many novels, is struck with the truth of the axiom about there being nothing new under the sun. To cite only three incidents of a multitude that crowd on the memory: the Salvation Army of to-day have their prototype in the Mendicant Friars, Dominicans and Franciscans, who took England by storm at the beginning of the Thirteenth Century. The Irish Land Leaguers with their policy of boycotting were forestalled by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who in 1223 ordered that no persons should buy from or sell to the Jews, or even have speech with them. Thirdly, but not less striking, the imposition of death duties by the Plantagenet kings largely contributed to the revolt which wrested Magna Charta from the unwilling hands of King JOHN. In these days we have seen how the latest scion of the House of Plantagenet, temporarily in power as Chancellor of the Exchequer, claps on death duties on a scale calculated to bring dukes to destitution.

"474 and just out!" That is not a cricket score. It is merely the number of pages of *The Jubilee Book of Cricket*, mainly written by Prince RANJITSINHJI, published in one handsome

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

Torquay.—Here old Sol reigns supreme! Not old Sol so well known on 'Change in foggy London, but Phœbus Apollo, the great, the brilliant, the magnificent, on his up-to-date car, the greatest "scorcher" out! Over two hundred and fifteen miles from the Metropolis, Torquay has nevertheless the charm of being very much in the world. A local Peerage would be replete with the records of the resident Good and Great, and at the Club the fact that "Mr. Jersey" first sprang into splendour in South Devon is not forgotten. Dartmoor mutton, clotted cream, and red mullet are as plentiful as blackberries, while ladies can bathe here in a certain cove with all the privacy of Diana and her nymphs. There have been rumours of a shark's appearance, but from inquiry, it seems to have been a disabled dolphin, but in these unclassical days our fair naiads need not fear the arrival of Orion. The nightingale is said to be unknown in Devon, but as we were passing a certain villa not a thousand yards from the T. B. Hotel, we fancied that our naturalists must be altogether mistaken. Among the latest arrivals, however, is Mme. CHERUBINA, of the Royal Italian Opera, Bucharest.

In Nuce.

(By a Neo-Celtic Renascant.)

To sum up all history well,
Truth into one maxim we'll melt:—
All Science began with a cell,
All Literature with a—Celt!

volume worthy of the fame of the house of BLACKWOOD. Every one who has seen "RANJI" in the field, whether bowling or batting, has borne in upon him the truth that he knows all about cricket. That he should be able to write about it in a lucid, instructive, and attractive manner is quite another thing. The Prince is, my Baronite tells me, nearly as completely master of the quill as he is of the willow. The book is admirably conceived, with intention to instruct the player in all that pertains to the science of cricket. When a cricketer, young or old, knows all here set down for his guidance, he will have nothing in the world to do but carry out the instructions. The work, the most compendious on the subject ever published, has its value increased by a number of photographs, wonderfully reproduced, showing famous cricketers in the attitude of play. These also will be most useful to the novice. In his spare moments he can pose in imitation of the living pictures of the Prince hooking a short-pitched ball on the wicket; of MORDAUNT ready for a catch, and looking uncommonly as if he would get it; of S. M. J. WOODS in the act of delivery, originally studied from Ajax defying the lightning; or of WALTER HUMPHREY lob-bowling, looking as if butter would not melt in his mouth, much less as if the ball he gingerly holds between fingers and thumb would be so mean as to sneak in and take a wicket.

My Baronite confesses that the name of the author of *Ripple and Flood* (HUTCHINSON) is new to him. Yet it is unlikely that a novel so cleverly constructed, so living in its characterisation, so charming in its description of rural surroundings, can be the work of a beginner. Taken all round, it is certainly among the best novels of the year. It is true that behind it there is a dim echo of *Great Expectations*, one of the best, and perhaps the least popularly known of DICKENS'S works. In both, the story opens with the apparition in a small boy's home-life of a mysterious stranger. There is an uncle as hard-handed as was *Pip's* aunt, and there is a girl to be loved, a strange-mannered wench in quite different ways than was *Estella*. These may be fanciful identifications on the part of the reader, or acts of unconscious cerebration on the part of the writer. However it be, they in no wise detract from the charm and interest of a powerful story, through which ripple the waters of the Trent, and murmurs the country life lived beside its banks.

By way of showing their scope and range, Messrs. HUTCHINSON, having issued one of the best novels of the year, simultaneously



CONVERSATIONAL PITFALLS.

Miss Meadowsweet. "EXCUSE MY IGNORANCE; BUT OUGHT I TO CALL YOU MR. SQUILLS OR DOCTOR SQUILLS!"
The Doctor. "OH, CALL ME ANYTHING YOU LIKE. SOME OF MY FRIENDS CALL ME AN OLD FOOL!"
Miss Meadowsweet. "AH, BUT THAT'S ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOU INTIMATELY!"

put forth what is probably absolutely the worst. As far as painstaking endeavour can master the purpose of *That Tree of Eden* it is to demonstrate that "education, as we apply it, is not of necessity a good thing for the people." Perhaps not; but if Mr. NICHOLAS CHRISTIAN had so far overcome his prejudices as to learn the elementary principles of syntax, and the simpler forms of grammar, it would have been a charity to the reader. The long-winded tract is so pragmatically pompous as to be almost amusing.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"IN THE NAME OF HONOUR—PLAY!"

(Fragment from an Athletic Romance of the Period.)

PEERLESS CRICHTON was the most popular, as he was indeed the most accomplished personage in his part of the country. Morning, noon, and night he was bombarded with applications for help. He could write, paint, and compose. There was nothing he could not accomplish. It was early morning when, on entering his breakfast-room, he found visitors already assembled.

"My dear fellow," said a man with a careworn face, "our last piece was a frost. Can you knock us up another by Tuesday?"
 "Consider it done," said CRICHTON, cheerfully. "I always am pleased to oblige a friend."

"And I, Sir, wish to appeal to your goodness of heart—my son is ill. He had promised to finish a portrait that an Australian millionaire is taking back with him to the land of the Southern Cross. He is unable to finish it. Will you accept his task?"

"With very great pleasure," replied CRICHTON. "If one painter cannot help another at a pinch what would the world come to?"

"And you, my dear fellow, must run up the villa for the bride and bridegroom. They are away for a month, and it is my

earnest desire that their nest should be ready by their return. My daughter will be so disappointed if I do not keep the promise made to her mother before she went away."

CRICHTON silently pressed his visitor's hand in token of assent. Then there was a chorus of friends who wished him to join various boards of management—according to them, with such advantages his fortune was assured.

"I have already too much to do," he returned, with a smile. "After I have written the play, painted the portrait, and built the villa I will consider my own affairs."

At this moment there was a hurried ring, followed quickly by the appearance of a post-office messenger.

"Telegram, Sir."

CRICHTON opened the envelope, and after reading its contents, uttered an exclamation:—

"I must leave you at once," he cried, rushing away to pack up.

"But how about our theatre, our Colonial patron, our son-in-law?" cried the chorus.

"They must wait. A thousand apologies, but they must wait!"

"But why do you hurry away?"

"Because, my dear friend, I have just received a wire saying that I have been chosen to play for my county at cricket. Am I not right to sacrifice everything to accept the responsibility?"

And his friends, in spite of their personal inclinations, were compelled to answer the question in the affirmative.

At the Seaside.

Landlady (to shivering lodger). No, Sir, I don't object to your dining at a restorng, nor to your taking an 'apenny paper, but I must resent your constant 'abit of locking up your whiskey, thereby implying that me, a clergyman's daughter, is prone to larceny.

[Lodger immediately hands her the key as a guarantee of good faith.]



ALTOGETHER SATISFACTORY.

Aunt Fanny. "I DO LIKE THESE FRENCH WATERING-PLACES. THE BATHING COSTUME IS SO SENSIBLE!"
Hilda. "OH, YES, AUNTIE! AND SO BECOMING!"

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART IV.

SCENE—*The Dining-room at "Sunny Bank." Lunch is proceeding; MISS LYDE is seated opposite NORA, who has her back to the light; BOWATER faces GERALD. KEZIA is waiting.*

Camilla (to herself). Not another word about that manuscript! I'm dying to know if it really is mine, and yet I can't very well— (*Aloud.*) Mr. BOWATER, you're making a very poor lunch. Do let me give you another outlet?

Bowater (to himself). If she knew the effort that every mouthful—! (*Aloud.*) Indeed, no more, thanks. In this hot weather I am almost a vegetarian. Indeed, I often feel inclined to give up animal food altogether. (*To himself.*) Will she be drawn into an argument on vegetarianism? Such a safe subject!

Camilla. But, my dear Mr. BOWATER, surely such a hard-worked man as you cannot afford to do without substantial nourishment? Why, putting aside the ordinary business routine—of which I know nothing—the mental and physical strain of reading and forming a decision upon all the innumerable manuscripts you receive must be enormous.

Bowater (to himself). She's working round to it! (*Aloud.*) Oh, I—I get through them somehow. And I shall be off for my holiday very soon, now—to the Engadine. Where did you think of going this summer?

Camilla. Why, really, I've made no plans at present. And so you are going to the Engadine? How you must be looking forward to getting away from authors and all their works. Not to have even a type-written novel to toil through! For I suppose the typed ones aren't quite so much of an infliction, are they?

Bowater (to himself). I'll get her to discuss type-writers—they're harmless enough! (*Aloud.*) Well, you know, I never can rid myself of a certain prejudice against the type-writer, except for purely business purposes. Somehow it seems to me to produce a mechanical—I might almost say an unlitrary—effect upon even the best style. Mere fancy, no doubt. I wonder, now, if you have any feeling of that sort.

Camilla. I never could bring myself to use one. But it's

strange you should feel so strongly as that. Do tell me, was this anonymous novel you were so carried away by written in the ordinary way, or was that type-written? It would be interesting to know.

Bowater (to himself). It would. (*He tries to catch GERALD'S eye, in vain; NORA endeavours to prompt him, noiselessly, but he fails to notice.*) ALABASTER must know which it was. Why can't he— Well, I must hedge, that's all! (*Aloud.*) Oh—er—of course I should not allow a mere prejudice of that sort to influence me in the case of a work of superlative merit.

Camilla. But do you really place it as highly as that?

Bowater. My dear lady, all I can say is that I am proud to think that the author should have entrusted it to me. (*To himself.*) That's the simple truth. I am proud to publish anything by her!

Camilla. And you know nothing about the author, not even if it's a man or a woman?

Bowater. I have no direct information. If I judged by the—er—virility of the style, I might be led to conclude that only a man— On the other hand, there is a delicacy and charm in the treatment which seem to betray a feminine touch. Mr. ALABASTER thinks it must be a woman's.

Camilla (not entirely pleased). I'd no idea that Mr. ALABASTER— You have shown it to him then?

Bowater. I wanted to see how it would impress him. These young fellows fresh from the University, you know, ought to be good judges if they're not. He can tell you himself what he thinks of the book. I believe he knows more about it than I do myself—has it almost by heart.

Gerald (reluctantly). Well, if you ask me, I—I've never read anything at all like it.

Camilla. But have you discovered a new JANE AUSTEN, or CHARLOTTE BRONTE, or GEORGE ELIOT, then?

Bowater. Ah, there we come to comparisons. But she has a style and manner which are quite her own, eh, ALABASTER? You wouldn't say that she belonged to any particular school?

Gerald. No, I don't know that I should. (*To himself.*) Or been at any!

Camilla. Mayn't I be indulged with a peep at this wonderful book? Perhaps you have brought it for me to see? I remember



["LI CHUNG TANO is anxious to have a Model Farm organised and managed under Government."—Echo.]

PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED FARM, BY OUR CHINESE ARTIST.

you were carrying a mysterious-looking black bag this morning. Was it inside?

Bowater. Oh, I—I left the bag at Mr. ALABASTER'S on my way up. But that manuscript wasn't in it—that's at the office. (To himself.) So it is, at the post-office. (Aloud.) I—I'll send it over to you in a day or two, if I may. I'm sure you'll be delighted with it.

Camilla. I ought to be, if you think so highly of it. What is it called, by the way?

Bowater (to himself). I'm in for it now! (Aloud.) Why—er—*Stolen Sweets.* [KEZIA represses a slight start.]

Camilla (to herself). Dear Mr. BOWATER! How little I—but he mustn't know just yet! I wish KEZIA had more control over herself. (To KEZIA, in an undertone.) KEZIA, you haven't given Mr. BOWATER a fork. (Aloud, to BOWATER.) *Stolen Sweets?* Really. And what is the story?

Nora (to herself). He mustn't break down now, after getting on so well! That horrid KEZIA suspects something, I'm sure. She's quite capable of telling CAMILLA! (Aloud.) CAMILLA, wouldn't it be nicer to hear all about it by and by, in the garden?

Bowater. Yes, it's too long a story to tell here. I couldn't do it justice—could I, ALABASTER?

Gerald. No, I'm afraid you'd find it rather difficult.

Camilla (to herself). I can't wait, it's too tantalising. (Aloud.) Surely you could give me some idea of the plot?

Bowater. I should spoil it by a bare outline. It—it doesn't depend so much on plot as on treatment, brilliancy of style, marvellous character-drawing, and—and so forth.

Camilla (restraining her delight). I see. But—but there must be some scene that struck you as particularly brilliant?

Bowater. It—it's so extremely difficult to make a selection. But that scene, the one you and I were talking over just before lunch, ALABASTER—you know, where—er—Lord Helborough—

Camilla. Lord Helborough!?

Gerald (coming to the rescue). Helbourne, I think Mr. BOWATER said. The scene where he decoys the heroine into a deserted house, and swears he'll get her dismissed from her situation unless she signs a deed surrendering all her estates and title—?

Bowater (gratefully). As Countess of—of Chislehurst. That's the one I meant. Magnificent!

Nora (to herself). I distinctly saw that wretch KEZIA smirk. I'm afraid to look at CAMILLA.

Camilla (to herself). How nearly I—but fortunately he didn't notice. I daren't meet NORA'S eye; she must have seen what a fool I've been making of myself. (Aloud, with a somewhat forced laugh.) Dear me, but all that sounds rather melodramatic, doesn't it?

Bowater (to himself). Trying to make me run it down. So like a woman, that! but I'm not to be drawn. (Aloud.) Melodramatic? Well—er—perhaps—in the highest sense of the term. But the villain, Lord—, the title I mentioned, he's capital, done with such insight, such consummate knowledge of—ah—Society. And the heroine, a most charming and pathetic creation! But every page is the work of a woman—that is, if Mr. ALABASTER is right, and it is a woman—a woman of true and unmistakable genius. (To himself.) She's all that, I'm hanged if she isn't, whatever her book may be! And I know ALABASTER'S mistaken about it!

Camilla (to KEZIA). Put the claret-jug on the table and leave the room. (To BOWATER.) Then you expect the book to make a sensation, and have a great success?

Bowater (cautiously). Oh, as to that—well, there is so much uncertainty in these matters, as you know. But it deserves success. Of that I am quite certain. And the writer may rest assured that I shall do everything in my power to ensure it.

Camilla (to herself, watching KEZIA, who is still lingering about with the claret-jug). I don't want to speak sharply to KEZIA, but I shall have to, if she persists in staying in the room much longer. It is mere inquisitiveness! (Aloud.) Well, Mr. BOWATER, the author, whoever she may be, should be a proud and happy woman when she hears how highly such a judge as you are thinks of her work.

Kezia (suddenly depositing the claret-jug in the nearest arm-chair, and flinging her arms round the neck of the startled and horrified BOWATER). Oh, I am! I am!

[She sobs and laughs hysterically on his shoulder; the ladies sit speechless as the truth dawns upon them, and GERALD, after an heroic struggle to command his features, gives way and gurgles helplessly behind his napkin. Tableau.]



Lady (engaging Servant). "I OUGHT TO TELL YOU THAT WE ARE ALL STRICT TEETOTALERS HERE. I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T MIND THAT?"

Mary Jane. "OH, NO, MUM. I'VE BEEN IN A REFORMED DRUNKARD'S FAMILY BEFORE!"

WANTED, AN EDICT OF "NANTS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was horrified to read in a paper of absolute responsibility of the number of deaths which have occurred during one week of the present "drowning season," and I ask you to urge that the art of swimming should, in preference to pianos and pedestrianism, be taught in all Board Schools. It is, in my opinion, and no doubt in yours, criminal that boys and girls should not be instructed how to save their lives when accidentally thrown into water. Since the time when no boy was allowed to boat at Eton without "passing" in swimming, I believe that

not a lad has been drowned. What has been done at one school can be done the kingdom over. Let Parliament look to it, with your support, and accidents will cease.

Your obedient servant,
LONG STROKE.

Outside Messrs. Cook's Office.

Charles (reading placard). "Norway. Land of the Midnight Sun." What's that mean, 'ARRY?

'Arry. Oh! one of that bloomin' NANSSEN's expeditions to the North Pole! There's moonlight in those parts all day long, and wice wersay!

Edwin James Milliken.

BORN, SEPTEMBER 6, 1840.

DIED, AUGUST 26, 1897.

By his death, not entirely unexpected, seeing that, for weeks past, owing to protracted illness, he had been absent from our Council-Board, we of *Mr. Punch's* Staff have lost a staunch friend and an invaluable fellow-worker. An earnest student of Literature, he was gifted with a power of keen discrimination, a retentive and accurate memory, combined with the rare talent of most happily applying past "situations," whether in history or in fiction, to the illustration of contemporary instances. Though of strong political convictions, MILLIKEN was a true Liberal in the fullest sense of the word; always most anxious to thoroughly master both sides of every question, whether political or social, that might arise in the course of discussion, before expressing a decided opinion. MILLIKEN was a born poet; his wit and humour finding their natural expression in verse, both grave and gay. What THACKERAY did for "*Jeames*," MILLIKEN effected for "*Arry*." His Byronic "*Childe Chappie's Pilgrimage*," which, after achieving an exceptional popularity in *Punch*, subsequently, on being published separately, went through several editions, will always remain a characteristic specimen of the man and his work, at once satirical and sympathetic. Farewell! good Friend and Fellow-Labourer! *Requiescat.*

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

(As especially observed at the seaside.)

SOME folks spend their bottom dollar
Rushing o'er the Continong,
Toiling round against the collar,
Jostling with a madding throng.

Some co-operate in travel,
Educated as they go—
Dons and lecturers unravel
All the learned lore they know.

Others cultivate Nirvana
In a hammock or canoe
With the herb *nicotiana*
And a cup of fav'rite brew.

But of *dolce far niente*
To the most absurd degree
Devotees you'll see in plenty,
When you're "by the silver sea."

Here's a couple, honeymooning
Right in front of where we sit;
With their curious way of spooning,
Do they mind us? Not a bit!

Tell me, do the warm sea-breezes
Bear a germ that love inspires,
And with sheer *abandon* seizes
Lady-trippers and their squires?

Scotland for Ever!

Benjamin Barking Creek (thinking he is going to pull the mighty leg of the MAC-TAVISH). But you must allow that the national emblem of your country is the thistle.

The MacTavish. And for why? Because we grow it for ye Southrons to eat!

[Exit B. B. C.]



LUCK AT LAST!

Ceres (to British Farmer). "LET ME INTRODUCE MISS PROSPERITY."

Farmer. "LAW, MISS, YOU DO BE QUITE A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS! WELL, I'M HEARTILY GLAD TO SEE YE, AND I HOPE YE'VE COME TO STAY!!"

[“The rise in wheat values in this country during the past six weeks has been from 8s. to 8s. 6d. per quarter, and as the harvest in England has been unusually early, and better (with scarcely an exception) than the rest of the world, the farmers have benefited.”—*Daily Paper.*]





HIS "FIRST."

Brown (good Chap, but never fired a Gun in his life). "I SAY, YOU FELLOWS, I DON'T MIND CONFESSING THAT I AM A BIT NERVOUS, YOU KNOW. I HOPE NONE OF YOU WILL PEPPER ME!"

TO THE EMINENT DAILY PARAGRAPHIST.

I CANNOT let the season wane
 Without a tribute to your skill,
 Although my sides have ached with pain
 When taking every day your pill.
 It is a bolus silver-clad
 That's swallowed by the common herd;
 And e'en the "Labbyest" of Rad
 Will swallow anything absurd,
 Provided that the "par" contains
 An inuendo somewhat blue,
 No matter where the fiction stains
 (It's purity compared with you).
 And so I gladly drink your health
 With all the tribe of Cock and Bull.
 You brim the cup, you win your wealth,
 And from a drop make columns-full;
 But while your humour some folk suits,
 Let me remind you *there are boots!*

A Direct Insult.

The MacTavish (throwing down a trade circular). Here's a confounded Lowlander frae the Border spelling whuskey without an "e," and expects me to patronise his mixture of English gin and German potatoe speerits! To Heligoland wi' the loon!

[And the poor traveller afterwards got into trouble.

LONG AGO LEGENDS.
 YE MISTRESSE AND YE MAYDE.



THERE was a laydie who was both frugale and carefull. It is sayed of her that

she wolde make her mayde slyde downe ye banysteres toe save ye stayre carpettes; and she herselfe wolde tread on ye unfrequented partes; alsoe that she wolde turne ye pictures face toe ye walle when she expected not companie, soe that their coloures shuld not fayde, and such lyke. Allo though she maye not have been borne wythe a sylvere spoone in her mouthe, one was alle ways there when she toke her meales, ffor she was of refyned taste.

One morne she went intoe ye kitchen. "What," cryed she toe her mayde, "a wastynge your houres a syttyng all thys longe while overe your meale!"

"Nay, mystresse," replied ye mayde, "I have not wasted one momente, ffor I have been eatynge ye whole of ye tyme."

"And my sylvere spoone!" cryed ye laydie, takynge it uppe from ye table. "Have I not tolde you, wench, never toe use ye plate in ye kitchen?"

"Nay, mystresse," sayed ye mayde, "no parte of your sylvere spoone has passed my lippes, neithere have I stirred pot wyth it. I did but use it juste now for a shoe horne!"

Why ye mystresse did cloute her ye mayde did marvayll gretlie.

THE DIFFERENCE ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.—Half-readies and Whole-readies.



A REMINISCENCE OF A RECENT BANK HOLIDAY.

'Arry. "'OW MUCH AN-HOUR, GUV'NOR?" Horsekeeper. "E OHTENPENCE." 'Arry. "ALL RIGHT. I'LL HAVE A RIDE."
Horsekeeper. "WELL, YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE 'ARF A CROWN ON THE 'ORSE!"

"DOWN SOUTH."

It would be difficult to particularise the many varieties of clerical costume that may be seen on board the *Empress*, the *Monarch*, or on any one of the Bournemouth boats, when making their voyages, either half-way round the island, or all round it ("a circular tour"), or when facetiously touching it at points, giving it playful nudges on the coast, saying, as it were, "Here we are again!" and then going off full speed.

In respect of dress, the majority of the English clergy, *en vacance*, affect a sort of holiday compromise.

Sad-coloured trousers, and short coats made of black alpaca, do not stamp their wearers as belonging to any particular calling in life, while yet retaining for them a certain air of such mysterious respectability that the ordinarily unobservant traveller, unless he catches a glimpse of the distinctively clerically-cut waistcoat, and the white band which does economical duty for a tie and a shirt-collar, would not feel himself justified, supposing him to be of a sporting turn, in laying odds on the wearer's profession. The soft black felt wide-awake indeed might be taken as peculiarly characteristic, if "clericals" invariably stuck to it. But they don't; and as tweed caps, black silk caps, hats of black straw, hats of dark brown straw, and hats of mixed black-and-white straw, are equally in fashion, it is only by the collar and the vest that their wearers can with any degree of certainty be identified with his reverend order.

Numbers of thoroughly-prepared tourists there are too on board, sitting stiffly on their chairs (the first and chief object of every traveller on these boats is to secure a chair and the best position for it), resolutely shutting their eyes, metaphorically speaking, to the fact that they are on board a vessel, as they try to lull themselves into fancied security against *mal-de-mer* by keeping their heads rigidly bent over their newspapers or books, making brave attempts to ignore the sea, and practising on themselves a further deception by making believe that they are quite at home and reading the morning paper in their own comfortable easy chairs. While nervously alert to the slightest sound, and painfully conscious of the least oscillation, they vainly delude

themselves with the idea that they are deaf to all noises, and to any "disturbing causes"; yet they durst not budge an inch from their moorings; and how inconsiderate and even cruel do they not think the conduct of the first mate, who disturbs their temporary serenity by requesting them to go through the prosaic and really, as it seems to them, quite unnecessary formality of answering his polite but not totally disinterested inquiries as to their destination, inquiries which he follows up with an uncompromising demand for immediate payment in exchange for a ticket.

The official's demands having been complied with, the seated travellers are left to settle down again as comfortably as possible, when they are once more politely disturbed (the routine is carried out with the utmost courtesy) by the sailor who has come to receive a penny for the chair, in exchange for which he hands a numbered ticket. They are now the happy possessors of a ticket for the pier, a ticket for the boat, and a ticket for the chair, and these they stow away in secret pockets, causing themselves, subsequently, much agitation and anxiety through being unable, at the critical moment of collection, to remember where on earth they had hidden them away, and irritating a considerable number of their fellow-passengers who have got their tickets all ready and waiting, and who audibly express their disgust at "the stupidity of persons who *can't* have their tickets in their hands, and who selfishly obstruct others from getting off the boat."

There are some children, the inevitable baby who can't be left at home, or else "mother couldn't have come," the comic men, a few (very few) 'Arrys, and just a sprinkling of 'Arriets, nautically-attired men with glasses, trying to look as if they had just come off their yachts; bicyclists of course, their bicycles, regarded with considerable disfavour by the officials, being stowed away somewhere or other; demure girls, laughing girls, flirting girls, fathers and mothers in full consciousness of "standing treat," but all in excellent temper, ready to give and take, and thoroughly determined to enjoy their outing, come what may.

If the weather only "keeps fine," if the sun shines, if the sea and the waters of the Solent are only calm, then how nautical they all become! Not a soul on board but is every inch a sailor!



THE EVOLUTION OF FELIX FAURE-TUNATUS THE FIRST.

They point out to one another which is the Prince of WALES's yacht, which is the German Emperor's,—all wrong of course,—while some well-informed person, knowing rather less about it than anybody else on board, confidently corrects everybody, until the captain, casually overhearing him, sets him right on every point, and so, quietly, but effectually, sits on him; whereupon the nautical impostor disappears, and is neither seen nor heard any more; and the captain, having delivered himself oracularly, and said as much as he was going to say on the subject, remains perched up aloft, subsiding into the quiet perusal of a newspaper, occasionally raising his eyes to sight his glasses, or to address some remark to the man at the wheel, with whom only the captain has the privilege of holding a conversation.

So we go on, round the island, seeing the yachts; then, on another occasion, to Portland to inspect the battleships, and humming "*Rule Britannia*" as we glide swiftly along, looking at the vessels of every nation.

Doing this from day to day, the landsman becomes emboldened, and, in an expansive moment, says to his companions twain, "Why should we not go to Southampton and take a cruise to the Channel Islands?" For response they sing, "We will! We will!"

So now for the "Daylight Trip," on board *The Saucy "Stella,"* *The Flying "Frederica,"* or, *The Lively "Lydia!"* Away! The Rover is free—to go to Jersey! Away!

"ON THE TRAIL OF A GHOST."

(By Our Up-to-date Spectre-beholder.)

I WAS really quite pleased with my spectral visitor. As I sat in my study at work she was most careful not to interrupt me. She never opened or closed a door, but glided through the walls without creating the least disturbance.

"I would feel grateful for a chat," said I, one evening, after my work was done, "if you have no better engagement. But if you have, pray do not let me clash with your arrangements."

The spectre, which was on the point of vanishing through a book-case, most graciously returned to an arm-chair, and, so to speak, over-shadowed it.

"Are you able to speak?" I asked. And my visitor moved her head in the negative. "Can you hear?" She nodded in the affirmative.

"What do you think of the situation?"

I am not a proficient in gesticulation, but as far as I could understand her signs, she seemed to hold strong views on the subject of education. From what I could gather she appeared to be in favour of endowing voluntary schools, and was not adverse to the reduction of the grant to State-assisted institutions. She also seemed to consider that the British occupation of Egypt was perfectly defensible.

"And I presume you believe in apparitions?" I murmured, smilingly. "Your presence here is a proof of that faith."

Well, no, she did not. Her wonderfully explanatory byplay suggested the reverse. I gathered, from her attitudes, that she thought that the subject was open to the introduction of fraud. Not only this, the imagination might play tricks and cause one to fancy real what was unquestionably imaginary.

"Have you, yourself, been seen before?" I asked, with some interest. In a moment she had told me by her pantomime that she had appeared to an army doctor, a professor of history, and a well-known chemist. She sketched, with much brilliancy, the characteristics of each. The medico was fond of professional jokes, the man of science of good food, and the chemist of artificial flowers. By this time the night was growing late, and I felt that it would be well if I returned to my books. My visitor immediately took the hint and began to disappear through the tapestry.

"Good evening, I hope I shall see you shortly." She drew herself up to her full height, and certainly was imposing. Then she smiled sadly, and vanished.

I have nothing more to write, beyond expressing my mature opinion that I am quite sure that my visitor was no less a person than Queen ELIZABETH.

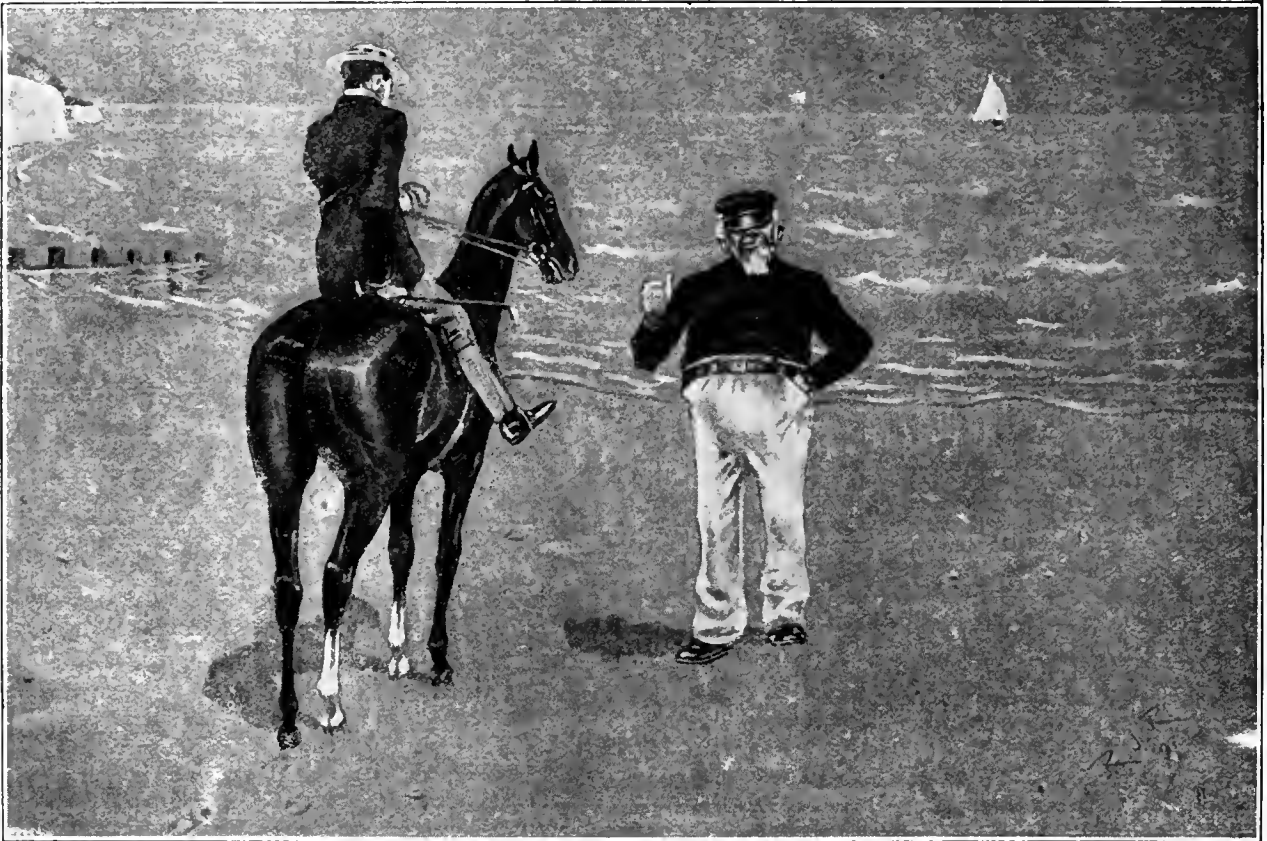
To Bombastes.

"MAXIMS of civilisation?" That's your fun.

Your only maxim is—a Maxim gun.

And "civilising," in your cynic mirth,

Means—sweeping "niggers" off the face of the earth.



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

Ancient Mariner (indicating the Ocean). "IF THAT THERE WAS ALL BEER, GUV'NOR, THERE WOULDN'T BE NO 'IGH TIDES!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A jealous person of the male persuasion, having heard from his lady-love of the attentions of an artist in Italy, writes a metrical letter never despatched.)

How little you know of the state of affairs
 When you write in that absolute way.
 My life is a desert of horrible cares,
 Whereon sunshine can never more play.
 The one small oasis I hoped was my own
 I have lost with the change of your heart,
 And now I am friendless, forsaken, alone,
 Yet too gentle to say "We must part!"

Yet you know it and knew it when penning those lines
 (Did your mother assist in the text?),
 You say that you wrote them 'mid scent-bearing pines,
 By a lake that no storm ever vexed,
 While the peeps of blue sky were like windows above
 O'er the branches that swayed in the breeze,
 While the birds sang of happiness, dreamland and love,
 As they flitted about in the trees!

Your picture was worthy to show on the walls
 Of the New or at Burlington House,
 To be labelled, "*The Springtide that Autumn recalls,*"
 Or, "*Another Chance yet for the Mouse!*"
 It would probably sell if your dear artist friend
 Would embellish the work with your face,
 Some beauty to paint you he'd possibly lend,
 And if he can draw, well, some grace!

But the picture for me is the one that I framed
 In the glow of a yesterday's gold,
 It is fresh as it was when the subject, unnamed,
 Was quite young, though to-day it is old!
 When I called you the Mouse and you styled me the Cat,
 Because I had caught you at last,
 Through one long afternoon you said "This" and I "That,"
 And your "This" rhymed to "Kiss" in the past.

But now since you cozen to spots and *that* man,
 Who is MILLAIS and LEIGHTON combined,
 I will hie to Beersheba or even to Dan,
 So long as our love's left behind.
 So long as I never— Good Heavens! what's this
 You write in "P.S." over-page?
 "You *must* not be angry, or take things amiss,
 He is eighty—and old for his age!"

KEW-RIOS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is to be hoped that a recent decision of the Richmond magistrates will not convert the lovely domain known as Kew Gardens into a general picnic-place. The wise-acres in question have declared that hand-bags might be taken into the pleasure, an importation hitherto forbidden. Perhaps the worthy dispensers of local law have never seen Kew Green after a Bank Holiday celebration. I did once, on the sly, after dark. Kew Gardens, under similar license, would simply be ruined for ever, and paper and ginger-beer bottles be as common as flowers. My friend the Pelican, who shares the islet on the pond with me, declares that he would rather retire into the wilderness were hand-bags permitted, but then, like myself, he does not live on bread-crusts, like the ducks. But, chatting together last night, after a copious fish dinner, we came to the conclusion that the Public, who pay for the maintenance of the Gardens, ought certainly to be admitted to their property before mid-day, despite the opposition of Mr. THISELTON-DYER, his personal friends with free admission, and his staff of German Generals in disguise. The excuse made about interference with students is a yarn, which I should like to relate to the Marines, whom, in my childhood, I occasionally flitted across in the Solent. To sum it up briefly, the programme of both the Pelican and myself is, "No hand-bags, earlier hours, and whitebait three times a week."

Your obedient servant,
Kew Gardens Hotel.

PHINEAS THE CORMORANT.

P.S.—We see your paper by means of an arrangement with the Mandarin ducks, who take it in, but are unable to read it.



AGRICULTURAL ELEVATION.

Farmer. "WELL, NO, THEY MAYN'T BE EXACTLY OBJECTS O' BEAUTY, AS YOU SAYS, SIR; BUT THEY DO 'ELP TEE 'ARVEST WONDERFUL!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

A MATCH OF CRICKET.

DEAR MISTER,—For to avoid the great heat and for to respire the air of the sea, I have quitted London there is three weeks, and I am gone to Eastbourn. If I have respired the air of the sea! *Mon Dieu!* Since all that time he has made a time of the most stormys; without cease some wind, some rain, some tempests. Impossible of to make excursions in sea, one would not be *en mer* but *dans la mer!* Impossible of to repose himself tranquilly on the *plage* at the middle of a hurricane; impossible even of to stroll on the promenade! Two times I have essayed of to carry a new hat of straw. Each time he is parted all to the far, *tout au loin*, at the beyond of Pevensy probably. The umbrellas are absolutely unuseful. All days he must to walk himself in mackintosh and in casket of voyage. Even one desires to carry a "south-western" hat, as the marines.

By a such time, what to do? One speaks to me in the hotel of excursions in train to Hastings and to Brighton. But is it that he makes fine there down? At Brighton—ah no, by example! I recall to myself the tempests at Brighton there is nine months. And however. One speaks to me of the games, that which you call a "match of cricket" or a "cricket-game," which have place at Brighton. He appears that these games are the most remarkable in the department of the Sussexshire, and that one there sees to play the famous Indian, who calls himself—*sapristi*, *quel nom!* How to write him? Try we. RANHJTSJSHJHTJHTIJS, or something as that. Eh well, I have never seen a great cricket-game. Impossible of to find a hurricane more violent at Brighton, evidently one can to refuge himself in a tribune, at the least it is something to do. I go there.

Thus I part the thirty and one of the past month, provided of a mackintosh and carrying on the head an impermeable casket.

After some time I arrive to Brighton. *Tiens!* He makes fine. I mount in "fly," I say to the coacher, "Go to the cricket-game," we file enough quick, and we arrive. As soon as entered I encounter a little boy who sells some programmes. I buy of them one for better to comprehend the game, and then, seeing a tribune at the shelter of the wind, I pay one shilling and I sit myself therein.

Before me extends herself a verdant prairie. All around there is some tribunes, some benches, and a great assistance. That has almost the air of an arena, and I think to the *plaza de toros* at Madrid, where I have seen one time the courses of hulls. The national sports, english and spanish. But what difference! Not of lacerated horses, not of tortured bulls, not of blood-stained sand! Ah no! A simple prairie of beautiful "*gazon anglais*," and at the middle some peaceful men, dressed of white, who amuse themselves to pursue a little ball. A ball, not a bull. *C'est charmant!*

Naturally I have often heard to speak of the cricket, but I have never studied the game. In effect I know not of him even the origin. But seen that the hindoo princes play him, I suppose that he comes from the Oriental Indias. I am sure of it when I perceive among the players at Brighton two men in long white robes. They have absolutely the air of to be Hindoos, a little pale at cause of the bad english climate, excepted that each one carries on the head a melon hat—*chapeau melon*—at place of a turban. Evidently also at cause of the bad climate, for to protect themselves from the rain. See there then the famous Prince and one of his compatriots. I believed him all young, but I am deceived myself. Naturally I desire to comprehend that which they do. *Tiens, le programme!* I regard him. I read "Sussex County Cricket Ground. Sussex v. Surrey." That, that is easy to understand. But that which follows—thousand thunders! It is a veritable cryptogram in cipher language, as the little announcements in the french journals. "b. l-b. w. n-b. Total." *Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire? Et encore,* "lbw h Jephson" and "st Butt b Hartley." It is incredible that it may be some names. But yes! The Hindoos, for sure! BLAWNSTOTAL, LBWBJEPHSON, STRUTTBHARTLEY. It are the others, the compatriots of RANHJTSJSHJHTJHTIJS. Perfectly.

Then I commence to study the game. What is that which they do? I perceive that the two Hindoos rest planted there, while that one of the players in the european costume throws a ball, which another hits of a species of little oar, or of long trowel in wood. Evidently the ball should to hit a Hindoo. That comprehends himself. But the player with the little oar succeeds never. Each time that the ball goes herself away, that one there runs violently towards one of the Hindoos, brandishing his oar, but another player encounters him, and he retires himself. In same time other players run very quick, they entrap the ball, and they throw her against a Hindoo. But he holds himself there, immovable, tranquil, calm,—the imperturbable Oriental. Then all the players change of position, and they attack the other Hindoo. But they hit him never. Then I comprehend that they do this express, *express*. They wish not to hit him. It is the english generosity towards a conquered nation. *C'est admirable!*

Still one thing which I have remarked. The player who carries the oar puts himself before three little sticks, upright on the turf. One or two times he who throws the ball is suchly maladroit that he makes to fall two of the sticks. All the world cries, and the oarsman is suchly angry that he plays not more, but retires himself. It is droll that the players have not something of more solid for to mark the position of the oarsman. But these sticks are evidently of oriental origin, for it is one of the Hindoos who gathers them, *les ramasse*—ah no, picks up them. Probably since the epoch of the Aryans the Hindoos have picked up some similar sticks. Ah, the eternal patience of the imperturbable Oriental!

I am very content of to have seen a game so interesting, of which I have could to seize the most remarkable features. I go to see again one game some part, *quelque part*, and then I shall write a study on "The Cricket" for a french review.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

Had Him There (?)

Young America (to Young England, on board of a Transatlantic Liner). You see, our great WASHINGTON was the one man on earth who never told a lie.

Young England. Then how was it he swore allegiance to King GEORGE and served against the French?

Young America (calmly). I didn't say he never swore. I said he never lied!



FASHION À LA SHAKSPEARE.

"I HAVE A SUIT WHEREIN I MEAN TO TOUCH YOUR LOVE INDEED."—*Othello*, Act III., Scene 3.

A PROTEST.

SIR,—I read that a Sixth International Congress has been called together for the purpose of considering "The Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors." Admirable! Why should alcoholic liquors, or any other liquors, be abused? I trust this Congress will unanimously pronounce its opinion of the unchivalric—it's a difficult word, and on occasion, after dinner, for example, it takes me some time to pronounce, though I can write it with ease and elegance—Where was I?—Oh! yes—the unchivalric conduct of those who abuse good liquors that never yet did harm to any man. Brandy saves life; sustains life. Why abuse it? Doesn't whiskey benefit the gouty man? And as for all other liqueurs or liquors—but this reminds me, I have not yet tried "all other liqueurs and liquors." So, to be fair, *I will do so*. And when I can speak from knowledge I will write again. Till then, your very good health.

MARQUIS DE TROIS-ETOILES.
Château Vieux-Cognac.

DARBY JONES ON THE ST. LEGER.

HONOURED SIR,—I have never been able to comprehend why the race for the St. Leger should be styled a Classic Event. It seems to me, nowadays at least, to have few of those attributes with which your Superior Mental Genius would associate Bucephalus and Atalanta. In my humble and altogether unpretending opinion, this once noble contest (so called after Colonel ST. LEGER, who was not of kin to the Anglo-Irish celebrities with the same name, of whom Viscount DONERAILE is now chief) is only "bucked up," in vulgar parlance, by the elegant articles of that famous writer and estimable gentleman, the Hon. FRANK LAWLEY, supported by the storming of the Butterscotch Metropolis by hordes of irresponsible pitmen, who swarm from the Black Diamond Golcondas of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland.

Mr. LAWLEY is an Aristocratic Scribe, second to none. He has the Godolphin Arabian, Waxy, Eclipse, SAM CHIPNEY, and the glories of Yorkshire past and present at the tip of each of his digits. Quite rightly he appreciates Doncaster, as I do his good and genial work, belikening myself to a cook's mate admiring the tact of an Admiral of the Fleet. But of the diggers and delvers into the bowels of our globe I cannot conscientiously speak with such enthusiasm. Board schools have neither changed their language, nor elevated their tone. I am not, Sir, as you may well believe, knowing me as well as you do, a Count DE GRAMMONT, Beau BRUMMEL, or Lord CHESTERFIELD in my deportment, nor do I habitually quaff the rarest produce of Champagne and Burgundy, as is the custom of the good and great, but I cannot say that the Pitman is a Creature of Joy to me. His voice causes temporary deafness, his boots are so wide in structure and so heavy in expression that they possess the might of a steam hammer combined with the torture of the rack, while the tongue which he uses is possibly that in vogue among the natives of Behring's Straits, as described by that eminent traveller, Mr. HARRY DE WINDT. Frankly, Sir, I do not appreciate the Pitman at Doncaster. He may be adorned with all the virtues of the Zodiac, but he appeals



She. "AND WERE YOU SUCCESSFUL WITH YOUR FIRST CASE, DOCTOR?"
He. "Y-YE-ES. THE—ER—WIDOW PAID THE BILL!"

to my regard in no sort of way. He stamps on my corns without apology, he makes my ribs sore with his elbows, and like a Teutonic warrior, he treats Doncaster as a sort of Alsace-Lorraine. He has one redeeming point: he provides us with Winter Warmth.

I can, as I pen these lines, see your noble brow contract and your magnetic eyes flash with fire in the endeavour to discover whether an action for libel, *Pitmen v. Punch*, would lie in HER MAJESTY'S Law Courts. All I can say is—Try the game yourself and verify my assertion, instead of intrusting to Me a special mission as parlous as that of ANDREE to the North Pole. Far be it from me to deny that the Tykes and Tykesses do not also muster in their thousands of each and every degree. You will find at Doncaster many samples of the Nobility and Gentry, but as my esteemed friend, Count CRACKMOFF, of the Siberian Dragoons, observed

to me only last night, "The stranger is done at Doncaster." The jest is only too apparent if pronounced in phonetic and foreign fashion.

Wafting any further complaints from my brain, I proceed to business. My muse, unrefreshed by those partridges and prawns at which you recently hinted when packing your portmanteau for Southern climes, sings to a bygone popular strain:—

Said the Old Obadiah to the Young Obadiah,
"What will win, Obadiah, what will win?"
Said the Young Obadiah to the Old Obadiah,
"Tis the Irishman, pounds to a pin!
If you want an outsider, the Yankee should be
Among those who are placed by the Judge, one,
two, three,
And the Primrose may do what we'd all like to see."
Said the Old Obadiah, "You are right."

Such, honoured Sir, in deathless verse, is the dictum of
Your old and stalwart henchman and defender to the death,
DARBY JONES.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XIV.

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART V.

SCENE—*The Dining-room. KEZIA has just released the unhappy BOWATER from her embraces. All have risen from table.*

Camilla (to herself). A literary rival in my own parlour-maid! I wonder what one is expected to do. I really don't know.

Gerald (to himself). BOWATER's let himself in for a nice thing! His expression when he was being hugged! (He all but explodes again at the recollection.) I believe NORA must have known it all the time! Hang it, it's too bad of her!

Nora (to herself). How very, very unfortunate! But I couldn't possibly know. It was all GERALD's fault!

Bowater (to himself, savagely). What the deuce am I to say to this detestable girl? It's a deliberate plot—that's what it is, and ALABASTER or—*or somebody shall answer to me for it!*

Kezia (to the company generally). I'm very sorry if I've taken a liberty, but my feelings got the better of me for the moment. To hear my own book so highly complimented—it was really too much for me!

Camilla (with a somewhat laboured graciousness). I am sure Mr. BOWATER will excuse your excitement, KEZIA. Genius is such a rare and precious gift, and his recognition of yours was so thorough, and so obviously without the slightest suspicion of being intended for your ears—(BOWATER suppresses a groan)—that it was only natural you should be overcome.

Kezia. I always felt I had it in me to be a genius, as I've told Cook many a time, though, being herself illiterate, she treated me with low derision. And I had to write *Stolen Sweets* in fits and

snatches in the pantry or my own room, on the washstand, where her blighting influence couldn't reach. As to the title, Miss LYDE, you may think I horrowed it from that story of your friend's—but it would be erroneous. I thought of it quite independently, and why should I change it just because there happened to be another—?

Bowater. A story by a friend of Miss LYDE's? What story was that?

Kezia. Well, Sir, this is how it was. Miss LYDE came to me one day—

Camilla (hastily). All that is of no interest to Mr. BOWATER, KEZIA. It is your *Stolen Sweets* that he has expressed such warm admiration for.

Bowater (feebly). Yes; but perhaps— It just occurs to me. There may be some—some unfortunate confusion between the two.

Camilla. Hardly, as it is clearly KEZIA's that contains the scenes between the Viscount and the Countess of Chislehurst, which you quoted as particularly striking. But I should like to ask her privately about the other manuscript, if you will excuse me, Mr. BOWATER. Will you come into my study, KEZIA, and tell me exactly what was done with it?

[She leads the way; KEZIA follows unwillingly.]

Bowater (with suppressed rage). Well, ALABASTER, you have made me the victim of a very successful practical joke. I sha'n't forget it.

Gerald. If there's any practical joke, it isn't mine. I told you from the first that *Stolen Sweets* was rot—but of course you didn't think my opinion worth anything! You insisted on my following your lead and cracking it up at lunch, and I did. And this is all the thanks I get for it!

Bowater. You distinctly told me that *Stolen Sweets* was written by Miss LYDE.

Gerald. I—I was given to understand so.

Bowater. Your own common sense should have told you Miss LYDE couldn't have written such stuff.

Gerald. I'd never read anything of hers. How was I to tell it wasn't her usual style? I was taken in myself.

Bowater. Then am I to understand that Miss VYVIAN has been amusing herself at our expense?

Nora. As if I should play such a trick as that! My Aunt told me in confidence that she had sent you a story anonymously, but when I heard from GERALD that he had advised you to decline a novel of the very same title, and with the same initials and address and everything, why, I couldn't help saying something—and then he got it all out of me. If he hadn't talked, it wouldn't have happened!

Bowater. Yes, Sir, you had no business to mention particulars which you had learnt in a confidential capacity when reading for me. It was a gross breach of trust.

Gerald (angrily). There was nothing secret about them! At least, you never told me so. But that's enough for me. I'm not going to stay here to be told I've been betraying your trust—after doing everything I could to pull you through a mess that was mostly your own making!

[He stalks out of the room, and leaves the house.]

Nora. Dear Mr. BOWATER, don't look like that. I'll do anything I can.

Bowater. Don't you think, Miss VYVIAN, that you've done rather too much as it is?

Nora. But I'd better go over to Fitcham and get KEZIA's novel for you, hadn't I? It would be quite as awkward if she found out you had declined it—now. And after all, it will be all right so long as you publish it.

Bowater. "All right!" I must publish it, I know that—I can't get out of it. But have you any idea what it will mean to me? I shall stultify all my past career, undo at a blow the reputation I have built up as a publisher of some taste and discrimination. Worse still, when your Aunt comes to know what wretched twaddle I have been praising to her as a work of true genius—Great Heavens, genius! What will she think of me? how can she ever respect me again? And I was in hopes that—some-day— There, that's over, but unless you want to drive me quite mad, don't tell me again that it will be "all right"!

[He buries his head in his hands.]

Nora (to herself, as she leaves the room). Poor dear Mr. BOWATER, I can't bear to see him so miserable. I wonder, if I told CAMILLA—!

IN THE STUDY.

Camilla (to KEZIA). But tell me what put it into your head to send your book to Mr. BOWATER?

Kezia. Why, to tell you the truth, Miss LYDE, it was your dictating that letter. Before that, I didn't know who to send my story to, or the proper way to write to a publisher, or any-

thing. And the letter mentioning *Stolen Sweets*, which happened to be my very own title, it struck me—why shouldn't I send my *Stolen Sweets*. And almost before I'd time to think, I'd done it.

Camilla. I see. But what about the *other Stolen Sweets*?

Kezia. Well, I thought it would create confusion, having two titles alike, so—I knew your friend wouldn't mind—I took the liberty of going over her manuscript, and scratching out the title wherever it was put.

Camilla. So you sent it without any title at all?

Kezia. I fully intended to, Miss LYDE, and did it up and addressed it and everything, and then, somehow, I couldn't make up my mind to send it, and put it away in a drawer in the kitchen dresser. And when I looked for it the other day, it wasn't there, and the Cook, whose Philistinish ways are a severe trial to live with, told me as calm as you please that she'd taken it for some of my scribbling, and put it on the fire. I was annoyed with her.

Camilla. And why didn't you come and tell me at once?

Kezia. Well, you see, Cook begged me not to—and I'm not the person to tell tales of a fellow-servant, however inferior.

Camilla. Particularly when your own conduct—*KEZIA*, I'm afraid you have behaved rather deceitfully. I begin to see why you were so obliging about going over to Fitcham, and why you did your best to prevent my going there this morning.

Kezia. Indeed, Miss LYDE, I never touched your bicycle. The valves will get unscrewed at times. And you'll excuse me, but your tone is not quite the thing from one literary lady to another. You seem to forget that I am no longer a mere drudge, but your equal—I might say, your superior, for, with the highest respect for your talents, Miss, which are very well in their way, nobody has ever referred to you that I know of as a 'Eavenborn Genius. And, after what those gentlemen said, you'll hardly deny that I'm one!

Camilla (good-humouredly). No, indeed, *KEZIA*, and believe me, I congratulate you most cordially on your success. I could certainly have wished— But there, I mustn't scold such a distinguished author, and after all, you have done no harm, though you might have. Now you can go. Of course I cannot expect you to continue your duties, but if you would kindly mention to *BESSIE* that we will have our coffee in the garden—

Kezia. Oh, Miss LYDE, I shall be very willing to bring out coffee—as a friend, and perhaps you will allow me a few minutes' interview later on with my publisher. I'm told that geniuses can command their own prices nowadays, and he'll find out I'm quite able to take care of myself.

Nora. *CAMILLA*, you'll hate me, I know, but I must tell you. *POOR MR. BOWATER* is nearly out of his mind, and I feel I ought to do something. (She makes a full confession.) Now do you understand?

Camilla (bitterly). I understand that I have been living in an atmosphere of bad faith and trickery and deception! (Rising.) The best thing you can do now is to go to Fitcham and see if you can recover that manuscript without making any more mischief.

Nora. *CAMILLA*, don't be beastly about it! Where are you going?

Camilla (at the door, grimly). I am going to have a little talk with *MR. BOWATER*. [She goes out.]

Nora (to herself). *POOR MR. BOWATER!* I'm afraid I haven't made things much better for him. I'll go and get my bicycle, but it will be a long time before I ever do anybody a good turn again, that's all!

FOR NEITHER DEFENCE NOR DEFIANCE.

(Prophetic Report of the Last Volunteer Muster.)

THE thousands of citizen soldiers stood at attention when the General in command of them (who had just completed his work at the Autumn Manœuvres) made his appearance, ready to harangue them. By the progress of science each volunteer could hear every word that was addressed to them. No speaking-trumpet was required, as a recent improvement in the telephone had practically annihilated space.

"My friends," began the warrior, "I wish I could call you my comrades. That I cannot is no fault of mine, but must be attributed to the decision of the Commission on National Defence. So, with all possible respect, I salute you once again as my friends—for are you not my countrymen?"

There was a murmur not altogether of approval, but the armed mass soon relapsed into expectant silence.

"I am aware that you have spent the better part of your lives in attaining your present commendable efficiency. And in doing this you have but followed the example of your fathers, who also



DANGER IN THE BALL-ROOM.

"WHAT A BEASTLY COLD YOU'VE GOT SAM! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"

"IT'S NOT A COLD, IT'S HAY FEVER. I GOT IT DANCING WITH THAT GRASS WIDOW THE OTHER NIGHT!"

imitated the action of their progenitors. It does you infinite credit that you should put in so good an appearance."

At this there was a feeble cheer. For a moment the Force looked lively, but resumed their air of despondency as their chief continued.

"To reach this level you have had to work hard. Nay, more, you have had to subscribe liberally from your pecuniary resources. For soldiering, either regular or amateur, costs considerably more than nothing. I think I may say that the price of the Volunteer Movement, from its inception to the present day, must be given in tens of millions."

At this declaration (which was uttered in a tone of proud satisfaction) there was distinct cheering. The armed host felt that they had received a compliment.

"And having said this, I have little more to utter. You are aware that we are on the point of being invaded. You also know (on excellent authority), that if 50,000, or, at most, 150,000 men of the enemy reach our shores in safety the downfall of the empire is a certainty. If you could be landed upon the hostile shore you might be of some slight value. But this is impossible. So as you are not wanted you may stand at ease—in fact stand easy."

Relieved by this command from the statuesque front the Volunteers had hitherto assumed, the body became more sociable. They conversed amongst themselves, and came to a decision. They appointed one of their number to address the inspecting officer.

"Sir," began the delogate, "you tell us we are proficient. You say that we have cost millions?"

"You have," was the prompt reply. "Had the money spent upon your development been expended in the reduction of the empire's financial burden there would have been a considerable reduction in the National Debt."

"And yet, if I am not mistaken, you hinted that we were quite useless."

"Certainly—absolutely valueless."

"Then what shall we do?" And as this question was put the gallant warriors again became silent.

"Well, my friends," returned the General, after a few moments of consideration, "I really think you had better disband as a preliminary to bidding one another good-bye, and going home to tea."

There was a sigh, a cheer, and a rush. In a moment the citizen soldiers scattered North, South, East, and West. And thus ended the story of the Volunteer Movement. It ended—and for ever.



Village Dame (to eminent Landscape-painter). 'LAW, SIR I DO OFTEN WONDER HOW YOU CAN 'AVE THE PATIENCE TO BIDE HERE DAY AFTER DAY, DRARIN' AN' DRARIN'! BUT, THERE, ONE THING, YOU 'AVES PLENTY O' COMPANY!'

THE CELESTIAL BAGMAN.

[In *Truth* Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., says, "A corps of clever commercial travellers in one province of China would be of more advantage to us in the struggle for the world's markets, than a dozen new ironclads or millions on millions of naked, lazy negroes brought under our sway in Africa."]

THE British Bagman's trip of yore
Was in his native land;
He ne'er was bade his stock to store
With goods for foreign strand.
But now he permeates the earth,
And with each British sample,
Confronts the foe with British worth,
And challenges example!
Far-seeing LABBY, who'd defy
E'en Zeus himself with lightning,
A wider prospect can descry,
The Bagman's prospects bright'ning.
He seeks—no doubt he'll pay the cost—
A corps of "Coms." all "clever,"
To travel where they grovel most
In poverty for ever.
There was a certain journalist,
Who read of Chinese millions,
And he, in Labbyistic mist,
Resolved to pile up billions.
So his paper printed then
In choice Celestial tongue,
With articles to please CHEY-EN,
Or tinkle LI-FOO-CHUNG.
But when it came to sell to the same,
He never found a buyer;
The Chinese likes the selling game—
At purchasing he's shiver.
And so this editor who thought
He'd be a millionairion,

His lesson very dearly bought,
An out and out barbarian.
Then, gentle LABBY, let us leave
Your Chinese scheme to you, Sir.
You would not wilfully deceive,
For you are always true, Sir!
But if the Bagman wants to deal
In something somewhat bigger,
For ironclads let him sell steel,
And trousers for the Nigger!

HOMING.—His Grace of BEAUFORT recently wrote an interesting letter to the *Times* concerning the "Homing Instincts" in animals. In the *Paterfamilias* genus this instinct in early September becomes very strong, especially on referring to his bank-book. Then the Return-Homing Instinct asserts itself. And the journey back again is, *Paterfamilias* thinks, the best return he can have for his money.

Amid the Sussex Turnips.

Tenant of Shooting (affably, to surly keeper). How do the coveys run this year?
Surly Keeper. Run! D'ye think ye're going to deal wi' a bloomin' lot of French red-legs?

PROPOSITION.—Last week, Mr. JOHN MORLEY went to Butterstone. The name of the place is not indicative of its being in an atmosphere sympathetic with this eminent politician. Perhaps it may be renamed "Butter-Gladstone" in memory of the Philosphic JOHNNIE's visit.

THE SLOW TRAIN.

ON Southern lines the trains which crawl
Deliberately to and fro
Make life a burden; of them all
This is the slowest of the slow.
Impatiently condemned to bear
What is indeed an awful bore,
I've seemed to be imprisoned there
Three days, or more.

The angry passengers complain;
Of new electric cabs they talk.
They sit and swear at such a train,
And ask, "Shall we get out and walk?"
It's true the time seems extra long
When spent in such a wretched way,
My calculation may be wrong—
Three hours, say.

The other day I had to come
By this slow train, but facing me
Was no old buffer, dull and dumb;
I chatted with my *vis-à-vis*.
A pretty smile, a pretty dress,
Gay spirits no fatigue could crush;
With her it was a quick express,
Three minutes' rush.

For once I sadly left the train,
For once the time too quickly passed.
I still could angrily complain,
Why travel so absurdly fast?
At lightning speed that special went
(I'd paid the ordinary fare),
Now looking back it seems we spent
Three seconds there.

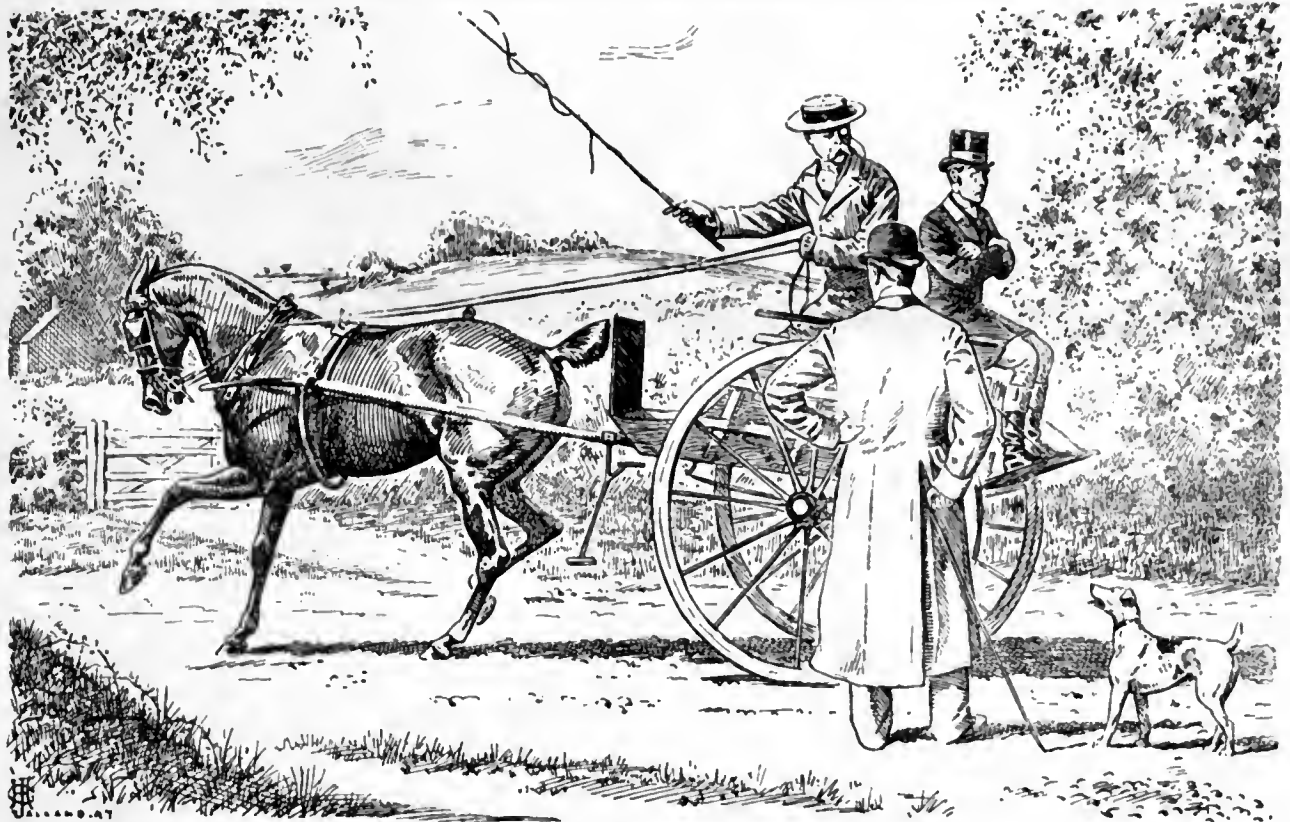
KLONDIKE SURPASSED.—Our English goldfields. Our fields at harvest time, "ripe with golden grain."



POOR RELATIONS.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE (*together*). "BON JOUR, M'SIEU LE PRESIDENT. YOU HAVE SURELY BROUGHT BACK SOMETHING FOR US FROM RUSSIA?"

M. FAURE. "WELL—H'M—I'M AFRAID—ER— (*Aside.*) VERY AWKWARD THESE TROUBLESOME PEOPLE TURNING UP—AND AT SUCH A MOMENT, TOO!!"



A SHOCKING SHOCK.

Fitzjones (who has lately started a turn-out, to *Friend*). "THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S THE SORT! PICKED HER UP A BARGAIN AT TATT'S!"
Friend. "AH, NICE LITTLE MARR! PITY SHE HAS THAT NASTY TRIK OF BOLTING."
Fitzjones. "ROT, MAN! WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HER!" *Friend*. "WELL, YOU SEE, I SENT HER UP LAST WEEK!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A worn Lyrist meets Three Fair Cousins at a picnic, and marvels that they be so free from care, and is refreshed thereby.

My dear little cousins, in number just three,
 Like the goddesses known to the past,
 I'm not Paris to give with a hand all too free,
 An apple for discord to last.
 Diana, or Venus, or Juno you play
 One and all with delectable grace,
 You are sweet with the sempitern promise of May,
 That no Winter can ever deface.

My dear little cousins, I'd fain let you know
 (Here my cousinship breaks into praise)
 That I love your dislike of the Up-to-date Show
 That is seen in these Down-to-date days!
 You've discovered the secret of living one's life,
 You can laugh with the best in your mirth,
 And the tears that you shed are not gendered by strife,
 For you envy no being on earth!

My dear little cousins, 'twas simply delight
 That made our encounter so gay,
 For when Venus was ready with repartee bright
 Where was I in my feeble essay?
 To parry her thrust I had never a foil
 (All her quips were like lines from a play),
 Then Diana would, huntress-like, mark me for spoil,
 And then Juno would bring me to bay.

My dear little cousins, 'mid bracken and grass,
 How I longed to be young once again,
 Not with mind of a cynic and hide of an ass,
 That is callous of Fortune and pain!
 But with just the same heaven-sent spirit of joy
 That is fearless, frank, yet debonaire.
 This you showed! and indeed I was once more a boy,
 Not a pilgrim 'mid deserts of care!

My dear little cousins, to you much I owe;
 You unwittingly roused a worn sense
 Of the thrill of the music of long, long ago,
 When I knew in my soul but one tense—
 The Present. I construed it longtime and oft,
 Now the Past in the grammar of life.
 My dear little cousins, you made my heart soft,
 And I felt that I— Goodbye! My wife!

At Bonnie Blinkie Castle.

Mr. Lysander B. Chunks, of Chicago (who has rented the property of the Duke of B. B.). I see this mansion described in the guide-books as "palatial." Why, it isn't in it with the Mastodon Hotel, Milwaukee!

English Guest. Then why didn't you hire the hotel?

In a Somersetshire Inn.

Mr. Fitz-Archibald Smith (of London, to the Landlord). Is there a hair-dresser in the village? I want to be shampooed and shaved.

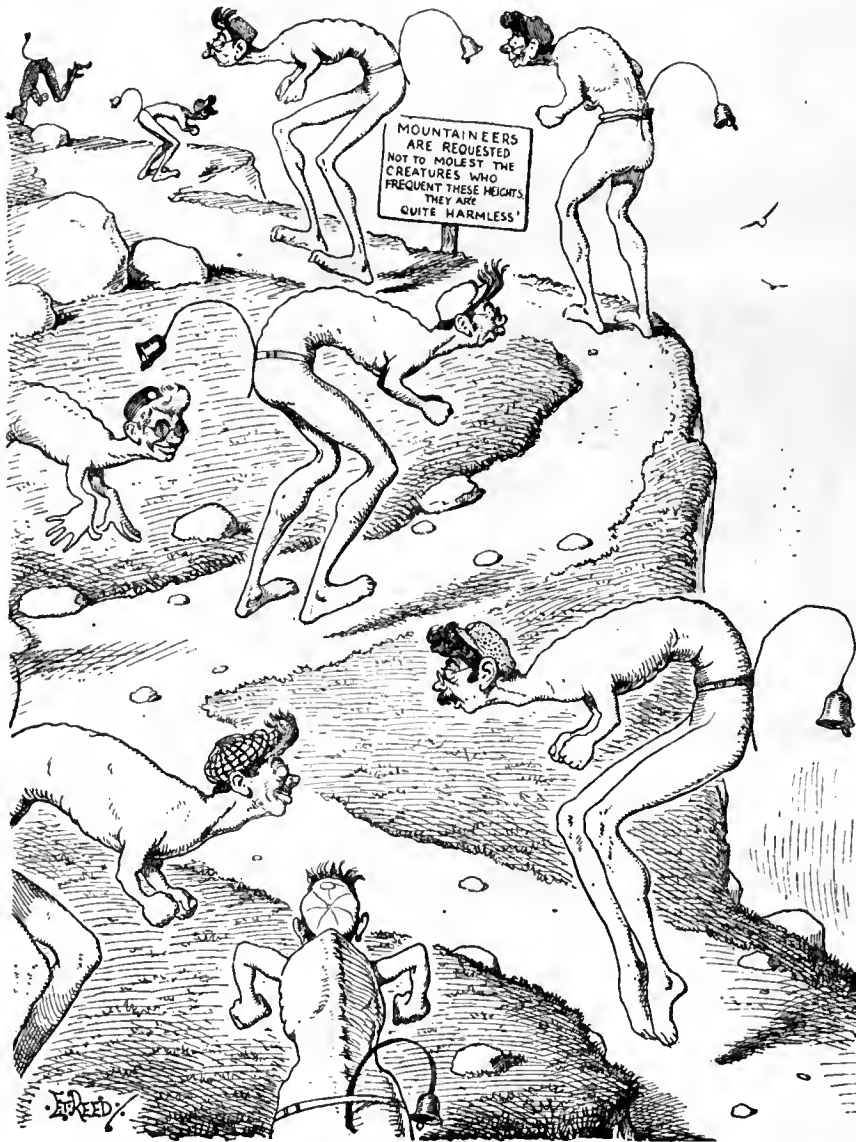
Landlord. Well, Zur, I doant know much about the shampooing, but our ostler's a used to clipping horses. Would 'e like to try him?

At the White Hart, Windsor.

Little Snopkins (who has hired a boat for the day, to Coffee-room Official). Waiter, ow's the tide?

Coffee-room Official (with cutting irony). This isn't 'Ammer-smith, Sir! [And even then SNOPKINS didn't understand the rebuke.]

FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (difficult, apparently, to snare).
 —Q. Why are haters of cats to be avoided? A. Because they are most un-feline.



AWFUL FATE OF THE CYCLIST SCORCHER!

(About A.D. 1950.)

DRIVEN AT LAST BY A LONG-SUFFERING PUBLIC FROM ALL THE HAUNTS OF MEN, HIS LIMBS ADAPTED TO ONE MEANS OF LOCOMOTION ONLY, HE IS COMPELLED TO HOP ABOUT AS BEST HE CAN IN INACCESSIBLE MOUNTAIN RETREATS!

"FALSE MODESTY."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having read with interest the discussion under the above heading in the columns of a daily contemporary, I feel bound to submit to you what seems to be a common-sense view of the subject. Briefly, it is that no one should be allowed to indulge in sea-bathing, either at Broadstairs or elsewhere, except in full morning-dress, with chimney-pot and umbrella in the case of men, and matinee hat and sunshade for ladies. The reason for this is obvious. If people want to wash, they can best do so in the privacy of their own dressing-rooms. But the occasions when it is necessary for them to swim are when they fall overboard, or when the ice gives way, or at other times when they have all their

clothes on. Consequently, that eye-sore of British watering-places, the bathing-machine, should be promptly abolished, and no more paddling and bobbing allowed. Persons desirous of practising natation, having, of course, previously learnt on dry land, ought either to be pushed off a pier-head without warning, or sent out to sea in a boat with the cork removed from the keel. They will then be far too busy saving their own and other people's lives (or escaping their clutches) to bother about False Modesty. Trusting that this suggestion will have due effect,

I remain, Sir, Yours rationally,
Z. Y. X.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was at large the other day, and thought I would look in at the Royal Aquarium to see if I could pick up any ideas on the burning question of

bathing-costume and False Modesty. Sure enough, I arrived in the nick of time to see a "Professor" make a sensational dive from the roof, enveloped in a flaming sack. Here, then, is the ideal bathing-dress. Let everyone set the Thames or the Channel on fire (before the next change in the moon) by donning an asbestos suit soaked in petroleum, and simultaneously lighting each other up. We should solve the question of False Modesty at once. All the jelly-fishes within the four seas would turn pale with envy, if the experiment were conducted at night; and think, too, what a splendid signal to Mars it would make! I positively tingle and glow with delight at the prospect.

Yours warmly,
BARMIE FITZDOTTEREL.

DEAR SIR,—It is quite time the question of bathing-costume was settled for good and all. I do not know what some of our seaside resorts are coming to. The dress, or, rather, almost undress, of the masculine bathers is really shocking. This is no place for maiden ladies where I am staying. I will not reveal its name, for fear we should be invaded by further crowds of unappropriated spinsters. I live half a mile from the shore, but I have an excellent pair of field-glasses, specially bought for the holiday season, and I declare that, when I look through them every morning at the scenes of mixed bathing in this Jubilee year, I blush by the hour together. If it is not put a stop to, I shall have to stay here till the last trippers have gone.

Yours modestly, PRUE DE COREHAM.

SIR,—What is all this ridiculous discussion about, I ask? Is it because the sea-serpent has declined to turn up, and the big gooseberry crop has failed? When at the seaside we are all artists, of course—at least, I pose as one. I can't draw a line, but I can get along with a kodak, and manage to take a good many snap-shots in the course of a morning. What is the especial attraction at this time of year, you inquire. Why, the female form divine, to be sure; and the more of it the better. Only let nobody be allowed to bathe in public whose figure has not been passed by a committee of experts. I am happy to offer my services as judge. We flock to see "Living Pictures" at Music Halls. Then let us have them at the seaside, only they should not be caricatures. That would be an offence to the susceptibilities and the innate modesty of BROAD STARES.

RUSO-FRANK ALLIANCE.—"Our Own," writing from Paris to the *Times* last week, said that "The female proof-readers of the *Journal de St. Petersburg* have exchanged greetings with the male proof-readers of the *Temps*." Charming rapprochement! Almost touching! The next step is clearly to exchange photographs; but, in this case, each male proof-reader will stand only a poor chance, as his portrait must necessarily be *d'un homme usé par le Temps*.

EMOTIONAL.—Members of the British Association are enjoying themselves at Winnipeg, where they are Winnipegging away at agricultural subjects. At any one of their final banquets, when the men of science were entertained with sumptuous hospitality, the struggle to pronounce clearly and distinctly the final toast of the evening, "Success to the British Association," must have been a noble effort, most touching to witness.



CŒLUM, NON ANIMUM, MUTANT, &c.

The Rev. Cyril. "I WONDER WHERE THIS MOUNTAIN FASTNESS IS THAT *BAEDEKER* TALKS SO MUCH ABOUT!"
Charles (his friend). "THERE IT IS, MY BOY, LOOKING AT US OVER ITS SHOULDER!"

"DOWN SOUTH."

WEATHER uncertain. We refuse to consult forecast.

"It is no use looking at a glass," growls Number Three of our Trio, shrugging his shoulders, "it's sure to pelt."

Number Three's views, previous to starting, have been decidedly optimistic; but from the moment we are irrevocably committed to the journey, he becomes a hopeless pessimist. Before departure we had regarded ourselves as Three Sandboys of the jolliest description; now, however, once launched at Southampton, with our tickets, there end back by rail and boat, in our pockets, the sand in the composition of this particular Sandboy, who may be labelled as Number Three, has become a sort of Quick-Sand, in which the sanguine cheeriness of the other two Sandboys stands a fair chance of being absorbed and lost for ever. But the aforesaid Other Two Sandboys are wary, and mentally register a vow to "look always on the sunny side," even in the event of a solar eclipse.

"First-rate boat, the *Lydia*," say the two cheery ones, rubbing their hands as they survey their comfortable cabin.

"Not so good as the *Frederica*," mutters Number Three.

We point out to him that these ships are twins; but for retort he only shakes his head in a despondent manner, and observes, "Ha! well! you'll see!" Then, casting a melancholy glance around at lowering clouds, mischievous-looking sea, and hazy coast, he adds, with the air of one who has completely resigned himself to fate, "We shall be in for a precious nasty dusting," and therewith disappears.

We laugh. The Quick-Sandboy is a prophet of ill. Let us to lunch. Excellent lunch. "No ice," growls Number Three. The ice, however, appears, just as Number Three has finished; where-upon we two cool our brandies-and-sodas with it, and drink his very good health. "Ah," says he, as he steadies himself, by

holding on to a fixed seat, after lurching against the corner of the saloon door-way, "I only hope we sha'n't lose our 'very good health' before we get to Jersey." And, warily, he ascends to the upper deck. Then, after a brief struggle with the moveable seats of our fixed chairs, from which we emerge with damaged knees, we carefully navigate our course to the "companion," and go by rail (clutching it vigorously) up on deck. Picturesque view of the Needles on our left; while, on the right, the coast of Dorsetshire is gradually becoming fainter and fainter, and, in this respect, bearing a striking resemblance to some among our fellow-passengers.

"Delightful passage!" we two Sandboys exclaim simultaneously, as the ship lollops between the waves, with a thorough sailor-like roll, and we cannon one against the other, and narrowly avoid falling over a bundle of rugs heaped upon a deck-chair. Out of this bundle quickly emerges an angry face, framed in a travelling-cap that completely envelopes the rest of the head. To this head, with glaring eyes, we humbly apologise, and then it occurs to us that the best thing to do will be to retire to our cabin, take some coffee and liqueurs, and gradually acquire our sea-legs.

Quick-Sandboy mumbles something about "preferring the fresh air to the stuffiness of a cabin," and quits our society.

Sandboy Number Two, after remaining some time in the cabin, apparently asleep, while an innocent infantine smile lights up his temporarily-inexpressive features, suddenly opens his eyes, and after looking about him in a dazed kind of way, he nods with feeble gravity at me, and hurriedly observing that he "will go and see how far we've got," he makes a dash at the door, which opens unexpectedly, precipitating him, head foremost, out of the cabin with the celerity of Harlequin when he leaps through a shop-window. Only, Harlequin invariably finds, on the other side, four men at hand to catch and land him safely; but this arrange-



HEARD ON THE SANDS.

"TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FALL, DEARIE!"
 "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MUVER. I SE HOLDING BY THE WINGS!"

ment is lacking to Sandboy Number Two, and when I unsteadily stagger up to close the door I can see no trace of him. Doubtless, he, too, has sought safety in flight to the upper deck.

I have the cabin to myself. The ship is decidedly rolling. The cabin is certainly very comfortable. And if— But no matter. I have an interesting book. Let me dispose myself to read, and so be indifferent to the rough weather. I read, I doze, I succeed. *Veni, vidi, vici!* Two or three times the door becomes unhooked, swings outward and returns with a bang. I have to struggle with its hook and eye. Then I return, by a circuitous route, to my couch and plump myself down again.

Outside I can hear "great guns," the splashing and dashing of waves emptying buckets of sea-water over the deck. I catch sounds of lurching people, bumping people, and sliding people . . . and then the rattle of tin and crockery—and I know that if I go outside my cabin I shall, like *Lady Macbeth's* waiting-maid, "see what I should not." So, copying the admirable example set by Brer Rabbit, "I lay low and say nuffin."

Guernsey.—I emerge. Grateful and fresh. Here, on deck, is Sandboy Number Two, who says, "Splendid sea! But off the Casquettes we *did* get a dusting." By this process of "dusting" to which he has been subjected, he seems to have had all the colour taken out of him. But he "comes up smiling," and protests he has never enjoyed himself so much—under similar circumstances. Quick-Sandboy growls, "Deuce of a passage! Devoutly hope we *shall* get to Jersey. But fancy having to come back again!"

It is strange to remark that once in calm water, the decks, which but a few minutes before had been clear, suddenly become alive with people whose motto is "Resurgamus," and who, so to speak, "rise to the occasion," from various mysterious depths of the vessel. Pluckily, after several rounds with Neptune, they mostly "come up smiling," though with a visible effort. A goodish number of them appear in all sorts and conditions of unwellness, and are so changed since I last saw them, hale, hearty, and hopeful, at Southampton, that "it would be difficult," as Quick-Sandboy remarks, "for even their own mothers to recognise them."

Guernsey islanders come on board, selling, or attempting to sell, grapes and fruit. Their chance is a small one, and their time limited. In another quarter of an hour we are off. We pace the deck cheerily. Fair sailing now. "Not for long, though," says Quick-Sandboy, who credits the elements with any amount of trickiness. Through glasses we inspect Alderney, Sark, the Casquettes. The evening is turning out beautifully. Hallo! beginning to lurch again. "Said so," remarks Sandboy Number Three, grimly.

Retirement to cabin; for meditation. Meditation occupies an hour. Sandboy Number One, whose face has almost entirely recovered its normally healthy tone, summons me to see the

view and the commencing sun-set. St. Owen's Bay, then St. Brelade's: lovely! "I've seen finer," observes Quick-Sandboy, disparagingly. The *Lydia* comes round the point with such majestic stateliness, in so elegant and self-contained a manner, and so absolutely steady, that no one, seeing her now, would ever suspect her capable of such "goings on" as we, who have been with her all along, can testify to. But all's well that ends well; and everyone is well now, and eager for the shore; and all, including the Quick-Sandboy, heartily compliment *Lydia* on her admirable conduct in the most trying circumstances over which she could not possibly be expected to exercise any control.

St. Helier's.—Landed. Mysterious man in uniform addresses us in a language which is uncommonly like broken French or broken English, but is not exactly one or the other. Sandboy Number Two interprets. Man in uniform is the conductor of Grand Hotel 'bus, and is explaining to us that as we are "first come" we can be "first served," by being put into a chariot and driven straight to the Hotel, while the omnibus is loading up. Accepting the thoughtful islander's generous offer, we are driven at a rapid rate along the front to the Grand. Haven't seen Jersey for years. It has spread out right and left, but, in a general way, 'tis much the same.

We are shown our rooms at the Grand Hotel. Sandboys Numbers One and Two "are satisfied," like *Cox* and *Box*. Quick-Sandboy, however, who has far and away the best of the three rooms, mutters, in a depreciating tone, "Um! Yes—it will do." "Will he change?" No, he won't change, because he might get a worse. We tell him it is a first-rate room; as it really is. But he refuses to admit it, and then wanders disconsolately about the Hotel bewailing the tardy arrival of his bag. The Two Other Sandboys induce him to take a turn before dinner. He consents.

"Now," says Sandboy Number One to Sandboy Number Two, as we stand looking out over the deep blue sea, and gazing at bold and dangerous rocks toned to a bright purple in the last glow of the setting sun, "now, this is worth coming any distance to see!"

"Magnificent!" murmurs Number Two.

"Devonshire and Cornwall are just as fine," growls Number Three, "and one hasn't got a confounded sea passage to get at 'em."

Suddenly he starts. "Ah!"

"What's the matter?" exclaim the first two Sandboys, considerably alarmed, while many of the promenaders make a halt, deeply interested.

"My bag!" almost shrieks the Quick-Sandboy. And before we can interfere, he has broken from us, dashed across the road, and made for the hotel, where, in another couple of seconds, the cause of his anxiety, the bag, from which he has been separated for about the space of fifteen minutes, is once again in the arms of its distracted owner.

Comparing notes, the Two Sandboys own to a "don't-quite-know-where-we-are" sort of feeling, coupled with a distrust of our legs, while, at the same time, conscious of a whizziness in the head, as if the works, after having been set whirring violently round and round, were now gradually slowing down again. But, —what cheer, my hearty! Avast, my messmates! Dinner it is!

TROP FORT!

["Dawn-parties" are the latest fashion in France.]

'Twas the grunt of a Frenchman, I heard him complain—
 You have called me too soon, I must slumber again;
Mon Dieu! I was due at a dance on the dew
 At daybreak this morning—a thing I eschew!

'Tis scarcely a mode that is *très rigolo*
 On a series of visits at cock-crow to go;
 Though at sunrise the ladies their friends may invite,
 'Tis better to *five-o'clocker* at midnight!

For whether I wake at or sit up till five,
 At that hour of the morn I'm more dead than alive;
 The milkman and burglar around may then roam;
 But for *me de grand matin* there's no place like home!

They may say 'tis Watteau-like and full of romance
 To rise with the *one* lark that's still left in France;
 But the only engagement so early I keep
 Is a duel *pour rire*—so once more let me sleep!

KANGAROOS WHO ARE NEVER "BOUNDERS."—The Australian Troops.



STRICTLY RESPECTABLE.

Master. "AND YOU CAN SPEAK FOR THIS YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER, DENNIS!"

Man. "INDADE, AND I CAN, SORR. I'VE KNOWN HIM IVER SINCE HE COME TO LIVE IN THIS TOWN, SIX MONTHS AGO, AND HE'S NIVER BEEN BEFORE A MAGISTRATE—NOT WANST!"

A LITTLE CUBBING.

Wednesday.—Lady Goodwork's bazaar—most enjoyable way of spending quiet, instructive afternoon. Introduced to divinity in blue serge at crewel-work stall—charming little brunette and great sportswoman. Talked hunting and fishing. Said she had caught, this autumn, salmon (or was it cod? forget which, not having sporting proclivities myself) of twenty-five pounds, and that she was so looking forward to hunting season. Said she "hated men who weren't sportsmen." Promptly lied to her, and said I was devoted to hunting. Could see I went up immensely in her estimation—was pleased. Introduced to her father, Sir HARDRIDE FOXINGTON, who said I must hunt with them—was not pleased. "Come for little cubbing, next week," he says. Don't know what he means, but accept; doesn't sound so dangerous as hunting, anyhow. Ask guardedly, "Where do you cub?" Sir H. looks astonished; so I smile, as though I had spoken in joke; smile always safe investment in such cases. He laughs boisterously, and says, "Come down to Hackhunter Hall; I'll put you up all right." Nods knowingly at me—I nod knowingly at him. Wonder what "putting me up" means? Giving bed for the night, or mount to enable me to cub? Must order new breeches; haven't ridden, even in Park, for years.

Saturday.—New breeches home—uncomfortable—almost painful. Have them altered four times during day—rather worse at end of time than at first. Can't be helped. Look up train in *Bradshaw*, and practice saying "Hoic" in aggressive tones.

Haven't the faintest idea what it means, but suppose everyone who cubs ought to make remarks of that sort at intervals: believe there is some word that comes after "Hoic" to complete sentence, but am not sure.

Monday.—Arrive at Hackhunter Hall, and am most hospitably received. My enslaver looking more charming than ever. Really think I might do worse. Think she would consent; seemed so impressed with me at bazaar. Excellent dinner, though pattern of plates trifle too *pronounced*, and drawing-room curtains a shade too primary in colour. Talk exclusively sporting—rather thin ice for me. "Got nice horse for you tomorrow," says Sir H., "takes hold a bit, but fine jumper." What does "Takes hold a bit" mean? Query, "Takes hold of a bit," eh? "Must start six sharp," he adds. "Oh, not till evening?" I say. Sir H. laughs, and calls me "a wag." Hate "wags"—and then full horror of situation breaks in on me—realize that he means 6 A.M. Never heard of anything so inhuman; felt inclined to protest, but didn't dare. Drawing-room—music—bed.

Tuesday.—Knock at my door. Raining. Hooray! surely they won't cub in the wet! "Shaving water, Sir, and will you have your bath quite cold or—" "Come in," I say. "Suppose this rain will prevent our starting, eh?" "Oh, no, Sir," says faithful servitor. "Master never stops for rain, nor the young mistress neither." Hate faithful servitor on the spot. Of course, he can be cheerful; he hasn't got to sit on wet saddle in the early morning. Groan and turn over in bed again. "You 'aven't too much time, Sir." Wish faithful servitor would die suddenly. Exit F. S. Dash into tub. Peep out of window. Raining harder than ever, ugh! Why such an ass as to come? and how the deuce do you cub, anyhow? Descend stairs—greet inamorata and Sir H. Watch them eat breakfast. I breakfast out of tall tumbler. Sir H.'s Etonian son (little beast), with mouth full of pie, stares at me, and says, "I say, Mr. CRANER, you do look in a blue funk." Could cheerfully have followed his funeral at that moment. "We must be off," says Sir H. Proceed to Hall door. Am armed with long-thonged implement like fishing-rod. "That's your horse," says Sir H., indicating beast trying to hit groom over head with fore-paw. "The ginger one?" I ask, fearfully. "The chestnut," he replies. Try to get on—can't. Try other side of him. Groom giggles. "I'll give you a leg-up," says Sir H. Leg-up much too vigorous. I perform aerial flight over *Ginger's* back and alight gracefully on far side. Try again—succeed—gather up reins and thong in inextricable tangle, and bump off down drive. Bump along many (they say only two) miles to meet. Stirrup leathers too long. *Ginger* keeps going sideways. "Ah, he's full of beans, you know." I don't know; wish he wouldn't assume that I knew his hunting slang. "You've only to sit and hold him, and he'll give you lots of fun." Think this highly likely. Saddle very hard and unsympathetic. Stirrup leathers too short, now. Wish *Ginger* wouldn't arch his back and squeak—so upsetting. Arrive at meet. Inamorata says, "You must give me a lead if we come across anything big." Try to smile jauntily—don't feel jauntily, somehow. Gallop up and down wood for no particular reason. Stand still again and shiver—still raining. *Ginger* strikes ground repeatedly with fore-paw, sending mud-showers into eye of irate person on right. Irate person gasps, and turns to say things to me, so jerk *Ginger's* reins, and with terrific splutterings, smothering all around, gallop off. Huntsman getting warm, and "Hoic-ing." Cannot hoic, myself, too much out of breath. Must apologise to Sir H. for this omission, later on. All dogs rush off together—we follow as far as forbidding post and rails. No gate. Inamorata gallops up and jumps rails. Shut my eyes as *Ginger* actually pricks up ears and tears along towards them. Haul at his stupid head in vain—up he goes into the air. I go up much higher than he does. Descent absolutely terrible—sit on his ears for one moment, waving arms about for something to catch hold of—find nothing—am grovelling in mud, whilst *Ginger* speeds gaily on after hounds. He has evidently not even missed me! Walk home. 12.35 back to town. Shall not cub again. Bazaar much better fun.

Pub and Club.

(Mem. by a Moderate Drinker.)

WALTHY folk who pass their Sunday
Eating, drinking, dawdling, dozing,
Working folks' unworking one day
Would subject to "Sunday Closing."
But 'tis they who'd void the poor man's cup
Who perhaps most merit—shutting up!



