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PUNCH



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1888.



AP
101
P8
1828



“HILLO-O-O! Ahoy there!!!”

The Voice—a strong but silvery one, a blend, as it were, of the two sorts of “Sirens” (fog-horn and pretty girl to wit)—sounded, like that of Mrs. BROWNING’S “Great God Pan,” down in the reeds by the river.

Mr. PUNCH, who was “paddling his own canoe,” responded with a sonorous “Aye, aye!” turned with one dexterous stroke his canoe-point shorewards, and—came plump upon old Father THAMES, the unmistakable “reverend Sire” himself, but “so neat and so clean and well-flannelled withal,” that Mr. PUNCH, accustomed of late years to the sort of mulberry-nosed mudlark of the metropolitan Thames-reaches, started in pleased surprise at his old friend’s picturesque spick-and-spanness.

A moor-hen scuttled away through the reeds, and a kingfisher flashed like a winged jewel across the creek, as the prow of the Sage’s canoe “pointed” at the recumbent Sire of Streams.

“Why, Father, I hardly knew you!” cried Mr. PUNCH.

“Because I appear in my native shape, undisguised by dirt, and unattended by dead dogs,” responded Father THAMES, sententially.

“Well, flannels and a clean faeo certainly suit you better than a costume à la chiffonnier, and reeds and kingfishers are worthier of your peetical antecedents than a retinue of long-shoro rubbish.” So the Sage.

“Of course,” said Father THAMES. “But Civilisation has treated me badly. Precious few kingfishers left, I can tell you; cockney sportsmen and sham ornithologists have taken care of that! By the way, you’ll find a beaker of Iced Deliciousness down in the moss there. Spare it not,—any more than I hope you will the pernicious fools who do their best to exterminate the Thames fauna!”

Then was there music as of nectar sweet
Glug-glugging from some high Olympian bottle;
The sound of shandy-gaff descending fleet
The Sage’s throttle.

“But that’s not the only bone I have to pick with Civilisation,” pursued the Hoary Sire. “They’ve churned my upper reaches into saffron mud with their pestilent Steam-Launches, and converted my lower ones into a melodorous drain with their trade-refuse. They’ve potted my moor-hens, and peopled mo with sewer-rats. Where they have not been able to make me unclean, they have made me cockneyfied. But they might Defend me!”

“Oho!” cried the Sage. “Then you too, O aged Recluse of the Reeds, O venerable Solitary of the Sedges, have been seduced by the Modern Magazine, have been lured into the maze of Contemporary Polemics!”

“Mr. PUNCH,” said Father THAMES, with energy, “a Recluse may be a Patriot. And who should be a Patriot if not I? Once indeed, long, long years ago, my stream was dishonoured by a foreign ship with a broom at its mast-head. Well, well, never mind. But I don’t want it to happen again!!!”

“Naturally,” rejoined Mr. PUNCH. “National Defence is a subject which is now attracting a lot of attention. The

Defence of the Thames is a very essential part of it. An enemy's iron-clads in the Pool would be as little to your mind as torpedo-fishing at Pangbourne; eh, mine Aquatic Ancient?"

"Precisely, my PUNCHUS! How long then would it be before Toby there floated, paws upwards, off the Temple Gardens, whilst his Mighty Master mourned in a Tower dungeon?"

"*Sursum corda, Sire!*" responded the cute but ever-cheery Oracle of Fleet Street. "'Tis a far cry to Traitor's Gate. To adapt the Wizard once more:—

"Our Wimbledon has marksmen good,
(Though Dukes be dour and snubs be rude),
Cockneys are chaps of loyal mood;
On Surrey hills live stalwart men,
On Kentish cliff, in Berkshire glen;

"And many a ship shall be shot-torn,
And many a man to earth be borne,
And many a hulk go up in flames,
Ere foreign foe shall sweep the Thames."

Father THAMES gave an exultant whoop that set the Dog of Dogs yapping in joyous sympathy, and startled the distant punt-angler so that he lost the first big 'un he had hooked that afternoon.

"Nathless, my Grand Old Man of Rivers," pursued Mr. PUNCH, "we must look well after you. As I said, you look splendid in flannels, but we can rig you out in armour-plate at need. Neither you nor BRITANNIA herself must remain Unprotected. Whilst Scribes scribble, and Optimists orate, and Pessimists perorate, and Officials glose, and ex-Officials growl, I PUNCH, mark, and meditate, and presently shall put my foot down. You know what *that* means!

"My eye, descending from my Den, surveys
Where Thames, gay-decked, but undefended, strays;
Thames, the best-loved of all our Ocean's sons.
They'd better watch it, our Unknowing Ones!
If they leave you unsafe from source to sea,
They'll have to reckon, dawdling dolts, with *Me!*"

Oh, could they flow like thee, and make thy flood
Their great example; clear their minds from mud,
When quiet, be not quite so deadly dull,
Nor, *when* they move, so prompt to make a Mull!

"Shade of DENHAM, forgive me! What's that you've got tucked up there, Father THAMES?"

"Well—ahem!—it's—hum!—in point of fact it's a Blue Book on National Defence!"

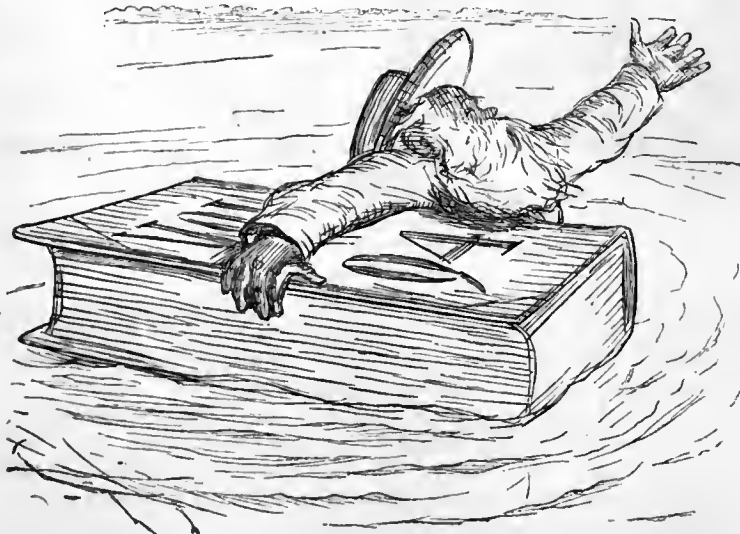
"The dickens it is! Find it cheer your course, and solace your solitude?"

"*On the contrary!*" cried Father THAMES, with emphasis. "Fancied it might be nice reading for bad weather, when my patriotic heart aches, and there are no pretty girls about to turn the dull pain into a pleasing flutter. But, as far as I can make out, there's neither point nor patriotism in it, and I'd put it aside for pipe-lights."

"Point? Patriotism! Be these your *desiderata*, dear old boy?" cried PUNCHUS. "Then I think I can put you up to a good thing. Pitch those ponderous pages to limbo. Here's something worth both your P's, and any number of others into the bargain: such as Pregnaucy (of wisdom and wit), Pungency, Polish, Practicality, Pellucidity,—a very peck of P's summed up in one Big Big P—which is PUNCH!!! As to Defence, dear boy, it will arm you (against Dulness and other dangers) better than iron-clads in your estuary, or towers along your steeps. Take it—with my blessing!"

And Mr. PUNCH handed to Father THAMES his

Ninety-Fourth Volume!





CHRISTMAS AT LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.

The Curate (a Local Wit). "WHY NEEDN'T A MAN STARVE IN THE DESERT OF SAHARA? YOU GIVE IT UP? WHY, BECAUSE HE CAN FEED ON THE SAND WHICH IS THERE, YOU KNOW!" [*Chorus of delight.*]
Appreciative Frenchman. "QU'EST-CE QU'IL DIT, CE BON MONSIEUR GREEN?"
Sir Pompey Bedell. "OH—ER—IL DEMOND 'POORKWAR IL N'AY PAH NECESSAIR POOR OON HOM DE MOOREER DE FANG DONG LE DESAIR DE SAHARA?' AY ALOR IL REPONG: 'PARSKER IL PER MONJY LE SARBLE KEE AY LAR, YOO SAVVY!' TRAY BONG, N'FSS PAR?"
Appreciative Frenchman. "AH—PARFAIT! TRÈS FIN! TRÈS JOLI! VOILÀ BIEN L'ESPRIT ANOLAIS!" [*Makes a Note of it!*]

MADRIGAL OF THE MONEY MARKET.

OH, what shall I do with my money?
 Ah, how can I safely invest?
 Not so as the bees gather honey;
 Then plunderers rifle their nest.
 Land's hardly worth more than old armour;
 Few landlords it yields a Knight's fee.
 Now farming pays not e'en the Farmer,
 What rent could the Farmer pay me?
 Consols offer some consolation,
 Though dividends be but mean rents.
 Conversion, if not confiscation,
 Ere long may o'ertake Three-per-Cents.
 No gamester gay, care-free, and frisky,
 I fear me the course of affairs
 Bids Capital force into risky
 Funds, stocks, speculations, and shares.
 My wealth, if unable to use it,
 In strong-box or bank shall I store?
 O dear! I might, rather than lose it,
 Give all I've got, bang, to the Poor!

AN IDYL ON THE ICE.

FUR-apparelled for the skating,
 Comes the pond's acknowledged Belle;
 I am duly there in waiting,
 For I'll lose no time in stating
 That I love the lady well.



Then to den her skates, and surely
 Mine the task to fit them tight,
 Strap and fasten them securely,
 While she offers me, gemurely,
 First the left foot then the right.

Off she circles, swiftly flying
 To the pond's extremest verge;
 Then returning, and replying
 With disdain to all my sighing,
 And the love I dare not urge.
 Vainly do I follow after,
 She's surrounded in a trice,
 Other men have come and chaffed her,
 And the echo of her laughter
 Comes across the ringing ice.
 Still I've hope, a hope that never
 In my patient heart is dead;
 Though fate for a time might sever,
 Though she skated on for ever,
 I would follow where she fled.

A COSTLY COMPLAINT.—Cold in the head,
 catarrh, and paying through the nose.

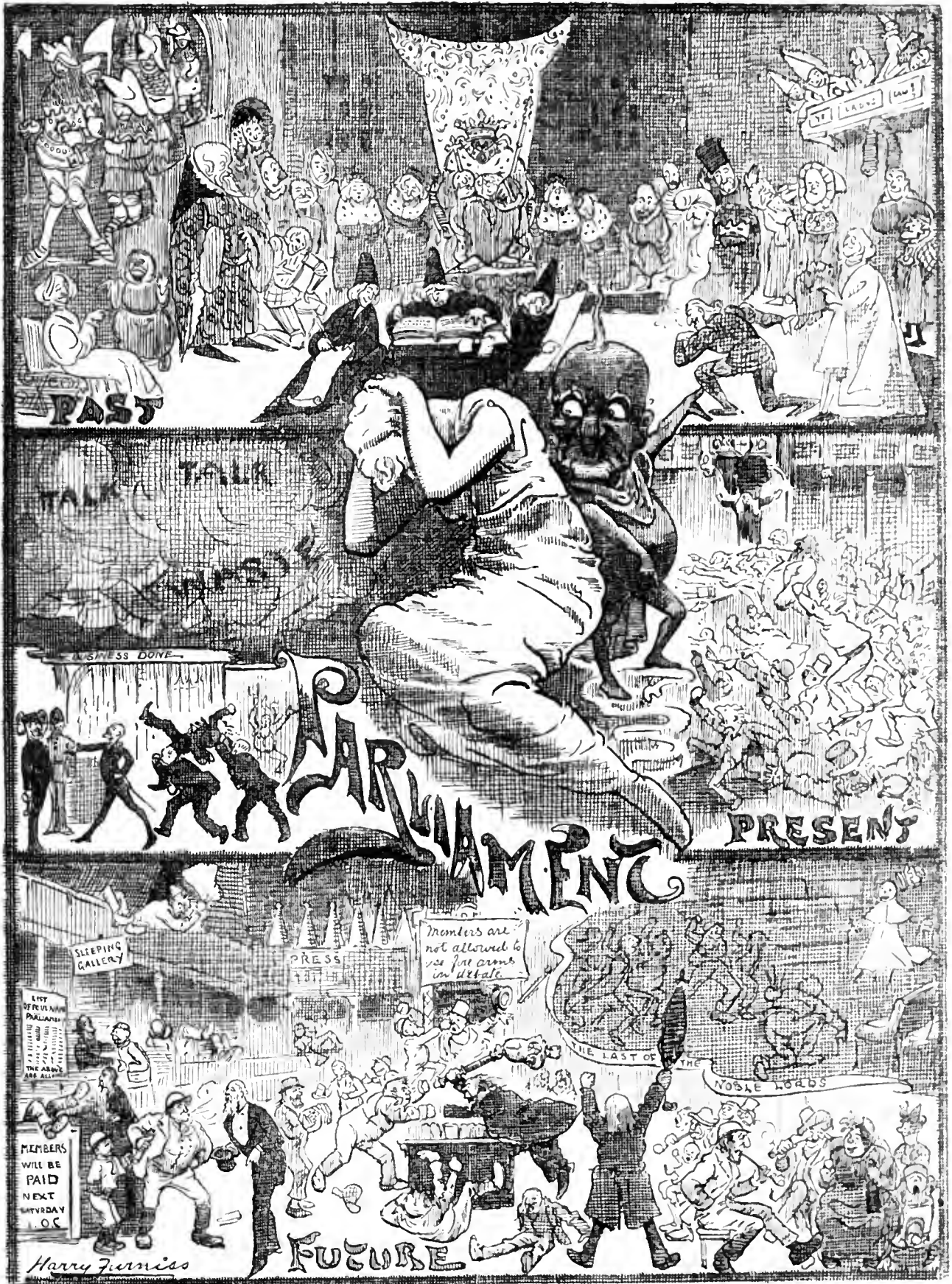
A DREADFUL DOUBLE RAP.

RAT-A-TAT, tat!
 There's a knock at the door.
 I wonder who 's that?
 Am afraid it's a bore;
 An intruder, maybe, both a bore and a dun,
 Formed of two bores together, a monster in
 one!

A JEWISH KING OF FRANCE.—Old CLOVIS.

A FORM OF EQUESTRIAN DRAMA.—Horse-play.

POINTS OF PRUDENCE.—Make friends of none but rich people who are unlikely to ask you for pecuniary assistance. Never lend more than you can afford to lose; but if you want to stop off anyone from trying to borrow money of you above that amount, it may be expedient, at a pinch, to offer him a loan of five shillings.



MR. PUNCH'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.

JANUARY.
FEBRUARY.
MARCH.



FAIRY TALES FOR THE FOUR SEASONS.

DAYS FROM THE DIARY OF A DUFFER.

January 1.—Resolved to make myself proficient in every variety of manly sport, exercise, and amusement during coming year. Nothing but practice required. Will miss no opportunity for future.
14.—Ball at Assembly Rooms. Odd how few girls seem to dance my step. Should have thought I gave them plenty of choice, too!
28.—Ice bearing splendidly. Volunteered to teach LETITIA figure-skating, but cut very different figure from what I anticipated. Told LETITIA I would show her the "outside edge." When I was getting up, she wanted to know whether I hadn't meant the "spread-eagle." Afraid I *did* look a trifle "spatch-cocky."
February 1.—Frost still severe. Am staying with friend in country, who promises me a mount, if a meet comes off while I am here.
7.—Thaw. Meet *does* come off. So do I. Walk home.
March 1.—Amateur performance of *School for Scandal*. My first

appearance as *Joseph Surface*. Rather shaky in part, but think I was funny—audience laughed like anything. LETITIA says *next* time I had better play *Noise Without*. LETITIA was *Lady Teazle*, and I daresay my gag *did* annoy her a little.
April.—Have been whipping a trout-stream. About as much use as XERXES' flogging the Ocean. Fish sulky and wouldn't play.
May.—First Tennis tournament of Season. Drawn with Miss SHOOTER, ex-Champion. Think something must have annoyed her before she came. At her request, left a good deal to her. We kept in till nearly the finish, when unfortunately (my arm being so con-foundedly muscular) I hit ball over palings, which made it "game and sett" to them. Miss S. *not* a good-tempered girl.
June.—Up the river. Rowed half a mile—when LETITIA and the others said I had better steer. If people *won't* look after their oars, they can't be surprised if they smash against posts! LETITIA wouldn't speak to me all the way from Pangbourne to Paddington!



FAIRY TALES FOR THE FOUR SEASONS.

July 14.—Played for my Department in Cricket Match. Went in last, and carried bat out—that is, they carried it out *with* me, on the hurdle. No idea the bowling was so terrific nowadays. Must practise slogging, with tennis-balls.

August 11.—On Yorkshire Moors: grouse-shooting. Find my eye is not what it was—nor, I fear, is the Keeper's. What did the man want? *I apologised!*

20.—At Zermatt. Much complimented on my mountaineering get-up.

30.—Somehow, I don't get up very high. Well, well, I can do some climbing next year. The peaks won't run away. And (as the people at Hotel are beginning to be rude and chaff me) I think I *shall*.

September.—Back in England. Had a day at the Partridges. Other men in party uncommonly civil and polite—insisted on my going first! In capital form—conversationally; told them lots of anecdotes—only my gun *would* go off in the middle and spoil the points!

October.—Pheasants. We shot over dogs; at least, I did—*one*. Not

a beast worth making such a fuss about, *I* should have thought—he'll be all right in a month or two.

November 4.—Going down to stay in country on visit. (N.B.—Take down masks to amuse children—they'll go into fits when they see me dressed up!)

5.—They *did* go into fits. Host tells me of early train to town.

December 31.—Had to take LETITIA and her little sisters to Drury Lane to see Pantomime. Found I had mistaken date on tickets. No seats—except in Pit, "standing room only," there. Children crying, the little nuisances, because they couldn't see anything but backs! LETITIA fainted. Took her home with as many of her little sisters as I could find. LETITIA'S Mother says she finds I am not to be trusted, and I had better "consider engagement at an end." Too bad—because all the children turned up in a day or two, just as I *said* they would. But I don't care—shall be more reckless in field sports than ever this year—now I have no one but myself to consider!



“GREAT EXPECTATIONS”!

Ethel (youngest Daughter). “OH, PA’ DEAR, WHAT DID GEO—WHAT DID YOUNG MR. BROWN WANT?”

Pa’. “SECRET, MY LOVE. WISHED TO SPEAK TO ME PRIVATELY!”

Ethel. “OH, PA’, BUT DO TELL ME—CAUSE HE WAS SO VERY ATTENTIVE TO ME BEFORE YOU CAME IN—AND THEN ASKED ME TO LEAVE THE ROOM.”

Pa’. “WELL MY DEAR”—(in a whisper)—“HE’D LEFT HIS PURSE AT THE OFFICE, AND WANTED TO BORROW EIGHTEENPENCE TO PAY HIS TRAIN HOME!!”

THE WORKHOUSE GUY.

(Ballad by Mr. Bumble.)

I SEE in print a case upon this here last Guy Fawkes Day,
Of sitch outrageous impurance as to take my breath away.



It made me puff and blow, my face to burn,
my eyes to stare. [my air.

And on my ed all over for to stand on end

A pauper inmate of St. Luke’s in Chelsea,

charged with cheek

Uncard of, was at Westminster ad up before

the Beak. [defy,

The Master of the Workus e ad dared for to

So as to make a effigy to burn im in, a Guy.

The Labour-Master watched im from the

dormitory steal, [conceal.

The Guy conveyin in is and that hobject to

A fixin of it gainst a pile of faggots wen e sced,

The witness e was down on im, and coteh’d im in the deed.

“A Guy Fawkes in the Workus!” says the Magistrate. says e,

“How was it as you come to know of that conspiranee?”

Witness replied e’d cared about the plot the prewious day,

To bring the Master in contempt, on which is plans e lay.

The pris’ner wen e took e then the Master brought afore.

“The Guy, too,” said the Beak, “thought you it any like-

ness bore?”

“As nigh as possible”—no fun the witness meant to poke.

The Beak observed, “I spose the Master thought it a bad

joke.”

There warn’t no evidence, e sed—a speech I don’t admire—

The pris’ner guilty of intent the heffigy to fire.

The Master was too sensible a man, e dared to say.

To mind about a effigy made up on Guy Fawkes Day.



No joke, no joke, the Master sed hissself e didn’t call,
Oldin’ im up to ridicule—no joke that there at all—
Raley no larfin matter, but a werry serious fact,
A searnalus and a infamus, wile, wicuous, wicked hact.

The pris’ner (well I nose the kind of rogue e represents)
Was the owdaecious leader of a gang of male
contents.

“Sir, I got information, days afore, as ow
that e

Was a preparin’ that there Guy for the ridi-
cule of Me!

“I know’d wot was a goin’ on, know’d on it

days, yer know, [go,

All that wile I was up to im, and on I let it

Accordingly I laid in wait meanwhile, and

took my aim,

I let im fluish it, Sir,—let im end is little

game.”

“Well,” sed the Beak—a norful crime e took uncommon cool—

“Sitch public men as you don’t mind a little ridicule.

“Tis ony wot their character is able to afford,
You’d better bring this serious charge afore the Guardians’
board.”

Wot lenity, and clemency and levity mistook,
To let that himpious pauper off wen e was brought to
look!

Im as dared bring the Master of the Workus into
seorn

Should have got penial servitude as sure as e was born.

If I was Gov’nor Gen’ral of all Unions, I’d command

This notice on the door of ev’ry Workus in the land,

By way of information to all paupers as come near—

“Give over all ideers of fun, all you as henters ere.”





MR. PUNCH'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.



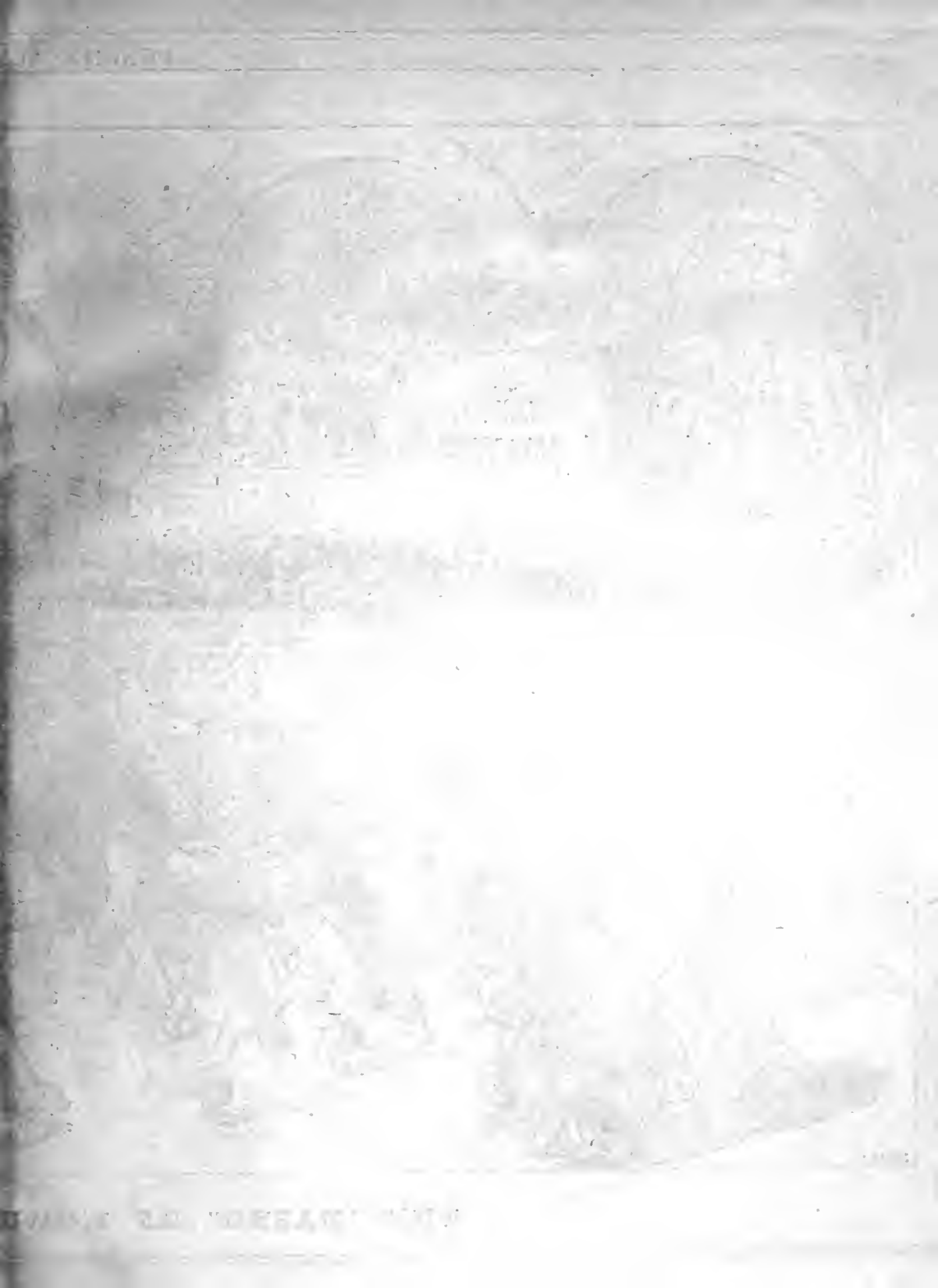
WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.—(The Anti-Beauty Crusade in Modern Art Criticism.)

Eminent Art Critic. "YES, MY YOUNG FRIEND—AS I HAVE OFTEN SAID IN PRINT—YOU, IN COMMON WITH ALL THE MODERN ENGLISH SCHOOL OF FEMALE FIGURE PAINTERS, ARE DEPRAVED BY A MORBID AND INANE LOVE OF PRETTINESS, TO THE EXCLUSION OF ALL THE STERNER QUALITIES OF CHARACTER, REALITY, TRUTH TO NATURE—A—A—BY THE WAY, HERE COME MY WIFE AND DAUGHTERS, WHO SHARE MY VIEWS. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU." [Our Artist understands the Eminent Critic's point of view, and forgives him.



A TOO FAIR ONE.

He. "I DECLARE, MISS ANGELINA, YOU TREAT ME WORSE THAN YOUR DOG!"
She. "OH, MR. DE MOGINS, HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? I'M SURE I NEVER MAKE THE SLIGHTEST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU!"





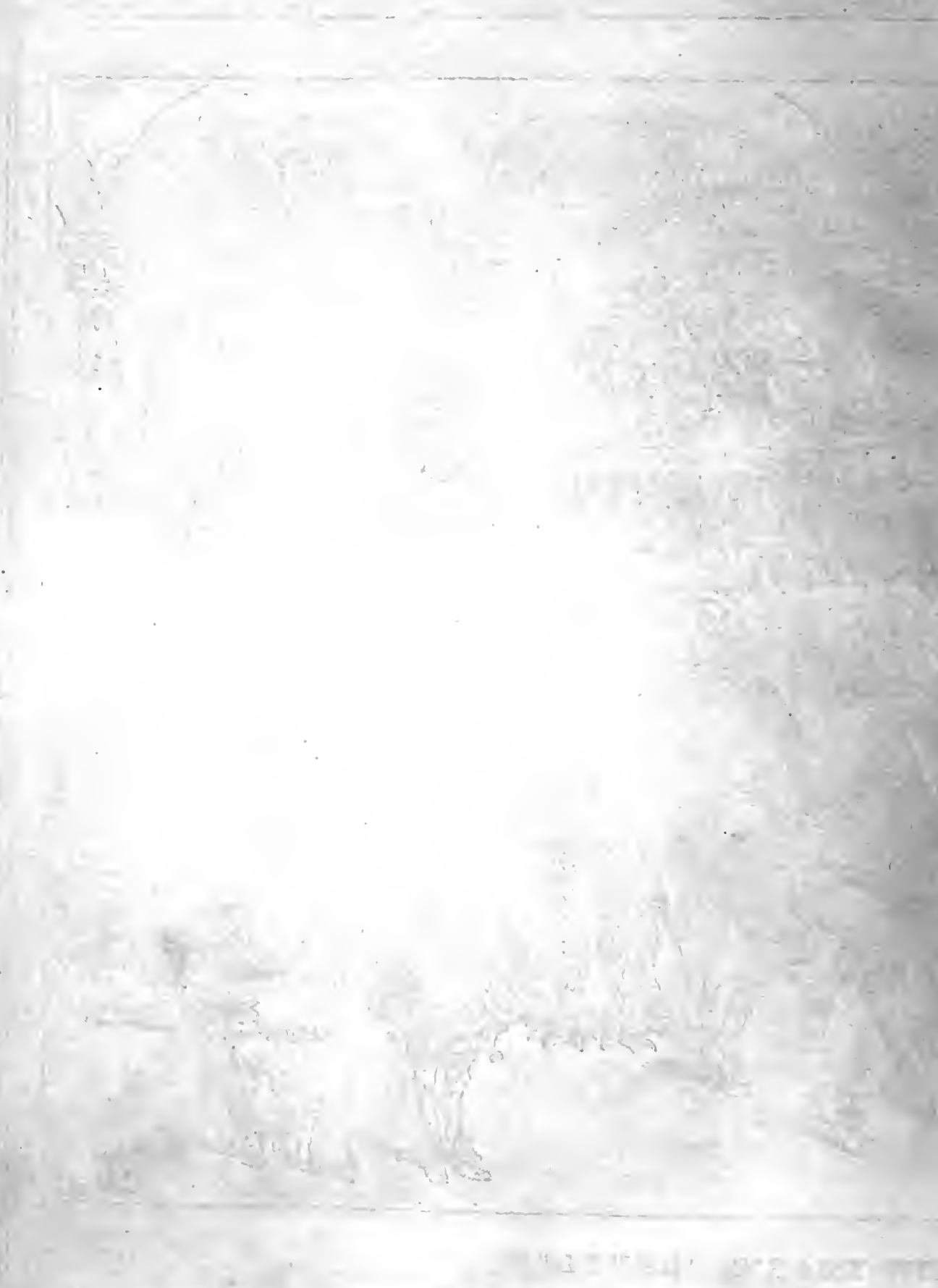
A
HAPPY
NEW YEAR

SWAIN S.

THE "MASKE" OF MOM



A NEW-YEAR'S "REVEL."



1874



A PROTEST.

Eastern Counties Rustic (to the New Incumbent). "BEG Y' PARDON, SIR—RUT BE YEAOU A GOIN' TO FARM YAR GLUBE, SIR? 'CAUSE AS HOW—THA'S THE 'ARLIEST AN' FERRUDEST BIT O' LAND I' THE WHOL' PARISH—AN' OUR LAST PARSON, HE USED TO GET IN HIS HAYE—THEN HE CLAP ON THE PRAYER FOR RAIN!—AN' W'HERE WOR WE'?"

**MASTER TOMMY'S
HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.**

How to put ink-spots on to Light Blue Satin Furniture.—Select a morning when the chintz coverings are removed from the drawing-room in preparation for an evening party, and having provided yourself with a cricket-bat and half-a-dozen sixpenny bottles of Blue-black Ink, enter the apartment in company with the page. Now taking a good central position, get him to bowl to you with the bottles. With steady hard-hitting in all directions you will scarcely fail to break each in succession, and will find, on disposing of the sixth, that you have so freely scattered their contents about the room that you may count on having effectually put ink-spots on all the light blue satin furniture it contains.

WHAT Roman Poet may be supposed from his name to be of Hebrew origin, and not a good specimen of the race?
The Poet JEW-VENAL.



CULTCHAH!

Ingenuous Youth. "MAY I—A—OFFER YOU HAPPY THOUGHTS, FROM PUNCH?"
Fair Girtonite. "A—THANKS; BUT I HAVE PROVIDED MYSELF WITH THE 'PENSÉES OF PASCAL.'"

**MASTER TOMMY'S
HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.**

How to produce a Nut-brown Uncle.—All you require for this experiment is an Uncle on a visit and a Shower-bath. Having purchased a two-shilling bottle of Cond's Fluid, proceed to his bed-room over-night, and getting on a chair carefully empty the contents of this into the top of the bath. In the morning when your Uncle gets into it and pulls the string, he will find himself drenched in a deep purple shower that will instantly darken and discolour his skin. As the stain is almost indelible and extremely difficult to get out, you may count practically on possessing for a fortnight at least a Nut-brown Uncle.

THE Fruit best fitted for "Chameleon's food" must evidently be "Currants of Air."

ST. VALENTINE AT ST. STEPHEN'S. — In August Members of Parliament begin to pair.



MR. PUNCH'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.

HARD TIMES CALENDAR.

January.—Time for not opening blue envelopes. Bonnet shops to be particularly avoided. Excuse for not employing dress-makers—the prevalence of influenza and the chance of the dear children catching it. Return of the boys to school and consequently general mending of broken windows or the Season.

February.—Club subscriptions become due. Cheques to be paid within a month of this date to save posting. Time for explaining to the female members of your family that the Paris fashions do not come to town until May at the earliest, and it would be mere extravagance to



MUSIC AT HOME.

Brown (enthusiastically). "OH—WHAT A REMARKABLY FINISHED SINGER MADAME SCRICIAULO IS!"
Miss Knipper. "YES, QUITE FINISHED. I'M AFRAID!"

get any new dresses before then. Last day for paying house-rent due at the previous mid-summer.

March.—County Courting begins during this month. Close time for new hat. Month for arguing with the tax-collector and defying the water-rate man. Domestic subject of debate (opened by the partner of your hopes and fears), "Whether a husband should like to see his wife walking about a perfect figure?"

SIGN AND SMILE.—When is a story-teller like SCORPIO? Why, of course, when there is a sting in his tale.

THE CANVASS-BACKED DUCK.—The favourite Candidate.



RELIEF.

Piscator (about the end of a very bad day). "DONALD, HANG THE BOAT HERE A BIT, WE MAY GET A RISE."
Donald. "HANG!"—(Giving why)—"I SHALL TAMM THE BOAT IF YOU WILL, AND THE TROUTS—AND THE LOCH TOOO!" [Feels better!]



FAIRY TALES FOR THE FOUR SEASONS.

HARD TIMES CALENDAR.

April.—Arrival of Easter holidays and school bills. Grand giving up of holdings by tenants of your house property. Failure of Chancery suit. General depression. Abortive attempt at retrenchment. Conundrum propounded by wife of your bosom. "How can self and the children look like Christians on five pounds a quarter for one's clothes?"

May.—Time for maturing promissory notes. Disastrous conclusion of attempted Stock Exchange "Flutter." Suddenly undertaken visit to Southend.

June.—End of time allowed for satisfaction of County Court summonses. Peremptory demand for Queen's taxes. Application for contributions to the Mansion House fund for the assistance of Unemployed. Departure of eldest girls to stay at a spinster Aunt's.

Premature entrance of senior boy into public life at a Government Office. Question of the Month, "What's to be done next?"

July.—Visit to sarcastic bachelor Uncle who doesn't mind telling you, "that he hasn't liked any of you, and that you only came to see him when no one else would have you." Further pecuniary embarrassment caused by expiry of bills of one sort and commencement of bills of another kind. Question of your wife, "How can we get on until September, when the Dividends will be paid?"

August.—Last days of the legal term celebrated by the remainder of your property being thrown into Chancery. First introduction to a new Chief Clerk, whom you will have the pleasure of either seeing or hearing about weekly, sometimes daily, for the next five years.

September.—Second visit to sarcastic bachelor Uncle of yourself and domestic party, in the characters of unwelcome guests. More appeals for support from Committees interested in ameliorating the condition



OCTOBER.
NOVEMBER.
DECEMBER.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

FAIRY TALES FOR THE FOUR SEASONS.

of the Working-man. Easy question for solution, "Is life worth living?"

October.—Final disruption of family relations. Departure of girls for governesses, and boys for clerkships at sixteen shillings a week in the City. Law-copying performed with some accuracy and considerable despatch by yourself. Question of wife of one's bosom, "Is needlework obtainable, and do you think one would get paid for it?"

November.—Failure of Bank, "further consideration" of original Chancery snit, and sale of house and furniture.

December.—Family gathering in cheap lodgings at Dinan. General wish—"May we all have a Happy New Year!"

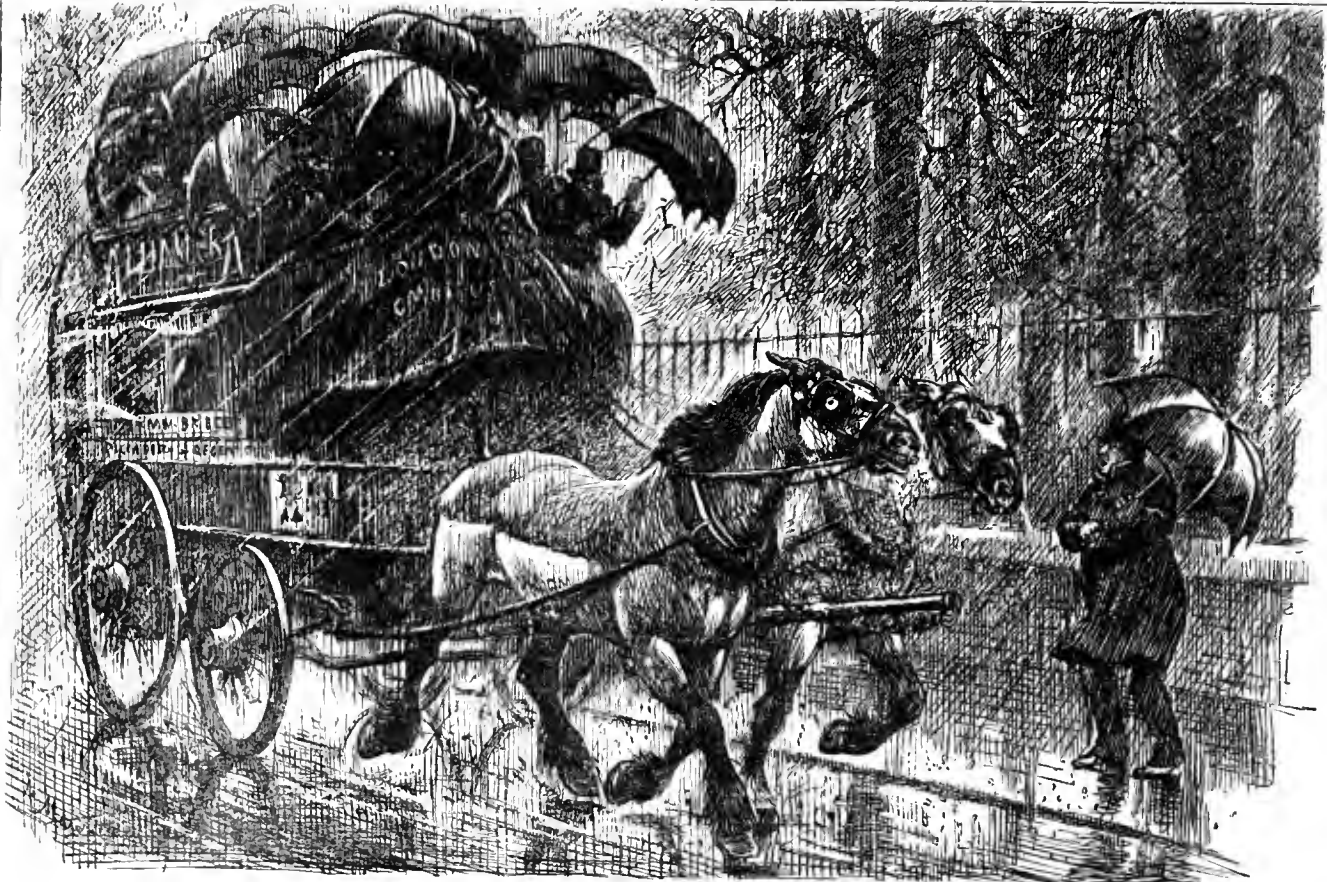
OPEN TO CONVICTION.—A Prisoner at the Bar.

SHAKSPEARE ON BLACKHEATH.

I SAW young 'Arry with his billycock on,
Checked trousers on his thighs, with knobbed stick armed,
Climb from the ground like fat pig up a pole,
And flop with such sore toil into his saddle
As though a bran-bag dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a slow "Jerusalem,"
And shock the world with clumsy assmanship.

THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.—Milk Punch.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.—My Boots.



A COMBINATION OF DISAGREEABLES.

MONDAY MORNING—EAST WIND AND RAIN—AND THE CITY 'BUS FULL INSIDE AND OUT.

MASTER TOMMY'S HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

How to extemporise a perfect "Check" action in a drawing-room Grand Piano.—Selecting the morning of a day on which your parents have prepared to give a "little music," at which a professional player is expected to perform in the evening, choose a convenient moment, and having opened the instrument jump into it in a thick pair of boots and dance a vigorous can-can for a quarter of an hour. Having done this to your satisfaction, procure the meat-chopper from the kitchen and hack away for five and twenty minutes more at the hammers. Now close the piano. In the evening on the professional player sitting down to the instrument he will find, to his surprise, that not a single note answers to his touch, and abandoning all effort to produce any sound from it whatever, as hopeless, will admit that he never yet met with a piano provided with such a complete "check" action.



A CHOICE OF IDIOMS.

Mr. Brown. "I SAY, MARIA, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF 'SARNER FAIRY HANG,' WHICH I HEAR YOU SAY IN ALL THE FRENCH SHOPS, WHEN THEY HAVEN'T GOT WHAT YOU WANT—WHICH THEY NEVER HAVE?" *Mrs. B.* "OH, IT ONLY MEANS 'IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE.'" *Mr. B.* "How odd! Now I ALWAYS SAY 'NIMPORT'! BUT I DARE SAY IT COMES TO THE SAME IN THE END."

MASTER TOMMY'S HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

How to Break the best China Tea-Service.—This is a pretty experiment, and may be carried out as follows:—Having selected an afternoon on which your Mother receives visitors at five o'clock tea, provide yourself with a stout piece of copper wire, at one end of which you have fashioned a lasso furnished with a common slip-knot, and take up your position on the landing just outside the drawing-room door. Now wait the appearance of JOHN THOMAS with the larger silver tray containing tea poured out in cups of the best china service, and, as he crosses the threshold, dexterously whip the lasso round his right leg. When he has proceeded sufficiently far into the room to make the fall effective, jerk the wire suddenly, when he will be instantly shot forward on to his face with the tea-tray, and falling over the rug into the fireplace, effectually break the best china tea-service.



A COMBINATION OF AGREEABLES.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON—WEST WIND AND SUNSHINE—ROOM FOR ONE, SAY, TO HURLINGHAM AND BACK, OR ANYWHERE YOU LIKE.

**MASTER TOMMY'S
HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.**

How to stop the Drawing-room Clock.—There are many ways of doing this. It may be effected by boiling it, winding it up the wrong way, taking it to pieces and washing it in soap and water, or removing the main-spring. But perhaps the most effective way is to have recourse to liquid glue. A sixpenny bottle of this composition poured slowly in at the top and allowed to permeate the works in every part, will be found most efficacious. As it rapidly hardens and cannot practically be eliminated from the mechanism without subjecting every portion of it to a red heat, it may be safely relied on as a safe and effective medium for permanently stopping the drawing-room clock.



THE UBIQUITOUS.

Alf. "ULLO, 'ARRY! 'OW DID YOU COME DOWN?" *'Arry.* "'OW? THIRD-CLASS TICKET—SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGE—AN' FUS'-CLASS CO'PNY! YAH-HA-HA!"

**MASTER TOMMY'S
HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.**

How to surprise Grandpapa.—Purchase at the nearest Firework Manufactory an eighteen-penny Maroon. Now get Grandpapa's bed-candle and having carefully scooped out the inside to within an inch of the top, fill it with the contents of the Maroon that you have removed for the purpose, and replace it in the candlestick. On the hour arriving for him to retire to rest, light the candle for Grandpapa and see him to his room. In a very few minutes the candle will blow up with a loud explosion that will shatter the windows and looking-glass, shiver the crockery in the room, and set fire to the bed-curtains. On realising what has happened, Grandpapa will not fail to express his surprise.

DOMESTIC BLISS.—(From a Pessimist's point of view.)
Additions to:— Children. Thrush. Measles. Hooping Cough. Vaccination—or Smallpox, Scarlatina. Diphtheria. Doctors' Bills. Additional Bills of every kind—more billing than cooing. Education!

ACTION FOR DAMAGES.
—Sikes v. Smith.—Suit sustained by Plaintiff for injuries received by cutting his hands with broken glass bottles in climbing over Defendant's garden wall, and being bitten on his premises by a savage dog net under proper control.



THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

Shoeblick, "SHINE YER BOOTS, SIR? POLISH YER—" (Unappalled by scowl through Eye-glass.) *"CLEAN YER WINDER, SIR?"*



HARD TIMES.

HIS GRACE CAN STAND IT NO LONGER, AND TAKES A SNUG LITTLE RETAIL BUSINESS IN THE BURLINGTON ARCADE. BEHOLD HIM FITTING HIS SON-IN-LAW WITH A PAIR OF PATENT LEATHER PUMPS (AT COST PRICE, YOU MAY BE SURE)!

MY RIVERSIDE ADVENTUR.

(A Trew Fact as appened at Great Marlow on Bank Ouldiday)

I WAS setting
one day in the
shade,
In the butifull
month of
August,
When I saw a
most butifull
Maid
A packing of
eggs in sum
sawdust.



The tears filled her butifull eyes,
And run down her butifull nose,
And I thort it was not werry wise
To let them thus spile her nice close.
So I said to her, lowly and gently,
"Shall I elp you, O fair lovely gal?"
And she ansered, "O dear Mr. BENTLEY,
If you thinks as you can, why you shall."
And her butifull eyes shone likc diamonds,
As britely each gleamed thro a tear,
And her smile it was jest like a dry man's
When he's quenching his thirst with sum beer.
Why she called me at wunce Mr. BENTLEY,
I sort quite in wain to dishcover;
Or weather 'twas dnn accidentally,
Or if she took me for some other.
I then set to work most discrectly,
And packed all the eggs with grate care;
And I did it so nicely and neatly,
That I saw that my skill made her stare.
So wen all my tarsk was quite ended,
She held out her two lilly hands,
And shook mine, and thank'd me, and wended
Her way from the River's brite sands.
And from that day to this tho I've stayed,
I've entirely failed to diskever
The name of that brite Dairy-Maid
As broke thirteen eggs by the River.

ROBERT.

MASTER TOMMY'S HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

The Humorous Ancestors.—To produce these most effectivly it is desirable to be staying in a country house containing a handsome gallery of hereditary portraits, though in their absence, a few valuable family pictures would serve your purpose equally well. Having provided yourself with two tins containing respectively white and vermilion quickly drying enamel paint, proceed to bedizen the features of each portrait in succession after the fashion of the clown in a Christmas pantomime. When a whole gallery containing several generations of a family are thus treated, the effect is extremely quaint, and your host probably convulsed with laughter, will be the first to admit that "he did not know he was descended from such a set of humorous ancestors!"

SONG OF THE PAIRING SEASON.

(A Ditty on Valentine's Day)

WHEN hearts and hands together
With health and wealth combine,
Wedlock's like bright Spring weather,
While early days are fine.
But when, with joys attended,
The honeymoon is spent,
The Carnival is ended;
And then there follows Lent.

SUGGESTIVE Advertisement for Somebody's Ain't-I-fat or Antifat Mixture:—"Great reduction on taking a Quantity."



MR. PUNCH'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.

MASTER TOMMY'S HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

The Astonished Dinner-Guests.—These may be produced in the subjoined manner:—The dinner-table being laid, and the chairs placed in position, enter the room unobserved with a hand-saw. Now proceed to saw through the back legs of every chair in succession, leaving them so slenderly attached that on the slightest pressure they will give way. On dinner being announced, the eighteen guests will assemble in the dining-room, and, on sitting down simultaneously,—all the back legs of their chairs coming suddenly off together,—will be precipitated backwards in wild confusion. Whilst struggling to extricate themselves from their quite unexpected situation, they will not fail to express their astonishment at their position.



POETRY OF BREACH OF PROMISE.

MY GWENDOLINE, betrothed to me,
Permit me to resign thy hand;
But if thou wilt not set me free,
To my engagement I will stand.
The damages thou mightst obtain
For Breach of Promise should'st thou sue,
I could not pay. Mere words were vain.
Oh, then, accept my fond adieu!

MUSIC MAD.—(From a Cobwell-Hatchney Correspondent.)—Why is a Sweep singing at his work like a popular Italian Composer?—Because he's a CRO PINSUTI. [No, we did not see it at first; but, when explained, it was evident that our C. H. C. meant "a Chirruping Sooty"!!!]

ZINGS VON VOOT RAHZER HAF LEFT OONZET.

He. "ACH! HOW BETTY ARE ZOSE GREEN LEAFS ON YOUR COWN!" *She.* "SO GLAD YOU ADMIRE THEM. IT'S AN IDEA OF MY OWN."
He. "KVITE SCHÄRRING! ZEY REMIND VON OF IFY CLINGING ROUNT AN OLT RUIN!"



WEDDING PRESENTS. (JUSTICE BEFORE GENEROSITY.)

"WHAT, MAMMA! THIRTY GUINEAS FOR A PRESENT TO BARBARA GOLDMORE, WHOM WE SCARCELY KNOW, AND WHO'S GOING TO MARRY A MAN WE NEVER SAW! AND ONLY A GUINEA FAN TO MARY MORISON, ONE OF OUR OLDEST FRIENDS!—AND GOING TO BE THE WIFE OF DEAR OLD BOB!" "MY LOVE, WE MUST BE JUST! MARY MORISON IS A SWEET, GOOD GIRL, I ADMIT, BUT YOU REMEMBER SHE HASN'T GOT A SOU—AND, AFTER ALL, DEAR OLD BOB'S ONLY A POOR COUNTRY CURATE; WHEREAS MISS GOLDMORE'S AN HEIRESS, AND SHE'S GOING TO MARRY A BARONET WITH TEN THOUSAND A YEAR!"



VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—Madame Tussaud's.

IN THE HALL OF KINGS.

Several Visitors gazing at the figures, with the air of persons afraid they are taking a liberty; Enter Habitual Donkey and Donkeyess.

The Habitual Donkey (for the mere sake of saying something). Here you are, you see!

A Visitor (who knew the figures when they were at Baker Street). They've arranged them different to what they used to be!

[Is disappointed, without knowing why, exactly.

First Female Ghoul (to Second ditto.). Whatever they've done, I do 'ope they've not done away with the "Chamber of 'Orrors." I wouldn't give anything to see it if that's gone!

Comic Cockney (inspecting group of William the First and Matilda). Know what they're a saying, POLLY?

Polly (giggling by anticipation). No, JIM—what?

The C. C. Well, he's blowing her up: "Look 'ere, MATILDA," he sez, "I'm 'anged if they 'aven't bin and let the Throne-room fire out again!" And she sez, "It's no use bullyraggin' me, BILLIAM, speak to the Lord 'Igh Chamberlain about it—it's 'is business."

Polly. How you do go on, to be sure! Who are these two? Oh, "RICHARD THE FIRST, and BERRENOARIA," (pronounced to rhyme with "Maria"). What are they saying?

The C. C. She's doing all the talking: "Now, do take an umbrella like a sensible man," she sez, "that nasty battle-axe 'll be no good at all, if it comes on to rain!"

Polly (with an ecstatic nudge). Oh, you are a silly! (Which is her highest need of praise.)

[They come to Richard the Second and Isabella of Valois.

The C. C. Looks sorry for himself, don't he? "Well, it's done now, and we must make the best of it,"—them's their sentiments.

Female of the H. D. (reading from Catalogue). "Married to the English King when only seven years old,"—pore thing—that's young to be married!

The H. D. (after pondering this observation critically). Yes. She looks more than that there, though.

IN THE GRAND SALOON.

Crowd (round the seated figure of William Cobbett). Ain't he natural, too! Rum old oove to look at, eh? That's a snuff-box he's 'olding. You'll see his 'ed go round presently.

[Mr. Cobbett's head turns suddenly with a bland stare. All the women give a little start, and go off to the sleeping figure of Madame Ste. Amaranthe.

The H. D. (reading from Catalogue). "Taken from life a few months before her execution."—A very fortunate escape!

His Female (looking over his shoulder). But it says she died by the guillotine!

The H. D. So it does. Ah, well—that (desperately) was no doubt on some other occasion.

Before a group among which Queen Elizabeth, Henry the Seventh, and Sir Francis Bacon are represented. . . This is a very dramatic and appropriate tableau, by the way, and, in the absence of Shakspeare, almost solves the great problem.

A Visitor (referring to Queen Elizabeth's costume). You don't see dresses like that nowadays.

The H. D. (to his Female). You've read all the fuss they're making about that BACON, haven't you?

His Female. No, I didn't see it. (She is the kind of person who can read any paper all through and never "see" anything. He reads a newspaper occasionally, and retains a general idea of the contents.) What fuss?

The H. D. Well, I didn't read it very carefully myself, but it seems that SHAKSPEARE wrote all BACON's Cryptograms, and never got the credit for them.

His Female (indignantly). What a shsmo!
[They arrive at a group representing Bright, Cobden, Lord Brougham, and Daniel O'Connell.

The H. D. (after examining them profoundly). Ah—and they look it too!

[He has not the faintest notion what he means—nor has she. They move on pleased with themselves and one another.

The C. C. (halting before an Elderly Gentleman who is sitting down). He's not arf so well done as the others; wants cleaning up a bit. They have let him get so shabby. They might stand him a better 'at. Ugly old beggar too. Does it say who he's meant for?

The E. G. (angrily). Go away, Sir. What do you mean by these remarks? You're no gentleman, Sir!

The C. C. (moving off hastily). Well, if he ain't one of the figgers, he ought to be added, that's all.

IN HALL No. 3.

The H. D.'s Female. HENNERY, come here, quick! (HENNERY is engaged in mistaking Mr. George Odger for John Wyckliffe, but tears himself away from this fascinating occupation). HENNERY, this (reverentially) is the identical umbrella Dr. KENKALY threw down in the House of Commons.—Why did he throw it down?

The H. D. (with a confused recollection of Burke). Because he said it was what would be at every Englishman's throat if they didn't give the Claimant his rights.

His Female (critically). It's not real Alpaca.

The H. D. That doesn't signify. It's the principle of the thing, he was arguing for.

A Small Child (who has discovered that her remarks cause grown-up people to smile, and becomes more voluble in consequence). All the Kings and Queens are only big dollies, and they look half asleep. Mother, aren't the Kings and Queens big dollies, and don't they look half asleep? Big half-asleep dollies, Mother, aren't they? I want to see the babies—where are the babies, Mother? May I see the babies? Will they be like MARY's baby? Will MARY's baby be here? Why won't MARY's baby be here? Is MARY's baby a dolly, Mother? Will MARY be here?

[And so on, until the proud Mother is afraid she will forget half the clever things PEISY has said.

IN THE CHAMBER OF HORROES.

The Ghouls do everything thoroughly, deriving especial satisfaction from the sight of the identical knife employed in a celebrated case, and a pleasing plan of a skeleton, with all the burnt and missing bones indicated in shaded ink, after which they retire to have a comfortable tea, and talk over what they have seen. The Habitual Donkey is surprised to hear afterwards, that he passed Napoleon's Carriage in the Napoleon Chamber. He had heard it was there—but forgot to look out for it. The Comic Cockney got into the vehicle, of course, pulled out all the drawers and lockers, and made POLLY giggle by pretending to be Napoleon. So we are able to bring down our Curtain upon a scene of universal contentment.

TWO JUBILEES.—A HARMONY IN BLACK AND WHITE.



St. PETER's and St. James's face to face,
 Exchanging, with a more than courtly grace,
 Their mutual gifts and greetings!
 A sight to stir the bigot; but the wise
 Regard with cheerful and complacent eyes
 This pleasantest of meetings.

Queen, fresh from fifty years of glorious sway;
 Pontiff, in the great Headship strong, though grey;
 A world's good wishes gather,
 From gentle hearts of all the creeds, to dower
 With love the two chief types of high-placed power,
 Good Queen and Holy Father.

Two Jubilees! Patriot *Punch* is nothing loth
 In line and verse to celebrate them both.
 True freeman he, unfettered
 By servile fear, or hate's poor purblind heat.
 When such great opposites in friendship meet,
 Wit and the world seem better'd.

The willing bow of mutual respect
 Leaves individual honour still erect,
 And liberty unshaken.
 What bulwark fails because across the lands
 Two diverse Sovereigns their illustrious hands
 In amity have taken?

THE RIME OF A FAMOUS FICTIONIST.

[See Mr. WALTER BESANT's Article "On the Writing of Novels," in *Atalanta* for December, and Mr. *Punch's* comments on the same in No. for December 21.]

I.

It is a famous Fictionist,
 And his eyes are full of woe—
 "By thy many books in MUDIE'S list,
 Now wherefore lookst thou so?"
 Eftsoona he breathes a heavy sigh:
 "There was a lass," quoth he:
 "One lass? Nay more—a hundred acore—
 And they listened all to me!
 "The scratching of a myriad pens
 Engaged on compositions
 Moved by the hands of myriad girls
 'Of all sorts and conditions.'
 "They wrote of things they ne'er had seen—
 Their words were wild and hollow;
 And every day, for work or play,
 This one pursuit did follow.
 "In editorial pigeon-holes
 Their manuscripts you 'll find,
 Or else, alack! they all came back,
 Inscribed,—'With thanks, declined.'
 "Now rouse thee, famous Fictionist,
 From this despondent plight!
 What happened then?"—"With my steel pen
 I taught those Girls to write!"

II.

"The sea of ink now rose and spread,
 And filled the wondering town—
 I was the first, with pen accurat
 To break the barriers down.
 "Down dropt the prices paid of old
 By publishers to me—
 Now every girl could write as well,
 'Twas sad as sad could be!
 "The *Golden Butterfly* did seem
 No bigger than a gnat,
 My steel is broken, and my quill
 Is played with by the cat!
 "Ah, well-a-day! What evil looks
 On young and old I shed.
 And now I, in the place of books,
 Make brioka to earn my bread!"

"MARRY NOT COME UP."

(A Page from a Realistic Romance of the Near Future.)

ANGELINA sat in her boudoir pondering over her past. She saw herself a child many, many years ago; then a young lady just released from school; then a Parish Visitor, a Hospital Nurse, an Authoress, and a Doctor. And all through her life—her long life—EDWIN had been true! It was a sweet thought! She yielded herself so thoroughly to the sentiment of the moment that she failed to observe that the man of all others before whom she would wish to make a brave show was standing in the room in front of her. He had entered the apartment unobserved while she had been lost in a reverie. With admirable tact he stumbled over a chair, and thus gave her time to compose herself without embarrassment.

"EDWIN!" she exclaimed, "how you startled me!"
 "I am sorry to hear it, dear ANGELINA; for believe me that I am conscious that persons at our time of life—"

"EDWIN!" she cried, beseechingly.
 "Nay, hear me out, ANGELINA! It would be false kindness, my darling, if I had tried to conceal the truth. My own loved one, you will never see the sunny side of sixty."

"You once used to say I was no more than fifty," she put in with a pout that was half playful, half reproachful.
 "You are right, my own soul!" he cried, passionately;
 "but that, darling, was fully ten years ago. But be that as it may, all I would say is that at our time of life—you hear, darling—*our!*—a sudden shock is most injurious to us. Now, I would give worlds if you could guess what I wish to say to you."



FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Unemployed Party (who has not received the donation he begged for). "YAH!
 'I TRICED YER LITILE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNAOW!'"

"How can I?" she asked, with a coquettish glance from beneath her spectacles.

"I have been trying to prepare you for it for more than twenty years. Can you not guess my secret?"

She looked down and sighed. Then she put her finger near her mouth, and smiled.

"How like the attitude in that picture of you, over yonder—painted nearly half a century ago!"

"You are very troublesome with your dates, EDWIN!" said ANGELINA, rather tartly.

"My own, do not speak harshly to me. Believe me, if I did not suffer from rheumatism, I would throw myself on my knees at your feet. My own, my darling, will you be my wife?"

For a moment ANGELINA blushed with joy. Then she turned as white as marble. "Impossible!" she said at last, in a harsh sad voice that sounded the very utterance of despair.

"Why impossible?" he exclaimed, with all a lover's tenderness.

"We must be worthy of our order," said the noble middle-aged person firmly. "We must not do what they would not do. Have you not read the Registrar-General's Report?"

"I have," he answered, gloomily.

"Then I need not argue the matter so ably advocated. EDWIN, my own, my soul, my darling, we cannot marry because we are too young!"

And EDWIN bowed his head in silence, because he knew that ANGELINA was not talking at random—that ANGELINA was right.

And while these two fond hearts prudently pined away in single happiness, the recipe for making wedding-cakes was lost to the world for ever!

WONDERFUL CREATURES!

WHAT is a 'Permanent Deacon?'
 He is a man with a rich field [Why,
 Of work before him,
 Authority o'er him,
 Has "W. D. LICHFIELD."

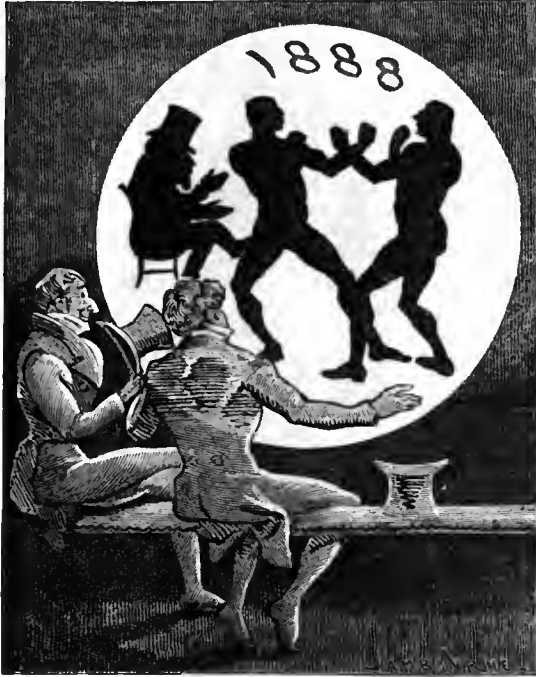
"No charge for him has yet appeared,
 In tithe-list, tax or poor-rate;
 'A Permanent Deacon' 's not so
 weird
 As a 'Perpetual Curate!'"

WHAT KILRAIN wished SMITH on January 1, 1888. A "Hsppy New 'Ear."

PUGILATIO REDIVIVA.

(BY THE GHOST OF CORINTHIAN TOM.)

"I SEE, my dear Coz," remarked CORINTHIAN TOM to JERRY HAWTHORN, as they conversed in The Shades, "that there has been a revival in London of the noble Art of Self-defence." "Indeed!" replied HAWTHORN. "How well I remember how we 'dropped in'



upon Mr. JACKSON in old days, and how you introduced me to the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, who was blowing a cloud, and whose *Jack Boots* weighed twenty pounds." "Yes," said TOM, "and we saw a rather *shady set-to* with the gloves, the last time we revisited 'the glimpses of the moon.' What say you to a *trip* to earth again, for an *investigation* of LIFE IN LONDON of to-day?"

JERRY HAWTHORN was agreeable, and he and CORINTHIAN TOM were soon in the midst of "LIFE IN LONDON," and lost no time in calling on young BOB LOGIC, who was a "gay spark" like his father, and quite *au fait* with all the SPREES of the Metropolis. "Fashions have changed, my dear Coz," said the CORINTHIAN, "and the young BUCKS and EXQUISITES seem to us to dress strangely; but I suppose their attire is 'all the go' new, and these are the *swell suits* made by the DICKEY PRIMEFIT of the day." "Right you are, old Chappie," said young BOB LOGIC. "And now, what is it you want to see?" JERRY was rather scandalised at the "free and easy" tone of young BOB towards such a GO among the "GORS" as the CORINTHIAN, but TOM merely smiled and said, "Well, Master BOB, we have heard that the Ring or Stage of Pugilism is once more a *feature* of 'LIFE IN LONDON,' and in search of *Character* we would compare the Present with the Past." "Nothing easier," said young BOB. "Let us look in at the Flamingo Club some Sunday night, and you can see 'sparring' to your heart's content; in fact I think I can introduce you to a regular good 'glove-fight.'" The Trio went to the Flamingo, and truly it presented a motley sight. It was full of the most extraordinary characters of LIFE IN LONDON, all jostling each other with the utmost *sang-froid*. There were the SWELL and the Snob—the MUMMER and the Mug—the JEW and the Juggins—the FLAT and the Sharp—the TRADESMAN and the Toff—the COMIC (?) VOCALIST and the Cly-faker—the TURFITE and the Welsher—the BLACK-LEG and the Pigeon—in short it was an epitome of "high" and "low" life, while, as the CORINTHIAN observed to his Coz, "GENTLEMEN seemed to be scarcer than they were in 'old days.'" Everyone was drinking, "S. and B.," "Whiskey and Potash," "Gin and Ginger-beer," "Bitter Beer," "Stout," "Port," "Sherry," and "Champagne," were much in demand, nearly everyone too was "blowing a cloud," and a great many of these Votaries of Bacchus were *three sheets in the wind*, reminding CORINTHIAN TOM and JERRY HAWTHORN of the Oxonian and his inclination to get *bosky*.

A person, apparently of Irish extraction, who seemed to have a "good conceit of himself," was then introduced to the company as the CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, and proceeded to box with another individual who had come "in his wake." "Now," said the CORINTHIAN, "we shall see whether this supposed 'slogger,' is as

'handy with his mauleys' as my old friend Mr. JACKSON." He soon discovered, however, that this so-called "sparring-match," was but a *sham*, for the individual who was boxing with the CHAMPION, contented himself with "warding off" the blows and never returned them; or, if he did so, it was in a most *half-hearted* manner. On inquiring of young BOB the reason of this, he said, "Oh, the 'bloke's' his attendant, paid to stand up and be *pummelled*, don't you know," whereupon the CORINTHIAN expressed his high indignation at what he termed "such *prodigious humbug*," and wondered that H.R.H. should have *condescended* to patronise it.

There was no doubt, however, but that the Art of Self-Defence was once more on the *tapis*, and Dame Rumour had given the office to some of the "knowing coves" that two aspirants for pugilistic honours were to meet in the Prize Ring. But it was said that the battle was to be in France, and CORINTHIAN TOM declined to witness a fight that did not take place on BRITISH soil. "No," said he, "I witnessed the memorable combat between TOM CRIBB and MOLINEAUX at Thistleton Gap, and if I cannot see a 'set-to' in the Ring in my native country, I will not do so elsewhere." Young BOB LOGIC, however, who had the "tip," went off with some brother FLAMINGOES, and on an island in the Seine among the "*Parley-voos*," he witnessed the "fistic encounter" between the representatives of England and America. He came back in great glee at having "queered the bobbies" on this side the Channel and "bothered the *gendarmes*" on the other, and CORINTHIAN TOM observed to his Coz, that young BOB was evidently a "prime favourite" among the *Chappies* and *Gommies*, and like a certain sprightly "nymph of the stage," he could always "count upon the boys." It certainly seemed also that this encounter had been full of "go." The "Cockles" of the hearts of CORINTHIAN TOM and JERRY HAWTHORN warmed as they heard and read of "fibbing" and "countering" of "red-hot smacks," "left-handers on the nob," "rib-roasters," "upper-ents," "exchanges," "bashers," "knock-downers," "body-punches," "spankers," "welts," "amashers," "whistlers," "rattling ivories," "stingers," "banga," "hot-uns," and of the "tapping" of the "claret," and the flowing of "the ruby." It was said by some *caillers* that there was too much *wrestling*, or as they called it "cuddling," but as CORINTHIAN TOM remarked, "it was the sort of 'cuddling' no man would care for who was not 'in training,' as it involved *heavy punishment* and *hard fighting*." JERRY HAWTHORN agreed with him, and said, "both men appeared to have shown *pluck*." "You are right," said the CORINTHIAN, "both the combatants showed skill, *stamina*, and manly intrepidity. They were no *feather-bed fighters* as has been insinuated, and their *game-ness* was proved beyond question. This meeting indeed will take rank with the OLYMPIAN encounter between SAXERS and HEENAN."

"Right you are," said young BOB; "but do you think the *Beaks* are going to stand a revival of the Prize Ring, or will the *Bobbies* still be down on us?" "That," said the CORINTHIAN, "is a *poser*, I see that one Monitor of the Public warns us that we need not 'hug ourselves with the delusion' that the days of the Ring will return. It reminds us too of the 'plants' and 'crosses' and of the *lowest of the low*, who supported pugilism. It seems to me then, that while there is no objection to our practising the Noble Art of Self-Defence, the PUGILISTIC ARENA will not be open to our *modern gladiators*. We shall no longer be able to *carol* as of old:—

"A Briton needs no poniards,
No bravos' long his street,
His trust is in a strong-roped ring,
A square of twenty-feet."

"Ah, well," said young BOB; "I suppose we shall still be allowed to have our private *turn-ups*, and I can tell you it's pretty warm work sometimes." "I do not think," continued the CORINTHIAN, "that we shall ever see such scenes again as in the Augustan Age of the Ring, but if we do, this combat is 'up to sample.'" It was made under the *auspices* of the best and most largely circulated of Sporting Newspapers, whose boast is "*Nunquam Dormio*," which was once edited by my *pal* and biographer PIERCE EGAN, and Lords, Baronets, Officers, and many real *sports* and *turfites*—a truly select company—stood round the combatants. Yet he would be a *rash man* who dared to predict a real revival of 'the palmy days of the Prize Ring.' True, Boxing is once more forming part of LIFE IN LONDON; but, casting my *optics* on the Bruisers and Gluttons of the Past, I can but exclaim, in an ancient *lingo*—

"Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello
Dextra."

Randolph in Russia.

"LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Christmas trip"
Has set the tribe of quidnuncs skipping.
Poeh! Though the Russian bear has grip,
He'll hardly catch this "tripper" tripping!

MR. GLADSTONE SNOWBALLED AT DOVER.

"Be Kent unmannerly."—*Lea*, Act I., Scene 1.

LANE AND GARDEN.

"*ARMA virumque cano,*" must be the motto of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS for this year's pantomime. Many an armour scene have we gazed on before, but never such a display as this. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la Pantomime.* I am not sorry to notice



Augustus "in propria Puss-owner."

that DRURIOLANUS does not go in for a Grand Transformation Scene. Madame KATTI LANNER's Fairies, some flowers, and a barque, or rather a pleasure-boat, in the distance, manned by children, is as much as he gives us, and quite enough after the surfeit of gorgeosity which the audience have had in the dozen or more foregoing scenes. Messrs. HERBERT CAMPBELL and HARRY NICHOLLS are very droll as King and Queen, and though the "Old Gentleman and his Donkey," by the Brothers GRIFFITHS, may be a bit played out for the seniors, yet the children, for whose delectation Pantomime is primarily intended, will be delighted with the inimitable jackass.

The two Brothers of *Jocelyn Marquis of Carabas* will afford the youthful playgoer much amusement, and *Jocelyn* himself, impersonated by Miss WADMAN,—whom, of course *Uncle Toby* will take his nephews and nieces and all the little Shandean family to see, in tender memory of the *Widow Wadman*—looks handsome, and plays and sings charmingly. Master LAURI, the undefeated illustrator of Darwinian theories, is this year an agile cat instead of an acrobatic monkey. To quote the Pote, to the tune of "*Annie Laurie*,"—

At funny little LAURI
We laugh until we cry.

The Silver Wedding *ballet* is to my thinking, the prettiest effect in the Pantomime, if not the prettiest thing seen for some years, even on the stage of Drury Lane. Like all modern Pantomimes, it requires condensation, for it begins too early and ends too late, so that our old friend Mr. HARRY PAYNE the Clown must be tired of waiting to come on, and his young friends have to be hurried off before he appears, or are too fatigued to enjoy the real humours of the Harlequinade. Miss LETTY LIND, as the *Princess Sweetarts*, reminded me of Miss CONSTANCE GILCHRIST in "the palmy days" of burlesque at the Gaiety—they are the leggy days now, and, according to newspaper reports, even the Gallerians and the Pittites demanded "something new" of their old favourites—but this by the way,—and also, in some of her dances, of Miss KATE VAUGHAN "as she used to was," when she Kater'd for the public at Christmas time and exemplified the poetry of motion. DRURIOLANUS is to be congratulated as usual, but I am sure Mr. *Punch* will strongly urge him to institute a new departure next Christmas, and, with one good spectacular scene, which should not anticipate the glories of the Transformation, and one specially "pretty" scene, let him give us lots of frolic, comic business, and real pantomime fun, all to be over by eleven, and at ten let the Harlequinade commence. Such a Pantomime would come, to quote the poet, "like a boon and a blessing to men." I must not forget to mention the pantomime heads and hands at Drury Lane, which are works of genuine Comic Art.

In the Garden.—If it be a difficult matter to decide which is the better of the two Pantomimes, The Lane or The Garden, the latter can at least claim CONQUEST, who is the best Giant I've seen for a long time. There are plenty of good things in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, from *Jack*, Miss FANNY LESLIE, who is full of beans, down to the little boys, the NOAZETTES (odd name, sounds like that of a bankrupt family, "No assets") who perform really wonderfully on miniature bicycles. The drilling scene of youthful soldiers—all "Sons of Mars," of course, as you can tell by their "pas"—will

delight the children, as will also the very pretty mixed costume ballet and horseshoe music of the clever Village Blacksmith's family, which last entertainment deserved its triple *encore*.

In the Butterfly Ballet at the Grasshoppers' Feast, the dancing of Signora SOZO is anything but so-so, while "*Fun on the Quiet*" by Messrs. GRIFFIN and ARDELL, attired as negro cooks—each a study in black and white—is a most original performance, with real humour in it. They do wonderful acrobatic feats with tables and chairs, but always as if in the Giant's absence they were "snatching a fearful joy," but a joy which knows no bounds, as is shown by their marvellous acrobatic feats—and were afraid of making such a noise as might wake the Monster, who would return and spoil their sport, as his black looks would soon put even these two niggers out of countenance. Mr. FRANK HALL as *Old King Cole* with some sparks of fun in him, gets most of it, however, out of his make-up which bears an absurd but striking resemblance to the well known features of a certain noble Lord, not altogether unknown in the yachting and theatrical world. Messrs. WOOD and WILKINSON make two very comic old women, and there are plenty of brisk tunes, singing, and dancing. I must not forget the "Change Artiste, M. CASCABEL," whose metamorphoses will delight Mr. Barlow's young friends more than those of OVID. His "SARA B.," however, is a mistake.

Some of the scenes are charmingly painted, some by CALLCOTT, some of the rustic sort by BANKS—"Mossy Banks." Perhaps the best Landscape is the Exterior of Castle Terror, which is a work of HART.

Mr. BRUCE SMITH's Transformation Scene, might be effective without the Moderator Lamps and coloured shades; as it is, it can only be spoken of as moderately successful. In the Harlequinade, which begins about a quarter to eleven, there are four scenes, a double supply of Clowns, Columbines, and a pair of Pantaloons. Quite a surfeit of



Time! Jack before the Conquest.

Pantomimists with one Harlequin. I don't think little SANDY, though advertised in the bill, was one of the Clowns, but there were a pair of Pantaloons, though only one was mentioned in the bill.

Which is the better? Which takes the Twelfth Cake?

But their merits who can measure—
Covent Garden? Drury Lane?
If in one you may find pleasure,
In the other you'll find PAYNE.

The verdict must be pronounced by the Children who will be taken to see both. So Girls and Boys come out to the play, the moon it shines as bright as day; and so, wishing a happy holiday-time to all of my young friends, I am
Yours seasonably,

ARTY LAFFER.

Fair Trader.

"I'LL give you a wrinkle," says Time,
To Professional Beauty, now fading.
She replies, "I have got one, for I'm
Shepkeeping—call it Fair-Trading."

MANY of the Foreign Journalists should be dear to the heart of General SALVATIONIST BOOTH, as they contribute to keep up *The War Cry*.

BY A TRUE BLUE.

TRUE Toryism's a nature hid? | 'Tis, on the Commonweal a skid,
I'll furnish a solution: | Preventing Revolution!



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

WHY, HERE WE ARE AGAIN, FOR *THE SIXTH TIME!* NOW, IF I HAD WANTED TO SEE YOU, I DARE SAY WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE MET AT ALL!"

BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.

THE Year that is opening freshly before us
Should ring with the right merry music of bells;
Out on ye, Owls, hooting wildly in chorus!
Why hail ye its advent with croakings and yells?
Like iron-clawed harpies, like foul-feathered furies,
Ye hover and hurry, ye flutter and fuss.
Poor young Eighty-Eight in his seat scarce secure is;
Why fruitlessly fluster and frighten him thus,
With ominous notes that so jangle and jar?
Tu-whit, tu-whoo
Tu-whit, to-War!

Yon goggle-eyed, goose-quilled, incontinent croakers,
Yon trouble our tympanums all the year round.
Of shindy up-stirrers, of passion provokers,
Your idiot fury is often all sound,
And signifies—nothing not selfish and sinister,
Trick of sensation, or dodge of finance.
Why must *your* voices to violence minister?
Why should *you* lead our poor world such a dance?
Why must you chorua round battle's red car?
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-War!

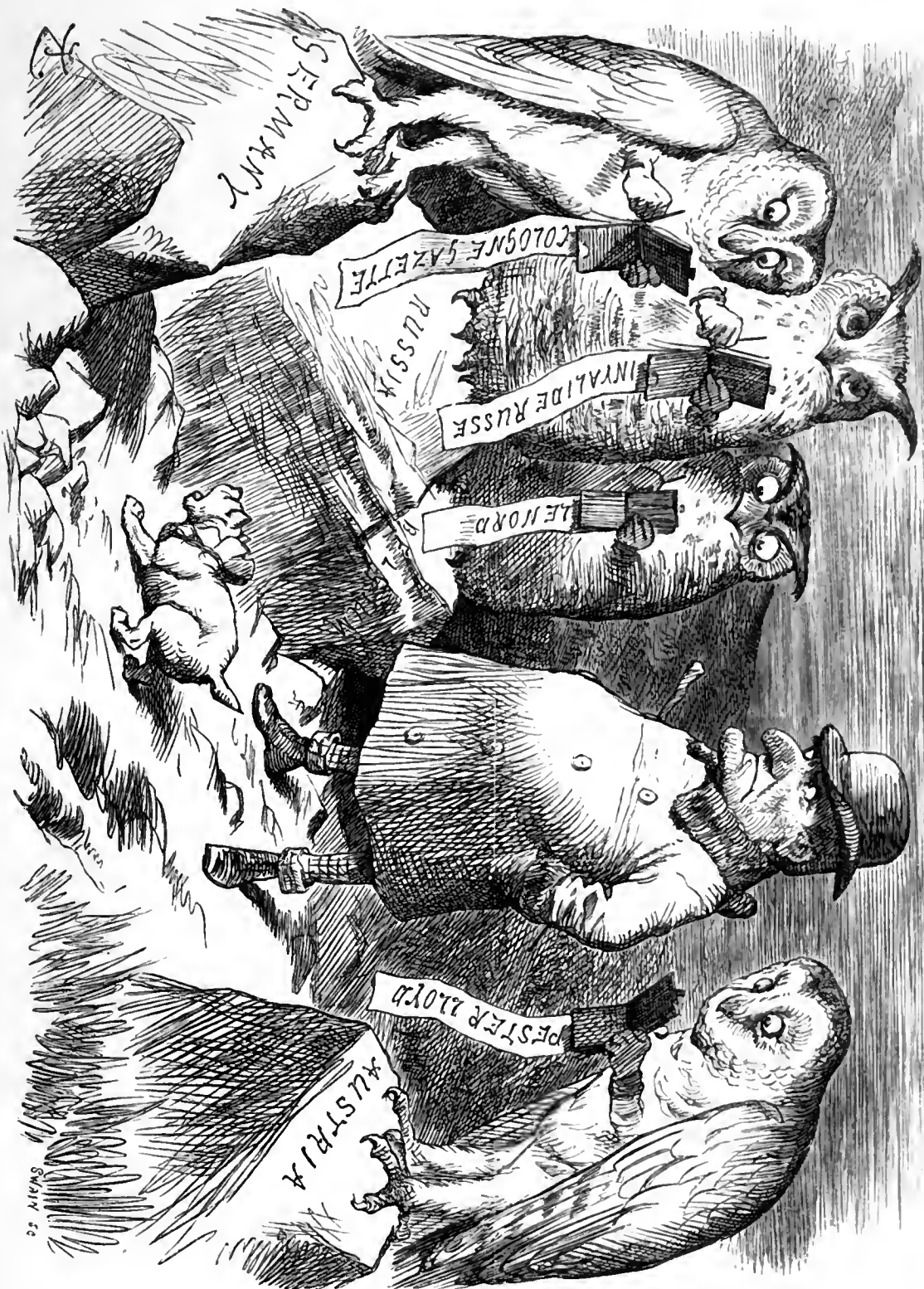
Surely of follies the maddest, infernales,
Out of all follies that fire our sad earth,
Is the hysterical heat of the journalist,
Cynical Momus it moves to wild mirth.
Partlet as Mars proudly posing, and fluttering
Feathers villatic, seems strangely absurd.
Owlet in tones of an oracle uttering
Cackles of wrath, looks a ludicrous bird.
Silly your shriek, yet it soundeth afar,
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-War!

Bundles of fluff in a belfry belabouring
Night's wearied ear with cacophonous din,
Must be a nuisance to residents neighbouring
Still noisy foolishness needs not be sin.
But your *réclame*, oh, ye furies in feathers,
Passes mere folly, and counts among crimes
Birds of ill omen, who hoot in all weathers,
Shriek at all seasons, and croak at all times,
Nothing your baneful mad music can bar;
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-War!

Birds, when the Bourse and Bellona foregather,
Their meeting means Mischief, and ye are its Voice.
If common sense could but silence your blather,
Peace would much profit, and Peoples rejoice.
Out on ye, Owls! To Sensation and Mammon
Merciless mouth-pieces sure are ye all.
Shriek ye of Glory? 'Tis all greed and gammon
Why should a scare-shaken world be your thra'!
All its best prospects your hootings can mar,
Tu-whit, tu-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-War!

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!"—Lord GRIMTHORPE (a BECKETT of Yorkshire, not of Wiltshire), announces that he is prepared to support homeopathy. This being the case, it seems a pity that his Lordship does not apply the principles to his own correspondence. He gives us plenty of letters before proof. We should prefer proof before letters.

ENGLISH IN INDIA.—Commenting on a recent Progress in a Presidency, the *Times* observes that:—"A travelling Governor is expected to sift the appeals of convicts who protest that the case against them was a 'concoctation.'" Mrs. RAM might book that word among her memoranda.



BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.

CHORUS OF FOREIGN JOURNALISTS. "TU-WHIT!—TO-WAR!—TU-WHIT!—TO-WAR!!"

PLATE OF THE OLD CHURCH

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM PRINCE GRANDOLPH OF BULGARIA.

Moscow, Saturday.



EAR TOBY,

I LEARN through the usual sources of information, that the heart of London, beating in unison with those of the capitals of the Continent, is throbbing with anxious curiosity as to the real meaning of my visit to ALEXANDER. You have a theatre burnt, Mr. GL-DST-NE has his birthday as usual, and B-LF-R having put O'BR-N in prison, carries out the Plan of Campaign by a wholesale reduction of judicial rents. These things, of course, excite ripples of interest; but I can quite understand that what the people are really thinking

is my visit to Russia, what it means and what it may portend. Whilst this in some sense gratifies me, I confess it also tickles me, and now and again I break forth into the melodious laugh with which my friends are familiar. As you will presently learn, the journey has had its serious consequences, fraught with interest for the civilised world. But in the privacy of confidential correspondence I may admit for your ear only, that it was the merest accident that brought me here. I had meant to go to Spain, to spend the winter months before the Spring-time of the new Session. I had arranged with a companion, and had definitely fixed our destination. OL-V-R M-NT-OV was the man, and Seville the place, where we promised ourselves to eat the orange of contentment amid the groves of idleness. Everything was settled for the journey, when it occurred to me that it would be good fun to do exactly the reverse of what I had proposed to myself and announced to others as a fixed intention. Looking over the Map of Europe where was the place most absolutely opposed to Spain in all its associations and relations? Russia of course. If people expected me to turn up at Seville, St. Petersburg was the spot for me. They have not been talking much about me lately, not nearly as much as was the vogue this time last year. It was time I did something. This sudden change of settled plan would puzzle them. If I called on B-SM-NCK *en route*, and proceeded to pay a morning visit to the CZAR, here were all the elements of that excitement which now agitates European politics. B-SM-NCK it was true wouldn't play. He declined to see me, putting me off with H-UB-RT. (Strange that two eminent statesmen should each be handicapped with the bright possession of a HERBERT.) But I saw the CZAR, and though it was only in travelling between St. Petersburg and Gatschina that a certain happy thought occurred to me, we settled it all at the interview. "Sire," I said, "you are in difficulties about Bulgaria. You want a Prince. You have tried two; both failures. Try me." "I will," said the CZAR. "You are the very man for the post." So I'm to be Prince of Bulgaria, TOBY, I'm to be Prince of Bulgare!

It has all been very sudden, and I can yet hardly realise the absolute change in my position and prospects. But, to tell the truth, I have been a little disappointed, and am weary of insular politics. There is no use disguising the fact that what followed

upon my resignation of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was a sad blow to me. I thought it would break up the Government; but it did not even lead to H-NRY M-TTH-WS' retirement. Things went on very much as before, if not more so, and I was left out in the cold. An added sting of bitterness was given by watching the growing prosperity of my old henchmen. B-LF-R, whom I used to bully, has become quite a personage, and even dreams of permanently barring me out of the Leadership of the House of Commons. W-LFFY—who used to fetch and carry my glass of mediatised water when I spoke in debate, used to sit on the extreme end of the bench, and reverentially gather up the folios of my notes as I ran through them—is now His Excellency, Minister to the Court of the SHAH, and comfortably provided for for life. He sent me, the other day, a copy of the sketch of himself he did for you, with his flowing robes, his turbaned head, his jewelled fingers, his impossible acimitar, and his hookah. W-LFFY with a hookah! Reminds me of *Silas Wegg*, and *Boffin's* delight at finding in him "a literary man with a wooden leg."

These things are bitterness to a soul not prone to placidity. And then there's GL-DST-NE revelling in another birthday, making a fresh triumphal progress through the country, and delivering a new series of railway-station speeches, only too sparsely punctuated with snowballs. Travelling from Berlin the other day, I was looking through *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and came upon a prophetic description of the foxy Old Man, with his way "de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas." Isn't that a perfect exposition of his habitual manner, as manifested, for example, in his Dopping letter? I am weary of him and everybody, and, now I come to think of it, even of you, dear TOBY. The CZAR's prompt adoption of my suggestion removes me from associations which I regard with growing dislike, and opens up quite a new prospect of usefulness. BATTENBERG THE FIRST, a pretty puppet, made things generally hot from Sophia. FERDINAND, succeeding to the post, has got the fat in the fire. Modesty prevents me from even hinting at what I may do in so favoured a position. But you may take it from me that I shall, generally, make Europe sit up. So no more at present. But, if you're waking, call me early, call me early, TOBY dear; for I'm to be Prince of Bulgaria, I'm to be Prince of Bulgare!

Yours faithfully, R-ND-LPH S. CH-RCH-LL.

A SPIRITED POLICY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I FIND from a letter in the *Times* that it has been suggested to invent a universal language, to be called "Volapük," and that the writer of the letter objects to the proposal, on the score that an all-but-universal language already exists. The aggrieved gentleman, plagiarising from one of your own immortal "Happy Thoughts," says in effect, "Why not have a universal language—for choice, English?" I echo, "Why not?" but with the love of fair play, the birthright of a Briton, I cannot help looking at the other side. "Why not Volapük?" let us ask, if only for the sake of argument. According to the *Times*, a majority of its readers believe that Volapük is "the language of the spirits," and this certainly seems a very plausible explanation. Taking this interpretation of the term, would it not be easy to construct a language that would be easily understood, and would have the advantage of being shorter than ordinary English? Volapük, or the language of the spirits, I take it, would have a proneness to contract whole sentences into one word, and considerably abbreviate nouns of more than three syllables. I can easily imagine what this "language of the spirits" (which in a certain, or rather, uncertain sense is a universal language) would be. Perhaps, better to explain my meaning, I may be permitted to give a few examples. The new tongue, it is proposed, shall be used for "Commercial and Diplomatic purposes," and I imagine in the subjoined a conversation between a Diplomatist and a Merchant upon a subject connected with Commerce and Diplomacy.

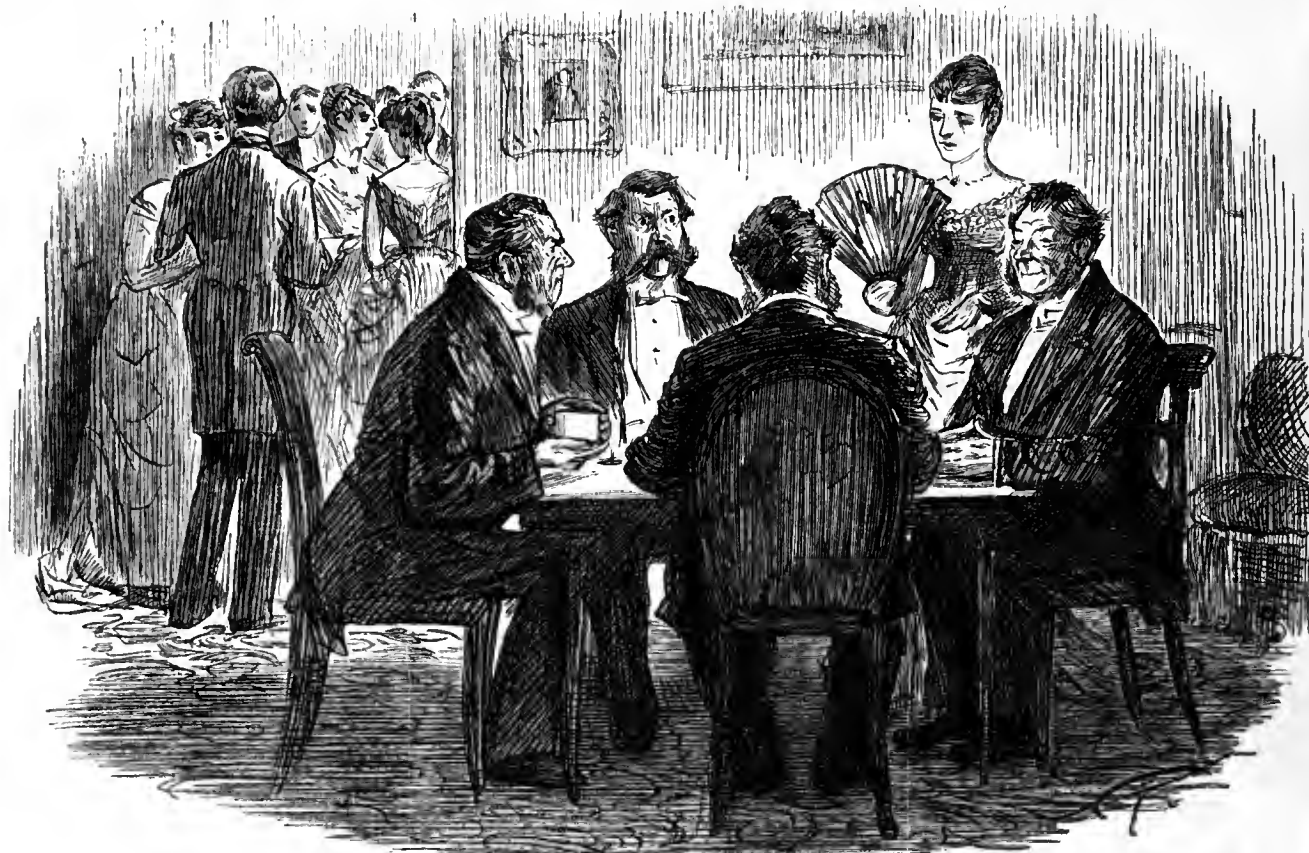
Merchant. Gladseeyerolef'ler. ThingsabeeslybadCityolef'ler!
 Diplomatist. Treatybrlinbosholef'ler. Beesybosholef'ler!
 Merchant. Tellyerwhat. Brish'dusty, goindoceolef'ler!
 Diplomatist. Allrightolef'ler! M'seltingbed—in m'boots, olef'ler! Merchant. So'm! Olef'ler!

I do not say that the above "language of the spirits" is better than ordinary English, I merely say it is shorter. Ordinary English too, to a great number of people, would mean a special training, whereas "the language of the spirits," as I imagine it, could be secured by everyone after a rather pleasant and natural preparation. The worst that could be said of the latter tongue would be, that it was "too easy to begin," or "rather a rum language." But what of that, movements in the cause of freedom are not to be killed by ridicule, and I fancy that the movements necessitated by the assumption of the "spirit talk" would be free as well as easy.

I remain, with much respect, yours sincerely,

A TALKER UNSUITED TO A TRA.

The Junipers, Toddy-on-the-Brain, Brandyandwatermere.



'A HAND AT WHIST.'

Hostess (at Christmas gathering). "GENTLEMEN, HERE'S MR. HAYCROFT SAYS HE 'LL MAKE A FOURTH, IF YOU WANT A RUBBER. THE YOUNG MEN ARE ALL DANCING."

Mr. H. (Suffolk Farmer). "OOH, I SHALL BE MOOST HAPPY. THA'S A GAME I AL'AYS WANTED TO L'ARN!!"

[*The Host, and Old Deuceace, and Captain Poyntz look rather blank!*]

THE HOLIDAY-MAKER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Have you kept Christmas in the customary fashion?

Answer. Certainly, with the result of loathing the sight of roast turkey, and hating the slightest reference to plum-pudding and mince pies.

Q. Where did you spend Christmas Eve?

A. In the Gaiety Theatre, assisting at the first night of a Melodramatic Burlesque, in three Acts, called *Frankenstein*.

Q. Did you have a pleasant evening?

A. Not particularly. The denizens of the pit were in a bad temper from the first, because the space usually at their disposal had been curtailed to increase the accommodation of the stalls.

Q. Was this the reason why *Frankenstein* on the first night was something uncommonly like a *fasco*?

A. No, because the piece itself was dull. Music, songs, and scenery, were all that could be desired, and the company could scarcely have been better for the kind of work required.

Merry go-rounders.

Q. I suppose the evergreen Miss NELLY FARREN was sprightly, Miss MARION HOOD melodious and coquettish, and Mr. FRED LESLIE quaint and amusing?

A. I see you have the stereotyped praise by heart. Yes, it will do on this occasion, as it has done before. However, Miss FARREN certainly did not look her best in the character of a stage-coachman, and I fancied that Mr. LESLIE was inclined to "gag." For instance, in the last Act he appeared in the disguise of a bear; and, when he was followed by four others in similar costumes who caused derision, observed, "Here come some more low comedians." If the authors wrote those words they wrote unwisely.

Q. Is it true that Mr. E. J. LONNEN sings an Irish song?

A. Strange as it may seem to you, that is indeed the case. You

can imagine how mirth-provoking it is when I tell you that one of the verses describes how a dispensary doctor mended a broken head with a second-class railway-carriage.

Q. I suppose this merry conceit had to go a long way?

A. Most of the way. Mr. LONNEN as a vampire depressed me.

Q. But did not he call somebody "good old *Mary Ann*?"

A. He called her this several times. It was funny—at first.

Q. Is not the last scene with its procession of Planets well worth seeing?

A. Assuredly, by those who have never been present at a satin or armour parade arranged by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. The Gaiety procession was a faint reflection of the gorgeous original at Drury Lane.

Q. Have you been to see the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall?

A. That have I. It was not bad. A wild-beast tamer was wonderfully good, and seemed as much at home amongst lions, tigers, and bears, as you and I should be enjoying a cigar in a Club smoking-room. Then there were some new-fashioned roundabouts, and a wonderful pantomime in RICHARDSON'S show, and a fat lady. I was very much struck by the improvement in the musical instruments attached to the show. Orchestrons have ousted hand-organs.

Q. Have you not also been to Dalston to see a Circus?

A. Yes. It was a beautiful Circus, but I do not want to see it again.

Q. And Olympia, have you not also seen that?

A. "Good old Olympia?"—yes, I have. The programme might contain something new, without spoiling the entertainment.

Q. Would you like to go to the Victoria Palace of Varieties, the Zoological Gardens, or an imitation of the Wild West at the Albert Palace?

A. No, I would rather not—far rather not.

Q. And why not?

A. Because this is Christmas-time, and should be a season of pleasure for every one. I cannot help feeling that a visit to either of the places you have mentioned would be indeed a sad commencement to the glad New Year.



FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS



'TURN AGAIN WHITTINGTON'



THE UNEMPLOYED



HORSE GUARDS

THE DUKE AND MINERVA



PUNCH AND HERMIONE (KING AND QUEEN)



CAUPK US A SIR COPPER

THE COPPER

THE MUD LARK



WILLIAM AND SUSAN



THE LICENSED VISTLER



BRIAN O'LYNN

Brian O'Lyynn's 'I can't see you 'till I'm not crossed.'

Mr. Furness

MR. PUNCH'S TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.



INVITING!

(A Reminiscence of the late Frost.)

PRESENTATION AT ST. PETERSBURG.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

THE *Boskhi Mir* contains the following report of the reception of "Mr. SPENCER" by the CZAR at a masquerade and fancy ball lately given by his Imperial Majesty:—

"Mr. SPENCER" appeared before the Sovereign habited in a costume considered by some spectators brilliant, but seeming in some eyes to border on grotesque. It was a uniform of the kind in English commonly called 'motley,' forming a picturesque combination of colours, mainly a symphony in white and red. In his hands he bore a saucer, whereupon lay a string of real Cambridge sausages, which he respectfully presented, with the compliments of the season, to the august representative of the Great Bear. His Majesty was graciously pleased to receive the appropriate offering with his customary condescension, accompanying his expression of thanks with a significant wink of the eye, only asking, in addition, 'But where 'a the Turkey?'"

The foregoing statement may be accepted as perfectly reliable.

Growl by a Gourmet.

CIVILISATION is played out!

'Tis not cheap claret makes me sure of it,

Nor is it GLADSTONE, nor the gout,

Nor failure to effect the cure of it.

It is not Socialistic rot

About the rich all being sinners;

What proves the world is going to pot

Is this dashed talk of—Penny Dinners!

Drawing it Mild.

"A telegram from Massowah states that from intelligence received there it appears that the Negus is advancing by rapid stages."

THAT is all very well, as far as it goes. But isn't Negus a little mild for this time of the year? Instead of advancing the Negus, they would do much better to hurry up the Punch. *Aut Negus aut nullus* is a poor look-out in mid-winter.

COMING UP TO THE SCRATCH.

"Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough."—*Romeo and Juliet*.

Of old, when French enemies fell out, they fought,
Until one gave the other "his gruel,"

To-day if revenge (and *réclame*) should be sought,
They go through the farce of a duel.

A scratch, not like *Tyball's*, is all that can come
From these comical bodkin-prick matches.

'Twould seem that a Gaul, like a girl—or a "Tom"—
Has a true feline fondness for scratches!

PEEPS AT THE PICTURES.

Royal Academy.—Second day of Exhibition of Works by the Old Masters. Avoided Private View, my object being Paintings not People. First-rate collection—(Do not like the word "collection" as a rule, because it reminds me of "going round with the plate," but in this instance it means going round with the pictures)—specially notable for the Dutch Room, which, as high up as immortal Dutchmen can go, is quite a little Dutch Oven below.

No 7. A "Turner." There are some fine specimens of TURNER here, and this is one of the best. He was perpetually painting sunsets, and yet he was a subject of the British Empire, on which, as we know, "the sun never sets." Consequently he never saw a sunset. What a wealth of imagination!

No 12. Portrait of a "Butler," with a query ("?) after his name. Evidently the Academicians didn't know which butler it was, whether TOOLE Butler or THORNE Butler. It is by Sir PETER LELY.

No 33. *A Curricie and Pair*. Queer pair in the Curricie, specially the lady in high feather. SRUBBS, A R.A., did it.

No 43. It is called "*The Countess of Cork*." Nonsense: Countess of Burnt Cork perhaps, but undoubtedly a portrait of Mrs. STIRLINO, the imitable actress, 1838. Anyhow, a sterling work of Art, by Mr. Punch's old friend, "Mr. BRIGGS," (R.A.)

No 44. "*Sea-Piece, or Sea-Tranquil*." By CONSTABLE, R.A. This is not an ordinary Constable, but a Special Constable. Sir CHARLES WARREN will be delighted with these first-rate specimens of Con-

stable. So will the Socialist rioters, because all the Constables here are suspended.

No 53. What the Academicians call "*A Music Party*," by PETER DE HOOGE. Ahem! "My fan, PETER, my fan!"

No 55. "*A Merry Making*." One ham between sixteen of 'em. JAN STEEN.

No 58. "*A Man Smoking*." One head and *Ten-ears*.

No 60. "*A Flower-piece*," by PETER FAES, in his best phase.

No 65. Portrait of "*Catherine Adams*," by JOHANNES VERSPRONCK, highly finished. Although she evidently had said to the artist, "You must take me in the ruff,—just as I am."

No 72. "*A Dutch Lady*," by FERDINAND BOL. This picture is so Rembrandtish as to suggest as a title a "*Bol Masqué*."

No 74. "*A Mill*," a quiet, secluded spot, just the place for a Mill: no police near. REMBRANDT knew what he was about.

No 75. Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN as the "*Laughing Cavalier*," by FRANK HOLL; no, beg Dutchman's pardon, FRANK HALS.

No 107. "*The Fight Interrupted*," by JAN STEEN; probably intended as a sequel to "*The Mill*."

No 109. Here is an "old woman" who lives in a frame, She's painted by REMBRANDT, what matters her name?

No 134. "*Europa*." More American than European, and suggestive of "*Bull's Run*."

No more at present. Only able to look in at The Grosvenor, where they have some great Hogarth Diamonds. Home, and so to dinner.

Your old friend and Diarist

SUM PEEPS.

THE BUSYBODY.

(Dr. Watts adapted to the Day.)

How doth the little Busybody,
Improve each shining hour,
And gather *kudos* day by day,
And pine for "perks" and pow'r!

How skilfully he shapes his "sells,"
His meetings how he packs;
With self-importance how he swells,
What foolish fads he backs!

The Public, how he bores or gulls,
This buzzing busy B.,
Starts maudlin "Leagues," that
end in mulls,
And pure fiddle-de-dee!

In works of folly and of fudge,
His pompous days are passed,
To find in Limbo's fog and sludge,
Oblivion at last.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY. M.P.

FROM YOUNG ENGLAND.

Belvoir, Saturday.



EAR TOBY,

I SEE by the papers that I am again on the point of retiring from public life in order to make way for someone. I forget who it is this time, which is a misfortune, as that is the only touch of novelty in the situation. Man and boy, for the last fifteen years, I have, according to the newspapers, been on the point of retiring. Yet here I am, Member for Melton, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Vice-President of the Committee of the Council on Agriculture. As ASHD-RNE says, I am "always Melton but never disappear." That I understand is a joke, and goes better with the assistance of ASHD-RNE's mellifluous vocal delivery.

But why should I retire more than any other of the younger Members of the Ministry? I own I am no longer as young as I was, but few of us are. Nature has been perhaps unkindly lavish in endowing me with a venerable appearance. But I am still as young in heart and mind as I was when I used to walk arm in arm with DIZZY to call on Lady BL-SS-NOT-N. How well I remember his ringlets redolent with thy incomparable oil, O Macassar! his tasselled cane and his waistcoat festooned with chains of gold! I was a mere lad compared with him, and so was GEORGE SM-THE. But we both adored him, and I remember quite well one night SM-THE trying to curl my hair like his. Only the other day I came upon a letter written by my father to Lord STR-NOF-RD, SM-THE's Papa. It is nearly forty-four years old, but I remember all about the time, though of course I was not aware that my father and Lord STR-NOF-RD were in correspondence on the subject. The Manchester Athenæum was just going to be opened, and DIZZY had been asked to deliver an inaugural address. SM-THE and I were going down in his train, and our dear old fathers shook their heads. My father wrote in his stately way to Lord STR-NOF-RD: "I deplore as much as you do the influence which Mr. D-SR-LI has acquired over many of our young legislators, particularly over your son and over mine. I have no personal knowledge of Mr. D-SR-LI, and I have not an entire respect for his talents, of which I think he might make a better use. It is regrettable that two young men like JOHN and Mr. SM-THE should allow themselves to be led away by a man of whose straightforwardness I have the same opinion as yourself,—as I can only judge of it by his public career. The excellent dispositions of our sons render them only too susceptible to the seductions of an artful mind."

Ah me! the days that are no more? Doesn't that last sentence hit us all three off? The too susceptible youngsters, the mature young man, oiled and curled like an Assyrian bull, and the alert artfulness under the magnificent calmness of his pompous manner. But, really, I am convicting myself of that old age which my enemies accuse me of. I remember how garrulous H-GHT-N got in his old days, and so did BR-GH-M and R-SS-LL, sitting at the Seaman Gate, always piping about old times—

Chiefs who no more in bloody fight engage,
But, wise through time and narrative with age,
In summer days like grasshoppers rejoice.

I must fight against the tendency, and shall be truly obliged if you will not hesitate to give me a hint if you find me erring in that direction, either in correspondence or conversation.

But I was saying, why should I retire more than ST-N-L-Y, or CR-NBR-K, or CR-SS, or, indeed, O-AGE H-M-LT-N? He was born a year or two after me, and is my junior as time is reckoned. But you know him well, and will, I venture to say, testify that he is actually an older man than I, and has been ever since he left school. He is one of the men who were never young, and I, if I may say so, am of the kind who will never be old. On the threshold of this New Year I feel as if I were only beginning my career, ready to use my present position as a spring-board for much higher flights. It is true I am on the verge of three-score years and ten. But what of that? Wasn't SHERM a hundred years old when still an active colonist? Or, not to go back so far, wasn't GL-DST-NE almost sixty before he was Prime Minister? Wasn't DIZZY sixty-three? and wasn't P-IM-RST-N, when he kissed hands on his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury, fully twelve months older than I am? and didn't he live and rule for ten years? What has been done may be done again, and I feel like doing it. I have lived through many changes, and shall see many more. Take the House of Lords for example. When I penned that deathless line which devoted to destruction our Laws, Commerc, and some other things which didn't belong to me, asking only for the salvation of Our Old Nobility, the Peerage was very differently constituted from what it is now.

You know how they count the years of some trees by the accumulated rings at their base; so I could count my age by the successive additions to the Peerage. Why I count C-L-R-DOE quite an old Peer to-day, and, when I wrote about our Old Nobility, he was plain Mr. C-L-R-DOE. CR-SS and CR-NBR-K, AB-ED-RE, and even SH-RBR-KE begin, in my mind's eye, to gather round their coronets the mistiness of respectable age. I do not doubt that I shall live to see the day when, looking round on newer batches of Peers, I shall regard as among our Old Nobility Lord ADD-NOT-N, Lord B-S-N-O, and the melodiously named Lord M-GH-R-M-RNE. Till then, don't you believe any gossip you may hear about the retirement of Yours Youthfully, J-HN M-NN-RS.

HOW TO GET OUT OF IT.

THE following hints may be found useful to any shy and self-conscious person who, finding himself at the present festive season involved in a jovial family gathering that is expressing its hilarity by an indiscriminate recourse to the modern "surprise" cracker, is determined to escape the temporary humiliation of arraying himself in the paper adornment it contains:—Go through your dinner with a frown of melancholy anticipation. When the crackers are at length produced, decline to pull one.