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Old Hand. "Now, FOR THE LAST TIME, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DON'T SHOOT ANY OF US, OR THE DOGS, OR YOURSELF." *Novice (sarcastically).* "WHAT ABOUT THE BIRDS?"
Old Hand. "OH, YOU WON'T HIT THEM!"

THE NEW NOVEL-WRITING.

(A slightly-anticipatory Interview.)

"If there is one thing that I hate more than another," said the Eminent Author, "it is being interviewed. My nature is the most modest and retiring one imaginable. I detest advertisements, except those of my books; and it is monstrous that, for a simple, unassuming man like myself, publication should involve publicity. Besides, how am I to enjoy the quiet so essential for working out my colossal masterpieces, if my privacy is to be invaded in this way? No; I simply refuse to be interviewed by any journalist—"

"In that case," I said, rising to leave, "I will not trouble you further."

To my surprise, the Eminent Author locked the door and placed his back against it. "Don't be foolish," he said, irritably, "and let me finish my sentence. I refuse to be interviewed by any journalist who devotes less than two columns to his description of my house and his eulogy of myself. You've got down all that about my modest and unassuming character? All right; now we can get on. Please take down all I say. The illustrious and world-famed novelist who is the subject of our

sketch is descended from an old county family, and was born in the year—"

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "but I don't want all that. It's been published already within the last month in a dozen papers."

"In a dozen?" he exclaimed, angrily. "In thirty at the very least! In a dozen, indeed! What do you take me for? Do you think I am a miserable second-rate writer who is only interviewed once a week or so?"

I made my apologies. "But what I wanted especially to know," I continued, "is the system by which your talented books—"

"My colossal masterpieces," he amended, sharply.

"By which your colossal masterpieces are put together. For I understand that the labour of compiling them is shared by you with a good many other persons?"

"Certainly it is," said the Eminent Author. "In former times, as perhaps you remember, there was a quite absurd idea in vogue that a writer must have a close personal acquaintance with the scenes and modes of life he depicted. The death-blow to that fallacy was struck by a Max novelist, who enjoyed a certain repute in his day. It was he who first hit on the

plan of having his proof-sheets revised by a dozen different people who were authorities on various subjects. This, you perceive, was a great improvement, as it freed him from the necessity of having any but the most superficial knowledge of what he wrote about. I, however, have carried the system further with the most splendid results."

"And, in fact," I suggested, "you have no first-hand knowledge of your subjects at all?"

"Exactly. And you will perceive that this greatly facilitates the production of colossal masterpieces. Take the work, for instance, that I have at present in hand. One of its most thrilling and dramatic scenes takes place in a coal-mine. Now, I haven't the least idea what a coal-mine is like, so the whole of that chapter is being written for me by the superintendent of a mine. Again, there is in it a delightful little idyll of love in a Devonshire village, and of course a large number of rustic characters are introduced—readers always like them. What do I know of Devonshire rusties? How can I learn how to displace the consonants and vowels in order to reproduce their dialect? 'Go and study them for myself,' you say? No, thank you. I don't take the least interest in the creatures. Besides, that isn't my work; I've got to stay at home and be interviewed. No: all that part of my book is being written for me by a competent Devonshire man. Then my scenery is supplied by an eminent R.A., and a writer in a ladies' fashion journal dresses my heroine. In fact, there are about two dozen persons just now at work on my behalf. Owing to this system, I can produce a new book every three months with the least possible trouble, and my income is simply enormous."

"I congratulate you heartily," I said. "And now would you mind telling me what exactly is the work which you yourself do? Are you responsible for the plots?"

"I have been, hitherto," the Eminent Author replied. "But if I can only find a specialist to supply me with them ready-made, I shall certainly employ him; it would save so much trouble. Then I should simply have to combine the materials supplied me by my various agents, and could produce a colossal masterpiece every week. What an improvement on the old days, when a novelist had to do the whole thing—plot, and character-study, and local colour, and scenery—himself!"

"It is indeed," I assented. "And the simply enormous income—you share that, of course, with your collaborators?"

The Eminent Author rose. "I have told you enough," he said; "and, as I said, I hate being interviewed. I would fain be alone—alone with the mighty thoughts that crowd upon my master-mind, thoughts which will delight thousands of readers, and make my name immortal. Here are seven photographs of myself, and some views of my house. Now go away, please. The interview is concluded."

Hawke Notwithstanding.

Horatio (to CLEOPATRA). And so he died of a broken heart at the end of May.

Cleopatra. Poor fellow! What a pity he didn't wait to pick it all up again over Goodwood or the Leger.

SUGGESTED START FOR IMPERIAL RECIPROCIITY.—A sample of Indian sunshine for an equivalent in English rain.



A TRUE BELIEVER.

Constantia. "OH, UNCLE BURLEIGH, IT'S PERFECTLY WONDERFUL! SHE TOLD ME THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THINGS ABOUT MYSELF! SHE SAID I WAS BORN A TWIN, AND LOST BOTH MY PARENTS AT THE AGE OF FIVE, AND INHERITED AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE FROM A VERY FAIR MAN!"

Sir Burleigh M'Garel, G.C.B. "BUT, TO THE BEST OF MY RECOLLECTION, NONE OF THESE THINGS ARE SO."

Constantia (hesitating). 'N—NO." (*Puzzled.*) "BUT ISN'T THAT JUST WHAT MAKES IT SO EXTRAORDINARY?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

On a cold and rainy September day, a Sportsman recalls an incident of days gone by

THE end of the Summer is with us again,
There's a Winter-like sniff from the mould,
There's an icicle chill in the drip of the rain
That prophesies shortcoming cold.
The swallows are packing their boxes to fly
To a land where there's sunshine galore,
And the very last rose is preparing to die,
While we're putting the filberts in store.

I am writing to you in the thickest of coats,
With a horrible cold in my head,
And a *souppçon* of one of those very sore throats
That may possibly end me in bed.
I have never a comforter—barring the line
You address me, infrequent and rare.
It's so welcome! And do you, dear, ever repine
For the letters I should have sent—*where?*

To the place where we met, when I hoped for the best,
A Dead-Alive village unknown,
But dearer than any to us—it was blest,
When we mutually murmured, "My own!"
But since we have parted, for ever and aye,
And we do not play "Where, When, and How,"
I suppose there is something about this cold day
That has made me remember you now.

What is it? I think I have got the right clue,
Unromantic, but none the less sure,

It was something appealing to me, not to you,
Though it made of our love-stress a cure.
On just such a day we were perished and faint,
On a walk in a country-side lane,
And I said a harsh word—then came tears, then the — Saint,
That is coloured again and again!

• Is "Saint" quite the right word?—Ed.

THOSE WHO ARE ALWAYS WITH US.

THE Tipster, who knows the winners of a great Double Event, say the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire.

THE Personage, whose great-great-grandmother danced with the Duke of WELLINGTON on the Eve of Waterloo at the Duchess of RICHMOND'S Ball.

THE Individual, who once shot forty brace of partridges to his own gun in three hours.

THE Cueist, who took ninety points at billiards from ROBERTS and beat him by *one*.

THE Dramatist, who has a suitable play always ready for SIR HENRY IRVING, MR. WILSON BARRETT, MR. CHARLES WYNNDHAM, MR. DAN LENO, and MR. GEORGE EDWARDS.

THE Lady Novelist, without an efficient publisher, owing to the realistic nature of her romances.

THE Gentleman, who calls with a black bag and leaves a missive marked "Last Application" printed in red ink.

THE Lady, who is collecting for a hospital in the East End, and would be thankful for the smallest subscription.

THE Member of the Club, who is supposed to be at Homburg or Marienbad, but has kippers or buttered eggs every morning in Pall Mall—unless exchanged to other premises in the vicinity.

The Weather.



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ON "POLITICAL WEATHER."

(With apologies to the Young Person of the "Daily Graphic.")

["The political weather is very much like the natural weather . . . I believe that in public affairs you will see a great change before long."—Recent Speech at Malwood.]

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART VI.

SCENE—The Garden. BOWATER is seated dejectedly in one of the wicker chairs, as CAMILLA comes out from the house.

Camilla (to herself). He is here! If I can only make him thoroughly ashamed of himself! (*Aloud, sweetly.*) Ah, Mr. BOWATER, I thought I should find you in the garden. . . . No, don't move, I'll take this chair. (*She seats herself so as to face him.*) I'm so interested about this wonderful novel of KEZIA'S. What a triumph for you to have discovered such a genius! How proud and delighted you must be feeling!

Bowater (to himself). I'm really not equal to going into raptures just now. (*Aloud.*) Oh—er—it is gratifying, naturally, though I should hardly—er—I mean to say, "Genius" is perhaps rather an extravagant term to use.

Camilla (to herself). I thought he would try to wriggle out of it! (*Aloud.*) But you used it at lunch. You placed KEZIA—or Miss STILWELL, as I suppose we ought to call her now—on a higher level than JANE AUSTEN or GEORGE ELIOT.

Bowater. Pardon me—on a different level.

Camilla. Well, but you must have ranked the author of *Stolen Sweets* very high indeed, or you would not have been so unusually enthusiastic!

Bowater (feebly). It is—er—just possible that I was—er—betrayed into some slight exaggeration.

Camilla. You are much too acute and conscientious a critic to give any praise that was not thoroughly deserved. And why should you—when you had no reason to suppose that the author was present?

Bowater. Oh—er—as to that, I can assure you Miss—er—STILWELL'S connection with the manuscript took me completely by surprise.

Camilla. It does seem extraordinary. I always considered her rather a superior sort of girl, it is true, but even now I can't think how she can have acquired sufficient culture to impress

such a fastidious judge as you. And then it's so marvellous, too, that, although, as I know, her employers have always been mere commoners like myself, she should have managed to draw a viscount, wasn't it? and a lady of title and their surroundings with such unerring accuracy. She must be a genius!

Bowater (uncomfortably). I—I fear her work is—er—marred by crudities and—er—solecisms which—

Camilla. Which did not strike you until you discovered that it was written by a parlourmaid? Really, Mr. BOWATER, I thought you were above such petty social prejudices!

Bowater. Miss LYDE, you seem to think I am trying to get out of publishing her book!

Camilla. After all your praises? Oh, no, I know you too well to believe you capable of such meanness as that. Such an advantage for her, poor girl, to be taken up by one so generous and even princely in all his dealings! With you, she is certain of a substantial reward for her labours. (*To herself.*) It serves him right—he deserves to pay!

Bowater (to himself). This is rather too much! (*Aloud.*) I—I feel bound to explain that the manuscript of which I expressed such warm admiration this morning was not Miss STILWELL'S.

Camilla (to herself). I wonder what next he will say! (*Aloud.*) Indeed, then whose was it?

Bowater. That I can't tell you. It was an anonymous story which I received a few days ago, and left at Mr. ALABASTER'S on my way here, with a note to tell him how highly I thought of it.

Camilla (to herself). He actually supposes he can persuade me that—I do believe if I only lead him on, he will pretend—I'll try him. (*Aloud.*) How curious! The fact is, a friend of mine—I wonder if it could by any chance—Do you happen to recollect what it was called?

Bowater (to himself). I only wish I could! (*Aloud.*) Why, oddly enough, the title has quite escaped me.

Camilla (to herself). He's abominably cunning! (*Aloud.*) Well, my—my friend's manuscript was type-written, in blue ink, and the title was missing. Does that help you at all?

Bowater (to himself). It's saved me! (*Aloud, eagerly.*) Miss LYDE, I'm almost—I'm positively certain it's the very same! This novel was typed in blue ink, too, and, by Jove! I remember now, the front page was gone. And, if I may say so, there was a touch about the book that irresistibly reminded me of—

Camilla (quickly). Not of my work, Mr. BOWATER! You are not going to say that!

Bowater. I was. Indeed, I remarked as much to Miss VYVIAN. I felt almost certain you had written it.

Camilla (to herself). Perfectly shameless! (*Aloud.*) But it was KEZIA'S novel that you praised at lunch, you know.

Bowater (taken aback). Er—that is so. But, for the moment, I—I got it into my head that it was yours.

Camilla. Because of the "crudities" and "solecisms"? So many thanks!

Bowater (distractedly). No, no, no! Look here, Miss LYDE, the truth is, I've never read a single line of *Stolen Sweets*—there!

Camilla. I think you forget that you mentioned a scene in the book that particularly struck you, and spoke of its masterly style and treatment, and all the rest of it. It seems a little singular that you could do that if you had never read a line of it!

Bowater. If you remember, I—er—only did it by frequent appeals to ALABASTER, who had read it.

Camilla. Then it was Mr. ALABASTER who really admired it?

Bowater. Well—er—he didn't exactly. (*Helplessly.*) It was an unfortunate misapprehension—quite impossible to explain.

Camilla. You seem to find it so. Well, Mr. BOWATER, I will admit that I did take it into my head—I see now how foolish it was—to test the sincerity of the appreciation you were kind enough to profess of my literary work by sending you a story anonymously. The result has been—disappointing.

Bowater. Don't say that, Miss LYDE! Wait at least till I produce this other manuscript, and I am in great hopes that I may succeed in convincing you that—

Camilla. That it was the novel which you recognised as a masterpiece? You may succeed in doing that, Mr. BOWATER, but you cannot persuade me that it was mine—and I will tell you why. Mine was never sent at all. It was accidentally destroyed.

Bowater (to himself, crushed). Just my infernal luck! (*Aloud.*) Oh! I—I was not aware of that.

Camilla (dryly). So I imagined. It is a little unfortunate, isn't it?

Bowater. But you have probably kept a copy? If you would permit me to glance at it.

Camilla. I thought your enthusiasm wasn't dependent on that little formality . . . No, Mr. BOWATER, it is really no use. I happen to know all, and I don't intend to surfeit you with a

rival instalment of *Stolen Sweets*. You seem to me to have enough already. Seriously, how can you expect me ever to trust you again after deceiving me so shamefully?

Bowater. What was I to do? I found—or thought I had found—that I had inadvertently rejected a novel of yours, unread. Can't you see that I was ready to—to go to any lengths rather than let you suppose that I (I who, whether you believe it or not, Miss LYDE, have always felt the most fervent admiration for you, not only as an author, but as a woman) could deliberately offer you such a slight?

Camilla. All I can see is that the consequence of your diplomacy has been to make a dupe of my poor KEZIA.

Bowater. I—I could not foresee that. And if any reasonable compensation—

Camilla. What compensation will satisfy her now that you have turned her foolish head by your praises? Unless you either tell her the whole truth—which surely would be rather humiliating for you—or else invent some pretext for throwing her over, which I hope you would scorn to descend to, I really don't see what you can do now except publish her book for her.

Bowater. But it's bound to be a failure. Would that be doing her any real service?

Camilla. I'm afraid not. But, on the other hand, I believe it would almost break her heart if she found out that her story had been rejected, and I do ask you to spare her that.

Bowater (*gloomily*). Very well. I've brought it on myself, I suppose. I—I'll publish her confounded story!

Camilla (*relenting slightly*). I knew you would. After all, it mayn't be so bad, you know. I'll go in and send her out to you, and then you can arrange about terms and all that.

[*She goes into the house.*]

Bowater (*to himself*). If I could only put myself right with her— But that's hopeless, now. We shall never be the same again, never! (*He sinks into sombre meditation; a little later, NORA comes out.*) Miss VYVIAN! did you go to Fitcham? Had the manuscript arrived?

Nora. Yes, this morning. But fancy! That sly KEZIA had left instructions that anything for "M. N." was to be forwarded here. You see, she knew all the letters would come into her hands first.

Bowater. Then she'll get it this afternoon, and see I've declined it! Miss LYDE will never forgive me now!

Nora. No, no, it's all right. Luckily, the postmistress hadn't sent it off yet, and she knows me, so I persuaded her that, as I was going back to Sunny Bank, I could take it just as well. And I've just left it with my Aunt, who wanted to—to look over it. You don't mind, do you?

Bowater (*with a sigh of relief*). Mind? No, my dear Miss NORA, so long as that girl hasn't got it! Very many thanks. It's quite safe in your Aunt's hands. This is the first gleam of luck I've had this afternoon! (*KEZIA, now divested of cap and apron, comes out.*) Ah, here comes Miss STILWELL, we—we are going to discuss business, I believe.

Nora. Then I'll leave you together. Don't make her more conceited than she is already.

Bowater (*grimly*). I never felt less inclined to be complimentary in my life!

[*He rises to receive KEZIA, who advances with a self-important simper as NORA departs.*]

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AU REVOIR.

DEAR MISTER,—I am desolated. At cause of a very pressed affair at me in France I am forced of to part immediately. I quit your country so interesting with the most great regret. But I hope to return after some time.

I write at Dovers. I am come from Eastbourn by the railways at the border of the sea. What voyage! The train arrests himself at all the most little stations. One changes of carriage two times, the trains are in delay, one misses the one that one hopes to entrap, the carriages and the line are one cannot more old and more bad; one is shaken, one is pushed, one is furious. But in fine it is finished, and one arrives.

I am gone to make a little walk in the town. It is not very gay. At each window one perceives a long view, *longue-vue*. He appears that the inhabitants of Dovers serve themselves of the long views for to peep at all the ships who pass, and also for to regard Calais, town as sad as the their. That should to be very amusing! I have seen the prison of the forced ones, *forçats*—an abandoned prison, desert, the walls falling; nothing of more miserable! I have seen also the Cliff of SHAKSPIR. *Tiens!* I knew not that he possessed a ground, *terrain*, at Dovers. I believed him inhabitant of Stratfordonavn.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE ELEPHANTS WORK FOR THEIR LIVING, WHY NOT THE NEW GIANT TORTOISE! THE EXERCISE MIGHT IMPROVE HIS DIGESTION, SAID TO BE IMPERFECT.

At the hotel I encounter one of my friends, Mister JOHN ROBINSON, who goes to make a little excursion in Bavaria and in Austria, just to Vienna. I have counselled him of to write to you his impressions of voyage. As soon as arrived at Nuremberg he will put himself to the work. Permit, *Mister Punch*, that I address to you this mister.

I hear to whistle the packet boat. Mister ROBINSON parts for Ostende. Me I go to Calais in one hour. Unhappily the sea is very agitated. Eh well, it is not a long traversy. At the hotel one has spoken to me of a French, arrived since eight days, who has not dared to traverse at cause of the bad times. Yesterday he made very little of wind. But, seeing that, the goodman resolves himself to attend again one day, hoping to traverse the sea calm as a lake. To-day she is again very agitated, and he can no more attend. The poor man!

At the moment of to part, dear Mister, I think to the day where we shall see again ourselves. In attending, be willing to agree the expression of my best sentiments of friendship. I squeeze you the hand very cordially. *Au revoir... AUGUSTE.*

Song of the Silent Highway.

BEAUTY and gaiety—must they be banned
 Still half a year from our city's fine river?
 From the ghoul Dulness, who so lords our land,
 Who will our town's noble tideway deliver?
 When sly old PEYS to his business once went,
 Oft 'twas by "fly-boat, by barge, or by wherry."
 Won't modera London with him be content
 Who makes her great river more useful—and merry?

"TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW."—Time of the signature of the Greco-Turkish Treaty of Peace.



TOMKINS, WHO HAS RECENTLY MADE HIS APPEARANCE *AN AMATEUR* AS THE MELANCHOLY DANE, GOES TO HAVE HIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN "IN CHARACTER." UNFORTUNATELY, ON REACHING THE CORNER OF THE STREET, HE FINDS *THE ROAD IS UP*, AND HE HAS TO WALK TO THE DOOR! TABLEAU!!

ON A COMMON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We were so happy on that Common. You must bear in mind that it was not an ordinary Common. It was an Uncommon Common. And so we sat among the heather and the second crop of gorse, admiring the tethered sheep, and the dog Pixie, and ourselves, and wondering why the world was ever dark and dismal. It was a revelation, and yet we were not so far removed from the iniquities of the Metropolis. There were, and no doubt are now, several hundreds of fowls on this Common. No one appeared to have the least animosity against those bipeds. At all events, we had not. We extolled the condescension with which they treated Pixie, having no fear of his threats, but, on the contrary, appreciating the humour of the situation, and knowing that one hundred chickens could readily dispose of one Maltese Terrier. But Pixie was still to be lauded for his courage, and, when he was not looking for imaginary rabbits, he never failed to be the Joy of the Household, save and excepting when the members of it were cleaning their bicycles, or finding out whether the gardener or Dirtman had lodged in the Summer-house during the previous night. A quaint and curious creature the Dirt-

man, a kind of Pelican that would manage to exist in a Desert of Temperance on the promise of an Oasis of Whiskey. But I imagine he survives on apples, when the whiskey is wanting.

Some of the Commoners made the Neighbouring Aristocracy regard them with an unfavourable glance. They, the Aristocrats, were not accustomed to look upon matrons, men and maidens chewing cake by the roadside and consuming tea on the turf. It afflicted their fancy, but nevertheless the Commoners were still happy and contented. In the evening, when the Common was no longer desirable property, they retired to that hospitable Home, where every one was welcome, and then made merry with Japanese Fans, sketches in pen and pencil, and illustrations of Nursery Rhymes, in which the Engaged Young Lady made a most acceptable Spider when demonstrating the Legend of Miss Muffet.

My object, Sir, in writing this letter is to point out how much superior a Common is to the vulgar sea-shore or common beach of commerce. On a Common you can do anything in reason. By the sad sea waves you are more or less held by the enemy, who prowls from morning until nightfall. Let me strongly recommend the trial of a Common to you next year as a scene

of recreation and recuperation. If you chance on my particular pitch, you will probably recognise

A CONGENIAL DONKEY.

P.S.—I don't give the name of my Common, nor that of the nearest railway station, but they are both there. *Verb. sap.* Commons are always better than piers. Parliamentary joke, registered.

At Homburg-v.-d.-H.

Colonel Twister (in the hotel smoking-room). Yes! I once played a game of pool at Senecarabad, holding the cue in my teeth, and captured all the loot!

Captain Longbow. Pooh! That's nothing! About a month ago I matched myself at shell-out against FRED FANDANGO, and clutching the cue between my toes, walked in lying on my back!

Colonel Twister (taken unawares). But how the deuce did you manage to see the table?

Captain Longbow. See the table! Why, had the cloth lighted with Röntgen rays, of course! Saw through the slate!

[The Colonel abruptly says "Good night" to the company, and leaves for Schlangenbad next morning.



“BROTHERS IN ARMS.”

[“The staunchness and devotion of the whole force, and particularly the excellent conduct of the native officers when thrown on their own resources, are worthy of the highest praise; . . . and the fact that at the very first the men saw all their British officers shot down, makes the staunchness and gallantry of the native officers, non-commissioned officers, and men even more praiseworthy.”—*London Gazette Despatches quoted in the Times, Sept. 8.*]





EXCELLENT ADVICE.

Dealer (to Timmins, who is trying a hunter). "PULL 'IS 'ED UP, SIR! PULL 'IS 'ED UP, AND JAM THE SPURS IN, OR 'E 'LL DOWN YOU!"

A SONG OF DEGREES.

["Bogus Degrees—How they are got and paid for."
Daily Chronicle.]

I'm the Chancellor, the Beadle, and the Doctors
Who lecture on the *Asinorum Pons*,
I'm the tutors, and the bull-dogs, and the Proctors,
The porters, undergraduates and dons.
I'm the 'Varsity, and on consideration
Of modest and most reasonable fees,
I'll remit you, carriage paid to any station,
The very latest fashion in degrees.

I have hoods—green, orange, yellow and vermilion—
In which a Bishop would be proud to strut,
I have garments academic for the million,
All warranted a first-class Oxford cut.
Buy! buy! Who'll buy a Bachelor of Science?
Who'll buy an LL.D. or a B.A.?
My fees set competition at defiance.
Buy! buy! Degrees are going cheap to-day!

Buy! buy! my friends, and when you have succeeded
In adding learned letters to your name,
Persuade your friends that really all that's needed,
Is that they should straightway go and do the same.

They send me, say, a tenner or a twenty,
I give you a commission on the fees,
So, if you get me graduates in plenty,
We'll all grow rich together—by degrees.

LONG AGO LEGENDS.

YE WIDOWE AND YE GALLANTE.

A WIDOWE, fayre toe looke upon and not passyng XL—much, and who had but juste caste aside ye sombre habilimentes



of her doole days, and was arrayed once more in garmentes gaye, was a wandering in ye medes with a well dyghte gallante, and he was a whisperinge in toe her eere softe, tendere wordes; atte which she woulde caste downe her eyen and amyle.

And then he downed on hys knee and declared hys passion fore ye dame. "And doo you indeede love me moche?" sayd she, a turning her head aside while a grette blushe mounted toe her browe, ry-vallynge in depthe ye pyany floure. "Love thee!" cryed ye gallante in extacie, ry-singe and takynge her plumpe lyttle hande in hys; "why, sweete JAYNE," for soe was she named, "I swere I doe love ye verrie grounde thou treadeste on!" Atte thys she dyd fallo on toe ye cheste of her leman with ye wordes, "I am thyne!" And then he dyd kys her swethie and moche.

Now it chanced that ye grounde on which ye fayre widowe was a treadinge was vast in extente: in partes well sowne with corne and in partes of riche fatte pasture; there alsoe rose prouddie on it a statlie mansyone, alle of whiche was, undere ye wille of her late lamented spouse, hers in her owne righte. But thys by ye waye.

On the Brighton Road.

Cyclist (to owner of dog over which he has nearly ridden). Take your beast out of my way! What right has he here?

Owner. Well, he pays seven and sixpence a year for the privilege of perambulation, and you pay nothing!

USEFUL PHRASE FOR TRAVELLERS IN FRANCE.—How to establish friendly relations between Englishman and Frenchman. Say "*Que nous nous humectons!*" i.e., "Let us have a drink."



"I SAY, BILL, 'ERE COMES TWO CHAMPION DONERS! LET 'A KID 'EM AT WE 'RE HOFFICERS!"

DEFIANCE, NOT DEFENCE.

(An Imaginary Account of an Impossible Volunteer Corps.)

"Tom," shouted the front rank of A company, "what on earth is the good of keeping us at attention?"

"Shut up!" replied the C. O. "We shall have the Inspecting Officer here directly, and a nice mess you would be in if I allowed you to stand easy."

"Tom," yelled the rear rank of A company, "you are an idiot!"

The supernumeraries took up "hear, hear," and passed it down from right to left with marvellous unanimity.

"Well, old chap, how do they look?"

The question was addressed to the adjutant, who had been making up the field state.

"C company have come out in dressing-gowns instead of overcoats, Sir, and the sergeants of F, as usual, appear in slippers."

The C. O. smiled, and murmured, "They always were a rum lot." Then he asked if all the officers were present.

"Many of them, Sir," responded the adjutant, referring to the field state. "Of course, where the senior captains can't get away from their business, their duties are taken over by their subalterns."

"But I say, why haven't the men of that rear company their rifles?"

"They are in the charge of their captain, who keeps them at his establishment. But both ranks have paraded with the tickets."

There was a loud explosion.

"What's that?"

"Oh! nothing, Sir," replied the adjutant. "Only the sergeants firing at one another with blank ammunition. They are always up to some nonsense or other."

At this moment the Inspecting Officer rode up. The entire battalion offered to hold his horse for him—of course, for a suitable consideration.

"Now, Sir, move them about," said the new-comer.

"Blessed if I know how—and if I did, what would be the good? They know how to move about without any telling from me."

"Then give a word of command, Sir."

"Ask me another! I don't know any."
"On my word, Sir," said the Inspecting Officer, after a pause. "I think the best thing to do with your precious regiment is to amalgamate it with another."

"Come, that is a good joke!" cried the C. O., with a roar of laughter. "Why, there isn't a corps in the kingdom that would have anything to do with us! Isn't it so, old chap?"

The adjutant, with difficulty suppressing a smile, confirmed the statement of his superior.

"Hallo!" shouted the Inspecting Officer. "What are they after now?"

"We are all going home," returned one of the band. "We have had enough soldiering for to-day, and as it's a dry work, we are off for a drink. The canteen is being run by BILLY."

"And who is BILLY?" inquired the regular.

"One of the officers," was the prompt reply of the adjutant.

"Well, Sir," said the Inspecting Officer, when he was alone with the C. O., "I can scarcely congratulate you upon your command. Will you be so good as to give me the title of the corps?"

"Wild horses shall not drag the secret from me," returned the inspected, firmly.

And the Inspecting Officer thought it better to be satisfied with the answer, as there was no one to bother about it in Parliament till after the recess.

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

(By a Puzzled Private.)

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body meet a body
Need a body fly?
Ilka laddie is a regiment,
Ane, they say, am I;
Yet a' the lads they tell me I'm
A prisoner in the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' ower the lea,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body dee?
Ilka laddie bangs his rifle,
Sae the same dae I,
Yet a' the lads they tell me I'm
A deid man in the rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
Baith as deid's a rat,
Gin a body greet a body
Whaur's the hairm o' that?
Ilka laddie has his whusky,
Mine is guid an' strang—
We'll tak' a richt guid williewaucht,
An' let the lave gae hang.

Valour indeed!

Mrs. Muddlebrayne (to friend, while inspecting Captain WHITAKER'S magnificent Collection of Medals). Law! Bless me! 'Ow 'e must 'ave fought to 'ave all them decorations! And my pore 'usband wot served in the Guards only 'ad one!

TREASURE TROVE.—The real grit of the Shamrock found by the Duchess of YORK in Ireland.

THE CLOCKS WHICH NEVER GO.—Those connected with the feet, not the hands.

PROS AND CONS.

(By a Spectator and Lover of Manly Sport, thinking it over at the end of the Cricket Season.)

On the field, or in the court,
Some enthusiasts agree
Pros. give us the prose of sport,
Amateurs its poetry.
He who hunts a ball for gain,
He who hits a ball for perks,
Is not of Olympic strain;
Mere "gate"-grubbing always irks.
Verily, "the play's the thing";
But our games were followed sparsely
If the sole reward they bring
Were the classic crown of parsley.
"Gentlemen" are not all rich,
"Pros." are often gentlemen;
And deciding which is which
Taxes sometimes tongue or pen.
Truly all play and no work
Needs a fortune in the player.
Many a sportsman's bound to shirk
That, though at his game a stayer.
Surely there is room for all;
Lines too "hard-and-fast" embitter.
Many a wonder with the ball,
Many a bright and brilliant hitter,
Many a "sportsman" heart and soul,
With no purse of Fortunatus,
Would be kept from glory's goal
By harsh strictness as to status.
Whose the loss? The public's, surely,
And the game's. You may be bound,
Give and take, in games played purely,
Must be good for sport all round.



REMARKABLE OPTICAL ILLUSION!

WERE THEY REALLY MOTOR-MEN (SMOOTHLY PROPELLED ALONG THE SURFACE BY AN UNSFEN FORCE) THAT OUR POOR OLD FRIEND SUDDENLY ENCOUNTERED IN THE STREETS OF LONDON, OR WERE THEY MERELY TWO BRITISH WORKMEN EMPLOYED IN DIGGING DOWN INTO THE ROADWAY TAKING FIVE MINUTES' REST *IN SITU*!

"DOWN SOUTH."

At "The Grand," St. Helier's.—Why are so many modern hotels called "Grand"? The epithet conveys no idea of comfort; quite the contrary. Now "comfort," which word may be taken as exhaustively expressive, is the one thing needful to the traveller. Many monarchs have been styled "Grand," but not one has been surnamed "The Comfortable." How well it would sound, "WILLIAM the Comfortable!" A Grand Hotel may be and probably will be as comfortable as the very snuggest of hostleries, but the name is against it to begin with.

At St. Helier's you are agreeably disappointed to find that there is, at all events, nothing grand about the exterior of this pretty chalet-like hotel. Immediately on arriving you feel yourself at home, and the traveller failing to experience this pleasant sensation will soon be put at his ease by the beaming manager, who, as "a host in himself," welcomes you with an air of British cordiality, tempered by the French polish of *la politesse de LOUIS QUINZE*. Straightway he busies himself with your comfort, as though the hotel, "with all its appliances and means to boot," had been placed on its present footing, solely and only for your sole personal use and gratification.

M. LOUIS QUINZE is so delighted to see you. It is as though you had been so long expected, and had arrived at last! What can he do for you in some special way to prove his personal devotion? *A test of sincerity: ask him to change a cheque.*

What greater test of the confidence, begot in the heart of a responsible man simply by your appearance, can there be than this? He has never seen you before in all his life, and (the cheque being changed) may never see you again. He has no means of identifying you with the name you have given. It is late in the evening, and, the money once in the guest's pocket, the guest may wander out to amuse himself in the town, and may never return. But his luggage? It may be somebody else's, and not belonging to him at all. Or it may be an old worn-out portmanteau, which, with its contents, would not fetch the price of a luncheon.

Do these considerations occur to the mind of M. LOUIS QUINZE? If they do, his countenance is still unclouded, not a shadow of suspicion casts even a momentary gloom over his mobile features. On the contrary, he is charmed by your request. Cheque! Why, a hundred cheques if you like! Any amount! A thousand pounds! You honour him by constituting him temporarily your banker! You shall have it whenever you require it. But surely

you and your friends will first dine? Certainly we will. Dinner first, cheque afterwards.

"*Pas du tout!*" says M. LOUIS QUINZE, in his pleasantest manner, speaking French, which comes as naturally to him as English, for, presumably, he is a Jerseyman, and master of even more languages than his two native ones. "It is natural! *Chez nous, vous n'êtes pas étranger! Jamais de la vie! Mais—comment!* will you not go to dine? Is not the dinner commanded for the three gentlemen? *Parfaitement! à huit heures et demie?*" We announce our intention of being ready to avail ourselves of the quiet corner reserved for us in the *salle à manger*, within fifteen minutes.

And an excellent dinner it is too, with grouse, and with first-rate wines at fairly reasonable prices. Even Quick-Sandboy is fain to admit this, and having no fault to find with the food, confines himself to the gloomiest meteorological prognostications.

For a few minutes we peer out into the unpromising night; then the two Cheery Ones retire, hoping for the best, while the Quick-Sandboy shakes his head despondently, and, with a melancholy "Good night," goes moodily to bed.

Up with the lark. But, if the Jersey lark is not pressed for time, he will not think of "rising to the occasion" in such wretched weather. A deluge! Rain giving the island a thorough good bucketing. Roads steaming. At breakfast, Sandboys Numbers One and Two sustain a *Mark Tapley*-kind of jollity, while Number Three grumbles. Excellent trio. Merry movement of first and second violins, and slow growl on violoncello.

In midst of tempest we stand under verandah, to see travellers bound for France and England starting in omnibuses and frys. M. LOUIS QUINZE is there, directing movements of boots, porters, conductors, and drivers, while cheerily speeding the departing guests. "*En voiture!*" he cries, as he dashes out, regardless of rain! "*En voiture! Good-bye! Au revoir!*" He rushes up to a carriage to shake hands warmly with muffled figures inside. "*Bon voyage! Bon voyage! Monsieur et Madame!*" Here, with the utmost urbanity, he raises his hat, and the rain comes down on his exposed cranium sharp as the shower of a bath when the string has been suddenly pulled. "*Bon voyage!*" he cries, regardless of the *douche*. "*Allez!*" he says to the driver, "*Allez, Cocher! Urry! Urry! Allez!*" Then, in a tone of determined command, gallantly waving his hand, he shouts, "*En route!*" This is repeated in the case of every single carriage; but when it comes to bidding farewell to a



KINDLY MEANT.

"MISS MAYFAIR, DO YOU OBJECT TO PADDLING?"
 "NO, CHARLIE, NOT AT ALL."
 "WELL, THEN, IF YOU'D LIKE TO, DON'T MIND ME."

dozen people or more, crowded into a 'bus, then, always hat in hand, he includes them all individually and collectively in one grand movement of both arms, shouting always with the utmost politeness, "*Bon voyage! Messieurs et Mesdames! Au revoir!*" Finally, in an authoritative tone to the driver, "*Allez, Cocher! 'Urry! 'Urry! En route!!!*"

The last coach-load is gone, and the enthusiastic host collapses. He mops his brow, resumes his hat, and then, for the first time, apparently, becoming aware of the fact that the pelting rain for the last twenty minutes has not been without its dampening effect on his coat, he says cheerily to himself and to us, "*Mauvais temps, n'est ce pas?*" and disappears into the house.

Sandboy Number One, who has been making himself acquainted with the traditions of the island, maintains that our manager did not say "'Urry! 'Urry!" but that he had raised the old Jersey cry of "Haro! Haro!" By referring him to this tradition, as given in BLACK'S useful Jersey Guide-Book, it is demonstrated to him that the "*Clameur de Haro*" is only raised in cases of trespass or distraint, when the full cry is "*Haro! Haro! Haro! à l'aide, mon Prince, on me fait tort!*" and, after that, the case is formally brought before three jurats on the bench with the bailiff.

Query.—In Jersey, should a traveller be unable to pay his bill, may he shout "*Haro! Haro!*" &c., and be off by next boat? Quick-Sandboy thinks it quite possible, and we recommend him to remain in the island, and, after we have left, try it.

Off to Eastern Station. To Pontac. Stop to visit a church. Directed, in French, by peasants, we walk a mile to obtain the keys. Not much to see when we've got 'em. "'Urry! 'Urry!" We can't retrace a mile's-worth of steps to deliver up keys.

Happy Thought.—Knock at door of nearest house. Lady appears. Certainly, with pleasure, she will take care of the keys. Of course they will be called for. We reply, "Of course," which is a natural supposition, seeing that Sunday is close at hand, and that, if the clergyman is not then in possession of the keys, there will be no service. Vain will it be for him to cry "*Haro! Haro!*" So yielding up the keys of the situation to the kindly matron, we rush for the train. *Note.*—Everywhere along the roads and in the fields might be written up, "*Ici on*

parle Français." Also, politeness is the special characteristic of the Jersey islander; so far, at least.

In St. Helier's it is the same thing; everywhere English-French. Quite a friendly alliance. The Jeweller describes himself, over his shop, as "Jeweller—Bijoutier." "Butcher" is likewise "Boucher," "Shoemaker—Cordonnier," and so forth. You can deal with all the Jersey tradesmen in either French or English; it is an example of "Whichever language you like, my little dear; so long as you pay your money, you can take your choice." Quick-Sandboy regrets that he was not a Jerseyman, and brought up from his earliest infancy to speak two languages with equal facility. Alas, it is too late now! We propose leaving him in the island, where he can become naturalised. Offer rejected.

Waiting for train. Visit to hotel at Pontac. Excellent concert-hall with glass-roofed verandah; little tables laid out French fashion for dining *al fresco*. Everything here intended for fine weather enjoyment. Luxuriant garden, with pumpkins, narrows, damp chickens, draggle-tailed pea-hens, moping white turkeys, and index-fingers directing visitors to all sorts of invisible amusements, including an Echo, which is kept tame on the premises. From a business point of view this is clearly the way to make an Echo answer. A trifle tea-gardenified; but must be most attractive—when the sun is shining. "*En route! 'Urry! 'Urry!*" for station once more. Passing along by the sea-wall (it is still pouring), we see ladies and gentlemen, evidently a French family party, judging by their costumes, bathing merrily together, and dancing a sort of merry-go-round in the sea. The master of these marine revels is a stout man in bathing-costume and a tall hat—the ordinary "topper" of civilisation—who is enjoying himself immensely and encouraging the others to do the same.

By train to Goree, passing golf-links (impossible to get away from golf-links, lawn-tennis, bicycles, and even croquet this summer), the Butts, and La Rocque. Charming picturesque, every step of it. Then we ascend to Mount Orgueil Castle. Here we bring joy and gladness to the heart of the warder, who had begun to despair of any sixpences from visitors in this drowning weather, which is enough to damp the ardour of the keenest tripper. But our advent is the harbinger of luck: others arrive; as we proceed, half-a-dozen moist sight-seers suddenly and mysteriously crop up from somewhere, apparently out of various dark dungeons in the neighbourhood of the Powder Magazine. We follow the warder, who is now our guardian and guide. The beauty of the views from the summit of the tower is left to our imagination in this hazy weather. We are pelted off the roof by hail-stones.

"Lucky we're under cover," quoth Sandboy Number Two, cheerily congratulating ourselves, as we descend the stair-case.

"Luckier if we'd stayed in the hotel," growls Quick-Sandboy.

We descend. Ere the warder bids us adieu, he summons us, his temporary companions, about him, and in a rough, honest, pleasant way, informs us that "by the rules he is not allowed to make any charge," thus delicately intimating that if our gratitude for his services should happen to take the practical form of sixpence a head (he avoids particularising any sum as clearly inconsistent with his dignity), he personally would have no objection to placing the sum total to his own credit at his bankers. The warder and his re-warders. So having bestowed largesse, we descend the worn stone steps, every one of which contains a small foot-bath of rain-water, then warily through mud-slush, and so we gain the road and arrive at the little British Hotel.

WHAT THE SOUTH SEA WAVES ARE SAYING.

The season here never begins or ends. From year's end to year's end it ripples on like the late Poet Laureate's "*Brook.*" Men may come and men may go, but Southsea goes on for ever. There is always plenty of "go" in Southsea. On the Clarence Pier there is a constant sequence of melody interspersed with the whistling of steamboats, while the white wings of the yachts in the offing are reflected by the smart but pure costumes of the ladies, who walk the plank without danger from morning till after nightfall. Nowhere can dogowners find such a fine recreation ground for their canine favourites as on the far-famed Common, when not occupied by the brave defenders of our country. Many French visitors look upon the *Victory* in Portsmouth Harbour as a proof of the valour of their countrymen, because NELSON was killed on board of this famous vessel. Two of the coal-hulks adjacent to the *Victory* were borrowed from the Gaul, and never returned. The *Hard*, but for the "Nut" would be desolate of seafaring reminiscences, inasmuch as H.R.H. the Prince of WALES acquired that famous Nelson Vase from the philanthropist, who doesn't like too many public-houses. The Mayor is still weak from a recent attack of Burnheart—but expects to recover.



“IN DEUTSCHLAND GEMACHT.”

(A Forecast.)

[“FOXES MADE IN GERMANY.”—Considerable indignation is being aroused in the hunting districts of the Midland counties, especially among agriculturists, in consequence of the importation of foxes bred in Germany. In Bedfordshire, for instance, owing to the scarcity of cubs, and in order that sport may be assured during the coming season, a large number of young foxes have been brought over and liberated in various parts of the county. Farmers are loud in their protestations against the practice, and allege that they are sustaining frequent and heavy losses by Reynard’s nightly visits to their homesteads. The German fox is described as being even more vicious than his English namesake.

Daily Telegraph, August 30.]

A DIARY OF A DINNER.

Het Sloover-Kootsch Hotel,
Amsterdam.

September 9, 1897.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As we are in despair of getting anything to eat this evening, and want to get out to the “Stads-schouwburg” Theatre, or the “Panoptium,” or somewhere, I venture to forward you the annexed distressing document, in case you can use your world-wide influence with our Head Waiter, and induce him to hurry up a bit. Our experiences are only too typical of many continental dinners. I copy the notes on my menu, and hope they speak for themselves, and for yours in high dudgeon,
Z.Y.X.

6 P.M.—The bell rings for *table d’hôte* punctually. We, as punctually, troop into a fine saloon. Forty-three in number, we include French artists with black neckties as big as sashes, German students with raucous voices that never stop, a stray

American or two, some nondescript Britons, and the rest “various,” in game-book language. We sit down.

6.10.—Enter three and a half waiters—the fraction being a very small boy with a large head and a swallow-tail coat down to his heels. We decide to call them FRITZ, CARLO, HENRIK, and JAN, in accordance with their evidently mixed nationalities. The Head Waiter only looks on.

6.21.—FRITZ arrives with the *Potage purée Croûtons* (I quote textually from the menu).

6.22.—We have finished the *potage*. I eat a piece of bread. Nothing else occurs till

6.29.—When CARLO clears away our soup-plates. We regard him gratefully, and consult the menu.

6.33.—HENRIK strolls round casually with a couple of cold plates, which

6.35.—FRITZ removes again, substituting warm ones. *Faute de mieux*, we reconsult the menu.

6.40.—CARLO presents me with a fork, presumably on loan. I thank him, and enter the fact on the menu.

6.42.—JAN turns up with *Filets de Soles Joinville pommes nat*, which are speedily disposed of. We begin to inspect our watches not unostentatiously.

6.51.—Clean plates, and a fresh flicker of hope, alas! ill-founded. We now know the bill of fare by heart, and have partially lost our tempers. The illustration of a Benedictine monastery on the card has by this time ceased to interest us.

6.55.—CARLO comes within three tables of eurs, and retires.

6.56.—JAN picks up a napkin on the table and puts it down again, in the aimless manner of an “Auguste” at the circus.

7.0.—We work a rule-of-three sum to the effect that, if two courses take one hour, the whole dinner of seven will require three hours and a half. This looks promising. We intimate as much to HENRIK, who totally fails to understand Anglo-Saxon sarcasm.

7.2.—Joy! JAN appears with *Gigot d’Ecosse à la Dubarry*. Come, we are getting on! We shall have a meat breakfast, anyhow.

7.10.—Plates changed. The waiters eye my notes suspiciously, especially as I am entered as a “journalist” in the hotel-book. Result is that

7.14.—HENRIK hands me a fresh knife, as a sort of peace-offering. I go through pantomime of starving man. CARLO has a fit behind a screen.

7.21.—Plates removed inexplicably. Query, is the dinner thus long drawn out, to impress us with the importance of the hotel, the antiquity of Amsterdam, the general stability of the Dutch character, or what?

7.35.—We revolve plans of arson, larceny, letters to the *Times*, and landlordicide.

7.47.—*Paupiettes de veau aux petits pois*. Further comments are needless.

7.59.—CARLO looks in upon us, and explains that the next course is on the way.

8.10.—We give it up, and leave the room, shaking the bread-crumbs off our laps at the rest of the *table d’hôte*.

HONOUR TO HINDOSTAN!

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

WHENEVER there floats the Empire Flag
Let the story be told and told
Of the courage of men, who made no brag,
But died in their frontier-hold!
Died for a Queen they had never seen,
For an Empress who reigned afar;
Died for the glory of what had been,
And the honour of India’s Star!
Put down their lives for the common weal
That makes all our Empire One,
And gives us the silent pride we feel
When we speak of the unset sun.
Wherever there floats the Empire Flag,
On continent, island, or sea,
Let the story be told of the frontier-hold
That was kept, and ever will be,
By the men—what matter if brown or
black?—
Who could die for the rag called the Union
Jack!

FROM OUR IRREFRESSIBLE ONE (still lurking amid shadow).—Q. Why is the eighth kitten of a cat like a sea horror?
A. Because she’s an octo-puss.



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

Custom House Officer (to sufferer). "NOW, SIR, WILL YOU KINDLY PICK OUT YOUR LUGGAGE? IT'S GOT TO BE EXAMINED BEFORE YOU LAND."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Swain discourses on an Autumnal Rose.

THE waning of the year has come,
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)
 And yet we are no nearer home.
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)
 This rose, which surely must be last,
 Unites the Present with the Past,
 And still our sky is overcast!
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)

This rose, akin to one in June,
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)
 When Eros sang another tune!
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)
 I pluck these autumn petals frail,
 That could withstand the last night's
 gale,
 And plucking them—again that wail!
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)

Poor little rose! I love you well,
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)
 Your sympathy has roused the spell,
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)
 Faint is the fragrance of your scent,
 An aftermath of bloom storm-
 rent;
 You are not broken, only bent!
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)

I am not broken, only bent!
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)
 This rose has taught me love was lent,
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)
 It tells of days of joy and pain,
 Of sunshine time and time of rain,
 Of castles built, may be in Spain!
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)

This autumn rose is more than sweet
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)
 In cool September's doubtful heat,
 (Did you deceive, or I believe?)
 Old memories come, old thoughts arise!
 Old treasures of the heart I prize!
 If only I could see your eyes!
 Did you deceive? *I still believe!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. CHRISTIE MURRAY undertakes a delicate and difficult task in the appraisal of fellow-craftsmen in the art of fiction. That he brings to it a cheerful assurance is testified by the title. *My Contemporaries in Fiction* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is somewhat elliptical for conveyance of the precise meaning the author obviously has in his mind. He does not mean, as strict interpretation of the phrase implies, that he, Mr. HARDY, Mr. CLARK RUSSELL, Mr. BARRIE, and others of whom he writes, are fictitious characters. What is unmistakably clear in the title is its frank egoism. Mr. MURRAY is just the man, in other circumstances, to have written, *Ego et Rex*. Which makes more charming his severe rebuke of Miss CORELLI for her "self-approving hysteria" and his lament over CHARLES READE's "fashion of intruding himself on his reader." But if he is constitutionally, sometimes comically, egotistical, there is, my Baronite assures me, a real noteworthy *Ego* behind. The little volume is, from first page to last, full of keen, sound, informing criticism, the literary style of its setting forth being of itself a delight. This sensation will perhaps not be shared by Miss CORELLI and Mr. HENRY JAMES, for the sting of disparagement is sharpened by the conviction borne in upon the disinterested reader that



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XV.

Jack (singing at the top of his voice)—
 "THERE'S ONLY ONE GIRL IN THE WORLD FOR ME!"—*Popular Song.*

Mr. MURRAY not only possesses critical faculty in the highest state of training, but that, in approaching his self-appointed task, he has honestly endeavoured to set aside personal prejudice.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET IN THE COLONIES—AND AFTER.

(News in advance kindly furnished by Our Prophet Reporter.)

Canada.—Mr. A-ST-N CH-MB-RL-N, having bowled and batted admirably in both innings, was listened to with marked attention when he delivered a lecture upon the policy of his right hon. father.

Australia.—Mr. H-NN-K-R H-T-N, having unfortunately retired with a duck's egg, found it utterly impossible to explain his plan for establishing an Imperial penny postage. The disappointed spectators in the cricket-field refused to listen to him.

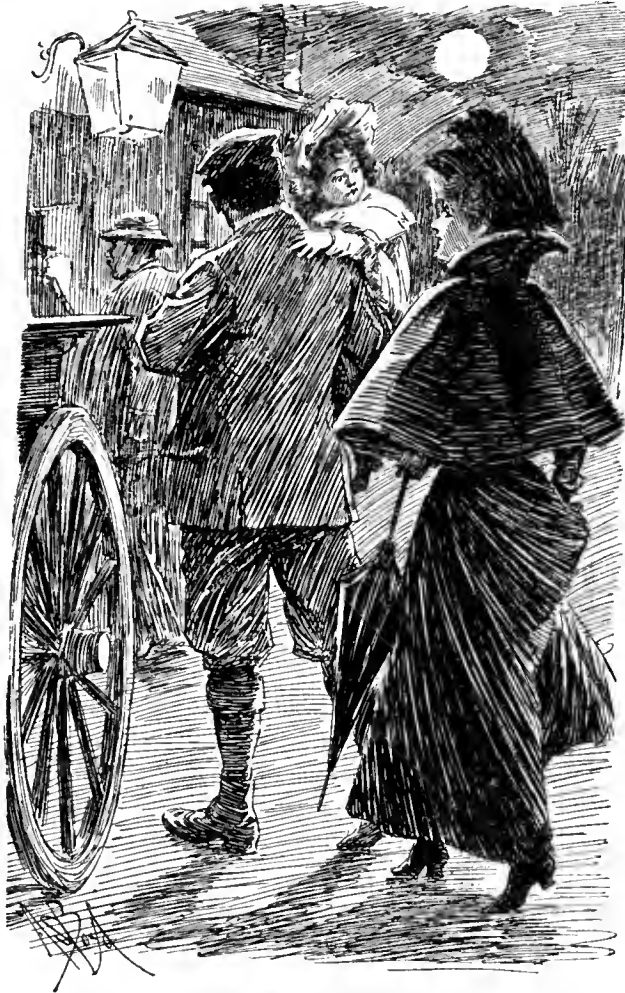
Cape Colony.—Sir R-CH-RD W-EST-R, having shown admirable discretion in performing the duties of captainship, was invited by the Bench to point out the flaws in President KR-G-N's procedure, *re* the judges of the Transvaal.

London.—On the return of the Parliamentary eleven, the team received the appointment of Additional Masters of the Ceremonies, in recognition of their brilliant association with the greatest of British institutions—the ball.

Bumble on the Bench.

["At the Highgate Police-Court it was pleaded that the owner of a dog without a muzzle was dead. The Bench appeared to think this a frivolous objection, and imposed a fine of 10s. and costs."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

O SHADE of *Bumble!* thine the head
 This knotty point to clench.
 "The law's a hass," as thou hast said—
 But what about the Bench?



A FOND DELUSION.

Gerty. "I'M SO BLAD IT'S MOONLIGHT, MUZZER. IT WON'T BE SO DARK IN ZOSE HORRID TUNNELS!"

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART VII.

SCENE—*The Garden.*

Bowater. Pray sit down, Miss STILWELL. I shall be happy to hear your views with regard to the publication of your—hem—*Stolen Sweets.*

Kezia (seating herself). Well, Sir, I think you'll agree with me it's the sort of story that ought to have pictures.

Bowater. Pictures, eh? H'm! ah! Were you contemplating having them—er—coloured?

Kezia (pleased). That would give the book a handsome appearance, certainly—provided, of course, it was done artistically.

Bowater (with weary irony). Perhaps you would like the illustrations entrusted to the President of the Royal Academy?

Kezia. If you consider him thoroughly competent, Sir, I've no objection, I'm sure. Though I'd rather see a few samples before deciding.

Bowater. A very proper precaution. However—er—I'm afraid we must give up the idea of illustrations as rather too expensive.

Kezia (bridling). I should have thought myself you wouldn't consider expense any object with a book of real first-rate genius—like you said yourself *mine* was!

Bowater (to himself). I don't want to lose my temper if I can help it! (*Aloud.*) Real genius, Miss STILWELL, can afford to do without any—er—pictorial aid.

Kezia (sharply). I suppose you mean *you* can't afford to provide it, Sir.

Bowater. In the present case, most certainly not. Now, as to terms. Have you thought at all what sum you would consider satisfactory?

Kezia. Well, I have heard of lady-novelists getting as much as ten thousand pounds.

Bowater (aghast). But, bless my soul! You don't expect me to pay you that, do you?

Kezia. No. I wouldn't mind taking five thousand pounds for mine.

Bowater. I know very few authors who would. My good girl, don't be absurd! Five thousand shillings would be monstrous enough—but pounds! You really must be reasonable, you know.

Kezia. You'll excuse me, Sir, but I'm not so simple as you think. After all you and the other gentleman said at lunch, I can't help knowing my own value. However, sooner than wrangle over it, I'll come down to a thousand.

[*BOWATER rises impatiently, and goes to the drawing-room window.*]

Bowater. Miss LYDE. (*CAMILLA appears.*) Your young friend has made a modest demand of a thousand pounds for permitting me the privilege of losing money and reputation by bringing out this ridiculous romance of hers. I presume that even you will consider that rather too severe a penalty for my—ah—offence?

Camilla (coming out). Oh, of course. I will come and speak to her myself. It's only that she doesn't understand these things.

[*They return to KEZIA.*]

Bowater. Miss STILWELL, it's a perfectly impossible for me to pay anything remotely approaching the sum you name, but I am prepared to make you an offer of— (*He names the terms.*) I assure you that for—er—a first book by an unknown writer, that is as much as you are likely to obtain anywhere.

Camilla. Indeed, KEZIA, you will be a very foolish girl if you refuse it.

Kezia. That's your opinion, Miss. But I'm afraid your advice isn't so disinterested as it might be. You're all for yourself, you are!

Camilla. I'm sorry you should think so, KEZIA. I am always anxious to help any literary beginner if I can—especially a friend.

Kezia. There was that friend of yours who trusted you with her story to send to Mr. BOWATER. When I told you just now it had got burnt accidentally, it didn't strike me you were particularly put out. Quite the contrary. It's my firm belief you were rather relieved than not.

Camilla (checking BOWATER, who is about to interrupt, indignantly). Mr. BOWATER, please! Well, KEZIA, I may have had my reasons for thinking it not altogether a misfortune.

Kezia. Ah, when parties are in the writing line themselves, they're not always sorry to see their rivals out of the way. But you mayn't be best pleased to hear, Miss, that I was misinformed about that manuscript. It appears that Cook really pestered the parcel after all, and then had the malignancy to pretend to me she'd put it on the fire, and kept the secret till a few minutes ago, just for the pleasure of getting a rise out of me, Miss!

Bowater (to himself). Not destroyed! If it should turn out— But she'd never believe it now!

Camilla. Mr. BOWATER, if that manuscript has reached you, I shall be obliged by your returning it—unread.

Kezia. Well, some people have queer ideas of doing their friends a good turn! Mr. BOWATER, it's my wish to come to an understanding, if possible. I'll say five hundred pounds, to oblige you. If that don't suit you, I'll trouble you to give me my story back, and I'll find some gentleman who'll be glad enough to give me my own price for it.

Bowater (promptly). Since you insist, Miss STILWELL, I shall be very pleased to meet your wishes (*KEZIA'S eyes light up with triumph*), and return you your manuscript as soon as possible, with my best wishes for its success elsewhere.

Kezia. I might have known what all your fine words were worth! You shouldn't have it now if you went on your knees to me!

[*She leaves the garden, furious.*]

Bowater. Thank Heaven, I've got rid of that awful girl! I think you have her manuscript, Miss LYDE. Will you see that she receives it? You might—er—remove the printed rejection form.

Camilla. Yes, we must spare her that. Poor girl, I'm afraid there are more disappointments in store for her. But I shall not allow her to leave me at present, if I can induce her to listen to reason.

Bowater. And now that it seems that your novel has come into my hands after all—you won't really take it away from me?

Camilla. I—I must. You don't understand how I feel about it. I wanted you to like it. But don't you see that, however warmly you were to praise it now, I should never quite— It wouldn't be the same!

Bowater (earnestly). But, Miss LYDE, if I might only tell you.

. . . Confound it all—young ALABASTER!
Nora (who has entered with GERALD, in an undertone, to

CAMILLA). I'm sure Mr. BOWATER has worries enough without GERALD, but he would come!

Gerald (stiffly, to BOWATER). Oh, I've brought you your bag. I haven't opened it. After what you said I don't suppose you require my services any more.

[He hands him a small black leather bag.

Bowater. There, there, my dear fellow, I was irritated. I don't remember what I said, but I didn't mean it. I'm glad to have that bag, though, it may . . . Miss LYDE, this is the bag I left at Mr. ALABASTER's this morning. It contains the story I believe, rightly or wrongly, to be yours, also a memorandum written overnight for his benefit, and stating my opinion of the work in no measured terms. I venture to hope that, if you would take the trouble to read it, you could no longer doubt the sincerity of my admiration.

Camilla. Don't be rash, Mr. BOWATER. Suppose the manuscript turns out not to be mine?

Bowater. I'll run the risk.

[He gives her the MS., which she receives with a start.

Nora (to GERALD, in the background). Why did you come back? It's my belief you've made matters worse than ever!

Gerald. It is not my fault if BOWATER will plunge in this reckless way!

Bowater (to CAMILLA, as she finishes reading the memorandum with flushed cheeks). Well, are you satisfied?

Camilla. More—much more than satisfied. I never hoped that anyone would see so exactly what I was aiming at, or praise my work so generously as you have done here, dear Mr. BOWATER. I am very, very proud and grateful.

Bowater. And do you still deny me the privilege of being its publisher?

Camilla. No, no. How could I? Where should I find a kinder and more sympathetic reader?

Bowater. Then you forgive me for my—er—want of frankness?

Camilla (giving him her hand). If you will forget all the horrid things I said to you about it.

Gerald (to NORA). I say, I do believe BOWATER's brought it off after all.

Nora. Of course. I knew it would all come right. And really, it's all my doing. I consider I've managed it uncommonly well, don't you?

Gerald. Oh, come, I say—you might give a fellow some of the credit!

Nora. You? Why, what did you do?

Gerald. Well, I brought the bag.

Nora. Pooh! Any boy could bring a bag!

Gerald. Ah, and any girl can let the cat out of it!

THE END.

THEN AND NOW.

BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS (AN ANTICIPATION).

REALLY nothing so pleasant as packing. Such fun to see how many things you can get into a portmanteau. Won't take any books as the "Continong" will be enough for amusement.

Capital carriages to Dover. Everything first-rate. Civil guards. Time-table not a dead letter. Splendid boats, smooth sea, and a first-rate buffet at Calais.

Dear Paris! Just the place for the inside of a week. Boulevards full of novelties. Theatres in full swing. Evenings outside the cafés perfect happiness. Splendid!

En route. Swiss scenery, as ever, lovely. Mountains glorious, passes, lakes. Delightful. Nothing can compare with a jaunt through the land of TELL.

Italy—dear old Italy. Oh, the blue sky and the tables d'hôte! What more glorious than the ruins of Rome? What more precious than the pictures of Florence? What more restful than the gondolas of Venice?

And the people even! The French the pink of politeness. The Swiss homely and kindly. The Italians inheriting the nobility of the Cæsars.

And all this to take the place of hard work. Well, it is to come. Bless everybody!

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS (A RETROSPECT).

WHAT can be worse than packing? And after all the trouble of shoving things in anywhere, you find you have left half your belongings behind! And of course the books you half read during your weary travels are stopped at the Custom House.

Beastly journey from Paris to Calais, and as for the crossing afterwards—well, as long as I live I shall never forget it!

Dear Paris! Emphatically "dear," with the accent on the wrong place. Glad to be out of it. Boulevards deserted. Theatres



THE CONVALESCENT CHAMPION OF ETHIOPIA.

PRINCE H-NRY OF ORL-NS.

playing "relâche." Cafés deathtraps in the service of the influenza.

En route! Who cares for Switzerland—always the same! Eternal mountains—yet coming up promising year after year! Sloppy passes, misty views. Beastly monotonous. The Cantons played out.

Italy! Who says Italy? Blue sky not equal to Wandsworth. Rome unhealthy. Art treasures at Florence not equal to collection in South Kensington. Mosquitoes at Venice.

And the people! Cheeky French, swindling Swiss, and dirty Italians!

And yet this is all to be supplemented by the same hard work. In the collar again. Oh! hang everybody!

OUR DOMESTIC WANTS.

["LADY HOUSEMAID wanted. Clergyman's daughter preferred. Capable, tall, good needlewoman, knowledge of cooking. Caps, aprons. Small family. Sal. £14.—Address, &c."—Church Times.]

GENERAL wanted. Must be lady of title. Excellent references required. Expected to give services in return for a Christian home.—Box B 241.

HOUSEMAID wanted. Clergyman's daughter preferred. Tall, strong, good needlewoman, knowledge of cooking. Caps, aprons. Large family. Sal. £12.—Lady C., 6, The Crescent, Norfolk Broads.

WANTED, Lady Help to take charge of eight children, wait at table, and assist in the scullery. Must give services for first six months, while undergoing instruction in duties.—Mrs. Grindem, Fetter Street, Stonehenge.

GOVERNESS, speaking French, German, Spanish, and Italian required. Knowledge of drawing, painting, and music indispensable. To teach three little girls of impaired intellect. Churchwoman. Meals in servants' hall. Sal. £8.—Gentlewoman, care of Smith's, The Broadway, Brighton.

WANTED, Kitchenmaid, where man cook is kept. Must be lady by birth, good plain cook, and accustomed to dish up entrées. No followers or fringes allowed. Sal. £6.—Apply personally to Housekeeper, The Lodge, Newport, Lancs., Mondays and Wednesdays, between 11 A.M. and 4 P.M.

DAIRYMAID wanted. Refined, well educated, accustomed to hard work, good milker, and early riser. Expected to speak French with elder children in the evening, and play harmonium on Sundays. 25 years' character. Age not under 30. Can lady recommend?—W. 635, Times Office.



Schoolmaster. "FOR WHAT WERE THE ANCIENT ROMANS CHIEFLY REMARKABLE? WELL, CORKER?"
Corker. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY UNDERSTOOD LATIN!"

DOMESTIC DISCIPLES.

["Is there any reason why a school of domestic economy should not be attached to every high school and private college for women throughout the length and breadth of the land?"—*Daily Telegraph*.]

In anticipation of the time when this admirable suggestion will be carried out, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit an examination paper for the study of intending candidates.

I. Let A be yourself, and B your husband, and x the contents of your larder (consisting of two mackerel, one chicken, and a small apple-tart). On a Sunday evening B unexpectedly brings home 5 friends to supper. Under these circumstances, simplify

the fraction $\frac{x}{A+B+5}$ in a satisfactory manner.

II. (a) If 2 housemaids can smash 5 plates in 4 days, estimate the amount of the crockery bill for 6 months, allowing for "Sundays out."

(b) "Mistress of herself though China fall." Can you truthfully apply this line of POPE to yourself?

III. What would you expect your husband to say, and how would you proceed to pacify him, under the following circumstances:—

(a) His bacon is burnt for the sixth time in succession.

(b) His study has been thoroughly "tidied."

(c) An enthusiastic housemaid has scrubbed his pet meerschaum pipe with soap and water?

IV. You live in a small, back street, A, close to a fashionable square of the same name. How would you persuade your tradesman that the following formula is true: $A=A^2$?

Common Cook. Compose a "character" which will satisfy her, and yet be not untruthful for one who cheats, is unpunctual, and habitually intemperate.

VI. Translate into English, comment on, and suggest suitable replies to, the following phrases:—

(a) "Please, mum, it came away in my 'and!"

(b) "And what's more, mum, be put upon I *won't!*"

(c) "I never gave no followers a blessed morsel!"

VII. Let A be a nurse, B a soldier, and C your children. How often will you expect A and B to coincide at any given point, and the following process to result: $A+B+C=AB-C$? And how soon will you make $A=A-B \frac{\text{heart}}{2}$ + a month's notice?

VIII. State truthfully what food you are able to prepare in the absence of a cook (tea, coffee, and boiled eggs barred). Mention the names of any who have eaten a cake of your manufacture, and add if they are still living.

IX. Can you keep accounts? What proportion of the weekly expenditure do you consider yourself entitled to include under the head "Sundries"?

De Minimis.

Q. "*Lèse-majesté!*" And what, dear Sir, is that?

A. There's no clear definition of the thing.

The nearest one is able to get at,

Is—telling truth of Emperor or King.

For instance, 'tis *lèse-majesté*, some state,

To say a German Emperor is not "Great."

Which would not matter, not a jot or tittle,



THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

JOHN BULL. "I DON'T SEEM TO BE DOING SO WELL AS I DID."
 JOE. "WELL, IF YOU WANT TO GET THE BETTER OF THOSE FOREIGN CHAPS, YOU MUST CHOOSE YOUR FLY TO SUIT THE FISH—AS THEY DO!"

SMITHSON

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES



EXTENUATING.

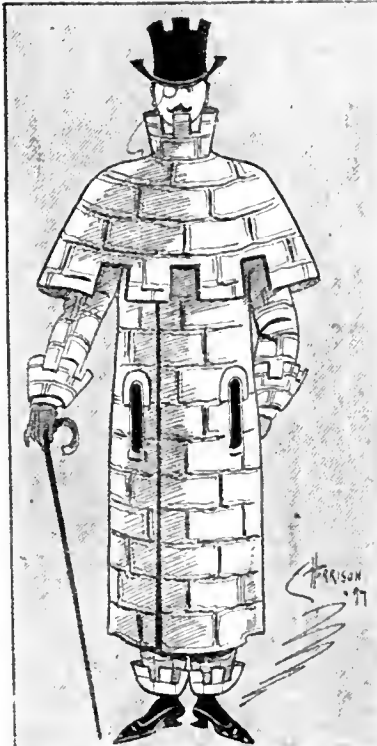
Aunt Jane (looking up suddenly). "BARBARA, DON'T YOU THINK HERBERT'S LEOS ARE RATHER TOO THIN FOR KNICKERBOCKERS!"
Barbara (a fond and proud Wife). "OH, NO, AUNTIE, THEY ARE NOT THIN—ONLY THEY 'RE RATHER CHIPPENDALE."

A PHILANTHROPIC PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see by those journals which are devoted to the Elevation of the Masses that the London County Council is about to restrain the exuberant voice of the Peripatetic Merchant. In this I am wholly in accord with the Wise-acres of Spring Gardens, inasmuch as it has been for years a daily practice of mine to endeavour to discover what wares the Peripatetic Merchant is extolling. He is always guilty of various howls and yells, which would not disgrace the Zoological Gardens, but otherwise his barbaric discord has no possible meaning to a civilised ear. As I write, a being, presumably with commercial instincts, is parading the thoroughfare in which it is my privilege to reside, uttering a cry which sounds like (written phonetically) "Bur-roo." I have not time to inquire what goods he is endeavouring to dispose of, but possibly they may be potatoes or cat's-meat.*

Suffering as I do from this continual dislocation of the English language, I venture to suggest to the London County Council that it should establish Evening Classes for the Education of the Peripatetic Merchant. Thereat he might be taught to phrase with some regard to vocal and oral common-sense. How pleasant it would be if the Peripatetic Merchant could be instructed (at the expense of the rate-payers) to bawl "Fresh herrings" or "Milk" with articulate emphasis! I

* It appears to have been "firewood," so my rascal says.—T. T. (later).



According to the *St. James's Gazette*, Battlement-shaped Hats are to be in vogue this season. Our artist thinks the idea might be utilised for gentlemen's attire as above.

might further suggest that a corresponding class for railway porters should be established, thereby preventing many travellers from alighting at stations whereof the presumable names are "Blinker's Extract of Beef," or "Army Cut Tobacco." Trusting that you will bring this idea to the notice of the respected and intelligent authorities in question,

I am, Sir,
 Your obedient, humble servant,
 TOBIAS TITTLEBAT.
 Chortlebury Chambers, Bloomsbury.

P.S.—Allow me to exempt the muffin-man, with his time-honoured and easily recognised bell, from my indictment.

After the Big Beat.

Owner (to Head Keeper, when the "tally" has been told). This isn't up to last year, GUNLOCK!

Gunlock (semi-defiantly). No, Sir; but last year you didn't invite so many members of the Anti-Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Why, the wounded birds is wuss than it was after Waterloo!

[*Owner collapses, and invites GUNLOCK to console himself.*]

A PORTENT.—MR. JOHN MORLEY said in his wrath, "The House of Lords must be mended or ended." The Member for Sark says the beginning of the end is already marked. Anyhow, the Westminster Pier has gone down.

POPULAR PASTIME FOR A PRISON WARDER.—"Putting" on the "Links."

THE ADELPHI DUKE; OR, THE MIGHTY AT 'EM.

WE must revise our sayings of famous men. The playing-fields of Eton must retire into obscurity, for the battle of Waterloo, with which they have been connected for more than eighty years, is now won every night on the stage of the Adelphi. I have been there, and having seen the ghastly proofs, know what I am talking about.

MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT is at the bottom of the whole thing. If he had never been a pale-faced, deliberate villain, in a muffin-cap, MR. TERRISS would never have been unjustly persecuted, would never have suffered punishment for being "the man who struck O'Hara," alias MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE, and it is manifest that the Duke would never have been able, at a critical point, to despatch MR. TERRISS with a message that appears to have decided the fate of the battle. A heavy responsibility rests, therefore, on MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, and, when next he visits Paris, I advise him to adopt a heavy disguise, for our jealous neighbours, in whose minds Waterloo is still understood to rankle, might take strong measures with him. In these days of the Russian alliance Siberia is a mere French department.

I am told we are to have a patriotic boom in Wellingtons, just

into his own hands, and has discharged a pistol full at Colonel Aylmer. Judging by the appearance of the Colonel's face immediately after the explosion, the pistol was charged with strawberry jam. The deadly preserve, however, does its work, and Colonel Aylmer expires just as Colonel Wellesley arrives.

In the ensuing interval of ten minutes, fourteen years speed rapidly away. NAPOLEON is in Elba, and the British army, released from war-like toil, is refreshing itself at an inn near Plymouth, which is entirely under the new management of MR. HARRY NICHOLLS. MR. TERRISS has grown up, and is now Captain Aylmer, a romantic, pale Apollo of twenty-four. He is in love with Dorothy Maine (Miss MILLWARD). For the fourteenth time he asks her to marry him, and for the first time she accepts. They retire once more "to the brook by the orchard." But Beveridge O'Hara has had his adventurous Irish eye on them, and so has the Swiss landlord, who, having accepted a commission in the British army, has been swiftly promoted to the rank of Colonel in the Rifle Brigade. Anything more uncolonial (if the word may pass in this Jubilee year) than Colonel Lanson I never saw. He wears a muffin-cap and a long yellow coat covered with black braid, and looks exactly like a little boy in an ancient picture-book. He has, however, left his frilled drawers and his



F.M. "The Duke." " "Days of the Duke,' indeed!

as the French have been enjoying a boom in Napoleons, and that in the *Days of the Duke* is only the first of a series of stirring ducal dramas. I may express the hope that in the rest we shall see something more of our national hero. At the Adelphi he is a mere flitter, a thing of no substance, and the action of the play would get on quite comfortably without him. Somewhere I have read that in a really good historical drama the great personage ought not to be a very prominent figure. The audience ought to have a pervading sense of his being somewhere in the background, controlling the action. But here, though the Duke is unquestionably in the background, I never had the least sense of him, he controlled nothing and nobody, and it was with a feeling of puzzled astonishment that I eventually recognised his fine aquiline nose (admirably played by MR. CHARLES FULTON), as he advanced to the footlights in a scarlet tunic and the light-blue ribbon of the Garter.

But to the play. When I arrived the Prologue was half over, and, as I had failed to secure a programme, I had at first to piece the plot together for myself. I gathered that a party of British tourists are staying at a Swiss hotel, let us say the *Hôtel Beau Séjour*. The walls are lined with alpenstocks, and the open windows command a noble view of the distant Alps. But trouble is brewing. Colonel Aylmer has evidently disputed the landlord's bill, and the landlord, naturally resenting this display of British arrogance, has summoned the natives of the Canton to help him. The Colonel is torn by anxiety. If he had not been so old and war-beaten, I should have taken him for MR. TERRISS. The Colonel's wife, a young and giddy thing, much given to tears and prayer, is also in deep distress. But Colonel Wellesley, Colonel Aylmer's friend, is touring in the neighbourhood, and is expected to succour his distressed countrymen. He arrives, but, alas, too late, for the infuriated landlord (MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT), dressed in a Swiss artillery uniform, has taken the law

Never set eyes on such a rummy lot in my time!!"

hoop at home. The two villains conspire against Aylmer, who is still in the orchard. In the next scene we find Miss MARION TERRY. She is aged about twenty-two, but this fact does not prevent her from being Captain Aylmer's mother. Mother and son indulge in a scene of affection, the idyllic nature of which may be imagined when their respective ages are considered; the villainous Lanson walks once more chin-deep in wickedness, Miss TERRY passionately addresses the highly-coloured picture of her deceased husband, the picture brutally refuses to answer her, and the act ends. Still no Duke of WELLINGTON.

In the next act Paris claims us. We are all there, Captain Aylmer, Colonel Lanson (*extra-sec*, not to say *brut*), Mrs. Aylmer, Dorothy Maine, O'Hara, and Sergeant Harry Nicholls Bunder, who, with Mrs. Bunder, has deserted the inn near Plymouth and flown to the Seine in the scarlet coat and cape of a Salvation Army Captain of the early part of the century. What harum-scarum, reckless, devils of fellows we are! How we gamble at the Palais Royal, while across our scene of revelry stalks the sombre figure of Colonel Lanson, no longer in a muffin-cap, but for all the world like the statue of the *Commandatore* in *Don Giovanni*, followed by Donna Anna and Donna Elvira in the masked shapes of Dorothy Maine and Mrs. Bunder. Sergeant Bunder, it should be added, fulfils his destiny by turning up as a Pierrot. The end of it all is that, spurred to desperation by the French accent they have had to listen to in the Palais Royal, Aylmer and O'Hara fight a duel in a wood beyond the fortifications. O'Hara, as I have intimated, gets struck, I might say pierced, and dies in a flood of repentance and moonlight after he has pressed into the delicate hands of Dorothy a blood-stained letter, which is to explain everything and everybody, and restore cheerfulness to the gloomy brow of Captain Aylmer. And still the Duke remains obstinately in the background.

We are in Brussels, at the Duchess of RICHMOND's ball. What

of uniforms, if I may borrow from my friend AUGUSTE, what of swords and helmets, what of magnificent officers, what of incomparable robes of ball! *Sergeant Bunder* and his spouse have vanished from the play, but the rest of us are all there. Behold, too, Lord Uxbridge and the Prince of Orange, the two handsomest men in the army; and here from a window'd niche of that high hall comes proudly advancing Brunswick's fattest chieftain—thus, and in no other words, would BYRON have described him had he but seen his substantially-martial form on the Adelphe stage. But hush! Hark! Did ye not hear it? Yes, yes, it is, it is the sound of the bag-pipes, and in a moment the pipers roll in, escorting four stalwart Highlanders, who look strangely real amongst the ball-room numbers. They don't leave us for an instant in doubt as to their object, for before we can recover from the flutter caused by their appearance, they start on a Highland fling with all the matchless ardour of their race. It is a stimulating but prolonged dance. Henceforth let it be known as the *Pas de Quatre Bas*. And now—aha! *enfin je le tiens, ce Wellington*; at last the Iron Duke appears. He issues a few sharp, short orders, scowls at *Captain Aylmer*, forgives him, and then bundles himself and everybody else off to the battle-field. *I have seen the Duke of Wellington.*

I need not linger over the last distressing scene—"Hougoment, Morning after the Battle"—except to mention that all of us, including even the Duke of WELLINGTON, turn up there, and that *Colonel Lanson*, having lived through the night in spite of a hundred wounds—it is his own calculation of their number—finally dies after having, by a gallant lie, ensured the future domestic happiness of *Mrs. Aylmer, Captain Aylmer* and *Dorothy Maine*.

THE VAGRANT.

"DOWN SOUTH."

Jersey.—Goree bears a certain resemblance to what Broadstairs probably was about a hundred and fifty years ago, and the lobster lunch at its hotel recalls pleasant recollections of Swanage.

Note.—Visitors intending to return by a roundabout drive, taking St. Martin's Church, Rozel, and Prince's Tower *en route*, will do well to ascertain a day beforehand that a conveyance shall be at their disposal. "What, no soap? so he died." What, no fly, no conveyance of any kind? No. Not so much as a go-cart or a wheel-barrow. There is a trap, but that, on this occasion, has been ordered beforehand.

So back, by train, to St. Helier's. Visit the Law Courts, where the proceedings are in French; see the Jersey collection of pictures representing events in the island's history; note the spot where PIENSON fell; inspect the principal tobacconists; make purchases ("We shall have to pay duty on everything," grumbles Quick-Sandboy, who has purchased a few boxes of cigars), and finally lose ourselves in admiration of the bronze statue of a podgy little person in the market place, representing GEORGE THE SECOND, to whom the grateful islanders erected this memorial in return for his princely gift of three hundred pounds towards defraying the cost of a pier. Fancy the generous monarch endowing a Jersey pierage with so vast a sum! And so, in perpetual memory of this royal munificence, the satirical Jerseyman had the statue gilt! Perhaps two-thirds of the royal donation paid for the carving and gilding; while the annual interest on the remainder, carefully invested, defrays the annual cost of regilding.

Still raining! But the Sandboys are not to be done by a drenching, not they! So in the true *Mark Tapley* spirit, with Quick-Sandboy representing young *Martin Chuzzlewit*, we take train for the Western side of the Island. We pass by St. Aubin's Bay, obtain a glimpse of St. Brelade, and journey to Corbière, where, unable to refresh our *corps* with the *bière*, we limit ourselves to the expression of "our distinguished esteem," and . . . then return to St. Helier's, to the genial M. Louis QUINZE, and heartily do we welcome the dinner he has prepared for us.

Next morning. Alas! Same old rain. The stormy winds are at it again. The fly is at the door, and our barque is on the sea, as our cheery Louis QUINZE, in a shining vest of purest white, waves his hand to us; and we, echoing his genial "*Au revoir*," devoutly wish that we could remain until the sea should be calm as the proverbial mill-pond. But *il faut partir*. And the last impression we have of our day-and-a-bit in Jersey is the smiling face of the hotel manager, as he gracefully waves his hat and cries aloud, "*En voiture! Urry! Urry! Allez! En route!*" And *en route* it is. *Au revoir*, M. Louis QUINZE!

The voyage, *da capo*, and worse than ever.

Eight A.M. "So early in the morning!" But for a cup of coffee, a bit of toast, a mere bite and sup, we are unbreakfasted. That line of BON GUALTIERA occurs to me, "The unbreakfasted turned blue." There is safety (for me) only in the cabin, away



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

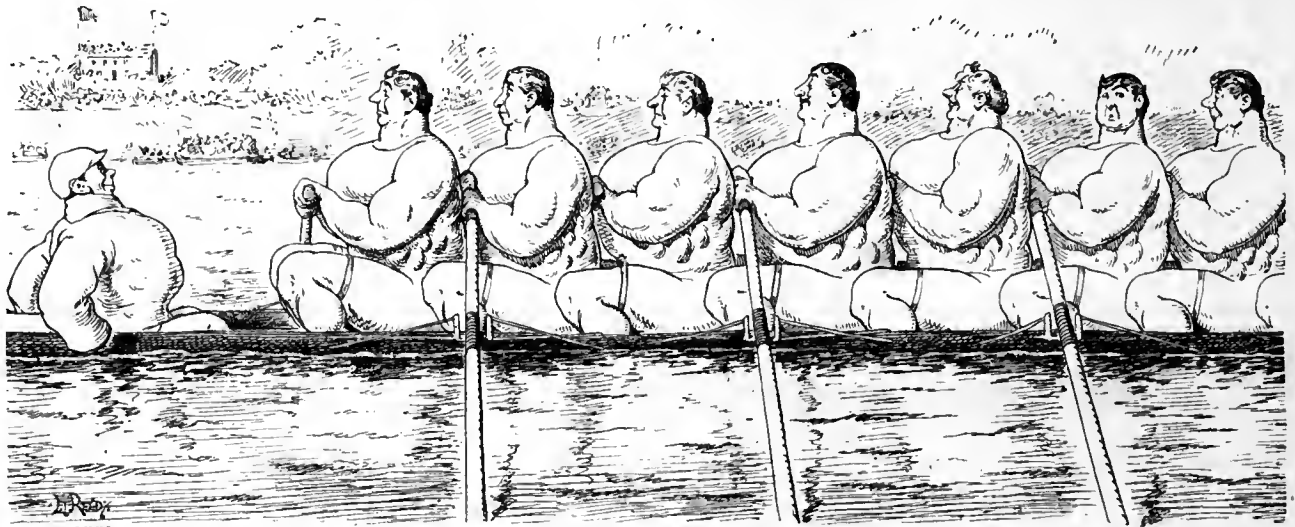
"SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG. THAT'S THE THIRD TIME RUNNING I'VE USED THIS CLUB!"

from my fellow-men, who, as it is Saturday, are represented by a crowd of jovial holiday-makers. How brief is the merriment of the majority! A few waves—a few big rolls (of the ship) for breakfast, and the crowd melts away, disappears to mysterious depths below, leaving on deck only a few incapables trying to shut their eyes to the stern (and forward) facts. "Farewell the tranquil mind!"

Guernsey.—Comparative calm, and grand opportunity for breakfast. What a breakfast! It is ten o'clock, and we sit down unsteadily, but determined, or perish in the attempt. Somebody has ordered "steak and potatoes," and the savoury *d'sh* has just been brought in. I suggest to steward that "somebody" cannot possibly manage an entire "steak and potatoes" all to himself. Steward agrees with me: so will the steak and potatoes when I get them. Steward makes a dashing cut at the steak, much to the astonishment of the intending consumer, who, however, is willing to own that it is more than he can tackle, and so it is handed over to me. Never was steak so succulent! never were potatoes so irresistible! And then—"Some chicken, Sir?" Certainly. Chicken be it. "And to drink?" Brandy and soda! Then we are giants refreshed, capable of enjoying ourselves on board the good ship, and compassionating the miseries of others.

The sun shines; weather improves. We catch sight of Weymouth; then The Needles. "Here we are again!" which seems to be the rallying cry of everyone on board reappearing from everywhere, and *now* thoroughly enjoying the remaining two hours' sail on the comparatively tranquil Solent into the haven of Southampton Water! Even the Third Sandboy has no fault to find with anything or anybody; while we, the Other Two Sandboys, are of opinion (with no extra charge), that there are not many better ways of spending a short holiday than by visiting Jersey, and, *per Jersey*, France, then back again, looking in at all the Channel Islands on the way.

May such a chance, in excellent company, be ours! say the Three Sandboys.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW OF 1898.

["SANDOW, the strong man, has offered to train the Cambridge crew on his own system, and undertakes to turn out such a crew as has not been seen for years."—*Daily Paper.*]

OWING TO THEIR MAGNIFICENT DEVELOPMENT AND THE CONSEQUENT CROWDING OF THE BOAT, BUT LITTLE HEADWAY COULD BE MADE DURING THE RACE, AND AT THE MOMENT WHEN OXFORD WAS PASSING THE WINNING-POST, THE ABOVE CREW WAS LABORIOUSLY ENDEAVOURING TO "NEGOTIATE" HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE! (OUR ARTIST'S APOLOGIES ARE DUE TO "BOW," WHO, OWING TO THE EXIGENCIES OF SPACE, IS BUT PARTIALLY PORTRAYED. IT IS ONLY FAIR TO HIM TO SAY THAT IN BEAUTY AND PHYSIQUE HE IS IN NO WAY INFERIOR TO THE REST OF THE CREW!)

GOOD-NIGHT!

SEPTEMBER clouds the skies with grey,
And cold winds shiver through the rose:
Now swift and swifter every day
Draws to its dark and destined close.
But still, though wind and rain be keen,
Still are the swaying branches green.
For Summer has not yielded yet;
Still in stray gleams her tresses glow.
But, ah! with tears her face is wet,
She lingers, but she turns to go.
And on the air her whisper dies—
"Farewell, damp earth and chilly skies!"
So let her pass; the shadows fall,
I set the ruddy fire alight;
Its glamour flickers through the hall,
A sober silence holds the night.
And as I sit, dim shapes of air
Appear and fade about my chair.
And once again I pace with you
Through that old city, grey and worn,
Where hopes are high and hearts are true,
And life a cheerful Summer morn;
In that serene, familiar place
Where first I met you face to face.
Small care we knew, we had no fear
To mar our joy in earthly things.
We trembled not, we did not hear
The heating of the sable wings
Of one that waited on the brink,
"The angel of the darker drink."
Oh! joy too fresh and pure to last,
Great days of friendship swiftly fled,
Still to my mournful heart made fast,
With me ye live, ye are not dead!
The hours that linked us man to man
Outweigh a lifetime's rounded span.
Two years are gone, your welcome voice
Makes music still to dull my pain.
You smile and bid my heart rejoice,
Your friendship cheers me yet again.
I call you, and unchanged you stand,
As first you stood and clasped my hand.

And thus recalled at will, you prove
That death is naught and fate is blind.
Life's brightness in your eyes, you move
Through the clear chambers of my mind.
This Nature grants, since death controls
Our breath, but not the world of souls.

I take old OMAR from his shelf—
He knew the stars, and much beside—
"Go, live your life, and be yourself,
And take the gifts the gods provide."
Thus still his voice strikes on our ears
Through twice four hundred rolling years.

I shall not know what none may see,
I cannot pierce beyond the stars;
I let the whence and whither be,
Nor heat vain wings against the bars.
But blood still courses through my veins,
And life is mine, and hope remains.

And you, oh! friend of former days,
Be with me, make my purpose strong.
Still through the world's encircling maze
Help you my faltering steps along.
The last flames flicker, fade and die,
Good-night, dear friend, but not Good-bye.

MEMS. FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IMPERIAL TOAST-MASTER.

So many things to do that I must be mere methodical. What with my pictures, my music, my preaching, my soldiering, my naval manœuvring, and my travelling, I have scarcely time to arrange my thoughts about speechmaking. Shall jot down a few memoranda to assist me in an emergency.

Rhenish Town.—Lots about the wine land, and what my family did in the past, with the usual peroration.

English Field Marshal.—Talk about the "brave English Army." It does as well as anything else, and doesn't commit one to anything. Then, after five minutes, the customary peroration.

Launching a Ship.—Get my brother to do this when I can. Better taste to let my name come from him. Still, I can commemorate the happy event at a distance. Mighty power on the sea. Going to outdo Trafalgar. This kind of stuff by the ton, and then the common-form peroration.

Entertaining a Potentate.—Gush to any extent. Call him a War Lord, in the hope that he will reply, "You're another." As the chances are he won't flatter me, wind up with the habitual peroration.

Annoying Bismarck.—Easily do this by patronising him. In my speech announce my gracious intention of supplying him with a pint bottle of port, or half a dozen cambric handkerchiefs, or a Dukedom, or something of that sort. When I have secured two or three laughs, conclude with my old-fashioned peroration.

Any occasion.—Safe to talk about my glorious grandfather—leave the pater out of it—and wind up as before.

And now what is my peroration. Well, I need scarcely jot that down. All that I have to remember is that, whatever I may say about other people in the earlier parts of my speech, my peroration must be exclusively about myself.

ALWAYS WITH US.—The Gentlewoman Journalist, on most intimate terms with Crowned and Semi-Crowned Heads of Europe; knows the dressmakers of the better halves of the dynasties.

The Speculator, who has bought two thousand shares in a Klondyke speculation, and asks you to lend him eighteenpence.

The Cleric, without a living, who requires a little money wherewithal to purchase a parsonage.

The Damsel, who is waiting for the return of her fiancé from South Africa.

ADVICE TO INTENDING TOURISTS.—Where to stay? A. At home.



CUB HUNTING.

St-out Party (hunting by doctor's orders). "TELL ME, HUNTSMAN, IN THE EVENT OF YOUR DOGS NOT KILLING ANY FOXES THIS MORNING, WILL YOU GIVE THEM ANYTHING TO EAT WHEN THEY GET HOME?"

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

En Route.—On board the Ostend boat. Talk to two plump Prussians, probably tradesmen. Polite Prussians, as usual. They have crossed from Ostend for the day, and have spent four hours in Dover. But they have seen enough to be able to point out to me various ridiculous features of English life. The soldiers wear their caps on one side, and carry walking-sticks. *Wunderbar!* Foreign money is not accepted in England. The streets of Dover are very narrow. *Schrecklich!* The weather is bad, the sky is grey, &c., &c. Also the German army is the finest in the world. *Ja wohl!*

Ostend is getting empty. It is chilly and mournful. One can imagine the feelings of the last visitor left in the place at the end of September, after the last bather has bathed, the last child has been dragged from his playground on the sand, and the last *locataire* has been blown out of the last occupied verandah.