If forced to, instantly hand over the contents to your fair neighbour who holds the other end. If these happen to be either a comic pig's head or a roomy bishop's mitre, and she asks you just to try them on, smile benignly on her, and say you "couldn't think of robbing a lady." If addressed by your hostess with, "Now, Mr. SMITH, you really must wear something!" pretend not to hear her, and tell somebody opposite, pointedly, how much you prefer "a good old-fashioned Christmas."

If the son of the house tries to bonnet you with a Turkish cocked hat, playfully pinch his legs and adroitly tearing the offending head-gear in half, laughingly observe that "you're sure it wouldn't have fitted you."

On the fun getting fast and furious, and everybody but yourself assuming some form of ornamentation, endeavour to damp it, by audibly remarking to your next-door neighbour that you "can't conceive how a set of middle-aged people can make such idiots of themselves."

If, notwithstanding this, your host determines to force your hand, and says, "Come, SMITH, put on something. Why, you're the only one of us who isn't bonneted!" get up then and there, and, giving him a bit of your mind, leave the house with an indignant flourish.

Putting By for a Rainy Day.

"Lord LEVESON, son of Earl GRANVILLE, accidentally swallowed a half-crown while doing some amateur conjuring at Walmer on Boxing Day. It is stated that up to the present he has suffered no inconvenience."—Daily Papers.

WHAT the Half-crown said to the Young Man:—"Frangas non flectes." (The family motto of the GRANVILLES.)



MR. PUNCH DRINKS THE HEALTH OF THE LATEST CENTENARIAN.

"THE APPLICATION OF IT."—Sir ROBERT BALL, in an instructive and entertaining lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, described the Moon as presenting appearances of extinct craters. "Bedad, then, Sorr," says honest PAT. "I wish the Moonlighters were the 'extinct craters' he spoke of."

QUITE CLEAR.—The President of the Association in the United States styled the "Knights of Labour" is accused, together with two of his coadjutors, of having misappropriated 100,000 dollars of the society's money during the past year. If this be proved, it is evident that the delinquents are "Knights errant."

A CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

"Now, my friends," said Lord SALISBURY, taking up his pen after the usual New-Year greetings had been exchanged. "What shall we do? Has anyone a notion for the coming Session?"

"If you want an ocean," observed the LORD CHANCELLOR, "you should apply at the Admiralty."

"My good HALSBURY," remonstrated the PREMIER, "pray be serious. Recollect we have important business to transact, and if you want to be funny, reserve yourself for the House of Lords. Presiding in the Peers you are always an amusing spectacle. And now, once more, my dear colleagues, have you anything to suggest?"

"I suppose there is nothing fresh from RANDOLPH?" queried Mr. STANHOPE, who took an interest in the movements of the would-be reformer of the War Department.

"No," replied Lord SALISBURY. "I fancy he has grown tired of the idea of succeeding Prince FERDINAND in Bulgaria. It has been said that he purposes calling upon the POPE to put His Holiness right on several matters of doctrine, but nothing certain is known about his movements."

"The point is—ha! ha! ha!" guffawed the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, liberally exhibiting the top row of his front teeth, "whether he will bother us. He! he! he! Ho! ho! ho!"

"As he is said to intend to make a lengthy stay abroad, it is more than possible that he may return to Town to-morrow," replied the PREMIER. "Sufficient for the day is—"

"The MATTHEWS thereof," put in Lord HALSBURY with a smile. "Then for the moment we need not bother ourselves about RANDOLPH."

Viscount CROSS rose from his chair, and seized the LORD CHANCELLOR'S hand.

"My dear Lord," he observed, with emotion, "that is the most sensible—nay, I think I may go so far as to add, the only sensible thing you have said for months! Bless you!"

"Is it too early to consider the Budget?" asked the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

"No," replied the PREMIER, "if any one has really any good notion for increasing the revenue without an undue sacrifice of popularity."

"Seems to me that a licence should be required for every Railway Bookstall," observed Earl CADOGAN. "This would give the Government a hold upon the circulation of treasonable or libellous pamphlets. A licence might be revoked in case of misbehaviour."

"I have every wish to agree with the Lord Privy Seal," remarked Mr. W. H. SMITH with unostentatious gravity, "but I must protest, in the name of the Press, against such an impost. Why, if every Railway Bookstall were taxed, the civilisation of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century would be shaken to its foundation! Tax Railway Bookstalls! Stuff and nonsense!"

"You do not happen to know the name of the largest Proprietor of Railway Book-stalls?" asked Mr. MATTHEWS, the Home Secretary.

"I am not quite sure!" said the Treasury's First Lord. "It may be a Mr. BROWN, a Mr. JONES, or a Mr. SMITH, but I have a faint idea that someone has told me that the principal Railway Bookstall-keeper is a person of the name of WILLING."

"No doubt he is willing to be so," put in the LORD CHANCELLOR.

This sally caused such a loud chorus of "Resign!" that Lord SALISBURY had to interfere.

"I am sure we all would regret the loss of our excellent friend," cries of "No! no!" "Well, we should if he gave up the habit of making pointless puns." A dead silence. "Thank you, I thought so. After this expression of opinion, my dear HALSBURY, I do hope you will turn over a new leaf, and keep any nonsense you want to publish until you are able to incorporate it in your customary abortive Lunacy Bill."

There was a pause, during which the LORD CHANCELLOR, with a comical assumption of wounded dignity, left the room.



HAD HIM THERE!

Uncle Jim. "HERE'S HALF A Mince Pie FOR YOU, TOMMY. I NEED HARDLY REMIND A PERSON OF YOUR CLASSICAL CULTURE THAT 'THE HALF IS GREATER THAN THE WHOLE!'"

Tommy. "QUITE SO, UNCLE. BUT, AS I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY, I'LL ONLY TAKE A WHOLE ONE!"

"Now, that he's gone, we can get to real business," observed Lord SALISBURY. "Well, my Lords and Gentlemen, what shall we do about Ireland?"

"Ah, to be sure," echoed all present. "What shall we do about Ireland?"

"Must do something," continued the PREMIER.

"Certainly," was the response, spoken in unison. "Must do something. Why it's the subject of the hour!"

"Perhaps you would like to see a map of Ireland, so that we could get at a glance the physical features of the country. I can easily get it." This proposal was received with enthusiasm, and Lord SALISBURY left the room for a moment. And now a strange thing happened.

When the PREMIER returned to the Council Chamber, he found it entirely empty. Every member of the Cabinet had disappeared!

"I call that shabby!" said Lord SALISBURY. "Well, I suppose Ireland must wait; but we shall have to attend to the subject—some day." And with a frown he returned to his own apartments, and only regained his habitual good temper after indulging in a long inspection of some thousands of carefully-preserved caricatures of Mr. GLADSTONE.

THE Chairman of the Conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians has been lamenting the success of the Gilbert-and-Sullivan Operas. Apparently the gentleman in question, whose name happens to be Dr. HEAP, objects to the pile the gifted Collaborateurs have been making on the score that, in the process, they have demoralised the taste of the musical public. But, though the Doctor heaps up his charges, he does not suggest any way of solving the difficulty; indeed, could he do so, and show how the British public could be made to take a permanent interest in serious opera, he would soon win the thanks of Mr. CARL ROSA, and that energetic impresario would assuredly greet him with a gleeful shout of "Heap! Heap! Heap! Hooray!"

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."—"Why change the head?" asked the Times, in its startling issue on the Centenary Festival Day, Monday, January 2, quoting from the Times (of Times past), or Daily Universal Register, January 1, 1788. Quite so: "Why change the head" now? Only if a title be required, why not 'Buckle's History of Civilization'?"

A PERFECT CURE.—An impulsive gentleman, who was accustomed on frequent occasions to utter "a big, big D," determined to break himself of the habit. He reduced the big D to a little one, and for "I don't care one 'D—," he substituted "I don't care one penny,"—i.e., "1d."

NOTE ON A RECENT ELECTION.—Winchester voted Conservative before, and, in doing so again, the constituents only followed the "Mos Majorum."

THE HOME AND "THE HOUSE;"

Or, Darby and Joan To-day.

"An administration of the law by which the old and the helpless are removed from their children and their kindred into the workhouse, as a condition of relief . . . the refusal of out-door relief, except on the same condition, whereby a family is sold up, their home broken up, in all probability never to be reconstituted, and the whole family, old and young, charged for ever upon the rates. This condition is known at this time to be absolutely refused by an immense multitude of our suffering and deserving poor; they will endure any privation of hunger and cold rather than break up their home."—From "A Note on Out-door Relief," by Cardinal Manning. *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1888.

Darby to Mr. Bumble, loquitur:—

"COME into the House!" is your cry; "it's the Law, it's the Regular Rule," And I shrink, as I always have shrunk, and you call me a stubborn old fool;



And old I am surely enough, and perhaps I am foolish, who knows? But we've borne it a weary long while, and we'll bear it, I hope, to the close.

DARBY and JOAN they call us, my foolish old woman and me, Because of our clinging together; we're sixty years wed do you see, And parting this side of the churchyard is what we can neither abide;

And all of them say it is folly, and some of them swear it is pride. Pride! Well, we *did* know it once in our own little long-ago way, Sixty years since, Mr. BUMBLE, when I was in work, with good pay, And yonder old bedstead was new, and the eldest of seven just born, And JOAN had the light in her eyes, and a cheek like the breaking of morn.

But pride in these rubbishing rags, in our lonely half-sightless old selves, The hearth that is empty of fuel, the bareness of cupboards and shelves? Nay, nay, but it's foolish to think on; the pride that the parsons so blame, Was long ago banished by hunger, burnt out of our bosoms by shame.

But obstinate?—yes, I suppose so, for love is the stubbornest thing, The weaker they grow, our old arms, why the closer and tighter they cling. Our children are dead or are fled, I am eighty years odd and nigh blind, And—you bid us "Come into the House!" and no doubt you consider it's a kind.

"Sweet Home!" we have sung in our time,—eh, JOAN, you remember, my dear?—

But that music, no doubt you will tell us, would sound like mere mockery here. Home! when there isn't a crumb-feast to tempt the lean scuttering mouse! Little of home-feel is here, but we doubt there'd be less in the House.

Ah, you may argue, and argue! Go argue the bird from its nest, The dog from the side of its master, the babe from its mother's warm breast. The nest may be torn, and the man may be poor, and the mother ill-clad, But the instinct that clings is too strong for the reason that rates it as mad.

I'm mad, without doubt, in your eyes; and the Poor Law, of course that is sane,

To crouch by the Union fire, nothing empty, save bosom and brain, No hunger, but that of the heart, no fear save that terror untold, That creeps at the thought of "the House" to the breast of the helpless and old:—

The fear that to you is as foolish as babyhood's dread of a ghost, To linger unloved and alone 'midst an alien uniformed host Of strangers alone and unloved, broken waifs that the world cannot miss;— You will tell us—and how shall we answer him, JOAN?—must be better than this!

JOAN, my JOAN, who would then be but little more mine than the dress, They would wrap round these rag-covered limbs, can we hope to make gentle-folk guesses,

The terror, the tearing asunder, the wrenching from love's latest hold, The void that's a more awful than hunger, the palsy more dreadful than cold?

Our friend here is getting impatient. Perhaps, were no memories ours Of the sunlight that shone on our prime, we should slink from the shadow that looms

Into any retreat. We were taxed in our prosperous days like the best, And pride would scarce stay our old feet from the road to a haven of rest.

But who calls the House such a haven? Not those who have herded therein, "Keep out of it, DARBY," they cry, "whilst a coin or a crust you can win."

Bagged, brow-beaten, ranked without heed to the links of a lifetime? No, no! The road to the grave, though 'tis hard, is a road we would far rather go.

So help to the helpless must come, say our Masters, or come not at all.

A choice between heart-break and hunger for those fate has thrust to the wall.

Is that a wise Country's last word to its aged ones? Well, you have mine; And you call me a stubborn old fool! JOAN! JOAN! be content, I decline!

No, JOAN, I am not to be taken. Be comforted, wife, I am here, [then, my dear.

We scarcely can see one another; take hold of my hand, Nay, I'm not yielding, not yet; though perhaps were you warm, and well fed—

Ah! pardon, old wife; we're together, the word that should part us unsaid.

Mr. Bumble loquitur:—

Dead! In each other's thin arms clasped close, as they wished, to the end!

Yes, I called him a stubborn old fool, and the fool wouldn't know his best friend.

Pah! but the poor are as mulish all round, as though beggars might choose.

If a voice could awake in him now, I suppose it would wake—to refuse.

Maddening, folly like this, to a mind that's official and clear! [for many a year!

Dead, in the damp, chilly den where they've huddled Whilst the Union gates are ajar, and the Union pallets are spread,

With a Poor Law shaped all for their good, and they spurned at its help, and they're dead!

Wouldn't be parted, forsooth! Could not argue them free of that scare,

With talk of indulgence for age, or of Guardians' discretion. The pair,

Like hundreds of couples, seemed crazed on the point, and persuasion was vain.

Bogey tales of the House are the creed of the credulous poor, and their bane.

DARBY and JOAN! It is dismal. What good has it done them to die, [but here, in this sty?

Clasped close, but with famine-pinched faces, together, It's folly; it's worse, it's a nuisance. And yet they look peaceful-like. Come!

They've escaped from the House, after all, and, poor fools, let us trust they're—at Home!

* With reason or without, it is commonly impossible to persuade the aged poor that they have any assurance of not being separated when once in "the House;" that the Guardians have any discretion in the matter, or, having it, are likely to use it in their favour. The old couple whom the writer has in his mind were impervious to argument on this point.—ED.

"DOT AND GO ONE," is Mr. TOOLE'S motto in reviving this effective Christmassy piece, which is far from being in its dot-age. Dot and go like one o'clock it probably will, until the new piece by the Partners MERIVALE has been sufficiently rehearsed. Mr. TOOLE as *Caleb Plummer* (which in one paper's notice was misprinted "*Cable*" *Plummer*, thus giving the comedian plenty of rope) is seen to great advantage, and naturally considering that the old Dickens-Boucicault drama would draw money during the Christmas holidays, looks upon this *Dot* as a "spec."

THE THEATRICAL GOVERNING BODY.—The Board of Fire-Works.

ANOTHER RHYME.

Being a few more "Lines" offered, with Mr. Punch's compliments, to the Editor of the "Fortnightly," as some little assistance to the despairing Poet Swinburne, who could only get one rhyme to "Babe."

BABE, if rhyme be none
To that bald head word
Babe, most dribbling one
Ever heard,
Right is it to stump
Up and down, in view
Of a round and plump
Thing like you?
Meet is it that rhyme
Should give you your place,
Liken dumpling prime
To your face?
Could wild night cats raise
Snob a howl? What sound
Like your squeal dismay
All hearts round!

Nene can tell in metre,
What your smile is worth,
Since swift flight grows fleet
At your mirth.
Still, whate'er you may be,
Bald, grotesque—sublime!
"Babe" I can't like "baby"
Fit with rhyme.
"Astrolabe's" too schoolish,
"Great MACCABE'S" too new,
Nigger's "gabe's" too foolish.
Nene will do.
Stop though! Let Baby "gyre
And gimble in the wabe."
That's it! Yields CARROLL'S lyre
Rhyme for Babe!

POSTED UP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I crave your sympathy and, if possible, your protection from a daily and ever-increasing nuisance that assails me. I refer to the apparently inexhaustible stream of prospectuses, circulars, stock and share lists, touting advertisements, charity applications, stock-jobbers' letters, that flows into my letter-box with every post, and which, did I not struggle against it with all my might and main, would literally overwhelm me. Now, my dear Sir, I am a plain individual, of no special notoriety, living in a quiet West End square, and my name is down in the *Court Guide*, and possibly in a local Directory.

But it happens also to be down somewhere as a holder of a few Mining Shares, and I am known to possess some Railway Stock. And this is quite enough. Forthwith, I appear to be selected as a target by the Secretary of every possible and impossible "concern" that the folly of the greedy speculator or the chicanery of the enterprising promoter acts on foot. I am showered with Prospectuses. They pour in on me literally in hundreds. Silver Mines in Mexico, Gold Mines in South Africa, Land Mortgages in Canada, all got up with enticing coloured diagrams and maps of the various "estates," "lodes," and "shafts," that are to secure me at once from 15 to 40 per cent. on my paid-up capital, to say nothing of a thousand and one ventures nearer home, in the shape of "Family Fog Signal" Companies, "Noiseless Drawing-Room Cart-wheel" Companies, "Patent Automatic Double Tooth Extracting" Companies, and I know not what other appeal to me everlastingly for my financial support.

Nor is this all. Advertising stock-jobbers, as if my whole life were one prolonged whirl of gambling in the Money Market, beset me with entreaties to forward them any amount from one to five thousand pounds in the shape of "cover" to enable them to have a free hand for me and "realise handsome profits" in some "good thing" or other that they, from special sources of information of their own, knew is about to come off. Nothing can exceed the persistence and push of these last-named advertising harpies. They pester me in ever increasing shoals week after week. Then there are the endless charity applications, generally accompanied by a small "novelty" or some other form of brief but stirring dramatic literature, and last, but not least of all, the "circular" of the enterprising Tradesman who, in his desire to escape a swift and direct transmission to the wastepaper basket, purposely invades me in some artfully designed official guise, and by either sealing his envelope with the Royal Arms, or conspicuously printing on it some such superscription as "On Her Majesty's Service," or "With the Prime Minister's Compliments," deludes me into opening it, and for a moment becoming familiar with its touting contents—or rather, I should say *he did*, for I am on my guard now, and am fairly roused; and for the last fortnight, driven to desperation, have met the evil in the only legitimate way; viz., by consigning the whole contents of my letter-box, whenever they have been brought up to me, straightway to the fire. As a matter of fact, I have found that by so doing I have destroyed several valuable and important documents, and among them a Demand-note for Parochial Rates, a County Court Summons, a letter from an executor enclosing a large cheque, and the lease of a friend's house—the disappearance of all of which, I need scarcely say, is causing me no little inconvenience. But what is this to the triumphant sense of having for once been equal to the Prospectus-mongers! Not that I have quite done that yet, but I will yet manage to evade them.

Last Tuesday I nailed up my letter-box, and the Postman has since shovelled the hourly consignment to my house down the area. The Cook endeavoured to dispose of this yesterday, with the result of setting the kitchen chimney on fire. I have now some thoughts of suddenly leaving my house, and changing my name, or even of

emigrating, or picking a personal quarrel with the Postmaster-General. Indeed, I am on the verge of doing something desperate. But you, my dear Mr. Punch, will, I know, understand the morbid state of tension that can be induced, by the circumstances I have described, and appreciate the feelings of
Yours, despairingly, A VICTIM OF THE ADVERTISING POST.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE XIXth Century, "this so-called Nineteenth Century," the Magazine, that is, for this month, is peculiarly interesting. Sir HENRY THOMPSON treats, sensibly and cautiously, "The Progress of Cremation," which is not yet quite the "burning question," that, later on, it is very likely to become. He exclaims in a note, "What an opportunity for a Campo Santo at Westminster!" Yes: full of BURNS' Memorials. If it has ever occurred to any readers of Mr. FREDERIC (not "FREDERICK" which would be so common, you know) HARRISON's writings to ask why this brilliant author has never produced a comedy? or why, if unable to construct a plot, has he never collaborated as a writer of comedy dialogue? The anxious



inquirer will find a satisfactory answer in the second article of this Magazine, entitled "The Two Paths," which recalls to us the palmy days of *Dr. Barlow*, sweetly conversing with *Harry and Tommy*, or the epigrammatic dialogues contained in the *Easy Lessons* by MARIA EDGEWORTH. We have one good word to say for it, and with this he himself provides us; "the word is" as the oharde-players say, "Book-trotter," meaning a "Variety reader" as distinct from a student. But wouldn't "Book-skipper" be better? What cheer, Skipper! And isn't the Skipper just the person who would keep a log, and when anything remarkable was "found," wouldn't the Skipper "make a note of it," and on he skips again? Still, Book-trotter is good, and we thank FREDERIC-without-the-'k' (quite right to get rid of all superfluous letters—only why not have sacrificed the "o" and retained the "k"—thus "FREDERIK?") for teaching us the word. Yes, PHREDDYRIK, we like book-trotting and book-trotters: agreeable, superficial, sociable persons, and usually good company. In the third essay MATT ARNOLD "goes for" SHELLEY; in the eighth, Mr. Justice STEPHEN has round number three with Professor St. GEORGE MIVART; the Dragon always had a peer chance with St. George, though apparently the odds were on the monster. Mr. Justice wants to have the Professor up before him, and sentence him out of hand. The Professor conducts his own defence, and is able to take care of himself. A. C. SWINBURNE, who in the *Fortnightly* for January, has such a difficulty in rhyming to "babe," sends an article to *The XIXth Century*, dated from Hanwell. The locality is its explanation and excuse. Altogether, *The XIXth Century* Coach, Driver JAMES KNOWLES, makes a good start in the New Year. *A propos* of Poet SWINBURNE and Hanwell, has the lecture of some eminent medical man met his eye, treating of the melancholy end which awaits all punsters, and, if so, has he in defiance of this eminent person written this line in his *Locrine*—

"What boots it though thou plight thy word to boot?"

which the Poet clearly—that is, as clearly as possible—meant for a pun, and a bootful one, too, he thought it. If he didn't intend a pun on the verb boot, then that's quite another pair of shoes. Away to Hanwell, where perhaps I may foregather with the Jubilee BROWNING, and yet remain your devoted,

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

TO "THE TIMES."

(Lines on the celebration of its Centenary, freely adapted from "The Hunchback.")

"I've known him since I was a child. E'en then
The morn I thought a very weary one,
That brought not Master WALTER.

Writers then,
Men of great skill and learning, wrote for one
Who ruled them—Master WALTER.

What was dull
A word from Master WALTER made as clear
As daylight.

Master WALTER came, and comes,
Summer and winter still, without or with
A double sheet of supplement, and still
Comes Master WALTER, as of yore, price threepence!"



LONDON IDYLS.

Algernon (the Heir). "AWFULLY KIND OF MRS. MASHAM TO GIVE US A LIFT. BUT IT WAS RATHER A SQUEEZE, EH?"
Jack the Detrimental (his Younger Brother). "YES. BY THE WAY, TALKING OF SQUEEZES, IT STRUCK ME VERY FORCIBLY, DRIVING ALONG, THAT YOU'D GOT HOLD OF ONE OF MISS LAURA MASHAM'S HANDS!"

Algernon. "WELL, YOU MEDDLING YOUNG IDIOT! WHAT IF I HAD?"

Jack. "OH, NOTHING. ONLY I'D GOT HOLD OF THE OTHER, YOU KNOW!"

BALFOUR'S "IRREPRESSIBLE" DONKEY.

AIR.—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

Oh! have you heard—but of course you have—
 Of a curious creature, as stubborn as brave,
 An iron-heeled kicker, a buck-jumping
 knave,

Called the Irrepressible Donkey?
 The "Blondin Donkey" is full of his tricks,
 But the Irrepressible easily licks
 His Music-Hall model in capers and kicks;
 And the cleverest rider is found in a fix,
 When he sidles up to the animal's side,
 Flings o'er the saddle his legs astride,
 And rides, or rather essays to ride,
 The Irrepressible Donkey.

See him straddle, behold him rear!
 The cleverest rider may well feel fear,
 And cling to the neck, or hold on by the ear,
 Of the Irrepressible Donkey.

This mischievous "moke" is an awkward
 brute,
 And apt from the saddle to suddenly shoot
 The would-be Balaam who doesn't suit

The Irrepressible Donkey.
 Many a Balaam that seat hath had,
 Riders good, and riders bad,
 But Tory, Liberal, Whig, or Rad,
 This dreadful donkey has driven them mad.
 FORSTER fuzzy, and BALFOUR tall,
 HICKS-BEACH, MORLEY, each and all,
 At one time or other, have had a fall
 From the Irrepressible Donkey.
 See him straddle, &c.

BALFOUR mounted as well as most,
 And some of his friends are beginning to
 boast
 That he's a right RAREY, who will not be
 tost

From the Irrepressible Donkey.
 Of Donkey-riding he has the gift,
 Is up to each asinine struggle and shift,
 Can make the animal teel his heft,
 And prone on his back will never be left.
 BALFOUR, they say, is a blessed boon,
 He'll treat as the Colonel treated the coon,
 And make dance, soon, to a genteel tune,
 The Irrepressible Donkey.
 See him straddle, &c.

Well, that, of course, remains to be seen;
 At present the creature is prancing, I ween;
 There still seems some "devil," and plenty
 of spleen.

In the Irrepressible Donkey.
 Round he goes with his hoofs asprawl,
 His mouth gapes wide, and his teeth aren't
 small,
 With his ears laid back, and his tail to the
 wall,

He doesn't appar a nice "mount" at all.
 To brave BALFOUR and his "resolute" Chief
 'Twill be a great joy, and a real relief,
 To find there's one rider does not come to grief

With the Irrepressible Donkey.
 Sos him straddle, and stamp, and rear!
 Look at his grindlers, and twig his ear!
 He'll still want a good deal of "riding," I
 fear—
 The Irrepressible Donkey!

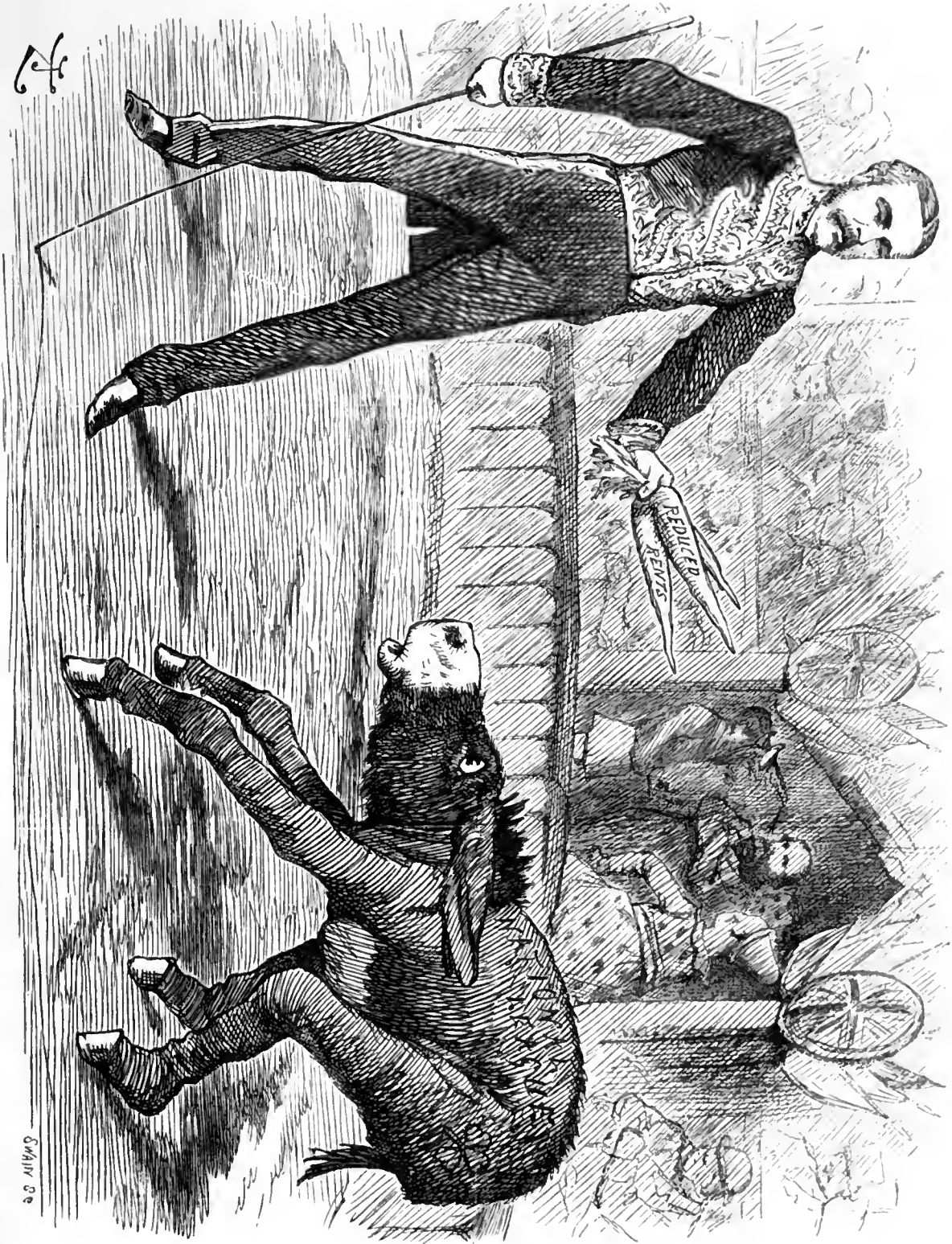
"A SELF-EDUCATING PROFESSION."

IN consequence of his distinguished success at Berlin, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, will, it is probable, play *David Garrick* at St. Petersburg. The play has been already submitted to the Chief of the Detective Polioe, who is still engaged on attempting to discover the plot. Mr. WYNDHAM has assured the Head of the Department that there is nothing in it—meaning the plot not the head—but this sounded so like Nihilism in it, that the play will now have to undergo the severest scrutiny. Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM will play the part in Russian. The title of the piece will be *Davidoff Garrickski*.

It is understood in certain well-informed circles that Mr. HENRY IRVING (who in spite of all reports to the contrary, is quite well, we are very glad to hear, and doing first-rate business. We always did think his business very good, especially as *Mephistopheles*, *Louis the Eleventh*, and *Mathias*) is studying Spanish and Portuguese, in order to play a round of his favourite characters at Madrid and Oporto.

Mr. TOOLE is studying Spanish in order to appear at Madrid as *Don Paulus Prios*, but Miss LINDEN has requested him to defer his engagement in the Fiji Islands for another week or two, in order to enable her to obtain a thorough mastery of the language. Some Sandwich Island men have already been sent on in advance with the board-advertisements.

"ON 'CHANGE."—Quotation for the New Year, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ (1888).



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GMAIR DE

BAI FOIR'S "IRREPRESSIBLE" DONKEY



THE SHALLABALAH MAHARAJAH;

Or The Confessions of an Indian Prince.

I'LL tell you the adventures of a Famous Indian Prince,
You needn't start as the news I impart,
I'm the Shallabalah Ma'rajah!



I've been lionised in
England, and haven't
got over it since,
For the truth to tell, a
terrible swell
Is the Shallabalah
Ma'rajah.

I'm overwhelmed with
gold, and so can while
away my time;
My suite is large, my
costumes grand, my
jewels too sublime,
And I look like HARRY
NICHOLLS in a Christ-
mas Pantomime,
And you know how,
to curtsy and bow,
To the Shallabalah
Ma'rajah.

I came to London,—
p'rhaps I'd better say
how I begun,
For no Nabob, was
half such a nob,
As the Shallabalah
Ma'rajah.

I took three spacious
Mansions and I threw
them into one,
With a door for you,
and the other two,
For the Shallabalah
Ma'rajah.

You asked me out to
dinners, and you wrote
the words "To meet

His Highness the MAHARAJAH," on your cards for the *élite*,
And you gave me much to look at, tho' there wasn't much to eat,
And a ninepenny hook, which you placed in stock,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I was carted off to Pictures, Playhouse, Party, Concert, Ball,
And ho! the rush, of extravagant gush,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
And off to your House of Parliament—the greatest trial of all,
And once,—or more, you detected a snore,
From the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

Then crowds I asked to dine off Curry, Bombay Duck and Spice,
With pounds and pounds of Garlic and a ton or two of rice,—
The latter very wholesome, and most filling at the price—
And I made them drink, the pure Indian Ink,
Of the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I got so bored of Town—I thought to get beyond your reach
Of friends—a host—suggested a coast,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

So I took a row of houses with a view of sea and beach,
But the mob was shrewd, and hotly pursued,
The Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

And nobles called from Hanley, Barnsley, Leeds and Preston Pans,
With Yarmouth Trippers, Cotton-brokers, Welsh and Highland
Clans;
And a swell whose name was BUGGINS, but who called himself
BUJANS,
Who broke his brace, while bowing with grace,
To the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I was summoned to Windsor Castle, and I thought a lot of that,
A carriage saloon, was fitted up soon,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

At the Castle I was kept awaiting hours on the mat—
With an aged Peer, who adopted a sneer,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I was shown some precious tapestries, some pictures and a jar,
And then I was invested with a precious badge and star,
And the aged Peer presented me with a precious bad cigar,
With a wink of his eye, he bade a good-bye,
To the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I've seen the glorious Million and the glorious Upper Ten,
And bear in mind, they were all of them kind,
To the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
And I've seen your splendid sailors, and your military men,
And a word of advice, I think will suffice,
From the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I've heard you do not want to fight—by Jingo if you do?
You'd better see your guns don't burst, or bayonets break in two,
And your ironclads, should rest upon,—not under the ocean blue.
I may be wrong—but that is the song,
Of the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

THE HOLIDAY CONVERSATION-BOOK.

ABOUT SYDENHAM.

Paterfamilias. And so, my dear children, you have been to the
Crystal Palace?

Maria. Yes, dear Papa, as you directed—third-class and carrying
in our pockets each a packet of sandwiches.

Pater. That is right, my dears. The joint spirit of economy and
self-reliance should govern our actions from our earliest years. And
now that you have seen that magnificent home of all that is beautiful
in Nature and Art, the Crystal Palace, tell me what glories exhibit
most attracted your attention. Was it the Court of the Alhambra,
the Pompeian House, or the fine collection of plaster casts?

Johnny. Not one of the three, dear Papa,—we were most pleased
with the Pantomime.

Pater. Was it a good one?

Maria. A very good one. It was called *Robinson Crusoe*, and was
written originally by the late Mr. H. J. BYRON.

Pater. Dear me, it must have been the old Prince's Pantomime,
in which ESPINOSA appeared. He played, I remember, the part of
Friday.

Harry. Mr. D'AUBAN takes it now, Papa.

Pater. And it could not be in better hands. And now, little
GEORGE, what did you think of the *ballet*?

George. Booful, booful—booful iokle exter ladies.

Pater. What does the little man, mean?

Maria. I fancy, dearest Papa, that little GEORGE wishes us to
understand that the *ballet* was perfect, from the *première danseuse*
down to the extra ladies.

George. 'Es—that's what iokle GEORGE means. Booful, booful!

Pater. And the scenery?

Maria. Was charming. The dresses were also in excellent taste.
Mr. WILLIAM RICHOLD too (who I think I have heard you say is an
excellent melodramatic actor) was capital as *King Tyranny*.

Pater. And were you pleased with the harlequinade?

James. It was not so refined as the opening. Some of the Clown's
jokes savoured more of the East than the West End.

Pater. And after seeing the Pantomime I suppose you hurried
away to revel in the treasures of Art?

Maria. That no doubt was our inclination, but it being Christmas
time, we considered it better to postpone the revel you suggest for
the moment, and as an alternative pleasure to dash into an Enter-
tainment of a Conjuror and a lady called ASTARTE.

Pater. I trust that the excellence of the show compensated for the
loss of the rich intellectual treat you apparently sacrificed in order
to attend it?

James. The Conjuror had rather a melancholy manner. I feel
that should I ever wish to see him again (which is improbable), I
would prefer to renew his acquaintance during Lent.

Pater. And, after this, I suppose you all rushed to the Egyptian
Court to inspect the interesting mural inscriptions with their vari-
coloured hieroglyphics?

Maria. No doubt we should have done this, dearest Papa, had it
not now become too dark to identify them. So we went instead to
see Mr. SNAZELLE and some Dissolving Views, in another part of
the building.

Pater. And were you satisfied?

James. More than satisfied. We were so pleased with Mr. SNA-
ZELLE—who appeared to us to be an admirable tragedian—and his
Dissolving Views, that it was with the utmost difficulty we tore
ourselves away from them both to catch a train. Our regret was
the more acute, as at the time of our departure Mr. SNAZELLE,
dressed as *Mephistopheles*, was singing a modern comic song.

Pater. Well, my dears, you seem to have enjoyed yourselves
thoroughly, and as, from what you say, you appear to take more
delight in intellectual prowess than mere scenic display, you shall
all pay (the only thing you will have to pay, as admission is gratis)
a long visit on Thursday to the Museum of Practical Geology in
Jermyn Street.

Omnes. Oh, thank you, dearest Papa! That will indeed be
delightful!



"FIAT EXPERIMENTUM," &c.

SCENE—A Christmas Family Gathering at a Country House.

Old Bachelor Guest (violently awakened out of his morning snooze). "WHO 'SH THERE?"

The Grandchildren (shouting in chorus, and banging at his door). "OH, MR. BULKLEY—PLEASE—MR. BULK'RY—TO GET UP—AND GO ON THE POND—'PA SAYS—'CAUSE—GRAN'MA SAYS—WE MAY—IF IT 'LL BEAR YOU—IT 'LL BEAR US!"

HUSBANDS AND HUSBANDRY.

A Specimen of the Romantic-Fiscal Fiction of the Future.

"Last year was the worst ever recorded for marriages in England. . . . What is still more remarkable is that this falling off in the wedding rate coincided with a low price of wheat. . . . The fall of the marriage rate, declares the Registrar-General, 'coincides with a decline in the value per head of British exports.'"—*Daily Telegraph*.

"O HYMEN, Hymen, reillumine thy torch!"

So sorrowfully sighed the lovely Lady PSYCHE FEATHERFLIGHT. There had not been a wedding worth calling a wedding in England for full five years. The fashionable fanes of St. George's and St. Margaret's were as deserted as the pillared aisles of Palmyra. And the Lady PSYCHE was the unhappiest girl in all England.

She loved, in the fearless old fashion, of course,—but all fashions of love were old now,—young WALTER WHEATEAR of Rockferry Farm. To all appearances she might as well have adored Mount Athos, or worshipped Arthur's Seat.

"PSYCHE," said her Mother, "I believe it is all the result of Science, and Socialism, and Statistics, and things,—especially those horrid Statistics, which seem to me to upset everything, and which I think are most wicked and impious, besides being so shockingly dry and boring. The world went very well before your GOSCHENS and GIFFENS went in for *tabulating* everything, from heart-throbs to corn-imports, from Unemployed averages to the Marriage-rate."

"Well, HYMEN is the chief of the Unemployed now, Mamma, at any rate," moaned the Lady PSYCHE.

"How can you joke on such a serious subject, PSYCHE?" cried the elder lady, frowning impatiently away.

"If Statistics *have* done it all," sighed Lady PSYCHE, "I only wish they were tied round Mr. GOSCHEN's neck and cast into the—"

"Nothing of the sort, my poor girl," answered a honey-toned voice. It came from a handsome youth who—in November—might have been taken for a sort of glorified link-boy, though more lightly clad than that function in that season might seem to demand.

"Oh, you *have* returned, then?" cried Lady PSYCHE, recognising him instantly. Where *have* you been hiding yourself?"

"I've been studying Fair Trade with HOWARD VINCENT," answered HYMEN.

"The wretch!" ejaculated Lady PSYCHE, viciously. "I don't mean *you*," she hastened to explain, "but HOWARD VINCENT, for detaining you all this while in the interests of his most precious *fad*."

"You don't understand," said the youth, pityingly. "It is no *fad*, but a fatality. *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*. Of course you understand *that*. In the absence of Ceres and Bacchus, Venus grows cold. Without corn and wine, Love loses warmth. And as you've chosen to turn the cold shoulder upon Ceres, can you wonder if she has chilled towards you?"

"What do you mean?" cried Lady PSYCHE.

"Simply that wheat is at so absurdly low a figure, that it doesn't pay the British farmer any longer to produce it," answered HYMEN. "*Verb. sap.!*" And he vanished.

"Ceres, to thee belongs the votive lay,
Whose locks in radiance round thy temple play,"

sang the Lady PSYCHE WHEATEAR.

"They cannot play more radiantly round the goddess's temples than do yours round your rosy brow, PSYCHE," responded her adoring husband, fanning her fair flushed face (flushed with mingled love and August heat, as she bent over her baby's *berceau*) with a copy of the *Mark Lane Gazette*.

"Hush! Whisper not a word of even comparative disparagement of the 'rich-haired daughter of Rhea,' or nobody knows *what* may happen," cried Lady PSYCHE. "She may get the hump—I mean, she may take well justified offence again, you know, WALTER, and then the price of corn will come down, and the marriage-rate with it, and GLADSTONE—gr-r-r!—may come back, and HOWARD VINCENT and HYMEN go way again, and Free Trade and Universal Spinsterhood be re-established, and the Cobden Club be set up again, and the "Cheap Loaf" heresy spread once more, and that omnivorous ogre,



"ALL OVER THE PLACE!" OR, MR. GLADSTONE'S DREAM IN FLORENCE.

"the Consumer," consume Corn, and consequently Connubiality, off the face of the (English) earth, and—"

"Hush, hush, do hush!" interjected the shocked Gentleman Farmer. "Strange, darling," he added, musingly, "that there should be so close a relationship between Husbandry (of one sort), and Husbandry (of another)! Fancy Mankind being willing to sacrifice Matrimony to such things as Cheap Food, Statistics, and Economic Orthodoxy!"

"Womankind never was!" interposed PSYCHE. "Which shows how much wiser we women are than you men."

"Women," smiled the uxorious WHEATSEAR, "are, after all, our greatest 'staple,' our most important 'interests,' our most valuable 'commodity,' our most inexhaustible 'resources'!"

"Stay," cried his wife, archly. "Hardly 'inexhaustible.'"

"How not?" queried the mystified WHEATSEAR.

"Why," responded PSYCHE, "because great resources as they certainly are, they are resources which require to be husbanded!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the enamoured one, exuberantly. "My PSYCHE, after all, is the only true Economist!"

PLAYED OUT.

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN, being mortally afraid of an ultimate English occupation of his country, has had before him various plans by which he can make sure of keeping the dreaded invader out. Among the suggestions submitted to him were:—

1. To import Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, Mr. DILLON, and other eminent Irish Home-Rulers, and get them to take up their residence at Cabul.
2. To start a Christmas Day once a month.
3. To start an Income-Tax-collection once a week.
4. To ask a colony of hurdy-gurdy players to set up in his dominions.
5. To have a Cabul Puddle Muddle Gazette.
6. To represent Afghanistan as a second and rather worse Burmah.
- And 7, to introduce the Scotch bagpipes to his people.

Here is a chance for distressed Crofters! What a rush there will be to MAC ABDULRHAMAN!

SWEETS AND BITTERS.—Mrs. RAM says she understands the Sugar Bounties to mean a bolus on the exportation of sugar.

OUR DEBATING CLUB.

An Evening of Incident—Duff wounds Cockbull's feelings—The Hon. Sec. proves his acquaintance with the Rules—the Debate is brought to a close in an unprecedented manner.

It is just about a year ago that one of our meetings was attended, not only by most of the regular members, but also by an incident of so startling and unusual a nature, that we are all of us a little shy of alluding to it, even now.

The motion we were discussing was one which ever possesses a strong fascination for the more speculative order of mind, being to this effect: "That this House is strongly of opinion that the existence of what are vulgarly known as 'Ghosts' is sufficiently established by credible testimony to be accepted as a positive fact."

COCKBULL, who proposed the motion, after a most eloquent and exhaustive speech lasting over three-quarters of an hour, and freely punctuated towards its close by the President's bell, concluded thus: "And now, Sir, as far as was possible in the limits afforded me—" (*"ping-ping" from the bell*)—"I have quoted, I think, every instance of a supernatural appearance recorded since mankind first began to observe these phenomena with any attention." (*This was no idle boast; the number and variety of COCKBULL'S cases, and the masterly manner in which he narrated them, had reduced almost every Gargoyle to a condition of "gooseflesh" and erected hair.*) "I have also mentioned a striking experience of a female member of my own family." (*"Ping-ping."*) "I shall be very little longer, Mr. President. Without having the presumption to suppose that the few and feeble—" (*"No, no!" and another faint "ping"*)—"I repeat, the few and feeble words I have uttered to-night will have had the effect of proving Ghosts absolutely up to the hilt—I do venture to think that I have succeeded in setting Spectres up before you to-night as solid facts, deserving of our earnest, our reverent, and philosophical attention and support. I do presume to believe—" (*"ping-ping-ping!"*)—"I have just done, Sir—that the Hon. Member who is down to follow me to-night will find it less easy than he imagines to demolish, discredit, and explode a thing so rooted and intertwined with our most cherished prejudices and traditions as what, to use the terms of my motion, is 'vulgarly known as a Ghost.'" (*Enthusiastic applause.*)

PLUMLEY DUFF, who had undertaken to oppose, got up with an offensive assumption of bringing the discussion down to a matter-of-fact level. DUFF is a good fellow, but he doesn't seem to know when he is utterly out of touch with the general sympathy of the meeting.

"The Hon. Gentleman," began DUFF (with the heavy humour he employs at times), "says, he doesn't believe I shall find it easy to explode one of his ghosts." (*It was so like DUFF to fasten on a verbal expression of that sort—but we never consider this fair argument.*) "No more do I. Let him bring me a ghost, and then, if the thing will oblige me by remaining long enough to give me time to strike a light, I don't mind attempting—for the Hon. Gentleman's satisfaction—to ignite the gas, of which I should expect to find it largely composed." (*A slight movement of distaste among several Gargoyles at this ponderous flippancy.*) "I don't think I risk much in making this offer, and I'll tell you why,—I haven't the slightest belief in any such rubbish." (*Here a sharp rap sounded from the middle of the table, just in front of him, and the President called "Order," with a slight frown.*) "We've been told to-night of ghosts that moaned, and warned, and beat drums, and threw furniture about, and other gymnastics of the kind—but what I want to know is—what do they do it with? What is a ghost, after all, according to the evidence? A gauzy, cobwebby affair, like an old veil. People tell us they have looked through them, and noticed no internal apparatus, nothing of what you may call 'works' of any sort or description. Very well—but you can't make even such a simple observation as 'good evening'—to say nothing of uttering a long and complicated warning—you can't so much as groan, without a complete set of vocal cords, in fair working order. You can't beat a drum, or pitch chairs at people's heads, without muscles." (*"Rap-rap-rap!" on the table again.*) "I must really ask Honourable Gargoyles in my immediate neighbourhood not to play the fool." (*Sensation, and warm disclaimers from several Members, who, I may here state, were quite incapable of such an action.*) "If you want to go anywhere, and see anybody, you must exercise some sort of volition, and, to exercise volition, a brain (I don't say a powerful brain, because I never heard of any ghost who gave any sign of even average mental power), but some brain is indispensable. How do you get all that in a few feet of film? No, no, Gentlemen—it won't do. We can't have Mr. COCKBULL coming his ghosts over us. Then he tells us a long rigmarole—I do not use the term in an offensive sense, but it was long, and it was a rigmarole—he tells a long rigmarole about what an aunt of his by marriage once saw, or believed she saw! Gentlemen, he should have brought her down here"—(*four very loud raps—at which even DUFF started*)—"to tell us her adventure in person, and then we should know what to think."

Here there was quite a scene; COCKBULL sprang up, quivering with emotion.

"I appeal to you, Mr. President," he said, "whether I am to be subjected to these unseemly taunts! It is extremely painful to me to explain that the reason why I am unable to bring my relative here to-night, is, that," (*here his voice broke*)—"she—she is no more. She was my great-great-aunt, and expired in the latter part of last century."

A murmur of sympathy with him, and marked disapproval of DUFF, after which PINCENEY said: "Order, please. Mr. PLUMLEY DUFF, I think it is not advisable to drag any member's deceased relatives into this debate—they are scarcely relevant."

At this, FADDELL rose, with a copy of the Rules: "I am very reluctant to challenge your ruling, my lud—I mean, Sir—but may I draw your attention to Rule 53, sub-section (b):—"A remark is relevant, if it refers to a statement by a previous speaker, which the President has not at the time declared to be itself irrelevant." I submit, Sir, with all respect, that, as you did not rule the Proposer's Aunt out at the time, Mr. DUFF was perfectly in order in referring to her."

[*Outcry, and "Shut up!" from one much excited Gargoyle.* "Well," said PINCENEY, oddly (considering FADDELL a nuisance—which, to be candid, he occasionally is), "Go on, Mr. DUFF."

[*Here a perfect shower of angry raps proceeded from the table, actually upsetting some of the ink, and spirits-and-water; several members drew back their chairs and looked pale and uncomfortable.*

"I—I will just say something on the question of ghosts' clothes," said DUFF (*one resounding bang lover down the table, after which we all glanced at one another, meaningly*), "but—but after that expression of opinion, I—I will sit down. . . I should like, before I do so, to assure the Hon. Proposer of my deep sympathy with him in a bereavement to which, had I known it earlier, I should not have permitted myself an allusion." (*"Hear! Hear!"*)

After this, we sat for some time in awed silence; little BOSHER was the first man with presence of mind enough to look under the table, but he reported that he saw nothing but the ordinary number of members' legs. We were all proceeding to satisfy ourselves of this personally, when we were brought up again by a fresh phenomenon—a tremendous blow, at the door this time. Poor BOSHER, who sat with his back within a couple of feet or so from the door, grew almost hysterical, and I am not ashamed to admit that, none of us liked to go and open it; we knew that the outer door was secretly fastened, and that it was, humanly speaking, impossible for any living creature to be in the ante-chamber at that particular moment. HARTUPP suggested that DUFF should go—but DUFF retorted that he was not expecting any aunt just then, so the matter dropped, and GEYSER rose a little later in evident emotion.

"Gentlemen," said GEYSER, "we have had a warning to-night against being led away by the pride of intellect. If—if there be really among us this evening, some invisible spectator from across the Threshold—do not let us afford it—her—the indignity and the pain of being present while her very existence is being exposed to ignorant and irreverent scepticism, such as" (*with a reproachful look at DUFF, who was wiping his forehead*) "we have heard so recently. Do not let us tempt, by a further parade of incredulity some manifestation, which the nerves of some of us" (*with a glance at BOSHER, who was obviously much upset*) "might find too great a strain for the intellect to bear. I propose, Sir, that we proceed to a vote at once, without further discussion."

[*Loud applause, led in a ghastly manner by the door.* Well, we did proceed to a division, with the result that fifteen voted for the motion, and none against it. DUFF declined to give a vote one way or the other, having ascertained from the Secretary that nothing in the Rules compelled him to support his speech by the ballot.

Then we broke up in a subdued manner, and our awe was intensified, if anything, by discovering that the door of the ante-chamber was locked as usual, and that no one was secreted in any part of the passage. A strange circumstance, which BOSHER, for some reason, did not seem to consider as having any direct connection with the other manifestations, was that a long, and very handsome ebony stick of mine, with a large round apple of agate at the top, was, to the best of my belief, certainly not in the place where I can almost swear to have deposited it on entering! BOSHER advised me not to mention this, as, owing to my being unable to speak quite positively on the point, critics might consider it the weakest part of the case. It amuses me now to think how calmly and philosophically BOSHER could talk—after it was all over. He was anything but calm and philosophical at the time!

ARE there two Baddeley Cakes? On Twelfth Night, last Friday, both Drury Lane and Covent Garden cut "the Baddeley Cake," and each Baddeley Cake was welcomed by a Goodly assembly. No special costumes were worn, and no one was Baddeley dressed.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM UNCLE PUMBLEHOOK.

Lyndhurst, Hants, Saturday.



EAR TOBY,

HANGING with grooms and porters on one of the many bridges at Clapham Junction, and having a few minutes to spare, I accepted the mute invitation to try my weight extended by one of the automatic machines which deck, not to say dominate, our railway stations. In view of some such opportunity, I had in my waistcoat pocket a leaden disc, in size and weight somewhat resembling a penny. I confess it was in my mind to drop this into the receptacle. But it was a busy hour of the day, the station was crowded, I might have been observed and the action miscon-

strued. Accordingly I inserted a coin of the realm of the proper designation, and, having tried my weight, found it guilty of being nearer eighteen stone than it should have been.

Which thing, dear TOBY, your keen intellect will have discerned is an allegory. What I picture to my fancy as having been done at Clapham Junction, I do daily with huge and natural satisfaction. The Automatic Try-your-Weighter, if one may so name it, is Public Opinion, and I miss no opportunity of measuring myself by that standard. The occupation is the more inviting because, as I have hinted, the results are invariably satisfactory. Like ERSKINE, as described in the *Anti-Jacobin*, "With respect to the extent of my faculties, I consider myself in many respects a finite being." Still, as I sit and caress my chin and smile softly to myself, I come to the conclusion, I trust not egregiously, that there are few men in England, not excepting the Grand Old One, who possess in fuller measure the enthusiastic approbation of their fellow citizens. It is true that there are persons in the House of Commons that assume indifference to my excellent points, and even achieve the semblance of amused contempt for my performances. Also the *Times* newspaper as we call the journal, to distinguish it from the *Times* Four-storied House, the *Times* Bathing-Machine, or the *Times* Ready Reckoner,—the *Times* newspaper, I say, misses no opportunity of goading me. But the reasons for this are obvious. In the House of Commons it is either envy or apprehension that assails me. In the *Times* newspaper it is disappointment. You will know that at one time I was habituated to enliven its ponderous columns with disquisitions having legal bearing upon the events of the day. I have abandoned that habit, and the *Times* newspaper, angry and disappointed, takes such revenge as is open to its capacity.

But place me on the platform, face to face with my countrymen in thousands assembled. Is there anyone received with more enthusiasm? Is there anyone with lighter touch, with defter fence, or, when need be, with heavier stroke? For such an hour's triumph as

from time to time falls to my lot when occupying the public platform, I count labour as nought. Many is the hour, pacing the glades of the New Forest, that I have wrestled with Meditation in quest of impromptus. You who have heard me will bear witness that there is no smaok of the New Forest in their delivery. Some among the envions talk of a little ponderosity in leading up to the flash of wit, a trifle too much humming and hawing, a too nervous research in my coat-tail pocket. But there are no bounds to the misrepresentations of envy. You know that my jokes, my quips and cranks, seem to be born on the very platform where I stand in face of men.

And how they live and spread till they become household words! It sometimes happens that I am a humorist in spite of myself. I suppose even the *Times* newspaper will admit that there is no phrase of recent years that has become so familiar a part of the English-spoken language as the "Grand Old Man." Who gave birth to this empyrean flash of characterisation? It was I—*moi qui parle*. It was at Derby, now some years ago, that, addressing my constituents, I flashed forth this impromptu. It was quite true I did not at the moment mean it quite as it was taken. GLADSTONE was at the time emerging from a cloud. I saw it clearly enough, though I confess I made a mistake in the summer of 1874, when I delighted the Conservatives by turning and reading my former leader. I really thought at the time he was done for. He had but a year before taken me from below the Gangway, knighted me, and made me Solicitor-General. But it looked at the moment as if his power of conferring benefits was exhausted. So I took him by the collar and ignominiously shook him, whilst the Conservatives shrieked with laughter and applause.

But it was different in 1879. His time had come again, and, as you know, even in temporary reverses I have never committed again the mistake of that July night in 1874. It was with tears in my eyes and emotion softening my strident voice that to my constituents in Derby, I pointed with patronising pitiful finger to the Grand Old Man. For the moment I felt like *Mr. Pumblehook* contemplating *Pip* in his hour of misfortune, "This is him as I have rode in my shay-cart. This is him as I have seen brought up by hand. This is him to whom I have been earliest benefactor and the founder of his fortune—THE GRAND OLD MAN!" The phrase was not taken quite in the sense I meant. It was turned and twisted by unsympathetic Tories, and instead of a tribute of affection, became a term of derision. But with the Liberals it is to-day an epithet of sincere and warm affection. Thus genius, if I may say so, coins in a moment of inspiration a phrase that suits the manifold views and needs alike of the Masses and the Classes. Never mind with what intent I invented the phrase. "The Grand Old Man," will last as long as the English language.

These things do not induce in me any feeling of self-elation. Rather I am depressed with apprehension for my Party and my country when the time comes to lose the benefit of my counsel and advice. I read the other day some remarks on the infinite Heavens, delivered at the Royal Institution by my friend Sir ROBERT BALL. The subject is one that curiously attracts me, being as I think, just suitable to my range of thought and my style of oratory. Says my friend BALL: "Were the Sun with his whole system to be suddenly annihilated, an observer on a star in the distant realms of space would only notice that a tiny star had ceased to twinkle." Mr. SPEAKER,—I mean TOBY, Sir; that may be all very well for the Solar System. But when I drop out of political life I fear there will be consternation in Arcturius, seriousness will settle down on Sirius, and Betelgeuze, brightest jewel in the belt of Orion, will momentarily pale.

Yours faithfully, W. V. H-RC-RT.

THE CAREFUL BURGLAR.

WHEN the Winter nights close in,
And the pleasant fogs begin;
When the moon's intrusive light
Is obscured from mortal sight;
He who burgles by sound rules,
Then should furbish up his tools.

As the surgeon whets his knife,
For preserving human life;
As the sportsman oils his gun,
With the season's earliest sun;
So the burglar, cool and keen,
Sees his instruments are clean.

Wipe the jemy, oft 'tis said
Harder than a policeman's head;
See that no corroding grit
Harms the wily centre-bit;

That no rust appears upon
Dainty keys, called skeleton.
Although hidden by the mist,
We shall need the shoes of
list;

And our modesty may ask
Coy concealment from the mask;
Bull's-eye lanterns we, of course,
Carry, like our friends the
"Force."

There's the small revolver, still
Careful burglars do not kill;
Conscientious men like me
Operate in secrecy.
Some Directors do the same,
And we blush to find it fame.

MOTTO AS A RULE OF GUIDANCE FOR METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS' OFFICIALS.—"Orders' is Heaven's first Law."

IN THE DAYS OF KING FOG.



January 9-13, 1888.

King Foo he arose, and he silyly tapped his nose, and he said unto himself, said he, With the croupiest of chortles, "O you miserable mortals, with your tortures I'm about to have a spree.

The horrors ordinary of a normal January, I shall do my best to vary in a style That your best adepts at joking, midst their coughing and their choking, shall admit is scarce provoking of a smile." Then he ups, the sooty king, with an India-rubber spring, and a foghorn he applies to his mouth, As a friendly sort of summons to a set of cronies—rum 'uns,—who came from East and West and North and South. They were habited as demons, some had skins the hue of lemons, whilst others were as swarthy as their king; And each drab or dingy devil seemed an Avatar of evil, and up to every kind of horrid thing. A bouquet of foul gases, such as Britons who are asses from their chimneys and their chemicals let fly, Their fellows to asphyxiate—such idiotic tricks I hate—and intercept their sun and hide their sky, Could scarcely be more nasty, and their faces, swart or pasty, bore a funny sort of horrid heetic glow, As for mischief all agog, each one winked at old King Fog, as who should say, "All right, old boy, I know."

Then King Fog at once descended with the demon who attended his intolerable Court, upon the Town ; And the day at once grew dimmer, and the sun ceased e'en to shimmer, and the gas-jets seemed to glimmer and die down.

All tints save black were banished, and the very roadways vanished, you couldn't see the lamps nor e'en their posts ;

Faded house, and tower, and steeple, and, as for the poor people, they prowled about like damp and dismal ghosts :

The shores of Styx were bland matched with Fleet Street or the Strand ; you couldn't see your hand before your face ;

Your neighbour in the dark seemed a Boojum or a Snark, who, five feet off, was gone, and left no trace.

A foul and foetid pall fell over each and all ; its ingredients were mist, and muck, and smoke, And "smoke" includes, of course, stuffs from every filthy source, that can irritate, and blind, and clog and choke.

For the Fog-King, fiend sardonic, summoned acid gas, carbonic, also sulphurous, from chimneys and from stills,

Playing capers demoniacal, with vapours ammoniacal, and adding to the sum of human ills

In every sort of way. He abolished night and day, you could only tell the difference from the clocks,

He "retarded radiation," a malign abomination, and he filled the public ways with "ugly blocks."

He muddled all the traffic, and the bard who'd pen a saphic, and the painter swell preparing for next May,

Were driven well-nigh mad, for no light was to be had save the gas-lamp's dim and uninspiring ray.

He increased Monopoly, which, to the poor, if not the rich, is a pestilent unpardonable crime ;

For he made the gas-rate rise, and he got in people's eyes, and he covered everything with greasy grime.

He made all crossings dangers ; cosy citizens felt strangers to their offices and smart suburban villas ;

Cabby wished he might be blown if he could find the road, and collided with the letter-posts and pillars.

He demanded ten-and-six, a fare too stiff for Styx, for crawling from the Bank to Brixton-hill,

And he got exceeding drunk, put his fare in a blue funk, and finished with a comprehensive spill.

Then King Fog he chuckled low, for all trams were late and slow, fog-signals kept on banging day and night,

There were crowds on every platform, and the porters were in that form that's produced by plaguing questions left and right.

The torches and the links made abominable stinks, and the torchers—I mean the howling boys,

Who stretched their leather throats and dropped pitch upon your coats,—lent precious little help, though lots of noise.

Fog led to rows and rackets, and he hindered the mail-packets, and he brought the river-traffic to a stop.

He drove the mob to drinking, and the "publics" filled like winking, for one couldn't see another sort of shop.

The theatres were void, which the Managers annoyed, to the Law Courts clients couldn't find their way,

And the children as a rule couldn't grope their way to school, and they lost themselves when going out to play.

Such mischiefs were not small, bnt, oh dear, that wasn't all, for the death-rate was most dismally increased.

King Fog's a foe to life. Sudden suicides were rife, and asthmatic age's gaspings grew—and ceased.

Then King Fog laughed long and loud, and his courtiers, a black crowd, gathered round their misty Monarch, and he cried :

"O my henchmen! this is grand ; our strong hand is on the land, and we rule this foolish country far and wide ;

Give Science my defiance! there is not the least reliance on one plan or one appliance she suggests.

Smoke-prevention? That's her joke, for her schemes all end in Smoke, as this sooty five-days' Carnival attests.

Her pretensions we can squelch, whilst the chimneys fume and belch, and the Town's a blend of Phlegm and bog,

All her pratings are but vain, and again and yet again you shall hail the ruthless reign of King Fog!"



THE GRAND OLD NAME OF GENTLEMAN."

"BEO PARDON, MISTER, BUT WHAT PARTICKLAR BREED MIGHT YER BE CALLIN' THIS 'ERE LITTLE DAWO O' YOURN! YOU 'LL ASCUSE ME A HAESKIN, GUV'NER; BUT ME AND ANOTHER GENTLEMAN 'ERE 'AS JUST BREN 'AVIN A SMALL BET ABOUT IT!" [*Disgust of Montmorency De Vere Snobley, who has always described himself as a Gentleman.*]

PUTTING IT OFF.

A Story of Stornoway, from the "Times" of 1938.

It is much to be feared that affairs in the North have at length arrived at a serious crisis. News comes from Lewis that last night the two millions, who owing to the refusal of the crofters to emigrate, have in a century increased the population of the Island to that formidable figure, and, who by the undefined encroachments of the landed proprietors, have for the last five-and-twenty years, been dragging out an uncomfortable existence on the rocks and bathing-machines that fringe the sea-shore, to which they have been quietly relegated by the slow process of a complicated legislation, rose as one man, and breaking through the granite barriers, which everywhere surround the coast, commenced a raid on the herds of wild hippopotami to the preservation of which, at the cost of the exclusion of the inhabitants, it is well-known that the soil of the island is entirely given up.

The Summer lettings of the various runs to Caffre Millionnaires, who now come over annually for the electric-shooting, bring a handsome sum into the pockets of the absentee proprietors, and the islanders who look on while the land, to the cultivation of which they count on for their support, is ruthlessly wrenched from them, and handed over for the purpose of affording a few months sport and delectation to the wealthy representatives of civilised Niggerdom, have naturally resented the invasion, and determined to resist it. The situation is not new. About a hundred years ago affairs, though on a far smaller scale, had got much into the same condition. Then, as now, the Government of the day had let things drift on, without heeding which way the current was setting, and had waited till matters had come to a pretty pass, only intervening at the eleventh hour, when they had arrived at a crisis and were almost past remedy. And such has been the story ever since, and now the news comes that every hippopotamus through the whole length and breadth of the island has been driven over the northern headlands into the sea, and that a wild population of two millions are at this moment dancing a frantic Highland fling around the smouldering embers of seven proprietorial mansions, in which it is rumoured that as many Caffre Millionnaires, to which they appear to have been subtle, have been unfortunately roasted alive.

In the face of this intelligence the Government have been obliged to take

some steps; and it is reported that instructions were dispatched yesterday to Liverpool to H.M.S. *Stuggard* to hold herself in readiness to start with five Marines, and a drummer for Stornoway at a moment's notice. Meantime it is said that the Procurator-Fiscal, the Principal Sheriff, and a couple of Police-officers in disguise, have managed to meet in secret on the pier, but do not exactly know what to do next in the peculiar and threatening circumstances in which they find themselves placed.

The general opinion appears to be, that the whole question of the position of the Crofters and their grievances ought to have been thoroughly gone into and sifted more than a century since. But the policy of that time was to let things drift and drift, and gradually get beyond control; and apparently successive Governments have seen no reason to depart from it since. Hence the result that is seen to-day in something little short of a Revolutionary Movement in the North. And it is very doubtful even now, if the Government will know how effectively to deal with it.

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE PANTOMIME.

IN THE STALLS.

First Paterfamilias (to Second ditto, apologetically). Oh, I don't suppose I set foot in a theatre once in two years, in a general way. I shouldn't be here now, if it hadn't been that—but I thought you never went at all?

Second P. Not to regular theatres—no; I consider their influence—ah—pernicious in many ways. I think it's almost a duty not to encourage such entertainments as—well, burlesques, and music-halls, and ballets, and so on. But there's no harm in a Pantomime.

First P. No, of course not. So I say. Got up to please the children.

Second P. That's all. Your family here?

First P. (a little confused). Well—no; fact is, I was just passing the doors, and—and I'd nothing particular to do this afternoon, and so—and so—Where are your chicks, eh?

Second P. (with some embarrassment). Er—at home. I thought, before bringing 'em, I'd better see for myself whether there was anything unfit for children to see, y'know, and, being in the neighbourhood, why—

[*They quite understand one another.*]

The Pantomime proceeds. Each Paterfamilias positively cries with laughter at the comic parts, and then remarks apologetically to the other, "Well, really, it's such ridiculous rubbish, you can't help smiling at it!" The wonderful groupings and processions of the Ladies of the Ballet rouse them to enthusiasm, and they thoroughly appreciate the popular songs and jests introduced by the principal performers. As they leave, they say, "After all, I suppose you ought to be young to really enjoy this sort of thing!"

IN THE BOXES.

Unrefined Small Child (in much concern). Mother, is the Donkey really angry with the Queen?

Kindly Uncle (to prim little niece). Well, ADA, enjoying it, eh? ADA. As much as I ever do enjoy a Pantomime now—Uncle, thank you.

Uncle (rather crushed). Ha! and ALICK, what's your opinion of the fairies, now?

Alick. I don't quite see what use they are—but they don't dance badly. How much do you suppose they get a week for it, Uncle?

[*The Uncle resolves to go alone next year.*]

IN THE DRESS CIRCLE.

Old-fashioned Person (astounded at question of highly intelligent Small Boy). "Why does the Cat tell him to bathe?" Why, do you mean to say you don't know the story of "Puss in Boots?"

The Small Boy. No. It's no use swotting up that sort of thing—they never set it in Exams. you know!

IN THE PIT.

The Pleased Pittite. Look at them windmills—all going round, you see, however they can do it all beats me!

The Alert Pittite (on the look out for topical allusions). See the old man trying to get on the donkey? That's a skit on BUFFALO BILL, that is!

A Character on the Stage. "No. We won't fight, we'll show ourselves at the Aquarium—that pays better than fighting!"

The A. P. (on the look out, &c.) Haw-haw! did y'ear that? there's a take off on WHITELEY'S, eh?

The Pleased Pittite. There's scenery, now! Gauze, you see, 'oo! 'ow beautiful! Ha! (smacks his lips) pretty, isn't it? And the dresses—oh, dear, dear, the dresses are lovely—they really are!

[*He bursts out into these ejaculations throughout the whole piece.*]

The Simple Pittite (referring to Miss Wadman, the hero). He's not much like his two brothers, is he? She's supposed to be the

Younger Brother, that's what *she* is, and that's her only friend, the Cat, yes, d'ye see? and by-and-by, she'll come to a country over-run with mice. They'll do all that on the stage.

His Wife. But that's *Whittington*,—this is *Puss in Boots!*

The S. P. Oh, it's pretty much the same sort o' thing.

The A. P. That's good, eh? The old King says the Waiters "get what they can," there's a good take-off!

His Companion (beginning to find him a bore). A take-off of what?

The A. P. Why, on these *Specials*, o' course—you should listen!

The Pleased Pittite. These are 'Aymakers coming on now—with their rakes an' all, you see, wonderful! Oh, (with a wriggle of delight) the dresses really are too—

[*And so on.*]

THE HARLEQUINADE BEGINS.

The P. P. Look at them all walking on the street, 'ow natural that is, now!

A Pittite (discovering a curious coincidence). That Chemist's got a queer name, ain't he? "A. PILL,"—not a bad name for a chemist, eh? he sells pills. [*He considers this as a joke of his own.*]

Clown on the Stage (examining large piece of meat). Oh, I say, what's this?

The Simple P. (solemnly). It's a flap of beef.

[*Clown makes a topical allusion with a bust of SHAKESPEARE and a slice of bacon.*]

The A. P. (laughing heartily). There's another good take-off, d'ye see! BACON was a great poet, too, yer know!

A Well-Informed P. No—no, it's about a discussion they've been getting up in the papers lately.

The A. P. I dessay—I've not 'eard of it, but I call it a good skit anyhow.

[*A string of Supers cross the stage, bearing advertisements of a new food in immense letters—whereupon our Alert Pittite roars with laughter, subsequently explaining that he considers it "a 'it at the 'Times' newspaper."*]

The Pleased Pittite (during a "rally"). Ain't them vegetables natural they're throwing about! I must say everything's beautifully got up 'ere, and the dresses really are—

IN THE GALLERY.

[*A Champion Bicyclist is performing on Stage.*]

First "Gallery Boy." Rides proper, don't 'e? See the medals they've 'ung on him!

Second "G. B." That's for the Jubilee. Quite a professional, he is—he is a professional.

[*The Clown mentions Lord SALISBURY—both Gallery Boys express political disapprobation in the usual manner.*]

First "G. B." But, I say, mate, didn't I 'ear you groanin' at GLADSTONE just now?

Second "G. B." (indifferently). Werry likely. To tell yer the truth, I ain't a werry 'igh opinion o' either on 'em!

IN THE BOXES AGAIN.

[*Curtain falling, after uninterrupted performance lasting considerably over four hours.*]

Several unsophisticated Children. What—is that all?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE best book about the Eton of KEATE's time, is Mr. WILKINSON's reminiscences published by HURST and BLACKETT. In tone, it is thoroughly Etonian, and in spirit too. The author is candour itself, or almost itself, for as to some of the most mischievous faults of the system he is discreetly silent. His motto is, "Eton, with all thy faults, I love thee still," and this sentiment all Etonians will echo. "*Esto Perpetua*," is Eton's own motto, and though time has wrought some changes, yet on the whole the school seems to have been much the same in the reign of KEATE as it was



under his successor HAWTREY, and as, with other modifications, and let us hope improvements, it probably will be to the end of the chapter. For the benefit of non-Etonian readers, Mr. WILKINSON's reminiscences ought to be supplemented with a glossary of Eton phraseology. Every large school has its own peculiar slang, and what constitutes the great charm to outsiders of the conversation which is bound to ensue when a few old schoolfellows, whether Etonians, Wykehamists, Westminster, or Harrovians, get together,—but Etonians are the best at it,—is the constant recurrence of words and allusions which require ample explanation to be in the least intelligible to the very-much-out-of-it stranger. By all Etonians of the past and present, and to many non-Etonians who may be familiar with the school, Mr. WILKINSON's readable reminiscences will be found uncommonly entertaining.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE AT THE HAYMARKET.

SIR,—DISTRUSTING the verdict on a first representation, I deferred my visit until last Thursday, by which time I said to myself, everything will be in proper working order, and I shall be able to pronounce on the merits (if any) of *Partners*.

Whether the play be taken from a foreign novel or not, and *Partners* is avowedly a dramatised version of DAUDET'S novel, *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné*, of which the majority of English



The Race for the Ledger.

playgoers know nothing, the question is, is *Partners* a good, an indifferent, or a bad play. My reply is contained in the middle term. If the old story, of the confiding plodding commercial man "minding his own business," and leaving his frivolous young wife an easy prey to the too fascinating soundrely friend (and in this case partner) of the husband, must be used again as a plot for a drama, it requires strikingly original treatment, telling dialogue, and powerful acting, to make it attractive to the public, which, from the days of *Still Waters run Deep*, TOM TAYLOR'S admirable dramatic version of CHARLES DE BERNARD'S novelette *Le Gendre* up to now, has had rather a surfeit of these dishes made from French receipts, the *sauce piquante* being generally omitted.

It is in five Acts, which, at the outset, courts unpopularity. Everyone with the exception of Mr. ALLEN as the butler (another comic butler! no wonder the one at Toole's Theatre has left his situation) snivels at one time or another; even the villain, I fancied, pretended to do so when deeply affected by being found out; and nearly all the characters pass their time in rushing in hurriedly, remaining a short time, saying nothing worth remembering, and rushing hurriedly out again, as if they were only "doing their turns" at the Haymarket,



In Full Cry.

and had to fulfil other engagements elsewhere. A promising performance is that of a little child in a night-gown, who is evidently "more than seven."

The commercial details of the story are brought into undue prominence, and the cleverly contrived scenic realism of the Counting House only serves to bring out in strong relief the unreality of the action and the weakness of the plot.

What is intended for one of the most striking situations occurs in the Third Act between Mr. TREE and Mr. KEMBLE—admirable as the candid, well preserved, confidential clerk—is unduly spun out, or appears to be so, owing to the failure of Mr. TREE to "come up to time." As is Mr. TREE so is the whole piece to be summed up in the phrase, "*à peu près*,"—almost, not quite. Meant to be startling, it becomes commonplace, and the audience listen, passively interested like so many *Micawbers*, hoping for something to turn up, or for something to come down, which something, eventually, is the Curtain.

Mr. BROOKFIELD is amusing in what he has to do in the piece, though he has nothing to do *with* it, and his, perhaps pardonable, exaggerations of make-up and action take him quite out of the picture. I

have seldom seen Miss MARION TERRY to greater advantage, though, considering the very ordinary type of character she has to impersonate, this isn't saying very much. Why is the senior partner a German?—except that it gives Mr. TREE an opportunity of saying "mein leetle child," and calling his wife his "frau," and exhibiting in a general way an acquaintance with portions of an English-German conversational phrase-book, I could not see any reason why he should not have been an Englishman. Nothing turns on the senior partner being a foreigner; nothing is gained by it, and much, I venture to think, is lost by it, since the senior partner might have been far more effective had a new type of English commercial man been given us instead of a conventional "character part" which, in a short sparkling GERMAN-KEED entertainment, would be properly called "an illustration." Perhaps if he had a song in broken German-English, it would enliven the piece a bit.

Messrs. BUCHANAN-TREE'S *Heinrich Borgfeldt* (what trouble they must have taken over this name!) is a colourless, shallow-pated creature, whose emotion never gets beyond a drive, and whose weak passion never rises above an ebullition of temper, in which he is frequently about to strike somebody—once, the old clerk, who could have doubled him up like a shot; once, his young partner, who could have bested him with one hand, and the other tied behind him; once, his wife, who was on the ground; and, once, his sister-in-law (Miss ACHURCH decidedly clever), who could have boxed his ears and brought him to his senses,—but he never carries out his intention. And so is it with the villainous lover, who is perpetually being foiled at the critical moment. In fact, *Borgfeldt's* ineffectual attempts at a striking situation are significant of the piece, and of the acting,—*à peu près*—almost not quite—a hit.

Quitting the Theatre, I murmured this little song, addressed to myself as your Critic:—

Good man, spare this TREE,
Bent knees and startled brow,
The piece did not suit me,
It may be better now.
It was BUCHANAN'S pen,
That wrote this five-act play,

Why didn't some one then
Address him thus, and say:—
"Good man, spare this TREE,
His partner and his frau,
Reduce five acts to three!"
Too late to do it now.

For my part, (which is a very small one and not in the piece) I should give this advice to the Weeping-Willow-TREE,—merely "Change Partners."

Yours sincerely,
LITTLE JACK IN THE BOX.

P. S.—Those to whom *La Grand Duchesse* is a novelty, should not lose this opportunity of hearing it at the Royalty. To some of us it revives pleasant memories pleasurably, and for the youthful majority it is a real treat.

THE "Magdalen Vagabonds" Theatrical Club, of Magdalen College, Oxford, gave, we are informed, a successful performance last Wednesday in aid of Guy's Hospital Fund. So good of the Magdalen young men to make Gays of themselves in the cause of Charity. It was under the direction of Mr. ROYLE of Magdalen, and under the patronage of Princess CHRISTIAN; so it was quite a Christian act and a Roy'le entertainment.



"UP GUARDS AND AT 'EM!"
"In one regiment," it is stated,
"they have 820 horses and 1,200 men."

A REGULAR old Club card-player, staying at a country-house, sat down to a rubber with a partner who had played three times before, and two others who couldn't remember when they had played last, it was so long ago. The unfortunate Professor subsequently described the evening's amusement as "The Wild Whist."

THE Ultra-Liberal promise to disestablish the Welsh Church is considered conservatively as "a Sprat to catch Wales."



MYSTERIES OF HEREDITY.

Mater. 'DO YOU KNOW, ROBERT, IT SOMETIMES STRIKES ME THAT IN GAIT AND GENERAL APPEARANCE OUR BOYS ARE NOT QUITE SO MANLY AS I COULD WISH! I WONDER WHY? YOU'RE NOT AN EFFEMINATE-LOOKING PERSON, AS FAR AS I CAN JUDGE!'

Pater. "H'M—AT ANY RATE YOU'RE NOT, MY LOVE!"

BEAR OR BUG-BEAR?

Oh, what is it comes forth from its fastness in the North,
With its breadth and its bulk and its fierce if foggy form?
What shape is it that rears? Is't a Bogey's or a Bear's?
And heralds it a laugh, or portendeth it a storm?

From the coldness and the dark it stands forward stern and stark,
Fierce as the Fenris Wolf with moist lip and gaping maw.
Oh, is it all a sham? Like some droll colossal lamb,
Has it put on a bear's hide but to move a moment's awe?

Bear or Bug-bear? Foe or friend? Parties wrangle and contend,
Divine Figure from the North with the merest shaggy coat,
Or a big blood-thirsty Bruin, bringing war, red wrath and ruin,
As prompt to crush a friend as to rend a rival's throat?

If you'll take the Creature's word, all suspicion is absurd;
A benignant, Father-Christmassy, soft-hearted Atta Troll,
Is this brawny big-toothed brute with the hairy Arctic suit,
A Noah's Ark-y beast, and as harmless as a doll.

Hear him say (as though to *Alice*), "Do not heed my slanderer's
I am not a Bear, my dear; I'm a Bug-bear, that is all; [malice];
The Mock-Turtle, my sweet child, wasn't half so kind and mild;
I am all for Peace, you see; to be frightened you've no call."

"As to spear, or sword, or gun; that, of course, is all my fun;
These teeth are not to eat, I'm no fierce carnivorous beast,
Like that Wolf who meant no good to poor dear *Red Riding Hood*;
I am not the sort of brute who on little girls could feast!"

Meanwhile he standeth there in the likeness of a Bear,
And a brawny Bear at that, and a toothy and a tough;
And as far as one can see, he seems armed *cap à pie*,
Though he'll certainly declare—if you ask him—that's all stuff.

Oh, wherefore comes he forth, in this fashion from the North?
Is it mischief that he means? Are they teeth? Is that a sword?
From the shadows and the snow he will growl an angry "No!"
And they who're so disposed may accept the Monster's word.

"INTOIRELY MOLLOYDIOUS!"

At a meeting of the Sarsfield Branch of the National League held recently at Limerick, a gentleman of the name of MOLLOY distinguished, or rather extinguished, himself by making certain observations not entirely in accord with the sentiments of those present. He said that "their feelings as Irishmen were so aggravated that they were all of the same opinion, and had about the same words to express what they would like to do." No doubt anxious to hear an expression of their inmost thoughts, his audience encouraged him with a "Hear! hear!" to proceed, upon which the speaker continued—

"He would tell them that he had always been of opinion, at least for a long time, that Ireland would never be able to get anything from the British Government until she was able to take England by the throat with one hand and show her a rifle in the other. That was what BALFOUR and his minions wanted, he supposed."

Upon this "the Secretary" mildly remonstrated "that that would be playing into their hands." Upon which the MOLLOY explained "that because it was that they had no chance that he would be a party to moral force." After this the meeting was inclined to treat "the moral force party" with levity, but still he insisted upon attempting to urge his views. Baffled once or twice in obtaining a hearing, he at length managed to protest against a vote of thanks being passed to Mr. WILFRED BLUNT for kindly undertaking two months' imprisonment. The report of what followed is so instructive that it is as well to give it in full:—

"Mr. MOLLOY said that while he had no objection to passing a vote of thanks to Mr. BLUNT, he thought they ought not to put themselves very much about in passing it. The English people had voted for coercion for Ireland, and now, if the English people came over here, he did not see why they should not get a taste of it.

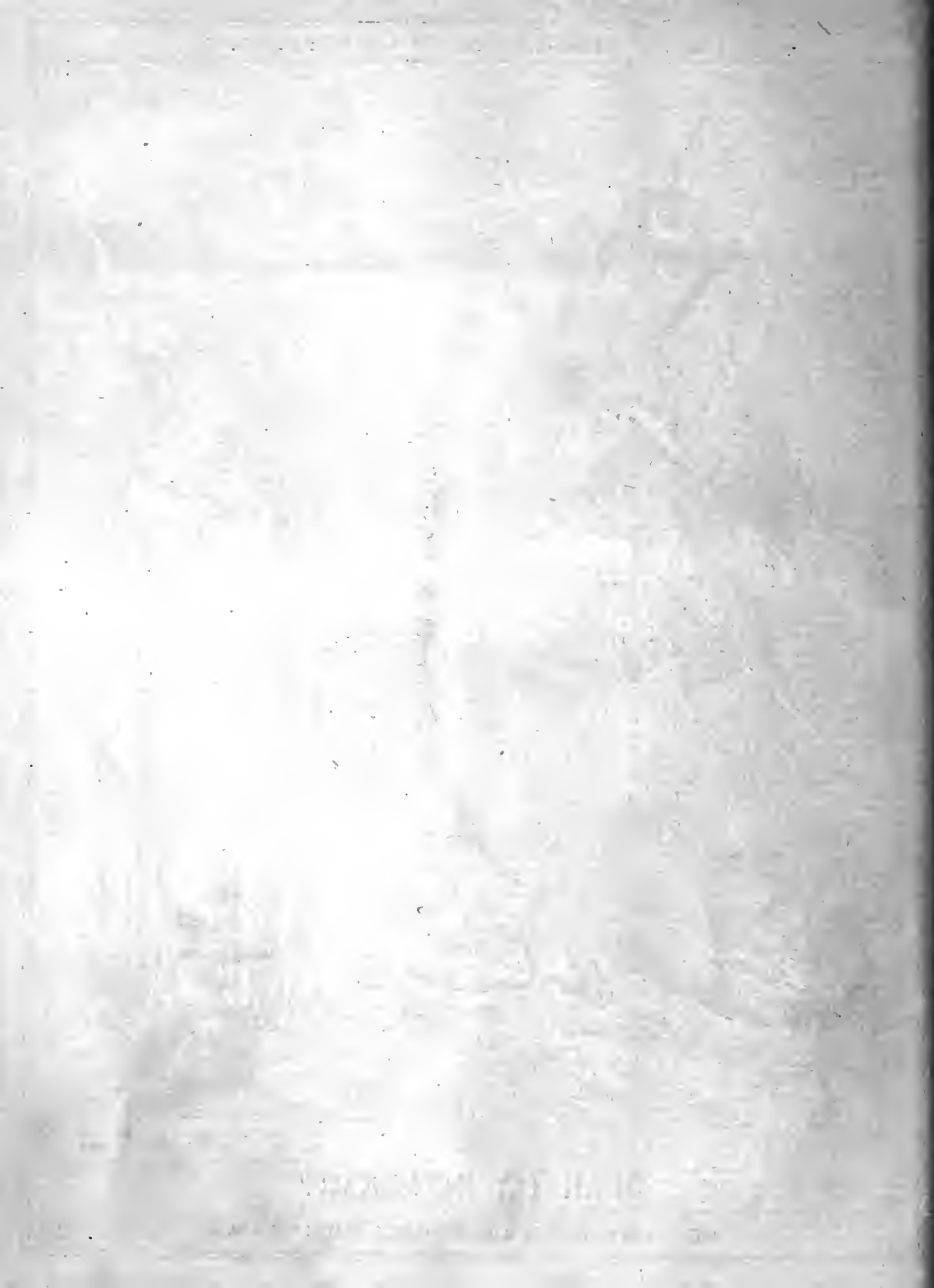
"*A Member.*—You are a fool. Shut up!
"Mr. MOLLOY said he never interfered with any man expressing his opinions, and he did not think he should be interrupted. The English people had given them coercion, and he said now and again if they got a taste of it they deserved it. *A Member.*—Nonsense. Shut up!"

And taking the hint (which possibly may have had a shillelagh



BEAR OR BUG-BEAR?

“THOU COM’ST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE!”—*Hamlet.*



behind it), Mr. MOLLOY did "shut up." It is said "that music hath power to soothe the savage breast," which reflection recalls to mind the fact that this eccentric exponent of moral force has a namesake who is one of the most popular composers of the day. Could not the author of "The Vagabond" try his hand, or rather lute, upon a person whose name might prove a not incongruous pendant to that justly celebrated song? It would be a great thing for Ireland could Mr. MOLLOY be composed to silence—not only for Ireland, but possibly, in these days of "coercion," for Mr. MOLLOY himself!

THE BOW OF ULYSSES.

"THE Bow of Ulysses," you say "is unstrung,"
O FROUDE of the fiery and fulminant tongue!
Well, your bow's at full stretch, but you shoot in the dark,
And your arrows, though pointed, fly wide of the mark.
There are mighty few get to the Bull's eye, and why?
You bow-arm is stout, but you haven't an eye.
Ah, FROUDE, my dear boy, you're a patriot bold,
But you really are horribly given to scold.
For the rôle of a Goody you're rather too good,
Clear-sightedness never combines with that mood.
It was not a morsel the style of Ulysses,
And whilst you shoot thus you'll score little but misses.
You run round our Realm and find everything wrong,
Because we will talk. Now that's coming it strong!
If "the eloquent tongue," is the devil, why then
How much better think you is the eloquent pen,—
Say yours, which for eloquence cannot be beat?
Your pictures are fine, and your diction's a treat,
But 'tis folly to try—if you'll pardon the hint—
To drive men to Silence by Tall-talk in print.
"Palaver" you favour with many a wiper;
Is it really much better when set up in type?
The "Worthies of England" were "doers," no doubt;
They fought, travelled, tilled. Did they grumble and flout?
Dear me! one might think, if one listened to you,
BULL was only a man whilst he quarrelled and slew.
If Demos were deaf and the Demagogue mute;
If the poor man were treated once more like a brute;
Were "Palaver" a privilege kept from the crowd;
And confined, like much else, to the wealthy and proud;
If nobody talked save Prince BISMARCK and you,
If all Blacks were made slaves, and all Radicals too,
If GLADSTONE were gagged, if Lord CHURCHILL were burked,
Whilst the nobles all ruled and the people all worked;
If "Penelope Britain" alone on her isle,
Could find her Ulysses in—TOMMY CARLILE,
Would all go quite right 'neath the rule of the Strong One?—
If that is the Bow you'd see drawn, it's a Long One!

SINGH SONG.

A LETTER FOR DULEEP YEAR.

HONOURED FRIEND, Moscow, 10th January, 1888.

(As this is, of course, not intended for publication, I purposely suppress your name)—thank you a thousand times for your letter avowing your undying and deep-rooted hatred of the accursed country, to the downfall of which we have both devoted the remainder of our natural lives; as also for the Postal Order for two-and-sixpence, which, however, I fear I shall find some difficulty in cashing in this barbarous locality. This is awkward, as though I have been taking a little money by showing myself dressed up in my "jools," as our mutually honoured friends in Dublin would call them, still I haven't yet been able to nobble the Governor here, and as funds are getting low, every rouble is a consideration. I am, therefore, seriously thinking of applying to a travelling Circus that happens to be in the neighbourhood, and if I can only make fair terms with the proprietor, I shall then and there offer to lay my life and its service at the feet of him whom I shall henceforth regard as my Imperial Ring Master. My sword, of course, is included in the bargain.

And that reminds me, if this scheme falls through, do you think there might be any fresh opening for me in that accursed country, to the downfall of which, as I have above remarked, we have both



Twilip Sing, the Proud and Incapable Foe of England.

devoted the remainder of our natural lives? How about the *Aquarium*? When are JEM SMITH and JAKE KILRAIN "off"? Couldn't the Management contrive to work me in somehow with the BELLE FATMA, though I'm sure with my "jools" on and a scimeter and a comic song, with a bit of "go" in it, I am quite strong enough to draw alone. Perhaps MASKELYNE might see his way to something?

Meantime, Honoured Friend, how about my getting into Parliament for an Irish county? I should like to swagger in the lobby. I suggest this, for, *entre nous*, I don't think this Russian business means to pay. I've blustered, kept up communications with several distinguished Asiatic and European cut-throats, worn my "jools" on Sunday afternoons and Bank Holidays, left cards on all the nobles,—but somehow they don't bite. I don't seem to go down. So keep your eye open, and as soon as you see anything to communicate, write off at once, and be sure to address your letter to

THE TRX NA-BOB, OR HALF SOVEREIGN OF THE HIDE AND SIKH NATION, AND PROUD INCAPABLE FOE OF ENGLAND.

"I'M AFLOAT!"

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF A TORPEDO-BOAT.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, for the present at least,
Though on what may next happen wild fancy will feast;
But I say, up to now, I'm afloat, I'm afloat,
Which is something, you see—for a Torpedo-Boat.

It is true my fore-engine is all out of gear,
And the top of my feed-pump is busted, I fear;
But in triumph I gleam, and in gladness I gloat,
For—though leaky and crank—I'm afloat, I'm afloat!

It is much more than some of my concerts can say.
Twenty-four of us started one morning in May;
For a trial of steaming we stood out to sea,
And, by Vulcan! we had a remarkable spree.

Oh, the joy of the jolting, the pride of the paco
A few of us, though, were soon out of the race.
Twenty-six miles an hour—for an hour—may do,
Till you run on a rock, and disable your screw!

One did so; of course she no more could be used.
Another broke down, for her crank-brasses fused:
A third made a show, but her pride was soon piqued
When her engineer found how her main-feed valve leaked.

Her fires were then drawn, and, no doubt, you'll perceive
That with furnaces empty a ship's on sick leave;
But that was just nothing compared with the next,—
I'm assured her commander was really quite vexed.

For they let in her boilers the water get low,
And the furnace-crown caved in—a terrible blow!
And the steam all escaped, and it flew far and wide,
All the Staff were well scalded, and three of them died.

Seven boats were thus "boshed"; will't surprise you to learn
That an eighth—it's put vaguely—"broke down on return."
Well, some *did* return, which is something to boast,
Though a shaky, disabled, demoralised host.

And now you'll perceive—it's as clear as a star—
What a terrible lot we Torpedo Boats are.
To whom? Well—ahem!—to—that is—I suppose,
To anyone handy, excepting our foes.

You see we go queer, and we get out of gear,
Go colliding like fun, being awkward to steer,
Blow up, boil our crews, run aground, ay, and sink.
Won't that frighten our enemies? What do you think?

My positions are proved, I am happy to say,
By Reports of those Trials the twelfth of last May.
Read them, and they'll second my simple remarks,
And you'll own that our trials are really great larks.

For myself, I feel shaky. They put me in dock,
But I haven't entirely recovered the shock.
Still do please recollect, when supplies you next vote,
That although of small use, I'm afloat, I'm afloat!

SUGGESTION FOR THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.—A "GRADUATE" thinks that, as a memorial of recent proceedings, this Board should be known as "The Hebbdomadal Board."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. RAM, "when are those letters on the Opium Medicum going to stop! I declare when I try to read them I get quite drowsy."

A REAL TRIAL "IN CAMERA."—An unflattering Photograph.



FESTIVE.

Old Gent (from "jo'y Krism'sh Par'y," setting his "Wa'sch" to Underground Railway time, by the Weighing-Machine!). "THIS MUSH BE EIGH'DAY CLOCK!"

S. E. and L. C. & D. Raillery (Victorian Era).

"If I were Chairman of the South-Eastern," observed Mr. L-NG, "I should resign like winkin'!"

"Like winkin', perhaps," returned Mr. J. S. F-R-B-S, "but unlike WATKIN."

"All the same," remarked a shareholder of the S. E., "I don't see why your Co-Directors should have written such a reply to our polite request as appeared in last Saturday's papers."

"Well," replied Mr. J. S. F-R-B-S, "you see, it's a way we've got; or, I might say, it's a Abbott of ours."

[*Exeunt omnes severally.*]

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of the unbounded confidence displayed by the Metropolitan Board of Works in the spathy of the Public, and in the conscientiousness of its officials, it will be in future entitled "The Beard of Faith Without Works."

WRITES a "LOST LONDONER":—"No Evolutionist was ever more eager to find the Missing Link than was I on attempting to return home from the theatre in the dense fog last Wednesday, Jan. 11."

POETRY AND PASTRY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE written this pome about the mince pies, thinking it might be a good thing to have it printed. I have also put in something about ELSIE, because she made them. I don't want my name put to the pome, because the fellows are surs to see *Punch*, and they don't understand things of this kind, and would very likely laugh at me. And one doesn't care to have one's friends' names humbugged about in the playground. TOM has looked over the verses, and says they are very good, now he has invested them with artie merit, and he has put in some of his own, which are rather rot. He very nearly got "the Newgate" (I always thought "Newgate" was a prison, he says it's a prize 'un) at Oxford, only he wasn't allowed to go in for the Exam. for it, as he had to be in training. I enclose a stamp, not necessarily for use, but as a quarantine of good faith.

Yours truly, ERNEST PUDDING.

(*My nom de "plum."*)

P.S.—If you don't want to use the stamp, you might send it back to me.

THE POME.

ELSIE went down to the Kitchen
Where they made the Twelfth-Night
feast,

And it's oh, she look'd so betwitching
That Cook from her cooking ceas'd,
And let her make tart, pie and cake,
And she wasted a pound at least
Of butter and flour; but Cook never look'd
sour,

And she's sometimes a surly beast.

Oh, the yule log, and the ewe, ewe lamb,

But and the yew-tree gray;

And a new year's coming up, my love,
For the old year's gone away.

[*Tom made this up. He says it gives a cachet.*]

She look'd so lovely as she sway'd

The paste with dainty fingers,
That round the pastry that she made

An endless glamour lingers,
Like the hidden light of a swallow's flight,
Or the silence of perfect singers.

How dull and beas'ly are our schools,

And starting is the worst day;

They always have new-fangled rules,

And give us French the first day;

And ELSIE's face will fill the place,
Like a *mirage* when you're thirsty.

Aunt POSY says that horrid boy

Will kill himself with eating,

But little wots she of the joy

That sets my pulses beating:

It's not the tart that shakes my heart,

It's ELSIE, pretty sweetening.

And why not die? What hope is mine?

She's now five years my senior.

In vain bright eyes upon you shine

If rivals come between you;

But the holidays were all divine,

And ELSIE was their *genia*.*

Yes! How can boy make better end,

An end more sweet and sudden,

Than smiling die of ELSIE's pie

After a course of pudding,

With teeth fast fix'd in the mince she mix'd

And her pastry, white and wooden.

Oh, the yule log, and the ewe, ewe lamb,

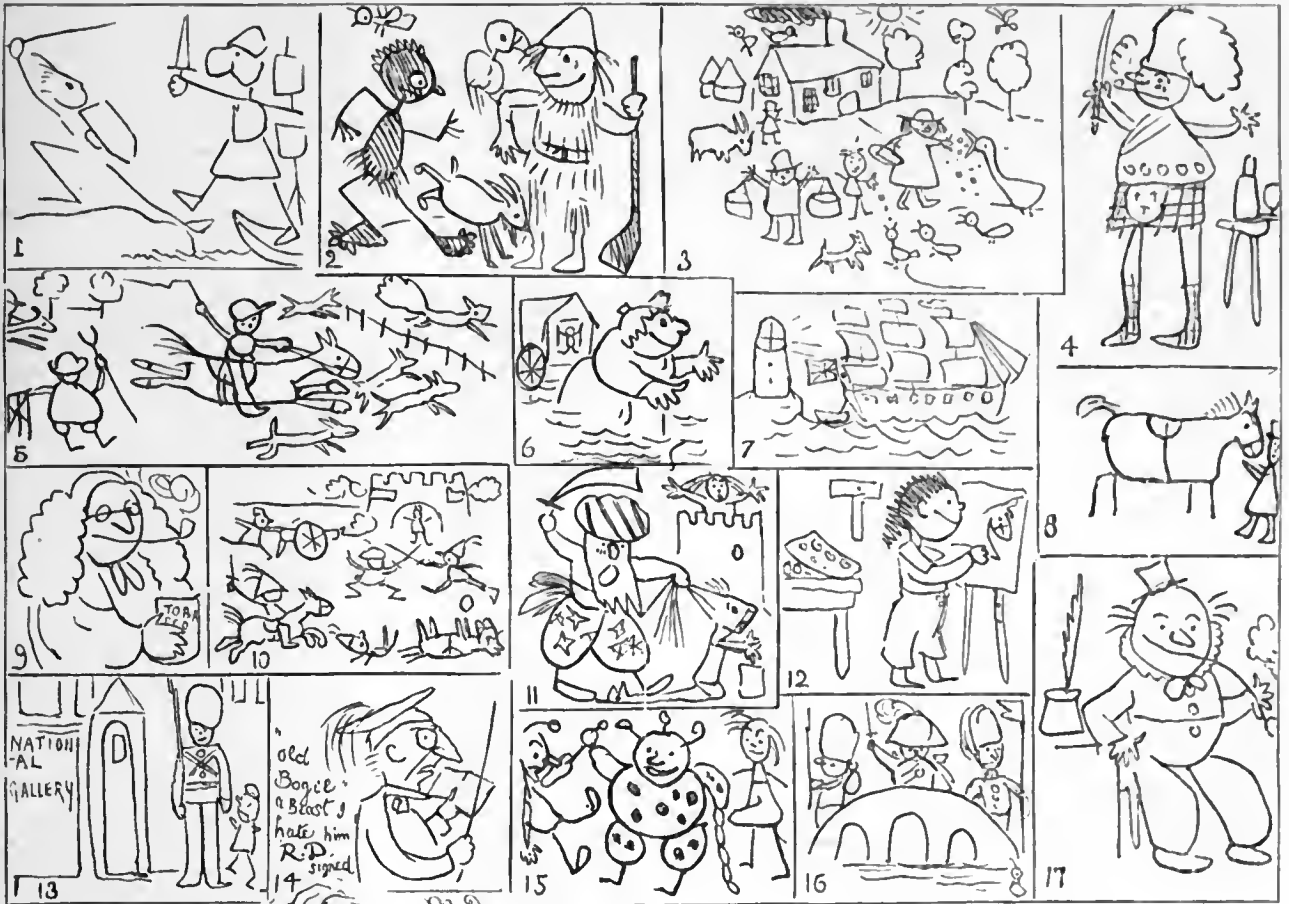
But and the yew tree gray;

And a new year's coming up, my love,

For the old year's gone away.

* This is a female good genius.

OUR WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF YOUNG MASTERS.



CHARLES DORDLER.

BORN, 1869. FLOURISHED, 1879-87.

No. 1. "Landing of Julius Cesar." This Artist was unknown in London until he came up for the Pantomime, when he painted No. 15, in this Collection which it appears, however, had been already preceded by the "Landing of Julius Cesar," and No. 6, *A Bather*: all three it is surmised were originally portions of the same picture, as the three were discovered by Miss TRIMMER, (engaged as day governess by CHARLES DORDLER, Senior) in the first page of CHARLES's *Child's History of England*, which he was studying at the seaside.

No. 6. *A Bather*. By the same Artist. The picture is in admirable preservation, as CHARLES DORDLER always took care of No. 1.

No. 15. "Actors." By the same Artist. This was drawn when he was seriously thinking of adopting the Stage as a profession. He went so far as to buy a Theatre, with real lamps for wicks and oil, an orchestra full of musicians in blue and red, and the side-boxes well filled with a paying audience. But these theatrical speculations got him into a great mess (specially with the oil-lamps and paint) and he soon relinquished the idea.

No. 16. "Soldiers on Bridge." By the same. A fine composition.

JOHNNIE DORBIN.

BORN, 1869. FLOURISHED, 1881.

No. 2. "*Robinson Crusoe, his Pets, and Friday*." We possess, unfortunately, very few specimens of this excellent Young Master, most of his sketches having been destroyed by his younger brother and sister, who, in conjunction with the baby (aged two), cut them up for "scraps," which, after having formed part of the celebrated Danusseri Collection, were summarily disposed of by the authorities who guard these treasures.

It is probable that this picture was painted about 8'30, just before going to bed, as it bears traces of his later manner. By way of aiding the pathos of the design, the dignity of the *Crusoe* being apparent in his noble though wild air, the Artist has given a certain affecting significance to the figure of *Friday*. The animals, it is conjectured, are by another hand, perhaps his left.

No. 7. *A Sea Piece*. By the same Artist. There is, we believe,

Miss Farniss

another version of this great work extant. Observe the breeziness of the sails, the massive heaviness of what is miscalled a Light House. Also notice the sky above and the sea below. This somewhat novel arrangement has been largely copied by servile imitators.

No. 11. "*Blue Beard*." By the same. A fine conception. The Savage Turk has seized his hapless bride, the twentieth victim, by the hair of her head, and waves his flashing scimitar in the air, while on the roof of the castle is seen the despairing figure of *Sister Anne* as she scans the horizon and gives the latest intelligence to her sister below. A curious circumstance is related in connection with this picture. While JOHNNIE DORBIN was at work on it with the box of paints that had been given him on his previous birthday by his uncle Mr. BOLAINE, his cousin, BILLY BOLAINE, between whom and JOHNNIE there had always existed considerable rivalry, entered the apartment, and in the absence of JOHNNIE, took up a brush charged with lamp-black and made a great "splash" (as he termed it) on *Blue Beard's* eye. JOHNNIE, on returning, exclaimed, "BILLY has been here . . . and has given *Blue Beard* a black eye." Whereupon he immediately sallied forth, and, overtaking BILLY in the street, produced the same effect on his cousin's eye as BILLY had on *Blue Beard's*. After this lesson they became the greatest friends, and it is said that BILLY lent JOHNNIE his own box of paints and imparted to him many of the secrets by which he had attained success in his own peculiar line.

BILLY BOLAINE.

BORN, 1868. FLOURISHED, 1880—82.

No. 3. *Landscape, with horse, ducks, and figures*. Silvery effect of about eight o'clock in the morning anywhere. The animals have given rise to some discussion, but the general impression seems to be that the Artist, who never depicted anything without a subtle meaning, originally intended at least one of them for a cow. The small figures probably represent members of the painter's family. There is a good story told about the ducks in this picture, which we have quite forgotten. It is a question whether the hand of his cousin JOHNNIE DORBIN is not evident in more than one of his ducks.

No. 5. *Hunting*. By the same Artist. Full of life and movement. That the Artist should have selected subjects from country life is all the more remarkable from the fact of his never having left London until long after he had given up painting. Our own LANDSEER, or any of the great Dutch painters, would have found considerable difficulty in representing a horse and hounds with the fidelity to nature displayed by this Young Master. Artists admire the luminosity of the background where the fox is visible. The fox is worthy of his brush! This is certainly BOLAINE'S young-master-piece.

GEORDIE PORGEE.

BORN, 1876. FLOURISHED, 1886—7.

No. 4. *The Mac Marmalade of Dundee*. Lent by the Artist's parents. GEORDIE was, from a very early period, devoted to the Oranges cause, as represented by the Orange-women with whom, when walking in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, he was never weary of conversing. He was at one time thinking of becoming an Orange Boy, but was deterred from this project by his maternal aunt, Mrs. MACPOFFIE, one of the HARDBAKES of MacCalmond Rook, who assured him that the Sweets of Home were preferable to anything he could get abroad. The picture represents a distinguished ancestor of the Artist, THE MACMARMALADE of Dundee, from whom he inherited the peculiar taste which kept his palette thoroughly employed. We hope to dine with his excellent parents next Tuesday, and to be invited to have a little rabbit-shooting near Bonnie Dundee.

HORHYD LYTEL PIKKELL.

BORN, 1875. FLOURISHED, 1887.

No. 8. *Horse and Man*.—For the first few years of his existence very few persons had the slightest idea of the variety and extent of his genius. HORHYD LYTEL PIKKELL was a great animal-painter. Several interesting stories are told of him in this capacity. "At one time," an old lady informed us, "he was staying in my house, where I had some sweet pets—Tibby, the white cat, Phibby, the black one, Beauty, the pug, and a miniature King Charles. Scarcely had LYTEL PIKKELL been a day in the house, when he developed his extraordinary talent for animal-painting. I will remember the evening. He said the colours looked better by candle-light, and you can imagine my delight and surprise when I saw Tibby covered all over with red and black spots, its face painted like that of a wild Indian, Phibby all over Chinese white with a vermilion tail, the pug coated with orange-pink, and the King Charles a bright sky-blue. With the true modesty of genius LYTEL PIKKELL denied all knowledge of the work; but artistic power will come out, and, after some hesitation, the animal-painter stood confessed. On hearing his avowal I felt I should do wrong to confine his talents to my house, and he left." There are many similar stories told of him. He never stayed long in any one place, and rarely ever visited the same locality a second time,—not, at least, to the knowledge of the inhabitants who would have been only too glad to have given him the reception his merits deserved.

MASTER HARRY SANDFORD.

BORN, 1874. FLOURISHED CRIBBLY IN THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1886.

No. 9. Copy from memory of the celebrated portrait of an Ancient Justice known by his contemporaries as "Old Judge." This is not from any private Collection, but has been taken from a public hoarding in the Metropolis. An acquaintance of the Artist informs us that it was painted just before HARRY SANDFORD went to the Criterion Bar. Master HARRY SANDFORD lingered over this gem, this Richmond gem, until he was seized with an attack of illness, which resulted in the immediate attendance of Mr. BARLOW with Dr. BIRCH. This Artist is known as "Young HARRY," and judging from specimens of his peculiar work, some critics have conjectured that he was not altogether uninspired by "Old HARRY."

ITTY BOBBY.

BORN, 1879. FLOURISHING, 1888.

No. 10. *Battle Piece*. This spirited picture has never been exhibited. Such works are scarce. Highly finished as it is, it was completed at a single sitting. Few military men can look on this without feeling that ITTY BOBBY must have witnessed the scene he so vividly realises. Yet it is not so.

LITTLE THOMAS TUCKER.

BORN, 1870. FLOURISHED, 1880—1.