I am glad to leave, to avoid such a fate. Man in charge of hotel omnibus looks like a German. Am wondering what language, or languages, he speaks least unintelligibly, when he asks, "*Vous allez à Nuremberg, Monsieur?*" Ah, that's all right. He speaks French. "You go by the Vienna express," he remarks, on arriving at the station. Oh, well, if he likes to talk in English, that will do. So change to English. "*Dies ist auch Ihr Gepäck?*" he asks in the luggage office. Can't stand that. Both of us can't speak three languages at once. Twice three seems like six. Must stick to one. Gently intimate this to him, suggesting French, as we are in Belgium. The poor man is utterly confused. He is very obliging, he wishes to be polite, he tries to do his best, but he is worse than ever. "*Je vous apporterai votre Gepäck,*" says he, "into the *Schlafwagen.*" I enter the station, I find the train, and soon after the linguistic genius follows me. "*Hier ist le petit sac de voyage,*" he remarks, with a pleasant smile, "I put him *dans le Zug.*" Which he does. As the train starts he takes off his cap and says, "*Merci bien, Monsieur, glückliche Reise,* good-bye, Mister."

Nuremberg.—Eight o'clock in the morning, steady rain, leaden sky, factory chimneys, fog. I scramble down the wet, slippery

steps of the carriage, and find myself in a sooty, Gothic railway station. That is the last straw. Fifteen hours' journey, slumbers broken by bangs and whistles, and by a German who shares my compartment from Cologne to Würzburg (going to bed at midnight and getting up at five), fatigue, rain, gloom, factory chimneys, fog—one could stand them all, but the sooty Gothic railway station at eight in the morning unnerves one completely. The bravest might weep. Repress a rising sob, and hurry down into the crypt, or whatever they call it. Is it here that they bury the defunct *Eisenbahndirektor*? Impossible to say. It looks like it. Hurry along, and get rapidly up the steps into the north aisle, and out into the churchyard. Ah, there is an omnibus, which is not Gothic! It carries me quickly away.

Arrive at the hotel. It is an old building. Follow a waiter upstairs, round a corner, along a passage, up a winding staircase, round another corner, and along another passage. He opens a door. Perceive a dim obscurity. Enter, feeling my way. At last make out in the gloom that it is a rather large room, with a very small window, facing the North, the walls being covered with a paper as nearly black as possible. What little light might have struggled in at the window is kept out by a black mass opposite—a sooty, fortified building, rising high above the hotel. I seem to recognise it. Of course! It is the tower of our Law Courts. I shall never get away from them.

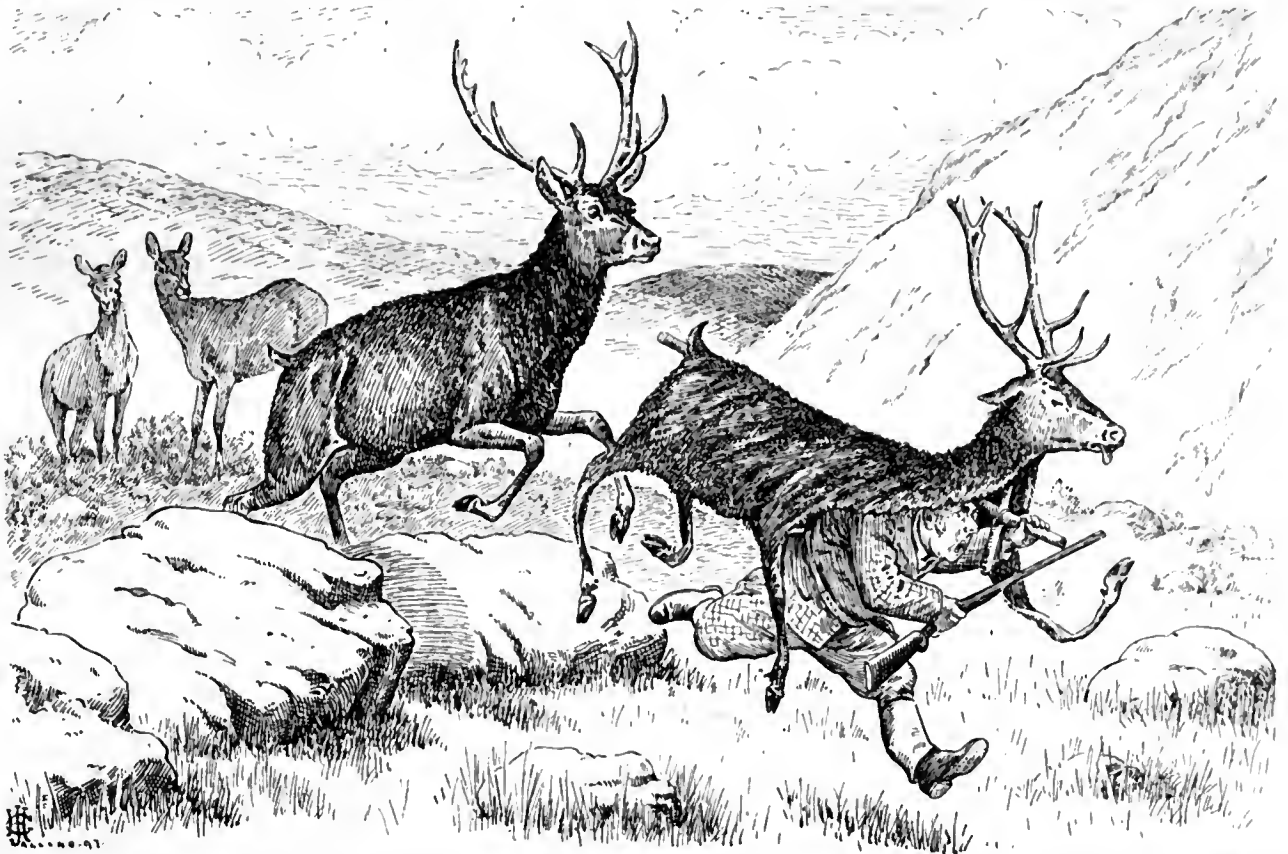
Go out to see the town. It is still raining steadily. A morning for a museum, *BAEDEKER* would say. So go to the Germanic Museum. Whichever way I go, I get into a dim, draughty corridor, lined with plaster casts of effigies from tombs. Tombs are bad enough, but plaster casts of them are worse. The whole museum is damp and draughty. No doubt by some order of the police—an *ortspolizeiliche Vorschrift*—the windows are kept open until some fixed date, perhaps the last day of summer, according to the calendar. On this damp, chilly, November-like day the place suggests colds, neuralgia and toothache. Toothache! In a country where a "Tooth-physician" operates in a "Tooth-studio"! No, thank you! So go back to the shelter of the hotel. Dinner at one, or even at half-past twelve, is better than that.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.



THE FORLORN HOPE.

Miss Tabitha (reading to herself from "Times," September 22). "WOMEN ARE WANTED (IN CANADA) AS SERVANTS OR HELPS, AND THEY 'LE ALSO WANTED AS WIVES.' H M—WELL—I 'LL RISK IT!"



DURING MR. SPOFFIN'S VISIT TO THE HIGHLANDS, HE FOUND A DIFFICULTY IN APPROACHING HIS GAME—SO INVENTED A METHOD OF SIMPLIFYING MATTERS. HIS "MAKE-UP," HOWEVER, WAS SO REALISTIC, THAT THE JEALOUS OLD STAG NEARLY FINISHED HIM!

THE MORE THE MERRIER!

(Extracts from the Private Correspondence of a Hostess.)

[“The custom of issuing formal invitations for one’s parties was given up by many of the best hostesses last season.”—*A Ladies’ Journal*, Sept. 21.]

I.

. . . . AND I think it’s a really splendid idea, ETHEL, and I mean to act on it at once. If it proved successful in London, it ought to answer still better here at Dullington, where we know everyone. It will save heaps of trouble; sending out cards does take up so much time. So, as I mean to have a garden-party on Monday week, instead of writing invitations, I’ve just sent a paragraph to the *Dullington Sentinel*, saying that I shall be at home to my friends on that day. Of course this plan makes provisioning rather difficult; I must take care that there is enough to eat.

II.

There was *quite* enough to eat, ETHEL! Just fancy, I had provided tea for about a hundred people, and only Mrs. SURLIEGH and Miss SPITFIRE came—not a soul besides! Wasn’t it provoking? And it was so awkward, because the SURLIEGHs happen not to be on speaking terms with Miss SPITFIRE just now.

III.

I’m more annoyed than I can tell you! Lord FITZACRES accepted a special invitation in the kindest way, and turned up quite punctually. But, just as we were sitting down to dinner, there was a ring at the front door, and in walked that odious Mr. BOUNDERBY, accompanied by his wife, two sons, and three daughters. When I gazed at them in blank astonishment Mr. BOUNDERBY said that they’d heard about my new plan of not sending out invitations, and, finding that Lord FITZACRES was coming over to dine, they’d settled to join our party! I was *furious*, ETHEL, but what could I do? When I said that my plan didn’t apply to dinner-parties, all the BOUNDERBYS roared with laughter, and pretended to treat it as a joke. Of course there wasn’t enough dinner—though there *was* enough to drink, too much, indeed, for Mr. BOUNDERBY. After dinner he slapped Uncle hard on the back (you know how particular he is!) and

addressed him repeatedly as “old cock!” Naturally Uncle was disgusted, and remarked audibly that JACK seemed to have picked up some very queer friends. Finally, JACK lost his temper, as well he might, and informed the BOUNDERBYS that, though we weren’t going to send out invitations for our next garden-party, they might consider themselves specially invited—to stop away. Mr. BOUNDERBY used horrid language, and muttered something about “paying us out,” but he took himself and his family off, which was the great thing. But it was a most dreadful evening.

IV.

ETHEL, I’m not going to try my plan any longer, and when you’ve heard about my second garden-party, you won’t be surprised. At first all seemed well, about eighty guests had come, including some of the smartest people in the county. I was receiving them in the hall, when, to my amazement, HOPKINS suddenly announced “The Ancient and Undivided Order of Hippopotamuses!” I thought he had suddenly taken leave of his senses, and rushed to the front-door where he was standing—and beheld a crowd of about two hundred labourers, dressed out in red sashes, waving flags, and headed by a brass band! Before I had time to ask what in the world they were doing, their leader came forward and delivered a speech. He said that he and his “brethren” admired my democratic spirit, and acted on my ‘int in the spirit in which it was offered. They had been doubtful where to hold their annual beanfeast, but Mr. BOUNDERBY had explained my new plan to them, and had told them that I should be delighted to see them all at my garden-party. He added that the “brethren” took it kind of me, and would be proud to drink my ‘ealth! As JACK is a member of the Parish Council, we couldn’t afford to offend them; besides, I don’t think they would have gone if we had told them to. And, so my dear ETHEL, they stayed till ten o’clock that night, by the end of which time they had picked all the flowers and fruit in the garden, smashed six cucumber-frames, and trodden the lawn bare. Of course all my friends rushed off, and I expect none of them will ever come near me again! Oh, why did I ever try this abominable plan? Thanks to Mr. BOUNDERBY’S revenge, I am the laughing-stock of the whole county. Pity your unhappy friend, ETHEL, and be warned by her fate never to try these social experiments.



"THE SPIRIT OF THE TIME SHALL LEND THEE SPEED."

(Sketch in a High Wind on the Sands.)

SCHOOL-DAYS IN FRANCE.

(A Memory recalled by "The Martian.")

I HAVE been dipping into *The Martian*, and although somewhat daunted by the prefatory futilities of the supposed narrator, and perplexed by the planetary complexities of the story, I had to succumb eventually, as, indeed, who could fail to succumb, to the breezy and delightful charm of the real narrator, our lost friend, GEORGE DU MAURIER. The beautiful and versatile *Barty Josselin*, I confess, leaves me cold where the fascinating *Trilby* brought the tears to my eyes. It is the incidentals, the quaint and gossipy reminiscences, the flashes of insight that delight one here as in *Trilby*. And the style is the same, the simple, unaffected style of a clever and engaging man of the world who, having lived a pleasant life amongst pleasant people, possesses in perfection the art of conversation on paper. But it is not of the story itself or even of its style that I propose to speak. The account of French school-life with which *The Martian* opens has aroused memories of certain school-days of my own that were passed in France, and it is on this subject that I have a few remarks to make.

NEARLY thirty years ago it was my good fortune to spend some months, not at an expensive private school such as Mr. DU MAURIER'S *Institution Brossard* seems to have been, but at a large French *Lycée*, or public school. Although I was a small boy I had been at a big English school (they used to take us there at a very tender age), and I had, therefore, some experience of the manners and customs prevailing among English schoolboys. I did not know a word of French, and I cannot say that my feelings were particularly joyous when early on a cold winter's morning I found myself plumped down amongst some thirty-five little French boys, who formed the *Huitième*, or lowest class. Now supposing a little French boy had found himself amongst thirty-five little English boys, I doubt whether he would have received a very kindly treatment at their hands. Even a freshly-arrived little English boy has to suffer much

from his school-fellows. They ask him if he has a sister, and what her name may be, and they receive his innocent answer with shouts of exultant derision. They ask him if his mother is fond of him, and receive with obdurate incredulity his affirmative answer. They make his life a burden to him if he wears an article of clothing that is not conformable to their ideas of correctness. They inquire as to the antecedents of his father, and express contempt if the parent's calling does not satisfy their views on social exigencies. I remember two very small English schoolboys in the wordy warfare which preceded a fight, each shouting alternate, and, no doubt, equally false, imputations on the other's male parent. "You're the son of a butler," said one, with withering scorn. "And you," said the other, with a fine sense of repartee, "are the son of a stationer." Then they proceeded to fistieuffs, and blacked one another's eyes. For one English boy to say to another, "Your pater's a cad," is always the last dread insult which immediately precedes bloodshed.

BUT of this primitive, barbarous trait there was no trace amongst my French companions. The little English boy who had come amongst them was treated with the most delicate kindness and consideration. They all did their best to help him on, and as time passed, and he was able to recite his page or two from FENELON without a mistake, and in a beautiful *Bernois* accent (the *Lycée*, by the way, was at Pau), they showed as much pride in his achievement as they would have shown in any triumph of their own. The little boy who sat on my left was the son of one of the local *gendarmes*. He wore a blue blouse, confined round his waist by a leather belt. The boy who sat on my right was the son of an *épicier*, and wore a dress, which amongst English schoolboys, would have served as a red rag to a herd of bulls. But I never heard any of the other boys, and many of them were the sons of gentlefolk, and were well-dressed, make a single depreciatory remark to either of these two with reference to the status of his father or the fashion of his clothes. I can still remember my astonishment at the utter absence of chaff amongst these French boys.

ON the other hand, I must confess that on certain points of manners the behaviour of these boys left something to be desired. In the class-room they all spat with a disgusting frequency and regularity. At the end of the morning there was a hateful pool on the floor at the feet of every boy. Organised games did not exist. Even the rounders, of which Mr. DU MAURIER speaks, were unknown. In the play-ground, those boys who were not wandering about aimlessly or playing at horses, were always assiduously engaged at marbles. There were several English boys amongst us, and I remember that we tried to introduce cricket. But we failed miserably, chiefly, I think, owing to the size, shape, and weight of the two bats supplied to us by a local carpenter, who had endeavoured faithfully to base himself upon our description of the implement. We gave up the attempt to describe the splice, and the bats we obtained were perfectly solid.

EVERY English boy was credited with a complete knowledge of all the details of boxing. We were supposed to be blood-thirsty and terrible fighters, and no French boy of our own size ever willingly engaged in an altercation, much less in a contest, with one of us. I still seem to see one determined fight between two of our French companions. They rushed at one another with yells and shouts. FOUQUE seized DUVAL by both his ears, whilst DUVAL clutched at FOUQUE'S throat—he could not seize his hair because it was cropped. Then they began to shake and kick one another. Upon them thus shaking, clinging, and kicking came one of the masters, a Pole, of immense size and forbidding aspect. He seized them by their heads, tore them apart, and then closed his arms with a determined sweep. I can still hear the resounding collision of those two little bullet-heads. There was no further fighting on that day.

WE were day-boys—*externes*, and so far as I remember we had to be at school for the day's work before 8 A.M. Sometimes we went to early school breakfast, which consisted simply of a great chunk of bread and a bowl of coffee or cocoa. Then came the mid-day meal, and at four o'clock a servant with a large basket went round the play-ground distributing more chunks of bread. This was called our *goûter*. Of the evening meal I can say nothing, because I never shared in it. Thursday and Sunday were whole holidays, and on those days we used to see the boarders (*internes*) dressed in their *képis* and their uniform coats parading two and two in a long and melancholy line under the eye of an usher. Still, we enjoyed ourselves, as boys will anywhere, and our enjoyment reached its height when a perfectly baseless



THE SKETCHING LESSON.

IT IS AN EXTRAORDINARY THING HOW THE ONLY SPOT WHERE ANYTHING OF A DECENT VIEW CAN BE OBTAINED, ALWAYS HAPPENS TO BE IN THE MIDDLE OF A RIVER OR MARSH, OR IN SOME SPOT EQUALLY DIFFICULT OF ACCESS!

rumour went abroad to the effect that the English boys had leagued themselves together in order to create a *coup d'état* in the school, and to commit I know not what atrocities on the unoffending French. Our well-known skill as *boxeurs* added an element of terror to this report.

ONE of the English boys made a certain amount of progress with his French, for after being at school three weeks he wrote home the following letter:—

MON CHER PAPA,—Quand je vous ai vu pour la dernière fois, vous avez dit à moi que lorsque je vous écrirai tout seul une lettre française, vous voudrez donner à moi dix francs, mais je ne les attends pas pour cette lettre. Nous sommes tous dans la plus bien santé et nous espérons que vous êtes la même chose. Nous aimons le Lycée, mais nous n'aimons pas nous lever. Le père du proviseur est mort hier, il avait cent ans. Je vous assure que j'ai écrit moi même cette lettre. Adieu, mon cher papa.

VOTRE FILS CHERI.

THE ETHICS OF HOUSE-CHANGE.

(Rules laid down by Peregrine Nomad.)

1. WHEN taking a new domicile accept the word of the landlord that the drains are in first-rate condition.
2. Buy the fixtures of the late tenant at a price over and above that which would provide brand-new articles, such as venetian blinds, linoleum, stair-rods, and door-scrappers.
3. Always warehouse your furniture while negotiations, conducted on the Constantinople or Sultan principle, are going on between yourself and the landlord; one, two, or even three house-agents being the accredited diplomatists.
4. Employ an experienced decorator, with customary assistants, and especially a boy with dirty hands, to hang new wall-

papers and execute various manœuvres connected with paint and whitewash. If possible, have a good piano in the drawing-room for the artists to stand upon and use as a dinner-table or side-board for pewter-pots.

5. Engage a reliable charwoman (with or without assistant) to thoroughly purify the house after imploring the dustman to call for the leavings of the late tenant. *Mem.*—These personages must be mollified with bottled beer at no regular but very frequent intervals. They are in nine cases out of ten in unbolty alliance.

6. Endeavour to get the latch-key, about which the diplomatist house-agents are as ignorant as the Emperor of China, they effecting their entrance into the dwelling by some burglarious method through the kitchen or scullery window. The late tenant has usually taken the key as a souvenir of his sojourn.

7. Provide for the late tenant's cat, which has been left behind, and refuses to quit the premises.

8. During repairs be prepared to receive calls not only from all the local tradesmen, who have been forewarned of your advent, but also greet with joy the rate, water, and gas collectors, who won't believe that you are not the late tenant.

9. Overawe the local postal authorities by representing yourself as a friend of their chief at St. Martin's le Grand, and constrain them into not bombarding you with letters and circulars addressed to the late tenant.

10. Make friends with the police of the neighborhood, and invite them to tea, supper, or breakfast, with your female servants on arrival.

Mem.—By adopting this course you may perhaps prevent tramps from "dossing" in your yet unoccupied chambers. A bottle of Scotch or Irish whiskey placed in a convenient cupboard materially aids the researches of the constabulary.

11. Lastly, if you only inhabit a convenient dog-kennel—stick to it.



INCORRIGIBLE.

Visitor. "WELL, MY MAN, I EXPECT IT MUST HAVE COST YOU A LOT OF MONEY TO PAINT YOUR NOSE THAT COLOUR!"
Reprobate. "AH, AN' IF OI CUD AFFOORD IT, OI'D HAVE IT VARNISHED NOW!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Cavalier having heard that his Mis'tress has accused him of being "so-and-so," expostulat' with her.

THE leaves are turning very brown,
 The year is waning fast,
 The heather fades upon the down,
 The beechwood's thick with mast,
 The acorns strew the golden glades
 Where bracken makes the glow;
 The Winter's coming, Autumn fades;
 And we are—"So-and-so."

Amid these trees with shedding leaves
 I yet can hear your voice,
 Fresh as the song the throstle weaves
 To make mankind rejoice.
 I yet can trace the path you trod
 With fairest of "go."
 Your dainty feet! It's passing odd
 That we are—"So-and-so."

That little tiff! Did I begin
 The words that caused our strife?
 If so, give me the cause of sin,
 And make me hate my life!
 The days of Spring cannot return,
 Those days we loved to know,
 Amid the fresh and fragrant fern;
 But now we're—"So-and-so."

I could not help my jealous eyes,
 Nor check my jealous tongue.
 Did you my love so much despise,
 That back my love you flung?

No! I would fain believe that you
 Are still my dearest foe;
 That you know I am loyal, true,
 And not just—"So-and-so."

REGRETS EN ROUTE.

(By our *Blasé Contributor.*)

THAT I missed so many chances of doing
 something more or less novel on the con-
 tinent.

That I did not try a cup of coffee on
 Dover Pier *before* starting for Calais.

That I avoided the smoke-room when
 the steamboat passed through a choppy
 sea mid Channel.

That I did not "declare" something to
 the *douane*, to see what would come of it.

That I did not stay a day at St. Pol, and
 then take the slow train to Boulogne,
 stopping an hour or so at each of the
 interim stations.

That I did not go to a third-rate hotel
 on the wrong side of the Seine to find out
 what it was like.

That I didn't do the Bois de Boulogne
 in a fog.

That I left Paris without seeing Père-
 la-Chaise in a Scotch mist.

That I did not ride a horse in Venice.

That I neglected to spend a couple of
 days in the Catacombs in Rome.

That I refused to picnic on the top of
 the Tower of Pisa under an umbrella.

That I neglected to return to Marseilles
 by a cargo-boat.

That I followed no system at Monte
 Carlo.

That I went out in summer clothing at
 Nice.

That I took the train up the Rhine in-
 stead of one of the lumbering steam-boats.

That I overslept myself at the summit
 of the Rigi, instead of catching cold under
 a blanket.

That I followed the system of *Mark
 Tapley* without attempting cheerfulness.

Finally, that when I was in Japan, I did
 not save myself further boredom by per-
 sonally patronising "the happy despatch."

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

Fond Mother (to her Small Boy):—

My gentle pet! Not seven!
 Among the gifts of heaven
 Priceless I rank you!
 So strong! So gentle!! There!
 My sweet!!

Let go my hair!!
 Or else—I'll spank you!

APT ECHO.—The daily papers say,
 "Captain Lord CHARLES BERESFORD has
 been promoted to be Admiral." "Admi-
 rable!" says *Echo*, which in this case is
vox populi.



A HOME QUESTION.

GENERAL BUTL. "MY MEN ARE DOING SPLENDIDLY!!"
COLONEL PUNCH (Head of the Intelligence Department). "YES, SIR, THEY ALWAYS DO. BUT—IS THE 'FORWARD POLICY' WORTH ALL THIS?"

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AN IDYLL.

Hemma. "OH, 'ARRY, HAIN'T THIS 'EAVENLY! YOU'LL PROMISE TO GIVE ME 'AM SANDWICHES ALWAYS, WHEN WE'RE MARRIED, WON'T YER?" *'Arry.* "'CORSE I WILL!"

PAX À LA MODE.

[“Though we are the most peace-loving nation in the world, our army is almost always at war somewhere.”—*Lord Wolseley at Glasgow.*]

Monday.—Must get on with my article. First line: “There is nothing like—” Of course! Interrupted just as I am in the mood. Took up my revolver and made a night of it.

Tuesday.—Rather sharp fighting. Something more than an affair of outpost. However, came through it without a scratch. Promotion usually tardy; quick just now. Get back to my article—have my heart in the subject. “There is nothing like—” Again! There go the bugles! In for it until to-morrow!

Wednesday.—Close shave yesterday. Nearly knocked over by that last rush. However, came out of it all right. Now once more to that article—quite my view of the subject. “There is nothing like—” Bang! Same old game! Sabre and pistol! Well, it's good fun!

Thursday.—Yes; really precious hard work. Gave a good account of them, for all that. Those star shells first-rate. Could see the beggars coming, and pot them. But must get back to my article. Pressed for time. No doubt about it. “There is nothing like—” Provoking! There they go again! Believe the risings are subsidised by a rival publisher!

Friday.—Lost a goodish number last night. Surgeons have their work cut out

for them. Well, they will be better employed than in drilling their orderlies. And now for my article. “There is nothing like—” Again they go! Bugles! Another brush with the enemy!

Saturday.—First-rate fighting yesterday. But now I will do my article. Everything ready. “There is nothing like—” Again! Shot and shell! Off we go!

Sunday.—No fighting to-day. At least, there shouldn't be. Now to my opinion, “There is nothing like peace.” Crash! Bang! Wanted again! “There is nothing like peace.” Quite so, and to round it off happily, write it thus, “There is nothing like peace—anywhere!”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A FLAVOUR of the peculiar humour of DICKENS, and a spice of the melodramatic power of WILKIE COLLINS are to be found in W. W. JACOBS' two stories, *The Skipper's Whooping* and *The Brown Man's Servant*, respectively, bound together in one book, recently published by PEARSON, Ltd. The first of these is in the delightful vein of the same author's *Many Cargoes*. But, amusing as it is,—there are plenty of “laughs” in it, a rare quality in any author now-a-days,—it would have been considerably improved had it been less evidently spun out. The second story seems as if it had been originally intended to be the exciting prologue of a startling romance which the author had suddenly found him-

self disinclined or unable to finish. Mr. Jacobs should continue it, and give us the thrilling story of *The Lost Diamond*, or whatever title he liked to give the continuation of the tale. Anyhow, every reader will, like the recipient of *Sam Weller's* artistic love-letter, “wish as there were more of it.” THE BARON DE B.-W.

KINGHORN AN' LUNNON.

(*A Comparison.*)

The sights we've seen! The puns my wife
Has spent instead o' bankit!
But oh! we're back in bonny Fife,
Sae let the Lord be thankit!
An' Lunnon? Weel, ye ken, it's gay
An' busy, nicht an' morn, man,
An' there's a pickle fook—but eh!
It's no—it's no Kinghorn, man.

Ye'll wanner on, an' on, an' on,
Through miles an' miles o' men, man,
An' yet in a' the crood like yon
There's a de'il a face ye'll ken, man.
Nal Lunnon's oot the warl', ye see,
For look ye, I'll be sworn, man,
Sic unco things could never be
In ceevilised Kinghorn, man.

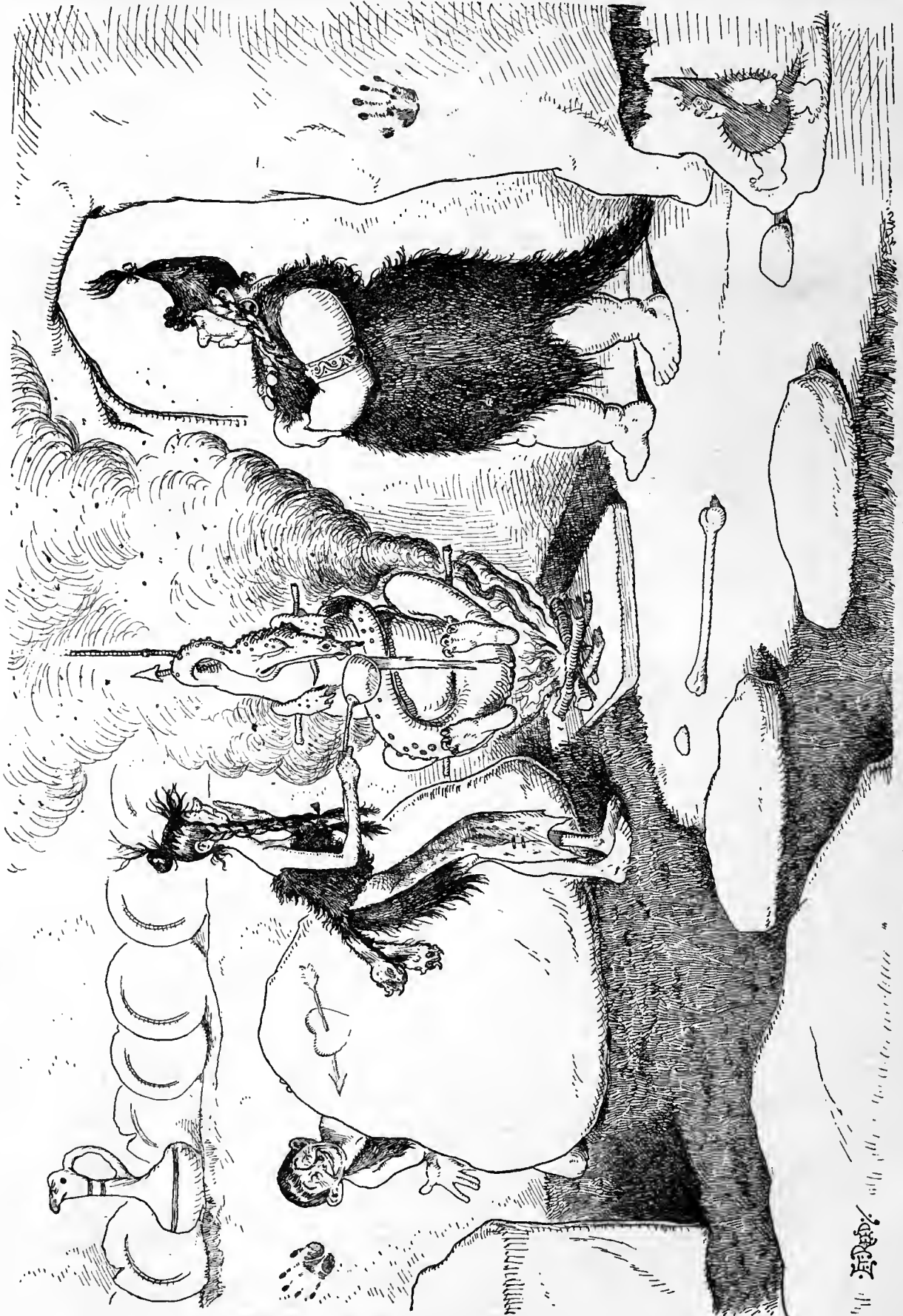
The shops? Ou, aye, there's shops indeed,
But faith, they're rale unhaundy:
Ane keeps yer butter, ane yer breid,
An' yet a third yer braundy.
Noo here, gin ye be wantin' oucht,
Boots, butcher's meat or corn, man,
Shag, bonnets, breeks, they'll a' be boucht
Thegither in Kinghorn, man.

The fashions? Weel, ye ken, we saw
A wheen o' giddy hussies
Paradin' in their duddies braw
Upon the cars an' 'busses.
But dinna think owre much o' yon,
For sure as I am born, man,
For style, it's no a patch upon
Our floo'er show at Kinghorn, man.

An' then sic ignorance! Losh me,
I'm feared ye'll no can doot it,
But nane kent whaur Kinghorn might be,
Nor onything about it.
'Tis awfu! Yet 'twad seem to ca'
For peety mair than scorn, man,
For mind ye, 'tisna g'ien to a'
To live about Kinghorn, man.

ADDITION AND CONSIDERABLE SUBTRACTION.—There is a very pleasant club at Earl's Court in the gardens, known to most Londoners as The Old Welcome Club, within whose hospitable precincts the charms of Maitre DAN GODFREY'S band, making sweet music in a pavilion of the Earl's Court Exhibition Gardens, can be thoroughly and calmly enjoyed. Of course, every visitor there is welcomed with a genuine old welcome. But supposing the letter “C” were prefixed!! What a change there would be! Imagine the delights of a “Cold Welcome Club!” Fancy what the “Strangers' Room” in such a club would be like! And with what freezing politeness the members would greet one another! “The Iceicles, or The Cold Welcome Club,”—that should be the title. Everyone wearing his hair à la *cheveux de freeze*. “Chili” pickles only allowed at luncheon, and of course nothing but cold meats, birds, and vegetables. At 7.30 P.M., Club-dinner joint, “The Cold Shoulder.”

THE SORT OF FRENCH LEAVE WE SHOULD APPRECIATE.—Leave us alone.



THE GREAT "SERVANT DIFFICULTY."

THE DAILY NEWS IS QUITE RIGHT. THE DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING RELIABLE "COOK-GENERALS" WAS ALREADY ACUTELY FELT IN THE REMOTEST TIMES, "FRINGES" AND "FOLLOWERS" WERE THEN, AS NOW, FRUITFUL SOULCES OF TROUBLE BETWEEN MISTRESS AND MAID!



"Hi! WHIP BEHIND!"

"Yah! 'E AIN'T GOT NONE!"

THE NEW DRAMA AT OLD DRURY.

FIRST and foremost congratulations to Messrs. RALEIGH and HAMILTON, authors, secondly, to Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, Managing Director of Old Drury, and then to the company generally on the success, thoroughly deserved, of *The White Heather*. "Come heather! Come heather! Come heather!" and that the public responds to the invitation is evident from the crowded, almost over-crowded state of the house, which is, nightly, quite a "congested district."

The melodrama is remarkable for three things. First, its capital dialogue (when not melodramatic); secondly, for the appearance of Mr. HENRY NEVILLE as a smiling villain of the yellowest-reddest dye; thirdly, for the excellent musical-histrionic assistance of Mr. GLOVER in the orchestra; and lastly, for the admirable acting of Mrs. JOHN WOOD, which is beyond all praise. Were all the iron-work machinery to collapse (as in fact one night it did, and the theatre had to be closed), the drama could go on, as its mainstay, its chief support, is WOOD. Subtract Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and pop goes this melodrama. When Mrs. WOOD, at the end of the Batterssea Park scene, takes the heroine to her arms, to the intense delight of entire audience, and after seating her in her carriage, delivers a speech on the domestic virtue of woman, finishing up by an appeal to everyone as to "what is the proper place for woman?" and answering her own question by shouting to her coachman, "*Home!*" there is universal cheering for the space of nearly two minutes, during which time "all mortal shapes are lost in gloom," for the house is enveloped in cimmerian darkness, and only the shadowy form of the musical magician, Mr. GLOVER, is faintly visible, as, *bâton* in hand, he urges his wild demon orchestra, who are struggling, with all their powers of wind and string, against the deafening applause that only subsides when the bright gas-light once again illumines the stage, showing a new scene, and the audience, hushed unwillingly into an expectant calm, find themselves gazing on the heavily-furnished, crimson-dyed-abode of the supremely wicked nobleman, the scowling, smiling NEVILLE, and prepare themselves for in-

trigue that is to grow more and more diabolically interesting every minute.

Alas! Poor Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, the once gay, chivalric, breezy cavalier! has it come to this? that, in becoming a wily aristocrat, he is forced to get himself severely, yet popularly, disliked by a Drury Lane audience, within sound of the curtain-raising bell of the Olympic Theatre, where once he was cheered to the echo as the long-suffering ticket-of-leave man! And what a finish to a glorious career! To be attired in a diver's dress, to have his mobile features and fiery eyes entirely hidden under a diver's helmet about the size of a huge comic pantomime head, which has not even the stupidly fixed humorous (or otherwise) expression that a pantomime mask is condemned in perpetuity to wear, and thus attired he is let down into the depths (what a "let down" it is!), there to struggle with ropes, but with no lines to say, to grope about in an aimless kind of way, to be attacked by another diving demon, his very counterpart, as humorously attired as himself, and finally to have his wind-pipe (that is, the pipe through which the wind is supplied to the diver) cut, and to fall without a last dying speech, without a word, without a curse, for no expression of hate or of any other sentiment can be seen under that porpoise-like diver's helmet! To think, too, that this melancholy end should raise just an audible titter among the audience, which might even swell into a guffaw were it not that the man in the right place, 'yclept Mr. GLOVER, energetically comes to the rescue, and commanding a great banging, and booming, and whacking, and hurrying and scurrying up and down the octaves, drowns all other sounds, and gives to the expiring, and perspiring, HENRY NEVILLE, a final blow, with, as it were, the big drum-stick, and there's an end of the Wicked Nobleman!

How the boat which brought poor HENRY NEVILLE ascends Heavenwards (quite a wonder of the deep!); how, in another scene, "Boulter's Lock" walks off bodily by itself; how the missing man is found by a reprobate white-haired solicitor; how Miss BEATRICK LAMB just escapes having a very good part as female villain, but is cruelly nipped in the bud by the authors, who found they had no more time to spare; how nice Miss PATTIE



"GUNNING WITH A SMELL DOG."

(B. Jonathan, Esq., having missed a Hare, the Dog drops to the shot.)

B. J. (scornfully). "CALL THAT A GOOD DAWG? I RECKON HE AIN'T WORTH CANDY! WHEN THE BEAST'S SITTING, HE STANDS AND LOOKS AT HIM; AND WHEN HE RUNS AWAY, HE LIES DOWN AND LOOKS AT ME!"

BROWNE looks in a peculiarly unobtrusive white knickerbocker cycling-costume; how self-effacing is the unfortunate heroine, Miss KATE RORKE, with not much to say and still less to do; how life-like is the Stock Exchange scene; how supremely good is the very tall lover, Mr. DAWSON MILWARD, whose motto should be, "Love me little, love me long"; how striking is the performance of the diving Myles-na-Coppaleen sort of t'other lover, Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE; how excellently played are all the minor parts, it is impossible, within these limits, to recount. But thinking over it, it is difficult to imagine what the fate of this melodrama might have been but for the vigorous, timely, and tunely assistance of Hand-and-Glover in the Orchestra, and the quite invaluable services of Mrs. WOOD on the stage. Everybody will flock to the Lane to see the WOOD.

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

II.—IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

MR. and MRS. WILTON have been married six years; they are quite devoted to one another; there are, however, two small clouds on the matrimonial horizon. One is on Mr. WILTON'S side, a fitful but determined predilection for occasionally passing the greater part of the night in talking Socialism with a Fabian friend—a recreation to which his wife entertains an unsurmountable objection; while, on the other hand, Mrs. WILTON has a violent but as yet ungratified desire to hold a stall at a Fancy Fair; the one amusement against which Mr. WILTON has a rooted prejudice. The scene opens at three o'clock in the morning in Mrs. WILTON'S Louis Seize bedroom. It is one of the occasions on which Mr. WILTON has ignored her disapproval of his Socialistic views. Feigning a reverie, and, with what she calls his "irriating absent glare," he had fled, vaguely, to the house of the democratic friend. She has slept comfortably since 9.30, and on being awake by the sound of the hall-door at three, she rises hastily, fresh for the discussion. She is seated on a curved sofa, in a pink-flowered dressing-gown, her golden hair in a plait tied with black ribbon, pretending to knit something undecided for her little boy. By the rose-shaded light she wears an expression of holy, saint-like resignation that is decidedly unsuited to her rather babyish features. Mr. WILTON enters very softly in evening dress. He starts on seeing her, regretting that he has put back his watch two hours on the chance of

her being awake, when he notices her little Sevres clock ticking rather reproachfully on the table, side by side with a circular about the Home for Deserving Cats, and also a list of the Lady Patronesses of the Bazaar to be held, shortly, at the Victoria Hall. Mr. WILTON is about a year older than his wife, fair and boyish-looking. His name is THEODORE; hers is MURIEL.

Theodore (with self-reproach concealed under assumed anger). MURIEL! what on earth have you been doing?

Muriel (sweetly). Waiting for you, dear. As I couldn't sleep, I thought it best to do a little work for Baby.

Theodore (steeling himself). This is absurd—childish! How often have I requested you not to sit up? Go to bed at once! (He yawns.)

Muriel. Oh, THEODORE! do you really think it worth while? Baby will expect me to play with him when he comes down at seven. And it is rather late—isn't it?

Theodore (bursting into an explosion, prepared beforehand in case of a scene, with a view to obtaining his liberty once for all—but not waiting for his cue). There! That's the way! That is how wives make their husbands wretched with these continual reproaches—

Muriel (apologetic). I beg your pardon, THEODORE. I thought it would seem rude not to notice you coming in. I really only said it was late out of politeness.

Theodore. Then you carry your manners to excess.

Muriel (in a self-denying tone). It doesn't matter, my sitting up a little late. I knew you were happy. Besides, I should have had time to rest a little in the day before your mother's dinner, if the CLAVERING girls weren't coming to lunch. However, never mind, dear. If your mother says I'm pale, I can always say I have a headache—can't I?

Theodore (touched and disarmed, but determined to finish the explosion). You know, MURIEL, it is just that constant fault-finding, these scenes, that drive a man to prefer other hearths to his own. [Takes flower out of his coat.]

Muriel (in surprised voice). Really! I thought you dined at Mr. RALSTON'S; and I'm sure his hearth is perfectly hideous—the most horrible tiles, representing nursery rhymes. I can't think why; perhaps because he's a democrat, or vegetarian, or something. However, if you enjoyed it—

Theodore. I didn't enjoy it. (Becoming suddenly apologetic, and losing ground.) I got into a discussion, dear. I'm sorry if I was late. (Pause.) Look here! You shall have those furs you wanted. Would you like them?

Muriel. Oh! no. I couldn't take them. Thank you very much, dear, all the same. I'm having my chinchilla done up.

Theodore (rather relieved, mildly). Oh! you'd better have them.

Muriel. THEODORE, if you really want to please me—Lady GWENDOLINE has written to me again about the hazaar—

Theodore (frowning). What bazaar? I never heard of it.

Muriel (pathetically and appealingly). For the Home for Deserving Cats! They want me to hold a stall—a flower-stall. Do let me! Dear THEODORE!

Theodore (firmly). No! There I draw the line! I have always had a particular dislike to—to my wife going about begging people to buy from her—selling to strangers! Never!

Muriel. But I wouldn't, really—I wouldn't sell a thing, dear! And it's for such a good charity. I was brought up to be kind to animals. The whole thing is simply to amuse the cats.

[A tear. THEODORE wavers.]

Theodore. And a fancy-dress, I suppose?

Muriel. Well, dear, everyone's going to wear them. And I'm afraid I should attract attention if I wore an ordinary dress. I don't think, myself, it's very wise to single oneself out for remark in that sort of way in a public place—do you? Mamma was always so particular about anything of that sort, so perhaps I'm oversensitive about it. And it's a very simple little dress. Just a little skirt, you know. No train or anything showy.

Theodore (tired). I disapprove strongly, MURIEL.

Muriel (kissing him, delighted). Oh! thank you, dear! How sweet of you! It is so nice to feel one's doing a little good in the world. Besides, of course I wouldn't hold any stall but a flower-stall—that's so different. Lady GWENDOLINE will be pleased. Dear THEODORE! And now, promise me never to go and talk socialism with Mr. RALSTON again!

Theodore (asleep). Never! I swear it!

[Curtain.]

PAT'S TRUE BREAKFAST CHRONOMETER.—"Sure, me stomach in the early morning is as good as a watch to me. I always know when it wants 'something to ate.'"

THE CRY OF THE COLONIES.—York, you are wanted!



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Brown. "I WISH I HAD THE MORAL COURAGE TO GO HOME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *Kedar's Tents* (SMITH, ELDER) is a story by which Mr. MERRIMAN more firmly establishes a still fresh but brilliant reputation. It bustles along through scenes full of local colour, this time the palette supplied from Spain, a country he seems to know intimately. The tale is full of adventure, and, happily, it is carried on by real men and women. Of the two sexes the author is, in this instance, more successful with his men than his women. *Padre Concha*, the priest, who ought to have been a soldier; *Concepcion Para*, the light-hearted guide; *General Vincent*, the Royalist leader; and *Fred Conyngham*, the hero of the book, who lounges in and out of direful dilemmas, are each in their diverse ways admirable. *Conyngham*, by the way, reminds my Baronite of an old and dear friend, FRED BURNABY. It is doubtless accidental; but if Mr. MERRI-

MAN had chanced to have been intimately acquainted with the gallant horseman of Khiva, the unconventional Colonel of the Blues, suspicion would become a certainty. It is part of the coincidence that FRED BURNABY spent some months in Spain fighting for DON CARLOS.

In *Shakspeare the Boy* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), Mr. ROLFE has pursued a very ingenious plan. An earlier author, in an analogous dilemma, took his fence at a stride. "Snakes in Iceland" was the heading of his chapter. "There are none," comprehended its contents. Mr. ROLFE, proposing to record what is known of SHAKSPEARE'S boyhood, might honestly have fulfilled his task by writing, "Nothing." As a matter of fact, he produces a pleasant, picturesque work of over 200 pages, limning a vivid picture of daily life at Stratford during the term of SHAKSPEARE'S boyhood. Having done this, all that remains is to surmise that "little WILLIAM" saw this, or must have heard that, and there you

are. There are many illustrations, including a portrait of a saintly boy, which may (or may not) be reproduced from a photograph taken as "we may imagine young WILLIAM wending his way to the Grammar School for the first time on a May morning in 1571."

Mr. H. G. WELLS should have given himself more time, and thought, for the development of a very original idea. *The Invisible Man* (published by PEARSON, Limited) is amusingly written, and here and there its reader will pause to indulge in audible guffaw or irresistible chuckle. But the fanciful tale is not well worked out, the interest soon ceases, and what should have been from first to last a screamingly extravagant absurdity, gradually fizzles out in tragic splutter. Despite this, the story is well worth reading.

As to Mr. HALL CAINE'S new hook, *The Christian*, all I can find to say, to those hesitating whether to read it or not, is,— If you have absolutely nothing at all to do; if you have no newspapers, no library, no books of any sort (including *Bradshaw's Guide*); if there be no pack of cards handy, or even a solitaire board; if, on a pouring wet day, you are dying for want of something to irritate you into healthy action, then, should you discover a copy of *The Christian* anywhere about, take it up and try it. Impossible to answer for the consequences, but if you are of an iron will and able to control your passions up to a certain point, you will, despite the wretched weather, pull on your thickest boots, struggle into your driest waterproof, and rush out of the house as if you were ADEL running away from CAINE. Everyone to his taste, and it is reported that the book has had a wonderful sale. Certainly, if this be so, the sale is indeed wonderful, and the fact shows how bad the weather must have been in various parts of the country. By the way, can any one of its "fifty thousand" readers, including Dean FARRAR, who apologises for the author and quite loses whatever point there may be in the story, explain why it is called *The Christian*?

THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN EVIDENT MISPRINT.

A WELL-KNOWN journalist has invented a hair-restorer, which bears the designation of "Tatcho," said to be Romany for "genuine." Surely this is all a mistake—it should be "Thatcho."

Tatcho! Tatcho?
Buy a batch O,
With despatch O,
Touch the patch O,
Just a scratch O,
Then you catch O,
And you hatch O,
In a snatch O,
Hard to match O,
Brand-new thatch O!

MUSICAL MEDICINE.—It has recently been discovered that sick folk can be musically treated with advantage. Of course, they take the tonic sol-fa.

A Royal Nursery Rhyme.

THERE was a young King of Siam,
Who cried, "All for knowledge I am."
So he roamed to the West,
Where he studied with zest,
Put all things to the test,
Ate and drank of the best,
As he cried, "Well, a student must cram!"



“SNIPING.”

The Morley-Mullah. “I THINK THAT SHOT TOUCHED ‘EM UP.”



Harold. "AND NOW, DARLING, TELL ME WHAT YOUR FATHER SAID WHEN YOU TOLD HIM WE WERE ENGAGED."
Sybil. "OH, HAROLD, DON'T ASK ME TO REPEAT HIS LANGUAGE!"

THE KAISER'S SABBATH.

[The President of Westphalia has issued an edict forbidding indulgence in shooting, dancing, playing, and similar recreations, on a Sunday. In the next column of the paper in which this edict is published, there is an account of the KAISER'S shoot with the Emperor of AUSTRIA at Totis on the previous Sabbath.]

HAD I BEEN BORN IN WILLIAM'S land
 By some malicious lot,
 To bless his bust, or lick the dust
 Whereon his chargers trot—
 Were I, in fact, of German make,
 Which, thanks to luck, I'm not;

I'd sing a grace composed by him
 Each time I broke my bread,
 And every night sit up and cite
 His latest speech in bed,
 And have his allegory hung
 Beside my slumbering head.

I'd go, to ease his mighty heart,
 Serenely to the block,
 And toast his name and fabulous fame
 Above my final bock,
 Remarking in my gaoler's ear,
 "Hoch to the KAISER, hoch!"

I'd face the axe, or rope, or else
 The new electric gear,
 And prior to death, though short of breath,
 Uplift a loyal cheer,
 And shout terrifically, like
 The Dying Grenadier.

How any sheep of all the flock
 Marked by the KAISER'S brand
 Can care to brave the lightest wave
 Of that majestic hand,
 Is more, considerably more,
 Than I can understand.

Yot there is one so brazen-faced,
 A bold Westphalian he,
 Who rudely went, without consent,
 And issued a by-decree,
 A private Sunday law to suit
 His own locality.

"None shall," he said, "on Sabbath-day
 Indecorously run
 To skittles or dance or games of chance,
 Or shooting with the gun,
 Nor kill of even dogs so much
 As just a little one."

For here, with other sports profane,
 A tendency was found
 To hunt the big domestic pig,
 The pig so ripe and round,
 That makes the hams that make the name
 Westphalia world-renowned.

Now in the *Mail* that gave the law
 Some daring local wits
 Described their Lord as having scored
 With many marvellous hits,
 While he and FRANCIS JOSEPH broke
 The Sabbath-day to bits.

All through the holy, peaceful hours
 They chased the secular stag

The steeples rang; they answered "Bang!"
 They didn't care a rag;
 By vesper-time the two had made
 A most stupendous bag.

Now if (a dread hypothesis)
 The War-Lord should incline
 Westphalia's way some Sabbath-day
 To shoot a herd of swine,
 I'm pleased to think the President
 His fate will not be mine.

Publishers, printers, devils and
 The staff that ran the *Mail*,
 The actual scribe and all the tribe
 That had the thing on sale,
 Will be accommodated in
 The journalistic gaol.

And so I say, when thinking on
 My free (if futile) lot,
 And dreaming how my bones by now
 In dungeon-keeps would rot—
 "Some men are made in Germany,
 I thank my luck I'm not."

At the Cosmopolitan Club.

British Politician (to Teutonic guest).
 This is what we call a by-election at
 Barnsley.

Teuton. Potztausend! but I had, moreover,
 my imagined that bribery and corruptiveness
 no longer were permitted at your voting polls!

[Has to be instructed by means of an Anglo-German Dicti nory.]



LATEST FROM THE MOORS.

Intelligent Foreigner. "TELL ME—ZEE 'ILANDERS, DO ZAY ALWAYS WEAR ZEE RAW LEGS?"

THE SEVEN STAGES OF LITERARY SUCCESS

Illustrated by Cuttings from the Scrap-book of a Popular Author.

STAGE THE FIRST.

"*A Star of Dawn*, by a hitherto unknown author, Mr. JONAS GOORD, places him at a single bound in the foremost ranks of contemporary novelists."—*Daily Oracle*.

"An epoch-making book, instinct with consummate and irresistible genius."—*Areopagus*.

"A cheering sign of the times is the extraordinary enthusiasm with which *A Star of Dawn* has been received by the Press and Public. It proves that really great work is invariably sure of instant recognition."—*Chanticleer*.

"The author is evidently only on the threshold of his brilliant career . . . We shall await his next work with breathless interest."—*Trumpeter*.

STAGE THE SECOND.

"The numerous public which thrilled and shuddered, wept and laughed over that marvellous book, *A Star of Dawn*, will not be disappointed by its successor, *The Meridian*. Here are the same, &c., &c., only richer, more matured, better held in restraint. Incomparably the finest novel of the century."—*Friday Flamboyant*.

"We laid down the book with a feeling of positive reverence for the intellect which could conceive and carry out to a successful issue so stupendous a design. . . . There can be no further doubt about it. *The Meridian* bears on every page the imprint of the master-hand."—*Discriminator*.

STAGE THE THIRD.

"We hear that Mr. Goord has been giving sittings of late to Mr. FITZJOHN MELBURY, the well-known R.A., and the portrait, when completed, will be one of the chief attractions of the forthcoming Academy."

"Mr. Goord, the distinguished novelist, is perhaps the best-interviewed man living. He has been compelled to set apart two days a week entirely for the purpose of gratifying the insatiable curiosity of the public respecting his personality and surroundings."

"Mr. Goord is now leading a life of almost complete seclusion at John o' Groat's, where he is engaged in putting finishing touches to his forthcoming novel, *Brutum Fulmen*. Those who have been privileged with a peep at the proofs, report, &c., &c. Mr. Goord complains bitterly of the manner in which his privacy has been invaded by cyclists and representatives of the Press."

"It is said that Mr. GOORD has received the magnificent offer of £— down for his next novel. This is the largest sum ever offered for any work of imagination. Mr. GOORD is considering the proposal."—*Paragraphs (various)*.

STAGE THE FOURTH.

"Mr. Goord's new novel, *Brutum Fulmen*, contains all the qualities with which he has made us accustomed in his previous performances. Perhaps he has nothing particularly new to say—indeed, it is difficult to avoid a certain impression of— &c., &c. . . . Still, when all is said, it is indubitably the novel of the year."—*Moderator*.

"What hope is there for Literature when a stupid and sheepish Public receives with gaping avidity such pretentious bombast as the works of that over-rated novelist, Mr. JONAS GOORD?"—*Weekly Iconoclast*.

"We have never been carried off our feet by the flood of somewhat hysterical admiration for Mr. Goord's undoubted talents, and we see nothing in *Brutum Fulmen* to lead us to alter, &c."—*Tepidarium*.

"It is really time that Mr. GOORD struck out some new vein."—*Athenian Mercury*.

STAGE THE FIFTH

"In *Fiasco*, Mr. GOORD has essayed an entirely new departure. . . . Unfortunately, he cannot be congratulated. . . . We recommend him to return without delay to the earlier methods by which he won his very considerable reputation."—*Athenian Mercury*.

"We should be inclined to award to *Fiasco* a prominent position among the novels of the current month."—*Morning Milk*.

"*Fiasco* is quite unlike anything its author has written before, and we venture to express a hope that the experiment will not be repeated."—*Daily Oracle*.

STAGE THE SIXTH.

"In *Sunset*, Mr. GOORD attempts a repetition of the sort of writing which obtained for *A Star of Dawn* and *The Meridian* a temporary popularity with the more unthinking section of the Public. This is a pity, because in *Fiasco* he showed a decided capability for better things."—*Daily Oracle*.

"After *Fiasco*, which in some respects was quite a remarkable novel, *Sunset* comes as a distinct disappointment. We fear that Mr. GOORD is inclined to take himself too seriously."—*Athenian Mercury*.

"*Sunset* is quite unworthy of the pen that wrote that uneven but far from contemptible novel, *A Star of Dawn*, and is not a patch upon the same author's *Fiasco*. However, it is entitled to mention as one of the novels of a by no means remarkable week."—*Flamboyant*.

"When the author produces something which has more claims to be treated as Literature than *Sunset* can boast of, we shall be happy to give it a more extended criticism than this brief paragraph. Meanwhile, we gladly pass on to the next in our batch of ephemeral productions."—*Summary Review*.

"We hear that Mr. GOORD, the celebrated novelist, is compelled, by reasons of health, to reside abroad in future, and that his unrivalled collection of antique tapestries, Louis Quinze furniture, and other objects of Art, will shortly be seen at CHRISTY'S."

STAGE THE SEVENTH.

"*Afterglow*, by J. GOORD, is a thoroughly well-written novel, like everything else that proceeds from this cultivated and conscientious artist. It will be greatly liked."—*Lubricator*.

"Mr. GOORD's facile pen has given us another of his pleasant books. It is quite up to the level of anything he has done hitherto."—*Daily Oracle*.

"If we have allotted to *Afterglow* more space than its importance strictly deserves, our excuse must be the real pleasure which its perusal afforded us."—*Trumpeter*.

"An excellent little book to take up in an idle half-hour when there is nothing else to do."—*Discriminator*.

"Will appeal to a large circle of readers, and give much innocent pleasure."—*Areopagus*.

"The author's name seems familiar, somehow, though there is nothing on the title-page to indicate that *Afterglow* is not a maiden effort. If so, he (or she) may be congratulated and encouraged to persevere in the hope that some day, &c."—*Chantidere*.

POST-SCRIPTUM.

(Extract from Letter to Jonas Goord, Esq., from his Publishers.)

DEAR SIR,—We propose, with your consent, to clear out the whole of the remainder copies of *Afterglow* at waste-paper prices, as we find it impossible to dispose of the edition on more favourable terms.

Trusting that this arrangement will meet with your approval, we are, &c., &c.

"IN GLOBO."

YALE University must be a pleasant place for a quiet student, if, whenever two Yaler Boys meet a third, they immediately proceed to hoist him off his legs, wildly carry him about, before depositing him recklessly anywhere, all the while shouting, "Yale! Yale! Yale!" as a sort of war-cry, in addition to yelling a verse of something or other, more or less unmusical. Such, as above stated, is the startling conduct of Messrs. HARRY REEVES-SMITH and ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, representing "Students of Yale University, U.S.A.," showing the "way they have in the 'Varsity" of giving a welcome to their fellow-student, Frank Staynor (played by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH), on his arrival at "Miss FITZALLEN'S house in New York city."

The fun of this bustling piece culminates in the third act, which, as rarely happens in such farcical pieces, is the best of the three. Mr. MICHAEL MORTON, author of "*Miss Francis*" of Yale, seems to have had WEEDON GROSSMITH in his eye, and to have seen pretty clearly how he could best suit him. Through two acts the unfortunate WEEDON is battered, banged, bumped, thumped, frightened by everyone in turn, greatly to the delight of a sympathetic audience, until, in the last, he retires for the night, only to be treated worse than ever, and have his nerves shattered by a short but sharp thunderstorm. Messrs. REEVES-SMITH and PLAYFAIR hunt in couples, and, when not engaged bullying WEEDON GROSSMITH, are flying for their lives from savage dogs, whose terrific barking is admirably imitated by some invisible artist outside, whose name does not appear in the play-bill, but who, if justice is to be done all round, ought certainly to be rewarded by a call before the curtain, unless, as is not quite



HOW LITTLE OUR DEAR ONES UNDERSTAND US!

Madge. "MY DEAR GEORGE, THERE YOU'VE BEEN SITTING WITH YOUR CAMERA SINCE BREAKFAST, AND YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN ANYTHING."

George (intent on his own feelings). "DON'T ASK ME TO, DARLING, I COULDN'T TOUCH IT!"

improbable, the above-mentioned clever canine imitation is artistically given by that sly dog, Mr. LITTLE, when, as *Uncle FitzAllen*, hiding under a bed, he treats the enraptured audience to a specimen of how he can imitate a dog's yapping, doing it, too, in a most convincing manner, until driven out of his ambush by several whacks from a poker in the vigorous hands of Miss ETHEL HOPE, impersonating *Miss Mann*. If this be so, special compliments are due to Mr. LITTLE.

As *Soaper*, the eccentric melodramatic butler, Mr. KINGHORNE is capital. Miss MAY PALFREY and Miss SPENCER BRUNTON are in pleasant contrast with one another as the two sweet sisters *FitzAllen*. Neither has much to say, and not very much to do. There is some character in the part of the merry widow, played by Miss HELEN FERRERS, who shares with *Cosette* (Miss FERRAR), the French maid, the best chances in the piece. "*Miss Francis*" has, it appears, made a decided hit, but it is not within measurable distance of *Charley's Aunt*. Sharp, short, brisk throughout, it succeeds in keeping an audience interested and amused for just two hours.

The Prayer of a Cycling Benedict.

[According to the experience of Mr. COOPER, the retiring Birmingham registrar, the "boom" in cycling has been coincident with the boom in matrimony.]

Mr. Punch said "Don't" to all those about to marry,

The bike says "Do" before the boom is at an end;

Pray give me leave this once, O London Charivari,
For tandems weren't invented when your sage advice you penned!

CURIOUS FACT OF HORTICULTURE.—That perhaps the best apple is a Blenheim orange.



"DON'T YOU THINK THE LUTHERAN SERVICE SWEET?"
"I DON'T THINK I KNOW IT. ALL MINE IS SÈVRES."

THINGS THEY DO BETTER IN HOLLAND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—May I send you some random notes of a flying visit to the land of dams and polders? They are somewhat disconnected, and require sorting, much as does the writer after a rough sea-passage in one of the Zeelandsche Stoomvaart Maatschappij's excellent boats.

In the first place, there is no scenery to waste time over in Holland. A landscape, the ingredients of which are canals, cows, and wind-mills, saves a lot of trouble, if you keep a sketch-book. One horizontal line, surmounted by a row of X's, gives you a perfect picture of the Zaanland with its forest of saw-mills.

You can get an excellent seat in the stalls of a theatre for three shillings or so, with a penny for the programme. When will the London theatres follow suit, and let us see a piece in comfort at a reasonable price? Then the opera is sung in Dutch, so you are not bothered with listening to the absurdities of the libretto, but can devote all your attention to the music.

The Amsterdam Zoo people are most considerate to their four-legged and feathered residents. For instance, the ostrich has a comfortable and ornamental

villa to himself, with reception and bedrooms, and apparently a kitchen, pantry, and coal-cellar in the back premises. Double-fronted, detached house; sanitation excellent; hot water throughout; balcony lounge, together with extensive playground, and "all that message"; standing in its own premises, and commanding romantic views of duck-pond and band-stand; keeper, gardeners, garden produce, and perquisites, all inclusive. Only the language of the house-property advertisements in our esteemed contemporaries' columns can do it justice.

The sands at Scheveningen are well provided with "wind-stools," or wicker-work portable seats with hoods. Put two of these together face to face, and you can have a tête-à-tête as long as you like, or until they tip over.

Then in the Kurhaus they have invented and adopted a new means of gambling, called "European Pool," apparently played nowhere else. You can get rid of your guilders much faster this way than at "little horses," and as the chances are less in your favour, you will soon be cured of the taste for such games of chance. The principle is this: You take up a scoop, from which you let roll a vulcanite ball,

about an inch and a half in diameter, on to a sort of long, flat trough, with eight shallow depressions in it. Two of these are marked red, two are blue, and the rest 1, 2, 3, 4, successively. You win twice your stake on the red or on the blue, and four times on the numbers, having previously indicated which you will play on, red, blue, or a number. I say, you win; or at least, I hope so. I didn't.

The elderly ladies do their best to arrest and amuse the observant eye, by wearing copper helmets of mediæval design at the back of their heads, with small, gold blinkers or frontlets at their temples, and surmounting the whole with a modern black bonnet with sprays and feathers. A few of such head-dresses in London would make a walk down Bond Street highly interesting.

In the Oude Kerk at Amsterdam you see a notice that smoking in church is forbidden; but that, by way of consolation, the 119th Psalm will be sung through as a "voorsang." The latter, with a sermon an hour and a half long, is in keeping with the lengthy hotel dinner given you recently. But I am straying from my text, and will therefore conclude with "tot weérziens!" (which, I believe, is the Dutch *au revoir*).

Yours miscellaneously,
Z. Y. X.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A disappointed Epicurean, whose lady-love will not "name the day," consoles himself on Michaelmas Day.

HOPE against hope is still the tale
That's told from day to day,
While sunlight fades and skies grow pale,
O'ercast with shadows grey.
The Winter-snow is very near,
The cold is coming fast
On cutting winds; and yet, my dear,
You will not say, "At last!"

You will not see the Summer's fled,
And may not come again,
Nor recognise the year is dead,
While we two yet are twain.
You little reck of bitter grief
Caused by your fickle troth.
And, 'mid the falling of the leaf,
You think of one, not both!

The birds that sang to us in Spring
Have hushed their joyous strain,
Or taken flight on Southern wing
For Africa or Spain!
The swallow new prepares his flight,
For travel is agog,
And bids to us a long "Good-night!"—
He loves not English fog!

Still birds are left about the nest,
Birds that are passing fair,
The sprightliest and daintiest
That ever breathed our air;
Birds, such as you, who love to be
Uncaged, too prone to roam,
And live the life that they deem free
By never seeking home.

But there's one bird, I love her well,
I'll meet that bird to-night,
And on her many charms will dwell,
And make her my delight.
She shall for you atonement make,
And an exquisite excuse;
Of her I wish you could partake—
She is my wanted goose!

ADVICE TO WOULD-BE BACKERS OF HORSES
AND THEATRICAL SPECULATIONS.—Back out!



A NATIONAL QUESTION.

BRITANNIA. "WHEN ARE YOU TWO GOING TO MAKE IT UP, AND LET ME HAVE MY SHIPS?"

["The lock-out in the engineering trade will seriously interfere with the carrying out of the extended ship-building scheme authorised last Session by the House of Commons. Consequent on the delay in forwarding the programme, it will be impossible within the limits of the financial year to expend the seven and a half millions voted."—*Daily News*, October 2.]





WITH MOTOR-CABS A SUBSTITUTE FOR "WHIP BEHIND" BECOMES A NECESSITY. MESSRS. START AND JUMPKINS'S PATENT GALYANIO URCHIN TICKLER WILL BE FOUND MOST EFFECTIVE.

THE PROPITIATOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is your mission in life?
Answer. To discover causes of discord, and remove them.

Q. Give an instance of your occupation in action.
A. I strongly object to the celebration of the anniversary of the victory of Trafalgar, because the event might offend the French.

Q. Then do you object to the name of WELLINGTON?
A. Certainly, except in its connection with boots.

Q. And what about Waterloo?
A. It should disappear as a name of a place, a bridge, or an omnibus.

Q. Would you honour NAPOLEON with a statue?
A. In theory.
Q. Why not in practice?
A. Because the effigies of public men in England may, unfortunately, turn out to be insults perpetuated in marble or bronze.

Q. Would you celebrate any date in connection with the Spanish Armada?
A. Certainly not; more especially as the incident is said to have occurred so long ago that it is to be hoped that it may not be true.

Q. Would you retain a remembrance of the names of any of our battles with the French?
A. Only those which we had lost—for instance, Fontenoy.

Q. And what would you do about NELSON?
A. I would prove conclusively that he never won an action in his life and was invariably outwitted by our Gallic neighbours.

Q. And what would you say about WELLINGTON?
A. That instead of his customary title, he should be known as the Hero of a Hundred Flights.

Q. And how would you account for the successes of both?



Some additions we may reasonably expect to the Hot-water Lamp-posts.

A. By their luck in fortunate blundering.

Q. Then you would establish the prestige of our lively neighbours at the expense of the reputation of our own troops?
A. Undoubtedly; and thus prevent our country drifting into war.

Q. And you consider that this plan of self-depreciation is conducive to propitiation?
A. I do; and consequently it is my great regret that there is an unfortunate bar to the attainment of my object.

Q. What is that, in your eyes, unfortunate bar?
A. That my words and actions are imperfectly understood by our neighbours across the water.

Q. Is this a curse?
A. In my eyes; although some people may consider it a blessing.

A LAY OF THE LAKES.

DERWENT WATER.

DERWENT Water very fine
 When the sun consents to shine;
 Derwent Water very calm;
 Sure to sail would do no harm.
 Suddenly there comes a squall,
 Instantly our spirits fall.
 Derwent Water over decks,
 Derwent Water down our necks,
 Derwent Water very rough,
 Derwent Water quite enough.

FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (obviously in concealment).—*Q.* What is certainly the name of the sister of the Clerk of the Weather? *A.* Anne E. Royd.



THE PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET TEAM ON TOUR!

(Warranted correct.)

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER'S DISCLAIMER MAKES IT CLEAR THAT THE PUBLISHED LIST OF THE ELEVEN THAT IS SHORTLY GOING ROUND THE WORLD IS NOT CORRECT. THE TEAM WILL OF COURSE BE CONSTITUTED AS ABOVE!

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Nuremberg.—Still raining. Still cold and foggy. Have finished museums. What next? Churches. To the Laurenz Kircho. Very dark inside. Walk slowly round choir. Perceive on the floor a small placard inscribed "*Stufe!*" Stop and look at it. My German wants brushing up. Remember the word, but not the translation of it. Looks as if it meant "stove," but that is *Ofen*. Am still meditating when I nearly fall over a step. Then understand what a *Stufe* is. Fine instance of German paternal government. No doubt most foreigners, gazing at this word, are on their hands and knees before they know what it means. If there were no placard their eyes would be at liberty to see the step.

Ramble round the Castle, and ALBERT DURER'S house, and the Museum of Instruments of Torture—which contains some instruments of music, but no barrel-organ—and then good-bye to the factory-chimneys, the fog, and the Gothic railway station. The train leaves the latter reluctantly. It is a very slow train. Cannot imagine how they manage to have so many accidents in Germany when they go at this pace. Wonder the passengers don't get out and walk. Safer and quicker.

If you like a slow train,
You will find one in Spain;
For dawdling combined with disaster,
You 'll be suited as well
In a *Zug*, far from *schnell*—
Be smashed, while a bike would go faster.

Rothenburg.—At last arrive. For the moment it is not raining. Round the town. A delightful old place. Every house picturesque. The *Herr Bürgermeister* and his fellow-citizens keep their beautiful old town mediæval, and yet clean and in good order, a combination which hardly any other Town Council has ever attempted. Then the rain begins again. If any one wished to make a fortune he should start somewhere in Bavaria an immense shop for the sale of waterproof clothing. If properly puffed, his establishment would in time supply every man, woman and child with macintoshes, &c. Everyone would wear a *Gummi-Mantel*, a *Gummi-Hut*, and *Gummi-Schuhe*. Can't stand damp mediævalism any longer. Must go where there are cabs, *cafés*, theatres, and tramcars to shelter one.

So off to Munich, this time in a *Schnellzug*, which is very full. There is a dining-car in the train. Capital! After dining at Rothenburg at 12.15, could manage a second dinner about 7.30. Quite a civilized hour. So at that time, with a good appetite, change to the *Speisewagen*. Am crushed by the astounding information that everything has been eaten! Not even a roll left. At once feel a still better appetite. The waiter tries to console me by saying that we arrive at Munich at 9. By the time I can get supper at the hotel it will be 9.30—two hours hence. Spend the remaining hour and a half in the train opposite a weary little old lady and a restless man. Probably he is also starving. The old lady seems to desire repose—probably after a good meal. She lies down on half the length of the seat, and closes her eyes. The restless man yawns, pushes his hat back, pulls it forward again, wriggles, kicks. He must be hungry. Old lady opens her eyes, sits up, puts on a large pair of spectacles, looks sadly around, and tries to go to sleep again. Should feel more sorry for her if I thought she were also starving. Wonder if she has any biscuits in her little hand-bag. How to obtain one? Impossible if she is asleep. Otherwise might get into conversation and arouse her sympathy. She does not rest long. Her neighbour jumps up, and fleps down again. This movement shoots the old lady into a sitting posture. She opens one eye and sighs. Restless man, in a paroxysm of energy, throws about his arms, as though he were using dumb-bells. Old lady opens both eyes, gazes nervously at his moving arms, sits as far away as she can, and asks me how much longer it is to Munich. Ah, now is my chance! I tell her there is another hour. She gasps. Restless man bolts out into the corridor, and is seen no more. Perhaps he is gnawing a napkin in the useless *Speisewagen*. As soon as he has gone, the old lady falls asleep again, and all hope of a biscuit vanishes. Starve steadily to Munich.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

A Rift in the Lute.

Country Cousin (on a visit to London, to lady fiddler). Were you practising on your violin just now, Miss STRAD? I thought I heard you.

Miss Strad. No. I haven't touched it to-day.

Country Cousin. Ah! then it must have been an organ in the street!

[And for the life of him he can't understand why Miss STRAD now gives him the cold shoulder.



"THERE'S ONE THING I WILL SAY ABOUT ME—AN' THAT IS,
I'S A MAN OF REGULAR 'ABITS!"

POACHING UP TO DATE.

["Two men were fined £120 a-piece for poaching white rhinoceros."
Times of Africa.]

I'VE poached a pickle pairtricks whon the leaves were turnin' sere,

I've poached a twa-three hares an' goose, an' mebbe whiles a deer,

But on, it seems an unco thing, an' jist a wee mysterious
Hoo any mortal could contrive tae peach a rhinoceros.

I've crackit wi' the keeper, pockets packed wi' pheasants' eggs,
An' a ten-pun' saumon hangin' down in baith my trouser legs,
But eh, I doot effects wud be a wee thing deleterious.
Gin ye shuld stow until yer breeks a brace o' rhinoceros.

I mind hoo me an' Wullie shot a Royal in Braemar,
An' brocht him down tae Athol by the licht o' mune an' star,
An' eh, Sirs! but the canny beast contrived tae fash an' weary us—
Yet staigs maun be but bairn's play by a weel-grown rhinoceros.

I thoct I kent o' poachin' jist as muckle's ither men,
But there is still a twa-three things I doot I diuna ken,
An' noo I canna rest, my brain is growin' that deleerious
Tae win awa' tae Africa an' poach a rhinoceros.

At Brighton.

Ethel. I can't make out why that well-dressed, good-looking man stares so persistently at you, GLADYS.

Gladys. I can. He's the new foreman at SNIP AND PATTERN'S, and he wants to see how my new tailor-made frocks are cut by BUTTON AND BREEKS.

Lingua Franca at the Prix du Conseil Municipal.

Anatole. Qui est ce petit Monsieur qui vient de te saluer, ALPHONSE?

Alphonse. C'est un sportsman le jockey qui a fait un dead'eat avec un outsiders au dernier meeting. Un vrai dark'orse!



MURDER WILL OUT.

Teddy (out Cub-hunting) for the first time. "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR. HUNTSMAN. BUT I'M AFRAID DADDY WILL BURY IT."

Huntsman. "BURY IT? OH, NO, HE'LL HAVE IT STUFFED FOR YOU."

Teddy. "WILL HE? THEN WHY DOES HE ALWAYS BURY THE ONES HE SHOOTS?"

[*Nice for Daddy, who may be seen talking to the M.F.H.*]

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—"The Siamese Minister," says Saturday's *Daily Mail*, "yesterday waited upon the Lord Mayor"—at luncheon, probably, and handed his Lordship the real turtle and hashed venison—"at the Mansion House, and, by command of the King of SIAM, presented his Lordship with the insignia of Commander of the Royal Order of the White Elephant, and with a portrait of the King." As "Commander," the Lord Mayor may now order as many White Elephants as he can get. All who saw Sir FAUDEL gaily bestriding his fiery steed on

Jubilee Day know that he is already a perfect Master of the Horse; and perhaps next ninth of November we may behold the ex-Lord Mayor, in his robes, sitting on a White Elephant's head, bowing his acknowledgments right and left to the crowd; while within the palanquin on the elephant's back will be the new Lord Mayor, the Mace Bearer, the Recorder, and the Chaplain. "There's a picture for you!" *A propos* of pictures, if Sir FAUDEL can't have a White Elephant to mount, he will, at all events, see that the King's portrait is properly "mounted."

BY-ELECTIONS.

JOCK, JOCK, yer thochts were ever bent
In some gey licht direction,
Ye lovedna learnin' or ye'd kent
This was a by-election.
An' why sae namit? Hout awa',
Just list, ye feckless creetur',
I'll gie ye what the Frenchmen ca'
The vara *raison d'eter*.

Ae morn—the fecht was ragin' fair—
While we were at oor parritch,
There staps wi'oot our cottage there
A bonny braw new carritch.
An' whiles we thecht what should be done,
No bein' used wi' gentry,
The Colonel, smilin' like the sun,
Cam' in an' made his entry.

Agreeable? Ou, I doot the word
Has never been inventit.
Agreeable? Faith, we never heard
Oursels sae complimentit.
He praised the coo, admired the soo,
Was in the midden rollin',
An' hoped we'd see an' bring him through
Triumphant at the pollin'.

Scarce had he smiled himsel' awa',
Scarce was his last hew drappit,
When look ye! Lord preserve us a',
Anither carritch stappit.
An' ere the wife could hurry hen
Tae set the parlour ready,
There stood within the door, ye ken,
Sir TAMMAS an' his leddy.

We thoct the Colonel he bade fair
Wi' compliments tae cram us,
But, JOCK, my laddie, he was ne'er
A patch upon Sir TAMMAS.
He askit us about the hay,
An' was there aucht we're wishin'?
An' hoped that whiles we'd tak' a day
Deun at the saumon fishin'.

Scarce had he gaen, the gudewife sees
The butler frae the Hoese, man—
"The Colonel's compliments an' please
Ye'll tak' a brace o' groose, man."
Then comes Sir TAMMAS' man an' mak's
A lang oration, endin'
"He hopes ye'll like the hares he tak's
The liberty o' sendin'."

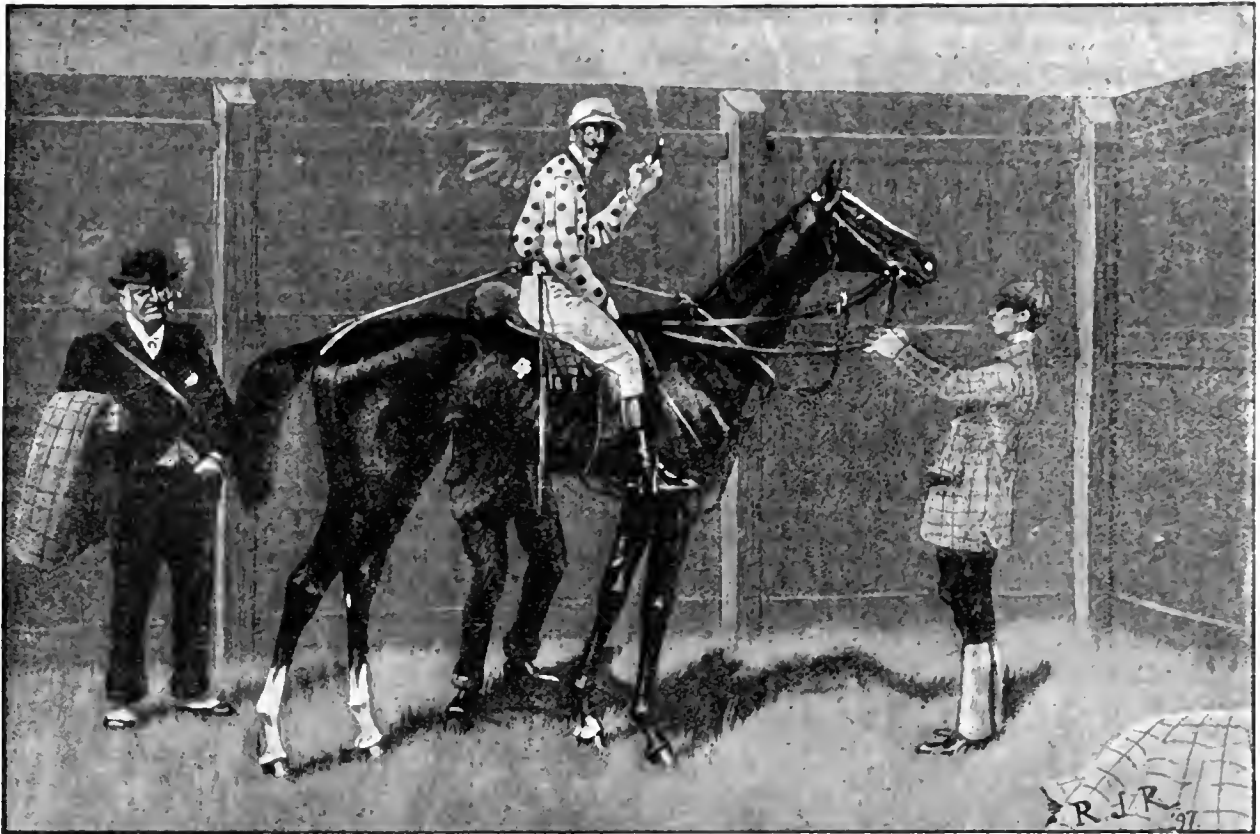
The Colonel ca'd again the mern,
"Why, man," queth he, "ye're husky.
Ye've ta'en the cauld, an' I'll be swern
There's naethin' for't like whusky.
I've got the vara thing, ye'll see,
An' oh, the wee-est spot'll
Jist mak' anither man o' ye—
I'll send ye deun a bottle."

Sir TAMMAS heard o' this i' toun,
Fer sure as I'm a sinner,
His ain braw man cam' fleein' deun
While we were at our dinner.
"Sir TAMMAS saw wi' muckle pain
How pale ye looked an' weak, Sir;
He hopes this port'll bring agin'
The roses tae yer cheek, Sir!"

O JOCK! I never lived, my lad,
In sic a field o' clover,
An' eh, it mak's me gey an' sad
Tae think it a' is over.
An' noo, mebbe, ye'll unnerstan',
Gin ye are a reflector,
Why 'tis a by-election, an'
Why I'm a boucht elector.

At the Pig and Pelican.

Mrs. Thimbleby (to Mrs. GRIMBLEBY).
I can't abide them dratted pore rates.
Mrs. Grimbleby. Why, lor' love yer.
MARTHA, I looks upon 'em as a blessed old
age pension.



STRAPPING HIM ON.

A RESPECTFUL SUGGESTION, IN ADVANCE, FOR SOME OF OUR AMATEUR STEEPLE-CHASE RIDERS

AN INTERVIEW.

It was not without a certain amount of difficulty that I obtained the privilege of an interview with Mr. SLOGGINGTON BLOW-FROG, the latest of those novelists who have "arrived." On my announcing myself at his front door, he at once took refuge in flight, and it was only after a heated chase that I ran him down in the cupboard beneath the kitchen stairs, a very pretty apartment, which the author has fitted up for the reception of blocks of Wallsend and Silkstone, Derby Brights, and other mineral products of a like nature.

"Perhaps, if you are so averse to being interviewed—" I began, but a frown on the great writer's brow arrested me.

"No," he said, "don't go. You see, a little chase after me lends an added zest to the interviewer's keenness for copy. And now let us start in the customary manner. No, I am not a writer by birth. I studied originally for the profession of dustman, and followed that calling for several years with, perhaps I may be allowed to say, considerable success. I am inclined to think that nothing is more likely to fit one for the production of *fin de siècle* literature than dust collecting and the constant association with garbage of all kinds. It is a great qualification for the work of the modern 'hill-top,' novelist. What did the public think of my *Three Monkeys in the Dusthole*?" he broke off suddenly. "Realistic, wasn't it?" Then, pensively scratching the tip of his ear with a fork, he resumed, "It was a work in which my wife helped me very materially. Of course that adds greatly to the value of anything one writes nowadays: in fact, it is almost a *sine quâ non*—ah, I suppose you don't speak Spanish? forgive me—that the (interviewed) writer should be helped by his wife. Wifely help is all the 'go' just now. How do I work, you ask? Well, I usually rise at midnight, eat a hearty meal of tea and shrimps, then work till about 4 A.M. . . . My favourite seat whilst at work? Oh, I usually sit in the scullery sink. By the way, you might like these few photographs of me, in various attitudes, for reproduction in your journal. Too many to carry? Very well, I'll have them packed in a crate and sent on by CARTER, PATERSON. But to resume. At 4 A.M. I go for a ride on

my bike, or play shove-halfpenny for an hour with the milkman round the corner; then I return and go to bed.— Excuse me a moment." And my host picked up a richly-jewelled inkstand, and hurled it, with marvellous precision, through the window at a black Tom-cat on the lawn. "And now please go. I have to work at fifteen different magazine stories. You see, the public will have the lion of the hour—for just so long as he is the lion of the hour, *bien entendu*—pardon me, perhaps you don't understand Italian? . . . My next great work? Well, I need hardly tell you that all novels nowadays must be of low life, and no neighbourhood more aristocratic than Lambeth should be dealt with. A strong incident in my new book is the marriage of BILL BROWN, the Labour agitator, who despises capital, vested interests and personal cleanliness, to the proud but consumptive Russian Princess ORFULKORFF. And now, will you take a pot of four ale? No? Well, then, goodbye. Don't put in a lot of compliments about my personal appearance, or my house, or wife, or dog.— By the way, that dog was presented to me by one of the Crowned Heads. . . . No, I sha'n't tell you which—who brought him all the way from Loadenhall Market on a string. You won't put in any compliments, will you?"

"Certainly not, if you—"

"Ah, you take me too literally," interrupted the great novelist, hastily. "Do just as you like about it," and a pleasant smile lit up the mobile face with its rolling eye and massive nose, in which the rich, red blood shows boldly and perpetually at the tip. "And now," he concluded, playfully fingering a heavy paper-weight, "if you don't go, I shall have to treat you as I treated *Thomas le noir*. Again, pardon me for using the dead languages."

And keeping an eye on my genial host, I left the room—backwards.

THE betrothal was recently announced of the Princess THEODORA of Saxe-Meiningen (the home of the celebrated theatrical troupe) to Prince HENRY XXX. of Reuss." An "Ex-Prince" is of no great value, but a Prince who is "treble X." must be a strong potentate—quite a quart-pot-entate.



THE WINDFALL.

Mr. Ratepayer. "I SAY, MARIA, THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL HAS TAKEN A FARTHING IN THE POUND OFF THE RATES FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS!"

Mrs. R. "HAVE THEY, DEAR? THEN—NOW WE CAN GO TO MONTE CARLO!"



“THEM ARTISES!”

Lady Artist. “DO YOU BELONG TO THAT SHIP OVER THERE?”

Sailor. “YES, MISS.”

Lady Artist. “THEN WOULD YOU MIND LOOSENING ALL THOSE STRAIGHT LINES!”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mrs. ROBERT JOCELYN'S *Only a Love Story* (HUTCHINSON) is, to be more precise, several love stories. But they all centre round the *Lady Veronia Brackendale*, and my Baronite does not wonder, for she is a charming girl. In the end, she marries decidedly the best of her troop of admirers. The plot is not very profound, but it is unfolded in sprightly fashion, illumined by many flashes of keen insight. The literary style is deplorably slipshod. Possibly this is a subtle touch of art, being in keeping with the style in which women write confidentially about each other.

To wile away the tedium of a railway journey, let me confidently recommend *A Studio Mystery*, by FRANK AUBREY, published by JARROLD AND SONS. It is pocketable, honestly, and clearly printed, two excellent qualities in a book to be selected as the companion of your evening journey by rail, “when the lights are low”; moreover, it is a mystery which the genuine romance-reader will penetrate at once, though to ascertain the means whereby discovery is brought about will keep him thoroughly interested to the end. By the very fact of the mystery being made so clear, the reader is, from time to time, put off the right track, and is inclined to think that he must be mistaken. It belongs to the series called “The Daffodil Library,” which sounds a bit aesthetic; but do not be put off by this. To those fond of a “sensation,” the Baron says, “Read *A Studio Mystery*.”

Perpetua, by BARING GOULD, is an interesting novel, to which the author-actor-manager who carries *The Sign of the Cross* triumphantly all over the country, should turn his attention when in search of another ecclesiastical-dramatical subject for a new Early Christian play. He will do well, however, at the same time, to consult WISEMAN'S *Fabiola*, NEWMAN'S *Callista*, and, to be accurate in details, ROSSI'S work on the Catacombs. He may also follow Mr. BARING GOULD'S example, and, after selecting certain passages from the well-known PALEY'S *Evidences*, he can turn them into

blank verse, should he have a talent for this impressive style, and then appropriately place the lines in the mouth of the excellent, but slightly prosy, *Bishop Castor*. Perhaps BULWER'S *Last Days of Pompeii* may also be of some assistance. If only the simple question as to the origin of evil with which *Friday* posed *Robinson Crusoe* could have been brought in, and answered satisfactorily by *Castor*, then this novel would obtain a world-wide reputation and unprecedented sale. As it is, it is mildly interesting, but “unconvincing.” The Bishop is apparently conscious of being a bit of a bore, and so, in the midst of a lengthy discourse, he diffidently requests to be allowed “to say something further, if I do not weary you.” Whereupon *Emilius Varro*, a man of pleasure, and a lawyer, not to be outdone in courtesy, replies, “Not at all. You astonish me too much to weary me,” and thereby, as one never loses by politeness, he lets himself in for a further continuation of the episcopal dissertation. One of the best written scenes in the novel is the description of *Deacon Baudillas* in the rat-pit. Should Mr. WILSON BARRETT elect to play the Deacon, what a sensation his fight with the rats would cause if he were only sufficiently terrier-fied! The last scene of the miraculous snow-storm is an admirable climax, and would give opportunity for such scenic effect as has not been seen on the stage since the volcanic days of *Claudian* at the Princess's. THE BARON DE B.-W.

Song of “the Missing Sportsman.”

How happy could I be on heather,
A-shooting at grouse all the day,
If only the birds in high feather
Would not, when I shoot, fly away!

DEFINITION OF A “CLEARANCE SALE.”—Going out as one of a party in a sailing-boat full of trippers at two shillings a head.



* *Our Own Undergraduate (fresh from his Euclid). "HA! TWO RIDERS TO ONE PROP."*

WHEEL WICTIMS!

(Some Paragraphs strayed from the "St. J.-m.-s G-z-tte.")

THE long and terrible list of bicycling accidents, which (at this time of year) we publish daily, still continues to grow. The latest batch is even more alarming than usual, and proves conclusively that no one with the smallest respect for their safety should ever be induced to ride a bicycle. There are some persons who seem unable to relish any amusement that is not fraught with peril, but to such we would recommend bathing in the whirlpools of Niagara as, on the whole, a less dangerous recreation.

FROM the highland village of Titledrummie comes the news of one terrible disaster. As JAMES MACRANKY, a youth of fifteen, was attempting to mount his machine for the first time in his father's garden, the unfortunate lad lost his balance and was precipitated into the middle of a gooseberry-bush, with the result that his right hand was severely scratched. Although he is still alive at present, it is highly probable that he will develop symptoms of blood-poisoning in consequence of his misadventure, when tetanus will certainly supervene, and the fatal bicycle will have brought one more victim to a premature death.

WHAT might have been a fatal accident was averted by the merest chance in Kensington on Monday last. According to an eye-witness of the thrilling scene, a young lady was riding by herself (a dangerous practice which we have repeatedly censured) along the Cromwell Road, when a hansom-cab suddenly appeared, advancing rapidly in the opposite direction. With marvellous nerve the young lady guided her machine to the left-hand side of the road while the cab was still fifty yards from her, and was thus enabled to pass it in safety. But supposing she had lost her nerve in this alarming crisis, and had steered straight for the horse's feet, she could only have escaped destruction by a miracle.

WE are loth to inflict too many of these gruesome stories upon our readers, so we will add only one more for the present, which

MENTALITY ν EMOTION.

["In future, people marrying are to be guided by Mentality and not by Emotion. . . . A society has been formed to promote these principles." *Daily Chronicle.*]

You've heard the latest, darling FLO?

Was ever such a notion?

Now, when we marry, we must go
By bumps and not emotion.

Of course Mamma has caught the craze,
And felt our bumps and noses,
And vows, whatever faults I raise,
I must have Mr. MOSES.

It's all in vain I plead that JACK
Is clever. They say *not*, FLO;
They say he shows an utter lack
Of size and weight. It's *not*, FLO!
Of course he is not like the Jew,
A great, fat, ugly porpoise,
But size and weight! Why, he pulled two
When B. N. C. bumped Corpus!

Then his *adhesiveness* is slight,
And so is *concentration*;
Why, he can dance with me all night
Without the least cessation.
And for *adhesiveness*! Why, FLO,
They would feel precious geese, if
I told how JACK can kiss—he's so
Delightfully adhesive!

Thank goodness, JACK has got no bumps
Upon his dear old forehead,
For MOSES, with his nasty lumps,
Is horrid—simply horrid.
No! Ma, of course, is free to pick
According to her notions,
But as for me, I mean to stick
To good old-world emotions.

SUBJECT FOR AN UP-TO-DATE PICTURE.—
"LABBY," M.P., worried by the Hessian
fly.

may well serve as a warning to those who tour in districts unknown to them. A party of ladies and gentlemen made an expedition on bicycles last week in the neighbourhood of Beachborough. Being unfamiliar with the locality, they dismounted at a point where two cross-roads met, and hesitated as to which direction they should take. By a providential chance, they decided to keep to the left, and so reached their destination in safety. Afterwards they learned with horror that had they chosen the other road, ridden two miles along it, turned to the right, and then to the left again, they would have found themselves close to the edge of the cliff, from which there is a sheer drop of six hundred feet to the beach beneath! And there are still some foolish persons who attempt to deny the awful perils of cycling!

THE *Daily Telegraph* publishes a list of "Settling Days," which is probably very useful to natives and settlers. But how about a list of "Unsettling Days"? Prominent in the list would be birthdays, wedding-days, quarter-days, Lord Mayor's days, civic banquet days, Bank Holidays, of course, and many other days, including nights, which have always been recognised as distinctly "unsettling."

THE "Ex-M.P." who wrote to the *Times* complaining that the railway-rates for "bikes" were enormously high, evidently wished to be "ex-m-p-ted." But most certainly the freight-charges for bicycling ought to be higher than for ordinary luggage. "Take it up tenderly, treat it with care," should be the rule, and bikers wishing to travel by train should arrive early and give the porters every chance.

MRS. MUDDLE (of the great MUDDLEHEAD family) cannot recollect what the striking cartoon of RAPHAEL'S was that she saw in Rome, but thinks it represented Saint PAUL preaching on the Asparagus. (Query "Areopagus"?)

LUCKY DOG.—The man without a penny who is engaged to "The Lord Mayor's Ward," Miss Farrington Within.

DARBY JONES ON THE CESAREWITCH.

HONOURED SIR,—So regardless of past favours is the Majority of Mankind, that not only you, my ever esteemed Patron, but also most of your readers, have probably forgotten that the Impecunious Prophet of the Sport of Kings was enabled this time last year to supply an augury with regard to that noble Handicap, the Cesarewitch, such as was calculated to enable one and all to wash down the appetising flesh of the Colchian bird with copious draughts of the joyous vintage of Champagne. I will not accuse you or others, who profited by my advice then and since, with Ingratitude. Rather will I ascribe their remissness in the matter of remittances to that Intoxication of Feeling, which invariably follows the Glory of Triumph.

Just ten years ago I knew a young Aristocrat, who, broken on the Wheel of Fortune, approached me with tears in his deep blue eyes, and implored me, if possible, to give him that information which was calculated to enable him to supply himself with bread and cheese and bitter beer, and his family with coals and blankets, during the rigour of the approaching Winter. Touched by the misery of his condition, I provided him there and then with *Humewood* for the Cesarewitch, and *Gloriation*, at forty golden shekels to one, for the Cambridgeshire. Could human divination have probed the mysteries of the Future to greater advantage? My young Aristocrat was saved from starvation, and possibly a prolonged sojourn in HER MAJESTY'S Castle of Holloway! "Was he grateful?" will naturally be your query, when you consider the magnificence of that superb Double Event. Alas! I can truthfully state that the only recompense which he vouchsafed to send me took the shape of a brace of patriarchal grouse, which had perhaps escaped from the Ark. Last week, at Leicester, my young Aristocrat did not even recognise my features, as he elbowed his way past me to the Paddock, clad in an irreproachable Newmarket coat, and armed with a cigar as long as a Torpedo Boat. I often think, Sir, that *BELISARIUS* must have been no general, but a prophet about chariot-racing.

Similarly, when, last year, I distributed *St. Bris* with the freedom of a professional gamster dealing cards, and ten to one romped home at the hands of *Kempton CANNON*, but few of those *honoraria* that grateful clients usually press upon their professional advisers came into my possession.

In all delicacy, I forbear, honoured Sir, to continue this subject, because I have since learnt from a *Prodigious Penciller*, that some of the *highest and mightiest* about the office of *Mr. Punch* were not above following the recommendation of the humble Vates. *Verb. sap.*, as they say in the classics. There is also an English sdage, which runs, "It is never too late to mend," admirably illustrated in romance and drama by the late *Mr. CHARLES READE*. You, Sir, could prove its truth more privately, but quite as effectively, the more so, as the same *P. P.* informs me that the Winner of the Duke of York Stakes was peacefully reposing up your sleeve till such time as the race was run.

And now to the business of the Bard. Let me remind you and yours that the



"OF COURSE, I KNOW YOU DON'T NEED ONE, BUT IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO HEAR OF ANY ONE WANTING A WELL-BRED PUPPY, THINK OF ME, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Cesarewitch is this year run upon the thirteenth day of the month, and on the eve of the Natal Day of Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, and of the anniversary of the Battle of Hastings. I am not one to believe that these dispiriting influences will interfere with the success of the Handicap, so I boldly plunged, like an experienced diver, into the troubled waters of Prejudgment, and herewith sing—

I have no fear of *Asteroid*,

No *Jacobean* for me,

One *Saint*, I fear, is null and void,

But the *Second* looks well to be.

The *Judicious Lover* may run right well,

And the *Man of the Sun* go free,

And the *Rush on the Grange* may the *Market* swell,

But I'll stand by the *Son of the Sea*,

With, given a start for *Jack of the Mart*,

To finish in one, two, three.

There! the weary brain is at rest for a brief period, the goose-quill drops from the digits of the Poet, and once more the Promethean fire flickers as it dies from the brow of

Your devoted henchman and heeler,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I have reason to believe that a Certain Noble Lord to whom I confided the excellence of *Corkscrew* at Leicester has forwarded a case of *extra sec* addressed to your office. I have grave doubts as to the honesty of some of your officials. Hence this hint.

NATURAL HISTORY.—THE HORSE.

THE noblest conquest which the horse has ever made is that of man, that spirited and haughty animal which shares with him the fatigues of war and the glory of the combat. Consider how man, from the cradle to the grave, is absorbed in devotion to the equine race. When mewling and puking in his nurse's arms, he agitates his own little limbs, and appeals frantically to the passing "gee-gee." As he grows older, he becomes further and further involved in some form of horse worship. The most defined type of horse is the Race-horse. Each one of these glorified beings has its attendant suite of men and boys to perform the sacred rites. "Jakkies" and "Grewms" represent respectively a higher and lower order of priesthood, with acolytes known as "Stabel-bheys." Immense are the sacrifices that have been made in this system of worship. There also exists a missionary order known as "Bookkiz." They speak an occult language, which is closely studied by a large and earnest-minded section of humankind. A talismanic virtue is attributed to certain formulae, such as "Tentowuninarphkrowns." The Great Successful Chief of all the Bookkiz is "Ibak the Vinnar."

All this is interesting as showing that the horse is an animal that age cannot stale nor motor-cars exterminate.



COMPENSATION.

She. "I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU 'VE LOST YOUR PATIENT, DR. JONES."
He. "BUT HE WAS ILL A LONG, LONG TIME!"

Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

BORN, 1817. DIED, OCT. 6, 1897.

FOUR-Score the years that crowned your head, and still
 In labour, not in sorrow, passed their strength!
 Untired the genial hand and steadfast will
 Yield up their task at length.
 With generous love, forestalling Death's bequest,
 From out your treasure-stores of youth and age
 Living, you gave your country of your best,
 A royal heritage!
 Of lesser claims we know the noisy cry;
 Yours were the gifts too great to ask our praise;
 You reaped "the harvest of a quiet eye"
 In life's sequestered ways.

The faded history of courts and kings
 Touched by your spell took on its former hue;
 You made the daily art of common things
 Fresh as the morning dew.
 And *Punch*, who knew you early for his friend,
 When friends were rare and fortune yet to know,
 Still cherishes the charm your fancies lend
 His page of long ago.
 Take, for he brings you, mindful of the past,
 This token, witness to a comrade's grief,
 Mourning the noble heart that lies at last
 Dead with the dying leaf.

PRIVILEGED PERSONS.—Billiard players who put on "side" and pocket all they can get.

"DIET UNLIMITED."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a general thing, I don't read the papers much—except yours, of course—because they're full of politics and all that kind of thing, so that, bar the cricket and footer news, they are precious uninteresting. But lately I noticed that one of them, by some fluke, had a lot of letters on a really important subject; they were headed, "The Feeding at the Public Schools." Some of them were most awful rot, and I wrote to the editor, and told him he must be a silly juggins to print such drivel; but he hasn't published my letter yet. One chap wrote to say that schoolboys were "pampered with luxuries in these days." Just let him come and try the Sunday stodge here. But, to make up, there were one or two letters that were first-class, and I cut one out and left it on old BAGS' desk, so I hope he may read it. It says that it is scandalous that boys should be driven to buy for themselves the food with which their housemasters should supply them. This is quite true, and BAGS ought to supply me with all the Turkish Delight I want. Then the letter goes on: "It is unreasonable to expect growing boys to use and develop their brain-power satisfactorily unless they are afforded a generous and liberal diet." *Mr. Punch*, that man is really sensible, and I jolly well wish he was my tutor instead of BAGS. "A generous and liberal diet!" Sardines, and marmalade, and ices, and cocoa, and potted meat, and bananas, and sausage-rolls—why am I not given these? And when I buy them with my hard-earned pocket-money, they don't understand that I only wish to develop my brain-power. Only yesterday one of the masters called me a "greedy little pig," because he found me eating butter-scotch. Had my tongue not been engaged at that moment, I would have explained that butter-scotch runs you up more brain-power than anything else, and that I was only eating it in order to do well in school, and be a credit to my dear parents. It is true that I came out bottom of my form last term. Why was that? BAGS—who is a beast—said it was "incurable idleness." I know now that it was nothing of the kind; it was simply because I had no chocolate creams for a fortnight before the end of the term, and my brain-power for the exams. suffered in consequence. You can't call a diet "generous and liberal" if it has no chocolate creams in it.

And now I'll give you my own opinion about this most important question. The beginning of the term is all right, fellows bring back grub with them, and they've got money as well to buy more. But it's quite different later on, when everyone's more or less stony-broke. In fact, though we've only been back three weeks, I fear that my brain-power won't develop satisfactorily much longer; I finished the last pot of strawberry jam last night. I am sure that you will agree that it would be a great pity if I didn't get my remove at the end of this term, and my only chance is a generous and liberal diet. This is, in fact, why I am writing to you. I'm sure that you or some of your readers would like to help me, and all they have to do is to send me a fair-sized hamper once a week or so. My brain-power specially needs potted shrimps, Turkish Delight, and dessert biscuits. Or, if you like to send me the cash, I'll buy the things myself.

Yours affectionately,
 Poppleton College. JONES MINOR.



LENDING A HAND.

AMERR. "ALLOW ME TO ASSIST YOU!"
JOHN BULL. "THANKS, VERY MUCH, BUT IT'S PRETTY WELL UNDER, NOW!"





GIVING HIMSELF AWAY.

Preserver of Game. "HULLO! BLESS MY LIFE! A BRACE OF FOXES! WHY, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TURNING THEM DOWN."
 M. F. H. (having a day amongst the turnips). "OH, NO, THEY ARE YOURS, OF COURSE."
 Preserver of Game (forgetting his company). "THAT I'M SURE THEY ARE NOT!"



A LIGHT O' LEITH.

"Tak' awa' yon bauble, Mon. Tak' it oot o' my sight. It only cost yin (one) and saxpence."

[The Provost of Leith submitted the Jubilee Medal to the Leith Town Council last week. He called it a bauble, and said he was disappointed with it, the value being only eightpence or two shillings. He was astonished that Lord Balfour of Burleigh should send such a thing to the Provost of Leith!]

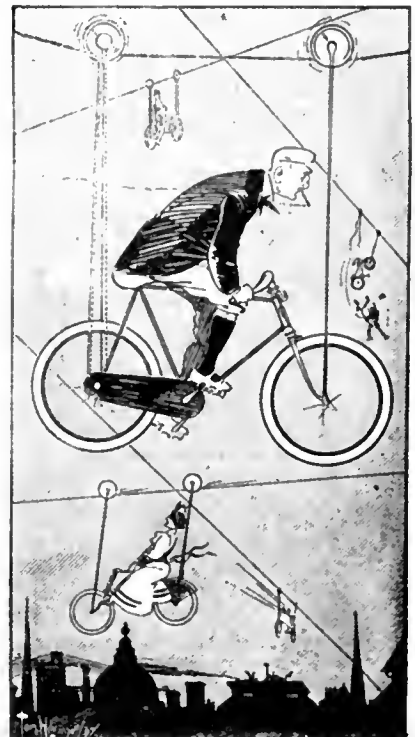
HIBERNATING OPERA.

WHERE am I? Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden. No! Not Italian Opera? True. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Ah! But opera is going on, and where Opera, there are the stalls and no pit. Here, pit and just a few rows of stalls. Well, you see, we don't go in for

"smartness," but for popularity. Ah! just so, and as far as one can judge, you've succeeded so far in popularising this operatic entertainment. A good house, too. By all means let us have Opera at fairly reasonable prices. Only wish the notion would catch on, and that a theatre could be kept going for this purpose exclusively, as a "paying concern," all the year round. We begin with *La Bohème*. Rather, not very, appropriate. A Bohemian season. Puccini's *La Bohème* is well received. Then on Tuesday comes *Faust*, with Mr. LLOYD D'AUBIGNE, a very successful *Faust*, Mr. LEMPRIERE PRINGLE a musically first-rate *Mephistopheles*, but "made up" as ineffectively as an ignorant apothecary might make up a London physician's prescription. *Valentine*, nervous, but good. *Marguerite*, Miss ALICE ESTY, whose charming voice was somewhat discounted by her amateurish performance. *Siebel*, good, and Mme. AMADI a really substantial *Martha*. A good start, and we wish the Carl Rosa Opera Company good luck.

Carmen at Covent Garden on Thursday. English version of Italian Opera, with slightly foreign accent, both M. BROZEL, a first-rate *José*, and Mlle. OLITZKA, as a really excellent *Carmen*, having a struggle with "English as she is spoke" and sung. Miss LILLIAN COOMBER's charming performance of simple *Michaela* was rewarded with a magnificent bouquet. Messrs. WILLIAM DEVERS and FRANK WOOD capital as *Dancairo* and *Remendado*. M. SEPELLI kept orchestra well together. House crammed, jammed. Applause enthusiastic. "Come to Covent Garden, MAUD!"

Mrs. MUDDLE can't get it right. She would say, "Present company always expected."



[At a meeting of the Court of Common Council at the Guildhall, Major WOODHOUSE, the Assistant Commissioner, stated that the control of the Cycle traffic in the City was a source of great trouble. Personally he could not say what steps would be taken to remedy the evil.—Might we offer a suggestion? Why not elevate it?]



HIS VERY LATEST APPEARANCE!

THE TRIPLE ALLI—I BEG PARDON, THE THREE-CARD TRICK—PUZZLE, "TO FIND THE KNAVE"—WAS AN ENORMOUS SUCCESS.

[“During his recent visit to the Emperor of AUSTRIA, WILLIAM THE SECOND is said to have revealed himself in quite a new light. After the State Banquet, when the two Sovereigns and a few favoured guests retired to enjoy a quiet cigar, His Majesty produced a couple of packs of cards, and amused the company with conjuring tricks.”—*Daily Paper.*]

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GREEN.

In history, which records the lives
Of Kings (and others), we are told
How HENRY—he that had the wives—
Met FRANCIS on a Field of Gold;
There must have been a reason why they
met,
But that, and all the details, I forget.
Though distances were then the same
Both here and out in foreign parts,
The times were still a little lame
In point of locomotive arts;
And monarchs seldom trusted, as to-day,
Unless they had a lot of things to say.
But now the task of touring round
Is expedited by the rail,
And fresh facilities abound
For transport on a cheapened scale;
Then, too, relationships are much improved,
Since all are cousins-german—or removed.
And so together, King and King,
They picnic nearly every week;
They shoot the chamois on the wing,
And buss each other on the cheek;
And this, as “Honest JOHN” would have
us see,
All makes for peace and beautiful har-
mony.
Pretty it was to mark the play
Of Rulers reeking from the chase,
When GERMANY the other day
Put up at AUSTRIA’S little place;

The rendezvous (unlike the Field at
Guisnes)
Was here upholstered with a Cloth of
Green.

Dinner was over; host and guest
Were full enough of meat and drink;
Each had rehearsed the very best
Old platitudes without a wink;
They then adjourned (see authorized
report)
With kindred spirits of the choicer sort.

Here followed something which, for me,
I find it simple to believe;
For at this juncture GERMANY
Produced a parcel from his sleeve,
And looking round with affable regards
Undid a duplicated pack of cards.

He dealt them with the airy flick
That lighter-fingered folk affect;
Not any flaw in any trick
Could anybody there detect;
Which shows that WILLIAM managed better
than
AH SIN himself, and he a Chinaman!

Dispensing with external aids
He bade the chosen card appear,
And once he palmed the deuce of spades
Behind the lobe of AUSTRIA’S ear;
And once with brilliant gestures drew the
pack
From somewhere down a Ducal Person’s
back.

Unblushing he would force a card,
Or hold it up his hollowed hand,
For he had practised long and hard
To keep his plastic features bland;
But all his crowning skill he seemed to
save
For that performance where you “trace
the Knave.”

Three cards suffice: a deal is done,
Each being laid upon its face;
The betting odds are two to one
You miss the card you want to trace;
This trick is very trying to the brain,
As I have noticed in a railway-train.

The Knave, disguised in Prussian blue,
For partners had a pair of Kings;
And WILLIAM, doing all he knew,
So dexterously worked the things,
That all the company was sore perplexed
To gather where the Knave was going
next.

The claims of space forbid me to
Enlarge upon his other tricks,
Symbols, I take it, of a new
And fearful phase in politics;
They tell me he aspires to be the crack
Shuffler of all the European pack.

I dare believe it. Some may hope
The KAISER’S bolt will soon be shot;
They limit his prodigious scope;
I must confess that I do not;
Close study of his nature proves there is
No end to WILLIAM’S possibilities.

UNLIMITED LOUIE IN SOHO.

Oh! *Susannah!* at the Royalty Theatre, is a mixture of materials familiar to most playgoers. Such plot as there is seems to be a variation on the Charley's Aunt theme, *Susannah* being, in this case, John's aunt. And yet the title should have been *Aurora*, a character henceforth to be identified only with Miss LOUIE FREEAR, who, as the "slavery," is a Robson in petticoats. But as such a comparison can be interesting only to middle-aged playgoers, suffice it that Miss LOUIE FREEAR's impersonation of a lodging-house drudge, a species of the genus "Marchioness" immortalised by DICKENS in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, is so remarkable as to convert a very ordinary "farce comedy" into an extra-ordinary attraction. Oddly enough, the part of the soft-hearted, self-sacrificing, cockney lodging-house maid-of-all-work is, apparently, not essential to the meagre story, strung together by three authors, Messrs. MARK AMBIENT, ATWOOD, and VAUN, which could be worked out by all the other characters without *Aurora's* assistance; and it is not in depreciation of Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY's energetic efforts as the young doctor, nor of the ever-amusing eccentricities of Mr. ALFRED MALTBY as a kind of Pecksniffian father (admirably made up), to say, that work as hard as they may, the piece would not be worth consideration but for Miss LOUIE FREEAR as *Aurora*.

Strange that this "Farce Comedy" is for the poor servant-girl a very tragedy; for laugh, as all must, at her slatternly appearance, and at the slipshod vulgarity of her manners, yet it is impossible not to be touched by her kindness of heart, by



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XVI!

'TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND WHERE THE HEART CAN NEVER RE!



"All for 'im!"

her devotion to her ideal love, and by the cruel disillusioning revelation which, at the supreme moment when she is decked out in all her poor finery, fully expecting to become her darling doctor's bride, wrings

from her broken heart the despairing cry, "Then I'm a widow," as she falls fainting on the floor, and the curtain rapidly descends. This is tragedy, and if we were not constrained to laugh, by reason of the absurdity of the object of our compassion, we should cry. As it is, "She's a poor pauper, whom nobody owns," and for whom not one of the principal characters in the story evinces the slightest regard.

A very little strengthening of the conventional part of the Doctor's Page, played by Miss CLARA JECKS, might have turned this character into a sort of *Sam Huxter*, whose good-natured efforts at consolation, after *Pen's* desertion, lightened up the pale and grief-stricken countenance of hapless little *Fanny*, and whom she ultimately married.

Unlimited LOUIE FREEAR saves and makes the piece; and, as this is of course what the combined authors intended, they must be congratulated on their sagacity. There is a brilliant season in prospect for the Royalty as long as this bright particular star *Aurora* is shining.

A PROFESSOR of astronomy says that his services are so poorly paid that his is almost a case of star-vation, so he has taken to astrology instead, and now makes a considerable income by star-telling revelations.

WHAT IS LUGGAGE?

[The Magistrates have decided that a abman is not entitled to charge for carrying a bicycle on his cab, inasmuch as it is not luggage within the meaning of the Act.—*Vide Daily Paper.*]

MISS AMELIA FITTERKINS was summoned by WILLIAM GROWLER, who claimed twopence in respect of a large cage, containing a poll-parrot. The learned magistrate held that neither the cage nor the parrot were luggage within the meaning of the Act. Summons dismissed.

GEORGE HANSON, a cabman, was summoned for refusing to move on. Defendant explained that he had been ordered by a gentleman to drive him to the Zoological Gardens, and that on the roof of his cab he carried a box containing a crocodile. On arriving, the gentleman refused to pay an extra twopence for the box or the crocodile. Professor WALKER, the well-known traveller, corroborated the cabman's statement. Summons dismissed; but the magistrate, in the proceedings against Professor WALKER, decided that complainant was not entitled to make any charge for the crocodile, it not being luggage within the meaning of the Act, nor was the Professor responsible for the box which the crocodile was in, as that was clearly the luggage of the crocodile.



THE PASTIME OF CYCLING, AS IT IS LIKELY TO BE IN SOME PLACES BEFORE VERY LONG!

On October 2—A Revelation.

Mr. Giblets (to Young Housewife). May I sell you a brace of pheasants, madam? Young Housewife. No, thank you, Mr. GIBLETS, they can hardly be in condition yet.

Mr. Giblets (quite seriously). Pardon me, madam, but apparently you are unacquainted with the new and speedy process of ripening game.

[Young Housewife falls into the trap, and also into hot water with her worse half at dinner-time.]

A Dubious Compliment.

Rector's Wife (after Harvest Festival). Well, Mrs. PIGGLESWADE, how did you like the Bishop's sermon?

Mrs. Piggleswade. Oh! ma'am, I ain't been so much upset since my old man took me to the Variety Theatre in London last August twelvemonth, and 'eard a gen'leman sing about his grandmother's cat.

HOW SEALY!—Sir, would not the appropriate representative of British interests at the Seal-Fishery Conference be the Rt. Hon. SEALE-HAYNE, M.P.? Yours,

HANWELLIO EARLSWOOD.

Notyet Court, Scilly Isles.

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Munich.—Imagine the patience of over 350,000 people who say willingly, frequently, and at full length, two such appalling words as *Glyptothek* and *Pinakothek*! Is it the stolid indifference of the Tonic race, or the good-natured patience of the Bavarians, which has made them refrain from any abbreviation? Impossible to say—like the words at first. Even Germans from neighbouring cities, accustomed to such fearful sounds and to unending syllables as well as to adjectival phrases of staggering length, which the newly in Germany arrived stranger puzzle, struggle with them in anguish. Englishmen, pronouncing the barbarous names in the Anglo-Greek manner, are equally astray. Unaided by a knowledge of the derivation a stranger might imagine that two places with such names were, at the best, a lunatic asylum and a mortuary. Compare, in the French language, *la Morgue*, which sounds positively pretty. Only an extremely *solider Herr*, a placid drinker of endless tankards of Munich beer, would use such names. They are all very solid gentlemen here, and so contented with the second name that they use it twice, for the *Alte* and the *Neue*.

The *Pinakotheks*, Old and New, are galleries of painting.

While Greek and Roman statues fill the harmless *Glyptothek*.

Nothing worse. No fear of delicately-nurtured women fainting,

Nor will courageous men, aghast, to flight on tiptoe take.

They are certainly patient people here. They have carts—especially brewers' drays—so enormously long, that the length of them is greater than the width of the average roadway. When one of them crosses a street, all the traffic is stopped; when it has to turn a corner the horses are in the shop windows on one side and the back of the cart sweeps all the foot-passengers off the pavement on the opposite side. But no one complains. In England the windlass is a simple appliance for hoisting materials in a new building. It seems unknown here. A horse is attached to the rope, and is led along the street. As the iron girder, or whatever it may be, reaches the fourth or fifth story, yards and yards of rope stretch along the roadway behind the horse. The traffic is stopped, the foot-passengers and the brewers' drays, now companions in misfortune, are together swept aside, but no one complains. Here all the hard work of the bricklayers' assistants is done by women. They look very sturdy. They do not complain. But the grandest instance of patience is the game of *Bier*. In England we sit and play at whist or chess, some even at backgammon or poker; in France dominoes wile away the idle hours, but in Bavaria the grandest game is *Bier*. It is a simple game. You sit and smoke, and drink till you can drink no more. It has not the science of chess, or the animation of poker, but it is the favourite pastime of the country for all that. Elsewhere, drinking is ridiculously associated with thirst. Here the

two are absolutely distinct. A foreigner cannot hope to see the end of the game. He leaves off when the native has hardly begun, or for him it would be *Bier*, in German, at the beginning, and *bier*, in English, at the end.

I observe in several shops a series of books for learning languages without a teacher. They include "*Englisch*" and "*Amerikanisch*," two separate tongues. Unhappily, omit to buy one of the latter, and so lose the chance of learning the language. Shall always regret this. Would be so useful when travelling.

I go over the Royal Palace. It can only be visited at eleven, daily, and everyone must go then. There are perhaps fifty of us, mostly patient Germans. There is one American family. I always pity the American children, eight, or seven, or six years old, dragged over "Yewrope." In this case the smallest child cannot be more than five, and he is such an extremely small boy that he is lost among the boots of the crowd before we start. If only I had bought those dialogues in *Amerikanisch* I might have urged his "Poppa" to leave the infant at the hotel. However, he is discovered, and we are conducted round. We see a vast number of rooms, mostly ugly, and the farther we go the smaller they become. The American baby is lost and found regularly. His cap has vanished, his hair is brushed over his face, his little jacket is nearly pulled off him, but he is a brave child. He does not cry, he does not complain, he does not even speak. In his tiny breast there glows the silent, Spartan spirit of the American tourist. He will do the place thoroughly. He sees nothing but the boots of the Germans, but he goes on indomitably. However small the room all the party naturally wish to see it, as they have paid for admission to the Palace. At last we reach a room, a cabinet, so tiny that it seems to have been designed for the American infant. He would fill it comfortably. A few of the fifty squeeze in, he with them, and the rest look sullenly at their backs from outside. And still that marvellous child comes out alive! He is not even injured, for later on I see him hurried round the *Alte Pinakothek*, from PERUGINO to RUBENS, from MURILLO to DURER, untired, undaunted.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

SIR HENRY'S SUGGESTION.—SIR HENRY IRVING has said that a millionaire would make a good use of some of his money were he to pay companies of Players,—SIR HENRY AND CO., as he himself suggests, among them,—to enliven the distressed outlying agricultural districts. One of SHAKESPEARE'S plays must at least be invariably omitted, as every county can already show any number of "Hamlets."

WHAT herb would represent a crest for "CARTER, PATERSON & Co.?" Parsley (parcellly).



IN A BLIND DITCH.

Sportsman (to friend, whom he has mounted on a raw four-year-old for "a quiet morning's outing"). "BRAVO, JACK! WELL DONE! THAT'S JUST WHAT THE CLUMSY BEGOAR WANTED. TEACH HIM TO LOOK WHERE HE'S GOING!"

THE TELEPHONE CLERK.

["Do the operators sometimes become exhausted before the day's work is over?—Sometimes we have operators in hysterics through the behaviour of the subscribers on the wires.

"Does that often occur?—We have had it frequently."
Glasgow Telephone Service; Government Inquiry.]

TINO-A-RING! The bells are ringing
"Are you there? Are you there?"
And the wires are all a-singing
"Are you there? Are you there?"
They are buzzing like a hive,
"Come along, Miss! Look alive!
Hitch me on to 4, 0, 5—
Are you there?"

Then another one starts howling,
"Are you there? Are you there?"

Now then! *Can't* you hear me calling?
Are you there? Are you there?
Hurry up! It's deuced late,
Number 2, 0, 4, 9, 8—
Are you coming, Miss?—Can't wait!
Are you there?"

Then the lady who goes shopping—
"Are you there? Are you there?
What an age you've kept me stopping!
Are you there? Are you there?
Oh, these girls! They are so mazy,
And abominably lazy!
They're enough to drive one crazy!
Are you there?"

Then the bells ring all together,
"Are you there? Are you there?"
And a dozen voices blether
"Are you there? Are you there?"

And we try to persevere
And to lend attentive ear,
But the sort of thing we hear
Is "Are you there?"

"Come along, Jack! Here's a spree,
Dear mamma's gone out to tea—"
"Yes, I'm bringing two or three
Home to dinner, Mrs. V.—"
"Oh, you are! And what of me?
You're a brute—"
"I quite agree,
Still, while Britain holds the sea—"
"What! you've lost your new latch-key?
May I ask where you might be?
Oh, I daresay! Jubilee!
Now mamma's come she will see—"
"What! your mother! Oh, the d—!"
"Are you there?"

MR. PUNCH'S "TATCHO" MODEL ADVERTISER.

THE
"JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN"
All-round Tonic Bitters.

"MEJO"

Invigorates the Invertebrate.

MEJO is an amiability-producing, party-pushing, policy-creating, placo-capturing panacea.

MEJO makes you forgive.
MEJO is as gentle as a dove.
Everybody loves MEJO.

ME Nothing else counts. JO.
ME Nobody matters. JO.
ME No Tory need apply. JO.

All Colonial Premiers take it. President KRUGER was brought up on it.

Every bottle bears the following certificate:—"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to MY POLICY.

"JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN."

THE HALL CAINE VOICE JUJUBE.

"MANXO,"

A genuino Throat-polisher and Tongue-tickler.

Makes detraction dumb.
Criticism cringes before it.

"MANXO" for Men.
"MANXO" for Moralists.
"MANXO" for Missionaries.
"MANXO" for Music Halls.

The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE says, "Manxo is my favourite jujube, and, were it not for the fact that I have now ceased to take an active part in the politics of the day, though the disgraceful action of the European Concert calls aloud for redress, I might yet hope, by the aid of Manxo, to make my voice heard even in the palace of the Assassin."

"MANXO."

Every bottle bears the following certificate:—"I guarantee that this is a colossal preparation made according to my formulae.

"HALL CAINE."

THE "HALL CAINE VOICE JUJUBE CO."

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (still *baulking capture*).—Q. What is the most suitable sign of mourning for an unproductive egg? A. Why, a hatch-meant, of course!



WAKING UP!

John Bull. "HULLO WHILE I'VE BEEN ASLEEP, THAT CONFOUNDED MOSSOO HAS BEEN MAKING UP TO MY AFRICAN LILY!"

Leslie Simpson

DARBY JONES NATURALLY ELATED.

HONOURED SIR,—Once more has the old Warrior prophesied the solution of the Cesarewitch Conundrum, and placed you and your readers in the proud position for adding substantial luxuries to wonted Winter provender. Were I an advertising tipster, I would insert the following in every leading journal, including the *London Gazette*:—

Who gave Merman at fourteen to one? **DARBY JONES.**

Who plumped for Merman? **DARBY JONES.**

Who has enriched landmen with a Merman? **DARBY JONES.**

Who knew that Mr. JERSEY must know congenitally all about a Merman? **DARBY JONES.**

Who told of the true tale of a Merman? **DARBY JONES.**

Who foretold that Merman was a good birthday gift? **DARBY JONES.**

Who at the present moment is expecting the reward of Merman's success? **DARBY JONES.**

But, as you know well, honoured Sir, the obviously laudatory paragraphs in question are merely the playful lucubrations of an Observant and Triumphant Brain. Armed with a well-lined note-case, and still continuing to drink the health of the Jersey Lily, I feel in but poor fettle to stain my fingers with blue-black ink were it not for the Public Duty, which compels me, even so long beforehand, to draw the attention of my clients to the Prodigious Chance possessed by the other Jersey Crack for capturing the Cambridgeshire, with whom I couple the American Saint, despite the over-the-Herring-Pond jockey, who, when riding, appears to be picking the horse's teeth. As a Princely Turfite observed to me at the Subscription Rooms, "Channel Island cattle thrive well at Newmarket."

A tip in time saves many mischances, though later on I shall revert to the subject in poetic vein. Meantime here is prose for those who con. I was pleased, honoured Sir, to ascertain that you and your distinguished associates were not too exalted to accept the *ipse dixit* of the Garrulous Old Man, and in this connection I may mention that my Wine Cellar and Cigar Cabinet sadly need replenishing. You know, Sir, the adage about a wink and a nod. I will say no more. I was in rare luck by the Ditch, for I met an Impoverished Nobleman, who, having owed me five golden sovereigns for five lengthy years, was sufficiently alive to the responsibilities of the situation as to hand me five shillings of the amount due, with a verbal I O U for the balance. And then he put a frigid hundred (on the nod) on *Carlton Grange* for the big race. There are some bookmakers, honoured Sir, who, although possessing the vocal strength of Mr. RICHARD DUNN, are nevertheless, under certain circumstances, as beautifully innocent as proverbial pigeons. But they are nevertheless called hawks by those altogether ignorant of Turf Falconry. Awaiting your ever-welcome Souvenir of success, I am ever, honoured Sir,

Your devoted
Cap and Jacket Poet Laureate,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Please let me remind you *never* to cross your cheques until a difference of opinion between myself and my Financial Agents is adjusted.



NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Foreign Husband (whose Wife is going to remain longer). "GIF ME TWO DICKETS. VON FOR ME TO COME BACK, AND VON FOR MY VIFE NOT TO COME BACK!"

At the Illustrated Atlas Office.

Editor (to Subordinate). Now what are we to do with these sketches of Russian prisoners being taken to Siberia?

Subordinate. Mightn't we call them "Miners on the way to Klondike"?

Editor. Excellent idea! Just knock out the Cossacks, and fill in with snow-drifts.

BEANS FOR BACON.—County Court Judge BACON of Whitechapel, according to a reported case in the *Daily Mail* for the 15th, seems to entertain a strong aversion to the litigious Hebrews of Whitechapel. But, *per contra*, all the Jews, of Whitechapel and everywhere, have a rooted aversion to Bacon. So 'tis millions to one against His Honour.

Books we may anticipate.

By the author of *Social Switzerland*:—"Larky Lapland," "Rowdy Roumania," "Attractive Armenia," "Vivacious Venezuela," "Touchy Texas," &c.

By the author of *Beside the Guns*:—"On Top of the Barracks," "Before the Colonel," "Under the Mess-Table," "All Round the Major," &c.

NOTE FROM NEWMARKET—THE CESAREWITCH.—Mr. JERSEY, better known as Mrs. LANOTRY, put his or her trust in a *Mer(e)man*, and was not disappointed.

PLENTY of coal in Kent, seemingly.



"THE ODOUR OF THE FLOWER IS GONE!"

["FOXES.—Exceedingly handsome vixen, tame, hand-reared, frolicsome and amusing, pink of condition, full-grown, no smell. 15s., or exchange anything; worth 50s."—*The Bazaar.*]

Huntsman (after several ineffectual casts for line of hunted fox). "IT AIN'T NO USE, TOM. BLOWED IF I DON'T THINK HE'S ONE OF THAT BREED THAT 'AVEN'T GOT ANY SMELL!"

JONES, WYNDHAM, & CO. LIMITED LIAR-ABILITY.

EVERYBODY interested in the Drama will heartily congratulate Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, first on having written the best comedy that has been seen for some time on the English stage, and, secondly, on his exceptionally good fortune in procuring for it so excellent a company as Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM has gathered round him at the Criterion Theatre. It is not too much to say that there is not, in the whole cast, one single rôle even indifferently played. All concerned, from the principal character down to a supernumerary servant, are at their very best. So also is the author. The third act is perfect comedy; the wit lies in the situation developed by dialogue that is never once strained for effect, and by perfectly natural acting, that is, by acting of the highest artistic merit. From the commencement of this act until within measurable distance of its climax the audience laugh heartily; the enjoyment of the ingenious complication being intensified with the arrival of each character on the scene. The actors are perfectly serious; the audience, being in the secret, revel in their perplexities and in the prospective tragedy of their troubles. This third act is a masterpiece, and indeed it would be difficult to name any other comedy of our time in which there occurs a better scene, or even its equal.

An author creates his characters, and has an unquestionable right to do as he likes with them within the elastic limits of probability. It may be doubted whether in the fourth act, which is at a great disadvantage after so brilliant a third, the author has not, in a weak and tender-hearted moment, allowed himself to yield to the pleadings of Miss MARY MOORE on behalf of *Lady Jessica Nepean*, and caused that irritating, flirty, flighty little person, the liar-in-chief, to make just one attempt at winning the sympathy of the audience. This is most decidedly a mistake; she should be a feather-headed, vain, silly flirt to the last; there should have been no secret parting with her devoted lover, leaving the audience in doubt as to what really took place at that final

meeting; and if the husband (admirably played by Mr. STANDING) is compelled by the author to propose an enjoyable supper-party, we ought to see at a glance how, in another second, she will be all smiles and enthusiasm over a delicious *pâté* and inspiring champagne. And in this fourth act, too, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, making his preparations for going to Africa next morning, is perpetually breaking off in the midst of his serious speeches, suddenly remembering that "he *must* go on with his packing," just as in *The Headless Man* he was always interrupting himself with "Now I *must* write to my uncle." Presumably there is, in this act, more of CHARLES WYNDHAM, as *Christopher Deering*, than of HENRY ARTHUR JONES. Also the love-making of *Sir Christopher*, and his final acceptance by the widow, *Mrs. Crespin* (Miss JANETTE STEER), seems to have been an after-thought for the sake of "keeping up the Christopher."

That the celebrated African explorer, the terribly-inearnest *Edward Falkner* (Mr. THALBERG)—*L'homme qui ne rit pas*—should have allowed even his best friend to continue bullying and lecturing him, "all for his good," as if he were a naughty school-boy, is, granted the character as described and portrayed, a step beyond the bounds of probability. Such a man might just tolerate a moral lecture from his dearest friend once, and only once; but he would then have said, "My dear fellow, many thanks. You mean well; but—I don't wish to hear any more on this subject,—and so good day." Any further interference would have been resented as an impertinence by such a man of action as is this resolute African explorer.

Mr. VANE-TEMPEST and Mr. ALFRED BISHOP are admirable; as are all the ladies in the play without exception.

That the Criterion is provided with an exceptional play which will have an exceptionally long run, there cannot be a doubt; so, once again,—congratulations to all concerned in it.

REMARK OF AN ARDENT QUOIT-PLAYER ON EXPERIENCING THE FIRST FROST OF THE YEAR.—Now is the winter of our diskos-tent.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Dainty" is the word for it. Nothing short of the epithet "dainty" can be applied to the little pocket-volume containing *The Rape of the Lock*, illustrated in weirdly-fantastic style by Mr. AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Yet the fantastic has great attractions. It invites close inquiry into details by the aid of a powerful magnifying-glass, otherwise may be lost some of the exquisite limning which is the *specialité* of this artist. Yet, *Belinda* at her toilet-table, having her hair dressed by her maid, while the park in perspective is seen through the open window, is the best, as it is the simplest of them all. Of the "strange phantoms rising as the mists arise" (p. 32), it can only be said that it is a marvellous representation of the nightmare of an artist who does himself not wisely, but far too well, at an unnecessary supper. "Only that and nothing more." The book is a dainty curiosity, and there is not a collector of such literary curios who should be without this latest edition of POPE'S "Heroic-comical poem," *The Rape of the Lock*, as published by LEONARD SMITHERS of the Royal Arcade, W.

By Right of Sword (HUTCHINSON) is a book my Baronite recommends the gentle reader not to pick up about the hour at which she (or he) ought to be going to bed. It will be found difficult to lay it down before reading it through. The plot is most ingenious, a quite original development of the Jekyll and Hyde idea. The wide difference is, that there are actually two men concerned, the merging of their identity being rendered possible by singularly complete personal resemblance. The Cornish man having assumed the name and position of the Russian officer who meanwhile has fled the country, works his way through the labyrinth of danger and difficulty under the guidance of Mr. MARCUMONT'S skilful hand. From the safety of a comfortable chair the reader follows with breathless interest the frequent feints and swift turns.

Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS knows his Thames from Chelsea to Rotherhithe, and has the gift of peopling it with pictures of men and things, not forgetting women. In *Maurice Quain* (HUTCHINSON), the half of London who have not the slightest idea how the other half live, will find the secret disclosed. The life is sordid, not always honest, occasionally brutal. Mr. ROBERTS has succeeded in investing it with a garment of romance that makes it grimly attractive. Above all, there is the river in its varied moods and aspects, at morning, noon, and night, painted with skill and force my Baronite does not remember to be exceeded in other pages.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

CROSS QUESTIONS AND VERY STRAIGHT ANSWERS.

(Proposed Addition to the Soldier's Pocket-book by Viscount W.-s.-t.-y.)

Question. So JOHN BULL has been idiot enough not to add a single battalion to his Army since 1870?

Answer. That is the ridiculous fact—until this year.

Q. And the dolt has done something at last?

A. Yes; the silly fellow has authorised an increment of 8,000 men.

Q. Good gracious! Is this enough?

A. By Jingo! No.

Q. Well, out with it—why not?

A. Because only a fool doesn't know that during the last quarter of a century we have increased our territory by millions of miles.

Q. Then what on earth are we to do?

A. Why, stir up JOHN BULL with a long pole and give him no peace until he is wide awake to his responsibilities.

Q. And how is this to be done—by hanging somebody?

A. Well, that would be the best way, but as that sort of thing is out of date, and also illegal, perhaps it is safer to attain the same effect by a rattling good alarmist speech delivered at a widely-reported public dinner.

The highest possible Record of Character.

New Rector of Swaddlington (to Sexton). I see that the forge is close by the church, GRASSMORE. I hope that the smith is one of our friends?

Sexton. Why, bless 'ee, yes, Sir, 'e's the only man in all the parish as settled over the Cesarewitch.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Any one sending in a joke, mentioning kiss, &c., with reference to the Ladies Billiard Match, will be prosecuted according to Joe Millerian Law. Mr. Punch intends to take a long rest over this affair, and, according to the canons of the table, refuses to be drawn by the In-cue-baiter, even where hazardous damsels are concerned. Let the guilty parties accept this tip in time!



THE FORGOTTEN PAST

Mechanic (to Policeman). "WHAT'S GOIN' ON 'ERE, THEN?"
Policeman. "DECORATING THE STATUE TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR."
Mechanic. "OH! I NEVER KNEW THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT 'ERE!"

"DOUBTFUL FREQUENTATIONS."

[Mr. WH-STL-R, having had a packet returned to him marked "Not known at the R. A.," forwards the same to a daily paper with the characteristic comment:—"In these days of doubtful frequentations, it is my rare good fortune to be able to send you an unsolicited, official, and final certificate of character."]

J. McN. W. *cantat* :—

IN these days of "frequentations" that as "doubtful" may be classed,

You cannot be too careful where your lot in life is cast;
 If a man 'a a past practitioner in the art of making foes,
 He needs to keep a sharp look-out to know who 'tis he knows!

True genius is eclectic—I avoid the common herd
 Of mere R.A.'s who boil their pot with canvases absurd.
 They don't know me—what 's more, they sha'n't; such mediocre
 flocks

Are not the sort I used to see at my smart "Ten o'clocks!"

I might have joined the House of Lords, or been, at least, M.P.,
 Commander-in-Chief, Lord Chancellor, or top of any tree,
 But that I fear to find myself in a situation fixed
 Where frequentations have a way of being badly mixed.

And now I come to think of it, the world 's a doubtful place,
 Frequented by a dubious tribe known as the human race;
 It isn't safe to walk abroad—you ne'er know whom you'll meet,
 So a desert isle 's the spot for me, and not the crowded street!

DIPLOMATIC MAXIMS À L'AMÉRICAINNE.

WHEN an English Minister says one thing he means another.
 Hope disappointed warrants astonishment.
 "Won't" in England denotes "Will" in the United States.
 If a French empire decides adversely to Transatlantic pretensions, a good thing to do is to get further umpires from Russia and Japan.

Bunkum is good, but bluster is safer.

A lie ready to hand is better than the truth in the bush.

Although it is easy to climb up, it is not difficult—when needs be—to climb down.



She. "BUT SURELY YOU BELIEVE THAT THE SINS OF THE FATHER ARE VISITED ON THE CHILDREN?"

He. "RATHER. MY GOVERNOR PROMISED TO LET ME HAVE A FIVER THIS MORNING; BUT HE LOST IT AT POKER LAST NIGHT SO I DIDN'T GET IT!"

A JEWEL OF AN IDEA.

["A machine for making matrimonial proposals is the latest novelty. This interesting development is to be seen in a West End jeweller's window, and at first sight appears to be an innocent marguerite daisy in white enamel upon gold; but, by moving an adroitly hidden spring in the calyx, the single blossom expands into a double one, and upon the newly-revealed petals is written the all-momentous question."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

We understand that a well-known Peer is shortly to figure as defendant in no fewer than six breach-of-promise actions. It seems that, admiring a new variety of brooch exhibited in a jeweller's window, he purchased half-a-dozen, and gave them to various ladies of his acquaintance. He was wholly unaware that, on pressing a spring, there appeared inscribed on each brooch the words "Will you marry me?" Each of the recipients, however, speedily discovered the inscription, and each wrote an affectionate and an affirmative answer to the question, whence the unpleasant position in which his lordship now finds himself.

THERE is no truth in the report that Lord BATTLEAXE has consented to his son's proposed marriage. On the contrary, we understand that when, in accordance with the prevailing fashion, the young gentleman presented his father with a scarf-pin bearing the words "Nothing will induce me to give her up!" Lord BATTLEAXE replied by giving his son a delicately-engraved ring, inscribed simply, "Cut off with a shilling."

In selecting jewellery conveying messages, it is well to be particular that each article is sent to the person for whom it is intended. We heard lately of a young man who chose two lockets as presents, one meant for an elderly relative, containing the words, "Old age like thine is more than youth or beauty,"

the other, intended for his *fiancée*, reading, "Darling, my love, my sweet, my heart's delight!" By a stupid blunder on the part of the shopkeeper, his aged maiden aunt received the latter, and the young lady who was—but is no longer—his *fiancée*, the former of these lockets, with, in each case, the most disastrous results.

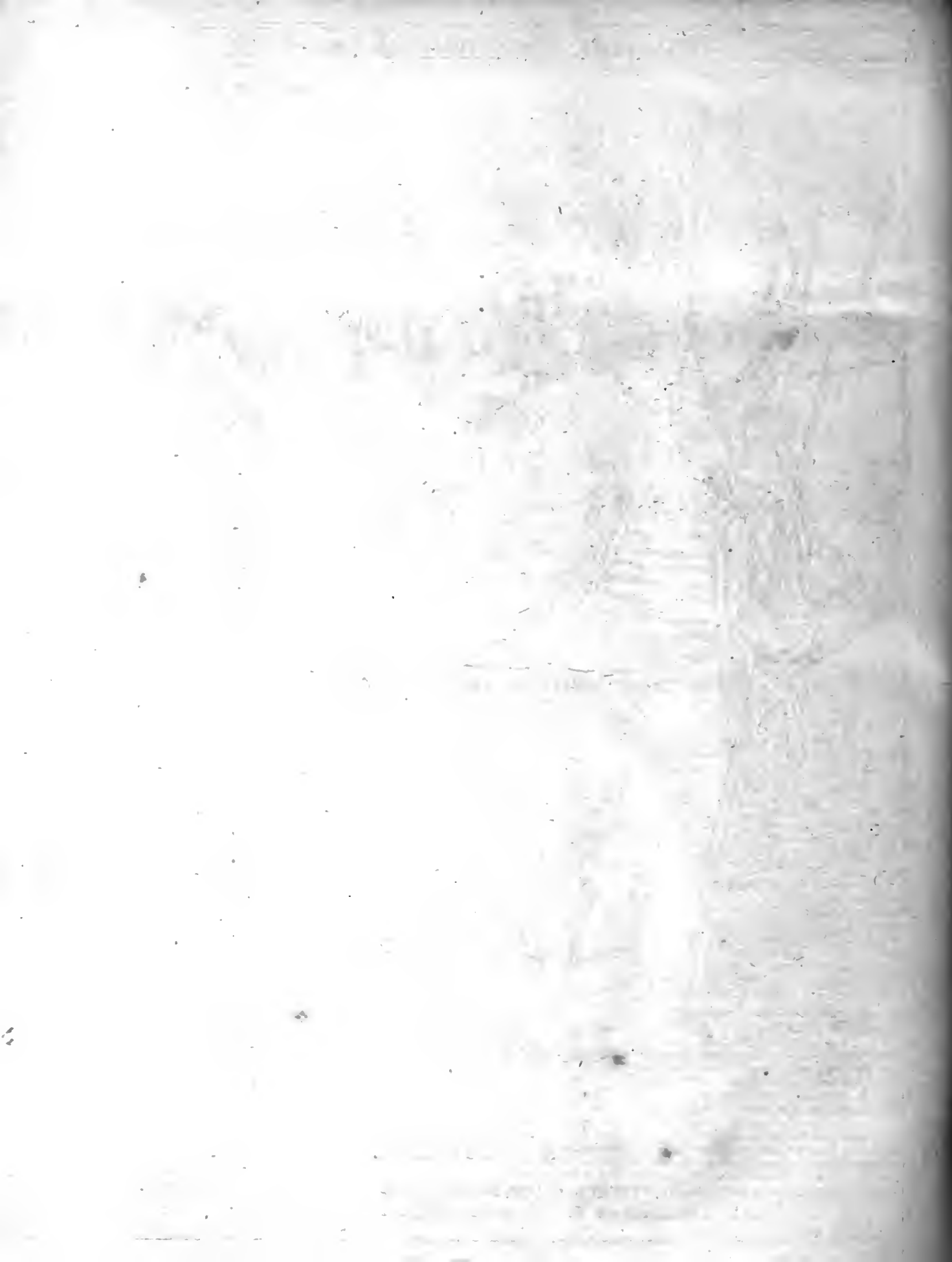
THE daughter of an American millionaire is said to have ordered a gross of dainty gold charms, each being an exquisite model of a boct. These are intended to convey her answer to the numerous suitors who present her with a "proposal brooch." Unlike those articles, however, they contain no hidden inscription; Miss DOLLARFUL considers that the delicate symbolism conveyed by her act of giving her would-be wooers the boct will be a sufficiently explicit answer to their proposals.

WE understand that Mr. ROBINSON, the eminent novelist, is utilising this new and admirable method of making proposals in his forthcoming story. There is a grand scene, we believe, when the hero and heroine, who are both too bashful to speak to each other, find themselves alone in a garden together. The hero attempts to offer his beloved a proposal jewel, but the bashful maiden is loth to receive it, and it is only when he has chased her round the garden for half an hour that he contrives at length to slip it down her back. It would be unfair to the author to reveal the subsequent events of his story, but we may hint that many exciting episodes follow. The heroine orders at her jewellers a stud for the hero, inscribed, "Darling, I am yours!" but the villain, whom she has previously rejected with scorn, bribes the jeweller to alter the words to "Brute, I detest you!" and the most thrilling complications ensue.



A WARNING.

FATHER THAMES (to LONDON). "TYPHOID! LOR' BLESS YOU, MA'AM! I SHA'NT DO YOU ANY HARM AS LONG AS YOU KEEP OTHERS FROM HARMING ME!"





RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

FOOTBALL MATCH.—ROMULUS ROVERS V. NERO HALF-BACKS.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Betrothed Individual of the Weaker Sex is surprised by intelligence from San Francisco.

A LITTLE line of love you send
 Across the "herring-pond" to me,
 Who was and is and will be friend
 So long as friend I yet may be;
 So long as in the far, far West,
 You don't forget your plighted troth,
 And do remember that the best
 Of all this life is near for both.

There was a time, I think, my own,
 When separation seemed an ill
 Scarce to be borne by one alone,—
 Who had Love's message to fulfil.
 And yet you crossed that wretched sea,
 On Californian coast to roam,
 Impelled, you said, while you were free,
 To look upon Great Freedom's Home!

You write with something of reproof
 About Miss ANOELINA BROWN—
 From her I've strictly held aloof
 Since you, my love, went out of town.
 A pelican could not be more
 On desert sand regenerate,
 And yet your tone is very sore
 When writing from the Golden Gate.

A cablegram! The horrid thing
 Has sent a quiver through my brain!
 That hardened knock! That brazen ring!
 Are propheta of a coming pain!
 "Married to-day" the message reads,
 Not naming the presumptuous clown.
 From you my heart (don't think it bleeds)
 Is turning—yearning for Miss Brown!

THE BIKER BIKED.

HENPECK'D he was. He learnt to hike.
 "Now I can go just where I like,"
 He chuckled to himself. But she
 Had learnt to bike as well as he,



And, what was more, had bought a new
 Machine to sweetly carry two.
 Ever together now they go,
 He sighing, "This is wheel and woe."

AN UNCIVIL WAR.

["On account of the strike of engineers in England, the Japanese Government has placed its order for a new armoured cruiser, representing about half a million sterling, in the hands of the French."—*Daily Paper.*]

Ye demagogues of England,
 That draw your Union's fees,
 And smile to watch our foreign trade
 Drift out across the seas!

Belated lie our hollow ships,
 The sport of jealous foes,
 While you bluff loud enough
 And the stormy language flows,
 While you bravely egg your clients on
 And the stormy language flows.

They are Britannia's bulwarks,
 Her towers along the deep,
 With them it rests that name and fame
 Shall still be hers to keep!
 Care you at all down what descent
 Your country's credit goes,
 While they shirk England's work
 And the mob-oration flows,
 Hoist upon their own petards
 While the mob-oration flows?

Ye Chroniclers of England,
 Our workmen's boasted friends,
 Who fly the agitator's flag
 For certain privato ends!
 Good must it be to feel how fast
 Your circulation grows,
 While your hacks bond their backs
 And the ink serenely flows,
 While they play the game of life and death
 And the easy liquid flows.

Capitalists of England!
 How long shall these things be?
 How long shall labour idly stand
 Barred out with lock and key?
 Noblesse oblige! Your nation's hopes
 Are in the deadly throes!
 Find a way how best to pay
 The debt that honour owes!
 They win the most that pay the debt
 A patriot's honour owes.



"BOOM IN OOM;" OR, KRUGER UP-TO-DATE.

HE TAKES A DRIVE IN HIS NEW COACH, MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF THE INHABITANTS!

Edw. J. Blyden

THE BOOM IN OOM.

I.—"LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE."

He is not fair to vulgar eyes
As many monarchs be;
My hero's merit rather lies
In rare simplicity!
From childhood up his natural drift
Was toward the ways of virtue,
Excess in which peculiar gift
Can seldom really hurt you.

Though swollen big from being small,
No airs does he assume;
He keeps the state of honest PAUL
Whose other name is OOM;
No proud tiara decks his poll,
He wears a common topper,
Having the economic soul
Ideal in a Doppet.

His only meal is mutton-broth,
He never tasted sack;
A coat of broad and sable cloth
Hangs down his modest back;
And though he paints his nether guise
With just a touch of tartan,
His *tout ensemble* justifies
The epithet of Spartan.

He sits at home with pensive brows,
Taxing his teeming brain
To answer wiles about his spouse
From Mr. CHAMBERLAIN;
And when at times the stress of things
Would tend to make him falter,
He clears his fluty throat and sings
A segment from the Psalter.

No courtly plumage puts he on,
Still humbly he behaves,
When sallying out to sit upon
His Raad of burgher braves;
Proceeding in a simple fly
Or Government four-wheeler,
He goes his way escorted by
A single mounted peeler.

II.—"AND ON THIS."

So sang I once, so told the charm
Of Oom's alluring grace;
But now I notice with alarm
A change has taken place:
Within the lute begins to show
A rift of rude dimensions!
And feet of clay appear below
My idol's stern extensions!

For, see! the fallen one has bought
From Britain, over seas,
A Jubilee conveyance, wrought
With regal blazonries!
There flash the arms of early Boers
With fine heraldic feeling,
And eagles swarm about the doors
And also on the ceiling.

Some enemy has worked, I wis,
Upon his guileless age,
And pricked him on to order this
Insidious equipage:

For now that, where the end is thin,
The wedge is once inserted,
His feet along the path of sin
Are hopelessly diverted.

Where will he stop? Far down the years
I see his tastes decline
On jewels bartered from De Beers,
Or some adjacent mine;
With costly liquors, long and warm,
I see his bosom flutter
Beneath a fetching uniform
Shaped by a German cutter!

How wanton pride may lead to shame
Was shown in ancient time,



A CUT BENEATH HER.

Lady of the House. "OH, YES, JANE, I ASKED MRS. JOHNSTON TO LET HER LITTLE BOY AND HIS NURSE CALL TO GO WALKING WITH YOU AND THE CHILDREN."

Nurse. "WELL, MA'AM, I HOPE AS YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO GO WALKING WITH THAT YOUNG PERSON! I DON'T THINK YOU CAN BE AWARE AS SHE IS ONLY A NURSE-'OUSEMAID!"

When HANNIBAL (who likewise came
From Africa's sultry clime)
At Capua, that giddy spot,
Indulged in hibernation,
Till all his gallant army got
Quite ill with enervation!

O, Little England, dear to Oom!
I ask you, was it fair
To see him sent to certain doom
Through such a deadly snare?
And O, my LABBY! have you then
Sullied your latest laurels
By looking on while wicked men
Debauched a brother's morals?

THE GORDON HOTELANDERS.

(Summary of Meeting at the Métropole.)

MR. FREDERICK GORDON said he was "gored on" ("Oh! Oh!") by his partners, and so he acted agardonly. ("Oh! Oh! Oh!") Up to now he had always considered *Sauce Hollandaise* (cheers) an excellent thing. ("Hear!") But it might be made just a little too sharp. He had read what had been said about him in the Holland manifesto, and he might, if they would allow him, sing from *La Grande Duchesse*:—

"Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi
Dans la Gazette de Hollande! Oui!"

(laughter), but he hoped, in the interests

of everybody, that the friction would be only temporary. ("Hear! Hear!")

Sir BLUNDELL MAPLE said: I wish well to all these hotel schemes, which, I am maple to say ("Oh! Oh!"), are doing uncommonly well. ("Bravo!")

Mr. HOLLAND observed that he and his brother, though a pair, were not to be considered as "Double Dutchmen." ("No! No!") He thought Mr. GORDON's quotation from *La Grande Dutch-esse* rather personal; but, for his part, and complimenting the Chairman of the Gordon Hotelanders on his vocal chords ("Hear! Hear!") he hoped sincerely that soon they would all be in the same key, act in unison, and that their voices henceforth would be in harmony. (Enthusiastic applause.)

There was a show of hands, when everybody shook everybody else's hand in the cheeriest possible manner.

[We have since ascertained, too late, however, to prevent this from going to press, that the above report is an entire invention; but as it was evidently conceived in a friendly spirit, it is to be hoped that the real result will be as satisfactory as our False Reporter has imagined it.—Ed.]

At the Colchester Oyster Feast.

Polite Stranger (to Neighbouring Native). May I pass you the Chili vinegar?
Neighbouring Native. No, thank you. I always prefer my oysters neat.



EH

FAMILY RECORDS.

Indignant Parent. "YOU ARE A VERY NAUGHTY BOY, TOMMY, TELLING A FIB LIKE THAT! I NEVER TOLD FIBS WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY!"

Impenitent Son. "WHEN DID YOU BEGIN, THEN, FATHER?"

HINTS TO HOSTESSES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that the country-house season is commencing, would you grant me space to suggest certain improvements on the present system of entertainment? I would say to the hostess:—

In the first place, let breakfast be a moveable feast, varying from 9.30 A.M. to, say mid-day, and let that horrible custom of calling everybody beforehand at the same time be abolished for ever. Also let the housemaids be forbidden to clatter about the passages with brooms and pails during the earlier hours of the day. I can't precisely fix which are the earlier hours; but what I mean, wait till I am up and out. Order the cook (never mind her grumbling) to have hot and hot dishes ready during the entire forenoon. If a man likes lying in bed, don't bother him to go out shooting, or riding, or driving. Don't expect, as a matter of course, to see him at luncheon, and if he doesn't put in an appearance at that melancholy meal, avoid making sarcastic inquiries as to the state of his health when you do see him. Give the butler instructions to have whiskey, brandy, bottled beer, and soda-water perpetually laid out in a convenient spot, for instance, on a table in the billiard-room or smoking-room, where a thirsty individual can quietly slake his mouth without going through the absurd and semi-public ceremony of ringing the dining-room bell. Never get up afternoon excursions to the celebrated places in the neighbourhood, Castle Glorious, the seat of the Duke of SPLENDOR, or the ruins of Crackmedown Abbey, or the Weasel-gutter Waterfall. On such occasions, in nine cases out of ten, the guests in the conveyances are shaken together in as unsatisfactory fashion as are travellers in an American railway car. Let the coachman, however, understand that he is to be prepared to send out carriages and pony-carts without any orders from the host or hostess. Have "five-o'clock" by all means, but don't expect your male guests to wander about with cups and plates of bread and butter and cake, like waiters out of place. Before dinner, don't pair off the company, but let each man select his own partner. Avoid inviting any of the neighbouring big-wigs to a grand repast, and strictly abstain from giving a county ball. Don't let the children come down to dessert, and don't insist upon

everyone foregathering later on in the drawing-room, to be bored by mediocre music, wearied by the playing of infantine games, or maddened by the influence of atrocious whist. Let everyone have the right of passing directly from the dining-room to the billiard-room. Notify that everyone may go to bed when he pleases, and can order grilled bones and devilled kidneys before doing so. In short, Madam, turn your house into a free-and-easy hotel. You will become very popular, and never lack for visitors.

Such, Mr. Punch, is the advice which I would earnestly impress upon the country-house hostess. In all humility as a practical reformer, I am,

Dolce far Niente Club, W.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN LAZIBOHN.

P.S.—I could refer to other phases of the question, but all the clauses of a reform bill cannot be carried at the first attempt. We must have a beginning.

VOTES AND VOX POPULI.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that the Municipal Elections are in full swing, may I venture to suggest certain Golden Rules to those who intend to cast their shells into the urn? They are as follows:—

1. Always vote for the candidate who objects to lowering the local rates, for as a rule he is an honest man, and has not got a brother-in-law or cousin interested in the house-building, road-making, or plumbing business, which the blatant Economist invariably has.

2. Sign the nomination papers of as many philanthropists as you are legally entitled to support. This will gain you immense respect. N.B.—You need not poll in favour of these gentlemen. On the contrary, give them the kick out of the ballot-box. They will never know, and be eternally grateful.

3. Studiously inquire whether the whole-hearted individual who solicits your vote has any ambition to become Mayor. If so, discover whether it be likely that a knighthood be lurking in the immediate future in consequence of some Royal Visit to the borough.

4. On the polling day walk about with your voting-paper conspicuously exposed till a late hour in the evening. If discreet, you will have an enjoyable time at the expense of other citizens, and be able to light your pipe with the document when you are smoking your post-prandial pipe at night.

5. Cultivate the local wire-pullers, and ask them to lend you the use of a carriage to drive about the borough.

6. Never give yourself away, or your vote. Without bribery or corruption a voter may, on such an occasion, revel in *otium cum dig.* at Bumbledom.

Your obedient servant,

HERBERT HIEAWAY.

13, Blue Green Chambers, Little Thistleton.

A VOICE FROM NELSON'S COLUMN.

(*Heard on the occasion of the Anniversary.*)

YES, it is all very well to cover my column with leaves, but could it be not do a little more? Quite right to keep my memory green, but my fame ought to be protected with equal care. I suppose I ought not to complain. Nowadays, everybody is abused. I dare say that the good fellows I see beneath me have all been subjected to criticism. No doubt NAPIER has been called incompetent, GORDON a bigot, and HAVELOCK a slow-coach. But some league or other is sure to look after our pedestals. Even His Majesty CHARLES THE FIRST is afforded a bouquet or two. They took years to build my column; more years to cast my lions; more years yet to remember my anniversary. Well, they have got the date at last, and my pillar is in the hands of blue-jackets *vice* steeple-jack superseded.

All this is quite right and proper. But what I should like to know is, why I am attacked about my battles? Thanks to my friend Admiral Sir VESSEY HAMILTON, my fame has been protected. All honour to the Service Magazine that printed his "vindication." But the leaves that called it forth are not like those around my plinth. Those I see below me are Nature's handiwork—green and pleasant. After all, they are more instructive of the appreciation in which I am held by my country than those other leaves—made of paper.

At the Pig and Poleaxe.

Jobbinson. You're down in the mouth! What are you thinking about, old man? Quarter day?

Dobbinson (wearily). No, my boy, no quarter day, when my landlord puts in an execution.



J. GALLAND 97.

JUVENILE APPRECIATION.

Teddy (come to see pheasants shot (but they decline to rise to the occasion), to the head keeper).
 "I SAY, MR. WHITE, OF COURSE YOU KNOW THE NAMES OF ALL YOUR PHEASANTS? OUR HUNTSMAN KNOWS THE NAMES OF ALL HIS DOGGIES, AND I KNOW SOME OF THEM!"

DARBY JONES ON THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

HONOURED SIR,—Having provided you and your friends with Winter Coals, I now venture to essay to supply you and yours with sundry Luxuries by naming the Winner of the Cambridgeshire Stakes, a race which some of the Greenhorns of Turf Commerce appear to compare with the Cesarewitch, quite forgetting the difference in distance and weight. It is indeed astonishing how these Neophytes (an expression freshly culled from the excellent *Webster's Dictionary*) imagine that an animal that can do over two miles in proud

style, is equally useful at about half the distance. You might just as well ask a long-distance Human Plodder to win a hundred yards competition. True it is that more than once, as in the case of *Plaisanterie*, the same quadruped has caught the Judge's Eye on both occasions, but how rare have been these Freaks of Fortune, and how carefully planned has been the *coup de grace!* (*Tarver's Anglo-French Dictionary*).

Believe me, honoured Sir, and I speak with the authority of that fine sportsman, Sir JOHN ASTLEY, better known as "The Mate," that, in nine cases out of ten, a

Cesarewitch nag is not a Cambridgeshire crock. And this should be remembered when the lowlier sort of punters are sending their Post-Office Orders to the Exiled Bookmakers of Holland, with the expectation of a Double Event. This, by the way, is an exceedingly difficult manœuvre to accomplish, and yet I have succeeded in bringing it off quite recently with *Diakka* in the Duke of York Stakes, and *Merman* in the Cesarewitch.

A Noble Earl (I need not say whether of British birth) who is beholden to me for satisfactory advice on the subject, has, in addition to forwarding me a substantial cheque, sent me a basket of Norwegian Ptarmigan. Inasmuch as I am strictly forbidden by my Medical Man to touch this Scandinavian Fowl, I have directed the L. P. D. C. to convey the hamper to your palatial residence,* with a request that you would pay the carriage. Your thanks I accept beforehand, and now proceed to celebrate in metrical lines the present great Equine Handicap of Newmarket:—

The Balsam gent I don't admire,
 To Yorkist claims do not aspire,
 No Burning Ash my pen will fire,
 But an Eastern Dame respect, Sir.
 But I surely in the 1, 2, 3,
 A Yankee Saint expect to see,
 And (with a run) the Jersey Lillie,
 Her one of the two don't neglect, Sir.

Well aware that I have thrown priceless chances to those Winds which blow about the Cape of Good Hope, I write myself down as usual, honoured Sir,

Your devoted minion,
 DARRY JONES.

P.S.—At the same time remember that a millionaire is not above picking up a pin.

* We were not taking any in.—Ed.

TO SIR F.-P., BART.

[Sir FAUDEL FAUDEL-PHILLIPS, Bart., Lord Mayor, has been made a Knight Grand Commander of the most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire.]

HAIL! SIR FAUDEL!
 Gaily chordle!
 FAUDEL-PHILLIPS, Bart.!
 "K. G. C."
 E. O. I. E.,
 Lord Mayor still thou art!
 * Old form of "chortle."

"SERMONS IN STONES."—"Sir EDWARD SASSOON," according to the *Daily Telegraph*, "has offered to the Corporation of Brighton, five statues, representing 'Night,' 'Morning,' 'Truth,' 'Welcome,' and 'Fidelity,' for the decoration of one of the public parks." What a fine moral lesson to husbands, and a moral for those inclined to dine not wisely but too well. "Night" would represent the husband going out to a bachelor dinner; "Morning" his return therefrom; "Truth," which he murmured indistinctly to himself; "Welcome," what he received from his wife; "Fidelity," the way in which he kept his promise not to do it again. The SASSOON statuaea will give a fine moral lesson to Brightonian husbands. May they profit by it!

A CREATURE WHO LEFT THE OASIS OF PLENTY FOR THE DESERT OF DISTRESS.—The Kew Gardens Pelican—killed by some one who ought never to have been trusted with a gun—October 19, 1897—far, far from home.



"LET WELL ALONE."

John Bull. "No, THANK YE, JONATHAN. I'VE DONE VERY WELL WITH MY GOLD, AND I DON'T WANT ANY CHANGE!"

BOTANICAL BOOTS.

[According to an interview in the *Daily Mail*, the ultra-vegetarians consider it against their principles to wear foot-gear made of leather, and substitute therefor materials of non-animal origin, such as flax, paper, cotton, or some other product of the vegetable kingdom.]

To make vegetable boots,
You must go and grub up roots
In your private kitchen-garden, if you own
a cabbage-patch;
Else at your next-door neighbour's
You should prosecute your labours,
Or at Kew, perhaps, when no one's by,
some odds and ends you'll snatch!

For no longer must you wear
The ordinary pair
That are made of cow-hide, porpoise-skin,
or cuticle of pig;
You must shun them altogether
With ev'ry sort of leather,
And endeavour to encase your feet in
vegetarian rig.

Then very soon you'll feel
That, if you need a meal,
You can boil your beetle-crushers, or convert
them into stew;
And, when you're in a hurry,
You can dine on slipper-curry,
And say with truth, "I'll eat my hat if I
don't eat my shoe!"

The Early Bird.

It seems that a curious zoologist has been sitting out at night to check the times at which birds begin to sing. The April dawn commenced to break at 2.30 A.M., though a sparrow had already anticipated matters by chirping at 2 A.M. The following, however, is a still more important observation, and one may perhaps be pardoned for adding the italics of admiration:—

"At twenty-seven minutes past three o'clock"—to quote the *Westminster Gazette*—"larks began to soar and sing all round, although there was scarcely light enough to read by." Came without their notes, we suppose.

FUR-CONE.—A daily paper states that, wing to the mild weather, furs are "dropping rapidly." Evidently a change of hair is required.



A GIFT OF ARGUMENT.

"GIVE ME A RIDE ON YOUR BACK, DADDY." "NO, DEAR; NOT HERE."
"WHY NOT, DADDY?" "OH, THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE ABOUT."
"BUT IF YOU TOOK ME ON YOUR BACK THERE WOULD BE ALL THE MORE ROOM FOR THE PEOPLE!"

"A WEIGH THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY."

[“By the new regulations, it is now necessary that Army candidates for commissions should not only possess the chest measurement and height prescribed, but that they should also be of a certain minimum weight.”—*Daily Press*.]

"I CAN assure you, Sir," said the lad, "that I have studied hard to make myself proficient."

"That may be," replied the examiner, "but I fear, from your appearance, that one necessary acquirement has been sadly neglected."

"Pray do not say so," cried the youth in a piteous tone. "I am so anxious to become a soldier. I come of a race of warriors. My father was at Inkermann, my grandsire took an eagle at Waterloo, and the founder of our race (we are of Saxon origin) was the only general who made any serious stand at Hastings."

"With such a pedigree," observed the examiner, "it is strange that your physique should not be stronger."

"Possibly it comes of over-study," continued the youngster. "I have worked day and night for years. I knew all that can be known in military history, and am up to my eyes in the minutiae of the profession. As for drill—in all its branches—I have learned it backwards, forwards, and side-ways. Test me, Sir, and you will find I am up in everything."

The examiner good-naturedly put a few questions, which the candidate answered with the greatest ease and precision.

"Yes, you appear to know the technical part of the necessary

education, and the Civil Service Commissioners have seen that you have had the ordinary training of an English gentleman."

"Yes, I was at Eton and Christ Church."

"But you apparently neglected athletics."

"Neglected athletics!" exclaimed the excited youth. "My dear Sir, you cannot have read the papers. Did you not see how I broke the record of the five mile race, equalled the long-jump, and carried all before me in a novel competition known—I presume tentatively—as hurling horses?"

"Yes, I have heard something of this."

"And it is not for me to speak of it, but I wear, concealed under my waistcoat, this medal, which was presented to me for saving lives from drowning. And if I may say so without laying myself open to the charge of self-laudation, I might suggest that I was not called at school 'Courageous CHARLIE' for nothing."

"Still, you know the new regulation. It must be enforced."

"I have done my best. I have eaten porridge, a popular food for cattle, oil-cake, everything. And yet I dread the test."

"Be brave," replied the examiner. "Take a seat. It will be over in a moment."

The lad obeyed the instruction, and eagerly waited for the verdict.

"Nine stone exactly!" said the examiner. "You are not fat enough for the army."

"This is thin, indeed!" cried the youth. And although there was a certain play upon words in the remark, the unsuccessful candidate was too sad to smile at the witticism.

enthusiasm, was not altogether so respectful as the dignity of a Lord Justice might seem to require. On him still shouting, and unaware of your presence at his back, you laid a paternal hand: "My dear boy," you said, "I'm afraid your head will ache to-morrow. I once shouted like that myself, and—well, *my* head ached the next morning," and with that you passed on, leaving the boy reduced to a surprised and unwonted silence. It may interest you to know that he subsequently declared you were "a ripper."

And now you are gone into a retirement which we all wish may be as peaceful and pleasant as it is honourable. We shall miss you. Often, when some prosy dryasdust is laying down the law, we shall long for those refreshing gusts of vigorous common sense that swept through your Court when you presided over it. These we shall not feel again, but your example of manly strength and robust insight and unswerving rectitude in word and deed will remain with us unforgettably and undimmed through the years that are to come. I am, my Lord, with deep respect,

Your faithful servant, THE VAGRANT.

HAND AND GLOVE AT THE AQUARIUM.

It's wonderful! Marvellous! the reproduction of the great fight between FITZSIMMONS and CORBETT by Pisticuffographic Process at the Aquarium! They "come like shadows, so depart," and I fancy the Witches in their cave knew this trick and presented a series of "living pictures" for the instruction and amusement of *Macbeth*. By the way, herein is a hint for Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON should he wish to give this Shakspearian drama with genuine novel effects. Or, why should not the "living pictures" be given in the Play Scene in *Hamlet*? But this, by the way. *A nos mate-uns!* For they don't speak a word! Not a sound to be heard! Except the whirring of the machinery. O my head! Never was there so dense and so silent a crowd living, moving, waving hands, and doing all that mortal men can do except speak.

Never having seen a prize-fight, I had imagined that two athletes stripped to the waist, as they appear in prints of champion pugilists, would gracefully stand up to each other until one of them could stand up no longer, the interval being occupied in "squaring up," "hitting out," "slogging," "landing" each other "one on the nut," and, in a general way, exhibiting what muscle, training, and science can effect. Consequently I was considerably astonished at finding these two champions, who seem to hate one another like poison, that is, if the refusal of FITZSIMMONS to shake hands with CORBETT is to be taken as an indication of this deadly inimical sentiment, occupying the greater part of the time taken up by the encounter in getting quite close together, and apparently hugging each other in so loving an embrace that they find the greatest difficulty in parting; in fact FITZSIMMONS seemed quite sorry to let CORBETT go, and *vice versa*. Sometimes they dance, and hop, and hurry, and scurry round the ring, but, as it always seems, with only one aim and end, namely, that FITZSIMMONS is so deeply attached to CORBETT (or CORBETT to FITZSIMMONS, it does not matter which) as to be perpetually making for him, with a view to taking him to his arms, and giving him just another bug for old acquaintance sake, and to show that, though at the commencement he had refused to go through the formality of shaking hands, yet he was desperately attached to him, and only wanted to take him to his heart and whisper the touching truth in his ear. All this time the two champions are being followed about all over the place by a stout man in shirt-sleeves, light tie, and high collar, whom at first I took to be a kind of clergyman of some persuasion, skipping about to avoid their both hitting him or treading on his toes, and, probably, perpetually reminding them of Dr. WATTS' hymn, how, "Dogs might delight to bark and bite," and "Lions to growl and fight," but that for a couple of Christians to be engaged in a deadly pummeling encounter was not a seemly spectacle, nor a good example to set to the thousands of spectators there gathered together. However, it was soon explained to me that this stout personage, something between a genial elderly parson and a robust landlord of a public house, was GEORGE SILER, of Chicago, the referee. A nice time he must have had of it! Once he was nearly sent over the ropes with both champions on the top of him!

The fight continues. Sometimes they are in the full clear light of day, but in a steady pelt of rain or snow, at other times they are all in shadow or a heavy storm is pouring down: but whether in light or shade, all the figures, principals and crowd, are moving about under a kind of continuous Niagara waterfall, of which everyone seems utterly unconscious. It is this that makes it so weird. At last, however, FITZSIMMONS becoming annoyed at all his overtures for his amiably-intentioned hugging and em-



Kitty (whose papa has got a telephone). "GRAN'MA, ARE YOU THERE?"

bracing being rejected, hits CORBETT a nasty one, when down goes the latter on his knee, and what is more, he can't get on his legs again when "time" is called; whereupon "FITZSIMMONS is," says the voice of a mysterious showman coming to us through the gloom, for the spectators are almost in darkness, "proclaimed the winner."

This verdict evidently so annoys CORBETT, that, recovering his legs just a few seconds too late, he rushes at FITZSIMMONS, who might have been taken unawares but for the rapid intervention of seconds, backers, umpire, men with fans, men with towels, men with sponges, all throwing themselves on the dangerous defeated one, and hustling him out of the ring. Then in surges the crowd, and all is muddle and jumble and jostling, when suddenly everything and everybody vanishes, the nightmare is over, the hall is once more in full light, and we, with FITZSIMMONS in one eye, CORBETT in the other, and our head aching from the silent fists of both, are staring about, dazed, wondering if "there are wissons about," whether everybody is real, whether— "Ah! I've been a-lookin' for you, Sir!" 'Tis the voice of the cabman, I hear him complain. I had forgotten to pay him! He has been waiting for me just one hour and a half. Yes; I *am* alive; so is the cabman. It is real.

Siamese Susceptibilities.

["King CHULALONGKORN is in Spain . . . he was much surprised to find that so characteristic an amusement as a bull-fight had been left out from the authorised programme of entertainments. It was explained to him that it had been omitted solely out of consideration to what the Spaniards conceived to be Siamese susceptibilities . . . So a bull-fight is being arranged."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Is the King of SIAM turned an infidel now,
That his programme of bull-fights is full?
It certainly seems that his love for the cow
Is at best but a bit of a bull.

Note on Nelson.

SIR,—There is a house of call near here bearing the style and title of "The Nelson Arms." This must have been the very house where the young HORATIO in early days took his morning drink. His beverage was good English home-brewed (you remember "England, Home-brewed, and Beauty"?), as he was stalwart, thorough, and not a man for half-and-half measures. But to come to my pint, I draw your attention to the fact that the sign is "The Nelson Arms." Now he could not have frequented this place later in life, as then the landlord would certainly have re-named it "The Nelson Arm." Perhaps this will interest Sir WILLIAM FRASER, who seems to know all about everything connected with our naval hero. Faithfully yours,
"WHAT CHEER!"



The Colonel. "MR. MORIARTY, I RECEIVED THIS MORNING A MOST OFFENSIVE ANONYMOUS LETTER, AND, FROM CERTAIN INDICATIONS, I AM COMPELLED RELUCTANTLY TO ASK YOU IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT."

Moriarty. "AN ANONYMOUS LETTER? WHOY, OI'D SCORN TO PUT MY NAME TO SUCH A THING!"

TO PHEME;

or, *La Belle Rumeur sans Vérité.*

(By TH-M-S B-WL-S.)

AIR—"The Cane-bottomed Chair."

I was sounding my way on the Ocean of Life
Where the currents are captious and
wreckage is rife;
When a fairy-like figure emerged from the
fog,
And I noted the same in my nautical log.
Like the Spirit of Dawn she divided the
foam
With the easy aplomb of a porpoise at
home,
And on deck up a hawser she gracefully
slid
And reclined in her bloom on my binnacle-
lid.

"Petty Officer THOMAS," the lady began,
"For I think I address that remarkable
man,
I am PHEME, who hails from the vacuous
blue,
Petty Officer BOWLES, I've a message for
you!"

"One word will suffice for a sapient tar
Which is just the identical sort that you
are—
Take it, then, on the faith of the feminine
sex,
That your Commodore's going to send in
his checks!"
"Say no more!" I replied, for my temples
were red
Where the blood from my heart had got
into my head,
And my hair was erect from its ultimate
roots,
As already I trod in the Commodore's boots!

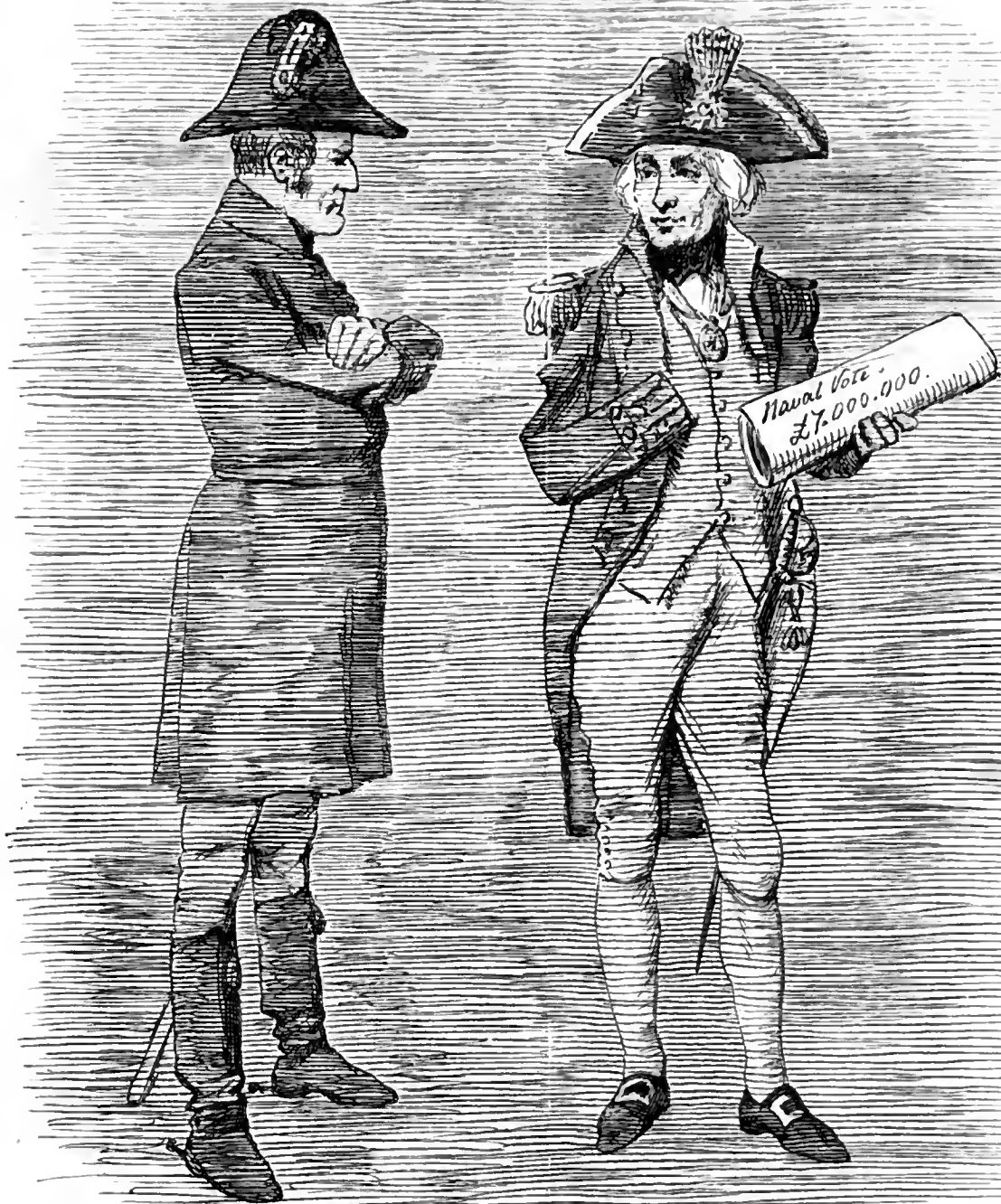
I was visibly swelling in stature and weight
While I pictured my hand at the helm of
the State,
And I looked at my PHEME and longed to
encase
Her delectable form in my folding embrace.
I advanced with the purpose of stroking
her wings
(Have I mentioned she wore these adorable
things?)
When she checked me in virginal tones of
revolt—
"Do not touch me, my THOMAS! I'm
going to moult!"
It was true. She attempted to soar from
my clasp,
But her feathers came off in my amorous
grasp,
And she fell with a thud in the neighbour-
ing main,
And I never set eyes on the creature again.
False, fleeting and perjured, my PHEME
had passed
To the limbo of rumours too rotten to
last,
And the total remains for her THOMAS to
weep
Was the fluff of her wings in a fatuous
heap.
So I turn to my study of nautical lore
In a solitude darker than ever before,
For the vision of splendour is hopelessly
hid
That she drew (in the rough) on my
binnacle-lid.
Yet a relic I cherish, a feather to wear,
For the sake of a party so fickle and fair,
And at times I shall chew me a querulous
quid
Where she sat in her bloom on my bin-
nacle-lid.

Shakespeare and Sport.

THEATRES, theatres, everywhere! Among
the latest, and doing uncommonly well as
it appears, with LEONARD BOYNE in a
horsefied drama by MESSRS. RALEIGH and
HICKS, entitled *Sporting Life*, is the Shak-
speare Theatre, Clapham. Good gracious!
Clapham that was once so "serious" and
anti-theatrical! Yet, when you come to
think of it, or go there to see it, oughtn't
Clapham to be the very place where an
actor would be most welcome! Doesn't
the very name express the sound of ap-
plause so dear to an actor's ear and heart?
And, as a suburb, isn't Clapham quite
handy to London? It would be a bad
omen if, instead of Clapham, it was called
Hissbam, Peltum, or Guyem. A sporting
piece, too! Just the place! for isn't Clapham
on the road to Epsom? and do not
Clapham Schools rejoice on Derby Day?
Produced at the Shakespeare Theatre!
Why, certainly. Just exactly what
WILLIAM, who, as is shown in his works,
was a real good sportsman, would have
revelled in! Brayvo! Clapham!

At the Quickshot Club.

First Sportsman. Well, I killed four
rabbits with two barrels last September.
Second Sportsman. And I had five par-
tridges on one drive, three coming towards
me, and two with fresh cartridges over the
hill.
Third Sportsman (wearily). But nobody
comes up to my slaying of an elephant in
Assam with a pea rifle. Would you like
to hear the yarn?
[The Third Sportsman is immediately
left alone.]



26

SWAIN 3c

“ENGLAND EXPECTS—”

SHADE OF F.-M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. “ALL RIGHT FOR *YOUR* SERVICE, NELSON; BUT, BEGAD, SIR, THEY’LL HAVE TO STRENGTHEN *MINE*!”





THE PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

TO BE BOLTED WITH DOWN-HILL, A BIT OF MUD IN YOUR EYE, AND WITH EVERYONE IN THE FIELD YELLING, "WARE WIRE!"

"SCOTS WHA HAE."

TO COLONEL MATHIAS AND HIS GORDON HIGHLANDERS. CHAGRU KOTAL. OCTOBER 20.

BRAVO; the Gordons! Proved again
The men that never fail!
Though gallant comrades, true and tried,
India's tower and England's pride,
Rushing to storm that bare mt-side,
Reeled in the raking hail.

Then skirled the pipes, and up you leapt;
Out rang your highland yell;
And there with boyish step and light,
Running the gauntlet up the height,
Shouting for battle's sheer delight,
Young ALEC LAMONT tell!

Fell as the Gordons choose to fall
On a well-won field afar;
Fell for the flag whose battle-stains
Speak of the fight by Delhi's tines,
Leaguer of Lucknow, Egypt's plains,
Kabul and Kaudahar!

FROM THE PEGASUS STABLES.—"Wild white horses sha'n't drag it out of me!" as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING said when asked to write a poem for the first number of the "Literature" of the Times. Wild white horses! Ah! Happy thought! So he gave in, and gave out the poem; and in true British pugilistic mood he exhorts his countrymen

"To mill your foeman's armies;"
but of course this implies that the "wild white horses" who are to go in for this knock-a-bout encounter require, first of all, a considerable amount of training.



'A TAIL PIECE.'

It was the long-tailed Dress Suits last Season.
Will it be the short-tailed ditto this Season?

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE GUY."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—At a time when everybody of note has an anniversary, it seems rather hard that my memory is becoming dimmer and dimmer, until it now stands a fair chance of being entirely forgotten. Of course, the cause of my popular unpopularity has become out of date. No one in this nineteenth century cares whether I blew up JAMES THE FIRST or not. The enthusiasm for that monarch has long since evaporated. Of late years it has been the custom to represent me as all sorts and conditions of men. Now I have appeared as a silly minister, a foolish general, a self-laudatory literary man. But now, even that kind of representative seems to be dying out. Unless this protest has the desired effect I feel that the fifth of November will pass without a sign of recognition. Should this be in these days of jubilation over Waterloo, Balaklava, and last, but not least, Trafalgar? I venture to reply in the negative, and to remain,
Yours faithfully, GUY FAWKES.

P.S.—My only consolation is that I am very well represented by most of the London statuary.

"Shine, Moon, Shine!"

[Mr. E. R. P. MOON, M.P. for North St. Pancras, has gone to Canea to study the Cretan question.]

BRAVO, MOON! Will he let in a little moon-light on the difficulty? Perhaps just a silvery moon-beam on the troubled waters. Or will his visit only result in Moonshine?