No. 12. *Portrait of the Painter by himself*. No work of Art that we have ever seen conveys so forcibly the sense of absolute loneliness as does this of THOMAS TUCKER by himself. His is a sad history. He took to vocalisation in order to procure food, and, neglected by his friends and an unappreciative public, chose to be a recluse, and disappeared from artistic life. At one time, perhaps, there were few Young Masters who had achieved greater fame, his name, "Little TOM TUCKER," being a household word. Now we scarcely ever hear of him. It is supposed, with what truth we do not know, that the refusal of the well-known conceited and selfish *gourmand*, J-CK H-R-N-R, to share any portion of his festive meal at Christmas-time, broke T. TUCKER'S heart. We trust, for the credit of humanity, that this story is not true.

SAMUEL NOODLEKYN'S (THE YOUNGER).

BORN, 1870. FLOURISHED (FOR ONE DAY), 1887.

No. 13. "*A Sentry of Art*." One of the soldiers on guard at the National Gallery. For this admirable, and, as we believe, unique specimen of this Young Master's work, we are indebted to NATHANIEL NOODLEKYN'S (the Elder). It was intended for the present Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, as illustrating "*A Sentry of Art*," but the Artist's friends discovered too late for the Artist, but not for Art itself, that at the Grosvenor Gallery only the works of *Old Masters* were admitted. This unforeseen disappointment embittered the Young Master's life, and at the beginning of the New Year he exclaimed, "I will paint no more!" a decision which, while it was hailed with considerable satisfaction by his parents and most members of the household, caused great grief to one of his earliest and staunchest patrons, Mrs. CLARE STARCHER, the Washerwoman of Sope-Sudbury, who was accustomed to take away with her, every Monday, the family pocket-handkerchiefs used by the Artist in the course of his work, as well as his pinafores and those of his little sisters, which she treated with all the reverent enthusiasm of a relic-collector.

TOMMY MERTON.

BORN (UNCERTAIN). FLOURISHED—CONTEMPORANEOUSLY WITH HARRY SANDFORD, THE YOUNGER.

No. 14. "*Old Bogie. A beast—I hate him!*" This is probably a portrait of the Rev. Mr. BARLOW, JUN., in full academicals. There is a certain sad dignity in the features which commands respect and inspires distrust. The misleading initials are evidently intended to conceal the authorship.

ANONYMOUS.

BORN, 1876. FLOURISHED, 1880—87.

No. 17. "*Papa*." The Motto, "It is a wise child that knows its own father," is written at the back of this picture. This is evidently a cryptogram, concealing the name of the Artist. Several amusing stories are told of this painter, for which we have neither time, space, nor patience, and, therefore, shut up the show.

A LOST VOCATION.—The M.B.W., i.e., the Metropolitan Board of Works, would have elected Mr. HEBB as its private Chaplain had he not renounced all idea of taking orders. Though he professed himself perfectly willing to wear the M. B. Waistcoat.

A CERTAIN "GOOD INNINGS."—J. L. TOOLE playing Cricket on the Hearth,—and a very good place to play it too in this beastly weather.

HOME RULE BELOW STAIRS.—At Winchester this policy is entirely for Kitchen use.



“BRAYVO, 'ICKS!”

“I stand here for ‘justice’—to Ireland.”

NOT SO BAD AS IT SEEMS.

(An Echo from the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré.)

“What is now Lord LYTON’s official residence has been allowed to fall into almost squalid disrepair. The furniture and fittings would look shabby in a second-rate pension.”—*St. James’s Gazette.*

THE British Ambassador paced the room with thoughtful brow, pausing only now and again when one or other of his feet caught in a rent in the well-worn carpet.

“How can the signing of the Treaty be avoided?” he asked himself. “An hour’s delay and the present Government will have fallen, and we should then have to deal with their successors! What do you do here?” The query was addressed to a young man who had silently entered the room.

“I have to apologise to your Excellency,” replied the new-comer, respectfully, “for having presented myself before you without a signal, but the last time I knocked on the door the panel cracked beneath my knuckles. It is a wonder to me that you have been able to entertain in this ruinous place.”

“How I did it is my own secret,” said the Post Diplomatist, nodding half scornfully, half goodnaturedly, and by a gesture inviting his visitor to place some papers he carried in his hands on a table.

“Again, my Lord, I ask pardon,” continued the Private Secretary, for that was his position; “but I have my doubts about the advisability of following the course you seemingly propose. I have good reason for believing that were I to put anything on that table it would not bear it.”

“And this new Treaty is no light matter,” laughed the British Ambassador. “I wish therefore that I could delay its signature.”

“The Foreign Minister is sure to be punctual. Ah! I hear his ring,” and the Private Secretary looked out of the window. Then he stamped his foot with annoyance. “He has pulled the handle with sufficient force to break the bell-wire!”

“And you by your thoughtless impatience have driven your foot through the floor. See your leg is imbedded in the lath and plaster! You should be more careful!” was the angry response.

The British Ambassador had not time to offer further expostulation before the French Minister for Foreign Affairs presented himself.

“Your Excellency,” said the Gallic Official, “I have brought the Treaty with me, which now awaits your signature.”

“Are you quite sure it is all right?” drawled out Lord LYTON, evidently bent upon prolonging the preliminaries of the interview.

“Quite sure, my Lord; if you will take a pen the matter can be settled at once,” and the Frenchman began an anxious search for ink and paper.

“Are you sure you are authorised by your Government to do all this?” asked the British Ambassador, carelessly.

“A thousand times yes,” was the Frenchman’s reply. Then he continued, “See, I have laid out the document on that table, and all you have to do is to seat yourself on this chair, and sign it.”

“Seat myself on that chair! Never!” cried Lord LYTON, with a shudder. “Never!”

“Then I suppose I must give you a lead;” and the Frenchman smilingly sat down on the ancient chair. The Ambassador and the Private Secretary stood gazing at him transfixed with terror. Suddenly there was a shriek and a heavy fall. The chair had given way under the very considerable weight of the Frenchman, who was now lying in an undignified position on the floor. The two Englishmen immediately assisted him to rise.

“We really must apologise,” began Lord LYTON.

“Never mind apologies,” replied the Gaul; “let us sign the Treaty.”

“Too late!” said the English Ambassador, with his ear to a telephone. “I regret to inform you that your Government has fallen, and that you consequently are no longer in charge of the bureau of Foreign Affairs.”

“Baffled!” hissed out the Frenchman, as he took his departure.

“Just in time,” said Lord LYTON; “just in time.”

“That chair giving way under him was most fortunate,” observed the Private Secretary.

“Yes,” returned Lord LYTON, solemnly, “the honour of England, nay, the peace of the World, have been protected by our defective furniture! Let us complain of it no longer.”

UPON AMARYLLIS
Causing him some displeasure.
BY SEDLEY SPOUTER.

THEY told her, when a wayward
Her temper to deter, [child,
A bogey man, unkempt and wild,
Would run away with her;
That richest quarry soonest falls
By simpering mien beguiled,
Till wide through fashion’s gilded
halls
Young AMARYLLIS smiled.

With frozen glee her growing
fears
She struggled to restrain,
As through the uneventful years
She smiled, and smiled in vain.
And now she tries the infant plan,
And sulks the livelong day,
That so at least a bogey man
May carry her away.

“CELEBRITIES” NOT “AT HOME.”

WE have just seen the first number of *Men and Women of the Day*, containing admirable photographs of Miss MARY ANDERSON, Lord HARTINGTON (Ex-Cabinet size), and Cardinal NEWMAN, quite the best we have seen of these Celebrities. If the series is equal to this first sample, it will be historically interesting, and most valuable as specimens of the Messrs. BARBAUD’s photographic art. They do not say whether their intention is to give us one lady and two gentlemen every month, or to vary this proceeding occasionally, but the arrangement in this first number, with “Our MARY” between the Cardinal in a brown study, and Lord HARTINGTON, “himself to the life,” that is in rather an awkward position and looking somewhat puzzled, and neither of them paying the slightest attention to charming *Perdita*, is decidedly humorous.

Cheerful!

WASN’T this a nice advertisement for the Christmas holidays? It was in the *Morning Post* (not the *Evening Post*—don’t let there be any mistake about this, Sir ALGERNON) for December 30:—

G OVERNESS (English) for Three Children, eldest 15; must be a thorough disciplinarian and well able to administer corporal punishment; good salary; age about 24; write full particulars as to mode of inflicting punishment, also salary required; personal interview in London necessary.

Isn’t that pleasant, Dr. BIRCH? Such advertisements ought to have a paper all to themselves,—say, for example, *The Whipping Post*.

Scent per Scent.

“JOCKEY CLUB” we know ’a pleasant scent,
But now ’tis clearly honesty’s intent
(And genuine sport of the result’s expectant)
That Jockey Club shall be—a disinfectant!

JUST WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—The *Odium Medicum* runs so high, that at one West-End Club, on a Homoeopathist being put up as a candidate, the Allopathists banded together and “pilled” him.

Vale!

DENNING departs? Pleasure has *Punch* in penning
A fond farewell. “Give you good den;” good DENNING!

THE INDIAN MAIN.—A Bill before the Indian Legislature proposes to constitute cock-fighting an indictable offence. But is that pastime really so cruel as it is called? The cocks themselves like fighting, and, whilst living, they “live like fighting cocks.”

THE GREAT FIGHT

Between the "Game Globule" (Grimthorpe's Novice) and the "Pharmacopœian Pet," ex-Champion Heavy Weight, Holder of the Allopathic Belt, &c., &c. A Tale of the "Times," retold in (more or less) Homeric Verse.



MUSE, sing of the merriest mill, between two pugilistical rivals,
That yet has been seen in the ring, in this season of fistic revivals!
Don't warble of SMITH and KILRAIN, or of SULLIVAN, known as the
"Sluggar,"
Their sets compared with *this* one are mere samples of tame
hugger-mugger.
The tale is a tough one to tell, it needs some such a muse as
MACAULAY'S.
The gallant and genial GRIMTHORPE—himself a rare dab with his
"mawleys,"
Got up this true sporting affair, he's the bravest and boldest of
backers,
The lads that he got in the ring were a couple of regular crackers.
The "Pharmacopœian Pet"—*seniores priores*—a veteran,
Has got lots of fight in him yet, for a big 'un you'll scarce find a
better 'un,

True he of late runs to flesh, is a trifle too beefy and lumpy,
And lovers of "science" may deem that his style's rather flashy and
jumpy:
But he still has "a damsging right," so his backers at least are
persuaded,
And quick "knocking out," his pet tactics, by weight and his
inches are aided.
In fact he's a sort of a SULLIVAN, gassy and rather vain-glorious,
Full of disdain for his foeman, and cocksure of being victorious.
GRIMTHORPE'S "Game Globule," *au contraire*, is rather a light-weight
at present,
But quick on his pins as a cat, with a "left" far too hot to be
pleasant,
As promptly the P. P. discovered; the P. P. of course forced the
fighting;
He hasn't got much of a guard, so he goes in for rushing and smiting.



“LAPSUS LINGUÆ.”

Parson (who is also an enthusiastic Amateur Photographer, his mind wandering during the Service). “AND NOW FIX YOUR EYES ON THAT MARK ON THE WALL, AND LOOK PLEASANT!”

His “mug” wore a confident smile, which some might esteem a bit bounceable; These big ‘uns are apt to be cocky, but even a Titan is trounceable. P. P. will nurse the delusion that Novices such as our G. G. “Ain’t never no good.” “Let him come,” cried P. P., “and I’ll knock him to Fiji!” [Pharmacopœia And then the “Game Globule” *did* come, and faced him of the With steadiness, stontness and skill of which P. P. had scarce an idea. To Fiji he would *not* be sent, and that fact gave the P. P. the fidgets; And he “landed” the P. P. to-rights, and he dodged his redoubtable digits, And GRIMTHORPE cried “Go for him, G. G.!” and G. G. most certainly went for him; [spanks P. P. meant for him. He ought to have been soon “knocked out,” but escaped the big And P. P.’s proud backers waxed wroth, and they howled to their “Pet” to demolish him; “Wire into him, P. P.!” they yelled; “bring your right into play, and you’ll polish him.” They were awful big Pots, were those backers, Corinthians high and exclusive, [and abusive. Who thought they were cocks of the walk, and to prove it were hot Monopolists mighty, they fancied that Victory followed their banners So much as a matter of course, that they didn’t heed logic or manners. Shake hands with a “G. G.”? Oh! no. *Infra dig.* It was most condescending To fight him—a summary way his confounded pretensions of ending. And didn’t he slog, their P. P.? “Mighty Caesar, that *was* a pile-driver! Oh! if it had *only* got home! But G. G.’s such a dodger and diver. This Mill isn’t what we expected; that GRIMTHORPE’s a deadly deceiver. He dares to administer gruel, who ought to be gruel-receiver. Knocked out, the G. G.? Not at all. No; he round after round comes up smiling. [riling. How many more rounds will the fight last? It’s tiring and terribly Beat take the men out of the ring; the G. G., though a cad, is so clever That if our P. P. is not pumped, it seems likely to go on for ever!”

AN ITALIAN PEACE-PRESERVER.

PHILADELPHIA should, to merit its name, be the abode of brotherly love. Nominally, just the place to go to for a peacemaker. Thereat, accordingly, the Italian Government has lately ordered a piece of ordnance which, it may be hoped, will answer its purpose in case of need—a pacificator in the shape of a pneumatic dynamite gun.

“This gun is to throw a shell containing 600 pounds of dynamite four miles. The work of construction has been begun.”

When it shall have been completed, may the work of construction contribute *in terrorem* to render the work of destruction unnecessary. British War Office, please copy.

A Look Ahead.

(Taken after reading the account of recent Cricket in Australia.)

MOSES and TURNER, of New South Wales Seem rattling good hands with the bat and the balls: Every cricketing zealot in England’s a yearner To bowl against MOSES, or stand up to TURNER. The Australian Team of this year, *Punch* supposes, Will scarce turn out TURNER, and hardly miss MOSES; And so, in advance, *Mr. Punch* gladly hails TURNER and MOSES of New South Wales!

DISTURBANCES IN ROUEN CATHEDRAL.—The Vauriens are emulating the misconduct of the London Roughts who invaded Westminster Abbey, smoked pipes, sang songs, and so forth. Perhaps some of our nice people went over to assist. No wonder they were evidently “or the road to Ronen.”

A SERIES OF RECENT ARTICLES IN THE “DAILY TELEGRAPH.”—*Articles de Luck’s.*

MERELY TENTATIVE.—The Suggestion of a Try-on at the Admiralty. With two other Lords, they might have made it a Tryonvirate.



A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

"WA-WA-WA-WATHER FA-FA-FA-HA-HA-HOGGY, EH, TOM?"

"RATHER FOGGY? YES. BUT, MY DEAR JACK, YOU STAMMER TEN TIMES MORE IN LONDON THAN YOU DID IN NEWCASTLE, EVEN! HOW'S THAT?"

"LA-LA-LA-LA-LONDON'S TA-TA-TA-TEN TIMES AS BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BIG A P-P-LACE, YOU KNOW!"

"LESS THAN (MAN) KIND."

A Lubbocky sort of Fable.

"The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals; to them it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of colour which we cannot see, of sensations which we cannot conceive."—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK on *The Senses of Animals*.

THE Fox and the Ass travelled along the blue roads running through pink grass and shaded by white barked trees covered with rainbow-hued leaves that towered miles high into the yellow-and-green-spots-plus-striped-raspberry-jam coloured sky.

"Ass," said the Fox, in a voice of thunder, that sounded like forty million bees singing an oratorio to the accompaniment of a double-barrelled steam-worked church organ, "what are those Men?"

"Fox," returned the Ass, in tones that made an Elephant, who was having a chat with a Black-beetle, scamper away in terror, "I fancy they must be persons who gain a precarious livelihood by attempting to please the rich."

The persons to whom allusion had thus been made were four in number. One had an orange face, the second a blue one, the third a green one, and the last, one of a colour it is impossible to describe, but which reminded the spectator of earthquakes, thunderbolts, and brass nails mixed together into a sort of mineral pea-soup with cough mixture and marmalade. They were seemingly expanding and compressing their cheeks, with a view to filling some curious looking instruments, miles long, with air.

"Ass," said the Fox, "these Men are what our Masters—ha! ha! ha! our Masters!—call a German Band."

"Fox," replied the Ass, "and those fools, our Masters—Masters! ho! ha! hum!—think they are only making a noise. We, on the other hand, are able to distinguish in this noise music that Men can never appreciate!"

Laughing in tones that reverberated for millions of miles, the two animals passed away from the country and entered the town. It was now quite dark

to Mankind, but to the Fox and the Ass the light of the green moon shone as brightly as the sepia-brown sun. They entered a Picture Gallery and stood in front of a painting by Mr. WHISTLER.

"What is it called?" asked the Fox.

"A nocturne in yellow and black," replied the Ass.

"Oh, what magnificent hues!" cried the Fox, in an ecstasy of admiration; "look at that splash of pink liquorice, that dab of shot puce-vermilion tripe, that splutter of tawny-green-gambose apple-tart!"

"Yes," returned the Ass, also in ecstasy, "and our Masters—ha! ha! ha!—our Masters! can see in this revelation no colour at all!"

The friendly couple then left the Art Gallery and entered a deserted reading-room. Instinctively (by a sense not possessed by mankind) they became acquainted with the contents of a thousand modern novels. Then they took up the magazines and acquired them. Neither of them went to sleep for a moment. Then they attacked the newspapers, wading through pages and pages of correspondence upon all sorts of the most uninteresting subjects. Finally they possessed themselves of the comments on the political questions of the day. They learned how TWIDDLEBUM was a villain and TWIDDLEDEE was a knave, and that both were fools.

"Ass," said the Fox, "are you satisfied with anything?"

"Not with many things," replied the Ass. "I agree with Mankind."

"But, Ass, are you satisfied with anything?" persisted the Fox.

"Well, Fox, on the whole, I think I am satisfied with myself."

"And that is a sensation that Mankind—our Masters! ha—ha—ha!—our Masters! cannot conceive!"

But, in spite of what the Fox had said, the Ass had a fellow-feeling for Mankind!

HONOURED IN THE BREACH.

THE Centenary of BYRON's birth, and no Celebration, no Statue, no Ode, no Oration, no anything! "Greek meets Greek," indeed, in honour of the hero of Missolonghi, but Englishmen seem too busy considering whether SHAKESPEARE wrote his own plays, to give a spare thought to the author of *Childe Harold*, which, perhaps they will presently attribute to Sir HUMPHRY DAVY! Happy BYRON, to escape the spasms of the Gashers, the speeches of the Notoriety-hunters, the libellings of the Image-makers! On such terms one would even be an Immortal Bard. For Immortality would be tolerable, but for its Centenaries!

LORD CHARLES'S FAREWELL.

(JANUARY 19.)

"FAREWELL!" cries CHARLES.

"Away! away!

In the Government vessel I'll not stay.

I can't understand, in spite of your tips,

The Hamiltonnage of your ships.

So belay! belay! Lord SALISBURY,

Farewell, farewell to the Admiralty!

If you experience doesn't teach,

You'll lose the sea as you've lost your Beach."



"Tar! Tar!"

"THÉÂTRE D'APPLICATION."—This sounds like real work. Capital notion this: a theatre,—not where you get seats by application for orders, oh, no,—but where the best classic works are performed by pupils of the Conservatoire before a mixed audience of subscribers. The Managers of this Theatre are the leading French Actors, who are also teachers of the histrionic art. With such a "Dramatic College" the English Stage might be given honorary rank as a profession. In England private enterprise would surely be an excellent substitute for Government subvention which the French Conservatoire possesses.



MASTER HAMLET MINIMUS AND HIS MOTHER.

Another Suggestion for Mr. Wilson Barrett.

A RE-MOVING TALE.

"A FAIRY stole your goods," quoth I, pleasantly interviewing WILSON BARRETT, after the sad loss he had sustained by a sham furniture-van driving off with what the other curate, the Rev. Mr. PENLEY, would have called his "goods and chat-tels."

W. B. shook back his ambrosial locks, as he replied, bitterly, "No Fairy, my friend, but a Van Demon was it who stole my properties. As *Shylock* hath it—or something very like it, if memory holdeth still its seat in this distracted brain—

"They take my house, when they do take the 'props' That do sustain my house."

"To think, too," he continued, "that this caitiff, whom for want of a better name I will call GINGER—for he's a hot 'un in GINGER—"

"Excuse me, W. B.," I observed, "but a most respectable professor of negro minstrelsy bears that appellation."

"I meant not him," replied the Tragedian, "I mean the Ginger-haired Gentleman who called at my house and had the effrontery to declare he came on my behalf."

"Yes, he called you 'the Guv'nor,'" I said.

"Precisely: and he told the serving-men that 'the Guv'nor's orders were orders.'"

"He was right there," I remarked. "You have kindly given me your orders before now, and I am bound to admit—"

"And so were they," interrupted the Manager.

"They were, and did so," I returned. "But I have advice for thee."

"Name it," he said.

"This it is," I went on: "produce a piece which turns upon—"

"Some theory of kleptomania?" he asked, disdainfully.

"No, W. B.," said I; "on no new theory, but on an abstraction. Let 'Willanous WILLARD' be the chief of the robbers; and in Act II. let him come with the van and steal the properties. In Act III. let him meet you playing the part of a Rural Dean (you will look excellently well in a shovel hat, encircled with a May garland,—an ideal Rural Dean), and be so overcome by your eloquence (Sims and you together can concoct the cackle), that he restores you all your lost furniture."

"A striking dramatic situation!" exclaimed W. B., his fine eye in frenzy rolling like anything.

"And then the guilty creature sitting in front—"

"Aha! I see it all!" he cried, as if suddenly inspired.

"The guilty creature, sitting at that play, Will his him homewards, and repentant cry, 'I did the deed, the deed of deathless shame, I stole thy 'props!' I! 'GINGER' is my name! The name on me bestowed by cynic thee. Now to thy house I hie me with a cart, And all the furniture that once I borrowed I render back again, so thou wilt pardon me.'"

"Bravo! *Encore!*" I shouted, enthusiastically. He reappeared in front of the window curtain (behind which he

* Mr. W. BARRETT has evidently been studying Mr. ROBERT BROWNING'S most recent Jubilee verses.—Ed.

had made an exit on finishing his speech), and bowed. Not having a wreath handy I threw him a button-hole. Again he bowed, and there were tears in his voice,—which can be produced by this great artist at a minute's notice, or less if ordered the day beforehand,—as he thanked me and began another speech.

"Stay," I said, politely interrupting him at the commencement. "Let me tell you, before I go, where you may seek your goods and chattels."

"Where? Oh, tell me!" he cried; "and how long, how long will it take me to get there?"

"Within the neighbourhood of Oxford Street there is a shop where is written up 'Old Furniture and Pictures restored.' Try that. Good day." So I left.

GIVING THE ODDS—BAR ONE.

(What it may come to if "Mr. Solicitor" has his way.)

SCENE—Interior of the Royal Courts. An Appeal being heard. Judges on the Bench. Members of the Combined Profession occupying seats once monopolised by the Bar.

First Judge (addressing Small Advocate). We are not quite accustomed to the new state of things, but is it not usual for Barsolisters to wear robes?

Small Advocate (aged 16). B'leeve 'tis, m'Lud; but, fact is, I am here on behalf of Mr. JONES, the Barsolister, who is away serving a writ on a client, who requires special attention.

First Judge. I suppose you are Mr. JONES'S Managing Clerk?

Small Advocate. No, m'Lud. Mr. BROWN, Mr. JONES'S Managing Clerk is engaged in Chambers before a Chief Clerk, who is settling the remuneration of a receiver. Very important matter, m'Lud.

First Judge. Then, who are you?

Small Advocate. I am one of Mr. JONES'S junior clerks, m'Lud.

First Judge. And what are your duties?

Small Advocate. Well, m'Lud, usually to assist in the sweeping out of the office, the writing of the addresses on the envelopes and such like. When I'm not doing that, I have the pleasure of addressing your Ludships.

First Judge. Has a junior clerk who assists in sweeping out the office as an ordinary duty the right of audience?

Second Judge (after consulting authority). Clearly.

[He points out passage to his colleague.]

First Judge (addressing Small Advocate). I see that you have the right of audience. You can proceed.

Small Advocate. Thank you, m'Lud. As I was saying when your Ludship was kind enough to interrupt me—as I was saying, the other day I was reading a law book in master's chambers—"

Second Judge. Can you give the name of your authority?

Small Advocate. Well, m'Lud, to tell you the truth, I quite forget. I fancy it was RICHARDS or ROBERTS, or somebody who had a Christian name for a surname. The book was all about "Substantial Estates" I think. Yes, I fancy it *must* have been—*Roberts on Substantial Estates*. Something like that, you know, m'Luds.

First Judge. Could it have been *Williams on Real Property*?

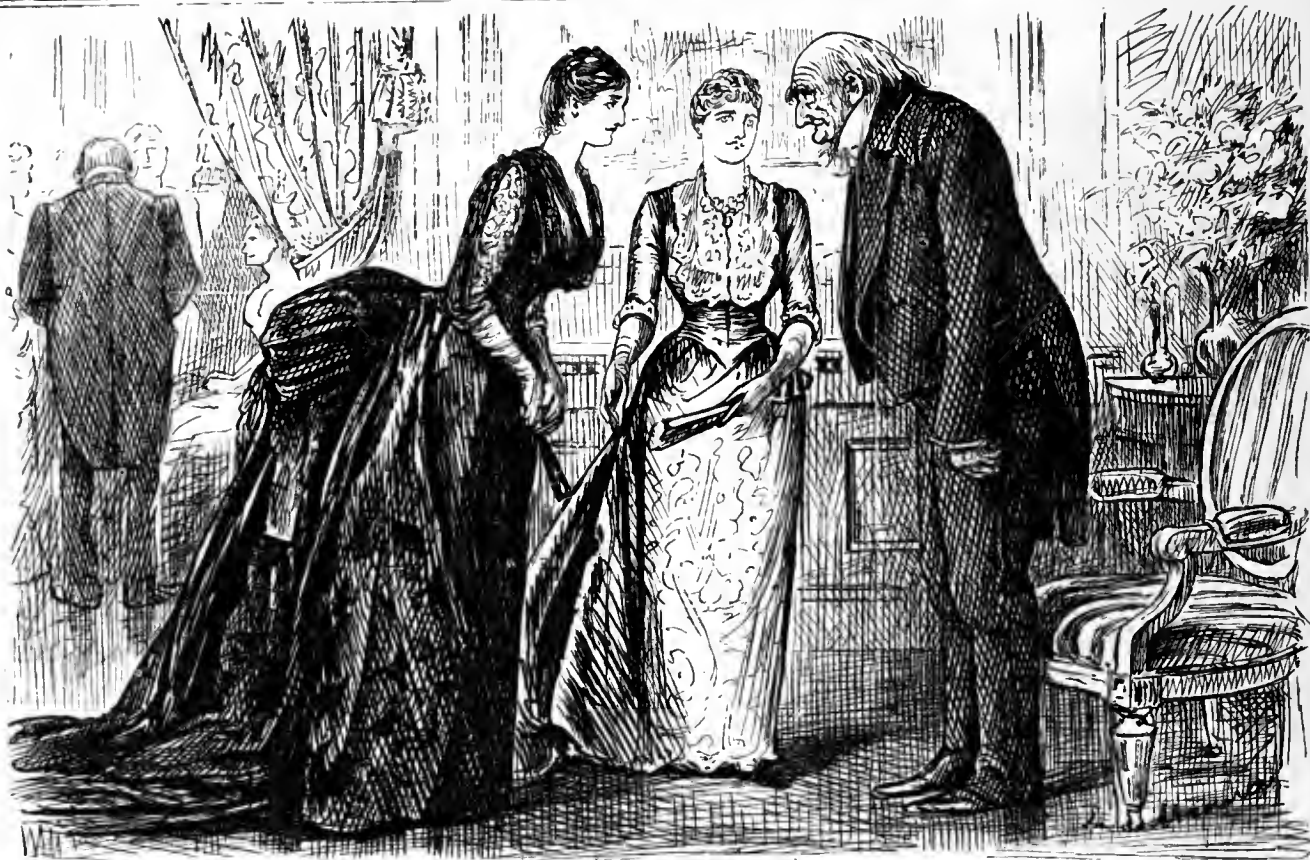
Small Advocate. Why, I do believe, m'Lud, you have hit the nail on the right head! Well, m'Luds, I read in this here book that waste was quite different in Law than in fact. So I believe my client was only exercising his just right when he cut down the wood in rear of the premises. He never wasted it, m'Luds, but sold it at a good price. [Argues for an hour or so.]

First Judge (at end of argument). We shall give our decision on Tuesday week. (Dead silence.) Is there no other matter?

Aged Barsolister. Hem—ha—ho. B'lieve, m'Lords, no other case ready. Fact is, m'Lords—hem—ha—ho. Counsel otherwise engaged. Fact is, m'Lords—hem—ha—ho. One Barsolister is finishing a Bill of Costs, another receiving instructions about Marriage Settlement, and—hem—ha—ho—and a third examining Securities in a box at the Bank. My own learned leader, Mr. SILVERTONOUR, Q.C., is at this moment—hem—ha—ho—particularly engaged. Fact is, m'Lords, Mr. SILVERTONOUR, Q.C., is acting as a man in possession during the temporary absence of the representative of the Sheriff.

First Judge. As there appears to be nothing further on the paper, we must adjourn, but I cannot help pointing out that the mixing of functions, once kept distinct, causes at times considerable inconvenience. [Scene closes in on the adjournment.]

OLLENDORFF FOR THE GROSVENOR.—We hear that a dinner is to be given by some artiotic sympathisers with Sir COUTTS LINDSAY in his recent Grosvenor Gallery difficulties. The following form of interrogatory by way of invitation may possibly find favour with the Grosvenor Gallery—itca—"Voulez-vous Hallé au diner?" "Je ne sais pas; mais à quelle heure?" "A sept heures moins un Carr."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"OH, I AM SO PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MR. M'GRUMP! I HAVE HEARD OF YOU AND YOUR WORKS FOR EVER SO LONG—THE LAST TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS, I AM SURE!"

"YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD OF ME AND MY WORKS FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS, MADAM!"

THE NEW "JUNCTION."

SCENE—Signal-Box on the Amalgamated T. and L. U. Lines, at the new St. Stephen's Junction. First and Second Pointsmen are discovered "taking a look round."

First Pointsmen. What a lot of levers!

Second ditto (stolidly). Ah!

First ditto. I wish you wouldn't always say "Ah!"

Second ditto. Oh!

First ditto. Hang it all, nor "Oh!" neither. I hate a monosyllabic mumchance sort of a chum.

Second ditto. Well, you'll have plenty of polysyllables presently, if that's any comfort.

First ditto. Who'd be a Pointsmen? (Sings.)

When a Pointsmen is engaged in his employment,—

Second ditto. His employment,

First ditto. And attending to his levers and his dials,—

Second ditto. And his dials,

First ditto. His facilities for innocent enjoyment—

Second ditto. 'Cent enjoyment,

First ditto. Are restricted. 'Tis the terriblest of trials—

Second ditto. 'Blest of trials.

First ditto. Our emotions we, of course, must sternly smother—

Second ditto. Sternly another,

First ditto. When this most important duty's to be done—

Second ditto. To be done.

First ditto. But, take one consideration with another,—

Second ditto. With another,

First ditto. A Pointsmen's life is not a happy one.

Both. When this very urgent duty's to be done,

To be done,

A Pointsmen's life is not a happy one!

First ditto. Ah! well adapted, well sustained. I feel a little better after that burst. Oh! if we could only more often take a Gilbertian view of our business! But it's too serious for that.

Second ditto. Humph!

First ditto. Hang it, HARTY, there you are again!

Second ditto. Haven't moved yet, SOLLY.

First ditto. Never do move till you're driven to it. Well, well, we've got our work cut out here. Now that your Company is to run its trains over our lines the traffic will be more tangled than ever—blocks more likely, collisions more difficult to avoid.

Second ditto. And more necessary to be avoided. By, Jove, if we get colliding now, we shall make a meas of it.

First ditto. Yes. Let's see (looking at levers); must keep a special eye upon that "Local" train; touch-and-go thing to work that in safely, I expect. Ah! (Sings.)

When the "Flying Irishman," is not a flying,—

Second ditto. Not a-flying,

First ditto. When the "Scotch Express," is not before it's time—

Second ditto. 'Fore its time,

First ditto. There'll be lots of casual "Specials," which are

trying,—

Second ditto. Which are trying.

First ditto. And the telegraphs go clinking like a chime,—

Second ditto. Like a chime.

First ditto. I'll be bound that "Local" leads to lots of bother,—

Second ditto. Lots of bother.

First ditto. Could we shunt it—which we can't—it would be

fun—

Second ditto. Would be fun.

First ditto. Yah! Take one consideration with another,—

Second ditto. With another,

First ditto. A Pointsmen's life is not a happy one.

Both. When our complicated duty's to be done,—

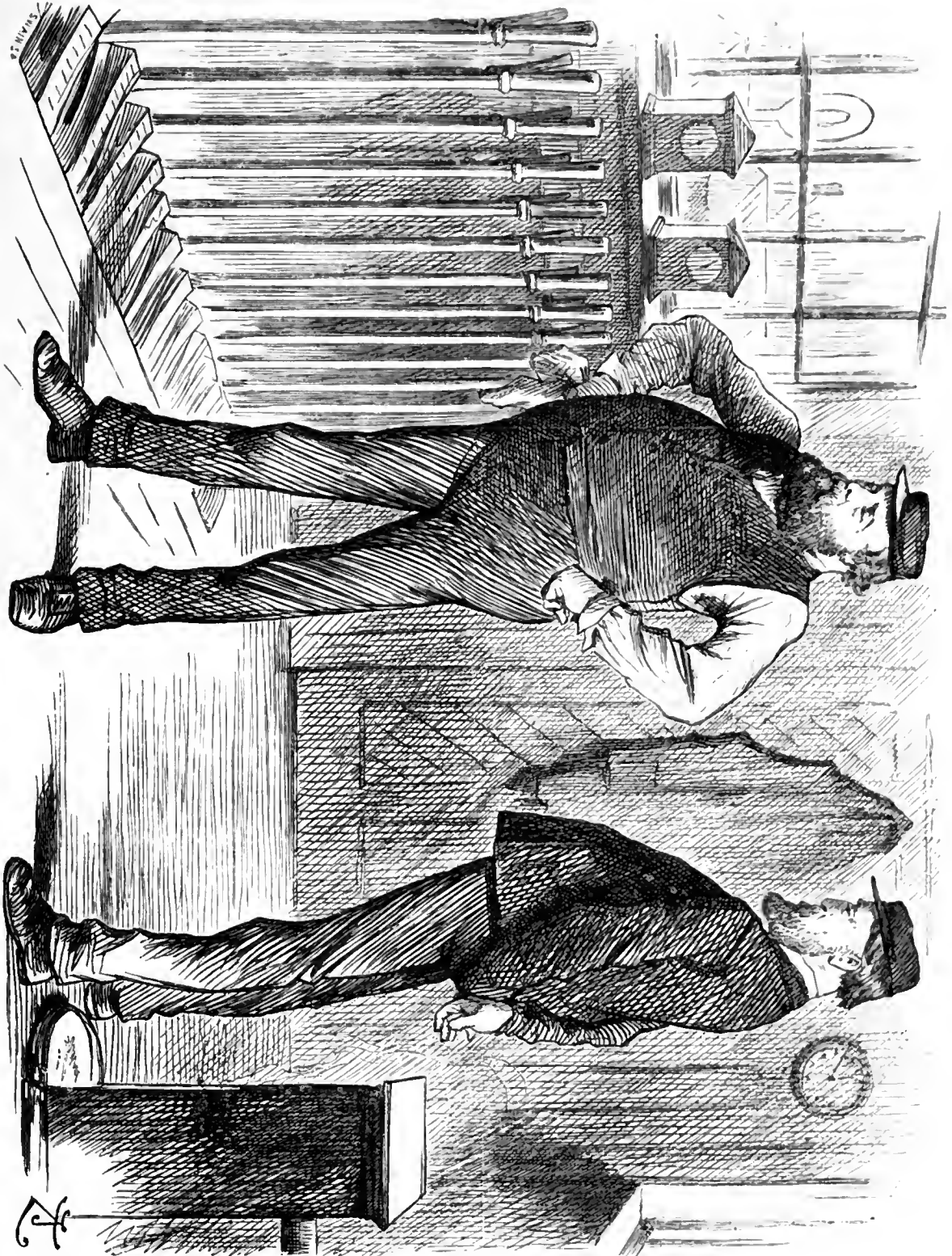
To be done,

The Pointsmen's life is not a happy one—

Happy One!

First ditto. I thank thee, SULLIVAN, for teaching me that song.

Second ditto. Yes; but we mustn't be piping it too often or too loud. Might rouse suspicion, you know, and if it reaches the ears of the drivers and guards, might make 'em lose faith in you—and me—which would never do.



THE NEW "JUNCTION."

From Punch, January 25, 1888. The illustration is a woodcut by John Tenniel, showing two men in a room. The man on the left is standing with his back to the viewer, looking at a large display of various tools and weapons hanging on a wall. The man on the right is standing with his back to the viewer, looking at a large, dark, rectangular object on a table. The room has a tiled floor and a window in the background.

THE END OF THE WORLD

First ditto. Phew! Roused out of "Ahs!" and "Humphs!" at last! But you're right, HARTY, my boy, you're right. When business begins Bab-ballading must cease. And the time's at hand. The first parliamentary is nearly due. Now that our two Companies are comfortably amalgamated, we ought to do good business. But I must keep a sharp look-out when the traffic begins.

Second ditto. So must I! [Left looking out sharply.]

A NEW LIGHT.

We should like to ask a question, which deeply affects our social and political life, respecting Mr. GRAHAME, Mr. BURNS, Mr. HYNDMAN, and all the Socialistic and Communistic leaders whose words and deeds exercise so pernicious an influence on the uneducated. The



Entirely New Finsls for a Pantomime.

question is this—*Were they, in their youth, taken regularly to see Pantomimes?* If so, their estimate of the Police Force generally, as exemplified by their and their followers' treatment of "Bobbies," is distinctly traceable to these early lessons given them by Messrs. Clown and Pantaloon. There is no such effective teaching as that by example, and the example set, even in the most brief modern harlequinade, by everybody's outrageous conduct towards the Policeman, is simply sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

As in any rightly constructed melodrama poetic justice is always satisfied, and the detective, however he may have failed during four Acts, invariably succeeds in arresting the scoundrel in the fifth, so a Pantomime ought to finish with the triumph of Right and Might, in the person of the Policeman, over low cunning and outrageous resistance to all authority, as embodied by the Pantaloon and Clown. The influence for good that pantomimic teaching might thus convey is incalculable. Prevention is better than cure; formation of character is better than reformation. Let us begin at the beginning—with Pantomime.

LEGISLATION FOR THE SESSION.

LOCAL Government mustn't stop the way. Let there be one Bill brought in for putting a stop to all such processions—including bodies of Salvationists tramping about on Sundays with tambourine girls, and band of music ("Music! ye Gods!")—as have not received police permission for one occasion only.

Another Bill is wanted for dealing summarily with organ-grinders, street-singers, and all other similar disturbers of the peace, so that if a householder or some one noting as his agent, gives any of these nuisances into custody, a paper signed by him and the constable, shall be sufficient to warrant a conviction. Two sovereigns fine for first offence, imprisonment with hard labour for second, and for the third, perpetual banishment from England with the last penalty of the Law in case of their returning with the same deadly purpose in view; i.e., the destruction of the peace and quiet of Her Majesty's subjects.

Also wanted, a Bill to fix certain spots outside a four-mile radius from Charing Cross, where any open-air public meeting may be held, of which the Commissioners of Police must receive at least a clear forty-eight hours' notice.

OUR ADVERTISERS. MUSICAL.

WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE AWAKE. By the Author of "When the Children are Asleep." This thunderingly successful song which has almost reached its second edition, is now published in fifteen keys:—

"Ah! the smashing of every window-pane,
And the ink-spots scattered about like rain,
With a Babel fit to turn one's brain,
When the children are awake."

BLOWER AND CO.'S NEW SONGS.

THE CHIMBLEY-SWEEPER. BINSUTI.

I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE LAST TUESDAY WEEK. WALLINGS.

ONLY A SHILLING FARE! OWEN TOURS.

LET ME DINE AGAIN! LEAMINGTON WHITE.

OH! TAKE THIS TOOTHACHE BACK. SOLTMANS.

UPON THE JASPER STAIRS! This beautiful and thrilling and passionate song can be sung even with a bad influenza cold, with the most magnetic effect. The pathetic words of the refrain never failing to touch the hearts of the most humorously inclined drawing-room audience.

UPON THE JASPER STAIRS. Music by BARLOTTI. Words by JOHNSON BLAKE.

I passed the Agate gates, and, oh!
A vision wondrous sweet
Broke on my trance'd gaze, and so
I turned me to a seat.
I could not guess what they were at,
But someone unawares
Removed my chair; when, lo! I sat
Upon the Jasper stairs!

JABWICK AND LONGFORD'S NEW SONG. May be sung by anybody, anywhere, anyhow!

NEWHAVEN REST. The Publishers of the admirably touching song, "The Last Omnibus," have much delight in astonishing the Public with another thrilling New Song by the same unrivalled Composer.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "The Last Omnibus." The merry bell is ringing gleefully for the departure of the vessel, and as the old man totters to the forepart to make, in company with his little grandchild, the cheaper Channel passage across from Dieppe, he looks anxiously beyond the pier-head, and fixes his gaze on the troubled sea outside with a gloomy stare.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "The Last Omnibus." His little grandchild has left him now to look at the Engines. The old man, still with a haggard gaze, expresses to the steward in dumb show, that he is feeling uncomfortable. The latter cheerily tells him that he had better "get below," and, helping him down the cabin-stairs, deposits him on a sofa.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "The Last Omnibus." But the old man stifles in the stuffiness beneath, and after much difficulty, is once more pushed up again on to the deck. He is prostrate on a heap of tarpaulins by the vessel's side, and his little grandchild notices that his face is green. When asked to pay his fare, he feebly shakes his head.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "The Last Omnibus." But all is now over. The vessel has entered the port, and as the old man, the rays of the setting sun gilding his somewhat dishevelled appearance, is staggering up the ladder for the shore, being quite off his head, he fancies he hears a choir of angel voices singing from the Refreshment Room the beautiful refrain—

"To stay below would have been best;
Still, here's Newhaven! You're at rest!"

A GENTLE DUSTMAN'S HEART. New Song, by the Composer of "A Maiden Fair."

His costume may your taste surprise,
You may not like his cart;
But say, oh! why should you despise
A gentle Dustman's heart!

THE LOVE THAT LASTS A MONTH. By the Composer of "I Laughed amid my Tears." Published in A, C, D, E flat, and seven sharps, and sent Post-free anywhere for Twopence.

Opinions of the Press:—"Sure to be popular in a well-managed lunatic asylum."—*The Wapping Jew's Harp.*

MR. PUNCH'S EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.



CONVICTION has been borne in upon *Mr. Punch* of late that—whether from the engrossing nature of modern girls' and boys' occupations, or their preference for contemporary and realistic fiction—the study of Fairy Tale and nursery lore, is fast falling into neglect—if not (as is only too much to be feared) into positive contempt! The disadvantages to a child in after-life of having been allowed to grow up in complete, or even partial ignorance of so essential a branch of a liberal education are too obvious to be enumerated, and *Mr. Punch* is anxious to do all in his power to avert what he cannot but consider a national calamity.

In these days there is but one means of stimulating or reviving a flagging department of knowledge—we make it the subject of compulsory or competitive examination, and so *Mr. Punch*, reluctant as he is to incur the resentment of his young friends by proposing any addition to their doubtless numerous tasks, feels it a duty, nevertheless, to suggest to parents that no child should be allowed on any pretext in future to leave the Nursery for School, until it has passed creditably some such examination as is indicated below. It would not be necessary, of course, to require candidates to take up the *whole* of the work in question, which would perhaps impose too arduous study upon the younger generation. The best plan is to select such portions from each as will give the young students a fair general idea of the style and subject-matter of our greatest nursery classics.

Mr. Punch hopes that no parent will think it necessary to send his children to a "Nursery-Crammer" to be prepared for this examination, and that the use of an abstract, or "*memoria-technica*" will be discouraged as far as possible. It should be added that the candidate is expected to do these papers *without any books whatever* at his elbow, and that appeals to elder persons for their assistance should be met with stern and unflinching refusal.

The following questions, though searching, will not, *Mr. Punch* considers, prove too severe for students of any industry and intelligence.

(A) SET SUBJECTS:—

- "Jack the Giant-Killer" (*first two chapters*).
- "Puss in Boots" (*selected portions*).
- "Aladdin" (*from commencement—to the Vanishing of the Magic Palace*).
- "Bluebeard" (*the whole*).
- "Sindbad the Sailor" (*Second Voyage only*).
- "Ali Baba" and "The Babes in the Wood" (*selected portions*).

1. Mention and criticise the conduct of *Morgiana* after discovering the Forty Thieves in the Oil-jars.
2. Should you be inclined to call *Puss in Boots* a strictly truthful animal?
3. What were the circumstances that led *Cassim Baba* to the conclusion that *Ali* had suddenly become rich? What use did he make of his discovery?
4. Describe, as fully as you are able:—
 - (a) *Bluebeard's* Chamber.
 - (b) The halls and terrace where the Wonderful Lamp was found.
 - (c) The chief physical and geographical features of the country at the top of the *Beanstalk*.
5. At about what time of the year did the *Babes in the Wood* perish? How do you fix this from internal evidence? Is it stated that they had eaten anything previously which was at all likely to disagree with them?

6. Sketch concisely the main incidents in the life of *Aladdin*, from the time he found the Magic Lamp to the disappearance of the Palace.

7. State all you know of *Cogia Baba*, *Haroun Alraschid*, *Alice*, the Mother of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, the *Marquis of Carabas*, *Sister Anne*, *Beauty's* Father, *Red Riding Hood's* Grandmother.

(B) CRITICAL AND GENERAL.

1. What is your opinion of the intelligence of Giants as a race? Of what substance were they in the habit of making their bread? Would you draw any and what distinction between (a) Giants and Giantesses, (b) Ogres and Ogresses, (c) a Mamma Ogress and her daughters?

2. What is a Roc? What do Rocs feed on? If you were on the edge of steep cliffs surrounding an inaccessible valley, strewn with diamonds and visited by Rocs,—how would you proceed in order to obtain some of those diamonds? Give the reply of the Slave of the Lamp to *Aladdin's* request that a roc's egg should be hung up in his dome.

3. Mention instances when (a) a *Wolf*, (b) a *Bear*, (c) a *Cat*, (d) a *Harp*, are recorded to have spoken, and give the substance of their remarks, when possible, in each case.

4. Write down the name of any hero you can remember who suffered inconvenience from (a) the imprudence, (b) the disobedience, of his wife.

5. How would you act if you were invited to go to a party on the opposite side of the way, and had nothing to go in but a pair of Seven-League Boots? Compare the drawbacks and advantages of going to a State Ball in glass slippers.

6. State which family you would rather belong to: Ooe in which there was (i.) a Wicked Uncle, (ii.) an Envious Sister, (iii.) a Jealous Brother, or (iv.) a Cruel Stepmother? Give your reasons, and illustrate them by examples. How many Wicked Uncles do you remember to have read of? Are Wicked Uncles ever sorry, and, if so, when?

7. Give any instances that occur to you where it is stated that the chief personages of the story "all lived happily ever afterwards." Are there any exceptions to this rule?

(C) PANTOMIME PAPER. (*Optional, and for those Students only who may decide to "take up" this branch of the subject.*)

1. Did the manners, language, and general deportment of the various Kings and Queens you have seen in Pantomimes correspond at all with what you had expected them to be from the books?

2. Mention any fairy tale in which (1) long ballets, (2) allusions to subjects in last year's papers, (3) jokes about "drinks" and "pawntickets," (4) comic duets which you didn't quite understand, and (5) men dressed up in women's clothes, occur. Mention (if you can) any Pantomime in which they do not.

3. Were you surprised to hear at Drury Lane that the King who befriended the *Marquis of Carabas* was originally a Potman? Do you remember this in the original text?

4. Why do you suppose that the Wicked Brothers in this year's Pantomime were frightened by green snakes, pink lizards, and enormous frogs? Did their own explanation that they had "the jumps" convey much to your mind? Did this scene make you laugh?

5. Give as clear and intelligible an account as you are able of the story of any one Pantomime you have been to, mentioning where—if at all—it departed from the version you have studied, and whether or not you considered such departures (if any) to be improvements.

6. Investigate the principal peculiarities of Pantomime Animals. How do they chiefly differ from other animals? Describe the effect of kindness upon a Pantomime Donkey, and account for it.

N.B.—Not more than four questions need be attempted in each of the above Papers. Candidates are advised not to leave any question unattempted from a mere inability to answer every part of such question.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE.—*Heart of Hearts* offered but little attraction to the public, so *Mr. THORNE* is trying upon them the *Fascination* of *Mias Jay* and *Mr. BUCHANAN*. What will be the Manager's next step? *Pas de Fascination?*

BALLAD OF BATHYBIUS.

"*Bathybius*, a name given by Professor HUXLEY to a gelatinous substance found at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, and at first supposed to be a formless mass of living protoplasm, but now regarded as an inorganic precipitate."—*The Dictionary*. "*Bathybius*, from two Greek words meaning 'the deep,' and 'the life.'"—*Rev. Joseph Cook*.

I.

"A MERMAID I," she said, with modest mien,
 "In Ocean's caves I stray."
 HUXLEIUS viewed her with a glance serene,
 And answered, "So you say."
 "'Tis an opinion I can hardly share;
 Yet, should you court renown,
 I'll have you labelled, *This side up, with care*,
 And send you off to Town.

"For, if a being does exist at all
 In Earth, or Air, or Sea,
 It's very certain to be *natural*,
 Whatever else it be."

"Observe," she said, "my tail with pearls bestrown,
 Green eyes, and locks of blue!"
 "I do observe," he answered, "and I own
 These objects meet my view.

"But yet, without one thousand witnesses,—
 Pray do not think me rude,—
 Science and I must doubt if you possess
 Relative certitude."

She smiled; a subtle influence seemed to flow
 About him fr m the sea.
 "As I'm an F.R.S.," he murmured low,
 "She's hypnotising me!

"You must remember that I still retain
 My judgment in suspense,
 Subjective visions will appear in vain—"
 Then clouded grew his sense.

II.

HUXLEIUS in a pallid light awoke
 On a dim cavern's floor,
 And on his ear a murmur moaned and broke,
 Like the long Ocean's roar.



London, 1888.

It was the voice of his Bathybius,
 Out of the gulf of Time—
 "I'm not 'the new Moner,'—you named me
 I'm just old *Chery Slyme*. [thus—

"If I submit to being overhauled,
 I'll know the reason why;
 Sulphate of lime I am; that's what I'm
 I never told a lie!" [called.

Is just the point on which we have a doubt!
 Fled from the Mermaid's chasm,
 He seems cocksure and very pleased about
 His old friend, Protoplasm.

And yet we cannot share his honest pride.
 A doctrine oft miscarries.
 His Protoplasm may be ranked beside
 Our old friend, *Mrs. Harris*.

Chorus of Mermaids.
 Sulphate of lime he is; that's what he's called.
 He never told a lie!
 "You need not look for germ of life in me,
 We all know what we are.
 I'm not organic, and don't mean to be:
 You carried it too far!
 'I'm not the thing with which you make a fuss
 No more than I'm a Guelph.
 Don't think of calling me Bathybius.
 Bathybius yourself!"

Chorus of Mermaids
 Don't think of calling him Bathybius,
 Bathybius yourself!
 "Bios is 'life,' and bathus stands for 'low,'
 And low enough I rate
 Ascribing life to what you ought to know
 Is just 'precipitate.'"

Then ceased the low-voiced murmur of the sea,
 Ceased the Mermaid's song.
 And great HUXLEIUS woke, and knew that he
 For once was in the wrong.
 But whether he'll be wise in days to come,
 Or err another time,
 Ascribing life—'twere better to be dumb—
 To inorganic slime,

A WANT AND NO SUPPLY.

MR. PUNCH, Sir,—Why should not the old days of Evans's Supper Rooms be revived? Yes, we know Clubs have increased and multiplied since the days when PADDY GREEN flourished. Clubs were called and Clubs have turned up. But Evans's is another matter altogether.

The Theatres are certainly not over earlier than they used to be, and after the excitement of a drama and the atmosphere of gas, nature is exhausted and requires what it cannot obtain anywhere really comfortably, though there is a notable exception to this at Rule's, in Maiden Lane; that is, if Rule's can be an exception. Even here if there be a crush and a rush, the hungriest and thirstiest are not served first, and if you only arrive at 11:30, on a crowded night, you find you have become a waiter instead of a customer, and just when you are beginning to enjoy the long expected whatever-it-is, the warning stroke of 12:30 tells you "Time's up!" and within a quarter of an hour "out you go," with a digestion in about as indifferent a state as was *Hamlet's* Father's conscience when its owner was hurried out of this wicked world.

We mention this exception, if exception it be, as the only one with which we are personally acquainted. But Evans's was something more than a mere supper-room, it was the place *par excellence* for glee-singing (at an hour when it comes in pleasantly enough, which it doesn't at dinner-time) part-songs and ballads. It was the place *par excellence* for a chop and potatoes in their jackets, (we were in jackets ourselves when we first tasted these luxuries) a small steak, devilled bones, grilled chicken and a cool tankard of stout. Only the male

sex were admitted, and in spite of there being no charge for entrance (we are speaking of "long, long ago,") the company was orderly and comparatively select. Why shouldn't some enterprising caterer take such a place in hand? And before securing suitable premises not too large—Evans's came to grief when it was enlarged and admitted the feminine element,—in the classic neighbourhood of Covent Garden, let him apply to the Police Authorities to grant the establishment tentatively for three years, say a licence with extension of time up to 2 A.M., on condition that only glees, part-songs, and ballads are performed, that the glees for which boys' voices are required, shall cease at 11:30, and that to no part of the building (the innovation commenced with private boxes at Evans's, *console Paddy*) shall any of the female sex be admitted. The seclusion must be as strict as that of a Monastery. 'Twill be like a little Evans's below, a Paradise without an Eve of dissolution in it.

We present this notion in the rough to London and the Provinces generally. Country Cousins always formed a strong contingent at Evans's, and its revival concerns the visitors to London equally with Londoners. There is much to be urged in its favour: and not much against it. You, *Mr. Punch*, remembering the jovial round table in the corner, the cheery, sociable, and harmonious evenings, and seeing that a considerable and influential class are dissatisfied with Music Halls, will, we are sure, give us your vote and interest, if we can proceed any further in this matter. Let our cry be, "Arouse ye then, my merry, merry men!" and so we, that is my inseparable companion and myself, beg to sign ourselves,
 Your old friends,

The Roost.

"CROUGH AND CROW" (LIMITED).

THE 'BUSY B.'S.

"The BANCROFTS have hit upon a taking title for their reminiscences. It is *Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the Stage: written by Themselves.*"—*St. James's Gazette.*

How doth the little Busy B.'s,
Improve each shining hour,
By writing reminiscences,
With literary power.
Their honey (pathos, humour, fun)
They've stored on memory's shelves;
It will be read by everyone.
Though writ quite "by Themselves."

Most people "by themselves" are dull,
But when this sees the light,
The volumes will, we're sure, be full
Of all that's nice and bright.
"Mister and Mrs. Bancroft, On
And Off the Stage,"—to this
Add "Written by Themselves." Just con
This title,—what's amiss?

"What's in a name?" a precious lot.
In this name if you please,
The very thing for them I've got,
Call it "The Busy B.'s."
Or else "Two B.'s," or not "Two B.'s."
But there, the matter's small;
I'm sure their reminiscences,
Will pleasure give to all.



SYMBOLICAL.

[During a certain annual religious ceremony at Petersburg, the CZAR appeared "bare-headed."]

ADVICE TO SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISTS.—"Act always on the Square." Only, mind, not on Trafalgar Square.

ROBERT AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY BALL.

I WUNDERS if ennybody as has never seen it, ewer got within say a hundred miles or so of ewer imadgining the site of about a thowsand bootiful children, more or less, all bootifully drest in lovely outlandish costooms, all looking the werry pieter of appyness, and all dancing to bootiful music, or marching round in state, or a setting in a great circle on the floor of the great City Palace of Delite, a gazing and a larfing, with that little merry larf that belongs so naterally to little children when they're all drest in their new clothes, at their old favorite *Punch and Judy*, and ewen encurridging *Mr. Punch* in his owdacious behauiour. In my fortuit persion of coarse I've seen about every thing as is to be seen of a grand or scrumptious character, but I never has no doubt as the Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Manshun House beats the lot in a canter and the rest nowhere.

Weather it was the cold fog or not of course I don't know, but the little darlings soon came a dropping into the refreshment room and a drinking most copiously of lemonade and consumin the sponge cakes with great wigour. One yung feller, all drest in nice warm white flannel, and with about as pretty a little face as I ever seed, and who I was told had cum all the way from Canterbury, aeshally arsked me for a glass of Champagne, but werry properly added, "put some water in it, please, as I don't want to get tite!" Bless his careful little art, much he knowed about that mistery. With the wallyable assistance the little dears received from their Pars and Mars they kept us all werry well employed 'till supper-time, when of course I assended to the upper regions to attend to my more serious dootys.

I got a peep from the Gallery of the grand march round of the children, which was the gem of the evening, as ushal. I shoed have liked to have had it all over agin, but of course I didn't dare shout tout ancore, or they might have all looked up at me, and how shoed I have felt under such trying suckemstances!

There was a smart yung chap strutting about, werry andsumly drest as King CHARLES THE 2ND, as he told me hisself, and a gent, who must have bin jist a little behind hand in his Natral History, arsked him how he could be a wariking about after his head was cut off? But he was quite ekal to the occasion, and said, "That wasn't me; that was my Father; and there he stands," pinto to a ancient Common Counsilman who was filling up his lezzure time by drinking sum champagne cup.

The Gentlemen of the Press mustard uncommon strong, and exprest their opinons as to the supper and the wines with great freedom and wollobility, and I was pleased to hear from sitch experienced Critics that it was all fust rate, speshally the Bore's Hed and the Mum. A natral fear keeps my umbel pen quiet, or I shoed much like to menshun the names of jist a few. But there was jist a rather wildish look about one of them as showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the seen, while another seemed to feel that he had to bear the whole world on his broad shoulders. But they are a ginial set, and always werry civil to a poor Waiter.

Praps the most poplar and suttenly the most owdacious part of the hole proceedings, was the sham Lord Mare's percession. It was that bootiful got up, and gone through, with that degree of solemnity,

that was most oredditable to all the yung Haeters and their Pars and Mars, whose sons and dorters I'm told as they all was, tho' them's misterrys as is not revealed to Waiters, no, not even to Hed uns. But what spiled the hole effect to me was the sollem thort that we was aoshally looking at, and all a clappin our hands at, a burlesk of that amost sacred hinstitushun, a Lord Mare's Percession! How the ribbold jester wood have joyeized, supposing such a irreverent fust class miscreant had intruded hisself into that Agipshun All of splendor! I trembled as I red the accounts in the nex day's papers. But no; they past it by without no snear.

As I've bin a studyng the French Tung lately, I thort as I'd try my skill upon a yung French Gent, with his waste jest under his arm-pits; so, after he had drunk a glass of Champagne Cup, I says to him quite boldly, "Ancore du Champagne Cup, yung Mossoo?" At which he larfed and said, "We, Gassong!" quite natral.

I was a good deal surprized at one of the jewvenile royal pusson-idges, a King, or a Erl, or summat of that sort, a asking me for sum of that sessidge meat, and a pinto to a Bore's Hed! But in coarse even jewvenile Kings or Erls carnt know everythink. I remembers the late Sword Bearer telling me, with a shudder, that wunce upon a time, when he was atending in state upon a Lord Mare who was a going to call on the Prince of WHALES at Marlboro Ouse, as they werry were all a waiting for his Royal Iness in the All, little Prinse GEORGE came into the Gallery, and when he saw the Sword Bearer in his grand Fur Cap of State, pinto at him, and said, quite lowd, "Oh, wot a funny Old Man!" The Sword Bearer, like the trow gennelman he was, the much hurt in his feelinx, as he told me he was, took no notice of the hinsult, but forguv him at wunce. Praps you've eard this afora? Well, it bears retelling.

I didn't notice quite so much difrence as I should natrally have xpected between the style of daneing of the royal and noble pussonages, and them of humble degree, such as shepperdesses and pezzants, but they suttenly all enjoyed theirselves up to the werry larst, and when the fatal hour of midnight struck 12, they seemed no more tired than did the geential LORD MARE and his hansum Lady, who had received ewerybody, and noticed ewerybody, and made ewerybody feel theirselves quite at tome, tho they was at the sillebrated City Pallis.

ROBERT.

TÆDIUM MEDICUM;

Or, *What, if it doesn't Stop, it will come to in the "Times" of 1889.*

SIR,—I have read attentively now every day for one year and three months the six columns of controvery at first vindictive, then libellous, then scurrilous, and in these last times beyond all bounds frantic, between the two rival schools of treatment that you have persistently kept publishing for the benefit of your numerous readers. The result of the perusal of this correspondence upon me has been this. I have registered a solemn vow that under no complication of diseases to which I might suddenly fall a victim would I ever again "call in" a medical adviser of any profession or school whatever. No, Sir, I have determined to leave Dame Nature to do her best or worst with me according as it may please her own sweet will. Anything I feel would be better than to hand one's body over to be juggled with by this screaming crew, who in chorus denouncing each other as quacks, liars, thieves, mountebanks, and cut-throats, have fairly and finally scared out of their arena and, I trust, for ever beyond their reach, Your obedient but reflective servant,

A STAGGERED LAYMAN.

SIR,—One word more in answer to that just-created peer, GRIMTHORPE. I did not, as he malevolently and with malice aforethought argues, state that if you threw a bottle of stout into a gasometer full of ginger-beer you would not "detect it." What I did say was that I would defy anybody with his eyes blind-folded to taste it. This is the 177th time I have had to correct this scandalous, outrageous, and scurrilous perversion of truth in the course of the present controvery. Need I say I am sick of it.

I am your obedient servant, J. C. B.

SIR,—One word to supplement my yesterday's letter, in which I flatter myself I once more gave it hot to "J. C. B." and to all the other bigoted, orthodox vampires who are yelping the same tune with him. If I did not fairly flay them and put them and their perjured nonsense into pickle after, all I can say is I don't know what more they can want. Stay, though—I must not forget what I had to say. It is this. If any one of the A. champions still wants to have it out with me, let him come down here to me in Yorkshire (where my family have been settled for more than fifty years), and I shall be happy and eager to give him as good an argument or two as he could wish—with a horsewhip.

Yours, &c., GRIMTHORPE.

** This correspondence must now close.—Ed.

NEW STATUE FOR TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—That of Justice CHARLES as companion to King CHARLES.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY M.P.

FROM MR. SP-KER.

Sandy, Bede. Saturday.



EAR TOBY.

ORDER, Order! I suppose as we are now on the eve of the Session, and you will have other affairs to occupy your time and attention, the Letter-Bag will shortly be closed. But before you pull the string, allow me to drop in a brief note. The Speaker of the House of Commons is, after all, human—or, as H-RC-RT might say if he filled the Chair, in some respects human. In deference to this weakness, I feel a peculiar pleasure in addressing you among all the 670 Members of the House. If they were all like you, dear TOBY, what a Paradise would reign within our four walls! Never since Barkshire did itself honour by returning you, have I once had occasion to suspend

you. (Excuse me; but I suppose, if in the troublous times ahead of us such a misfortune came to pass, I should have to seize you by the tail?) Never once have you moved the adjournment of the House, delivered a proxy speech, questioned the decision of the Chair, or behaved otherwise than as a model Member of Parliament. I wish there were more like you.

But there are not, and we must take things as we find them. They have been pretty lively since I first sat in the Chair, and from all portents they are likely to be still more so in the Session that opens next week. I observe that Mr. P-RN-LL has been advising his Young Men to avoid obstruction and adopt mannerly ways. That is all very well for Mr. P-RN-LL, who has pleasantly passed the recess far from political strife. But I can well understand some of his compatriots asking whether, because Mr. P-RN-LL has not been in prison, there shall be no more cakes and ale? W-LL-M O'BR-N fresh from his plank bed, T. D. S-LL-V-N just freed from gentler restrictions, and Mr. P-NE tired of hanging like M-H-M-T's coffin between heaven and earth, are likely to take another view of the situation. In and out of the Chair these fifteen years, I know very well what it is for a Leader of a Party to discountenance obstruction, and what effect it has upon the course of business. Sir ST-FF-RD N-RTHC-TE, when he led the Conservative Party, was honestly opposed to obstruction. But that did not prevent GRANDOLPH and his merry men stopping all progress. GL-DST-NE is equally shocked at the adoption of any means of obstruction less subtle than the occupation of two hours in saying what might well have been uttered in twenty minutes. But, apart from the Irish Members, the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate and some other Members who sit in that part of the House, are certainly not to be accused of docility in following their titular leader.

B-LF-R is the only man who has a practical scheme on hand for combating obstruction. Of course if one by one the most truculent of the Irish Members are cast into prison, the available force of obstruction in the House of Commons must be diminished. Sir B-YLE R-CHE had not this particular illustration in his mind when he made his famous declaration. But the application holds equally good. B-LF-R has done his best, the only sign of maladroitness about his proceeding being in the somewhat indiscreet haste with which it was inaugurated. If Irish Members are sent to spend their Christmas Day in prison, under sentences of two months' confinement, it is clear that their appearance in the House of Commons cannot be postponed long after the commencement of the Session. It is not for me even to hint at counsel in so delicate a matter. I am not responsible for the Chief Secretary's action, and am called upon neither to approve it nor to disapprove it. But, viewed in connection with the question of

obstruction, there is evidently a 'chronological error' at the basis of Mr. B-LF-R's proceedings. But he is young and ardent, and experience may bring its lessons.

I daresay you will be glad to hear that I approach the new Session in renewed health and I need hardly add, with indomitable spirit. I am glad to be able to add that SM-TH, who looked in the other day, is also ready for his work. He has just returned from Pau, which he was a little surprised to find is, after all, not a river. Otherwise his mind preserves its customary serenity. He tells me that on some rare occasions, when there was smooth water in the Mediterranean, he practised a new pounce, which he believes will prove effective in preserving the discipline of the House and supporting the dignity of the Chair. He wanted to take his coat off and show me how it was done, but I decided to defer the pleasure. I would rather share in the surprise which awaits the House.

On the whole I am glad that SM-TH's removal to another place has been deferred. Of course if he had gone B-LF-R would have come along, and that in some particulars is not a pleasant prospect. It is a very small matter, and to you who sit on the other side of the House with the view partially obscured by the Table, it will be hardly comprehensible, but the fact is I could not face without disturbance the prospect of having B-LF-R's legs in close proximity throughout a long sitting. It is bad enough when it is part of his game of aggravation to absent himself from the House as much as possible, more particularly at the hour when Irish Members want to put questions. If he were Leader of the House he must perforce be in his place for something like six parts of a ten-hours' sitting, and I am afraid I could not stand it. It is impossible to convey to you a full sense of the mental torture suffered after many hours' strained attention to debate by the recurrent intrusion of apprehension of what B-LF-R will next do with his legs. Whether he will ever succeed in his life-long attempt to kick GL-DST-NE under the table, is a familiar question I shrink from recalling in these days of recess. Even now I tremble when I think of the possible apparition in the course of debate of the feet of the Leader of the House on the Table. It is not fair that the already overburdened President of an assembly like the House of Commons should be freighted with petty cares of this kind, and I hope that SM-TH will stop where he is.

I envy brother H-MPN-N the great advantage of having had D-ZY so long the Leader of the House whilst he sat in the Chair. Long before I had any notion that the matter would have a personal interest for me, I have from the Front Opposition Bench watched D-ZY in his place—the folded arms, the crossed legs, with the coat-tails brought forward placidly covering the knees, the downcast head, the half-closed eyes. There was a soothing assistant to the SPEAKER in the discharge of his irritating duties. The effigy of a Crusader supine on a tombstone does not come more nearly to the *beau idéal* of a Leader of the House as seen from the Speaker's Chair, than did D-SB-LI. GR-ND-LPH when he was Leader, in his comical way recalled this picture which he, too, had often seen. He occasionally did it all, even to the orderly arrangement of the coat-tails, wrestling with himself, often ineffectually, to prevent his hands going up to curl his moustache. As for GL-DST-NE he was most embarrassing. One had always to be on the look out for his sudden incursion. SM-TH was an improvement in despite of his tendency to pounce. But B-LF-R would be worse than an appreciable addition to the Irish representation.

I mention these things, as probably in reviewing the difficulties of the position of a Speaker, they never occurred to you. When you come to sit in the Chair—a position that may perhaps hereafter be forced upon you—you will understand all.

The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day, so no more at present from

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR P. L.

One for the Force.

Bobby too open to the furtive "tip"?

How can the world malign in such a manner?

Although self-offered to the Peeler's grip,

'Tis plain a "Copper" will not take a "TANNER."



THE JAPANESE SCHOOL AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"Japanese Art . . . is the only living Art in the world . . . In comparatively few years Japan will become the acknowledged centre and leader of the Fine Arts."—
Extract from Japanese Lecture on Japanese Art. Vide "Times," Jan. 25.

FEELINGS AND FOOTLIGHTS.

MR. ARCHER has, in the current number of *Longman's*, despatched a second batch of arrows at the actor's art, and has certainly scored. His article has covered a great deal of ground. That Mr. WILSON BARRETT playing *Hamlet* shivering with the thermometer 14° below zero should have assumed a comfortable temperature from strong emotion as soon as he got on to the stage, and that Mr. CLAYTON after representing *Hugh Trevor* has been so exhausted that he has lain down on the floor of his dressing-room, and "feeling as though he had been thrashed all over," said to his dresser, "don't come near me for an hour," are certainly strange entertaining and even appalling facts. So indeed are some of the numerous anecdotes about tears and laughter, terror and blushes and other stage experiences, that he has

managed to collect by his catechetical method. Still there is more to come, and he has promised a third and concluding article. This should deal among other matters with the "emotions of Pantomims," a singularly interesting subject at this season of the year, and though we will not vouch for the perfect accuracy of every word, the subjoined brief extract may be taken as a fair sample of the way in which the whole matter will be handled.

Strictly observing my usual method of catechising, I have, as a preliminary step, addressed to several noted Clowns and Pantaloon the following questions:—

In scenes of commotion in real life, whether you are a participant in them (e.g., in a regular Police row yourself), or a casual on-looker (e.g., in a street riot, in which legs of mutton, loaves of bread, strings of sausages, bundles of turnips, babies, and Police-



FAMILY CARES.

First Eccursionist. "INT'RESTIN' RUINS THESE, SIR."

Second Ditto (the Bread-winner). "MY-ES. 'DON'T CARE FOR RUINS M'SELF THOUGH.' (Pointing to his Olive Branches in the back-ground.) "THEM'S RUIN ENOUGH FOR ME!"

men's helmets are flying on all sides in the air), do you consciously note effects for subsequent use upon the stage? Have you ever tried the effects of a red-hot poker on personal friends in your own drawing-room, and so automatically registering on your memory a phase of real life experience, been enabled to turn it to subsequent professional account?

The answers to the above questions are very various. Some Clowns deny that they have had experience of the red-hot poker in their own houses, but in making butter-alides, filling their pockets with perambulators, stray bonnets, and turkeys, they have, "as casual lookers-on," like Miss ISABEL BATEMAN, "noted effects of real commotion, and stored them up for possible use."

A distinguished Clown at one of the London theatres who, with Mr. LIONEL BROUOH, holds that "All scenes in real life are impressed on the mind of the real actor, and that, if occasion requires, he will try to reproduce them," writes to say that he has so thoroughly realised the necessity of this that he has often got up a pelt in the New Cut, tripped up old gentlemen coming down the steps of West-End Clubs, put the page-boy in his own kitchen oven, and tried to jump through the front of a hairdresser's shop. He has thus gained his "emotions" directly from real life, and when he translates them into action on the stage at night he does it with a force and realism that fairly electrifies his audience. He never, for instance, spares Pantaloon, but when he has either to trip him up, collar him with a ladder, or knock him down, he does it so thoroughly and effectively that in the present Pantomime in which he is now playing, though it is only in its fifth week since Christmas, the part of the Pantaloon has had to be refilled in turn by no less than seven fresh representatives, five of whom are laid up injured in a local hospital, while the other two have obtained summonses against him for assault. The writer adds that only the other night he made a great point in the representation of a street fight by hurling a bundle of real turnips right into the face of the leader of the orchestra, and with such good effect as to knock him backward off his stool. The house was extraordinarily excited by the incident, and showed by a prolonged burst of applause how it appreciated that the actor was really feeling in his own person something similar in

kind, and almost equal in degree, to the vivid pugilistic passion he was representing.

In a similar strain also writes a celebrated Pantaloon. Having once travelled on the Metropolitan Line in a second-class carriage with a third-class ticket, and having been detected and consequently shouted at by a little vulgar newspaper boy, he affirms that whenever, in the course of a scene, the Clown falsely accuses him of having committed some delinquency in the well-known stock phrase, "I saw yer do it," he is so absolutely awestruck, and his doddering gait becomes so tragic, that he fairly brings down the house.

It may be interesting to note, in conclusion, that a well-known Harlequin, on being questioned to account in some degree for the utterly unintelligible eccentricity of his movements, and the generally pointless though sportive frivolity of his character as delineated in action, admits that, like Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST, "he has on many occasions gone to Lunatic Asylums and collected effects for use on the stage." The article will also casually touch upon the effect on an actor of playing to an empty house, or with uncongenial surroundings, the catechetical inquiry taking some such shape as the following:—

A distinguished Actor informs me that on playing *Othello* in the provinces, where his terms with the management were "sharea" after £15, on going on the stage and finding only eighteenpence in the pit and five orders in the dress circle, he has felt a lump in his throat that has nearly prevented his articulation. He also added the *Roderigo* on the occasion in question was drunk, and so frequently alluded to "*Two Lovely Black Eyes*" in the course of his part, that he was ultimately called on for a horn-pipe, which he gave, being eventually removed from the stage by the Doge, the Gasman, and the Prompter. Do you consider that such conditions would be calculated to stifle a tendency to a morbidly emotional rendering of the character, and would you conceive yourself justified in washing your hands of the performance, and after having it out with the Manager, leaving the house then and there without waiting to smother *Desdemona*?

RABIES IN RICHMOND PARK!—O Deer!



CHARLES WYNDHAM DISCOVERS RUSSIA.

The Gallant Explorer is here seen taking his little Davy and his treasure of an Ingot up the Neva to St. Petersburg.

CHEAP (?) LAW.

A PROBABLE VIEW OF A POSSIBLE FUTURE.

SCENE—Chief Office of Messrs. BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON, of Gray's Inn and The Temple, Barristers-at-Law. Enter Client, who attempts to attract attention of one of several Clerks.

Client (addressing a Clerk). Oh, please, I have come about a Chancery matter.

Clerk (looking up from a law-book). Better speak to some one else. I know nothing of the earlier stages of an action. (Pointing to another.) That gentleman, perhaps, can attend to you. Here, Mr. CHUCKLAW, Chancery Department.

Client. I have come about—

Mr. Chucklaw (sharply). All right, Sir; you had better see Mr. JONES.

Client. But I prefer to see Mr. BROWN. The fact is, I have an introduction; and—

Mr. Chucklaw. Just as you like; but my advice is, see Mr. JONES.

Client. You are very good; but I would prefer to see—

Mr. Chucklaw (sharply). All right, Sir, just as you please. (Turning to another Clerk.) Is Mr. BROWN in?

Other Clerk. Think he has just come back from Court during the adjournment for lunch.

Client (decisively). Then you will be so good as to give him my card.

[Scene changes to Room of Mr. BROWN, wherein that eminent Counsel is discovered in his robes devouring sandwiches.

Mr. Brown (hurriedly). Yes?

Client. Oh, if you please, I have come about a rather complicated matter.

Mr. Brown. Yes? Please give me the papers.

Client (confused). Papers? What papers?

Mr. Brown. I suppose you want my opinion. Well, if you will give me the case I will cast my eye over it, and let you know what I think of it after the adjournment of the Court. I have got rather a heavy matter on just now before Mr. Justice SORRI, and shall be arguing before his Lordship until half-past four o'clock.

Client. But this is the first time I have been here. I have got a letter to you. [Gives it.]

Mr. Brown (after a hurried perusal). Ah, I see. But you must go to Mr. JONES.

Client. But I would prefer to talk the matter over with you.

Mr. Brown. My dear Sir, it would be of no sort of use at present. I know absolutely nothing of the earlier stages of an action. No doubt it will get to me in time, when I shall have the greatest possible pleasure in discussing the matter with you. But that time will be when it is necessary to carry the matter into Court. Good-bye. Glad to have seen you. [Exit hurriedly.]

Client. Dear me! I thought that now the two branches of the profession are merged into one, all of them would be able to help me.

[Leaves Mr. Brown's Room, and wanders about the passages until stopped by a door. He opens it, and enters a second room.

Gentleman at Work at a Table. Well, Sir, what is it?

Client. Oh, if you please, I want to talk over a matter of business. The fact is, I am a Trustee, and I am not quite sure—

Gentleman at Work at a Table (cutting him short). Oh, I know nothing about that sort of thing. My department is to prepare Bills of Costs.

Client. Well, Sir, can I see one of the Firm?

Gentleman at Work at a Table. I am one of the Firm. My name's ROBINSON. You want my partner—Mr. JONES.

Client (angrily). No, I don't, Sir. I particularly do not want Mr. JONES.

Gentleman at Work at a Table (good-naturedly). Well, I'm afraid no one else will be able to understand you. At any rate, I can't, so good-bye. [Returns to his Bills of Costs.]

[Client returns to Clerks' Office, and is ultimately shown into Mr. JONES.

Client. I think it right to tell you, Sir, that as I hear you are fond of fox-hunting (to which I have conscientious objections) I should have preferred seeing one or other of your partners.

Mr. Jones. Quite so. But never mind; tell me what it's all about. [Client tells him.]

(Interval of Two Years.)

Client (looking at his Bill of Costs). Why the amount is just as heavy as it would have been in the old days, if not heavier! The fusion of the two branches of the Legal Profession doesn't seem to have made law any cheaper

[Scene closes in upon the Client's sorrowful reflections.]

A BENEVOLENT ADULTERATOR.

JOSEPH JUGGINS, twenty years ago, a spanking fortune made,

Not by bulling, or by bearing, or by mining speculation;—
No; he drove a highly spirited, remunerative trade
In provisions, gently tempered by astute adulteration.

When his gains had mounted up to such a very handsome sum
That it took a dozen clerks a week to find out what he owed,
It befel him that his conscience, which had theretofore been numb,
Roused itself to do its duty as an active moral good.

Its suggestions were not pleasant—nay, indeed, were the reverse—
At his very heart's core, night and day, incessantly they gnawed,
Pointing out with painful frequency that, probably, a curse
Would attend upon emoluments derived from wholesale fraud.

"I have done a deal too well, I fear," repentant JUGGINS said,
"With my oleo-margarine, retailed as Dorset of the best,
With my tins of slimy odds-and-ends, my homicidal bread,
And my sauces which from inexpensive drugs obtained their zest.

"I have made vast sums of money by those profitable teas,
Which acquire peculiar fragrance from the foliage of the sloe;
By my honey, manufactured independently of bees;
By my eighteenpenny "sparkling," and my ninepenny Bordeaux.

"I must make full reparation, and with all convenient speed,
To the much-offended sources of my evil-gotten wealth.
Let me do some highly creditable philanthropic deed,
Do it, too, exceeding promptly, and, if possible, by stealth!

"Shall I found an Institution for the permanent relief
Of my deeply-injured clients of the lower middle-class,
Who, in pocket or in health, have come to swift and hideous grief,
By consuming food and drink which I supplied to them, alas?

"'Twould be sure to be mismansged!—Happy thought!"—and here
a smile

Played about the lips of JUGGINS. "'Tis quite obvious how I may
Make the needful restitution to the victims of my guile,
In a far more thoroughgoing, yet less ostentatious way."

Straight he opened all his principal emporia once more,
And placarded his resolve to recommence the daily sale
Of the edibles and potables in which he'd dealt before;
But at prices unrecorded in the annals of retail.

At elevenpence a bottle, strange and wild as it may seem,
He supplied East India Sherry, Comet Hoek, and "Twenty" Port;
He adulterated milk with thirty-three per cent. of cream,
And retailed it to his clients at a halfpenny the quart.

Orange Pekoe and Young Hyson, sweetly flavoured and perfumed,
Could be bought at his establishments for one-and-four the pound,
And his fine old fragrant Mochas were extensively consumed
At the price which JUGGINS paid to have the berries burnt and ground.

All the articles provided by this much-repentant wight!

Were superlative in quality, and yet so wondrous cheap, [night,
That his shops were thronged with customers from morning until
While his business competitors had ample cause to weep.

As for him, his spirits regularly rose from day to day.

In proportion to the chronic diminution of his pelt;
He exulted in his losses, and was often heard to say,
That a clear and spotless conscience was a fortune in itself.

When the brand of black remorse was quite effaced from JUGGINS' brow,

And the balance at his bankers wore the semblance of an O,
All the ruined London tradesmen met, and registered a vow
To be bitterly avenged upon the author of their woe.

In their wrath they turned and rent him—badly, I regret to say—
Irretrievably, indeed, as far as JUGGINS was concerned;
For his fragments were collected and in triumph borne away
To the foot of Nelson's Column, where, next morning, they were
burned.

But the people, prizing JUGGINS as a man of antique mould,
As a credit to his country and an honour to his race,
In the precincts of the Abbey raised a pyramid of gold,
With the following inscription, deeply graven on its base:—

"IN MEMORIAM! This Monument commemorates the deeds
Of a singularly generous and philanthropic man,
Who expended all his substance to relieve his neighbours' needs,
And reversed commercial principles to carry out his plan.

"Human jealousy removed him prematurely from this earth
To a region where such sacrifice as his reward should find;
And a sorrow-stricken Nation thus pays tribute to the worth
Of J. JUGGINS, the lamented benefactor of mankind!"

A WATERY GRIEVANCE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

As it is the last straw that breaks the poor Camel's back, so it is the last arrogant, if not impertinent demand of the imperious Water Company that condescends to supply me with the small quantity of water that I require for domestic purposes, that breaks down my powers of silent endurance.

Not content with charging me annually nearly as much for river-water as I pay my Wine Merchant for my liberal supply of fine Old Port, the Collector informs me that he purposes calling for the Christmas account on the 2nd of January; or if I prefer sending it before that time, he will be at home to receive it for one hour on two days of the week! What lordly airs this mere Waterman gives himself. At the back of the demand note I am furnished with such information as is expected to explain to me why I am charged so much, and this is what I learn from that wondrous document.

In the first place I am referred to the 15th and 16th cap. Vict. 160, section 3538, which, of course, not being an Astrologist, I do not understand. Anticipating, probably, this difficulty, the matter is cleared up by the information that all the services they so kindly render to me in the water line, if more than 160 feet above Trinity high-water mark, are charged one per cent. per annum additional. Now here I find a twofold difficulty. I do not know how high Trinity high-water mark is, and, if I did, I have nothing wherewith to measure 160 feet. I consulted my milkman, thinking he would probably know all about it, but he was really quite angry at my suggestion to that effect, and professed utter ignorance on the subject. A boating-man of my acquaintance tells me that he should think that the Trinity House, on Tower Hill, stands about twenty feet above the river at high-water, but I don't quite see how that important information helps me. He tells me, if I happen to know one of the Old Brethren of that Ancient House, he could perhaps assist me; but I don't, so I suppose I must yield the point.

I am next told that for every high service ten feet above the roadway, I must pay extra, and for every fixed Bath I must pay extra, so I have been measuring, with the assistance of a ladder, the outside of my sober dwelling—and a fearful cold I succeeded in catching during that risky operation—and find to my joy that by unfixing my Bath and using it, when required in my back drawing-room, I can elude these two abominable charges. But now comes such an awful combination of outrageous swindles in the form of definitions of the meaning of the familiar word domestic, as I should think was never before attempted, even by a Water Company.

I am informed that domestic supply does not include supplies for Steam-engines or Railway purposes, which is quite unnecessary information for me, as I have none in the house. But I also learn that it does not include water for warming purposes, or for baths, or for washing my little Brougham, or for watering my little garden, twenty feet by fifteen, or for watering my little horse, or, cruellest of all, for flushing a drain should it require it!

Can anything be conceived more monstrous? Here am I called upon to pay a considerable sum for water, and I am forbidden to use a drop of it for any of the above most necessary purposes. I must not use any of it, apparently, for warming my nocturnal whiskey, or

for washing more of my person than my hands and face, and I must not let my poor horse drink a drop of it! Why is this iniquitous system allowed to continue?

Old Deputy MUGGINS tells me that when the grand old Corporation, as he always calls it, applied to Parliament a few years ago to remedy these and similar grievances, the Directors and Shareholders of all the Gas Companies, and the Railway Companies, and the Tramway Companies, and the Dock Companies, and the Telegraph Companies, who were members of the House, all met in the Tea-Room, and, over a cup of that innocent beverage, vowed to combine together for the protection of their brother Monopolists against the common foe. The Corporation were defeated and routed on that memorable occasion, although supported by the then Government, but, I am delighted to hear that they are now engaged in undermining the watery Monopolists by sinking an Artesian Well in the eastern confines of the ancient City whence will shortly be seen bubbling up an inexhaustible supply of beautiful pure water for the use of every ratepayer of that fortunate locality, who may use it not only for such purposes as an imperious Company may dictate, but for every use that health, cleanliness, or comfort requires.

May their grand effort be successful, and their good example imitated,
JOSEPH GREENHORN.

TENNYSON IN SHOREDITCH.

So all day long the noise of prattle rolled
Among the brawlers of the Civic Board,
Until the Shoreditch Vestry, man by man,
Had snapped their fingers in their Chairman's face,
The Vicar. Then because his wound was deep
(Inflicted by a pen thrown at his head),
A band of Ratepayers began to cheer,
Of Ratepayers, who hated all those rows,
And bore him to a friendly neighbouring pump,
A broken handle with a broken spout,
That stood in the yard beneath the Vestry Hall:
On one side stood the Vicar, and on one
Those coarse-tongued brawlers—and their tongues were coarse!

Then spake the Chairman to the Ratepayers:
"The shindy of to-day exposes all
The apish antics of a Bumble crew,
The worst this town containeth. Straight it leads
To a Reformed Municipality." &c.

[And the sooner the better!]

"MAY BE TO-DAY READ O'ER IN PAUL'S."—Mr. Punch, as a contented Parishioner and Citizen of London, begs herewith to congratulate the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's on the magnificent Reredos recently erected in the Cathedral of London. Like old Mr. Eccles in *Castle*, it "has its faults;" but, taking a broad view of the work as a whole, it may be said to require only the finishing touches of that great artist, Time, who, with his own method, and by the judicious use of London atmospherical effects of colour, will gradually bring its tone into harmony with the surroundings.

A True Brett 'Un.

THE Master of the Rolls, in the Firework Case on appeal last week, was more brilliant than all Mr. BROCK'S show. He quite



coruscated. And the laughter! He must be known as the "Master of the Revels," or "The Master of the Roars - of - Laughter." Impromptu too! apparently no preparation. But there's concealed art in these jocosities. What sort of art? BRETT Art, of course.

MR. BRON, sitting at Lambeth the other day, having been apparently much surprised at the conduct of a Policeman who had suffered a couple of housebreakers to slip rather too easily through his fingers in the Walworth Road, is reported to have mystified the constable in question by asking him whether "he thought he was living in Arcadia." Such language from the Bench suggests the possibility of giving quite a classic ring to the Police Reports, for, following up the Bironic method, it would not be difficult to haul an allusion to Bacchus and the Eleusinian Mysteries into a drunk and incapable charge, and adorn a case of mistaken identity with a reference to the dangers besetting a passage between Scylla and Charybdis. Mr. BRON commences well by boldly contrasting the Walworth Road with Arcadia, and no doubt he will effectively follow up this happy lead. Meantime the Lambeth Police might look up their Lempière.



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The Professor. "A—A—I HOPE MY LECTURE'S NOT BEEN TOO LONG, MR. CHAIRMAN!"

Chairman of Committee. "NA, NA, SIR. ON THE CONTRARY, I THINK YOU HAD A MOST PATIENT AUDIENCE!"

"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

Mr. Punch's Greeting to "Our Boys" on the occasion of the Centenary of New South Wales, January, 26, 1888.

ADVANCE Australia! Yes, my boys,
And this seems something like advancing!
In this great day all England joys;
It sets our slowest pulses dancing.
The echoes of your ringing cheers,
From Sydney Cove the wide sea over,
Sound welcome on our elder ears,
Far as the old white walls of Dover.
Winter's with us, and summer shine
Graces your Austral January;
But warm hearts greet across the brine,
Your Centenary.

A hundred years! At Time's old pace
The merest day's march, little changing;
But now the measure's new, the race
Fares even faster, forward ranging.
What cycle of Cathay e'er saw
Your Century's wondrous transformation?
From wandering waifs to wards of Law!
From nomads to a mighty nation!
Belated dreamers moan and wail;
What scenes for croakers of that kidney,
Since first the *Sirius* furled her sail
Where now is Sydney!

A hundred years! Let Fancy fly—
She has a flight that nothing hinders,
Not e'en reaction's raven cry—
Back to the days of MATTHEW FLINDERS;
Stout slip of Anglo-Saxon stock
Who gave the new-found land its nomen.

Faith, memory-fired, may proudly mock
At dismal doubt, at owlish omen.
Five sister-colonies spread now
Where then the wandering black-fellow
Alone enjoyed day's golden glow
Night's moonlight mellow.

Adelaide, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth,
And merry Melbourne! There's a cluster
Of towns that you may challenge earth
In swifter braver show to muster.
Out of that hundred scarce a year [ment,
But saw some new quick-spreading settle-
To prove to moody thralls of fear
What youth and Anglo-Saxon mettle meant.
And now your century to its close
Rounds amidst joy and jubilation,
And faith in your fair future flows
Through all the nation.

"The Island-Continent! Hooray!"
Punch drinks your health in honest liquor
On this your great Centennial day,
Whose advent makes his blood flow quicker.
We know what you can do, dear boys,
In City-founding—and in Cricket.
A fig for flattery!—it cloys;
Frank truth, true friendship,—that's the
ticket!

Land of rare climate, stalwart men,
And pretty girls, and queer mammslia,
All England cries, through *Punch's* pen,
"Advance, Australia!"

"WINCHESTER REPEATERS" (nothing to do
with the *School of Gunnery*).—The junior
Wykehamites.

ROWS ALL ROUND.

It seems rather a Sign of the Times—at
any rate, of the *Standard*—that the three
leaders in the latter excellent journal on the
27th of January were all concerned with squab-
bles. Leader No. 1 was devoted to the quarrel
between Lord CHARLES BERESFORD and his
official superiors; Leader No. 2 to the shindy
between Sir EDWARD WATKIN and Mr. WIL-
LIAM ABBOTT; and Leader No. 3 to the
controversy between Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY and
those angry recalcitrants, Messrs. COMYNS
CARR, HALLÉ, and BURNE-JONES. Now, if
Administrative efficiency and economy cannot
be secured, Commercial claims cannot be
adjusted, and the much-vaunted "dignity
of Art" cannot be vindicated without all
this public prosecution of personal quarrels,
how are we to expect "peace in our times"?
These petty Iliads of ill-temper, originating
commonly in the peppery "wrath" of some
very minor Achilles, are more wearisome than
the most long-winded of pseudo-epics, and
ought to be sternly discouraged. Theristes,
with an epos all to himself, would hardly be
a greater nuisance than the Petty Squabbler
who should monopolise our Morning Paper.

Vox et Præterea Nihil.

(A Tip to our Tall-talkers.)

YES, we can talk across the World to-day;
Yet gabble wired around the globe is gabble.
What boots great Babel's spread, if what we
say
Is blissant babble?



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

LORD GPANDOLPH. "HA!—'TIS WELL!—I AM OBSERVED!!"

THE RETURN OF THE WARRIORS

BY JAMES H. HARRIS





THE HEIGHT OF MASHERDOM.

"WELL, TA-TA OLD MAN! MY PEOPLE ARE WAITING UP FOR ME, YOU KNOW!" "WHY, DON'T YOU CARRY A LATCH-KEY?" "CARRY A LATCH-KEY! NOT I! A LATCH-KEY'D SPOIL ANY FELLER'S FIGURE!"

MR. PUNCH'S EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A PATHETIC PROTEST FROM MASTER PASSMORE.

MR. PUNCH prints the following characteristic letter without comment:—

DEAR PUNCH,—I've always rather liked you up to now, because I thought you stuck up for boys, but I do call it too beastly mean of you to go and set that humbugin paper you did on Fary tales! How do you expect a fellow to do a desent paper in things he hasn't looked at since he was a kid? And giving it in holidays too. My guv. said he'd like to see what sort of a paper I made of it, and so the consequens was I had to stay in a hole morning, and swot at those footling questions of yours! And all I got for it was that when the Guv. read my ansers, he said there were too things struck him forably—my injnunity and my ignoranse, which was a nice remark for a fellow's pater to say! I don't beleive I did so *very* bad either, considering I wasn't given any time for prep., and the Guv. was in the Libry all the time, and I couldn't get a chance to crib, for there's nothing low in cribbing in Pass Exams., you know. But I'll tell you some of the things I put, and you'll see. You said "Mention and Critisize the conduc of *Morjianna* after"—something or other. I didn't mention it, because I couldn't remember that part, so I only critisized. I said: "*The conduc of Morjianna, tho not praps all that could be desired, was such that unless she had acted diferently, could not have been otherwise.*" You see the tip is always to write as if you knew all about it, and then they may think you do and mark you,—praps—I did the same for the next one, which was: "Would I call *Puss in Boots* a strictly truthful annimle?"

That stumped me at first, for I'd forgotten who *Puss in Boots* was, as I hadn't been to the Pantimime then—but I managed to fox up something at last. I put: "*When we consider the circumstenses, and the times she lived in and all that, which were barbarous compared to now, we must come to the conclusion of her being as truthful as the ordnery run of cats of that age, and praps this, if cats spoke now, which I have not met any that do it.*"

The next was—"How did *Cassim Barber* discover *Ally* had become rich?"

I shotted that, and stuck down: "*By the swagger he put on.*" "What use did he make of his discovery?" I said: "*Sucked up to him and asked him to dinner.*" Because, whether that was the right anser or not, it's what most chaps *would* do, so I may have done that right.

Then you said, "describe fully: *Bluebeard's Chamber.*" I know I did that right, I put it was full of hardies and machines and things. How I knew was a long time ago, when I was a lower boy, I went to the Gayaty where it was done. I muffed "the halls and terrace where the Wonderful Lamp was," I said there was nothing much to see there except oil-jars—which was wrong.

For "the fizzical and geografiical features of the country at the top of the Benestork," I corked down "*clouds,*"—and chanced it.

In the B paper I did much better. To the question "if I considered Giants an intelligent race," I used my Commin Sence, as a form mster we have, always tells us to when in doubt. I put:

"*Giants posing big heads, we natully expect their branes to corispond, and so we find, for it is quite common to hear people tork of an 'Intellectual Giant.' So I consider they are.*"

The next was easy: "What is a Roo? What do Roos feed on?" I wrote:

"*All rather big stones are termed Roos, or (as it is more coreckly spelt) Rocks. Rocks live on the ground, and the Proverbian tells us, they gather moss, but they do not eat it—it sometimes eats into them.*"

The rest of the question was such orful rot, I left it alone.

About the wicked Uncles I put—and I don't see *now* where I was wrong!

"*The end of a Wicked Uncle 'is he 'ushally dies, he is sometimes sorry, when he reppents.*"

I didn't try the one about the seven-lege boots, because I thought there was a catch in it somewhere. Another was: "Write down any hero who has sufered inconvenience from (a) the imprudenss, (b) the disabedience, of his wife."

I thought I'd better write something to that—just to say I'd tried. So I said:

"*The disabedience or imprudense of a wife is always inconvenant to a hero, leding as it does to rows, which are disagribble to live with.*"

You see I didn't exactly anser the question, because I didn't know it, but I think anyone but my Guv. would have allowed me *some* marks. I told him I'd done quite as well as I genally did in other Exams., and he larfed a nasty larf, and said he quite bleevved me, but I deserved plucking all the same. He turned everything I wrote into fun, and told me a few ours quite studdy of Fary Tales would do me a world of good. So I thought I'd write and ask you not to try to be funny that way again, because it's grind enuff to have to go in for exams., on *useful* subjics, without being bothered craming up boshy nursery atorya!

I remain, Your disappointed Friend,
MARCUS COCKSHOTT PASSMORE.

P.S.—I tell you *one* thing, I'll take joly good care I see *Punch* before the Guv. does *next* week. But I forgot—I shall be back at Skool then! M. C. P.

LAMENT OF THE LATTER-DAY APE.

RESPECTED once were we,
At least our fathers were,
Brought home from over-sea
In SOLOMON'S *galere*.
Ah, these were merry days!
As monkeys may not sing,
We chatter of their praise—
When SOLOMON was King!

Ah, now to organs tied,
Or prisoned in the Zoo,
Where vulgar erowds deride
What sorrows we go through!
Beseechingly we crave
For nuts, and sweets, and string,
Who did not so behave
When SOLOMON was King!

Apes cling amid the sails,
With gold about their necks,
Below, with gleaming tails,
Slim peacocks walked the decks;
But now their plumes sublime,
Men say, misfortune bring.
'Twas not so in the time
When SOLOMON was King!

Yet in those ages old,
When apes might honour win,
Man never had been told
The monkeys were his kin;
You know it now, and yet
You bid the Ape go swing—
The summers we regret
When SOLOMON was King!

THEFT OF TRADE-MARKS.—What is the difference, in point of roguery, between removing your neighbour's land-mark, and appropriating his trade-mark? What brand does that manufacturer deserve who purloins another's? Brand for brand? In mediæval and merry England, the brand would have been imprinted on the offender with an iron instrument at a temperature too high to be tolerable; but modern civilisation prohibits that contrabrand proceeding. Would there be any cruelty, however, in the Merchandise Marks Act if it rendered a counterfeiter of marks liable to be painlessly but ignominiously branded with the Broad R.?

ISMAIL OUT OF EGYPT.



Aia—"HE'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM."

Newest Version, arranged as a Duet As Sung by those clever Mammoth Comiques,
Mr. Marriott and Ismail Pasha.

Mr. Marriott sings:—

THIS ISMAIL is a party as yer don't meet every day;
He's liberal and hearty, free and easy in his way.
You'd hardly call him scrupulous, but in this bloomin' East,
Of all things parties care about they care for *that* the least.

(Spoken.) Yer know conscience ain't everything—or else I might not have a look in, or so my enemies say. You know what the aphoristic cove says about Conscience being like a thorn in a cushion—only another term for discomfort. I like an easy seat to my couch, so does every sensible chap with an eye to—shall we say the Woolsock? Ah! (to audience) you don't know ISMAIL, neither did I till now. But he's right enough!

Sings:—

He's all right when you know him, though the fellaheen he vext;
You don't expect a Pasha *too* particular. Wot next?
He wouldn't hurt a beetle; he's a pal as you can trust;
He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust.

Judge-Advocate's a lovely blend, my ISMAIL begs to state,
And if he had his way, he'd be both Judge and Advocate.
I sez, "pray chuck in Jury," bnt he answers "that's all bosh,"
And in the East—like many other things—won't never wash.

(Spoken by Ismail Pasha.) I'll lay a Palace on the Bosphorus to—TEWFIK's brain, that there ain't a better Judge nor Advocate in England nor what he is. He can shift it, can't he? See what he's done for me! As the *Times* says, I'd piled up my claims to five millions sterling, exclusive of maintenance charges. In course that was all bluff. I'd about as much claim on the Egyptians I'd so successfully spiled as a pickpocket would have for compensation for disturbance from the old bloke he'd robbed, and who had collared him in the

act and handed him over to the Crushers. "In right and reason," sez the *Times* agin. "I was an undischarged bankrupt." Right? Ha, ha! Reason? Oho! In the Happy Land on the shores of Old Nile, beloved of Bondholders, ruled by "TOOTHPICK PASHA," and guided, philosophed and friended by EDGAR WINCENT and MARRIOTT!!! What a larks! But the Judge-Advocate-General is a pal, if yer like—

Sings:—

He's all right when you know him, though he *woos* so down on JOE,
But, bless yer, they have made that little tiff up long ago,

Lord SOLLY fids—as I do—he's a pal as one can trust.

He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust.

He's seed a deal of change, he has, he wos a Lib: one time,

Well, he's a Liberal now—to me. One Hundred Thousand! Prime!

He'd never round upon a pal, for me he's spread it thick.

Cash, public lands, three palaces! By Allah, he's a brick!

(Spoken.) I tell yer, you don't half know what the man can do. What does the *Times* say agin? "His people still groans under a load of taxation his scandalous prodigality and avarice of gain accumulated. . . He has been the source of most of the misfortunes of Egypt." Ha! ha! That's Me!!!—"And the friends of Egypt have to thank him for letting himself be coaxed into taking an indemnity from its penury of a couple of millions." Ho! ho! Thanks! And who was the "Coaxer"? Why, MARRIOTT to be sure,—

Sings:—

He coaxed that there two millions from young "Toothpick"—ain't he green?—And "Toothpick" why he'll "coax" it out of the "poor fellaheen." [can trust! Oh, MARRIOTT is a rorty pal, a pal as you He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust!

Marriott sings:—

Off to Constantinople with his little lot of swag!

"All's well that ends well," says the *Times*: it's *werry* pooty gag.

Helooks as high and horthy as King PHARAOH in his chariot. [along of MARRIOTT! He's safe for corn and fleshpots, and it's all

(Spoken.) Bless me! That's more than these squeezable poor fools, the fellaheen, will do, I fancy. But what o' that? "By the dexterity, rank, and influence of the counsel thus paradoxically employed, satisfactory results have been obtained at a *minimum* of inconvenience." *Times* agin! Quite so. Highly satisfactory—to me. "In no case could it have been imagined that a Member of the British Government would undertake the professional enforcement of enormous legal demands against a Sovereign under that Government's special protection, control, and tutelage." Praps. But then "All's well as ends well," don'tcher know!

Both sing:—

When a party has expensive tastes, and is an ex-Khedive,
He *must* have lots of cash and land, else how's he going to live?

Yus, { ISMAIL is a cante 'un } he's a pal
{ MARRIOTT is a backer } as you can trust.

He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust!



SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF MIXED UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

"The result of having a considerable number of young women resident at Cambridge, with no other occupation than reading for an ordinary degree, might be very serious."—"Objection to Proposed admission of Women to Degrees," quoted by Miss Emily Davies, in her Letter to the Times, Jan. 26.

PROFESSOR PUNCH'S ANSWER IS GIVEN PICTORIALLY ABOVE, AND INDICATES THAT THE YOUNG LADY UNDERGRADUATES WOULD FIND PLENTY OF "OTHER OCCUPATION" BESIDES, OR IN THE COURSE OF, BRADING FOR AN ORDINARY DEGREE.

A PLEA FOR THE PEOPLE'S POET.

SINGER for many and many a year
Of songs that gladden the people's ear,
"A Good Time Coming," and "Cheer, Boys,
Cheer!"

Poet and patriot, champion still
Of simple manhood and honest skill,
Of pure Home-love, and of frank good-will:

Friend of JERROLD, and foe of wrong;
Very Voice of the toiling throng.
Its needs and yearnings, in touching song:

Punch's greetings! The world should see
That needless sorrow come not to thee,
Broken yet cheery at Seventy-three.

Let all who have heard, under many a sky,
The manly music be lifted high,
Thank-offering render to CHARLES MACKAY!

*. A Fund is being raised for the literary veteran, Dr. CHARLES MACKAY—known wherever the English tongue is spoken or English songs are sung, who is now in his seventy-third year, in reduced circumstances, and broken in health, but bright, cheery, and industrious as ever.

Subscriptions will be received by the following

Bankers:—The Bank of Scotland, Lothbury, E.C.
Messrs. ROBERTS, LUBBOCK & Co., Lombard
Street, E.C.; Messrs. DRUMMOND, Charing Cross,
W.C.; or by the Honorary Secretary, L. C. ALEX-
ANDER, LL.D., Putney, S.W.

WEED V. WHEAT.—A Conference of British tobacco-growers, on the report of their Committee, has decided on forming an Association "to resuscitate and encourage the cultivation and manufacture of tobacco" in the United Kingdom. Evidently they calculate upon the strength of their "returns."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Whirligig of Time is bringing about its revenges in this "so-called nineteenth century," when the dusty papers of the Record Offices at home and abroad, and the Manuscript treasures, both of ancient houses and of private collections, are freely placed in the hands of lynx-eyed experts, who, in the enthusiasm of their plodding perseverance, are continually cinder-sifting the dust-bins and exhaustively inspecting the waste-paper baskets of the past—not to "make history," but to reveal truth plain and irresistible. One of the results of this laborious process comes

before us in the shape of the first volume of GASQUET'S *Henry the Eighth* and the *English Monasteries*, which stating only hard facts, and dealing straightforwardly with the contemporary records, justifies beyond question the opinion now gradually, but surely, gaining ground, that some of the heroes of that epoch, such as CRUMWELL and his creatures, LEGH, LAYTON, AP RICE, and LONDON, were unmitigated scoundrels, that their Royal Master was every way worthy of them, and that the shape assumed by the Reformation in England was made possible by WOLSEY, of whose character SHAKESPEARE, by the mouths of Queen KATHERINE and of faithful GRIFFITH, formed so just, and yet so charitable an estimate. That there was some basis for the modern popular notion expressed in the first verse of a once well-known song, set to a catching tune, recounting how

"Many have told
Of the Monks of old,
What a jevial set they were,"

is certain, as this first volume proves. But "of the many who told," very few were worthy of credit, and their stories, even then, were only of "some Monks of old," not all, just as Collegiate bodies, Guilds, and even Metropolitan Boards, may become lax and corrupt, and their conduct necessitate a commission of inquiry with a view to correction of abuses. And at such a period how conspicuously stands out the incorruptible honesty of the honest men! How virtuous it was at such a time to be virtuous! How difficult to be constant to a principle! How easy to save a head by giving way just enough to avoid the block! When a stroke of the pen might ward off a stroke of the axe, the alternative between "Is Life worth living," or Death worth dying, was not one which ordinary men could choose without considerable sacrifice one way or the other. GASQUET'S *Henry the Eighth* is to be completed in two volumes, and will be a valuable work for historical reference.

By the way, the publications of the Record Office and modern research into these old letters and papers,—and "there are lots more where those come from,"—show that our old friend, CORRETT, whose work has been shelved for some time, was pretty accurate in his history, and had warrant for the strength of his convictions and the force of his expressions. There was an attempt some little time ago—whose it was I forget—to whitewash RICHARD THE THIRD, but it was only theoretical, and did not deal with facts such as are afforded by the *litera scripta* of the Record Office, and in reading the life of Lady JANE DORMER, transcribed from the ancient MS. notes of HENRY CLIFFORD in Lord DORMER'S possession, I find that the Tudor Queen, whom we have all been taught to regard as "Bloody MARY," was, in the opinion of her Lady-in-Waiting and intimate companion, a charming Princess, and everything that was kind and considerate as compared with her haughty and violent sister, ELIZABETH, whose conduct as a girl seems to have been scandalous. What will the Private History of our own "Victorian Era" be when a century or two hence the cinder-sifters have taken the records in hand! However, it will not matter to us of the present day, at all events, who won't be there to contradict or applaud the verdict whatever it may be. And now to lighter themes.

Having read MARION'S, I should say *Marzio's Crucifix*, and recorded my delight in no stinted terms of praise, I determined to read MARION CRAUFORD'S *Paul Patoff*. It has lain on my table for three weeks, and I have been perpetually trying to sit down to its perusal. Something has invariably prevented me. Once, having to leave town, I took away a volume with me, which on settling myself comfortably in an arm-chair, I discovered was the third volume. When I returned I made a spare hour, and took up Vol. I. Scarcely had I cut its pages than a visitor was ushered in to see me on important business. The next day I searched everywhere for it: in vain. All three volumes had disappeared. "Where, Madame," said I, addressing the Baroness, "is my *Paul Patoff*—three volumes, blue cover?" She explained that, thinking I had finished it, she had lent it to a friend. It was returned in three days: again and again I tried to snatch a few moments just to make a beginning; but no, fate was against me until one morning I exclaimed brilliantly, "If I defer it any longer I shall call it *Paul Patoff*," and seizing the first

volume I commenced reading, and as far as I have gone I am charmed by the style, and thoroughly interested in the story.

"Please look at this," said the Baroness, who is a novel-devourer, to me, at the same time handing me a book by ROWLAND GREY, entitled, *By Virtue of His Office*, in which she had marked certain passages. In one of them there is deserved praise bestowed by one of the characters on *The Children's Cry*, which appeared in one of Mr. Punch's numbers. But *Miss Elizabeth Verity*, the heroine of the novel (which the Baroness informed me interested her, though she is not sure if I should care so much for it) blushing takes to herself the credit of having written *The Children's Cry*. Sorry to contradict a lady whose name is "Verity," but I fancy Mr. Punch will tell us that it wasn't written by a feminine hand, and has since been republished in a collection of poems by the same author. Is it not so? *Commie*, the minor heroine, observes that she "only reads *Punch* and *The World*." A well-disciplined mind, evidently. But in spite of these attractions, I must return to *Paul Patoff*, or I shall lose the thread of the narrative. So no more, until I've done with these Russian Blue-books, from

Yours studiously, BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

A BIT OF GRAPHIC.

(Of the Regulation Pattern.)

THE woodland ways, lately so golden-glorious in their radiant array, are now sorrowful in their solemn silence. The polychromatic Oread-haunted obscurities of October, the neutral-tinted nymph-trodden nebulosities of November have given place to the damp desolation and dreary drippingness of December, dismally prolonged into what is ironically called the Opening Year!

Chill rain-pools lie in steely stillness in rust-hued argillaceous ruts. Here the broad slowly-circling wheel of the rustic wain has weightily wound its deep-indenting way. Sparse and sodden spearlets of consumptive-looking grass droop limply along the reeking sidewalk. Nature, indeed, seems stricken as with phthisis. Like an almost pulseless *poitrine*, she lies limply on her tear-stained couch, dying, dying, dying!

A belated bluebottle, buzzing blindly athwart a leafless forest vista, blunders incontinently into a broken rain-gemmed spider's web. The emaciated Arachne of the woods is all too weak and woesome to spring with the old obese ogreishness upon its prismatic prey. But the purblind, cold, palsied lump of azure iridescence, erst the swift and sonorous offal-hunter of ardent August, gives up the ghost nevertheless, too weak to whir a wing, too weary to unwind one clinging manacle of mucilaginous gossamer.

What is that lying at the garbled serpentine root of yonder ink-barked elm? A frowy fungus, the foul-smelling "agaric of the holt?" No! It is something of equal unsavouriness, of parallel unpicturesqueness, yet of infinitely greater human interest. It is the rusty remnant of a tramp's abandoned highlow. A discarded shoe, no more! Yet how it teems with suggestion! Heel has it none, of sole scarcely a scrap, its frayed "uppers" hint not even distantly of DAY AND MARTIN, its gaping ankle-pieces ungainly gape and uncomely curl and brutally bulge. But it once held a human foot!

"You may break you may batter the boot as you will,
But the trace of 'the human' will cling to it still,"

as a less meretricious and more genuinely graphic Moore might have sung—had he been man enough.

It is the only suggestion of "poor humanity" within sight, this damp and disintegrated highlow. But how it redeems mere Nature from negation and nullity! That is because "the low sad music of humanity" breathes through its gaping soul—I should say sole—and age-worn eyes—that is to say, eyelet-holes. It transmutes the languid lyric of Niohe-like Nature at once into a stirring epic of soul-flushed Life! The Roman was right:—

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."

—not even a human highlow! It speaks of poverty, it whispers of the wars of Class, it hints not indistinctly of the Unemployed! It bears a warning to the autocratic WARREN, and the truculent truncheon-bearers of Trafalgar Square! So here in the lonely slush-sodden heart of the leafless wintry woods, there wells up from the chill, but oracular lips of unpleasantly damp and diaggled, but ever sublime and sympathetic Nature, a message to caste-ruled, cosily housed, but always despotically-disposed Man,—proud man, dressed in a little brief (Tory) authority, which soon the indignant voice of a too-patient, but omnipotent proletariat, shall hurl—

[No thank you! This is "hooking it to some useful end," with a vengeance. The article was evidently intended for a penny paper. A "blend" of graphic gush badly imitated from poor JEFFERIES, and partisan spite of the regulation political pattern, will not suit Mr. Punch.—Ed.]

NO KING LIKE LOG.

A True Sailor's Song. Some Way after Dibdin. Ata—"Nothing like Grog."

LORD CH-RL-S B-R-SF-RD sings:—

A PLAGUE on those wooden old lubbers Who teach us to shirk and to shrink! If we of our foes would be drubbers, We must not, only fight, we must think. The Board were all muffs, and I twigged it, [set agog. And HAMILTON soon led by Red-Tape's state rules, He backed up the old fools. I'd have waked, the whole Board, ay, and wigged it! For, hang it! I can't stand King Log!

To save a few thousands of guineas, They'd ruin the whole Commonwealth. They're a lot of incompetent ninnies, Who sap Britain's safety by stealth. They will fall in the pit when they've digged it. I gave the old junto a jog. I twigged their crass folly; [SOLLY; So, no doubt, did GOSCHEN twigged it, ah! all of 'em twigged it; But—they all knuckled down to King Log!



THE GALLANT TAR C. B. ATTACKING THE ADMIRALTY LAND-LUBBERS.

I fancied they'd yield to my preaching, But the muffs behind HAMILTON slunk. Small use to wood dummies is teaching, They're victims to folly and funk. I drew out my cutlass, he twigged it, The whole lot of blockhead's I'd flog. Yes, S. twigged, and G. twigged, And HAMILTON, he twigged;

And I twigged, and all England twigged it; And yet I'm chucked out for King Log!

Intelligence? Pah! they're past thinking; They're ghosts, only fit for the grave. I'd have smashed the old duffers like winking, When HAMILTON stepped in to save.

For me, in a moment, I twigged it, That England they'd land in a bog.

One day, late or early, JOHN BULL will have fairly Perceived CHARLEY's right; having twigged it, By Jove won't he go for King Log?

THE ALDERMAN'S CATECHISM.

Questions to be answered by Aldermen Elect, before being clothed with the Crimson Robe of Office.

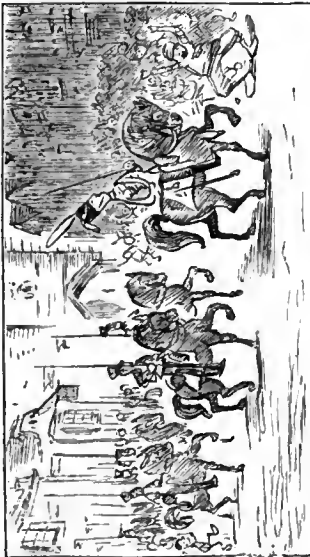
WHAT age are you supposed to be?
How long have you been that age?
What is your special occupation after your ordinary occupation?
What did you promise and vow when addressing your constituents?
Have you a good cellar of wine?
What is the vintage of your oldest Port?
What is your candid opinion as to dry Champagne?
Are you thoroughly acquainted with Professor TOOLE's *Practice of Magistrates*?
Do you sincerely think that you can dine out four nights a week for six successive months, and still come up smiling?
When reaching home, after a truly gorgeous banquet, do you find any difficulty of a "truly rural" character?
Will you temper justice with mercy in all cases of comparatively mild inebriation?
Have you a thorough knowledge of the Law and Practice of Criminals? If not, why not?
Will you always draw a proper and respectful distinction between a bet for £500 at Tattersall's, and one for a paltry half-crown at a mere vulgar pub?
When do you purpose laying in your wine at the Mansion House in preparation for your Mayoralty?

Which is your favourite Cookery Book?
Have you thoroughly mastered the mysteries of the letter H?
We will not insult you by asking if you are a Teetotaler, but can you take your bottle of '47 Port after dinner like a gentleman?
Can you contemplate without a shudder the taking upon yourself the various arduous duties of a Sheriff?
Have you commenced preparing yourself by joining several Livery Companies?
Will you procure and commit to memory an eloquent form of words expressive of profound gratitude for a Toast to your health?
When Sheriff, will you take special care that the Old Bailey Luncheons maintain their ancient reputation?
Will you give your whole mind to this important matter?
Have you carefully studied before dinner the difference between the Statutes in confinement and the Statutes at large? If so explain it fully.
Finally, will you promise and vow never to indulge in unseemly jesting or boisterous merriment, as unfitting the character of a present Alderman, a probable Sheriff, and a possible Lord Mayor?

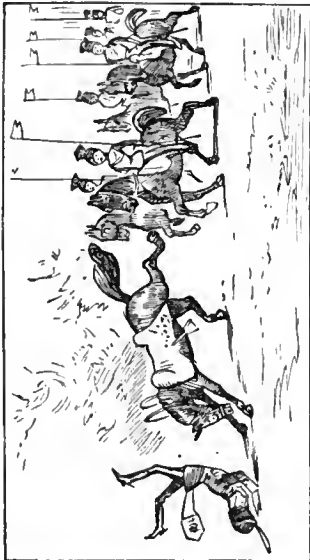
"NETTING THE WYLIE FOR PIKE."—This was the title of a sketch in a recent number of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*. At first sight it sounded somewhat suggestive of certain proceedings at the Grosvenor Gallery in connection with the Hallé-Carnassus difficulty, but on closer inspection we found it was a piscatorial illustration.

WITH THE NINTH QUEEN'S ROYAL DANCERS.

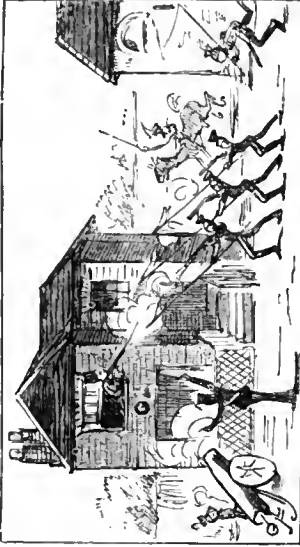
H. R. H. Prince Albert Victor is now very much attached to this Regiment. (A suggestion for an interesting page in "The Graph," with Mr. Punch's compliments.)



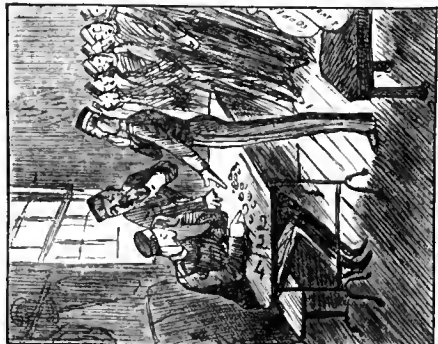
A MARCH OUT. P. A. V. mounted at the head of the Troop.



MILITARY EVOLUTIONS. "Doing it on his head." P. A. V. dismounted, but still at the head of his Troop.



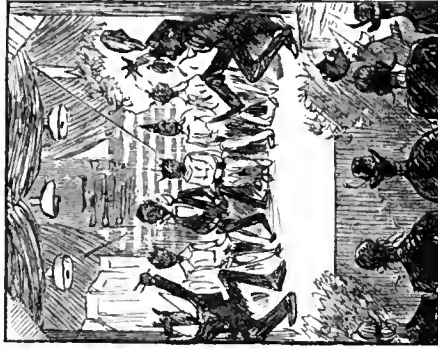
LEARNING THE ART OF WAR. P. A. V.'s Quarters besieged. He defends himself gallantly from first-floor window.



ACQUIRING HABITS OF BUSINESS. P. A. V. pays his men, and sees that the change is correct.



P. A. V. at a Fatigue Party of the Ninth Queen's Royal Dancers.



SECOND PART OF FATIGUE PARTY. Regimental Smoking Concert. P. A. V. represents "Mr. Johnson," the Middle-man of the "Musical Black Brunswickers."



THIRD PART OF FATIGUE PARTY. P. A. V. playing whist with Col. Dumby. Captain Deucece inspecting and advising.



THE MORNING AFTER THE FATIGUE PARTY. P. A. V. in ambush. He is prevented by a sufficient force from having recourse to the only weapon within his reach.



WITH THE REGIMENTAL DRAWING-MASTER. P. A. V. learning sketch for "The Graph."

THEN, NOW, AND HEREAFTER.

(Three Views of the same Subject.)

VIEW I.—THE PROBABLE PAST.

THE Cathedral was filled with worshippers. The organ pealed through the aisles. The stately procession of Monks wended its way through the nave to the altar-steps.

It was then that the Prelate descended from his throne, and leaning on his pastoral staff, raised his right hand to bless the kneeling throng before him.

The sweet tones of the Church music died away, and in a silence solemn and awe-inspiring, the Bones of the Martyr enshrined in gold and precious stones, were placed in the receptacle that had been reserved for them!

VIEW II.—THE POSITIVE PRESENT.

The labourers pulled out the stones from the front of the altar. One of the men suddenly came upon a coffin. With an exclamation of surprise he attracted the attention of his mate.

They had come at length upon the bones! They were a little startled at the incident. They had expected no such immediate discovery. They just turned over the remains to see that they were not mixed with anything more valuable, and sent for the Authorities.

The Authorities hurried into the crypt, and handled the bones with very natural curiosity. To whom could they belong? Did they belong to him? That was the question.

This long bone seemed part of a good-sized leg. That cranium was evidently a portion of a skull. Had the skull been cracked or broken? Important questions these, and some day to be answered.

But the remains were in a sad condition! They were quite dirty. This was hardly a reason for astonishment. They had laid undisturbed for centuries in their old-fashioned stone-coffin. So the best thing to do was to give them what they most needed—a good washing! So they were washed!

When they were nice and clean they were ready for the anatomist and the expert. But where could they be examined? Not in the confines of a Cathedral Crypt, then why not in the neighbouring house of a local Official? A board on a sofa in the drawing-room would be the very thing!

So without a throng of worshippers, minus the sweet music of an organ, and in defiance of what Public Opinion might say about disinterring human remains, the Bones of the Martyr were placed on the receptacle that had been reserved for them!

VIEW III.—THE FROWNING FUTURE.

The Museum was filled with curiosities. Here was a newspaper five hundred years old. There was a gun that ages ago used to be loaded with steel shot and gunpowder. Yonder was a thing called an anchor that the mariners of olden times were wont to employ to tether their water-boats to the sea-bound shore.

Two men were handling some human remains. A third held a book filled with entries. All three expressed curiosity, and closely examined the labels attached to the interesting exhibits.

To whom could they have belonged? Were they once the frame-work of a giant? Had they come from a battle-field?

The three men shook their heads. They did not know! There was no one handy to consult! No! Not even an anatomical expert! No! Not even a prying member of a Cathedral Chapter! The remains had better be put in a case labelled "Miscel-



"BOUND TO PART."

THE DOUBLE IRISH JIG AS DANCED (À LA "DOUBLE HORNSPIPE IN FETTERS,") BY THOSE ACCOMPLISHED ARTISTS THE MARQUIS OF RIBBON AND THE "ST. JUST OF THE GLADSTONIAN PARTY,"—"WE THANK THEE, GOSCHEN, FOR TEACHING US THAT WORD,"—LAST WEEK, AT DUBLIN.

laneous." So without the smallest mark of respect, without the least show of ecclesiastical splendour, without a chance of challenging Public Opinion, the Bones of the Martyr were placed in the receptacle that had been reserved for them!!!

Mrs. RAM is going to take a class at a Sunday School. She told her niece, "I shall hear the children their cataplasms and instruct them in the three creeds, which my dear, as the Bishop said in his sermon the other day, are the Epistles' Creed, The Lyceum, and the Farinaceous Creed."

UNPROFITABLE.—Speculating on a "dead certainty."

A POPULAR CRY.—Palaces for the People! A South London Palace, a North London Palace, an East London Palace, a West London Palace—so many Palaces for the People of London. Why not also so many balls and sceptres, so many crowns, and plenty of them for his Majesty the London People? But then, for the multitudes of the People unemployed that want bread, what will, Palaces at all quarters of the compass prove, but piles of stone that will not feed them?

"TO WYKEHAMISTUS."—Our Classical Boy has returned to school. We have sent him your letter, and hope to hear from him next week.—Eo.



YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM.

Bobbie (sentimentally, to his Cousin, whom he adores). "MAUD, WON'T YOU GIVE ME SOME SOUVENIR OF YOURSELF TO TAKE BACK TO SCHOOL WITH ME!"
Maud. "WHY, BOBBIE DEAR, OF COURSE I WILL!"
Bobbie (with much pathos). "AND YOU 'LL LET IT BE SOMETHING TO EAT, DEAR, WON'T YOU?"

IN THE ARENA.

THE "PARADE" BEFORE THE CONFLICT.

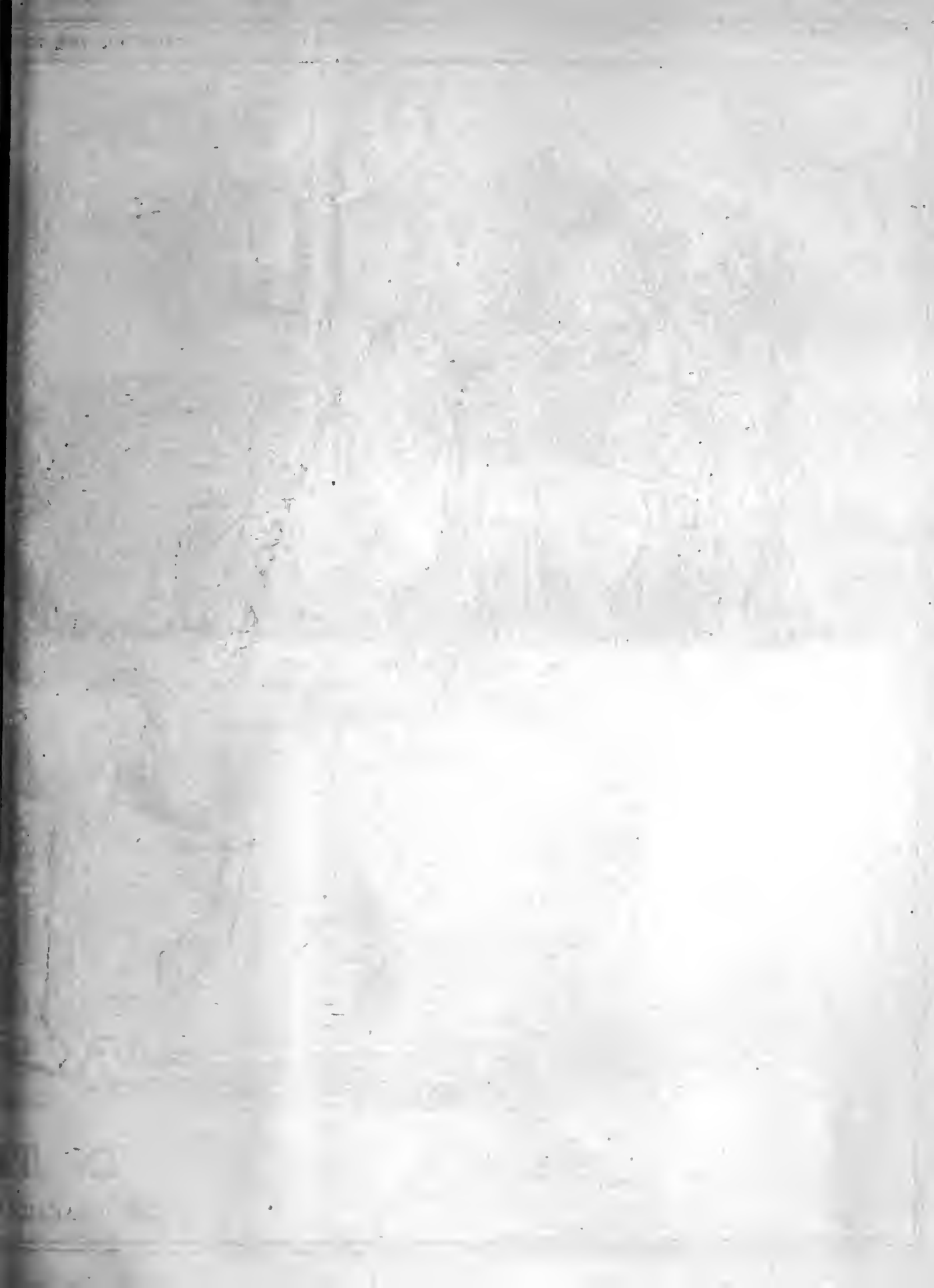
Ho! trumpets blare forth bravely, ho! banners proudly flout!
 Cool critics loll expectant, spectators swarm and shout!
 For lo! short truce is over, and lately sundered foes,
 Once more in the arena will counter, clash, and close.
 The echoes of the battle when last they trod the sand,
 The tramp of eager horsemen, the clang of biting brand,
 Seem scarcely to have left us, and now, before the Spring
 Has come with burst of blossom, has filled with flush of wing,
 Ere Valentine the Vernal hath trod the ancient tracks,
 His burthens laid on lovers, and eke on postman's backs,
 Ere snow hath left the branches, ere green hath lit the boughs,
 We may look out for ructions, and we must list to rows.

Muse, this is scarcely classic, it smacks of Cockney slang,
 Not thus had sung old HOMER of battle's crush and clang;
 Not thus sublime ALCEUS had chanted the great day,
 When "halls from floor to rafters glitter with war's array." [snow,
 But now our "white-plumed helmets," shine not with unsmirched
 And though we've "shields emblazoned," "Chalcidian blades snow,"
 And war's "well-tried protectors from hostile spear" and dart,
 Heroes seem less heroic, with less of heart than art.
 And classic exaltation, and chivalry's intense
 Ecstatic high-faluting, and rapt magniloquence,
 Require a little toning, in colour and in phrase,
 To fit them to the fighters of later lesser days.

Yet in this huge arena heroic figures shine;
 Such sure is thine, GLADSTONIUS; CÆCILIUS, such is thine!
 Achilles and great Hector might well have flushed with joy
 To counter foes so worthy afar by windy Troy.
 (Our Troy, indeed, is "windy"—in quite another sense;
 Their Æolus meant power, ours mainly flatulence.)
 CÆCILIUS on his war-horse full proudly pranceth round—
 He doth not show like shrinking, nor look like giving ground;

And at his back, all brawny, and stolid, and serene
 (An armour-bearer stouter hath been right seldom seen),
 Comes low-lipped HARTINGTONIUS, ready with shield, or crest,
 Or sword, or spear, or javelin, as may be in request.
 These eyeing stern and steady, as fighters foemen eye,
 Comes wintry-lock'd GLADSTONIUS, game still the lists to try
 Against whatever comer, erect, and gaunt of limb,
 With glance exceeding fiery, and jaw exceeding grim;
 His armour-bearer, also, is ready at his heel,
 With breadth of bossy buckler, and length of shining steel;
 PARNELLIUS the Placid, with pallid cheek and cold,
 With calm eye ever watchful, and chill front ever bold.
 When these anon encounter in full and fiery tilt,
 Be sure that steel shall splinter, and ruddy blood be spilt.
 "Who—who in the aforesaid had ever thought to see
 These heroes so attended?" museth the herald, P.
 And other chiefs of valour though lower in their grade,
 Array in the arena, and prance in the parade.
 Comes SMITHIUS the smug-faced, him of the settled smirk,
 BALFOURIUS "the brave," too, one never known to shirk
 Sword-thrust, or spare his foeman though prostrate and disarmed,
 GOSCHENIUS, erst henchman of GLADSTONIUS, till charmed
 From him the white-lock'd Wonder, but now his fiercest foe,
 Save CHAMBERLANIUS, better beknown as Brummijo,
 Who heards his ancient Chieftain with even more of ire,
 And backs his ancient foeman with yet more zealous fire.
 Not so the stout HARCOURTIUS, him of the triple chin,
 He backs the "Grand Old Manlius," as one who's bound to win,
 Old Manlius GLADSTONIUS, when others shy or eulk,
 And leads the ancient war-horse with big complacent bulk.
 And others follow after him of the snowy crest,
 MORLEIUS the mordant, bravest amongst the best,
 Gallant SPENCERIUS RUFUS, the loyallest of hearts,
 And—but the clarion brayeth, the martial pageant starts.

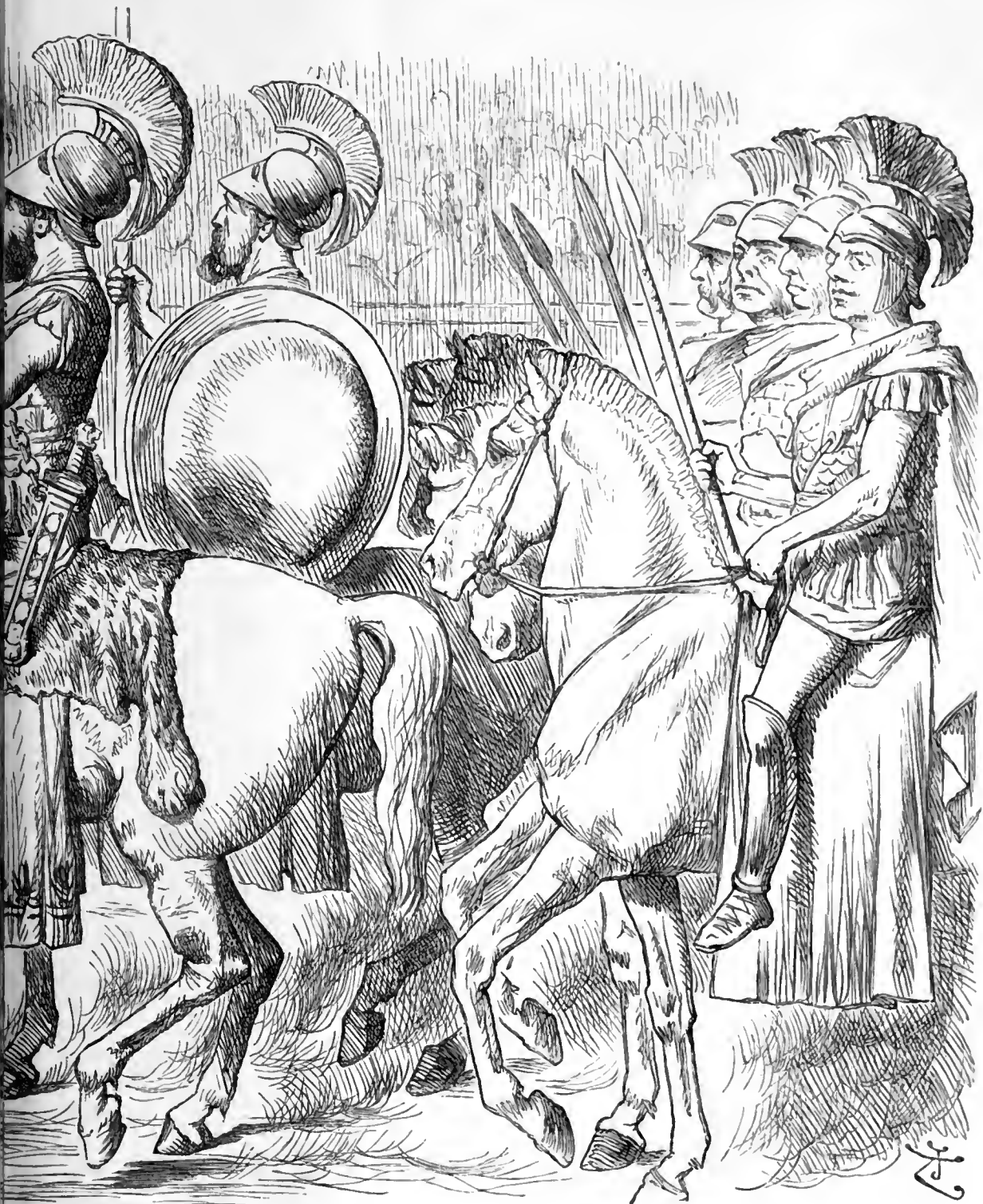
How, now will fare the battle, how will the conflict end? [friend P
 Which foe will slay which foeman, which friend will smash which





IN TH

THE "PARADE"



RENA.

THE CONFLICT.



When sword with sword shall counter, and shield shall clash with shield,
Which sides shall kiss the sawdust, which host shall hold the field,
A Muse which was prophetic perchance might dare Let ours, which is more modest, stand by and mark the fray.

MR. PUNCH'S EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

NURSERY RHYME PAPER.

1. GIVE some account, in your own words, of the domestic difference between Mr. and Mrs. John Sprat. In what manner was a compromise finally arrived at?
2. What was the menu (or bill of fare) of the wedding-breakfast on the marriage of Cook Robin with Jenny Wren? What was the fate of the bridegroom? Who were the principal witnesses of the tragedy? Who acted as, (1) Shroud-maker, (2) Undertaker, (3) Grave-digger, (4) Parson, (5) Bell-ringer, on this melancholy occasion?
3. "Who comes here?" "A Grenadier!" Explain the object of his visit. How was he addressed in consequence?
4. Mention the various manners in which pease-pudding can be prepared for table.
5. What were the chief horticultural products of the garden of "Mary, quite contrary"? Can they be accounted for by any reference to her disposition?
6. Give the favourite food of (a) Handy Spandy Jack-a-Dandy; (b) Little Jack Horner; (c) Little Miss Muffet; (d) Simple Simon; (e) The Man in the Moon; (f) The Rat, and the Frog who would a-wooing go.
7. How many errands were run by Mother Hubbard on her dog's account? On one occasion she is recorded to have gone to the joiner's—for what? and how did she find the dog engaged on her return? Have you any reason for believing that the dog was not a Teetotaler?
8. What was the correct answer to the question asked by the Man in the Wilderness?
9. Give the exact quantity, and destination, of Black Sheep's wool.
10. Relate any circumstances you remember connected with the possession of a Crooked Sixpence.
11. Write down the names of all the tunes with which Tom the Piper's Son is said to have been acquainted.
12. Trace the various processes which are required before the old woman's pig could be induced to get over the stile. What was the original cost of this pig?
13. A certain cat went to London to look at the QUEEN. Do we possess any, and what, account of the manner in which she employed herself on this occasion?
14. To what would you compare "a man of words, and not of deeds"?
15. Describe the rigging, crew, and cargo, of the ship commanded by a duck that was once observed "a-sailing on the sea."
16. Mention any singularity that occurs to you in the appearance of the lady who was to be seen riding in the neighbourhood of Banbury Cross? How was (1) the person who went to see her, (2) the lady herself, mounted?
17. In what respect was the condition of the little pig who went to market better than that of the little pig who remained at home?
18. Enumerate the chief contents of the House that Jack built, and give some account of the principal persons who resided in its vicinity.
19. Contrast the characters of Tommy Green and Tommy Trout (or Stout), and give a short account of Robbin the Bobbin, Peter Piper, Thomas-a-Tatamus, Robbin and Richard, Margery Daw, Little Jumping Joan, Mother Goose and her Son Jack.
20. What celebrated character excused himself from singing in society on the ground that "a cold had made him as hoarse as a hog?" Should

THE PARLIAMENTARY OWL (GENUS "COMMONS;" SPECIES SMITHIAN) PREPARING TO POUNCE.



WHEN M.P.'s come at the Party call,
When WILL from Florence fair doth hail;
When shindy wakes in St. Stephen's Hall,
When Tories row and Rads do rail;
When blood comes hot, and speech flows foul,
Then eager sits the staring Owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who;—a warning note!
How on the pounce his eyes do gloat!

When bores blare forth and boasters blow,
And jeering drowns discursive jaw;
When PEEL sits brooding, brows bent low,
And HEALY's nose is cock'd at Law;
When hot Home-Rulers hiss and growl,
Then nightly sits the watchful Owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who;—a warning note!
He's on the pounce; they'll catch it hot!

you be most inclined to ascribe this to—(i.) offence at the manner in which the request was made? (ii.) affectation, and a desire to be further pressed? (iii.) an honest statement of the literal truth? or (iv.) a mere excuse, intended to conceal a natural want of vocal talent? Give reasons for your answer. (N.B. Candidates are not required to attempt more than one-fourth of the above questions.)

"JACK'S ALIVE!"

Who killed JOHN MADDISON MORTON? "I," says the *Saturday Review*, "in my article on LABICHE, January 28." But who saw him alive? "I did," says one of Mr. Punch's trusted contributors, "quite recently;" and we are informed that, "the late Mr. MADDISON MORTON," as the *Saturday Reviewist* called him, is still "all alive O," and is one of the dispersed Charterhouse Brethren, quite cosy and comfortable. Not so very long ago he was present as a visitor at a meeting of "The Urban Club." Long live JOHN MADDISON MORTON! But *a propos* of LABICHE, JOHN MADDISON MORTON'S *Box and Cox* is something more than a mere adaptation of *Frisette*.—though, we admit, that a small but telling portion of its dialogue is simply literally translated,—because MADDISON MORTON possessed an original style of dialogue,—*nihil tetigit quod non Maddisonavit*.—and in this instance, unless we have been for many years much mistaken (in which case "the late Mr. MADDISON MORTON" will be in time to correct us), he made use of two pieces besides the operetta *Frisette* (to which class of entertainment the farce returned under the reversed title of *Cox and Box*, with SULLIVAN'S immortal music and an entirely new character, *Sergeant Bouncer*)—and J. M. M. "combined the information" in concocting *Box and Cox*. But MADDISON MORTON deserves literary and dramatic immortality if only for having invented the title *Box and Cox*. LABICHE'S *Frisette* has long since been forgotten, but MORTON'S *Box and Cox* lives and flourishes, and will live—as will also *Cox* and (the musical) *Box*—to delight ages yet unborn.

THE PROPHECIC WILLIAM.—"Who's MARK H. JUDGE, who wrote a letter to 'the Board of (Faith without) Works,' with the terms of which it wouldn't comply?" "Well, I don't exactly know of what race or religion he may be," replied his friend; "but SHAKESPEARE must have had him in his mind's eye when he made *Gratiano* say, 'MARK JUDGE, a learned Jew!'"

"READING BETWEEN THE LINES."—Very dangerous practice, specially when there are trains coming.

APPROPRIATE AMUSEMENT FOR LENT.—Visits to the Loan Collections. Old Masters still on view.



"NUMBER ONE."

Bridegroom (on their way to Paris). "YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE QUITE WARM AND COMFORTABLE, LOVE?"

Bride. "OH YES, DEAR—QUITE."

Bridegroom. "I DON'T LIKE TO SEE YOU SITTING WITH YOUR BACK TO THE ENGINE, DARING. YOU DON'T FEEL ANY DRAUGHT?"

Bride. "OH, NOT THE SLIGHTEST!"

Bridegroom (who does!). "THEN, SWEETEST, WOULD YOU MIND CHANGING PLACES—!!!"

"THANKS FOR KIND INQUIRIES."

SIR,—Amongst advertisements which murally decorate the stations of the most useful District Railway, has been appearing one headed Olympia, and underneath this, in staring capitals, the words "Last Month!" Now, Sir, what is the use of advertising "last month?" Who cares what went on last month at Olympia? If the show is to attract, let them announce what is going on "this month."

Yours, &c., KEY SAY.

SIR,—I don't go much into the theatrical world, so I want to know from you is the report true that Mr. GILLIE FARQUHAR, the actor, late of the Vandeville, has come into a large fortune and is going to have a benefit?

ONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW.

Several kind inquirers signing themselves "Messrs. Wye, Warefor & Co.," write as follows:—

"Why" the First.—When a man has been undergoing penal servitude for several years, on the discovery that he has been unjustly sentenced, and is entirely innocent of the

crime laid to his charge, Why does he receive the "QUEEN'S pardon?"

"Why" the Second.—In the above instance, Why doesn't the unfortunate victim receive "the QUEEN'S Ample Apology," and a handsome pension for life?

"Why" the Third.—The LORD MAYOR has a Remembrancer, Why should not the QUEEN have an Apologist?

"Why" the Fourth.—When a man is condemned to death on evidence considered unsatisfactory by the Judge, and evidently so by the public, Why is he relieved and sent into penal servitude?

"Why" the Fifth. Why is he not acquitted?

"Why" the Sixth. If this is the Law of the Land, Why isn't it altered at once?

"WHERE'S RAMSGATE?"

[*Mr. Justice Hawkins.* Where is Ramsgate?

Mr. Dickens. It is in Thanet, your Lordship.

Report of Twyman v. Bligh.]

"WHERE'S Ramsgate?" Justice HAWKINS cried.

"Where on our earthly planet?"

The learned DICKENS straight replied,

"'Tis in the Isle of Thanet.

"Ramsgate is where the purest air

Will make your head or leg well,

Will jaded appetite repair

With the shrimp cure of Pegwell.

"Where's Ramsgate? It is near the place

Where JULIUS CÆSAR waded,

And nearer still to where his Grace

AUGUSTINE come one day did.

"All barristers should Ramsgate know:

I speak of it with pleasure,"

Quoth DICKENS. "There I often go

When wanting a refresher.

"Where's Ramsgate? Where I've often

seen

Both S-M-B-R-N-E and DU M-R-E-R,

When I have gone by 3'15

Granville Express, Victorier.

"With Thanet Harriers, when you are

Well mounted on a pony,

You'll say, for health who'd go so far

As Cannes, Nice, or Mentone?

"With POLAND, of the Treasury,

Recorder eke of Dover,

I oft go down for pleasuray.

Alack! 'tis too soon over!

"O'er Thanet's Isle where'er you trudge,

My Lud, you'll find no land which—"

"Dickens take Ramsgate!" quoth the

Judge.

"Luncheon! I'm off to Sandwich!"

"WONDROUS KIND."—Two cards of admission to the Church of All Saints, Lambeth, for a "Solemn Office," on the occasion of the Centenary of "The Young Pretender," (January 31) were forwarded to our Office, which is not a "solemn" one. *Mr. Punch* begs to acknowledge their receipt, and fully appreciates Dr. LEE'S sympathy with a Pretender, whether young or old, past or present.

THE Petition against admission of Women to degrees at Cambridge, has been sent round for signature. The basis of the petition is that they have already more than Three Graces of the Senate. Such extra graces as the Ladies would bring with them being superfluous, might result in dis-graces.



House of Commons, Tuesday Night. Having a rehearsal to-night of our Opening Day on Thursday. Things a little mixed, as appears from sketch taken on spot by Own Artiat. But of course on these occasions, when Strangers' Galleries are cleared, we do pretty much as we like. **SPEAKER**, as will be seen, is in high spirits. A little conscious, I fancy, of advantage as set-off of his figure against **LORD CHANCELLOR**. But **HARDINGE GIFFARD** doesn't mind.

"I approach opening of Session with easy conscience, Dear **TOBY**," he said, just now. "Haven't held office more than two years, and can lay my hand on my heart and say there's not an uncle, a cousin, or an aunt that I haven't seen comfortably provided for. Can I do anything for you, old boy? Like to be a Registrar, County Court Judge, or anything else in unobtrusive but comfortably-salaried way? Think it over and drop me a line."

Nice fellow, **HALSBURY**! As **COLERIDOE** says, he adds dignity to the Woolstack, and his relations to the list of our salaried officials.

GLADSTONE here, fresh from Florence; also **GRANDOLPH**, inflated

with the confidences of the **CZAR**. Says it's "all a flam" about his proposing to settle the Bulgarian Question by succeeding **FERNAND**. "Person I'm going to succeed," says **GRANDOLPH**, "is the **Markiss**. Shall begin at earliest opportunity to commence operations for unseating him."

GRANDOLPH very confident, but rather quails under eye of **ARTHUR BALFOUR**, who walks gloomily around. All very well to propose to himself awkward motions on foreign affairs. But suppose **BALFOUR** were to clap him into prison for a couple of months? Suggest this to **GRANDOLPH**. He, in his conversational way, says "Gammon!" but evidently seriously perturbed. Noticed he took opportunity later of effusively shaking hands with **W. H. SMITH**, inquiring with friendly concern after health of **Markiss**, and proceeded at some length to discuss prospects of the Session. Just to keep his hand in, **SMITH** pounced, and on a Division question put—Which side of the House shall we be sitting on when new Session of 1889 opens? *Answer Given.*—None.



RESULT OF THE UNIVERSITIES' RACE.

(According to Mr. Goschen.)

Athletics—1. Latin Verses—2. Intellectual Interest—0.

TAKEN AT A DISADVANTAGE;

Or, What it might come to any day, if affairs should happen to be left in the hands of an "Unintelligence Department."

A Chamber at the Admiralty. Responsible Official discovered settling himself down to a comfortable perusal of the "Times." He leisurely surveys it for a moment, when he suddenly starts up from his seat as if shot.

Goodness gracious! What's this? (Reading.) "War declared by France last night." "Gibraltar invested by a French Fleet." "Fifteen ironclads and fifty torpedo-boats assembled at Brest." "The command of the Channel threatened!" Dear me, I dare say now they don't know it at Portsmouth. This is really very awkward. I wonder, by the way, what I did with that list of available ships. (Fumbles at several pigeonholes, and finally touches hand-bell. Enter a Well-organised Clerk.) Ha! Mr. JONES, I suppose you've heard the news? War declared. Channel threatened by the French. Most awkward piece of business. It's all in the papers.

Well-organised Clerk (smiling). Really, Sir? I haven't heard it yet mentioned in the Office. War with France! It sounds quite like a romance.

Responsible Official. Just so. But I suppose the Board have had some intimation of the fact. Though (reflectively), now I come to think of it, I don't suppose they have. You had better send round the usual letter.

Well-organised Clerk. I scarcely think, Sir, that will be necessary, as I fancy I hear the voices of some of "my Lords," even now, upon the stairs. (Opens the door.) Ah! here they are.

[A bevy of Lords of the Admiralty pour into the room gesticulating wildly, and engaged in a fierce and recriminatory altercation.]

Lords of the Admiralty (in confused chorus, all together). Ah! I knew what it was coming to! Well, why didn't you open your mouth about it? What business is that of yours, I should like to know! Who says we haven't got the guns ready? I said it was the powder. The best thing you can do is to "ahut up." Ho! would you? A precious "sea" Lord you are! Why you're nothing but a land-lubber! It's all your doing, and I'll prove it. Oh, hold your row!

Responsible Official (at last getting a word in). Well, my Lords, I suppose, as things appear to have arrived at—ahem!—a crisis (uproar), that you have come for some—some ar—information as to how we are prepared—I might say, ready to meet it.

First Lord (getting a hearing). That's it. In the first place, how are we off on the home stations for ships?

Responsible Official. How are we off? Ah! to be sure. Of course. (Fumbling at pigeonholes.) I had a list, I fancy, dealing with something of the sort, here the other day, but I can't, for the life of me, put my hand on it. Do you remember, Mr. JONES, what we did with that list?

Well-organised Clerk (after some reflection). I fancy, now you come to mention it, Sir, that Mr. ROBINSON sent it to Sheerness a few weeks ago. I think they wanted it for some reason or other.

First Lord. Really, this is abominable. Can you tell us whether we have a single ship available for the protection of the Channel?

Responsible Official. Well, my Lord, I shouldn't like to say for

certain: but, I should hope so (slightly nettled). You cannot reasonably expect this Department to tell you everything. But I will telegraph for information to Portsmouth.

Second Lord. But what is the condition of the First Reserve? Come, surely you can tell us that?

Third Lord. And what instructions have you sent to the Commanders of the China, Pacific, and African Squadrons?

Fourth Lord. What orders have been despatched to the Mediterranean Fleet?

Fifth Lord. Is there a ton of powder in store anywhere?

Sixth Lord. Have we any guns at all? And if we have—will they go off?

Responsible Official (carried away by the general geniality, but recovering himself). Really, my Lords, you overwhelm me with your questions. Why, some of them, as you must be well aware, would take months to answer. You can't expect a parcel of civilians, who are responsible for these things, to have them at their fingers' ends. Why, the Director of Naval Ordnance is the only one of us who has any professional assistance to help him. We mayn't make much of it, my Lords, but we do our best. (Cries of "Oh! oh!" jeers, and uproar. Messenger enters hurriedly with several telegrams. Three are from the Commanders respectively of the China, Pacific, and African Squadrons, saying they have "just heard of the outbreak of hostilities, that they are out of coals and ammunition, and are waiting instructions, which must, however, be sent out by sea, as after the despatch of their respective messages the wires will be cut." The fourth is from the Admiral in command at Portsmouth.)

Responsible Official (eagerly opening it). Ha! now we shall know how we are prepared in the Channel. This is from Portsmouth. The Admiral in command telegraphs (reads):—"Only vessels here H.M.S. Bigewater, in dock, with her bottom off; Tarpaulin, laid up with her boilers burst; Racket, ditto, waiting her new screw; and the Battledore. She might be got out, but she's still short of three of her guns, and the shell that's been put aboard for those she has got is two sizes too big; but she has got a Nordenfeldt and a couple of Gatlings that only jam now and then; and though there's something wrong with her crank that makes her only cover seven knots in the hour, yet, take her all round, she's as tidy a craft as has been turned out of the yard for some time now, and might have a chance of getting safe up the Channel if there was a bit of a fog on, and the enemy didn't keep his weather-eyes too wide open. Wire instructions. Shall I send her off, or keep her at Spithead to protect the Ryde Steamboat Company?"

[Frantic uproar, amid which, after threats, imprecations, and general recrimination all round, it is decided that the "Battledore," and as many of the vessels of the Ryde Steamboat Company as "she can get to accompany her," shall proceed forthwith to Brest, and do their best to blockade the French Fleet, pending the six months or so it may take the "Department" to get things a little more organised and in hand to meet the immediate necessities consequent on a sudden outbreak of war.]

FAIR AND FOWL!

[Miss HELEN RATCLIFFE summoned the Reverend HUGH HAWES before a Magistrate because the crowing of a cock belonging to the Reverend Gentleman disturbed her. The case was adjourned for settlement. But on Friday last it was reported that the Hen-house had been burglarised, and that the offending Chanticleer had vanished.]

THAT bird of HAWES'S
Did make such noi-ises,
Neighbours are glad it is gone;
Playing "Jim Crow" on his
Fiddle, and so on, is
HAWES lamenting alone.

Cheer up, HUGH HAWES, Sir,
Uncertain Law is, Sir.
Says Helen, "Are Burgling crew
(Bird, beyond ken o' me,
'Held by the Hen-emy")
Cock-sure to crow over HUGH?"

Innocent Food.

THIS advertisement was found in *The Liverpool Mercury*, Jan. 27:—

WANTED, at end of February, a NURSE, able to bottle a baby.

We do not think this was meant cruelly, yet it is liable to be misunderstood. Who, (except perhaps a Cannibalistic gourmet) ever heard of "Bottled Baby?" The nearest approach to it in sound is *Boote's Baby*, and that certainly was uncommonly good.

HOLELY SATISFACTORY.—The Very Rev. Dr. HOLE was installed as Dean in Rochester Cathedral, Mayor and Corporation attending in State. That is, in the best state they could. In Rochester Cathedral Body Dean HOLE won't do things by halves.



WARREN'S WHITENING.

Not-at-all-at-Home Secretary. "SPLENDID COLLECTION OF 'CONSTABLES' YOU'VE GOT."

Sir Charles Warren. "BEAUTIFUL! THERE'S ONE WHICH WAS ALMOST BLACK, AND I RESTORED IT PERFECTLY. THERE'S ANOTHER WHICH ONLY WANTS A TOUCH OR TWO OF MY LUMINOUS WHITENING TO BE AS GOOD AS EVER IT WAS."

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Examiner. Now, Sir, what appointment do you desire to fill?

Candidate. I wish to become Dean of a Cathedral.

E. Certainly. Have you any idea as to your duties?

C. I fancy I am responsible for the building and its contents.

E. Quite right. Now, suppose you or anyone had reasons to believe that the bones of some great historical person were buried in a certain part of the Cathedral, what would you do?

C. I would dig for them.

E. Quite right. And if you did not find them in one place, what would you do?

C. I would dig for them in another.

E. Certainly. Quite right. And if you found them—what next? (*Candidate hesitates.*) Well, what would you do with them? Yes?

C. (after a pause). I think I should give them a good washing.

E. Quite correct. And after they had been washed, what next?

C. Well, perhaps it would be well to have them photographed.

E. Unquestionably. And after they had been photographed, what would be your next step?

C. Well, I think I ought to put them somewhere handy, where they would be carefully examined by the scientists.

E. Yes. Well? Where would that be?

C. I can think of no better answer than somebody's drawing-room?

E. And that answer will do admirably. I am so pleased with your replies, that I appoint you Dean until the end of the Chapter. And you may adopt as your motto, "*Otium cum dig.*"

A LESSON IN LAW;

OR, FUSION AND CONFUSION IN THE FUTURE.

SCENE—Interior of the Hall of an Inn of Court, Students discovered seated at tables, more or less attentive. Enter two Porters, who arrange a table surrounded by long drapery. They then retire, giving place to Lecturer who is received with applause. He bows, and gets behind his table.

Lecturer. Gentlemen, now that in the Legal Profession no distinction is known between Barristers and Solicitors, a Lawyer must be able to appear in many parts. It is not sufficient that he may know how to address a jury or to draw a brief—he must be competent to serve a writ, or possibly to become the Lord Chancellor. Naturally in the latter character he would have many reminiscences of the days of his youth. If you please, I will appear as the Lord Chancellor. (*Stoops down beside the table and re-appears in wig and robe.*) H'm, the Lord Chancellor. (*Applause.*) H'm, ha, h'm. This is a very important matter—so important that I fancy we must take time to consider it and not give our decision—decision I say, until next term. And that reminds me that once when I was engaged in sweeping out the office of some Barsolistor (I was junior partner of the firm at the time), I found a draft of a brief that had never been delivered, and on account of its non-delivery the action had been won. No doubt my Brother beside me will remember the circumstance? (*Altering his voice in reply.*) Certainly. (*Takes off disguise of Lord Chancellor and reappears as himself.* *Applause.*) Having shown you one of the Prizes of the Profession, I will give you another. I will introduce my friend, Mr. WELLP, a Chief Clerk in the Chancery Division. This should be more interesting to you than the other illustration, as it is easier to become a Chief Clerk than a Lord Chancellor. (*Laughter, amidst which the Lecturer dives beneath his table to reappear dressed as a Chief Clerk of the Chancery Division.*) Mr. WELLP! (*Cheers and Laughter.*) Now, let me tell you all, that I do not advise anyone to do anything, but if I am asked by the Plaintiff in this cause what he ought to do, I can only say, that were I he, I should certainly take out a summons which might be made returnable in a week asking for whatever it is. And if the Defendant in this cause were to make the same application to me, I should give him the same advice. That is what I should do were I not a Chief Clerk, but as I am a Chief Clerk, I give no advice at all! (*Lecturer dives beneath his table and reappears as himself.* *Applause.*) Having shown you what you may become if you are successful, I will now give a hint of a possible companion fate. My friend, Mr. COSTKILT, having become a Barsolistor, and entering into legal proceedings himself, knowing the ropes, is anxious that everything should go right. (*Disappears and reappears in an old wig and tattered gown.*) Mr. COSTKILT. (*Applause.*) Now tell me, because you know I do know all about it, whether everything has had proper attention? Have you

got the third account vouched—and the letter for the surrender of the lease posted, and the further observations to the Junior Counsel sent out? And I do hope that the funeral I had to attend did not interfere with my being properly represented when that point about the binding of my wife's life interest was referred to the judge? And you are quite sure that there is not more than five quarters rent to pay for that farm we haven't been able to agree amongst ourselves to let? And you don't think much harm was done by my absenting myself to take my eldest daughter to the scarlet fever hospital when that unsuccessful application was made to have some accumulated income paid to me out of Court. And—(*hesitating*)—and—and you don't think you could advance me five shillings to go on with? (*Loud laughter, amidst which the Lecturer resumes his every-day dress.*) And now, Gentlemen, I will conclude my lecture with my last illustration—Mr. JONATHAN BUSYMAN, whom we will suppose is a Barsolistor who has not yet been able to secure a partner. (*Dives under table, and reappears in another character.*) Now let me see which shall I do first—argue before the Court of Appeal, or finish that Bill of Costs? No; can't do either, as I have to serve that writ in Bayswater. But that won't do either, because I have got to take the proof of that Detective in the Probate case. And yet how can I attend to him when I must be in Somerset House searching for that will? Then if I do that, and don't finish the engrossing of that marriage settlement, I shall stop the marriage fixed for to-morrow at St. George's, Hanover Square. And then, if I neglect the dying deposition of the witness at Charing Cross Hospital, and he dies before I get to him, how on earth am I to conduct that case at Bow Street, fixed for some time this afternoon? Not that I couldn't throw over a criminal matter if it would have helped me to appear in the running-down case in the Q. B. D., to cross-examine the coachman this morning. And then, if I do either, the widow may starve if I don't identify her in the Paymaster-General's Department, to enable her to secure her dividends! Not that she couldn't wait if I had but the leisure to finish that opinion about the fraud on the power which I promised should arrive in good time to enable some country clients of mine to make up their minds before they commenced suits for administration over value, and improper conveyance. Well, I can't do all, and if I don't do all, I had better do none; so, as it's a fine day, and I feel in a pleasant frame of mind, I think I shall take a holiday, and go to Southend!

(*Roars of laughter, amidst which the Lecturer retires, and brings the Scene to an agreeable conclusion.*)

Treating him Lightly.

"STUFF," says LANKESTER. "Nonsense! I know that I'm right. On your old effete system I'll let in the light."

Answers OXFORD. "Your light you will please take away. We can see better far, thanks, without such a Ray."

HERCULES IN THE AUGEAN STABLE.



Good luck to you, Hercules! Ply the hose steadily;
 Water enough you will need for this task.
 All men of honour will back you right readily,
 What better sort of "Spring Clean" could they ask?
 Augeas himself had not horse-stalls uncleaner;
 Alpheus-Peneus combined they might tax.
 Those muck-heaps are dear to the fouler and meaner,
 But lay your stout Club on their rascally backs.

The Muck-Mammon rules in these realms too completely,
 The taint of his touch seems on all, high and low.
 To make these vast stalls smell a little more sweetly,
 Is quite an heroic task, as things go.

So go it, my Hercules! sluice away smartly;
 The place stands in very sore need of a scrub;
 And if vested interests in filth should talk tartly,
 Just silence the knaves with a tap of that Club!

DOVES WITH A DIFFERENCE.—Almost all over Europe it appears that carrier-pigeons are in course of being trained for service in the event of War. All pigeons are doves, but the Continental carrier-pigeon is evidently a bird of quite another feather than the ideal dove that allegorically bears the olive-branch. Perhaps, however, it will be branches of Bitter Olives that these War pigeons will carry.



House of Commons, Thursday Night, February 9.—SAUNDERSON quite unhappy. Came down early this afternoon prepared for exciting doings. Air full of rumour of war. DUNCAN, under cover of seconding the Address, came

down armed to the teeth. Parnellites were to raise question of Privilege; Old Morality was to introduce his new pounce; and ARTHUR BALFOUR had ten Policemen disguised as waiters in the dining-room. At given signal they were to enter and arrest every Irish Member on the premises. Hadn't been such a glorious prospect for years. Nothing to equal it—except the absolute flatness of the night's events. No question of Privilege; no arrests. The disguised waiters had nothing to "take up" but the dinner. Ministerialists brought down by urgent Whip left the House by scores when their Leader rose to continue debate; before midnight whole thing miserably died out.

GLADSTONE hopelessly infected with prevailing spirit. Followed Mover and Seconder of Address.



"Duncan comes here to-night."
"The gracious Duncan!"
Macbeth.

"Now we'll have it," said SAUNDERSON, shifting shillelagh to left-hand coat-tail pocket. But we didn't have it at all. GLADSTONE almost blessed Ministers, approved their programme, and promised assistance in making it a legislative Session.

"Call that a Grand Old Man?" the Colonel muttered between clenched teeth; "I call him a Mild Old Muff."

Up to last moment some hope lingered round PYNE. After hanging out on his castle walls for weeks and months, turned up to-day under the very nose of ARTHUR BALFOUR.

"So you've let yourself down to this?" said LAICAITA, looking in to hear the writ moved for Dundee. "Better where you were. As for me, can't approve the way Opposition is carried on, so gave up my seat. If you could spare a quarter of an hour, I'd explain, in fuller detail, my reasons for resigning."

"Excuse me," said PYNE. Whipped out coil of rope which was wound round his waist; hitched one end over rail of Peers' Gallery with neatness only attainable after long practice; went up hand over hand with amazing celerity.

"Don't wait," he said looking down on amazed ex-Member for Dundee. "Think I see a Policeman coming."

"How very abrupt!" LAICAITA said, gladder than ever "How very abrupt!"



he had left the House of Commons. *Business done.*—Address moved.

Friday Night.—"They've picked PYNE at last, I hear," said WILFRID LAWSON to Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

"Well," said Sage, "he was getting a little over-ripe, don't you think? A man can't hang out for months over his castle wall, even in Ireland, without going to the bad." Incidents of the arrest quite dramatic. When PYNE left House early this morning, Police on his track—but he got away. Might have been all right if he'd stayed away. But duty first. So he took penny 'bus to bottom of Parliament Street. Observed Police in charge of main gateways to Palace Yard; skirted railings, descended steps by Clock Tower. A few more steps, and he would be safe within the precincts.

"I must dissemble," said the Châtelain of Lisfarny Castle. So he thrust his hands in his pockets, raised his shoulders in vain attempt to hide his face, and vaguely whistled "Erin Go Bragh." But all in vain. Hawk eye of policeman spotted him. "Mr. PYNE, I presume?" said representative of Law and Order, just as if he had come upon Dr. LIVINGSTONE in the wilds of Central Africa.

PYNE's hand at his belt like flash of lightning. In another moment rope would have been unwound, and he would have been half-way up the Clock Tower. But the Policeman too quick for him. Seized the rope, which served conveniently for binding the prisoner, and so he was carried off to the lowest dungeon beneath the Castle Moat.

At least, that's what JOSEPH GILLIS tells me. The sketch was taken by Our Own Artist, who was providentially on the spot.

This pretty well to begin with. But more to follow. Soon as SPEAKER had taken Chair, GILHOOLY rose and gave notice, "On Monday to ask for leave to bring in a Bill for the better housing of the working-classes." A seraphic smile crossed ARTHUR BALFOUR's face as he listened. "My dear friend," he sweetly murmured, "I have made arrangements for your own better housing long before Monday."

Chief Secretary was overheard. Report got wind, and GILHOOLY was marked as a doomed man. Everybody said he would be arrested when he left the House.

"Then why leave it?" said JOEY B. "I've slept on two chairs in the Lib'ry meself. If you'll be lonely, we'll keep the House sitting all night to wake you. Only say the word."

GILHOOLY pressed the patriot's hand, but too moved to say any word. Walked about the House; took affectionate leave of familiar places. House up at quarter-past eleven. GILHOOLY walked forth with unfaltering step. Crowd of Members followed in silent procession. Big Ben tolled forth the half-hour. Most impressive scene. Only wanted presence of Chaplain to complete analogy that struck everybody. At the gateway Policeman posted. At proper cue, GILHOOLY arrested, and, for better housing, taken over to police cell in Whitehall Place. *Business done.*—Irish minority reduced by two.

"HALL MARKED."—Clever Mr. S. HALL, of the Chancery Bar, has just "taken silk." As a leader, he should be "on velvet."



A Pync, who requires a great deal of forcing.



SNOB-SNUBBING.

"A—MY PEOPLE, MISS DEVEREUX, CAME INTO ENGLAND WITH STRONGBOW, YOU KNOW!" "ARE YOU QUITE SURE IT WASN'T LONGBOW, MR. SNOOKSON?"

OUR "JUNIOR CLASSIC" AGAIN.

DEAR OLD P.,

I must just begin in English. I'll go on into Latin in a minute, only I find I can't talk so freely in Latin. Here I am, back at school, and *I've got my remote!* I feel no end of a swell. As my Pater says, "perhaps I shall blossom out into a PORSON some day"—though who PORSON was I don't know, only I think he was some classical bloke or other—LARS PORSONA, I think he used to be called.

Well, your request that I should tackle the letter of WYKEHAMISTUS, who strangely objects to being called a Wykehamite, reached me yesterday, and I feel no end flattered. I wish you hadn't said I had better answer it in Latin. However, here goes.

EXCURSUS

(I think that's what they call it), de litterâ alicujus Wykehamisti, et de nomine "WYKEHAMISTUS," vel "WYKEHAMITUS."

Primum, permitte me observare ut tuus correspondens est ad culpam quam scribit Latinè. Objectit ut nomen "Wykehamitus" non est primum, et demandat explanationem "quum proxime tuus papyrus eveniet." Hoc est vere caninum pro "as soon as your paper comes out." Sed prætermitto hoc, quod ascribo ad factum ut hic pauper acieus non est Etonensis; nunc ad rem!

Terminatio ista occurrit sæpe. Ut *whist* (ludus) *kist* (signalia) ut Magister appropinquat *kist* (paulo-post-perfectum de *kiss*, osculare). Vide de hoc MADVIG, "de Particula Latina," vol. 26. Vide quoque "Grammaticam" BOPPI (illina Germani), si vis. (Sed hoc non avviso. BOPP, quamquam eruditus, est valde aridus et incomprehensibilis, ut mox est Teutoncus.) Adde ista ad WYKEHAM, et habea "Wykehamistus," decena Latinum. Ego prefero "Wykehamensis," ut "Etonensis." Id sonat melius. Sed forsitan non sum absolute impartialia in hæc re. Sine dubio, propriissimum nomen pro pueris Scholæ ad Winchester est "Wincastrensis." Quare "Wykeham," careo nocere? Erat homo appellatus GULIELMUS DE WYKEHAM, ann avarus, qui fundavit (nonne?) illum scholam. Sed JOHANNES LYON fundavit Harroviam; et non appellamus Harrovienses pueros "Lyonistas."

Terminatio iste est quoque bonum Latinum; aliquo modo, id est satis bonum pro me. Vide *Hittite* (antiqua natio pugilistica) *John Bright* (notus Anglicus orator), et alia. Ergo quia non *Wykehamite*? (Vide BOPP, ut ante.)

Considero id potius necem scribere ad te, PUNCHE, ut "Wykehamistus"

scribit. Si esset Etonensis, id esset differens. Sed forte non sum impartialia, ut dixi.

Percipis ut treatavi subiectum in serio lumine. Chimus mei suggerit ut id debet treatari in veno Doctoris WATTS—videlicet—

How doth the little Wykehamist
To waste his time delight,
In writing notes of which the gist
Is, "Why called Wykehamite?"

Sed non considero hoc dignum occasionis. Spero ut dedi multam satisfactionem in hoc excurau. Habui swotters ad id, ego possum dicere tibi. Sed unum verbum antequam ego finio. Da mihi aurea tuas et ego tibi reddam, ut dicit SHAKSPEARIUS. Cnr non derivatio sic "Wykamus" (subaudi "puer") id est, Wykham ("Boy" understood), "Mitia" gentile (iterum subaudi "puer"), i. e., "gentleboy,"—nam "puer est pater homini," cum DIVINUS GULIELMUS SHAKSPEARIUS habet (ad minus sic ego puto) unde derivatur "Gentleman,"—et ambo simul, id est, "Wykamus" et "mitia" formant "Wykamite." Majus complementarium id, est-ne? Hoo me vapulat ut unum genna conundri, sic, memm primum est "Wykamus," meum secundum est "mitia" (subaudi "puer" ut supra) et meum totum est nomen pueri in statu publici pupillari, quod transfero "public school-boy." Vide? Non malum, est-ne? "Vale et iterum vale," cum cantat poeta, et dixit tuis veritable TOMMIUS (Etonensis.)

AN ANGEL'S VISIT;

Or, *The Artist's First Commission.*

An hour ago and the world was gray,—
A thoroughly Bloomsbury kind of day,—
When you think of the bills that you cannot pay,
And turn from beautiful thoughts away,
Like a sulky child from kisses,
And wonder how poets sweet things can say
Of a world so chilly and hard and gray,
Where the wise are gloomy, and fools are gay
With their sorrowful, sordid blisses.

My hopes were low, and my heart was sore,
For a soul's mosaic litter'd the floor,
While vile pot-boilers the easels bore,
And the kettle croon'd of the cheap tea-store,
On amouldering coals that waved of yore

In a graveyard antediluvian,
When there came a tap at the studio-door—
Such golden music ne'er heard before
The treasure-seeker who strikes a crore
Of buried rupees, or the hidden ore
Of Incas in vaults Peruvian.

The rain was lashing the windows high,
As if in spite of the brilliant sky
That lives in my picture of last July,
My holiday record of last July,

My only relic of Summer,
When a wide-eyed welcome of brightest sun
Spread all the room over, and dwelt upon
The hyacinth's clusters of cinnamon
To welcome the sweet new-comer.

Then the veteran chair with a missing limb,
And all that was common and mean and grim,
Grew suddenly seemly, and fine and trim,

Like courtliest old-world lovers;
For a luminous beauty around her flowed,
And her face like the waking of morning glowed,
And her hair like crag in a hollow road
Where a leafy anlight hovers.

Now I hear but her nightingale melody,
Though her brother, I think, talked more than she,
And they didn't say half as much to me

As they found to say to each other;
But every tone of her crisp, clear notes
Like a water-lily on silence floats,
Though dizzied memory vainly quotes

What she came about with her brother.

She has taken the loneliness all away,
And only the grace and the comfort stay;
And the light that she leaves is so pure and bright
That rain and wretchedness merely make
A beautiful rainbow for her sake,
Who found the room in a doleful plight

And a life hung over with shadows,
And out of her bounty has made it gay,
As the lowliest cottage is brave in May
With the cowslip bell and the hawthorn spray,
And all the spoil of the meadows.

And I settle down to the sober light
When the glory is tidied away for the night,
And shy sweet odours can take the air—
Too delicate for the noonday glare—
And the romping games of the burly bee—
And, marring the calmness greatly,
Hard chafers suddenly seize your hair,
And bats zig-zag like a tailless kite,
And solemn owls with their silent flight
Winnow the dimness that soon will flee
As the red moon rises stately.

LANDING OF WILLIAM AT DOVER.

Manners and Customs of ye English as exemplified by G. O. M. and the Revenue Officer.



"My name it is William Ewart Gladstone,
Not baccy, nor brandy, nor Tauchnitz, I own
Not even one bottle of Eau de Cologne."

(Aside to himself.)
But just half a bottle, and so 'tis a fact
I hav'n't one bottle, I must be exact.

He sang on landing, spick and span,
"England expects the G. O. Man,
This day to do his duty."

[Cheers from everybody, and off by train.]

TESTIMONIAL TO THE SITUATION.

ON the opening of Parliament (when the last Term of the Silly Season expires) a crowded Meeting was held to express the thanks of the Silly Season Subjects for the very efficient aid rendered to them during their session by the European Situation.

The Chair was taken by the Sea Serpent, who was supported by the Gigantic Gooseberry, and several members of the great Vegetable Family, Messrs. Mumpsimus and Sumpsimus, the Weather and the Parks, Dr. Odium Medicum, Shacon and Bakespeare, who looked very much worn out, and a number of well-known habitués of the Silly Season.

The Chair-Serpent said he was very glad to see so large and so thoroughly representative a gathering of his fellow subjects. They had this season been relieved of a certain amount of hard and thankless work by the noble endurance, the unexampled staying power, of his honoured friend, he was proud to call him a friend (he hoped he might call him friend), the European Situation. He was perhaps the doyen of the herd, but he saw around him to-night many who had served the Press and the Public well for more years than he cared to remember, and they were all treated like snakes, a thing that you first make use of and then kick. This was not the treatment they deserved. They were all fathers of families. They were all fill-up pars, at any rate. *(Laughter.)* He begged to move a vote of thanks to the Situation—a Situation which it was not too much to say, above all other situations, was the situation—he said, this Situation—well, he might not be much of a speaker, but he hadn't dined yet, and he

didn't mean to be laughed at. *(Dead silence, in which the Speaker joined.)*

The Eclipse of the Moon, who spoke rather hazily, said it was his privilege to second the proposal. He was not a very regular member, but from circumstances over which he had no control he had lately come a good deal before the public. The European Situation rather resembled his own; it was cloudy—*(laughter)*—but the clouds had not prevented his going on eclipsing, and he was sure that no clouds however threatening, would prevent the European Situation, from continuing to situate in a good old European way. *(Loud cheers.)*

The Weather and the Parks rose together, and as neither showed any determination to give way, they spoke in unison. They begged the indulgence of their friends, for taking a prominent part, but the fact was that they (the Weather and the Parks) represented a large number of kindred subjects—Primroses in Devonshire, Whirlwinds at Kilburn, Blizzards, and a Remarkable Atmospheric Phenomenon—and had been deputed to support the resolution.

A Bird did not want to interrupt the harmony of the meeting, but he had made a nest in a Cat's cradle, and he thought if they wanted a situation that ought rather to suit them. It wasn't exactly European, but it was precarious.

At this period some disturbance was caused by the appearance of the Irish Question, accompanied by Mr. O'BRIEN's —es.

Mr. O'BRIEN's —es protested against this toadying to a mere European Situation. They (Mr. O'BRIEN's —es) didn't care a button for the Situation. *(Cries of "Question!" during which the Irish Question put its thumb to its nose, and extended its fingers towards Messrs. Shacon and Bakespeare, who hadn't the slightest idea what the disturbance was about.)* On the Chair-Serpent endeavouring to restore order, Mr. O'BRIEN's —es called out, "What's that anyway? Did ever ye hear of St. Patrick now?" *(Loud cries of "Order!")*

The Sea Serpent said he was in a very painful position, as snakes were not accustomed to chairs in private life. He was reluctantly compelled to name Mr. O'BRIEN's numentionables, if they would excuse the paradox. They were not on in this scene at all, and had not a leg to stand upon.

The Speed of the Race Horse, and the Habits of Ants concurred, and the intruders were bundled out.

The Gigantic Gooseberry, who was very warmly received, said it was all very well to talk about the Silly Season, but for his part he considered one paragraph about the wonders of nature, even if they were purely imaginary (he meant no disrespect to the Chair), more interesting than a column of speeches about what the speaker didn't understand, addressed to listeners who didn't want to hear. *(Applause.)* He supported the motion.

The vote of thanks was carried unopposedly, and briefly acknowledged by The Situation in a few well-chosen phrases, and the company disappeared into oblivion for the Parliamentary Session—except the guest of the evening, who is understood to be preparing a surprise for the Special Correspondents.

ONE DEGREE BETTER.

"The honorary degree of Mus. Doc. is to be conferred on Herr JOACHIM by decree of Convocation on Tuesday." — *Times.*

SOME difficulty was experienced in fitting the cap on the Herr. Afterwards, instead of simply "Doctor of Music," on the famous violinist ought to have been conferred the degree of



"FIDDLE D.D."

HER MAJESTY'S OMNIBUS.—MR. MICHAEL DAVITT, in one of his recent harangues, declared that by having "carried the doctrines of Socialism into the heart of Britain," in retaliation of wrongs—"Ireland has put herself in the van of the glorious struggle." Quite so,—the Police Van.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she never goes to Church on Ash Wednesday, as she objects to the Combination Service.

MOONLIGHTERS AND BOYCOTTERS.—The Erinyes of Erin.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Mr. Alderman Buggins. "WHAT PRECIOUS BOSH THEY 'RE ALL TORKIN', WITH THEIR OLD MASTERS AND CLASSICAL MUSIC AND STUFF! WHY, I'D SOONER HAVE PAINTED ONE O' YOUR LITTLE PICTURES OF MODERN LIFE THAN ANY TITIAN OR VELASQUEZ IN THE 'OLE NATIONAL GALLERY.'"—(Our Artist smiles, and thinks Mr. B. may not be such a rank Philistine, after all.)—"AND I'D SOONER HAVE COMPOSED 'TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES' THAN ALL 'ANDEL AND 'AYON'S ORATORIOS PUT TOGETHER!" [Our Artist smiles no longer.]

THE VOICE OF PEACE.

"I SPEAK of Peace!" Great Prince, and wherefore not?
Not even you escape the common lot,
Of vocal man in these loquacious days,
When MOLTKE, Son of Silence, deigns to praise
A two hours' talk from his grim comrade's mouth!
Watching that towering form, that mighty drouth,
Scarcely assuaged by endless S-and-B's,
Fancy, whose genial current nought can freeze,
Boschus and Barbarossa somehow blends,
Thor and the god of Thirst.

The oration ends,
And thunders of applause the Thunderer hail.
Like a Thor-hammer-thump on martial mail,
Was every vocal stroke of that strong tongue,
Which never faltered, never lisped or hung,
In weakness or in wandering. Mighty Vox!
Strength of the lion, shrewdness of the fox,
Mix in that measured unimpassioned tone.

It speaks of Peace,—and armaments have grown,
Fast at its every utterance year by year,
Whether it lashed to pride or scourged to fear.

Peace! But the "covert enmity" of hosts,
Who counter menaces and bandy boasts,
"Under the smile of safety wound the world."

These hosts against each other hotly hurl'd,

Twenty years hence, to-morrow—who shall say?—

Will—fight for Peace as you have fought to-day.

Poor Peace! Her frankest friend must slur and glose. [foes?]

If such her champions, what shall prove her Fancy with whimsy thoughts such speech will mock,

A mail-clad shepherd piping to a flock,—
Scattered upon the hill-side near and far,
Steel-caval against the wandering wolves of War,—

Pastoral ditties, scarce seems more absurd.
As for the Dove, that emblematic bird,
Spurred like a game-cock with auxilial steel,
Sharpened and set for fight from beak to heel,
Herds with the eagles, hovers with the hawks,
Or with the ravens creaks, the vultures stalks.

"I speak of Peace!" Yes, as the saw-toothed pike,

With eye keen watchful, jaw prepared to strike,

Might as the carp-pond's guardian blandly pose.

The wanderer in the wilderness may close
His wearied eyes a moment, scarcely more,
When round the watch-fire lions rove and rear. [flame,

The gleaming brands, the quick and crackling
The hungry prowlers scare but cannot tame.
Let the protective gleam a moment die,
And ware the pattering foot, the flaming eye!
They in the shadows will no longer lurk,
Sharp tooth and claw right soon will be at work.

Sweet Shepherd, little boot these pastoral songs; [than true wrongs,"

"They bring smooth comforts false, worse
If taken in a too Arcadian sense.

You do not pipe them for the slow and dense,
"The still discordant wavering multitude."

Alternat dulcet soft and harshly rude,
Your accents variously oracular
The burden bear of Peace, the drift of War.

E'en "the blunt monster with uncounted heads"

May hear the iron clash, the arméd treads
Of "fearful musters and prepared defences"

Between your honeyed words. These hosts immense

Will not for ever chorus "Lovely Peace,"
However fugged. No, they never cease,

These hymnners of the Olive-branch all round.
Curious to hear the voice of War's red hound
Tuned to the friendly house-dog's cheery bark!

But is the foe less near, the night less dark?

RIO TINTO.—If the disturbances in these mines (now, happily for everybody concerned, at an end), had continued, the name would have been changed to the Riot In two Mines.

Shakspeare Re-versed.

"OXFORD for LANCASTER!"

(3. Henry VI. 5. 1.)

"NOT LANCASTER for OXFORD!"

Now the line must run.

APPROPRIATE, JUST NOW.—"G. O. M."—"Good O'd Man!"



ENTER BISMARCK.

"I SPEAK OF PEACE, WHILE COVERT ENMITY.
UNDER THE SMILE OF SAFETY, WOUNDS THE WORLD;
AND WHO BUT 'BISMARCK,' WHO BUT ONLY I,
MAKE FEARFUL MUSTERS AND PREPARED DEFENCE."

Henry the Fourth, Part II. (Induction).



ROBERT AND CARL ROSA.

OUR "ROBERT" is an awful temper, that is if we may judge of it by a brief and hurried note in pencil which he left at our office just the last moment before going to press, and then hurried off before any one could inquire of him what he meant by it. We give the note in *extenso* :—



"Just erd of advert. in *Times*, edded 'KARL ROSER Operer Kumpny,' as sez, kwotin from the *Liverpool Hekker*, 'Robert the D—!' (wich I blush to menshan) 'at the Kort The-ayer.' Then it goes on a praysin hevrythink and hevryboddy, and speshully 'Maddum BURNS fine singing of "Robert, O my beloved Robert!" My better arf's horful hashy-tatered about it. She asks me hoo's Maddum BURNS, and what she means by singing of "ROBERT, O her beloved ROBERT." Xkuse aste, wich is the konscience of urry an wurry, as I'm orf to insult a Solister. More nex week on this subjik. "ROBERT."

"PLAY TIME."

"ALL work and no play makes JACK a dull boy,"—and some works and some plays I could mention would have the same effect on JACK, for the matter of that,—and so a little play now and then, say an occasional tragedy in four or five Acts, is just the thing to enliven our poor, JACK who found the very thing in the dramatic sensation produced last week at the Opéra Comique—need I say Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED'S four-act drama of *Ariane*. The production of the work is a sign of the times, and, whether good or bad, opens up a discussion on problems of dramatic Art and moral teaching not easy of solution. But of this anon—or "in our next"—as it may chance.

Ariane! Who gave her that name? Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED. Whence came it? Evolved from her own inner consciousness—*Ariadne* with the little "d" left out. Coming to know who and what *Ariane* is, the name is happily chosen for its suggestion of Greek humanism. For this English play—not yet to be correctly described as "so English, you know"—is but a phase in the gradual development of the Naturalism of the Age,—Naturalism not pure and simple, but impure and complex. It is a powerfully interesting drama, played by a set of characters none of whom are conscious of their responsibility to any power, outside themselves, higher than a legally authorised tribunal.

In this play, not to speak it profanely, "there is none that doeth good, no not one,"—and yet who, that has any "knowledge of the world," as the phrase goes, can doubt but that the authoress has given us very real types of character, and in order to prevent as far as possible the objections of the English *Pecksniffs* and *Podsnaps*, and to suit the dish to Philistine taste, she has spiced it with an artful dash of subtle foreign flavour by calling her worst villain,—the soundrelly old father,—the *Chevalier de Valence*, and the second blackguard, the would-be co-respondent, *Sir Leopold d'Acosta*. Bolder and worthier of her purpose would it have been, had Mrs. PRAED called her heroine's father and lover by plain English names.

Except that no one can help chuckling at the manner of that atrocious old reprobate,—the *Chevalier*—admirably played by M. MARIUS—there is nothing to relieve the sadness of the piece. Its "Society" characters, who are merely accessories of the picture, talk too like real "Society people" to be amusing, and, indeed, such dialogue in the drama as is not essential to its action is tedious, and this in proportion to the interest aroused in the spectator by the acting of the principal characters. Mr. LEONARD BOYNE, in spite of a slight Irish brogue,—hardly perhaps in keeping with his somewhat Italian Hebraic title "*D'Acosta*,"—is an intensely earnest "lover"—profanation it is to use such a word for such a character! For Mrs. BERNARD BEERER as *Ariane*—"not a moral woman, not a religious woman—I would I were!" she says of herself—I have nothing but praise. Absolutely, her impersonation is faultless. I can think of no Actress on the English Stage who could even rival her in this sad, pitiful, miserable part. The Actress awakes our compassion for *Ariane* in her trials, our sincere regret that the life of such a woman, who might have been so good and true, should have been so utterly thrown away. Mrs. BEERER'S is a realistic performance of the very highest order. And so too is Mr. HENRY NEVILLE'S impersonation of the sudden sot of a husband. I do not know in which of the four Acts he is best, so excellent, without the slightest exaggeration, is he in all. And the audience, from, stalls to gallery were with this poor wretch of a husband, the victim of a cruel plot, when he vowed amendment, implored forgiveness, and then turned fiercely on the man who stood between him and his wife. But *pace* the inevitable discussion which must arise, and quite understanding

the objections to it, I like the play, though I doubt if it will ever be popular. What I do say, emphatically, is this, that any one who wishes to seriously study the art of acting, should see Mrs. BERNARD BEERER, M. MARIUS, and Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, in Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED'S *Ariane*.

It is difficult, though possible, to have too much of a good thing, but I must return for one evening to *The Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum, because I read that our MARY ANDERSON is leaving us. All, therefore, who want to see what *Perdita* ought to be—should haste to the Lyceum. Who was it said that "the dancing on the stage at present might be described as ungraceful or disgraceful: the merely graceful has vanished,"—who said this? It has been said; but there are some people who will see nothing and say anything, and most certainly as long as MARY ANDERSON can dance as *Perdita* at the rustic festival (it is all good every step of it), so long will there be the very model of artless unstudied grace in dancing on the stage. Never was there dancing so unstagey. The moral is, haste to the Lyceum and, before she is off to America, catch our MARY on the hop.

Yours,

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

EX-AUSTIN.

It appears from the *Tablet* that a Correspondent has paid a visit to Canterbury on the "courteous invitation" of Mr. W. J. AUSTIN, Surveyor to the Dean and Chapter (which he accepted with "considerable pleasure.") to inspect "the recent find of bones supposed to be those of St. Thomas of Canterbury." He writes that he was ushered into a drawing-room where he found a complete human skeleton "almost reverently laid out." "Almost,"—not quite,—then the skeleton must have been laid out with something less than reverence! Further, it appears that the "find of bones" ("the find of bones!") was placed in a drawing-room "in old times a hall." It has also transpired that the remains were at first laid in the dining-room, where they must have been a veritable skeleton at the feast. It is to be hoped that, to conceal their suggestiveness, they were not hidden amongst the contents of the cellarette. If this were indeed the case (and there is no limit to "less than reverence"), the house of the Surveyor might be appropriately labelled for the future, "Deoantery."

OPERA CROP PROSPECTS.

Is it because the West End cannot support two concurrent pantomimes, that *Jack* has cut down his Beanstalk in the Garden and left *Puss-in-Boots* in possession of the Lane? Or is it that the stage of Covent Garden Theatre is required at once for the extensive preparations already occupying the mind of mighty DAUBIOLANUS, who, rejoices *Mr. Punch's* heart to hear, is bent on restoring the good old times, and the good old tunes too, of Italian Opera,—"Good old Operas"—as they used to be, when PATER AUGUSTI DRUBIOLANI ruled on the stage and Sir MICHAEL COSTA was King of the Winds and Strings in the orchestra. Already first-rate names are announced. "A" stands for ALBANI, always "A 1." and also for ARNOLDBSON. *Prosit!*

Rhyme for Ratepayers.

HOORAY, Mr. DIGGLE,
No wonder we giggle,
Such good news you've brought us all round.
For Ratepayers laugh,
To see such fine sport,
As a penny knocked off in the pound!

ENOUGH TO DRIVE ONE WILD!—These "diplomatic changes," Lord LANSDOWNE to India, *vice* Lord DUFFERIN, Lord STANLEY to Canada, Baron DE WORMS to the seat vacated by Lord STANLEY; then changes at the Hague, at Athens, Belgrade, and Rio Janeiro, and moving about all round just in the second month of the year, is really enough to make WHITAKER tear his hair; and as for Mr. HAZELL, who has only just brought out his useful annual Cyclopædia, and whose motto is, "Avaunt, perplexity!" it is enough to give him what THEODORE HOOK'S Mrs. RAM, Grandmother to our "Mrs. R.," called "a fit of perplexity," and she added, "Luckily there was a surgeon present who at once opened his jocular vein." How to get these new matters into his Cyclopædia is a Hazell-nut to crack. These Diplomats have no compassion for poor compilers. They look on such useful works in the sort of way that Prince BISMARCK says he regards the Press, as "so much printers' ink."

ON account of having, to dance attendance during the Session in the Dublin Law Courts, a certain Irish M.P. will be known in future as "Mr. TOE-AND-HEAL."



SIR CARDINAL AND THE BIG BIG "G."

MISERY AND ITS MEASURERS.

The Views of Jack Calliper, Operative out of Employ.

"There is no doubt that different opinions are entertained with reference to the extent of want of employment, and of the distress which exists. Some allege that it is excessive, and vast in its extent; others that it is no more than is normal and inevitable in a great town with varying employment."
—Lord Herschell, in introducing to Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office a Deputation from Earl Compton's Committee on the existing Distress.

EXCEPTIONAL or normal? Well, you see, I do not know that it much interests me, That mighty question;
Tramping long hours through London's frost and mire
An "Unemployed,"—no work, no food, no fire,
I raise my plaint, and these great men—Inquire,
Form deputations, talk, but no suggestion
Yet greets my ear
Of help immediate, practical and clear.

Clear! After reading all they say, I find
That rather more than ever my poor mind
Is in a muddle.
Perhaps 'tis cold and hunger makes me dense.
Words will not warm when chilled in soul and sense
Sheltered by some dark entry, arch, or fence,

Like birds in winter, half-starved creatures huddle,

Or lounge and lurk
About this busy Babylon, "Out of Work."

I'm out, whoever's in—that fact is clear;
And careful "averages," I greatly fear,
Won't mend my trouble.
What is the "normal" quantum of distress,
That none need fuss about, I cannot guess.
Whether 'tis what now reigns, or more, or
leas, [double,

The sum of last year's woe, or half, or
HERSCHELL may ask,
I have no heart, my Masters, for the task.

It may not be "exceptional," perhaps,
That many thousands of us labouring chaps
Can find no labour.

GOSCHEN may see in arithmetic quest
No end of "intellectual interest;"
I know there 'a misery in my own home-nest,
That in that misery I have many a neighbour;

And that's enough
To make me sick of mere statistic stuff.

When SALISBURY was out he held, I think,
That it was Government's duty not to shrink
From boldly tackling
This demon of Distress. Well, now he's in,
'Tis time the tackling business should begin.
But I suppose he finds—how "Outs" will
grin!—

That ties of office are a trifle shackling—
At least, it seems
He holds his own old promises wild dreams.
Then he "would do his utmost to promote"
Our views about relief works. Worth a
vote!—

But is he planning
Practical carrying out of those same views?
Nay, now 'tis quite another pair of shoes.
Countenance to hereay he must refuse,
And with a sneer he's down upon poor
MANNING,
Help on whose pattern
Would only do in Jupiter or Saturn.

There's no such difficult subject, so he says,
The Cardinal's "humanity" 'a craze.
To think of mere law
Borrowed from counsellors who can't agree
Upon one single point, save that in Me
They have a "difficulty,"—well, you see
How the aneer fits! Fall back upon the
Poor Law,

That blessed thing,
That to distress lends its most dreaded sting!
And Capital? And Caste?, To seek the
cause
Of misery in cold hearts and callous laws,
Mere Mammon-clutching,
Sweaters and speculators, slaves of sport,
Dives who, leat the banquet-spread run
short, [Court
Stinta e'en the crumbs,—Cabinet, Church, and
Will tell us there be themes that won't bear
touching;

The State they'd fire.
No,—we'll "conault our colleagues," we'll
"inquire."

Inquire, inquire, my Masters! And mean-
while
We in blank Misery's face must stare, and
smile

Till inquest formal
Finds out if the Distress that racks our hearts
Means over-population, failing marts,
Our own unthrift, paupers from foreign
parts;
And whether, after all, 'tis more than "nor-
mal."
Who'd fear to fall [mal.]
Crushed by a Curse that's "not excep-
tional?"

Whether we have a "natural right," or not,
To anything beyond our burial plot—
To life, or labour—
Our masters do not seem at all agreed,
Some hold that the sharp pinch of utmost
need,
Gives to the starving valid right to feed.
Some moral claim upon his happier neigh-
bour.

Others again,
Oppose the idea with all their heart—or brain.
"Headless and heartless!" cries the Cardinal;
Then on him tooth and nail the pundits fall;
He's a "sentimental,"
A fault that caps all crime, and that must
bring
A "cataclysm" down on everything.
So to Society's good our suffering,
Seems something absolutely incidental!
The Poor's impiety,
May one day doubt thy right, divine Society!

Thy right divine to tax our toil and tears,
For some unknown "infinity of years,"
Just to keep stable
Thy precious pyramid whose spreading base,
Is raised by the crushed helots of our race;
Wealth crowns the lofty peak with gold and
grace.
Beware my Masters, lest, like a new Babel,
Headlong it fall,
When misery really gets "exceptional!"

UNEMPLOYED!

THE PLAINT OF A PRETTY GIRL.

[A writer on Fashions says that Bridesmaids are to be abolished.]

GREAT Hymen! The Bridesmaid abolished?
Then Civilisation's played out!
All is up with the pretty and polished;
Make way for Old Maids and the Gout!
If Cupid's delectable *cultus*
Is verily thus on the wane,
What use for the saps to insult us
With talk of the triumphs of Brain?
Out on Art—though from far Yokohama,
On Dress, though from Paris it come!
If a Pretty Girl's part in the drama
Of Life is cut out, *they're* all hum!
'Tother day it was weddings were stopping;
At least so the quill-drivers cried.
As rare as blue roses was "popping,"
As scarce as the Dodo a Bride.
But oh! if a Girl did not marry,
A Bridesmaid perchance she *might* be,
A bridal bouquet have to carry,
Be armed by some bachelor he,
Make one of the beautiful bevy
Who flocked round the altar in white;
But this last piece of news is so heavy
It darkens our last gleam of light.
Adieu to the Church and the Minster!
I must make up my mind, I'm afraid,
To live a disconsolate spinster,
And finish a dowdy Old Maid.
The Bridesmaid abolished? Then banish
Bright eye, ruddy lip, slender waist!
Let feminine vanity vanish—
Love, ten-buttoned gloves, and good
taste!
For what is the use of such matters,
If Hymen is out of the hunt?
If men, who are all mad as hatters,
The altar refuse to confront?
If the world, in a mood suicidal,
With honeymoon utterly cloyed,
Resolves to abolish the Bridal,
And leaves Pretty Girls "Unemployed"?

AN IMPERIAL CATECHISM.

Intended for the use of the Mystified Colonist.

Q. There has been in a recent number of the *Times*, some stir created by a reference to the granting by HER MAJESTY of a charter to the Organising Committee of the "Imperial Institute." In the article dealing with the subject, it was stated that the outcome of the enterprise was held to be "the knitting more closely the ties which unite the various parts of the Empire, and the promoting its industrial and commercial industry!" Can you tell me what steps the aforesaid Organising Committee have taken to give practical effect to this desirable result?

A. They have collected a good dale of money, held several enterprising meetings, cleared a site at South Kensington on which they are about to erect a red brick building, with a large tower and rooms intended for the reception of raw and other Colonial produce, and passed some general resolutions of a happy and hopeful, if of an airy character.

Q. Quite so. Then you do not think, though the Organising Committee are in process of getting a Charter granted to the "Imperial Institute," that they have any very definite idea of what sort of an undertaking they are endeavouring to set upon its legs.

A. No, I do not. I believe they entertain some vague fancy that now and then an occasional intending emigrant or Colonist



"RESPONSIBILITY."

Grandmamma (quoting last School Report). "IDLE!—INSUBORDINATE!—PLAYING TRUANT! OH, HERBERT! I WAS SHOCKED TO HEAR THIS! AND YOUR PAPA AND MAMMA, HOW DISTRESSED THEY MUST HAVE BEEN!—AND YOU THEIR ONLY CHILD TOO! WHEN YOU OUGHT, ON THAT ACCOUNT, TO BE ALL THE MORE A COMFORT TO THEM."

Herbert. "OH YES, GRAN'MA, 'S ALL VERY FINE! BUT IT'S RATHER ROUGH ON A FELLOW TO HAVE TO BE SO JOLLY GOOD FOR A LOT OF BRO'ERS AN' SIS'ERS HE HASN'T OOT!"

happening to be in London, will go down to South Kensington for the purpose of inspecting some specimen of timber, corn, wool, or even furniture, not produced by the home country, and will be much edified by his visit.

Q. And do you think that this vague fancy, if realised, will largely contribute to the "knitting more closely the ties which unite the various parts of the Empire" that the Organising Committee propose to effect.

A. No. Honestly, I cannot say that I think it will.

Q. But there is allusion made to "Special Exhibitions," which will be held at the Institute annually, with a reference to the fact that "they ought to be made to pay for themselves" from the money taken at the doors. As the public will hardly crush in to look at a few second-hand Colonial Maps and products, can you conceive what sort of an entertainment the Committee have in their eye to propose, with a view to drawing a crowded audience?



AN EYE FOR PROPORTION.

"COME IN AND HAVE SOME LUNCH, PROFESSOR. MY HUSBAND WILL LEND YOU A PAIR OF TROUSERS, IF YOURS ARE WET."

"MY DEAR MRS. POYNTZ! WHY, I'M TWICE YOUR HUSBAND'S SIZE!"

"TWO PAIRS THEN!"

A. No. I own that the problem is one that has fairly puzzled me. Q. I am not surprised. Do you think, however, they will again have recourse to the Coloured Lights, Military Bands, and general tea-garden attractions of the good old "South Kensington Ring" times, or that, failing the outdoor accommodation for such a programme, they will fall back upon some well-considered scheme, that would at one and the same time maintain to a certain degree the dignity of the Institute and yet tickle the public taste?

A. Yes, now that I come to reflect upon the matter, I should say they would decidedly do this, and probably inaugurate their experiment with at least a series of appropriate dissolving views accompanied possibly by a comic song or two for the purpose of investing the whole with a little lively interest. They might even introduce judiciously a little Nigger Minstrelsy.

Q. That is an excellent suggestion. May I ask what has induced you to make it?

A. Certainly. I noted that the name of the Archbishop of YORK figured prominently among those of the distinguished but heterogeneous crowd of gentlemen who constitute the Organising Committee. I naturally associated his Grace with that sombre and respectable form of recreation that is characteristic of the dissolving view.

Q. And the introduction of the "comic song or two," and "the little Nigger Minstrelsy," to which you referred?

A. Was inspired solely by seeing the name of the LORD MAYOR.

Q. Quite so. You refer, however, to the names of the members of the Organising Committee, and you have doubtless read some of them with astonishment, if not with pleasure. Can you tell me, for instance, why that of the President of the Royal Academy should figure on the list?

A. No; I cannot for the life of me imagine any conceivable reason why it should.

Q. You do not recognise any connection by which the discharge of his functions as the acknowledged head of the artistic world in the country marks him out specially as a fitting representative of a scheme organised for the purpose of "knitting more closely the ties which unite the various parts of the Empire"?

A. No; I most certainly do not.

Q. Then you regard the constitution of the Organising Committee as a little bit "mixed"?

A. Yes, as I do their ideas of the undertaking they are organising as a little bit "muddled."

Q. And you do not look very hopefully on either the near or remote prospects of the "Imperial Institute"?

A. No, I cannot say that I do. I regard it in the present as a big-sounding name, meaning nothing, to conjure with, and nothing more.

Q. And what effect do you think, when fairly started, it is likely to have on the Colonist of the future.

A. I should say that, when fairly started, it would mystify him considerably.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

No, no, *Paul Patoff* won't do after *Marzio's Crucifix*. It may or may not compare favourably with MR. MARION CRAUFORD's other novels with which I am unacquainted, but it is a novel so distinctly inferior in style and construction to *Marzio's Crucifix*, that it might have been written by a different hand. It begins capitably, and the interest of the story is well sustained up to the discovery of "my long lost brother" without the "strawberry mark on his left arm"; but after this it is, as it were, one long anti-climax. Of *Marzio's Crucifix* you can, indeed you must, read every line, but with



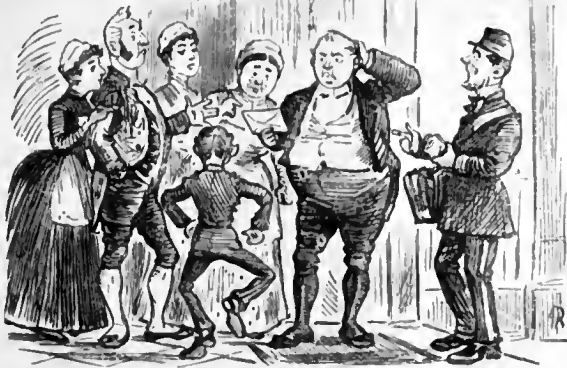
Paul Patoff the habitual novel-reader may take plenty of exercise in the way of skipping almost all the pages where he does not see any dialogue leading up to a situation. *A propos* of dialogue, *Professor Cutler's* opinion (whether it be the author's or not, I cannot pretend to say) on "puns" might have pleased DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, but would not have been considered flattering by SHAKESPEARE. A mere punster who is perpetually punning in season and out of season, is, of course, as great a nuisance as the stupid person who has got by heart a considerable portion of SHAKESPEARE's plays, and who interrupts every conversation with inopportune quotations; but such puns as SHERIDAN, HOOK, HOOD, and, in our own time H. J. BYRON could make, were mirth-moving, and frequently the occasion of their utterance gave the word-play all the condensed force of a neatly-turned satirical epigram. "Those who cry out against the play on words as an unnatural and affected invention," says SCHLEGEL on the *jeux de mots* of SHAKESPEARE, "only betray their own ignorance of original nature." The characters, including this Professor, who is unintentionally a bore, are not drawn with a MARION CRAUFORD-like touch, vigorous and incisive, but are rather ordinary puppets from the stock-in-trade of the professional novelist. They are not Craufordian figures, but common Marionettes.

The Author of *By Virtue of his Office*, writes to say that he did not make his *Miss Verity* claim to be the author of *The Children's Cry* in one of *Mr. Punch's* numbers, but that when this young lady blushing owns the soft impeachment of having written something, at all events, in the particular issue alluded to in the novel, she didn't mean *The Children's Cry* by one of *Mr. Punch's* dear clever Boys, but the poem in which there was as much soul as in BROWNING's *Cry of the Children*. I hope this is perfectly clear to somebody.

The second volume of the HENRY IRVING *Shakespeare*, which is being issued by Messrs. BLACKIE, is just out. Unfortunately I was "just out" when it arrived, and could only glance at its contents on my return to office. The illustrations by GORDON BROWNE seem to me excellent compositions, dramatic, but not theatrical. The plentiful annotations, prefaces, histories, and explanations, are by MR. FRANK MARSHALL, assisted by MR. P. Z. ROUND, so that, as MR. MARION CRAUFORD's *Professor Cutler* might say, "we have the statements and facts duly Marshallled, and the result should be good all round."

I've read two out of the *Four Ghost Stories*, by Mrs. MOLESWORTH. The first is commonplace; I've known the ghost of that old lady in the lumber-room for years, but Mrs. MOLESWORTH's description of "brushing past a ghost on the stairs," suggests a new sensation; otherwise it did not make my flesh creep, as the immortal "Fat Boy in *Pickwick*" said—(fancy a set of ghost stories by the Fat Boy!)—and as to the second story,—well, I had heard it before. I began the third Ghost Story last night, but the interest it aroused up to the sixteenth page was not sufficient to keep me sitting up to the finish of the tale. Just wait till I bring out my *Haunted House with ten Ghost Storeys and a Lift!* that will make your hair stand on end like quills—no, like steel pens in the "reversible pen-cleaver," a most useful invention, by the way. More in my next, unless press of business compels me to transfer some odd volumes to another critic who will not sign himself, as I do,

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.



THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.)

*A Newspaper Proprietor introduced.**Commissioner.* Well, Sir, what can I do for you?*Witness.* I would ask you to assist me in amending the libel laws.*C.* Certainly, if they are unfair. But first, of what have you to complain?*W.* If you will allow me, I will tell you first what we consider just, and then what we feel to be unjust.*C.* If you please?*W.* We have not the slightest objection to any statute that really protects the public from unwarrantable and unjustifiable attacks in the columns of a newspaper. It is manifestly to the interest of every journalist who has the dignity of his profession at heart, to lend every assistance to the crushing of really scurrilous publications.*C.* Yes. And you think that the libel laws go further than this?*W.* Unquestionably. Their present condition is such as to offer a direct incitement to unscrupulous and needy adventurers to commence frivolous actions against respectably conducted journals, for the obvious purpose of extorting black mail. Only the other day one of the Judges remarked that this class of actions now formed the most important branch of the work carried on in the Courts.*C.* I fancy Mr. Justice MANISTY made that observation.*W.* I think so, and Mr. Justice DAX delivered himself of words to the same effect. But these actions which come into Court form but a fraction of the total number of proceedings either commenced or threatened. In many instances proceedings are initiated by speculative solicitors, who look for their reward in the costs they obtain. It is a known fact that some of these gentlemen actually watch the columns of various newspapers, with a view to ferreting out personal allusions likely to be productive of libel proceedings.*C.* Really! This is a most extraordinary statement.*W.* But one that can be substantiated. There is a case on record in which an action was actually commenced before any authority to proceed had been given by the person alleged to be libelled.*C.* I suppose this affects country papers more than London ones?*W.* Possibly; for in the Provinces, where journalism (especially in remote districts) is not so prosperous as in the Metropolis, a mere threat of an action for libel has the most disquieting effect. Many a proprietor, sure of the justice of his cause, pays a sum down to avoid further litigation.*C.* But surely if he persevered he would gain his cause, *plus costs*, from the plaintiff who had been so unwise as to sue him?*W.* But suppose that plaintiff is a man of straw, without a penny in his pocket, what remedy has the unfortunate defendant then?*C.* I see your point. Well, what do you suggest?*W.* That matters may be made better by the passing of a Bill, introduced by Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK, and which will come on for its Second Reading on the 28th of the present month.*C.* What are the provisions of this measure?*W.* 1. The extension of absolute privilege to accurate reports of all meetings or official notices, which it is right and proper should be published. 2. The limiting of the sums to be recovered (when neither malice nor gross negligence can be proved) to such damages as the plaintiff can show that he has really sustained by the publication of the libel. 3. The prevention of repeated actions for the same libel, and 4. The enlargement of the power of Judges to order impudicious plaintiffs to find security for costs.*C.* How about Criminal Prosecutions for libel?*W.* By this measure this would also be restricted, and a defendant would be allowed to appear as a witness on his own behalf.*C.* The proposed Act seems in every way reasonable. I hope it is well supported.*W.* It is backed in the Commons by such representative men as Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. LAWSON, Mr. JENNINGS, Dr. CAMERON, and Sir ALBERT ROLLIT. I am glad to say that Mr. DWYER GRAY (a distinguished member of the Nationalist party) is also giving the measure a most cordial support.*C.* Good! With such persons to back the Bill, it should be passed without any difficulty. What can I do for you?*W.* I should be very glad if you would kindly inform the public that Sir ALGERNON'S measure does not in any way lessen the responsibility of proprietors to keep their newspapers free from real libel, but merely protects them from vexatious prosecution and consequent black-mail.*C.* I will see that the matter is mentioned in the proper quarter.[*The Witness, thanking the Commissioner for his courtesy, then withdrew.*]

THREE VIEWS OF JUSTICE.

IN ENGLAND.—Prisoner before a Police Magistrate.

Prisoner. Please, your Worship, I wish to tell you that—*Magistrate.* Stop, I can hear nothing from you without warning you that anything you say may be taken down in writing and used against you at your trial.*Pris.* But, I must insist that I really did do—*Mag.* No, no, I refuse to hear you! It is contradictory to the best traditions of our law, that you should incriminate yourself.*Pris.* But I insist that it was I who—*Mag.* Silence! I will not hear you! I tell you that you are doing yourself harm. It is the aim of Justice to give every one in England a chance of getting off, whether guilty or not guilty.*Pris.* But it is not a question of guilty or not guilty. I frankly confess—*Mag.* Confess! The man must be mad! Let him be removed.

IN FRANCE.—Prisoner before a Juge.

Prisoner. I can assure Monsieur that I am innocent.*Juge.* Pig! Scoundrel! Liar!*Pris.* But I am not a liar, for I say I did not commit the crime.*Juge.* I will not hear you tell such a deliberate untruth! It is a scandal—an infamy!*Pris.* But, Monsieur, I protest—*Juge.* Did you not say when we dined together that you had done the deed?*Pris.* No; Monsieur, a thousand times, no!*Juge.* But I say a thousand times, yes! There was a shorthand writer taking down your confession, concealed beneath the table.*Pris.* Oh, my mother!*Juge.* It is of no service to you to appeal to your mother! Your mother has a scoundrel for her son!*Pris.* Oh!*Juge.* You need not weep—it will avail you nothing!*Pris.* But at least tell me when I made this famous confession?*Juge.* After you had taken four bottles of brandy, and were attempting to wind up your watch with a corkscrew. Let him be removed.

IN UTOPIA.—Prisoner before a Representative of Common Sense.

Prisoner. To avoid expense and anxiety I wish to confess.*Representative.* Certainly I will not stop you, if you are suffering from neither hysteria nor dementia.*Pris.* I am perfectly sane, and was never calmer in my life.*Rep.* Have you witnesses who can corroborate your statements?*Pris.* Assuredly. But not only this, everything I did connected with this sad affair was in the presence of third parties.*Rep.* Very well. Let him be removed.

Mr. Punch's Congratulations to Two Rising Young Men.

MR. JEUNE, the well-known ecclesiastical counsel, has "taken silk." His persuasive addresses in Court were always delivered in a taking silky tone. He is now Q.C., and will in future fill the rôle of "*Fort Jeune Premier*."*MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS* is also a Q.C. His work at Greenwich in relieving the sufferers during a time of exceptional distress, shows of what excellent stuff this new Silk is made. The poor in his district, who may not have so far availed themselves of the School Board's kind offices as to adapt SHAKESPEARE to their purpose and say, "This is a MONTAGU, our friend," may yet remember him for some time to come as "The Divine WILLIAMS." Everybody is saying that *MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS* "deserves great credit" for his conduct. Quite so; but he himself says, "No Credit, Cash!"

CHARM OF A SCOTCH SMOKING CONCERT.—The Pipes.

KIND UNCLE SARUM.



Uncle Sarum. "THERE, MICKY, MY BOY, DON'T TOUCH THAT NASTY JAM, IT'LL MAKE YOU IN SUCH A MESS: AND HERE'S A NICE SLICE OF PUDDING TO STOP YOUR MOUTH WITH!"

Oh, what stories they've told of you, MICKY, my boy,
 They who wish Tory troops all disbanded!
 That in G. O. M. Jam you can take any joy,
 That by sugared decoys you are "landed,"
 That Home (Rule) made Jam, my dear MICK, is a sham,
 Its concocter is simply half crazy.
 What, you cock an eye at his cupboard? Oh, fie!
 Come, MICKY dear, can't you be aisy?