CONSCIENTIOUS LAWYER'S ADVICE.—Do right: don't write.



FROM MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE FRONT.

“The enemy sent in a message that if the troops would come out and meet them *on equal terms*, they would fight.”
TOMMY ATKINS TAKES THEM AT THEIR WORD, AND COMES OUT, ADOPTING THE FASHIONS OF THE LOCALITY!

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

["Another 'ex-head-master,' with an experience of seventeen years as head of a public school, seriously asks whether it would not be better to teach boys chess than Latin verses."—*St. James's Gazette*, Oct. 18.]

MESSRS. TEACHEM AND TRAINEMUP beg to call the attention of parents to the unique educational advantages offered by them at Cramwell College. The gratifying successes achieved by many of their former pupils give the best testimony to the merit of their system, which has completely superseded the old-fashioned theories of education. Their terms for boarders between the ages of ten and eighteen are £200 *per annum*, which will appear a very moderate figure when the expense involved in maintaining their brilliant staff of assistant-masters is taken into consideration. The following subjects, amongst others, are taught with the greatest care:

1. Lessons in Chess are given to every boy in the upper school, under the direction of Professor GAMBIR, the well-known player. Two hours a day are set aside for this subject, and there are examinations in end-games and problems every week, besides a tournament at the close of each term, by which the boy's place in class is finally decided. It is clearly recognised nowadays that Chess is a far more valuable study than any of the worthless dead languages. Boys in the middle school are taught Draughts, while those in the lower school are thoroughly grounded in Halma.

2. While Chess replaces, as has been indicated, the study of Latin and Greek, it has been found that Billiards forms an admirable substitute for mathematics. And, considering the enormous educational importance of this game, we have added that celebrated player, Mr. WYNNYNGE HAZARDE, to our staff of masters. Each boy is expected to bring to school at the beginning of term his own cue and a dozen pieces of chalk. The lower forms are given lessons in Bagatelle as a stepping-stone to the nobler game, and no one is admitted to the upper fifth until he has made a break of over twenty. Indeed, conscious of our responsibility towards the rising generation, we take the utmost pains that our pupils shall receive the best possible teaching in this all-important subject. And that we have not altogether unsuccessful is shown by the number of important and responsible posts now filled by old Cramwellians. The markers at the "Spotted Dog" of Houndsditch, the "Red Lion" of Tooting, the "White Hart" at Puddleton, and many others, all received their early training at Cramwell College.

3. In the place of modern languages, history, and geography—useless subjects too long retained in the ordinary scholastic curriculum—our pupils are instructed in the game of whist by Professor TRUMPSTER, whose name is a guarantee of the excellence of the teaching. Parents are requested to provide their sons with five shillings a week as card-money during term-time. In addition to the ordinary prizes, we offer annually a scholarship of £10 for especial merit in whist. The present holder is Master BROWN major, aged seventeen, who gained the distinction by his essay "On American Leads, with an excursus on Finesing." Professor TRUMPSTER also lectures on Ecarté, Picquet, and Bézique, while another Professor (who prefers to remain nameless, but who for many years has enjoyed



THE SLOCUM POGIS TOILET-CLUB.

"THESE 'ERE BARBERS MAKES A RARE LOT O' FUSS ABOUT IT, BUT 'TAIN'T NOWT TO SHEEP SHEARIN'."

a large and lucrative practice) gives instruction in the Three-Card Trick to those boys whose parents wish it. An extra fee of £10 is charged for this course, which, however, will ensure for each pupil who masters it a constant source of income in future years. Lessons are also given to the junior forms in Dominoes, Beggar-my-Neighbour, and Spillikins. It will thus be seen that the educational course at Cramwell College thoroughly prepares the boys for their subsequent careers in the world, and the improvement on the old form of public-school education is indeed enormous.

From time to time parents inquire whether we give our pupils any instruction at all in such subjects as mathematics, history, geography and languages. Of course we cannot allow the hours which should be devoted to the serious study of games to be frittered away upon such trivial subjects as these. But we have no objection to allowing a boy to read, for instance, EUCLID and THUCYDIDES in his playtime. Only it must be clearly recognised that proficiency in Chess, Billiards,

&c., is of far more real importance to him, and that these other, more frivolous, studies must be kept in their proper place.

MESSRS. TEACHEM AND TRAINEMUP will be delighted to answer any questions from parents who think of entrusting their sons to their charge, and, for a testimonial to the worth of their system, can refer enquirers to "an ex-head-master, with an experience of seventeen years."

SOLVITUR CANENDO.—For continued neglect of French, Tommy had earned a caning. The cane, wielded by Dr. Barlow, missed Tommy's hand. "This," cried Tommy, "is what I call the 'cane perdue' process!" "Why so?" inquired his master, pausing. "Because," replied the juvenile humorist, "it is 'Whacks Lost.'" The *scutur* can be easier imagined than described.

PROVERBS GONE WRONG.—One man may look into a house, while another maynt even leap over a haystack.



TAR-MADE IN GERMANY.

Mr. Punch. "HULLO! WHO ARE YOU?"

Jack Tar. "MINE FRIEND, DO YOU NOT KNOW ME? I AM DE BRITISH SAILOR."

[According to the report just issued by the Registrar-General of Shipping and Seamen, British ships are becoming more and more manned by foreigners, and in the process of time, the British seaman will be as extinct as the Dodo. Out of 125,009 seamen employed last year in British sailing ships and steamers, 27,446 were foreigners.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HER MAJESTY has had many gifts presented to her in Jubilee Year. Possibly none is more prized, few could be more magnificent, than the dedication of *The Oxford Dictionary*, the third volume of which has just issued from the Clarendon Press under the direction of Mr. HENRY FROWDE. Lord ALDENHAM, in addition to contributing two sons to the House of Commons, read all through the proof-sheets of the first volume. My Baronite sits amazed at contemplation of all he must know. SHAKESPEARE managed to write his plays with the employment of 20,000 words. Dr. MURRAY and his coadjutors in the work of *The Oxford Dictionary*, have as yet approached only the sixth letter of the alphabet. Yet they have exhaustively dealt with over 97,000 words. The erudition displayed is equalled by the aptness and ingenuity of the illustrations drawn from the field of the world's literature. Nothing on the same scale has ever been attempted. Nothing approaching it has ever been accomplished. The work, undertaken fifteen years ago, will, according to present plans, be finished in the year 1910—a superb legacy left by the nineteenth century to its successor.

Do not be frightened by the title of one of S. BARING-GOULD'S most recent novels, *Bladys of the Stewpony*. It is not a warning to hippophagists given to stewing and devouring ponies. "The Stewpony" was originally "The Estepona Tavern," and who *Bladys* was, and how she became associated with the Stewpony, and what consequences to the charming heroine resulted therefrom, is it not all written in this book, and is not the book worth reading? Most decidedly. 'Tis as interesting a tale as has ever come out of the head of the ready-writing author, whose only error, to the Baron's thinking, is, that he has written a preface to it, which is not calculated to assist the romance, but, by telling you "how it's done," rather detracts from the story. Avoid the preface until you have finished the story. It is very well illustrated by Messrs. TOWNSEND and MUNNS, and is published by METHUEN & Co.

Too many cooks spoil the broth. That is the proverbial rule: to which the clearly-typed, well-written and well-bound little volume, called, *London in the time of the Diamond Jubilee*, is a most decided exception, although its authors are EMILY CONSTANCE COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A. This *Cookery Book* is edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S., and published at Llangollen by DARLINGTON; whose name (Town of the Darling) is so suggestive of "Sweet JENNY JONES, the maid of Llangollen," and by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., in London. It is well illustrated, full of useful information, and fitted with maps, which have to be taken up tenderly, unfolded with care, and examined with the aid of a magnifier. With this book as his guide, philosopher, and friend, the stranger in the land will find himself quite at home, and should never be compelled to "ask a policeman," or to declare that "he dunno where he are."

In their pocket *éditions de luxe* of the "Temple Classics," edited by ISRAEL GOLLANZ, M.A., Messrs. DENT & Co., of Aldine House, have already given us such *argumenta ad pocketum* as no collector of daintily-got-up and clearly-printed books can withstand. By way of adding to these literary travelling companions, bound, most handsomely, to go with us everywhere by sea or land, the same Aldine House has commenced a new series of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S novels, with useful glossary and notes; the first volume of Waverley being prefaced by an interesting Biographical Note by Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, a name of good omen where to give *multum in parvo* is the main object.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Salzburg.—Across the Austrian frontier. Usual discomforts on entering another country. Custom House. Fresh customs, as usual, but not fresh manners. Yet perhaps more manners than in Germany. Also different money, and such money! The florin, the gulden, the krone, the kreutzer and the heller are bad enough. Add to these the Hungarian translations *korona* and *fillér*, and you have seven names to puzzle the foreigner. Then you reckon everything in kreutzers, and you inscribe the coins with the value in hellers. Imagine in England all the small coins being reckoned in farthings and marked in half-farthings. Also the change for a shilling being always farthings and threepenny-pieces—the latter in nickel so similar in size and colour to a shilling that one would need a strong light to distinguish them.

If that were the case, an Austrian tourist in London, having reckoned that the cab-fare for a very short distance should be forty-eight farthings, might in the dark hand to the cabman a nickel threepenny-bit instead of a piece of ninety-six half-farthings. Then, perhaps, you can—I cannot—imagine the remarks of the cabman, and the futile efforts of the Austrian to find "two bab" amongst the pieces of paper, silver, nickel and bronze in his pocket. Such, reversed, is the unpleasant position of the Englishman in Austria.

Salzburg is an interesting old city—so interesting that it is being rapidly improved out of existence by an Improvement Association, and so old that at every street-corner you find a horse-tramcar, or a steam-tramcar, or an electric-tramcar, or a railway up the hill, or a railway down the hill, or a funicular railway, or something mediæval of that sort. There is a castle, in the most picturesque situation imaginable, to which you go up in a lift, and, when you have been lifted right to the top, you find an ancient terrace, commanding a delightful view over snow-capped mountains and fertile valleys, and on the terrace half-a-dozen young ladies discussing the objects of interest in *Amerikanisch*. And there is an hotel, where you might suppose that you were not in Austria at all, seeing that everyone speaks English, and that the *menu* is in French, and that there is an American bar in the hall, where you can find all the cocktails you want. In England you may not so very frequently eat "Roastboeuf," "Irishstew," "Cheste Cheese," "Mixed Pickles," and similar delicacies; in Austria you can have them all daily—twice daily, if you like.

But if you want something superlatively excellent, you should not go to Salzburg, but to an hotel in a neighbouring village, the name of which need not be mentioned, thus advertised in the English language:

"Post Hotel in—. Charming view, fine apartments, accomplished drink, captivating meats, baths in hotel, &c."

One might obtain captivating meats elsewhere, but accomplished drink is a luxury unknown except in that hotel. What are the ingredients?

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

MOTTO FOR A COAL MERCHANT.—Coke upon Little Ton.



COMFORTING.

Sportsman (to Friend who has just ridden into a Bog, and looks like staying there). "BY JOVE, OLD CHAP, I BELIEVE WE'RE IN FOR A REAL GOOD THING!"

MR. PUNCH'S "TATCHO" MODEL ADVERTISER.

THE MARIE CORELLI Circulation Creator, "PUFFO."

- PUFFO for Prose Writers.
- PUFFO for Paragraphists.
- PUFFO for Pifflers.
- PUFFO for Philosophers.
- PUFFO for Princes.
- PUFFO for Personages.

This mixture is invaluable for ungrammatical middle-class households. Taken internally in large doses of three to a bottle it prevents the patient from being shocked at anything, and makes him or her another man or woman. It is lurid, unconventional, scarlet, effusive, bombastic, and untrammelled. None genuine without the trade-mark, a picture of a patent-leather-booted Devil swallowing one glass of absinthe, with the legend, "Criticism, that is the enemy!"

PUFFO has wellumed its way into Windsor Castle!
PUFFO makes you sit up!
PUFFO has the scent of Poppies!

Bad men hate PUFFO.
Good men love PUFFO.
PUFFO is POPULAR.

"I certify that PUFFO is made from my own dear little teeny-weeny receipt, and I don't care a bit what naughty critics say about it. (Signed) MARIE CORELLI."

ANENT A WEE DRAPPIT.

MY DEAR M-R-BLY B-LL,—I read the other day in the *Times* that a "fairly healthy man clad in homespun, and judiciously fortified by another product of the

*(Fairly healthy, he says)
"It's a fine bit of play it is."*



Highlands, can face any weather on a Scotch moor." This is quite true; but is it wise to let every one into the secret?

Yours ever,
TAM TOPER, LL.D.
Squareborough, Yoicks.

Some Advantages of a London Fog.

You can meet your dearest enemy without looking at him, and cut the atmosphere with the end of your umbrella. You can also cut your tailor, if he be foolish enough to walk abroad, with the utmost unconcern, and can be certain of not encountering your bootmaker. Furthermore, you can look into all the shop-windows without any opposition from the passing pickpocket, and in a great many theatres you can have a great choice of seats. Lastly, but not leastly, you can attire yourself in any costume which it pleases you to assume, and bet ten to one with the Anti-Gambling League that you return home after a three-miles stroll closely resembling one of the minstrels of Messrs. MOORE AND BURGESS, or the humbler, but not less talented "busker" of the sands of Margate or Ramsgate. In a London fog, moreover, you are absolutely unknown to the police.

[It is needless to state that the above is from our Irrepressible One, now in his element.—En.]

So there is going to be a new "Ashley's"—a genuine Equestrian Circus, which is now being built in a most central position. "Serious report this," observes our Medical Practitioner. "It seems to point to the ossification of the heart of London!"



DUE NORTH.

Lord Rosebery (Wandering Musician from Manchester to Edinburgh). "I'VE NOTHING NEW. CAN ONLY GIVE 'EM THE SAME OLD TUNE WITH VARIATIONS!"

ODE TO A SLOT-MACHINE.

(Written by way of Protest at a wayside Station on the Line from Tonbridge to Eastbourne.)

Oh! patent marvel of our time,
Your vagaries I'll celebrate
In more or less prosaic rhyme,
For lack of penny chocolate.

I've forty minutes now to kill
Upon this fatuous single line,
That climbs each eastern Sussex hill
In corkscrew curves of mad design.

To cool my heels is scarcely fun
In this most uninviting hole,
Refreshed by no seductive bun,
No "four of Scotch," nor sausage-roll.

Your coy, retiring slot I greet,
That shall my appetite beguile
With blameless automatic sweet—
I've longed for food a goodish while!

Come, here's the necessary coin
I tender your secretive maw;
"Grace before meat," I nearly join,
In eager haste my prize to draw.

I push it in—it disappears,
The solitary bronze I own;
I wait with mingled hopes and fears—
Shall I succeed or starve alone?

A porter loiters idly by,
And marks my half-concealed attempt;
He mocks, with much too knowing eye,
My hungry look, my hair unkempt.

Why, what's the matter? Something sticks,
I've been befooled and drawn a blank;
Confound, I say, such knavish tricks,
The man who made the thing's a crank!

And so my praise is turned to blame;
"Ode to"—I started, but I mean
(As I my penn'orth vainly claim)
That I'm "Owed by a slot-machine!"

PROVERBS RE-SET.

(By our Vague Impressionist.)

It's no use crying wolf when the fire is out.
Take a pitcher to a well too often and it will look over a garden wall.
What is one man's meat is another king's ransom.
People who live in glass houses should close the stable-door before they are stolen.
A fox who likes sour grapes knows its own father.
Take care of the pence and you will have enough for lunch in the bush.
A cat may look at a sow's ear and yet be sold for a sheep and a lamb.
Convince a man against his will and hang him.
Give a dog an inch and he will soon come home to roost.
A penny in time coats nothing.
When poverty is gold what is the use of silver?
A nod is as good as a mile to the king of the blind men.

TRUE BLUES AT STAMMERSHAM.

THE first stone of the New Bluecoat Boys School, i.e., Christ's Hospital, was laid at Stammersham, near Horsham, ten days ago, by H.R.H., in his capacity as Grand Master of Freemasons, with full masonic ritual. "Stammersham" has a queer sound as the locality for a great school, whose youthful scholars are to be brought up as out-spoken, genuine Englishmen, without any "stammer" or "sham"



Dealer. "YES, SIR, THAT GUN WAS PICKED UP ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO."
Brown. "HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT?"
Dealer. "WELL, I SOLD ONE TO A GENT THE OTHER DAY FOR THREE POUNDS."
Brown. "LOOK HERE, I SAY, NONE OF YOUR BALAKLAVA CHARGES FOR ME, YOU KNOW!"

about them. By the way, one of the best and gentlest of all Bluecoat Boys was a stammerer, namely, CHARLES LAMB. May there be many such a sweet and playful lamb among the future Blues without the stammer and with no sort of sham about them, and so, to all masters and pupils alike in their new abode, Mr. Punch, endorsing all His Royal Highness said on the occasion, wishes Happiness and Prosperity.

NEW ROLLER STEAMSHIP. — Surely there's nothing very new in this. Very few steamers in which I have ever voyaged that have not been "rollers." Yet if there

is something new in this steamship, if the rollers are to be used with the same effect as garden rollers, then there is every reason for welcoming them most heartily. But in this case ought not the roller-steamer to go first, so that the passenger steamers, following in its wake, can just go over the track which the roller-steamer has levelled out flat and smooth as the cloth of a billiard table? That would indeed be luxurious. Success to the roller-steamer!

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND BEAUTIFYING TREE IN LONDON.—The plane.

A CAPITAL error is to start a business without a capital.



She (after a proposal). "WHY, YOU SILLY BOY, IF I MARRIED YOU, YOU COULD NOT EVEN DRESS ME!"
He (bashfully; yet eagerly). "PERHAPS, WITH A FEW LESSONS, I COULD LEARN."

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Down the Danube.—Early start from Linz. Very scanty breakfast. Order a sandwich on the steamer. Excellent Germans and Austrians already drinking beer. Civil Viennese waiter supposes that I also require beer. If not, then wine. Assure him that I am only hungry. This is almost too much for his civility. However, he refrains from any comment, but I see him, in distant corners, furtively watching the mad Englishman who is not thirsty at 9.30 A.M. First view of Vienna in the Autumn evening is a smoky fog. Rising high in the mist a gigantic wheel, lighted up. I am back at Earl's Court. On to Budapest. Hungarian gentleman on board anxious to know the correct pronunciation of some English names. He tells me how to say some Hungarian words. Then he remarks pleasantly, "Aingleesh-shpokkenhair." Do not understand. Of course not, it is Hungarian. Is it a phrase of politeness? Perhaps it might be useful. Try to say it after him. Manage it badly. He repeats it. Try again. Then he translates it into German, and I find it is only "English spoken here." Help him to a more correct pronunciation of some English names and words which he mentions, and at intervals, till we arrive at Pest, he murmurs to himself, making a determined effort to master them, "Bimming-gum, bree—akfast, gudnight, SOLSBRY."

Budapest.—Arrive after dark. Out in the morning and find the whole city gay with flags. Can it be that the capital of free and enlightened Hungary thus welcomes the humble and unworthy representative of *Mr. Punch*, always the friend of freedom and enlightenment? Remember that in Hungary the Press is as free as in England. Remember that some English newspapers have correspondents who are the friends of emperors and the companions of kings. Can it be that all this preparation was made, the Burgomaster, the Town Council and the journalists perhaps waiting at the station, while I meekly slipped in by the steamer, unperceived in the darkness? Do not desire any fuss, but if as the representative, always unworthy, of *Mr. Punch*, it was my duty to be publicly received, I ought to have been publicly re-

ceived. Go back to the hotel and think this out. Could perhaps even now take a return ticket to the first station, and arrive properly. Must at least learn a suitable sentence in Hungarian in the manner of the Champion Speech-maker of Berlin. Where is that phrase-book? Here we are; the very thing! *Visszontlátásra! Au revoir!* That will do for the end of a speech. Should doubtless put on my evening clothes. Before doing so, had better make quite sure those preparations are not for a correspondent of the *T—s*, or the *D—y N—s*, or the *D—y T—h*. Ring the bell. Enter Hungarian chambermaid. Speaks less German than I do. Not much good to say *Visszontlátásra* to her. Besides, I do not want to see her again. Say merely "Kellner." Enter waiter. The preparations are for the King of Roumania. A mere King! But at least I escape any fuss. Am again a comfortable nonentity, simply—

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

Quotations for the Lord Mayor Elect, Colonel Horatio Davies, M.P.

SHAKESPEARE suggests,—“What ho, HORATIO! My sweet Lord”—Mayor. Then if his Right Honourable Lordship that-is-to-be, is asked what will be the chief events of his Mayoralty, the retired Colonel may aptly reply with TERENCE (the early Irish dramatist), “*Davies sum, non Œdipus!*”

From the Military “Mikado.”

OH! this new bullet beats the “dum-dum,” “dum-dum,”
 The betting (if any) 's a pound to a penny
 If hit you are sure to succumb, cumb, cumb,
 So join our expressions of glee!

“AH!” exclaimed, enthusiastically, a hair-dresser's assistant, who had been out for a holiday, “Ind 'Ead, in Surrey! That 's the place for Hair!”

H. R. J. Mary Adelaide of Teck.

ROYAL by right of birth,
And royal by the sway that rules the heart,
Princess! the Hand that lays you low in earth
Leaves you in all our loves a place apart.

Bound not by blood alone,
Our QUEEN has held you hers by dearer ties;
And from your life has sprung for England's throne
The mother of our kings that yet shall rise.

So must your memory stand:
But still of other praise the best shall be:—
"She had the gentle smile, the open hand,
The unforgetting heart of Charity!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"God forbid that I should at any time, or under any provocations, have been guilty of so unchristian a thought as to doubt that a bookseller might be a truly good and honourable man." Thus S. T. COLERIDGE, nearly ninety years ago, wrote to WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. COLERIDGE'S capabilities were wide and profound. None would claim for him the gift of joking. He was gravely in earnest when he penned this sentence, which throws a flood of light upon the relations of literary men and publishers at the epoch when BYRON wrote his famous gibe, "Now BARABRAS was a publisher." A study of the character of WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, presented in Mrs. OLIPHANT'S *Annals of a Publishing House* (BLACKWOOD), convicts the literary magnates of the day of sheer impudence. In his correspondence, and in every action of his life, "the man clothed in plain apparel" of the *Chaldee Manuscript*, stands forth as an amalgam of most that is good in mankind. Shrewd of head, kindly of heart, warm in friendship, magnanimous to an adversary, of sound judgment, quick insight, liberal in mind and in purse, "the bookseller," loftily contemned by the University men of genius in whose favour he drew cheques, shines among them all with purest, serene ray. The two volumes are full of interest, throwing a flood of light on the history of literature at the beginning of the century. From that misty land there emerge life-like figures of tumultuous "Christopher North"; of versatile LOCKHART, "the scorpion which delighteth to sting the faces of men"; of the poor, vain "Ettrick Shepherd," ever in lack of £50; of DR QUINCEY in almost equal need; of "bright, broken MAGINN"; of others of that period, and later, whose names are familiar in English literature. Of these we may read in other books. To my Baronite, Mrs. OLIPHANT'S last work is most precious as making possible close and intimate acquaintance of the sturdy founder of the House of BLACKWOOD, whose personal qualities have happily proved hereditary.

The Lady's Walk (METHUEN & Co.), by the late Mrs. OLIPHANT, is a sweetly pathetic, mystical story. The second tale in this volume is *The Ship's Doctor*. Both deeply interesting, and told with such fascinating simplicity as is the very perfection of the novelist's art.

St. Ives, by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (HEINEMANN), does not give us the author at anything like his best. Commencement, excellent; afterwards, the interest flags, and only here and there is attention arrested by a flash of dramatic incident. Its style suggests that the author had set himself the task of competing with THACKERAY in *Esmond* and *Barry Lyndon*. We know, from the prefatorial note, that STEVENSON left the story three-parts finished, and betook himself to other work. This seems to imply his own dissatisfaction, or, it may have been, he was overcome by a feeling of weariness, a consequence of his weak state of health. Here and there he has introduced, in so careless a manner as to be almost ostentatious, modern slang phrases, which were, I venture to say, not in vogue during the first twenty years of the present century. And surely it must have been only due to carelessness that he should have described two youths in the house of an elderly matron as "two good-looking young fellows of the other sex." If they were young "fellows," how on earth could they have been "of the other sex?" Where the late Mr. STEVENSON left off Mr. A. T. QUILLER CROUCH has taken it up and continued it. He finishes it in six chapters, and so closely has he contrived to imitate his model that, but for the information conveyed in a note, it would have been uncommonly difficult to discover where STEVENSON ended and CROUCH began. Mr. QUILLER CROUCH is possibly unaware that the escape of a man from arrest by climbing into a professional aeronaut's



EXPERIMENTALISM.

Herbert. "BUT, MILLY DEAR, IF YOU DON'T WANT THE THINGS, WHY ON EARTH DID YOU BUY THEM?"

Milly. "HOW STUPID YOU ARE, HERBERT! HOW COULD I POSSIBLY KNOW I DIDN'T WANT THEM TILL I HAD BOUGHT THEM!"

balloon, just as it is on the point of starting from some public gardens, was originally used by ALBERT SMITH in his *Pottleton Legacy*, about forty years ago.

Christmas Books! "Here we are again!" Though it is so often alleged that children of nowadays are not as those of former days in regard to juvenile literature, yet, in spite of this *fin-de-siècle* accusation, the Lamp of Nursery Light Literature burns as brightly as ever. The royal convivialities of "Ole King Cole" and the dire tragedy of "Goosey, Goosey, Wander" still appeal with repeated charms to the prodigious mind of Baby. In new and dainty attire, these, and many other antique favourites are drawn by FRANCIS D. BEDFORD (METHUEN & Co.), and on the same classical standard ranks the ever verdant, or, more correctly, the ever red *Rosebud Annual* (JAMES CLARKE & Co.), Both orthodox editions for the nursery collection.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH'S delightfully-told story of *Miss Mouse and her Boys* will be greatly appreciated by those of small advancing years. The proverbial "quiet as a mouse" is strongly suggested in this little character, whose influential quietness is distinctly heard and felt by her noisier companions. The illustrations are by LESLIE BROOKE.

For those children gifted with a *Silas Wegg* proclivity for dropping into verse, *Red Apples and Silver Bells*, by HAMISH HENDRY, ought to touch their poetic fancy by the essentially inappropriate title; but that is a mere detail in the stretch of imagination. The quaint pictures are by ALICE B. WOODWARD. It is published by BLACKIE AND SON, from whose firm comes also a genuine boy's book, *With Frederick the Great*, by the redoubtable G. A. HENTY, whose great idea is to mix an historical powder in the jam of sensation.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



A LIKELY CUSTOMER.

"ANY OLD BOTTLES TO-DAY?"

THE TRAVELLERS TRICKED.

(An à propos Duologue.)

She (with resolution). CHARLIE, I want to ask your pardon. I have made a mistake.

He. Yes, dear; which of them?

She. You shall not put me out by sneering. Yes, I have made a mistake; and when I make a mistake, I do not fail to acknowledge it.

He. Quite right, dear. Nothing like having a congenial occupation.

She. CHARLIE, we came back to town prematurely.

He. Yes, dear; we certainly curtailed our stay in Paris a little to allow of your purchasing that pretty bonnet.

She. It cost a lot of money, CHARLIE.

He. It did, dear; but I did not grudge

it, as you and the shop girl said it was of the first mode and the greatest novelty in Paris.

She. Yes, CHARLIE; and I believed her.

He. Well, I am sure that the three or four days we cut off were well worth it, to buy the bonnet.

She. How good, how noble of you to say so!

He. Not at all; I was really glad to get back to the club. And you have your bonnet—a real genuine French bonnet! And the most Parisian shape imaginable.

She (with an effort). The shape is not Parisian.

He. Not Parisian! Where does it come from?

She. I see from a ticket in the lining it was made in the Edgware Road.

[Tears and curtain.]

WONDERS AT A WEDDING.

(An Introspective Record.)

Wonder if it is going to be a fine day.
Wonder if I can manage to put in one more quiet smoke after breakfast.

Wonder if the Best Man will miss his train, get married to the Bride, or mixed up with the Bridesmaids, offer me a cigarette instead of the Ring at the critical moment, put my hat in the pulpit or some other inappropriate place, or what he will be up to.

Wonder why I've got such a tremendous appetite at lunch. I've been eating for three-quarters of an hour, and am still hungry.

Wonder how much longer it will be before her father turns up with her. I've been acting as general pew-opener to the congregation for the last half-hour.

Wonder if the Bride will shake the rice out of her hair after we have faced the battle of *confetti*, harvest decorations, and other missiles outside the church.

Wonder if she has sufficiently smudged the newly-painted name on her travelling-trunks. These little points, if unattended to, do give the show away so on your honeymoon-trip.

Wonder if my old serge suit is really too shabby to go away in.

Wonder how many wrong people I've thanked for their presents.

Wonder if we, and the blood-relations, and the company generally, will part friends after being dragged into the wedding-group to be photographed.

Wonder if I've forgotten to invite any of my third-cousins-twice-removed, and how many people will scratch at the last moment.

Wonder if I have got everything packed.
Wonder if all the luggage has gone on first.

Wonder if we shall catch the train.

[Left wondering.]

White Mokes (in One Verse).

With Apologies to Mr. Kipling's "White Horses."
See the new weekly "Literature."

ENOUGH of your curdled hollows—
Enough of the KIPLING wind—
Enough of the moaning groundswell—
I wish it were left behind!
If "braying" is done by horses,
What wonder the word "abroad"
Should be used by our wild white RUDYARD
As a Cockney rhyme to "Lord."

WHAT'S IN NAMES?

In Spite of Fate is the title of Mr. SILAS HOCKING's successful new novel. It cannot help being a S-Hocking story! And that it should be illustrated by Mr. REASON is certainly most suggestive. Next, please! Rhyme illustrated by Reason.

Then there is another by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT, *The One I knew the Best of All*, a memory of the mind of a child, illustrated by Mr. REGINALD BIRCH. Poor dear child! Illustrated with cuts of Birch! Birch ought to associate his work with HALL CAINE. BIRCH, CAINE & Co. for a Christmas book! Ugh!

Equally appropriate to the title, *The Haughtyshire Hunt*, to be published by BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., in November, is the name of its author, FOX RUSSELL. The story ought to be good from cover to cover, and that Fox ought to show us some good sport; of gorse he ought.



A GLOOMY PROSPECT.

FIRST LABOUR LEADER. "I SAY—THINGS ARE LOOKING PRECIOUS BAD!"

SECOND LABOUR LEADER. "BAD!! WHY, WE SHA'N'T GET *OUR* PAY NEXT!!!"





English Tourist. "HOW EVER DO YOU KEEP WARM WADING LIKE THAT THIS WEATHER?"
 Old Scot. "WHUSKEY, NAETHING BUT WHUSKEY! I JUST TAK' A BOTTLE A DAY. MAN,
 IT'S GRAND FOR THE CIRCULATION. MY WIFE SAYS WHEN I FIT MY HEAD IN THE WATER
 IN THE MORNINO, SHE CAN HEAR IT FIZZLE!"

THE PLUMBER.

(A New Chapter of an Old Book.)

..... THE White Rabbit was holding a jam tart in his paw, but he suddenly stopped eating.

"What's the matter?" cried ALICE, as he clutched his paw convulsively over the lower part of his waistcoat. "Have you got a pain anywhere?"

"Pain!" ejaculated the Rabbit. "Pain isn't the word for it. Did you ever live on jam tarts for a fortnight?"

"I can't say I did," replied ALICE. "But if they make you feel so ill, why do you go on eating them?"

"Why?" groaned the White Rabbit. "Because I can't help it. If I don't eat jam tarts I must starve. There's nothing else to be had. The cook's turned out of the kitchen—can't so much as toast an oat, so we have to send round to the baker, and the only thing he can give us is jam tarts."

"But why? Has anything happened?"
 The White Rabbit's face turned pale. "Sh! The frost," he said. "The boiler pipe has burst, and," he added, his voice sinking to a nervous whisper, "the Plumber is in possession!"

ALICE looked bewildered. "You don't understand?" he said. "Very well, then; come and see."

The White Rabbit led the way to the kitchen, and opened the door. The Plumber was leaning against the mantelpiece, smoking black shag. His arms were crossed on his bosom, and his gaze was fixed abstractedly on the ceiling, whilst an empty pewter that stood at his elbow seemed to account for the seraphic smile that played on his countenance. He had taken up half the flooring, he had taken down half the wall, he had pulled the grate to pieces, and the fragments lay scattered about the room.

"There he is!" whispered the White Rabbit. "He's stood there for a fortnight, and heaven knows when we shall get rid of him."

The poor Rabbit looked so unutterably miserable, and the Plumber so abominably self-satisfied, that ALICE felt her indignation roused.

"Well!" she cried. "You're a pretty workman! How much longer are you going to stand there doing nothing?"

The Plumber's eyes travelled slowly along the ceiling and down the wall until they rested on ALICE. "Doing nothing!"

he said. "That's all you amateurs know. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Busy!" cried ALICE. "What are you doing?"

The Plumber blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth. "Attending to the pipe, of course."

The White Rabbit groaned. Whether it was the jam tarts or the pun, ALICE did not know.

"I don't see how you can be doing that," she said. "I know when the pipe freezes—"

"You can't see anything," retorted the Plumber, very rudely, as ALICE thought. "You're only an ignorant amateur."

"I'm not."
 "You are. If you weren't ignorant, you would know that it is not the pipes that freeze, but the water in them."

"Of course, I knew that," ALICE began. But the Rabbit interposed. "Don't argue with him, please," he begged, "or he'll pull all the rest of the house to pieces. And when do you think you will be finished?" he asked, turning to the Plumber with a deprecating smile.

"That depends when I get done," replied the Plumber.

"Of course," said the Rabbit. "And when will that be?"

The Plumber made a mental calculation of the amount of beer left in the cellar. "It might be three weeks, or it might be a month," he said.

"What! to stop a little hole the size of a sixpence!" cried ALICE.

"Ah! you don't know what plumbing is. You've got to find the hole first, don't you see? I may have to pull down the rest of the wall—"

"What! Haven't you found it yet?" asked ALICE. But the White Rabbit clapped his paw over her mouth. "Don't argue with him, for heaven's sake!" he exclaimed. "He'll have the house down about our ears."

"Lucky if it don't come of its own accord," remarked the Plumber. "The foundations are rotten, the drains are rotten, the walls are rotten, the bricks are rotten, and as for that boiler—"

"What? What?" gasped the White Rabbit.

"It may burst at any minute."

The White Rabbit gave a little shriek, and almost fainted with terror.

"It's fizzing now," said the Plumber.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" cried the Rabbit, and seizing ALICE by the hand, he ran off with her as fast as his little legs could carry him. When he had got to what he considered a safe distance, he stopped and listened. "Oh, dear!" he groaned. "It is just going off. I can hear it hubble-bubbling."

But ALICE thought the sound he heard was the chuckling of the Plumber.

"Do you know?" he whispered: "if I could only be sure the Plumber would be blown up, too, I should be almost glad to see my house disappear. I believe it would be the cheapest in the long run."

"I am sure it would," said ALICE.

OUR 'Anay is charmed to hear, on the authority of the *Athenæum*, that "the poems of the Bacchylides" will be published shortly. "O' course," says 'ARRY. "It'll be pictures of the Lidies as likes their 'baccy; takin' it in cig'rets, doncherno. Good old 'Baccy Lidies!"



"The Citizens of London were originally all Barons"



"The Lord Mayor has also a defined and elevated position in all processions leaving this City"



"His (the Lord Mayor's) general powers are also more extensive than is generally supposed"



"The Lord Mayor presides over the Common Halls nor can his presence be dispensed with, except by the appointment in writing under his hand and seal of a locum tenens who must be an Alderman"



"He has the Pass-word of the Tower which admits him at all hours of the Day or night"



"On the 29th of September the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs go from this Mansion House in full state at half past seven o'clock"

"Aldermen who have passed the Chair wearing their hoods and chains;..."



"The officers in full dress with their sewans A crossbar is presented to each by the Hall-keeper"



CEREMONIALS AND RECORDS OF THE CITY OF LONDON!

(Official Extracts Unofficially Illustrated!)



First Urchin. "FIFTH O' NOVEMBER, SIR! ONLY A COPPER, SIR! JIST A PENNY, SIR!"
 Second Urchin. "LET 'IM ALONE. CAW'NT YER SEE 'E'S ONE OF THE FAMILY!"

TOBY M.P.'S PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

I.



The world is not lacking in Parliamentary Guides. There is the time-honoured *Dod*, the veracious *Vacher*, and others. None, however valuable or estimable, attempt to fill a gap long neglected. The newspaper reader constantly comes across phrases in Parli-

mentary Reports glibly uttered in the House, with the assumption that every one knows exactly what they mean. If they don't, they should; and so no matter. The simple design of this work, primarily conceived in the interests of new Members of the House of Commons, will, it is humbly trusted, be not without interest and advantage to the public at large.

"The New Member took the Oath and his Seat."—In pursuance of a resolution dated February 23, 1688, new Members returned after a General Election are introduced to the Table between two Members, making their obeisances as they go up, that they may be the better known to the House." So the ancient order runs, and new Members will do well to observe its spirit as well as its letter. On being introduced to the Table, they should bear

themselves with frank cordiality, shaking it warmly by the leg, and inquiring after the health of the family. Much depends upon first impressions. The new Member should make the most of this opportunity.

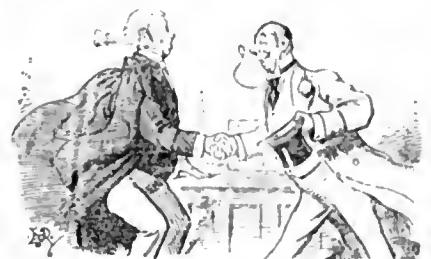


"Executes a dance on approaching the table."

If, walking up the floor escorted by the two Members, he were to halt midway and execute a few steps of a dance, it would be pleasing, as testifying to a light heart, and a disposition to entertain.

The Clerk at the Table.—Having completed the ceremony of introduction to the Table, the new Member will find awaiting him a gentleman in wig and gown. This is the Clerk. Ordinarily, new Members, observing his hand outstretched, place in it the certificate of the Clerk of the Crown that the return to the writ is duly made. That is a mistake, and though the Clerk says nothing, being of retiring disposition, long-suffering under this persistent error, he feels it none the less. The new

Member should seize the extended hand, heartily shake it, and in tones indicative of keen interest, ask, "How is Mrs. Kruger?" or whatever the name of the Clerk may be. This he will be careful to



Shaking hands with the Clerk!

ascertain beforehand. No man likes to be asked after some other man's wife under the impression that she is his own.

Time's Protest.

"If Time permit." Egregious man,
 To put the blame on *Edax Rerum!*
 One section of you makes a plan,
 The other does his best to queer 'em.
 Penelope's web is still your model,
 One party-spinner just begins it;
 Another tries, by tedious twaddle,
 To unravel fast as t'other spins it.
 If thus you waste your work and wit,
 In your mad spirit of modernity,
 To finish aught Time won't permit,
 Nor, for that matter, would Eternity!



PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.

Obliging Cornet. "WANTS A BOB EASY, DON'T YER? WELL, NEXT ROAD BUT ONE—NUMBER THREE—OLD GENT ILL—BUY YOU OFF IN TWO MINUTES IF YOU GIVES IT 'EM STRONG!"

THE HEATHEN.

(Perverted from the Manx.)

BLIZZARDO! BLIZZARDO!! BLIZZARDO!!!

It was on all the Hilarity sandwiches. Enigmatic as it might appear to the common crowd, for one this simple iteration was pregnant with meaning. That one was ALLELUIA GROUSE, seated at the time in an automatotor, going neither she nor the driver knew exactly whither. At first she had failed to take it all in. You know how trying it always is when you come straight out of the comparative retirement of a nunnery into the whirl and glare of the Metropolis, with its omnibuses and heady gas-lights. It was only during one of the vehicle's involuntary pauses that she began to grasp the purport of the posters. It was her love, her LUKE BLIZZARD, the chaste dream of her childhood, who, under the thin veil of an Italian pseudonym, was to make sport for the sensual multitude in a music-hall. How changed from the LUKE of those dear, dead days of innocence, when they climbed the tree of knowledge together, he in flannels, she in a lily jersey and her own ruby curls!

Suddenly from without, through the Great Horseless Carriage-window sprang the nunnery bull-pup, *Sandowski*. The faithful creature had been following her into the wide, wide world on the petroleum-cistern, from which he had displaced three extra passengers, eating a small piece of each. Ah! he at least had not changed: life, then, was not all illusion!

These meditations were rudely interrupted by a diversion on the part of the automatotor. The machine had been supernaturally arrested at the very door of the Hilarity. Gorgeous equipages were depositing fair women in music-hall cloaks and satin shoes; also brave men in patent leather and shirt-fronts: some with three studs, some with two, some with one. A momentary doubt assailed her. The pit! Its very name was associated in her guileless mind with the eventual end of the ungodly! But curiosity, the fatal passion to know the worst, overcame her scruples. She entered the vestibule, closely pursued by *Sandowski*. The portal guardian attempted to oppose the entrance of the bull-pup. "Mark him, *Sandowski*!" she

said; and the man retired abashed. The same unstudied tact carried her past a row of brilliant flunkeys, and easily secured her a seat in the front row of the pit. The dog, not easily astonished, curled his lithe form under her feet.

For a time she forgot her object in the novelty of the scene, about which the reader, if he has not had the author's advantages, ought to be told something. An interval was on. Clouds of rank tobacco-smoke, very distressing to many ladies of the aristocracy, obscured the *proscenium*; while champagne for the front seats, and beer for the back, flowed in open conduits down the *radii* and *diazomata* of the *auditorium*. *Sandowski* noticed this, and helped himself. At length the band began to play. The music had reference to the new performer, not to the one who had gone off ten minutes before. A lady came on and sang something about another lady's back-hair, and the place where it hung. ALLELUIA was inexpressibly shocked. She looked round at the shameless faces behind her grinning saucily above their light frock-coats (a popular form of apparel in the pit). "Such," she said to herself, "are the nightly pleasures of our people. O my country, my country!" Involuntarily she had lapsed into quotation from a Mr. CAINE, gifted Manx expert, and widely recommended to the rising generation of Man.

Presently, a new number was put up. In case it is not generally known that these numbers correspond to those in the programmes, and are slid into picture-frames on the stage by liveried minions, let this fact be no longer concealed. Through the roar of anticipation which shook the Oriental building, ALLELUIA could detect the offensively vulgar phrase, "Good old BLIZZARDO!" She strongly resented this tone of universal proprietorship. Her feet swam under her as she saw a figure, only too familiar, advance jauntily to the footlights, which, it should be said, are placed in the forepart of the stage. Though sadly marred by a false nose and a "bald comic" she readily recognised the speaking features of her love of the old Manx days. Nodding to the audience, he began to sing. Ah! the sweet old song! How often had she heard him give it in her native isle at the Sodor and Man diocesan treats! The same massive baritone, the same persuasive delivery, the same irresistible contortions of the face, allowing, of course, for the change of nose; but, then, how significant that change! how subtly fraught with sinister import!

The song was a little thing in the original Gaelic, which went straight to the heart of every Anglo-Saxon in the house. Innocent as were the words (in the original), they suffered severely from the audience in the process of ignorant translation. The ungovernable licence of the pit lent to them just any meaning that appealed to its low, its deplorably low, taste. The air was thick with innuendos; the floor paved with double intentions. On one of the stoutest slabs stood a philanthropist in a dark cloak, leering suggestively from under his Babylonish sombrero.

But the saddest thing of all was that the singer seemed to approve the improper interpretations of the crowd. Twice he openly winked; once at the trombone, once at the triangle (a three-cornered tinkling instrument); and as he took leave of the audience he had the effrontery to hitch up his trousers at the knee, only slightly, it is true, but enough to discover a portion of pea-green sock in a way that was far from delicate. The effect was instantaneous: it brought down great fragments of the house. With that brute instinct which is often superior to the moral intelligence of fallen man, the dog *Sandowski* emitted a howl; thus drawing upon himself the attention of a Member of the Force (in plain clothes), who proceeded to arrest him for being without a muzzle. In vain a very gallant neighbour declared that he was its guilty owner; for *Sandowski* at once took him in the jaw before being felled to the ground by a blow from the constable's whistle. And even as LUKE BLIZZARD was coming on for his encore, wearing a wreath of damask-roses, the gift of an admirer in the stage-box, ALLELUIA GROUSE was being ignominiously passed on from chuckerout to chuckerout in the wake of her inanimate hound. Her heart was too full to pay much attention to the philanthropist in the Babylonish sombrero, who was just then hovering round the pit-door, taking notes for his new work, *If Mr. Stead went on the Stage*.

Author's Note to the Editor (not necessarily for publication).—Will you earn my profound gratitude by giving publicity to the fact that the above work has been soundly advertised in the *City and Suburban* pulpit? [Certainly not.—Ed.]

WHEN on the first day of Term time most of the Legal Luminaries lightened up the venerable Abbey of Westminster, what an opportunity of improving the occasion was missed by not reading to them something from one of the books of Judges just by way of a "Lesson"!



"AWFULLY BAD SHOT, THAT CHAP. WHO IS HE?" "OH, THAT'S PINKIE, THE ARTIST. HE SHOULD HAVE A GOOD EYE."
 "MUST BE FOR PERSPECTIVE, THEN. SEEMS TO BE ALWAYS AIMING AT THE VANISHING POINT, DON'T YOU KNOW."

SAFE IN PORT.

(A London Bachelor playfully addresses certain Country Sirens.)

FLO, PHYLLIS, DORA, understand,
 Not yours for better or for worse,
 I cannot give you heart or hand,
 But only—all I have—a verse.
 For you has failure been decreed—
 I cannot say that I am sorry—
 And you have had bad sport indeed,
 A silly pack, a worthless quarry!
 You all were clever to extract—
 And it amused me, I confess—
 From common courteous word and act
 A compromising tenderness.
 "Sermons in stones" who finds, I've heard,
 Displays a certain penetration;
 But you—in every civil word,
 You found a lover's declaration!
 You simpered at a "how d'yo do?"
 You blushed in the absurdest way,
 As if I'd any thought of you,
 When I observed, "A charming day!"
 Your tennis party, FLO, was grand,
 Your mother almost asked me whether
 I'd spoken yet (she squeezed my hand)—
 Because—we'd played two sets together!
 I asked you, PHYLLIS, for a song—
 That made me yours at once, I found!
 I came in time to thus belong
 In turn to half the girls around!
 Safety in numbers, I'm advised;
 I let the game go on right gaily,



A Suggestion for the Ladies if their Cape Collars get much higher.

And managed to get "compromised"—
 But with a different Siren daily!

Now when the hour of tea occurs,
 No doubt I get my share of "dirt"—
 Consuming cakes and characters,
 Of course you whisper "Shocking flirt!"
 Ah, well! Abuse me, if you must,
 Because your little plans miscarry;
 You'll do no good—or harm, I trust—
 At least you will not make me marry!

THE NEW JUDGE.

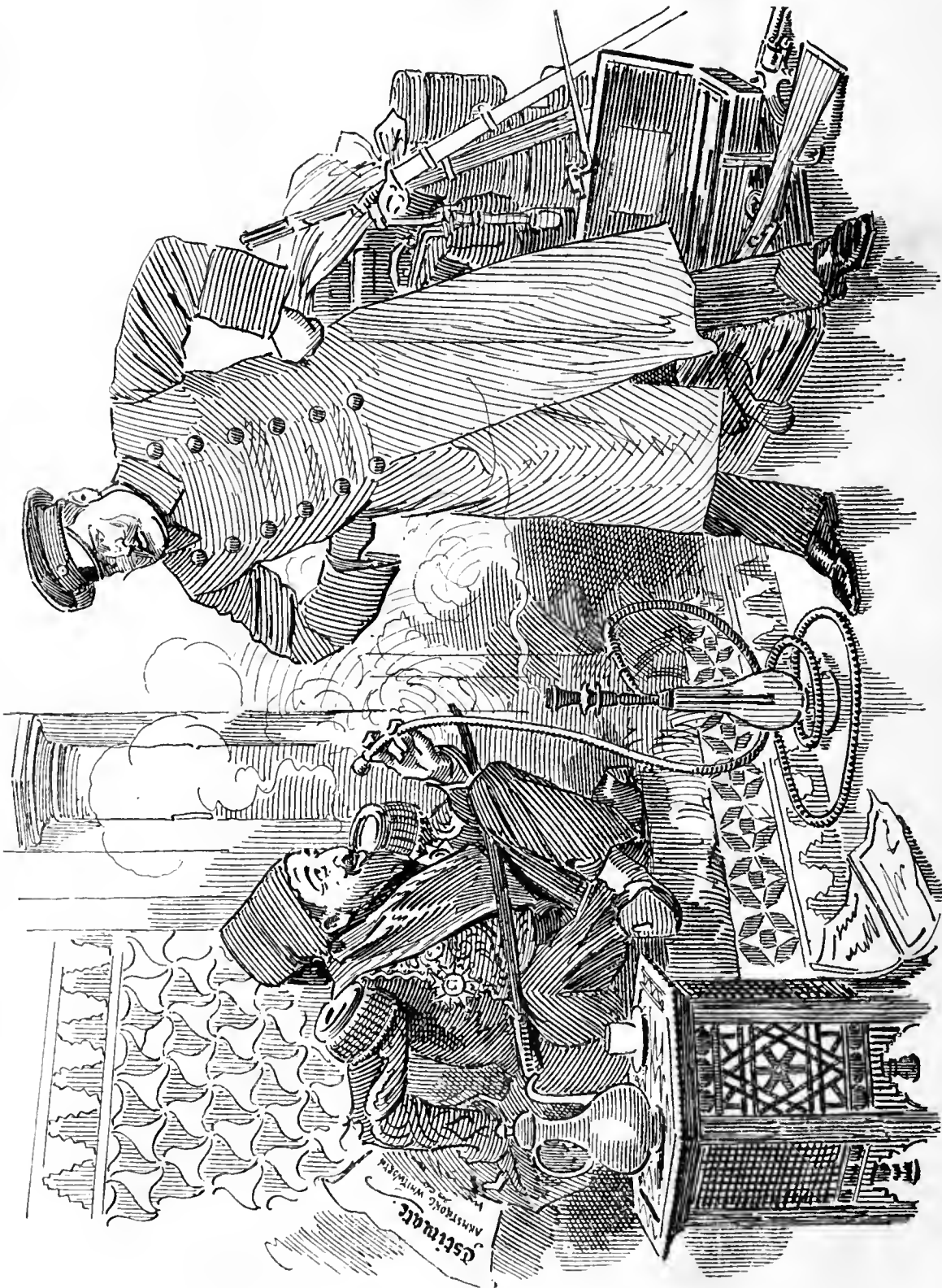
A CORRESPONDENT, who does not reveal his name, but whose address is significant, sends us the following:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Just struck with a brilliant idea. If you want to get to France without going there, disagree with the new Judge. Then you'll be crossing the Channell!
 Yours, &c.,
 Padded Room, Hanwell.

THE solution of the Eastern Question, to use Lord SALISBURY'S phrase, remains "within the domain of prophecy." Then by all means let us secure the profit.

SUGGESTED AS A SEASONABLE RACE FOR LICENSED VICTUALLERS.—A Pint-to-Pint Steeplechase.

SUITABLE NAME FOR THE NEW BELUWAYO RAILWAY.—The Colossus of RHODES.



"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

Imperial "Traveller" (to H. I. M. the Sultan). "I'VE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO YOU, AND IF YOU SHOULD BE WANTING ANYTHING IN THE CANNON OR RIFLE WAY, YOU REALLY MUST GIVE US THE ORDER."

[Sir Andrew Noble was in Constantinople with the object of getting for Armstrong's firm the order for the re-arming of Turkey, but the prospect of it is succeeding is small, as the order will almost certainly go to German firms.—Daily Papers.]

THE CRY OF THE CORONER.

["The London coroners . . . have organised themselves into an 'Association' . . . They have just addressed a circular to the County Council complaining that they are underpaid. . . . It is all very sad; especially as we notice by the latest volume of the Council's statistics that the Chairman of the 'Association' appears to be only receiving £2,244 per annum."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

You may talk of the briefless that hattens
On a crust at the close of the day,
Of the curate whose family fattens
On a second-rate scavenger's pay;
You may post your fraternal remittance
To the hungry locked-out engineer—
What of us, with our pitiful pittance
Or a couple of thousand a year?

And the work! Why, the work's never finished!

You may think it is over, but tush!
If the accidents should be diminished
The suicides come with a rush.
And the babies! We seem to be at 'em
The whole of our weary career,
And they don't add a half-penny, drat 'em!
To our couple of thousand a year.

Then, when there are any explosions,
We have to establish our courts,
And the Government vex our emotions
By calling for lengthy reports.
Oh! the sorrows that wear out the soul of
The coroner! Isn't it clear
That it's simply a scandal, this dole of
A couple of thousand a year?

ELECTORAL JOYS.

JUST BEEN invited to sit—I mean stand—for Grimyville, great working-class constituency. Must declare for eight-hours day, toady the Union, and generally pose as friend of horny-handed son of toil. Call on Mr. JOHN BIOWORDS, Secretary of Amalgamated Union of Nailwhackers and Confederated Trades Association, the great Labour Leader, and ask his advice re my electoral campaign. Discover him smoking choice Cabana and drinking HEIDSIECK'S Dry Monopole. After declining drink, I explain my mission. L. L. smiles in superior manner, and says,

"Wot you want to do, guv'nor, at the workin' man's meetin' to-night, is to pitch 'em the tale. Wot's that? Oh! just a bit of the usual. 'Ere's a few things to say. Tike 'em dahn on yer notes. Fust of all, tell 'em they're not men at all, but slaves, crushed under the iron 'eel o' the oppresser. Wot? You say as they're gettin' good wages? Well, o' course they are. Wot's that got to do with it? Then tork abaht the bloated haristocracy, and say w'y should the pore man work, an' give the sweat of 'is brah to keep the oppresser in leisured hopulence? Don't forgit that word, hopulence: it 'its 'em, I tell yer, strite. You says they won't understand wot it means? That don't make no difference; it sahdns well, and that's orl you got ter think abaht. After you done this, speak contemptuous abaht the soldier hofferers as gilded popinjays. Wot does that mean? Oh, I dunno! You're too pertickler, guv'nor, you are. You try an' work 'em up for a strike, that's your game. 'Ow do yer work a strike? Oh, easy! Jest go an' say, 'W'y should they be dahn-trodden, w'y ain't they as good as the marsters, an' w'y should the Capitalist suck their berlud?' and the job's as good as done. Don't you fear! It's the easiest



The Rev. Mr. Henpecked (examining boys in Natural History). "Now, SAMMY SMITH, WHAT IS THE MASCULINE OF VIXEN?" Sammy Smith (promptly). "VICAR, SIR."

thing in the world for to make men berleeve they're binjured hinnocents."

I venture to ask Mr. Biowords, "Why get up strike if not necessary?"

"Not necessary, be blowed! Wot 'ud become o' me and my bloomin' pals, an' our salleries, an' cigars, and shampain, if we didn't 'ave no strikes! Garn an' stuff yerself!"

Decline to garn and stuff myself, but take down in note-book all I have been told, and, like *Oliver*, "ask for more." Mr. B. waxes confidential.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor, you tork abaht eight hours! Wot I says is, w'y should the workin' man work for even eight hours? Bust it! I arks you, w'y should the workin' man work at all?"

Feel so overpowered by this stupendous proposition that I depart in silence.

Have addressed my first meeting, and returned whole. Did very well until I came to the "gilded popinjays," when

audience arose as one man, and, amidst shouts of "What about the Gordons?" made for platform. I made for home, and did best on record to hotel. Splendid hall for political speeches; such excellent private way from platform over roofs of several houses into side street. Shall avoid subject of gilded popinjays during rest of electoral campaign.

A PROUD day for Eastbourne, which now has the Duke of DEVONSHIRE for Mayor. Yet does it not suggest that the town will be submerged? Is it not "*Eastbourne-sous-mer*?"

Before the School Board Election.

Blosker (to JOSKER). Wot I wants yer to do on the polling day is to tell me where to make my mark on the helevated hedication ticket.

LATEST NEWS FROM KLONDIKE.—The output of cold has been unprecedented.



Miss Candid. "Oh, Mr. De Tiring, I was at Home yesterday when you called; but you are such an awful Bore, you know, I was compelled to send you away."



Learned Judge. "Before adjourning the Court to-day, I wish to state that I have been guilty of Betting, at a 'Place' within the meaning of the Act. I therefore fine myself a sum of Twenty Pounds and costs, coupled with a severe reprimand."

[**"A POLICEMAN'S CONSCIENCE.**—Police-superintendent ROBERTS, of Torquay, has won a splendid reputation for impartiality. He even punishes himself for breaches of the law. The other night while cycling home from Brixham his lamp went out, and yesterday he appeared before the magistrate, in response to a summons issued by himself against himself. He said a clergyman spoke to him on the subject, and this brought the offence to his notice. He was fined 5s."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

NO. II.—TO THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

RESPECTED JOSEPH,—Pray note the humility with which I open upon you. To a person of your disposition it may seem presumptuous that one who is not even *notus tibi nomine* should venture to address you. Blood-curdling stories are told of the all but feminine anger with which it is your custom to visit the most trivial offence to your dignity or to the esteem in which you hold yourself. "That sort of thing," you have been heard to say, "I never forgive and never forget." Has not your face grown pale with suppressed fury while some unrepentant Radical, Mr. ASQUITH, let us say, or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, or Mr. JOHN MORLEY, reminded you and his other hearers that once you too were even as other Radicals, that you taunted the aristocratic non-toilers and non-spinners amongst whom you now delight to dwell, and propounded to an astonished world a doctrine of ransom which, though you never explained it even to yourself, earned for you the name and reputation of JACK CADE? And how your lips must have tightened when minor Tories, whose tongues one might have thought would be privileged by contact with your boots, presumed to write patronising letters about you in the *Times*, pointing out that you were not quite so bad as you were made out, and that, after all, you did make yourself reasonably useful to the Tories in spite of your occasional endeavours to claim too much for yourself and your little knot of hangers-on! All these things are dreadful. And then there is Lord LONDONDERRY. He does not mention your name, but he trounces the Government, of which we know you are the spokes-



Of course, the "Automatic Conscience Clearer" for minor offences would soon be immensely popular. We beg to offer the above suggestion. N.B.—The Inventor has been provisionally protected.



Master Bob. "Please, Ma, will you kindly chastise me? I've been at the Jam again!"



Cabby (at police-station). "'Ere, I've just charged a fare Sixpence too much, and I want a summons out against meself."

man (ominous word, not unconnected with the stoppage of wheels!), and with an almost terrifying audacity he abuses "*My Policy*" and "*My Social Programme*." Where is Lord LONDONDERRY to languish? In what remote and gloomy dungeon is this rash owner of collieries to drag out the remaining years of his miserable life? Has Mr. JESSE COLLINGS yet selected for him the special varieties of bread and water on which he is to support existence? And that reminds me. Most of us have the JESSE COLLINGS we deserve. But no other JESSE COLLINGS that I have met ever displayed a faith so sincere, or a devotion so touching as that which your bland and imperturbable adorer lavishes upon you. Why should we vex our minds with musty memories of DAMON and PYTHIAS, or HARMODIUS and ARISTOGIRON? To me, I declare, the JOSEPH and JESSE of the present day are worth more in their happy alliteration than all the inferior twin-friends of past ages.

So there are compensations—of a sort. And on the whole you have had a fairly successful year, not sufficiently brilliant, of course, to warrant you in imitating POLYCRATES by casting some treasured object—JESSE, it may be—into the sea, but quite reasonably successful for all that. Not for nothing did the Colonial Premiers visit our jubilating shores. Careless observers might suppose that they were here to do honour to the QUEEN, to prove by their presence the vastness and the freedom of her Empire. I (and you) knew better. It was to swell *your* triumph, my dear JOSEPH, that they turned their course to England, and it may be added that they and the world at large were not allowed to forget the object of their visit. Did the intoxication (I speak in metaphor) of all those dinners and speeches, and of the art-

fully-devised eulogies that these unsuspecting Statesmen lavished upon you cause you to forget for a moment that rugged old Boer President who, whatever else may be said against him, proved himself more than a match for the dapper coxswain chief of our Colonial Office? Was there not a brand-new patent scheme of Home Rule for the Rand which burst upon a puzzled public after the Jameson Raid? Where is it now? And that polite but prematurely-published invitation to Mr. KRUGER, what has become of it, and when, oh, when, is it to be accepted? And there are still rude and prying ruffians who want to know about a batch of telegrams, and go about declaring that you are far too clever and cunning to have been so ignorant and so innocent as you wish to be believed. Of your declaration as to what a public man may do, and yet maintain his honour unscathed, the less said the better. Not often has the House of Commons listened to so amazing a discourse on the ethical value of deceit, intrigue and evasion.

Well, well, there are flies in every politician's pot of ointment, and it is fair to remember that, owing chiefly to your own care, the pot you possess is not a small one, and your ointment is of the very best. But be warned, my dear JOSEPH, be warned. It is not much, of course, to have an attractive and amiable personality. Many men have that who will never make a stir in the world. And to be modest or courteous will not secure immortal fame. But a trace here and there of amiability, of modesty, of courtesy to opponents, might possibly be useful. After all, you did not invent the British Empire, and some of us had heard of the Colonies before you became their Secretary of State.

Commend me to Mr. COLLINGS, and believe me to be

Yours respectfully, THE VAGRANT.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

IN reviewing a recently-published collection of "Nursery Rhymes," a daily paper remarks that "such productions as these must surely have had their day," and points out that modern children cannot be expected to find pleasure in such "barbarous jingles." While recognising the force of this criticism, Mr. Punch feels that it would be a pity if these old stories were entirely forgotten, and he therefore recommends their re-publication in a style more in accord with the literary tastes of the day. The following tale may serve as an example of what the nursery-story should be when re-written for youthful decadents. It is entitled:

NOCTURNE IN BLACK-AND-BLUE.

The subtle colour-harmony was fading from the Western sky, and JACK awoke from his reverie, the material prose of this squalid world resurging strongly in his inmost soul. "Pah," he exclaimed to his fair companion. "How vain is all our life! A few golden hours have we snatched, my JILL; all this afternoon have we been dead to the world—dead to ourselves—free from the thrall of the insistent present. Forgetting to analyse this complex transcendent *Ego* that lures us to despair, we have enjoyed a sensuous, pagan, objective interlude. In fact, we have made dear, delightful mud-pies. And, as a consequence, my hands are not clean, and you, my JILL, have a large lump of mud on your nose. Let us"—he shivered slightly—"return to the house, to the sordid environment of the Philistines, and let us wash."

JILL clasped her hands, and her voice trembled with passion as she replied, "Oh, not in the house, JACK, not in the house! Its atmosphere chokes me—stifles me. Let us rather ascend to the hill-top, the hill-top sweet with the fresh fragrance of the breeze, and let us thence bring down the necessary pail of water!"

JACK's eyes were moist with tears.

"JILL, forgive me. You are right—you are always right. Yes we will climb together—always together. See, I will hold you tightly by the scruff of your neck—thus—and run you up in no time. Nay, do not kick my shin. To the hill-top, where, perchance, we shall find Mr. GRANT ALLEN and his company of heroines—to the hill-top, where the pure fountain of translucent water bubbles forth. Are you ready? Go!"

And with a loud scream JACK pushed the struggling JILL towards the slope, where they vanished in the twilight. Ever thus should it be, man and woman, boy and girl, climbing the hill of Fate together!

Two shrieks ring through the startled air.

"Hold tight, you silly fool!"

"JACK, I'm falling! I'm falling!"

A crash; two sickening bumps on the hard ground, and silence.

JACK lay in bed. His injuries were terrible, and we will now,



A TEST CASE.

Hairdresser. "AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MADAM!"

Sable Beauty. "I WANT MY HAIR WAVED FASHIONABLY, IF YOU PLEASE!"

in accordance with the spirit of true realism, describe each of his wounds in detail . . . (It seems well to omit a lengthy paragraph here.) Around his head was paper, paper sombre, darkly-brown in hue. The air was redolent of some mystic, subtle fragrance, unspeakably searching and strange—the smell, in fact, of vinegar.

"My world is dark!" sobbed the poor sufferer. "For one brief moment I saw stars, gracious, golden, gleaming stars, and then the same eternal greyness! We have failed, JILL and I, we have failed."

"Nay," cried the dauntless JILL, whose bandaged face reposed upon the pillow of the adjoining cot, "say not so, my JACK. Hereafter once again shall we seek the hill, once again shall we climb its terrifying height—and then—and then—"

Her voice faltered. Some soot fell down the chimney. The clock on the mantelpiece struck. It was midnight.

An Egyptian Difficulty.

Anxious Inquirer (to flippant friend). I say, what is the Sirdar in Egypt?

Flippant Friend. My dear fellow, I never heard an ab-sirdar question. [Exit.]

QUERIES AND NOTES.—What would be an excellent name for a Derby winner to be bestowed on him after he has won? As to names, of course he had one before he won, but afterwards, why not change it to *Asbestos*, since of all the starters he will have genuinely come out as best 'oss?

CORRECT MOTTO FOR THE EASY SHAVEN.—Nothing like lather!



The Rector's Wife. "JUST SEE HOW SHAMEFULLY THAT MISS DASHWOOD IS FLIRTING OVER THERE WITH THAT INDIAN GENTLEMAN!"
The Major. "AH! SHE EVIDENTLY BELIEVES IN THE 'FORWARD POLICY'!"

DARBY JONES ON THE LIVERPOOL CUP.

HONOURED SIR,—Full of honours as a Field-Marshal at the conclusion of Successful Warfare, I nevertheless rouse myself from the Apathy which invariably besets a Turf Sybarite, who has provided himself with some eider-down quilts and cases of tawny port for the Winter. I think, Sir, that you, with that acumen for which you are renowned from the North Pole to Tasmania, and even further, will acknowledge that in presenting *St. Cloud* to your notice and that of your readers for that classic event the Cambridgeshire Handicap, I did not err far from the spot, which is not barred on the turf. We must not, however, depreciate Sir WILLIAM INGRAM's victory, the news of which illustrated his confidence in his trainer.

But now, honoured Sir, let us to the future, not the past. Poor as I am in poesy, faulty as I am in rhyme, I nevertheless again venture to bound on the mount Parnassus, carrying, as I fully believe, the name of the hero of the Autumn Event associated with the whilom haunt of that apparently extinct waterfowl, the picturesque Liver. Indeed, anyone sending me a Live Liver will be amply rewarded. (This in parenthesis while the Muse is getting up steam.) Here goes, after a peaceful and bardlike slumber:—

For me one, two, three,
 Is the *Man of the Sea*,
 But beware of the *Fowl of the Stream*.
 And the *Green of the Sward*
 In the judge's award
 Has run close with the *Duke's* in my dream.
 On the *Maid who can laugh*
 Have an eye for a place,
 But through folly and chaff
 'Tis the *Jerseyman's* race!

Such, honoured Sir, is my unbiassed opinion, strengthened by what Little Acumen I have derived from sharpening my brains on the Noddles of more respectable citizens. Trusting that you are profiting by my Insight into the Ways of Owners, Horses, and, may I add, Jockeys plus Trainers, I beg to remain,
 Always, honoured Sir,
 Your devoted running footman and
 peripatetic prophet, DARBY JONES.

RESTFUL.—"The Benin City of to-day," wrote the *Times* correspondent, "is now a city of Peace." It might be the Benign City. We've Be(e)n-in and we're not coming out again.

"TRUE TIME."—Professor JOHN MILNE has been issuing circulars inquiring as to the exact time of day everywhere. What a sharp chap the Professor will become! Wherever he goes he'll "know what o'clock it is!"

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

[Judge VAN WYCK, the newly-elected Mayor of New York, "has no history. The most notable incident in his career is his success at a feeding competition."—*Daily Chronicle*, Nov. 3, 1897.]

CONGRATULATIONS to New York!
 She has achieved her proud ambition—
 A Mayor who plies stout knife and fork,
 Who's won a feeding competition!

Now let her pile for him the feast,
 Course after course, in her elation!
 She won't, in this respect, at least,
 Excel our ancient Corporation.

Our Lord Mayor's guests are all agreed
 That holders of that proud position
 Know just as well the way to "feed"—
 Albeit "not for competition!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—Mr. DAVID P. SELLAR (whose name a snuffing person might pronounce Mr. Pea-Sheller, but very far from being a green pea-sheller), who has offered to give two hundred pictures, his "Old Dutch," Italian and English, to the nation, should the President of the R.A. and council approve, will be remembered as Mr. D. P. "DONOR," not "SELLAR." Surely, if the pictures be genuine, they are better removed from a "cellar," and placed in the best light possible.



THE TAMMANY TERRAPIN AND THE CITY TURTLE.

TAMMANY TURTLE. "WA-AL, BROTHER TURTLE, WE'RE IN TOGETHER. WE'LL MAKE A GOOD THING OF IT FOR OURSELVES—AND FRIENDS. EH?"

CITY TURTLE. "SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, BROTHER TERRAPIN. OVER HERE WE'VE AN OLD-WORLD PREJUDICE IN FAVOUR OF HONESTY."





ON THE WAY TO COVERT.

Perks (immensely pleased with his new Mount). "PICKED HIM UP BY AUCTION FOR A MERE SOG. SAID TO BE WONDERFUL JUMPER—IN FACT, NOTHING STOPS HIM!"

(Unhappy Thought.) NOT EVEN BRIDLE!

TOBY, M.P.'S PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

II.

Black Rod.—This is a high functionary of the other House. From time to time he visits the Commons, bearer of a message summoning the hon. House to hear the Royal Assent given to certain Bills. Usage requires that Black Rod should walk slowly up to the Table, his eyes fixed on the Speaker with cataleptic stare. Thrice he bows, and pulling short up at the Table, delivers his message—if he can remember it. This done, he retires backwards, bowing as before. For a Member of ready wit, here is an opening for sport. If he can quietly approach Black Rod whilst he stands at the Table, and furtively thrust a pin into his black silk-stockinged calf, Black Rod's consequent movements lead to some merriment.

This device, once popular, fell into disrepute in the case of a functionary now no more. He was noted for the shapeliness of his legs, the calves perhaps erring a little in the direction of fulness of curve. One



"Black Rod."

day, a frolicsome Member, getting into position, used a pin with skill and force. Black Rod took no notice; went on with his message as if nothing was the matter. Which seemed uncanny.

A more popular proceeding in later Par-



"The Speaker takes the Chair."

liaments has been for a Member, timing the return journey (backwards as aforesaid) of Black Rod, to lie prone in his pathway. That never fails to bring down the House as well as Black Rod. The new Member, anxious to make his mark, should take the earliest opportunity of achieving this feat.

The Speaker takes the Chair.—This phrase, familiar through the Session, flashes an interesting light on ancient Parliamentary customs. In the childhood of the Mother of Parliaments, the Chair was (so to speak) the Speaker's perquisite. At the close of each Session, the right hon. gentleman, lifting the Chair on his head, walked out of the House, and so home,

literally "taking the Chair." Other times, other manners. Mr. ABBOT, afterwards Lord COLCHESTER, the Speaker in office when first PITT, then FOX, died, was, the Member for Sark tells me, the last personal appropriator of the Chair.

The difficulty about vested rights and all that is got over by the device of a counter-proposition. When, before the new custom was firmly established, disposition was shown by the Speaker to hoist the Chair and walk off with it, a resolution was promptly submitted that "the Speaker do now leave the Chair." The occasion for this formula does not now exist. The history of its inception is probably forgotten. But it is in use to this day.

Moving the Speaker out of the Chair.—This is a very pretty performance. When well played on both sides, it is even hilarious. The occasion arises when the Speaker, either from a sense of public duty or from pure cussedness (the word is here used in its Parliamentary sense), declines



"Moving the Speaker out of the Chair."



THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO CEREMONIALS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

(Most Unceremoniously Illustrated.)

to go home and let others go. Then you shall see Members, quietly gathering from both sides, suddenly, at a signal, swarm down upon the Chair, and elbow the Speaker out.

Of what beverage does the melancholy cry of a dog with a regulation strap over his nose remind you? The Möselswein [Muzzle-whine].

Light Reading.

Problem.—If you had a lamp weighing twenty pounds, why would it be a very great convenience and a saving of considerable trouble to keep it invariably quite close to another lamp weighing fifteen pounds?

Solution.—Because the lamp weighing twenty pounds would then always be next to a lamp-lighter.

G-G's WHO ALWAYS WIN ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER COURSE.—The Glorious Gordon Highlanders and the Gallant little Goorkhas. Mr. Punch doffs his hat to these noble soldiers of the QUEEN-EMPRESS, and hopes they will always be in the front tier when a military drama is being played in Hindostan.

SYNONYM FOR A WAITER.—"A Plate-layer."

COMIN' THRO' THE ROMANY RYE.

[The *Daily Chronicle*, reviewing Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON's poem, *The Coming of Love*, remarks: "The Romany idiom possesses an immense advantage over our poor, every-day English, in offering at least two new rhymes for 'love,'—'tuv' (smoko) and 'puv' (a field). These are priceless additions to the meagre Saxon stock—'dove,' 'glove,' 'above,' and the impossible 'shove.'" The reviewer does scant justice to Mr. WATTS-DUNTON's liberal ear, which allows him, in this volume, to employ "cove," "move," "grove," "approve," and "rove," to rhyme with this same sound of "love."]

It is the massive gipsy-maid
I think I recognise my Luv;
Hither she walks; I see her wado
Across the sodden turnip-puv*;
O Luv, my Luv!

The lark is tootling in the sky,
Cooos in his cot the wedded duv;
Then wherefore should not you and I
Gambol like rabbits in the gruv?
O Luv, my Luv!

Come, let us fly the wicked world,
And all the simpler pleasures pruv,
For life's a vapour thinly curled,
And human glory ends in tuv,†
O Luv, my Luv!

By stilly ponds and stagnant meres
In solemn silence we will muv,
Or whisper down each other's ears
The trifles we are thinking uv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Or let us from the ocean's marge
Out in an open wherry shuv,
And when the moon is fairly large
Perambulate a sandy cuv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Or, where the sheathèd filbert shoots,
Your dusky hands that scorn a gluv
Shall pluck and pass me fairer fruits
Than tooth of ADAM ever cluv,
O Luv, my Luv!

And if, in case of cold or rain,
We cannot comfortably ruv,
We'll twine our noses on the pane,
Or stew beside the peety stuv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Such dreams, so roseate and warm
My free, erotic fancy wuv,
When first your fine and ample form
Upon my swooning vision huv,
O Luv, my Luv!

You're not, I grant you, free from fault;
Your grammar one might well impruv;
Your brow is tanned a rich cobalt;
But still you are a treasure-truv!
O Luv, my Luv!

And with a creature like my Own,
As tentatively sketched abuv,
Oft have I heard (though never known)
Of poeta who serenely thruv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Then let us fly the wicked world,
And take our chance alone with luv;
For life's a vapour thinly curled,
And all ambitions end in tuv,†
Mere tuv,† my Luv!

* Field. † Smoke.

IN THE MATTER OF A POINTLESS ANECDOTE.

ON the appointment of one of our latest judges, an amusing anecdote was told, illustrating the occasionally strained relations existing between Bench and Bar. The Q. C. one day, finding his Lordship had not arrived punctually to time, employed



Winny (one mile an hour) to Annie (two miles an hour). "SCORCHER!"

the pause in attending to some other business in an adjacent Court. On his return to the original Court, he was greeted with the announcement from the Bench that he had kept his Lordship waiting for five minutes. "Indeed," retorted the Q. C., wittily, "Why, you kept me waiting five and twenty!"

The success of this pointed repartee has encouraged, we believe, a well-known firm of publishers to issue a volume of *Professional Anecdotes*, containing gems of equal purity. We give a few stories that may serve as specimens.

A Field-Marshal, dining at the mess of a line battalion, asked the Colonel to hurry the waiters up, as he wanted to catch a train. The proceedings, however, were of the usual leisurely character, and the officer was thwarted in his endeavour. "You might have made them smarter, Colonel," said the guest. "Utterly impossible," returned the host. "You see, we had not finished our dinner."

An Archbishop, who had to preach at a

country church, was much annoyed by the arrival of the curate (who had to read the prayers) ten minutes late. "I really think you might have kept to time," said the Archbishop. "Very sorry, your Grace," returned the other, "but it was so hot!"

At a consultation of eminent specialists, some delay was caused by the tardy arrival of a country practitioner who had to meet them. "I suppose your train was late," suggested the Senior Medical Baronet. "No," replied the provincial surgeon, "I was only lazy!"

The Court of Appeal, upon calling upon an eminent Q. C. to address them, found that he was non est. The fact had scarcely been ascertained before the silk entered. "We have been waiting for you for the last forty minutes," said the Master of the Rolls. "Indeed," exclaimed the Q. C. "Dear me, while you were sitting here, I was putting on my wig!"

It will be seen from the above specimens that the work—when published—will be deeply interesting.



A PAINFUL INSINUATION.

Butcher. "FOREIGN MEAT, MADAM? I'M SURE YOU DON'T SUPPOSE ME CAPABLE OF SERVING MY CUSTOMERS WITH ANYTHING BUT THE BEST 'OME MEAT!'"

Young Housekeeper. "OH, I DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU *KNEW* IT WAS FOREIGN, BUT I DO THINK THEY HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF YOU AT THE MARKET!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PLEASANTLY chatty, interesting, and amusing, are Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY'S two volumes, entitled, *The Romance of the Irish Stage*. Mr. MOLLOY reminds us of many old stories, and as good old friends, they are most welcome, especially as he appropriately fits them up with well-known names, and cleverly localises them. But of all reminiscences, those concerning PEO WOFFINGTON (whose biographer some little time ago was Mr. MOLLOY) are the most interesting, though occupying but a small space in the two volumes. Hard drinking, ready fighting, horse-play, reckless gambling, and a general happy-go-luckiness were the characteristics of tip-top Irish Society a hundred and fifty years ago. But what wonderful salaries in those days did not the light and leading comedians receive!! Three guineas a week was apparently a tip-top price for a star of the first magnitude, who relied on his benefit to give him such a handsome sum as might be represented by one hundred and fifty pounds clear! It is published by Messrs. DOWNEY & Co., and there is a good photographic reproduction of ROMNEY'S Mrs. JORDAN and Sir JOSHUA'S Mrs. ABINGTON.

Another batch of books, redolent of the festive season, lie waiting inspection. The newest and neatest volume is one of the "Dumpy Series," a delightful collection of short stories by E. V. LUCAS (GRANT RICHARDS), beginning with *The Flamp*. Now, *The Flamp* requires explanation. He is a somewhat strange animal belonging to "the brillig and slithy goves" of nursery literature with a morbid desire for sympathy. His

claims are original, yet they suggest some distinct relationship to the Mock Turtle. Still, he is amusing in his quaintness.

Song Flowers, from a Child's Garden of Verses (GARDNER & Co.), by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. An exquisite little nosegay. The melody of the music by KATHARINE M. RAMSAY suits their freshness, and the drawings by GORDON BROWNE reveal the story of each song. S. R. CROCKETT deemed them worthy a touching introduction. A charming gift this book will make.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH, in *Hoodie* (W. AND R. CHAMBERS), tells of a little girl who, "when she was good was very, very good, and when she was naughty was 'orrid"; and the fascinating culture of horridness, which appeals to most infantile brains, predominated in this child of the nursery. The pathos of a gentle illness, with its accompaniment of nasty physis, restored her moral equilibrium.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

DR. LECHER'S SPEECH.

[The other day, Dr. LECHER spoke in the Austrian Reichsrath for 12 hours.]

O WILHELM, by no means the Silent, look out,
Here's somebody far more loquacious than you!
A speech of twelve hours, a record, no doubt,
Is more than your Majesty even could do.

Unhappily, LECHER, though German in race,
Lives not where the *regis voluntas* is law,
Or else his *lèse-majesté* soon would efface
A traitor who rivalled his sovereign's "jaw."

Vienna is ruled in a different way,
And dignified silence the KAISER might teach
To you, and to others with plenty to say;
The Deputies there are the experts in speech.

But do not be downcast, though LECHER must be
The mightiest speaker this planet has heard,
With suitable training you're better than he,
And able to have—fitting phrase—the last word.

Just visit, *incognito*, London some day,
And practise with all the professors of jaw;
We also have people with too much to say,
Connected with politics, mostly, or law.

Talk with them incessantly, morning and night,
Talk sense or talk nonsense, talk slowly or fast;
Such excellent training will make you all right,
Your jaw will be stronger than LECHER'S at last.

Then challenge your rival to combat of tongues,
For twenty-four hours hold forth, might and main;
You'll beat him in spite of his powerful lungs,
And you'll be the Champion Speaker again.

THE NEW GAME OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.

(Suggested by the Advertisements in a Religious Periodical.)

SCENE—A Parlour. PRESENT—Three Enterprising Females.

First Enterprising Female. What a capital idea it was to advertise in a clerical paper for "two young ladies to try being cook and house-parlour-maid for £14 and £12 a year."

Second E. F. Yes; and to explain that "daughters of clergymen would be preferred." Shall we see how they are getting on?

Third E. F. Why not. We must keep them up to their work. More especially as we promised them "a quiet place." The labour ought to keep them silent, if nothing else does.

Mary (entering on a bell summons). Yes, ladies?

First E. F. Have you cleaned the kitchen chimney?

Mary. Yes, madam; and as I was about it, did the others, too.

Second E. F. Quite right. And you (*turning to JANE, who has entered*), did you sweep down the stairs, wash the steps, do the rooms and mend the linen?

Jane. Yes, madam; and as I thought you might like to see them clean, washed all the windows.

First E. F. And of course you have done all the ordinary house work.

Mary and Jane (together). Yes, madam.

First E. F. Do you want to know anything further?

Mary. Well, madam, you say we are playing a game. How is it going?

Second E. F. Very well indeed. You see, we are getting servants of gentle birth—who shrink from complaining—to do double the ordinary work for half the customary wages.

Mary and Jane (together). And what does that count?

Three E. F. (together). Why, one to us, to be sure!

[Scene closes in upon the discovery.]



A VOCATION MISSED.

Mr. Brown. "LOOK HERE, MARIA. LOOK AT THE YOUNG LADY'S LIGHT TOUCH!"

Mrs. Brown. "EH! WHAT A HAND FOR PASTRY!!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

On the cover, a maiden in a sad violet-coloured gown, trying to catch a wild deluge of green shamrocks, is no surprising preparation for a story of the "distressful country." This figure on the outside is transformed inside to *A Daughter of Erin*, by VIOLET FINNY. It is a romantic tale of a family "of no importance," except that they possess a banshee—the one great hallmark of genuine Celtic respectability, and without which no house is considered complete. (BLACKIE & SON.)

The History of the Horn Book, by ANDREW W. TUEB, F.S.A. (Leadenhall Press), gives the start and decline of the handy form of primer from which our forefathers learnt their A B C, in the days when education was not a matter of compulsion. According to learned research, the Horn Book occasionally served other purposes, such as a battledore or even bat; whilst it became a seductive instrument in a teacher's hand wherewith to impress its contents on some hard-headed youth. Its subtle handiness was not at such moments highly appreciated by the pupil. With graceful allusion to Mr. Punch's advice on a former occasion, the author has inserted two or three specimens of the Horn Book in a pocket at the end of the book. That the names of LINLEY SAMBOURNE, PHIL MAY, PERCY MACQUOID, MISS MAUDE SAMBOURNE are among the many illustrators, speaks volumes for the book.

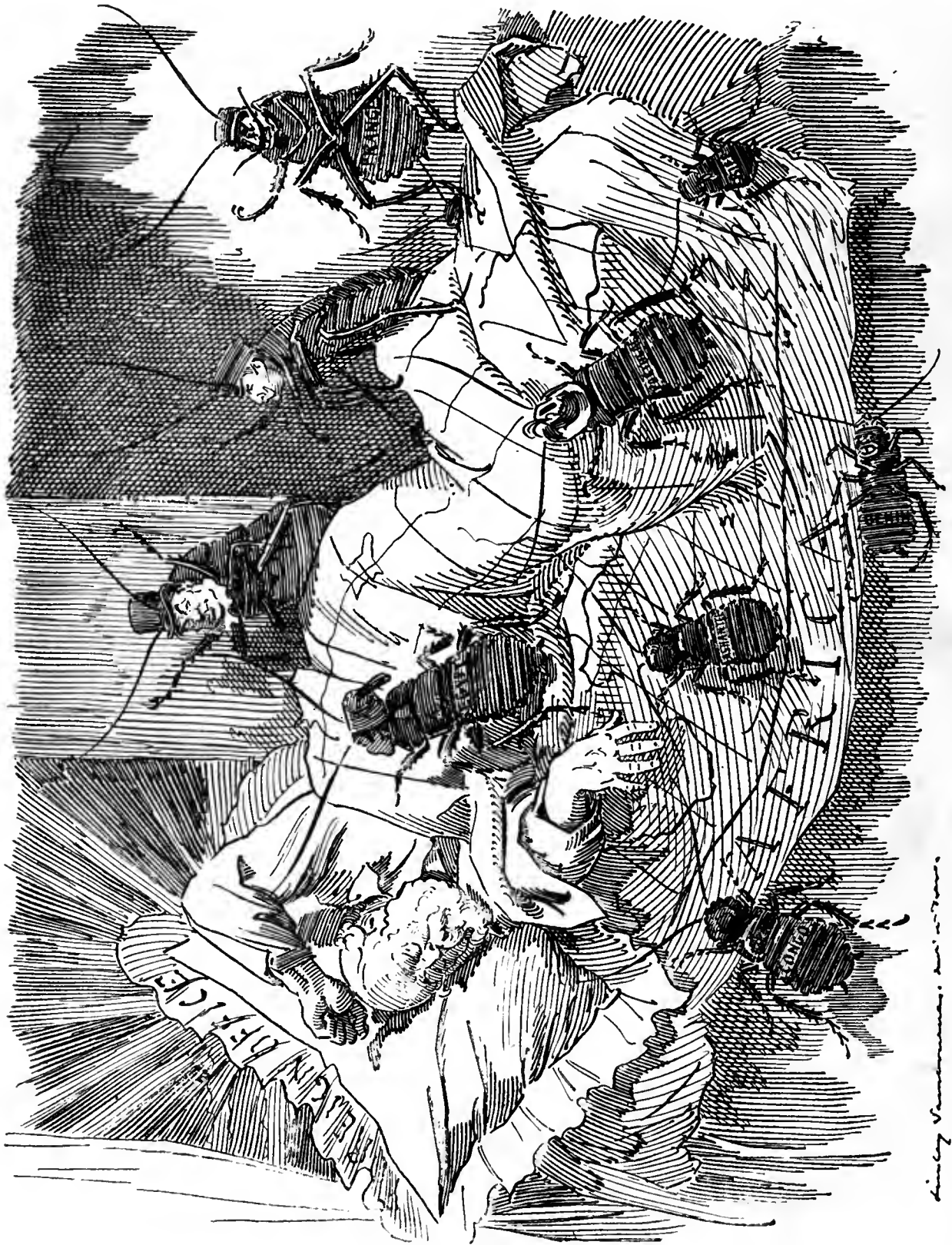
Mr. J. HUNTLY MCCARTHY has added two volumes to his story of *The French Revolution* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). The undertaking of such a task in view of the imposing array of standard works on the subject indicates a bold spirit. With all its proved inaccuracy, CARLYLE'S *French Revolution* still fills the bills. Mr. MCCARTHY, though not quite so picturesque in style, is safer than the Sage on matters of fact. Reading between the lines of his work, it is easy to see that he has spared no pains in the way of consulting authorities. As the last gleaner in a well-swept field, he has the advantage of profiting by the labours of those who have gone before him since CARLYLE brought out his brimful basket. His literary art is equal to the most exacting demands. In particular, it might be imagined that a still young author would shrink from telling over again the story of the Flight to Varennes. Mr. MCCARTHY is not in that mood, and for

breathless interest the chapter need not fear comparison with CARLYLE'S famous and flaming picture.

By the way, the Baron is informed, that in a recent review he twice misspelt Mr. QUILLER COUCH'S name and called him "Crouch." Very hospitable of the Baron to give him a liquid, and here's Mr. QUILLER COUCH'S health! But how much better to be "Crouch" than "Couch," as the latter name implies an article only intended to be sat upon. *Une fois encore à votre santé, Monsieur Canapé!* So far, so good!

The Political Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, illustrated from *Punch* (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), brought up to within measurable distance of its conclusion by the late Mr. E. J. MILLIKEN, and now finished by Mr. H. W. LUCY, must be to every Englishman, no matter to what political party he may belong, or to the philosophic spectator holding aloof from all political parties, and considering them, as did the heathen philosopher of old, "all equally right or all equally wrong," a work of absorbing interest. These three volumes are a most valuable contribution to the political history of our time. The illustrations, by the artists of Mr. Punch's staff, headed by Sir JOHN TENNIEL, give us the chief characters among the *dramatis personæ* in the many and varied epoch-making situations that have occurred during the run of the great political drama in which Mr. GLADSTONE played the principal rôle. THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—It was a "Happy Thought" of Mr. JOHN LATEY'S to turn Klondyke into a little Christmas Gold-mine for himself and his companions in the Golden Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, though what connection there is between Klondyke and a "Hunt Breakfast" as represented in the large coloured picture where those indispensable members of a hunt, namely, foxes, male and female, are all enjoying themselves together, it is at first sight not a little difficult to say. Perhaps these sly foxes are discussing whether it wouldn't be better to be off to Klondyke before the Winter is over, the discussion having been started by the *Star of Klondyke*, the title of Mr. LATEY'S Christmas Number aforesaid, now brought under their notice. Artists and authors have made the *Star of Klondyke* a real brilliancy, or 'twould be better to say, "transparency," as no doubt everybody will get it, and look through it.



A GUILDHALL NIGHTMARE.

["Africa was created to be the plague of the Foreign Office."—*Vida* Lord Salisbury's speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, Nov. 9.]

Henry Vernon

THE REMOTE NIGHT-GOWN.

[Sir H. H. Johnston, in his "Hints as to Dress for British Central Africa," says, anent night-gowns, "I believe these indecent monstrosities linger in remote parts of England, but they have long since been banished from the life of Europeans in the Tropics."]

WHEN condemning our night-gowns,
And calling them fright gowns,

Sir H. makes a grave accusation;
For these very same white gowns,
Although they are light gowns,

Do not merit his hard imputation,
Since for ages they've been
Just the garments unseen

By any known African nation.

Though in countries remote—

Such as England—they vote

For this monstrous "undressification,"

And from England, let's say, to Bombay
or Bahamas,

The night-robe in case holds its own with
pyjamas!

THE BITTER CRY OF THE ESQUIRES.