I tell you, dear boy, you are at the wrong jar.
 Try *my* Sweets, they're the true Sweets—of Office.
 This Cabinet Pudding is nicer by far
 Than Dame GLADDY'S treacles and toffies.

'Tis merest moonshine to their side to incline,
 You *must* be a regular daisy.
 They'll just "wipe your eye," if their stickjaw you try.
 Arrah, MICKY, now, can't you be aisy?

With me and brave ARTHUR what times you have spent.
 We are making the biggest success, too.
 With that sickly stodge *you* can ne'er be content;
 It will make you in such a fine mess, too.
 Lean to W. G.? That's all fiddle-de-dee.
 I know you're not greedy, or lazy.
 Try this lovely plum-duff; it is really prime stuff.
 Join in, MICKY, and then take it aisy!

Long years, MICKY mine, in the cold Tories passed,
Till they asked Uncle SARUM to lead them.
With brave ARTHUR we've risen to glory at last.
Rads tempt you, dear MICK! Do not heed them!
Turn, turn from their cupboard; Grand Old Mother
Who keeps it, is wicked, and crazy. [Hubbard,
Don't linger, don't look! On the G. O. M.'s hook,
Dear MICKY, you *could* not be aisy!

LENTEN DISCOURSES.

AMONG other valuable works for this penitential season is a treatise on Gout by Dr. RONSON ROOSE, which has already run through several editions—a feat remarkable in a gouty volume—and soon there will be a new truth in a re-adaptation of the old proverb, "*Chacun a sa Goutte.*" Not the least useful are the foot-notes, as might be expected, and if the rules herein given are rigidly obeyed, any gouty subject of Her Gracious MAJESTY will be cured of the malady *in toe-toe*. Diet is everything, or nearly everything, and in order to keep this well before his patients, Dr. ROOSE might start a set of Chambers for Gouty Persons in the locality where "SCRUBINDA the Fair" once dwelt, namely, "Dyott Street, Bloomsbury Square"—if still existing. One cure, old-fashioned, perhaps, but none the worse for that, the learned Doctor has omitted, which is, in the words of the old song—

Punch cures the gout,
The colic and the phtisic.

In fact so efficacious has the remedy been in the last-mentioned case that the latest dictionary marks the word as "obsolete." When will the gout be obsolete? Suppressed gout, forsooth! suppress it altogether. Dr. RONSON ROOSE's antigouty (or ain't-I-gouty!) *menus* are becoming the order of the evening, and will supersede all others, as, *par excellence*, "*diners à la Roose.*"

A CASE TO WHICH A BARRISTER OBJECTS.—A Feemotional one.

SUB PUNCH-AND-JUDICE.—We trust he will be found "a Good Templar," after all.



A FAILURE!

Irish Contributor (at a "check"). "BY THE POWERS—WISH I HADN'T BOUGHT THIS THYPE-WRITER-R—'T CANN'T SPELL A BIT!"

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

THE Vicar of Sheffield has been trying a new departure. Having interested himself in procuring work for the Unemployed, in order to test its quality he has taken a turn in the Stone-yard himself. He appears not particularly to have relished the experiment, yet, as a contemporary has pointed out, it seems to be one that might be imitated with much advantage in many quarters. Fancy Lord SALISBURY, for instance, practically testing the working of the Co-reion Acts by passing twenty-four hours, with a plank-bed thrown in, in an Irish gaol; or Sir CHARLES WARREN, purposely disguised as a Trafalgar Square loafer, summarily run in by one of his own irrepressible underlings; or, for the matter of that, imagine Mr. GLADSTONE boycotted in Ireland by mistake by his National League friends, who, according to his teaching, don't know the meaning of the word "outrage," and never have recourse to it at all. The fact is, most men have a great deal to say upon matters concerning which they have no sort of experience whatever. What does "G." the confident *Times* Correspondent, know about the prevailing distress? Precious little, at least the smallness of the quantity makes it precious. It is for the teaching and enlightening of such outsiders that the recent conduct of the Vicar of Sheffield calls for special commendation. For his turn at the Stone-yard he deserves the best thanks of all those who are earnestly interested in finding some practical solutions for the many staggering and perplexing questions that are just now occupying public attention.

A NOTE AND A QUERY.

THERE were three first-rate speeches on the occasion of the Theatrical and Musical Sick Fund Dinner at the Métropole last Wednesday, as there could not very well help being, with young Mr. LAWSON, M.P., in the chair, and Mr. SALA and Mr. EDMUND YATES on their legs. We quite agree with the general sentiment there expressed, that all these Theatrical and Musical Funds should be amalgamated in "one great whole." At present it appears there is one very great hole—in the phrase of this particular charity, whose funds, according to the Chairman, are at a very low ebb.

We trust that "a meeting like this" will "make amends," and mark the Turn of the Tide. There is only one question,

which we ask in no carping spirit, with regard to all charitable banquets, and that is, Is a "big feed" absolutely necessary to insure attendance, donations, and subscriptions? It is, of course, "so English, you know." But would it not be a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance," and would not an afternoon or evening gathering, with popular Chairman and Speakers in their places, cost far less, and then the money which would otherwise have been spent on the eating and drinking should of course go to replenish the coffers of the fund? Is the *argumentum ad stomachum* essential? It ought not to be. Are there no other means by which a still more satisfactory result may be obtained, except by these fare methods?

BAG AND BAGGAGE.

"The Office of Petty Bag, worth eight hundred pounds per annum, is now extinct, and will not be filled up."—*Daily Paper.*

FAREWELL, you antique Puzzle, left For modern times to guess; Yours was a post which seemed to bear The stamp of foolishness!	Or did he argue day and night With folk who failed to see That filling Petty Bags was not A petty larceny? Perchance a "lucky bag" he bore, A man to children dear; Or did he awe a Court of Law Whene'er he did appear? Alas! that Bag is empty now, Its strings are left untied; One relic more of days of yore Cast ruthlessly aside!
Why "Petty"? To explain it all Imagination flags; Was there another, grander one? In fact, a "pair of bags"?	About the saving of the cash It will not do to brag; Eight hundred pounds is 'after all, Only a petty "bag"!
Oh, did he over Royal jinks A mystic glamour cast? Or did he "travel" for his bread, This bagman of the past? What was his function? Did he Daily that Petty Bag? [fill If so, with what material— With rock, or stone, or slag?	

SOMETHING LIKE "A SPORTING PARSON."—The CHAPLIN of the Jockey Club.

GRANDOLPHIAN RUMOURS.

Culled from the Continental Press.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND THE CZAR.—Still further revelations are now forthcoming which put the nature of the great free-



Grandolph wandering.

handed English politician's negotiations at St. Petersburg beyond a doubt. Russia giving the signal by taking Vienna by a *coup de main*, a combined Anglo-Russian Fleet will bombard Constantinople, and several Mediterranean ports. This will bring Germany into the field, and give France her chance to cross the frontier. She will be assisted in this by England, who throwing 250,000 men into Belgium, and as many more as she can spare into the Baltic provinces, will wheel down on to Berlin from the North. A re-division of Europe will be the result, in which half of Germany and the whole of the Balkan States will disappear altogether. His Lordship has not yet communicated his scheme to Lord SALISBURY, but he is confident that, though not exactly on the lines of his traditional policy, he will "talk him into it" in less than ten minutes.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND THE GRAND LLAMA OF TIBET.—The distinguished English statesman, it is now confidently reported, met the great Asiatic potentate, who happened to be paying a visit the other day to Moscow in disguise. An animated conversation is said to have ensued, in which the Irish question, in which the Llama appeared to take a lively interest, the last Report of the London School Board, the overland route to China, and the booking for the Drury Lane Pantomime were exhaustively discussed. On his Lordship promising to secure the Llama a good engagement at the Westminster Aquarium in the event of his ever paying a visit to London, the latter undertook to settle the little difficulty that has recently arisen at Sikkim, and the meeting terminated on both sides with an expression of the most cordial sentiments.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, AND THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.—The clever and enterprising British diplomatist was introduced to His Majesty yesterday, and the interview is said to have been in every way satisfactory, the King, on the conclusion of the palaver, insisting on investing the distinguished statesman in question with a collar of human noses. A commercial treaty, granting reciprocal advantages, including the right of natives to have the free run of the southern shores of the Isle of Wight, where they shall be at liberty to devour each other, the local Coastguard, or other inhabitants, was rapidly drawn up, and Lord RANDOLPH warmly expressed his confidence that the Premier would sanction its signature with cordial enthusiasm.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.—It is thoroughly understood in well-informed circles that the meeting of the brilliant ex-Cabinet Minister and President CARNOT has led to the happiest results. An offensive and defensive alliance, the cession of the Channel Islands, the neutralisation of Malta, and the evacuation of Egypt are said to have been the prominent items of a treaty which Lord RANDOLPH had no hesitation in assuring the French Government he could get Lord SALISBURY at any moment to accept. Though speculation on the subject is still rife, the youthful statesman is said to have expressed himself, both publicly and privately in all circles, with such thorough assurance in reference to it, that no surprise is expressed on the Bourse at the continued downward tendency of all foreign securities.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND THE POPE.—His Holiness yesterday granted an audience to the young English statesman, and

after an interview that, report says, lasted five hours and a half, was pleased to express himself as highly gratified with the result. It is understood that a couple of Nuncios will forthwith be appointed to St. James's, and that a British representative will be sent to the Vatican. It appears that His Lordship assured in turn successively thirty-seven Cardinals, on whom he subsequently called, that if Lord SALISBURY did not immediately "see" the arrangement, on it being explained to him, he would undertake to make him do so "in two twos."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND THE SHAH.—The interview which was of a most interesting character, came off to-day. His Majesty stipulating partly in bad French and partly through an interpreter, that, in consideration of his undertaking certain obligations in regard to Russian action in Afghanistan, Lord RANDOLPH should open negotiations with the Alhambra Company, Limited, with a view to the despatch of their entire *corps de ballet* to Teheran by an early mail. It was also understood that in the event of the SHAH paying a visit to London in the course of next year, and there being some difficulty about putting him up again at Buckingham Palace, his Lordship should arrange to hire the Agricultural Hall or some other suitable building affording the required accommodation for His Majesty and his attendant *suite*. Lord RANDOLPH having received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Blue Hyæna in paste, and assured His Majesty that it would be "all right" with Lord SALISBURY, who had given him *carte blanche* to act as he thought best, then withdrew in boisterous spirits, and the interview, that had been characterised throughout by a great deal of good-humoured *badinage*, abruptly terminated.

A subsequent report announces that His Lordship was also about to visit the Chief Archimandrite, the Emperor of BRAZIL, the King of the BELGIANS, the Sheik-al-Islam, the Ex-Khedive, MWANOA, the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN, Prince BISMARCK, and the Sultan of MOROCCO; and that, owing to his exuberant intellectual activity, and boundless confidence in his ability to twist the present British Cabinet round his little finger, the liveliest interest was already manifested in the diplomatic outcome of the various projected interviews, the details of which will no doubt be forthcoming in a later edition.

BONNY DUNDEE!

New Version, as sung by Lord S-I-sb-ry.

BEFORE THE ELECTION.

To the Dundee Electors our General spoke:
"Ere the Queen's crown goes down I will strike a good stroke;
And let every man who loves Union and me,
Poll for General DALY at Bonny Dundee.
Then up with Coercion, and down with the Plan!
Let every true Voter do all that he can;
Send FIRTH to the right-about-face, and put me
At the top of the poll, boys, in Bonny Dundee!"

AFTER THE ELECTION.

Hurrah! Their majority's down by a fourth!
There are Unionists, GLADDY, you see, in the North,
More than four thousand of them, my GLADDY, you see,
Have followed our Standard at Bonny Dundee.
Then up with the Crimes Act, and down with the Plan!
E'en the Scots are deserting their own Grand Old Man.
Ah! tremble, false Rads, in your premature glee,
You have not seen the last of my Tories and me.

A LIBERAL UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENT.

WE see that W. S. LILLY, the Huxley-tackler in the *Fortnightly Review*, has been appointed by the Cambridge Senate one of the "Lightfoot" Examiners. We do not wish to paint the LILLY, but really he must be a most accomplished gentleman, unless we misunderstand the nature of his new duties. "Lightfoot Examiner" must surely be a Terpsichorean Professor, who examines those Undergraduates who are studying for the ballet as a profession. Or, perhaps Lightfoot is a "derangement" of syllables, and it ought to be "Footlight" Examiner, who would have to set the papers for such A.D.C. Cantabs who may be thinking of going on the Stage. Will Girton follow suit, and appoint Madame KATTIE LANNER as their Lightfoot Examiner, and "The Jersey Lily" as the Footlight Professor? Clearly, steps in the right direction. But we're progressing by leaps and bounds nowadays.

APPROPRIATE SIGN FOR A NEW TAVERN WITH A GRILL-ROOM.—
"The Tudor Monarchs!—celebrated for Steaks and Chops."

PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S OPINION OF ENGLISH PICTORIAL ART.—
"All 'WALKER,'—that is, it would be all the better if it were.

THE 'SLOGGER.'

'Twas the voice of the "Slogger." I heard him exclaim,
 "Is there no one in England who's clever and game?"
 As the lion aroused, from his lair stalking forth,
 So he threw up his head and snorted with wrath.



"Just one big triumph more; then to rest at my leisure.
 How happily living in feasting and pleasure
 I'd pass all my time, but I'm now forced to train,
 Why tempt me with flattery, weeds, and champagne?"

I journeyed to Windsor, and saw in his suite
 Every manner of man bowing down at his feet:

Where he goes a triumphal procession is made;
 "Though in train, not in training," says I, "I'm afraid."

I paid him a visit, for I thought, "While I can,
 I'll endeavour to see this most marvellous man."
 He told me his hopes, his exploits in the ring;
 And thought a "pug" far better off than a king.

Then thought I, "Well, from this I a moral can glean.
 What that hero's now, why might I not have been?
 If my parents had trained me for combat, not clerking,
 I'd be fighting and feasting, not starving and working."

A WORD IN SEASON.

THAT CHARLES DIBDIN, the British Sailor's Poet Laureate, should lack a suitable Memorial, that his modest and little-known tomb, even, should be in danger of disturbance and desecration, are things shameful in themselves, and doubly disgraceful to a country which professes at least, like the lass in a song, to "love a sailor." Every wind that blows would breathe the shame abroad, did England allow it to be perpetuated. But only "lubbers and swabs" could contentedly contemplate such a scandal.

"Since he died in honour's cause,
 'Twas all one to Jack,"

was the characteristic sentiment of one of DIBDIN's typical tars, a sentiment which, like enough, DIBDIN would have shared. But 'tis not all one to JOHN, whether the remains of his favourite Sea Singer are treated with honour or dishonour. On DIBDIN's gravestone in the cemetery of St. Martin's, Pratt Street, are the following lines from his own often sung, ever-applauded "*Tom Bowling*":—

"His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft."

Yes, CHARLES DIBDIN "did his duty," in a fashion that laid seagirt England under an eternal obligation. Now let England do hers!

SEVEN HUNDRED A YEAR.

A Ballad for the Hesitating Bachelor.

WOULD you ride in trim Hansoms, and go to the stalls,
 Give your nice little dinners, indulge in champagne,
 Accept all your invites; show at crushes and balls,
 In the *Morning Post's* columns perhaps see your name?
 Would you friends with the style of your *ménage* impress,
 Keep a good set about you, hear people admit,
 That your wife is a woman who knows how to dress,
 And conjecture she costs you an average bit?
 You may manage this somehow! But this is quite clear,
 That you won't do it on *Seven hundred a year!*

But should you to fair Tooting, or Hackney, or Bow,
 Steer your course and avoid all Society's rocks;—
 The gay omnibus use, and the theatre but know,
 As revealed from the gloom of the mild upper box:
 Not mind the cold mutton, get your clothes ready made,
 Go to Margate in June when you yearn for the sea,
 And regale all such friends as your household invade,
 In the limits afforded by five o'clock tea:
 You may plunge! Take a wife; face the goal without fear!
 You'll not fail—if you boast *Seven hundred a year!*

PLAY-TIME.

THE axe, the hatchet, and the pruning-knife have been at work at the Haymarket, and *Partners*—our advice, be it remembered, was "Change *Partners*"—has been improved, as we are informed, almost off the face of the earth. Mr. GERMAN-CHRISTMAS-TREE has been reduced to a shrub, a rum shrub, and as the other parts gain by his loss, an audience has no longer to accept "the part for the whole," and so may find more variety in the entertainment than there was before. But when all's said and done—and of course there is even less said and done than at first—*Partners* can never be a good play, and there's an end of it.



Quite Full.

Evidently there are some Managers who are so 'umble as to take critical slashing cheerfully, and profit by the process. Within the last two months *Frankenstein* and *Partners* were slashed—a slashed doublet—and straightway the Managers bowed to superior judgment, made some alterations, and then by judiciously letting the critics know that their invaluable suggestions had been adopted—highly flattering this to the Critical Faculty—the astute Managers obtained, and justly obtained, second notices, in which the same critics, self-constituted for the occasion as a Court of Appeal, upset their first verdict. After this, who shall say that Theatrical Criticism is not beneficial? Only it rather unsettles the faith of the public in their guides, if one day they read that a piece is "intrinsically bad," and that "the sooner it is off the stage the better," and then within the next three weeks they hear of the same piece that "it has now been worked up, and goes capitably," or "considerable alterations have been made, and the piece, as now represented, is likely to have a long run." Why not do away with *premières* altogether, except for the critics, who, each individually, should deliver his written judgment as to whether the piece was a dish to be set before King Public or not, and if not, what alterations would make it so? Then criticism might do some good. The *première* should be heard in *camerâ*, and one week at least should elapse before it was brought before the Supreme Court of Final Appeal, the Public. There are a great many objections to this plan, which I have not time nor space to consider now.

Mr. TOOLE re-appeared on Saturday. There was joy in King William Street when "JOHNNIE came marching home,"—although perhaps a trifle halting—"Dot and go one"—after his severe attack. Never mind an occasional halt, as long as he stops where he is, and is as droll as ever.

I paid a second visit to *Ariane*, and see no reason for modifying in the slightest degree the favourable opinion I expressed last week. I have seen it stigmatised as an "immoral play." A play is not immoral unless in some way or other it makes vice attractive. Had the dialogue in this piece been as brilliant as that of the *School for Scandal*, and had the death of the husband set *Ariane* free to marry the would-be co-respondent, and live happily ever after, then, indeed, the piece would have been justly styled "immoral." As it is, however, the wretched set of *dramatis personæ* lead a miserable existence, and two of them come to a wretched end. I should like Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED to omit two short speeches, of which one is in questionable taste and absolutely unnecessary. I should also like *Ariane* to "die and make no sign." Her last words are, I admit, consistent with the character of her life, but here, I contend, that silence would indeed have been golden. Let me recommend everyone to see *The Ticket of Leave Man*, at the Olympic, not for the sake of the acting generally, but of Mr. WILLARD particularly. His dignise and his assumption of character in the Second Act are admirable. Mrs. STEPHENS is as old and as good as ever—not a day older—and Mr. SMEDLEY YATES makes the most of that highly absurd and old-fashioned comic character *Green Jones*, in fact makes him a very bright *Green Jones*.

SUGGESTIVE OF A CELL.—Some of the Members who have been entertained at the expense of the country seem to be anxious to appear in the House of Commons in prison costume. The idea was anticipated some time since in the streets, where sandwich men were employed to advertise certain pieces by appearing in the garb of convicts. Thus the notion is not new. Besides this, will they not be suspected of drawing the long-bow when they begin to speak, if they are found wearing marks of the broad-arrow?

HISTORICAL.—When was England a real Sporting Country?—When the entire Nation had one great BER on the throne.



TWO FAMOUS TRYSTING-SPOTS.

COLONEL SIR TALBOT IRONSIDES (OF THE SCOTCH BLUES) AND YOUNG REGINALD STRONGI'N'ARM (OF THE LIFE GUARDS GREY) ARE THE TWO FINEST MEN IN LONDON, AND AS SUCH ARE VISIBLE A LONG WAY OFF; SO THAT, IN CROWDED BALL-ROOMS, YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE GOT INTO A WAY OF MAKING USE OF THEM, SAYING TO EACH OTHER, AS THE CASE MAY BE—"MEET ME AT SIR TALBOT FOR THE HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE!" OR "BE AT REGGIE STRONGI'N'ARM AT A QUARTER PAST TWELVE, AND I WILL COME AND TAKE YOU DOWN TO SUPPER." &c., &c.

"SUCH GOOD BOYS!"

OH, please, Sir! Oh, don't, Sir! You will not want *that*, Sir,
That nasty new birch hung up there on the wall.
Lor! you might as well threaten poor boys with the "Cat," Sir.

We're sure that this half you won't need it at all.
We mean to be good, oh, we do, Sir, indeed!

(*Aside.*)

Keep it up, keep it up, and we're bound to succeed!

So naughty last term? Well, we fear that we were, Sir.

The tasks, Sir, you see, were so *thundering* stiff.

Ah, yes, we did, some of us, Sir, play the bear, Sir.

The naughty pea-shooter, the nasty sly whiff?

Quite true; but this half we shall all be all right.

(*Aside.*)

Now then, you young fool, keep that squirt out of sight!

You see, Sir, last term, Sir, the Masters were new, Sir:

We hadn't got used to 'em, Sir, that's a fact.

Took sights at yourself on the sly, Sir? Too true, Sir.

(No use to deny it when caught in the act.)

But never again, Sir, will I "cut a snook."

(*Aside.*)

Now then, CHARLIE, put on a pleasanter look!

It wasn't *me*, Sir, as I told you last term, Sir.

'Twas—well, never mind, for a fellow can't sneak;

But, when a chap's wrongfully charged—well, a worm, Sir,

Will turn, Sir, at that. But I *do* feel so meek,

So mild, so magnanimous, somehow, *this* half!

(*Aside.*)

Now then, stash that grin, or he'll think it's all chaff!

Me keep them in order, Sir! Well, Sir, I tried, Sir,

But nothing like what I *will* try, Sir, *this* time.

I've got all the best biggest boys on my side, Sir.

There's MORLEY and HARCOURT, Sir! Oh, Sir, it's prime,
Why even PARNELL, here, means working like fun.

(*Aside.*)

Back up, or he'll twig you as sure as a gun!

We're all simply *longing* for lessons, Sir, yes, Sir,

Just ain't we, now, CHARLIE? We'll work, day and night,

And if, Sir, you Masters *should* get in a mess, Sir,

We'll labour like niggers to put the things right,

For oh, Sir! we *do* take such pride in the School!

(*Aside.*)

Don't soowl, or you'll crab the whole thing, you young fool!

The old rod worn out? Oh, now come, don't say that, Sir.

There's lots of it left, all you'll want, Sir, I'm sure.

A Master so nice in that seat never sat, Sir.

(He grins like a plump Cheshire Cat, the old Cure!)

We'll help you to make it a rare term all round.

(*Aside.*)

He'll say so before we have done, I'll be bound!

Don't take down that birch; it's as big as a broom, Sir!

Disgrace to the School to require such a thing.

Perhaps for improvement there may be some room, Sir

But all the bad boys, Sir, last half had their fling.

Now, Paddies and all, we mean being so good!

(*Aside.*)

But don't holloa, old boy, till you're out of the Wood!

THE ST. MARTINET OF TOURS.—The "Grand Tour" used to be considered indispensable as the finish of polite education. It is equally valuable nowadays, and raw young lads have only to be handed over to a Cook, and after one good turn they'll be fit for any table.



“SUCH GOOD BOYS!”

MASTER GLADSTONE. “O PLEASE, SIR, DON’T, SIR! YOU WON’T WANT TO USE *THAT*, SIR. WE’RE GOING TO BE *SUCH* GOOD BOYS THIS ‘HALF’!”

PUNCH TO JOSEPH.

(Air—Obvious.)

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE, Sir,
When first away you went,
Loud croaked the party raven,
With sinister content.
But now the dead-lock's over—
At least you tell us so—
Rada—well, they hardly bless you
now,

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE!

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE, Sir,
We yet may meet rough weather;
The question is, I fear, JOE,
Not settled altogether.
But Canada and JOHN, JOE,
Friends, hand in hand, should go.
Fix that, I'll bless you anyhow,
JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE.

MEM. FOR "THE CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD."—Should a Temple of the Drama be erected in London, the Rev. STEWART HEADLAM, who has always taken so kindly an interest in the Stage, ought to be elected as one of the Minor Canons of Dramatic Art.

APPROPRIATE.—When there's another change, let Mr. SEXTON be member for Bury.



He won't be happy till he gets it!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Sixth and last volume of Lady BURTON's luxuriously bound edition of her husband's *Arabian Nights*, prepared for household reading by JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., has now appeared. Sir RICHARD's edition is the "Strong Burton" not for household consumption; while the Lady ISABEL's is "Burton drawn mild," pure in



quality and clear as unclouded amber. The "Terminal Essay," which being unadulterated Burton trouble, or rather Baseo-profondo, must have made My Lady shudder and JUSTIN MCCARTHY clear his glass, is especially interesting, discussing as it does the date and origin of the Tales, and giving a panegyric on Al-Islam which will afford Canon ISAAC-TAYLOR—the ecclesiastical *Sartor Resartus*—orientally inclined, some considerable insight into Mohammedanism, which may be of use to him at the next English Church Congress. H. E. Cardinal MANNING will be pleased to find that MOHAMMED, besides abolishing the use of wine and denouncing gambling, was "the first to establish a poor-rate."

In the Second Volume of the *Henry Irving Shakespeare*, Mr. FRANK MARSHALL has "warbled his foot-notes," not "wild," and certainly not "tame," but carefully considered, and most welcome to the critical student and to the uninstructed casual reader. Of these notes I prefer those on the historical plays in this volume to those on the Comedies, among which latter is to be reckoned, according to Mr. FRANK MARSHALL—who is always most frank—*The Taming*

of the *Shrew*, a work that in the opinion of "F. M. the Duke," is not "an outrageous farce." Isn't it? Read the "business" of the scene, and then imagine all that must be done on the stage besides what is set down. In action it is a rough-and-tumble farce, which no doubt a considerable portion of a sixteenth century audience, accustomed to bear-fights and brutalities, were quite capable of appreciating.

"F. M." terms the repartee between *Petruchio* and *Kate*, Act ii. Sc. 1, "bright and lively." Well, perhaps it was so considered in Shakspearian and Jonsonian (not Johnsonian) days, when punning was a fashion; but at the present time such word-playing would be as dull to a nineteenth century audience as would be the horse-play, except when introduced in its legitimate place, a pantomime. As a comment on Mr. MARSHALL's opinion, two-thirds of the lines in this scene are marked (in this edition) as to be advantageously omitted in representation. The play is farcical, with the exception of *Katherine's* speech in the last Act; but perhaps it was altogether quite up to the mark of the enlightened audience for whom it was intended, namely, *Sly the Cobbler*, who drops off to sleep during the very first scene, wakes up once, and is then "in the arms of Porpus" till the conclusion of the play, when he is supposed to be taken away and put to bed.



Balancing his book.

Mr. GORDON BROWNE's illustrations have the great merit of being dramatic, and untheatrical. The Dance of Clowns in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is conceived in a truly humorous spirit. F. M.'s notes to *Richard the Second*—a play full of strikingly beautiful passages—are excellent, especially the one on the awfully tragic scene of the death of *Cardinal Beaufort*, who, as a matter of historical fact, made a truly Christian end. But genius is above history, and such stubborn things as facts must be kicked out of the way for genius to have its true course. If SHAKESPEARE had sacrificed a grand dramatic effect to plain unadorned truth, the world would have been deprived of this great scene in *Richard the Second*. Once more our congratulations to the Frank of FRANK MARSHALLS for Volume Two. "We're a getting on," quoth, still at your service,
THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

PURELY PROFESSIONAL.—After an optical examination by Mr. ANDERSON CRITCHETT, who is Mr. Punch's own "Member for Eye," a military patient was encountered in the street by a merry friend, who asked what "the CRITCHETT on the hearth" had said to make him look so cheerful. The Colonel replied, "My boy, he simply said, 'Eyes Right!' *Marchons!*"



A DEFINITION.

(*Virginibus puerisque.*)

"WHY, TOBY, YOU LOOK LIKE A CHERUB!" "WHAT IS A CHERUB?"
"OH—A CHERUB IS A—A—A SORT OF CONVERTED CUPID!"

SOMETHING FISHY!

(*The Story of a Great Success.*)

THE Statesman sat in his study pondering over the difficult problem, the solution of which had been the cause of his expatriation.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself. "I cannot disagree with both, and I refuse to agree with neither. What shall I do?"

He looked at his glass, crowded with cards of invitation to banquets. "They are all over," he murmured. "My task is done! Not one left! and here am I alone! Here am I, with my seat in the House vacant, for am I not far away, and unable to fill it?"

Then he touched a bell, and requested that the Representative of the Dominion should be brought before him. The Representative, obedient to his call, appeared.

"My good friend," said the Statesman, clasping the other's hand, "you know how I feel for you, how anxious I am to serve you, how I would, theoretically, sacrifice the last drop of my life's blood to protect your interests."

The Representative wiped away a tear. It was very touching! Painfully touching!

"Best and bravest of men!" exclaimed the Representative, when he had mastered his emotion. "We know your value. We welcomed you as the defender of our liberties. We regard you as the sweet pledge of affection sent to us by the dear Mother Country, which shall bind us to her with bands of steel."

"Nay," said the Statesman, gently, "do not speak of steel—brass is more appropriate. And now let me hear you urge your case once more."

Then the Representative repeated the arguments that had already been produced. He showed conclusively that it was a matter of life and death that the Dominion should not give in—that the future of a mighty people depended upon a firm front and victory.

"Your eloquence unmans me," cried the Statesman. "All you say seems so true, so very true."

"It is indeed," was the rejoinder. "Ah, it was a happy hour for us when you were chosen for our arbitrator. We know that everybody wanted you in England; that all our fellow-subjects beyond the seas parted with you with the greatest reluctance; that every moment of your absence was grudged to us! Oh, it was kind, good, unselfish of the dear Mother Country to spare you—to allow you to come to us!"

"It was indeed," admitted the Statesman, and then he pondered once more, knitting his brows and burying himself in deep thought. Deep thought! The very deepest!

"And you tell me that the fate of your adopted country depends upon my decision?" he asked, at length.

"It does indeed," was the reply.

"You say that the other side will not give in?"

An affirmative was again the answer.

"Enreka!" the Peacemaker cried, after a pause; "I have it! If the Government of the United States will not give in, there is but one way out of the difficulty. If they won't give in, you must!"

And handing the Representative a faded orchid as a memento of his visit, the Statesman wiped the tears from his eyeglass and started for Europe!

COMING TO THE POINT.

Palman qui meruit ferat! Of course

That maxim, when read with the caution that's proper, Applies with exceptional force to the Force.

Punch has often to cry "good as gold is the 'Copper,'" But when his peculiar metal seems "brass,"

And when he indulges in lies and foul lingo,

And shows he's a bully as well as an ass,

The Public gets doubtful, and *Punch* cries *Distinguo!*

An ENDACOTT is not for ever a joy

(Though cooky might deem him a true thing of beauty),

And though WARREN swears, "I believe you, my BLOY,"

Unquestioning faith is not *Punch's* sole duty.

His business is into the truth to inquire.

Remember one thing—it will spare much disaster—

That is, your Policeman is rather like fire—

"A very good servant, but very bad master!"

"AGAIN, WE COME TO THEE, SAVOY!"

A BRIGHT little Operetta, called *Mrs. Jarramie's Genie*, the music by the Brothers CELLIER, has been added to the programme of the Savoy with good results. The plot is not very novel, and strongly suggests one of the best of the GERMAN REED's Entertainments, *The Indian Puzzle*; but for all that the trifle is amusing. Perhaps the best acted character in the Operetta is *Ben-Zoh-Leen*, a part which seems to suit Mr. JOHN WILKINSON down to the ground, or rather under it, as the *Genie* is supposed to have had a rise in station when he became connected with the Jarramie household. His parlour magic was most amusing, and, after a song descriptive of a parliamentary career, his exit, although evidently modelled on "the Teapot Shuffle" of Tea-Cup-and-Sorcerer GROSSMITH, was decidedly funny.

The Operetta is a trifle light as air, but quite sufficient to raise the wind, and give that extra puff to the sails of H.M.S. *Pinafore*, refitted, and thoroughly seaworthy, that is, well worth seeing, of which Captain D'O'YLY CARTE evidently thought the good old ship—"Good Old Ship" suggests Brighton, also BACON and SHAKESPEARE!—stood in need. Another season will probably elapse before a new vessel is launched from the dockyard of the Gilbert and Sullivan works.

"LEG BEFORE WICKET."

"... Whether any undue advantage rests with the batsman or with the bowler under the existing laws of cricket, and, if so, what steps should be taken to remedy this defect."



Dr. Punch hastens to suggest an obvious "remedy."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
 EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

["Increased facilities are now provided for Ladies dining, &c., with Members."]

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 13.—Met PARNELL just before House met, crossing Palace Yard, clothed, and in his right name. "TOBY," said he, "I want your advice. We're going, you know, to raise question of Privilege this afternoon. Should be effectively done, or left alone. Mean to get an English Member to open fire. Who shall it be? Want somebody the very sight of whom will strike terror into the breast of the brave BALFOUR and make SMITH shiver in his shoes. Want the kind of man who, if he only stood up, folded his arms, frowned on Ministers, and sat down again, would nearly frighten life out of them. You remember DON DIEGO PERES, how, at the siege of Xeres, he lost his sword, but subsequently made greater havoc with an olive-branch he picked up? Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye, But by God's grace, before his face, there stood a tree full high, An olive tree with branches strong, close by the wall of Xeres, 'You goodly bough will serve, I trow,' quoth DON DIEGO PERES. Who shall be our DON DIEGO PERES?"

"Try PICTON," I said. "PICTON of Leicester!" cried PARNELL, a flush of pleasure flaming on his pallid brow. "The very man." So it was settled. Questions over, PICTON rose and denounced as a breach of Privilege conduct of Police in arresting PETER O'BRIEN on Friday, thinking they had grasped GILHOOLY. Motion seconded by that other fierce Parliamentary Marauder, WALTER McLAREN; PARNELL and his merry men meanwhile, "lay low and said nuffin." Tactics answered admirably. Ministerialists paralysed. HOME SECRETARY, on behalf of Government, faltered explanation and apology. Old Morality, earlier in sitting, had been grappled with by BRADLAUGH, who pertinaciously wants to know about certain cheques said to have passed between the Marquis and one PETERS. This new attack completed prostration. Couldn't have pounced on a fly if it had settled on his nose. Everything going on admirably till HENRY JAMES interposed and changed aspect of affairs. So easy not to have said anything!

Might have judiciously stayed away, as HARTINGTON did. But there he was, and must needs come to assistance of his friends, the victims of PARNELL's successful strategy. This brought down upon him a personage more wrathful even than DON DIEGO PICION. Business before House precisely of that pettifogging character to



Bradlaugh "wants to know."

stir the lowest depths of G. O. M.'s nature. Quite dangerous to sit near him as discussion went on. Leaned excitedly over JOHN MORLEY to talk to CHARLES RUSSELL. Persistently poked massive chest of HARCOURT on other side, as he laid down the law. Once, when his head turned other way, HARCOURT tried to escape under pretence of returning borrowed volume of *Hansard*. G. O. M. not to be done that way. Turned round with lightning speed, seized coat-tails of retreating statesman, pulled him

back on bench. Finally rose to pulverise HENRY JAMES. What a glorious ten minutes he had; his eyes flashing fire, his figure trembling with indignation, his voice breaking through the toils of weakness, and his right hand passionately smiting the palm of the left, as if he had literally got his old colleague in Chancery, and was making the most of the opportunity. PARNELL looked on with mingled admiration and disappointment.

"PICION's very well," he said, "but *this* should have been our Don Diego." *Business done.*—Privilege Debate.

Tuesday.—PETER O'BRIEN, yesterday a hero, to-day a disregarded nonentity. If Members accidentally catch his eye, they wonder why he is not in prison and out of the way.

"I think," said WILFRID LAWSON to JOSEPH GILLIS, "there was a little too much fuss about it. As BALFOUR says, when an Irish Member is to be arrested what matter whether it happens to be GILHOOLY or O'BRIEN? In these days, when we are hardly rid of the SHAKESPEARE-BACON controversy, it is a little hard to have a GILHOOLY-O'BRIEN debate."

"I don't know much about SHAKESPEARE," said JOEY B., with engaging frankness; "but as to bacon I'm *oh revore*, as they say at Parry. I don't see what it's got to do with the arrest of O'BRIEN."

TREVELYAN resumed debate on Address; brought up SAUNDERSON, who had real good time for space of an hour. Wasn't a head peeped out anywhere from beneath the tents of the enemy opposite, but—Whirroo!—the Colonel's shillalagh came down on it. GLADSTONE dancing mad on Front Opposition Bench. Parnellites worked up to condition that made them capable of something like a howl; faint echo of habitude before days of regeneration, but still encouraging and hopeful for the future. T. W. RUSSELL attempted to give serious aspect to conversation by delivering carefully prepared address, very good of its sort; smote the Parnellites hip and thigh, but occasionally turned round and gave a slight rap at Government.

"RUSSELL," said DAVID PLUNKET, whom every one is glad to see back in renewed health, "reminds one of a phraser they have in the North of England. When a man has had a drop too much and goes rolling home, they say he 'has business on both sides of the road.' RUSSELL, staggering along under the weight of his argument and his advocacy, may be said to have business on both sides of the House."

Business done.—More debate on PARNELL'S Amendment to Address.

Ash Wednesday, so didn't meet till Two o'Clock, hours of sitting being thus reduced to four. ELLIS (J. E.) and KING-HARMAN appropriated between them two hours and a half.

"A little long, weren't you?" AKERS-DOUGLAS hinted.

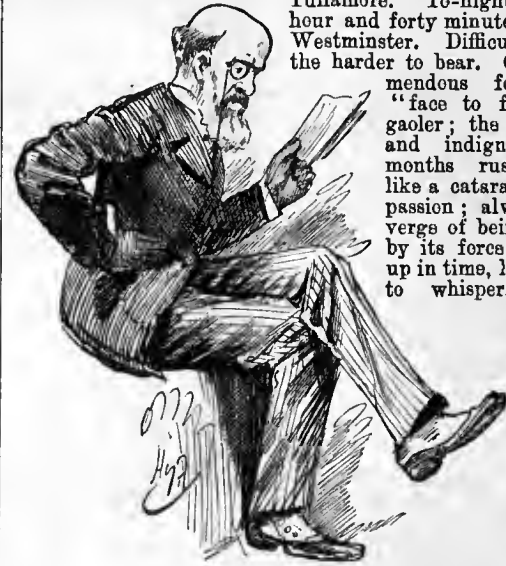
"Longer than usual, perhaps," said KING-HARMAN. "But now I'm going to have a salary, I shall have to show I earn it."

HERBERT GLADSTONE agreeably astonished House by capital speech, admirably delivered. Been shut up during recent years on Treasury Bench, but has practised in the country, and suddenly blossomed into experienced debater. Something to say, and said it well, with free gestures and fine voice. Young STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, passing out behind Speaker's Chair, paused and stared in amazement. He and HERBERT had started Parliamentary life together. Their misdeed speeches delivered on same evening from opposite sides of House, with distinguished and delighted fathers, sponge in hand, ready to give each a knee after the final round.

"And now," said young NORTHCOTE, "he's commanding the

listening Senate, and I'm not even a Surveyor-General of the Ordnance." *Business done.*—More debate on Address.

Thursday.—O'BRIEN just finished his three months of BALFOUR at Tullamore. To-night BALFOUR has hour and forty minutes of O'BRIEN at Westminster. Difficult to say which the harder to bear. O'BRIEN in tremendous force. At last "face to face" with his gaoler; the pent-up agony and indignation of three months rushed downward like a cataract; boiling with passion; always seeming on verge of being carried away by its force; always pulled up in time, lowered his voice to whisper, dropped his



Thinking of the Bo'sun.

clenched fist, and turned aside with slow speech to some fresh point. "Acting," the ATTORNEY-GENERAL hinted it was. If so, or anyhow, it was superb. ARTHUR BALFOUR made gallant effort to smile his way through the torrent, but, as JOSEPH GILLIS observed, the smile was rather "gashly." House, with its appetite whetted, wanted the finishing touch given to the drama by BALFOUR rising to reply. But, on the whole, he thought he would wait, and crowded assembly broke up.

HARCOURT affected almost to tears. "Come, GORST," he said to the Under-Secretary for India, sitting on the Treasury Bench studying new Rules of Procedure just out, "you must admit that that was a fine touch in the last sentence, where he lifted up his voice, and blessed BALFOUR and his policy."

"Yes," said GORST. "Reminds me of one of MARRYAT'S stories — *Peter Simple*, I think; or is it *Percival Kean*? Anyhow, there is an angry but converted Bo'sun in the piece. Used to swear terribly. Seeing the error of his ways, now, when he wants to adjure anyone who has offended him, he always begins with 'Bless your lovely eyes,' and goes on to wish him every happiness. Somehow thought of the Bo'sun when, just now, O'BRIEN, with uplifted hand, and through clenched teeth, blessed our brave BALFOUR."

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Friday.—Bubble of peaceful Session burst tonight. Exploded under feet of GOSCHEN; nearly shattered him. A few tendencies in that direction all through the evening. When G. O. M. sat down after speech two hours long, Irish Members, leaping to their feet, stormed around him in jubilant enthusiasm. Seemed enough for one night. But when he came back after dinner, there was another enthusiastic reception. Ten minutes later came the news of Liberal victory at Southwark, and this time the whole Opposition were on their feet, cheering, waving hats, and clapping hands.

G. P. FULLER laughed to see such fun, and GOSCHEN wished he was over the moon.

Business done.—Looks as if the Government's was.

THE BETHELL CASE.—Poor little child of TEE-POO, *alias* BETHELL! Mr. Justice STERLING decided against its claims, which somehow doesn't sound like sterling justice. Had it come before three Judges who had taken the same view, there might have been good ground for appeal on account of ecclesiastical bias on the part of the Judges who had been unanimous against a "Little BETHELL"—*nemine dissentiente*, i.e., not one of them being a dissenter. As it is, it seems rather hard on the Baralong Bride and baby.

"JEWEL'S APOLOGY."—Paste.



"G. P. Fuller laughed."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE MUTUAL FLATTERY.

M. le Vicomte Hector du Graillon. "DO YOU KNOW, SERR JEMS, YEN I 'KARED YOU SPIC FRENCH FOR ZE FIRST TIME, I TAKED YOU, BY YOUR ACCENT, FOR A FRENCHMAN!"

Sir James. "KWAW, FRAYMONG, VERCONT? OH—AY MWAW, KONG JE VOOS AY VRW POOR LA PREMIAIR FWAU, J'AY PONXAY, PAR VOTER MANNYAIR DE VOOS HABILLYAY, DE MARSHY, AY DE MONTY À SHEVAL, KER VOOS EITY OON ONGLAY!"
[They swear eternal friendship.]

PLAY-TIME.

I SUGGESTED last week a course (to which I admitted there were many objections) for ameliorating the generally unhappy conditions of theatrical *premieres*. By presenting plays first to an audience of experts, many of the otherwise inevitable disadvantages of First Nights might be avoided. An excellent critical *confrère*, who is one of those whom MATT ARNOLD styles, "the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*," roars with laughter at this notion of mine as being "curious and comical."

Perhaps so: yet what, in their original intention, were "private views" in artists' studios, of the pictures before they left the easel, but appeals to critical judgment, professional and amateur, so that any defects might be remedied, previous to their appearance on the walls of the Academy, Grosvenor, or elsewhere? Mind, I don't say that this was the only private view that occurred to the artists who initiated the idea. Have I not been present at genuine "private views" (not one of those idiotic fashionable Sunday gatherings which are the abuse of the original purpose) when a thoughtful suggestion has been made, and has been subsequently adopted by the artist to the manifest improvement of the picture? Certainly I have.

Has not my excellent friend, as a professional critic, any experience of being asked to read a play, and advise upon it? Well, this is one step towards the production of a piece in *camerâ*. And the next step? has it not been frequently adopted? Are there not Operas to which musical and dramatic critics are admitted before the work is made public? What are they there for? If merely to write a notice, or for other journalistic purposes, no criticism is in question; but if it is to assist themselves in writing a more thoughtful criticism than usual, then I contend that this preliminary hearing is an aid towards an honest discharge of the critic's duty. But if the critics, among whom I include a variety of experts, are there for the purpose of presenting their notes on what they consider errors and defects to those responsible for the production, then in many cases the public, and all concerned in bringing out the work, would be the gainers.

TOM TAYLOR'S *Hidden Hand* was heard in *camerâ*, and so have been, I dare say, many other pieces; but this case I happen to

MORE CANTERBURY TALES.

SIR,—Any impartial reader who has followed the controversy that has recently taken place in the columns of the *Times*, between Canon ROUTLEDGE and Father MORRIS on the nature of the blows inflicted on the head of St. Thomas, must admit that in his latest rejoinder the worthy Canon has decidedly the advantage of his ingenious opponent. "Let him," asks the Canon, bringing matters to a practical test, "try the experiment on some one,—not with a sword," he considerably adds, "but with a stick." That this is what the Canon has been doing, and has probably had a Verger, or perhaps even the Dean himself, down "on the flat of his stomach," as the Saint was said to have been, and has been whacking vigorously at his head, there can be no sort of doubt. For he relates his experience under the circumstances, adding that anybody who makes a similar attack, "will find that a blow aimed vertically at the crown of the head would glance down either the right or the left side."

This appeal to practical experiment for verifying antiquarian theory has struck me as most happy, and, taking quite a morbid interest in the late controversy, I have already noted several times on the Canon's spirited suggestion, and have felled in turns my grandmother, the butler, two uncles, and a tax-collector with an umbrella, with varying results; yet though I have always aimed the blow "vertically," to the best of my ability, at the crowns of their respective heads, I cannot say that in all cases I have succeeded in hitting them. Hence my experience has been hitherto somewhat inconclusive, but I am hoping that a few more chance trials will afford me an opportunity of perfecting it.

Meantime, I shall be interested in noting whether Father MORRIS acts upon the Canon's hint. I have no doubt, could he persuade his superior, or even a lay brother or two, to let him "go for" their heads with a hockey stick, he might throw so much light upon the matter as to considerably modify the rather limited view to which he has as yet, as far as I have interpreted his letters, confined himself in relation to it. Trusting we shall hear still something further from him,—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, A PRACTICAL ANTIQUARIAN.

"THE GREAT 'TWINOE' BRETHREN."—Gout and Rheumatism.

remember, having witnessed it, and having heard many suggestions made to the author, though, if I remember rightly, as next night's performance was the public one, this interval did not give sufficient time for rectification. All sorts of possible faults in scenery and costume might be set right if the piece were given one week before production in the presence of an audience composed not only of dramatic critics, but of other artistic experts. There is nothing very "curious or comical" in such a proceeding; but there is something both "curious and comical" in the supposition of public opinion being in any way influenced by a criticism written in "hot haste" for the mere sake of being among the first in the field with "an item of news." JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—In *Longman's Magazine* for March, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD gives us *A Suggested Prologue to a Dramatised Version of "She."* His stage-directions are delightfully fresh. In the set of the scene is to be a "Statue of Truth looming up in background." There are only two characters in it, *Ayesha* and *Ams-nastas*, of whom the former has five speeches of nine, seven, eight, nine, and nineteen lines respectively; and the latter has three speeches of thirteen, twelve, and nine lines. All this talker-talker is of the gloomiest description, and the action takes place by moonlight. At the finish of *Ayesha's* fifth and longest speech, the stage-direction is, "Curtain falls for an interval of two thousand years." Ominous this! Farewell, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, for two thousand years. Two thousand years! *O ma mère!* O my poor dear Mummy!

BABON DE BOOK WORMS.

THE POINT OF "THE LANCET."—Mr. *Punch* says that in this case (referring to a gentle touch from it last week) he doesn't see the point, nor feel it. But, on second thoughts, the point of a Lancet in a case would not be visible, even through the magnifying glass of Mr.—"Oh, no, we mustn't mention him"—or to the acute perception of Doctor—hush!—no—"his name is never heard," and if Mr. *Punch* breathed it, no matter how gentle the breath, it might be felt in some quarters as "a puff." Well, "approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY is praise indeed!"



“CORPORAL”!

Schoolmaster (at the conclusion of the interview). “I THINK, SIR, YOU WILL HAVE NO REASON TO REPENT PLACING YOUR SONS UNDER MY CARE. I MAY MENTION THAT IN OUR TIME WE HAVE TURNED OUT TWO SENIOR WRANGLERS, NEITHER OF WHOM HAVE LOOKED BACK WITH REGRET UPON THE CURRICULUM—”

Parent (self-made man and strong-minded). “THE—A—EH!—OH, CERTAINLY—IF YOU KETCH ‘EM WRANGLIN’, OR ANY O’ THAT NON-SENSE, TURN ‘EM OUT, MISTER! NECK AND CROP! AND DON’T SPARE THE—A—THE CORREC—OR WHATEVER YER CALL IT.”—(With a warning look to the Young Gentlemen.)—“LET ‘EM ‘AVE IT!!”

IN VINO VERITAS!

* THE following curious document, which has fallen into *Mr. Punch's* hands, and has been “done into English” by one of his Young Men who “knows the language,” is evidently an extract from the notes of the Clerk of a French *Juge d'Instruction*. It would seem that the Magistrate, with the subtle and insidious design of eliciting some damazing admissions from the accused person, had invited him to dinner during the interrogation. Then, when he conceived that the moment was ripe, he suddenly brought to bear upon his unhappy guest the full power of a trained legal intellect—a device which can only be excused by remembering that a French official is apt to take somewhat wide views of his duties in the course of a criminal investigation.

We may suppose that the Clerk was previously concealed and instructed to make a faithful record of the transactions, in which it is abundantly clear that the parties were by no means on an equal footing.

Whether the precedent is worthy of being followed or not, will be sufficiently gathered from the official account of its working which begins thus:—

[Here *M. le Juge* signifies in the agreed-upon manner that I was to make attention, and commence my transcript, after which he maintained an impressive silence during several moments, and then—

M. le Juge (as if taken by an access of somnolence). Accused! itsh far from deshign er . . . Jnshtish . . . ta' any unfair 'vantage . . . young man your educash'n an' allurement—but boun' tell you behold in me no longer Hosht,—but (*hic*) Interrogator! Ash you exshpeek olemenshy, I adjure you, I implore you, I counshel you, to—to pash the bol'!

The Accused (who shows himself of an extreme phlegm). But, with all my heart, Monsieur!

M. le J. Prepare, then, inshantly er be shubj'cted to tremendoush powersh of formirable legal mashine, known ash—(with an effort of memory) Juridishical—no, that ishn't qui' ri'—bah, what imports! Jur-dish-ical 'Terrogationsh!

The A. (after a silence a little prolonged). I am awaiting your good pleasure, Monsieur le Juge.

M. le J. (who has removed himself in the interval to a position below the Bench). On shecond thoughts, I blieve I shall be able croshegshamin' more comfornably on er floor!

The A. As Monsieur pleases. Will he have the condescension to put his question?

M. le J. (absently). Call me at ah-pah sheight!

[Second pause. As Officer of the Court, I endeavoured with all respect to recall *M. le Juge's* attention to the actual position of affairs. For some time he occupied himself in contemplating with an eye full of severity the Accused's legs, which were visible beneath the table, and to which he addressed himself at length, with a moving adjuration, characterised by touching sensibility.

M. le J. Young Men, deplorable ash is your preshent position, you have, all four of you, eash onsh had a Mussher . . . a Mussher who—well, I don' r'member wha' all y'r Musshers did . . . Itsh equal! . . . By that shaered name, I warn you not to 'tempt any kickeandeshtin' communicash'n by shigns or otherwishe while unner—(*hic*) unner that table!

The A. I protest, *M. le Juge*, that I am but one here—I am all incapable of combining myself alone!

M. le J. (with an inflexion of irony). Usheless, M'shien. Sheek notto'shcapepiershing eye—erer—Law! . . . Come unnerer table, Shir!

The A. (submitting himself with a shrug). Wherever Monsieur prefers it.

M. le J. (with sudden cholera). Who are you, M'shien? Depart—leave sher Court!



OUR GRANDOLPH, AS DIOGENES, SEARCHING FOR AN HONEST MAN IN SPRING GARDENS.

The A. (in visible surprise). Pardon, I present myself for examination as desired. Have I then permission to retire?

M. Le J. No, M'shien the Accused, you (*hic*) have not. (*With a penetrating dignity.*) Miserable young man . . . you have fallen into the snare she cunningly prepared for you! . . . You have taken too much wine—you are iuebriated—losht! . . . Yesh, tremble, then, when I tell you you can no longer 'pend upon your nashural self-possession—your brainsh ish clouded with al—(*hic*)—alcoroll . . . you are at my mershy, Shir! (*Here M. le Juge puffed with laughter.*) 'Low me er refill your glash! I—I don't know what I wash goin' shay nexst! . . . But yesh—itsh that! (*With a paternal benevolence.*) Young man, I might profit by your dishgrashful condishun . . . extort admishuns of a culpability exoeshive—but I'm

'fraid . . . (*Here M. le Juge expanded into a smile of a charming sweetness.*) I'm 'fraid I'm lil too shleepy thish evening . . . Enshanted to've sheen you. To the pleashur of meetin' you 'gain s'mother 'cashion. Thish inquiry ish (*hic*) adjourned. Usher—pash bol!

[*Here M. le Juge refuged himself in an immobility almost statuesque, and the Accused was removed, smiling with gratitude of the most profound.*]

CONFESSIONS OF A PUBLISHER.—These confessions, not being full, are unsatisfactory. For once, JOHN STRANGE WINTER has nipped a good idea in the bud, which would not be strauge for an ordinary Winter; but this Winter is a very unoommon one.



COSTUMES, AS THEY OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN, FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM LAST FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

"NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."—SHAKESPEARE.

IN RE "WYKEHAMIST" AND "WYKEHAMITE."

Littera ad Punch de excursu cujusdam parvi Etonensis.

LITTERA, quam legi hodie es jam gravis in meâ animâ est respondeo id.

"Quid est in nomen?" ut "SHAKSPEARUS" (aut is qui "SHAKSPEARUS" scripsit) dixit.

Quid refert ut "Wykehamite" est nomen validus (mighty) et "Wykehamist" est nomen nebulosus ("misty" vides-ne? Haha!) Wykehamite est similis "Midshipmite" (parvus puer!) "Cheese mite" (parvus pulex) "Mite" (parvulus puer ut hic Etonensis), sed "Wykehamist" est similis "scientist" (vir qui magnus in scientiâ est) "Socialist" (homo qui est Socialis Leo) et "Fist" (si non intelligis quod hoc est, roga "SULLIVANUM").

Si Etonensis ridet ad nomina nostra, volo dicere "Ille qui vivit in domo vitreo debet non jacere lapides." Nam puta! Cur sunt una sors Etonensum vocati "Tug-muttonious"? Et etiam est-ne ("ne aut num" illa est interrogatio) nomen "Oppidans" ridiculum?

¶ Nunc claudo hanc epistolam et peto subscribere me ipsum,

Tuus Vere,

"WYKEHAMIST" AD MORS, SED NUNQUAM
"WYKEHAMITE."

The Art of Warre.

No apology was needed from the Head Master of Eton for lecturing before the Aldershot Military Society on "Tactics." Why, if ever there were a man for the work, it is evidently Dr. WARRE. The Reverend Doctor's name is suggestive of the Church Militant. He said he "felt timorous before such an audience." Of course "WARRE's alarms." Ah! how many a lower boy could give an account of what the "sinews of WARRE" are like! He will next lecture on "the Block System," and on the attitude of boys in the Head Master's presence. Success to Dr. WARRE, *Pax Doctori Bello!* He has made some of them "bellow!" and, when his next birthday arrives, here's wishing him many happy returns of the day.

λ PROPOS OF OVERWORKING YOUNG HOFMANN.—
"What's the odds as long as you're Abbey?"

"WHAT A (DRAWING-ROOM) DAY WE ARE HAVING!"

THE following letter, which has been received at 85, Fleet Street, is published for identification:—

MY DEAREST FLORA,

Saturday, February 25.

I AM sure that you must be dying to hear how the function went off yesterday. Oh, my dear, we had such a dreadful time of it! It was so bitterly cold that we nearly didn't go at all, and Papa, who accompanied us, you know, in his Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform, looking such a—well, you know, not looking quite his best—was in such a temper, and used such awful language, that it was perfectly dreadful! The night before we didn't go to a "first night" at the theatre because we didn't like to take the horses out into the cold, and yet on Friday we kept the poor creatures waiting in the Mall for hours—literally hours! Of course it is awfully nice going to a Drawing-room and being presented, and all that; but in February, my dear, this kind of thing has its drawbacks.

Now, knowing you, I feel that you would like to hear everything from the beginning—now wouldn't you? Well, I think I told you that it was decided that I should go to Buckingham Palace this year because Mamma thought that the QUEEN might be annoyed if I stayed away any longer, especially as PLANTAGENETIA SMITHIES was presented in time for the Jubilee. Papa was rather against it, and said it was "nonsense" (he is dreadfully vexing sometimes!) but of course Mamma had her way, as she always does. Mamma and I had to choose our dresses. It didn't take me long, as a *débutante*, you know, dear, always wears white, but Mamma was *ages* over it! I really think we went to a dozen places to get the stuff for Mamma's train. Mamma got at last some velvet, embroidered with pomegranates and tinsel. Then we had such a fuss about whether it should be from the shoulder *à la Watteau* or not. It was settled that it had better spring from the waist, which was only putting it a few inches lower, after all. Then we had such a lot of visits from and to Madame PELLORD, trying on and altering, and all that sort of thing, that I was quite weary of the affair, and should have liked to have backed out of it. But Mamma wouldn't

let me, as she said that the dear Princess would be so annoyed if I didn't come, and it would be in such bad taste, considering the sad news from San Remo. So I persevered, and I have been. It is all over! But I must say, thank Goodness!

Well, dear, it was awfully cold on Friday morning when I came down to breakfast. It had been snowing a little in the night, and the pavements were quite white. Papa was very cross, because he said it was "such (something very naughty) nonsense!" And that my mother was old enough to know better. I couldn't help saying that I thought it would be useful to me if I went afterwards to any foreign Court. Papa in an aggravating tone asked "Why?"

"Because," I explained, "our Ambassador would have to ask us to all the Embassy dinners and parties if we had been presented." "Oh, would he!" replied Papa, in a most aggravating way. Well, I did not stay long, but rushed upstairs to dress. Passing Mamma's room I found her standing on a sheet with the whole strength of the establishment putting her together. I was rather vexed at this, as I thought it a shame to take LUCY, my maid, from me to dress Mamma. However, I was quite ready by the time the carriage came round for us—a little after twelve. It was such a business getting in! Both Mamma and I were lost in a perfect sea of velvet and satin surmounted by two bouquets, and were just riding off when JOHN touched his hat, and asked if Papa wasn't going to accompany us? Fancy, darling! We had entirely forgotten him! However, the oversight was repaired, and we were soon packed up together in the carriage as close as that dreadful Medical Student, Cousin PETER, calls "Sardines in a box."

We got down to Buckingham Palace before one o'clock, and would you believe it?—even then the Mall was full of carriages! We took up our position on the ranks, and then, my dear, our martyrdom began! On the whole, I thought it rather fun, but Mamma was *dreadfully* angry. A number of rude boys would stand looking through the carriage-window making personal remarks. They would insist upon giving Mamma advice about her nose (which certainly was very red), suggesting that we had better rub it with snow as a way of getting it back to its original colour. Then they would laugh at Papa's spectacles. He got outside and walked about to

keep himself warm, but was driven back into the carriage by their criticism. Oh, it made him so angry! Well, we put down the blinds, but that didn't do much good, as they "talked at" us from the outside. For nearly two hours, my dear, we had to wait before



to them. And, oh, dear, the cold was dreadful! The window for a second we were nearly frozen!

Well, of course Papa caught his sword in our gowns, and then we took off our wraps in the cloak-room, and one of the servants gathered up my train for me, and showed me how to hold it over my arm. Then we hurried up the staircase, and, after giving up one set of our cards, passed into the first room. My dear, it was quite full, and we saw lots of people in a saloon beyond! Well, I won't weary you by telling you how we had to fight and push our way from apartment to apartment (sometimes getting a chair near the fire, when we were roasted, and sometimes a place on a settee under a window, when we were frozen), but will come to my presentation. I was thoroughly tired and wretchedly cold, when I saw all the ladies who were with us (I kept close to Mamma, but Papa had disappeared, as he was only "accompanying the ladies of his family," and wasn't going to pass before Her MAJESTY) getting into single file. Suddenly I found myself alone with two persons in Court costume spreading out my train behind me. I walked along, had my card taken from me, heard my name called out, curtsied several times, walked sideways, backed, and found someone was going through exactly the same performance in my place! It was all over!

Well, no, not quite: for Mamma and I had to wait two hours while Papa found the carriage, as that stupid JOHN, instead of coming up and looking for us, had remained on the box.

With best love, ever your affectionate Cousin, MILLIE.

P.S.—Papa is laid up with bronchitis, and Mamma is in bed to-day speechless from influenza. I am just sending off for the Doctor.

OXFORD MEMORANDA.

(Picked up on the floor of the Union, on Wednesday evening last.)

1. To make a good impression somehow.
2. To enter the room a little bit late, and so, screwing 'em up to the tiptoe of expectancy, secure an ovation.
3. Allude, with modest jocularly, to it being my first appearance as a speaker in that assembly.
4. By the way, to take care to refer to it as "This House."
5. Pat the youngsters who precede me encouragingly and good-humouredly on the back.
6. For form's sake, pull their Motion amiably to pieces, to show them what amateur debating comes to in "real Parliamentary hands."
7. Spring on them an entirely new and original definition of the "Irish Question," that will give them something to talk about.
8. Try and hit the mean level of debate as agreeable to Under-graduates' ears, by striking a balance between the style suitable to Codgers' Hall and one of my liveliest performances in the House of Commons.
9. Spice it with allusions to *The Quarterly*, PITT, Loyal Ulster, &c., and finish up with a fetching peroration.
10. Make sure that the *Times*' reporter is there, and that they mean to give me at least four columns the next morning.

"AN INVETERATE PLAYGOER" (his scribble is a bit indistinct, and it may be "AN INVERTEBRATE PLAYGOER") writes to ask, why our young man praised *Mrs. Jarramie's Genie* at the Savoy, because this induced him to go to see it, and, being disappointed, he says there's no "Genie" in it at all, and as an attraction it is "Jarramie Diddler." Did "INVERTEBRATE PLAYGOER" ask for his money back again? Does he wish our young man to refund? Ask him. We sincerely wish he may get it.

OUR ADVERTISERS. THEATRICAL. NEW DEPARTURE.

(If Mr. Wyndham's lead is to be followed.)

DRURY LANE.—Closed suddenly, till further Notice.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS having arranged by direct Telegraphic communication with the Emperor of CHINA to give a series of Representations of the grand and highly successful Pantomime, *Puss in Boots*, at the Summer Palace, Peking, respectfully begs to inform his Patrons, the Public, that, as he has reason to believe that the takings of the newly-projected enterprise will be simply enormous, he feels that they will instantly understand that no apology is needed from him for withdrawing it in the full tide of its present gigantic success.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.—No Performance this Evening, or till further Notice.

THE BUTLER.—POSTPONED REPRESENTATION.

MR. J. L. TOOLE, having just received the august commands of His Majesty the Emperor of FIJI to give a performance of the highly successful farcical comedy of the *Butler* in those remote Islands, he feels that, in order to perfect himself in the language, which he is now endeavouring to do with his entire company, by devoting the whole of his leisure time to its study with the aid of an *Ollendorff*, he is bound to withdraw the representation of the piece till further notice. As, if Mr. TOOLE finds his Fiji experiment, as he has every reason to believe it will be, a success, he intends, if he can acquire a sufficient mastery over the local dialects, to give several representations in the Solomon and other groups of Cannibal Islands in the neighbouring Archipelago, he begs to state that all fees for places already booked will be returned, unless the latter be changed for some date at which Mr. TOOLE devoutly hopes to see himself back again, and which will be announced by cable as soon as circumstances will possibly admit of its being done.

THE BUTLER.—Mr. TOOLE would be glad to hear from any retired Missionary or experienced adapter who would be competent to furnish him with a free translation of the above popular farcical comedy into the language of the man-eating *Karacajees*.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Closed for the Season.

MR. WILSON BARRETT at Yokohama this evening in the *Golden Ladder*.

MR. WILSON BARRETT having received the commands of His Majesty the Mikado to repeat his powerful representation of the part of the *Reverend Frank Thornhill*, in the *Golden Ladder*, which he gives in English, supported by a Japanese Company in their native tongue, will not be able in consequence to appear in London till further notice.

MR. WILSON BARRETT.—Further arrangements. March 9, Imperial Opera House, Timbuctoo. March 15, The Grand Llama's Court Theatre, Thibet. April 1, Theatre Royal, Cape Horn. Subsequent dates will be published in a later advertisement.

THE CRITERION.—Special Notice.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE will appear this evening, by command of the Queen REGENT, in a Spanish version of the above at Madrid.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE will appear on the 20th inst., by command of the King of HOLLAND, in a Dutch version of the above at Amsterdam.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE will appear on the 29th inst., by command of the KING, in a Roumanian version of the above at Bucharest.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE will appear on the 1st of April, by command of the SULTAN, in a Turkish version of the above at Constantinople.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE will appear on the 9th of April, by the command of the SHAH, in a Persian version of the above at Teheran.

DAVID GARRICK.—As Mr. WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE, having now perfected themselves in all the European and most of the Oriental languages, will not be returning to town for some considerable time yet, owing to the fulfilment of their Continental and Asiatic engagements, the Management beg to announce that if the seats booked for the performance of Saturday next be not deferred to an indefinite day, the money paid for them will be returned on application to the Box Office.



THE MYSTERIES OF HEREDITY.

Dr. Lambertson. "YES—FINE GIRL; BUT LOOK AT HER MOTHER, DANNY! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOUNG GIRLS WILL BE LIKE WHEN THEY'RE MIDDLE-AGED, ALWAYS LOOK AT THEIR MOTHERS, MY BOY,—AND BEWARE!"

His Son. "OH LOR, GOVERNOR! I SAY! . . . DOES THE SAME RULE APPLY TO YOUNG FELLOWS AND THEIR FATHERS?"

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

(Some Fragments from Dickens, adapted to the Situation.)

Mrs. Gamp—Mr. W. H. SM-TH. *Mrs. Prig*—Mr. W. E. GL-D-ST-NE.

The temper of both parties was improved for the time being. When Mrs. GAMP, having cleared away, produced the tea-pot from the top shelf, simultaneously with a couple of wine-glasses, they were quite amiable.

"BETSEY," said Mrs. GAMP, filling her own glass, and passing the tea-pot, "I will now propogea a toast. My present pardner, The Opposition!"

"Which, altering the name to The Government! I drink," said Mrs. PRIG, "with love and tenderness."

Mrs. PRIG, whose remarkable voice was not wholly incapable (as was well known both to her friends and her foes) of the more strident inflections of anger and scorn, absolutely "ooed" out this sentiment, with a seductive softness that would have done no discredit to "the Dove and very blessed Spirit of Peace" itself.

"Now, SAIRAH," said Mrs. PRIG, after a due interval, "joining business with pleasure, wot is this case in which yer wants my assistance?" Mrs. GAMP betraying in her face some intention of returning an evasive answer, BETSEY added, "Is it that Irish case of yours?"

"No, BETSEY PRIG, it ain't," was Mrs. GAMP's reply.

"Well," said Mrs. PRIG, with a short laugh, "I'm glad of that, at any rate."

"Why should you be glad of that, BETSEY?" Mrs. GAMP retorted, warmly. "The case is unbeknown to you, except by hearsay; why should you be glad? That is a case, BETSEY, in which I should not think of seekin' your assistance, seeing as our notion of treatment thereof is as opposite as yaller and green."

"Percisely so, SAIRAH," responded Mrs. PRIG, with portentous emphasis.

The best among us have their feelings, and it must be conceded of Mrs. PRIG, that if there was a blemish in her disposition it was an

aggravating habit she had of subtly suggesting, whether by oracular word or significant expression, a great deal more than she actually said. This subtle trick of hers, whilst it made her many covert enemies amongst her ostensible friends, prevented her oftentimes from securing temporary friends amongst her normal enemies. It is certain that her countenance became about this time quite Sphinx-like in its significancy, and that she sat with her arms folded and one eye open, in a somewhat offensive, because obtrusively intelligent manner, as who should say, "Mild I may look, and mother's milk I may speak, but I am a very Old Monthly Hand, and you don't get over me."

"You think aperiently, BETSEY PRIG," said Mrs. GAMP, "that my treatment of that same Irish case is bound to be weak. Excuse me if I makes remark, that it may neither be so weak as people thinks, nor people may not think it so weak as they pretends; and what I knows, I knows; and what you don't, you don't; so do not ask me, BETSEY."

"Who's a asking of you, SAIREY?" Mrs. PRIG inquired.

Mrs. GAMP returned no answer.

"Who's a asking of you, SAIREY?" Mrs. PRIG inquired again. Then Mrs. PRIG, by reversing the question, imparted a deeper and more awful character of solemnity to the same. "SAIREY, who's a asking of you?"

It seemed the nearest possible approach to a very decided difference of opinion between these two ladies; but Mrs. PRIG's impatience to know more of the contents of that tea-pot being greater at the moment than her impatience of contradiction, she did not push the question too pertinaciously, and when Mrs. GAMP replied rather evasively, "Nobody, if you don't, BETSEY," she sombrely but silently acquiesced in that peace-making process known as "dropping the subject." For a quarrel can be taken up at any time, but a limited and uncertain quantity of, let us say refreshment, in a tea-pot cannot.

As to the particular ingredients which constituted the mixture in that tea-pot, Mrs. PRIG felt and displayed a devouring curiosity. So much so that she presently counterfeited that abstraction of mind



“THE BEST OF FRIENDS.”

Mrs. GAMP (the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone). “I WILL NOW PROPOSE A TOAST. MY PRESENT PARDNER, THE OPPOSITION!”
Mrs. PRIG (the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone). “WHICH ALTERING THE NAME TO THE GOVERNMENT, I DRINK WITH LOVE AND TENDERNESS.”

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1954

which has its origin in excessive attention to one topic, and stretched out her hand in the direction of the tea-pot. It was more than Mrs. GAMF could bear. She stopped the hand of Mrs. PRIG with her own, and said, with great feeling—

“No, BETSEY! Play fair, wotever you do!”

Mrs. PRIG, thus baffled, threw herself back in her chair, and, closing the same eye more emphatically, and folding her arms tighter, suffered her head to roll slowly from side to side, while she surveyed her friend with a peculiar smile.

She said nothing. But (as husbands and Members of Parliament well know) there are ways of saying nothing which are more suggestive, and more provocative, than the most exuberant verbosity can possibly be.

In this attitude, and with this demeanour, did Mrs. PRIG await results. Whether those results were destined to be as amicable and mutually satisfactory as certain more or less friendly passages between the two ladies had seemed to promise,—well that, of course, remains to be seen. But it is proverbial that “The best of friends—must part.”

A FIRST NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

(By Our Own Impressionist.)

BEFORE the First Act of the new piece commenced, I found the theatre crowded in every part. Certainly there were gaps in the stalls (subsequently filled to the considerable inconvenience of the earlier theatre-goers) and also a box or at most two unoccupied, but these again received their allotted tenants before the opening scene was over. I may safely say that the house was full, and now I will, as requested, give my impression of the audience. For once let the play stand over as the Judges have it, “for further consideration,” and let me confine my attention to those who had come to pass judgment, and who remained to be inspected.



To begin with the Gallery. Perhaps it contained the most genuine portion of the public in the whole building. By genuine public I mean persons who go to the play to enjoy themselves, and have no objection to paying for the privilege. The Gallery cheered and laughed and did just what they pleased. When they detected what they may have thought was favouritism—when there was an unnecessary cheer for the Manageress for instance—they hissed. But on the whole they were pleased and not ungenerous. In a like manner the Upper Boxes were equally fair and appreciative. But when I come to the Stalls, Private Boxes, and Pit, I have a very different story to tell. They shall have a new paragraph.

The “better parts” of the house were full of what are technically known as “dead heads.” They were very nice and intelligent and proper “dead heads,” but still “dead heads,” and it is the rule of “dead heads” never to applaud anything; so the dramatic critic of this organ of public opinion, and the dramatic critic of that, preserved a discreet silence, only broken when they whispered a professional jeat to a neighbouring colleague. Of course, they had a perfect right to be there, as it was their business to notice the piece before them. But I question whether this and that lady of mature charms had an equal right, and whether it would not have been better for the piece had they been conspicuous by their absence. However, the denizens of the Stalls and Private Boxes behaved themselves, and, if apathetic, were at any rate not uncourteous. But the Pit! I really must give a fresh paragraph to the Pit!

In years gone by, when Stalls were unknown, the Pit was the place for critics. Even now it retains some of its old prestige, thanks to the attendance of the average middle-class playgoer; but on a First Night it is intolerable. The Pit is leavened by a dozen unpleasant-looking persons, who generally contrive to secure places in the front row, and whose object it is to create a disturbance. No doubt these dozen unpleasant-looking persons during the day have been engaged in the congenial employment of measuring flannel or weighing cheese under the superintendence of a head shopman, but at night they are the masters of the situation. It is customary to permit them to interrupt the performances with foolish remarks and unprovoked hootings. If anything goes wrong in the excitement of a first night's performance, these illiterate individuals strive to make it go “wronger.” If an actor stumbles over an unexpected chair, they jeer; if an actress finds a door fastened when it should be open, they hoot; if a scene stinks for a moment in the hands of a carpenter, they hoot. During the day, no doubt, they have been subject to the wholesome discipline of the shop or the clerk's office, but at night

they throw off all restraint, and require a policeman to keep them in order. They are, after all, only a small minority, and it seems a pity that the majority of pit-goers, who presumably have paid their money to enjoy rationally an evening's entertainment, do not turn upon these critics of the counter, and insist upon their silence or expulsion.

And now, having had my say, I turn to the piece for a moment. It was called *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. I certainly saw the Hansom Cab, and in the First Act noticed that it drove off deliberately with a lamp-post. What it did with that lamp-post appeared to be the mystery. But then I frankly admit I gave more attention to the audience than to the performance.

“ANY ANSWER?”

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Accidentally taking up a quarterly, not *The Quarterly*, which is rather too heavy to be taken up without an effort, I found the following passage among its “Notices of Books”:

“We read also of a people which, in spite of foreign occupation, and in spite of systematic Governmental efforts to stifle the national life, clung with dogged tenacity to its nationality; and at last after centuries of oppression, won for itself its legislative and executive independence. The wrongs from which — suffered under the — rule appear to have been the confiscation of land for — settlers, an absentee aristocracy, an impoverished peasantry, a close official class ruling the country according to — notions and in — interests, &c., &c., &c.”

Is this about Ireland and England? Anyone who should think so would be very much abroad, seeing that the above is only a comprehensive summary of Professor ARMINIUS VAMBERY's book, entitled *Hungary*. Only about Hungary, you see, and the blanks I have left in the quotation, where the words “Hungary,” “Austrian,” “German,” “German,” “German,” occurred, may be filled up according to the taste and fancy of the reader. Some theorists assert that Hungary has not been benefited by its National Parliament, but, they have the Professor's opinion and experience of actual fact against them. Once the late Mr. KINGSLEY wrote a memorable book entitled *What then does Dr. Neuman mean?* which had the one invaluable effect of drawing from the eminent person to whom the inquiry was addressed that marvellous specimen of plain English under the Latin title *Apologia pro vita sua*, which effectually silenced the unfortunate interrogator! Now wouldn't it be a boon to a majority of puzzled Englishmen, if someone would publish a pamphlet entitled *What then does Mr. Gladstone mean?* if this would have the effect of eliciting such a lucid reply as was given in the instance above quoted. What an opportunity for an *Apologia pro vita sua*, by “Mr. G.” with a preface succinctly, and without any sort of ambiguity, explaining what he does mean and what he does not mean, and what he does not intend to mean by *Home Rule*. I should suggest this sort of friendly arrangement viz., that Mr. CHAPLIN should put the question—a game not unlike “putting the stone,”—which “Mr. G.” should at once proceed to answer. “*Magna est veritas*,” as Mr. LABOUCHERE says when the circulation of *Truth* goes up half-a-dozen or so.

Yours meditatively, EN REVENANT DE LA REVUE.

“To be Baron Knutsford”

“Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi—
Dans 'la Gazette,'—de Hollande.”

La Grande Duchesse.

SUGGESTION FOR RE-ARRANGING A SCENE IN COURT.

FROM a report of the Walden-Borrowes assault case we extract this:—

“Mr. Partridge. You said I prejudged the case. You took me to task, implying that there was favouritism.

Mr. Besley. No, Sir. I beg your pardon.

Mr. Partridge. If you are ever on this Bench, &c., &c.”

And then the worthy Partridge-beak went on pecking at Mr. BESLEY, giving him a lecture. Now, if the wounded PARTRIDGE had been quite alive to the situation, the dialogue should have run thus:

Mr. Partridge. You took me to task, implying that there was favouritism.

Mr. Besley (quoting the refrain of a topical duet popular in Druriolanus's Pantomime of '87). “No, Sir, I beg your pardon.”

Mr. Partridge (equal to the occasion). I accept your apology. (To officials of the Court.) “For he's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us.” (Chorus by everyone heartily.) And now, Gentlemen, let us resume the case.

And there would have been an end of the matter for ever. *O, sic omnia!*



OUR FISHERY-COMMISSIONERY YOUNG MAN.

J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n (gaily). "SPORT! WHY CERTAINLY! ENJOYED MYSELF AMAZINGLY, YOU BET. IF I'M ASKED 'WHAT'S THE NET RESULT? IS IT BARREN?' I SHALL REPLY, 'SIR, THE RESULT IS BARREN-NET-SEE?' GUESS THAT'S NOT BAD FOR JOSEPH. O RESERVOIR! AS WE FISHERY-COMMISSIONERS SAY."

ON THE CARDS.

SIR,—That is certainly a curious fact recorded the other day in the papers, of the thirteen trumps all being contained in one hand at Whist, but is scarcely less strange than the experience of having dealt thirteen successive hands, not one of which contained a single trump. Yet this very thing happened to me quite lately. Travelling the other day from Portsmouth to London, three perfect gentlemen got into the train at Winchester, and, pulling down the window-blinds, proposed that I should join them at a rubber of Whist. I consented, and we had a most enjoyable game for guinea points. But by some curious chance neither I nor my partner held a single trump the whole time, and, as our opponents marked four by honours, and seven by cards every single deal, I found myself, on arriving at Waterloo, indebted to a Captain DEUCEACE to the amount of £147 3s., for which, not having, of course, so much cash about me, I gave him, at his suggestion, an uncrossed cheque. This, however, by the way. I only mention it in connection with the curious run of ill luck to which I have

referred, and which, as it is a complete puzzle to me, I must leave to your readers, if they can, to explain.

I am, Sir, yours, obediently, PETER SIMPLE.

SIR,—The chances of the thirteen trumps falling to one hand at Whist, are nothing like 1,308,902,716 to 1 as somebody says. Why 5 to 1 is nearer it, or for the matter of that, you may call it evens, and make it a certainty. You have only to prepare a pack and keep it under the table, and there you are. Take my case. I am in the habit of playing three-handed whist every evening with a couple of short-sighted invalid uncles for half-a-crown a rubber. Whenever I have the deal I whip the pack off the table and produce the one I have prepared. The result is I score all the honours and all the tricks. My uncles were at first astonished at the phenomenon, but they are now quite accustomed to it, and taking it as a matter of course, frankly admit that I have "remarkable luck." I should rather think I had.

Yours, quite wide-awake, TOMMY SHARPE.

SIR,—Your Correspondents have furnished you with some interesting experiences in connection with Whist, to which, if you will permit me, I will add one of my own. Being invited the other evening to join a party at a well-known West-End Card Club, I found myself, after passing in through a back entrance, soon seated playing in turn Nap, Unlimited Loo, and Poker, and drinking Champagne in tumblers in a room secured against the sudden irruption of the Police by locked double doors. After three hours at this I fancy I must have settled down to Whist at ten guinea points, and only rose from the table on finding I held apparently a double set of everything in my hand. Protesting against this extraordinary phenomenon and knocking over a lamp, my partner, and several chairs and tables to emphasise my objection, a *mêlée* ensued, the details of which I cannot distinctly call to mind, but at the end of which I found myself in a back street near the Haymarket, with my pockets turned inside out, my watch gone, my dress coat slit up my back to the collar, and a portion of an umbrella-stand in my right hand. I managed to reach my home in Bayswater owing to the timely assistance of a friendly policeman, but I have not yet solved the mystery of the "double hand." It was certainly remarkably curious. Yours enigmatically, DOUBLE DUMBY.

SIR,—That thirteen-trump deal can be managed, and I've had recourse to it myself—on occasions, very successfully; but it's too flashy for good steady advantage play. For this I have always found marked backs with, of course, a little attention to the turn-up, the safest and most useful method of procedure in thoroughly respectable and unsuspecting circles. Of course, there's Hanky-Panky suitable for all games; but, speaking for myself, I never feel quite so at home as I do at *écarté*. Give me my New York coat with manipulating sleeves, and a couple of kings up each cuff, and there's no one—not even Major SMOOTH himself—who'll prove a match for Yours, very truly, VON TRUMP.

TWO STRIKING TESTIMONIALS.

UPWARDS of three hundred persons presented Mr. POLLITZER, the eminent violinist with a testimonial in the shape of a gold repeater. Was the gift a delicate reminder to him to be as correct in his time as in his tune? If so, it was scarcely complimentary. Or was it to intimate that Mr. POLLITZER should follow the example set by his new repeater, and always take an encore when pressed? "Brother" PARKINSON, Grand All-sorts-of-dignities of the North, South, East and West, also received a splendid repeater in recognition of his valuable services rendered to the Drury Lane Masonic Lodge. Every act the Band of Brothers perform is, or ought to be, symbolical, and so the presentation of a valuable gold repeater, should mean that a Brother in distress must never forget that he has an Uncle ever ready to assist him: that, in trade, one Mason should be always willing to "tick" another Mason: that "good works" are absolutely necessary; that "Hands" must never strike,—that not being their department; and finally that by constantly wearing the repeater, the richest, the strongest, of us will be perpetually reminded that he ought always to keep a good watch on himself. Such are the words of wisdom from the mouth of The Universal G. M. Punch. So mote it be! Now from Labour to Refreshment!



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
 "THE CARE OF HARMONY"
 EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 20.—CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM back to-night. Gallery crowded, in expectation of spectacle. GRAHAM had half promised *tableau vivant* representing the Prisoner of Pentonville. Was to have entered in gaol clothes, clanking chain at heel, with bowl of skilly under left arm, and munching chunk of bread. Nothing of the kind. Put on his best clothes, and looked very fit. Much disappointment in Strangers' Gallery. Wanted to have their money returned. GORST called up to explain that, in present state of finances of India, demand could not be entertained.

FIRTH and CAUSTON, some of the earliest "fruit" of the famous Mitchelstown telegram that GOSCHEN was asking about on Friday night, garnered amid loud cheers. CHAPLIN resumed Debate on Address, calling attention to Agricultural Depression in England, a welcome change from the twanging of Erin's everlasting harp.

HOWARD VINCENT took opportunity of recommending Protection. But these he explained only preliminary remarks. Will at later stage submit the question in formal manner. Agitation on Treasury

Bench; observing which, HOWARD VINCENT good enough to say that he "did not intend to imperil existence of the present patriotic Government." Old Morality reassured. GOSCHEN gratified.

After this, debate naturally lapsed into discussion on Indian financial affairs. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, meaning to make speech on this subject, strategically occupied earlier hours of sitting in gymnastic exercise on Bench behind Ministers. Proceedings peculiar. Closes his eyes and opens his mouth; drops his massive head backward till it seems as if it must break off; then pulls it up, stares wildly around, closes his eyes, opens his mouth, and so on *da capo*. Colonel PAGET, who sits just behind, tells me he has practised a little manoeuvre with his compressed opera-hat.

"Can at a moment's notice," he says, "use it as a charger on which to receive TEMPLE's head, should it break off, as it is sure to do some night."

TIM HEALY, who is with us for a few days, and has his legal mind filled with points bearing on the question of arrest within the precincts of the House, misunderstood the demonstration. Thought

the Knight of the Star of India was trying to go to sleep. TIM had placed on paper notice to ask Mr. SPEAKER whether he regarded this as a case of "a rest within the precincts of the House." Saw his error in time.

TEMPLE tells me that this phenomenon, which sometimes paralyses crowded House, is an exercise something of the *massage* kind, only much more efficacious. Wonderfully refreshing, he says, and wants R. N. FOWLER to try it. But, as FOWLER says, it's a matter of neck or nothing, and Nature has given the Alderman more nothing than neck. *Business done.*—More debate on Address.

Tuesday.—ARTHUR BALFOUR really in low spirits to-night. Keeps up appearances before the House. But in private intercourse with a congenial soul discloses despair. Tells me he never quite got over the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate's announcement of himself as a disciple, a convert to that great work entitled *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt*. Always thought pretty well of the book till then. Now views it with secret horror. Furtively buys up stray copies, and burns them at midnight. Heavier still the blow fallen upon



The Cameron Pibroch.

him to-night. The Sage having hailed him as a Master, the Sage's colleague at Northampton now claims him as a disciple. By some fatality, as if he had not enough to contend with in Ireland, ARTHUR got himself entangled to-night in debate on condition of the Crofters. Delivered luminous speech, tracing the cause finally to over-population; whereupon BRADLAUGH gets up, recalls his own life-long crusade against over-population, rapturously welcomes his new and unexpected colleague, and holds out across floor of House a more or less "orny 'and."

"It's too much, TOBY," said BALFOUR, in a weary voice, and placing his feet among the other ornaments on the chimney-piece in the Chief Secretary's private room. "LABBY gave me a sore stab with his approval of my pamphlet. But BRADLAUGH has given me a death-blow. I shall give up politics, retire from Parliament, and take to writing articles in *The Nineteenth Century*." Said what I could to cheer him, and hope he'll reconsider his determination. But is evidently hard hit.

House busy to-night discussing sad condition of Crofters. CAMERON moved an Amendment in a carefully-prepared speech, which told a melancholy story of hopeless destitution. It was this that led ARTHUR BALFOUR into the pitfall. It was all, he said, due to overpopulation, and the only remedy is emigration. "Same policy in destitute Scotland as in distressed Ireland," says TIM HEALY, who hasn't left us yet. "Register! Register! Register!" used to be a political shibboleth. Now it's "Emigrate! Emigrate! Emigrate!"

Business done.—Crofters' Amendment to Address rejected by 194 votes to 133.

Thursday.—In the Lords, STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL turns up quite fresh after long silence of Recess. It is, as usual, Europe that concerns him. Can't sleep o' nights thinking of Bulgaria. Suggests a Conference. Hints that now the Markiss is too much engaged in home affairs to undertake the duty, perhaps he (S.-AND-C.) might find time to attend Conference as British Commissioner. Usual thing, when STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL succeeds in rising, for Markiss to have special engagement elsewhere. To-night stayed on. Appeared to be listening. Thus encouraged S.-AND-C. enlarged upon subject. Brought in loose passages of speeches prepared any time since Berlin Conference. Tacked them together anyhow. Shevelled them out, and really enjoyed himself.

HERSCHELL standing at doorway watched Markiss with amazement.

"What is he up to?"
Up to the mark, that was quite certain when he rose, and to amazement of few Members present, and supreme satisfaction of S.-AND-C., gravely discussed the matter. Talked epigrammatically about Conferences and their probable results; flouted "what is called the Concert of Europe;" jibed at the Institutions of Bulgaria "working



"What is he up to?"

in a sort of way," and airily disposed of apprehensions of war about so small a matter.

"What is he at?" HERSCHELL, having left his post of observation and dropped in on Front Bench, asked GRANVILLE.

"Don't you see the substantial CZAR standing behind the shadow of STRATHEDEN? CZAR promulgated this morning his views about Bulgaria, and the Markiss finds S.-AND-C. useful for once in his life. Talks to him and at the CZAR. Really very pretty."

"All very well, my Lord," said ROSEBURY to Markiss, when they met in the cloak-room. "But you'll have to suffer hereafter.



"Just arrived!"

You've wound up STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL, and you'll have him going every night for months to come."

"That's true," said the Markiss, gloomily. "I wish we could get STRATHEDEN to pair with CAMPBELL for the rest of the Session."

In Commons that arch agitator, SHAW-LEFEVRE, tells of his hair-breadth 'escapes in Ireland; how he defied the Government; and how an Executive, backed by an innumerable force of mailed men, quailed before his calm but searching glance, and furtively put some one else in prison. "Autobiographical," was ARTHUR BALFOUR's sneering criticism on this latest contribution to debate on Irish affairs. Thereafter took his own turn for something over an hour in reply.

To speak for less than an hour on Irish affairs has come to be a mark of mean-spiritedness. The other night GLADSTONE so angry with ARTHUR BALFOUR for speaking an hour and forty minutes that he took two hours and five minutes to rebuke him.

Business done.—Report of Address agreed to.

Friday, Midnight.—DONALD CURRIE just arrived from Cape, where, WILFRID LAWSON tells me, he has been engaged in missionary enterprise. "Glad I caught the boat," he said, in his breathless manner. "Wouldn't have missed this for anything."

Something, indeed, to see. Since House met at half-past four, it has achieved complete somersault, turned itself inside out, or done anything else that looks or sounds earthquaking. Under Conservative Government bloodless revolution brought about. Everything changed. Going to begin sittings where sometimes in old days left them off. SPEAKER to be put to bed at midnight, or one o'clock, at very latest.

"Nunc dimittis!" says JOSEPH GILLIS, dropping into French, as is his wont when deeply affected. "No more larks. No more All-night Sittings. No more nothing. House was getting so

respectable, think you had it in you."

Young Mr. G. (playing under the name of Herbert). "Glad you were pleased with it; everybody seemed to like it. You see I can get a chance now and then, when I shall now ask for the Government's not on in the same scene." The Chiltern Thousands." *Business done.*—House determined to meet at Three in the Afternoon, and shut up at Midnight.



THE JEUNE PREMIER.

Mr. Punch (Critic). "Bravo, Herbert! You gave your speech uncommonly well the other night. Didn't think you had it in you."

Young Mr. G. (playing under the name of Herbert). "Glad you were pleased with it; everybody seemed to like it. You see I can get a chance now and then, when I shall now ask for the Government's not on in the same scene." The Chiltern Thousands." *Business done.*—House determined to meet at Three in the Afternoon, and shut up at Midnight.

"MR. LABOUCHERE'S AMENDMENT."—We are glad of his amendment, and hope he will go on amending until he is perfectly well.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A DINNER-PARTY.

IN THE HALL.

Guest discovered removing coat and hat, which are taken by a Man with a Reproving Eye, amidst a grieved silence.

Butler (to Subordinates, in ghostly whisper). Tell 'em they can send up as soon as they please—now.

The Guest (to himself, on the stairs). I am the last man then? Kept them all waiting, too, I shouldn't wonder . . . I don't care—they shouldn't ask a man to dine out the very evening he's been—(catching sight of himself in the mirror). Jove! I mustn't go in looking like that, though—or they'll see what's the matter!

[Assumes a jaunty smile.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Chorus of Starving Guests (in undertone). Too bad, you know—can't understand it! . . . No one has any right to do this sort of thing—don't care who he is! . . . Generally so punctual here . . . I make it a rule—never wait over five minutes past the hour for anyone . . . Quite right too, &c., &c.

Butler. Mr. ST. JOHN BRENTWING.

[Enter last Guest under concentrated glare from surrounding eyes, which he seems rather to enjoy than otherwise.

Hostess (with implied reproach). I began to be quite afraid something had happened to you.

[Mr. B. thinks that she is not far wrong, and mumbles apologies.

Butler (re-appearing after a moment's pause outside the door). Dinner is served.

Hostess (to Mr. B.). Let me see—do you know Miss FLAMBOWE?

Mr. B. (who has been rejected by the young lady in question that very afternoon). I—ah—do know Miss FLAMBOWE.

[Adds—"at last!" to himself bitterly and feels better.

Hostess. Then I want you to take her in, please. You won't mind being close to the fire?

[Mr. B. thinks he has been very close to the fire already.

A Paternal Old Gentleman. A most charming young lady—I congratulate you, Sir,—ohar-ming!

Mr. B. (advancing to Miss FLAMBOWE with elaborate indifference). I believe I'm to take you in.

Miss F. (looking down, and hoping he doesn't mean to be "silly.") I believe you are.

ON THE STAIRS.

Mr. B. (thinking he'd better say something). Have you been out at all to-day?

Miss F. Only in the morning—such a wretched day, hasn't it been?

[Wishes she'd said something else.

Mr. B. Has it? Well, it was rather a dismal afternoon, now I come to think of it.

Miss F. (deciding to take this literally). Oh, very—but, after all, one must expect a little unpleasantness just at this time of the year, mustn't one?

Mr. B. Oh, yes—you can get used to anything if you only make up your mind to it?

[Thinks he is carrying it off rather well.

AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

Miss F. How prettily the table's arranged, isn't it?—though I never quite like to see flowers strewn carelessly about, do you? I mean, it seems such a pity, you know.

Mr. B. (with a feeble attempt to be cynical). Oh, I don't suppose they mind much, after they're once plucked—sooner get the end over, the better for them, I should think. (Is afraid he has gone too far.) Aren't you taking turbot? you should—it's capital!

[Swallows some mouthfuls with an effort.

[She crumbles her bread.

Mr. B. I had no luncheon this morning, you see—and so—(lays down his knife and fork) that gives a fellow an appetite, you know. (To Footman, who says, "Sherry or 'Ock, Sir?") Rock.

Miss F. (to herself). I don't believe he minds a bit—and yet, he hasn't finished his fish, after all!

Mr. B. (in answer to his other neighbour). Well, no, there isn't much doing just now. I've been meaning to get away for a long time—go abroad and rough it a bit, don't you know. (He has raised his voice unconsciously for benefit of Miss F.) Start next week at the latest, I hope.

Miss F. (absently, to her other neighbour, who is telling her a funny story about Sydney Smith.) How very interesting—and you saw that yourself!

[The neighbour puts her down mentally as a pretty idiot.

Miss F. (to Mr. B.). Did I hear you say you were going abroad just now—where did you think of going?

Mr. B. (who has only just thought of it). Well, I shall run over to the Rookies and shoot grizzlies.

Miss F. Do you think you could lower that candle-shade a little? Thanks. Shoot grizzlies? You will like that, won't you?

Mr. B. Immensely. (To Footman.) Champagne, please.

Miss F. I suppose you have friends out there?

Mr. B. I had a friend who went out some time ago.

Miss F. And you are going to join him?

Mr. B. (carelessly). Shouldn't be surprised if I did—sooner or later.

Miss F. Is he settled out there, then?

Mr. B. Settled? oh, yes—he's settled.

Miss F. And he likes the country?

Mr. B. He wasn't there long enough to tell—fell down a cliff, or something, and was killed, out shooting, poor chap!

Miss F. (after playing with an entrée). I hope you'll be careful.

Mr. B. I? oh, I shall be careful enough—one takes one's chance, you know. By the way, will you let me send you home a skin, if I have any luck with the grizzlies? . . . you'd rather I didn't? I suppose I oughtn't to have offered—I never know about these things—I must wait, then—till I hear news of you . . . were you looking for something?

Miss F. Only a little water, please.

OVER THE CIGARETTES.

Host (to Mr. B.) And how did you get on with that Miss FLAMBOWE, eh, BRENTWING? Nice girl, isn't she?

Mr. B. Very.

[Helps himself to salted almonds—which he doesn't like.

Host (confidentially). Now that's a girl now—a young fellow like you . . . chance for you . . . might do worse, eh?

Mr. B. (taking a cigarette and wishing his hand wouldn't shake so confoundedly). Well, you see, Sir—as to that—(laughs awkwardly) well, there are two sides to every question, aren't there?

Host. I tell you what, BRENTWING, you young men are too selfish nowadays—you don't like to give up your clubs, and your chambers, and all your bachelor enjoyments,—not if it's to marry the nicest girl in the world—that's what it is!

Mr. B. (laughing again unsteadily). That's about the truth of it, Sir,—we're a poor lot!

UPSTAIRS.

The Hostess (to Miss F.) And so you have met your neighbour before? He's quite a favourite of mine—only he shouldn't come so late to dinner. I hope you found him amusing?

Miss F. Oh, extremely—he's going out to America, he says, to—shoot bears, or something.

Hostess. He never said a word about it to me. What can he want to rush off like that for?

Miss F. He didn't tell me that.

[She watches the door under her eyelashes, as the men enter; Mr. BRENTWING engages in an animated conversation with a lively young lady at the other end of the room. The Paternal Old Gentleman comes up and entertains Miss FLAMBOWE with elderly attentions for the rest of the evening, which she appears to appreciate highly.

IN THE HALL.

Mr. B. (who by the merest accident has taken his leave the moment after Miss F.) Are they getting you a cab?

[Coldly, to Miss F. whom he finds below.

Miss F. It's outside—I'm only waiting for my maid. Good-night—or I suppose I ought to say—Good-bye?

Mr. B. (stiffly). After this afternoon, I should imagine good-bye was the only thing to say.

Miss F. And you couldn't manage to come and see me just once—before you go away to your bears?

[Turns aside to arrange her hood.

Mr. B. I could, of course,—only I don't exactly see what the good of it would be!

Miss F. Of course you are the best judge of that—I only thought you might find it worth while perhaps.

Mr. B. LUCELLA! Do you mean . . .?

Miss F. (as she gets into cab). I mean that I don't always quite know what I do mean. Good-night.

Mr. B. (soliloquising on pavement). If I do go, she'll only make a fool of me again. . . . I won't give her the chance. . . . At least, I'll think over it. [Walks home, and thinks over it.

PLAYING WITH MONEY.—Not gambling, but acting. The A. D. C. of Cambridge must be in flourishing circumstances. They gave Money last week. The costumier let the Club have his best dresses for Money. Everything was done for Money that money could do, and so money came in, and Money "went" uncommonly well. After Saturday afternoon there was no more Money, but it may be hoped by an Old Stager that the Club re-couped itself.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING IN THE CITY.—Will the City Fathers give "the Brush system" a fair chance? The name is too suggestive of a sweeping measure to find favour with the doughty champions of fine old vested interests.

A SILVER WREATH FOR A SILVER WEDDING.

MARCH 10, 1888.



"WELCOME, fair Bride! may thy life be as sweet

As the spring-flowers o'er thee flung! *
So sounded forth in the Street of Fleet,
From *Punch's* loyal tongue,

* See "*Punch at the Procession*," p. 116, vol. xliv., 1863.

His Bridal Ode, prepared to greet
The fair, the bright, the young.

Twenty-five years ago! And now
Perennial *Punch* steps forth,
With bent head, ever prompt to bow
To Beauty and to Worth,

Once more with flowers to wreath thy brow,
Dear Lady from the North!

"*Rose-en-Soleil*," * he called her then,
Our Maid of Denmark fair,
A silver Rose-in-Sun! Again
Loud shoutings rend the air
From ready lips of loyal men—
Again the trumpets blare!

* See "*The Rose in Sun*" (*EDWARD THE FOURTH's* favourite cognisance), p. 123, vol. xliv.

"SHIVER OUR TIMBERS!"

A QUIVERING, shivering aspen, and a weeping willow, are no marvels, but a Groaning Oak is something new. Strange, if true. According, however, to some correspondence in a Hampshire paper, there is, or lately was, a Groaning Tree at Lymington, which astonished the natives of the New Forest. A similar prodigy, within the memory of man, for eighteen or twenty months together, at the village of Baddesley, created amazement and consternation in the country round. This portent is recorded to have been a large elm, which grew in the garden of a poor cottager. Apparently it was young and vigorous, but at intervals emitted a strange noise, like that of a person in extreme agony. Its owner at length bored a hole in the trunk of it, and after that it never groaned again. He finally rooted it up, but found nothing more to account for its doleful utterances than the philosopher discovered when he cut his bellows open to see where the wind came from. We've all heard of the Mahogany groaning on the most festive occasions. Considering that the oaks of Dodona gave out oracles, and that trees of classical antiquity were tenanted by Hamadryads, the Psychical Research Society may perhaps consider it worth while to investigate the weird, eerie, and uncanny manifestations exhibited by these groaning trees, unless they class them with the Hoax of Dodona.

A PLUCKY PAIR AND A GOLDEN WEDDING.—A short time ago what was described as "A Romantic Marriage" took place. When the Dutch Emigrant Ship, *W. A. Scholten*, was lost, a Miss GOLD showed immense pluck, and begged all the English aboard to join hands and sink together. One T. MITCHELL of Van Buren, U.S., had advertised in England for a wife. Miss GOLD was among those who had replied. Real pluck again. As she couldn't go out to "join hands" with him, the advertiser travelled to England and "joined hands" here. Which was the pluckier of the two? Can any husband be wished better luck than that his bride may be as good as GOLD?

"FOR EVER AND FOR EVER," AT TOOLE'S THEATRE.—If names signify anything, there is a young Actress likely to remain on the stage for a very long time,—Miss EVA MOORE. "Quoth the Raven, EVA MOORE!"



OCCASIONAL.

Blue Ribbon Curate. "TUT-T-T, DEAR ME, JAMES, THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE SEEN YOU COMING OUT OF THAT PUBLIC-HOUSE!"

Thirsty Artisan. "THASH ALL, SIR. YOU DON'T THINK 'SHECT'BLE Bri'sh WORKMAN CAN SHPEN' ALL 'SH TIME IN 'GROG-SHOP!'"

BACILLUS OUR BANE.

O ROGUE-LIKE baleful Bacillus,
Untouched by our potions and pills,
You enter to conquer and kill us,
The taint that brings terrible ills.
You lurk in the air and the water,
The presage of peril and pain,
You stride on serene to our slaughter,
Bacillus our bane.

You must have existed for ages,
But ne'er in the past you appear
In mystical medical pages;
When suddenly, lo! you are here.
Though climates be Arctic or Tropic,
You come with disease in your train;
Seen surely on slide microscopic,
Bacillus our bane.

"De minimis non curat lex" is
A motto we've all heard before;
The tiny Bacillus that vexes,
No medical man can ignore.
The smallest of things in creation
An eminence high may attain;
You pull down the head of a nation,
Bacillus our bane.

Though some folks deny your existence,
Though fierce physiologists fight,
With painful unpleasing persistence,
Professors bring new ones to light.
Each boasts of the one he detected,
Its beauties will gladly explain;
Is our admiration expected?—
Bacillus our bane.

While knowledge is power, recognition
Of such horrid atoms as these,
Each like a malefic magician,
Can scarce be expected to please.
Although we've endeavoured to quizz it,
It smiles vibronic disdain;
But don't bother us with a visit,
Bacillus our bane.

OLD RHYME.
(Legally reset)

AX your pardon, GRANTHAM grace,
Put the Cat back in its place.*
* Where is "its place" when once let out of
the bag?—Ed.

A MEMENTO, MY MASTERS.—The Tercentenary of the Spanish Armada is to be commemorated by an elaborate sculpture erected on Plymouth Hoe, representing Britannia with banners and other accessories; medallions also of DRAKE, RALEIGH, FROBISHER, and HAWKINS, and a bronze tablet illustrating the destruction of the enemy's fleet, coupled with an inscription attributing its dispersion to the winds. Certainly, the winds did blow, and the invaders were scattered; but that was a contingency by no means likely in the time of need to occur again, and the only complete commemoration of the Spanish Armada remains to be effected by the formation of such a Navy, as, with adequate coast defence, will suffice to blow any future Fleets of combined foreigners out of the water.

A PICKWICKIAN DIALOGUE.

SCENE—Outside the Globe Theatre.

"THAT'S my card, Sir. BARRETT, you will perceive, Sir,—BARRETT is my name. It's rather a good name, I think, Sir?"

"A very good name indeed," said Mr. PUNCH, wholly unable to repress a smile.

"Yes, I think it is," resumed Mr. BARRETT. "There's a good name before it, too, you will observe... There—'WILSON BARRETT' sounds well, I think, Sir?"

"Very," said Mr. PUNCH. "Melnotte's a good name, too—Claude Melnotte—and 'WILSON BARRETT as Claude Melnotte' is an attractive advertisement, I think, Sir?"

"Certainly," said Mr. PUNCH. "I appear now and then as Claude Melnotte, and it pleases my friends very much."

"It is calculated to afford them the highest gratification, I should conceive," said Mr. PUNCH, rather envying the ease with which Mr. WILSON BARRETT's friends were entertained.

"Now, Gentlemen," said the Acting-Manager, approaching them. "All in to begin!"

Gracefully Mr. WILSON BARRETT bowed to Mr. PUNCH, as the latter stepped into his hansom and was driven off in the direction of Fleet Street.

APPROPRIATE.—In any re-adjustment of Parliamentary seats, Mr. SEXTON ought to be the Member for Bury.

REAL FREE TRADE;

Or, the "Service of Men."

[The "Halfpenny Letter Post Company" is promising to give the public, by means of "a novel system of advertising," an envelope, a sheet of note-paper, and a penny stamp, for one halfpenny, "without any loss to the revenue."]

Mr. R. V. WINKLE, Esq., a member of that eminent City Firm known as Messrs. SCHNEIDER, SCHNAPPS, & Co., rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and said, in a curiously husky voice, which he hardly recognised as his own:—"How long have I been asleep? It must be time to go to the Office."

He put on his coat and set off for the Railway Station. He was startled when he arrived there to find everything seemed to be changed. Instead of a grimy, draughty, little room, with a floor of wet planks, where he had always been accustomed to take his ticket for Town, he beheld a Gothic building, with marble pillars, and a portico ornamented with priceless statues of all the Directors of the Company. Stepping inside, he could hardly believe that that Hall of Dazzling Light was in very truth the Booking-office. From the hand of a bronze Naiad in the centre of the building, a flashing stream poured into a porcelain fountain, illuminated by hundreds of electric lights.

He looked for the pigeon-hole where an over-worked clerk had been in the habit of angrily dispensing tickets to travellers.

The pigeon-hole had disappeared! There was a handsomely dressed man walking about the hall, and R. V. WINKLE, utterly dazed at the changes which had taken place, thought he would inquire where the ticket-offices might be. The handsomely dressed man was, as he discovered to his intense astonishment, a porter! R. V. WINKLE could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the well-known buttons on his best Melton coat, and the embroidered gold-band round his plush cap, denoting his status.

"There is no ticket-office, Sir," he replied, in apparent surprise; "there was one here, I believe, twenty years ago. But that was before my time."

"Then how am I to get my ticket for London?" exclaimed Mr. R. V. WINKLE, hopelessly bewildered.

The Porter pointed politely to one out of a number of curiously shaped machines standing in a row along one wall.

"Put the amount of your fare in the slit," he continued, "and pull out the drawer."

In increasing astonishment, the Merchant did as he was told. The old fare used to be half-a-crown, "return, second-class." He was just about to hunt for that coin in his purse, when he saw the words "One half-penny," inscribed on the apparatus.

"It must be a mistake," he murmured to himself. "Still—this is a morning of wonders—I will try a halfpenny." So saying he dropped that modest coin into the slit. Pulling out the drawer, he was surprised to find a packet of railway-tickets presented to him, elegantly tied round with red silk; they were first-class return tickets to London, enough to last for a fortnight; but they were much larger than he had known before—and on every side they were covered with advertisements of cheap soaps, patent braces, furniture, sewing-machines, feeding-bottles, sensation novels, and a host of other articles.

Mr. R. V. WINKLE turned to the Porter for an explanation.

"I see, Sir," remarked that official, "that you are not acquainted with the system which is now in vogue in all departments of social and domestic life. Everything is provided gratis, or almost gratis; trade is revolutionised; advertisements pay for everything—they have paid for this Station, which although decent in point of architecture, is nothing to the Cannon Street Terminus, the *façade* of which is said utterly to eclipse that of the Cathedral at Milan, and which is solely composed of alabaster inlaid with precious stones."

"You surprise me," said R. V. WINKLE. "I must really go to the Post Office to get a stamp in order to write an account of these marvels to my friends elsewhere."

"You need hardly take the trouble to do that, Sir," replied the Porter. "Touch that button—no, you need not put in any coin—and you will have enough letter-paper and stamps to last you for the rest of your life-time."

It was quite true. Staggering under the weight of the stationery which had been jerked out at him from the mouth of the machine, Mr. R. V. WINKLE exclaimed:—"Why, then, the cost of living must be materially reduced by these arrangements."

"Cost of living!" the Porter responded. "Then you are not aware that the butcher now presents us with prime joints without asking for any payment, because the paper in which he wraps his meat is covered with tasteful advertisements, which return him an ample profit without the necessity of charging his customers anything. The baker and greengrocer proceed on the same principle, happy if they are merely enabled to introduce into a sufficient number of private houses the advertising paper-bags in which their goods are enveloped."

"Dear me!" said the staggered Londoner; "this must be very gratifying to the poor!"

"The Poor! We have none, Sir. I believe there were some poor in London when I was a lad—but, bless me, poverty and discontent are unknown. Automatic delivery and an extension of the advertising system have converted England into a terrestrial Paradise."

"Dear me!" said R. V. WINKLE, again. "This really surprises me. My sleep must have been much longer than I thought."

SETTLING THEIR SUNDAY.

At a recent sitting of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, according to a contemporary it appears that—



"Sunday Out."

"The Bishop of Exeter laid on the table a petition, said to be signed by one hundred and four persons, including Members of both Houses of Parliament, clergymen, and others, setting forth that there had been of late a marked increase in the employment of the afternoon and evening of Sunday in amusements of various kinds by the upper and fashionable classes of Society."

It adds, moreover, that the "pastimes of recent date" are said "to comprise formal dinner-parties, smoking concerts, theatrical and semi-theatrical performances, comic recitations and amusing programmes of fun and frolic, exhibitions of jugglery," and other highly reprehensible and wicked forms of dissipation, including "boxing at the Pelican Club," lawn tennis, and even the enormities of visiting the studios of artists perpetrated annually under the appalling title of "Show Sunday." Why these hundred and four persons should take upon themselves to meddle with the nature of the "amusements of various kinds" to which the fashionable classes of Society choose to devote their Sunday afternoons, or what good on earth they hope to get by handing in a petition to the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury on the subject, is not very clear. They might, however, throw some light on the matter by a little further and fuller definition of some of the "pastimes of recent date" to which they more particularly object. It would be interesting no less to know precisely what sort of an entertainment would fall under the category of a "semi-theatrical performance," as to be informed at what particular point of humour a recitation might become too "comic" for a Sunday rendering. Much mystery is again suggested in the prohibition put on an "amusing programme of fun and frolic."

What, too, is meant by the dead set made at exhibitions of jugglery? Is this aimed at a little innocent *leger-de-main*, or is it destined only to crush the professional wizard and his stock apparatus? Of the "boxing at the Pelican Club" with which the hundred and four petitioners appear to be familiar, it is more difficult to speak; but the attempt to abolish "Show Sunday" may fairly be characterised as rather impertinent. Our English Sunday is none too lovely or lively an institution, but as yet neither the upper nor the lower classes of English Society have shown any tendency, publicly, to desecrate it. When they do, it will be time enough, if not for the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, at least for the Public Opinion of the country to express itself upon the matter. Meantime, grandmotherly interference had better let it alone.

EXTRACT FROM "EVELYN'S DIARY."

Feb. 12.—This day paid off all my Deptford. Made up my mind. Bade farewell to Coercion. O blessed day!

Feb. 13.—Heard it whispered that a little DARLING and a WILFUL BLUNT are to fight for my place. May the better man win. Will this be the Wilful one? It ought not to be the other, as he is not the Grand "Old Man's Darling."

Feb. 17.—Came the glad and unexpected news of a great victory over the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists at Southwark.

Feb. 18.—Came the news from Hampstead, not unexpected, that this seat had been won without opposition. Ought we not to be thankful for even the smallest mercies?

Feb. 18.—Came grievous news of a great victory at Doncaster.

Feb. 25.—Wrote to my agent to inquire into matters concerning contumacious tenants.

Feb. 29.—Came the news of "the confus'd, debauch'd, riotous manner of anti-Darlingites at Deptford. Some short while ago I too might have been a Darling! Late at night came tidings by private wire of the victory of the Darlingers, and the defeat of the supporters of The Wilful One. These are sad and troublous times! I know not how it will all end.

ROBERT ON SPELLING.

WELL I must say as the respect as I receives from my Cozens in Amerrykey is sumthink as is most agreeable to my feelinx, more partikler as I haven't the pleasure of knowing not none of 'em. Fust they sends over reel gennelmen of the Press to interview me, as they calls it, and then to tell all the natrally inquisitive Amerrycon peepo all about the silly-brated City Waiter as he called me.



Then I has a invitation from all the ten thousand Waiters in New York to go over there and read my interesting and emusin letters, as they called 'em, which I shood most suttenly have accepted if they wood have garranteed me a nice smooth passage all the way there and back, but that they wouldn't do, and as my one trial, when I went to the Ague, proved the fact, that a rolling, and a gambolling, and a pitchin, and a tossin Sea don't agree with the stumack of an Hed Waiter, I felt compeled to decline the invitation tho' it might have gained me lots of money.

Hed Waiter, I felt compeled to decline the invitation tho' it might have gained me lots of money.

But both of these honorable distinktions was as nothink when compared to the great honor as has jist bin conferd on me by the Spelling Reform Assosiation of Amerrykey. I have just received from Boston, free gratis for nothink, post paid, a nice little gray book, which I am told is their ofishal horgan tho' it don't look like one, and the recetet of which intemates to me that in consequence of my long long efforts in the grand cause of reely good Spelling I am unannymously elected one of their Counsell! When I menshuns as the rest of us includes 8 professors of Hinglish, and Frensh and Germen, and four Edditers of warions Nooso Papers, and a late Chanceseller of New York—who I shoud think must have done a good stroke of bissness there in that partikler line—peepo of powerful emadignation may try in wane to guess what my feelinx of pride and gratificashun must be. As I has before observed, everything cums to the man who can Wait, but I suttenly did not include such a staggerer as this here. I have dewoted a good many spare hours, in this rayther slack season, a trying to understand my free gratis trezure, but I am bound in honor to confess that my honorable colleags has gone such a jolly long ways ahead of me in their eger attempts to himitate me, that I finds it considerable difficult to read their book, much less to hunderstand it.

For instance, when I finds an House spelt Houz, and "to snatch a glimpse above at my Beloved," as the poet sings, spelt "to snach a glimps abuv at my Beluvd," and such orful looking words as these here, "I skecht two men on the river one sculd and one rowd," I feels jist a leetle bit ashamed of my brother Professers and Edditers for their werry hugly spelling.

However, I'm quite reddy to make all nessessary allowances for yung beginners, and daresay they 'll do better when they've had as much experience as I have, but I must protest with all my art and with all my strengh against hinsulting a butifol Rose by spelling it with a z, Roze! (which I heer as they've just givvun the fair Songkstres a tetermonel before her dipartcher, which I dipploar); praps one of the Counsel scrotch his fingers with a rose (nun without thorns noweres) and this was the rewenge as he took, and Apl for a poor happle ain't much better. I can't too quite agree with Perfessor WALTER SKEAT when he spells wittels, vittels, I declines to give up my dubbleyon tho he is a Perfesser. And sum on them does cum it rayther strong. Perfesser OWEN, for instance, says, without a blush, that he can spell "Face" in 952 different ways! one of 'em being "Gheighsch"! I don't feel at all sure that its quite right for my "Spelling Reform Association," as we calls ourselves, to try to make eweryboddy spell exactly alike. As a trueborn Englishman I claims my right to spell my own native Langwidge exactly as I likes. And that same freedom as I clames for myself I am gineros enuff to grant to hothers. There's a noble sense of true British freedom when we orthers sets down to write with the fine free feeling that we ain't never obleeged to stop in the middel of a fine flow of langwidge jist to wunder how sum long wurd is spelt. Why I werrily bleeves as sum of my werry grandest thorts, such as my discription of the nature of Winks, for instance, beginning, "Winks is rum things, Winks is," and my grand deffinition of Eddicashun, ending thus: "Propper Eddicashun don't mean Schoolin, but shoud teach us all, Waiters and all, to learn and labour trewly to get a good Living, as the poor Curit said to his Bishop," wood ha been hutterly lost to the world for ewer and ewer if I had stopt in the middle on 'em to wunder how smthink was spelt, and then where shood we all ha bin?

No, as at present adwized, I gos in for freedom in ewerythink, Spelling and all, and tho I'm werry proud and werry much flattered at being helected a Counsellor of that "Spelling Reform Leag,"

in Culumbia Collige, New York, Amerrykey, yet I must at present declayne to take the pledge that I will well and trewly try to spell as they spells, accordin to their ewidence, and as I have bin so good a frend to their great caws, praps they may be injuiced to make a xample of me, and let me go on as usnel, free as the hair and without no tyces.

ROBERT.

Po Scrip.—I inoloses a copy of worses as I sent to my fare Neece, all ritten as the Spelling Leag demands of them as eines their rules, and a preshus long time it has took me to find 'em all out in their little Dickshnnary.

I past by the houz of her I luv,	I cut a noch upon a apl tree,
To snach a glimps of her who sat abuv;	I spurd my horse to let my luvd one see,
Ev'ry lim was asking so	That, despite the vulger tail,
That I hugd the sadl bow,	I was reddy to do batl
Yet I pluckt a roze and throwd it to my	To prove my turtl-duv was pure as

ST.-JUSTIFICATION.

MASTER JOHNNY MORLEY says he doesn't like being called "the St.-Just of our Revolution." He complains of Master GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN's having so nicknamed him, and he won't stand it. At least, so he protests, lucidly and logically enough, through the medium of this month's *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Punch thinks Master GEORGE's phrase ought to have been "the St.-Just of the Gladston Party," because, thus expressed, "St.-Just" is so craftily qualified as to suggest a certain resemblance without any attempt to establish a complete parallel. Master JOHNNY calls attention to M. TAINÉ's highly charged and laboriously finished portrait of St.-Just, and says, "Look here! am I like this?" No, replies Mr. P., certainly not; but having looked on that picture, look at this sketch by CARLYLE—"More like a Student than a Senator." So, JOHNNY, there you are! You who "have written books," as CARLYLE says of St.-Just, cannot complain of the comparison, so far. CARLYLE indeed calls him "Young St.-Just," "A youth of slight stature, with mild mellow voice, enthusiastic olive complexion, and long black hair." If this portrait, with the heading of a "Hundred Pounds Reward," were posted by the Police all over the country, we readily admit that Master JOHNNY MORLEY would never be arrested as the missing lad answering in every respect to this description. No one appreciates Master JOHNNY at his St.-Just value more than does Mr. Punch, who perceives, and he has already put on record pictorially, this striking resemblance at the present time.

LATEST TELEPHONIC INTELLIGENCE.

Voice. Mr. Punch, are you there?
 Mr. Punch. Yes. Who is it?
 V. Mr. GOSCHEN.
 Mr. P. Oh, to be sure—the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.
 V. Yes, I am that, but something far better. I am a joke-maker.
 Mr. P. Don't believe it.
 V. But I am! I was so funny the other evening, when Mr. WYNDHAM returned to the Criterion from the Continent. Didn't you see my jokes?
 Mr. P. No—and don't want to.
 V. Then you must listen. I said that Mr. WYNDHAM—ha! ha!—when he was at Berlin, had been on the Spree! Ha! ha! I had never heard that anecdote of DAVID GARRICK before. Ha! ha! ha!
 Mr. P. Did any one laugh?
 V. Yes—I did.
 Mr. P. But what was the joke?
 V. Don't you see, Berlin is on the Spree—the name of a river; so when Mr. WYNDHAM was at Berlin, he was on the Spree too. Ha! ha! ha! Wasn't it good?
 Mr. P. Good was not the word!
 V. I am so glad you are pleased. I will tell you another of my jokes.
 Mr. P. No, thank you! [Electric current broken.]

AN EARLY BIRD.—That *rara avis*, a Goldfinch, was hopping about on the shore near Herne Bay—(why didn't the Goldfinch take a fly?)—and suddenly found an elephant, or rather all that remained of one, which was only a tusk. The Goldfinch, a very learned bird, was sure that the tusk was that of a hairy elephant on a visit to this part of Kent a few thousand years ago, more or less. We have not yet heard the opinion of those experts Messrs. SANGER, who can give some particulars as to elephants having been seen at Margate within the last few years.

The Story of Creation has been recently advertised. Of course it states the merely carthy side of the story, as its author is "only a CLONN."



NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

The Duchess of Beljambe. "THAT'S MY COSTUME FOR THE DANCE IN THE THIRD ACT—RATHER COLD IN THIS WEATHER—BUT IT'S FOR THE POOR CROSSING-SWEEPERS' WIDOWS' HOME, YOU KNOW! ARE YOU COMING TO SEE US, CAPTAIN DE BOOTS?"

Gallant Hussar. "HAW! HAW! I SHOULD THINK SO, DUCHESS—RATHER! WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD! BRING THE WHOLE REGIMENT! FETCH 'EM AWFULLY, THAT THIRD ACT WILL! HAW! HAW! HAW!"

OUR REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

Before MR. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.

A Child Performer introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, my little man, and what can I do for you?

Complainant. Nothing. I was sent in here by some people who said they wanted to be kind to me. I am very tired.

Com. You look it. Take a seat. Now, what is your employment?

Compl. Oh, I am taken about from place to place to perform, you know. It is very tiring.

Com. How many times a week?

Compl. Oh, generally twice a day—morning and night. And then there is the practising, and the travelling—and I am very tired!

Com. We will see if we can help you. You seem well fed and clothed, and fairly educated?

Compl. Oh, yes; but I'm so tired.

Com. What do the doctors say?

Compl. Oh, that I am well enough at present, but I shall break down sooner or later. I rather hope sooner.

Com. It pays, I suppose?

Compl. Oh, yes, it pays somebody.

Com. Who is somebody?

Compl. I don't quite know.

Com. And how about your parents?

Compl. Oh, they don't mind. They say it's all for my good in the future.

Com. I see, my good little fellow, how it is. Well, tell the kind people who sent you before me, that I will look carefully into the matter, and consider whether anything can be done on your behalf. My first impression is, that there should be some power given to some official—say the Official Solicitor—to make children such as you Wards of Court. Were you a Ward of Court, Chancery would protect you, and see that any money paid on your behalf was properly applied, and would generally look after you. But Chancery is

an expensive matter, and until you were realising a considerable income, it would be difficult to put the machinery of the law in motion. However, I will give the matter my best consideration, and—

Compl. Please, Sir, I can't stop to hear any more, I've got to go and play.

Com. Ah! that'll do you good.

Compl. It will do somebody good.

Com. But playing a good game—

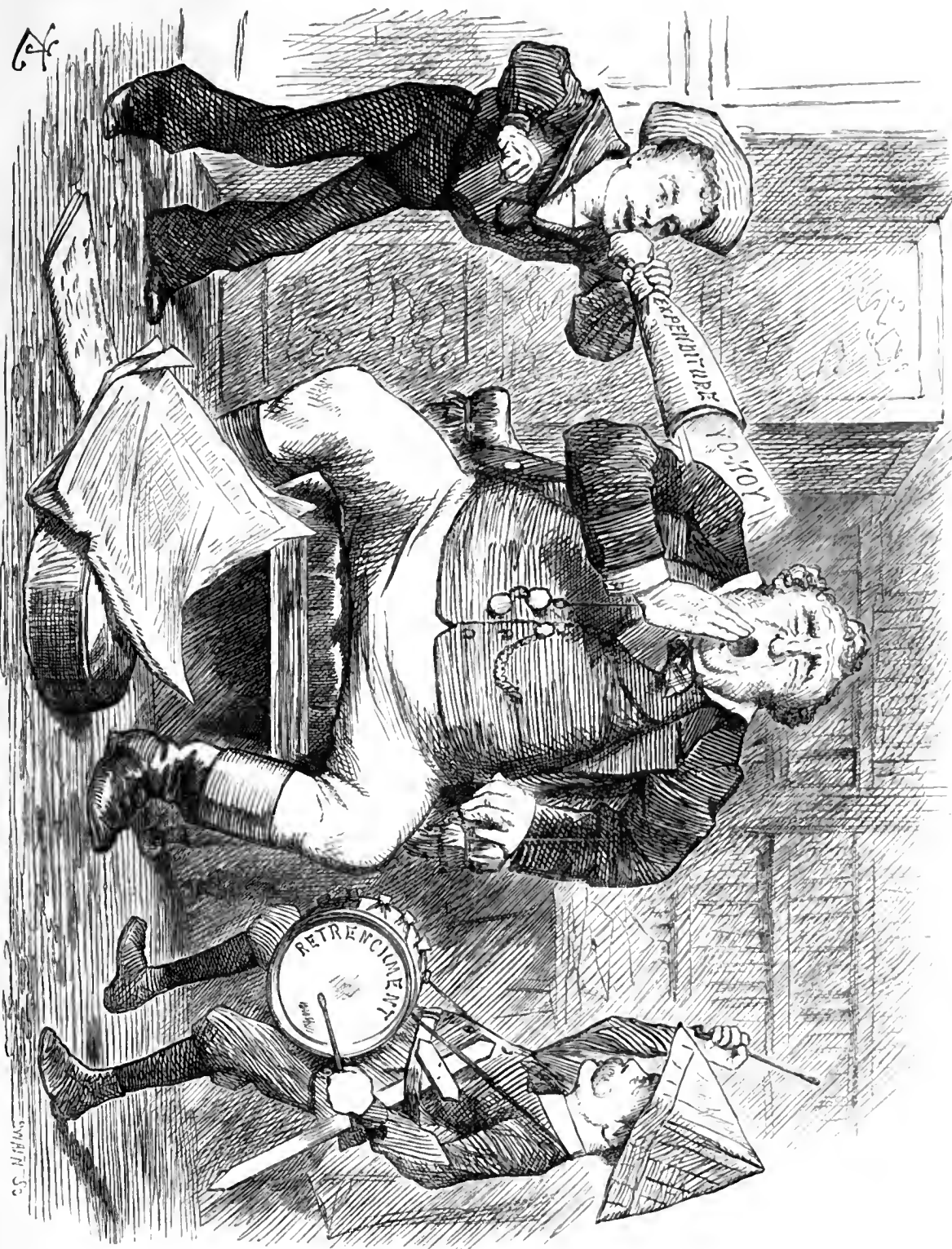
Compl. No, not a game—the violoncello. Good-bye. I'm so tired. [Exit wearily.]

A MOMENTARY SHOCK.—In the published Report of the Meeting of the National Freehold Land Society, the concluding paragraph notified the retirement of their Directors, MESSRS. CASH, PRYCE, and WHITTINGHAM. The Public generally would not be much concerned with the last of the three names; but the disappearance of CASH PRYCE would have been ominous. Ready-money dealings are essential to the existence of a Society like the old-established N. F. L. S., and so we are glad to see, at the end of the Meeting, CASH PRYCE again on the Direction Board. This is quite the right direction.

"CRUSHED AGAIN!"—*The Chairman of the National Rifle Association (to the Duke of Cambridge, who has refused to sell a hundred and twenty acres of his Wimbledon property to the N.R.A.).* "Wantage to you." *Reply of H.R.H. the Duke.* "Quite so, and I mean to keep it."

"SOHO! SOHO!"—Six weeks of COQUELIN at the Royalty Theatre. On one night, for a benefit, March 23, three COQUELINS are to appear together. *A qui le gâteau?* Whichever one of the three "takes the cake" will be "*Le plus heureux des trois.*"

SONG AND CHORUS FOR DEPTFORD.—"*Darling Mine!*"



WAKING HIM UP!

ALBERT R. P. M. 1911

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I OWN with compunction to not having read *Little Lord Fauntleroy* until last week, and it "made me sit up;" that is, it kept me up late, and caused me to snivel joyfully (I believe my cold next day



was entirely due to my tearful emotion overnight), over the pure love of goodness,—not "goody-goodness," nothing of the kind,—without cant or affectation, therein displayed. It is a book that takes you a long way out of yourself, so that you return to the world and wonder where you've been. From a real emotional point of view I liked DICKENS best in his *Christmas Carol*; but I envy Mrs. BURNETT the pure inspiration that has given us *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. And to one thing I have made up my mind, and that is, I will not go to see *Little Lord Fauntleroy* on the stage. Even the illustrations, good as they are for the most part, endanger the story. Let me imagine *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and the *Earl*, and *Dearest*, and *Mr. Hobbs*, and *Dick*, but don't show them to me on wood, or steel, or canvass, much less impersonated (how impossible!) by comedians and low comedians, and by a precocious child—little girl to represent boy, of course, as is the invariable stage-custom—with the inevitable cockney twang.

I gather from the notices in the papers, of a piece recently produced called *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, that the adapter repudiates nearly all his obligation to Mrs. BURNETT's book, and protests that his *Little Lord* is not Mrs. BURNETT's *Little Lord*. Most probable; but at all events he doesn't sign himself BURNETT, and attempt to pass off the sham for the real,—a proceeding for which the unfortunate name of *Fauntleroy* might afford a precedent. Also I see that this adapter, for the sake of keeping the *Little Lord's* mother before the public, has made her accompany her son to the *Earl's Castle*, where she passes herself off as the boy's nurse. If this be so, then such an expedient utterly destroys the simple, straightforward, independent character of both mother and child, who become a pair of humbugs, with a sordid purpose in view. However, this is not the place to discuss dramatic matters, except quite incidentally; all I say is that, whether successful or not, the adapter's or Mrs. BURNETT's own child on the stage must be vulgarised, and the whole romance of the charming work destroyed. If Mrs. BURNETT has not already dramatised it, I am sure *Mr. Punch's* immortal advice might be once more advisedly repeated, and that is, "Don't!"

But for a certain paragraph in the *Lancet*, I should have muchly liked to review a few books on Gout and Rheumatism; for, as Mr. LABOUCHERE recently observed in *Truth*, "they are, really cheerful reading," or words to that effect. If the *Lancet* objects to *Mr. Punch*, or *Mr. Punch's* Prime Minister, noticing any professionally medical works, who am I that I should offer an opinion on a lecture delivered by Dr. BURNES YEO, recently published, and placed by a friend in my hands? The only thing interesting to me in such works is the opinion of every doctor on what to eat, drink, and avoid,—the second being the most important. I agree with Dr. B. YEO—Yeo ho, my boys! yeo ho!—that real good wine is *the* thing for . . . well, for me. This treatment, of course, in the case of those who can only afford to have poor man's gout (such is my modest lot), necessitates dining out, as frequently as possible, with all those who possess first-rate cellars, and who are willing to assist in your cure. This treatment takes a long time, but it is, I believe, in most instances successful. I do not, as yet, speak from experience, but I hope to do so. Adopting B. YEO's idea I shall become a regular Yeoman, and perhaps a Centenarian!

I've just seen second number of the BARRAUD-BENTLEY series of *Men and Women of the Day*. Not quite so interesting as No. 1. A friendly reader will ask, "Can anything interest the Baron so much

as No. 1?" He may pause for a reply: I wish he may receive it. *Passons!* RUSKIN's portrait comes first. The chief Ruskinite is seated, pen in hand, ready for some one to bring him the ink. Then follow Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, in character,—which is a mistake,—as *Lord and Lady Clankarly*. *Lord Clankendal* is staring at something or somebody out of the picture, and is evidently asking his wife, *sotto voce*, "Who 'a that just come into the third box there?" and she, with her head resting on *Lord Clankendal's* manly breast, her half-closed eyes turned in the same direction as his, gently purrs the answer, "I don't recollect his face, but it's a very good house to-night." Then comes, all alone in his glory, JOHN BRIGHT, looking very truculent, evidently muttering to himself, "Idiot! fool!"—of course speaking of somebody else at a distance, to whom he has just written one of his straight-from-the-shoulder epistles. Another Grand Old Man, says
BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

SOMETHING NEW FOR ALEXANDER!

(If he had been discovered in England.)

"DEAR me, this is most interesting," said the Canon; "very interesting indeed. Just give me his skull."

"Better let me look them over again, Sir," interposed the Sexton; "perhaps I may find something more valuable than human bones."

"Well, I am not sure," continued the ecclesiastic. "You see, I do not fancy that much treasure is usually discovered in a sarcophagus."

"Right you are, Sir," returned the Gravedigger, who had completed his work. "Only bones—and terribly dirty ones, too!"

"They must be washed," observed the Canon, decisively, after closely inspecting the skull of the great conqueror through his eye-glasses. "In their present state they are scarcely fit to be seen. But where shall we put them?"

"I shall be very glad to give them shelter in my drawing-room," suggested a Surveyor.

"Now, that is very good indeed of you," put in another Church Dignitary. "Very good of you, indeed; but are you sure that you don't mind? They may be inconvenient?"

"Not in the least, if they are nice and clean. I could put them on a board resting on a sofa and two chairs. How would that do?"

"Admirably!" said the Dean and Chapter in chorus.

"But we must have them photographed!" cried one.

"And get Professor HUXLEY to examine them!" exclaimed another.

"With pleasure," acquiesced the Surveyor.

So the bones of ALEXANDER THE GREAT were washed.

And the bones of ALEXANDER THE GREAT were photographed.

And then they were placed on a shutter resting on a sofa and two chairs in the drawing-room of a dwelling-house.

And then Professor HUXLEY examined them.

And then some one wrote to the *Times* to say that they only belonged to a common soldier, and had nothing whatever to do with the mighty son of PHILIP.

And then some one else contradicted some one, and re-affirmed that the bones were genuine.

And then there was a mild remonstrance from two or three of the Public, who were not quite certain that it was either legal or advisable to take a hero, or his cousins, or his aunts, from consecrated ground into the drawing-room of a dwelling-house, however stately.

But nobody seemed to care a brass button about it! So the matter dropped, as dead as ALEXANDER himself, or the late QUEEN ANNE, or even the once-venerated remains of St. THOMAS A BECKET!

PROPHETIC.—Poet TOM CAMPBELL foresaw "She" when he commenced his SPEECH OF THE CHORUS with,

"O HAGGARD Queen!"

And, in another instance, there must have been a beam in his eye when he wrote "O'CONNOR'S Child," clearly indicating the rise of TAX PAYER'S Star.

"NIAGARA—AND AFTER?"—For reply, ask Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, who, aided by Mr. PHILIPPOTEAUX—has accomplished the unprecedented feat of bringing Niagara to London. The Aquarium will be naturally jealous; and the Water Companies won't quite like it. Rather a fall for the Falls to come down to the slightly dull locality known as York Street, St. James's Park, which requires a "fillip-or-two" to start some amusement.

WE wish the Clerk of the Weather, following the excellent example of Lord WOLSELEY and his military friends in condemning "the march past," would just make a salutary change in the March present and future.



CULTCHAH!

("A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"!)

Tommy. "WASN'T IT PHIDIAS WHO MADE THE ELJIN MARBLES, AUNT HIPPOLYTA?"

Aunt Hippolyta. "PHIDIAS, DEAR, NOT PHIDIAS; AND YOU MUST SAY ELGIN, NOT ELJIN. THE GREEK G, OR GAMMA, IS ALWAYS PRONOUNCED HARD, YOU KNOW."

HIBERNIA.

Fragments of a Lay sung on the day when the Patriot Singer (and Lord Mayor) S-L-L-V-N was released from durance vile, to "The Harp that once in Tullamore the soul of music shed," in strains of mingled patriotism and parody (some way, apparently, after Macaulay's "Virginia.")

YE good Men of the Commons, with loyal hearts and true,
Who stand by us bold Irish, who now will stand by you,
Come, light your weeds around me, and mark my tale with care,
Of what poor Ireland off hath borne, and yet may have to bear.

Of all the wicked Tories still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Tories black B-L-F-R was the worst.
He stalked about the Chamber like a Bunthorne in his pride,
Or sprawled with lank and languid legs entangled or spread wide.
The Irish eyed with anger, not all unmixed with fear,
His lifted chin, his curling mouth that always seemed to sneer:
That brow of brass, that mouth of scorn, mark all the species still,
For never was there Tory yet but wished the Irish ill.
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for ever at his heels
That most notorious renegade, his Sub., K-N-G-H-R-M-N, steals,
His written answer ready, be the question what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek for aught his Chief may say.

Just then, as in a cloudless gap in a long stormy sky,
Shining with hope in her blue eyes a fair young girl came by;
A four-leaved shamrock in her hand, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself snatches of Irish song,
With reference to *Rory*, and allusion to *Kathleen*,
And now and then a stanza of "The Wearing of the Green."
A bit from SAMUEL LOVER, and a stave from TOMMY MOORE
(Not forgetting Lord Mayor S-L-L-V-N, who as a bard cau score).

The maiden sang as Irish maids alone such songs can sing,
When Hope is in its budding-time and Love is in its Spring.
Black B-L-F-R heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young
face,

And hated her with the black hate of his old Tory race;
And watching close to see where she would go, and whom she'd meet,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those bare glancing feet.

So blithely young HIBERNIA came smiling from her home.
Ah! woe for young HIBERNIA, the best beloved of Rome!
She mused of that great Forum for which all patriots pray,
And just had reached the very spot where it shall stand one day,
When up the varlet B-L-F-R came; not such as when erewhile
He lounged in far St. Stephen's with cock'd heels and simpering
smile;

He came with lowering forehead, fierce features, and clenched fist,
And strode across HIBERNIA's path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast,
And at her scream from left and right the folk came running fast;
The old money-changer, GL-DST-NE, with his thin silver hairs,
And H-RC-RT of the stately form and glittering "Rhodian" wares,
And the strong smiter, M-RL-Y, grasping a half-forged brand,
And L-BBY, the unruffled, with cigarette in hand,
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child.
And as she passed them by—of late—had kissed their hands and
smiled.

And the strong Old Man GL-DST-NE, gave B-L-F-R such a blow;
The long one reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and hissed in snaky tone,
"Law's law, and Order's order; I claim her for mine own.
I wait on swart-browed S-L-SB-RY—he's almost like my sire.
Let him who thwarts the nephew's will beware the uncle's ire!"

So spake the varlet, B-L-F-R; and dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound of the Cecilian name;
For now there was no tribune—no eloquent J-HN BR-GHT,
To make the rich man tremble and guard the poor man's right;
There was no sturdy H-RT-NOT-N—no honest CH-MB-RL-N;
For most of the old champions flocked in the Tory train.
Yet ere the varlet B-L-F-R again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to stern M-RL-Y's skirt, and sobbed and shrieked
for aid,

Forth through the throng of gazers the Grand Old GL-DST-NE pressed,
And stamped his foot, and thumped his palm, and smote upon his
breast,

And sprang unto that rostrum by many a poet sung,
And where, aforesaid, many a year had pealed his silvery tongue,
And beckoned to the People, and in bold voice and clear, [hear.
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to

"Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your father's graves,
Be men to-day, ye Liberals, or be for ever slaves!
For this did CROMWELL give us laws? For this did HAMPDEN bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought, upon the STUART's seed?
Shall a cat's snarl alarm the race who braved the lion's roar?
Shall we, who beat great B-C-NSE-LD, crouch to the bland B-L-F-R?
Oh, for that ancient spirit that curbed the nobles' will!
Oh, for the men of Thirty-two, who passed the famous Bill!
In those brave days our Liberals stood firmly side by side,
They faced the Tory fury, they tamed the Tory pride;
Shall what their care bequeathed to us, our madness fling away?
Is the ripe fruit of three-score years all blighted in a day?
O erier, to the polling summon the eager throng!
O tribunes, breathe the word of might that guards the weak from
wrong!

No, by the earth beneath us, and by the sky above,
We will not yield to B-L-F-R's hate, HIBERNIA, whom we love.
A little late we show it, but oh! 'tis true and hot;
And if the Tories doubt that truth, we'll show them what is what.
Leave, leave, to poor HIBERNIA, her dearest tie to life,
The hope that springs midst all her woe, and after all her strife;
One gentle speech—O'BR-N'S—a century's hatred cures;
The yoke of love HIBERNIA courts—she will not brook B-L-F-R's!
No, let the Maiden's Home be free, its Rule be hers; with pride
She who now loathes ye—as a slave—will love ye—as a bride.
Spare her the inexpiable wrongs, the unutterable shame
Of being shackled and coerced to suit your Party game:
Lest, when her latest hope is fled, her friends are in despair,
Ye learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare!"

So far the Old Man eloquent! What further?—well, I find
The harp that once at Tullamore wailed forth on every wind
Is just a thrille out of tune, my throat a little dry;
Not Tullamore could tame my Muse; the tyrant I defy!
But how they dealt with black B-L-F-R, and how, after the fray,
HIBERNIA—the darlint!—fared, I'll sing another day.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

Harry Furniss

House of Commons, Monday Night, February, 27.—First day of early closing movement. Up to verge of midnight everything went admirably. Ordinary votes fairly discussed. Irish vote talked about at large. Everyone satisfied. Old Morality popped out to see that the shutters were all right for closing promptly at midnight. Division taken on Irish vote. Ten minutes left for unconsidered trifles. COURTNEY began running through votes. Reached that for National Gallery, when from below Gangway on Ministerial side, there flashed a luminous breadth of crumpled shirt-front. A head of ruffled and now, alas! shortening hair, presented itself; a familiar voice sounded through Chamber, and Committee became sensible of fact that CAVENDISH BENTINCK was on his legs wanting to know about most recent purchases for National Gallery. Deep groan went up from Conservative side. Opposition ironically cheered and joyously laughed. Hadn't seen CAVENDISH for weeks. Certainly was not in his place through sitting. Evening dress showed he had been to meeting at Exeter Hall or Jerusalem Chamber. Now dropped in ten minutes to twelve wanting to know about "the

Murder of the Innocents, two panel pictures by MOKETTO," of which the nation had become possessed. "Does the Right Honourable Gentleman," he asked, liberally promoting JACKSON to the Privy Council, "know who MOKETTO was?" From angry way in which name was pronounced, JOSEPH GILLIS thought it must be that of a Resident Magistrate, and called out "Yah, yah!" Thus encouraged, CAVENDISH went on with his indictment. There was another picture, a Dutch portrait, painter unknown, price £50. "As representative of British taxpayer, I object to portraits by painter unknown," said CAVENDISH, his words tripping each other up as they tumbled out in hot haste. Loud cheers greeted this declaration. CAVENDISH next proposed to read extracts from gilt-edged book borrowed from Library. But volume always turning up wrong end first, he finally tucked it under his armpit. To this day no one knows what it was about, or what it ought to have proved. Excitement growing. Opposition increasingly

hilarious. Treasury Bench taking on fresh colour. Completion of Supplementary Estimates, apparently within reach of hand, and all arrangements to be upset in this way. If it had been Irish Member bad enough. But CAVENDISH BENTINCK, of whom no one was thinking, suddenly to pop up with his gilt-edged volume (author unknown) and his anonymous Dutch portrait, was hard to bear. Presently it turned out by his own admission, that CAVENDISH hadn't seen the pictures he was condemning, and as gilt-edged volumes continued to be obstreperous, he suddenly sat down, leaving three minutes for Financial Secretary to explain and Committee to pass four Votes. Couldn't be done. At midnight progress reported and Committee's work left uncompleted.

Business done.—Eruption of CAVENDISH BENTINCK.

Tuesday Night.—Resumed Debate on Procedure. Things still going on wonderfully well. Rule upon rule, precept upon precept agreed to, after conversation really designed to improve the suggestion under consideration. Seems all a dream to Old Morality. Can't believe things could possibly go forward so smoothly. Has formed habit of gently pinching himself, to see that he is really awake. This led to momentary unpleasantness. Just after Rule 6 agreed to without division, one of ARTHUR BALFOUR's legs straying about Bench. O. M., getting rather mixed, pinched it in mistake. Explained the error, and profusely apologised. All very well, ARTHUR BALFOUR says; but can't see how by any possibility his leg could have been mistaken for SMITH's.

Nearest approach to animated debate arose on Rule 3, which makes things unpleasant for Member guilty of grossly disorderly conduct. Old Morality moving it, observed that "Rule must recommend itself to good feeling of all Members of House"—which it didn't. TAY PAX, appropriately assuming the character of champion of dignity of the House, protested against such a penal code.

Debate brought to a conclusion by JOSEPH GILLIS. Been very quiet since Session opened, but subject under discussion infallibly drew him. Remembered how, in days of sin, when he used to be suspended, was accustomed to mount to topmost Bench in Strangers' Gallery, and frighten New Members by staring them out of countenance, or making faces. New Rules proposed that Members suspended should not be permitted to enter precincts of House.

"Sir," said JOSEPH, waving a friendly hand towards the Chair; "It seems to me that the moral influence of the SPEAKER is quite enough to keep order without these 'ere Rules."

Hardly a dry eye in the assembly as these tremulous notes fall on its listening ear.

"Beautiful!" cried PLUNKET; "Since *Mr. Pecksniff* appeared in light attire on the landing at *Mrs. Todgers's*, and besought the assembled boarders to join him in being moral, nothing so touching as this."

Not a word said after J. B. had spoken. House at once divided. Pretty in the lobby afterwards as JOY B. strolled along, his head bent in thought, like the bowed head of the ripened grain, to see JAMES WATSON, Magistrate for Staffordshire, Salop, and Worcestershire, and patron of the living of Berwick, involuntarily, as it seemed, remove his hat and follow the retreating figure with reverential glance. *Business done.*—Further debate on New Rules.



Whilst Joseph Gillis passes.

Thursday. Great case of Right of Public Meeting argued before Speaker, and Jury composed of some 500 Members. RUSSELL, Q.C., for Plaintiff; MATTHEWS, Q.C., for Defendant. WADY, Q.C., tucked brief under arm, and awaited his opportunity. Other

Counsel appearing were BRADLAUGH (C.) and COUTTS-BURDETT—or is it BURDETT-COUTTS? Whichever it be, he succeeded in eliciting murmur of approval from Jury-box by delicate reference to Westminster Abbey. When, he said, he contemplated the possibility of lawlessness running riot in the streets of London, he thought of Westminster Abbey. "Like *Mrs. Gummidge*, thinking of the Old 'un," said LOCKWOOD, just back from Circuit. "Suppose he has a vested interest in the place. But his concern for it certainly seems a little premature."

Also CHARLES HALL, Q.C., Attorney-General to the Prince of WALES, of whom HARCOURT says, "He has the gravity of a judge with the figure of a light comedian." His speech bright, lucid, convincing, and commendably short—that's HALL, and quite enough to make a House of Commons reputation.

WILFRID LAWSON so pleased with speech that he knocked off little poms to tune of song familiar in his hot youth called "*Sam Hall*." Here's the first verse:—

My name it is "CHARLES" HALL,	Q.C., and what they call
Joy evince! (<i>Bis</i> .)	At-tor-ney Ge-ne-ral
My name it is CHARLES HALL,	To my Prince! (<i>Bis</i> .)

BRADLAUGH wound up night's proceedings in vigorous speech, listened to with attention by crowded House. Strange how whirligig of time (whatever sort of conveyance that may be) brings its revenges. Not many years ago Members crowded the Lobby to see BRADLAUGH kicked downstairs. Now they throng the Benches to hear him reply to "his learned friend," the Home Secretary.

Before this came on, Sage of Queen Anne's Gate raised question of CHAMBERLAIN's expenses in his Mission to United States. £3900 asked for. Sage, bringing out slate and pencil, works little sum to show that this comes to £30 a day, which, considering, as he says, hotel expenses in the States are at price fixed is staggering. JOSEPH GILLIS, who, as Paymaster-General of the Parnellite forces, knows something about expenses, quite depressed.

"Look at that now," he says. "Thirty pounds a day! Why, there isn't one of the boys who wouldn't contract to take as much a month, and think himself well off."

No bounds to GLADSTONE's quite appalling generosity. Comes forward to defend CHAMBERLAIN's Mission. Isn't quite sure of the £30 pound a day, but has nothing save honeyed words for the errant JOSEPH. In contrast with this speech comes TAY PAX, frothing and vapouring, bellowing abuse of CHAMBERLAIN, as if the SPEAKER were stone deaf.

"Always seems to me," said RANDOLPH, reflectively twirling his moustache, "that TAY PAX's oratorical accessories are incomplete. Never see him stand up and shout, but miss something."

"What's that?" said BRODRICK, anxious to learn from the Master.

"His barrer, dear boy—his barrer, with its enticing load, whether of the shy retiring winkle, the rose-tipped carrot, or the coily curled green." *Business done.*—Debate on Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's Motion.

Friday.—RUSSELL's Motion on again. More legal lora. Nearly every Member now speaks of his neighbour as "my learned friend." HENRY JAMES openly calls SPEAKER "me lud." Sergeant-at-Arms, the spirit of the Usher strong upon him, has greatest difficulty to prevent himself calling out "Silence!" At five minutes to twelve brother PICKERSGILL rose, spread out his brief, and proposed to answer the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who had just sat down. Only five minutes before division must be taken, if at all, to-night. Such a roar filled the Court, shook the leaves of brother PICKERSGILL's brief, and set his wig awry. Brother SMITH came to the rescue. Pounded with extraordinary agility. "Me lud" then submitted the case to jury, who by considerable majority returned verdict of Not Guilty. HOME SECRETARY promptly left dock; was met at gates by company of friends, who took him off to supper.

Business done.—RUSSELL's Resolution rejected by 316 votes against 224.

A MATTER OF COURSE.—The Committee for the Waterloo Cup consists of one noble and seven distinguished sportsmen; the Judge Mr. HEDLEY, and the Slipper Mr. T. WILKINSON. When weather doesn't permit the ordinary coursing to come off, the Committee have healthy exercise within their reach by staying at home and playing at hunt the Slipper.—*Wilkinsonio non obstante.*

RECOMMENDED.

READ this book of the Baron de GRANCEY's, "*Paddy chez-lui*," full of facts and not fancies.

To GRANDLOPH.—The Fourth Party at first were strongly opposed to Closure. "Where is dat Barty now?" In the fourth dimension of space?

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT REQUIRES OF AN ARCHITECT.—"Good Offices."

"IN THE DAYS WHEN" WENT GIPSYING."

Yes, Sir, "The days when we t Gipsying, a long time ago," were revived last Thursday at the *Bohemian Girl*. Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold ye! *The Bohemian Girl* is indeed "the Girl I left behind me." The occasion of the revival was described as Mr. SAMUEL HAYE'S *Matinée*, which suggests rather a Hazy morning; and so it was, but I went to meet the good old Girl.



Having his Fling.

The good old Girl was, I was delighted to find, as good as ever! There was *Devilshoof* the Gipsy, played and sung by Mr. SNAZELLE, who is up to all the gags and business, without which I fancy nowadays *The Bohemian Girl*—bless her!—would be a trifle slow. But her musical charms were as bright as of yore. With her again I wandered in Marble Halls, and "when other lips" sang her songs, then "I remembered her," and every note of them: and my heart was not "bowed down by weight of woe," but, on the contrary, was beating time to the ballad tunes with all the fervour of youth, as the fresh strawberry mark on her arm was discovered, and *Arline* fell into the arms of the Count, in whom she recognised her long-lost parent, when *Devilshoof* sang out boldly, "Be not deceived, 'tis thy father before thee!" And it was my father before me, who took me to see *The Bohemian Girl*, when she and I were girl and boy together, though I was not, I wish to state, a Bohemian Boy, but a very respectably brought-up one—coming of as "decent people" as were *Arline's* own relations. Bless her dear eyes! Ah, those were happy nights! No *Matinées* then! And to hear BALFE'S Opera we went in the dress circle—quite a family circle—and with oranges and cakes in our hands—cakes in our hands and BUNN on the stage—we heard first of all *The Bohemian Girl*, and then after that, the *Pantomime*. And here she is again,—or was, last Thursday, and "I love her still the same," although I am



The Good Old Strawberry Mark.

AN OLD STAGER.

COLERIDGE ON "GENERAL GORDON'S LETTERS TO HIS SISTER."

"I HEAR the very GORDON that of old Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching."

Wallenstein, Act V., Sc. 2.

Gordon (log.).

Works miracles. In one hour many thousands Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they Thought follows thought within the human soul. Only one hour! Your heart may change its purpose. His heart may change its purpose,—some new tidings May come: some fortunate event, decisive, May fall from Heaven and rescue me. O what May not an hour achieve!"

Wallenstein, Act V. Sc. 4,—only one word changed.

SHAKSPEARIAN DISCOVERY.

VALUE of Money in Elizabethan Era! SHAKSPEARE a practical Economist!! This is a discovery worth everything that Bacon-fed commentators have written. It is this:

"Gravedigger (to Hamlet). A tanner will last you nine year."

Now "a tanner," which, within the present century, was always "sixpence" ("two bob and a tanner" was the cabman's half-crown), was perhaps equal in SHAKSPEARE'S time to about four times that amount. Yet, even if this be so, what could the price of everything have been, and what could have been the *Gravedigger's* estimate of *Hamlet*, when he expressed his opinion that a couple of shillings (if that were the Elizabethan value of the "tanner.") would last him "nine year"?

OUR REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

Before Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.

A Journalistic Specialist introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, Sir, you look pale and ill. What can I do for you?

Witness. I am a Dramatic Critic on a morning paper, and my paller is caused by incessant labour.

Com. Really I was under the impression that your post was a light and pleasant one.

Wil. Ah, that was many years ago. In the Sixties a new piece came out about once a month, and there was plenty of time to see it and think it over before sitting down to write a criticism.

Com. And now, I suppose, a greater demand is made upon the critic? *Wil.* Certainly. There is a great deal of competition amongst the dailies, and little important as a Dramatic Critic is considered, his notice must be published as soon after the performance as possible.

Com. Is this your only complaint?

Wil. Certainly not. After all, Art suffers rather than the writer, when a notice has to be done at express rate speed. So, as a professional journalist, I should find little fault with the exigencies of the machine-room and the publishing office. But our great grievance is that whereas a morning performance was in the olden times nearly as scarce as a blue moon, nowadays they are as numerous as blackberries in the Autumn.

Com. Do you object to mornning performances?

Wil. Most strongly. Occasionally they give us a sort of dress rehearsal for the piece intended later on to form a part of the evening programme, and on these occasions they are defensible but not welcome. But when they are merely vehicles for the exhibition of "vaulting ambition over-reaching itself," and crass conceit enjoying a field-day, it is time to remonstrate!

Com. You speak warmly!

Wil. Have I not reason so to do? Will you believe it, Sir, but last week I went to the theatre eleven times!

Com. Really! Well then, perhaps you can tell me what you thought of *The Power of Love* of Miss LINDLEY?

Wil. I would rather not say. The name is not new; it served as a second title of BALFE'S Opera *Satanella*.

Com. Was *The Power of Love* funny?

Wil. Some of it was very funny. For instance, there was a dram-taking Doctor, who, after poisoning his "best patient," went about crying for someone to buy him a practice. We screamed at him!

Com. Was the heroine funny too?

Wil. Well, no, she was good, but her part was absolutely ridiculous. It speaks well for her that the audience did not hiss her. Because she is bored with her home, she attempts the life of her father—believes she has killed him—enjoys balls and suppers without the least remorse, and ultimately "takes up" with a gentleman who looks like a country fair giant with a turn for dentistry!

Com. And is she hanged in the last Act?

Wil. Oh, no! Because the poisoned draught, by an accident, does not reach her father's lips, she is hailed as an innocent woman by all the *dramatis personæ* with every sign of rejoicing.

Com. Dear me, this sort of thing seems rather trying?

Wil. I should think so! But the *Power of Love* was rather above the average. It must be remembered that Miss LINDLEY dramatised a novel—nearly always an unsatisfactory labour. Sometimes "the new and original pieces" produced at *Matinées* are simply intolerable.

Com. And I suppose they are usually "slated."

Wil. Of course. That is one comfort, they are crushed and never appear again.

Com. I can quite understand the feeling of annoyance their performance must create; still it seems to me a little unjust that there should be no appeal.

Wil. There would be, were they played in the ordinary way—in the evening—and removed from the bills if they failed to please.

Com. What is your remedy?

Wil. I would abolish morning performances, except for charities.

Com. I am obliged to you, I will make a note of your suggestion.

[*The Witness thanked the Commissioner, and withdrew.*]

THE ODDS IN OUR FAVOUR.—We have come to be a large and liberal generation. Our noble selves are not as were our narrow progenitors. They used to boast that every Englishman could beat any three Frenchmen—that was to say, foreigners. We have ceased to be so insular. We don't say that. No, but haven't we been acting as if we thought so still? Don't our preparations and precautions for national defence against possible hosts of allied enemies appear to have been calculated on the presumption asserted in the above sometime popular saying—as to the proportion of three to one?

THE SWEATER'S FURNACE: OR. THE REAL "CURSE OF LABOUR."

LAUGH
ever
-box
b
f



SAMBOURNE

small rooms, not more than nine or ten feet square, heated by a coke fire for the presser's irons, and at night lighted by flaring gas-jets, six, eight, ten, and even a dozen workers may be crowded . . . The stench and foul vapours about the place are very bad . . . As regards hours of labour, earnings, and sanitary surroundings, the condition of these people is more deplorable than that of any body of working men in any portion of this civilised or uncivilised world."—See Lord Dunraven's Speech on the Sweating System.

"In the sweat of thy brow shall thou eat thy bread!"
 What hideous echo from mocking lips
 Rings through this den of despair and dread,
 Where the hot fume mounts and the dank steam drips?
 What devilish echo of words divine?
 Oh, gold hath glitter and gauds are fine,
 And Mammon swaggers and Mode sits high,
 And their thrones are based on *this* human sty!

Its horrible eminence. Singers sweet
 Of buds that burgeon and brooks that fleet [Spring;
 Beneath the touch of the coming
 Come here, cast eyes on this scene
 —and sing!
 Sing, if the horror that grips your throat
 Will leave you breath for one golden note;
 Rave of March in a rhythmic rapture;
 Rhapsodise of the coming of May,
 Seek from the carolling lark to capture [lay
 A lilt of joy that shall fire your
 With a rural jubilation strong to drown
 The maddened moan of these thralls of Town.

"That hole of sorrow," the last dark deep
 Of DANTE'S dream, may no longer keep

"All the circumstances of the trade, the hours of labour, the rate of remuneration, and the sanitary conditions under which the work is done are disgraceful . . . In the 'dens' of the Sweaters, as they are called, there is not the slightest attempt at decency. . . . In the vast majority of cases work is carried on under conditions in the highest degree filthy and unsanitary. In

"Could I command rough rhymes and hoarse!"
 The Florentine cried. What keen fierce flow
 Of lyric fervour hath fire or force
 To search this scene of woe?
 The long hours dull and slow
 Beat heavily here, like the pulse of pain
 In a famished wanderer's failing brain.
 Corpse-like gleameth each pallid cheek
 Through the lurid flare and the loathsome
 reek.
 'Tis a fight for life, but each laboured breath
 Is one step more on the road to death.
 Pity the slave in the pathless swamp,
 The clutch of pestilence, cold and damp,
 Closing, closing, closing still
 On panting bosom and palsied will!
 But these poor thralls of merciless Trade?—
 Sentiment may not contend with law.
 Here is a plague that cannot be stayed,
 Iron doctrine and learned saw
 Bar the way
 To a better day.
 These slaves *must* sweat for their pitiful pay,
 And the Sweater is heaven-born—so they
 say!

Heaven-born! Yes; who shall dare decline
 To yield to Economy, a right divine,—
 That latest incarnation
 Of Cæsarism in sordid flesh?
 For souls once tangled in Mammon's mesh
 There's no emancipation.
 Sew on, sew on, in the glare and reek,
 Ye men unmanned, and ye women meek.
 With back low-crouching, and bloodless
 cheek!
 Sew on, sew on, whilst the gaslights flare
 Through the stifling steam and the tainted air!
 The jungle-scourge's loathsome lair
 Is scarcely fouler. What doth he care.
 The Sweater smug—so the good round gold
 From his human furnace is hourly rolled?
 For him ye toil, for his gain ye tire.
 Your lives are fuel to feed his fire.
 His the new Alochemy—Mammon's own,
 Trade's trick is transmutation.
 Commerce hath found the Philosopher's Stone;
 The poor man's need
 Is the source and seed
 Of Wealth's accumulation.

Fate hath its formula, life its plan:
 The many *must*, 'tis the few that *can*;
 Man's cheapest tool is a helpless man.
 Can Justice contend with Supply and
 Demand?
 So the Sweater heateth throughout the land
 His furnace fierce.
 Yet a cry will pierce
 Now and anon through the tainted air
 From the tortured creatures in torment there;
 A moan of sorrow, a piteous prayer;
 Questioning faint if the bloated purse
 May claim to alter the primal curse
 At its own sweet will and pleasure;
 To shift its weight by an artful gloss
 Till Poverty's share is the pain and loss,
 And Wealth's the ease and leisure:
 Till, in Sweater's fashion, the text is read,
 "In the sweat of their brow shall they earn
 my bread!"

Mrs. R. ON THE SCENE AGAIN.—Mrs. RAM
 knows nothing of what, and therefore it is
 quite intelligible why she fails to see the
 force of a proverbial expression which in-
 volves some acquaintance with the game.
 She remarked the other day, "I never could
 understand the sense of the saying, 'When in
 doubt, play a trumpet!' Why 'a trumpet'?"
 No, my dear, there are some proverbs I think
 foolish, and that is one of them." On another
 recent occasion she observed, alluding to some
 of the pleasures of a country life, "Ah, I
 love fowls. I remember when we lived in
 the country, and used to keep a lot of Bant-
 ings."



THE PREVAILING TOPIC!

Stumpson (in answer to Talboys' greeting). "OH, ALL RIGHT, 'T 'T WASN'T FOR THESE EAST WINDS—"

Talboys (who's a little hard of hearing). "TWINS! MY DEAR FELLOW, I CONGRATULATE YOU, I'M SURE. I'D REALLY NO IDEA YOU WERE—AND HOW ARE THEY—ALL THREE!—I HOPE—"

Stumpson (testily—large family already). "I DIDN'T SAY THESE TWINS"—(shouting)—"I SAID THE EAST WINDS!!"

A RISE IN WATERFALLS.—"Niagara in London" is unquestionably the best panorama that has yet been seen. The deception is perfect, and it is difficult in the extreme to decide where the real ends and the canvas commences. The scene is quite a "rus in urbe," with its woods and flowers, and particularly its poles, although the last are telegraphic and not human. Attached to the view of the great waste (if anything can be called a waste where a shilling is charged for admission), of waters is a restaurant à la carte or otherwise. So that diners or lunchers have no difficulty in discovering what *should* come after the deluge, and, as they pleasantly discuss the good things provided for them, they can murmur (with SHAKESPEARE), "What a fall was there!"

SCOTCH MIXTURE.—The Scotch *Becky Sharp* seems to have taken in even the astute Professor BLACKIE, who has written to say that this was no wonder, as (we quote from memory, intending to quote from BLACKIE) "she would have taken in the Deil himself." And yet the latter personage is not so Blackie as he is painted. So which ought to have the best or worst of it, Auld Cootie or Auld BLACKIE?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 5.—Grand attack to-night upon Government in respect of system of National Defences. Opposition almost exclusively conducted by warriors seated on Ministerial side, and usually regarded as Friendlies. Mixed forces drawn from Army and Navy; appeared to be acting on individual account; conducted attack in guerilla fashion. But the whole force under secret command of General Lord GRANDOLPH, V.C., who occupied a safe position on an eminence above Gangway, and cultivated the expression of NAPOLEON crossing the Alps.

Captain COLOMB led off. Was in fact, as BRODRICK said, "the advance COLOMB." His tactics extraordinary, but not new. Very old story, especially in Asiatic warfare, for attacking party to advance with loud cries. COLOMB adopted this strategy with unqualified success. Began his speech at most notable of powerful voices, and kept it up for nearly an hour. "If the Monument could speak," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, putting his hands to his ears, "suppose its conversational tone would be something like COLOMB's when addressing House of Commons."

Effect remarkable. Completely cleared space immediately round him. At early hour of engagement shouted CHILDERS clean off Front Opposition Bench. A volley of sentences delivered in rapid succession at the shout, struck HOME SECRETARY in the abdomen like a piece of old red sandstone. "Subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Even General Lord GRANDOLPH, V.C., though not immediately within range, so alarmed by ricochet of violently flung sentences, that he took early opportunity of retiring to his tent. Only for his wig, which deadened sound, SPEAKER would have gone to his chop stone-deaf. Old Morality, writing letters in his far-off room, so stung by one of COLOMB's observations, that he sent in word to offer Select Committee at once, if COLOMB would shout no more about Royal Commission. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE entrusted with message; could not stand the blast when within speaking distance, and after gallant effort retired, leaving COLOMB erect, solitary, and triumphant, in the waste he had created. Finished up with a terrific tornado of peroration, and amid the profound silence that seemed thereafter to reign, the few surviving Members thought they heard faint echo of voice "calling attention to present condition of our Military and Naval resources."

This was WALTER BARTELOT bringing up reserves, and moving for Royal Commission. COLOMB had had the first place with Amendment, which duly appeared on the paper. One of earliest victims of the terrific storm was this Amendment. Pulverised, shattered, blasted into space; not a trace of it left. So BARTELOT got his chance. As piece of strategy, this move thoroughly successful. Ministers so unnerved and shaken by continuous tornado, hadn't nerve for anything. Opposition also silenced. So GRANDOLPH, V.C., brought up his men one after the other, including BERESFORD, who pounded away at Treasury Bench till there wasn't a sound timber in its construction. But honours of the day remained with the reverberating COLOMB.

Business done.—Skirmish round Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—Quite a Scotch debate to-night. Lively, too, with commendable absence of jocularly. GEORGE CAMPBELL began it. Moved addition to New Rules providing for Scotch Grand Committee. Convincing speech, but not nearly so eloquent as the way in which Sir GEORGE subsequently wrestled with his knees as speaker after speaker followed, and casual conversation enlarged into set debate. It was GLADSTONE set the ball rolling. Not often a chance of presenting himself before House in capacity of Scotch Member. Suddenly remembered to-night has Scotch blood in his brains, and represents Scotch constituency. Unfortunately HARCOURT absent. Otherwise he, too, would have recalled his descent from the STUARTS, and urged appointment of Scotch Standing Committee.



Mr. Bolton's Cegitation.

It was MARK STEWART who brought up GLADSTONE. A quiet thoughtful man is MARK. Perhaps a little funereal in manner. His habitual woe aggravated to-night by a sudden gift of second sight. CAMPBELL's Motion plain and practical enough to ordinary men. STEWART Marked much below surface. Under CAMPBELL's muffer he saw the "peard" of Home Rule. Behind that he saw the Disestablishment of the Church. BOLTON, who had been furtively thinking of voting for the Motion, relapsed into state of perturbed thoughtfulness. GLADSTONE joyously jumped up and threw himself into the fray.

After this the armies were set in battle array. House summoned to consider Procedure Rules, launched forth into Home Rule Debate. The Front Opposition Bench filled up with young men eager for the fray. GEORGE CAMPBELL's knees were raised higher and higher, and hugged in increasing satisfaction. The louder the controversy raged, the higher his exaltation. Repeated to himself, in sort of ecstasy, a long-forgotten stanza:—

"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!"

As midnight drew on, COURTNEY could stand it no longer. Had ten minutes of wild delight. Turned upon TREVELYAN, battered BRYCE, and nearly snapped off CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's head because he had presumed to shake it.

"Well, well," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, when he had recovered from temporary fright, "you shouldn't grudge COURTNEY an occasional fling. Think of all he must suffer when he sits in Chair, closely follows a debate, and feels the temptation to rise and show successive disputants what fools they are, and blind. His secret sufferings must be terrible. Can't grudge him a little blood-letting." Admirable debate, but—

Business done.—None.

Thursday Night.—General Lord GRANDOLPH, V.C., girt on his sword, put on all his medals (including the Jubilee), tightened his belt and at beat of drum, being on the stroke of half-past four, stepped into the breach. A gallant sight that stirred all hearts. Special interest in manoeuvre, it being whispered that GRANDOLPH, having strategically ordered BARTELOT on in advance, would take an opportunity of shooting him in the back. As for Ministers they were sure to be peppered. Only people who felt safe were the natural Opposition on benches opposite. Everyone near the General felt uncommonly uncomfortable. On the war prance for an hour and a half. Bullied STANHOPE, jeered at GOSCHEN, and made the white teeth of Old Morality shake in their sockets. But BARTELOT somehow escaped. Probably GRANDOLPH forgot him, or by accident shot the wrong man.

Pretty to see the face of the Colonels and the Captains as GRANDOLPH prattled of bayonets and fought his battles o'er again. Didn't know whether to laugh or cry, sat gloomily silent. HAMLEY so unnerved that, presently rising and being met with cries for division, silently and reproachfully regarded the House and sat down without a word.

All this fine to see. But nothing to later appearance of Old Morality in quite new character as Man of Mystery with proposal about alternative inquiry which should supersede BARTELOT's demand for Royal Commission. Sort of thimble-rigging business. There was pea in the shape of sheet of note-paper on which proposal was written. There were three thimbles represented by as many confused statements attempted by O. M.

"Under which thimble is the pea?" Old Morality asked, looking as JOSEPH GILLIS said "more moral than ever."

CHILDERS said it was there; CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN declared it was there! WALTER BARTELOT was certain he could spot the thimble. As for GRANDOLPH, waxing his moustache so as to look at least like NAPOLEON THE THIRD, he said there was no pea at all. Old Morality very angry. Scene of general confusion. SPEAKER put Amendment. BARTELOT didn't challenge division; seeing which, Irish Members obligingly pressed for a division. That man of war, GRANDOLPH, V.C., suddenly stricken with great fear. If House divided, poverty of his resources would be disclosed. The Colonels and the Captains would stand by the Government, and his Grand Army would be revealed as men in buckram. At close of hour and half's speech he had solemnly declared must vote for



An Eloquent Speech.

Amendment. Now by way of postscript blubbered out "Don't divide!" Irish Members laughed; kept him in state of terror for two or three minutes; then allowed Amendment to be negatived. So the great battle ended in smoke.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Army Estimates.

Friday Night.—KING-HARMAN walking about Lobby in rather low spirits. Bill for his salary on again to-day, and again blocked by Irish Members. What makes incident peculiarly embarrassing is, that the Under Secretary to the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant had listened with approving interest to GOSCHEN's lucid exposition of his scheme for conversion of National Debt. KING-HARMAN meant to draw first quarter's salary in advance, and convert it into Consols. But TIM HEALY stood in his way; JOHN DILLON waved him back; even T. W. RUSSELL turned upon him. Bill further delayed, and golden opportunity passed. Sat without emotion through evening sitting debate, when Sage of Queen Anne's Gate proposed to do away with the Lords. Once this would have shocked KING-HARMAN's sensitive mind. Now prepared for anything—especially to give receipt for first quarter's salary.

Business done.—Doom of House of Lords delayed.

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

Nor that it was a ring or a necklace, but diamonds in some shape.



My Lord La-thom-at-her-Feet.

cess in your American tour, and will rejoice to welcome you on your return. Many happy "returns."

The Rose is going to be, or is already transplanted. On March 2, Lord LATHOM went down to Liverpool on his knees—no, went down to Liverpool and then went on his knees—to the charming *prima donna*, spread out diamonds at her feet, and sang, "Stay, prithee Stay!" or would have sung it had he remembered the tune, and if DRUGIOLANUS OPERATICUS could have prompted him with the words. But Colonel MAPLESON (semi-Colon-el, not The Colonel) was inexorable, and so she accepted the testimonial of precious stones. And in a speech as pretty as herself, the Cantatrice appearing as a Blush Rose, thanked the assembled company, and said "Au revoir." Mr. Punch wishes you, Madame MARIE ROZE, and *votre mari*, ROZE, all suc-

ANOTHER ODE TO MARCH.

(Being a Counterblast to Mr. A. C. Swinburne's rhythmical rhapsody in the "Nineteenth Century." By one who has certainly "learned in suffering" what he endeavours to "teach in song.")

I.

ERE frost-slush and snow-slopping dried up and went, and the horrors of Winter had slid out of sight, The ways of the wood pavement fouler were far than a clay-country lane on a mucky March night. The breath of the month of the winds had stabbed us through top-coats and mufflers, and made us afraid. Such bronchial bothers, such blossomy noses, such frost-bitten fingers for man and for maid! The sea was not lovelier than the land, each appeared in a dismal and desolate plight; But the Winter is not so much worse than the Spring-time; each plays up the mischief with pleasure and trade. March, master of winds, is a flatulent fraud, a marshal of banes and a bringer of blight.

II.

And now that the rage of your rhythmical rapture, your revel of rhyming has finished its flow, Oh, incontinent ALGERNON CHARLES, what the dickens you mean by such rubbish I should like to know. How, how can you love and rejoice, you, leader and lord of the lyrists of curses and scorn,

In a beast of a month that half drives one to madness, and makes a man wish he had never been born?

Have you shaken the snow from your shoes on a doormat, with frost have your nose and your lips been aglow?

Have you met a March wind coming sharp round a corner, your mackintosh drenched and your gingham all torn, And tried to take breath in the nip of North-Easters? No, ALGERNON CHARLES, or you'd never talk so!

III.

Fain, fain would I have but again all the health and the comfort March blasts have dispelled and consumed;

I tell you, my lad, if you tip us such drivel, your fame as a bard is decidedly doomed.

Come, candidly, ALGERNON, now, do you relish these nose-rasping winds, and these shoe-soaking showers?

Get out! 't isn't possible, SWINBURNE, my boy; you are longing, like us, for the sun and the flowers.

Why tell taradiddles concerning a month, when one only is warm when in bed he's entombed,

When pneumonia's rampant, bronchitis about, and rhenmatical pangs are our lot at all hours?

One smile of the sun when the sweet June wakes him is worth all the "snow-flowers" that ever have bloomed.

IV.

When the sunshine quenches the snowshine—cess it!—when April hooks it, and June follows May,

There may be a little look in for the poet, and then, if you like, my dear boy, have your say.

'Midst the leaves we may dream, and desire, and rejoice, with a song for our smiles and thanksgivings. But now?

You're as mad as its hares for this maddest and saddest of months to kick up such a rhythmical row.

And somewhere surely the sound of the laughter of mocking demons must echo your lay,

The imps of Lumbago and Influenza, the wheezy chest, the neuralgic brow,

Must chortle loud in their Arctic empire, to think they have nobbled one bard anyway.

V.

Are your feet at ease in a pool of water, when winds blow cold from the waste North Sea?

Oh, it's all very well in a flowery lyric, you know that in fact it is fiddle-de-dee.

Does the East wind suit your eyes? Does the blast of an iceberg's breathing assist your breath?

Is March, with the wild North-easter raging, as fine a thing as your poem saith?

Is there not some rot in your rapture of passion, reiterate mellowly though it may be?

Our hearts revolt at the blast of your clarion, CHARLES. Upon winds we're aware you are death;

But leave to KINGOLEY the "brave North-easter;" from fudge like this let the world go free.

VI.

For the "breath of its lips" is bunkum, and bunkum the fulsome praise of your flowing song.

"Glad god of the North-east wind?" Great CÆSAR! O SWINBURNE, dear boy, that is coming it strong!

Its kingdom is—terror, and turpentine plasters, mustard poultices, ipecac. wine.

Night lit with the flame of the night-light dismal, the ropy cough—you should just hear mine!

No sleep for the gaspings that deepen and quicken, for fevered fancies a fiery throng,

The world knows well that the month's a nuisance, and you may depend will at once decline

To be diddled e'en by your dithyrambic; because, old fellow, we know your're wrong.

VII.

The body is drenched one dismal moment, the next one's skin is as dry as starch.

It rains that chill us are most disgusting, and equally so are its gales that parch.

What! kindle mortals to love and laughter by landing the beastliest winds that blow?

Arouse our fondness for wintry wetness, for choking dust or for blinding snow?

No, no, your lips are eloquent, ALGERNON, set in Apollo's own genuine arch;

But neither the flame that fires your tropes, nor the fervour that setteth your figures aglow,

Shall gammon us into the fatuous folly of making a god of the wind of March!



FOND AND FOOLISH.

Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause). "DARLING!" Angelina. "YES, DARLING!"
Edwin. "NOTHING, DARLING. ONLY DARLING, DARLING!" [Bilious Old Gentleman feels quite sick.]

GERMANY.

MARCH 9, 1888.

STRICKEN with sorrows as with dart on dart,
 With folded pinions, but unfailling heart,
 The Teuton Eagle sits, constrained to mark
 That splendid sun sink in the deepening dark.
 So glorious a course should have a close
 As calmly gradual as the twilight rose
 Of a long day of June that softly blends
 With hastening night, and in hushed silence ends.
 Not so the Fates ordained. Tempestuous clouds
 Surround the sunset, lowering sorrow shrouds
 Its latest gleamings, golden, yet, and grand.
 It sinks, and sadness strikes across the land.
 When Thule's king his golden goblet hurled
 To the grey depths that wash around the world,
 What thoughts possessed his vassals as it sank
 To lodge with shattered wrecks and sea-wrack dank?
 "He drank no more," that monarch old and brave,
 Worthy crown-wearer, "leal unto the grave."
 An older, mightier King, as stout, as leal,
 Erect as some tall pine, and tense as steel,
 Has bowed to the last foeman, and at last
 The well-won cup of conquest from him cast—
 Whither? A world in wonder waits to see—
 Waits with bent head and silent sympathy;
 And England, from her isle beyond the foam,
 Looks to that high but sorely stricken home,
 Whence a great presence passes, with a prayer
 That the White Dove of Peace may settle there,
 As o'er that sea where sinks the sun, where flits
 Night's shadow, and that watchful Eagle sits.

"SOUNDS LIKE IT."—If the Government's suspicions are confirmed by positive evidence, over some of the Navy Stores will have to be written, "Knavey Stores."

GEORGE JOKIN GOSCHEN.

(Chez Lui.)

THE great success of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER as a punster has been so marked that 85, Fleet Street has been absolutely flooded with inquiries as to the ways and means adopted by the Right Hon. Gentleman to produce his brilliant effects. The excellent *jeu de mot* about Mr. WYNDHAM being "on the Spree" * while staying in Berlin (a pun which, it is said, has been translated into every European language) appears to have been thrown off as a carefully prepared *impromptu*; but the companion *plaisanterie* about the Court Theatre being "no Criterion" † shows traces of greater elaboration. It is, of course, against etiquette to answer the question whether Mr. Goschen writes for the periodical in which these lines appear, but it may be safely conjectured that nothing from his accomplished pen has ever been published in these pages. We hope on a future occasion to fully explain the manner in which the "Comic CHANCELLOR" concocts his amusing conceits, but at present (as our scheme requires a great deal of tact and bribery) we must request our readers to rest satisfied with the publication of the following quaint cranks and oddities that have caused endless merriment during the past week wherever they have been related.

The CHANCELLOR, the other evening, was witnessing the performance of Miss ANDERSON in the *Winter's Tale*, at the Lyceum, when he called his Private Secretary's attention to the fact that the charming young actress appeared in two rôles. "This makes me believe," said the Right Hon. Gentleman, "that our delightful American visitor must be very *well bred*!" The Private Secretary had to leave the box in convulsions of laughter. On reaching the lobby, however, the young man gave a proof of his insincerity by crying like a child.

Lord HALSBURY, in conducting the Lunacy Acts Amendment Bill through Committee, was heard to murmur to himself, "This measure should have been introduced in Paris rather than in London.

* The Spree is the river on which the capital of Prussia is situated. To be "on the Spree" implies that the person so described is in a cheerful frame of mind.

† "The Criterion" is the name of Mr. WYNDHAM's London theatre.



GERMANY. MARCH 9, 1888.

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly names and titles, arranged in a structured format. Some faint words like "PROFESSOR" and "OF" are visible.]

It would be more likely to held water there than here." "Why?" asked Lord HOBHOUSE, on the broad grin, who had overheard the muttered remark. "Because," replied Mr. GOSCHEN, promptly, "it not only deals with lunatics, but is also intended to protect the Seine!" Lord HERSHELL was so much amused at the pleasantry that he forgot to urge half the amendments of which he had given private notice.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER the other morning, sitting in the House of Commons noticed that the mace was as usual on the table. Turning to the Marquis of HARTINGTON, he pointed out the beautiful workmanship of the weapon that was once designated by CROMWELL "a bauble." He added, with a smile, "Really, that Mace is very spioy." Mr. LABOUCHERE said it was the best thing he had heard in his life, and commenced a lively conversation on the value of Egyptian securities.

It is needless to say that the introduction of the Conversion Scheme gave the satirical statesman an opportunity of making a most irith-provoking remark. Lunching with Mr. BRADLAUGH and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY (who had just returned from a visit to the Pelican Club), he observed, "I am afraid you fellows think that I am fond of talking shop. Not a bit of it! But you see this Conversion scheme of mine is the 'percentor of attraction.'" This excellent quip was received with roars of laughter from under the table.

But perhaps the gem of the collection is another joke, which was delivered only a few days since. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was sitting in his room at the Treasury when he noticed that the door was not quite closed. "Why is the door not a door?" he asked, suddenly of the messenger who was bringing in his luncheon. "Because, Sir," was the prompt reply, "it is a-jar." "Not at all," returned the witty Cabinet Minister; "because it is an egress (a negress)." Some dynamiters in a cellar who overheard the remark were so amused with it that they then and there abandoned their dreadful purpose and adopted the principles of the Liberal Unionists.

Other puns are expected hourly. They will be recorded on their arrival in our next. One, turning upon Mr. GLADSTONE being "axed" something, is nearly completed.

COMIC CLERICS.

WHETHER one of the results of that mysterious Association which entitled itself "The Church and Stage Guild" (does it yet exist?) may have been to enrich the repertoire of the Stage at the expense of the Church, I am not aware, but certain it is that, within the last

few years, we have had more Comic Clergymen on the boards than at any previous time in the history of the Drama. The warm-hearted, ready-witted Irish Priest was at one time inseparable from any Irish play after the striking success of *Father Tom* in BOUCICAULT'S *Colleen Bawn*. When this character was played out, there entered upon the scene the Muscular English Clergyman, ever ready to knock down an aggrieved parishioner, to foil a villain, and protect virtue in distress; and, indeed, until some more recent Dramatists came to the rescue, and revived the gallant Sailor, it seemed at one time not improbable that the extremely gentlemanly but decidedly Pugnacious Parson would supplant the British Tar in the affections of the theatre-going public. But at the Adelphi, under the deservedly successful régime of the Messrs. GATTI, the T. P. (not "Tay Pay") Cookian spirit has been summoned from the vasty deep, and, having become embodied in *Terris Firmis*, is once more the people's darling,—no allusion being hereby intended to that marine store, Deptford.

The *Bells of Haslemere* ohime in with the notions of the Adelphi patrons, and it would now be difficult for any author less mellow dramatic than PETTIT, SIMS & Co., to break what Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, when some few years ago he couldn't get a piece of his produced anywhere, used, in the bitterness of his soul, to call "the ring." So the Stage-Sailor once more finds his home at the Adelphi, and the Muscular Minister only puts in an occasional appearance; but the Comic Cleric is ubiquitous. Who began it? I rather fancy Mr. W. S. GILBERT was the first to start him, when he turned Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON into a Reverend Vicar in the costume of an Archdeacon,—the archest of Archdeacons,—telling us, in a tuneful ditty, of his *bonnes fortunes* as a "pale young curate," though of course this recital of his success with the ladies was not of such a nature as to bring the blush to the cheek of "the young person," no matter how much or how little cheek she might possess. The same author once put a Bishop on the stage of the Haymarket, and, not

to mention other examples that will occur to the habitual playgoer's memory, there was Mr. PENLEY as that ridiculous little parson in *The Private Secretary*, who revelled in "Ba-ath buns," and "didn't like London," and the late Mr. JOHN CLAYTON'S *Dean*—a Dean every inch of him, poor fellow!—in PINEAO'S *Dandy Dick*, who got into all sorts of scrapes, was taken up by the police, and was forced to submit to every kind of indignity. I believe Mr. WILSON BARRETT is also playing the part of a Clergyman just now, but as I have not yet witnessed his performance, I can only suppose that the humour of the part would probably be more subtle than in the instances above-mentioned, though this would not necessarily prevent the impersonation from being classed with them as one among such genuinely comic creations.

And now our old favourite, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, adds one more picture to the clerico-theatrical portrait gallery, and appears as the Rev. Mr. Milliken, M.A., Dean and Tutor of St. Mark's College, Camford. He is only called "Mr. Milliken, M.A." in the play-bill; and though in some Colleges the Dean may be a layman—I remember an instance in point, where the office was only temporary and nominal—yet it is not so in this piece, as the clerical character of Mr. Milliken is emphasised by his pointing out to his fellow-tutor, that there is a College living vacant, to which he should like to retire on his marriage.

To see Mr. TOOLE in cap and gown with Oxford M.A. hood, looking quite the type of an old-fashioned College Don, is exquisitely funny in itself, and he is supported by a really good working company, for whom the piece seems to have been written, as it would be difficult to imagine a heartier landlady of the "Bull and Mitre" than Miss EMILY THORNE, any one more suited to the lively young-lady-like part of *Kitty* than Miss VIOLET VANARUGH, or a better than Miss MARIE LINDEN for the ingenuous *Dora*, who is such an artless thing as to be utterly ignorant of College life, although quite up to making a very good pun about "first-class," and who sets so high a value on truth that she only lets it appear, as some unique jewel is worn by its fortunate possessor, on very rare occasions.

Mr. BILLINGTON is another excellent Fellow—of a College, I mean; scarcely a type of any recognised species of the resident University Official, but the sort of Fellow that a retired Indian Colonel might be expected to make. The young men, Messrs. GARDNER and LOWNE, are both very good, the latter being a life-like representative of the ordinary Undergraduate; and youthful Mr. AUBREY BOUCICAULT looks and acts as the boy he is and is meant to be. Mr. SHELTON gives us a fair specimen of the College gyp, as accustomed to familiarity with his youthful masters as was *Sam Weller* with the Pickwickians, and of course his manner with the Dean is permissible in the broadly farcical situations invented by the joint authors, Mr. and Mrs. HERMAN MERIVALE. Miss KATE PHILLIPS acts in her sprightliest manner, looks her prettiest, and dresses splendidly, as she is bound to do in Commemoration Week; but the part presents no special characteristics which can differentiate it from the stock "lively widow," so useful in comedy.

So much for the individuals. The dialogue is sometimes epigrammatic and generally amusing. The repeated *équivoque* struck me as rather forced, and all that I could clearly make out was that Mr. TOOLE was a Dean in difficulties—which, after all, is quite sufficient when you go to enjoy Mr. TOOLE'S peculiarly rich and broad humour. By the way that any Undergraduates could possibly, for one minute, mistake Miss LINDEN in cap and gown over her ordinary dress, without even a shirt-collar and tie, for one of themselves, exceeds even the limits of farcical improbability. This defect can be easily remedied by the lady herself.

I liked *The Butler* better than *The Don*, as far as intrigue goes, but perhaps the latter has the advantage in dialogue. Anyhow it is well worth seeing, for the sake of the Rev. JOHNNIE TOOLE, Dean—(ah! I was just going to write "JOHNNIE DEAN," and to those who remember him what a genial cleric he would have made!)—Dean of St. Mark's College, Camford, whose portrait as the drollest Don imaginable will be another welcome addition to the Gallery of the Comic Clerics of the English Stage. JACK IN THE BOX.

CAPITAL NAMES IN THE ATLAS.—Last week that distinguished African explorer, Mr. JOSEPH THOMSON, taking leave of his friends, left London by the *Oceana*, to spend some time in the Atlas Mountains and Morocco. The dangers of the expedition are shared with him by Lieut. HAROLD CRICHTON-BROWNE, the son of the admirable Sir JAMES of that ilk. If the proverb "Like father, like son" holds good in this case, the young Scottish Bordoner will not be long before he has benefited the human race. It appears that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, recognising the merits of Mr. HAROLD CRICHTON-BROWNE, has given him a year's leave of absence to prosecute his inquiries. An excellent book may be expected as the outcome of these leaves bound in Morocco. Everyone must wish the gallant explorer success in the wild lands they are about to traverse, and speedy return home to their native country.



Mr. Punch welcoming the Rev. Johnnie Toole, M.A.



THE BRITISH PASSION FOR INEQUALITY.

Sturdy Briton. "IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO TURN UP YOUR NOSE AT YOUR OWN BEGGARLY COUNTS AND BARONS, MOSSOO! BUT YOU CAN'T FIND FAULT WITH OUR NOBILITY! TAKE A MAN LIKE OUR DOOK O' BAYSWATER, NOW! WHY, HE COULD BUY UP YOUR FOREIGN DUKES AND PRINCES BY THE DOZEN! AND AS FOR YOU AND MR. HE'D LOOK UPON US AS SO MUCH DIRT BENEATH HIS FEET! NOW THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A NOBLEMAN, THAT IS! THAT'S A KIND O' NOBLEMAN THAT I, AS AN ENGLISHMAN, FEEL AS I'VE GOT SOME RIGHT TO BE PROUD OF!"

ALL ABOUT IT; OR, TALK BY THE WAY.

Interior of a Compartment on a Suburban Line. Well-informed Britons and others discovered concluding the perusal of their morning papers.

First Well-informed Briton. Well, I've read the Report through, and I'm blest if I can make head or tail of it. Portsmouth seems to be in a bad way.

Second Well-informed Briton. Oh, no, Portsmouth's all right; or rather, it will be. Look here, what it says. (*Refers to paper.*)

"The two ironclad forts should be armed with heavy guns, and made in every respect secure. The armament of all the forts on this side requires considerable improvement. It is also necessary to erect a new land-battery."

And then it goes on about the works at the "eastern entrance," that it says ought to be carried out with the least possible delay. Here nothing's clearer than what the Commissioners have to say about them. Look here. Here are their very words (*again refers to paper*) "When they are completed," they say—

"And the minefields have been protected by machine and quick-firing guns, they believe that the imminent risk to which the dockyard at Portsmouth is at present subjected will be mainly averted."

A Pronounced Pessimist. "Mainly averted!" Gammon! Why how long do you think it would take to carry out the plan, even if they could manage it? (*With cynical satisfaction.*) Three years, if it took a day! Why, the beggars admit that themselves. And then, where's the money to come from? I should like to ask. I tell you it's all gammon! [*Glares defiantly at everybody.*]

Casual Outsider (who has a general but vague grasp of the subject). Oh, I think the money is provided for. Surely I saw something about five million pounds, or some figure of that kind, being already granted by the War Office. (*Refers to paper.*) Hal here it is. The Estimates framed by the War Department were (*reads*), "for Military Ports, £3,137,802, and for Home Mercantile Ports, £1,757,500, making together a total of £4,895,302." (*Tentatively.*) I conclude that amount will be included in the Budget?

Pronounced Pessimist. "Included in the Budget!" Why, what do you take old GOSCHEN for? Do you think he'll tack on a single penny? Why, he wouldn't

do it to save not only Portsmouth but the whole Empire from going to the bottom of the sea. (*Enunciating it as a familiar home truth.*) Why, what do you think he's Chancellor of the Exchequer for, except to swamp the country and please the taxpayer?

First Well-informed Briton. If you'll allow me to correct you, I think you're wrong. I certainly saw somewhere that the Government were prepared to do something at once. Whether it was £800,000, or £2,000,000, I'm not quite clear (*refers to paper*); anyhow, I know they don't mean to let matters slide.

Second Well-informed Briton. Quite so. The Government are fully alive to the gravity of the following paragraph from the Commissioners' Report, which says that:—(*Refers to paper.*)

"It is not too much to say that the destruction of our great dockyard at Portsmouth—and in a less degree of that of Plymouth—might be decisive of the issue of a great war; while the defence of the Thames and Medway is likewise of paramount importance. After inquiring carefully into the condition of each of these ports, the Committee have no hesitation in stating their conviction that deficiencies exist in the defences of each of them which render our position dangerously insecure."

I have no doubt but that a moderate sum will be set aside to put the matter in hand to provide against the possibility of the occurrence of such catastrophes, and, I should say, without an instant's delay.

First Suggestive Listener. It's a strong Commission. I see a good many names. IRVING'S on it, ain't he?

Second Suggestive Listener (dubiously). I can't quite say. But I've heard that ten millions is about the figure fixed by experts as the sum really necessary to supply the country with an efficient scheme of home defences.

Pronounced Pessimist. Not a penny under. (*Grimly.*) Not that that would be any use as things stand. Where should we be to-morrow, if this country were suddenly to be involved in a great Naval war? Why, nowhere. Look at the trial of the *Porpoise* the other day. Besides, where are the ships? Where are the men? France is more than a match for us with either, and before the end of next year will be able to knock us into a cocked hat. What's the good of "Commissions" and their "Reports"? The administration has gone to the dogs, and that's the long and short of it.

A Roused Optimist. Stuff, Sir. England was never better able to hold her own at sea than she is at the present moment. What if a big gun bursts here and there, or an ironclad or two turn bottom upwards! It wasn't with big guns and ironclads that we licked the French at Trafalgar; and what we did then we can do again, Sir, for we've got the same stuff to do it with. Bless me, as if I understood all this "Defence" scare. As if we couldn't hold our own on the sea! Why, what's the country coming to, I should like to know!

Second Well-informed Briton.—Well, you see, that may be all very well, and no doubt there is some truth in it; but still the fact remains that the Committee have come to the conclusion that a good deal wants doing, and that the sooner it is done the better. (*Is entering into further details in explanation of the Report as Scene closes.*)

A Poser.

SCENE—*In front of the Admiralty: Arry and Dick looking up at the Sea-horses.*

Dick. There never were no such things as sea-horses. *Arry (who has had his gun out at so much an hour on the coast).* Not? Then how about the Sea-Mews they talk of, eh?

UNEMPLOYED HEROES.—A Discharged Soldiers' Aid Society is doing what it can to supply a considerable oversight on the part of a grateful, rather than thoughtful country. It is hardly meet that poor TOMMY ATKINS, who has spent the best years of his life in his country's service, should be turned adrift to take the consequence of his unavoidable improvidence amongst the "Unemployed." There is also a Society for the Aid of Discharged Prisoners; but the aid afforded to TOMMY should be proportioned to his deserts, which somewhat exceed those that JEMMY—so to denominate a burglar—can reasonably expect to receive. *Mr. Punch* wishes success to the D.S.A.S., for it is hard on TOMMY to treat him as a boy treats an orange, which, after he has sucked it dry, he chucks into the gutter.

EVICITION!



Handwritten initials

SHARP

Turkey. "S'cuse Me, PRINCE! SORRY TO MAKE ANY UNPLEASANTNESS—BUT I'M ACTING UNDER ORDERS!!"

VERY sorry, I'm sure, my dear Prince!
(If the son of a dog knew how sorry!)
 My grief I should like to evince;
(By sending him straightway to glory!)
 But business is business, you know;
 I am acting, you see, by instructions.
 I fear that you really must go.
(You know if you don't there'll be ructions.)

I act, you perceive, for the firm;
 I don't wish to make things unpleasant.
*(Delightful to see the fool squirm
 Like a chucked-out Hibernian peasant!)*
 I must obey orders. Eh, why?
 To fail would be simply my ruin.
*(I am doing this under the eye
 Of that horrible brute Mr. Bruin.)*

A writ of ejection? Just so!
 It is not to damage or shock you meant.
(To Sheitan I trust he may go.)
 Thanks, much, for accepting the document!
Sans conséquence, Sir (W'll that wash?)
 After all, 'tis a mere brutum fulmen!
*(If Ferdinand credits that bosh,
 He must be the dullest of dull men!)*

MR. PUNCH'S VERY QUEER STORIES.

BLACKWOOD'S TALE; OR, A MASTER OF BLACK ARTS.

CHAPTER I.

MY *nom de plume* is BLACKWOOD, but I come of a very ordinary stock. My father was an Omnibus Proprietor, my mother a Margate Bathing-woman. I had sixteen brothers and sisters, and we were generally regarded as an idiotic family. I was no better than the



rest. But I differed from them all in one special respect. I had a will of my own. This early developed itself. On one occasion, when an attempt was made to administer a dose of castor-oil to me, though both my parents and the rest of the household held me hand and foot, and knocked out three of my front teeth in the struggle to force a wine-funnel down my throat, they never got me to swallow a single drop. After this I sulked. But

"A strange thing happened." I secretly nursed my will-power. By *Haggard Passim.* assiduous practice it grew to gigantic dimensions. Everything gave way before it. I tried it on my father, and willed he should not move. He was instantly pinned to his chair. The curate called. I made a mental resolution that he should try to turn a double back-somersault. He at once did so, falling heavily in the attempt. Then I overturned an omnibus, full inside and out. Nor did my experiments end here. I found that by my will I could control inanimate objects as well. With a scarcely expressed wish, I split the kitchen-table in half. With equal facility I wrenched off the front door, and had the drawing-room piano whisked through the roof of the house, and deposited in the back garden. Feeling myself thus gifted, I recognised the necessity of providing myself with a wider field for the exercise of my peculiar powers, and I resolved to go to the University. In almost as short a time than it takes to relate the fact, I had, by sheer force of will, gained an Oxford Scholarship, taken up my quarters in my College rooms, and commenced keeping my terms as an Undergraduate.

Immediately on entering into residence I lost no time in testing my powers of control over the Principal. The very first night I willed that he should screw up all the Dons in their respective rooms. I had scarcely framed the resolution when he emerged from his quarters, dark lantern and appropriate tools in hand, and proceeded stealthily to execute the task I had mentally allotted to him. The next morning in chapel I made him sing, "*Two Lovely Black Eyes,*" in the midst of the service. My control over him was evidently complete. I felt that I had the Principal well in hand.

And now occurred a circumstance, which, as the sequel will show, had a marked influence on the events of my life.

Among my fellow students at St. Anselm's was one named GULLYTOFF. He was a dark, middle-aged, long-haired, and swarthy Asiatic, of repulsive and forbidding appearance, whose wild gestures, rolling eye and demoniacal expression instantly fascinated me and absorbed my attention. Something in my appearance struck him also. We became great chums. He told me his story. It was not an uncommon one. Connected by blood with a travelling Circus, that had, by the machinations of a wicked great uncle, been decoyed to the wilds of Asia Minor, he had one night, after his customary feat of bursting through several paper hoops in spangled tights, been left behind on the road, and from that day to this he had never been able to trace or even hear anything of the missing *troupe* since. Under these circumstances he had seen nothing before him but to journey to England, enter himself at Oxford for the purpose of studying the Black Arts, by a proficiency in which he hoped to recover a clue to his lost relatives.

I explained to him my powers, and we agreed then and there to join our forces, and prosecute with all our might and main the object of his search together. The very next night I made a bonfire of the whole of my classical library, and supplied its place with a few carefully selected works on magic, and was soon deep in the mysteries of *Noctes Diabolicæ* of HERPIANUS, JORAM'S *Pankleptikon*, and the back numbers of *Zadkiel's Almanack*.

I found the study of the new "science" all-engrossing. I stuck to it day and night. For a whole fortnight I cut chapel, hall, lectures—everything—uninterruptedly. My Tutor and the Principal sent for me. I took no notice of them whatever. At last the evening arrived on which we were to hold our first mystic *séance*. My room was prepared for the occasion. A huge witch's cauldron bubbled over a flickering blue flame in the centre; this was encircled by a double row of human skulls; several alligators were suspended from the ceiling; a tripod surmounted by an Arabian dish of steaming aromatic incense stood in each corner, while a night owl was perched over the bookcase, and a couple of ten-foot snakes wound themselves noiselessly in stealthy coils about the floor. My scout's boy, who brought in my tea, noticed these, and seemed anxious to quit the apartment.

And now GULLYTOFF commenced our incantation. Spiritualistic phenomena were new to me, and I was at first startled at being banged on the back by a phosphorescent accordion. Raps followed.

"This is nothing," said GULLYTOFF, "to what you will see!" He was right. Scarcely had he spoken before a troop of gibbering skeletons poured out of the cauldron and flooded the apartment. A corpse in its shroud sat on the mantel-piece. A crowd of hideous goblins careered about the staircases and frightened men returning late to their rooms after attending a Union debate into fits. Claps of terrific thunder resounded above the College walls, and the whole buildings swayed to and fro as if they had been a labouring ship struggling against an overpowering sea. The Principal came out into the quadrangle to see what was the matter. He found it peopled with ghastly shapes, and was immediately seized by a headless illuminated ape, who perched itself upon his neck, and clinging wildly to his College cap, caused him to stagger heavily in the direction of the gate-porter, crying aloud for help.

At this moment a big blazing balloon of blue fire settled over the cauldron. In the midst of it sat a little old Jew money-lender with a frightful grin distorting his malignant features.

"You want to find the Circus *troupe!*" he screeched, addressing GULLYTOFF in a piping treble. "Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! We'll see about that to-morrow!"

Then breaking forth into a wild *can-can*, he dashed through the window, where, followed by the now frantic and howling throng of spirits, ghosts, and goblins we had conjured up, he disappeared, much to the surprise of the local fire brigade, who had been summoned by the authorities, now fairly alive to the fact that an unusual commotion was occurring within the College precincts, among the chimneys and spires of the neighbouring public buildings. So our incantation ended. But I passed a sleepless night.

(To be continued in our next.)

JUSTICE TO THE LADIES!

(By our own Prophetic Descriptive Reporter.)

THE House of Commons was in a ferment of excitement. The great question of the century, "Should Women have the right of Voting?" was under discussion. Upon the decision of that evening the matter rested. The Government and Opposition were mixed; some were in favour of the measure, some against; and all were anxious. The Grand Old Man had made a grand old speech, which would have been grander had anyone been able to clearly comprehend the conclusion to which it pointed. The Tribune of the People, now the leader of the Tories, had had his say, but still the question remained unsolved. How would it end? Those who had good memories recalled the fact that the great Earl of BEACONSFIELD had, shortly before his lamented death, espoused the cause of the ladies. But for all that, there was a feeling of uneasiness that, given votes, seats would follow, and that then the House of Commons would lose its well-established reputation for being the most comfortable Club in London. What would become of the husbands, if the wives saw them home? How would it be possible to plead the excuse of "parliamentary duties" for absence from the country house, if man and his better half were admitted to the same division lobbies? That was the rub!

Many of the younger Members had urged the plea that, it was rude and discourteous to make an invidious distinction between the sexes; but these juvenile legislators had been laughed or coughed down by the greyheaded fathers of families. It was all very well for bachelors to talk, but let them wait until they became married men, and then the matter would present itself to them under quite a different aspect. So the debate progressed, speech after speech was made, and the *clôture* was ignored in the all-absorbing interest of the topic under discussion.

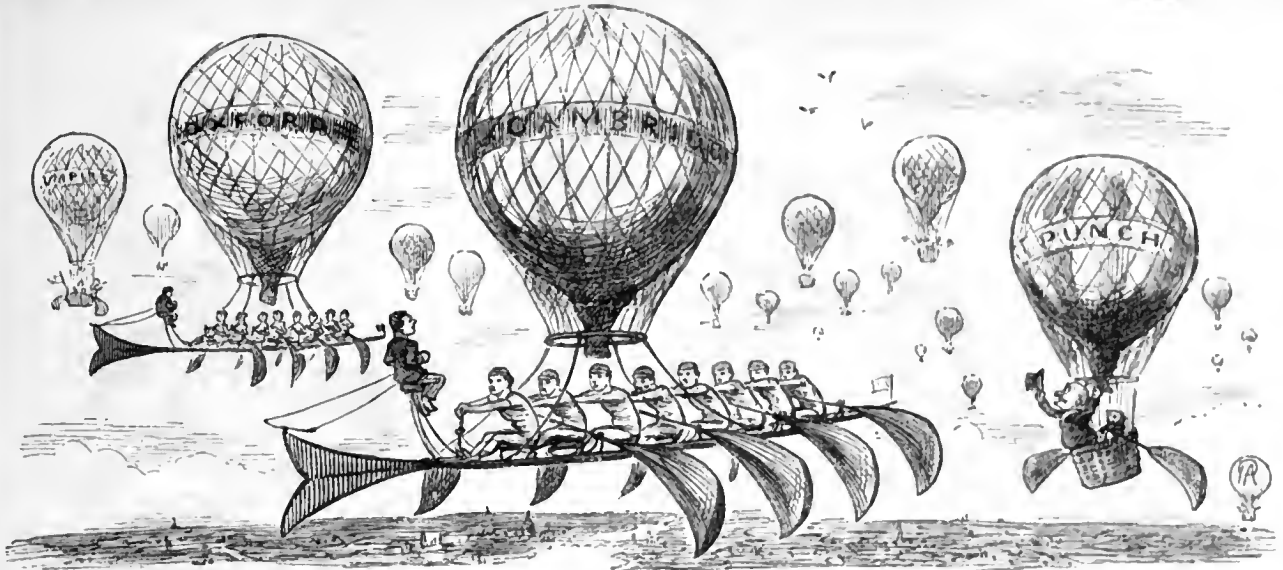
At length there was a pause, and a deep silence reigned. All eyes were turned towards the Treasury Bench, before which was standing a Minister, white and trembling with emotion.

"Sir," at last cried the Statesman, struggling with his sobs, "it is a painful moment, a very painful moment, but I am bound to do my duty. I must confess that women are superior to men in intelligence, tact, and everything that fits a human being to be a Member of this honourable House."

Again there was a deep silence, and all present hung upon the speaker's words. He wiped his eyes, and continued,

"I must remind the House, Sir, of this memorable fact. Many here present will have seen from time to time in the newspapers that I, in my official position as CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, have received halves of bank-notes. Those remittances have come exclusively from men. I am bound to admit the fact that brands our sex with idiotcy! But, Sir, I must say that no conscience-money has ever been paid by a woman!"

The next moment Justice and Reason had prevailed, and, with a mighty shout, the franchise had been given to the Ladies!



THE COMING RACE.—A PROPHETIC VISION OF 1988.

“SLAVES OF THE RING.”

OLD STYLE.

YESTERDAY the long-expected mill between JOE BROWN and JACK SMITH came off before about five thousand patrons of the Noble Art. Most of the House of Peers and all the House of Commons were present, and there was a good sprinkling from the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Bar, the Army, the Navy, and the lowest slums. In another part of our paper we have described the Battle in detail, but here it will suffice to jot down the first round and the last.

Round 1.—Both men came up smiling. JOE struck out well with his left, and landed upon JACK's right peeper, which immediately assumed rainbow colours. Upon this SMITH retorted with his right on the snuff-box, breaking the bone, and producing a fine flow of the ruby. Smart countering following, until JOE went down from a sledge-hammer blow from JACK. First blood and fall to SMITH.

Round Last.—Both men were groggy and had to be placed face to face. It was unsafe to say which was which or who was who, as their features were so mixed that it was impossible to distinguish them. In spite of this they still struck out, JACK catching JOE a blow on the side of his head, which severed his remaining ear. This seemed to rouse JOE, who made one last effort, crushing JACK's chest in, and turning his eyes into pease-pudding. This was too much for JACK, who dropped senseless, and could not be recovered.

It will be seen from the above that both men suffered severely. The fight is considered one of the best on record.

NEW STYLE.

Yesterday the long-expected encounter between JOSEPH BROWN, Esq., and Mr. ZACHARIAH SMITH took place in the presence of six specially appointed representatives of the sporting world. Amongst those who would have liked to have been present, had they not been prevented by engagements elsewhere, were the proprietors of many of the leading Metropolitan Music-halls. It is an open secret that both the gallant gentlemen who so nobly fought yesterday are in great request and can pick their engagements. Mr. JOSEPH who had just come from a dance, was in evening dress, while Mr. BROWN wore a fashionably-cut shooting suit. After smoking some cigarettes, sipping their coffee, and glancing through the papers, the opponents prepared for the encounter, divesting themselves of their upper clothing. The battle was of so much interest, that we give it *in extenso*.

Round 1.—Both gentlemen advanced smiling. On seeing his opponent's clenched fist, Mr. BROWN retired, and was followed round the ring. Wearying of this manoeuvre he raised his right arm as if to give a blow, when Mr. SMITH went under.

Round 2.—Both rather out of breath from their late exertions. Mr. SMITH touched Mr. BROWN on the shoulder, upon which the last called out, "Yes, ZACHARIAH, do you want me?" To which Mr. SMITH answered, "No, JOSEPH, the touch was accidental." Mr. SMITH raised his fist threateningly when Mr. BROWN went under.

Rounds 3 to 36.—These took some time. There was nothing particular in any of them, save in Round 43, when Mr. SMITH slipped and fell, injuring his nose. First blood to Mr. BROWN.

Round Last.—The two men came up yawning. Mr. SMITH was

wearing a piece of sticking-plaster on his nose, and Mr. BROWN had a piece of rag round his wounded little finger. Upon an appeal from the bystanders the battle was declared drawn, and the combatants resumed their clothing and fraternised.

It will be seen from the account that both men suffered severely. The fight is considered one of the best on record.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I'VE nothing to say about books this week. I've gone from cover to cover, and drawn blank. But I think I am on the right scent now, having just taken up *The Prima Donna*, by SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. More of this anon. Its appearance opportunely—or operatunely—anticipates the coming Season of DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS.

Most newspapers have an "Agony Column," and the *Illustrated London News* now has a "PAYN Column"—a double PAYN Column—every week. In the latest PAYN Column, "J. P.," alluding to the recent story of the Sham Nuns in France, declares that the dramatic possibilities of the tale "make the poor British novelist's mouth water." Now, J. P. is not by any means a "poor British novelist;" but I think I see through him in this case as clearly as if he were a PAYN of glass, and to save him the trouble of commencing a plot with this material, I beg to inform him that the story has already been done. It occurs as one of the many incidents in a French novel which I read within the last three years, but what its name was, or whether it was written by BOISGOBEY, MONTÉPIN, MAUPASSANT, or some other free-and-easy romaneist, I cannot at this moment remember. In this novel the nuns were mostly sham ones, they had some lambs among them to be fleeced, and their director, the Abbé somebody, was no clergyman at all, but a swindler who ultimately fell into the hands of the Police. I am inclined to think it was one of BOISGOBEY's, but at all events it has been done. However, never mind, Mr. JAMES PAYN, keep up your "high spirits." After all, it's only one "holiday task" the less, says the BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

A GOLDEN EGG AGAIN.

ANOTHER Great Auk's Egg has turned up, been put up to Aukshun, and knocked down again, without being smashed, fortunately, frail a curiosity as it was to come under the hammer. Mr. STEVENS, of King Street, Covent Garden, lately "sold a very fine egg of the Great Auk for £225." It came into the possession of its late owner in 1851, who then bought it for £18. His name was WISE, and he was not only so called, but was so. This one egg was ultimately taken to a good market, and was sold for the sum abovementioned. We hope it has reached its destination in safety. An accident might happen from mere Aukwardness. Some of us will be wishing that we had a private Auk, of a sporting turn, who would lay heavily occasionally. We wouldn't kill him to see how the trick was done.

CONVERSION WITH RESIGNATION.—An affliction we have to endure in this Exchequered state of existence.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES. (Fragments of a New Version.)



SCENE—St. Stephen's Study.

Faust (representing the H-se of L-rds).

Mephistopheles—Mr. H-NRY L-B-CH-RE, M.P.

Faust. A knock? Come in! Who now would break my rest?

Mephistopheles. 'Tis I!

Faust. Come in! How funnily you're drest!

Mephisto. Perhaps. And yet, Sir, if I might presume,

I'd counsel you to don the same costume,

And, free from your old trammels, speed away.

A livelier part—below—you might essay.

Faust. Too old am I your brisker part to play.

And yet my limitations I deplore,

And own with all my heart that life's a bore.

Mephisto. Your present life is dull, that is

Yet death is never quite a welcome guest.

Faust. No; *Mors*, at the last pinch, we all would chouse;

But lately there's no luck about *my* House.

Chorus of Spirits (invisible).

Woe! Woe!

Rads would destroy

That beautiful House.

With violent blows

Already 'tis battered,

And very much shattered.

MORLEY would sweep

The wrecks into nothingness,

Wherest we weep.

The splendour that's gone,

Thon, 'mongst the sons of earth,



“ SOMETHING WRONG ! ”

Wife (in a Bar's rest). 'JOAHN! YE'RE A BAUR ABINT!!'

Lofty and mighty one,
Bring back once more.
In thine own person the lost world
restore.
Now, with reforms immense,
Enter a new career;
Praise shall salute thine ear
Ne'er heard before!

Mephistopheles.

Knowing souls these Spirits be.
Hark! With veritable nous
How they recommend to thee
Life in a much "mended" House.
In a worn-out world you dwell,
Fain they would allure you hence.
Stagnate here no more, old swell;
Here you lose all sap and sense!

Forbear to fool around, you and your Chief,
In this ornate but soul-depressing den.
In our society you'll find relief,
You'll feel yourself a man with fellow-men.
Not that I'd thrust you mid the vulgar
throng.

I almost to the upper ranks belong,
And if you'll take my tip, old boy, and
mend,

I will engage to be your candid friend,
Your jolly comrade—will you take a weed?
—I'll make a man of you. I will indeed!

Faust. And how must I requite your service,
pray?

Mephisto. Oh, any time will do for that.
Faust. Nay! nay!

A cynic is an egotist, I know,
And you are looking for some *quid pro quo*.

Mephisto. Bless you, you quite misunderstand
my mood;

What I'd propose is for your proper good.

I would rejuvenate you; young, strong,
warm,

My dose will make you.

Faust. What is it?

Mephisto. Reform!
A pleasant, harmless potion, I assure you.
You're moribund, old man, but this will
cure you;

Improve you—

Faust. Off the earth, perhaps! I've heard
Of certain creatures, who were so absurd
As to essay committing suicide
To save themselves from slaughter; sense
and pride [folly].

I hope will long preserve me from that
Mephisto. Bosh! You'll live long, and be no
end of jolly,

If you'll but bolt my pleasantest of pills,
'Twill cure you of hereditary ills.
Inherited diseases mark your strain,
Gout—at your heart,—and palsy—of your
brain,—

'Tis they are bringing you to grief, old
fellow! [low.]

My dose will make you healthy, active, mel-
Here's my prescription. Sign it! Your
blue blood

Won't miss a drop; indeed, 'twill do you
good; [scribe;

Depletion's just the thing I should pre-
Phlebotomy's the need of all your tribe.
Sign; just to show your confidence, dear
boy!

After the dose your life you'll much enjoy.
Come! do not funk it! I am your best
friend.