In pursuance of the address which was communicated on November 12 to the Baronets of England, Ireland, Scotland, Great Britain and the United Kingdom, by an influential committee of that Honourable Order, it is understood that a circular is being drawn up to the following effect by the long-suffering and down-trodden holders of the ancient, but now misused, title of "Esquire":—

We, the members of "The Senior Committee of the Estimable Order of Esquires," being of opinion that an occasion has now arrived when suitable preliminary steps may be taken with a view to establish and maintain the privileges of the Order, do invite as many other esquires as possible to join in the aims as here summarised, for example:—

1. To revive the Royal Warrant of the date April 1, 13th Queen ANNE, in so far as it is ordained that esquires on succeeding to their title should establish their descent from some sort of an ancestor, so as gradually to eliminate the *parvenus*, the *nouveaux riches*, the organ-grinders, cab-runners and potato-can-men, *soi-disant* esquires, from further official recognition.

2. To vary the recent precedency order so as to apply only to esquires who are unable to pay their week's rent, or have lately served a term of penal servitude. To revive the use of the ancient style of "estimable" or "respectable."

3. To assign to the Esquirage like other orders below the peerage, with habit and insignia, that is, coat, collar, and cuffs, the last-named having been provided (at the expense of grammatical training) on credit at any of the Universities throughout the Kingdom.

4. That on the death of each esquire his insignia be returned by his executors to the washerwoman and the dustman respectively (as is the case with the Orders of Gents, Mistrs and Commercial Travellers), to be returned to the next esquire on satisfactorily proving his need of the same.

5. That the relative precedence of the Estimable Order among foreign *croupiers* and *chevaliers d'industrie* should be authoritatively defined.

6. That those esquires whose patents contain the clause by which their eldest sons are entitled to the style of "Mister" on attaining their majority, should send in the names forthwith, in order to have a definite ruling on this important point.



PHIL MA/97.

Traveller. "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO HOLLOW MEADOWS?"

Hodge (who stutters frightfully). "YE-YE-YE-YES. YOU T-T-T-TAKE THE F-F-F-FIRST T-T-T-TURNING ON TH-THE RIGHT, AND KU-KU-KU-KEEP STRAIGHT ON OWER TH' B-B-B-BRIG. BU-BUR-BUB-BUT YOU'D BUB-BUB-BUB-BETTER BE GU-OU-OU-GANON' ON. YOU'LL GU-GU-GET THERE QUICKER TH-TH-TH-THAN I CAN T-T-T-TELL YOU!"

The primary essential for the success of this movement is an overpowering number of supporters, and it will materially stiffen the backs of the committee if esquires will kindly append their mark to the enclosed form, approving our aims, and becoming, nominally at least, one of our supporters, for fortune favours the big battalions, all things, we mean, all other things, being equal. Indeed, it cannot be too clearly nor too often reverberated, that unless the greater majority of prehistoric esquires are agreed as to our aims and methods, we shall continue to be ranked at dinner-tables among plain Mistrs, just as Baronets have their digestion spoilt by taking precedence

after the sons of legal life peers, and our efforts may be regarded as foredoomed to failure, and we shall be thankful to know whether the order as a whole is sympathetic, apathetic, or paralytic.

The Force of Classic Teaching.

Master. Now, boys, what is Hexham famous for?

Binks Minor. Making the hexameter, Sir. [Waits afterwards.]

DIVISION OF SOCIETY IN KENT.—The Lower Class and the Hopper Class.

HAGGIS AT THE HAYMARKET.



MR. J. M. BARRIE (*Novelist and Dramatic Author*).

"Ech, sirs! 'Whaur's your Wullie Shakspeare noo?'"

The linguistic "deefecultees" (if Little Minister BARRIE will pardon my attempt at phonetic spelling of Scotch "as" I think "she is spoken") that faced me within the first few pages of *The Little Minister* (wasn't it called *The Stickit Minister*, or is that another divine in another ministry?) were so obstacul, that no amount of my own particular supply of perseverance, within a limited period, was sufficient to surmount them. Had I been a literary "Death or Glory Boy," I would have charged again, would have broken down the Barrie-cade, overtopped the "deefecultees" or perished in the attempt. But it was not so to be, and hence it happens that my thorough acquaintance with the story and characters of Mr. J. M. BARRIE'S Scotch novel has been made through the medium of his play at the Haymarket. The plot is fresh, ingenious, and dramatic; it is lucidly told by the dramatist, and, every one of the *dramatis personæ* being a distinctly marked character, it is admirably acted by all concerned in the representation. If ever dramatic author had reason to be thoroughly satisfied with his interpreters it is Mr. BARRIE. Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON and Mr. CYRIL MAUDE may well congratulate themselves, and certainly deserve the congratulations of all play-goers on the wisdom of their selection. Thank goodness that Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, Mr. MARK KINGHORNE, Mr. TYLER, Mr. HOLMAN CLARK, and Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE—all excellent—only very occasionally speak such Scotch as is unintelligible to the unaccustomed ear of the McCOCKNEY. The thanks of the public on this score are equally due to Mrs. E. H. BROOKE and Miss MARY MACKENZIE, both of whom favour the public with just so much of the strong Scotch as suffices to show how unintelligible they could be if they chose. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE has been wisely advised (by himself) in not making any attempt at a broad accent which might have rendered the charming love passages between the captivated Little Minister and the eccentric daughter of the Earl of Rintoul so hopelessly ridiculous that their marriage would have excited the deepest sympathy of the audience for the father (as cruelly deceived as was ever old *Brabantio* by

luckless *Desdemona* who married the Moor—not up in Scotland), and the greatest pity for the honest, plucky Little Minister, in whose future as the husband of such an eccentric, volatile, and tricky little person as *Lady Babbie* would be laid up a store of misery, ending in sensational scandal and divorce. The character of the *Reverend Gavin Dishart*, who at the end of the third act might well have changed his name to "Give-in-Dishartened" but for the blundering malice of *Captain Halliwell*, (not a pleasant type of English officer, well-played by Mr. HAL-LARD,) is perfectly rendered by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, artistically made up as the youthful Presbyterian clergyman.

Mrs. CYRIL MAUDE, still appearing in the bill under her maiden name of Miss WINFRED EMERY, has found in *Lady Babbie* a part to which, as a true comedian, she can do full justice. That *Lady Babbie* is irritating to a degree no one can fail to admit, and that the aristocratically-nosed Earl, her father, played with Wellingtonian abruptness by Mr. W. G. ELLIOT, would be justified in somehow punishing her severely, must be felt by every self-respecting patertamilias visiting the theatre; and yet this "Babbie," in spite of her Carmen-like manner when she throws the rose at "the Reverend gent," just as the Spanish Gipsy-girl threw the flower at the captivated *Don José* and then ran away, and in spite of her silliness, her giggling, her making fun of her lover, and tricking her father, is irritatingly lovable—and whippable.

The last act is the best of four good ones, and the very last situation on which the curtain descends is quite sufficient to dismiss an audience thoroughly pleased with everything and everybody—for they stop to encore the final tableau, over and over again, so humorous and so full of surprise is it,—and to insure the complete success of *The Little Minister*.

In the bill it is stated that Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE has specially written music for the piece. It may be so, of course it is so, since it is so announced, but for my part, I got no "special Scotch" in the way of music during the entertainment, for when the actors were not speaking the audience were, and conversation being loud and general during the *entr'actes*, while a considerable number were availing themselves of this "ten minutes allowed for refreshment" to visit the smoking-room, it seemed to me that, "but for the look of the thing" in the programme, a few Scotch tunes, and occasionally an ordinary "melo," would have been quite sufficient to have met the musical requirements of the play. However, thank goodness, there are no bagpipes. Probably Sir ALEXANDER'S "special Scotch" compositions will soon be heard, and then appreciated at a McCLASSICAL concert.

TO GUARDIANS.

["The Holbeach (Lincolnshire) Guardians have received a letter from the Local Government Board asking what number of currants were to be put in the children's puddings. It seems that the information was wanted for audit purposes. The master of the workhouse is to provide a reply to the communication."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

In view of the above it is obvious that guardians in the future will be expected to possess certain qualifications that have not been required of them in the past. We are informed on high authority that intending candidates will be subjected to a searching examination before they are allowed to offer themselves at the poll. The following questions have been forwarded to us as a specimen paper, the numbers in brackets indicating the value attached to a correct answer to each.

1. How would you test for adipose tissue in a Holbeach pauper? How would you proceed if you found any traces of it? [10]

2. Analyse your emotions after consuming a workhouse dinner. Describe the preparation known as "bread and scrape," and estimate in millionths of a millimetre the thickness of the butter. [10]

3. There are x old women in a ward A. There are y tea-leaves in half a pound of tea. There are z gallons of H_2O in the copper. Solve the mixed equation

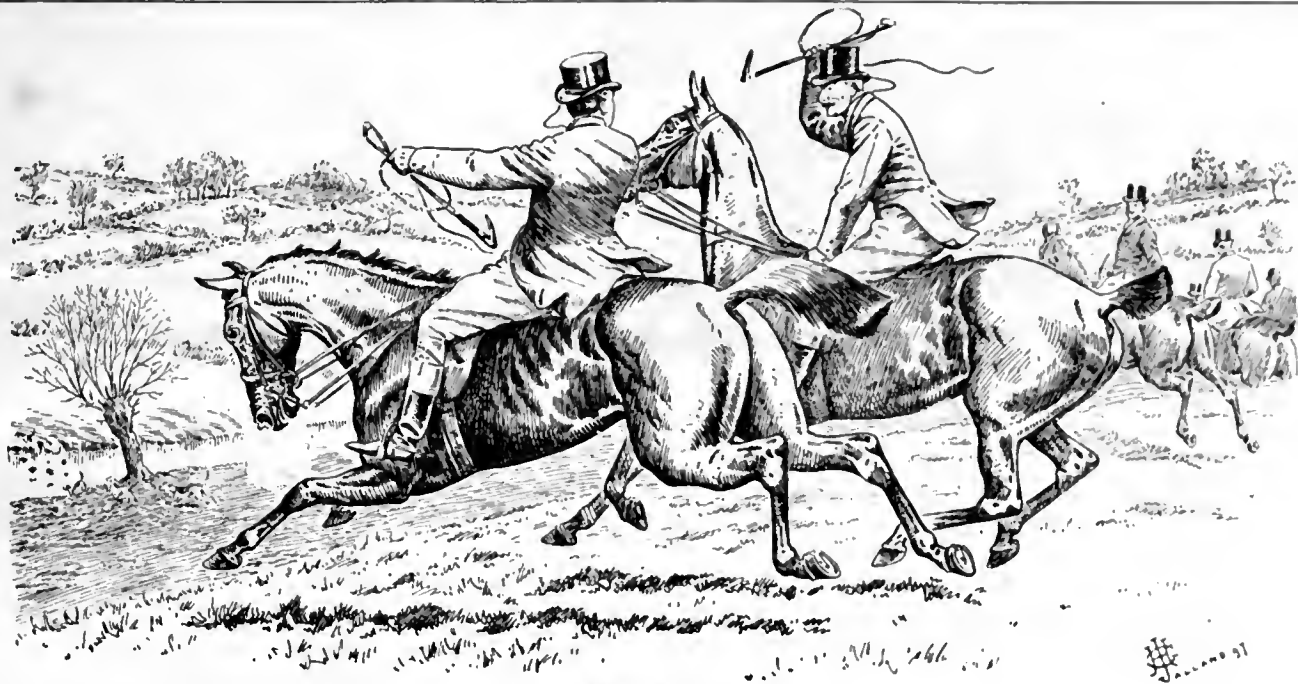
$[y \times z H_2O \text{ (lukewarm)}] + 1 \text{ oz. condensed milk}$

$\frac{\quad}{\quad} = 1 \text{ pint pig-wash.}$ [10]

4. Twenty-four bilious paupers are fed on plum duff. Twenty-four deaths take place within twenty-four hours. The local press (Radical) argues that the latter are the direct result of the former. Is this a case of the fallacy *post hoc ergo propter hoc*? If not, why not? [10]

5. "Nature abhors a vacuum." What inference would you draw from this as to Nature's attitude towards (a) a Guardian's skull, and (b) a pauper's stomach? [10]

6. Solve the problem proposed by the Holbeach Local Government Board as quoted at the head of this paper. [50]



EMULATION.

Stranger (who means to cut us all down). "I SUPPOSE IT'S JUMPABLE!"

Our Pet Thruster (determined not to be left). "NO, QUITE IMPOSSIBLE. BUT IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT—IF YOU CAN SWIM!"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. III.—TO MR. A. CONAN DOYLE

MY DEAR SIR,—Your modesty will perhaps pardon me if I begin by stating that I consider it a privilege to write to you. We both follow the profession of literature, both of us know what it is not to spare the *peritura charta*, both understand by what hieroglyphic marks the mistakes in proof-sheets may be corrected, and both of us, I suppose, receive with due gratitude the honorarium to which our labours entitle us. But there the resemblance ends. You have fought your way up to the magic Castle of Romance, you have struck the shield that hangs upon the outer wall, and have blown a loud, clear blast upon the mighty horn. I— But why should I speak of myself? All I need do is to tell you again that I am proud to have the chance of talking to you for a few moments on paper.

Many are the pleasant hours I have spent with the men you have created, men with deep chests and broad backs and untiring limbs and dauntless courage. That is the company (White or otherwise) that I like. I can step into the street at this moment and see hundreds of the spindle-shanked and pigeon-breasted in their top-hats and black coats and dingy trousers—all very worthy, very respectable, and perfectly punctual. They pay their rates, and eat their roast mutton, and support their families; they catch their morning trains, and crackle the topics of the day with one another as they fare city-wards, but when I say that for interest they cannot vie with *Micah Clarke* and *Hordle John*, or many another of the stout and valiant fellows whose honest, swashing blows resound in your stories, that *Sherlock Holmes*, too (never an arch favourite of mine—but let that pass), outweighs them all—when I say this I am stating a truth mildly and, I trust, without offence. And as for problem novels, analytical novels, sex-novels, and all the rest of the Gadarene class, I fancy we have got through any craze we may have had for them. Have we not all problems enough of our own without resorting to novels? How shall we fashion our lives, even in such small matters as the daily arrangement of dinners, or the ordering of new clothes, or the making and keeping of friends, or the acquisition in marriage of the beloved one? These matters are, in all conscience, perplexing enough for us. And as for sex-novels, great Heaven, we may be degenerate and anæmic, but most of us have not yet sunk so low as to bother our heads about the stale questions that occupy the minds of the epicene purveyors of dirt and balderdash. No, penned in as we are by convention and circumstance, we sigh for the lusty and rejoicing manhood of past ages. We commit ourselves to you, and under your guidance we press onward into the mountain passes,

we are with the White Company in their last glorious stand, we hear the trumpets sound and the clamorous battle-cries re-echo from host to host, the arrows hurtle through the air, the great swords rise and gleam and fall, and the tide of conflict rolls backward and forward till the night descends. And then—why, then we come back with fresher hearts to the dull routine of our inglorious lives. And it may chance, too, that after such a companionship with you we shall feel our breasts thrill with a higher emotion and a more generous admiration when we hear of the deeds that our fellow-subjects are even now performing far away amid the crags and precipices of the Indian frontier.

But softly, good friend—it is a carper who speaks—softly: all that Mr. DOYLE does has been done before. SCOTT has done it, DUMAS has done it. Granted, I answer; but what then? SCOTT, whom we love, and DUMAS, whom we love, need not exclude a later affection for you. I make no comparisons; I have before my eyes the fear of Mr. CHRISTIE MURRAY; nor, in any case, is it necessary either to exclude or to include a modern by comparing him with the ancient masters. Let a man stand on his own sturdy legs and be judged. Thus I place you, and salute and thank you. And, I may add, that not so long ago I took from the shelf *Le Bâtard de Mauléon*, by DUMAS, and read it with a breathless interest. The period is that of your *White Company*, and there is magnificent fighting in it, but the mail-clad warriors fight on the side opposed to yours, and *Bertrand du Guesclin* is their hero. But my enjoyment of the *Bertrand* of DUMAS did not in the least impair my delight in your *Black Prince* and all the rest of your Hampshire heroes. Why should it not be so with all of us? Why should we read SCOTT or DUMAS, and say, "We end there; no other and later romancer shall ever give us pleasure?"

Farewell, Sir. You are yourself a strong, broad-shouldered man, and you take a natural delight in deeds of strength and courage. Soon, I cannot doubt, you will array yourself in armour and gird on your sword again. Are there not vast regions open to you where adventures may be had for the asking? Proceed and conquer them, and lay your spoils once more before your faithful readers. Affectionately yours, THE VAGRANT.

"BRIGHT CHANTICLEER."—During the speech of Mr. COCK, Q.C., in the recent "Medical Divorce Case," a jurymen fell fast asleep. At the sound of the voice of "the Herald of the Dawn," it is popularly supposed that the sleeper is awakened. Perhaps the case of the sleeping jurymen insensible to the notes of the Cock, cannot be never so wisely, is the exception that proves the rule. In future, Mr. COCK, Q.C. will not be "too eocky" as to the rousing effect of his oratory.



She. "YOU MUST FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO UNENTERTAINING TO-NIGHT, MR. SOFTLY; BUT I'VE HAD SUCH A COLD ALL DAY, AND I'M ALWAYS SO STUPID WHEN I HAVE A COLD."
 He (wishing to be gallantly consolatory). "WELL, I ASSURE YOU I SHOULD NEVER HAVE NOTICED THAT YOU HAD THE LEAST COLD!"

FURTHER PROVERBS.

(By Our Vague Impressionist.)

THERE is never rain without sun.
 The early worm is the shepherd's warning.
 Half a loaf is better than a feast.
 Never cry "wolf" until the steed is stolen.
 A stitch in time saves a pig in a poke.
 Take care of the pence, and you will never know where the shoe pinches.
 Wilful waste makes the mare to go.
 Amongst the blind there is no such word as "fail."
 A man convinced against his will may as well be hanged for a dog as a lamb.
 When the cat's away, a man may look at a king.
 One good turn may be another man's poison.

"HORAS NON NUMERO" QUAN- QUAM "SERENAS."

[The *Times*, after publishing an article on the sunny South, ceased to record the sunshine in England.]

OH! doubtless, well-intentioned *Times*,
 You tantalised the reader
 With thoughts of sun in brighter climes,
 Depicted in your leader;
 In Monte Carlo or in Nice,
 Where rooms are twenty francs apiece,
 And, as you said, the natives fleece
 The stranger.

Yet here the shining of the sun
 Deserves more careful mention,
 Ten minutes, five, or even one,
 In London claim attention.
 Strange if no rain or snow should fall,
 Or fog should form a sooty pall;
 And if the sun should shine, then all
 The stranger.

TO A BOSCHVIOOLTJE.

"LITTLE wood violet"—
 Such the fond epithet
 In mellifluous Dutch bestowed
 On the subject of my ode.
 Yes, it sounds innocent,
 Shy and sweet, redolent.
 "Boschviooltje!"—how it slips
 Butter-like from out one's lips,
 Conjuring visions rare
 Of the Spring fresh and fair,
 In this London Autumn-time,
 Charming forth a meed of rhyme!
 See, I've bought twenty-five
 "Violets," where they thrive
 At the Hague, and all the lot
 For a guilder have I got.
 Cheap enough, you'll agree—
 Each has scarce cost a *d.*,
 With a cedar box as well,
 And a quasi-Cuban smell.
 Now no more can I wait—
 My desire grows too great;
 Boschviooltje! thee I press
 To my lips with close caress!

* * * * *
 Heavens! I feel beastly sick,
 Run and fetch brandy quick!
 Boschviooltje? *Bosh* indeed!
 'Tis a cabbage run to seed!
 Violets! Some one's joked;
 Viler weed no one's smoked!
 Well, my luck I might have guessed
 From the name. Here, burn the rest!

LINKS WITH THE PAST.

(A Continued Correspondence.)

DEAR PUNCH,—I am only forty, yet I have talked to a man who saw the battle of Agincourt. He was present when the engagement came off on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre.
 YOURS truly,
 METHUSELAH, JUNIOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was present at the funeral of the first Duke of WELLINGTON, and (as quite a child) the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Beyond this, I perfectly well remember the last appearance of MR. MACREADY. And yet I am only three-and-twenty.
 Yours sincerely,
 A SPINSTER.

DEAR SIR,—I have spoken to a man who knew a man who was cousin of a man who had seen a man who thought he remembered reading an account of the battle of the Alma. This takes us back to the days of the Crimean war. Yours faithfully,
 A FOSSIL OF TWENTY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think I can beat the record. It is easy enough to say you have known men who have heard this and that. But to go back to the flood and earlier, is, in my opinion, one better. Well, I have seen a plank of the ark, and a pip from the original apple. I met both in a museum at Boston.
 Yours,
 SIMON SIMPLE.

MY DEAR SIR,—The other day I found a bottle of sauce that had been forgotten in a cupboard. It bore traces of having been in its glass receptacle for some eighty years. When tasted, the flavour was as good as ever. I need scarcely say to those who know its merits that the condiment was called the—
 Yours in the name of business,
 THE PROPRIETOR.

* Editorially suppressed. For further particulars, apply to the advertisement department.



“BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.”

MR. PUNCH. “GLAD YOU’VE GOT THEM IN *AT LAST*, MR. RITCHIE; PITY IT COULDN’T HAVE BEEN DONE BEFORE!”





["The Auto-car will soon make its appearance in Peking."—*Echo*.]

AND SO WILL THE AUTO-CAB, IF OUR PROPHETIC CHINESE ARTIST IS RIGHT.

SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTION, 1897.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to offer myself as a candidate for election to the London School Board. It would be my first endeavour, if elected, to raise the rate. The British public evidently likes School-Board extravagance, so why should it not be humoured?

I should give constant attention to the enforcement of regular attendance at schools, the wholesale fining of parents, and above all, of the teaching of useful subjects, such as playing the harmonium, geometrical drawing, the study of the articulated skeleton, the Greek and Hebrew languages in all their various ramifications, learning Sanscrit, and writing essays on the Morse code of signals. The art of golfing would also occupy a considerable portion of the scholars' time (clubs, balls, and links, together with a reasonable number of caddies, to be provided at the expense of the ratepayers).

The special schools for children of defective intellect, deserves, and would receive at my hands, every encouragement. I should propose to supply the inmates of all such schools with a liberal amount of the modern "hill-top" novels, together with the recent lucubrations of several of our most distinguished minor poets.

The schools for the deaf and dumb should each be provided with a German band. If the efforts of all itinerant Teutonic musicians were confined to these institutes, none of the rest of the public need carry guns.

The cookery and laundry classes cannot be of the slightest use, nowadays, and I should vote for their abolition and the substitution of a bicycling class in their place (bicycles, fitted with pneumatic tyres, to be provided at the expense of the ratepayers).

It would, in my opinion, be disastrous to introduce Sectarian teaching into the Board Schools. Much better to give the children lessons in scorching, and how to dodge the Bobby when observed.

I should always oppose the introduction of a birch or any other instrument of correction in any Board School. The punishment inflicted by such implements is all very well in such schools as Eton and Rugby, but would at once become degrading in a Board School, where none but the most refined and sensitive of children are found.

If returned, I shall esteem it an honour to procure for the

rising generation, regardless of cost, a thoroughly up-to-date education, so that they may be well equipped for the struggle of life (again, at the expense of the ratepayers).

TO A DESTROYER.

["While leaving the harbour at Devonport on Saturday, a collision occurred between two of the torpedo-boat destroyers. . . . Four of the six forming the flotilla at Devonport are now disabled."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

DESTROYERS must destroy, oh! yes,
But we who pay the pelf
Wish you'd sometimes sink something less
Expensive than yourself.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—The "Christmas Card" is annually threatened with extinction; it was to have been dead as the Dodo, and as much a fashion of the past as the Dado. Yet here it is again, and as much to the front as ever. RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS! Probably Father Tuck brings the cards out simply as a Christmas amusement for his sons. So kind! So thoughtful! His "house of cards" is solid. Their booklets, calendars and platinotype panels are as novel as 1897 can produce. Further addition is a charming gift-book of *Hamlet*, illustrated by HAROLD COPPING. Exquisitely and cheerfully got up, it is *Hamlet* out of mourning—perhaps for the festive season only. This book is dedicated to Sir HENRY IRVING.

A NOTE ON A DIARY OR SO.—Our little "systems" are supposed to last only for a poetical day, but JOHN WALKER & Co.'s "back-loop" pocket diaries have a neat, useful endurance for three hundred and sixty-five plain, matter-of-fact days. Now that '98 is in view, there is no going back, but start afresh with this excellent system in the choicest varieties of leather. How nice to look at the diaries now! So blank! so new! But at the end of the year! . . . *Happy Thought!* Put down nothing that's unpleasant to remember.

A Suggestion for an Advertisement.

TRY OUR TURKEY CARPETS!

CAN'T BE BEATEN BY ANYONE ANYWHERE!!



A "CHEF D'ORCHESTRE ;"

Or, A Soul for Music.

A SKETCH OF A CARVER AT A RESTAURANT ENTIRELY CARRIED AWAY BY THE STRAINS OF THE INTERMEZZO FROM *CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA*, AS PERFORMED BY THE BAND IN THE GALLERY.

AMONG THE ROARING FORTIES ;

Or, The New Ménagerie of Letters.

[A certain weekly paper is said to have established a British Equivalent for the Académie Française, with annual prizes amounting to 150 guineas.]
Man, 1897.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your attention may have been directed to a recent epoch-making announcement in the pages of *The Schoolmaster at Home*. The staff of that leading organ of criticism has decided to establish a *Ménagerie Littéraire*. Already it has tentatively published a list of the Greatest Forty. Once a year it threatens to select a work of signal merit and crown it (*Fr. couronner*) with a Triple-Expansion Grand Piano. It has further arranged for the coronation of a book by some young aspirant. The tiara in this case will take the shape of a Small Cottage Street-organ. It is felt that this munificent offer will furnish a noble source of sustenance to the starving hero of the year; and, apart from the grosser incentive, will encourage even the Greatest Writers to become, if possible, Greater Still.

But, weighty as must always be the authority of such a journal as *The Schoolmaster at Home*, I can hardly doubt but that some of The Rejected will appeal against its verdict to your sympathetic and erudite judgment. My many friends (including notorious pulpit-orators) have urged me, much against the instincts of modesty, to write to you on my own claims. I am emboldened to take upon me this uncongenial task by the kindly appreciation you have already extended to my latest masterpiece, *The Heathen*. To have come home to something like 100,000 beating British bosoms ought, you would suppose, to entitle a writer to rank within thirty-six places, say, of the Duke of Argyll. I think I have the authority of the President of the Inoculated Society of Authors (whose name, I notice, is no more there than mine) for contending that Popularity is the true measure of Literary Distinction. But as it has never been my habit to boom my own work, I merely ask for a *referendum* to be addressed to the great heart of England.

I am, Yours in the bond of literature, H-LL C-N-.

P.S.—Native Extraction is, I believe, necessary to success in this competition; but the ordinary coupon system has been generously dispensed with.

No. 1, Outside the critical pale.

SIR,—It has always been among the most painful Sorrows of Satan that, while largely appreciated by the masses, his extreme merita have never been recognised by the Elect. In this sentiment I altogether differ from my friend. I am content to titillate the billion. By the way, have you seen my portraits?

Yours retiringly, M-R- C-R-LL-

P.S.—If justice had been done (which it never is), I hold that Mr. SWINBURNE's place in this *ménagerie* should have been taken by that exceptionally brilliant hard, Mr. ERIE MACKAY.

The Summit, Hindhead.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—

"The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter."

You follow me?

Yours, till Pissgah,
GR-NT ALL-N.

HUMOROUS SIR,—Gratified as I am, in a political sense, to observe that no fewer than four ex-Ministers of the Liberal Government find places in the first eleven (I presume that the Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE there mentioned is identical with the well-known Statesman), while not a single Tory figures in the whole list, I cannot but think that insufficient honour has been paid to the claims of pure *esprit*. Might not room, for instance, have been found for the author of *Ex Tempore Lucubrata*?

Yours playfully, A-O-ST-N-B-RR-LL.

Vigo Street.

SIR,—To be excluded from a catalogue which ignores the merits of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN is, in itself, an honour than which I ask nothing better. Yours, *au grand sérieux*, W-LL-M W-TS-N.

Vigo Street.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—How comes it that the name of my distinguished friend Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON is not to be traced among the Greatest Forty?

Yours, &c., R. L- G-LL-NN-.

Vigo Street.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—How comes it that the name of my distinguished friend Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE is not to be traced among the Greatest Forty?

Yours, &c., J-HN D-V-DS-N.

At the Sign of the Aërial Triplets.

SIR,—Man is a bestial, if necessary, blot upon creation. Could I and similar matrons have our way, he should be soundly smacked. Sexual jealousy, I take it, has kept my name from this arbitrary list. Yet I have just written *The Beth Book in the World!* It is not for me to say who has written the neeth beth.

Yours indignantly, S-R-H GR-ND.

P.S.—I exempt you, Mr. Punch, from the spanking assertion with which my letter opens.

c/o Clio, Parnassus.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am glad to observe my name among The Forty. I do not, however, altogether subscribe to the other thirty-nine articles. Yours, sceptically, W. E. H. L-CKY.

c/o D. T.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Though myself a writer of verse of the old school, and therefore unlikely to receive due recognition from a decadent age, I am still not oblivious of the merits of rising talent. Now, there is one young man whose name should certainly have appeared in the list of Worthies. He has already published his collected works; but being curiously unaffected by a sense of his own importance, he would never advertise himself by putting forward his own claims. I hope I shall not be suspected of partisanship if I urge them on his behalf. It is a youth of promise—a certain Mr. MAX BRERBOHM.

Yours warmly, CL-M-NT SC-TT.

The Morgue, Paris.

SIR PUNCH, MISTER,—Hope differed—as one says—makes the core hilious. Here they will not have me at no price, try all I will. But you, you have the nose fine for merit. Albeit, in effect, not of Anglo-Saxon provenance, I am traveller. I have made the grand voyage of the Sleeve. See there, then, I speak the English. O yes! Alright. Agree, &c., EM-L- Z-L-.

(Imperial Wire.)

Charivari London On strength of mortal verse volume sermons and British extraction claim seat in Ménagerie Littéraire with interim damages for lèse-majesté William Potsdam.

SOMETHING WELL KNOWN, BUT NOT GENERALLY REMEMBERED.—That we owe the invention of printing to a "Coster."



THE QUARTERLY ACCOUNTS.

Clerk. "SORRY TO SAY, SIR, THERE'S A SADDLE WE CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR. CAN'T FIND OUT WHO IT WAS SENT TO."
Employer. "CHARGE IT ON ALL THE BILLS."

"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD."

In pursuance of his benevolent plan, *Mr. Punch* begs to offer his younger readers another nursery story, re-written in a style that will commend itself to the youthful decads of the present day. With the charming vagueness so much in fashion, it is called simply

AN INTERLUDE.

JACK HORNER sighed wearily, and turned to his sister. "JEMIMA," he said, "you annoy me—you annoy me excessively. When I fain would pen the last stanza of this priceless Ballade of Bath Buns you interrupt me with a Philistine request to 'play soldiers.'" Child, I begin to despair of you. You are eight years old—but twelve months younger than myself—and you are dead, quite dead, to all the finer instincts of the aesthetic mind. JEMIMA, I crave for solitude—I would commune with my own deep thoughts, and probe the mystery of the inmost soul. And so, having wiped my fingers—which I perceive to be stained with the ink of authorship—in your hair (I beseech you, spare me those inharmonious wailings!), I will now seat myself in yonder corner, secluded as far as may be from the debasing horrors of the nursery furniture."

He moved towards the corner, but paused for awhile at the table. "Ah, what have we here?" he murmured. "Yes, it is one of those quaint relics of an effete superstition—it is, in fact, what they call 'a Christmas pie.' Yes, this strange emblem of the benighted past shall accompany me to my corner. 'Twill furnish food for both mind and body. Dear pie, let us wend together!"

"That is my pie!" cried his sister, angrily.

He turned towards her, and with inimitable grace laid his thumb lightly upon his nose and spread his tapering fingers towards the girl.

"You are so crude, JEMIMA," he said in weary tones. "We

have done for ever with those foolish distinctions. Whether 'twas once yours matters not; rest content to know that at least 'tis mine now. We have done with the bad old modes of thought, we have done with ignorant altruism—and if I have struck you with some slight emphasis on the nose, 'tis scarce needful to shriek in that distressing way!"

He seated himself comfortably in the corner, and then turning towards his still sobbing sister, poised a large currant deftly on the thumb of his right hand.

"JEMIMA, it were wiser to rejoice that you have a brother who is in truth a paragon of virtue. Why lament that the low and sordid delight of eating this pie is withheld from you? Yours is to be a far rarer and more subtle pleasure, which I will now afford you, even at the risk of some personal inconvenience. This afternoon have I finished that pot of strawberry-jam which I stole—nay, that is a Philistine word—which I rescued from the store-room. Subsequently I took to my inmost self at tea-time two meretricious muffins and six coquettish crumpets. Yet, so admirable is my courage, so dauntless my virtue, that I will not shrink from this present task, I will not deny you this purest pleasure. You shall not eat this pie, JEMIMA, but—happy, happy girl!—you shall see me eat it!"

There was a tense silence as JACK HORNER swallowed mouthful after mouthful. "Dear, delicious morsel!" he exclaimed, apostrophising the large currant which still rested on his thumb, "ripened, perchance, in sunny Greece, replete with the divine Greek charm, you are placed at last in no unworthy mouth!" . . . It was all over. The deed was accomplished. Not a crumb of the pie remained. But JACK HORNER grew white and pale, while his sister regarded him with wicked glee.

"Alack," he moaned, "'tis ever the lot of the truly good to suffer! A strange feeling of depression is stealing over me! . . . JEMIMA," he added, in strangely altered accents, "don't sit there giggling like that, you little booby! Can't you see I'm ill? Go and fetch the nurse, dear JEMIMA—and do please be quick!"



Sportsman (who has just shot at a duck). "I THINK HE 'LL COME DOWN, DUNCAN."
Duncan. "AY, SIR, HE 'LL COME DOWN—WHEN HE'S HUNGRY."

TOBY, M.P.'S PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

III.

The Speaker put the Question.—The new Member will do well to train himself in observing where the Speaker puts the question. As he may learn to his cost, there is significant difference between the Speaker putting the question in his boots, under the cushion of his Chair, or simply in his pocket.

"I am sure hon. Gentlemen near me will bear me out when I say"—Next to moving the Speaker out of the Chair, a Parliamentary proceeding already described, this is the most popular, as tending to vary the monotony of a dull sitting. It has, moreover, its uses and advantages as



"Hon. Gentlemen near me will bear me out when I say—!"

indicating the probable course of a debate. Members listen to what the gentleman on his legs has to say, and if they agree with his assertion or argument, those near him instantly jump up, and generously confirm his expectation that they will "bear him out," dropping him either in the Central Lobby or down the main staircase, as he is personally popular or otherwise. If they dissent, they ignore his invitation. Old Parliamentary Hands often forecast the issue of an important debate, simply from watching this course of procedure.

Sark tells me this custom had something to do with the rejection, by a small majority, of MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, when he offered himself as a candidate for the Speakership. Had he scaled even a stunner, he might have run Mr. GULLY nearer. But every pound over sixteen stunner obviously increases the difficulty of "moving the Speaker out of the Chair." Members think of this when called upon to decide between the candidates for the Speakership.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Sporting Cavalier, sojourning on the South Downs, unwittingly takes wrong course to the trysting-place of the Hounds, and is grievously disappointed.

THE morning mist is wan and grey,
Sweeping across the blue-green downs,
Hiding the dawning of the day
With wind-horne wrinkles, foggy frowns.
The air is nipping, taking hold
As Dunstan did the Deuce's nose,
And clutching with its fingers cold
The limbs that still demand repose.

For many a mile I'll have to ride
Across the short-clipped, wintry sward,
Before I reach the covert-side,
Where I may find my right reward.
She knows the guerdon that I seek,
A glance, a word, may be a smile.
And, were all Nature thrice as bleak,
I'd ride a league for every mile!

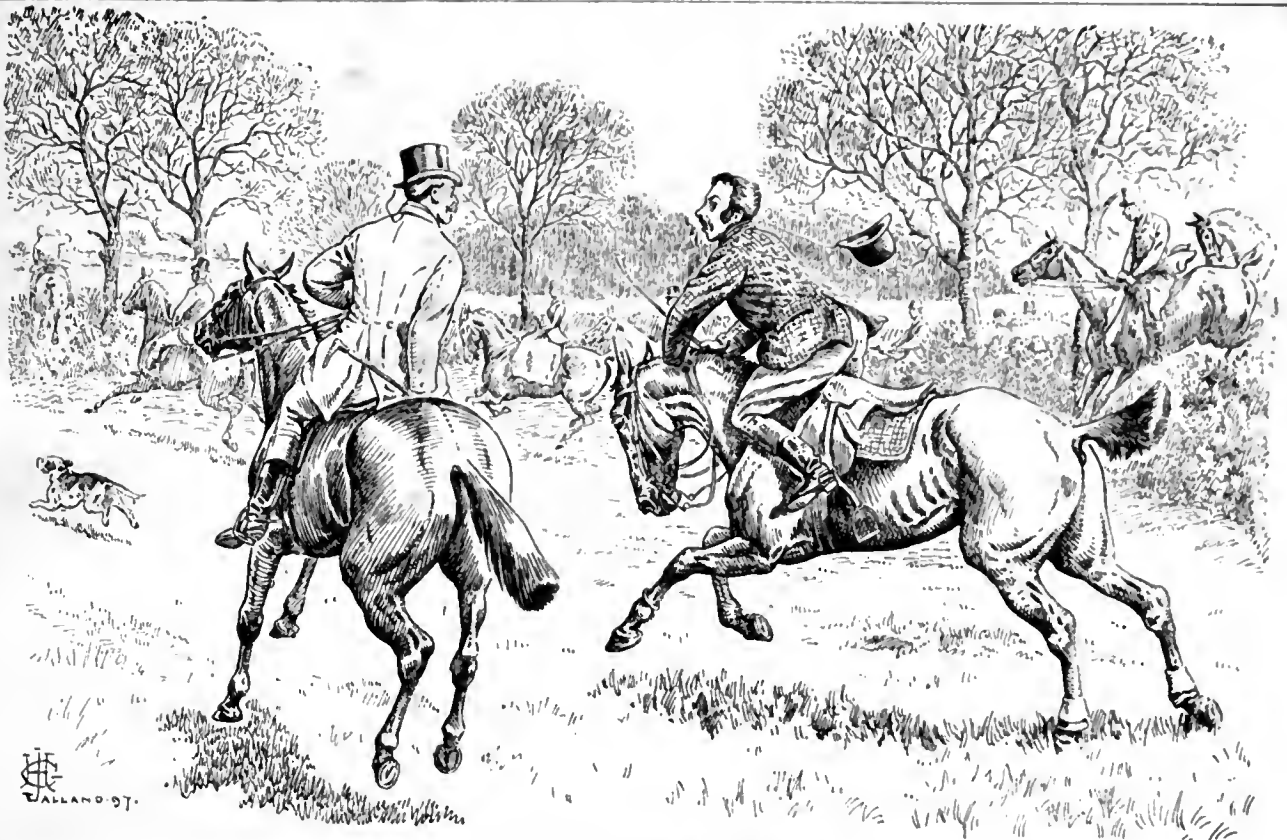
I see you sitting on your bay,
Diana-Vernon-like, you seem.
Oh! would that I could hymn a lay!
Or symbolise a painter's dream
Of all that's femininely fair.
Of all that's beautiful and true!
Both song and picture should be rare,
Because they'd only speak of you!

Of you, the Princess of the Wold,
My Lady of the laughing eyes,
That can such merriment unfold,
And give to Hope what Love denies!
Of you, who sent that little note!
'Tis next my heart! I do declare
'Tis warmer than my overcoat!
"At Upton Gorze, shall you be there?"

Thus thinking of you as we speed
O'er broken ridge and chalky hill,
O'er dyke and ditch, no check I heed;
I ride with purposeness of will.
Nearer and nearer yet we draw
To Upton Gorze. The goal is near.
The air that I thought chill and raw,
Is now divinely warm and clear!

The Gorze at last! No one in sight!
No hounds! No field! Am I too late?
My watch! Oh! yes; the hour's all right!
I breathe again. Of course, I'll wait.
A yokel! "Hi! what time's the meet?"
"What meet? There's none out here
to-day!"

"At Upton Gorze," I twice repeat.
"Oh! Upton! That's ten miles away!!"



A SLIGHT DISPLACEMENT.

Gent (who narrowly escaped being jumped off at the last fence). "HI, MISTER, CAN YOU SEE WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH THIS CONFOUNDED SADDLE?"

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Budapest.—The Hungarian begins the day in clouds of tobacco smoke. He hastens through the dangerous freshness of the outer air to a *café*, where the double doors and double windows, carefully closed, have preserved intact the cozy atmosphere of the previous evening. Here he obtains the national breakfast—one strong cigar, one glass of cold water, and one glass of coffee and cream. After breakfast he smokes another cigar, and two more glasses of cold water are placed before him. This second supply of water is not intended for serious drinking, but only for sipping, like a *liqueur*. He dines in clouds of tobacco, he sups in them also, still protected from the dangerous fresh air by double windows and double doors, he works, in his office or his bank, in the same snug atmosphere, if he travels he has double windows in the railway carriage, and he finishes the evening, probably in the *café* where he has breakfasted, with some more cigars and some more water, in a still more solid air. His complexion is usually sallow.

The Hungarian is intensely patriotic. He even smokes Hungarian tobacco. As evidence of his patriotism he is not compelled, as the German Bohemian seems to be, to make speeches twelve hours long in public, but if he gets hold of you in private, in a train or an hotel, he will make speeches quite sufficiently long to satisfy any reasonable stranger. He has a fine country, and everything in it, from gold to pepper. No one has ever seen his gold, because it is all paper. As for his pepper, it looks as if it were all red lead, but it turns out to be excellent. He has his own pepper, his *paprika*, which is quite unlike other people's, and he has his own language, which is more so. And he thrusts them both down your throat whether you like them or not. If you do not appreciate his pepper, or understand his language, you must go without. Probably he used them both a thousand years ago, and has used no other since.

In Italy, notices in public buildings are often translated into French, in Germany, frequently into English, though there are people who know Italian, and some even who understand German. But no stranger knows a single word of the Magyar language. The Hungarian does not care. If he is too proud to use German, he might try French, or even Latin, a language as respect-

able as his. Not he! He puts up notices which may mean "Entrance," "No admittance," "This way out," "Private," "Emergency Exit," "Push," "Pull," "Back in Half an Hour," or anything else, as far as the hapless stranger can tell. One must ask a bystander for a translation. Even on the steamers one would have to ask the man at the wheel to translate the notice which forbids one to speak to him.

It would be an advantage to understand some of the regulations in Pest. On the chief bridge over the Danube the foot-passengers in each direction keep to one side. Small policemen, armed with swords, and wearing bowler hats with long white feathers in them, stand at the entrances to keep order. I have no doubt that no one must turn back. If you once got on, having paid your *kreutzer*, and found you had forgotten your handkerchief or your umbrella, you must go all across the bridge to the other side and come back correctly.

If the language bore the faintest resemblance to any other, an enterprising tourist might learn a few words. In most countries the Englishman starts the day with a word the first letter of which is B—*bath, bain, Bad, bagno, baño*, and so forth. When you begin with a *fürdő*, and try to rub yourself with a huge, chilly, linen sheet, you feel that you are indeed in a strange land.

In some words, however, the language is so like others that you understand it perfectly. When you see "*A villa*," you feel quite at home. But the wily Magyar does not let you down so easily. It is only his fun. For a *villa* means "the fork." And when you see "*Befüttek*" in a bill of fare you know what that means. So would a Frenchman. It is of course the Hungarian spelling of *Bifteck*. But the waiter brings you a small quantity of stewed fruit, a German *compot*, just as you are expecting the satisfying *filet*, and you find that the Magyar has done you again. You rub your eyes still more when you see on the paddle-box of a steamer the word "*Margit*." Can it be that this boat goes down the Danube, through the Dardanelles, and across the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay to the Kentish coast? Again the Magyar has deceived you. That is his rendering of the name "Margaret." So at last you become reconciled to "*Bécs*," which is the way he spells "Vienna."

ROBINSON THE ROVER.



John Tenniel

SENTIMENT V. BUSINESS.

John Bull. "IS IT NOT STRANGE, MY DEAR MADAM, THAT WHILE HE, WHO ONLY TAKES 9,000,000 FRANCS OF YOUR PRODUCE, SHOULD BE YOUR BOSOM FRIEND, I, WHO BUY SIXTY TIMES AS MUCH, GET NOTHING BUT ABUSE!"

["Whereas Russia 'bought 9,769,000 francs' worth of produce from France for the first six months of 1897, England bought 690,000,000 francs' worth."—*The "Globe,"* November 17, quoting from the *French Paper, "Le Soleil."*]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Pedant, roused by the piteous appeal of a damsel worsted by critics over a literary essay, writes to console her.

SOME little cares, some little woes,
Some fickle friends, some bitter foes,
Some water from a Critic's hose,
Is this the tale you tell, dear?
The cares and woes may both be drowned
Together with the friends unsound;
The Critic—why, when you're renowned
He'll long have dried his well, dear!

Think not, my sweet, that tongue or pen
Can make or mar the aims of men;
They only bar the course—and then
They fall like chains disjointed.
You'll notice that of "men" I speak,
The ever striving, ever weak,
But take advice from one who, meek,
Is also disappointed!

Once was the day I longed for fame
All prone to gain an honoured name,
And light the world with such a flame
As would mankind go blinking.
I'd novels write that would excel
Or READE's great style or BALZAC's spell;
I soared aloft—and crushed I fell,
And that set me a-thinking!

Thinking am I from day to day,
The while my hair grows yet more grey,
But yet my course I will not stay,
No Critic yet could blind me.
The Plough of Time may furrows make,
But still good seed will good crops take,
And on that soil it's mine to stake
The all I leave behind me!

So, little girl (I call you so
Because I knew you long ago,
Before you ever had a foe),
Be firm in aspiration.
'Tis not the dog that eats the dog,
'Tis not the fumbler in the fog,
Nor e'en the roller of the log,
Who'll make your reputation!

ST. JOHN'S WOOD HOUSE OF LORDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The new secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club will certainly be a gentleman capable of scoring freely among his brother members, but I venture to suggest that he should also be a far-sighted individual, who recognises that the P. P., or Paying Public, at Lord's likes to witness some few incidents of the game when a gate-money match is on hand. *Consule PERKINS*, on such occasions, the backs of ladies' hats, of heads of both sexes, of carriages, and of special stands, have been the outlook of the humble pedestrian, not a member of the M. C. C. Without Röntgen rays the aspect of cricket has been invisible. In fact, in this respect, village commons always beat town Lord's. Let the new sec. be extra see in keeping up the fizz of cricket.

Yours respectfully,
THE WICKET UNCLE.

Stumpington Lodge, Runnymede.

Philosophy of the Cross-ways.

Friendly Child (to Crossing-sweeper). What a bad cough you have. Why don't you go and see the doctor? I always have to.

Crossing-sweeper. No, thank you, master; I ain't got no holding with doctors. Why, they writes their perscriptions in Latin, but sends in their bill in English.



"WELL, AND ARE YOU GOING TO BE A SOLDIER WHEN YOU GROW UP, TOMMY!"
"NO, AUNTIE. I WAS GOING TO BE A SOLDIER, BUT IT NEVER CAME OFF!"

URNS OF THE TIDE.

SCENE—*The Sanctum. Editor and Sub-editor discovered.*

Sub-editor. What shall we call the sea-side column, Sir? It's getting too cold for our Autumn heading, "Ocean in Harvest-time."

Editor. Which was far weaker than our earlier title, "Summer with the Waves."

Sub. Yes, Sir; that was right enough. I think its predecessor, "Neptune in Springtime," was pretty, and equally intelligible.

Ed. Shall we drop the column for the present?

Sub. Rather a pity, Sir, as we get a good deal of interesting matter from the North and the Thanet coast. Besides, it's

a becoming position for Hastings, South-end and Brighton.

Ed. Well, let me think. "Yule-tide Afloat." No; too suggestive of a voyage by a penny steamboat. Dear me! Let me consider! I have it! "Christmas by the Sea."

Sub. Capital, Sir! That will do to carry us on at any rate to January.

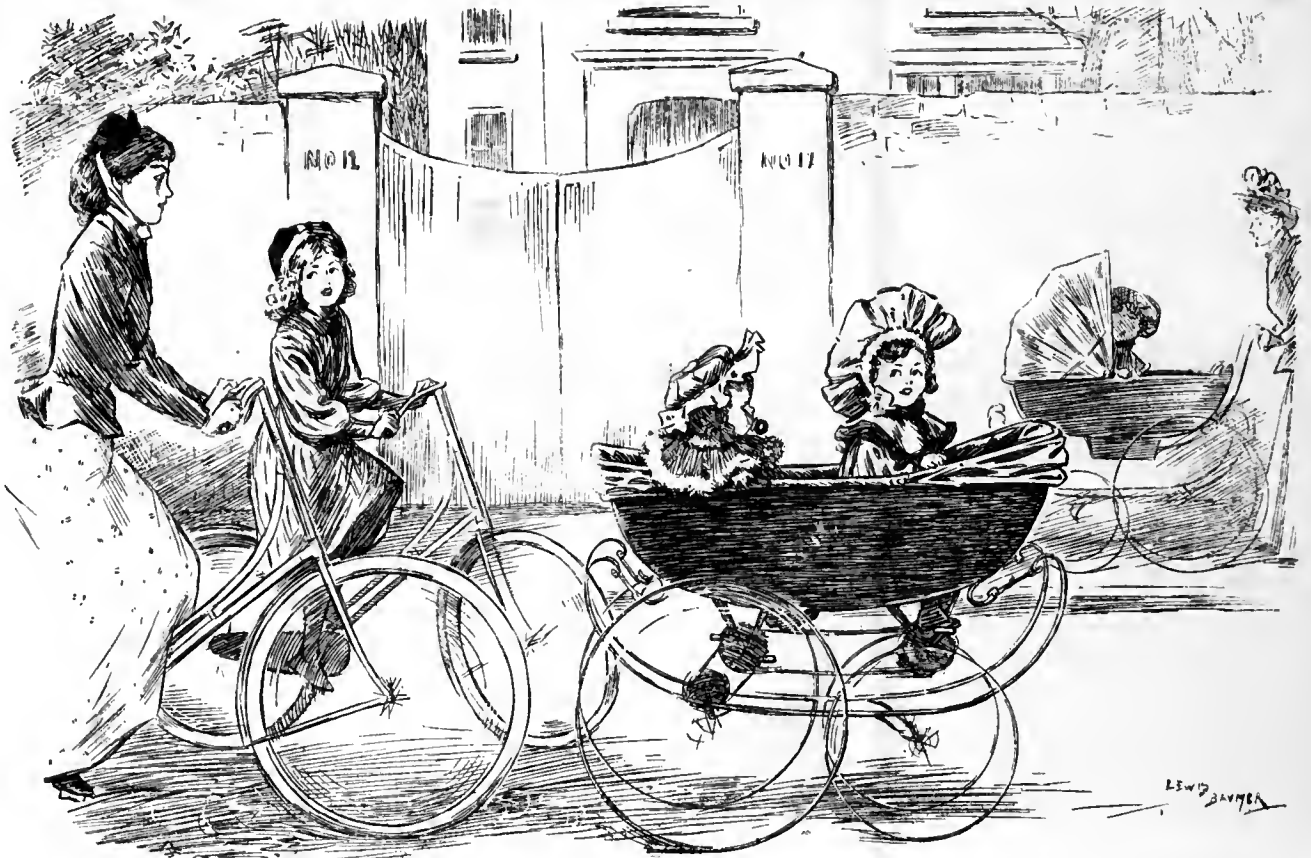
[Suggestion adopted]

Nurseriana.

Little Chris. Oh! mamma, mamma, baby's moulted again.

Mamma. Moulted! What do you mean?

Little Chris. Why, he's just dropped another tooth!



A VISION OF THE FUTURE—PROPULSORY EDUCATION.

Little Girl. "NURSE, WILL YOU SPEAK TO BABY, PLEASE! HE'S NOT WORKING A BIT!"

AMONG THE ROARING FORTIES;

Or, The New Ménagerie of Letters.

Omar Khayyám Club.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There is a widespread feeling among Persian scholars that injustice has been done to MR. LE GALLIENNE. I am not, for the moment, regarding him as the Expert in Under Linen, nor as the pensive Narcissus who collapsed before the apparition of his own beauty. Others, perhaps he himself, will vindicate his claims in these attractive rôles. It is as one of the ardent lovers of the great RUBAIYAT that I speak. Long dissatisfied with the old-flavoured rendering of FITZGERALD, embarrassed as his genius was by a disturbing familiarity with the actual Persian language, we have waited patiently for a poet who would give us our OMAR untainted by the emasculating ingredients of scholarship. Such a godsend we at length find in MR. LE GALLIENNE. Not wholly free from bondage, for he has followed FITZGERALD's scheme of quatrains out of a fine deference for tradition, he can yet revel in that prancing license which is only given to the translator who is absolutely ignorant of his original. If his courage serve him as well as his innocence of tongues, we shall yet look for new and nobler renderings, of HORACE, say, or ANACREON, or ISAIAH, to which a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew respectively contributes no distracting element,
Yours, &c., A MEMBER OF THE ABOVE.

P.S.—By the way, talking of HORACE, I disapprove the following version of Carm. I., 38 (*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*), given in the liberal manner of our friend:

Reader, I hate your dim pedantic Persian;
I want no whiff of OMAR's rose divine;
The essence squeezed from good FITZGERALD's version
Contents this nose of mine.

The ancient Muse—I neither know nor need her
Your crib (and cribs are never near so hard)
Shall amply serve the taste of you, my reader,
And me, your bounding bard!

House of Correction.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I will just settle the whole matter with a

stroke of the pen. From any *Ménagerie Littéraire* of mine I would exclude all those who write with the definite purpose of saying something. Style should be my only standard: abstract style unfettered by sense. Personally, as you well know, I write sense, and this would always be fatal to my assumption of the crown as advertised. Beginning, therefore, with myself (as if I were actually in the list), I eliminate all those in whose work the thing said is of more value than the manner of saying. All critics (even MR. ARCHER) must go. This disposes of half the list. Away with all historians, away with most novelists (they are sadly purposeful), away with poets (those who mean something) and dramatists (who are never literary, though *Arma virumque* was a pretty thing), and away with men of science (I beg pardon, I see there are none in the list). RUSKIN is a prophet; GLADSTONE, I understand, is a politician; AROYLL is a Peer. Remain—MR. SWINBURNE, Mrs. MEYNELL, MR. HENRY JAMES. I will let you have the supplementary thirty-seven some other day.
Yours, &c., G. B-R-N-RD SH-W.

The Mooted Hermitage.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose it is my own fault, but I only recognise two names out of the whole Forty. Perhaps I am behind the age. I don't really care for anything much later than ARISTOTLE; though I sometimes read my bit of *Paradise Lost* before turning in. Is MILTON much read just now?

Yours, LAUDATOR, &c.

Hawarden.

DEAR SIR,—Confessedly not insensible to the interest attaching, or likely to attach, to the projected scheme of *The Schoolmaster at Home*, to a discussion of which you have generously exposed the pages of your discriminating journal, you will comprehend the reluctance which I entertain, in my present comparatively advanced stage of longevity, to allow myself to be insidiously inveigled into argumentative discussion upon any debatable topic or topics, whatever that topic or those topics may happen, in the wise and incontrovertible ordering of Providence, to be or not to be. This fact notwithstanding, and further, in defiance of the general consensus of medical authority, I am moved to convey to you my humble appreciation of that mature judgment—not

arrived at, I may well believe, without great and conceivably painful searching of the heart and reins—which has, with unerring instinct, consigned to my literary achievements, such as they are, have been, and, I must anticipate, are never likely to be again, a position within measurable distance of the very summit or acme of distinction.

To this satisfaction I confess with the more lively candour, inasmuch as I have from time to time been the victim of a harrassing apprehension, now shown to be causeless, that the overshadowing importance of the part played by me, over a more than ordinarily extended period of activity, in the service of the nation's parliaments, might obscure, by its more readily cognisable appeal to the popular fancy, those excursive operations in the field of literary labour—limited as they have been by the exigencies of a public career at no time relieved by a superfluous leisure—in which I seem to discover my most abiding claim to the approval of posterity.

The argument may be advanced by my adversaries—for such a contention I do not shrink to prognosticate—that I have seldom, to borrow a phrase from the terminology of forestry, broken fresh ground in literature; that I have, in the main, but translated or conveyed from the more humane of ancient letters, if I have not actually marched through rapine and plunder to the attainment of my designs. To this contention I will reply in one word—for the hour presses, and the post-card, of a pliable consistency, on which I forward these observations, has already thrice over acquired the similitude of a palimpsest—that it is not only intelligible, but even capable of demonstration, that a sincere student of another's work may, by force of mental detachment and abstraction of self, so far merge his own individuality in that of the object of his veneration, as, in the evolution of time, to become positively absorbed in, and identified with, that object.

Conscious, in my own case, of the development of some such process, not materially differing in kind from the process of metempsychosis, the conviction has been resistlessly borne home upon me—and the warm place which I have secured, or, to speak precisely, the possession of which has been of late days emphatically confirmed, in the heart of the Greek Ethnos by my personal, and, as the issue proved, deplorable intervention in that crisis which resulted in such lamentably bellicose eventualities, has only tended to endorse this conviction—it has, I repeat, been irresistibly borne home to me, that I am the actual author of the so-called Homeric cycle of poems.

I might add, if it is not too obviously alien to the foregoing assertion—that, while I cannot altogether admit my approval of the inclusion, so close to my own name, of that of my political opponent and late supporter, the Duke of Argyll, it is not without gratification and an impregnable-rooted sense of the justice of this arrangement, that I remark to how relatively low a position the merits of humour, as exemplified in the persons of Messrs. W. S. GILBERT and "LEWIS CARROLL," have been relegated.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, W. E. GL-DST-NE.

(Imperial Wire.)

Charivari London Unwarrantable error in last week's wire for mortal verse read immortal have beheaded delinquent operator pheasants plentiful William Potsdam.

A SEASONABLE ARTICLE.

(Contemplating Yule-tide.)

EDWIN and ANGELINA lingered by the sunlit waves. He was wearing a suit of tweeds, and she a gown of muslin. Their costumes were those they had adopted in the height of summer.

"You are sure you are warmly clad?" he suggested.

"Too warmly. It was a mistake to bring this thin, diaphanous-looking cloak. I told you I would not want it."

"My darling, you cannot be too careful," the *cousin intime* continued. They listened to the songs of the birds and gazed at the trees as the new leaves showed themselves in buds upon the branches. She put up her *en-tout-cas* to ward off the fierce rays of the sun; he lay on the shore, throwing pebbles into the sea.

At length night came on, and the moon put in an appearance.

"I greeted you with the old, familiar wish."

"You did, dear, and I returned the compliment."

Then they entered their house, and began to discuss the cod, the beef, the turkey, the mince-meat, and last but not least the holly-decked plum-pudding. She arranged the summer ornament in the fireplace, and he opened the window.

And then once again in honour of the festival they wished themselves "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

[Yes, all very well, November 20, but by the time this appears we may be in the depths of an old-fashioned winter.—Ed.]



COMPLIMENTARY.

Brown. "Ah, Smith, let me introduce you to Mr. Cayley Gott. I'm sure you've read his famous books!"

Smith. "N-n-no, I'm afraid I haven't had the pleasure."

Brown. "Oh, of course you have, my dear fellow, but you've forgotten—that's it!"

SOME QUERIES AND SURMISES.

(By a Man on the Penny 'Bus, on passing through Knightsbridge.)

Why have the local authorities so carefully selected the middle of November in order to block the busiest part of this thoroughfare when there was all September in which to execute the repairs?

Are they laying down a chicken-run in the road opposite Sloane Street? It is nicely covered with a thin layer of gravel, and railed off, and only seems to be waiting for a few barn-door fowl or live-stock of some kind.

Or perhaps these bunkers indicate that the occupants of the Hyde Park Club are going to start a private golf-links in the middle of the street. We shall soon have lost the right of way over these solitudes.

Query, by Rule of Three, if two British workmen, pottering over the job for the usual number of hours a day, and consuming the regulation amount of beer, take more than three weeks in repairing the hundred yards section at Albert Gate, how long, more or less, will Piccadilly be "up," and how many citizens' tempers will be lost in the period?

Why don't they put on a night shift? Is it because they are afraid of disturbing the sleep of the rude forefathers (or the present fathers) of the hamlet of Knightsbridge?

What do they know of London who only Knightsbridge know? At any rate, we are extending our knowledge, as we are being driven down by-lanes and purlieus at the instance of the ubiquitous and leisurely road-repairers, who seem to be determined to give us an object-lesson in the noble art of How not to Do It.



INCURABLE.

First Rustic. "WELL, BOR, AN' HOW ARE YE TO-DAY?"
Second Ditto. "OH! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GIT ALONG. I HA' GOT THE RHEUMATIZ IN MY LEFT LEG, AN' A BAD COUGH, AN' I DON'T FARE UP TO MUCH."
First Ditto. "AH, BOR, I KNOW WOT'S THE MATTER WI' YEW. ANNO DOMINI—THAT'S WOT BE THE MATTER WI' YEW!"

Q. And what is your view of the religious difficulty?
 A. That it is a difficulty, and as such, better avoided.
 Q. But cannot a compromise be secured acceptable to both Moderates and Progressives?
 A. Yes, if the principle of Free Trade in commerce is extended to Free Trade in belief.
 Q. Is not the present contest causing an immense amount of excitement and work?
 A. It is, amongst women as well as men.
 Q. Is it not creating a good deal of ill-will?
 A. Unquestionably, converting neighbours into strangers by the score and the hundred.
 Q. And whichever side wins, what is the probable result?
 A. That the School-Board rate of the next three years will be as great as, if not greater than, the three years preceding them.

DARBY JONES AT MANCHESTER.

HONOURED SIR,—We all know Cottonopolis, with its Megatherium red-brick warehouses, and its countless Trollies filled with those fabrics which are as acceptable to the wily Hindoo as they are to the humble Hottentot.

Ah! Sir, what grief it was to me when I saw my old friend and favourite, the Jersey Man of the Sea relegated to cough-drops and water-gruel, and compelled to forego his Certain Engagement at Liverpool. But such is the way of the Racing World. At one moment the Noble Animal is rushing ahead like a runaway Motor-cab; at another he is as useless as a Tricycle which has collided with a Tram-car. But let us to rhyme and reason!—

Despite his weight beware the Count,
 The Saint do not forget, Sir,
 And it may be the Yankee's mount
 Some Money will upset, Sir,
 But I prefer the Burning Ash,
 Or else the nimble Nun, Sir,
 With Aster Girl to make the dash
 That tells the race is won, Sir.

I beg you to note, honoured Sir, that my exclusive intelligence wired to you from Derby* should doubly enhance the value at which you estimate services of

Your leal and limber runner-up,
 DARBY JONES.

* The only communication received from DARBY JONES when at Derby was a request to telegraph him £10. We never telegraph anything except reminders that copy is late, as D. J. well knows.—En.

THE SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTION VADE MECUM.

(At the Service of both Moderates and Progressives.)

Question. You take an interest in the School-Board election?
 Answer. Naturally, as the amount of our rates depends upon its result.
 Q. You are in favour of maintaining the efficiency of the teachers?
 A. Yes; if it can be accomplished without sacrificing the interest of our pockets.
 Q. And you would not reduce their number?
 A. No; if the number could be maintained at less expense.
 Q. And you would have sufficient school houses?
 A. Certainly; but not greater expenditure.
 Q. Are there, in your opinion, too many of these institutions?

A. Yes and no. Of course, the supply ought to keep pace with the demand, but then the demand should not be satisfied on a false basis.
 Q. Is that not a complicated reply?
 A. It is; but that is no uncommon thing with matters connected with the School Board.
 Q. Well, is it not possible to make the answer plainer—by example, for instance?
 A. If there is an increase of seven hundred scholars, it seems extravagant to secure accommodation for seven thousand.
 Q. But that is not the universal opinion?
 A. No, it is not; for non-ratepayers have no objection to expenditure to which they do not contribute.
 Q. I presume that this would be the opinion of the Moderates?
 A. Yes; but human nature is human nature, and most people like to be charitable when they can display the virtue without cost or inconvenience.

FALSE FOOTSTEPS.

[The North British Daily Mail states that workmen employed by the Cantonal Council of Vaud have effaced the marks of BONNIVARD'S footsteps from the floor of the Castle of Chillon, but that these same footsteps had, according to the surveyor's report, been renewed every few years.]

O BONNIVARD! O BONNIVARD!
 When under lock and key and guard,
 From outer intercourse close barred,
 With ev'ry prospect blurred and marred,
 We thought your boots were passing hard.
 Indeed, they must have had a drill on
 To perforate the stones of Chillon!
 But now the tourist-tip purveyor
 Must yield the feet to the surveyor!

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A MAN OF LETTERS.—MR. BERNARD COCK-SHAW.



Ⓐ

SWAIN &c

THE MARQUIS AND THE MUNICIPAL MONSTER.

SALISBURY FRANKENSTEIN. "SORRY I EVER PUT YOU TOGETHER, YOU GREAT HULKING BOOBY! BUT JUST YOU WAIT A BIT. I'LL SOON TAKE YOU TO PIECES AGAIN!"





TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Passing Cabby. "GUV'NOR, YOUR STYLE 'S ALL WERRY NICE IN A FOO, BUT IT 'S A NOOSANCE IN TRAFFIC!"

TOBY, M.P.'S PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

IV.

Going into Committee of Supply.—The slang Parliamentary term for going to dinner.

Laying Papers.—A Minister who knows his place and respects it, never promises (or declines) to lay papers "on the Table of the House." He always says he will (or will not) "lay Papers"—as if they were eggs.



Eyes to the Right, Nose to the Left.

Eyes to the Right, Nose to the Left.—As soon as the House is cleared for a division, the new Member will hear the Speaker issuing this injunction. It seems on the face of it difficult, and, as tending to sound legislation and good government, superfluous. But a little steady practice before a good glass will soon place the new Member on a footing of equality with old

stagers, who instinctively perform the facial contortion as they rise to go out to a division.

Reading a Bill a Third Time.—The House, more especially towards the end of a Session, grows a-weary, and is anxious chiefly to shorten proceedings, so that it may get off for the holidays. Hence it comes to pass that comparatively few Bills are read a third time. As the reader of the Parliamentary report knows, when August 12 approaches, they are thrown out wholesale. Of course, when anyone has read a literary work twice, it must be very attractive indeed to make him desire to read it a third time. It is on record that a lady read *Clarissa* a fourth time. At least, so she (Miss MARGARET COLLIER) assured RICHARDSON in a letter included in the author's published correspondence. But the lady has since died.

The moral for the young Member is to spare no pains to make his Bill attractive. Style, delftness of construction, interest of plot, are each and all desirable to this end. Failing capacity in this direction, a few stories included in the Schedule of the Bill have a good effect. But they must not be risqués.

The Twelve o'Clock Rule.—As a rule, at 12 o'clock p.m., it is midnight. This is, indeed, a rule without exception. Hence the Twelve o'Clock Rule.

The Orders of the Day.—Obscurity about the real meaning of this phrase arises from debased orthography. In the journals of the House the Long Parliament, it

will be found correctly spelled, The Orders of the Dey. Tunis was at that time an important State, and the reigning Dey endeavoured to ingratiate himself by lavish distribution of Orders—for the theatre, for the Zoological Gardens on Sundays, occasionally for light refreshments.

It will be observed that in modern times the Sultan has attempted to revive the

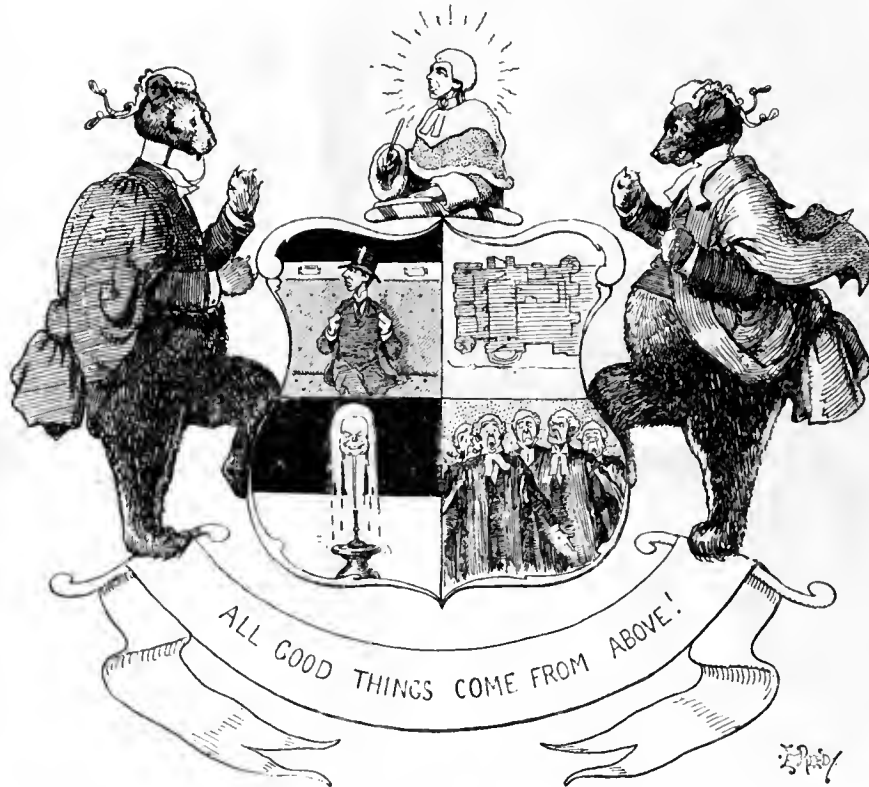


"The Orders of the Day."

custom. But no one except SILOMIO seems to care to take his Orders.

At the Board-School Lecture.

Professor McCrobo. And now, where do you suppose germs are originated? *Oversmart Lad* (promptly). In Germany, Sir! [Laughter, cheers and—tears.]



READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!

MR. JUSTICE D-RL-NO OF DEPTFORD.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, on a bench tory under a chapeau-de-soie glossy a mannikin caustic and mordant in retort; 2nd, a ground-plan proper of guidance of the royal courts of justice (enabling a complete stranger to find his way proper to his own court); 3rd, a fountain of honour spotted and displayed proper on the hop; 4th, on a ground shady to the last several old hands harry passed over rampant. *Crest*: A legal spark (or "scintilla juris") dapper in his glory elevated ermine. *Supporters*: Dexter, the junior b'ar wiggid and gowned rampant in frenzy; sinister, the senior b'ar similarly enfurriated arrayed silk for difference.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning (SMITH, ELDER) make a good book spoiled for lack of good editing. If it had been one volume instead of two, it would have been a delightful possession. As it is, my Baronite finds, in a sentence in which Mrs. BROWNING gave her opinion upon *Mary Barton*, an accurate judgment of the work. "There is power and truth," Mrs. BROWNING, in critical mood, wrote about this forgotten novel, "but I wish half the book away, it is so tedious every now and then." Mr. KENYON's devotion to the subject of his work has fatally marred its execution. He shovels in every scrap of correspondence sanctified by his idol's signature. This is bad enough to begin with, but when the baby is horn, the condition of the conscientious reader becomes hopeless. *Penini*, the pet name of this phenomenon, from the day of his birth to the close of the last volume, appears on nearly every page. How he looked, what he ate, what he said, and what other people said of him—all set forth in pitiless detail. This is sad, but if the reader skips many of the letters at the opening of the first volume and dodges *Penini* throughout the second, he will find his reward. Mrs. BROWNING's prose is even better than her poetry. She can picture an Alpine scene, and describe a man or woman in a single flashing sentence. The rare beauty of her character is disclosed in her bearing toward a father who, if there be such a thing as transmigration of souls, is at this moment capering round somewhere in his proper shape as a mule. He deliberately did his brutal worst to wreck his gifted daughter's life. For him through it all she breathes no word save of almost passionate affection. As a proof of Mrs. BROWNING's sound judgment, this extract from a letter dated October 5, 1844, will serve: "Do you take in *Punch*? If not, you ought. Mr. KENYON and I agreed the other day that we

THE MISSING METEORS

Which failed to put in an appearance on Nov. 15.

ON Sunday night with wakeful eye
And upturned gaze I swept the sky;
I waited up till nearly two,
Until my nose and all was blue!

Astronomers had prophesied
They would a wondrous sight provide;
They advertised in *Star and Sun*,
That, if we looked, we'd see some fun.

They wrote, those learned men, a lot
About a certain radiant spot
In Leo, where the Leonids
Come from—we took it in like kids!

They told us that the meteor-train
Waa booked to strike the earth again:
In '66 'twas going strong,
Three million miles and more 'twas long.

But on the sky-line all I viewed
Was two tom-cats in deadly feud;
I saw no fire-ball, but they got
A makeshift missile pretty hot!

The net result is, we were sold,
And I've a most emphatic cold;
Next year the sky may blaze o'erhead—
I'll comfortably snooze in bed!

In the Midlands.

Belated Hunting Man (to Native). Can you kindly point out the way to the "Fox and Cock Inn"?

Native. D'ye mean the "Barber's Arms"?

B. H. M. No, the "Fox and Cock"!

Native. Well, that's what we call the "Barber's Arms."

B. H. M. Why so?

Native (with a hoarse laugh). Well, ain't the "Fox and Cock" the same as the "Brush and Comb"?

[*Vanishes into the gloaming, leaving the B. H. M. muttering those words which are not associated with benediction, while he wearily passes on his way.*]

should be more willing to take our politics from *Punch* than from any other of the newspaper oracles."

CASSELL & Co. in their publication, *The Magazine of Art*, present one of the most interesting gift-books of the year. The same firm insinuatingly leads the little ones into *Micky Magee's Menagerie*, by S. H. HAMER, comically illustrated by HARRY NELSON, a wonderland that never fails to captivate the fancy of the very youthful student of unnatural history.

The Story of Edison, by FRANK MUNDELL (JARROLD AND SONS), tells in chatty style how this brilliant genius from a simple paper-boy on an American train became the greatest scientific discoverer—our modern edition of *Aladdin* and his wonderful electric-light lamp.

A delightful continuation of his Roman Series is *The Corleone* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by Mr. MARION CRAWFORD. The reader's interest in the story, roused at the commencement, grows in intensity as the plot is artistically developed to its climax. Mr. CRAWFORD's pictures of Italian scenery are perfect, and his characters, belonging to the Roman Society, with which he has familiarised us in so many of his books, are living beings before our eyes.

The Baron, after reading *The Plattner Story*, and others (METHUEN & Co.), by H. G. WELLS, cannot conscientiously, and he is either conscientious or nothing, even if not much at that, advise his friends "to let WELLS alone." Very much the contrary, let them go to the Wells and draw thence a sparkling supply of amusement. The author who can provide us with short stories of genuine humour comes as a boon and a blessing to hard-working men, who have not time to sit down to the absorbing novel in one, two, or three volumes.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



HOPELESS.

Sir Charles. "NOT UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CONVEX AND CONCAVE? I WILL TRY AND EXPLAIN. CONVEX IS LIKE THE OUTSIDE CURVE OF AN UMBRELLA OPENED. THE INSIDE VIEW WOULD BE CONCAVE."

Aline. "I SEE. BUT HOW WOULD THAT BE WITH A PARASOL?"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

NO. IV.—TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

SIR,—I notice that in the Empire which you attempt to govern with much bombast and lack of discretion the crime of *lèse-majesté* has of late assumed a considerable prominence. Careful and cunning journalists have found that it is useless to wrap up distant allusions to your Imperial aberrations in a historical essay on the aberrations of CALIGULA, the megalomaniac; while politicians who imagined that their position secured them from attack discovered too late, when they languished in a dungeon, that the *regis voluntas*, which is in Germany the *suprema lex*, had arbitrarily ordained their punishment for offences due to your own imperial perversity. Well, Sir, I am about, I suppose, to commit *lèse-majesté* to a large extent; but as I run no risk of suffering, I am not inclined to consider myself on that account as a specially daring man. Still, it is well that somewhere, if not in the journals of your own land, you should be able to see yourself as others see you, to digest in the privacy of your own chamber, without any disturbing thoughts of a possible prosecution, the candid views of an impartial looker on. This privilege I propose to afford you.

Sir, you are no longer a young man. Time, the arch tyrant, deals capriciously with his subjects. To some it is permitted to retain far into middle age the *insignia* of slim and joyous youth. To others are awarded the marks of age long before they begin in reality to slide down the hill of life. You have, I admit, fared not otherwise than well at his hands. For a long period you have been able, by means of tight tunics and a marble expression of face, to defy the inroads of the enemy, and those who saw you prance and bound, and heard you shout and bluster, who watched your astounding feats on the telegraph, and, if they honoured your name and rank, were forced to tremble when they considered

the next place of your breaking out, were able at any rate to excuse you to themselves and the world at large on the ground that you were a mere boy. But all that is now past. We have all seen your latest photograph: it was reproduced in our own picture-papers in all its rotund and sporting splendour. There, posed at the side of the kind, grey Emperor of Austria, we saw you, no longer slim, no longer youthful, but adipose and puffy and protuberant, girthed round as to your middle with a hunting-belt that only served to make two prominences where one had sufficed, and wearing on your head a hat that suited strangely with the un-Tyrolean aspect of your countenance and your figure. It was the picture of one who has liked himself and his food too much for too many years. It was emphatically *not* the picture of a youth.

Such a vision, Sir, makes a change in one's views. Formerly I imagined that throughout Germany, and from time to time in Russia, Austria, or in Italy, an imperial but soaringly human boy was lifting his glass and crying, "*Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!*" amid the clatter of swords and the admiring shouts of a profusely-decorated soldiery. Now I know that a stout gentleman is doing these things, and reducing his hearers to an abyss of melancholy at his dismal failure in dignity. A boy who played fantastic tricks with the telegraph-wires incurred but a mild censure. What shall be said of a middle-aged and pompous party whose pleasure it is to play practical jokes that set two nations by the ears?

Yours is a great inheritance, greatly won by heroic deeds. Your people are by nature the mildest and most loyal, and by tradition and education the most thoughtful, in Europe. But mild and loyal as they are their minds must rise in revolt against a sovereign who reproduces in the crudest form the stale theories of divine right and arbitrary government, whose one notion of administration is to increase his stupendous military forces by



A DOUBTFUL DIANA.

The Master. "DOES THAT NEW HORSE JUMP, MISS NERVES?"

Miss Nerves. "THEY SAY NOT. BUT I AM AFRAID HE MAY!"

taxation while diminishing the number of his reasonable critics by imprisonment. You have travelled; cocked hat in hand, to capital after capital, you have dismissed BISMARCK, you have made yourself into the tin god of a great monarchy, you have shouted, reviewed, toasted, speechified, you have donned a thousand different uniforms, you have dabbled in the drama, you have been assisted in the design of allegorical cartoons, you have composed hymns to *Agir*, and Heaven knows how many others—and to-day the result of all your restless and misdirected energies is that you have added not only to your army but also to the foreign ill-wishers of your country and to her internal distractions. And at this moment, in spite of the millions of men and money that go to form her army, Germany is weaker than she has been at any moment since the Empire was proclaimed at Versailles. This feat, Sir, you have accomplished, and such credit as attaches to it is yours alone. Where and how do you propose to end?

Yours as sincerely as may be, THE VAGRANT.

CALLS TO ARMS.

(Latest Collection of Opinions.)

Address—Army and Navy Club.—Of course revive the Militia ballot. Never ought to have been allowed to drop. Good provision for the service, Sir. As for the volunteers—pooh, Sir, pooh! Army ought to be six times as large. Then I and my contemporaries might have a look in. What's the use of a lot of Johnnies of fifteen, and generals of fifty. Want the seasoned article, Sir, want the seasoned article.—MAJOR—ACED SIXTY.

Address—Minerva Villa, Clapham.—Quite another opening for women. Soldiers could be easily replaced by Amazons. It has been done before. Even the uniform might be modified to allow of the divided skirt and other improvements. And as to campaigning, that might be as easily managed as a game of chess. Only have to settle rules of the game. Cavalry retire on approach of artillery and that kind of thing. Certainly the army would be a splendid opening for women—if they would do away with the fighting.—SPINSTER.

Address—Portsmouth.—Why not leave matters as they are? Thin red line and that sort of thing. Of course, the fleet will keep off the enemy. If it doesn't, why, the sooner it's over the better. Army fine service, but it's no use increasing it indefinitely. The navy is the thing, Sir. There's nothing like iron.

ADMIRAL.

Address—Upper Middleclassington Road, Tooting.—Of course, patriotism is all very well, but how about the rates and taxes? All nonsense about payment for insurance. Of course, if there were an invasion, the nation would rise like one man. Have done it before, would do it again. So it's folly to talk about increasing the Army Estimates. Can't really afford it—can't really afford it.

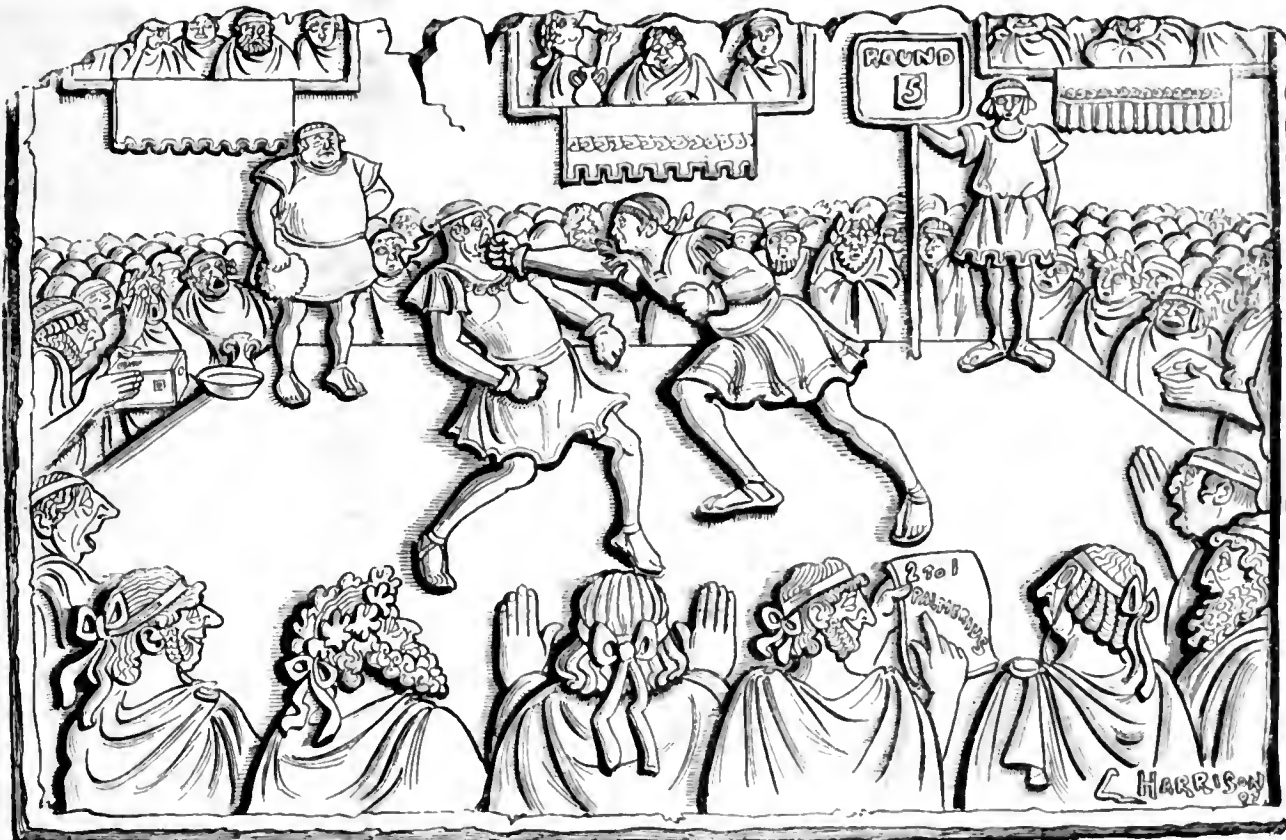
PATERFAMILIAS.

Address—85, Fleet Street.—Enough talk. Action is wanted. Delay is dangerous. British Empire can't stand still when the rest of the world is moving. The order of the day is "Forward!"—not "As you were!" Entire British race, "Attention!"

PUNCH.

ANOTHER BIT OF MR. PUNCH'S UP-TO-DATE ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO GET MARRIED.—Do! And do as everyone does nowadays. Send out invitations from 3 to 4.30. Ask everybody you have ever known. Collar tons of presents, and in return for their charity, give your generous guests—biscuits, bread-and-butter, and (if you wish to be extra liberal) mustard-and-sandwiches, washed down by tea, coffee, and a little light '97 champagne, to be kept in background by a few well-dressed hired waiters who know their business.

MEM. FROM THE MONEY MARKET.—*First Needy Capitalist.* Klondyke is a real Tom Tiddler's ground! *Unsophisticated Victim.* Well, I hope that you gentlemen have made your fortunes. *First N. C.* Not exactly. You see, the journeys to and fro eat up all our capital for the time being. Eh, boys? (*Murmurs of approval from the Second and Third N. C.'s, during which the Unsophisticated acts the host.*)



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN SULLIVANUS AND PEDLARI PALMERIUS AT THE SUPERSUS SPORTING CLUB.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

No. V.—TO THE RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I strolled along Pall Mall or in the neighbourhood of the Palace at Westminster, *nescio quid meditans nugarum*, it has occasionally been my good fortune to meet a tall figure sedately and delicately pacing in the opposite direction. The gait, indeed, was almost languid, the head hung but loosely on the shoulders, and the face, small in proportion to the attenuated length of body and limbs, wore a pale air of detached absorption suited to a temperament at once poetical and philosophic. The clothes carried by this slow walker might not have passed the exacting muster of the *Tailor and Cutter*, that Argus-eyed, sartorial authority whose young men criticise with an equal freedom the painted trousers of statesmen at the Royal Academy show, and the double-breasted frock-coat of the Duke of York disembarking in Ireland. Still the clothes had about them a neglectful looseness of fit, an exuberance of folds that seemed to suit a man of thought, a philosopher, let us say, or a poet engaged upon the uncongenial task of exercising his limbs in the open air. It was not without an effort, then, that I realised that this figure was you, a statesman, a man of action, an undaunted fighter; a man, in short, who, whatever else his opponents might say of him, was acknowledged by them and by his friends to have faced, with a rigid determination and a complete success, the fiercest onslaughts of the Irishry and their Liberal allies during the stormy years from 1887 onward.

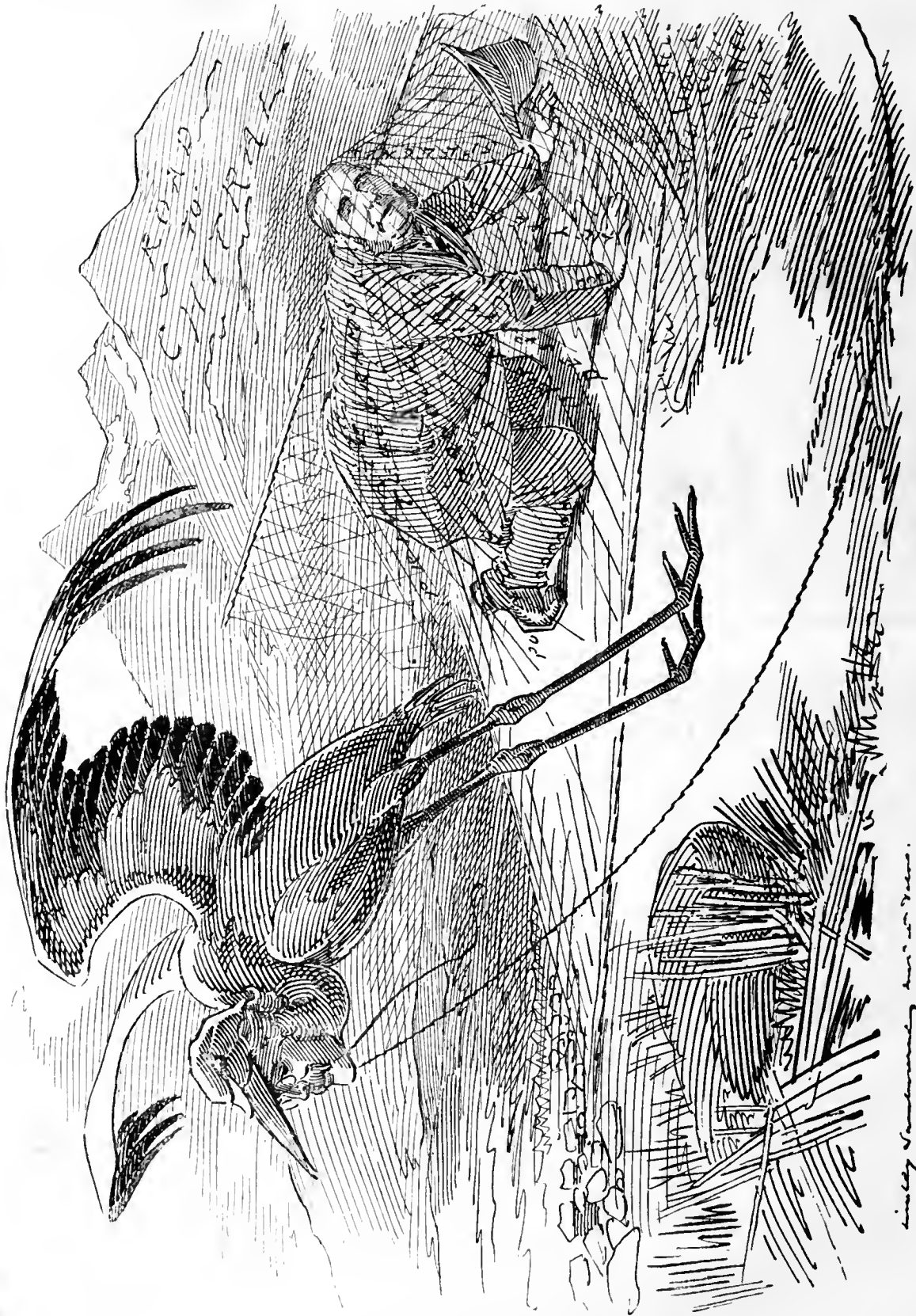
And yet, Sir, are you sure that you have chosen the better part—better, I mean, not merely for yourself, but for those who admire your many qualities of heart and head? I know that your political record, if I may use the expression, is a brilliant one. Your party owes much to you. You steered their barque safely amidst wave-swept rocks marked with many a wreck. Your example of imperturbable courage inspired them in anxious times; your high-bred, polished courtesy has often been the delight of the House of Commons, where men are glad to recognise that determination and vigour do not exclude good manners, tolerance and politeness towards the foe. I know, too, that it is easy and,

perhaps, fatuous to say of successful men that, had they turned their energies into a different channel, their success would have been greater and more striking. Thus Mr. JOHN BRIGHT has been described as a prize-fighter wasted, Mr. GLADSTONE as a Prince of the Church in the guise of a political leader, and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY as a Field-Marshal in black gaiters and lawn sleeves. On the whole, I think it is better to believe that men as a rule pursue the careers for which they are best fitted, and if ROGERS, for instance, had never been a banker, I doubt if the stock of the world's great poetry would have been sensibly increased. And so it is probably with you. You engage in politics because politics provide for your mind the zest it requires, because you have found that in politics your energies find their best and broadest scope. And yet I cannot forbear to speculate on what might have been. For you can think and can write. You have the gift of style; you wield a piercing dialectic rapier; philosophic speculation fascinates you; you are literary, musical, sympathetic. Do these qualities find their best arena in the turmoil of politics? Can they match themselves successfully in the long run against the vulgar blatancy of—well, of any pushing, brazen, hippopotamus-hided, self-advertising politician who may be thrusting and struggling for place and power without much regard to the weapons he uses? I hope they can, I wish to believe they can, for I confess it would be a dismal day for us if we had to acknowledge that mere vulgarity and smartness must in the end submerge scholarly courtesy and geniality. I leave the matter there. I do not presume to formulate an answer which Time in any case will provide.

One hint I may give. Keep clear, if you can, of fads and cranks. A subtle intellect, no doubt, finds a pleasure in threading the mazes of bimetalism; but to a practical English statesman, a Minister in a prosperous country, the centre of the world's commerce, those tricky attempts to tamper with ancient and well-grounded systems are a weakness. In Society, you may have been a "soul," in politics you must be a man. Play golf as much as you like, but, as you value your future, abstain from bimetalism. Farewell.

Yours with great respect,

THE VAGRANT.



THE BALFOUR BIRD AND THE FOWLER SNARED.

(See Mr. A. J. Balfour's Letter to the "Times" on "The Indian Frontier," dated November 24, 1897.)

simply unconvincing and in fact false.

"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD."

In offering a third specimen of the "nursery-rhyme," as rewritten for youthful decadents, *Mr. Punch* feels that these examples will suffice to show how vast an improvement may be made upon the "senseless jingles," as a reviewer has aptly termed them, with which the less fortunate children of a previous age have had to be content. And he looks forward with confidence to the time when every child will be taught from his earliest years to appreciate the æsthetic beauties of neurotic literature. This final specimen may be called

THE GARDEN OF DEAR DELIGHTS.

The grey weariness of our talk irked me. My glimmering fear dawned to a dreadful certainty; decidedly MARY had no sense of things beautiful, in a word, no soul. Her empty laughter had long since died away, indeed, a note of ill-temper, almost of fury, twanged harshly in her speech. And yet she was so young, so wise, so beautiful! Deep-hidden, surely, a finer sense must yet abide in a form so gracious. And, by good hap, I found it at the last.

"Dear lady," I entreated, "the loftier height may yet be yours. But you must be quit of the bad old modes of thought, you must mount to the untrammelled sense—"

"I wish you'd mount to sense!" she broke in, angrily. "I've never heard such nonsense in my life! Do let's leave that affected jargon and talk about something else!"

"Certainly," I assented, with a sigh. "Yet it were scarce necessary to speak so harshly. But, dear MARY, most unkind, most contrary, I will e'en touch another theme. Perchance," I added, with a sudden thought, "you have a garden?"

"Come, that's much better," said she. "I believe you're going to be intelligible at last! Yes, I *have* a garden."

"I knew it!" I responded with enthusiasm. "To one thus fair must surely appertain some dimly-fragrant pleasance, some spot bedight with harmonies of colour, some—"

"Oh, dear," she broke in, "you're as bad as ever!"

"Speak, then, my MARY," I replied. "How does your garden grow?"

She eyed me strangely. Almost I could have sworn that a smile lurked around her mouth.

"My garden? Oh—with silver bells!"

"How exquisite!" I exclaimed. "Dear, sweet silver bells, tinkling in the resonant breeze! Tell me more—what else enhances that subtle charm?"

She was moved—deeply moved. Clearly she had more feeling than I had supposed. She had her handkerchief in her mouth, and her voice trembled, as she gasped:

"With—oh, with cockle-shells!"

"Symbolism most apt! The message of the cockle—how deep, how true! Fixed immovably to the arid rock, and yet pointing high with its summit, aspiring to the nobler height—type of every cultured soul! I think I see that dear garden of yours, in which oft-times you wander solitary—or, perchance, do other maidens, beauteous as yourself, share its sweet seclusion?"

She seemed to be almost suffocated by the gracious insight of my words. "Lots of 'em," she cried, well-nigh choking in the utterance, "lots of 'em! All in a row!"

"It lacked but that," quoth I, "to make



Intending Purchaser. "OR, YES, 'E'D BE ALL RIGHT, BUT 'E'S GOT SUCH A HUGLY ED!"

the picture perfect! Dear damosels, clad in fairest garb, not errant among the pathways, but standing demure in one far-reaching row! Fain would I wander, MARY, in that garden, fain would I—

At this moment MARY suddenly withdrew, murmuring a few broken words which almost seemed to sound like "Of all the screamingly-funny idiots"—but those they could not have been.

And, since then, MARY has not crossed my path, nor sought converse with me; painfully conscious, doubtless, of her own inferiority. Poor child, I despise her not. And some day we will seek together that pleasant place I wot of; yea, hand-in-hand shall we wander amid the dulcet-sounding bells, and the piquant cockle-shells, and the damsels wondrous beautiful, some day will I flee the blatant turbulence of the street, and stray at ease in the Garden of Dear Delights!

CRICKET CHATTER.

(From the Antipodes.)

COULD not have been more warmly received. On appearance in a new place, our hands were nearly shaken off our wrists, and our arms all but pulled from their sockets. Yes, unquestionably in general enthusiasm watches were lost. There was no dissembling of love, and yet kicking down stairs was the theory, if not actually the practice. The reception was magnificent, but it was not cricket. Australia has wisely advanced in most things, but perhaps is a trifle too prominent in greeting visitors. On the whole, the hug of a grisly bear is preferable to the fraternal embrace of a Colonial.

A VERY old lady of our acquaintance says she fears the Winter-time, as that is when "the equivocal gales" are in full force.



A NICE EXCUSE.

Fair Thruster (who has just jumped over Friend). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, NELL. I THOUGHT IT WAS A MAN!"

MORE MANNERS FOR WOMEN.

The Girl in Society.—Music and painting are no longer necessary accomplishments. Bicycling and slang are. French is taken for granted. In these days of travel a little Russian, Arabic, Hungarian, Basque, and Chinese are useful. The QUEEN usually converses in Hindustani with the Munshi ABDUL KARIM. I get a great deal of information about the Court from a former Royal footman, now a grocer in my neighbourhood.

At Drawing Rooms.—I could repeat a number of his anecdotes if I had space. The *débutante* should not leave the Royal presence on her hands and knees.

In the Omnibus.—A gentleman does not rest her head on the shoulder of the man next to her. Nor does she stamp on her neighbour's toes. Self-effacement is her characteristic. If the Prince of WALES is sitting opposite her in an omnibus she does not stare at him, but looks out of the window behind her, a difficult thing to do gracefully when the omnibus is full, but easy enough after a little practice.

Cards and Calls.—A card is a thin white piece of paste-board. This is not generally known. Its size is exactly three-and-a-half by two-and-a-half inches. In the best houses the butler is provided with an inch measure, and ordered to refuse all cards of improper dimensions. Correct cards are easily obtained. MESSRS. PASTE AND BOARD supply very good ones.

Weddings.—Tears are bad form. Most human emotions are bad form. They are out of place in smart restaurants. The bridegroom pays for whatever he cannot get the bride's father to pay for. He even furnishes his own house. Everything is now supplied by caterers. They will supply the bridegroom if necessary. MESSRS. NYVES AND FAWKES are an excellent firm.

Dinners.—If the hostess cooks the dinner she is hot and tired when her guests arrive. In the best houses the dinner is prepared by a cook, sometimes by a *chef*, or by what I call a *cordon rouge*. I don't quite know what this is. Most people call it a *cordon bleu*. Perhaps it is a sort of kitchener. Dinners should not last for five hours. The signal to leave the table is a nod to the principal lady. If she is not on the look-out, you can

catch her eye with anything handy. Avoid giving the signal too soon, for instance, just as your wealthy bachelor uncle is sipping his port. Excellent port is supplied by my grocer. You can give the signal prematurely if two of the guests seem likely to come to blows over bimetalism, or any other unwelcome topic.

Up-to-date Entertaining.—This is not entertaining at all, being merely an "At Home" with dull talk and weak tea.

Correspondence.—Try to spell correctly. If your friends live at West Kensington do not address the envelope to East Hammersmith. If you live there yourself, or in any other suburb, have a map of the omnibus route printed on your note-paper. Even smart women travel in omnibuses now.

Learning to Laugh.—This is very difficult. There are now so few things to laugh at. This manual, and my other one—for men—may supply a want.

SURGEONS, PLEASE NOTE.

VERY interesting is the statement contained in the daily Press that a clever operator has succeeded in transferring the eyelid of a defunct porker to a human being who had, unfortunately, lost his own by accident. The principle of this transference suggests the following operations which might be successfully carried out without materially injuring the bulk of the patients.

1. To take some of the cheek of the average Trades' Unionist agitator, and give it to a retiring and modest member of society.
2. Exchange a little of Mr. ALL-N UPW-RD's greece for an equal portion of Sir ELL-S ASHM-D B-RTL-TR's turkey.
3. To remove portion of Dr. T-NN-R's jaw.
4. To take the nerve of a steeplechase rider, and transfer it to the Spanish Cabinet in dealing with the Cuban difficulty.
5. Any Barrister on the look-out for an appointment would benefit greatly by obtaining the ear of either the Lord Chancellor or Home Secretary.
6. Portion of a cat, applied vigorously to the back of any street ruffian or wife-beater.

AMONG THE ROARING FORTIES;

Or, The New Ménagerie of Letters.

[Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, in a letter to the *Times*, complains bitterly that when, "in this decadent month," the demise of the sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry is followed by the resurgence of "that ridiculous monster," an English Academy of Letters, his name should receive the unsolicited honour of association with so "unimaginable a gathering;" what, indeed, he might call a "*colluvies literarum*." He strongly resents the "adulation of such insult."]

WHEN the fends of fog are on Autumn's traces,
The herald of Yule and the year's decay
Smears the lungs and smothers the faces
With slime that slithers and germs that slay;
And the amorous microbe leaves his lair,
And walks abroad with a wicked air,
And unabashed the wanton chases
By nebulous noon his palsied prey.

For the Silly Season is past and over,
Gone with the equinoctial gales;
That sinuous hoax, the hoar sea-rover,
Has curbed the pride of his prancing scales;
And the giant gooseberry misbegotten
Lies in the limbo of all things rotten,
The savour that clings to last year's clover,
The loves that follow the light that fails.

Where shall they find what next they shall say to us,
Give to our need what new-sent boon?
What fresh air shall the pressman play to us,
Worn to a thread with the jaunts of June?
For to set the jaded limbs astir
Is as food and drink to the pipe-player,
And it means the deuce if, piping for pay to us,
Never a heart shall heed his tune.

But see! for a ballet is set before us,
Figures that limp on feet of lead,
Two score puppets and all sonorous,
Crowned with paper upon the head!
Past the thymele each one wobbles
Baiting the British public's obols—
And who fares fifth in the footling chorus?
ALGERNON CHARLES! as I live by bread!

Shall I make virtuous sport for Vandals,
I that mixed in the Mænads' maze,
Shod in the sheen of my winged sandals,
Fellow of Fauns by woodland ways?
Shall I parade in a vulgar huskin
With ruminant STRUBS and stolid RUSKIN,
Not fit to hold two half-penny candles
To A. C. S. in his palmy days?

For I sang of the garb and gait unstudied
Of Bacchanal routs that raged and ran;
Of the cheek of Dryad and Nymph full-blooded
That warmed at touch of the warming Pan;
Who then dares marry my Muse with these,
This *literarum colluvies*?
On him and his print and his staff that budded
I lay the curse of my lips that ban.

Have I not said, O *Times*, and sworn it,
By all oaths valid on earth and sea,
That while one blast is left to my cornet
Not, if I know it, shall these things be?
Not till the lion shear his locks
And share his crib with the craven ox,
Not till the fiery unyoked hornet
Mate with the mere performing flea!

MIXED.—Among the licenses for music and dancing granted by the L. C. C. on Friday last were several for the above-mentioned joyous objects, but coupled "with undertakings!" This is from gay to grave with a vengeance! The singers will become mutes, and the bier be drawn by the barmaids!

THE only rest that a busy and successful City man takes is "inte-rest," and of this he gets as much as he can.

FOOTBALL should be the classic game for Australia, as being essentially "Anti-podean."



FAIR PLAY.

"I HOPE YOU PLUMPED FOR GIGGLES, MISS WUMF! EVERY VOTE IS OF VALUE."

"WELL, I'D A MIND TO; BUT, THINKS I, *PROGRESS* IS OOOD, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR *MODERATION*. SO I JUST HALVED MY FOUR VOTES BETWEEN YOU!"

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

ENQUIRER.—Nothing is easier than to get taken on to the staff of any London paper. The fact that you have never had anything published yet, don't understand politics, and can't spell, goes for nothing. Any editor would snap you up. Try the *Times* to start with.

JEALOUS WIFE.—Don't believe his story, but keep your eye on the female type-writer.

LITTLE TOMMY.—We should hardly like to advise you to marry the pretty girl at the pastry-cook's on the ten shillings a term you receive as pocket-money. Certainly you would find it a hard struggle to keep a wife on anything less than that. It would only be possible by dint of the strictest economy.

HEAVYWEIGHT.—It is certainly very annoying to find that the new armchair is too small for you to get into. Try a shoe-horn.

GREEK.—Yea, it was HELEN who fired Troy, but who Troy was, and why she "fired" him, and what place she "fired" him out of, we do not know.

W. K. W.—You should write another poem, like the one you have sent us, and send it somewhere else. We're full up here for the next forty years.

COOK.—The following is a good receipt for the dish named, but we are not coming to dinner with you on the night you try it. Place in a saucepan a pint of green peas (unshelled), add cigar-ends and orange-peel to taste; cook thoroughly for one hour; strain through a sieve; then go out to dinner and leave the new dish for the servants.

Suburban Hospitality.

[SCENE—A mile and a half to the railway station, on a bitter winter's night.

Genial Host (putting his head out of doors). Heavens! what a night! Not fit to turn a dog out! (*To the parting guest.*) Well, good night, old chap. I hope you find your way to the station.



BLASÉE.

"NOW I'M GOING TO READ YOU A PRETTY STORY, DEAR—ALL ABOUT THE GARDEN OF EDEN!"
 "OH, MUMMY, PLEASE, NOT THAT ONE. I'M SO TIRED OF THAT STORY OF THE ADAMSES!"

"POTTED ZULU."

[At a meeting of the Newbury Board of Guardians recently it appeared from a statement made by Mr. BEYNON that the inmates of the "House" objected to being fed once a week on "potted Zulu."]

In wrath the "inmates" have rebelled—
 Yet how should they keep cool, who
 By cruel fortune are compelled
 To live on potted Zulu?

We sympathize with them, indeed,
 The man must be a ghoul, who
 Would force a brother man to feed
 On prime young potted Zulu.

But Mr. BEYNON on the Board
 Is not the sort of fool, who
 Would leave the mystery unexplored—
Viz., what is "potted Zulu"?

He finds the knowledge of the map
 Possessed by paupers too loose,
 They do not know, nor care a rap,
 Whence come their potted Zulus.

To them, no doubt, is Teneriffe
 The same as Honolulu—
 And that is why *Australian* beef
 They christen "potted Zulu."

Then let no good philanthropists
 Their heads, as oft they do, lose—
 It's *really* beef, the Board insists,
 It isn't potted Zulus!

'ARRY of Cockaigne, having heard the word "Bacchylides" recently mentioned, wishes to know if it means "Ladies as smoke cigarettes."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Roving Bachelor encounters a Beautiful Lady in a Railway Carriage, and falls deeply in love, which runs but roughly for him.

THERE'S the Princess of TULIPATAN,
 A lady of highest degree;
 There's the Countess GABBANZOS-MERAN,
 Who is wed to a Spanish grandee;
 There's the Viscountess TOUTALAMODD,
 Who COLUMBA P. QUIRK used to be;
 There's the Lady FITZPORCELAIN SPODE—
 But what are these beauties to me?

There are damsels as well by the score!
 Miss LUCINDA LA CREME-DE-LA-CREME!
 Ladies BETTY and BRIDGET O'MORE,
 Duplex burners of both the same flame!
 Countess OLGA DUCHINKA HATZOFF,
 Miss VAN DUCK from the broad Zuyder
 Zee,
 And Miss PERKINSON PETERS-McSCOFF!—
 But what are these beauties to me?

They may laugh with the light of their
 eyes!
 They may charm with their prattle and
 smiles!

They may tease with the temper that tries!
 They may witch and may wheedle with
 wiles!

They may coo with the voice of the dove!
 They may flirt with felicity free!
 They may languish with long looks of love!
 But what are these beauties to me?

Fairest roses may bloom on their cheeks,
 And the lilies shine fair on their brows,
 And their forms be so many antiques
 Not restrained by what Fashion allows!
 Their locks may be auburn or brown,
 Ravenswing or all Klondyke to see,
 Tresses worthy to mesh all the town!—
 But what are these beauties to me?

I am writing with fervour and flame;
 I am thinking of you, only you!
 I may not, alas! know your name,
 Nor that too speedy journey renew.
 But a title you have that is mete,
 Grace of graces, "your grace," you must
 be
 In the Peerage of Peris all sweet!
 You're the Duchess of DIMPLES to me!

Six months after! With still trusting
 heart

To my cousin's I go for a spell.
 She is what they call stylish and smart,
 And no matter how long since a belle.
 We are chatting. A knock at the door!
 And there enters a maiden. 'Tis she!
 "Are you ill?" "No; the heat, nothing
 more!"

'Tis the Duchess of DIMPLES with tea!

Over the Walnuts and the Wine.

Old Mr. Borman (ardent Radical). What with the Indian Frontier business, the Engineers' Strike, the troubles in East and West Africa, the Behring Sea dispute, and the occupation of Egypt, it is my firm belief that the British Empire is being reduced to a skeleton. In fact, it is going to the dogs, Sir!

Unconvinced Nephew (enlightened Tory). And wouldn't the dogs enjoy the picking of the skeleton's bones, eh, uncle?

[*Old Mr. B. abruptly joins the ladies.*]

THE MOST IMPORTANT STATE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—The state of the Navy and Army.



THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

JOHN BULL. "RECRUITS COMING IN NICELY, SERGEANT?"

RECRUITING SERGEANT PUNCH. "NO, SIR. THE FACT IS, MR. BULL, IF YOU CAN'T MAKE IT BETTER WORTH THEIR WHILE TO ENLIST,—YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOULDER A RIFLE YOURSELF!!"





SEALS ARE CHEAP TO-DAY!

A Fancy Portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Canadian Store.

[As the first-fruits of Sir WILFRID LAURIER's policy, it is stated that the Canadian Government "has taken premises in the City, shortly to be opened as a Store for the sale of general Canadian products."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

IN MEMORIAM.

SIR CHARLES EDWARD POLLOCK.

"LAST of the Barons!" lo! the sudden call
 Summons you hence across the silent land
 To where at His Assize, the Judge of all,
 Themselves, the judges of the earth must stand.
 Not much shall then avail that legal art
 Splendid, that set you other men above;
 But much the record how with perfect heart
 You learned and practised all the law of Love.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

By a notable coincidence, two novels, almost simultaneously published, take recent historical epochs for their field, and for the puppets of their plot borrow famous characters. In *God Save the Queen* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), Mr. ALLEN UPWARD reveals a hitherto unsuspected conspiracy that gathered round the QUEEN's accession upon the death of WILLIAM THE FOURTH. In *For Love of a Bedouin Maid* (HUTCHINSON), LE VOLEUR deals with the time of NAPOLEON, dating from his unexpected return to Paris after the Italian campaign, down to his final return to the capital after Waterloo. It is a rattling story, full of strange adventure. Its hero, *St. Just*, having one of those charmed lives which distinguished Tom Burke of Ours, Charles O'Malley, and other of LEVER's heroes. In the chapters dealing with the search for the hidden treasure in the subterranean Bedouin city, LE VOLEUR is not beyond suspicion of having *volé* (conveyed, the wise call it) from Mr. RIDER HAGGARD. But the sagacious reader will not inquire too closely whence his good things are provided. As a work of art, *God Save the Queen* is more deftly wrought, Mr. UPWARD, whilst weaving a pleasant story, having succeeded in investing both scenes and characters with vraisimilitude. In this year of jubilee, it is especially interesting to learn how narrowly we escaped having a King in 1837 instead of a Queen.

There is dainty tragedy, says my Baronitess, in *The Fairy (Changeling, a short poem by DORA SIGERSON (MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER)*. The other poems which fill the little volume are chiefly on old Irish legends, whose charm lies in their quaint pathos. JOHN LANE of the Bodley Head is the publisher.

Klondyke must prove a welcome mine for the exploration of the sensationalist. Seated comfortably by a bright fire is the only way to thoroughly appreciate *Hunting for Gold*, by HUME NISBET (F. V. WHITE & Co.). The youthful hero, with unfrozen courage, works through the Yukon valley, till Klondyke gives him all he has come to dig for. Anything that Mr. HUME NISBET writes for adventurous boys is welcome. Nothing of Hume'n interest is unpalatable to our Baronitess.

More Beasts for Worse Children. Verses by H. B., pictures by B. I. B. Somewhat unkind of the anonymous poet and artist to qualify the title so comparatively. No doubt the violent attitude of the tomato-coloured animal, of a Jabberwockian period, on the cover, will have much to account for this "wussness" of his small friends. (Published by EDWARD ARNOLD, London and New York). Better and happier children will enjoy the acquaintance of *The Dumpies*, discovered by FRANK VERBECK, who must have revealed their existence to ALBERT BLOELOW PAINE, for he has written the history of these delightful little people, who, from an economical sense of proportion, dwell in the Low Mountains; should it not have been "the Big-e-low Mountains?" (KROAN, PAUL & Co.) For youthful zoological students the Hon. W. J. FORTESCUE tells a simple unvarnished *Story of a Red Deer* in his Devonshire home. The deer is red, and so will this story be. (MACMILLAN & Co.)

The heroine of *The Beth Book* (HEINEMANN) is one of SARAH GRAND's most fascinating creations. With such realistic art is her life set forth that, for a while, the reader will probably be under the impression that he has before him the actual story of a wayward genius compiled from her own genuine diary. It is, the Baron, who greatly admires the work, ventures to think, a Grand mistake on the part of the gifted authoress that she should have written any portion of this book with such a special purpose in view as must necessarily limit the recommendation of its perusal to a comparatively narrow circle, not "a vicious circle," but one composed of "those who know," and who grieve, with *Hamlet*, that "ever they were born to set things right." Apart from this reservation, the story is absorbing; the truth to nature in the characters, whether virtuous, ordinary, or vicious, every reader, with some experience of life, will recognise. One of the most dramatic situations in it reminds the Baron of an exactly similar scene in Mrs. EDWARDS' *Morals of Mayfair*, where, in the latter, hero and heroine are caught by the rising of the tide. In *The Beth Book* the heroine, with one of her temporary lovers, is also caught by the rising of the tide, and has a very narrow escape.

The Legend of Camelot, &c. (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), is a genuine re-publication *de luxe* of GEORGE DU MAURIER's pictures, poetry, and prose, that from time to time originally appeared in Mr. Punch's pages. *The Legend of Camelot* recalls the maddest period of the "Aesthetic Craze," when Messrs. Maudslowe, Postlethwaite, & Co., a quite "too-too precious" set of noodles, attitudinising, sighing, groaning, and moaning to the last, received their *coup de grâce* from the sharp-pointed pencil and pen of our cynical artist, GEORGE DU MAURIER. The laughable Nursery Rhymes in the funniest French are illustrated with a weird, grin-goblin humour that is best described as "Du-Maurieresque"; while his "Society story" of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt not only points a moral, but gives us just a pen-and-inkling of the germs of the idea which, at a much later date, was to come to fruition as *Tribby*. From a literary, as well as from an artistic point of view, this volume is most welcome.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

["In a very short time the hounds were actually in view of him, and but for that abominable open earth my tale would not be cut so short."]

Brevi Pro. "BUT FOR THE OPEN EARTH, I SHOULD BE TAILLESS!"



A BAD EXAMPLE FROM VIENNA!

OUR ARTIST TRUSTS HE MAY NOT BE A PAINED SPECTATOR OF THIS SORT OF THING IN THE COMING PARLIAMENTARY SESSION, WHEN THE ARMY AND THE L.C.C. COME UP FOR DISCUSSION!

ODE ON A LONDON TRAM.

(Afflicted by Locomotor Ataxia.)

I KNOW the tram
Of Amsterdam,
Of Moscow, Milan, Copenhagen,
Nice, Prague, Berlin,
But ne'er stepped in
A wheeled affair
That made me swear
In language so profanely pagan,
As this ramshackle London tram!

I mostly am
Meek as a lamb,
And keep my temper and my hair on;
But when I ride
In or outside
This blessed horse,
I'm "taken worse,"
And rage and rave with wild despair on
The pace of this suburban tram!

I'd rather cram
Into a "pram,"
Or hire a bath-chair or steam-roller;
For one and all
They hardly crawl
Like this machine
That plies between
Kew Bridge and Town. I grind each molar
With wrath when on this snail-like tram!

Why should I sham
A smothered—monosyllable
At this conveyance soul-destroying?
No, loud I'll shout,
"Stop! let me out!"
'Twill more avail
A 'bus to hail—
A pirate ev'n were less annoying
Than this funereal London tram!

SOME MORE RUMOURS.

Nor only is it denied that the Channel Islands are to be given up to France, but also that Gibraltar is to be handed over to Spain. There was never any intention of taking Cuba in exchange.

It is untrue that Valencia Island is to be given to Russia, to form the long wished-for port on the Atlantic. The concession offered in return—a small reduction of the duty on English electric cabs in Turkestan—was considered insufficient.

The report that the Isle of Man is to be handed over to the United States, as a small token of the unalterable and unrequited affection of this country, is contradicted. It is believed that a certain very eminent novelist threatened to put all the Ministers into his next book if the one place which he knows anything about were interfered with, and that the idea was consequently at once abandoned. Nevertheless, according to the newspapers and public speeches in this country, our affection for our dear brothers across the Atlantic is more fervent than ever, blood being thicker than water. Their affection for us continues much the same as it has been for the last few years.

There is no truth in the rumour that, in consequence of the insufficient numbers of the Bonchurch policeman, and his inability to increase himself numerically, the Government will give the Isle of Wight to the GERMAN EMPEROR. It is therefore untrue that the ten men and one officer, recently representing the German army in Crete, left there to take possession of the Isle of Wight: that the whole of the Ger-



THE FIRST WALK OF THE CONVALESCENT.

man navy, at present at Kiao-Chau Bay, has been ordered to Cowes; or that the KAISER himself has prepared the plans for transforming Osborne House into an impregnable fortress. The cession of Heligoland may have given some grounds for this rumour, but that gift, having failed to produce the sincere affection we so constantly crave, is hardly likely to be followed as a precedent.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

"WITH shouts of rage they dealt out blows and kicks, and tore out each other's hair."

"Ah," said the traveller who had returned to his native shores, "so they have got Home Rule in Ireland at last, and this is a report of their first session?"

"Not so," interrupted his friend. "I am reading from an account of a debate in the Austrian Reichsrath."

I WAIT FOR THEE.

(A Fin-de-Siècle Love Song.)

I WAIT for thee
Beside the stile,
Once more to see
That sweet, sweet smile.
Despite of anub
I linger there,
Close to the public
thoroughfare.

The storm-cloud scowls
Across the sky,
The tempest howls,
And so do I.
The blooming cow-
slip wild and free
Will hear me vow
I wait for thee.

SAD TO CONTEMPLATE.—A broad-minded man with narrow means.



ANOTHER IRISH OBSTRUCTION.

Colonel O'Funk. "I SAY, MY MAN, WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT RAIL?"
 Pat. "NOTHING."
 Colonel O'Funk. "THEN, WILL YOU TAKE IT DOWN, AND I'LL CLEAR IT!"

THE L. F. B. VADE MECUM.

Question. What is the general impression of the Public of the members of the Fire Brigade?

Answer. That they are models of efficiency and the bravest of the brave.

Q. Is this opinion justified by facts?

A. To a large extent. The men are all that they should be, and if efficiency is not complete, it is the fault of the authorities.

Q. Who are the authorities?

A. The members of the London County Council.

Q. What is the record of this body as regards the Fire Brigade?

A. That they contrived by their interference to lose the services of one of the best of Superintendents, although they were fortunate enough to secure the assistance of a worthy successor.

Q. How do you know that the present head of the Fire Brigade is a worthy successor to his predecessor?

A. Because that is the opinion of the predecessor, an opinion shared by the Public at large.

Q. Has the Superintendent any chance of distinguishing himself?

A. Scarcely; because the material with which he has to work is ridiculously disproportionate to his needs.

Q. Give an instance in support of this statement.

A. A recent fire in the City absorbed the entire stock of fire-engines available in the Metropolis. Had there been another large fire at the same moment, it would have had to burn itself out free from the representation of the L. F. B.

Q. Is not this a disgraceful state of affairs?

A. Not only disgraceful, but ridiculous.

Q. Why is such a situation allowed to continue?

A. Because the authorities are accustomed to cheese-paring and luck.

Q. Do you mean that so long as the condition of affairs remains undiscovered, they will trust to chance to avoid disaster?

A. I do. For instance, in the matter of the recent fire to which I have alluded, luck stood their friend. The first conflagration exhausted the resources of the L. F. B., but there was no second blaze of the first order to complete the object lesson.

Q. Still, attention was called to the matter in the pages of the newspapers?

A. Certainly; and with the customary benefit to the community.

Q. Kindly explain what you mean by "customary benefit."

A. I mean that benefit which is de-

rivable from the schemes suggested during a nine-days wonder.

Q. Are those schemes usually adopted?

A. No, they are not usually adopted, and are generally dropped when the wonder of the nine days is succeeded by a marvel of a fortnight later.

Q. Has not the recent fire also brought to light a mass of circumlocution further hampering the efforts of the firemen?

A. It has; and with great good luck, something may be done to mend matters in that connection.

Q. In what way?

A. By making it a rule to obtain coal for the engines from the nearest source of supply, and improving the call machinery.

Q. But will that be enough?

A. Certainly not; but it is the custom of Englishmen to do things by halves, on the principle that a moiety of a loaf is preferable to no bread.

Q. But surely the public conscience is now fully aroused?

A. Certainly; but, judging from precedent, this does not amount to much.

Q. Make your meaning plainer.

A. The public conscience will be productive of tons of talk, and then peacefully resume its slumbers until the next disaster.

ODE TO AN OYSTER.

(By an amorous Bivalvian, who is blocked out of the Counter at Luncheon-time.)

I LOVE thee, gentle oyster; yet I ween
 Thou knowest not thy lover or his mien.
 Thou canst not know me, since I still await
 Thy chaste arrival on the dubious plate,
 And watch, with all but evident distress,
 My rivals who around thy charms still press,
 While I my love to thee may not yet tell
 When quivering upon the deep, deep shell!
 Think not, dear oyster, that I mean you ill
 Because you do not satiate my will;
 But recognise that my despair is utter
 When, armed with stout and copious bread-
 and-butter,
 I may but take but little snacks and sips,
 While longing, love, to press you to my
 lips!

Come then, mine oyster, redolent of foam,
 And Chili-vinegared or lemon-juiced, come
 home!

Come home, mine oyster fair, come home!

NOTE BY DARBY JONES.—When the Automatic Starter is fully established, we shall also have the Automatic Jockey, the Automatic Horse, the Automatic Judge (who will "click" when the automatic Horse wins), and the Automatic Jockey Club always willing to give a decision by placing a £5 Jubilee piece in the slot.

A WEALTHY and healthy man who is a systematic grumbler, finds his counterpart in a beautifully-situated stream which goes on perpetually murmuring.

A PROPOS OF THE RACING LAST WEEK.—Why not have jockeys arrayed in electrically-lighted coloured jackets and caps? Then neither the Judge or the Public would ever be in a fog. But at Derby and Warwick some of the contests were assuredly mist-eries.

It is a virtue, and yet the only one that cannot be even named without sin. It is Sin-cerity.



RISKY

Mr. O'Fluke (whose shooting has been a bit wild). "VERY ODD, ROBINS, THAT I DON'T HIT ANYTHING?"
Robins (dodging muzzle). "AH, BUT A'M AFRAID IT'S OWER GOOD LUCK TO CONTINUE, SIR!"

THE PERIL OF POETRY. A NATIONAL SCANDAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with much interest the correspondence from eminent literary men which has recently appeared in your columns, but I confess the idea of an Academy, or as you more correctly name it, *Ménagerie of Letters*, has quite lost favour with me since no single list that has yet appeared contains the name which is signed at the bottom of this letter. This fact speaks volumes for the taste of the British public, and, *me judice*, damns the scheme utterly.

I should like, however, to call your attention to a suggestion made by a well-known contemporary of yours, from across the Border. The *Glasgow Herald*, in a masterly article, advocates "the State endowment of accredited poetical genius as a means of preventing poetry from being starved out of existence"—a fate, Sir, of which Poetry and I stand in direst danger. And why? The *Herald* puts the whole case in a nutshell: "There is not the same national demand for poetry that there was thirty or forty years ago." I go further. I say there is no demand! Why, Sir, at the present moment I have twenty-three epics lying in my desk, and I can't get one of them printed! It is incredible, but true, and if you doubt it, I will send them to 85, Fleet Street (but regret I can't pay carriage) that you may see for yourself. [*We take your word for it.*—ED.] I have known people indignant because MILTON got but £5 for his *Paradise Lost*. Lucky MILTON! I can't get five pence, let alone five pounds, for my *Logrolliad*, which I consider infinitely superior in every way to the mythico-theologico-metaphysical lucubrations of the Puritan.

Now, Sir, you will, I know, agree with me that it would be a public calamity if Poetry and I should perish. How prevent it? Thus. Adopt the suggestion of the *Glasgow Herald*. Let the State offer me a pension of, say, £500 a year, and, proud as I am, I will swallow my pride to prevent such a national scandal.

Yours, &c.,

DANTE POPE JONES.

5, Grub Street, Three-pair Back.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE VICTORIA CROSS.—The football referee.

THE LADIES' MILE.

"THERE'S a tempting bit of greenery, of rus in urbe scenery"—
Its praises HENRY LEIGH sang long ago;
Now we tell another story, for its undivided glory
Once departed, for a while, from Rotten Row.

In her never-failing passion for a novel hobby, Fashion
Made decree that riding bikes should be "the thing";
Horses stayed at home unheeded, by the cycles superseded,
And the Row was then supplanted by the Ring.

There's a charming bit of "flat," you know, between Achilles'
statue

And the Powder Magazine, which I shall style—
With a licence all poetic, and a note apologetic—
Yet with reason, too, I think—"The Ladies' Mile."

Oh, the times that I have been there, and the types that I have
seen there

Of the real and imaginary swell,
And the scores of pretty riders, both patricians and outsiders,
Are considerably more than I can tell.

But of all things I remember one fine morning, in December,
Clear for ever in my memory must dwell,
When I leant against the railing watching skilful riders sailing
Up and down, and wobbling novices as well.

Then I brought away one image from that fashionable scrimmage
Of the sweetest and divinest little face,
And that vision of perfection in my constant recollection
In my thoughts and in my dreams will find a place.

Did I hate the little bounder in the train that gathered round
her?

Did I look on his presumption as a crime?
She was smiling on him, sweetly, as she rode along so neatly,
Though she evidently loathed him all the time.

Oh, the hours that I have wasted, the regrets that I have tasted,
Since I saw her there for all too brief a while!
For the fact there's no concealing that she won my heart
a-whoeling

That December morn along the Ladies' Mile!

"TIS AN ILL WIND," &c.—The recent gale will have had, it is to be hoped, at least one good effect. The telegraphic communication between Calais and Dover ought to occupy only a few minutes, and thus a message sent and received in so short a time would avert a catastrophe. As a matter of fact, such a message, instead of going straight to Dover, has to pass that town and be taken up to London, and then, when all formalities, whatever they may be, have been complied with, the message is wired back again to Dover. On Monday, November 29, according to the report in the *Times*, a telegram for Dover despatched from Calais at 10.25 A.M., was not received at Dover until 1.50 P.M.!! This is an example of "how not to do it" with a vengeance. It is to be hoped that the Post Office authorities will not show themselves "deaf as a Post" to the demands for improvements in this department.

THE DEFEAT OF DIGGLE.

(A New Reason for an Old Rhyme.)

HEY, DIGGLE, DIGGLE,
Progressives will giggle,
While Moderates moodily moon;
The Democrats laughed
To see such sport,
And the Ratepayers paid for the tune.

AN INTERPRETATION.—The following advertisement recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"LAD, respectable, WANTED, used to vice and file."

So here is to be found "some work," as Dr. WATTS long ago remarked, "for idle hands to do." We know what "rank and file" means; and here "vice" takes the place of "rank." Perhaps "file" may be the slang equivalent for the French *filer*; if so, the meaning evidently is that the lad accustomed to vice, i.e., the vicious lad, must also be able, after committing the vicious act, yeelp of picking a pocket, to *filer vite*, that is, to "cut and run."



“CŒLUM, NON ANIMUM—”

[“The works of reference, required by Mr. GLADSTONE, have been forwarded to him in the South of France.”—*Daily Paper.*]

**THE COMEDY OF CULIELMUS CÆSAR.
POTSDAMICUS.**

1,000TH PERFORMANCE.

G. C. P. addresses His Parliament.

Reichstag! Preparatory to a shock
I now declare the session opened! Hoch!
Here in my red right hand I hold a scheme
For fortifying my superb régime:—
To execute a Navy, large and fine,
Worthy your Lord and his tremendous line,
In pure formality I ask the nation
To vote a thousand million marks.

[Sensation.]

Our noble army, you will understand,
Is limited to exercise on land;
And we have lately planted overseas
A pretty set of budding colonies;
Upon official maps I rather hope
You may remark them with a microscope.
To hold the highways thither nice and free
For fruits of German ingenuity,
To make our name, the Fatherland's and
Mine,

A holy terror on the heaving brine
Where now we roll in antiquated arks—
For this I want the paltry billion marks.

Two cruisers, you remember, went to
Crete:

I will not say the things were obsolete,
But still it cost the service quite a strain
To mobilise so many on the main.
And now we wish for even more than these
To vindicate the law in Eastern seas.
Matters have reached a critical condition
Due to an outrage on my German mission;
Such acts do not affect the Church alone,
But, what is more, they touch your
KAISER'S throne!

His slighted honour naturally burns
For vengeance in the form of quick returns,
Cash down—a couple of hundred thousand
taels,

With local rights for laying German rails,
Extinction of the conscious Mandarin,
An open port for hibernating in,
Two halters for the guilty when detected,
And one memorial *Dom* to be erected.

Supposing now that we were forced to
wreak

This kind of vengeance every other week;
Or say—to keep within the bounds of
reason—

They slew a brace of Teutons every season;
By roughly calculating China's size
The meanest intellect must recognise
That such a state of things would soon
entail

Activity upon a noble scale.
And since, again, the overlandish route
Is fraught with peril both from man and
brute,

Our safest course, for this and other trips,
Is to construct a lot of costly ships.

O Reichstag! standing on this sacred floor
Two years ago I positively swore
To keep, if needful, with my blood and
blade,

The realm my fathers gave me ready-made.
If now, with my immense domain inflated
In ways your WILLIAM scarcely contem-
plated,

I yield the deadlier duties to another,
It is to HENRY here, my only brother!
His life, his precious life, I freely stake,
The hardest sacrifice a man can make!
My part is done; your work, that waits
your
part still,
Is relatively light. You pay the bill.



Noble Amateur (to Model). "DO YOU EVER SIT TO ORDINARY ARTISTS!"

"The Polite Letter-Writer."

A NEW manual of the Epistolary Art, showing how to conduct a political correspondence with courtesy, dignity, and good taste. By W. V. H-RC-RT and J-S-PH CH-MR-RL-N.

THE HUMMING PEST.

"Of nuisances that stir my bile,
Of creatures I detest,
There's one beyond all others vile"—
And that's the humming pest.
Morn, noon and night, indoors and out,
With scraps of tune he greets you,
You're always meeting him about,
He's humming when he meets you.

Self-satisfied he rolls his eyes,
And clears his beefy throat,
You learn—you would not otherwise—
That he's a man "of note."
No use, on seeing him, to fly,
He constantly defeats you,
He will not let you pass him by—
He's humming when he meets you.

However fine may be the voice
Which Heaven on him bestows,
His repertoire however choice,
I hate his humming "pose."
Whene'er he sees you come along,
He thoughtfully repeats you
Some sacred air or comic song—
He's humming when he meets you.
He'll hum "that thing of MENDEL-
SOHN'S,"

Some WAGNER leit motif,
Or bits of GRIEG or SIDNEY JONES,
With gusto past belief.
No jot for your distress he cares,
Remorselessly he treats you
To some of his confounded "airs"—
He hums whene'er he meets you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTFUL.—We think your scheme for obtaining an appointment ingenious, though a trifle risky. The appointment you probably would get is one for seven years—in the stone-quarrying line, on the Dorset coast.



HER PHOTOGRAPH.

Mr. Popham. "OH, THIS ONE IS LOVELY! I WONDER WHAT SHE WOULD DO, IF I WERE TO PROPOSE FOR THE ORIGINAL?"
Olive. "GIVE YOU THE NEGATIVE, PERHAPS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Jorrocks, M.F.H., who was the *Pickwick* of the hunting field, and the delightfully-original *Soapy Sponge*, both immitably illustrated by JOHN LEECH, are a couple of sporting stories difficult to rival and hard to beat. Mr. FOX RUSSELL, however—the author's name has a decidedly sporting smack about it—comes forward with *The Haughtyshire Hunt* (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), a lively sporting story whose hero is nearer akin to *Jorrocks* than any character the Baron remembers to have seen in sporting fiction. And Mr. RUSSELL has had the good luck to be associated with Mr. R. J. RICHARDSON, whose method of illustration is entirely his own, whose accurately-drawn horses and riders in action are "full of go," but whose figures and situations are somewhat lacking in the quality of humour. That the "toned" page illustrations lose in effect as much as those in the *Jorrocks* and *Soapy Sponge* series gain by their colour, will, the Baron thinks, be the opinion of all who have the facilities at hand for making the comparison. Artistically, the majority of the drawings, even where they are somewhat hard, are admirable; while not a few of the single figures, as, for instance, that of *Will* the huntsman, are, from every point of view, except the humorous, perfect. The sporting adventures of Mr. *Travers Algernon Binkie*, from his first day's run with the Duke's hounds, when he is mounted on *Marmion*, to his steeplechase on *The Roman*, when *Marmion*, with *Ronald Dennison* up, wins, are genuinely amusing; while the scene in the Law Courts is a capital climax to the story. In his next sporting novel, the Baron trusts that Mr. FOX RUSSELL will carefully avoid the very old-fashioned descriptive nomenclature which he has adopted for his characters, as, for example, "*Haughtyshire*," "*Fitzsquander*," "*Farmer Winterecabbage*," "*Karl Krackwhipz*," "*Rev. Geoffry Jawbrother*," "*Lord Gravity*," "*Miss Lumpkin*," which are of the kind that, in bygone days, were to be found in some comedies,

most farces, and in bills of the play at Christmas-time, when, in order to swell the cast, the manager was wont to bestow humorous names on a variety of "supers" and small people, who were paid to be seen, but on no account to be heard, except collectively.

The World gives a fully-illustrated Christmas Number, containing two large pictures by Mr. BRYAN, crammed full of a lot of persons representing, as usual, "celebrities," who, on this occasion, have not the air of appearing in the least "at home." The double illustration is accompanied by a list of these eminent individuals; but it would have been more in keeping with Christmas-time to have issued it as a sort of "puzzle-picture," and to have offered a prize to anyone who should guess correctly the names of all the more-or-less celebrated individuals whose likenesses the artist had intended to represent.

As to the cards which Father Christmas leaves on us when he calls, there is quite an old-fashioned cheeriness of colour about MARCUS WARD & Co.'s Christmas cards, and if "it is humour you want," as Mr. BRANDON THOMAS used to say in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*, it is provided in the liveliest variations. The calendars and almanacs tell the coming year in the most artistic surroundings. Messrs. C. W. FAULKNER & Co.'s cards take Christmas a little more seriously in their exquisite platinotypes, of which some are worthy of a frame, and their calendars, especially "The Minuet" series, make the days dance in the "daintiest" possible fashion. If you ask this Firu, "What's your little game at Christmas?" they will reply, "Oh, ever so many novelties, including 'Association Football,' intended for drawing-room amusement!" As this announcement will startle grandmammas and domesticated elderly aunts, it is as well to explain that it is only a drawing-table edition of "Socket," that's all.

"It is now some 'sixty years since' *Pickwick* was published,"

writes the indefatigable and undefeated Dickensian student, Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD, in his latest book, entitled *Pickwickian Manners and Customs* (Roxburgho Press, Limited), "and it is still heartily appreciated." True; it is "still heartily appreciated" by those who enjoyed *Pickwick* when they were boys together; the girls never cared for it; but among those of a later time, dating, say, even so far back as the sixties, how many are there who care about *Pickwick*? while among those whose existence dates from 1878, for example, the Baron questions whether Mr. FITZGERALD will find one in thirty who may have tried to read *Pickwick* and failed, and not one in fifty who have "heartily appreciated" the immortal work. But, be this as it may, Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD's book on *Pickwickian Manners and Customs* will prove attractive and interesting to all who love their *Pickwick*. He has started a theory, no less plausible than ingenious, as to the probability that BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson* to a certain extent inspired DICKENS in the creation of Mr. *Pickwick* and his followers. To the Baron's thinking, Mr. FITZGERALD's chapter on "Boz" and "Bozzy" proves this beyond the possibility of doubt. The thanks of all genuine *Pickwickians* are due to Mr. FITZGERALD for this notable addition to the "Boz" classics.

My Baroness informs me that *Wild Kitty*, by L. T. MEADE (W. AND R. CHAMBERS), is a capital book for schoolgirls. *Kitty* leaves the "ould country" to be educated in a select English school. The primness of the genteel Briton proves upsetting to the Hibernian temperament, and this young lady, from a castle, apparently in the backwoods, gets into many a scrape. The "Hoorush!" and the "shillelagh" are, however, actually not among her accomplishments!

Elsie's Magician, by FRED WHISHAW, with many effective illustrations by LEWIS BAUMER (W. AND R. CHAMBERS), has no dealings in "magic and spells," but is a genuine golden man, who eventually discovers himself at the correct moment as the long-lost grandfather—"Which his name it was WALKER!" Good name for a wandering grand-parent.

Princess Sarah, and Other Tales, by JOHN STRANGE WINTER (WARD, LOCK & Co.), may possibly prove entertaining to the ordinary "maid of bashful fifteen," except that, perhaps, nowadays, observes my Baroness, "bashful fifteen" is extraordinary, for whom something stronger and more exciting may be required. The stories are rather commonplace, which is Strange for JOHN WINTER.

"By the author of *Tatterley*," set forth on the cover of a new book, is a phrase to conjure with. In *A Prince of Mischance* (HUTCHINSON), Mr. TOM GALLON has broken fresh ground. The household in the Professor's home by the seaside is full of living people, the Professor being a delightfully original person from whose company we part all too soon. All the characters in the story stand firmly forth, interest culminating in *Evelyn*. It would not be fair even to hint at the lines of her story, or the finely-conceived tragedy in which it closes. Readers of *Tatterley* will find no disappointment in making the acquaintance of the author's new essay. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND A MYSTERY.—A Bottle of "Stickphast Paste" in magnificent morocco-leather case. "We saw it for a moment, but we think we see it now"—only we don't at this minute. One of the youngest and wisest of our office boys, since lost to sight, but to memory dear, was, it is reported, heard to declare, concerning the aforesaid paste, that "it was uncommon good if you were very hungry," and if, like the *Marchioness*, "you made believe very much." Neither that youngest and wisest official, nor the stickphast paste, has ever been seen again. But we must not conclude from this that the lad is a thorough-paste-young rascal.

DECIDEDLY EXAGGERATED.—LORD BALFOUR o' Burleigh, in his speech at Glasgow, "offered Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT his humble congratulations on his having at last found a platform upon which he could stand," &c., &c. No! no! Sir WILLIAM is not so mightily heavy as to find any difficulty in getting the support of an ordinary platform of fairly liberal dimensions. Sir WILLIAM is big, but he is not *burly*.

GOOD OMEN FOR THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.—That this body should now be illumined by a Reay of light—and leading.

WANTED!—Strong man as President of the Reichsrath. Experience-fighter or chucker-out preferred. Good social position and salary. Permanency to suitable man. Must be used to black eyes. Doctors and raw beef supplied. Apply, stating qualifications, number of men knocked out, &c., &c., to Chief Clerk, Reichsrath, Vienna.



UP FOR THE CATTLE SHOW.

Old Style of Farmer.

New Style of Farmer.

"AYE, I BE GOING TO THE SHOW, THEN ON TO THE WAX-WORKS, AND WIND UP AT THE ADELPHI."

"NOW, LET ME SEE. MUST HAVE A LOOK AT THE PICTURE SHOWS IN BOND STREET, CALL ON TAILOR, GET THE LATEST NECKTIE IN BURLINGTON ARCADE, LOOK IN AT THE EMPIRE. CATTLE SHOW! NEVER GO NEAR SUCH A PLACE!"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

It would be a pity not to rescue from oblivion such a delightful advertisement as the following, which appears in the *Church Times* :—

"WANTED, two Ladies as COOK and HOUSEMAID, to share entire work of North Country Seaside Vicarage. Two children and resident governess. If salary required by both, state amount. Organ desirable in one."

Surely no lady would require a salary for the privilege of "sharing" the household duties in this charming retreat. An occasional peep at the Bass Rock or Flamborough Head would be ample remuneration combined with the delights of playing the organ gratis, and possibly managing a choir, and feeling that, after all, one was of some use in the world. Perhaps an aggrieved baronet, or even a needy viscount, might be induced to officiate as gardener-coachman for a similarly nominal salary in this philanthropic establishment. The wonder is, that persons in mental situations continue any longer to accept "wages" as well as hospitality in return for their services. Any right-minded lady or nobleman could only construe such a pecuniary offer as an insult to their birth and breeding. And in the beautiful new century that is now approaching, we expect that individuals of whatever rank, even "generals," with any spark of gratitude and good feeling, will pay their mistresses a handsome premium, in addition to an annual fee, for the comfort, experience, distinction, and company of two children and a resident governess obtainable in quiet north-country seaside homes. What offers, ladies?

AT URUGUAY.—"An ex-policeman" attempted to stab the President. Provisionally his design was frustrated. "An ex-policeman!" Ah! THACKERAY's "Policeman X." would never have behaved in so dastardly a manner.



AMBIGUOUS.

First Actress. "OH, MY DEAR, I'M FEELING SO CHIPPY! I THINK I SHALL SEND DOWN A DOCTOR'S CERTIFICATE TO-NIGHT, TO SAY I CAN'T ACT." *Second Ditto.* "SURELY A CERTIFICATE ISN'T NECESSARY, DEAR?"

TO THE CREW OF THE MARGATE SURF-BOAT, "FRIEND TO ALL NATIONS."

ALL night the pitiless blast had swept
Out of the North-East blind as hell;
Ere dawn, the sudden signal leapt,
Death's meteor-signal leapt and fell.

Then, as the cry for rescue rang,
With quick farewell to child and wife
Into the roaring surf they sprang
To yield their lives for the stranger life.

Friend to all Nations! Friend at need,
Where danger sets the task to do!
Not ill they chose a name to speed
The gallant craft of a gallant crew.

Stout hearts of Kent, that heard the call
Of man to man in the face of death!
Is this, is this the end of all—
These hodies dank with the salt sea's breath?

Nay, but their names shall stand in gold
When the opened books of God are read,
With deeds remembered and deeds untold
That wait till the sea gives up its dead!

APPROPRIATE ETON BOAT-SONG (as duct) FOR THE CHRISTMAS CRACKER SEASON.—Pull, Pull Together! with our compliments to the famed cracker-purveyors, Messrs. SPARAGNAPANE & Co.

RETAINED FOR THE DEFENCE.

["Ladies are being enrolled as hon. members of a Volunteer Corps in Devonshire."—*Daily Paper.*]

"AND so it was at Exeter that the first of us were enrolled as honorary members," said the Major, looking into the glass and arranging a refractory curl.

"Yes," returned the senior Captain, "and since then we have grown apace. Battalions all over the country, and a fair force of artillery."

"Yes," assented a Subaltern. "Actually that branch of the service became very popular on the introduction of noiseless powder."

"Talking of noise," said the Colonel, "don't you think we could substitute a cottage for the grand piano in the orchestra?"

"Afraid not," replied the chief of the Band Committee, "for we want something strong in strings to go with the harps."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the chief, looking at the clock. "It's time for parade. We must have missed the bugle call."

"Yes, Ma'am, all our buglers are rather feeble in sounding. They cannot compare with our brothers of the line."

"Then, ladies, fall in."

"Which is better than falling out," whispered the regimental wag. And a few moments later the members of the Amazon Rifle Volunteers appeared on parade.

"Hem!" commented the male military critic. "Smart! but what would they do in time of war?" Then, on consideration, he added, "It should be *sine qua non* that only single recruits should be eligible, and they must have come safely out of at least two engagements."



A BOUNDARY QUESTION.

JOHN BULL. "BEG PARDON, MONSIEUR BUT P'RAP'S YOU DIDN'T NOTICE THAT BOARD!"





NEW IMPERIAL "OCCUPATION."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S SEVENTH DEMAND IN HIS NOTE TO THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT IS "THE OCCUPATION OF KIAO-CHAU BY GERMANY AS A COALING STATION." MR. PUNCH WISHES WILLIAM, KAISER AND COAL-MERCHANT, EVERY SUCCESS IN HIS "COALING BUSINESS"—IF STRICTLY "LIMITED."

IN RE—PINKERTON'S INSURANCE.

PART I.—How Mr. Briefless, Junior accepted a Reference.

"I AM going to ask you to do me a slight favour," said PINKERTON, "but if you grant it, it will confer a chronic blessing on my whole life."

I need scarcely say I was only too pleased to be of the slightest service to PINKERTON. He occupies chambers beneath those bearing my name (and others), and when I visit Pump Handle Court I usually run across him. He is considerably my junior, both in years and professional standing. This being so, I thought it possible he might wish to consult me.

"If you desire my counsel on the conduct of a consent brief—" I began.

"Oh, no, it's nothing of that sort," interrupted my learned friend. "The fact is, as I am going to be married I want to insure my life."

"A very proper thing to do," I said, heartily. "When undertaking the responsibilities of the married state, which are, in reality, bound by an expressed contract, it is desirable—"

"Yes, yes," again interrupted PINKERTON, "I know all that, but the fact is, in your unprofessional capacity I want you to do me a favour."

I was a little annoyed at my learned friend's tone. Although I do not appear in the Courts quite so frequently as I did in the days of my hot youth—yet as recently as shortly before the long vacation I was briefed to support an application for the appointment of a receiver in chambers—I am regarded, and I think rightly regarded, as a legal authority of weight in the bosom of my family. My maiden aunt, CAROLINE ADELAIDE, invariably consults me before adding (she has added several) a codicil to her will, and as for Uncle JACK—a most vigorous old gentleman of ninety-four—he keeps me quite busily employed in reading his letters to the Urban Council. My maiden Aunt, CAROLINE ADELAIDE, was—so she said—ininitely obliged to me for my

opinion on the probable validity of a legacy left to a parrot, and Uncle JACK was equally thankful when I prevented him from sending, as a privileged communication, his opinion in writing to the clerk of the U. C. agent the District Surveyor that that individual was a "blithering idiot," and what was worse—from a legal point of view—"tip receiver." Uncle JACK agreed with me, on recovering from his attack of gout, that his "privileged communication" would probably have landed him in Holloway. So I repeat, I was displeased with PINKERTON'S tone—it savoured of disrespect.

"I am nothing if not professional," I said, with a grave smile. "Of course, I shall be only too pleased to serve you."

"Well, it's only to become my surety. The medical Johnny who examined me said I was right enough, but he must have a form filled in by a friend of some years' standing before he could recommend his board to accept me."

"I see," I returned. "I shall be very happy, but I am bound to say that I shall have to answer the questions put me with the nicest regard as to their truthfulness."

"I expect nothing less," said PINKERTON, in rather a nasty tone. "Of course, my dear fellow, I don't want you to tell a pack of lies, but still, if you have any hesitation about it I can easily get GEORGE DE PUTRE POTTE to—"

"Not at all," I replied, promptly. I don't like DE PUTRE POTTE. He suggests to my mind a donkey suffering from exaggerated self-complacency. And the matter was settled.

"You might give me a hint or two," I continued. "How did you get on with the examining doctor?"

"What, the medical Johnny? Oh, first rate. He weighed me, and said I was satisfactory to an ounce."

I was a little surprised at this, as PINKERTON is distinctly thin. I myself am only fifteen stone to five feet nine, and I am certainly portly as compared with my learned friend.

"Then he punched me in the chest and listened with a thing like one of those theatrical telephone-tubes to hear the echoes."

"And was the condition of your lungs to his satisfaction?"

"Eminently—he said I was as sound as a bell. Then he made me hop about the room on one leg like a demented duck."

"I see. No doubt to test the muscles of your foot." I have some knowledge of anatomy.

"Probably. Then he listened for the music again, and declared my heart to be perfection. I was very pleased, as, to tell the truth, I had rather worried myself by reading *The Dictionary of the Incurable*, by Doctor ZERO."

"Unquestionably a text-book of commanding importance."

"So I thought until I found that I had the symptoms of fifteen fatal diseases, of which two thirds should terminate abruptly within a week."

"I need scarcely say that your apprehension was not realised?" I am apt sometimes to become unconsciously a cross-examiner.

"You are perfectly right in that assumption. I am still alive, and if I may believe the medical Johnny, have no need to make my will for the next twenty years. In fact, as the doctor bade me adieu, he predicted that I would be on the books of the company until I was eighty."

"Distinctly satisfactory."

"So I thought. So, my dear fellow, when the form arrives, fill it in according to the dictates of your conscience."

"That I assuredly will," I returned, heartily, as I wrung PINKERTON'S hand warmly. "I am confident that all will be well."

"I would be grieved beyond measure if I did not share in that belief," said my learned friend. "ALICE is the dearest girl alive."

And then PINKERTON gave me a detailed account of how, when, and where he had met his fiancée, and other details—from his point of view—of an interesting character. At length he left me, and I turned my attention to my notes upon a book I contemplate writing some day, to be called, *From the Gown of the Student to the Chancellor's Wig*, with the sub-title of *The Experiences of a Practising Barrister*, when my admirable and excellent clerk PORTINGTON entered the room.

"I think, Sir, this is something more than a circular," he said.

I allow my valued assistant a certain latitude in the selection of documents to be destroyed or preserved.

"Thank you," I replied, and then I opened an envelope bearing a type-written name and address. I glanced at the contents. A form to be filled in about the health of PINKERTON. I read the questions more carefully, and my mind became much disturbed. They were distinctly of an embarrassing character. How I replied to them, and what was the effect of my answers must be reserved for another chapter.

Pump-Handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.
December 1, 1897.



"VETO"
 THE GREATEST GIANT ON EARTH!
 DESCENDANT OF KINGS!!
 WITH THE GREAT LITTLE MIDGET "CL--KE!"

THE MARVELOUS COALITION-MAN!
"JO-JO"
 ASTOUNDING HUMAN ORGANISM!
 RADICAL-LIBERAL-UNIONIST
 COMBINED!

W. A. N.
 THE MODER
 THE KING OF STILT-WALKERS

"THE COLONEL"
 CHAMPION LITTOUER OF THE WORLD!
 PLACE OF ORIGIN, ETC. TAKEN FROM HIS HEAD IN A BODY WHILE YOU WATCH!

"THE CAPEN"
 TOMMY B-L-S.
 THE ARMLESS AND LEGLESS
 WONDER!

"SIR FRANK"
 FEDERAL LIGHTNING.
 MAKE FEDERAL LIGHTNING!

SOME "SIDE-SHOWS" WHICH MESSRS. BARNUM AND BAILEY SHOULD NOT OMIT AT OLYMPIA.

[Among the animals at Olympia are some which are curious freaks of nature... The most singular of these is Jo-Jo, who is a union of a perfect with an imperfect human organism."—Times.]

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Anybody may make the laws of a nation, let me make its songs."—*Shakspeare, or Somebody.*

Drinking Songs.—The drinking song is a necessity of human nature, but a great deal may be done to guide it (the song) into proper channels. I would catch the thoughtless with guile by preserving the time-honoured tone, while pointing out a more excellent way. Notice the sort of *crescendo* in moral purpose which culminates in the third verse of the specimen given. When singing this song, proceed warily, and omit the third verse if you observe symptoms of discontent. It may even be advisable to stop short at the first, but be assured that the serious element must prevail in the long run.

BACCHANALIAN.

Come, jolly toppers, one and all,
Together we will stand or fall,
Fill up the radiant bowl with wine,
And lemonade that's half divine;
Our hearts are light, our spirits free,
So here's to you and here's to me.

Chorus.

Every man-jack of us reeling with jollity,
Now is the moment for utter frivolity,
Not to be jolly is most reprehensible,
Hang any villain who dares to be sensible!
Gaze on the liquor surpassingly fair,
Drink of the claret-cup radiant and rare,
Hurrah!

But lo! amid our frantic cheers
A medicated wine appears.
A tonic is a thing of might,
Of ecstasy and pure delight.
The finest drugs, the choicest steel
To every British heart appeal.

Chorus.

Wine that is useful for gout and paralysis,
Wine that has stood every test of analysis
Wine that will save you from hopeless
inanity,
Ring out its praise to the verge of insanity,
Fie on the fogies who call you a beast,
Drink to the dregs half-a-teaspoon at least!
Hurrah!

Encore verse.

What, ho! The tonic, too, retires,
And "pales its ineffectual fires"
Before the very prince of drinks,
From which the nerveless milkspop shrinks.
No heel-taps, boys, mock care and toil
In lovely Norway's golden oil!

Chorus.

Cod liver oil, boys! oh, the delight of it!
Cod liver oil! we will all make a night of it!
Cod liver oil! it is making a man of you,
Phosphates are good for the whole jolly
clan of you,
Weak little stomachs may turn from the
treat,
We will insist upon having it neat.
Hurrah!

A General Question of Stop-it.

Determined Foxhunter (to Determined Game-preserver). Why should you stop carlts?
Determined Game-preserver. Why should you stop shooting?
[And then they get angry, both being two of the best fellows in the world. So Mr. Punch suggests a full stop after each of the queries.]



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

The Boy (to Brown, who has just taken a "little place" in the Country). "PLAZE, ZUR, WOT DE I TO START ON?"
Brown. "OH—ER—ER—LET'S SEE— OH, CONFOUND IT!—ER—ER—MAKE A BONFIRE!"

THE PLETHORA OF BOOKS.

(By an Intermittent Author.)

[Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, in *Literature*, advocates that books should be printed on peri-hable materials, on account of the vastly-increasing publishers' output.]

TO-DAY the Caliph OMAR's robe
ON LESLIE STEPHEN has descended;
With other writers' works offended,
He's turned a bitter bibliophobe.

He'd have them, ere a hundred years
E lapse, or sooner, wholly perish;
No libraries need longer cherish
The toil of scribes and sonnetcers.

Nay, *percant qui ante nos*
Dixere nostra is my feeling
ON SHAKSPEARE and his tribe for stealing
My masterpieces by the gross!

How can one write when ev'rything
Worth writing has been writ already?
How can the stream continue steady,
Yet fresh, of annual "Odes to Spring"?

My sympathy I freely lend
To prosy rivals and poetic—

I'd print in iak that's *sympathetic*
Each of their works from end to end!

Why can't some law obliterate
All books that ever have been printed?
Then, as I previously have hinted,
My *magnum opus* I'd create!

MOTOR CAR-ACTERISTICS.

(By an Old Whip.)

JERKING and jolting,
Bursting and holting,
Smelling and steaming,
Shrieking and screaming,
Snorting and shaking,
Quivering, quaking,
Skidding and slipping,
Twisting and tripping,
Bumping and bounding,
Puffing and pounding,
Rolling and rumbling,
Thumping and tumbling.
Such I've a notion,
Motor-car motion.

SUITABLE DECORATIONS FOR HERR
ANDREE'S WINTER HOME.—A freeze.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

SIT WELL BACK AT YOUR FENCES!

SEASONABLE LITERATURE.

THE LAST CHAPTER OF A CHRISTMAS NUMBER. (1837.)

"HARRY," said Sir JASPER, with a sob strangely foreign to his wonted lack of feeling, "you must forgive me. I don't deserve it, I know. Through forty-seven pages my ingenious schemes have kept you and your MARY apart, and if that missing will hadn't turned up, I should have won the game. But you won't be hard on a poor old villain, HARRY, my hoy? There's only a page or two more, so you can afford to be generous. And, if my words are weak, that sound will reach your heart—the sound of Christmas bells!"

He flung open the window as he spoke, and the chimes from the sweet old village church sounded merrily across the snow-covered fields.

"JASPER," answered HARRY, in impressive tones, "I forgive you. If, indeed, I followed my natural inclination, I should throw you out of window. But no true hero in a Christmas number was ever yet

unmoved by the sound of church bells in the last chapter. I forgive you, and MARY forgives me, and we forgive everybody else, and it's away with melancholy, and up with the holly, and let's be jolly. There's only a page more to fill, and we'll end the story in the proper way. To-night will the dear old Hall re-echo with mirth and happiness, and the elders will unbend and become young again. Excuse me now. We dine at six, and I must drink a gallon of milk-punch before then."

"I thank you!" cried Sir JASPER. "Now that you've foiled all my schemes, I was sure you'd forgive me. My regards to Miss MARY, and after a few glasses of hot brandy-and-water, I'll step round to the Hall."

And that night they revelled in the most thorough-going style. All of them were there, the hero HARRY, and the heroine MARY, and the villain JASPER, together with the old-fashioned uncle, the humorous mother-in-law, and lots of other characters who have been mentioned incidentally in the story, and long since forgotten. Every one of them turned up for the old-fashioned

Christmas revel. And there was roast beef, and mistletoe, and Sir Roger de Coverley, and snapdragon, and blind-man's buff, and ghost stories, and love-making, and, above all, gallons and gallons of punch. Not till every drop of the latter was finished did the company disperse. Finally they left in pairs, to be married next morning, and to live happily ever after, which is the only proper way of finishing up an old-fashioned Christmas number.

THE SAME CHAPTER. (1897.)

At the window of the foulest garret in the slums of London (for full description, *vide* previous pages), HARRY the hero stood and twiddled his thumbs. With a languid interest he watched a cat in the yard lick its paw, and miaow twice. Then he turned to his companion and regarded him curiously.

"JASPER," he said, with a yawn, "don't you think we might as well end somewhere here?"

"Just as you like," answered JASPER, who was sitting on a dust-heap in the far corner. "It really doesn't matter where we stop in a story of this kind, one place does as well as another."

"There isn't much to go on with," replied HARRY, thoughtfully chewing a piece of string. "Now that you've murdered MARY, and all the others are disposed of, it's about time to finish. I can't go on talking to you for many more pages."

"Why not?" JASPER replied. "We can always fill up the gaps with 'dreary silences.' Surely you don't hate me?"

HARRY sighed. "Nobody hates in modern stories—that is far too strong an emotion. But, as you've killed my *fiancée*, besides murdering three other characters, and driving five more to suicide, I do slightly dislike you. Here's the poison bottle, and there's just enough left for us both. You're sure none of the others are left out by mistake? How about that rostermonger mentioned on the second page?"

"Sent to penal servitude," responded JASPER. "And his wife has gone mad in consequence, and killed off three minor characters who weren't accounted for. As you say, we may as well stop; we've provided a splendid story for a modern Christmas number. Pass the poison bottle when you've taken your share. And don't forget to make a vague remark just before you die—readers expect it."

HARRY nodded, and having consumed a pint of pure prussic acid, handed the remainder to JASPER, who quickly swallowed the rest.

For a few moments there was silence. Then HARRY sat up.

"Why didn't he boil the butter?" he murmured.

Then there was a dreary silence.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—The *Daily News* published an article, which, under the title of "Rowing and Rowing Men," reviewed the fourth volume of the Isthmian Library, by MESSRS. R. C. LEHMANN, GUY NICKALLS, and others, under the able editorship—or editorhoat, in this instance—of Mr. B. FLETCHER ROBINSON. There is a Crum of comfort in it for Etonians; and E. G. BLACKMORE interests us in Australian eights. But the title of the book is misleading, for "*Rowing and Rowing Men*" suggests a comparison between "the Rowing Men" or "Rowdies" of a past generation and the temperate and quiet Rowing Men, *i.e.*, oarsmen, of to-day.



MR. JOHN MORLEY ENTERS THE HOUSE

AFTER A COURSE OF DEPARTMENT AND THE CULTIVATION OF AN AFFABLE MANNER.

["Gentlemen, a short time ago a friend of mine, who sits on our Benches in the House of Commons, complained that those who, like myself, have the delightful privilege of sitting on the front Bench, 'dwell like stars apart.' (Laughter.) Ever since I read this reproach I have been endeavouring to cultivate the graces, the want of which my honourable friend complained—the graces of affability and accessibility, which, as Nature may have stunted me, I have endeavoured to cultivate up to what I may almost say is an artificial point. (Laughter.)"—From Mr. J. Morley's speech at Bristol, Dec. 9.]

"WANTED!"

HAPPILY it is true that the good men do lives after them. The memory of Mr. Punch's friend, and the friend of man, MONTAGUE WILLIAMS, is kept green by the Blanket and Clothing Fund he established whilst he presided over the Worship Street Police Court. This is designed to comfort at Christmas-time, with clothing, boots, and blankets, poor families resident in the purlieus of the Court. Worship Street Police-Court area includes Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Spitalfields, Hoxton, part of Old Ford, and part of Whitechapel. Which is a perhaps prolix, certainly conclusive, way of saying that the poorest of the poor of London shiver in its shadow. Last Christmas, through the beneficent agency of the Fund, five hundred families received timely help. This year, Mr. Punch's circle can easily go five hundred better. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up with your ready-money, delivered to the Magistrates at Worship Street, Mr. HADEN CORSER and Mr. A. R. CLUER, or, with gifts of clothing, to the Depot, 20, Albion Road, Dalston, addressed to Mr. JOHN MASSEY, missionary at the Court.

THE HUNT BALL.—"Ah, yes, I know him," observed the intelligent foreigner; "ze great national game of footballs, which all ze Engleesh ladies play on ze links."

WANTED, a PROGRAMME. Must not contain more than 150 items, of which not more than ten are to have first place. "Non plus," National Liberal Club.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE royal game of golf, says my Baronitess, has a fascination peculiarly its own, but according to *Colonel Bogy's Sketch Book*, by ANDRE (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), "that way madness lies." Certainly the pictures are somewhat nightmarish, and the accompanying sundry after-dinner sayings of the Colonel are a trifle confuzzling, as *Captain Crosstree*, "which it was his name," was wont to observe.

Just Forty Winks (BLACKIE AND SON), by HAMISH HENDRY, daintily illustrated by GERTRUDE BRADLEY, which is an eye-opener for the little ones, who will enjoy the amazing adventures of *Davie Trot* down the long lane that has so many turns in dreamland.

An Alphabet, by WILLIAM NICHOLSON, published by WILLIAM HEINEMANN, is grimly and gruesomely attractive. It should have a large circulation after the Christmas festivities are over, when the doomed ones of Dyspepsia will thoroughly enjoy these pictures.

MRS. DE LA PASTURE's last book, *Deborah of Tod's* (SMITH, ELDER), is the best novel my Baronite has read since the days began to shorten. One is interested from the first by desire to see how one of the most audacious plots in modern fiction can be reasonably worked out. There is nothing new in contrasting the simplicity and genuineness of rural life with the artificiality of London Society. The enterprise is carried to a perilous point when we have a septuagenarian General, K.C.B., a member of the inner circle of London Society, plopping into marriage with a girl who works upon her own farm, talks in Devonshire dialect, has been little to school and never outside her own parish. That she should not only acquit herself well in the new scenes to which her marriage introduces her, but that, by reason of her nobility of character, her purity of soul, her sound common sense, she should dominate the circle and finally marry a much-run-after Peer of the realm, form a group of propositions that seem impossible to establish. So perfect is Mrs. DE LA PASTURE's skill, so infinite her resources, that all these things seem to follow as a matter of course. She is equally at home with humanity in country and in town. *Deborah* is delightful, whilst the less uncommon Society people with whom she for a while lives are drawn with light, firm, unerring touch. We seem to know them all, but only in one instance does Mrs. DE LA PASTURE obviously draw from life. There is no mistaking the trade-mark of the butterfly about Mr. *Corella*.

Even in these days of artistic *éditions de luxe* it is rare to find such prodigality bestowed on a reproduction of the work of a black-and-white artist as is displayed in the handsome volume, printed at The Whitefriars Press for T. FISHER UNWIN and BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co., entitled, *The Work of Charles Keene*, with a most interesting introduction and useful running commentary by JOSEPH PENNELL. The volume also contains a bibliography of the books KEENE illustrated, and a catalogue of his etchings. Of the remarkable examples of work that may be generally termed "variations" on his original style, there are some that, without the signature, might have been set down to GEORGE DU MAURIER; and there are others that would puzzle any expert as to whose artistic handiwork he should, off-hand, assign it. In all this collection there is one that stands absolutely alone; it is a "Wash drawing probably made for the *Illustrated London News*." "It is," says Mr. PENNELL, "very like the work of RAFFET or CHARLET"; and, we may add diffidently, it strongly reminds us of MEISSONIER and of GUSTAVE DORE. But while it "reminds" us of these artists in their treatment of similar subjects, it stands entirely apart, not only from any suggestion of imitation of any other artist's style and method, but also from all other specimens of KEENE's work in this collection. As Mr. PENNELL here notes, "Each little figure is instinct with life, movement, and character." As to women, it is evident that KEENE could draw a pretty and a handsome face, also an elegant form; but as to costume, very rarely was he in touch with the fashions of the day. He could not approach LECH in depicting a "swell"; while, on the other hand, his tradesmen, writers, clergy of the old school, his labourers, and ancient village gossips male and female, are perfect types. In the matter of "legs" (see p. 161), his study of "an inebriate" is marvellous; but somehow or another he never succeeded in giving us Mr. MILLIKEN's "Arry." It was CHARLES KEENE's "Arry." In his pictures the landscapes are lovely. But in the company of Mr. PENNELL, with the majority of whose criticisms we agree, we could linger for hours over a book which, it is a pleasure to know, will soon be in the hands of all sincere admirers of this great artist's work.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SEASONABLE DISH FOR A SPORTSMAN.—A plate o' fox-tail soup.



W. S. P. 1897.

THE CONVERTED SPORTSMAN.

Rev. Rosebery, "OH, MY DEARLY BELOVED GIMCRAOKS, SHUN THE TURF. TAKE WARNING BY MY AWFUL EXAMPLE, AND 'TURN IT UP'!"

[See Lord ROSEBERRY's speech to the members of the Gimcrack Club, *Times*, December 8.]



Jones (newly married). "THERE'S MY DARLING PLAYING THE GUITAR!"



(But it wasn't. It was only the Garden Roller over the gravel!)

DARBY JONES "OVER THE STICKS."

By "sticks"—which sounds like Jupiter's oath, but isn't anything of the sort—I mean the made-up hedges and hurdles of the Winter Racecourses. I would first of all, right-revered Patron of Sport, enquire why this particular pastime should be dubbed the "Illegitimate Game" by many of those Brilliant Writers of Prose, who frequently burst forth into Blank Verse, when describing one of those memorable meetings associated with the Unbarsinistered Flat? I confess, Sir, that on very many occasions the way of Progression at meetings held under National Hunt Rules differs but little from those governed by the sway of the Jockey Club. Throw in a flat race and three or four easily-negotiated hurdle-matches, and there isn't much difference, after all! Oh those hurdles, which my friends the B. W.'s persist in calling "obstacles"! Why, time after time I've seen a flat-racing horse run through them, and disdain to lift himself, when he encountered the supposed check to his progress. The only time that I ever remember a hurdle being a hindrance to any competitor, was once at Sandown, when an animal, having "rushed" the barrier, caught it with his heels and landed it on the head of the jockey of a near opponent. Believe me, that in Practice, if not in Theory, there is but little to choose between Flat-racing and Hurdle-hopping, and the fact that Newmarket has taken up the game is a very solid proof of my assertion.

You will observe that I have not included Steeplechasing. But there are Steeple-

chases and Steeplechases, just as there are Oysters and Oysters. One of the latter, with a Noah's Ark habitation, and a beard worthy of advertising a Petroleum Hair Restorer, is no more to be compared with a beautiful Whitstable or Colchester Native than is a supposed Steeplechase Course, with finikin fences and a duck-puddle water-jump, to the magnificent country over which the Grand National is determined. The way in which some of these steeple-tracks are made without steeples is occasionally delightful. Not very many years since, I was going over a course before a meeting, when the Great Mogul of the gathering observed with infinite satisfaction to his little court of followers, "You will observe, gentlemen, that we have strictly avoided using barbed wire!" And I give you my word that not one of the Pomponius Egoes of the party detected the exceedingly enjoyable jape.

And again, every farmer with a few acres of unprofitable land thinks that it would make a fine terrain for "lepping." I knew a Gentle Agriculturist with three quarters of a mile of bog at his disposal, who invited a Well-known Sportsman to inspect the same, paying all his expenses from London. "Well," cried the Bucolic, after their tramp, "what do you think of it?" "I think," replied the Scientist, without the slightest smile, "that you must have been thinking of a regatta, not a Steeplechase meeting." They never spoke again.

I may not expatiate on all these matters to-day, but, as the Bard says, "There is a to-morrow." He might also have added, "and a settling-day," for I candidly confess

that an indifferent time at the fair town of Leicester (where factory girls and Stilton cheeses appear to vie with one another in multitude) has placed me in the unenviable position of drawing a small Note of Hand on your esteemed self, but you, as of old, know well, Beneficent Patron, that Current Coin is not more readily acknowledged, or the signature of Mr. H. G. BOWEN, than is the handwriting of

Your ever faithful fiduciary,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—The N. of H. will probably arrive before this despatch. Therewith append a short metrical vision into future events at Nottingham. "Tout" à vous. *Comprenez!*

The *Storm Light of Summer* is sure to do well

At the tow of the lambs and the laze,

And *Lottie the Charming* may errors dispel

If she pulls off the big steeplechase.

But I deem that the first by the winning-post award is the *Cat* who is tricky, but carries a *Ward*.

[The N. of H. has arrived before D. J.'s disjointed letter. We have referred the unfortunate holder of the bill—apparently a worthy citizen of Leicester—to DARBY JONES himself, but the latter's address we were unable to furnish.—Ed.]

Must draw the Line somewhere.

Excited Backer (at cross-country meeting, to Well-known "Bookie"). Look here, what'll you lay me *Oyster-shell*?

W. B. (with dignity). You'll excuse me, Sir, but I'm looking on to-day as a gentleman!

[*E. B. collapses.*]

A VERY POPULAR INTERNATIONAL DISH.—Green Peace Soup with well-meant flavouring.



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

A LITTLE GAME IN POMPILIUS'S BILLIARD ROOM.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

NO. VI.—TO MR. ANDREW LANG.

MY DEAR SIR,—To the foot of the heights whence you distribute the wreaths of praise and the bolts of blame I venture to bring this humble letter. I beg you will not thunder upon me if I rouse you for a moment from some dream of airy ghosts to be embodied in yet another volume that shall grapple with the elusive manifestations of the world beyond our vision. What gadfly has stung you that you should thus devote your pleasant learning to the pursuit of these silly stories, these second-sight absurdities retailed at third hand, these vaporous shapes that speak of fate and death to minds overwrought by a morbid brooding, that point to the accomplished inevitable, nor hint (how should they?) in what fashion it may be undone or avoided? You, Sir, whose literary style has so greatly captured our admiration as to have extorted the award of a first prize amongst moderns from that not too placable censor, Mr. QUILLER COUCH, are fitted to hunt for a nobler quarry. Leave Julia and her brood (the word requires a phantasmal apology, since Julia was in life a spinster lady and addicted to journalism), leave her, I say, to her creator and protégé, Mr. W. T. STEAD. If she falls, souse, into *your* ink-pot, or sprawls and scrawls across *your* writing-paper, how shall she hold the pen of STEAD or indite unctuous blessings to mankind when *Borderland* shall once more have lapsed from a happy suspense into woful publication? No, let her still be STEAD's own. For you, if you will, there are other pursuits. If you will, I say. But will you? Of what avail is it to cry to you, *desine pervicax*, if, with your eyes open, you still persist in straying amongst these tangled weeds? If I should tell you (far from me be the presumption) that you not only fool away your time, but that you incur the censure pronounced by the French king on those who fooled without making him laugh—the quotation is, no doubt, familiar to you in the original—you might justly answer that a man's

time is his own to fool away if he likes, and that, as at present advised, you prefer psychic research to poetry and even to criticism or leading articles on American writers in the columns of the *Daily News*. Well, every man to his taste, say I. And I must admit that your taste has been catholic. You have rhymed most musically. Though the sum of your verse is small, there is in it a perfect little note of true poetic feeling never forced beyond the bounds that style and an academic culture point out. Others, greatly daring, may venture on a wild wrong word, and find that is absolutely right and tamed to the measure of poetry. You have picked and chosen with a precise care, and your lines sometimes lose in strength as much as they gain in polish. But they have a haunting and delightful melody, and often speak straight to the heart. And how versatile you have been. Essay, criticism, short story, leading article, folk-lore, literary gossip, verse—in all these you have shone and still shine. You have paddled along the little rivers that flow into the great stream of history, have lingered with Pretenders, false and true, and have exhibited to posterity the hateful faces of forgotten spies. Nor must it be forgotten that you have written a long poem—it fills a whole volume—on Helen of Troy, and have wrought the same lady into a novel, written in collaboration with Mr. RIDER HAGGARD. You, at least, as you review your career and your work have no reason to despond. It is not for you to pose as the *homme incompris* of your generation! You have, I suppose, done what you wanted, and have done it as you wished to do it. What more can a man require of his life? If you have not gained the brightest chaplets, the reason is that you have not striven for them, and have not cared to strive. But, if the humour should take you, there is yet time for immortality, provided you can bring yourself to abandon for a space your curious prying into the speech and manners of deceased persons. With your dispute against Professor MAX MULLER, I need not concern myself. These matters are too steep for the average man who refuses to puzzle his head with the why and

the wherefore of his language, his manners and his religion, being content on the whole to accept the fact of their existence as being amply sufficient for ordinary purposes.

Your position, then, is an enviable one, and you occupy it because you have fairly earned it. Without being "bland, passionate, and deeply religious," you are cultivated, academic, and sarcastic. Generally, too, you are urbane, humorous, and even genial. Now and then, it is true, a gust of perverse temper shakes you, you drop the rapier, and, lo, some unfortunate head cracks to the blow of your bludgeon. I must add, too, that you have your fair share of that very human failing, resentment, and those who can recognise your style are sometimes amused when here and there the *spretæ injuria formæ* crops up in your writings. But is there one of us so virtuous and forgiving as not to indulge at times in a sly thrust at those who have done him wrong? These are trifles thin as air. And take you for all in all we shall not soon look upon your like again. You are a literary man, and you take pride in your calling. You have added greatly by your writings to the sum of our pleasure; you maintain the dignity of journalism no less than the honour of literature. Yet you are not of those who call out for titles or swagger ostentatiously because Heaven and your inclination made you a writing man. I am, Sir, Your faithful servant,
THE VAGRANT.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

["The heroine is steadily departing from English fiction."—*Mr. W. L. Alden*, in "*Pearson's Magazine*" for December.]

My study-door was flung open, and, to my astonishment, a crowd of ladies entered. All of them were fairly young, though they were dressed in every possible variety of costume, and all of them seemed to be in a state of considerable excitement.

"May I ask," I inquired, timidly, "to what I owe the pleasure of seeing you here?"

"Certainly you may," replied one of them, brandishing a magazine as she spoke. "We have called in consequence of a disgraceful statement published in this journal. We are all popular heroines, who up to the present have found constant employment in English fiction. But now it appears that there is a conspiracy afoot to get rid of us, and in consequence, we are calling upon various novelists to ascertain their intentions towards us. Do you propose to exclude us from your novels in future?"

Before I could reply, a beautiful girl in a white ball-dress pushed her way to the front, and addressed me in tearful accents:—

"It is too bad!" she sobbed. "I am the most popular heroine of all, and have delighted countless readers. I am just nineteen, you know, and the most charming girl in the whole world—the hero always tells me so. We sit out several dances together in the conservatory, and while he explains how he has adored me through a couple of hundred pages, I turn away nervously and pull a rose to pieces. I must have destroyed thousands of roses in my time. Then, when he misinterprets my silence and says, in a voice trembling with emotion, that he knows he doesn't deserve my love, I gasp out his Christian name, and he folds me in his manly arms. And then we get married in the last chapter and live happily ever after. Readers never get tired of me, and yet I'm to be turned out with no work to do!"

She seized a rose from her dress and began to pull it to pieces as she spoke. A tall, dark girl took her place.

"And how about me?" she demanded. "Aren't you going to use me any more? I am the mysterious, passionate heroine who always fascinates the best kind of hero. I am all soul. After dinner I sing weird songs in a way that astonishes every one, and then the hero and I walk out into the moonlight and listen to the nightingale together. Frequently I talk about the problems of existence, and the weary irony of life. I can fill a dozen pages at a time in that way. But beneath my languid indulgence there lurks a passion that is simply volcanic. When the villain insults me, I wither him in one vitriolic sentence. Sometimes I marry the hero, but more often I die; my death-scene is simply concentrated essence of the very best pathos. And even if I am a little bit old-fashioned, readers like me as much as ever. You had better remember my volcanic passion if you propose to cashier me, you miserable scribbler!"

"Gadzooks!" cried a third lady, in mediæval costume, "an it were possible to put forth those jades, it were none so easy, mark you, to get rid of me. I am the heroine of the historical romance. A pure, sweet country lass, 'faith, who charms the heart of that courtly gallant, the hero. None can say 'grammercy' with a grace more rare, and oftentimes my speech hath a



THE HOPE THAT FAILED.

Sir Percy Goldman, M.P. (affably seeking subjects of conversation with his Constituents). "I THINK MY WIFE MENTIONED THAT YOU ARE A GREAT COLLECTOR, MR. BAKER; I DO A LITTLE IN THAT WAY MYSELF—IS IT COINS?"

Mr. Baker. "I PREFER IT IN THAT FORM, SIR PERCY, THOUGH I TAKE CHEQUES IN SOME CASES—I COLLECT FOR SMALL, PROFIT, & CO., 'IGH STREET."

smack of four centuries on a single page. Beshrew me if the reader heedeth that! Dost think, varlet, that I am to be driven forth from the pages of popular fiction? By my balidom—and little wot I what that may be—thou wilt attempt to banish me at thy peril!"

"The fact of the matter is," cried another lady, who wore a hard felt hat, a bicycling skirt and gaiters, and who had helped herself unasked to one of my cigarettes, "that we aren't so soft as you fancy—not by a long chalk. I am a fashionable sportin' heroine, and if you fancy that you can write your stories on your own, without my help, you'll get jolly well left, old cock; you may put your bottom dollar on that. Why, what's to become of your huntin' and racin' yarns if you leave me out?"

At last there was a moment's pause, and, having barricaded myself behind the sofa, I attempted to speak.

"Ladies!" I exclaimed, "I respect you sincerely—I do, indeed. All of you are old friends of mine, and I've found posts for most of you in one or other of my novels. But what is a poor writer to do? The novel with a heroine is becoming unfashionable, 'the heroine is steadily departing from English fiction,' as *MR. ALDEN* says, and—in point of fact, I can't offer you any employment in future."

"What?" they shrieked in chorus. "You refuse? You will turn us away from—"

"Hush," cried an authoritative voice from the background, "the matter now rests with me. I, Sir, am a heroine in the employ of *Mrs. HOBSON BURNETT*—I am, in fact, a Lady of Quality. Perhaps you will remember that when a man annoys me, I murder him and hide his corpse under the sofa. You have a sofa, I think?"

At these terrible words I gave one despairing yell—and awoke.



"OH, PLEASE, 'M, TH' NOO PAARSON'S CALLED TO SEE YOU."
 "VERY WELL, MARY. I HOPE YOU'VE SHOWN HIM IN, AND ASKED HIM TO SIT DOWN?"
 "OH, YES, 'M, AH'VE LOOSED 'IM INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM!"

STILL ABROAD.

Vienna.—Arrive about eight. After supper at the hotel, what is to be done? Too late for any theatre. Just take a stroll in the streets. In the Ring-Strasse, of course, here at the very door. On such a fine evening the Paris Boulevards would be crowded. Even Piccadilly, or Princes Street, Edinburgh, would not be deserted. Have always understood that Vienna is quite unlike London or Edinburgh; that it is as gay as Paris. How pleasant! I will walk out and see all the fun, here in this part of the Ring-Strasse, the part nearest to the Opera, the Boulevard des Capucines of Vienna. Should perhaps assume a jaunty air, suited to the place. Must not look like a weary American, or a hored English tourist. Might put my hat a little on one side, if I were sure that that would be correct in Vienna. Can arrange this when I see how the other men in the crowd wear their hats. So, merely lighting a cigarette, and giving an extra twist to my moustache, I stroll into the street.

I am absolutely alone! From end to end there isn't a soul besides me! Come to that, I don't know which is the end, for the street is so monstrously wide that the width and the length, in this segment of the circle, are about the same. But neither across, nor along the street can I see any one. The Boulevard des Capucines of Vienna, at half-past nine on a fine October evening, is quieter than Portland Place at midnight on Sunday. My moustache untwists itself, and my hat slips towards the back of my head. Could walk here in flannels without being noticed. Keep along by the houses, and reach the immense space by the Opera. It is as deserted as Salisbury Plain. Only Salisbury Plain is not covered with huge cobble-stones, and pools of water between them. Shall not attempt to cross. Smoke a cigarette at the corner. Remember a tranquil, moonlit scene, something like this, at Bologna. Also at Venice, only there the

moon shone on water alone, without cobble-stones. Bologna, Venice, Vienna; nice quiet places for nervous invalid.