The fiat has gone forth, FAUST.—MEND OR
END!

CONSCIENCE OF THE FAIR SEX.

It is very kind of you, dearest *Punch*, to
suggest that women ought to have the suffrage,
because then some of us at least would, when
we thought we ought to, send the CHAN-
CELOR of the EXCHEQUER conscience-money.
As it is, I wonder how he can possibly expect
we should. Who is it, SHAKESPEARE or DR.
JOHNSON, or somebody, that said taxation
without representation is tyranny? Not to
mention conscience-money, what conscience
can we have to pay any taxes that we can
avoid at all? Allow us votes, and then the
Government will see whether we shall be con-
scientious taxpayers or no! Ever yours,
JUSTITIA.

P.S.—Will Mr. GOSCHEN have conscience-
money from Ladies, or wait till he gets it?

Fair Trade to Lord Salisbury.

(After his late Speech.)

My pleas at one time seemed your pity to
move,

But now you are deaf to my prayers.
It was politic, then, to dissemble your love,
But—need you now kick me down-stairs?

The Two "Short-Sentence" Judges.

*Mr. Justice Mathew calls on Mr. Justice Day.
Brief interview.*

Mr. Justice M. Then we—

Mr. Justice D. Quite agree.

Mr. Justice M. Can't stay.

Mr. Justice D. DOR, MAT.

Mr. Justice M. Good, DAY. [Exit.



CAUTION V. CAUTION.

"SO CAREFUL, SO ECONOMICAL, MY DEAR WIFE IS! SHE ALWAYS LOCKS UP THE DECANTERS WHEN WE'VE HAD ALL WE WANT—ON ACCOUNT OF THE SERVANTS, YOU KNOW! HE! HE! . . . SHE DOESN'T KNOW I'VE GOT A KEY TOO!"

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WENT to hear Oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, by Dr. MACKENZIE—not Sir MORRELL, but the composer—on Tuesday night, March 15. Very fine—the Oratorio, not the night—as snow was falling and making slush. Blizzards were about. What a splendid title for an Oratorio, *The Blizzard*. That is to say it would be a splendid title, if its sound were not slightly suggestive of Buzzard. Still, there's a something weird and German about the notion of *The Wizard and the Blizzard*. "Gizzard" ought to be in it somehow. So ought "*Lizard*." Will copyright title. To return to St. James's Hall.



Wrapped up in the music, and quite carried away by Madame Schumann.

"a woman"—for that was her rôle among the *dramatis personæ*—should, who possesses her rare contralto voice, not so rich, perhaps, as rare. SANTLEY looked uncommonly sapient as *King Solomon*, and took no part in any duet or trio. I suppose in this he showed the proverbial wisdom of the character, as his Solos were given in the best style of this King 'SOLO'-MON. Throughout the performance, he kept his eyes fixed on his book with the pertinacity of a musical ST. ANTHONY. But for the subject, which of course cannot be placed on the stage, what a spectacular opera it would make! Supposing the subject changed and the libretto secularised and accommodated to the score for stage purposes, introductions would still be necessary for the sake of variety. Without scenery, costumes, and dramatic action, it is difficult to fully realise the gorgeous Eastern scene in their mind's eye. Oratorios which make so great a demand on the unaided imagination are the kind of thing which, to quote the once popular *Lord Dundreary*, "no fellow can understand,"

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

[Mr. CAMERON, on resuming his seat, sat on his hat.]

BACK to the House! Every man, JOE,
Must own that you came in good time,
Though they who are eager to ban JOE,
May count that to you as a crime.
Well, JOE, you may e'en let them hammer on,
They don't find it easy to score.
The SPEAKER at once squelched poor CAMERON,
Doubtless he found it a bore.
He fancied, depend, JOE, upon it, you
Turned up to the moment most pat;
What he wished, my dear JOE, was to bonnet you;
What he did was—to sit on his hat!

OYSTER CORNER.

It seems that two or three large firms, Proprietors of the Whitstable Oyster Grounds, have clapped another 25 per cent. on to the wholesale price of "natives." But these so-called natives of England are said to be really natives of France, imported hither mostly from Arcachon, and only laid down at Whitstable and other places, to be cultivated and fattened. These molluscs, therefore, in this country, are not natives at all, but only naturalised foreigners. Because an alien oyster has been educated at Whitstable, it is no more a native than a man is a horse because he was born in another stable. The exorbitant price of oysters appears to be mainly owing to the operations of an Oyster Ring, in which, as in the Betting Ring, there is much at work like jockeyship. In the interest of oyster-eaters, with a view to counteract that kind of practice upon the market, what do financiers say to the formation of a Native Oyster Company (Limited). "Oh, for an hour of brave old DANDOLO!" That is to say, with a slight abbreviation and alteration, Oh, for the return of the good old days of DANDO! Then the abundance of oysters enabled that once illustrious oyster-eater to eat his fill of them at a cost which would have been unnecessary for him to count, and he never did. Let our cry be, "Down with the price of Oysters!" and let us form a bold Company to beard the Oyster in his Shell! Motto, "*Solvitur Dando*."

but which, evidently, No-VELLO can understand. An enthusiastic admirer of Madame SCHUMANN said that, in spite of his having a terrific cold, he must go and hear her play at St. James's Hall, adding that he felt quite secure against a chill, as, whenever she performed, he was always entirely wrapped up in the music and carried away. In fact Madame has no warmer supporter than this influential amateur. But—will some one compose an orchestral work with grand effects to be called *The Blizzard*?

KAISER WILHELM.

AFTER THE FUNERAL, MARCH 16TH.

It is said, in days of Summer, when the moonlight on the Rhine
Floods with scintillating silver all the land of hill and vine,
That the shadow of a monarch comes to visit earth again,
And that great imperial phantom is the ghost of CHARLEMAGNE.

Not in anger comes the Kaiser from his tomb at La Chapelle,
But his eyes are fain to look on all the scenes he loved so well;
And upon the Bridge of Moonbeams, lo! the spectre takes its stand,
With the palms of benediction o'er the ancient Fatherland.

So the olden legend runneth. Now once more the Tentons weep
For a paladin as peerless, who has won eternal sleep;
Though they mourn the mighty Soldier that his God has ta'en away,
'Tis the Father of his People that his children miss to-day.

Brave in battle, sage in council, with no thought of praise or pelf,
On the altar of his country he had immolated self;
And the up-hill path of duty with a steadfast foot he trod,
Single-hearted in devotion to the Fatherland and God!

May we not then, looking forward to the years that are to be,
When all living men have vanished like the sands beneath the sea,
Dare to presage of a presence, will be seen of man once more,
A twin-spectre in the moonbeams with the CHARLEMAGNE of yore.

And the children of those ages shall look out upon the night,
And with awe-struck whispers murmur, as they see the fearsome sight,
"Lo! his great sword flashes upward for an everlasting sign;
Kaiser WILHELM comes to bid us keep with him the Watch on Rhine!"

DEUX BEAUX YEUX BLEUS!

MONSIEUR, *Clermont-Ferrand, 19 Mars, 1888.*

THOUGH I have not your tongue at the ends of my nails, I flatter myself I can, in it, express myself sufficiently to ask of you your sympathy, British and generous, in my present position, which is at once both tragic and grotesque. Tragic, because I have been placed by traitors in a position of non-activity by the *retraite d'emploi*. Grotesque, because my pieces of conviction have been one pair of blue spectacles, a "ulsterre," a crutch, whiskers à la *côtelette de mouton*, and a felt hat. But what has been my crime? I applied to the Minister of War for leave. He refused it to me. Was I, the great BOULANGER, the child of the *Café Concert*, the hero of the Boulevards, to accept this insult? No, Monsieur; a thousand times, no! So I took the leave,—that immortal birthright of all true Frenchmen, "French leave," myself. But as I wished to bring upon the Government no regrettable embarrassments, I assumed the disguise, simple and unique, which I have indicated above. And my blue spectacles are already enshrined in the hearts of my compatriots, who having had recourse to your famous *chanson comique*, are gaily greeting me with the refrain, sympathetic:—

"Deux beaux yeux bleus,
Ah! que c'est affreux!
Ainsi de montrer un homme qu'il a tort!
Ah! deux beaux yeux bleus!"

Do you think I have been indiscreet? Then, I ask you, what would be the event, if your Milord VOOLSLEY or DUKE-CAMBRIDGE demanded the permission of your Mr. SMITH to visit their hotels in London, and were refused? Would they not instantly leave Portsmouth-Dock-yard or Dover-Castle, disguised as the Chinese, the Red Indian, or the English Milord with yellow hair, and a *boule-dogue* under each arm, and defy the treasonable order which deprived them of their liberty? To this question there can be only one response. And this suggests to me, Monsieur, that if I can no longer appear on horseback, and win the applause, thrilling and grateful, of the admiring populace, I may perhaps be driven to follow in the footsteps of your great WOODIN, and give a whole entertainment in disguises, with ventriloquial accompaniment, that shall assist materially their development. If among these personages that I may then present to the public notice there should figure the "Dictator," I feel that, after the outrages of March 15, it would create not much surprise. Deign to receive the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

GENERAL BOUM-LANOER.

ROBERT'S DOMESTIC TRUBBLES.

I NEVER rites wen I'm in a temper, leastways I don't send my luckybrashuns to your pages when I'm bilin over. No; I gives meself time to koul down. Some weeks ago I sor it, after it had been menshunned by you whose egeleye nothink askapes—I sor it—I mean I werry-fide the kwotashun, and found myself discribed in a most respectfool Paper as "ROBERT the D—." This were pretty well to begin with, without its going on to speak of me as a meer Play Aoter! And then to have to bear the horful sorcasms of my much bigger and better arf when she read of the reelly passhonet and familiar way in which Maddam BURNS sung of me as "*Robert, O my beluvud Robert!*" was more than I cond well bear, and so I sort relief from my hagitated feelings by rushing off to a Lawyer, down in the Hold Bailey, and consultin him all about it, and how much dammages I shoold ask Mr. CHARLES ROBY and Maddam BURNS for.

And I'm bound to say as Mr. BENJERMIN behaved most strikly honnerabel in the hole matter. In course when I began for to tell him as I wanted to bring a Haashun for hevvy dammages against two werry rich people, male and female, he natrally rubbed his hands and showd the Lawyers Glee by the customary grin. But when I showed him the noosepaper, as I had bort by the way, his face reesomed its old familycar dun brown look, and he said in his fine legal frasiology, "it ain't no go, Mr. ROBERT, for they didn't mean you, but sum forren Gent as asoomed your name, so they can plead a *allyby*, and I'll jst trubble you for 6s. 8d., and wish you a werry good morning!"



"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Very Naughty Tommy (who has been severely corrected by his Mamma). "I'M PRE'SH'-S-S SORRY"—(sobbing)—"Y'YOU EVER M-MARRIED PA'!"

I was that thunderstruck that I was dum; but I paid the money like a man, and sort in a naybouring Pub that quiet and that mild refreshment I so much required. And in that little back parlor over a quiet glass and a pipe, I rewood my persition. I had been shamefully hinsulted by being publicly called a orful name, I had arowosed the gelosy of the partener of my joys and sorrsers, without the proud satisfacsun of having deserved it, I had xpended the rayther considerabel sum of 6s. 8d. without nothink to show for it, and I had now to return to my gelous spowse and endeavor to conwinee her that Maddam BURNS, when she xelaimed with all her art and with all her voice, "*Robert, O my beluvud Robert!*" did not mean me, but some forren gent as made use of my onered name for some bass puppus of his hone! What a sittywashun! I don't know as how it was ewer ekalled, xcept praps wen a Alderman as had bin reglar elected by his Ward had to go home and tell his xpecting Missis as the other Aldermen woodn't have him at no price, as they had wayed him in the Scales and found him wantin. I was that lost in my thorts that I ordered another glass, amost without knowin it, and sat there sippin and thinkin, and thinkin and sippin, till I felt as the kindly sperrits had given me due courage to go home and face my angry partner.

Fancy my estonishment when I reached my umbel dwelling to find as Mrs. ROBERT wasn't in, and hadn't left no messidge with the backparler, as ushal. However, I hadn't werry long to wait before she hentered, and to my most intense surprize of all, aoshally came up to me and kissed me! saying in her werry sweetest and most winningest way, just as she used to tork when we was a setting in Grinnidge Park afore we was married, "*ROBERT, dear, I has to arsk your parding for my foolish gelosy this morning, for I've bin and found out as the account in the paper is all fawise, for I've bin to the Court Theater to have it out with that Maddam BURNS, and I finds as there ain't no Court Theater left as there used to be at Slone Square, for they've bin and gorn and pulled it all down!*" And then we sat down and had our teas, and in honner of the occasion we had six pennyworth of muffins, which I nose is a weakness of Mrs. R.'s, and then we went to the Globe Theater, and both had a good hearty cry at the *Golden Ladder*, which we both werry much injoyed, and then home to a nice little hot supper and jest one glass of somethink nice, and then to bed. And we both agreed that if ewery base inwention against injured hinnocence brort forth fust such a bust of gelous affeoshun, and then such a nappy reekonsillayshun, might they appear in the daily papers about wance a week till further notice.

I did not think it necessary to menshun that it had corst me 6s. 8d. for nothink, and somethink more for somethink, or what I had heard from the Lawyer. Common Sense and common prudence alike dictated to me not to wake the sleeping Lioness. I never woke one yet, and at my time of life I thinks as it is jest a littel too late to begin.

ROBERT.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Lady of the House (archly). "MY HUSBAND'S NOT AT HOME, MR. GOODENOUGH. HE'S GONE TO CALL ON SOME PRETTY WOMEN OF HIS ACQUAINTANCE!"
Caller. "AH, I'VE GIVEN THAT UP LONG AGO!"

CONSOLATION; OR, "A FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY."

A Pastoral of the Period.

ARGUMENT.—A Shrewd Shepherd, expert at a song—and a bargain—melifluously reasoneth with a Simple Shepherdess, and "converteth" her to his own views concerning Exchange.

"The sweet simplicity of Three-per-Cents."

Shrewd Shepherd (sings)—

"If I had as much money as I could tell,
 I never would cry, 'Young lambs to sell!'"

Simple Shepherdess. Dear me! His singing is seductive, very!

Shrewd Shepherd. Whither away, fair Nymph?

Simple Shepherdess. Sir, you are merry.

No Nymph am I, alas! The Nymphs are fled
 From our Arcadia. Great Pan is dead!
 You see his régime would no longer suit us,
 And he's succeeded, so they say, by Plutus.
 Are you a votary of his?

Shrewd Shepherd. Sweet maiden,

Do I look like a man with bullion laden?
 This lamb, symbol of innocences and peace,
 Has not, you see, even a golden fleece.

Simple Shepherdess. It does look rather puny.

Shrewd Shepherd. It is young—

Like you, my dear—

Simple Shepherdess. On every shepherd's tongue

Truth is not found, as Marlow's nymph could tell.

You're not a Passionate Shepherd, are you?

Shrewd Shepherd. Well,

I have been called so. If I have a passion

'Tis for statistics.

Simple Shepherdess. Ah! they're quite the fashion

E'en in Arcadia. CORVDON now sings

Of "average outputs" and such horrid things.

I do hate figures! I find my felicity

In finger-reckoning and its sweet simplicity.

Shrewd Shepherd. Most rational and proper—in a lass.

At your fair shrine, *Sancta Simplicitas*,

I fain would worship.

Simple Shepherdess. You are most polite,

And now, good day!

Shrewd Shepherd. One moment! If I might

Suggest a swap!

Simple Shepherdess. What's that?

Shrewd Shepherd. Well, an exchange;

To you the patter of the Mart is strange.

Simple Shepherdess. I don't quite understand you.

Shrewd Shepherd. But you will.

That sheep of yours—

Simple Shepherdess (alarmed). You do not mean to kill

My pet? You're not a butcher in disguise,

Now, are you?

Shrewd Shepherd. Bless your innocent blue eyes,

Do I look like a cruel *carnifex*?

No, not for all Arcadia would I vex

Your gentle bosom. See, I wear no steel!

But,—well, your sheep is old; do you not feel

That something younger, with more promise in it,

E'en if not quite so large,—now, stop a minute!

You ladies are so hasty. Just behold!

This little lambkin! He's as good as gold,

A sweet, sweet face, a fleece of virgin snow,

Do you not yearn towards him?

Simple Shepherdess. Humph!—well—no!

I must say "nary yearn" feel I at present.

Shrewd Shepherd. You have a pretty wit, sweet Nymph, and pleasant:

Like—well, if I may say as much—like me.

I can crack jokes, you know, when "on the Spree."

New lamps for old, you've heard of as a cry;

Why not new lambs for old?

Simple Shepherdess (hesitating). Well, Shepherd—I—

I—don't quite like to part with my old pet!

Shrewd Shepherd. Come, come! the exchange is one you'll ne'er

Sentiment? pooh! that's never worth a button;

This lamb will grow to a most handsome "mutton,"

Finer than that which you so closely clutch,

And you will learn to love it quite as much.

Simple Shepherdess. Well—if I must I must, but—

Shrewd Shepherd. Sweet Simplicity.

Fear not! Ta-ta, dear! Wish you all felicity!

[Exit Shrewd Shepherd, with 3 per cent. lamb, leaving the two-and-three-quarters lambkin in exchange.]

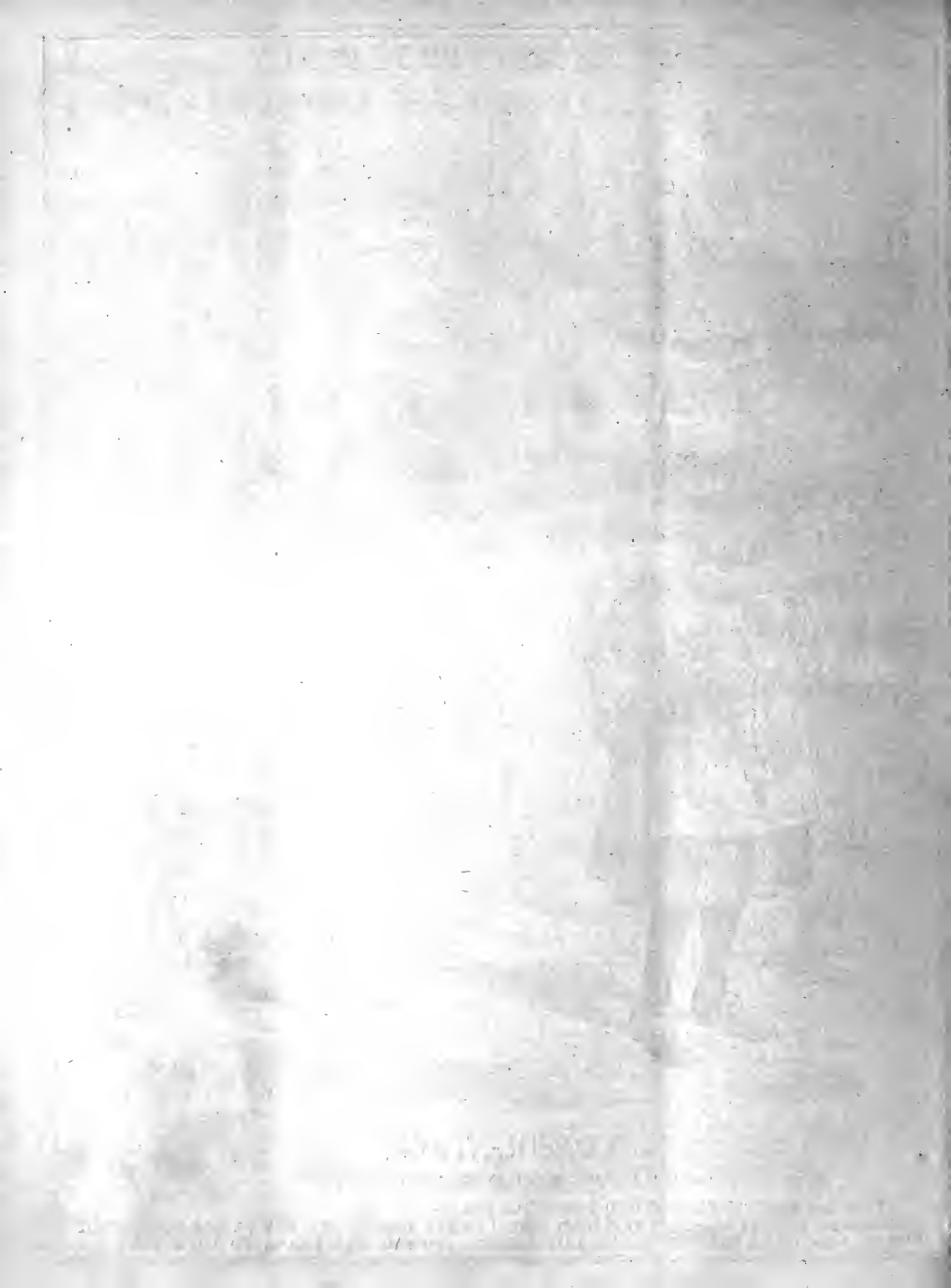


CONSOLATION;

OR, "A FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY."

"SWEET SIMPLICITY." "I AM SORRY TO PART WITH HIM!"

SHREWD BUT SEDUCTIVE SHEPHERD. "NAY, DEAR CHILD! WHAT TROUGH THIS ONE BE BUT INDIFFERENT FAIR TO LOOK ON AT PRESENT? HE'LL LAST LONGER,—AND YOU WILL LEARN TO LOVE HIM!!"





"ALL THE APPLIANCES AND MEANS TO BOOT."
Shakespeare.

TOO LATE FOR GORDON.
—Fals staff (out of office).
—"Ah! no more of that, Ma'am, an thou lovest me."

SUNDAY RECREATION.
—Chess is undoubtedly the Game for Sundays, as it cannot possibly be played without two Bishops.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A LEGAL LUNCHEON-BAR.

SCENE—A Restaurant in the neighbourhood of the Courts of Justice. At the Bar, members of both branches of the Legal Profession discovered lunching on high stools; behind Bar, bustling staff of barmaids, kitchen-maids, and small boys in white caps, superintended by Energetic Manager, of a cheerfully familiar disposition.

Voices behind the Bar. Small roast beef cut lean, ROBERT! . . . When does that mutton mean to come? . . . plates, JENNY, look alive there! . . . Were you the dumpling, Sir? Oh, the sausage and plain; I beg your pardon! . . . More prongs!

[This last from the Manager—a pleasing synecdoche for forks. Solicitors' Clerks before the Bar. Can't let you have that further abstract yet, but it's being attended to. . . . We ought to have had notice of that last affidavit they filed! . . . Costs on higher scale. . . . Not the practice to give copy affidavit without the jurat—told 'em so! Notice to produce all their books for last sixteen years, &c., &c.

Shower just ceasing. Enter a Surly Man, umbrella-less and drenched. Barmaid (to him, pleasantly). The rain has been coming down, Sir, hasn't it?

The Surly Man. Never saw it coming up—did you?
[Barmaid subsides, pouting.]

The Energetic Manager (to S. M.). Good morning, Sir, you've brought the sunshine in with you! (Savage growl from the S. M.) But that (politely) I'm sure you always do! New or stale bread, Sir? (Presenting plate with two squares of bread.) Stale is this chap. Let me see (with the air of a man who studies all his customers' little peculiarities), it's cawfee you like with your little lunch, isn't it, Sir?

The S. M. Coffee? No! it's poison to me. Stout!
The E. M. Stout, of course it is! You shall have it, Sir! (As if it was a rare and costly beverage; but he would search the universe to procure a drop or two.) Oh, you shall have it!

Enter a Young Barrister with a Country Client. The Young Barrister has just lost his first case in Court, and would much rather not lunch, but is anxious not to offend his Client, who, so far, has "taken it very well—considering."

The Country Client (with a sigh). Well! I did think the Court would have been with us—but there, I suppose it can't be helped.

[He has been saying this for the last ten minutes. The Young Barrister (for the twentieth time). You—you can never tell beforehand what view the Bench is going to take. (As if he had had years of experience.) I did my best. (A little defiantly, in faint hope of forcing a compliment.)

The C. C. (with rather offensive magnanimity). Oh, I'm not blaming you, my boy—though (he has been trying to keep from saying this ever since the Court rose) it was a pity you gave the other side that opening by re-examining as you did. Didn't you see that note I passed up from the well?

The Y. B. (not liking this). Which? You passed up such a lot, you know!

The C. C. I wish you had paid more attention to them—I know that! Well, never mind, I do think ALLADYE, Q.C., might have found time to look in, instead of leaving you to fight it alone. I told STAPLE AND VERULAM I must have a leading brief given—and this is the result! By the way, that was a smart young fellow against you—know who he is?

The Y. B. (with a pang of jealousy). Oh, I don't know. (With affected carelessness.) Some Common Law fellow, I believe. (After pause—more candidly.) PRISK, his name is.

The C. C. Very sharp the way he took you up over the registra-

tion point—why, bless my soul! (with a pleased recognition)—he's coming in now. (Enter Mr. PRISK, with a jaunty self-satisfied air, and an eye-glass; the C. C. makes room for him with marked deference, while the Y. B. assumes a stony abstraction.) Allow me, Sir, we've met before to-day—Potter v. Kettleby, y' know—we can afford to shake hands over it now, eh?

Prisk. To be sure. You acted for the plaintiff, didn't you? Oh, it was a walk over for us—you hadn't a leg to stand on!

The C. C. I don't know that. I was strongly advised to rely on "HUGGER AND MUGGER"—

Prisk. Cuts both ways, that case. I put that to the judge—then your own witness—what was his name? PUNDLEBY, did for you; that answer I got out of him on the re-examination—that gave me all I wanted!

The Y. B. (who has been listening to all this on the other side of his Client, and thinks it time to strike in and change the subject). Are you—a—going back to Yokelford this afternoon?

The C. C. (testily). Eh, what? Oh, forgot you were there! Going back? Yes, yes, of course! What is there to do here, now? (Turns to Mr. PRISK in a marked manner.) Yes, I am glad to have this opportunity of telling you, Sir, how very much struck I was with the way you conducted your case. I may say so, now it's all over. I can recognise ability (with a disparaging glance at the Y. B.), when I do happen to come across it!

Prisk (nonchalantly). Delighted to hear you say so—hard-fought case—er—(recognises the Y. B., and thinks he can afford to be generous)—on both sides. (To Attendant.) Here! I said mutton.

The C. C. Well, we had a good case—on paper. I suppose Mr.—er—PRISK, thank you! I suppose you don't confine yourself to any particular class of practice?

Prisk. Bless you, no! Take anything that comes in my way—trouble you to pass the salt.

The C. C. (pompously). Ah, just so, I shall remember that—Prisk, and your address is in the Law List, I daresay?

Prisk. Ought to be—been there for six years now. (To Barmaid.) Get me some cheese and butter, will you?

The C. C. (to the Y. B.). You don't seem to be getting on—I must be off soon.

The Y. B. (feeling forlorn and neglected). They haven't brought me my chop yet (plaintively).

The C. C. (patronisingly). You should assert yourself more—that's the way to get on in this life. (To the E. M.) When is this gentleman to have his chop?

The E. M. Waiting for your chop, Sir? Sorry you didn't mention it, Sir—work of time, a chop is, Sir. (Loudly.) Here—'urry up that grill-chop there! (The cry is taken up, and carried down into the far distance, until the Y. B. feels thoroughly ashamed, of his chop, and wishes he could sneak off and desert it. The E. M. to small boy with plate.) Roast beef and Yorkshire—right! there's a good bo-oy! Now, then, my dear, don't take all the room there! (Putting his hand on Barmaid's shoulder and turning her round, which she appears to resent privately.)

The C. C. Well, I can't stay here all day. Good day, Mr. PRISK, glad to have made your acquaintance—hope we shall find ourselves on the same side, next time! By-by, TIMMERMAN! (To Y. B.)

[Exit C. C., leaving TIMMERMAN and PRISK side by side. T. pretends not to see P.]

Prisk (with a nod to T.). Thought I knew your face. Ram old boy, that Client of yours!

T. (bitterly). He won't be a Client of mine much longer!

P. (easily). Oh, I don't know—you didn't do so badly. If you'd taken the line I thought you were going to take, I should have been up a tree. (Consolingly.) Everyone muffs it at starting, and but for—

T. (not very far from choking). Thank you—but it isn't much good discussing all that over again!

P. (with exasperating good temper). Not a bit—if you don't like it! Mistake to carry personal feeling into a case, though,—you'll find that out when you've been at it a little longer!

[He pays his bill and strolls out, leaving the Y. B. to cherish wild thoughts of "chucking-up" the Bar, and going in for ranching or diamond-digging.]

E. M. (returning briskly). Your chop at last, Sir! (in a tone of deep mystery and confidential congratulation, as if it didn't occur every day), and a hot potato, Sir!

[In his vivacity he slams the dishes on the counter with a force that upsets the Y. B.'s beer into his plate, and shoots a very floury potato into his necktie.]

The Y. B. (with a sense that nothing will prosper with him any more). Oh, it doesn't matter—don't bother about it! (He smiles in a sickly manner.)

The E. M. (noticing the smile with approval). Glad you are able to see the merry side of it, Sir!

[Scene closes in on the Y. B. pecking dolefully at his chop, wondering what his Client is saying of him now, and wishing he had never been born.]

AMONG THE LATEST PARISIAN SPECTACLES.



RENTRÉE DE M. LE GÉNÉRAL BOUM DE BLEULANGER,

Author of "En Revenant de la Revue," who will give his new Song, adapted from the English, entitled

"Oh, what a surprise,
Two Lovely Blue Eyes!"

MR. PUNCH'S VERY QUEER STORIES.

BLACKWOOD'S TALE; OR, A MASTER OF BLACK ARTS.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning early found me starting for Damascus. I had received a post-card in a diabolical hand bidding me go there at once. Under the circumstances it seemed the only reasonable thing to do. I asked leave of the Principal. The term was only half finished, and he refused. I laughed in his face, and instantly brought the immense force of my will-power into play. The effect was electric. With a feeble stagger, and a sickly far-off smile, he at once gave me permission to "stay down as long as I liked." I started by the twelve o'clock express; the same train contained GULLYTOFF, who had received a missive similar to mine, and was departing, without further hesitation, straightway for Patagonia. We parted at Paddington. Thence onward my journey was an easy one.

In three weeks after my departure I found myself lolling in lazy luxury under the deep blue canopy of the Eastern Meridian. In some respects the hotel I had selected at Damascus was a peculiar one; it had a back garden of roses that led imperceptibly into a fair green oasis in an Arabian desert, intersected by cool bubbling streamlets that played in the soft shadows of the lovely oleander and myrtle bushes, which lent it its subtle and fantastic charm. Here it was my wont to wander 'neath the myriad stars that glistened in the stilly firmament above, while the pale crescent moon hung suspended in the emerald amber of the dying West, lying like a slice of glorified and silvered melon upon its back in some wondrous incandescent and translucent sea.

One night I happened to have strolled many miles further than was my wont in this enchanting paradise, from the habitable precincts of my abode, when a strange sound smote my ear. I listened intently. I was not disappointed. I distinctly heard the words

"Houp-là!" pronounced in a sweet but melancholy voice. To dash through the intervening myrtle-bushes and find myself suddenly inside a Circus, in which a *troupe* were giving their entertainment apparently to empty benches, was but the work of a moment. I noticed that the structure seemed shadowy, and I advanced into the ring. Two Bounding Brothers were going through their exercise. I poked one with my umbrella. It went through him. I approached the leading lady, and tried playfully to embrace her. My arms clasped nothing—she was mere vapour. The Ring-master stooped down to pick up something; I tried to sit on him—I went to the ground. There was no doubt about it; I had met with a Circus *troupe* of performing spirits. They were clearly GULLYTOFF's relations. They crowded about me.

"And are you happy?" I asked, struck with the rather mournful cast of their countenances.

"Almost," they replied. "The fact is, we should be quite, if it were not for the circumstance of our playing to empty benches. It is weary work never getting a hand," they sighed.

"And we have been running this programme now for eighteen thousand nights in this oasis," added the Ring-master, with a mournful smile. "It is a little slow—just a little slow!"

"But it shall be so no longer!" I rejoined brightly. For I had already made my resolve. I would materialise these poor spectres, and restore them living, breathing, animate beings to GULLYTOFF once more. And as I made up my mind, I felt my whole energy of being rush irresistibly into one channel, and all my mighty strength of will sweep on supremely to one steadfast and tremendous purpose. The effort was colossal, but so was the result. Gradually a strange change came over them. Their forms grew denser. The trousers of the Ring-master seemed to fill out. The Bounding Brothers appeared visibly to put on flesh. The *rouge* came in distinct patches on the leading lady's cheeks. My patience was rewarded. My agonising efforts were successful. Their materialisation was complete. Within three hours I had paid my hotel bill, and booked our passage by the mail route direct to Southampton.

But I must not further delay the climax of my story. I had brought my charges safely to Oxford, and installed them in my rooms. Their arrival created some excitement in the College. This I discounted. I saw the Principal passing beneath, and I willed that he should break out suddenly into a Highland Fling. This he instantly did in the centre of the quadrangle, and by his wild antics at once quite absorbed the universal attention. Meantime GULLYTOFF, who had, by a strange coincidence, just arrived that very morning from Patagonia, had recognised his lost relatives, and my scout was about to lay lunch, when we became conscious of the presence in our midst of a blazing big balloon of blue fire, containing in its centre the evil-looking little money-lending Jew. GULLYTOFF turned pale. Then he asked his malign relative what he wanted.

"What I want?" shrieked out the vindictive little Jew, in reply. "Why, I have just looked in 'to have a little more fun. I'll teach you to meddle with the Black Arts. They shall all die in your rooms! Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!"

And with a withering curse on the whole party, he took an upward bound and vanished in a bigger halo of blue fire through the ceiling.

His prediction was not long in taking effect. One by one the *troupe* were seized successively by violent apoplectic fits. GULLYTOFF rushed first to one, then the other, foaming at the mouth, his black hair streaming in all directions, and his eyeballs starting out of his head. Just as the second Bounding Brother succumbed, he staggered blindly towards him, and giving one last wild cry and wringing his hands, fell a lifeless log across his prostrate body. I summoned my scout, and desired him to send for the nearest undertaker.

There was a Coroner's Inquest. The reputation of the College suffered somewhat. But the Jury brought in a verdict of Accidental Death; though, as I had willed that the Principal and Vice-Chancellor should be more or less implicated in the affair, they added a damaging rider reflecting severely on the character of those worthies.

Though this happened some years ago, I am still in residence. From time to time I have had a *Walpurgis Nacht*, with its attendant orgies, within the College walls, and on the morrow of these occasions I have invariably been requested by the Principal and Fellows to take my name off the College books. Need I say I have always declined? I am still studying the Black Art, but have not yet taken my Master's degree. The Principal, I fancy, instinctively avoids me. Men seem to give me a wide berth in Hall. Are these things strange? Sometimes I think they are; sometimes I think they are not. Now and then I find myself asking myself how it will all end! Ah! how will it? That's the question. Who knows?

GENERAL BOULANGER'S "PROPS."—For Tragedy—a prancing black horse. For Comedy—a music-hall song. For Farce—a pair of blue spectacles.



House of Commons, Monday Night, March 12.—To-night comes CHARLIE BERRESFORD's opportunity in the great combined attack upon the Government, conducted by sea and land under General and Admiral Lord GRANDOLPH, V.C. The Navy now signalled into action. Great opportunity for CHARLIE, but marred in advance by the astuteness of GRANDOLPH. CHARLIE used up last week in supporting GRANDOLPH's personal attack on Army Estimates. If he'd saved himself for to-night, would have had full House and high old time. But sacrificed himself for GRANDOLPH's sake. House didn't care to hear speech over again. If CHARLIE hadn't said what he had to say last week, he should have done. House never cares to make two bites at cherry or speech. Inattention and indifference re-acted upon CHARLIE. Not at all up to the mark. Gun-room stories best part of speech, but these not artistically handled.

Admiral MAYNE told off to keep ex-Junior Lord supplied with water. Duty carried out in sailor-like fashion. Hove alongside with bucket of water and sat down on Bench at orator's feet.

"Ahoy!" sang out CHARLIE, in loud aside, when his throat got parched with much speaking.

"Ay, ay, Sir!" answered the Admiral, and ran up the bucket, hand over hand, till CHARLIE could dip his beaker in it. Then lowered away and stowed it under seat.

House never tired of watching this manœuvre. But nothing could keep debate alive. Flickered out before dinner-hour. Seemed as if House going into Committee. But suddenly wind freshened, sails filled out, and debate went off on another tack.

Rear Admiral FIELD greatly distinguished himself; came down with notes of prodigious speech full fifty fathoms long. Anxious to speak from corner seat by Cross-Benches. But that belongs to TINDAL ROBERTSON, the blind Member for Brighton. Absent just now, but expected down after dinner. So FIELD cruised about the Bar till ROBERTSON hove in sight; ran up to him; took him in tow, and adroitly anchored him on front Cross-Bench, thus leaving corner clear. ROBERTSON seemed to think position unusual. But, accustomed to be led to seat by friendly Members, said nothing, and

FIELD had anchorage before Cross-Bench all to himself. Covered Front-Bench for half its space with his notes, leaned against Cross-Bench and enjoyed himself for space of an hour. Can't be said, as far as audience was concerned, that pleasure was mutual. But Members might at least leave the House,—and they did.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—No limits to energy or versatility of GRANDOLPH. Means to bring down a Government that presumes to continue its existence when he has withdrawn. Doesn't matter whence or how he can attack them. Last week assailed them by land. Yesterday attacked them by sea. Today fires a mine in far-off Ind. Old Morality, reviewing position at question time, thought Government were going to have a quiet day. SLAOG had Motion down, challenging frontier policy in India. He would make his speech, GORST would reply, and then, in all probability, House would be Counted Out. In the pleasing prospect quite forgot GRANDOLPH. But that invincible and insatiable warrior not to be ignored. Having assumed the command of the combined land and sea forces, would now add India as a trifle in his wallet. Showed himself a little shaky in some of his figures, and not quite certain in his geography. But what was clear at end of his speech was that a miserable Government that had no Army worth speaking of, and no Navy that the Swiss could not swallow at a mouthful, were making terrible mess of it in India. Old Morality, who had left the House after questions, cautiously returned and sat in abject misery on Treasury Bench, whilst GRANDOLPH further demolished Ministry.

After this hope of a Count Out and a peaceful sitting vanished. All the authorities on India came to the front, and hour after hour passed. UGHTRED KAY-SATTLEWORTH, the mildest mannered man that ever cut into debate, gave RANDOLPH a neat hit. "Heartily welcomed as a recruit to the ranks of Economy, the Noble Lord, who was responsible for the addition of 10,000 European soldiers to the Indian Army." Close upon midnight ROPER LETHBRIDGE rose to make his treasured speech, whereupon CAINE, who had comfortably delivered his, moved Closure, and House divided.

JOSEPH GILLIS now asserted himself. Took seat above Gangway, so as to be nearer the SPEAKER, and with copy of Orders in hand, closely followed the right honourable gentleman's utterances. Whenever a Bill in Catalogue of Orders of the Day recited and proposal made to advance it a stage, the lithe, lissom figure of JOEY B. rose to its full height, and, with fairy hand clutching at the air, he uttered the magic words, "I object!"



"The Mildest-mannered Man."

Now and again, like faint, far-off echo of the groans of Members who found their opportunity strangled.

Business done.—SLAOG's Resolution condemning Frontier Policy in India, rejected by 122 votes against 72.

Wednesday.—"When we rearrange the Parliamentary Calendar, this will be known as S. BRADLAUGH'S Day."

It was the voice of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL; I knew he would complain. BRADLAUGH had moved Second Reading of Oaths Bill. A few years ago Member for Northampton had been hustled out of the House, and finally kicked down-stairs, first because would not take the Oath, and then because he wanted to. Now, had brought in Bill not only practically abolishing Oath in Parliament, but everywhere else where honest citizens are called upon to swear. ATTORNEY-GENERAL not even permitted to speak for Government in opposing



Tindal Robertson's Convoy.

Bill. Too many Conservatives, including SOLICITOR-GENERAL, going other way. BRADLAUGH master of the situation. Terrible conviction that he might, an he pleased, have Old Morality kicked down-stairs, or even the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

GRANDOLPH invincible on the sea, irresistible on land, and master of India, quite broken down by BRADLAUGH. The question before House to-day was the very one that gave birth to the Fourth Party. GRANDOLPH, sitting in corner seat above the Gangway, recalled and contrasted the old times, when, firmly but gracefully standing in his chariot Obstruction, he drove his irrepressible party, three abreast, riding down everything, even GLADSTONE'S overwhelming majority. Now, GORST was on the Treasury Bench, BALFOUR in the Cabinet, WOLFFIE on the road to Teheran, BRADLAUGH carrying everything before him, and GRANDOLPH stranded on a back Bench. A dark and troubled outlook.

Business done.—BRADLAUGH'S Oaths Bill carried by majority of 100.

Thursday.—FIELD positively on again with more acres of speech! On Monday, this Ancient Mariner button-holed House for upwards of an hour; interrupted by stroke of midnight. Now, having, as he genially admits, refreshed his memory, proposes to go on for another hour. Moored once again in his favourite anchorage before Cross-Benches, having during question time beguiled TINDAL ROBERTSON into the office by false signals, towed him into the library and stranded him there.

"Don't often get a chance of making a speech," says Admiral. "Now I've got it, mean to make most of opportunity."

Members cleared out with one accord, leaving Admiral in solitary possession of the deck. This bad enough in its way, but worse to follow. The reverberating COLOMB, who last week desolated House, encouraged by FIELD'S success, positively came to front again. Lugged in seven baskets filled with fragments from the feast he had provided last week. These now scrupulously served out. Unhappy House in ultimate stage of inanition. Almost at last gasp when, somehow, there being literally no one present to object, tumbled into Committee. Voted trifle over Three Millions sterling in trifle over three minutes' time.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Friday Night.—OSMAN DIGNA MORGAN ran MARRIOTT to earth to-night in matter of brief accepted for ISMAIL PASHA. OSMAN had his eye upon MARRIOTT for some time. Painful to well-regulated mind to hear of such enormous fee as MARRIOTT got; a reflection on the stay-at-home Bar. MARRIOTT made few jokes in reply; FERGUSSON was very serious; and ATTORNEY-GENERAL professionally indignant. But, on whole, affair rather dragged, and everyone glad when Division came. As PLUNKET says, "Judge-Advocate-General on Judge-Advocate-General is false heraldry."

Business done.—MARRIOTT whitewashed by 218 Votes against 126.



Grandolph taking a Gloomy View of the Political Situation.

NURSERY RHYMES.

(For various Sufferers.)

THERE was an old woman,
And what do you think,
She lived upon nothing
But victuals and drink,

Victuals and drink,
Were the chief of her diet,
And so she had gout—
When she had to be quiet.

PAT-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Baker's man;
Pat it and bake it as fast as you can;
Bake it and serve it to someone,
For I'm not allowed to take any pastree.

JACK and Jill
Felt rather ill,
Until they drank hot water.
It did Jack good
Before his food,
But Jill took tumbler after.
MERRY ANDREW.

MOTTO FOR THE MODERN PRIZE RACE.

HE who won't fight, but "sprints" away,
May live to "gas" another day.

SCRUPULOUS INDEED.—The Liberals of the Gower Division of Glamorgan must surely be ardent supporters of Mr. BRADLAUGH'S "Oaths Bill." They cannot even be induced to "take their (Sir HORACE) DAVEY!"

VOCES POPULI.

SHOW SUNDAY.

SCENE—The Studio of that versatile and ambitious young Painter, DAUBENEY STIPPELL; usual accessories; three completed pictures on effectively draped easels. STIPPELL discovered receiving Sunday visitors, and trying to conceal his utter unconsciousness of ever having seen any of them before in his whole life.

Model (at the door). Mrs. JOPPER . . . Mr. BOPPER . . . Colonel

and Mrs. CROPPER . . . Mr. and Mrs. FREDERICK FLOPPER . . . Mr. 'AMILTON 'OPPER!

Stippell (mechanically to each). How are you? so kind of you to come—you'll—(with a nervous laugh)—find a picture or two over there.

[The Visitors drift vaguely about, shying nervously at the canvasses, and examining the tapestry and mirrors, or anything else by preference.

Model. Mrs. ARDLEIGH LE STILTON . . . Mrs. and Miss ROSEBERY RASCH . . . Mrs. GOLDINGHAM PINCHBECK!

Stippell (overjoyed to find he knows somebody). Mrs. PINCHBECK! how charming of you to find time to look in—I really am delighted!

Mrs. Pinchbeck. I found I could just manage to squeeze you in—so many places one must go to, don't you know!

Stip. (guiltily; like a small boy who has just smashed a window). Will you—a—let me show you what I've been doing? This is my Academy picture. I think you'll get a better light if you stand a little farther off.

[As she is apparently proceeding to rub noses with the principal figures on the canvas.

Mrs. P. (retiring). Ah, that is better—much better. (Perceives that the subject is classical, and decides that she must be careful not to commit herself.) Yes! (Draws in her breath reverently.) I couldn't have believed it was possible to realise such a situation as that—and yet one feels that it must have been just so!

Stip. (highly gratified). You do think it tells its own story then?

Mrs. P. (telling her own). Oh, yes—indeed I do! You can't help seeing it!

[Propitiates her conscience by the reflection that she means the picture, which, being 10 ft. by 8, is indeed distinctly visible.

A crowd gradually collects around the principal canvas in awed silence, each person prudently waiting to discover what it is intended to represent before risking a remark.

Mrs. P. (rendered bolder by success.) I don't think I ever quite felt before how splendid Ancient Rome must have been!

Stip. Ah—exactly, yes—but—(considerately) Sicily was not a Roman Province at the time BALAUSTION came to Syracuse.

Mrs. P. (plunging more wildly, aided by desperate recollections of a course of lectures on Grecian Colonisation.) Oh, no, of course—that was later—let me see, wasn't BALAUSTION one of the early Tyrants?

Stip. (in resigned disgust.) You must really excuse me from offering any opinion.

[The bystanders are much impressed, and Mrs. P., immensely pleased by her erudition, takes her leave.

Model. Mr. MORDAUNT HUNBERTONE . . . Mrs. OLIO MARGREEN, and friends.

Enter Mrs. MARGREEN with a little run, two friends following reluctantly in her train. She falls into a pose of rapt adoration before the principal canvas.

Mrs. Margreen. Oh, Mr. STIPPELL! how could you? What am I to say? What a picture!

Mr. Undertone (from behind.) Ah, she's right there! what a picture!

Mrs. Mar. I mustn't look. I positively must not! I'm blinded,

dazzled—it makes me want to hide my eyes. (Sympathetic murmur from Und.) Why, when it's hung it will kill everything near it!

Und. (aside to Fair Neighbour). At all events, it's done nothing to deserve hanging yet! It won't be hung till it's out down; and, if it's out down, it'll be out up! regular mad Irish bull of a picture, that!

Fair Neighbour (who hasn't an idea what he means). Oh, Mr. UNDERTONE, don't—you're too killing!

Mrs. Mar. (bringing up her friends). Oh! but I mustn't forget—I want to present Mr. DUMMER (in a whisper to S.), the DUMMER, you know! (S. bows, and tries to look as if this description conveyed some definite idea to his mind; Mr. D. jerks and mumbles.) Mrs. PLUMMER! (Mrs. P. performs a reverential curtsy, as if she was in the presence of a resuscitated Old Master at the very least.) Now (with much tact), do tell them the story of the picture in your own words! (As if she wouldn't spoil it by telling it herself.)

Stip. (who begins to see that it may be as well). Well, it's from BROWNING, you know—"BALAUSTION reciting the *Alkestis* of EURIPIDES to the Syracusans on the steps of the Temple of Herakles."

[Universal chorus of pleased recognition.

Mrs. Flopper (enthusiastically). That dear BROWNING—so like him! I do love recitations. Have you ever heard "Ostler Joe"?

Colonel Cropper (to Mrs. MARGREEN, in a cautious whisper). Might I ask—I didn't quite catch—what is the subject supposed to be?

Mrs. Mar. (who has a good ear, but a short memory). Oh, don't you know? It's (desperately) "EURIPIDES inciting the Syracusans to discover a lost tune under the steps of the Temple of 'All-kissed-us.'" You remember now?

Col. C. Yes, yes—to be sure; astonishing how one forgets these things—so he did!

Mrs. Rosebery Rasch (to her daughter). What is it all about, FLORIDA?

Miss R. R. I'm not quite sure, mother; but I think it's EURIPIDES with his lyre, accusing somebody of exciting the Heracleese by a lost tune—out of BROWNING.

Mrs. R. R. (satisfied). Oh! "The Lost Chord!" Ah, yes, I see. I'd forgotten that was his.

Mr. Bopper (advancing pompously to STIPPELL). Do you know, my dear Sir, that that's a very remarkable picture—it—ah—reminds me of an anecdote I once—

Stip. (evading him blandly). Indeed? Then my work has not been altogether wasted.

Mrs. Jopper (after gazing long at the canvas, to S. in a deep solemn voice). Allow me to ask—do you—er—take your own perspectives?

Stip. (gasping, and then recovering his presence of mind). Generally, dear lady—wherever I can come across them.

Mrs. Jop. (profoundly). Quite right. It is the only way to succeed!

[S. retreats, deeply mystified.

Stip. (to Mrs. MAR.). Oh, are you looking at that? that's in a quieter style, you see. Child nursing a sick monkey.

Mrs. Mar. Do you know—though, of course, the other picture, the—the "Strippidans," is one of the finest I ever saw; I think this is more striking, somehow! how sick that monkey looks! and the child, too—de-licious!

Stip. So glad you like it; just an idea of mine (disparagingly), an idea! I'm a little doubtful what to call it—must have a good name for it. Can you suggest a title for me?

Und. (as before). Ahem, give a bad picture a good name, and they may hang it!

Mrs. Mar. (to S., impulsively). Oh! yes! Call it—well (with a brilliant inspiration), how would "The Sick Monkey" do?

Stip. Charming—admirable! but—just a trifle too subtle, eh?

Und. Why not "A Pair of 'Em"?

Mrs. Mar. (brightly). No. I know—"Monkey and Child"; sounds quite "Old Mastery."

Und. (sotto voce). Won't get beyond sounding; better label each, to prevent confusion.

Mrs. Mar. Well, I must tear myself away, Mr. STIPPELL. I can't tell you how you've stimulated me!

Stip. Not at all. Have you had any coffee?

Mrs. Mar. Thanks—not any; good-bye, good-bye! And I'm sure if those naughty, unkind Bishops would only come and see your pictures, they would understand how far "Show-Sunday" is from mere pleasure-seeking!

Und. They would indeed! (Aloud to S.). Good-bye, STIPPELL, old fellow; you're going to astonish us all this time, that's plain.

OUTSIDE.

Confused Chorus of Departing Visitors. Did you ever see such dreadful things? What a pity it is, isn't it?"

Mrs. Mar. (to friend). I assure you, my dear, I never found so much difficulty in saying anything at all decently civil about a picture in my life—really too shocking—they can't get in! Now, where shall we go next? It will be quite refreshing to see a picture again!



MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 5.



"JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART."

(A Fieldingsque Fragment of a Tale of Love and Loyalty. Adapted to the Situation.)

SHOWING HOW OUR HERO REJECTS WITH SCORN THE PROFERRED TITLE AT THE HANDS OF LADY TORY DIPLOMACY, AND CLINGS TO THE OBJECT OF HIS FIRST LOVE, DEAR DEMOCRACY.

JOSEPH was now in what is called the "prime of life"; he was of the highest degree of middle stature; his hair was smartly and smoothly disposed; his forehead was fairly high, if somewhat narrow, his eyes were bold and keen, as full of shrewdness as of self-assertion; his nose a little inclined to what, in vulgar vernacular, is called the Snub, but it is, perhaps, better described by the politer term "Celestial"; his lips were firmly chiselled and closely set; his face was perfectly smooth on the chin and upper lip; his countenance had a cold composure joined with a cocksureness inexpressible, a PITT-like combination of power and perkiness.

Add to this the most perfect neatness in his dress, an orchid in his buttonhole, and an air, which, to those who have not seen many noblemen, might give an idea of nobility. I make this qualification the more emphatically forasmuch as that to JOSEPH himself—if, indeed, his own earlier utterances might be trusted—comparison with "the Nobility" would seem the reverse of complimentary.

Such was the person who now appeared before the Lady. "Come, JOEY," says she, "tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose charms have made a conquest of you?"

"Her name," answered JOSEPH, "is DEMOCRACY. I have wooed her long, and to her I will be faithful."



BRASS."

Sympathetic Old Lady. "OH DEAR, DEAR! I DO SO FEEL, MABEL, FOR THAT POOR MAN WITH THE LONG TRUMPET."—(She must mean the Trombone in this Street Band.)—"ALL THROUGH THE PIECE, DEAR, HE'S BEEN TRYING TO FIX IT RIGHT, AND HE CAN'T DO IT, POOR FELLOW!"

"Pugh!" cried the Lady; "a low-born wench, who is anybody's money—whom the whole tag-rag and bob-tail of mediocrities, philosophic pedants and prosperous tradesmen, pigmasters and pamphleteers, flatulent agitators, and frothy journalists may court with equal chance of success. You might look higher."

"I think not," said JOSEPH, quietly. "Not as I see it."

"Yes, JOEY, yes; indeed you might," persisted the Lady. "Tell me, JOEY, in your late travels in my service, is it possible that ideas have not struck you, emotions moved you, aspirations stirred you?"

"Many, Madam," responded JOSEPH.

"Have you no ambition, JOEY?" asked the Lady, archly.

"Muh, Msdam," replied JOSEPH.

"La!" cried the Lady, with some asperity; "you answer like a catechism rather than like the ingenious and spirited young fellow I take you for."

"You have, perhaps, done me too much honour, Madam," said the young man, simply.

"Don't pretend to too much modesty," said the Lady, "for that sometimes may be impertinent; but pray answer me this question: Suppose a lady should happen to like you, and admit you to the same intimacy as you might have hoped for if you had been born in her sphere, are you certain that nothing could tempt you to a politic transfer of your affections? Answer me honestly, JOSEPH; have you no more sense than to make a scruple of sacrificing any little reputation you may have scraped together in another's service, in view of the splendid possibilities opened up by her condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my JOEY?"

"Could I not, Madam, I were ill-fitted for your Ladyship's service, even temporarily," answered JOSEPH. "I hope that on leaving it I shall have that character of you."

"But suppose I do not wish you to leave it, JOEY? Suppose you have so favourably impressed—well Me, that I desire to retain you therein?" The Lady spoke softly, but with earnest significance.

"Indeed, Madam," said JOSEPH, "I should be sorry to do anything to disoblige your Ladyship, whom I highly respect, and in whose service I have really had a very good time. But change my allegiance, transfer my affections, even to you? No, your Ladyship! My heart is true to my first, my only love!"

L'ART! C'EST MOI!

KING COQUELIN THE FIAT tells us "all about it" in *Harper's Magazine*; that is, he tells us as much as His Majesty knows, taking it pretty well for granted that no English or American actor or author has any such acquaintance with the histrionic Art as is possessed by French actors and playwrights in general, and by himself, King COQUELIN, in particular. Clever as he undoubtedly is as an all-round Actor,—he has been getting a trifle more all-round lately,—original and amusing as he is in all his assumptions, yet there is one in which he is unapproachable, and that is the assumption that nobody knows anything about Dramatic Art out of France. King COQUELIN as *Dr. Know-all* is admirable and most entertaining. "Take care," says he, instructing, as we may suppose, Master HENRY IRVING and a few more youthful amateurs, "Take care to concentrate your whole being in the eye." As DON TOOLEDO would observe, "Keep your eye on your audience, and your audience will pull you through." The Grand Monarque COQUELIN continues, "It is there" (i.e., in the eye) "that the public looks for you." What do the public look for in President COQUELIN's eye? A pupil? So they would naturally expect. Instead of a pupil under the lash, they find a master. A master of what? Of his Art. Good. Then M. COQUELIN's Art is "all his eye;" and it is all *Ego*,—which is much the same thing. *Bon Soir, Signor COCKYLINGO!*

To a Ready Writer.

"Rebel orators are really responsible for disorder in Ireland."—*John Bright.*

As coming from the Oracle of "One Ash,"

Is not this large assumption rather rash?

And is it you, my JOHN, who fling your pebble

Against "an orator" because "a rebel"?

Think what a huge "glass house," JOHN, is your own,

And ask, "Is mine the hand to cast that stone?"

"HERE let us draw a Veil!"—as the Huntsman observed, when he couldn't find a fox on the hillside. And they drew a Veil accordingly.



NEW VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRE.

"LEFT WHEEL!"

THE DOOM OF "SHE."

FRAGMENTS OF A ROMANCE OF POLITICAL ADVENTURE.

(With apologies to Mr. Rider Haggard.)

[The old Toryism—the high-and-dry Toryism of Privilege, and Prejudice, of Territorial Autocracy, and anti-popular exclusiveness is dead, swept into the limbo of vanished things and lost causes by that irresistible Democratic impulse, of whose dominant power this Conservative Government's truly Radical "Local Government Bill" is the crowning proof.—See *Daily Papers*, *passim*.]

THERE came a few moments' pause during which "*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*" seemed to be gathering up her strength for the fiery trial.

At last, from far far away, came the first murmur of sound, the hurried and confused sound as of a distant multitude triumphantly shouting, that grew and grew till it began to crash and bellow as though close upon our very ears. As she heard it "*She*" threw off her old True-Blue wrapping—that vesture of which she had for so many generations been as conservatively careful as a fashionable lady of her beauty, as haughtily proud as a *parvenu* monarch of the Imperial Purple—she threw it off, I say, with a boldness of *abandon* that was absolutely startling, and stood before us even as the Revolutionary "*Goddess of Liberty*" might have stood before ROBESPIERRE, and the rampant raving devotees of the Red Terror, clad in nothing but her native loveliness, about which, at this advanced stage of her amazing existence, opinions, to tell truth, differed considerably. But to LEO, the British LEO, she flattered herself that she still looked sweet—even divine. Nearer and nearer came the thunder-wheels of fire, revolving, revolving in a way strongly suggestive—as, indeed, is not unnatural with revolving wheels—of Revolution! As they came "*She*" flung one ivory arm (I use this original comparison because the arm in question was, indeed, of the exact tint of an ancient knife-handle or antique Chinese chessman) around LEO's neck.

"Oh, my LEO, my British LEO," she murmured, "keep your beloved pecker up. *You're* all right."

"Perhaps," muttered LEO, rather sullenly, as I thought. "But how about yourself? I doubt me of that raging flame. How do I know that it will not utterly destroy you, or, at least, so radically change you that I shan't know you again?"

"Radically?" murmured "*She*," with slowly curving lips of low derisive music. "Why, my foolish faithless LEO, know you not that *Conservation* is of its 'very essence.' Look at me! Do I look eight hun—well, older than Venus, or more stricken in years than Psyche?"

"Humph!" muttered LEO. You see he had not beheld her without her ancient azure wrapping before, and he seemed a bit doubtful somehow.

"*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*" thought for a moment, and then said—

"It is hardly wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. Tell me, LEO, if thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also?"

"Well—per—ahem!—that is—yes, I suppose so," he answered.

"And that will I also," I cried.

"What, my SOLLY!" she laughed aloud; "methought that *thou* wouldst naught of length of days purchased by purging fires, and radical change and revolution. Why, how is this?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, "but there is that in my heart that calleth to me to taste of the flame and live."

"That's right, SOLLY my hoy," murmured the faithful JOE in mine ear. "A little Radical rejuvenescence will do you a world of good, and give you length of days and a rare run for your money."

"It is well," "She" said. "Thou art not altogether lost in folly, SOLLY. See now, I will, not for the first time, bathe me in this living bath. Fain would I add to my beauty and my length of days, if it be possible. Anyhow, it cannot hurt me, as cynics say of the Homœopath's infinitesimals."

On came the crashing, rolling noise, and the sound thereof was as the sound of an ancient forest being swept flat by a mighty wind, and then tossed up by it like so much grass, and thundered down a mountain-side. For a moment it came into my mind that some might see in the ancient forest, Privilege; in the mighty wind, Popular Franchise; in the mountain-side, the easily-descended Avernus of Old Toryism and the ancient Squirearchy. But I put this aside as fanciful and unpractical. Nearer and nearer it came, the revolving pillar of flame, shaped scroll-wise it seemed, like unto the political caricaturist's symbolical representation of a Parliamentary Bill, and in the heart of it appeared to burn shifting characters of a runic sort, which now seemed to mean one thing, and now another, according to the observer's particular point of view. The letters D. E. M. O. I seemed to decipher; what the others were I could not satisfactorily determine; I caught myself hoping that they might not be G. O. R. G. O. N. Perchance, however, 'twas all fancy, so suddenly dazzling was the flame, so swift were its shiftings, so rapid its circumgyrations.

"She" turned towards it, and stretched out her arms to greet it. On it came very slowly, and lapped her round with flame. "She" looked oddly like one of TENNIEL's droll Bill-Babes tinted scarlet—a sketchy human shape wrapped round with a parchment scroll, tape-cinctured, like unto that inimitable artist's graphic incarnation—say, of some Local Government Bill, or other colossal Conservative measure.

So did "*She*" stand in the heart of the flaming Revolution. I saw the fire run up her form; I saw her lift it with both hands as though it were water, and pour it over her head. I even saw her open her mouth, and draw it enjoyingly down through her throat, as though it were fine old crusted, tawny Tory Port of Comet Vintage. And a dread and wonderful sight it was. It paralysed LEO; it enthralled me; it seemed even to startle the stolid JOE.

But suddenly—more suddenly than I can describe or even suggest—save by comparing it to the tactical *volte-face* of a "Constitutional" party in face of a Democratic Ugly-rush or a Parliamentary majority—a kind of change came over her visage. The smile vanished, and in its place there came a dry hard look; the rounded face seemed to grow pinched, as though some great anxiety were leaving its impress upon her. The glorious true-blue eyes, too, lost their light, and, as I thought, the form its old shape and ancient erectness.

The flaming pillar slowly twisted and thundered off, leaving "*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*" standing where it had been.

"Why, what is it—what is it?" she said, confusedly. "I feel dazed. Surely the fire hath not played me a trick. Tell me, LEO, my British LEO, is there aught wrong with my eyes? I see not clear." And her face—by Heaven!—*her face was growing old before my eyes!* I suppose LEO saw it also; certainly he recoiled a step or two.

"Oh, look! look! look!" cried JOE, in a shrill falsetto, his eye-glass dropping out of his eye, the smug rigidity leaving his Wemmick-like lips. "*Look! look! look!* she's shrivelling up! she's turning into a mummy!" And then he fell upon the ground in a fit—whether of remorseful horror or of mirth I cannot certainly say.

True enough—she *was* shrivelling up; smaller and smaller she grew; she changed colour, changed to a dirty

buff, like unto an old piece of withered parchment, or the cover of a Whig Quarterly. In a few moments there seemed to be hardly anything left of her, not much more than of the little end of nothing after considerable whittling, of Tory objections to the Clozure, or of the Fourth Party itself.

And yet think of this—at that very moment I thought of it—it was the same woman! The woman I had loved, and deemed immortal, “*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*,” and worshipped and devoutly served, by Peer and Peasant, by Parson and by Squire, by Quarter Sessions and by Board of Guardians, by every rank and degree of Territorial Toryism, from the Lord-Lieutenant of the County to—

“LEO, my British LEO!” she said, in husky, trembling notes, “Forget me not, LEO!—and SOLLR, forget me not! Remember me as I was—‘*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*’! Oh-h-h!” and she fell upon her face, and was still.

VERY SWEET LAVENDER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM such a sincere admirer of the works of Mr. PINERO, that I trust you will allow me to make a few suggestions for his benefit *à propos* of his new piece at Terry’s Theatre. I saw it the other evening, and liked it very much, but I should have liked it better had it been subject to the alterations I am about to indicate.



After a Celebrated Picture.

In the first place I did not much care about the title, *Sweet Lavender*—as the name represents the daughter of a Temple “laundress,” to the lay mind it rather recalls linen home from the wash. But this is a matter of small importance, a remark which, however, is unhappily not applicable to the place in which *Sweet Lavender* is performed. Mr. TERRY is so excellent in burlesque that it is a thousand pities his theatre should be hypotheated to any other class of entertainment. Mr. PINERO’s play, I fancy, would have been more at home (in blank verse) at the Lyceum, or, were the incidents put back

a century or so, at the Vaudeville. But assuming for the moment that TERRY’S Theatre is the best possible house for its introduction, I cannot help thinking that it would have been better had the action of the piece been laid in any spot other than the Temple. So many people nowadays are Barristers themselves, or have friends or relatives at the Bar, that the ways of lawyers are pretty well known. Now the “Chambers of Mr. Phenyl and Mr. Hale, No. 3, Brain Court,” are really impossible. What would the Benchers say were a tenant of the Inner Temple to house his Aunt, his Uncle, to say nothing of his pretty Cousin, in his rooms? I am afraid there would be a terrible scandal, and this is only one of the many incongruities that are met with on every turn of Mr. Phenyl’s staircase.

But assuming that, after all, there is not much harm in the scene of *Sweet Lavender*’s adventures being laid in the Temple, I cannot conscientiously say that I was altogether satisfied with *Sweet Lavender* herself. In *The Schoolmistress* Miss NORREYS was simply delightful, but she is a little out of her element in a pathetic part. She has not the *physique* for the sentimental heroine of domestic drama, and would be wiser to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. BANCROFT, and keep to comedy. But, admitting that Miss NORREYS was welcome, I can scarcely praise Mr. TERRY quite as warmly. The Lessee of Terry’s Theatre is most amusing, as I have already hinted, in burlesque, but he is not quite so pleasing in the part of a drunken, broken down, and obtrusive Barrister, running through three Acts. Not that he was much like a Barrister. For instance, he put on his bands over his coat, and kept his wig and gown in his Chambers, instead of at the Robing-room at the Law Courts, and was guilty of like eccentricities. I admit that these points had their value, as they lessened the feeling of repugnance that one felt for him when one realised that he was evidently only burlesquing a Barrister, and not pretending to represent one. For all that, much as I admire both

Miss NORREYS and Mr. TERRY, I cannot help thinking that, had the characters they represented been omitted from *Sweet Lavender*, the piece would have been improved by the alteration.

Admitting that *Sweet Lavender* should have been out out, Mr. Clement Hale, her lover, should also go. This would be a distinct advantage, as admirable as Mr. BERNARD GOULD undoubtedly is, he rather bored one. Next, I do not think that even Mr. PINERO would seriously object, if anyone suggested to him that the piece would play closer were the rather painful incident connected with Mr. Wedderburn’s relations with Ruth Roll entirely omitted. I should be the last to deny that the situation at the end of the Second Act, which turns upon these relations, is effective; but is the effectiveness of this one situation sufficient compensation for the introduction of a story that is not altogether in the best taste? I question it. Cut out the Roll-Wedderburn imbroglio, and naturally the characters of Mr. Wedderburn, his sister, her daughter, her lover, Dr. Delaney, a fashionable physician, and Ruth Roll herself must go; and excellently as those characters are played, I cannot help believing that the Domestic Drama would be more concentrated in interest without them. Having dispensed with these members of the *Dramatis Personæ*, I find that Mr. Maw, a solicitor, and Mr. Bulger, a hairdresser, are the only characters left in the cast. They are both well played, but as they have very little to do, and are not essential to the reconstructed plot, they might be omitted without serious damage to the interests of the piece.

I have no doubt that my suggestions would cause a radical change in the character of *Sweet Lavender*, but this is a time of radical changes. Mr. PINERO, most probably, will prefer the piece to be played as he has written it, and possibly he may be right. After all, it is only a matter of opinion. As for myself, I can only say that if my proposals are carried out in their entirety, I feel that I could see the new piece every night for a year, without experiencing a sense of weariness.

Once more expressing my unqualified admiration for Mr. PINERO, Mr. TERRY, and his entire company in general, and for *Sweet Lavender* in particular, I remain, Yours truly, “A NASTY ONE.”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I AM glad to see that Messrs. ROUTLEDGE have taken my hint, and have brought out a pocket volume of *Tales from Pickwick*. It is a capital traveller’s-companion, and there are some good illustrations by E. J. WHEELER, who, strange to say, has not found material for a picture in *The Baron of Grogzweig*, the most rollicking of DICKENS’S Pickwickian Tales.



The *Prima Donna*, by SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, is amusing and interesting, but it must be read carefully, or many of the excellent short anecdotes may be missed. What reverses these Queens of Song experienced! CUZZONI died a poor button-maker; FAUSTINA, her rival, married a HASSE! They were exposed to great temptations; and, as a rule, the earlier Queens

of Song seem to have yielded to them with a good grace. They either suffered from the jealousy of their rich and powerful admirers (delicate word “admirers”), or from the brutality of their own husbands.

Continental Society at the beginning of this century—not much better or worse than now, I suppose—drew the line at “professional persons,” and if they were ever admitted within the silken cordon, it was only on sufferance. Madame SONTAG was the brilliant exception among foreign artists, and she—Oh! happy termination to a virtuous career!—she married an Italian nobleman, Count Rossi. In England a noble marriage for a *Prima Donna* was not so very remarkable, as on the list we find three who married “belted Earls,” and one Duchesse. But SONTAG was in every way a *rara avis*. The stories about *Prima Donne*, from GRISI up to the present day, are of a less sprightly character than those of their predecessors. Here Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS found himself on delicate ground. An anecdotist’s motto must be, “*De eventibus nil nisi bonum*,” or enter Mister Libel on the scene, and the author would be annihilated by the publisher’s curse.

Nobody knows better than Mr. EDWARDS what the public expect to find in such a book, and, though he is invariably decorous, he is never dull. What would Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, or Sir HENRY THOMPSON, say to this description of the German *Prima Donna*, MARA—“She had a compass of three octaves”?

A defect in the arrangement of the material is the absence of side-headings and dates in the margin. When the author brings out his *Lives of the Upper Tenors*, let him take this suggestion in good part, and supply the deficiency acutely felt by his esteemed friend, THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.



AFRAID OF COMMITTING HIMSELF!

"AND, TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, BISHOP, THE TRAIN CAME TO A STAND-STILL IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME, AND MY DEAR AUNT JANE WAS SAVED—ACTUALLY SAVED! NOW WASN'T THAT A MERCY, BISHOP?"
 'WELL, MRS. BOREHAM—YOU SEE—I—A—I DON'T KNOW YOUR AUNT!'"

MASTER RITCHIE'S EASTER-EGG.

"Old Tory" Party, loquitur:—

Good gracious! What's that? Well I never!

You've taken my breath bang away.
 Oh, you boys! You're remarkably clever,
 No doubt, or so all of you say;
 And you fancy me what you call "funky,"
 And say that my doubts are "all rot;"
 But if you're not a mischievous monkey
 I don't know what's what.

Br-r-r-r! You've upset my nerves altogether
 With your Jack-in-the-Box, you bad boy.

You might just knock me down with a feather,
 A feat I daresay you'd enjoy.
 Not a Jack-in-the-Box, but an Egg, Sir?
 A nice Easter-Egg for old Gran?
 Do not try on such gammon, I beg, Sir;
 Just drop it, young man!

Egg, indeed! With that bogey inside it?
 When I was a girl egg were eggs.
 But sincerity's a dead, boys deride it,
 And honesty's a on its last legs.
 No innocent hen ever laid it,
 That sham, Sir; no, certainly not;
 And, as for the rascal who made it,
 He ought to be shot!

A nice Easter Gift on my word, Sir!
 It isn't at all to my taste.
 Eh? Harmless and useful? Absurd, Sir!
 Do take it away, and make haste.

Egg? As big as an Auk's and more awful!
 Egg? Rubbish, Sir, don't you tell me.
 If making such horrors is lawful,
 It ought not to be!

What is it, that thing that popped out of it?
 Gr-r-r! It's an ogre; 'twill grow,
 And just gobble us up. There's no doubt
 of it.

RITCHIE, how could you do so?
 Just look at its cap! Did you dress it?
 What more could young Radicals do?
 Oh! I didn't, dear boy, I confess it,
 Expect this from you!

A TWISTER BY TRADE.

A VERY proper example, as far as it goes,
 was made of the savage undernamed in a
 notice of

"THE SHOCKING TREATMENT OF A CHILD.—
 FELIX ROSENBERG, a 'contortionist,' was yesterday committed to gaol for six months' hard labour by the Manchester stipendiary for brutally ill-treating a little boy. The child had been committed to his care to be trained, and he was stated to have beaten it continually because it could not force its limbs into certain forms."

It is to be wished that Mr. FELIX ROSENBERG had been rendered as *infelix* as he deserved to be for his inhumanity to his infant charge. Unfortunately, the law did not subject him to be so punished as such a cruel "contortionist" ought to have been; that is to say, adjudged to practise involuntary contortions under a sufficiency of stripes with the cat.

BOAT AHOY!

TELL me not, in mournful "Leaders,"
 Once a week or once a day,
 That the reign of Penny Steamboats
 Has for ever passed away!

Not this Spring, and not last Winter,
 Have we watched the steamers run;
 And upon the Watery Highway
 Their familiar race seemed done.

Hope is strong! But grief was stronger
 That no more—or did we dream?—
 Up to Kew or down to Greenwich
 Should we—could we—swiftly steam.

But a brand-new Co. has promised
 With luxurious grander craft
 To replace the out-worn cockles,
 And eclipse them fore and aft.

Let us, then, be up and booking,
 With a penny for our fare,
 Nor old Father Thames abandon,
 And his lively "Sun and Air"!

Short Scene after the Boat Race.

(Mr. Wagstaff, the Undefeated Jokist who never can be serious, is about to enter his Club as Old Member is stepping into cab hurriedly, in order to catch the train.)

Wagst. (stopping him). I've just seen Oxford and Cambridge.

Old Member (delighted to have the news at first hand to take into the country with him).

Ah! Which won?

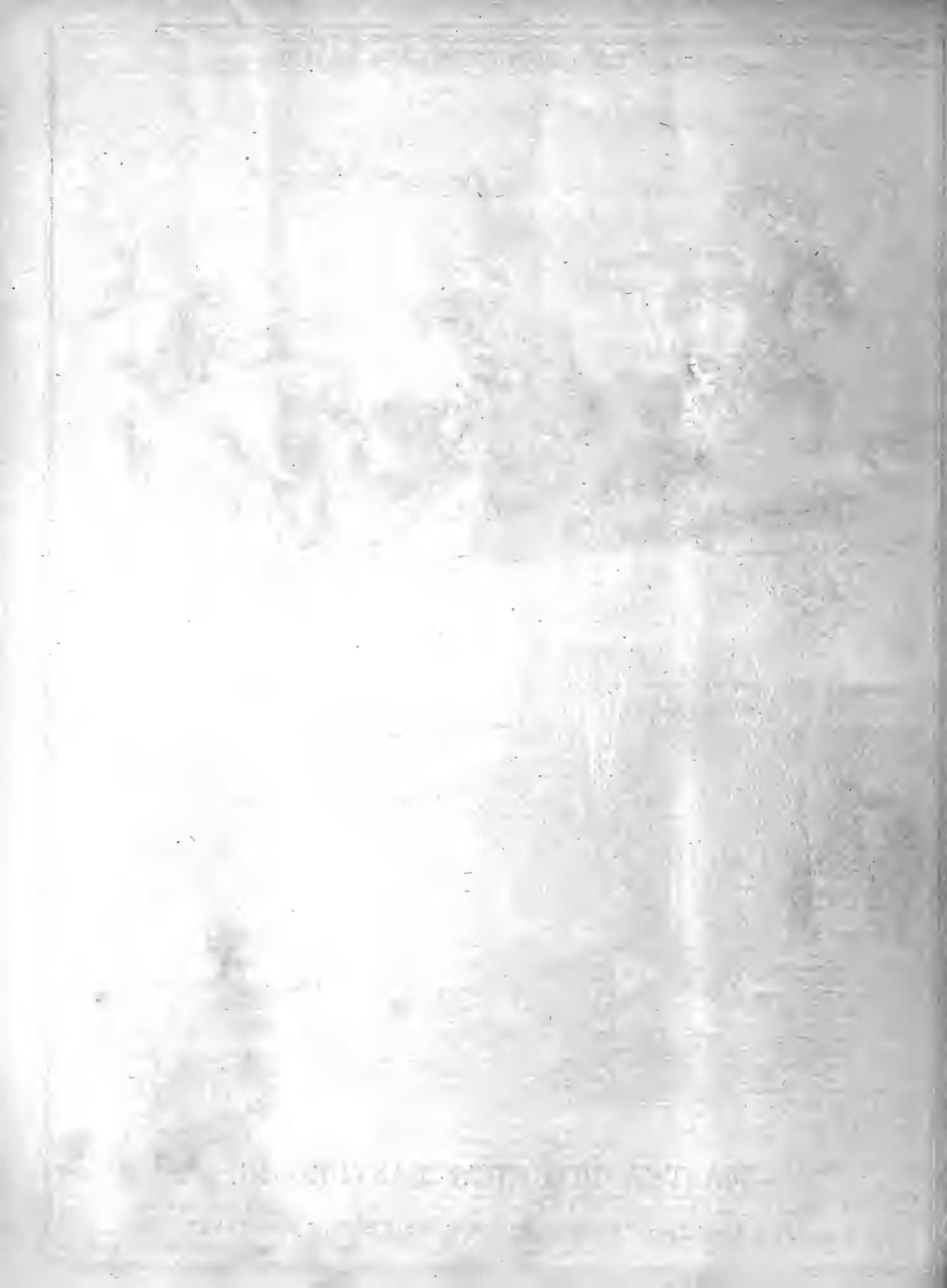
Wagst. Which one? Oh—both.

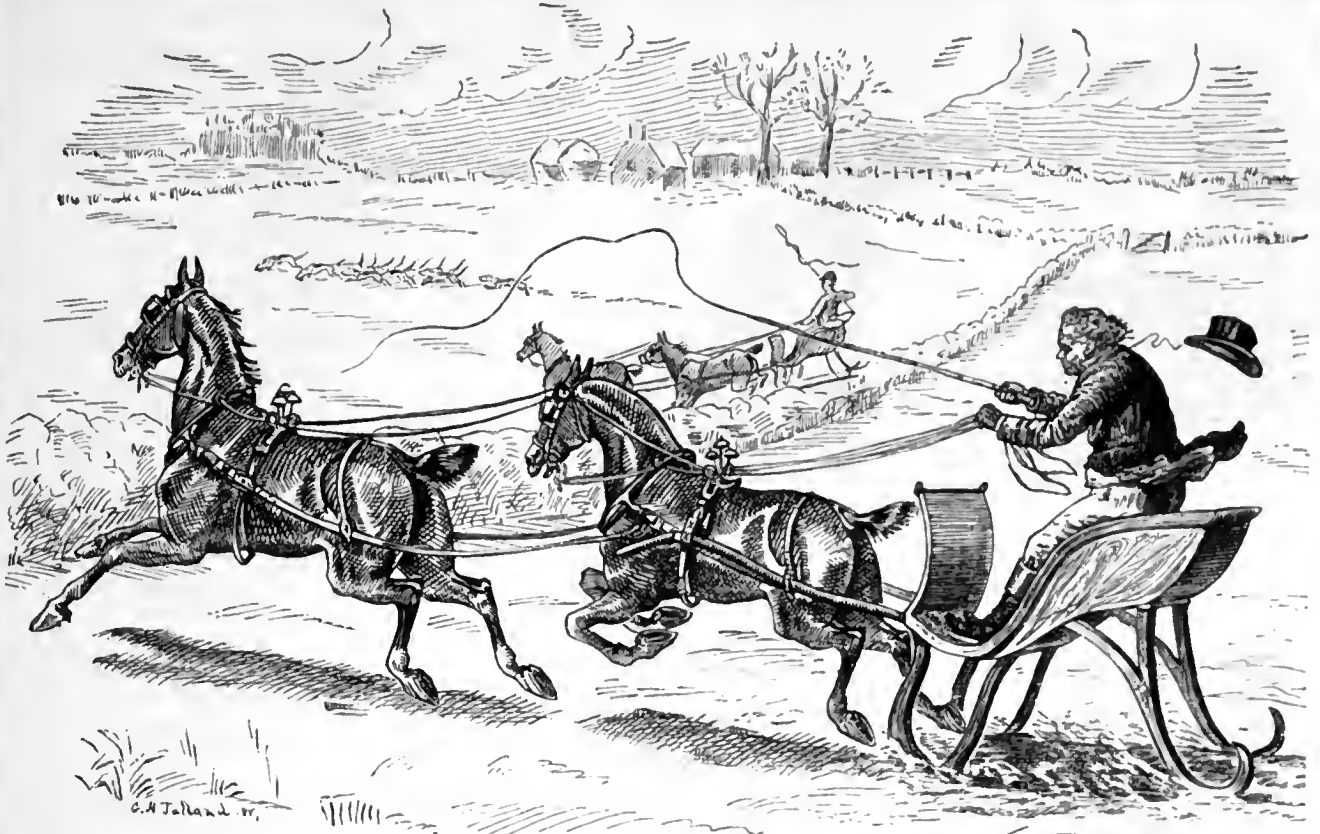
[Exit into Club.]



MASTER RITCHIE'S EASTER-EGG.

"OLD TOBY" PARTY. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS!—WHAT NEXT, I WONDER!!!"





A SUGGESTION FOR THE FUTURE.

WHAT OUR M.F.H. WAS PREPARING TO TRY IF THE SNOW HAD CONTINUED.

THE DRAPERS' SACRIFICE!

ME and BROWN was a setting the other night in a cozy littel room, which shall be nameless, a finishing of a harf bottel of CLICKO's old rich Champagne that two yung Swells had ordered, on my reekomen-dashun, but had found too sweet for their xperienced tastes, poor fellers! when BROWN says to me, says he, "Have you herd of the hawful noose?" "What noose?" says I. "Well," says he, "be prepared for a real staggerer." "I thinks as I'm amost prepared for anythink," says I; "but I'll take another glass of this delishns wino to make sure." "So do," says he, "and I'll foller your good xample." Witch he did. "Well," says he, "I hardly xpects you to beleeve me, but it's quite trew, as the Honorable and Washupfool Compy of Drapers is about to sell off

hundreds of dozens of their werry holdest and werry best wine by hockshun!" I thort as I shoold ha' dropt out of my heavy chair! "Grayshns goodness!" says I, "what on airth are you a torking about?" And then he took out a noosepaper and red me tho wondrous tail.

I declare I was that shocked that I scarcely knew what I was about, for I emptied the Bottel and rose to leave, when he said, "Don't go for a few miunits, for here's just two or three glasses of '47 Port left in this bottel, which I removed for fear it should get into them young chaps' heds." So I yeilded to my fate and sat down. And then he told me as how he'd bin to the Hockshunners, and had a tork with their hed man about how necessary it was to have 1 or 2 werry careful men as was acustomed to such wines as them, to know how to handle 'em, and that he had engaged us both for that ewentful day. I was that efected by BROWN's xtrordinary kindness that I drunk his elth in a Bumper of '47, and then sort my sober dwelling a wiser but a sadder man.

Nex day I gos and I calls at Drapers' All, witch it's in Thrug Mortem Street, I thinks they calls it, close to the Stock Xchange, where I'm told as all the most pionest and most onerablist men in the hole City assembls ewery day, and makes wagers as to who

shall do the most good, and be the most ginerous, to the poor and kneady, and then meets once a month and settles their accounts with one another, and pays over their warios ballances, and sends a large part on 'em across the way to the Lord Mare for him to distribbute, knowing as they does as he's just the man for their money.

Well, fortinly, my frend, the Under Beedel's Assistant, was in, and jest about having a nice littel snack for lunch, so I jined him. and over a glass of, never mind what, we torked over the serious bizziness of the Hockshun. And wot a rewelation it were! and how the scoffing jester would moek at its sollem detales! It woud appear then, that for wery many years past, it has been the speshal dooty of the most knowinged of the four Wardens of the Compy, so far as a practical knollodge of wines was conserved, to lay in a large stock of the werry rarest and finest that money could procure, for the use of the thirsty Drapers, and so thoroughly and conscentionally has this dooty bin performed, that not only has more than one Wine Warden fallen a Marter in the sacred cause, but the Cellar of the lordly Drapers was littorally a busting with their glorious contents! and they may be said to have xelaimed allergollically, Stop it! we can't hold no more! My frend told me that for the larst year or 2 their efforts to make a hole, so to speak, in their winous stock was most credittable to all conserved, ofishals and all, but in wane! So a sollem counsel was called, and stock ordered to be taken of the priceless contents of their opacious cellars. It was a hendless task, but it was dnn, and in doo time the gigantic cattalog was laid before the washupfool Courrt!

Experts was then called in, and a calkerlation was made as to how long the stock of wine woud last, supposing the konsumption to continue as it had been for years past, and the result, after several jovial meetings to make sure as there was no mistake in so werry himportant a matter, was found to be, that there was quite enuff to last 'em another thirty year!

Then came the most sollemest question of all. Woud the finest of all Clarets, and the noblest of all Ports, and the loveliest of all Shampanes, larst another 30 years? Again was the werry expertest of all xperienced experts called in to give their unbyassed opinyon, and, after several more jovial banquets, as no fine wine can be properly tasted except at a scrumptions banquet, and with its proper courses, the final decision was given that it woud not!

So the necessary sacrifice follered, and such a scene as I seed at



THIS WEATHER!

'AND HOW ARE WE TO-DAY, MY DEAR MADAM?'

"WELL, DOCTOR, THE COLD I CAUGHT THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY IS RATHER BETTER; BUT THE ONE I CAUGHT ON MONDAY WEEK IS EVER SO MUCH WORSE—AND I CAUGHT A BRAND NEW ONE LAST NIGHT!"

the Heckshuneer's on that day I shall not soon forget. Sampels of such Wines as most people is content only to dream about, handed round permacons to a thirsty mob. No sipping, oh no, but everybody emptied his glass like a man, so there was no littel heel-taps for the poor porters. Of course BROWN and me, with our long xperience, took preshus good care not to spile the look of the wine by pouring it out too close, suttently not, not by no means.

I manidged to git on good terms with the werry obliging Clark who took down the names of the buyers, so I knowa pretty well where sum of the werry finest of the wines is gone to, speshally sum of my hown speshal Brands, so I still indulges in the fond hope that, "sum day, sum day, sum day I shall see them."

I suppose it was the werry exciting day as I spent on that Heckshun Day, and not the remains of the werry hold bottels of werry hold wine as affected me so singularly, but I was suttently a werry long time getting home, and when at length I arrived there, my recepshun by my best-beloved was of that strange character that I never knew ekalled. Of course it was werry kind to insist on taking off my Wellinton Boots, when I was quite prepared to sleep in 'em, but why she shoed xpress the unkind wish that I shoed never attend such a Heckshun again, I reelly can't emadgin.

ROBERT.

Humanity and Machinery.

MR. LEONARD COURTNEY, M.P., speaking at the Annual Meeting of the Charity Organisation Society, said, "You cannot cure the ills of Society by philanthropy." The maxim would have been more epigrammatic, and equally true, if he had added, "nor without it." It is in the combination of the philanthropic impulse, as motor, with sound organisation, as machinery, that the only hope lies of shaping an engine for the real "elevation of society." Philanthropy without knowledge is as ineffective as steam without a cylinder. But knowledge without philanthropy is as inert as the cylinder without steam. The WATT and STEPHENSON of Social Machinery are sorely wanted and anxiously awaited.

THE COUNTY SQUIRE.

(A Song in two parts, as sung before and after the introduction of the Local Government Bill.)

AIR—"The Holy Friar."

I.—BEFORE.

I AM a Squire of the present day,
To Quarter Seasons I take my way,
County business I have in my grip,
With Peer and Parson I sit and sip,—
Get on without me the County can't,
When highways they'd make, or money they want.
And why I'm so popular, that I will tell,—
The rustics do like to be ruled by a Swell.
No Lord Lieutenant they more admire
Than a resolute ruddy-faced County Squire.

II.—AFTER.

But what is this? 'Tis a horrible dream?
Are our Tory leaders indeed what they seem?
Their stoutest supporters why mortify
With this blessed big Bill, which is all my eye.
County Councils to handle the tin?
The Squire and the Parson both sack'd—for what 'sin?
Stuff! 'Tis a dirty dashed Radical wrong.
If it passes, my knell will be ringing, diog-dong.
For the power will cease, and the reign will expire
Of the resolute, ruddy-faced County Squire!

"KEATS AND HIS HAMPSTEAD HOME."

UNDER this heading, the *Sunday Times*—sprightly paper this, nowadays—published a communication, signed "B. L. H.," bewailing the probable demolition of Lawn Bank, once the home of the Poet KEATS. The owner of the property, it appears, hasn't yet made up his mind whether to pull it down, or let it. The devotees of KEATS cry, "Let it—alone!" The owner of the property will probably retort to the devotees, "Then you buy it!" Sentiment is much: but six-per-centiment is more. And, on the whole, we should not like to be the owner of a Dead Lion's Den.

CONVERSION ALL ROUND.

A CONVERSION the Nation's poor creditor rues
That condemns him great part of his income to lose.
He must own 'tis all fair, but in heart he repines,
And, himself unconverted, accounts it hard lines.

It is much to be feared that he takes it so ill
As to harbour a sense the reverse of good will
To the smiling financiers who bid him be gay,
Having known where to put their own pelf safe away.

By Conversion the Government credit will get
From the millions aggrieved by the National Debt,
In proportion, of course, to the sum of relief
Which they gain by so great an amangement of grief.

But besides, there's another "Conversion" than that
Which will fatten the lean at the cost of the fat;
For Conversion the Cabinet merit may claim
In general—Conversion at large is their game.

They've converted Consols, Three-per-cent., not alone,
But the views heretofore till in office their own,
In political faith a conversion indeed;
For converted they stand to the Radical creed.

The Liberals, too, are converted and thrive
As Unionists, Liberal-Conservative,
With RITCHIE Gladstonian-Irish are found,
And so, one may say, there's Conversion all round.

Conservatives—this is conversion-in-chief,—
Converted by BRADLAUGH! 'tis past all belief!
Now, what have Conservatives left to conserve?
Their seats. To do this they will strain every nerve.

THE REAL "MYSTERY OF A HANSON CAR."—Why it is that, despite much talk of new patented improvements, that vehicle is found, in nine cases out of ten, to be still a "Little-cause" of dirt, damp, and general discomfort. Anyone who can solve *this* mystery will doubtless "hear of something to his advantage."



House of Commons, Monday Night, March 19.—Foresight of Government in matters of detail strikingly illustrated to-night. Have got up most stupendous Bill of modern times; touches innumerable interests throughout the country; takes ten days to print, and upwards of two hours to describe in outline. Wants a man of corresponding inches to take charge of it. KING-HARMAN might do, but otherwise engaged. So RITCHIE placed in charge of scheme. A monstrous medley of minute multiformity; but RITCHIE managed to make it plain. Avoided all effort at oratorical flourish. Got a downright hard job on hand, and grappled with it in downright honest fashion much appreciated by House. GLADSTONE, who is nowadays always blessing the Government, came out with unusual fervour, publicly patting RITCHIE on the back. Only frigidity of the season found on Conservative Benches.

"Much worse than DILKE'S Bill," BARTELOT whispers to FOWLER, "and you know we would not have that on any account."

"Yah! yah!" murmured the Alderman. "Only one bright spot

in Bill. Middlesex Magistrates shall sit as Magistrates for new County of London."

"Not sure, TOBY," said GLADSTONE, as I crossed the Lobby with him when all was over, "that from our point of view we aren't doing better than if I was in office with a majority of eighty. Never dared have brought in such thoroughly Radical measure as RITCHIE'S. If we had, would have wasted three Sessions in urging it on. Now we go into Opposition, they come into office, and do our work more thoroughly and more rapidly than we could."

"Then, Sir," I said, "you won't go back when the great heart of the people stirs and calls you with peremptory voice?"

"We shall see, TOBY, we shall see," said the Old Man Eloquent tucking his papers under his arm, burying his head in his collar, and setting off at a pace that left me far behind.

KING-HARMAN'S Salary Bill on again. Baiting began as before. Old Morality waited till midnight had struck, then, as COURTNEY rose to leave Chair, moved Closure. TIM HEALY and PARNELL sprang

to their feet and angrily protested that it was too late. Chairman ruled Motion in order, and Closure carried on division.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried Old Morality, pinning on his shawl and tucking up his trousers, preparatory to going home through the snow, "there's no pleasing those fellows. On Friday, DILLON awfully angry because I moved Closure at twenty-five minutes to twelve; said it was too early. Now I wait till twelve, and TIM HEALY says it's too late. Strike high, strike low, nothing will satisfy them!"

Business done.—Local Government Bill introduced.

Tuesday. Things going wrong in the House of Lords. LORD CHANCELLOR moved Second Reading of Land Transfer Bill. As he confessed, expected Noble Lords would pass this stage without demur. Noble Lords took other view of their duty. ARUNDEL OF WARDOUR charged amazed Government with advocating revolutionary principles. STANLEY OF ALDERLEY denounced Bill; CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH adversely criticised it. STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL magnanimously declined to press tottering Government; but DENMAN came to front, and dealt staggering blow. Long time since such galaxy of hereditary ability shone upon pallid occupant of Woolsack. ZETLAND, looking on, began to think there were institutions more hopelessly undermined even than the Jockey Club. The Markiss, with burlesque of audacity, hinted that the phenomenon was due to "lack of adequate information on the part of Noble Lords." But LORD CHANCELLOR, supporting his columnar figure against Woolsack, falteringly admitted that "no one had said good word for the Bill."

Accordingly, it was read a Second Time.

Commons had Morning Sitting. Conversion of Debt Bill in Committee. As, however, only trifle of some hundreds of millions at issue, attendance very thin. Discussion chiefly confined to ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer, and the present occupant of the office. Naturally, that great financial authority, GRANDOLPH, came to the front. GLADSTONE having differed from GOSCHEN on important clause of Bill, GRANDOLPH interposed, and in finest judicial manner differed from both. Elderly and respectable they might be; even possessing some reputation in financial world. But, really, approaching subject from directly opposite points of view, they were both ridiculously wrong. GRANDOLPH mentioned this modestly. Still there it was.

"It's a great pity," CHAPLIN murmured under his breath, "that this eminent man is, after all, only human. Possibly he might manage to fulfil the duties of Secretary of State for War combined with those of First Lord of the Admiralty. But then he knows more about India than anyone else, and in questions of finance compared with his omniscience, GLADSTONE is a folly and GOSCHEN an impertinence. Yet I'm afraid that it is even beyond GRANDOLPH'S capacity, controlling the Army, directing the Navy, caring for India, also to be our Chancellor of the Exchequer!" And CHAPLIN sobbed.

"Worse than the Jockey Club!"



The New Duke.

up in Peers' Gallery—white-haired, ruddy-faced, pleasant-eyed—our old friend JOHN MANNERS, now seventh Duke of Rutland.

Youth is HENRY MANNERS, now Marquis of Granby, and Member for Mid Leicestershire. ("SUSAN CLARKE, 'Markiss o' Granby,' Dorking," said PLUNKET; "wasn't that the name and address Sam Weller's father had inserted in the marriage licence?") But late he was Private Secretary to quite another Markiss, now a Markiss himself—at least quite as much as HARTINGTON. The new Duke watches new Marquis carefully through ceremony. Hears him cheered by Conservatives, sees him welcomed by Ministers, observes him bow low over SPEAKER'S outstretched hand, and then goes his way, trying to remember his COLERIDGE—

"Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!"

Still Constitution attacked by Irish, undermined by Socialists, hampered by Grand Old Mannists, is safe. For there is yet a RUTLAND in the Lords, and a MANNERS in the Commons.

Lord JOHN well away from his old quarters on Treasury Bench to-night. Never a bed of roses. To-night particularly prickly. Criminal Evidence Bill down for Second Reading. Quite inoffensive looking measure. Receives united blessing of Attorney-General, CHARLES RUSSELL, and HENRY JAMES. After this seems nothing more to say. Irish thought otherwise. Have long made it a grievance that certain English Bills do not extend to Ireland. Now weep and wail because Criminal Evidence Bill to run through Great Britain and Ireland. Debate began at five o'clock. At half-past ten Old Morality pounced; movement well meant, but particularly ill chosen. PARNELL just risen, and thus promptly shut up. Irish howled with rage. HARCOURT shaken with indignation. JOHN MORLEY terribly indignant. All the fat in the fire; frizzled famously. What with Divisions, crimination and recrimination next hour and half quickly passed by; twelve o'clock struck, and next Order barred.

Oddly enough next Order was stage of Bill providing salary for KING-HARMAN. Strange untoward accident that unexpected and prolonged debate should have sprung up on inoffensive Bill preceding it.

"Tell you what, GOSCHEN," said Old Morality, wearily packing up his papers, "you must somehow provide £1000 a-year for KING-HARMAN, and we'll give it him to go away. He's playing the doose with our prospects. Lost more time over him than on all other debateable points put together."

Business done.—KING-HARMAN'S Salary Bill postponed over another sitting.

Friday.—BRADLAUGH brought on Motion for appointment of Select Committee to inquire into Pensions; and, what is more, carried it. Capital Debate, enlivened by interesting speech from JENNINGS, who talked rabid Radicalism from centre of Conservative Camp. GLADSTONE much excited at disclosures made. Finally turned upon CHILDERS, and, impressing remarks by persistently poking him in ribs with outstretched finger, addressed to him animated speech of ten minutes' duration. From resigned expression on CHILDERS' face, report got about that GLADSTONE, dwelling upon enormity of Pension system, was explaining to CHILDERS that he should begin reform by docking his pension as ex-Minister. Must begin somewhere, you know.

Business done.—Inquiry ordered into Pensions.

RITCHIE'S DREAM.

Gog and Magog. O RITCHIE, RITCHIE, ne'er can such things be!

Magog. You'd make us slaves, dependant, Goo and Me,

Upon a Council and Lieutenant's bounty!

Ritchie. Well—

Gog. And, our London is to be "a County!"

Ritchie. Why not? You've heard of "County Paris!"

Magog and Gog.

Magog. Quota SHAKESPEARE to your purpose? Then we know

What line to take,—from Henry VIII, Act 2.

The Corporation won't submit to you!

Nor will they budge, till from their place they're hurled.

"No, not for all the RITCHIES in the world."

[Giants vanish.]

Poor Pyrotechnics.

"THE young Bengal faction," says the Times, "have been trying their hardest to spoil the valedictory ceremonies in connection with the departure of Lord and Lady DUFFERIN, and have failed." Their "Bengal Lights," like some other fireworks, seem to have begun with a splutter and ended in a fizzle.

"When dogs of faction bay," may it all
End in mere noise like this "Bay of Bengal."

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXXI.—THE GAY GONDOLIER.

OH, yes, he is always gay. Yes, even when he is "on strike." Yes, certainly, gay. It is his business. The Inglesi expect it.



To attend the patron who comes with his broad laugh and his deep pocket in the Gondolier's chief ambition in life: so he sings in his native tongue:—

"Ever gay and free, boys,
Ever gay and free;
That's the style for me, boys;
That's the style for me!"

The words are classic in the Italian, and roll from the singer's mouth in pleasant liquid cadence. Alas, our prosaic language is apt to vulgarise the sentiment of Italian poetry.

The Venetian Gondolier is not only merry, he is wise; not only gay but learned. His name is BEPPO, and in the gentle undulating navigation of the canals and lagoona he prefers to have a comrade. The rich English visitors prefer it also, it costs more money and is *distingué*, don't

you know—*il primo gondolero* and *il secondo*. Merry and wise I said advisedly. You shall never find BEPPO without his ready smile, his polite *grazie! la ringrazio!* Similarly you shall find him deeply learned in certain Shakespeare plays, not that he knows anything of the bard, who he was, or what he was, but he is sceptical as to the authorship of *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*. He does not venture to imply that BACON wrote them, as some other equally learned commentators do, but when you suggest to him that an Englishman wrote the stories of *Othello* and *Shylock*, he knows it is one of your jokes, and he laughs and sings accordingly for your *divertimento* which is the breath of your life. At the same time he knows exactly what you want to see, you laughing Inglesi, who only become serious for a moment over the woes of *Desdemona* or the Palace and the Prison. He knows the tragic history of *Desdemona*, and can dwell with enthusiasm upon the thwarted vengeance of *Shylock*. Pulling up before a battered-looking house in a back canal, he will extend his right arm as if he were posing for a picture and exclaim, "OTELLO, Signore, OTELLO the great general, where he live, *riguardate*—his statue at the door."

"Did he place it there himself?" you ask, for being Inglese, you are necessarily witty.

"No, after," the smiling Gondolier replies, and thereupon you encourage him to tell the story, which he does very much on the familiar Shakspearian lines.

Again you fire off a little joke as to the authorship, and he tells you the tragedy is really Venetian and true, written in the histories.

"And there, Signore!" he exclaims, before you have time for your next witticism, "*Riguardate ciò! Ecco!* The house where Signoro CASSIO lived."

You are near the Rialto now, and you ask if the gentleman in the Jewish gaberdine going over the bridge, is Mr. IRVING. He does not understand, but you find yourself suddenly a trifle sentimental as you think of the *Othellos*, the *Shylocks*, the *Portias*, the *Desdemonas* you have known in your time. The Vic., the Princess's, Saddler's Wells and other happy hunting-grounds of SHAKESPEARE, fill your thoughts and for a little while you make no jokes, you risk no more conundrums. The Gay Gondolier knows your symptoms. His stories of the unhappy *Desdemona*, the brave *Othello* committing suicide always make his noble English patron a trifle *triste*. BEPPO is jubilant but with suppressed force; in some occult way he may have heard of Mr. COGHLAN as *Shylock*. Alert intellectually as well as physically, BEPPO fits himself to your humour. He begins to hum a few bars of *Garibaldi's Hymn*. He has a good voice, you encourage his vocal efforts. It is evening, in fact the moon has risen while you have been smoking and dreaming.

"Ah, Signore," it reminds him of his gallant padrone who died on the field. "But here, Signore, here is my comrade CASTELLO, he fought by GARIBALDI'S side; he is covered with wounds more than you can count."

At this *Golondero secondo*, nods and smiles and whispers "*Ah porerino!*" Being an Englishman away from home, you are sympathetic towards all nationalities, to the Italian in particular. You speak of the Crimea, of *La belle Alliance*. *Primo* and *Secondo* burst out into wild praises of the brave Inglesi, and are both

supremely happy; for have they any other idea than to please the noble patron? Does he sigh, they are sad unto tears; does he laugh, they overflow in song;—

"Ever gay and free, boys!"

Do not be surprised if in the midst of your reverie, BEPPO and his *Secondo* have what seems to be a violent quarrel with a rival crew who come suddenly upon them round a corner without sufficient warning; not that the incident has endangered the safety of their navigation, but it has given all parties an opportunity for one of those tremendous disturbances, which on a first experience you conclude will end in the use of that ready dagger which you feel sure is in the belt of every Beppo and Garibaldini in Italy.

"What is the matter?" you ask excitedly, when the feud is at its height, or that there shall be no mistake, you speak in Italian (for being English you are naturally a linguist) "*Che cosa c'è?*"

BEPPO will turn to you gay and smiling to remark there is nothing the matter, or out of politeness to your choice Italian, he will reply, "*Non c'è niente*," at the same time returning to the fray of words with renewed zest until the foe is out of hearing, the foe doing likewise until BEPPO is out of sight. He is ready to laugh the next moment at your lightest joke, he will even smile upon the new steam-boat, for he knows the gondola will last his time, and that no Inglesi will ever patronise a vessel that is common to all the city; yet he is free to confess that they were glorious days when the palaces were occupied with the grand old families, each family with its company of Gondoliers, and there were intrigues and assassinations and affairs and great holidays, and captives from over the seas, and Venice was queen of the world. "Ah, Signore, those days are past, but Inglesi they come to Venezia, they love the Grand Canal, the Palazzo Pizarro, Saint Marco, *Otello*, *Desdemona*, and they have large heart and much *la buonamano!*"

"Addio, BEPPO!"

His hat is in his hand. There is a tear in his eye. *Secondo* watches and imitates his chief. They are a picture. BEPPO tall, erect, in blue cloth, vest open at the neck, embroidered sash, broad sailor-hat. *Secondo*, short, broad of chest, wrinkled face, crimson sash, and cut-throat grin; but equally sincere in his regrets at your departure, equally appreciative of your drink-money, both thinking of the polenta and fish, and *chianti*, and cigars they will enjoy while you are pelting away homewards on the hot railway in the stuffy carriages. You take home some pleasant memories, you have bought the right to be critical about studies of Venice at the Academy and the Grosvenor; and when you examine your banking account, you find that you have paid nobly for your privileges.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*This Time.*" Not any Time, but now or never; that is, Time for this month. If no one has yet put you up to Time, I will do so now. Time was made for slaves, by those who can make Time, and this Magazine—I forgot to say that I am speaking of *Time*, the Magazine—was made for those who have Time to spare, and of such persons, Time being money, you can borrow Time, though if you buy it, *This Time*, you will have made an excellent Time bargain, and if you can't buy it, then in the meantime, get Time somehow, in order to read Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM'S diary of his travels abroad.



He appears never to have been so much at home as when abroad, and he has returned *décoré*, and decorous, with Miss Moore the Merrier, to his own native land. That his notes are entertaining you may take your little Davy—GARRICK, of course—and perhaps be may continue them next Time.

There are some very interesting reminiscences of the late Mr. JOHN CLAYTON, in *The Theatre*; also a portrait of him in *All for Her*—the play in which he most distinguished himself as a serious actor.

I hear there is to be a new Military monthly publication. I should suggest the title of *The Hyde Park Magazine*. It's a little late in the year, but the first number might date from the "March Past." There would be plenty of Reviews, and Pictures could be inspected by distinguished Royal Artillery-men. The Chaplain-General's Charges, that is, if he "charges" like a Bishop, would find an appropriate place in these military columns. Yours, ever,

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

THE QUEEN'S CHAMBERLAIN.—Her Gracious and Imperial MAJESTY would have preferred presenting the Right Hon. JOSEPH with an Indian shawl. But what could he have done with it? So the QUEEN made it a photo, which, whatever its positive or negative value originally, must now be considered as not exactly priceless, but well worth "a JOY."

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 6.



THE G. O. M-UNCHAUSEN.

"He drank uncommonly with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but naturally enough: for when I looked round for my men, what do you think I saw? All the hind-quarters of my horse were gone,—cut clean off! The water ran out behind as fast as it ran in before, without the animal keeping a drop of it. How had this come to pass? I could not account for it at all."—*The Baron's Adventures*, Ch. iv.

A PLEA FOR POOR "GOLDIE."

[It is said that, chiefly in consequence of the female fashion for feather-trimmings, our Goldfinches are nearly exterminated.]

WHEN lovely Woman stoops to folly,
And wears bird-feathers on her head,
The consequence is melancholy.

Our "Goldies" nearly all are dead!
Fie! How can female bosoms harbour
Such cruelty, at such a cost?

Poll Swedlepipe, the gentle barber,
Might well return, a mournful ghost,
And haunt reproachfully each daughter
Degenerate of Mother Eve.

Consent to such a ruthless slaughter?
Punch finds it hard, dears, to believe.
Have you not heard their mellow whistles?
Deseried their darting red and gold?
Beheld them stripping seeding thistles,
With eyes so innocently bold,

And tails so brisk and beaks so nimble?
Ah, surely any human she,
With heart less hard than her own thimble,
Will sigh out, "Let poor 'Goldie' be!"