Suddenly, terrific noise, clatter of hoofs and wheels. As yet I see nothing. Must be fire-engine. Suddenly, round a corner, at a fearful pace, comes two-horse cab. It rattles over these cobble-stones, and stops at Opera House. Others come, with equal noise, and I see dark figures slip out from the great building, some of them riding away in the clattering cabs, most of them jumping over the pools of water and vanishing in side streets. Then I understand that the Opera is over, and that even the belated patrons of the drama have gone home to bed. Ten. I must do the same.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

"ÆQUAM MEMENTO REBUS IN ARDUIS
SERVARE MENTEM."

My HORACE, most excellent fellow,
No doubt it was easy for you,
With your farm and Falernian mellow,
To preach a philosophy true.

But to others, whose ancestors often
Have left but a name to uphold,
The practice lacks something to soften
A theory so manfully bold.

At Eton, long since, and most dearly,
I've paid for your verses, as such.
Mens aqua in arduis!—clearly
It's asking a little too much.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—In case of serious fires in London, it appears from the recent inquiry, the water supply will always be sufficient as long as the Fire Brigade has Command o' Wells.



SHUNTED!!

Mrs. BRITANNIA, "GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE GOT THAT NASTY TRUCK OUT OF THE WAY, YOUNG MAN, IN TIME FOR THE CHRISTMAS EXPRESS!"





FEMININE AMENITIES.

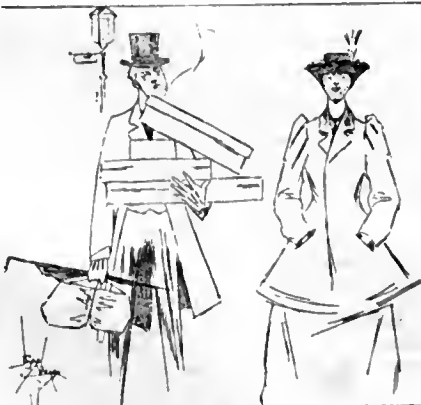
Mrs. Aylesbury. "DO TELL ME WHAT BIT YOU USED TO USE,—AS I CAN'T HOLD THIS HORSE I BOUGHT AT YOUR SALE!"
 Mrs. Quorn. "I REALLY DON'T REMEMBER,—AS, WHEN I USED TO RIDE IT, IT WAS SUCH A SLUG, I WAS COMPELLED TO USE A CUTTING WHIP TO MAKE IT OO."

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

MY DEAR ETHEL,—You ask me what "sort of a husband" I recommend. My dear, ask me the name of a dressmaker, of a doctor, or of a (ugh!) dentist, and I can tell you precisely. I can name the man. But what sort of a husband!! Well, after sifting the matter carefully, and after looking before you leap, and after an experience of some few years of married life, I say, decidedly, choose a man

You will find him very useful if managed judiciously; he will prove an immense saving to you, as if you went alone you would have to tip porters, and squabble with cabmen. Then from a certain point of view I should advise some of those "about to marry" to select a man

you may attend assiduously to your domestic duties, which include visiting, five o'clock teas, and so forth, then ascertain that your husband is of a maternal disposition, and one



Who likes to go Shopping.



Who has no Club.

But this is an exceptional case. Finally, if you wish to be strictly economical, and to live in the suburbs, or in the country, and if your husband has no occupation or profession, then I should say, in order that



Who does this.

If I think of anything else I will let you know. But, above all, please yourself, and by so doing you will delight

Yours affectionately, DORA.

JUST THE JEWEL FOR AN AUTO-MOBILIST.
 —A motor-car-buncle.



TWO MORE "SIDE SHOWS" THAT SIMPLY MUST NOT BE OMITTED AT OLYMPIA.

Hint to Visitors.—A DEEP OBEISANCE SHOULD BE MADE ON APPROACHING GEORGE NATHANIEL BY ALL VISITORS BELOW THE RANK OF EMPEROR, OTHERWISE HE RETIRES HURT, THREATENING GENERAL CHAOS IN EUROPE.

THE RECRUIT'S VADE MECUM.

Question. You have joined the army with a view to distinguishing yourself in the annals of your country?

Answer. Not exactly; although no doubt I liked the idea of wearing a red coat, and belonging to a service once commanded by MARLBOROUGH and WELLINGTON.

Q. I see by your reply that you have some education?

A. Yes, thanks to the School Board.

Q. Then could you not employ your time to better purpose than drill in the barrack square and beer in the canteen?

A. Possibly; although nowadays learning is rather a drug in the market. So I joined, for, at the moment, I had nothing better to do.

Q. And I suppose that your comrades were rolling stones like yourself?

A. You may take it that most of us belonged to the ne'er-do-well class.

Q. And what do you expect from your connection with the army?

A. A few years of comparative comfort, and then compulsory retirement.

Q. But will not your service with the colours assist to get civil employment on your retirement?

A. No; because, during my stay in the army, I shall lose the chance of acquiring

technical knowledge of the craft I might like to adopt.

Q. You mean that non-army men would have an advantage over you in this respect?

A. Certainly; and this would also be true ament the obligation of the reservist.

Q. What is that obligation?

A. At a call from headquarters to desert all civil employment to join his old regiment.

Q. Does this interfere with the obtainment of civil employment?

A. Undoubtedly; and consequently service in the army is a doubtful blessing.

Q. Why is it a doubtful blessing?

A. Because a youngster is taken for a few years into a service that can only teach him the discipline of endurance, and then sent adrift to compete with men who have been learning their trades from their childhood.

Q. Then why do you enlist?

A. Because there is nothing better to do in the present, and as for the future, it must look after itself.

BARBAROUS.—The barbed wire fences in a hunting country.

A LORDLY ECCLESIASTIC.—Bishop EARLE.

A PREVIOUS QUESTION.

[“We are sorry to see that something like a contention is arising as to what shall be the ‘foremost and immediate object’ of the Liberal Party. . . . Whether the Lords can be attacked with any prospect of success out of the *ewigkeit*, so to speak, is a very serious question. . . . The first business, however, if we may venture to remind the party of so very practical a consideration, is to obtain a majority.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

THE Liberal hens sat on their eggs,
It was a solemn sight;
Their brows were knit, their eyes were lit
With a strange prophetic light;
Their beaks came out beyond the bars
Sniffing the *ewigkeit*.

Some of them sat so deep in thought
They never said a word;
The Monmouth brand on the other hand
Occasionally purred;
And a pleasant flow of badinage
Fell from the Birrell-bird.

The Durdans fowl was well aware
She was warming lumps of stone;
And the Montrose Pet had got a set
Of Gaelic ducks on loan;
But the Bantam-hen from Battersea
Sat hard upon her own.

To wile away their leisure time,
And it went exceeding slow,
Their fancies ran on a likely plan
For making chickens grow;
On a programme pointing out the way
That a chicken ought to go.

“Home Rule,” said one, “is what they want,
As I observed before.”
By this she stuck with a steady cluck,
And even slightly swore;
But the others lifted up their bills
And called the bird a hore.

Another said: “At certain sins
No parent ought to hink;
Let us not pause in passing laws
To localise the Drink.”
But the others looked a little shy,
And one was seen to wink.

At this the Bantam opened out
With a proletarian snort:
“I’d train ’em to bust the upper-crust,
The bloated birds of sport!”
But the more respectable muttered
“Pooh!”
Which cut the Bantam short.

Then one in Henhood’s name produced
A notion to serve their need;
The same would enhance their chickens’
chance
And check their neighbours’ greed:—
“One bird, one crop: one crop, one grain!”
And they all said: “Good, indeed!”

Out spoke at length a thoughtful fowl
That knew the ropes and rings:
“Before we teach our chickens to screech
Or forage or wag their wings,
By way of preface a useful move
Would be to *hatch the things*.”

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—PUZZLED.
—The symptoms you describe are not unusual—we often suffer that way ourselves. A disinclination for any kind of work, a feeling that we must dine royally somewhere, go to the theatre afterwards, and wind up at a supper-club, are quite normal conditions with us. We do not view them with any alarm.



HORRIBLE PREDICAMENT.

Gent (on mettlesome Hireling). "ELP! 'ELP! SOMERODY STOP 'IM! 'E'S GOING TO JUMP, AND I CAN'T!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Poetical Young Person is inditing an effusion to his fancied Mistress, when he receives a coldly-worded missive.

I THOUGHT that we were friends that night,
Or something else, or something else!
 You filled my heart with sweet delight,
Or something else, or something else!
 Your lips were telephones to me,
 The while your eyes made mine to see,
 I fancied all that you might be
Of something else, of something else!

I thought that we'd together roam
In somewhere else, in somewhere else!
 But everywhere should be our home
In somewhere else, in somewhere else!
 By sunny waters, unknown seas,
 'Mid everlasting blooms and trees,
 You, only you I'd slave to please,
In somewhere else, in somewhere else!

You never should your power lose,
And somewhat else, and somewhat else!
 Yours be the right to pick and choose,
And somewhat else, and somewhat else!
 Yours be the voice to guide our way,
 You to command and I obey,
 You be the "Yea," not I the "Nay,"
And somewhat else, and somewhat else!

In praise of you I'd use a ream,
For no one else, for no one else!
 Reality's in you a dream,
In no one else, in no one else!—
 I'd written this when you upset
 My auto-car, and with regret
 I read between the lines, you've met
With some one else, with some one else!

A WORD FROM THE CRACKERIES.—A reliable recipe from our own Crackery book on how to make a Christmas evening go off as it should in the crackiest, cheeriest method. First, deck the board in all the tinselled graces from "The Artistic Table Decorations," then, under the blue light of the "X Rays," the marvels of "The Cinematographe" can be mixed with sea-



sonable fare from "Relics of the North," trifles left by NANSEN'S bears. Most digestible! Though possibly, after devouring "The Christmas Stories," "Goblins," as the pervading spirit of festivity, may haunt one's dreams. No matter, with such ingredients, served as they are by TOM SMITH, a true evening-party hilarity is secured, at least so says

ROB ROY McCRAKERY, O!

TEMPORARY CHANGE OF INITIALS.— "A. B." writes to us, saying, "It is very hard on me. But it must be so. I enjoy Christmas thoroughly—turkey, pies, puddings, and all the golopshus delicacies of the season. When Christmas festivities are over, I am no longer 'A. B.,' but 'C. D.'"

"SHINE OUT, FAIR SUN."

[The Times, following Mr. Punch's suggestion, again records the sunshine.]

WHAT Mr. Punch suggested,
 Oh! Times, you've kindly done.
 We all are interested
 To hear about the sun.
 Who'd keep a log
 Of rain and fog
 If he could see the sun?

Alas, the record-making,
 Which you've again begun,
 Is often record-breaking
 In just recording none!
 Day after day,
 You mostly say,
 "Bright sunshine, London, none."

WAKE UP.—It is announced that Mr. GOODDAY will be the new General Manager of the Brighton Railway. Travellers on the line might say that hitherto Goodnight would have been more appropriate for the sleepy railway of sleepy Sussex. Unless they remarked that the trip from Portsmouth to Hastings, or even from Victoria to Brighton after 4.30 P.M. was a good day's journey. Good, eh? Only they are always too miserably tired even to make bad puns.

At the Celestial Restaurant.

Customer (indignantly). Hi! waiter, what do you call this soup?
Waiter (meekly). I not know, Sir, but ze padrone tell me to describe 'im Cocks-tail!



QUITE AN INSULT.

Grandmamma (to the boys, arrived for a week's visit). "So, my dears, as that nasty old LEATHER FOOTBALL OF UNCLE FRANK'S IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOU, I HAVE MADE THIS NICE NEW WORSTED ONE FOR YOU TO PLAY WITH INSTEAD."

IN RE—PINKERTON'S INSURANCE.

PART II.—*Mr. Briefless loses both a Friend and a Client.*

"Now, mind, I am not to be disturbed," I said to PORTINGTON, as, pen in hand, I sat before the desk upon which was spread the insurance form dealing with PINKERTON'S—if I may use the expression—vital characteristics. "To-day, even Sir GEORGE must wait, and if the matter is particularly pressing, hand it over to MR. DE PUTRE POTTE."

I confess I was not very sanguine of receiving anything of moment, nor desirous of advancing the forensic career of the learned gentleman—I cannot call him friend—I had mentioned, but my admirable and excellent clerk understood me.

"Certainly, Sir. No doubt Mr. DE PUTRE POTTE will be very pleased to devil for you."

"No doubt, PORTINGTON, no doubt. He is welcome to the professional distinction such an office may confer on him."

This settled, I turned my attention to the questions that I was asked to answer. I had PINKERTON'S leave to reply without fear or favour, and according to the dictates of my conscience.

"How long have you known him?"

Well, about ten or twelve years. That seemed the obvious reply, but then, was not something more required? To say that one "knows" any one suggests an intimate acquaintance with the person that was scarcely warranted by my acquaintance with PINKERTON. Had I dined with him? No, not even on Christmas Day. So, after the most careful consideration, I cautiously replied, "I have never really known him," putting the adverb into italic.

"When did you see him last, and was he then in good health?" The first part of the answer was plain sailing, and I wrote "Yesterday." But how about the rest? He seemed well enough, but then I am no doctor, and cannot reply as an expert. So again, I replied guardedly, "He told me he was in good health," putting the verb this time in the emphasising type.

"What is the present and general state of his health?"

Again I was perplexed. How could I form a diagnosis as a layman? It was unfair to ask this of me. So I disposed of the matter by writing, "I would prefer not to say."

"Are you aware of his having at any time been seriously unwell? And if so, when?"

Another poser. According to PINKERTON, he is never in robust health, in fact, quite the reverse. So, remembering his injunction to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I replied, frankly, "From what he tells me he is always seriously unwell."

"Have you known or heard of his being afflicted with apoplexy, palsy, fits, or insanity, with asthma, palpitation, or other affections of the heart, lungs, or chest, with dropsy, rheumatism, gout, erysipelas, or any other disease or permanent injury which may tend to shorten life?"

Once more I was at a distinct disadvantage. How was I to know whether PINKERTON suffered from any of the above list? So I wrote, "Again I would prefer to keep silence. You had better ask him yourself." And then my legal training asserted itself. So I added a rider, "You are not bound—he will not be making an affidavit—to believe everything he tells you." This, to my mind, was an eminently fair answer, and could do no harm to any one.

"Do you know his habits to be strictly sober and temperate?"

Come, this was too strong! I was indignant at having to reply to so insulting a question, so I answered in a tone of indignation, "Gentlemen, he is my friend, and I refuse to answer."

"Do you believe they have always been so?"

Here, again, was an unpleasant and even embarrassing inquiry. How could I give my belief? I could not help remembering an occasion when he said I was not personally qualified to write the book I propose publishing (which will, in point of fact, comprise my memoirs), *From the Gown of the Student to the Chancellor's Wig: the Experiences of a Practising Barrister*. At the time of the assertion I had declared that he must be either "mad or drunk," so I wrote, guardedly—giving him, so to speak, the benefit of the doubt—"He may at times have been perfectly sober."

"Is his occupation or mode of living in any respect injurious to health?"

Again a poser. I recollected that he mentioned once that his medical attendant had told him that a week at Margate would do him a world of good. This looked as if the physician considered a change of career advisable. So I put, "Well, after all, it's a matter of opinion, and doctors may be wrong like other folk."

"Were his parents long lived?"

This I could answer off-hand. He is very reticent about his people, so I wrote the truth, "He never will tell me."

"Have any of his near relatives been affected with consumption, or insanity, or any other disease supposed to be hereditary?"

Now this I could answer diplomatically, and moreover show that whatever PINKERTON'S head might be his heart was in the right place. I wrote accordingly, "I know he has always been most kind to his family, spending most of his time at their sick-beds."

"Are there any other circumstances known to you affecting the eligibility of this life which the Directors ought to know?"

Again distinctly inquisitorial, so I administered a well-deserved snub, "Gentlemen," I wrote, "I will not betray confidences."

"Do you consider the proposed assurance more than usually hazardous?"

It was the last question, so I thought I would conclude with a word of pleasing encouragement. "Come, gentlemen," I wrote, "show yourselves Englishmen and be brave!"

Glad to have finished my task I opened my door, and my excellent and admirable clerk entered.

"While you were at work, Sir, a brief was left for you."

Could I believe my ears! Come, this was good news!

"And as you were engaged, and they wanted to consult counsel at once, I sent them on to Mr. DE PUTRE POTTE."

I could scarcely speak. See what I had sacrificed on the altar of friendship!

And what makes the disappointment the harder to bear is, that since I sent in the paper to that insurance office, PINKERTON meets me almost daily and invariably cuts me! I am told he is still a bachelor. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, December 12, 1897.



ALLAND. 91.

JUVENILE TIPPLE.

Freddy (with an air). "HAVE A DROP, UNCLE!"
Uncle (a two-bottle man). "WHAT IS IT, FREDDY?"
Freddy. "COLD TEA, WITH LOTS OF SUGAR. RIPPIN'!"

A SEASONABLE YULE-TIDE.

SCENE—Editorial Sanctum, Fleet Street.
 TIME—December 24.

Editor (at telephone). Yes, I am here.

First Voice. Australia. Lovely weather, and the cricketers doing famously. Awfully hot, but not too hot for the national game.

Editor (switching on another wire). Yes, I am here.

Second Voice. America. Summer-time according to the English accent. Footer going on all right. Englishmen distinctively popular.

Editor (same business). Yes, I am here.

Third Voice. Cairo. Hot as an English July. British garrison hard at work at lawn-tennis and polo.

Editor (same business). Yes, I am here.

Fourth Voice. India. Splendid weather. Wonder how you are going on in London. Old-fashioned December, eh? Frost, snow, mistletoe, holly and fog, eh? Meanwhile, we over here are up to our eyes in golf.

Editor (switching on all wires). Well, my friends, you in all parts of the world indulging in Summer sports under a sultry sky, we wish you a Merry Christmas.

All the Voices. The same to you! And now we are all off to eat plum-pudding!

[Curtain.]

PARTANT POUR LA CHINE;

OR, THE NEW EVANGELIST.

My precious HENRY, hear my parting speech,

Ere yet you sail beyond my vocal reach!
 Oft have I sauntered round by way of Kiel

And stopped, like this, to take a transient meal;

But never have I sucked the local breeze
 In circumstances so unique as these.
 To see you launched upon your First Crusade

Sends up my blood to 60 (Centigrade).
 Remember, HENRY, it's a Holy War
 That you are on the point of starting for;
 Or, bearing still in mind our trade's increase,

Perhaps I ought to say a Holy Peace.
 You will remark among my sketchy plans a
 Design for re-establishing a Hansa!
 What is a Hansa? Any one who looks
 Will find about it in the history books;
 It was a Syndicate in ancient times
 For planting German goods in various climes;

It swept from end to end the briny blue
 As we, my HENRY, contemplate to do,
 Running the Ocean on our own account
 As soon as we can raise the right amount.

Meanwhile I send you on to clear the way;

Ach, Himmel! what a sacrifice to pay!
 Think of me sometimes, HENRY, all alone
 With thorns distributed about my throne!
 You know your brother's wish; lay hands, my pet,

On any mortal thing that you can get.
 Employ, if feasible, your native charms,
 But, failing this, resort at once to arms.
 If people in the neighbourhood resist,
 Let out upon them with your mailed fist;
 It saves the knuckles; do be sure to take
 This small precaution for your brother's sake.

For longer range you carry shot and shell,
 In case you see a running infidel;
 I also hand you here St. Michael's Shield,
 You'll stick it somewhere on the coaling field.

Observe the blazon—our Imperial Bird,
 Of which, no doubt, the dragons will have heard;

Call their attention to it; let them see
 The Fowl is emblematical of Me.
 One dragon you will notice, should he come,
 Because he wears a large chrysanthemum;
 HENRY, between us two, as man to man,
 Be careful how you jump upon Japan!

And now before you make a final clearance

(This is your positively last appearance),
 Before, in fact, we tear ourselves apart,
 Recite that little thing you have by heart;
 And tell these gentlemen how you propose
 To visit countries where the heathen grows,
 And preach abroad in each distinct locality
 The Gospel of my hallowed Personality.

HENRY, my boy, I cannot lightly smother
 The sacred feelings of an only brother!

Pray Heaven, though we cannot go together,

You may enjoy a decent turn of weather;
 And when your task, your glorious task, is o'er

(I trust, without expenditure of gore)
 Omit not to return that I may spread
 The laurels on your slightly youthful head.
 Charge glasses! Ere he climbs the deadly poop.

I give His Royal Highness—Whoop!
 WUOOP!! WHOOP!!!



A PRINCE OF CRICKET.

Mr. Punch. "BRAVO, RANJI! PLUCKY PERFORMANCE!"



WE MUSTN'T ALWAYS JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

"I SAY, BILL, YOU AREN'T GOT SUCH A THING AS THE PRICE OF 'ARF A PINT ABOUT YOU, ARE YER? I'M SO BLOOMING DRY!"

"HOCH! TOBY, M.P., AS PRIVATE REFEREE."

(From Ballads of Berkshire, by the late ANON.)

To Mr. Punch.

REVERED SIR,—In the large leisure of the Recess I have read with interest Mr. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR's account of his doings in connection with a form of inquiry submitted to him by an Insurance Company, contemplating effecting a policy on the life of one of his friends. By a coincidence, which shows how small the world is, I have had a similar application made to me, and beg to inclose a copy of my reply. I should, perhaps, say that the inimitable seriousness of the catechism is a literal transcript of the official printed form.

1. How many years have you known him?—Since the death of Queen ANNE.
2. Are you in the habit of seeing him frequently?—Too.
3. When did you last see him?—On the stroke of midnight.
4. In what state of health was he at that time?—Shaky on his pins.
5. What has been the general state of his health since you have known him?—Hopeless.
6. Do you know, or have you ever heard, that he has had asthma, any fit, habitual cough, spitting of blood, or any disorder tending to the shortening of life?—Everything of that sort, and more.
7. Do you know if any of his relations have been affected with, or have died of, consumption?—All gone; some galloped.
8. Is he subject to gout, insanity, or any other constitutional disorder?—Nothing in that way comes amiss to him. He had measles before he was three days old.
9. Are you acquainted with his ordinary manner of living?—Alas! yes.
10. Has he been a person of temperate habits?—Not since I have known him.
11. Is he now a person of temperate habits?—To some extent he is at breakfast-time.
12. Has he ever met with any serious accident?—He once fell into the coal-cellar under the impression it was the key-hole of the front door, and that his right leg was the latch-key.
13. Is there any other circumstance or information respecting

his past or present health and habits of life, within your knowledge or belief, with which the Directors of this society ought to be made acquainted?—There are several; but perhaps I have said enough.

You will observe that I have felt it right to be perfectly frank in the matter. I have not yet heard whether my friend has had the desired policy issued to him.

Yours, with esteem and respect, Toay, M.P.
The Kennel, Barks.

A Change of Cloth.

Marylcobone Moderate (reading "Evening News" poster). What's this? "Billiards. Brilliant Play by DIGGLE"? Glad to see the reverend gentleman is consoling himself!

ADVERTISER, having a few Missionaries to dispose of, wishes to meet with Chinese or other purchaser. What offers? Would accept half the Celestial Empire, a brand new Navy or a Rhyming Dictionary.—WILLIAM, Potsdam.

A Polar Puzzle.

Q. Why does HERR ANDREE resemble an obstinate voter?
A. Because he is determined to get to the poll.

Answers to Correspondents.

BLIGHTED.—You ask us to give you some remedy for "a mind diseased," and to prescribe something which will keep you from thinking about the lost loved one. Nothing is easier. Go to a chemist and ask him for 1 ounce assafetida, 2 wormwood, and 2 Epsom salts. Mix and take in one dose. After that, you will think of nothing but how to get the taste out of your mouth for the next week.

INQUIRER.—It is rather hard to obtain an interview with a Prime Minister. The best way is to pretend to be somebody else. Of course, if the Prime Minister doesn't enter heartily into the game, why, then he wins, and you are out; pretty quickly, too. Perhaps worth trying as an experience.



MR. PUNCH AND THE POLE.

THE VERY LATEST ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Mr. Punch has pleasure in announcing that, undeterred by the failure of all previous expeditions, he is now on his way to the North Pole. According to the *Westminster Gazette*, an American skipper recently presented the head-man of an Eskimo community with a Punch-and-Judy Show. The Eskimo's son is now an expert at the business, and makes the familiar marionettes dance about, to the intense delight of his friends. The show is known among the Eskimo as "Boont-an-toody."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(A Candid Confession.)

YES, I received, my worthy BROWN,
Your Christmas present yesterday,
Quite worth, no doubt, the good half-crown
For carriage that I had to pay.
Though you passed on a gift cigar
Undue expenditure to save you,
Yet, price for price, no doubt they are
Well worth the liquor that I gave you.

That "Rare old Scotch from Special Vat"
(Although I hoped you wouldn't guess it)
Was given me—but what of that?—
A year ago, I must confess it.
Yet even so, friend (I'll engage
You had your hamper carriage free),
It may be fiery, but its age
Twelve months, at least, I'll guarantee.

But as for those cigars, all flam,
"Flor de" Whitechapel, I don't doubt it!
Sheer cabbage-leaf, not worth a—rap!
Yet I won't say too much about it,
For I myself am half to blame
(Though you forgot it, I dare say),
I recognised them as the same
That I sent you last Christmas Day.

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Let me write a nation's songs, and I don't care
twopence who frames its laws."—*Confooshius*.

WHILE "drinking" has been glorified by
numberless poets, eating-songs have been
sadly neglected. To help to fill an aching
void has been my humble endeavour. The
great problem was to write a song which
would be truly national by appealing to all
sections of the public. That problem I
have solved. Here it is.

NATIONAL FEEDING-SONG.

Hail, brothers! hail the festive board!
On gastronomic wing
To culinary heights we've soared,
To chuckle, feed, and sing.
With soup and fish and flesh and fowl,
Cast every care behind,
Let bitter-faced ascetics howl,
We'll eat until we're blind.

Chorus.

Joy's of the table are many and rare,
None but the brave are deserving the fare,
Turkeys and pheasants and patties and
hams,
Salmon and ven'son and jellies and jams,
Here's to them all with a yell and a whoop,

And here's to the turtle when turned into
soup;

Calipash, calipee,
Are the "jockies" for me,
Hurrah for the turtle in glorious soup!

The Vegetarian Verse.

All hail the soft, seraphic joy
Of turnip-tops and greens!
Come, join our blissful ranks, my boy,
And we will "give you beans."
The soul that slays the tender sheep
Is savage, fierce and grim;
Enough to make a cabbage weep
Are cannibals like him.

Chorus.

But a cheer for the gentle and nourishing
lentil,
Hurrah for banana and pippin and "pine,"
The mushroom so merry, the succulent
cherry,
On which so serenely we daintily dine.
A fig for the fellow who turns from a
mellow

And beautiful pear for the sake of a chop;
He may go off to China, or South Carolina,
And when he has got there we hope he will
stop!

We will remain to devour at our ease
Prunes and potatoes and porridge and
peas.

The Schoolboys' Verse.

Come all you kids, and sing a song
Of peppermint and pie,
Digestions such as ours are strong,
And ostriches defy.
So ladle out the marmalade
And mix it up with cream,
Add sardines—eat the mess you've made,
Then lay you down and dream.

Chorus.

For it's cheer, boys, cheer, boys, for cho-
colate and buns
("One a penny, two a penny," so the
legend runs),
Puffs and tarts and cocoa-nut, and every-
thing that's nice,
And we'll give an "extra special" for the
stunning penny ice.

AFTER THE SPEECHES WERE OVER.

(An entirely Imaginary Conversation.)

Senior. Well, my dear HENRY, I think
we got over that little function pretty well.

Junior. Yes, WILLIAM; and now your
only brother is out to China.

S. Take care of yourself, and mind you
get lots of laurels for your youthful brow.

J. Don't chaff. And I say, if you were
so proud of the Great Chancellor, why did
you kick him out?

S. If you cheek me, hang me if I don't
send you into banishment!

J. Well, a trip to the Far East, after
all, is not exactly home service.

S. But, my dear HENRY, I am giving
you as a pledge—you, my only brother.

J. Yes, a joke's a joke, but this is going
a little too far.

S. Perhaps, for you, but not for me.
However, don't let's quarrel.

J. Good-bye, old man. A happy Christ-
mas to you!

S. And a prosperous New Year to you!

[Exeunt severally.]

REWARD FOR GALLANTRY.—What distinc-
tion is going to be conferred on Lieutenant
DE BRETT, who loaded and fired the gun at
the risk of his life when extricating the
escort retiring from Maizar? The name
"DE BRETT" is associated with "the
Peerage."

THE SENSIBLE PARTY.

["Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY said they could not hope to win the elections in March while they called themselves 'Moderates.' Let them change the name. He would suggest one. Let them be the 'Sensible' Party."—*Daily Paper.*]

Why are we so unpopular? The name is what is wrong with us.
Who could enthuse at "Moderate"? The word is stiff as starch.
We must change it if we are not to be told to get along with us,
And sent about our business at the polling-booths in March.
An *alias* is rapidly becoming indispensable,
We want a name will rally good electors to our call.
I have it! Why not dub ourselves not "Moderate" but
"Sensible"—
A first-class fighting adjective that will appeal to all.

It's a charming appellation, and implies so many qualities,
It means we're everything that's right and nothing that is
wrong,
We have no silly fancies, no extravagant frivolities,
We are not as Progressives are—we hate the vulgar throng.
We never say, or think, or do a thing that's reprehensible,
We're patterns of the virtues, we are wise and perfect souls.
Let's call our party what it is, *videlicet*, the "Sensible,"
And take my word, we'll carry all before us at the polls.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The School for Saints* (FISHER UNWIN), JOHN OLIVER HOBBS is tiresomely clever. This is a result largely due to the circumstance that she has deliberately founded her style upon that of the author of *Coningsby*. DISRAELI's literary style was the worst thing about his novels, a fantastic garment the wearing of which was possible only to its inventor. No one but DIZZY could have invented it, and as far as the patience of mankind stretches, none but he is endurable in the tricky spangled garb. JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, dauntless beyond compare, not only laboriously copies the manner, but brings on to her stage the man. He is a poor, padded creature, wound up to say a few glittering things, and when the too obvious machinery is exhausted, he collapses. All this is a pity, for the author of *A Sinner's Comedy*, and *Some Emotions and a Moral*, is capable of better things. This is proved in the opening scene of her latest novel, by far the best passage in a fatally ambitious effort. JOHN OLIVER should trust to herself, let herself go along her own path without attempt to tow frigates, old-fashioned or new. By the way, this erudite writer puts a familiar couplet thus:—

Souvent femme varie;
Mal habil qui s'y fie.

In my Baronite's recollection the last line runs:—

Bien fol qui s'y fie.

It is certainly a better rendering.

Those Dreadful Twins, on their own showing, are feeble in comparison with their elder relatives. They evidently enjoyed their own fun, and no one will begrudge them this pleasure.

An Almanac of Twelve Sports, by WILLIAM NICHOLSON (HEINEMANN), with words by RUDYARD KIPLING, appears in that curious revival of old, quaintly-coloured drawing which the artist affects uniquely, and so successfully. Immensely clever, but not to be recommended to anybody with anything like "a head on," in the morning after a Christmas revel.

GILBERT ABECKETT's *Comic History of England* (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), is by this time a Classic of Light Literature. Were our youthful students—not too youthful—to have this work put into their hands for a couple of half-hours a week, the Baron ventures to think that those possessed of any sense of humour, after reading a chapter or so, writ and illustrated by two Laughing Philosophers, would return, with increased zest, to the serious study of English history. The first volume of the *Comic History* carries us up to the coronation of HENRY THE SEVENTH, which comes as a grand finale after the theatrical, cut-and-thrust, sensational combat between RICHMOND and RICHARD the THIRD on Bosworth Field. JOHN LEECH's illustrations, bright with colour, are very gems in this work, executed one and all of them in the genuine spirit of burlesque! True that "*rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur*," but in this instance the "*sapeur*" is the artist, who, like *Billy Taylor* in the ballad, is "full of mirth and full of spree," and whose work, meet it where you will, is that of a genius, and is a joy for ever. "Custom cannot stale his infinite variety." May that date be far distant in the comic history of our country when a rising generation shall be unable to enjoy the combined work of GILBERT ABECKETT and JOHN LEECH.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



PROOF.

"YOU WON'T GO IN THAT DARK ROOM ALONE BY YOURSELF, TOMMY."
"OH! WON'T I! YOU JUST COME WITH ME, AND SEE ME DO IT!"

STILL ABROAD.

Vienna.—Next morning to a bank. Find exchange office. In glass case, hermetically sealed, sits melancholy cashier. I look at him; he looks mournfully at me. He rises slowly; opens portion of glass case. He seems to be crushed by some hopeless grief. I ask him if he speaks English. I am sure I can put more sympathy into words of my own language. He answers, in a sad whisper, that he does. Then I beg him to change my circular note. I do it as gently as possible, but all the time I fear he will break down. He gazes disconsolately at me while I endorse it. I give it to him. Perhaps I ought to grasp his outstretched hand, shake it for a few moments, and murmur, "Bear up, my dear Sir, do not give way entirely." I hesitate, and the opportunity is lost. With a heart-breaking sigh, he closes the glass shutter, and totters back to his seat. I sit down, and wait silently in respectful sympathy. Take up newspaper, sadly. Peruse the Deaths.

Read, slowly, the undertaker's advertisements. Look up. He hasn't moved. Read again. Another peep. He hasn't moved yet. What can I read now? Ah, the inquests. Read them very deliberately, and peep once more. He is still there, gazing at vacancy. Perhaps I might cough gently. Try it. His mournful eyes turn reproachfully upon me. Hide my confusion behind the paper, and read about a crime. Can't wait here all day. Peep again. I believe he is going to sleep. Feel sleepy myself. Better get it over. Stand up. He sees me, and is quite overcome. He beckons to another cashier, almost as melancholy, who brings me a *bordercau*. I present this at another glass case, and a third man, equally sad, hands me my money. It is all over. I bow, in grave and sympathetic silence, to the three grief-stricken gentlemen, and they bow mournfully to me. I can hardly repress a rising sob. I hasten, past a dismal porter, into the lobby. I gladly see, written up, the word "Thiswayout," and I run down the staircase into the sunshine and fresh air. Feel happier at once. The fresh air! No wonder they are depressed. The double windows of that bank have probably never been opened since it was built.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.



THE PITFALLS OF OUR ORTHOËPY.

"WELL, DOCTOR, AND DO YOU EXPECT TO DO MUCH SLEIGHING THIS WINTER?"

CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS!

WHEN the jolly hall-clock, crowned by ivy
and holly, ticks
Merrily, cheerily, Christmastide in,
We dream for awhile we have got rid of
politics,
Prejudiced patter and partisan din.
Pooh! Not a bit of it! Fancy you're
quit of it—
The old cantankerous, rancorous rot;
Worrying wrangle and sour would-be wit
of it,
Stuff only fit for where rubbish is shot?
Nay, the ubiquitous, stupid, iniquitous,
Rantipole rigmarole rowdy and rude,
Clapperlaw lingo of Rad *versus* Jingo,
With vinegar, verjuice, and venom
inbued,
Never holds holiday! Faction's long folly-
day
Knows not the surcease of night and
sweet slumber.
Politics, leaving a year not *one* jolly day,
Now have invaded our old Christmas
Number!!!

Very Much Abroad.

Brown. I say, SMITH, you've been here before. Tell me where I can get a first dish of *Tête de veau*?

Smith. *Tête de veau*? Let's see, that's "calf's head," isn't it? Well, I heard of a place where they ought to have it good, as they call it the *Hôtel de Veal*.

Mamma (to TINY TOT, who wants to deprive her younger brother of a delicacy they have both set their hearts on). No, darling, you must let Baby have it now, and when he grows up, and you are a young lady, he will have to give way to you.

Tiny Tot. Is that why Papa always has to do as you want, Mummy?

"THE Beaver Line mail steamer *Gallia* is bringing 400 tons of Canadian poultry for English Christmas markets." Such a cargo is out of the "Beaver Line." It ought to carry "beeves" for our Christmas market.

MOTTO FOR THE UNDEFEATED DIARIST.—
"LETTS" alone!

TO AN OLD FOGEY

Who contends that Christmas is played out.

O FRANKLY bald and obviously stout!
And so you find that Christmas, as a fête
Dispassionately viewed, is getting out
Of date.

You say it comes of moral impotence
That people loathe the thing and yet
renew it;
You can't imagine why a man of sense
Should do it.

The studied festal air is overdone;
The humour of it grows a little thin;
You fail, in fact, to gather where the fun
Comes in.

Visions of very heavy meals arise
That tend to make your organism shiver;
Roast beef that irks, and pies that agonise
The liver;

Those pies at which you annually wince,
Hearing the tale how happy months will
follow
Proportioned to the total mass of mince
You swallow.

Visions of youth whose reverence is scant,
Who with the brutal verve of boyhood's
prime
Insist on being taken to the pant-
-omime.

Visions of couples who arrange to kiss
(With no particular excuse to show)
In public places underneath the mis-
-tletoe.

Of infants, sitting up extremely late,
Who run you on toboggans down the
stair;
Or make you fetch a rug and simulate
A bear.

This takes your faultless trousers at the
knees,
The other hurts them rather more behind;
And both effect a fracture in your ease
Of mind.

All which is why you resolutely launch
Out into language of the baser sort,
Describing Christmas as an overrated
branch
Of sport.

My good dyspeptic, this will never do;
Your weary withers must be sadly wrung!
Yet once I well believe that even you
Were young.

Time was when you devoured with other
boys
Plum-pudding sequent on a turkey-hen;
And cracker-mottos hinting of the joys
Of men.

Time was when with the maidens you
would pull
The fiery raisin with profound delight;
When sprigs of mistletoe seemed beautiful
And right.

Old Christmas changes not! Long, long
ago
He won the treasure of eternal youth;
Yours is the dotage—if you want to know
The truth.

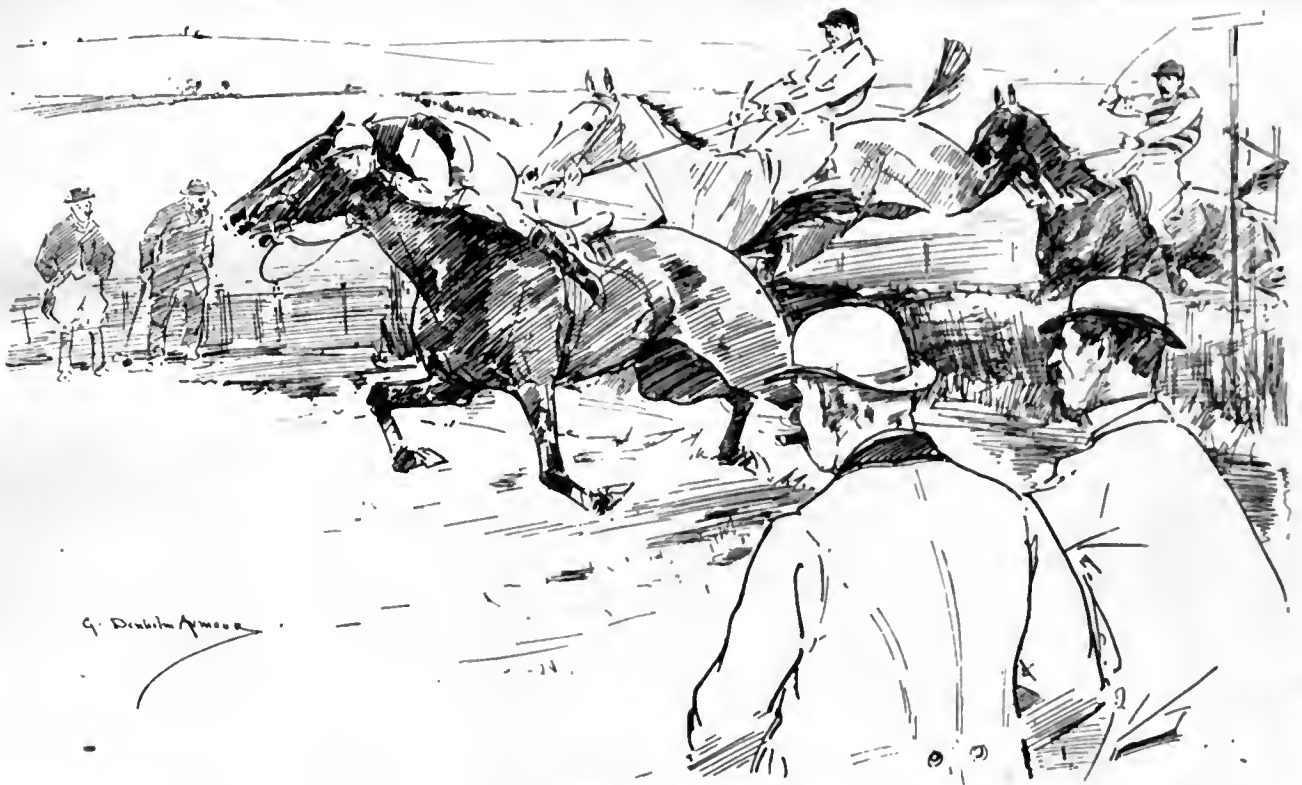
Come, now, I'll cure your case, and ask no
fee:—
Make others' happiness this once your
own;
All else may pass: that joy can never be
Outgrown!



STIRRING TIMES.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (to Messrs. "LABOUR" and "CAPITAL"). "COME, MY FRIENDS, LEND A HAND, OR THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING WILL HAVE TO BE 'MADE IN GERMANY'!"





THE AMERICAN STYLE.

["I don't like the American style of sitting on the withers and leaning almost over the horse's ears, with a short, tight hold of the reins." *Sporting Weekly.*]

"IS THAT CHAP COMIN' OFF, OR IS HE TRYIN' THE NEW AMERICAN STYLE!"

TO A REAL BAD SHOT.

'MID the turnips or the heather,
All your friends with truth aver
That you never touch a "feather,"
And are just as kind to "fur."

Safely might the haystack rocket
O'er your misdirected gun,
Barn-door fowls might sitting mock it—
You would miss them, ten to one.

I have seen you oft endeavour
Off the easiest shot to bring,
But, old chap, I'm sure I've never
Seen you hit a single thing.

Yet you've qualities endearing,
I have found you, I confess,
Keen, good-tempered, persevering,
Though you ne'er "command success."

Often I have heard your pleasant
Jest, by failure unrebuffed,
"If I ever kill a pheasant,
I shall have the beggar stuffed!"

And you scorn those simple ruses—
"Birds broke badly"—"got up wild"—
And the other old excuses
Over which we all have smiled.

Though the keeper you may charm less,
Bird and beast your praises swell,
Fur and feather find you harmless,
Consequently love you well.

On the moor or on the stubble
Birds resolve—I'm sure they do,
(Certain life rewards their trouble)—
Always to get up to you.

This I prove past all refuting—
You on beats you've often shot
Frequently get all the shooting—
Old birds teach the young a lot!
So, beloved of pheasant, partridge,
Hare and rabbit, snipe and duck,
Blaze away the uncounted cartridge—
Some day you may kill, with luck!



Child's Picture-Book Fairy of '97 (to ditto of '67). "DEAR ME! WHAT A VERY SHOWY YOUNG PERSON!"

THOSE PRIVATE THEATRICALS!

A LITTLE play, by no PINERO—
Yet in their old-world Georgian dress
I still can picture G., the hero,
And dainty leading lady JESS.
How, kind or cruel, flouting, flirting,
His abject homage she exacts,
With airs and graces most diverting!
Dear JESS, how well [I thought] she acts!

The plot was no new revelation—
Confiding hero, villain friend,
The usual old false accusation,
Triumphant virtue, happy end.
Their final love-scene—how she played it!
Not even now my pen detracts
Aught from the play's success—she
"made" it!

By Jove, how well [they said] she acts!
They played the play out some weeks after
On other stage, in other dress,
No audience, no "tears and laughter"—
When G. one day eloped with JESS.
A tragedy you now discover,
Because—to shortly state the facts—
She'd tried to make, and made, me love
her!
Alas, how well [I know] she acts!

CURIOUS ZOOLOGICAL FACT.—At the Crystal Palace they raise the cry of "WULFF,"—a cry that appears to be generally appreciated. No Little Red Riding Hood, who, of course, is fond of equestrian scenes in a circus, need fear to visit this particular WULFF now staying at Sydenham.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR THE SHOW AT OLYMPIA.—The Barnumbers.



THE MINISTERIAL "MIRROR OF VENUS!"

(With profound apologies to Sir Edward Burne-Jones.)

["They had never known a Government, which, if he might use the language of the street, "fancied" itself to the extent to which the present Government did. If he was to draw a fancy picture of the present Government he should paint a plain woman admiring herself in a looking-glass. The instinct was there although Nature might have denied the proper conditions for its exercise."—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech at Liverpool.]

SPECIAL INFORMATION.

IN the "Notes and Queries" occupying the last pages of the interesting *Hampstead Annual* for 1897 (it is edited by Mr. ERNEST RHYS, and contains an admirable photograph of GEORGE DU MAURIER, likewise a sympathetic article by "Kiki's," or "Kicky's," friend, Canon ANGER), there occurs an inquiry, put by a "Hampstead Astronomer," as to one of the "earliest tenants" of "Jack Straw's Castle," who, it was said, was an "astronomer of some eminence." Evidently the astronomer must have been "of some eminence," since he lived on the top of Hampstead Hill. But this apart, we beg to furnish "F. F. C." with the following information:

JOHN ASTRONOMER, living in his observatory on the heights of Hampstead, was not above a jest, which, being a rich man, he could afford to make at his own expense. He originated such sayings as "Straws show which way the wind blows," "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back," "An Englishman's house is his castle."

The country-folk about, catching at the straws above-mentioned, nicknamed his house "Jack the A-straw-nomer's Castle."

Gradually it came to be believed that JACK never existed, and that he was only "a man of straw." A generation later, an inn had been built on the site, and it was to have been called "The Castle Inn of Jack the Man of Straw." But the prudent proprietor, at whose expense the sign-board was to be lettered and painted, reduced the title to "Jack Straw's Castle." And so it remains to this day.

Something else brand new is to be learnt from a paper in this annual, namely, that KEATS was a rider to hounds. How otherwise would any one interpret the information that KEATS went to HUNT at Hampstead?

PROFESSIONAL DECEPTION.

SIR,—I do not know if your legal adviser be Mr. BRIEFLESS of Pump-Handle Court, or whether you, Mr. *Punch*, are willing to give me your opinion as to the moral to be derived from the recent case of MASKELYNE v. DIBBLEE, and Others, where the plaintiff brought an action for libel in a newspaper in which it had been said that MASKELYNE was "accustomed to deceiving the public," or words to that effect. "But," quoth my Lord Chief of Killowen, "Mr. MASKELYNE always is deceiving the public." Well, that's true, of course, but then the public knows it is being deceived. So the action failed. Now, Sir, in consequence of the dictum of my Lord Chief, may any one write any thing he likes about Mr. MASKELYNE being "a gay deceiver"? May it be said that "Men were deceivers ever, but at the Egyptian Hall," &c., &c. In fact, is a professional conjurer, henceforth, "a chartered libertine," with permission to "take any one in and do for him" at the victim's expense? Yours, A PUZZLED CONJURER.

THIS COMES HOPE-ING.—The Bishop of St. Asaph, at a remarkably pleasant meeting of his clergy, mentioned that he had received a cheering letter from the "Rector of Hope." What a delightful title! His people all live in Hope, and he himself, being devoted to his parishioners, must be full of Hope that he will ultimately arrive at a Bishopric. His letter to his Bishop was quite in keeping with the "flattering tale" that Hope is supposed to tell. And this Hope was not disappointed.

ADVERTISER having no further use for his bottle and coral, wishes to exchange for a revolver. Would also swop perambulator for a jemmy and skeleton keys.—"Captain," Clerkenwell Gang, E.C.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING TO THE INDIAN FRONTIER TROOPS.

There have been great Wars and Wars,
 Fighting and fighting amain,
 Dead and wounded with terrible scars
 Again and again and again!
 For ever and ever it must be so,
 Till the Time of Perfect Peace,
 When the Ever-perpetual Human Woe
 Is ended and battles cease!

There have been great Wars and Wars,
 Wars, when our ranks were thin,
 Wars, when we fought against the Stars,
 But never once thought "Give in!"
 Wars, when we had on every hand
 A foeman to join in the fight
 With the Little Isles, where stood the band
 To combat for Freedom's Right.

There have been great Wars and Wars,
 With the strong sweet smell of the Sea.
 Under splintered spars when our dauntless
 tars
 Would wrestle for victory!
 When they strove with the courage that
 all men know
 Till the brine with their blood was red,
 When the shattered masts and the broken
 foe
 Made the wave receive her dead!

There have been great Wars and Wars,
 Upon Ocean, upon Land,
 Contests of Neptune, contests of Mars,
 That the whole wide world have spanned!
 But better has ne'er man stood by man
 Than the men of every hue
 That guarded the gates of Hindostan
 'Neath the old Red, White and Blue!
 Westerns and Easterns, though all so few,
 Easterns and Westerns, our watchmen
 true,
 We send you this greeting, *We're proud of
 you!*

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

ON THE STAIRS.

Denis (aged nine, to IDA, aged eight).
 But you're not going to marry Jock, IDA?
 You asked me to marry you once!

Ida. Yes: but you said not till you were
 out of knickerbockers, you know, and I
 couldn't wait all that time!

Denis. But you don't really love Jock,
 do you, IDA?

Ida. Yes, I do. I've got to, now we're
 going to be married.

Denis. But suppose Jock dies, IDA—
 what will you do then?

Ida. Oh! I should go and cry over his
 grave once a week.

Denis. I'd let you garden on my grave,
 Ida.

Tommy (to WINNIE). No: I don't mean
 to work when I grow up. When I want
 any money, I shall just go to the dentist,
 and have a tooth out.

Winnie. But how will that—?

Tommy. Why, don't you see? I shall
 get half-a-crown every time from mother.

Winnie. But won't it hurt?

Tommy. The last one didn't a bit. Be-
 sides, I can have gas. And when you lose
 one tooth, another comes, you know; and
 I've quite a lot to go on with.

Winnie. You'll be quite rich!

Tommy. Well, not exactly rich, but I've
 calculated it out, and I think that, by the
 time I'm a man, I shall have enough, with
 care, to keep myself in tin soldiers.

Dorothy (pensively). Poor dear father,
 he's very good and kind, and all that, you



AND YET IT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY THAT GRANDPAPA WAS COMPLAINING TO [HIS] LITTLE GRANDSONS THAT HE NEVER GOT REAL WINTERS LIKE HE USED TO HAVE, WITH PLENTY OF SKATING AND SLIDING. (N.B.—BUTTER-SLIDES ARE VERY EFFECTIVE.)

know—but he doesn't seem to understand things quite.

Harold. What sort of things?
Dorothy (more in sorrow than in anger).
 Well, he won't let me keep my rabbits in the drawing-room!

[HAROLD is naturally indignant at this instance of parental narrow-mindedness.]

NOTE BY A MISANTHROPIST.—How most fools spend their Christmas—giving away money to undeserving sycophants.

THE MOST ENJOYABLE CHOREGRAPHIC DISPLAY AT CHRISTMAS.—The Bairn Dance.

Fished for It.

Miss Innocence (to Young BIGGLESWADE).
 Do you believe in the legend of the mistletoe bough?

Young Biggleswade (seizing the opportunity). The mistletoe bow? No! But I do in the mistletoe salute!

[The rest is lost as completely as was the unfortunate bride in the ballad.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—INJURED.—We agree with you, but after all, your cook's fault is a venial one; yet, to be served with a hard-boiled egg three days running is provoking. Ask what policeman is on your "beat," and consult him.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Visitor to the District (who has missed his way). "CAN YOU TELL ME, MY GOOD MAN, IF I SHALL PASS THE 'RED LION' INN ALONG THIS ROAD?"

The Village Toper. "OI WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE SAYING WUT A GEN'LEMAN LOIKE YE WUD BE DOIN'; BUT OI'M PERFECT SARTIN OI SHOULDN'T!"

SOME CHRISTMAS WAITS.

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits, but we're still waiting, and, it seems, likely to wait for:—

A termination of the Engineering Dispute.

A satisfactory solution of the Cretan Question.

Lord ELGIN's private views on Sir HENRY FOWLER's famous telegram.

The "general idea" of the Indian Frontier Campaign from the Afridis' point of view.

Some information as to the source whence they have obtained their Lee-Metford rifles and Dum-Dum bullets.

A nineteenth-century reason for Prince HENRY's recent extraordinary and medicinal deification of "his most Serene Mighty Beloved Emperor, most powerful King, Lord and Master, and Illustrious Brother" at Kiel, in announcing his determination to preach abroad "the gospel of his Majesty's consecrated person."

An end of the DREYFUS accusations and recriminations.

Some slight return for JOHN BULL's repeated overtures of friendship and good fellowship to Uncle SAM, and a final settlement of the Seal-fisheries Question.

A proper Army (in point of numbers) to give weight to our foreign policy.

A system of illumination and purification of the London Streets, which shall be at least equal to that of the second-class European capitals.

The electric omnibuses that were promised us with such a flourish of trumpets.

A reasonable amount of fresh air in the Underground Railway.

An extinction of the paper-boys who shout "Winner!" on weekdays, and make Sunday morning hideous with their outcries.

A temporary surcease from OMAR KHAY-YAM.

A suspension of the muzzling order.

An elimination of professionalism from football, and a restoration of that game, as well as cricket, to its proper position as a mere pastime and recreation to be played, and not to be gambled on by purchasers of halfpenny papers.

A newspaper without some mention of or allusion to Klondyke.

Some news of ANDREE.

ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE KAISER.—A case of broken China.



How not to spend a Happy Christmas Day!

THE INVASION OF THE INFLUENZA.

["There is little doubt that London is again visited by a return of influenza in a milder form." —*Daily Paper.*]

Oh! what shall I do?
Let's hope it's not true.

The doctors cut capers
To read in the papers

That we are threatened once more by the
"flu."

Oh! would I could fly
To some sunny sky—

Mentone, Minorca,
Madeira, Majorca,
Venice, or Naples in fair Italy.

Then oh! for a trip
Aboard of a ship.
Now even a tyro
Might venture to Cairo;

Had I the chance I would not let it slip.

Such longings are vain,
For I must remain
Still working in London;
But I shall be undone
If by the "flu" I'm knocked under again.



At the Fox Club, on Christmas Day! Grand Banquet, and yet, no Meet-to-day.



SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Rector. "Now, I HOPE, ADAM, YOU WILL TRY TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF THIS COMING YEAR."
Adam. "YESSIR, I 'OPES SO TOO, SIR. SAME TO YOU, SIR!"

A MODEST DEMAND.

I do not fondly ask from you
 The qualities of a noble heart,
 A mind whose thoughts are pure and true,
 A tongue that speeds no venom'd dart,
 A temper sweet, or gentle mood,
 Unselfishness, or high endeavour—
 I do not ask you to "be good,
 Sweet maid"—or even to be "clever!"

I do not ask for poet's song,
 For dreamer's tale, high gifts of mind,
 For orator's eloquence righting wrong—
 Gifts all, no doubt, to you assigned:
 I do not ask for theories new,
 One's powers of comprehension tasking,
 For wisdom or for wit from you—
 (There would not be much use in asking).

I do not ask you for the gift,
 All other gifts so far above:
 I will be brave, and make a shift
 To live my life without your love.
 Not mine to play a lover's part,
 So, though the omission is distressing,
 I do not ask you for your heart—
 I only ask a minor blessing.

I do not ask you when we meet
 To condescend to notice me,
 But, when kind Fate affords that treat,
 Pray, bear in mind this modest plea.
 I do not ask you to sit still
 Though in your chair you always
 wriggle—
 I'd have you do whate'er you will,
 I only ask you—not to jiggle!

A PERI AT THE GATE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that we are fast approaching the end of the year, I am already paving 1898 with good resolutions. Perhaps for the benefit of some of your other lady readers situated as I am, you will like to know some of them. Well, I have resolved:—

1. Not to snub some very nice young men whom I have hitherto looked upon as mere boys. They become men in time, don't they? just as, alas! girls (thank goodness I am one still!) become women.
2. Not to be rude to some exceedingly polite gentlemen (very much older than I am) whom I have hitherto looked upon as fogies, and individually described, I regret to say, as being old enough to be my father or grandfather, as the case may be.
3. Not to be so particular as to the amount of an admirer's income. After all, a few hundreds a year with a flat or a cottage often supplies more real happiness than thousands and a baronial castle. After ten seasons, one begins to look at these matters from a sensible point of view.
4. Not to be too proud. In truth, a title is but a small recommendation to the esteem, and I may say, love, of a well-born damsel. A respectable physician, or an educated grocer, or a capable curate, is infinitely preferable to a dissolute Duke, a rampant Viscount, or a horse-racing Baronet. And the Free Trade in American heiresses should not be forgotten, though I am in favour of a strong Matrimonial

Protective Tariff for our aristocrats. You might mention this to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

5 (and lastly). Not to go in so much for fashionable gowns, hats, &c. I have observed that of late years Miss Simplicity has a great advantage over Miss Display. I intend to be something between a Hospital Nurse.

With all good wishes to you and my sisters expectant, I am, dear Mr. Punch, Yours, in hope of success,
 GERALDINE GUSHERTON.

The Dovecote, Prattleton-super-Mare.

THE MAID IN THE MATINÉE HAT.

[At the St. James's Theatre ladies attending the matinées are requested by the Management to remove their hats.—*See Programme.*]

Is a theatre a merry maid sat,
 Wearing a marvellous matinée hat.
 The people behind murmured and muttered;

I will not repeat the language uttered,
 'Twas mostly a masculine form of "drat."

Feathers and flow'rs of a wonderful hue
 To a monstrous height on that hat there grew.

The people behind were wild with passion,
 They hated the hat of latest fashion,
 Complaining that it quite obscured their view.

When in her programme this merry maid read
 A special request to ladies, which said

The people behind would most grateful feel
 If those in the front would heed their appeal,

She quickly removed that hat from her head.

In a theatre a manager's tact
 Proved he could manage as well as could act.

The people behind no longer vainly
 Strove behind feathers to see more plainly;
 And gratefully they acknowledged the fact.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (presumably at large). Q. What is the difference between a pantomime and an oyster? A. The opening of the one is the better part of the show, the opening of the other the worse.



Following Soot.

Q. E. D.—The report of the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police shows that Londoners in 1896 were (to use the words of a contemporary) "better citizens." Mr. Punch ventures to suggest that this desirable result may also be attributed to the members of the Force having become better policemen. In fact the two P's, Police and Public, have learnt to mind one another's Q's.



Lucy Sutherland Del.

NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR "TOMMY."

Lord Lansdowne (to Private Alkins). "IF I GIVE YOU A SHILLING A DAY CLEAR, I TRUST YOU WON'T WASTE IT IN RIOTOUS LIVING!"

BITS OF OLD CHINA.

(Latest Despatches.)

Switzerland.—The Russian, German, and British Governments having arranged to occupy Chinese territory, the Swiss Government will send "something like a fleet" to await developments.

Monaco.—The recent events in China have caused great concern in this Principality, and a private with fifteen generals of the army are expected to leave immediately.

Roumania.—To protect the national interests, a fleet consisting of a tug and two lifeboats will sail for Bang-Wang with the consent of the Chinese Government.

Luxembourg.—To adjust the balance of power, an army corps, consisting of one gun and a hombardier to fire it off, will practise on Twelfth Night.

Cannibal Islands.—The king proposes to send a force of five cooks and a soup-tureen to be ready for emergencies.

85, *Fleet Street.*—In spite of international complications, Mr. Punch will continue to occupy the attention of everybody everywhere during 1898.

The Mild Weather.

Cruel Schoolboy (to unfortunate Ironmonger, loaded up with skates). Have you got any good skates?

Ironmonger (eagerly). Yes, Sir, hundreds of pairs.

C. S. (edging to door). Then fit out an expedition to the North Pole. They tell me the ice there is in prime condition!

[Dodges the discharge of a tin kettle, and escapes in triumph.

MOTTO OF THE IMPECUNIOUS RENEGADE.

—The best of all friends. The friends who part.



Cuthbert (who was coming downstairs with a biscuit in his hand, has come a terrific cropper).
"FANK DOODNESS! BUTTER SIDE UP!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART I.

JUST received this letter from my nephew MAX, at school:—

DEAR UNCLE CHARLES,—Me and TOMMY want you to let us spend the first week of our Crismas vac. at your place we may, may'dnt we you know the govner and mater have gorn to Beerits and want us ther too we went last year and it was rot, I can tell you, thers nothing to doo not for a boy, you know but you have to wash your face about 6 times a day, and wear all your best close that are becely stiff you know, and take off your hat to every ass you meet, well thats not nutch fun is it and BANKS Minor ses the Rivvy-earers just the same. Thers no rassing nor football nor skaiteng oh its becely. What they I mean the Pater and Mater go for, licks me. He thinks hes dellykitt or some rot like that. Ime not dellykitt, mores TOMMY—though TOMMY's rather an ass—and wen I got a cough last half, and you sent me that ten bob I spent half of it in cough lossenges and got so becely ill over them that I forgot all about the cough itself, thats the thing to doo wen your dellykitt. As you are a batchylor establishment I spose it wont matter a bit our coming to stay, will it we break up next Thursday so just write and say we may come thers a trump, of course we didn't like to come with-out being invyted. Cant we have a go with your hounds you could get us ponys or to save xpense to

you, we would ride your hunters if you liked, weel do ether thats agreeebul to you of course. Ime writing this in Smeary-un darkness so xense writing.

I am your affect. Nephew
MAX.

p.S.—if we stay furst week of vac. with you we can cut Beerits altogether becoss after that we go to stay at Aunt LUCY's ony she cant stand us, have us I mean, till then—I mean till we go to stay there—at least—oh you know what I mean ony I never could xplane those sort of things, you know.

As quiet bachelor of forty, with, I flatter myself, very correct little establishment and good stable of hunters, as befits a Master of Stagounds, cannot help looking at this epistle with certain amount of suspicion. MAX and TOMMY would be, as Lord DUNDREARY said, "the nicest children in the world, if they weren't the d—dest little nuisances ever seen." Like MAX and TOMMY, but like them best at school. Don't know why MAX should call me an establishment. Something very grand and stately in the impudence of their offer to ride my hunters. Butcher's pony distinctly a more likely mount for them. Suppose I must have them here, but what about my excellent housekeeper, Mrs. BOUNSBY? Must break news gently to that good woman. Mrs. B. sniffs till her spectacles fall off, and supposes she must "put them into the Pink room." Say she can put them on the tiles, if she likes. Mrs. B. retires muttering something about not liking her

arrangements "put out." Retreat to my study to answer indignant farmer's claim for poultry damage. Is evidently under impression that deer eat chickens.

Thursday.—Drive to station to meet nephews. Train late. No boys. Porter hands me telegram: "So sorry missed train it don't matter as there's another in two hours please wait at station." Drive home in disgust. Return for next train. This also late. Sudden rush of—Horror! three boys! Why—? What—? How—? When—? "Oh! it's all right, Uncle CHARLEY," says MAX, "you're such a good chap I knew you wouldn't mind, so I've brought Boors. That ain't his name really, but his own, BETTERINGTON, is too long. He won't take up any room, and he don't eat much. You see, he's my great chum, and so I brought him, you know. You'll like him." Feel uncertain of this. And what about Mrs. B.? Boors not prepossessing; freckled face and flat nostrils. "Yes," says MAX, "jolly ugly, ain't he? Nose looks as if it had been put on hot, and spread all over his face!" Rude little wretch! The graceless trio climb up into cart, TOMMY's shoes scratching panel in excruciating manner. Just see piles of boxes pouring into my station cart, and then drive off home.

Q. Why should the habitual criminal be devoid of cowardice?

A. Because he has the courage of his convictions.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF YOU GIVE A LEAD TO A LADY, TRY TO TAKE YOUR HORSE WITH YOU.

WILLIAM TERRISS.

BORN, FEBRUARY, 1848. DIED, DECEMBER, 1897.

"SHADOWS we are, and shadows we pursue."
That was the motto dearest far to you!
Old friend and comrade, having grasped my hand,
I mourn you lost to me in Shadow Land.

Brave Sailor Lad! and best of "pals" on earth,
Whose triumph at your death, proclaimed your worth,
They bore you down an avenue of woe,
Where men and women sobbed, "We loved him so!"

Why did they love him? The assassin's knife,
With one fell blow, mangled a loyal life.
They loved him for his honour! Splendid Will!
That made a hero of our "Breezy BILL!"

"ALAS! POOR YORICK!"

POOR TERRISS! Gay, gallant, honest, manly! A hero of the Drama, every inch of him! In his own peculiar line the most popular actor of the present day, whom it is indeed most difficult to replace. That in private life he was generous and kindly, nay, even kind to a fault, is proved, over and over again, by those who knew him well. He seemed to have learned the secret of perpetual youth, and, when as *William* he quite recently astonished us all with his nimbly-danced hornpipe, those youngsters who then saw him for the first time, put him down as one about their own age, say between seventeen and twenty-five. He could touch hearts, too, and set an audience a-weeping, while he himself, we fancy, was seldom

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A dyspeptic Bachelor, jilted by his Cousin, refuses in somewhat bitter terms to dine with her and her husband on New Year's Day.

I do not care for Christmas fare,
The Turkey has no charm for me;
The Goose a monster I declare,
Fat Beef a dreadful dish to see.
No stolid Pudding suits my taste,
I do not love this cannon-ball
Of suet, plums, and pseudo paste,
That's welcomed in the servants' hall!

I will not eat the false Mince-pie,
Suggesting all dyspeptic ills;
The Topsy-cake I will not try,
'Tis redolent of after pills!
As to the oysters that are brought
The jaded appetite to whet,
Experience is dearly bought,
And typhoid I don't want to get!

The wine with which the guests are plied
Is fresh as flowers after rain;
The vinous juice is oft denied
To what you're pleased to call Cham-
pagne!

The Port knows no ancestral bins,
But came in—yesterday, may be;
And Sherry causes mental sins
When bottled—say, at one and three!

No! no! fair coz, I must refuse
Your offer for this New Year's Day,
Let me my humble banquet choose,
And for your happiness still pray!
The time is now for ever gone
When I was fool and you were cruel;
But credit me, although alone,
I'll drink your health in water-gruel!

A Rotatory Explanation.

First Loafer (inspecting a hoarding, to Second Ditto). I say, BILL, wot's a Cycle of Song?

Second Ditto. Don't yer know? Why, it's one of them new-fangled bikes, wot plays a toon as yer roll along, jest like a barrel-horgan.

unmoved by the pathos of the situation. If it be not out of place here to play on words, may we not say that we miss a "*Rara avis in Terris*"? Light lie the earth upon thee, WILLIAM TERRISS! Able actor! honest, kind-hearted man!

A PRETTY PASS.

SCENE—*Place of Entertainment.* Modern Magician discovered performing an admirable sleight of hand.

Modern Magician. You believe I am deceiving you?

One of the Audience (earnestly). Indeed, I think nothing of the kind.

M. M. But you know some people believe I am always cheating their senses.

One of the A. But not I. Pray understand I believe you to be the soul of honour.

M. M. But did you really believe that I actually swallowed that bird-cage and its contents?

One of the A. Most certainly. I would not doubt your word for worlds.

M. M. But surely you must be very simple?

One of the A. Not at all. I desire to place on record my emphatic opinion of your honesty. I repudiate the suggestion that you wish me or any one to think you have behaved other than in the customary manner.

M. M. But this is not the customary answer.

One of the A. Perhaps not; but then, you see, I wish to avoid the terrors of litigation.

M. M. Then you do not make these answers of your free will?

One of the A. Oh, yes, I do, but of course they are prompted by my solicitor. [Curtain.]

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

NEXT year I will reform—I really will,
This time, at least, my purpose is sincere,
Unwonted virtues my new leaf shall fill
Next year.

My rule of life henceforth shall be austere,
I'll give up betting, pay my tailor's bill,
Shun "Special Scotch" and stick to harmless beer.

But to the old year first one bumper still!—
What, midnight past? and '98 now here?
Then I must shelve my reformation till
Next year.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is not from any authentic record, but WALTER CRANE has a dainty fancy that *Cinderella* must have had a volume to enjoy by the fire, so he re-issues three fairy-tales as *Cinderella's Picture Book* (JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head), one story being that of *Cinderella* herself, which no doubt she will enjoy immensely, *Fatentine and Orson*, *Puss in Boots*, and *Cinderella*. She must have read her own biography, only without the cleverly-inspired illustrations that adorn these pages.

La Vie de Londres, côtés riants, par MARS (PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE., Paris). During the last few years we have been trying by the aid of powerful glasses and still more powerful imagination, to see what Mars was doing. And now Mars himself lets us know he was in London, sketching us all; and only "an eye like Mars" could see us, and he has drawn us. My Baronite remarks that he hasn't "mastered the English ladies." How should he! As a Frenchman he is far too polite for that. But glance at his other book, *La Vie d'Ostende* (Ed. LYON-CLAËSEN, Bruxelles). There he is *très bien chez lui!* Evidently life is gay and nautical by those merry sea-waves, wherein the frivolous *baigneuses* disport themselves. They are just a *tout petit peu shocking!*

In *The Mills of God* (SMITH, ELDER), Mr. FRANCIS HARDY grinds exceedingly well. There is, my Baronite tells me, a breezy freshness in the book, alike in respect of people and surroundings. *Ma Kate* is a touching picture of the much-enduring wife and the fond mother, endurance reaching the snapping point when the church-going but in other respects not at all estimable father, feels out for his stick as substitute for the fatted calf wherewith to hail the prodigal's return. Then the little mother blazes forth, and the household drudge momentarily assumes the mastership. Sketched in by the way, but full of life, humour, and philosophy, is the tramp, *Bob Murphy*, whose brief but sufficient tragedy is told in a vivid chapter.

DOLF WYLLARDE has done for girlhood what, some years ago, Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT did for boyhood. *A Lonely Little Lady* (HUTCHINSON) is a miniature worthy to be framed in the same panel as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Of the two, obviously because *Brownie* is a girl, my Baronite ranks DOLF WYLLARDE's work as the daintier. IDA LOVERING's illustrations are charming.

In *His Grace of Osmonde* (F. WARNE & Co.), Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT has written the sequel to *A Lady of Quality*, or rather not so much a sequel, as it is a completion of the earlier work. Now, the Baron not having had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of *A Lady of Quality*, he found the story of *His Grace* somewhat puzzling, nor could he comprehend where the villain was killed, why he was killed, nor whose hand struck the blow. An intelligent friend, who had read *A Lady of Quality*, kindly supplied what was lacking to his enjoyment of *His Grace of Osmonde*. But why did Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT compel the Baron to have recourse to a friend in order to understand her story? The first novel should have contained the whole and entire story, as certainly a reader who is not acquainted with *A Lady of Quality* will only waste his time and temper over *His Grace*; while whoever knows the story of the aforesaid *Lady of Quality* will also lose time, and more temper, in reading *His Grace of Osmonde*. As the *Lady's* sister, named *Anne*, plays no inconsiderable part in the drama of the two lives, the title might have been *Sister Anne; or, Is Anyone Coming?* and though 'tis true there is no *Blue Beard*, yet the question might have been frequently asked, when the villain, having been knocked on the head in the first story, which the Baron hasn't read, the two young women hid the body under a settee, preparatory to carrying him into a cellar, there to be wall'd-up by a country bricklayer. "Go pop poor Sir THOMAS again in the pond"—though of course this situation could not very well have been repeated in the second novel (it wasn't a pond, or a well, but a hole in the wall), and so the Baron missed the entire point. One volume would have sufficed for both stories, to have been entitled as aforesaid.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



First Reprobate. "WELL, OLD MAN, DID YOU GET HOME ALL RIGHT LAST NIGHT?"
Second Reprobate. "YES; BUT MY WIFE WOULDN'T SPEAK TO ME."
First Reprobate. "LUCKY BEGGAR! MINE DID!"

THE VEGETARIAN DINNER.

(By an Enthusiast.)

If you wish to keep alive, and you're anxious for to strive,
You have only to become a vegetarian.
On vegetable diet, if you're the pluck to try it,
You will live until you die a centenarian.
With a *Côtelette de chou* or a cauliflower stew
You can feast, but you will not feel satiated.
And to give the thing a tone, try a pint of zoedone,
Or of any other drink that's aerated.

There's peas and beans, potatoes, greens,
Now from the bill I quote.
If you're a man of slender means
Dine at our *table d'hôte*.
The price is small, for one and all,
'Tis well within their reach;
Soup, joint, and sweet, with service neat,
For only sixpence each.

If you try a carrot-chop I am sure you will not stop,
For a *Filet Bordelais* you'll find surprising.
I scarcely need repeat that it isn't made of meat,
But in French the *menu* sounds more appetising.
'Tis an artful plan, in fact, which is certain to attract
An appetite which flesh has rendered jaded.
Come and try our bill of fare, and I'm certain you will swear
Eternal thanks for having been persuaded



Old Lady. "THE FACT IS, YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR WAY, AND, WHAT'S MORE, I BELIEVE YOU 'VE BEEN DRINKING!"

Cabby. "OH, 'OW CAN YOU THINK OF SICH A THING! ON BOXING DAY, TOO!"

STILL ABROAD.!

Vienna.—Such a place for Museums! They are everywhere. There is even one in the Bourse. Perhaps it contains portraits of company-promoters, a sort of financial Chamber of Horrors. Goodness knows! When you have seen the wonderful art collections, and some of the pretty faces of the Viennese women, and the inside of the cathedral, and some more pretty faces, and a few plays at the theatres, you have seen everything worth seeing, and you had better begin looking at the pretty faces again. Unless your tastes are peculiar, and you admire streets like Northumberland Avenue, or are fond of bad pavements and miserable trees, or of eating. If you are fond of eating, you have a grand chance. In a Viennese hotel it goes on all day, each visitor keeping to his national hours.

The earliest birds, from Germany usually, begin breakfast about seven, other early birds, English perhaps, follow them, then Austrians have coffee, and lazier English and Americans go on with more substantial breakfasts, while the Germans have

a light lunch, till the French and Italians begin *déjeuner*, and while these are finishing, with *liqueurs* and cigars, the first Germans drop in to dine, and the English lunches and the Austrian dinners, with the Austrian *liqueurs* and cigars, keep it up till the afternoon tea for the English, or coffee for the Germans, who finish just as the French begin dinner at half-past five, in time to go to the theatre, and while they are dining the Germans have another light meal, and when they all start for the theatre, the English and Americans are beginning dinner, which is followed by the suppers of the Austrians who have not gone to the theatre, and after these come the suppers of those who have, and the final, fifth or sixth, meal of the Germans, prolonged by beer and more cigars till one in the morning. It is *kolossal!*

So good-bye to Vienna, and the pretty faces and pretty dresses, and the courteous Austrians, and the endless tips. One last ride in a *Fiaker*, full speed over those awful stones. Cling on tightly. No bones broken. Nothing fallen out. Thank goodness! Back for Christmas in Old England!

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

THE TEUTONIC PLAGUE.

[The German Beetle, who thrives on cheaper fare than his British equivalent, and reproduces himself with astonishing rapidity, is gradually supplanting the native in our very midst.—*Daily Paper.*]

Not to the sound of Royal lips colliding,
Not to the crusted smack of Kingly
toasts,
The latest Teuton terror, darkly gliding,
Descends on Britain's coasts!

Not as the Chow-chow squadron takes the
ocean,
With cressets' flare and roll of throbbing
drums;
In silent armaments with stealthy motion
The German Beetle comes.

A cause of madness in our kitchen Mariés,
Their vestal hearth he rudely violates;
He sidles in among our ancient *Lares*,
And settles on our grates.

The witching hour that wakes the wanton
weevil
Beholds him doing that which is not
right;
He loves the dark because his deeds are evil,
He loathes the blessed light.

Untempted by the larder's toothsome
foison,
For which your pampered British Beetles
go,
He battens with success upon the poison
Designed to lay him low.

A shrewd ascetic, he derives an ample
Inflation from the coarsest kind of food;
He is a precious type, a proud example
Of Teuton hardihood.

Colonial—less by taste than by instruction
Drawn indirectly from his cosmic Chief—
His facile gift of rapid reproduction
Simply transcends belief!

The Native who, secure in his position,
Waxed fat and kicked upon the scullery
floor,
Now feels the deadly strain of competition
He never felt before!

Less gaily from behind the heated boiler
He sallies out on sinful plunder bent;
The presence of a strange imported spoiler
Mars all his sweet content.

More warily he quits his wainscot-hollow
To drink the oven's enervating airs,
For fear the foreigner may go and swallow
His wife at unawares.

The solemn facts are proved beyond rebut-
ting,
Vainly we clutch at any straw of doubt;
The German article is slowly cutting
Our local talent out!

England! my country! is there no renewing
Our lost pre-eminence of other years?
What is the bellicose bug-shooter doing?
Where are the Volunteers?

At the Home of Plenty.

Mr. Stopcock (joyously, to Mr. PLUMBER).
Take my word for it, this is going to be a
green winter. No husted pipes, no water
turned off, no nothing.

Mr. Plumber (gloomily). Ah! wot's one
man's meat is truly another's pison. I
suppose wery soon we shall be treated to a
Hindian Summer from November to
March. [Sighs deeply.]



TIME THE ALCHEMIST.

"WONDER IF I SHALL HAVE BETTER LUCK WITH *THIS* EXPERIMENT!"



FAINT PRAISE.

Little Miss Di. "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW PONY, COUSIN JACK?"
Cousin Jack (promoted recently to something more than a pony). "OH! PRETTY WELL, PRETTY WELL. DECENT SORT O' CHILD'S HUNTAH, DE'SAY!"



At the Oculist's. "Suggestio Falsi."

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

(By one who has given them up.)

I'VE hitherto upheld on New Year's Eve
 One of our cherished annual institutions,
 That is, as each December's dying, to retrieve
 One's character with virtuous resolutions.

Ten years and more ago there were a lot
 Of new and personal reforms I'd plan
 out,—
 Some possible, some—well, distinctly *not*
 (That was before one's youthful ardour
 ran out).

Let's see—I meant each January the first
 To get up early and to knock off smoking,



"Porker Verba."

[ALPHONSE DAUDET.

OBITUARY DECEMBER 16, 1897.

GONE the gay wit that sparkled free
 With airy grace and breezy ton,
 And took us over mount and sea
 With *Tartarin of Tarascon*;
 That painted *Jack* in touching tone,
 And *Sapho* limned with master hand;
 And caused the life beside the Rhone
 To live again in many a land!
 Farewell, brave spirit, till the end
 You battled 'gainst the sting of Death.
 On you, with feelings of a friend,
 We lay this little English wreath!



The "Block" System.

With temp'rance drinks to moderate my
 thirst—
 The prospect was by no means mirth-
 provoking!

Enthusiasms cool; within three days
 I had become a desperate back-slider,
 Without the perseverance that essays
 To imitate the ant or plodding spider.

So now I've only *one* resolve to make,
 And that I'll keep without remorse or
 sorrow;
 That is, I'll have no idle vows to break,
 By framing no New Year's resolves to-
 morrow.



READY-MADE COATS-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!

MARIE, COUNTESS C-R-LLI.

Arms: Quarterly, 1st, on a ground sable of reserve, invincible to the last, a log proper constitutionally averse to being rolled under a column and a half; 2nd, in a servants' 'orle, a dog's-eared volume melodramatic and transpoutine to the full, circulating urgent; 3rd, two wild horses at speed, trainant from a studio a startling portrait of a talented authoress, painted under protest, and exhibited with obvious reluctance by the victim (members of the press and aristocracy most welcome, 4.30 to 7); 4th, hidden under a bushel proper (of plate-glass) a light of literature, shining in reclame, over all, on an escutcheon of reticence, a trumpet of glory, usually blown automatically, but quite at the service of the press, gratis. *Crest:* a startled fawn, proper, of timidity, seeking shelter urgent, from a wreath of laurels issuant from the suburbs. *Supporters:* Dexter, a curate habited sable proper, and guileless to the verge of inanity passant in perusal proper of "The B'therations of Beelzebub"; sinister, a cook-general proper guttée-de-larmes palpitant in pathos absorbent the "Sorrers o' Syt'n." *Second Motto:* "If I am forgotten, it won't be my fault!"

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM: A GAME IS BEING ORGANISED.

The Mistress of the Revels. Well, have you all chosen what animal you're going to be? What are you, ETHEL? A tiger? Very well. And you, JOHNNY? A hyena? Capital! And HILDA said she would be a hippopotamus, didn't she?

Hilda. I did say I was a hippopotamus, but I should like to change my mind to a whale, please.

[*She is indulged in this modest request.*]

The M. R. (addressing a small, pallid boy in a velvet suit and a state of after-tea torpor). And what would you like to be, my little man?

The Little Man. I wouldn't like to be anything.

The M. R. Oh! but that's silly, you know. You must be something. Come, be a rhinoceros.

The Little Man (languidly). No; I don't want to be a rhinoceros.

The M. R. Well then, will you be a rabbit?

The Little Man (with undisguised contempt). A rabbit! That is a duffing "be"!

The M. R. Then what are you going to be?

The Little Man (reduced to candour). I believe I'm going to be sick, presently.

[*He is promptly removed.*]

Pycroft (aged twelve, finds himself next to SHIRTLIFF, "one of the fellows at old WACKERBARTI'S," and his senior by a month or two; is not sure whether, their respective "people" being unacquainted, he is entitled to recognise SHIRTLIFF, but decides to risk a remark). Hullo, SHIRTLIFF!

Shirtiliff (slightly scandalised by this effusiveness, but not prepared to discourage it). Hullo, PYCROFT!

[*A silence, during which both examine their shoes with interest.*]

Pycroft (anxious to dissociate himself from his surroundings). Rather rot, this sort of thing.

Shirtiliff (feeling that his dignity is in danger). Mistake having such a beastly lot of kids.

Pycroft (after another silence). What have you been doing these holidays?

Shirtiliff. Oh! I don't know—mucking about. (*Without interest.*) What have you?

Pycroft. Oh! I've been mucking about, too.

[*They part with a mutual sense of having risen worthily to the occasion.*]

FUNNY PHYSICIAN.—*Doctor Merryman (to patient, who is suffering severely from too much Christmas festivity).* Come, come, there's nothing seriously wrong here. You'll tide over this.

IN MEMORIAM.

SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.

BORN 1846. DIED DEC. 19, 1897.

FRANK LOCKWOOD dead! Then we have lost
A life we counted more than dear;
What darker shadow could have crossed
Our Christmas cheer?

Quick eye to read the heart of fun!
Light hand to catch its passing spell!
Punch, too, has claimed the work of one
Who loved him well.

Gone now his laughter's lusty note
That malice never once could mar;
The genial wit that gently smote
And left no scar.

Small mirth enough beguiles our way;
By sombre paths at best we tread;
And duller seems the world to-day
With Lockwood dead!



RATIONAL STAINED-GLASS.

(Design for a Philanthropic Institution.)

[Professor Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., in a recent lecture, protested against "the mawkish, effeminate, weak faces so often pictured in stained-glass windows," and suggested that they should deal with prominent personages and subjects of the day. Mr. Punch has therefore much pleasure in submitting a few designs, of which this is the first, to be used, without charge, in the decoration of both Houses of Parliament, the Law Courts, Guildhall, Mansion House, and any other Public Buildings.]



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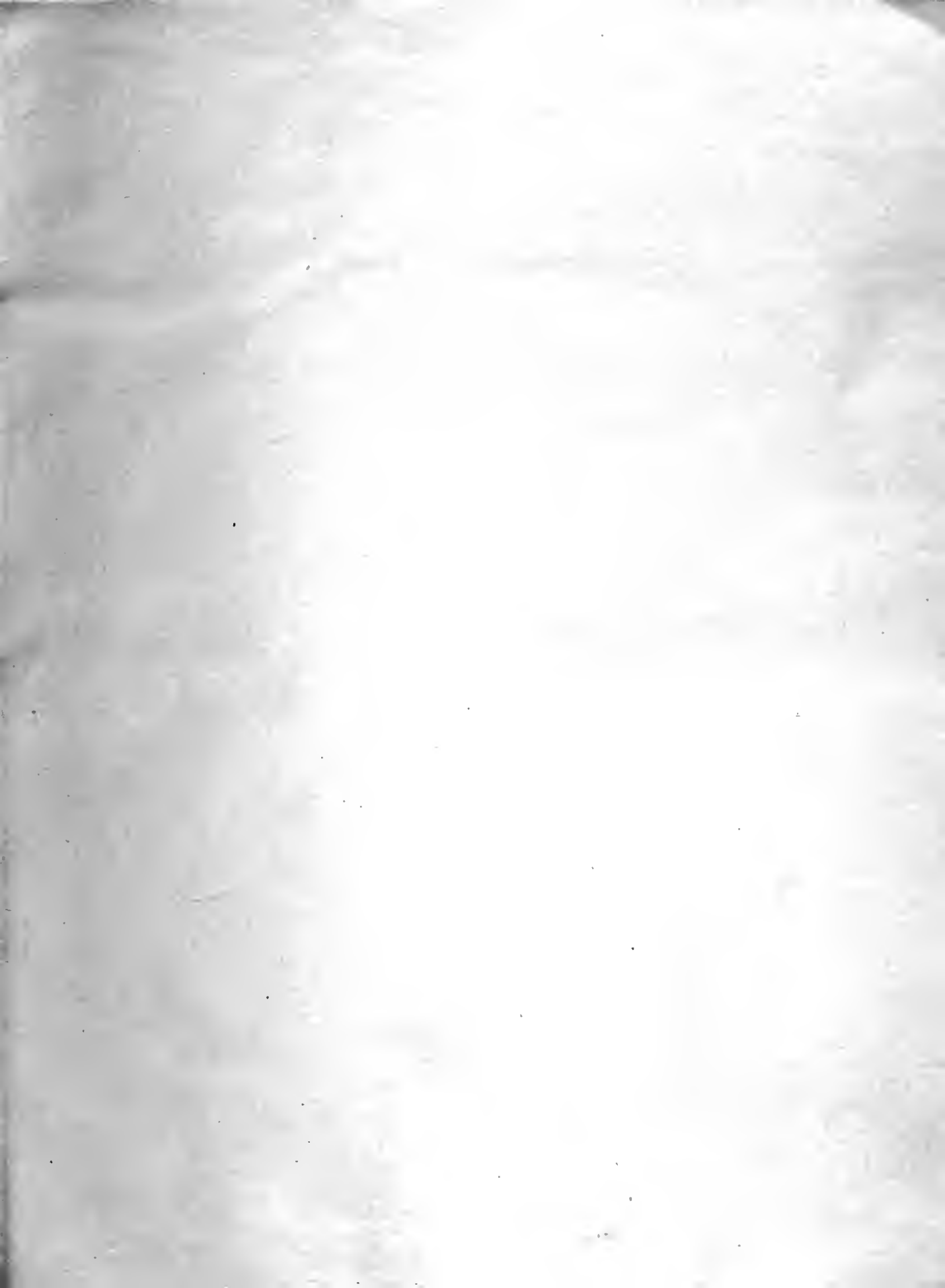
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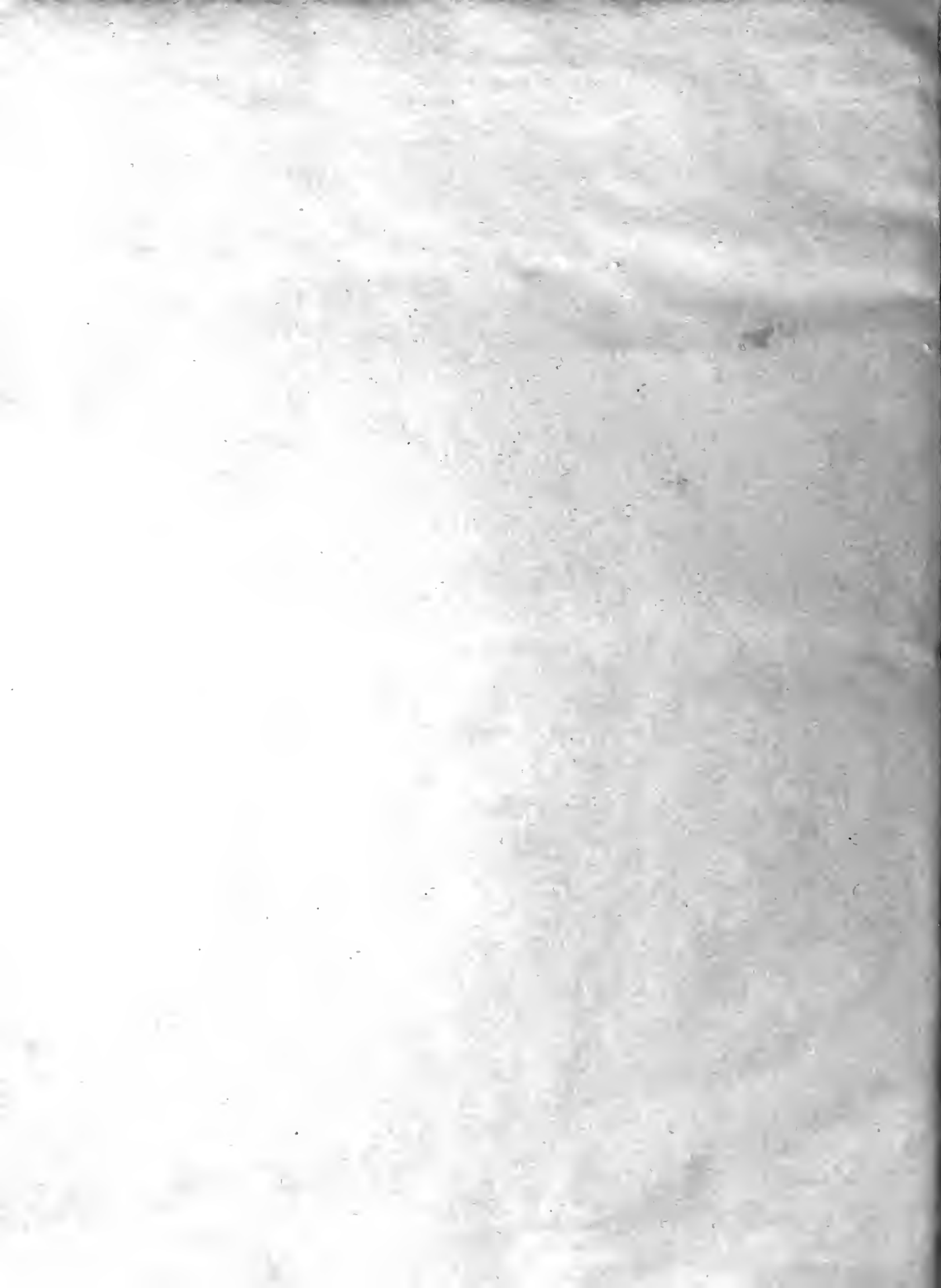
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