HUSBANDS AND HUSBANDRY.

(Vide Mr. Walter Besant's Article in the April Number of "Longman's," called "The Endowment of the Daughter.")

In England Trade is dull and slow,
And girls are portionless, and so
Unto the altar men won't go
Of Hymen, burning uselessly.

But BESANT sees a novel way
Of making marriage brisk and gay,
Commanding British sires to slay
The Demon of Celibacy.

In that good time, as WALTER B.
Explains, all maids shall wedded be,

And hardened bachelors with glee
Shall join in amorous rivalry.

He tells us of the plight we're in
When girls who wish to, cannot spin,
And hundreds madly strive to win
Each post of well-paid drudgery.

And fiercer still that fight shall glow,
While youths hold back, and "have no
go,"

Because the maidens have no "dot,"—
So much for modern chivalry!

And more and more will suitors bold
The offer of their hands withhold,
Until their sweethearts they behold
Endowed with a sufficiency.

The dulness deepens. On, ye Sires,—
Whoe'er to sons-in-law aspires—
And save your girls from fruitless fires
By saving half your salary!



ENCUMBERED!

Brown (with expectations, to his Landlady, who had just brought in a telegram). "FROM MY FATHER, MRS. WILKINS." (Reads) "YOUR AUNT THOMPSON DIED LAST EVENING AGED EIGHTY-EIGHT, AND IN FULL POSSESSION OF ALL HER FACULTIES."
Mrs. Wilkins. "Ah, Sir! I REMEMBER IT WAS JUST THE SAME IN MY OWN FAMILY, ONLY"—(regretfully)—"MY AUNT HAD 'EAVY MORTGAGES ON 'EM, SIR!!"

**BELOW THE HORIZON ;
OR, CELESTIAL CYNICS IN COUNCIL.**
 [A conjunction of Mercury and Venus occurred, before the rising of the planets, in the early morning of Wednesday, March 28.]
Venus. Well, how fare you, god of thieves?
Mercury. That old scandal who believes?
 I'm reformed, and a fair-dealer;
 You are still the true (heart) stealer!
Venus. That's a fad, and not a crime.
 Where 'a the heart that 's worth a dime?
 If on earth I could desocy it,
 I'd not steal *that* heart,—I'd buy it!
Mercury. Cynic!
Venus. Why, of course! I'd blush
 If thought capable of gush.
 Cynic calm is all the fashion,
 E'en in what the world calls "passion."
Mercury. Happy world!
Venus. Oh, well, I guess
 What was once termed "happiness"
 Is a thing too queer and queasy:
 Free and—what is better—easy
 Is the present "form" of Love.
Mercury. You had better sack your dove!
Venus. Not at all!—trust Cytherea!
 You have really no idea
 What an artful bird it is,—
 Fly to "trap" and up to "biz."
 Twigs a "plant" in half a minute.
 Serpent really isn't in it.
Mercury. Humph! I thought myself astute!
 Pray, is Cupid also 'onte?
Venus. Rather!—or there'd be a term
 To his interest in our firm.

If that boy went soft or stupid,
 Well,—it would be, exit Cupid!
Mercury. Bless my heart!—I mean, my soul.
 Things seem tending to a goal
 Whither even I scarce follow.
 Ha! and how about Apollo?
Venus. Oh, he thrums the same old strains:
 But there 'a nobody—with brains—
 Listens to his antique twangling.
 And, besides, he's always wrangling
 With the Yankees—they are bright!
Mercury. What about?
Venus. Oh, Copyright!
Mercury. And the ladies; do they like
 This new style of things, or strike—
 Like the miners—in a body?
Venus. Mercury, you must be a noddy!
 Don't you better know the Sex?
 A new mode may gall or vex;
 But they'll follow it with passion,
 Just because it is the fashion.
Mercury. Oh! ah! quits so! Yes, I see.
 So, whereas it used to be,
 In Life's game, that "hearts are trumps,"
 Hearts are now—
Venus. Pnenmatic pumps!
 Fact! And do you really think
 I have any cause to shrink
 From your hasty charge of stealing
 Things like these, devoid of feeling
 As of value?
Mercury. As a crime,
 No! But don't you waste your time?
Venus. Hardly! It is rather fun!
 Bnt, I think I see the Sun.
Mercury. Well, before we meet again,

I must, as the Pngs say, "train"
 For this reign of the cheap Timon:
 Now I feel a Simple Simon.
Venus. You are out of it, indeed!
 Well, you've only got to read
 Gossip in which JENKINS grovels,
 And the best Society novels;
 Then you'll learn my modern function.
 Ta-ta! till our next Conjunction!

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND!

LAST week died Mr. THOMAS GERMAN REED, who, with his clever wife, originated the celebrated Entertainment which for ever so many years filled the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street. With sporting tastes that would have qualified him for a *Dolly Spanker* of private life, and with a knowledge of sailing a yacht that would have entitled him to the degree of Past Master of any small craft, he passed the greater part of his existence in what was to all intents and purposes a Theatre, appearing several times in the course of an evening as somebody else, but invariably being found out as the genuine GERMAN REED, and as himself "Pa' REED" was really amusing. *Mr. Punch* has a kindly recollection of the "Old Gallery Days," and dedicates this "par" to the pleasant memory of "Pa' REED."

GEORGE JOKIN'S LATEST.—"Yes; five shillings per dozen on champagne, all superior bottled wines, and *Hock genus omne.*"

'SEEING ROBERTS.'

THE other night I witnessed the 165th performance of *The Old Guard* at the Avenue Theatre. Where would *The Old Guard* be without Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS? Nowhere. Certainly not at the Avenue Theatre.

Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY is a pleasing tenor, and has as much acting in him, as, in the ordinary way of business, can be got out of a tenor; and, when he has something worthy of his voice, I may say to him, "You will undoubtedly make your Mark, TAPLEY!" At present there is not much for JOSEPH. Mr. ALEC MARSH is a fine fellow, and a vigorous baritone, and the *Capitaine* suits his marshal bearing. Miss MARION



General Arthur Roberts coming to the support of the Old Guard.

EDCUMBE has a pretty face and a pretty mezzo voice, which should be her fortune. Miss FANNY WENTWORTH is a lively soprano. Miss HENRIETTE POLAK, alluded to by SHAKESPEARE as the "sledded Polak"—makes an uncommonly aprightly *Bugler*—a sort of Cherubine in French uniform. Miss CLARA GRAHAME only fails of completely identifying herself with the remarkably trying part of *Lieutenant Vigoreux*, out of pure consideration for the public, who, it evidently occurs to her, would be sorry to lose sight entirely of Miss CLARA GRAHAME.

It is a question whether Mr. J. T. DALLAS would not be more at home in serious Opera, than in these light French frivolities, which offer but little scope to the magnificent quality of his voice, seldom heard, but always thoroughly appreciated, or to his remarkable histrionic abilities, which would recall the days of GARRICK, TALMA, and the elder KEAN—that is, if anyone wished to recall them.

Finally, the clever young lady, whom, for the nonce, I will call INCOGNITA, as her name was not in the playbill (a rare instance of self-effacement, seeing that she represented Miss PH-LL-S BR-GHT-N in the part of *Follow-the-Drum*), played and danced—she may have sung, too, but, if so, her voice escaped me—capitally, and was of considerable assistance to the General, ARTHUR ROBERTS, to whom, after all said and sung, I must return, because, despite this brilliant ensemble, the audience languished when their favourite—the "droll creature," as the ladies call him—is not on the stage. He certainly is wonderful. I confess I laugh directly he is "heard without;" I laugh when he winks; I laugh more when he speaks, and, no matter what is going on upon the stage—and I am bound to say I don't think there is at any time any thrillingly interesting action in *The Old Guard*—the audience, on the grin, follow the eccentric comedian with their eyes everywhere, so as not to lose whatever he may take it into his head to do next.

Like the Old Woman who "had so many children, she didn't know what to do," Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, whose children are his quaint ideas, "can never be quiet." He is never in repose: always wide awake and up to the time of day. Yet, for all this, his fun is distinctly quiet, so quiet indeed, that I fancy the Soprano or Contralto, or whoever might have been singing her solo on the stage, did not at first notice her companion's unobtrusive business, of sewing for example—[inimitable!]—and, a hundred and sixty nights ago, must have been considerably gratified at the flattering reception accorded to her song. On such occasions Mr. ROBERTS pleasantly reminds me of the Comic Countryman who pretended to catch a fly while *Mrs. Crummles* was making her most telling effect.

To see Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS pretend to brush the crushed Mr. DALLAS's hair by machinery, to see him pretend to sew with invisible thread and needle, to see him struggling with a sneeze, to see him imitating the customer at the jug department of a large bar, instructing the maid in drawing beer, and then giving his life-like presentation of a superior ARRY on familiar terms with the bar-maid—to see him reading a letter, taking part in a concerted piece and

pretending (he is always "partending" like children at play) to sing his part out of a folio of the *Code Napoléon*, which he gravely offers to the tenor as if it contained the words and music of an Oratorio,—to see him doing all this, and ever so much more which I have forgotten, is so irresistibly comic, that the house cries with laughter, and no one cares whether it be the Old Guard, or the Young Guard, or Singing Guards, or Hoarse Guards, White Guards, or The Other Guards, so long as ARTHUR ROBERTS is not absent from the stage for more than five minutes. In a funny duet, where there is just a chance for the otherwise partially but unavoidably suppressed DALLAS, ARTHUR ROBERTS shows how he can fence. And of this art he certainly should be a master, as the Avenue Theatre provides him not with a single stick, but with an entire set of most brilliant foils. JACK IN THE BOX.

P.S.—I cannot offer any opinion on the merits of the music, as the theatre being crowded, I could only find a seat on the windy side of the orchestra close to the big drum, triangles, and cymbals, for which soothing instruments, as it seemed to me, M. PLANQUETTE has composed with so free hand, that I was compelled to beat a retreat at the end of the Second Act, and of course I subsequently heard that General ARTHUR is at his funniest in the Third.

VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—Interior of Third Class Smoking Compartment. First Passenger, apparently a small Suburban Tradesman, of a full and comfortable habit, seated by window. To him enters a seedy but burly Stranger, in a state of muzzy affability, with an under-suggestion of quarrelsomeness.

The Stranger (leaning forward mysteriously). Yer saw that gentleman I was a' torkin' to as I got in? Did yer know 'oo he was?

First Passenger (without hauteur, but with the air of a Person who sets a certain value on his conversation). Well, he didn't look much like the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

The S. He's a better man than 'im! That was BRASHER, the middling weight! he giv me the orifice straight about KILLIVAN and SMIFTON, he did!

First P. (interested, as a lover of the Noble Art of Self Defence). Ah! did he, though?

The S. He did; I went up to him, and I sez, "Excuse me," I sez, like that, I sez, "but are you an American, or a German?"

First P. (with superiority). He wouldn't like that—being taken for a German.

The S. (solemnly). Those were my very words! And he sez, "No, I'm a Yank," and then I knoo 'oo 'e was, d'ye see? and so (hazily) one word brought up another, and we got a torkin'. If I was to tell you I'd seen KILLIVAN, I should be tellin' yer a lie!

First P. Well, I won't ask you to do that.

The S. (firmly). Nor I wouldn't. But you've on'y to look at SMIFTON to see 'e's never 'ad a smack on the 'ed. Now, there's SULTON—'e's a good man, 'e is—'e is a good man! Look 'ow that feller knocks 'issel about! But if I was to pass my opinion, it 'ud be this—KILLIVAN's in it for science, he ain't in it to take anything; you may take that from me!

First P. (objecting to be treated as an ingenu). It's not the first time I've heard of it, by a long way.

The S. Ah! and it's the truth, the Bible trnth (putting his hand on First P.'s knee). Now, you b'leeve what I'm a' goin' to tell yer?

First P. (his dignity a little ruffled). I will—if it's anything in reason.

The S. It's this: My opinion of KILLIVAN and SULTON's this—SULTON brought KILLIVAN out. I'm on'y tellin' yer from 'earsay, like; but I know this myself—one lived in 'Oxton, and the other down Bermondsey way. 'E's got a nice little butcher's business there at this present moment; and 'e's a mug if 'e turns it up!

First P. (axiomatically). Every man's a mug who turns a good business up.

The S. Yer right! And (moralising) it ain't all 'oney with that sort o' people, neither, I can tell yer! I desay, now, when all's pnt to the test, you're not a moneyed man—no more than I am myself?

First P. (not altogether flattered). Well—that's as may be.

The S. But I b'leeve yer to be a man o' the world, although I don't know yer.

First P. (modestly). I used to be in it at one time.

The S. (confidentially). I'm in it now. I don't get my livin' by it, though, mind yer. I'm a mechant, I am—to a certain extent. I've been in America. There's a country now—they don't over-tax like they do 'ere!

First P. (sympathetically). There you've touched a point—we're taxed past all common sense. Why, this very tobacco I'm smoking now is charged—

The S. Talkin' of tobaccoer, I don't mind 'aving a pipe along with yer myself.

First P. (handing his pouch with a happy mixture of cordiality and condescension.) There you are, then.

The S. (afflicted by sudden compunction as he fills his pipe.) I 'ope I'm not takin' a libbatty in askin' yer?

First P. Liberty? rubbish! I'm not one to make distinctions where I go. I'd as soon talk to one man as I would another—you're setting your coat alight.

The S. I set fire to myself once, and I never live in 'opes of doing so agen! It's a funny thing with me, I can smoke a cigar just as well as I could a short pipe. I'm no lover of a cigar, if you understand me; but I can go into company where they *ars*, d'ye see?

First P. (shortly.) I see.

The S. (with fresh misgivings.) You'll excuse me if I've taken a libbatty with yer?

First P. (with a stately air.) We settled all that just now.

The S. (after a scrutiny.) I tell yer what my idear of you is—that you're a Toff!

First P. (disclaiming this distinction a little uneasily.) No, there's nothing of the toff about me!

The S. (defiantly.) Well, you're a gentleman, anyway?

First P. (aphoristic, but uncomfortable.) We can all of us be that, so long as we behave ourselves.

The S. (much pleased by this sentiment.) Right agen! give us yer 'and—if it's not takin' a libbatty. I'm one of them as can't bear to take a libbatty with no matter 'oo. Yer know it's a real pleasure to me to be settin' 'ere torkin' comfortably to you, without no thought of either of us fallin' out. There's some people as wouldn't feel 'appy, not without they was 'avin' a row. Now you and me ain't like that!

First P. (shifting about.) Quite so—quite so, of course!

The S. Not but what if it was to come to a row between us, I could take my part!

First P. (wishing there was somebody else in the compartment.) I—I hope we'll keep off that.

The S. (devoutly.) So do I! I 'ope we'll keep off o' that. But yer never know what may bring it on—and there it is, d'ys see! You and me might fall out without intending it. I've bin a bit of a boxer in my day. Do you doubt my word?—if so, say it to my face!

First P. I've no wish to offend you, I'm sure.

The S. I never take a lie straight from any man, and there you 'ave me in a word! If you're bent on a row, you'll find me a glut-ton, that's all I can tell you!

First P. (giving himself up for lost.) But I'm not bent on a row—qu—quite otherwise!

The S. You should ha' said so afore, because, when my back's once put up, I'm—ello! we're stopping, I get out 'ere, don't I?

First P. (eagerly.) Yes—make haste, they don't stay long anywhere on this line!

The S. (completely mollified.) Then I'll say good-bye to yer. (Tenderly.) Praps we may meet agen, some day.

First P. We—we'll hope so—good day to you, wish you luck!

The S. (solemnly.) Lord love yer! (Pausing at door.) I 'ope you don't think me the man to fall out with nobody. I never fall out—

[Falls out into the arms of a Porter, whom he pummels as the train moves on, and First Passenger settles into a corner with a sigh of relief.]

DIARY OF A PESSIMIST.

Down to breakfast. Tea and dry toast. Couldn't manage egg. Afraid of indigestion.

Looked over the morning papers. Read through the "Deaths." Skipped "Births" and "Marriages." Never care to read them. Only want to know who's dead, and what's to pay, which I may be the worse for. No hope of a legacy.

No news. That is good news. Glanced over the debates with fear and trembling, in dread of the proposal of some new tax or privation of liberty and property. Police Reports uninteresting. Accidents and offences ditto. Sad sameness, dullness, and want of originality in robberies, suicides, and murders.

Bell. What's that? Rates and taxes, I expect. No. Another Circular. Hal! Prospectus of the Huggery-Muggery Gold Mining Company. Trap to catch an investment. Glad it's prepaid. Hate all Circulars.

Out for a constitutional. Obstruction. Crowd of people in the way. Horse down, I suppose, or somebody in a fit. Gave it a wide berth. No business of mine. Hate being hustled, and perhaps implicated somehow or other.

Irritated by the flaming pictorial advertisements, especially the theatrical groups in attitudes of bogus emotion. Detest sensational dramas. They all end happily, that is, in marriage, of which experience in real life proves the reverse.

Home to dinner. No appetite. Been recommended Gulliver's Dinner Pills. Shall recommend them to somebody else; shan't take 'em myself.

Bell and knock. Shall have knocker removed. This time, telegram. Somebody dead, I suppose, to my expense or trouble. Not

quite so bad. Invitation to an evening party, which I shall have to answer, and of course decline. I'm not an evening party.

After dinner smoke a pipe, and meditate precautions to avert the troubles and misfortunes which I anticipate, and so up to bed after a dose of morphia with a view to get a little sleep in spite of them, if I can.

ROBERT AT THE BOAT-RACE.

THE wether was not werry attempting for a water xerashun, but the hoffer of a outside seat on 'a Steam Boat with plenty of refreshments and nothink to pay, was too grate for me to resist, speshally on a Satterday, which is allers a elack day with us. The one grate drawback was the hurly hour. I hates with a dedly hatred hurly rising! As late as you likes at nite, and as late as you likes in the morning, but



"Hurly to bed and hurly to rise, If I said as I liked, I shoold tell great lies!"

as the Poet says, or if he didn't like to say so, I've no dowt he thought so.

I was told to be aboard by 9 sharp, and so I was, punkhal to the minnet, and so werry sharp set that dreckly as we started from the Loryers Peer at the Temple, me and my pal we descended quite natral like into the Cabbin, which, being jest a lectle bit scrowged, my friend, who is a Littery man, like myself, said as we was not only Cabb'd, but Cribbed and Confined. I don't at all know what he meant, but as he said it no less than three times, I presume as it's a werry good joke, tho I don't see it.

The Brekfus was that acrumphus, that, if it hadn't bin for the necessity of seeing the Bote Race, I think as we shoold have stopt down there till Lunch-time, and so have kept a good place, but common desency took us on deck, and uncommon kuriosity kep us there. We was jest in time to squeeze through Pntney Bridge afore it was stopt up, by horder of the Tems Conservatives, I was told, witch I dessay was quite right, for if ewerybody had been left to do as they liked, there wouldn't have been moor room for the race. I begs thus publicly to thank 'em for so thortfully having the Bridge washed and polished. It reully made it look almost as good as new.

The River wasn't a bit ruff, so I didn't feel my ushal inconwenience, but my friend, who's a old sailor, made me take jest a nip of whisky, as he called it, so as to make sure, and then took wun hisself, jest to kindly keep me cumpany.

We had a bootifool site of the grate Race, at least we shoold have had one if it hadn't bin for the Fog, which shut all the boats out of site till they was close hup to us, but we seed enuff of 'em to see how wunderfoolly British pluck can beat meer Sience. I scarcely expees to be believed when I says that the two little Botes with only about nine young gentlemen in wite close a pulling of each on 'em, achally beat the four big Steam Boats as tried in wane to owtake 'em, and wun in a canter, as my friend told me, with both hands down.

Dreckly as the Race was over, me and my friend found ourselves, promiskus as it were, in the little Cabbin agen, and there was lade out, as if by incharntment, sitch a moddel Lunshun as I have seldum seen xcelled, and, as common perliteness dictated, we at wunce set to work agen with invigorated happytites, thanks to the excitement of the grate Race and the fine North-Easter that rattled so merrily among our bowlines, as my friend said.

I don't know when I've tasted a finer peace of Sammon, nor a lovelier Pidgeen Pie, with reel Pidgeens in it too, nor a tenderer combinashun of chickens and Tung. The Stuard kept a looking at us with mingled surprize and hadmirashun, and I've no dowt reported of us most favorably to his employers, as having dun full justice to his wittels and his drink. Wcn we assended on Deck agane, the Howses of Parlyment was a standing up boldly in the brite sunlite, in the near distance, looking as if ewerythink was always as calm and as peacefool within as it suttelny looked without, and, as the Poet sings, "We stood on the Bridge (Westminster) by midday, as the Clock was striking the our," (of twelve), and the fust thort as struck me after my friend had left me was, what a deal can be dun in a short time if you ony nose how to do it.

Here had I bin and had a most acrumphus Brekfus with almost ewery delicassay of the season, had seen the werry finest Bote Race as ever was run, in which British Pluck licked British Sience into a Cooked At, and had then had a noble Lunshun, as included all the other delicassays as had nessesarily bin left out at Brekfus, and thoroely enjoyed all three, and all in the course of three short ours!

The moral as I draws from the grate race is, that as MARLBORROW said as how the Battel of Warterloo was won at Heton, so I says as the Battel of Trafalger was won at Barnes!

ROBERT.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"THIS IS YOUR MOTHER'S PORTRAIT, MY LITTLE MAN. DO YOU THINK IT LIKE?"

"YES—VERY—ALL BUT THE FACE!"

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY ON THE SITUATION.

Communicated by the Shade of the "Spectator."

"When the establishment of County Boards has reduced the administrative power of the Justices to zero, the ancient glory of Quarter Sessions will be gone, and one of the main reasons of the applications now made to the Lord Lieutenant of the County for the Commission of the Peace will be found to have disappeared. . . . When Magistrates cease to manage the business of their County, they will cease also to care for its official honours."

ESCOTT'S ENGLAND (Ed. 1881), Ch. iv. p. 47.]

"Hæc memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin."

VIRGIL, Bucol. Ecl. vii. 69.

"The whole debate in memory I retain,
When Thyrsis argued warmly, but in vain."

To revisit—as our great Dramatist expresseth it—"the glimpses of the moon," is a privilege which, though it hath its pleasures, yet assuredly is attended at times by a certain drawback of spiritual pain at once poignant and pathetic.

Of all the ancient haunts which I love, when permitted, to return to, the dearest to me is that long walk of ancient elms, at a little distance from what was once Sir ROGER'S house, among the still standing ruins of an old abbey, and amidst whose lofty tops the rocks and crows of another generation still, as of old, "seem to be cawing in another region." It still lies—and now, perhaps, it must be allowed with greater show of reason—under the ill report of being haunted.

I was taking a walk—the natural language of embodied humanity still comes spontaneously to shadowy lips—in this place, the other night, between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but agree with my old and fleshy self of the dear days of the—alas!—departed Queen ANNE, that it was one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceedingly solemn and venerable. One might almost fancy that, like their human analogues and counterparts, they were croaking mournfully at the prospect of the destruction and disappearance of things more venerable even than themselves, and at least as solemn.

As I was walking in this solitude, I became aware of the fact that

it was a solitude no longer. The shade of my friend, Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, was at my side, making his proximity known by a low sigh, soft as the rustling of spring leaves, sad as the scarcely audible voice of the gentle night-wind which stirs them.

The good old Knight was musing upon the same subject that at the moment absorbed my own meditations.

"You once proposed, Mr. SPECTATOR," said he, "that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. Of late, sensible men and sober citizens of all parties have been rejoicing that your scheme seemed nearer than ever before in prospect of realisation. And with what result?"

I understood the drift of the worthy Knight's thoughts, and the point of his piteous question, "You have been perusing," said I, with respectful sympathy, "the ingenious Mr. RITCHIE'S new-fangled scheme of County Administration as set forth in his Local Government Bill?"

"Indeed, yes," sighed Sir ROGER. "And what is it—to adopt your own comparison borrowed from DROBORUS SICULUS—but a political crocodile-egg, the egg of Revolution? Would," he added bitterly, "that some parliamentary ichneumon could be found to break it, ere it be hatched into the horrid and edacious monster which it bids fair to bring forth!"

"If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partisans," I replied, in the same tone, "we shall find them now, as in our time, far from resembling this disinterested animal."

"Disinterested!" cried the Knight, indignantly, "Disinterestedness is as dead as her Most Gracious Majesty Queen ANNE herself."

I observed of old that I found the Knight a much stronger Tory in the country than in the town. I find him a much stronger Tory in the Shades than even in the country.

"Sir ANDREW FREEPORT," pursued Sir ROGER, "would doubtless welcome this curious birth of an insincere Coalition. He was ever more inclined to the moneyed than to the landed interest. I know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters. But doth not this monstrous menace to the established repute and time-honoured influence of the Country Gentleman move even you to indignant revolt?"

I was ever more desirous to soothe than to excite, to compose party



“IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?”

MR. B. (reads Doctor's directions). “EH! WHAT'S THIS? INTERFERE WITH MY RIDING!—REDUCE MY THREE PER CENTS!—CUT DOWN MY CHAMPAGNE!!!—'PON MY WORD!!!!”



and polemic differences, than to aggravate them. There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. "Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. It is with this temper of mind, that I consider the subject which so aroused my friend Sir ROGER's not unnatural wrath.

"I remember," said I, "listening to the proceedings of the County Sessions with much attention, and being infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws."

"And all that," cried the worthy Knight, hotly, "all that is to be changed, subverted, revolutionised, without reason, and, as the *St. James's Gazette*—an admirable journal, Sir, quite after my own heart!—rightly asserts, without necessity, and in the absolute absence of any call from the Country. Preposterous! Infamous! Unprecedentedly, wantonly gratuitous!"

"If I mistake not, Sir ROGER," I pursued, in the same conciliatory tone, "you yourself were called upon to serve as Sheriff of the County when in your twenty-third year."

"I was," replied Sir ROGER; "and I indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person), in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. I should not do so now, Sir. I should not do so now."

"Nay, Sir," said I, "it may well be that this Revolution, like some others, will be less in reality than in appearance, or will be limited and ameliorated by conditions and influences none the less potent and permanent because subtle, and, to the vulgar eye, perchance, invisible. The rascally red face of Revolution, like that of a blustering *Bardolph*, is often more threatening than formidable."

"Sir," cried the Knight, "a Country Gentleman of good descent and substantial estate, might of old, creditably and without loss of dignity, become a Justice of the Quorum, fill the Chair at Quarter Sessions, co-operate in County administration with his peers and the parson. But sit on these new-fangled County Councils cheek-by-jowl with the TOM TOUCHIES, the republican Scribblers, the revolutionary Cobblers, and other the tagrag and bobtail of Mob-election? Never, Sir! Sir ANDREW FREEMORT, with his trade instincts and republican doctrines, might find himself at home in such company, not a true Tory Squire, or sound Anglian divine."

"But surely, Sir ROGER," said I, "a patriot's duty is to serve his misguided country in the worst pinch of her misfortunes, even at the cost of discomfort to himself. Could such an one as yourself for instance, be present at one of these projected County Councils, and perchance make such an impressive and inspiring harangue as I once heard you deliver at the County Assizes, how would he inform the assembly, give himself a figure in the public eye, keep up his credit in the County, abash *parvenu* insolence, crush crude conceit, and consequently cheekmate and countervail the very dangers and disasters which your patriotic prevision marks from afar! Remember, Sir, what we agreed upon of old, that a Member of the Society we projected 'who should carefully employ himself in making room for merit by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from the conspicuous station of life to which they have sometimes been advanced, and all this without regard to his private interest,' would be no small benefactor to his Country."

Sir ROGER fetched a deep sigh, and fell into a fit of musing.

"You know, Sir," I pursued, "that feuds between the wealthy and well-placed, though too frequent in this country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are so hardly brought to regard any truth, however important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe in it."

My friend's speaking countenance softened until it was scarcely more recognisable as the indignant visage I had lately looked upon than was the frowning and staring paint-transformed sign of the "Saracen's Head," as his own benign physiognomy. He was about to break forth into a discourse consonant, I am sure, with his changed expression, when the clarion of chauticleer welcoming the first glimmer of dawn that broke through the thick branches of the aged elms rendered necessary what, in parliamentary diction, would be designated an adjournment of the debate.

"VEARY VIATOR" writes:—"Sir,—The other day, walking in the neighbourhood of Waltham Cross, I came suddenly upon the historic stones of Temple Bar, erected at the entrance of Theobald's Park. I have ascertained that this situation for our lumbering old obstructionist friend pleases some folks, but, for my part, I can only look upon its present position as '*Faute de Meux*'."

QUESTION TO BE PUT BY MR. CHARLIN TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—"Are Towel-horses and Clothes-horses to be taxed?"

GEORGE JOKIN.

(*Chez Lutz.*)

"I AM very glad to see you," says the Comic Chancellor, as you enter his *sanctum*. "When you were ushered in you scarcely expected me to be a peer—I mean to appear?"



You bow gravely, while the Right Hon. Gentleman rings for one of his subordinates.

"My Laughing Secretary," he explains, when the young gentleman enters. "This kindly individual appreciates my jokes. I said to my visitor he scarcely expected me to be a peer—in mistake for to appear. You see the joke?"

Thus challenged, the new-comer brats into a shout of merriment, and says the jest is of first-rate quality. On his retirement the Chancellor informs you that it is his *employé's* duty to listen to and applaud his jokes. For this he receives a princely salary.

"No sinecure post, I can assure you, although there's no writing about it, in spite of its being called *signy* cure! Perhaps you would not mind smiling yourself at my jokes in the absence of my Laughing Secretary. Thank you."

Then the Cabinet Minister becomes graver as he removes a covering from what appears to be a framed sampler.

"Here is my celebrated joke about GARRICK being on the Spree when Mr. WYNDHAM, of the Criterion Theatre, was in Berlin.

"But have you not made another joke about Mr. WYNDHAM?"

"I have," returns the Comic Chancellor, modestly; "I said that although Mr. WYNDHAM was greatly liked at the Court Theatre in the Prussian capital, that might be said to be no Criterion."

"The Criterion is the name of Mr. WYNDHAM's London theatre, is it not?"

"Yes; and that was the pith of my pleasantry. Had Mr. WYNDHAM been the lessee, for instance, of the Haymarket, I should have been unable to have given so much point to my jest."

"How ever do you think of such clever things, with so many other matters to attend to—for instance the Budget and the Conversion Bill?"

"I really cannot tell you. They come to me spontaneously. I believe I have a gift for waggery."

"Have you any works of reference?"

"A great many—but my favourite assistant is JOSEPH—"

"CHAMBERLAIN?"

"No, *Miller*, dear old *Joe*!" and here the Comic Chancellor took down a well-worn volume labelled "*Joe Miller*."

"Have you made any recent puns?"

"Oh, yes. Only the other day when something was said about my taking a penny off the Income Tax, I observed I thought it ought to be called the Outgo Impost, as everyone had to pay it! I only took three days in contriving that impromptu."

"Really!"

At this point a servant gives the Comic Chancellor a card.

"Dear me, I am afraid I can afford you no more of my time. I have a pupil waiting for me—a well-known divine. I am sure you will excuse me." Then turning to the messenger, he adds, "Show his Grace into the study, and ask my Laughing Secretary to accompany me."

And as you leave this Home of Wit, you hear the grave tones of the Chancellor and his pupil, followed at intervals by the rather forced merriment of the Laughing Secretary.

THREE'S COMPANY.

In this month's *Men and Women of the Day*, Messrs. BARRAUD give, as the three "Contemporary Portraits," Miss ELLEN TERRY (first-rate—as always, either in or out of a picture), between the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN and the eminent metaphysician Mr. HERBERT SPENCER. Our JOSEPH looks quite the Right Honourable, but unfortunately he is somewhat in the shade, which is most unusual for him; perhaps Messrs. BARRAUD wanted to give his otherwise life-like portrait a touch of novelty. The Metaphysical Third Party looks exactly what he is, a hard-headed, determined speculator—in the domain of psychology. *A propos* of speculation, Mr. SPENCER himself records how, having dropped £4000 in bringing out his work on *Sciology*, he was compelled to stop it at Part VIII. He works for love, not gain, and from this portrait it may be gathered that there is not much Cupidity about this lover of Psyché.

"MAVOR" REVISED BY GOSCHEN.—"The Horse is a noble animal! and very useful to"—the Exchequer.



LIABLE TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD.

"ACH, FRAÜLEIN! I HAF VON ZE LAST ZETT!"

"REALLY, HERR SCHMIDT? WELL, I HEARTILY CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR GREAT FEAT!"

ADAPTED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

SIR,—I am watching the case of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with some anxiety, as, if it goes against the defendant, I shall find myself in an awkward predicament. I happen to have adapted for stage purposes, without asking the permission of the author, a popular Three-volume Novel. I must honestly say I think, in my own opinion, I have vastly improved it; but if, in spite of this, the decision now pending is given in favour of the originator of the work, what, I ask, is to become of me? For it seems that, though my right to dramatise the Novel will not be questioned, any attempt made by me to distribute their respective parts to the actors will be held illegal, and the sending a copy to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN will be absolutely forbidden. This, Sir, will place me under the necessity not only of teaching the actors orally, but oblige me to get hold of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and, whether he will or no, read the entire piece aloud to him. Now, how am I to execute the first portion of this task? Am I to button-hole first this actor and then that, and continue dinning their parts into their ears, until I think I have succeeded in leaving at least some of their words in their heads? What of the actor who is accustomed to study in bed in the morning? Am I to pounce on him before he gets up, and refuse to let him stir till he has heard me go through his part several times? The entire matter is beset with difficulties. Could I take the entire company on a picnic in an omnibus, and read the play to them the whole way there and back, or could I ask them all to dinner every day for a month, and get through as much as they would stand of it at a time at dessert?

Then as to the Licensor—how should I manage him? He, I fear, would be sure to resent a three-hours' reading. Would it be better to rush in, take him by storm, lock his door, and saying boldly, "No, it's no use calling for help; you are going to hear it," fire away, and get through it at one sitting as fast as I could, or should I drop in on him at odd moments like a sort of *Paul Pry*, and remarking pleasantly, "Now you'll hear a little bit more to-day, won't you?" get through the matter in instalments by sheer force of pushing, and taking him at a disadvantage when he's not expecting it?

AN ADMIRALTY DITTY.

(Re-written up to Date.)

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
No doubt she did not understand
She soon might sing the sad refrain—
"What? BRITANNIA? BRITANNIA rule the waves?
Not while Britons trust to fools or knaves!"

When, spite the stock-prepared replies,
In practice everything goes wrong,
It cannot cause thee much surprise
To hear thus sung thy famous song—
"Poor BRITANNIA!—she'll never rule the waves,
Till the Board fill their official graves!"

When ugly facts are hid away,
And half on paper sails thy fleet;
When published figures lead astray,
Who'll not thy new refrain repeat?—
"Blind BRITANNIA! How can she rule the waves?
While to systems Britons will be slaves!"

And so, when foes, long watching thee,
Combined, together on thee fall,
Although "My Lords" may go scot free,
'Twill then be little use to bawl,
"What? BRITANNIA? BRITANNIA rule the waves?
Not while Britons swear by fools or knaves!"

C. B-R-SF-RD.

"EARLY SERVICES."—According to a recent official circular, the L. C. & D. Company are setting a brilliant example to the clergy of all denominations by the earliness and frequency of their services at St. Paul's,—the Station not the Cathedral. The services to Camberwell, and a lot of places along that line, including Walworth—"the Company," says an American friend, "having found the experiment Wal worth the trouble"—commence at 4 15 A.M. And from Herne Hill to St. Paul's there's a service at 3'30 A.M. Up with the lark, forsooth! Why, the Lark's not "in it" with the L. C. & D. Co. Well, well, we are but worms of the earth, and therefore bound to be caught and picked up by such an Early Bird as the L. C. & D. Co. These Early Services are indeed worthy of the very Earliest Christians.

But to tell you the truth, I am not at all sanguine about my success with the Licensor, even if I am able, which I don't exactly see how I shall be, to carry matters through successfully with the company. Perhaps though, the pending decision may not involve a recourse to some of the above suggestions. If, however, it does, I assure you, Sir, I shall think twice before I again meddle with the work of the mere Novelist, and invest it unsoilited with the dignity and originality that can alone be imparted to it by

Yours, at present in some dilemma,

THE DRAMATIC ADAPTER.

ON THE LAWN.

(By a Puzzled Wooer.)

SHE'S really very pretty
And graceful—not a doubt;
She's clever, too, and witty,
But I can't quite make her out.
I am her great admirer;
I think I could be more.
But I'm half afraid I tire her,
And she's thinking me a bore.
We're sitting here together;
To leave she's just refused.
So I think I'll ask her whether—
No—why's she so amused?
Her red lips, pursed demurely,
Enclose a smile within;
And levity is surely
Shown in her quivering chin.
Blue eyes, so bright and clever,
Sparkle beneath her hat—

I wonder now what ever
She can be laughing at
Her soft tones are delicious
As she turns again to speak;
But really I'm suspicious
Of that dimple in her cheek.
Her face is sweet, and round it
Fair hair twines (o'er her brow)
Like softest—there, confound it!
What can amuse her now?
Now she looks somewhat grander,
Which gives an added charm.
Who cares to understand her?
For laughter does no harm.
'Tis her sanny nature merely;
From mischief laughter flows.
I love her? Ah, how dearly!
Then shall I? Yes, here goes!

"OSSIFICATION OF THE DRAMA!"—The revival of the sporting racing play, *The Run of Luck*, at Drury Lane.



House of Commons, Monday Night, March 26.—Budget Night. GOSCHEN explained little provisions of his plan in speech three hours and three-quarters long. To be precise, speech took three hours and a quarter. Additional half-hour occupied by succession of apologies for length of speech. Brought down notes of his address in series of volumes of manuscript. At end of first three hours Members anxiously regarded diminishing pile on left hand of orator. Much cheered by discovery that there did not appear to be more than four volumes left. Some revulsion of feeling created by ASHMEAD-BARTLETT at this moment bringing in fresh glass of water, making the sixth. But this happily proved to be excess of zeal. ASHMEAD remembers how, in far-off days, when he was about to make a speech, he used to smuggle in glasses of water in his hat. Never makes a speech now: draws quarterly salary instead. Has, therefore, no occasion for drawing water. But when let loose in service of Right Hon. friend, assiduity amazing. JACKSON brought in supplies from other

side; but ASHMEAD gave him a tumbler to start with, and then beat him. GOSCHEN mopped it all up with avidity, first one side, then the other. Looked as if he were going to put tax on table water, and was laying in considerable stores at old rates.

A prodigious speech! half as long again as RITCHIE'S, and twice as intricate. GLADSTONE enjoyed himself accordingly. Only, as after disclosure of principles of Local Government Bill, half afraid he 'a played out.

"They won't want me any more, TOBY," he said, when I saw him home as usual after an important speech; "and fact is, I should be afraid to go back. They are spoiling my hand by playing more boldly than I dare do. One week we have a Radical Local Government Bill, the next a Democratic Budget. When a Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer takes off the Hawkers' Licence and claps five shillings on champagne, he 'a what you may call burning the candle of Democracy at both ends."

T. B. POTTER interested auditor. When GOSCHEN came to section of his speech where he frothed up champagne sixpence a bottle, the countenance of roysterers sitting near fell. POTTER's face, on contrary, illumined by sunny smile that cast roseate hue over broad folds of white waistcoat.



"Laid in a Good Stock."

"Do you like to see champagne put up?" said FARQUHARSON, eyeing him angrily.
 "I don't care," said the patriarch of Rochdale.
 "I've laid in a good stock, my boy—all 1880."

Business done.—Budget brought in

Tuesday.—Yesterday Old Morality announced that principal business at to-day's sitting would be adjournment. But they don't know everything down on the Treasury Bench. Much more business than that kept House at it up to very limits of possible extension.

sion of Morning Sitting. Quite a heavy debate on work of Land Commission in Ireland. RANDOLPH said a few last words before Recess to comfort Ministry. So did GLADSTONE. This opened fresh opportunity for ARTHUR BALFOUR to show his profound scorn for Ireland and the Irish.

At last Orders run through, and, Motion for Adjournment over Holidays made. Then Irish Question broke out in fresh place. That pink of Irish chivalry, TAY PAY, came to the front, and bludgeoned BALFOUR.

J. F. X. O'BRIEN fixed Chief Secretary with his flashing eye. (DICK POWER—Where is DICK POWER, by the way?—once told me that X. in these initials stands for Executioner, O'BRIEN having twenty years ago, been sentenced to death for high treason.) Talk went on to half-past six, ten minutes to seven, if debate still in progress, House must needs meet again at nine. Easter Holidays in danger. House in such emergency looks trustfully to Old Morality. Evidently on the pounce this hour past. Came down at half-past six. WILLIAM REDMOND just risen to supplement Tay Pay's exhibition of what Ireland can produce in these degenerate days. Old Morality's extinguisher promptly popped on, and expectant holiday-makers breathed again.

From beneath extinguisher, truculent voice of REDMOND exclaiming, "Why don't you let me answer the Chief Secretary?" Pretty to see Old Morality wink. Not used to indulge in such exhibitions of levity. But W. REDMOND under extinguisher had so exactly hit the point. "Let him answer the Chief Secretary!" Why, if opportunity had been supplied, Chief Secretary would have been shattered, Government would have toppled down, and chaos would have come.

"Not if we know it," said Old Morality's wink, as plainly as if it spoke.

Closure carried. Motion for Adjournment agreed to. House went off for Easter Holidays.

NOVELTY IN "PETIT PAIN."—BOULANGER's New Rôle. Apply to the Boulangerie Co., Limited.

THE BUDGET.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—Having devoted one whole day to endeavouring to fathom the numerous mysteries of the last new Budget, which required more than four hours' elaborate description by its talented and knowing author to explain to an entranced House of Commons, I can now, Sir, in accordance with your suggestion, explain the whole matter so clearly and so explicitly, that the conventional Schoolboy can thoroughly comprehend it. The whole secret of its brilliant success is its simplicity. It was preceded, as we all know, especially unfortunate Bondholders, by the attempt to make the simplicity of the 3 per cents. more simple by reducing them to the still sweeter simplicity of 2½, and the success of this brilliant idea being once assured, the rest followed as a matter of course.



First came the startling announcement that the great Magician from the land of Goshen had to deal with an enormous surplus of no less than £2,165,000! and the delighted House prepared to listen with rapture to the announcement of the many nuisances in the shape of taxes that were about to be remitted. But the great Magician waved his wand, and behold the whole of this enormous surplus, and something more, was to be devoted to the relief of something or somebody that his colleague, MR. RITCHIE, had tried to explain a few nights previously, though with only very partial success.

Having thus satisfactorily cleared the ground, first by creating an enormous surplus, and then by bidding it vanish into thin air, the political Prospero again set to work to conjure up an imaginary surplus to replace that so curiously disposed of, and here his genius for simplicity had full play. He first began by introducing the novel idea that all carts should be charged by weight, and proposed 2s. per cwt. as an experiment; but the Agricultural party groaning at this kindly suggestion, he at once consented to except agricultural carts, this distinction to be ascertained by the inscription on such carts in black letters on a white ground. "This here Cart is a agricultural one principally confined to Taters and Turmuts." This I was told in confidence by an Irish Member.

Another new idea had dawned upon the financial Wizard, so having taxed carts, he next proceeded to tax wheels, and that too at the rate of 2s. 6d. a wheel, if over 2 cwt. I am not a very experienced judge in these matters, but I should have thought that few cart-wheels would weigh over 2 cwt., but of course he knows what he was talking about. Brewers are to be treated rather severely, as they will be taxed both for weight and wheels, and will have to pay about £300,000! Poor Brewers! The next brilliant idea was to tax all pleasure horses 20s. each, and all racehorses £5 each; so racing Butcher boys will have to be careful. I am glad to see that the tax upon Hawking is to be altogether abolished, but I do pity the poor Duke of ST. ALBANS, as I really do not see how they can continue his salary after that. Why poor Wine Merchants should have to pay 5s. per dozen on wine, if sold in bottles, and nothing at all if sold in flagons or hogsheads, I cannot understand, but rich financiers are always hard upon poor retailers.

The one point in the whole mysterious matter that I do understand thoroughly is that the Income Tax is to be reduced to the sweet simplicity of 6d. in the pound, which I am very much pleased with, as it makes the calculation of how much one has to pay so much more simple. I do not sufficiently understand about companies' registration fees, or stamps on foreign securities, to know how they will operate and on whom, but having devoted two hours to calculating how the new Budget will affect me, I arrive at the following result.

I possess £20,000 in the simple 3 per cents., which have produced me during the last twenty years £600 per annum, I will therefore say,

Income	£600 0 0
Loss on Conversion	50 0 0
Tax on 1 Horse	1 0 0
" " 1 Carriage	1 0 0
" " 4 Wheels, at 2s. 6d.	0 10 0
" " Wine, at 5s. per dozen, say	1 10 0
Saving 1d. in the Pound, Income Tax	54 0 0
Nett Loss	2 5 10
Nett Loss	£51 14 2

With this startling result staring me in the face, I feel considerable difficulty in joining heartily in the chorus of praise of the Budget, that it took its author nearly four hours to explain, and the evil effects of which he could, of course, easily avoid by selling out his Consols a month ago, and laying in a heavy stock of bottled wine.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.



"Looking Daggers."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE ODD-EYED ONE.

A Story of a District Surveyor.



OF one EZEKIEL SMITH
I have a tale to tell;
A man of parts and pith;
I knew him well.
No man was more alert,
Or talkier, or gayer,
Of Deepdene-in-the-Dirt
District Surveyor.
EZEKIEL had two eyes,
One blue, the other brown,
One seemed to scan the skies,
And one looked down.
A curious kind of squint!
And of these optics twain,
One read the smallest print
Without a strain!
The other had the range
Of a race-glass, but close
Saw nothing (which was strange)
Beneath his nose.
Odd-eyed EZEKIEL
Inspected and surveyed,
And did it passing well;
Or so men said.
Local Authorities
Are men of nerve and phlegm;
The man of the odd eyes
Satisfied them.
The builders also thrived,
Exceedingly content,
So with the men who lived
Upon Ground Rent.
The tenants only—such
Are tenants!—did not smile.
They murmured very much,
And all the while.
They said the drains would smell,
They said the floors would creak,
They said the doors would swell,
The roofs would leak.
They are a cross-grained lot,
Aretenants. SMITH, much bored,
Pooh-pooh'd their complaints as "rot,"
Their woes ignored.
At last a tenant came
To Deepdene-in-the-Dirt,

A humorist, his name
Was PETER BURT.
He very soon made friends
With everybody round.
A smiling wit—who spends—
Is seldom found.
He had a genial face,
Inclining men to chat,
He soon had all the place
Beneath his hat.
One day he gave a feed.
Churchwarden MICHAEL POTT
Said, "This 'ere chap indeed
Well knows wot's wot."
"An excellent repast!"
Said Mr. ROACH, the Rector.
"A 1," said LEMUEL LAST,
Nuisance Inspector.
As for the Odd-Eyed One,
He, with a swelling shirt,
Proposed—'twas neatly done—
The health of BURT.
He, toying with a peach,
Said, "Thanks! It is my glory
Never to make a speech.
I'll tell a story.
"Nature has wondrous ways;
In her all wit's embodied,"
He said, and fixed his gaze
Upon the Odd-Eyed.
"A man is not a fly,
Or so says Mr. PORE,
(Whose poems, by the bye,
You read, I hope,)
"But Nature can adjust
Man's vision to his need,
(You, all of you, I trust,
Your DARWIN read,)
"You possibly might think
That man an optio ninny
Who could not see—that shrink,
And could—this guinea."
(He pointed to the door
Whereon a yawning crack
Gaped half an inch, or more,
In zig-zag track.)

"But if he had two eyes
Of quite unequal range,
'Twould lessen one's surprise,
'Twould seem less strange.
"An eagle orb applied
(Unblinked by a fee)
To plaster gaping wide
Is bound to see.
"A wall not underpinned,
Foundations of foul slime,
Such eye is sure to find,
In proper time.
"But if the mole-eye's used
On Jerry-work (of him
Who 'tips' hath not refused)
Its vision's dim.
"Muck-mortar, crumbling brick,
Bad drainage, fetid nook,
A sight not long or quick
May overlook.
"Whilst it, perchance, perceives
The fee which—unawares—

The Jerry-builder leaves
Upon the stairs.
"Nature, my worthy friends,
Will join the bat and lynx
To gain her wondrous ends.
Ah! she's a sphinx.
"I know a man—but stay!
My dear EZEKIEL.
What is the matter, pray?
You don't look well."
The Odd-Eyed One, indeed,
Had fallen in a fit.
This broke up BURT's Big Feed,
His guests did flit.
EZEKIEL "came round,"
But what struck some as strange,
His health, he straightway found,
Required a change.
He was not long a stayer
At Deepdene-in-the Dirt,
And—well, its new Surveyor
Is PETER BURT.

AUSTRALIA VICTRIX.

VICTORIA is starting its own Fleet, with a line-of-battle ship, several gunboats, a cruiser or two, and torpedo craft. Very crafty—and very pretty too! More power to her elbow—also her Melbourne! England and Australia will in the future have a sort of dual control of the Southern Seas. Perhaps in our European wars, if we have any, we shall be aided by an Australian naval contingent, as well as a military one—only can a thing which exists be called contingent? And if some of the ships were sunk, would the rest be styled a "contingent remainder"? Naturally the biggest island in the world has the biggest coast-line, and so needs the largest fleet. Then will follow a healthy rivalry—New South Wales will try to vie with Victoria—Queensland will try to out-torpedo both. Federation is the thing—to prevent the different Australian Colonies from being at Southern Cross-purposes when they all have their own navies.

The Cry of the Connoisseur.

I LIKE a good Jan Van Beers, I do,
I'm partial to true Jan Van Beers;
But when I'm informed that his pictures in hosts
Are signed by his Valet and painted by "ghosts,"
I cry out on false Jan Van Beers!

TOUT DE SWEET.—MR. PINERO, the clever author of *Sweet Lavender*, complains, in a letter to Mr. MOY THOMAS, who commands the *Daily News* Theatrical Column, that our genial contributor, "A NASTY ONE," has found a fault with his play because Mr. TERRY, as a Barrister, robes in his Chambers in the Inner Temple, and wears his bands, or "band" (as Mr. PINERO prefers to call them) over his scarf. Mr. PINERO suggests that now the Law Courts are moved from Westminster to the Strand all the Chancery men robe in Chambers, and only a few Common Law men use the robing-room. Mr. PINERO is wrong. Long before Westminster (*quod* Law Courts) was abolished, the Equity men, having to practise in Lincoln's Inn, robed in their Chambers, but the vast majority of the Common Law men on the active list then, as now, assumed their wigs and gowns in the Courts of Justice. But this is a very small matter. "Surely," adds our genial contributor, himself a barrister with a rare practice, "Mr. PINERO should be satisfied with my unqualified approval of his capital Comedy—a piece which, it will be seen (by reference to "A NASTY ONE's" notice of the play), only requires a little re-arrangement to become practically perfect."

PETTING AT PETTY SESSIONS.—According to the *Essex County Chronicle*, the Brentwood Magistrates must be amusing persons. A few days since a labourer was brought up before three of them, Messrs. PETRE (in the chair), IND, and LESCHER, charged with stealing six pounds of beef, and dismissed. To quote our contemporary, the Bench "gave him the benefit of the doubt, the Chairman warning him to be more careful in the future." No doubt, in "reported cases" this decision will rank with the celebrated verdict, "Not guilty, but don't do it again." From his proneness to blow people up it might be thought that the full name of the Chairman should be Salt PETRE, were it not evident that Simple PETRE or PETRE Simple would be equally appropriate.



A RESPONSIBILITY.

"OH—A—I'M GOING TO A FANCY BALL AS DAWN, YOU KNOW. WHAT KIND OF MATERIAL WOULD YOU SUGGEST FOR A GOWN?"

TO OUR VOLUNTEERS.

"FORM, form, Riflemen, form!
Form, and prepare to protect your QUEEN!"
But not upon Wimbledon Common, dear boys,
For Villadem's big-wigs it greatly annoys,
And moveth GEORGE RANGER to spleen,
Spite of stinginess, snub, and official rebuke,
Form!—It's your duty to Country and Queen.
But if you seek aid from a great Royal Duke,
By George, you *must* be jolly green!
No, shift the rifle-range, pack up the tent:
You *might* fight the Russian, you *cannot* fight RENT!

A VOICE FROM PATNA.

"JUSTICE to"—no, not Ireland, though there is a Pat in Patna—but justice to Mr. TAYLER, of Patna, is what every Englishman must demand of the Government. The *Times*, in the course of a powerful article, stating the case clearly last Friday, told us that Mr. Commissioner TAYLER is now eighty-one years of age, and, on the principle "It is never too late to mend," appeals to the Government to remove the stigma on Mr. TAYLER, and "redress the great and scandalous injustice of which," for thirty years, "he has been the victim." All who have read the narrative will say the same; and *Mr. Punch* trusts that the present Government will lose no time in giving us a splendid illustration of "*Sartor Resartus*."

A REMINISCENCE.

CHAMPAGNE GOSCHEN is my name!
CHAMPAGNE GOSCHEN is my name!
Good for any sort of tax, dear boys,
Put it on to wheels and pleasure hacks, my boys.
CHAMPAGNE GOSCHEN is my name!
Beautiful to look on is my game!
Good for any sort of tax, my boys!
Oh, that's the little game of JOKIN' G.!

"HAPPY RETURNS."—Mr. HENRY IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY reappear on Saturday next at the Lyceum. They have come back in excellent health and spirits, although he is feeling uncommonly dollarons. Miss ELLEN is brimming over with good stories about all parts, even the wildest, of America. In fact she is quite a new edition of *Backwoods Misselenny*.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

(Imitated, at a respectful distance, from Owen Meredith's "*Madame La Marquise*.")

THE folds of her short-skirted latter-day dress
Spread over her *chaise-longue*, fall on fall,
As she lounges in languorous loveliness,
With a smile—and a frown—for all.

On her petulant face there's a boding shade,
As her Phrygian cap in the air she flings.
She is hardly at home with herself, I'm afraid:
In the firelight sparkle her rings.

As she lolls,—peevish fire in her Pompadour eyes
The long, sleepy, soft silken lashes beneath;
Through her Rahab-thread lips, stirred to pettish replies,
Breaks the gleam of white tigerish teeth.

As she lolls,—where your eye, by her beauty subdued,
Droops—from under the drapery scanty and slight
The neatest of feet, *sabot*-slipper'd, protrude,
Till one shoe she flings off—as in spite.

As one bends o'er her bosom to tell her the news,
A *moue mutine* she makes; she is charmingly *chic*.
But what, had she really the power to choose,
She would fix upon, vainly you'll seek.

So she sits in the fire's swiftly-flickering light,
With a flickering smile, like Spring sunshine on flowers;
Ennuyée to death, you would say, weary quite
Of life and its pleasures and powers.

What next? What new *amant* or *mode* may she try?
What fashion for her has a permanent charm?

The purple, the tricolor? Peace will she cry,
Or rouse at the summons to arm?

Attractive she is to the coldest beholder,
A beauty to fascinate even her foes;
But that fidgety foot, and that petulant shoulder,
Speak much more of pique than repose.

For Imperial sunlight some swear she is made,
To loll upon purple with insolent smile;
Yet fanatics of freedom and servants of trade
Have successfully wooed—for a while.

Can you find out her heart through that silk or that lace?
You have seen her in every description of dress;
She'll show Amazon bosom, or Bacchanal face,
But what her heart's like can you guess?

She has tried every man, every *mode* in her world,
Soft Imperial sin, fierce Republican passion;
Still her weary red lips are with discontent curled;
Is she thinking of changing the fashion?

She is fair!—but, when angered, she yearns to taste blood;
She is sweet—but there's flame in her Lamia kiss.
Will Mars or will *Mænad* next master her mood?
Is it worth while to guess at all this?

THE GRAMMAR OF DISSENT.—The Scotch Professor—there is only one, and his name is BLACKIE—has broken out again; this time on the subject of grammar. He says, "Everybody who was ever worth anything" wrote bad grammar—which is quite true. There are lots of men worth thousands who have risen—risen from the ranks—far above LINDLEY MURRAY. The Professor doesn't believe in grammar—he "believes in sonl." This is really spirited. Evidently Dr. BLACKIE is the grandly contradictory sort of personage who would prefer the "three are *nots*" to the "three R's."

MOST IMPORTANT ;

OR, HOW WE INTERVIEW NOW.

(Despatch from our Extra-Special High-Pressure Correspondent.)

PARIS, April 1.

I AM writing this, hurriedly, in a dark and draughty corner of General BOULANGER'S corridor. I am writing it on a peculiar page—I may say a page of history. In other words, one of the General's pages, a little Hebrew in buttons, is "making a back" for me, upon which I write, as on a table. Should this MS. be difficult to decipher, you will understand that it is because the page's back is not so steady as it might be. It is, in fact, queerly convulsed at irregular intervals, almost as though the little Hebrew in buttons were laughing at me! But that, of course, cannot be!

The General receives in single file, as though his interviewers were Casuals, or applicants at a Soup Kitchen. To each visitor he accords a special *tête-à-tête* . But with those he receives first he converses for a longer period than with others. I was not among those he received first.

When I passed into the salon, I found the General alone, standing looking at a lot of photographs of himself. His motto is evidently *Nosce teipsum*. His back was turned towards me as I entered. He did not change his position while I remained. He simply glanced over his left shoulder at me now and again, almost with courtesy. His back is a very striking one, singularly expressive in its shrugs; emphatically the back of a Frenchman with a future in front of him, and an interviewer behind him.

"Shall you go to the Nord yourself, M. le Général?" I began.

"Ah," with a shrug of the shoulder, "that is my affair. It is a great principle on which I take my stand. That principle may or may not require my presence. If I go, I go. Otherwise, not."

I bowed my thanks for this important confidence. "May I ask you to define a principle?" I pursued.

"He who can rightly divide and define, is a god," said the General, oracularly. "Some Greek philosopher said so, did he not? I am not a god."

"Ah, Général!" I cried, deprecatingly, "the people are of a different opinion. At least you are an *idol*. Anyhow, can you give me your idea of Revision?"

(With explosive animation.) "That is my secret. I keep it to myself. Don't you wish you may get it?"

Again I thanked him with effusion for his exceeding candour. The General seemed more interested in the toe of his boot than in me. I hoped there was no connection in his mind between the two subjects. But, from prudential motives, I backed nearer to the door. I proceeded.

"Can you at least tell me if you contemplate abolition of the Senate, or any change in the constitution of that body?"

"I am constitutionally contemplative," he replied, looking at his plain honest bourgeois face in a mirror. "Make what you can of that. I can't tell you any more."

"Pardon me, M. le Général, if I say that your attitude—a very fine one, and most military, I am sure—reminds me of Mr. GLADSTONE when people try to draw him with regard to Home Rule plans. He says he won't be led into a trap."

"The Old Parliamentary Hand is right," said the General. "I'm only a Young Parliamentary Hand, but you won't play the political palmist with me, I can tell you.



BISMARCK FORBIDS THE BANNS!

"I'm not going to give myself away" (with growing animation, and swinging his right foot almost excitedly). "Why should I? If you declare your plans, they are riddled before they are ripe. I shall unriddle them myself—when the time comes. I prefer to play (Edipus to my own Sphinx. I've already put my policy into a nutshell, which let them crack who can. If I claimed to be the Saviour of Society I should be a madman; if I didn't make ready for that rôle I should be a fool."

"Delphic, indeed!" said I. "And now, as to the state of the Army, Général?"

"Subject tabooed!" said the General, curtly. "Besides, I'm a civilian now, you know."

"On only the retired list, M. le Général," said I, with native archness. "Free to play the GAMBETTA in Politics; free also, at a military crisis, to play the NAPOLEON in the field. I think you've scored twice there."

"Got 'em both," said the General, epigrammatically, looking at a comic hilliard-sketch on the wall.

"And meanwhile, M. le Général," said I, insinuatingly, "what shall you do?"

"I shall reserve my plans, and I shall wait. You needn't," he added, with emphasis, turning towards me, for the first time, *right foot foremost*.—I didn't!

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS.—Bitter Easterly winds, Blackthorn winter, cold, frost, snow, and hailstorms, sleet, cyclones, and blizzards.

MR. PUNCH'S VERY QUEER STORIES.

PROFESSOR GUINEAFAT'S FIRST LECTURE.

It was a pleasant and select party that was assembled at the Shambles. The occasion was a remarkable one. Professor SAMBO GUINEAFAT, the newly-appointed Oxford Lecturer, was to deliver on the morrow his first popular address in the neighbouring market town of Bulkbury.



Now the Professor was altogether a distinguished and notable personage. Born in Africa, he had fallen early into the clutches of a *troupe* of wandering Negro Minstrels, who brought him to this country as a speculation, and all the impressions of his earlier years were acquired in the company of these musical children of his race, in whose performances he had taken a part, and whose lot, cast as it was in the rambling life of the caravan, he had shared.

From this, though, it must be added, at the time somewhat against his will, he was rescued by an enterprising agent of a local School Board, who, attracted by his peculiarly rich laugh and singular power of repartee, as evinced in his introduced conversations with the Banjo Man in the entertainment, foresaw how, if these gifts were properly utilised, they might be made to subserve the noblest purposes of educational advancement. Nor was the agent disappointed. SAMBO GUINEAFAT rapidly distinguished himself, and, securing a Triple First at Durham, in a very short time attracted the notice of the older University. The Chair of Phlebotomy fell vacant. The authorities offered it to him. He accepted it with alacrity, and was installed forthwith.

So SAMBO GUINEAFAT, M.A., filled the Oxford Chair, and as Sir CHIVEY and Lady SHIVERS introduced him to the select circle assembled to meet him in the great drawing-room at the Shambles, and they surveyed his dignified bearing, his faultless black suit, gold eye-glasses, carefully-brushed hair, and general professorial completeness, they could not but admit that, but for his rich black colour, he was as good and real a Don as any who at that moment happened to be parading the High Street of the great University town itself.

"You will take Miss FLYTE in to dinner, Professor," remarked Lady SHIVERS, with an arch smile.

The Professor, who was discussing some abstruse theories of evolution with a scientific celebrity, gave a courtly bow, and offered the middle-aged lady referred to his arm. She had been standing coyly by, listening in rapt attention to his learned discourse, and blushed as she accepted the proffered gallantry. This fair though washed-out creature was the Governess of the household, and, during the Professor's short stay, had assisted him in his search for books in the library. He had spoken to her enthusiastically of his early African experiences. So the charm had been wrought. The swarthy University *Othello* had captivated the worshipping, scantily auburn-haired *Desdemona*. She felt that, were he to ask her, she could share with him his Professorial chair.

Only that very morning, when handing him a volume of *Blair's Sermons*, he had said, "Why, Missie, why do you call 'im 'Professor'? Why do you not call 'im 'SAMBO'?" She had only replied, "Oh, Mister SAMBO, how can you go on so!" and he had laughed a low rich guttural "Yeogh, yeogh, yeogh!" in response. She knew from that hour, if she so willed it, she could win him. So, when Lady SHIVERS, whose quick feminine instinct had divined in which quarter the wind was blowing, had consigned her to his charge at dinner with a significant nod, she blushed.

"You are not nervous about to-morrow's lecture?" she asked, looking up at him with what was intended to be a little *moue*.

"No, Missie, 'im berry fit! 'Im never was more fit, Missie. Yeogh! yeogh! yeogh!" And he laughed again richly and deeply. Then they went in to dinner.

The entertainment went off as such entertainments generally do. There were awkward pauses at first. Still, as the "tinned" oysters and salmon and "canned rabbit," began to be washed down by the sweet, cheap, but rather heady, champagne, upon which Sir CHIVEY had not scrupled to regale his guests, the conversation gradually became general, and the Politics of the country, the state of the crops, the sporting prospects, the forthcoming Lecture, were all tossed helter-skelter together in the general onflow of the talk. Suddenly there came a pause, which left Lady PSYCHÉ RAFFRAIL in complete possession of the field. She happened to be describing to her neighbour, Captain WASHOVER, the performance of some Christy Minstrels she had seen at the Fair at Bulkbury that very afternoon.

"You really must see them, Captain," she was saying. "They are far and away the best Niggers I have ever seen. You know I go in for the banjo a little bit, but their right-hand man was so splendid on it that, really, he has quite taken the conceit out of me. I don't think I shall ever try to touch it again."

"By Jove!" responded the Captain gallantly. And then the interrupted flow of conversation again burst out on all sides, and was about to rattle on as merrily as ever, when it was suddenly arrested by the general attention being called in the direction of the Professor, who, with a dazed far-off stare, gazed, as if in some absorbed trance, at the Lady PSYCHÉ, and then, as if overmastering some powerful inward emotion, he addressed her in a husky voice—

"You saw dem Niggers playing at de fair, Maarm?" he asked, in a voice trembling with smothered emotion.

"Oh! yes, Professor, and very good they were, and they are going on with their performances now, no doubt; though I hear the Fair closes to-night," she added, with an inconsequent little laugh.

Then the conversation once more became general. The Professor, however, took no part in it. He sat in his seat as one thunderstruck, overwhelmed as if with some resistless inward reflection that compelled him to silence. Amidst the general hilarity of the table his condition passed unnoticed, but Miss FLYTE had quickly detected it. She endeavoured to rouse him by directing his attention to the aspice of turkey's eggs that the servant was handing him. He made no reply, but, with his eyes steadily fixed before him, kept mumbling to himself.

Miss FLYTE listened. She thought she caught the words, "Oh! Golly! Golly! Oh! Jehoshaphat! 'Im a berry good corner-man." Then she grew alarmed. She connected the weird change that had come over him with the mention of the Nigger Minstrels, and an unaccountable sickening sense of fear possessed her. At that moment the ladies rose. He was still mumbling "Oh! Golly! Golly!" absently to himself, and did not even notice her departure.

Cigars were produced. The smoke seemed at length to rouse the Professor from his reverie. He rose, and addressed his hostess.

"I think, Saar, I will just take a turn on the terrace. 'Im berry fine evening," he continued, approaching the window.

"Do, by all means," responded the genial Sir CHIVEY, hospitably shutting out his University guest in the bleak and sleet-driving October night.

In another minute the Professor was darting over the flower-beds in the direction of the Great Park Gates. At length these were passed. The lights of the market town shone in the near distance.

"Oh, Golly! Golly! oh, Jehoshaphat!" he cried, throwing up his arms wildly. "How 'im 'ab longed to meet dem Niggers; but 'im will to-night. Yeogh! Yeogh! Yeogh! But 'im will to-night."

Then, in leaps and bounds, dashing over ditches, past copses, and through hedgerows, the newly-elected Oxford Professor flew on the wings of the night, and, with eager gaze, in breathless haste, made straightway for the Market Fair at Bulkbury.

It was late in the evening now. There were shouts of uproarious merriment issuing from the principal booth, the crowded approaches to which showed that some unusual attraction within had evidently succeeded in suiting the public taste. A pale lady, with soanty auburn hair, whose dinner-dress was concealed by an old ulster, had just paid her two-pence at the doors, and entered the back of the reserved seats. This was Miss FLYTE. When the gentlemen had joined the ladies the Professor had been missed, and the incident of the Terrace having been mentioned, she had, with a terrible instinct, conjectured where she should find him. She had crept out of the house, and, to verify her worst suspicions, made for the Christy Minstrel Show. With a terrible sense of shame and fear she cast her eyes towards the platform. She knew the worst. There, partly disguised with a huge burlesque white tie and collar, a long swallow-tailed white and red striped coat trimmed with buttons as large as muffins, going through frantic gesticulations and antics with the bones, so inspired with frenzy that they seemed to work up his audience to uncontrollable heights of enthusiasm, in the corner seat sat the Professor of Phlebotomy. And the whole forces of his nature, pent up for years in artificial restraints, appeared to have broken loose at last in one gigantic rush. The training of his early youth triumphantly vindicated itself. His bursts of wild and exuberant humour knew no bounds.

As Miss FLYTE leant pale and staggering for support against the damp canvas back of the tent, he again broke into a rich chuckle and interrogated one of his brother minstrels with a banjo.

"When, Massa," he asked, "am a pigeon, not a pigeon? You give 'im up? Den I tell you. Yeogh! yeogh! yeogh! It is when 'im am, Saar, a pigeon-pie!"

Thunders of applause followed this sally. Then he seemed fairly possessed. But matters culminated at last. At a call from the audience he threw himself into the fantastic extravagances of an *impromptu* olog-dance with such unrestrained gusto and aplomb, that he regularly brought down the house. After this Miss FLYTE could witness the terrible sight no longer. She crept back to her room at the Shambles by a back way, but she knew that she had lost her Professor for ever.

When inquiries were made for him next morning at breakfast, she kept her secret. Meantime, the *troupe* of Christy Minstrels had moved on to another and a distant market-town with their

new recruit. At eleven o'clock the Town Hall was packed with an expectant throng, but the Professor did not put in an appearance. There was search and inquiry for him, but the Committee were reluctantly compelled to admit that they "did not know what had become of him." "It's very awkward," they said; and the audience had sulkily to disperse.

And so ended what should have been Professor GUINEPAT's First Lecture.

THE HAYMARKET POMP-ADORERS.

It is not an easy matter to exactly classify *The Pompador* amongst the entertainments of the present time. I think I should not be very wide of the mark in describing it as "an almost extinct *Opéra Bouffe*"

—that is, an *Opéra Bouffe* from which some violent convulsion, caused by the strongly antagonistic dramatic forces known as WILLS and GRUNDY, had expelled nearly all the sprightly dialogue, the flowing rhythm, the comic couplets, the choruses and dances, and left only some broken poetry and ancient witticisms, the remains of a pretty ballet (in perfect preservation), one *Opéra Bouffe* monarch, *Louis-Ashley-the-Fifteenth* struggling for existence, the damaged materials of a comic trio called *Brookfield-Voltaire, Diderot-Voltaire, and Grimm-aldi-Allan*, one lonely, plaintive air trying to bloom alone in the Third Act, and a few shreds of Mr. HAMILTON CLARKE'S melodramatic orchestration.

However, if this description be deemed inadequate, then I should call this piece of powder and patchwork not an effect of collaboration, but the result of a compromise between Messrs. WILLS and GRUNDY.

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE cannot be too heartily congratulated on his treatment of this Compromise when it was once in his hands. Poet and Humorist had done their work,—all the difference between "work" and "play,"—there was some tall writing, rather poetic than otherwise, and there were some rare old jokes,—one of them at all events older even than VOLTAIRE himself, into whose mouth it is put, and which, during his visit to England, he probably heard told as a good story of what Lord ROCHESTER once said to King CHARLES, when the latter spoke of himself as "the Father of his people," and which, perhaps, Messrs. WILLS AND GRUNDY may have remembered as always welcome whenever the play of *Charles the Second* (which used to be a great favourite with amateurs, *Captain Copp* being a highly popular character), was performed. The work also offered a fair chance of arriving somehow or other at a striking *tableau* at the end of each Act.

While Mr. TREE was thinking it over, there came a knock at the door. "Come in, CARR!" exclaimed the humorous Lessee of the Haymarket, and COM-YNS CARR did. In a second this astute ex-governor of the Grosvenor saw what to do with *The Compromise*, and those who were to be the real collaborators were summoned. To work they went, and, at the descent of the curtain on the *première*, all the collaborators, Messrs. TELBIN and JOHNSTONE, scene-painters, the

designing KARL, the executors (of the WILLS), L. and H. NATHAN costumiers, COLLINSON AND LOCK the Pompador upholsterers, KATTI LANNER the dancing-mistress, CLARKSON the great Wig Minister, and the Machinist, Mr. OLIVER WALES,—"gallant little WALES,"—should have been summoned before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the first-night audience on their individual and combined success.

Rarely has such a series of Pompador pictures been seen on the stage. I question whether the courtier on the left side of the stage is wearing quite the right sort of buckle in his left shoe, and I should be disposed to doubt the strict accuracy of an inch of the trimming worn by the lady who stands at the back of the stage, almost hidden by Miss ROSK LECLERCO, who is the most winning and charmingly graceful figure, and the one experienced actress in all that crowd. I venture to draw the attention of Messrs. H. and L. NATHAN to the third button of *Colley Cibber's*, no, I mean *Voltaire's*—*Voltaire*, mind, not *Voltaire*,—otherwise absolutely perfect waistcoat! Evidently the proverbial "*politesse de Louis Quinze*," was only a satirical phrase for the rudeness with which the courtiers treated one another at that period, that is, if the picture of life and manners, sayings and doings of *Louis the Fifteenth's* court, as shown at the Haymarket, are to be



"A faithful picture of the manners of a period in French History" as presented on the stage of the Haymarket.

taken as seriously representing history. But I don't believe it does: I am still inclined to my first expressed opinions, that these materials are the remains of an extinct *Opéra Bouffe*, and should there be any doubt in Mr. TREE'S mind as to the lasting attraction of *The Compromise*—there can be none as to the durability of the stuffs, which are of the richest and finest quality—one move is open to him, and it is this: let him call in Mr. DOROTHY STEPHENSON, and Mr. CELLIER, who has unpublished operas in his head, or in his desk,—not that I would intentionally suggest any comparison between the two receptacles,—let him engage ARTHUR ROBERTS, in the absence of Mr. FRED. LESLIE, to play *Narcisse - on - the-Grin-goire*, and with Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN for *La Plumpador*, the merry *Opéra Bouffe* would run "it might be for years, it might be for ever!" *A propos* of musical treatment, the prettiest thing in the piece is the song charmingly and most pathetically warbled by Mrs. TREE in the Third Act.



The Queen of France and Diamonds.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

JOKINANA.—GEORGE JOKIN (who has been to see the revival of the *Run of Luck* at Drury Lane), is greatly pleased with the performances at the National Theatre. He says that "Not only are the cheaper parts of the house full every night, but also, as might have been expected, the dearer portions. The horses were of course sure to look after their own stalls and boxes!" He added, "You may well call it *Drury Lane*, as I never was more delighted in my life!"



THE WORST OF BEING TOO FUNNY.

Checkstone (who is of a decidedly humorous turn). "I SAY, OLD MAN, THAT WAS A STUCK-UP SET OF PRIOS AT OLD BROWN'S LAST NIGHT! BY JOVE, THOUGH—I DID MANAGE TO SCORE OFF THEM A BIT, EH!"

Host (his fervent admirer). "I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOY! THEY ALL SAID WHAT A BEASTLY LITTLE CAD YOU WERE, WHEN YOU'D GONE. AND IF YOU'D HAVE STOPPED FIVE MINUTES LATER, YOU'D HAVE HAD A REGULAR TRIUMPH—FOR OLD BROWN WAS GOING TO KICK YOU DOWN STAIRS!"

MY PLAY.

SIR,—Having for some time past been devoting the whole of my time to the writing of a work intended for production on the stage, it is, I confess with some chagrin and no little astonishment, that I find I am unable to meet with a single Manager who is willing to accept it. And what makes this reluctance the more remarkable is the testimony borne almost universally to the excellence of my play by the leading Actors and Managers to whom I have submitted it. You can see from the following specimens which I subjoin, with what a general chorus of welcome and approval they have hailed my work. If, after reading these you are able to furnish me with any explanation to account for the fact that I have not only not been set upon on all sides with a view to the production of my piece, but have not even had one single application calculated to lead to any negotiation about the affair whatever, I need scarcely add I shall be glad to receive it. I herewith also enclose the plot in full, as I think it may interest you.* Begging your attentive perusal of the highly flattering opinions of my work which I append hereto, I desire to subscribe myself, Your much-surprised and disappointed correspondent,

BEN-BRINSLEY SHAKESPEARE.

"I have read your piece, and have been quite carried away by it. The writing is magnificent. What a part, too, is that Policeman's!"—WILSON BARRETT.

"A fine play. You ought to meet with no difficulty in finding some one ready to build you a theatre to produce it."—HENRY NEVILLE.

"Subtle, majestic, and immensely humorous. If it were not for that procession of elephants in the Seventh Act, I might have looked at the part of that Arabian thimble-rigging fellow myself."—J. L. TOOLE.

* We have purposely omitted this, not wishing to discount the delight that the Public will probably feel on seeing the play when it is produced.—ED.

"Your five heroines are charming. I should like to play them all."—MADGE KENDAL.

"I never read such a piece in my life. Take my advice—write another."—WILLIE EDOULIN.

"The character of the Doge is grandly conceived, and his death in the hydraulic machine ingenious. I congratulate you."—BEERROHM TREE.

"A fine play. You certainly can write. Your dialogue alone ought to bring any house down."—ARTHUR CECIL.

"I'm sure it's quite splendid."—LOTTIE VENN.

"Very catching. Ought to go with a roar."—NELLIE FARREN.

"Full of rich tragic material. It has greatly impressed me."—

WILLIAM RIONOLD.

"First-rate; and what a chance for a clown in the last three Acts!"—HARRY PAYNE.

"Powerful and sportive. That cataract scene alone ought to carry it through."—HENRY KEMBLE.

"Strong in situation, terse in diction, and eminently dramatic, it ought to make the fortunes of half-a-dozen Managers. I regret, however, I can not produce it at the Lyceum."—HENRY IRVING.

"An excellent play. Altogether a very high-class piece of work. There are heaps of money in it. I am afraid, though, it is not suited to our requirements."—W. H. KENDAL.

"A tip-top Drama, the takings of which, I should say, would be tremendous. I am sorry, though, I can't see my way to putting it up at Drury Lane."—AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

"Re-written, reconsidered, and reconstructed, it ought to cut up into at least five Comic Operas. I enjoyed it much."—CARL ROSA.

"Offers a great and unique chance. Why not take a theatre, and produce it yourself? Shall I see you on the subject. There's a part in it which, worked up a bit, might suit me."—GILBERT FARQUHAR.

MR. GOSCHEN'S HOME-RULE POLICY.—His Plan of Champagne.



WHAT NEXT?



LATEST FROM ABYSSINIA.

"THE NEGUS HAS RETIRED INTO THE INTERIOR."

MOT BY M. CLÉMENTEAU.

DISHED, by a mediocrity! Great Heaven!
MÉLINE is fifty, I'm but forty-seven!
"Youth will be served," the athletes say. No doubt!
But in my case, alas! youth is served—out!

SHOOTING NIAGARA.

It appears that on a recent occasion the crowds thronging to see M. PHILIPPOTEAUX's famous picture of "Niagara" were so excessive, and on being appealed to by the authorities to "circulate," so absolutely disinclined to budge a single inch, that order had to be restored by the intervention of the Police, who finally established it by clearing the entire building. With a view, however, to dealing with further possible invasions, likely to result from the growing attractiveness of the show, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, its ever business-like and spirited Manager, intends, it is said, to issue the following notice, which certainly seems calculated to minimise the nuisance of which it professes to dispose.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Every responsible person presenting himself for admission will be called upon to sign a contract at the door undertaking for himself, and if necessary for his family or the party accompanying him, not to pause for a single moment to gaze at any portion of the Cyclorama, but to keep moving continually at a steady trot through the building, which must be preserved uniformly from the moment of passing the turnstile to that of reaching the door of exit.

As this will probably necessitate some physical exertion, invalids

CHAMBERLAIN TO THE CAUCUS.

Was it for this I moulded "the Machine,"
Boiler and shafting, cylinder and piston,
That it should dare, out of pure party spleen,
Not to do any work that I insist on?
"A tatur stand on end at being biled?"
Bigelow, that's nothing to the Caucus kicking
At its creator—me! I'm really riled,
And somebody will have to take a licking.
Is the Caucusan indeed played out?
Nay, boys of Brummagem, they shall not balk us,
I'll boss a new Machine, Unionists shout:—
"The Caucus (then) is dead; long live—the Caucus!"

NOT OUT OF THE WOOD.

(A Page from an Anti-Wine Diary.)

10 A.M.—As a Member of the Society to Watch Inebriates, I accepted an invitation to lunch with my friend CLARENCE LUSHI, who is a well-known habitual drunkard. The last time I saw my friend was a little late one night, or rather morning, at the Good Constitution Club, when he was asleep, and where I explained to him the story of a Three Act Drama I contemplated writing. He was then certainly intoxicated—very intoxicated—fer he declared that what I had been telling him was "bosh." I hope he is better now. I shall take this Note-book, and, if possible, jot down my observations under the table.

11 A.M.—Have just sat down to breakfast with CLARENCE. He is as sober as a judge. We commenced the meal with a soda and brandy a-piece. So far from getting into our heads, it steadied us.

11'30.—Still quite right. CLARENCE most amusing. We have been trying various clarets, but without feeling the lightest—I mean slightest—ill effects.

12 NOON.—Just had little *Punch à la Romaine*. Very good stuff. No sort of bad 'fect—I mean ef-fect—though why shouldn't call 'fect—don't know.

1 P.M.—Watching LUSHI carefully. We both taken lot of wine—yes, lot of wine. But whaterthat? Whaterthat?

2.—I'm happy—no, mean, ver unhappy! Making this note unner table. Watched carefully. You're quite sober. You're sober as I am. Splendid 'sperment. Tired—going 'shleep.

NEW READING OF SHAKSPEARE, SUGGESTED BY Mr. GOSCHEN'S CONVERSION SCHEME.—"When shall we Threes meet again?"

and the infirm and aged, unless accompanied by their family solicitor, or by some other respectable person who will be responsible for their keeping up the pace, are warned off.

To ensure the unceasing and lively continuance of this movement, it will be supervised by an able body of Police provided with truncheons, assisted by picked and experienced Guardsmen, armed with fixed bayonets.

There will be a short comprehensive lecture every minute and a half, giving the history of America from the earliest times to the arrival of COLUMBUS, the details of the War of Independence, the strife between North and South, the history of Canada, and the Statistics of the Fisheries and general population. As this will be shouted almost continuously, from a speaking-trumpet, every visitor, though hurrying along on his round, will probably catch some of it.

No flying questions may be put to the man in the rostrum. Anyone putting the lecturer out by his interruption, will himself be immediately put out by the Police.

It is believed that, by a strict adherence to the above regulations, the whole of the sight-seeing public of the Metropolis may in due time have an opportunity of visiting the show, if with some rapidity of movement, at least without the inconvenience attendant upon a struggle and a crush.

FINALLY, MR. HOLLINGSHEAD REQUESTS ALL THOSE

who do not feel themselves up to a bit of brisk exercise, have not a highly-trained ear, or a reserve of nervous energy, but who, most of all, lack a practised eye, capable of taking in instantly the widest ranges of distant country at one sweeping and comprehensive cycloramic glance, not to come and help to block up all access to his "Niagara," but quietly, reasonably, and wisely,

TO STAY OUTSIDE.



SUNDAY DIVERSION.

Curate. "GOOD-BYE. I MUST GO IN NOW. I'VE GOT TO PREPARE MY SERMON—AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TO PREACH ABOUT."

Layman. "OH,—ABOUT TEN MINUTES,—AND THEN COME OVER TO LUNCH."

THE CHURCH AND THE STAGE.

It is expected that Convocation will be specially summoned, and as soon as possible, the case being urgent, to consider the sudden appearance of open heresy in the theatrical world. The statute *de hæretico comburendo* having been long ago repealed, application will be made to Parliament for leave to invent a second act—a very strong dramatic one—to meet the present situation. It appears that the contagion is spreading in the Strand, where it first attracted considerable attention at the Opéra Comique Theatre, when Mrs. BERNARD BREE introduced *Ariane* to the public. Subsequently it cropped up in a fresh place on the opposite side of the road at the Strand Theatre, where it called itself *Airey Annie*. The Bishops, therefore, will probably consult together with a view to putting down this alarming growth of *Ariane-ism* on the stage. The Two Houses of Convocation will visit officially the two houses of entertainment above-mentioned,—Opéra Comique first and Strand the next evening,—in order to pronounce upon the merits of the question as a whole.

HOLIDAY MOTTO FOR SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.—"Shut up!"

HOW IT STRIKES THE CLOCK.

A Clock sees a lot who discreetly
Keeps his hands well in front of his face,
While the dancers are footing it fealty,
Or resting securely and sweetly
In the holly-hung nook, which so neatly
Is not quite filled up by the case.

The candles stand straight in the sconces,
The boards like a looking-glass shine,
And lovingly rubicund JOHN sees
To details of supper and wine.
An early arrival is taken
By radiant hostess in tow,
And, with confidence shamefully shaken,
He stands face to face with a row
Of flotsam and jetsam forsaken,
Whose heyday is gone long ago,
Who now lie in wait, like the Kraken,
To drag buoyant hopes down below.

There's a youth who would gladly annul it,
Though he sticks, now he's here, to his trust,
With a collar that presses his gullet,
And a glove that is strained by his fist,
While the other, however he pull it,
All efforts is fain to resist.
And he knows he is certain to mull it,
As he gives a last desperate twist,
And the button flies off like a bullet,
And the glove curls away from his wrist.

There's a moody man out on the landing
Who bites his moustaches and swears,
For *he* is in solitude standing,
And *she*'s sitting up on the stairs,
And without any glass he can well see
The story so prettily told,
That somebody else's is ELSIE,
As dainty in manner and mould
As a shepherdess fashion'd at Chelsea
In charming choice china of old.

And the well-polished floor waxes shinier,
And feet that were tiny look tinier,
Like the white rose's wind-driven petals,
Or the lawn by the blown apple-tree;
And the band to its business settles,
And the dance is all glory and glee,
And rubicund JOHN's getting winier,
And smiles with a courtesy free.
Like a heavenly dredger the 'cello
Scoops all the soul out of a fellow,
Till wildly he worships the snowy-neck'd fay
In her virginal white, like the blossoming May,
With her curls than the woodbine woodbinier,
More precious than spell-guarded metals,
More bright than the eye of the day.

Then supper, with cracker and motto—
Oh, the power of those sibylline leaves—
When you say what it's much safer not to,
In an ear that too gladly receives.
And two surreptitious young creatures,
With the backs of their heads for their fea-
Like a Janus admiring himself, [tures,
Turn years to a moment of blisses,
Of heart-breaking, heavenly kisses,
Regardless of prudence's preachers,
Papas, and position, and pelf.
And I turn on my time very slowly,
To give the young couple a chance,
For there's something in sorrow that's holy,
To a soft-hearted Clock at a dance.

Then the *chaperons* yawn, and regard me
With wistful and sleep-reddened eyes,
And the youngsters would gladly retard me,
As if it's my fault that time flies.
And dreaming of dances and marriages,
Of rivals, tobacco, or bed,
They seek in instalments their carriages,
And the vision of pleasure has fled.
And, quiet as the chamber of illness,
The ball-room grows dim and forlorn,
And I tick once again in the stillness,
As the wind brings the rain with the morn.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 57.



ROYAL ACADEMICIANS CHEZ EUX. "THE VARNISHING POINT"—IN PROSPECTIVE.

POEMS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.

No. I.—FREDERICK, RICHARD, AND ROBERT.

It was an Easter Tuesday, and little BOB and DICK
Fared forth to take a holiday with Brother FREDERICK;
Now RICHARD, in the rash resolve more gilded youths to ape,
Came out incongruously garbed in a loose and ample cape.
(Full strangely clad was the simple lad in his aristocratic cape!)

"The Tower we will visit," they vowed, in eager tones;
"And read the lesson of the Past from its grim historic stones!
We'll press around the fatal block, and feel the dinted axe,
And study the construction of the thumbcrews and the racks!"
(For these, in sooth, thrill gentle youth—especially the racks!)

So on their way they wended, from Southwark to the Tower,
And heeded not the changing moods of sleet, and shine, and shower;
Until, in Queen Victoria Street, they halted at the doors
Of that august establishment—the Civil Service Stores.
("What if," they cried, "we went inside these celebrated Stores.")

Into the Stores they sauntered—and ROBERT's eyes are round,
While RICHARD's mouth is open wide in wonderment profound;
Their artless prattle wins a smile from hardened men who list:
Where'er they pass they leave behind a sense of something—miss'd.
(As if the joys of happy boys those Civil Servants missed!)

They cannot bear to lose them, and so detain the three:
Which, for some reason, seems to cast a gloom upon their glee.

Toys rattle out of ROBERT fast—while up the sleeve of DICK
Is ineffectually concealed—a silver-mounted stick!
(Now, the deepest sleeve can ne'er deceive by harbouring a stick.)

A model locomotive bad BOB disgorges next;
By which good Brother FREDERICK is sore surprised—and vex'd.
But FREDERICK's fraternal heart sustains a final shock
When from the folds of RICHARD's cape they extricate—a clock!
(Eight pounds and more was its price at Store,—he was quite a
judge of a clock!)

See, from his shameless pocket bulges a pint bot-tel—
'Tis lavender—though he protests he can't endure the smell!
And the lad's ill-gotten gains include—why, nobody can think—
An unassuming china-pot, labelled "Pomade of Zinc!"
(What boyish eyes see ought to prize in ointments made of zinc?)

Next FREDERICK, all contrition, sobs how he, too, has sinned,
In se-erating a box of sweets, and oysters—only tinned!
And here they fancy they have probed the limits of his shame;
But, diving deeper, disinter a photographic frame!
(And he pulls a face—for a pencil-case has followed the photo-
frame.)

The Mansion House they've entered, these young reluctant rips,
To hear their awful doom pronounced by Aldermanic lips:—
Their bad behaviour is described in terms extremely candid,
And BOB and DICK are both discharged—but FREDERICK is
remanded!

(Should you care to seek, by to-morrow week, you will hear where
FREDERICK's landed.)



House of Commons, Thursday, April 5.—Commons met again to-day after Easter holidays—at least, some did.

"Meeting of the Commons doesn't seem [so common as commonly," said GOSCHEN, whose jokes daily assume increased vigour and freshness.

Only three Questions on paper. But half-a-dozen Amendments on going into Committee of Supply. Most probable the whole of sitting would be appropriated to Amendments. Perhaps if Old Morality pounced at a few minutes to twelve, might get Committee stage *pro forma*. But that the utmost hope. W. REDMOND's Amendment about KING JA JA enough to occupy sitting. Was reported that, since he had put Motion down, REDMOND had ascertained who King JA JA is, where he lives, and what's the matter with him. Might consequently be able to say something on subject; though, as GORST says, that not necessary condition with REDMOND of delivering a long speech.



Courtney's "Quick Change."

However, things dispose themselves differently. COURTNEY looks in at Question Times. Shan't be wanted in Chair, at any rate before dinner-time, so turns up in morning dress. Seated on Front Opposition Bench thinking of long nights to come in company with Local Government Bill, when (as distinguished novelist occasionally writes) lo! a strange thing happened. Three questions on the paper disposed of in twice as many minutes. Orders of the Day reached. "Supply, Committee." MACDONALD CAMERON headed list of Amendments. SPEAKER called on him. Wasn't quite ready. Let opportunity slip. No one else in his place. REDMOND proved faithless to Foreign Potentate. Before House could say W. H. SMITH, it was in Committee, and COURTNEY in Chair in morning dress!

SPEAKER hastily fled from desecrated scene. Mace under the table distinctly seen to turn

in its groove. Sergeant-at-Arms' amazed sword rattled in its scabbard all

aghast. Cry of "The Constitution in danger!" quivered on pallid lips. Never before was Chairman of Committees seen in Chair without a white neck-tie and swallow-tailed coat. Great opportunity for COURTNEY. Would he be equal to it? He was.

Had heard or read somewhere of what is called at Theatres and Music Halls "the quick change" trick. Nothing yet done equalled feat now performed before excited House of Commons. Beckoning to GORST to take Committee Chair, COURTNEY slipped out behind SPEAKER'S Chair in morning dress. Whilst House still wondering what this agility might portend, he emerged from other side of Chair in evening dress. How it was done, whether single-handed, or with assistance, not known, and doesn't matter. That it was done was clear enough, for there was COURTNEY, white neck-tied and shirt-fronted, in seat of Chairman of Committees, and the Constitution was saved.

"Most remarkable illustration of the working of Proportional Representation scheme I ever saw," said PLUNKET. "Much better than the elaborate experiment the other night. Through one proportion of sitting COURTNEY represents Gentleman of the period in morning dress; throughout another proportion he represents ditto ditto in evening dress. Begin at last to see what Proportional Representation means."

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates voted.

Friday.—Another night of real work. Not particularly lively, but exceedingly useful. House tumbled



into Committee after Questions, just as happened last night. Crowd of Members came in to see COURTNEY do the quick change trick again. Another success, but repetition had natural consequence of palling appetite. The audience quickly dispersed, and the few present began to vote money. Money being someone else's, most generous spirit prevailed. GRANDOLPH has quietly but sternly rebuked absentees by being present since business was resumed. All very well for young fellows like GLADSTONE to be taking French leave in extension of ordinary holiday. The star of GRANDOLPH'S life is Duty. Led him straight to House of Commons as soon as doors were open. To-night proposed new Committee to inquire into expenditure of Houses of Parliament. Old Morality eagerly assented.

"Committee, more or less," he says, "is nothing. If GRANDOLPH will be quiet on condition we feed him with Committees, provender shan't be lacking."

DODDS been roaming about all night, anxious for opportunity of repeating *his* like success of yesterday. Suddenly, in middle of sitting, *à propos* of nothing, moved to Report Progress. Didn't mean anything. At once withdrew Amendment, but felt he'd created a sensation, and done something to spread fame of *Dodd Family Abroad*. Deferred action too long. At Eleven o'Clock, Committee, astonished at extent of its labours, reported Progress. House immediately thereafter Counted Out.

"This is a Montagu—"

WILLIAMS SHAKSPERE.

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, though suffering at one time from extinction of voice, and even now not speaking in the full tone of yore, has contrived, since taking his seat on the Magisterial Bench, to "speak out" in such a manner as to make his voice heard throughout the length and breadth of the Metropolis, and, indeed, of the United Kingdom. The great orator, BOSSUET, was known as the Eagle of Meaux. MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS will be remembered—especially by the Police of his district—as the Eagle Beak of Wandsworth.

"THE WIFE'S SECRET."

* * The Lessees, in answer to numerous inquiries, beg to state that "The Wife's Secret" will be strictly kept at the St. James's, and they cannot consent to "let it out" even for one night.

ACT I. The Old "Bower Saloon."

Enter Lady EVELYN, looking perfectly charming.

Lady Ev. Joy! I expect my husband, Sir



Little Lord Kendal Fauntleroy's delight at seeing a Punch and Judy Show for the first time in his life.

brilliant costume, that the audience will make a mistake.

Lady Ev. (hesitatingly). Oh—no—

Lord Arden (a trifle irritated by contradiction). They will. He's a stern Puritan. I'm a gay Cavalier. He'll have me shot.

Lady Ev. (tenderly, but without conviction). Not if I ask him not to.

Lord Arden (more annoyed than ever). Yes, he will. He's a hard 'un—so am I.

Lady Ev. (sadly). You are—an 'ARDEN.

Lord Arden. Take your oath not to tell him I'm here.

Lady Ev. I'd rather not,—but I will. There! (Takes her oath. Music. Shouts without, "Welcome to Sir Walter Idyott.") Here he is! (Joyously rushing to window.) Oh, what fun!

Lord Arden. Where shall I hide?

Lady Ev. Hide? Oh, I'd quite forgotten all about you!

Comic Chambermaid (who has witnessed all the previous Scene). Hide? Where? Why, as usual, behind the curtain.

Lord Arden (superciliously). Oh, that's been done so often.

Lady Ev. (struck by an original idea). Why not in the chimney?

Comic Ch. (decidedly). No; only Low Comedians hide up the chimney, and then come down with their faces all over soot.

Lord Arden (resignedly). Well then, behind the tapestry. Don't forget you've taken your oath.

[Disappears behind curtain. Music, suggestive of hiding behind tapestry, changing to something joyous. Shouts outside.]

Enter Sir WALTER IDYOTT, bravely attired.

Sir Walter. Dear wife!

Lady Ev. Dear husband!

Sir Walter. Dear wife! When in the camp, &c., &c., when on the battlefield, &c., &c., the thought of thy sweet face (and so forth or something very like it). You look ill!

Comic Ch. (promptly). Missus wants change of air, and the sooner this room's shut up and the key lost, the better for the piece.

Sir Walter. Good!

[They adopt Comic Chambermaid's advice. Exit Sir WALTER and Lady EVELYN, lovingly. Comic Chambermaid shows key to Lord ARDEN, who comes gaily out from behind curtain. End of Act.]

ACT II. SCENE I. "Outside."

Jabez Sneed, I am a wicked Puritan. Also I am Sir WALTER IDYOTT'S Steward. I hate My Lady because she has locked up my cooked accounts in the Bower Saloon. I must obtain them. How? it is locked. Ha! the window. [Exit.]

SCENE 2. Bower Saloon as before.

Gay Cavalier (to Comic Chambermaid). Being a gay Cavalier, I must, of course, snatch a kiss from the Comic Chambermaid.

[About to embrace her. Wicked Puritan Steward's head appears at window. She screams. Wicked Puritan Steward's head disappears.]

Comic Ch. It was a man. (Opens window.) No it wasn't. I'll go and see. [Exit. End of Scene.]

ACT III. View of Bower Saloon window. Night.

Sir Walter Idyott (to Jabez Sneed, who has been telling him that there is a man locked up in the Bower Saloon). Villain—ha!

Jabez Sneed (in a corner). Look there! Who's right now?

[Points to Bower Saloon window. Sir IDYOTT'S Wife enters with candle. Lord ARDEN ardently embraces her.]

Sir Walter Idyott (wildly). Ah!

[Guggle, guggle—whack; and he tumbles down, being literally "utterly knocked over" by the discovery. Wicked Puritan Steward gives a half-strangled chuckle. Curtain.]

ACT IV. The Poetic Justice Room.

Sir Walter Idyott (to himself). I didn't break into the room. I didn't go and collar my wife's lover. No. I only went indoors, and put on a different costumes. That's all. Both costumes suit me uncommonly well, but in this I am told I look like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Lady Ev. (aside). My husband doesn't know anything about my brother being in the Bower Saloon.

Sir Walter Idyott (aside). I won't tell her what I saw. If I do—there's an end of the play. [Long scene between them about nothing.]

Comic Chambermaid (entering). The house is surrounded!

Enter Soldiers and Rude Officer. Another long scene about nothing.

Sir Walter (expressing the general opinion). We're all getting tired of this. (To Rude Officer.) Read this paper. I can do what I like with anybody.

Rude Officer (after reading the paper). You can.

Sir Walter. Then you get out.

Rude Officer. I will. (Scowling.) But a time will come!

Sir Walter (to his Wife and the Comic Chambermaid). Leave me!—for ever!

Lady Ev. and Comic Chambermaid (surprised). For ever!

Lady Ev. Just as we were getting along so nicely too.

Sir Walter (writing). Here is a pass for two—for the front.

Lady Ev. (examining it). You haven't signed it.

Sir Walter (with a sickly smile). Always clear-headed. (Signs and gives it to her.) How's that for HUR?—I am alluding to the Acting Manager. It admits two.

Lady Ev. Good! (Aside to Comic Chambermaid.) Give this to my brother. You can go together.

[Exit Comic Chambermaid. Shouts. Noise generally.]

Lady Ev. Ha! There he is—

Sir Walter. Who? I didn't mean it for him. (He shouts to somebody from window). Stop thief! [Bang—bang! heard without.]

Lady Ev. Ah! (Enter Servants with LORD ARDEN.) Alive!

[Staggers about anyhow.]

Sir Walter (pleasantly astonished). LORD ARDEN!

Lord Arden (sprightly as ever). Yes; some fool fired—off went the horse—off I went—and here I am! Quite the gay Cavalier!

Sir Walter. It was only her brother, after all. (To his Wife, reproachfully.) Why didn't you say so before?

Lady Ev. (deprecatingly). Not my fault—the author's.

Sir Walter. True. (To LORD ARDEN). Your hand. And now (turning to his Wife) I will ask you—

Lady Ev. And you (to audience) will ask me too—why I induced the Managers, Messrs. HARE and KENDAL, to produce this piece? Well—(all listen intently)—well—the reason why I did so, to our kind friends in front, and even to my husband, and our rightful HARE, will ever remain—THE WIFE'S SECRET!

Curtain.

New Reading for Next Time.

SHOULD anything further happen to the ceiling in the Queen's Bench Division when the Last of the Barons is sitting, the scene, now thoroughly rehearsed, will be thus enacted:—

Last of the Barons. "En iterum Crispinus!" * Gentlemen, I will restate the old quotation thus, giving my own translation: "Ruat Justitia"—let every one engaged in the case get out as quick as possible—"flat calum"—let the ceiling be mended; and, to avoid having to send for Court Plaster to mend broken heads, let us send at once for the Law Court Plasterer. Ruamus!

[Exit omnes.]

* Here the name of any cading Barrister will be substituted. B. H.

THE INHARMONIOUS BISMARCK.



Empress (sings). What shall we do with our daughter?
Bismarck. Don't know. If the wedding's to be,
 When over you hand her
 To Prince ALEXANDER,
 You'll then have to do without me!

Ensemble.

Empress. { What shall we do with our daughter?
Bismarck. { What will they do with their daughter?

(Spoken.)

Bismarck. I think your Majesty is singing a little out of tune.
Empress. Pardon me, Prince; but it is you who are a great deal too sharp.

Bismarck. Um—well—we'll take two bars' rest, and then sing together—

Both (in unison). Vaterland! mein Vaterland!
 La Li-e-ty! La Li-e-ty!

[Left jödelling.]

O TEMPLER! O MORES!—*Mr. Punch* thought so. He said so. The Major is a Good Templer, and not a Knight Errant. Perfectly satisfactory as far as the Major premiss is concerned. But how about "the Involved Muddle," i.e., The Departments, and the conclusion? Now is the time for the Questioners GRANDOLPH and CHARLES to rise as one man, and insist on being supplied with "further information."

"BE IN TIME!"—The Last of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" will take place when Mesdames ALBANI, ANTOINETTE STERLING, Messrs. SIMS REEVES, LLOYD, and SANTLEY, and other eminent songsters, unite together to give Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN a Testimonial Concert on his retiring from professional life. He has all his life been giving Concerts, so now it is but fair that one should be given to him. This is good notice beforehand, as the Concert is not till June.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A TURKISH BATH.

SCENE—*The Middle Room of a Turkish Bath. Subdued light. On benches, and in folding-chairs, Bathers are vaguely seen extended in various stages of limpness. The usual Turkish Bathing Bore is heard discoursing to anyone he can induce to listen. In a remote corner is a Somnolent Bather who knows him, but trusts, by lying low, to evade recognition. r.*

The B. B. Yes—(more thoughtfully)—y-yes. Extraordinary the freedom with which my pores act! I assure you, I'm not here one minute before—

[Proceeds to describe result in detail.

Enter an Elderly Neophyte; he feels shy and strange, it being his first appearance, and, owing to the gloom, and his own short-sightedness, seats himself upon the Somnolent Bather's legs.

The S. B. (roused). Conf—Really, Sir, I think you'll be more comfortable somewhere else!

The B. B. Why, bless my soul, I ought to know that voice—it is DORMER! To think of our being in the same room all this while, and never suspecting it! Wish I'd known before—makes it so much less tedious, meeting with someone you know, eh?

S. B. (yawning). Exactly—oh, very much so.

[Crosses hands behind head, and closes eyes.

B. B. Difficulty is to recognise fellows here, y'know.

S. B. (to himself). Can't button-hole 'em, at any rate! (To the B. B.) You seem to manage it!

B. B. Oh, I knew your voice in a minute—"That's DORMER's voice, I'll lay a hundred-pound note!" I thought. The wonder is, you didn't recognise mine—I've been talking all the time, more or less.

S. B. (guardedly). Have you, though? It is odd, as you say.

B. B. I've often found that some people's ears have an astonishing lack of delicate perception. For instance, there's a very dear and old friend of mine—you may know him—

[Tells him a long history about his Friend's aural deficiencies. In the meantime the Elderly Neophyte has established himself, in some trepidation, on a bench, with his head resting on a little wooden block, which he tries hard to think comfortable. He has a dry roof to his mouth, a tickling nose, and a general sensation of singeing. As the Bore's voice ceases, a silence falls, which the E. N. finds depressing. A Stout Gentleman observes "Phew!" occasionally. A clock ticks, and water drips in the distance. A head close to the E. N.'s sighs in a heart-broken manner, and a Restless Bather rises, and begins to prowl up and down like a caged wolf.

Enter an Attendant with pewter cups of water; the E. N. drains one greedily, like a shipwrecked mariner, and then has another.

The B. B. (for the general benefit). Never drink when I'm in the bath. Rinse the mouth out, yes; but drink? no. I had an old aunt—

[Relates a fearful story of the effect of cold water taken internally upon an old aunt—the E. N. begins to be alarmed.

The E. N. (taking advantage of another silence). 'Nother thing man ought to be most careful about, and that is—never take Turkish Bath 'cept under medical advice. Now when I went to my medical man—(describes interview at length. The E. N. reflects, with terror, that he has omitted to consult his Doctor.) DORMER, my dear fellow, you're getting drowsy—very dangerous practice that, slightest thing the matter with your heart, and phit—it's all over with you! Why, I knew a man once—(gives an account of a man who nearly died, which decides the E. N., who has been just dropping off, to keep awake at all hazards.) You can always tell if it agrees with you—if you've any singing in the ears, or dizziness, or labouring of breath, or faintness, anything of that sort—well, the sooner you're out, the better—that's all!

E. N. My symptoms! (Thinks he would be shampooed at once, if he was a little more sure what it was like; decides to let someone else be operated on first.)

Shampooer (drawing curtain at arch, with a certain grimness). Ready for two gentlemen now.



PICTURE SUNDAY.

"DON'T RUN AWAY YET. YOU'VE GIVEN ME NO CRITICISM. I HAVE A FEW DAYS STILL BEFORE ME—TIME TO MAKE ANY ALTERATION, YOU KNOW."

"OH, AH—BUT NOT TIME TO PAINT YOUR PICTURE ALL OVER AGAIN!"

[Two Bathers rise, with the air of "ci-devants" summoned to the Conciergerie, and pass between the curtains; the E. N. listens anxiously for what can be heard.

First Shampooer (apparently an austere character). On that slab, Sir, if you please! Lay right down.

The Subject (of a chatty disposition). Eh? oh, yes, I see; to be sure, yes, yes. (A dull hissing is heard.)

The Chatty S. Soon have summer on us now, I—a—was noticing only yesterday how—(his voice is suddenly extinguished by what seems to be a bucket of water splashing over him—splutters and gasps. Uneasiness on part of E. N., who longs to hear him speak again.)

Aust. Shampooer (ignoring this conversational opening). On your back, Sir; it's your right leg I want!

Second Shampooer (a talkative Person, to his Subject, who seems slightly reserved). You've 'ad a reg'lar fine turn of it to-day, Sir—comin' off o' you beautiful! (Reluctant growl of assent from Subject.) Now over, Sir, please. Bin to this noo Panorammer—Nigrer, Sir? They tell me it's fast-rate. (Inarticulate grunt from S.) Water too 'ot for you, Sir? (Tremendous splashing, with some puffing and blowing.) No time for goin' sightseein' myself, Sir; got enough to do 'ere, Sir! . . . Looks a little tender, that foot, Sir—chiropodist on the premises, Sir, send him to you? No, Sir? Very good, Sir—Now on your face, if you'll be so good!

The Chatty S. (indistinctly). I—er—ha, suppose you're pretty f-full just now, eh?

Aust. Shampooer (shortly). Always busy 'ere, Sir. Sit up!

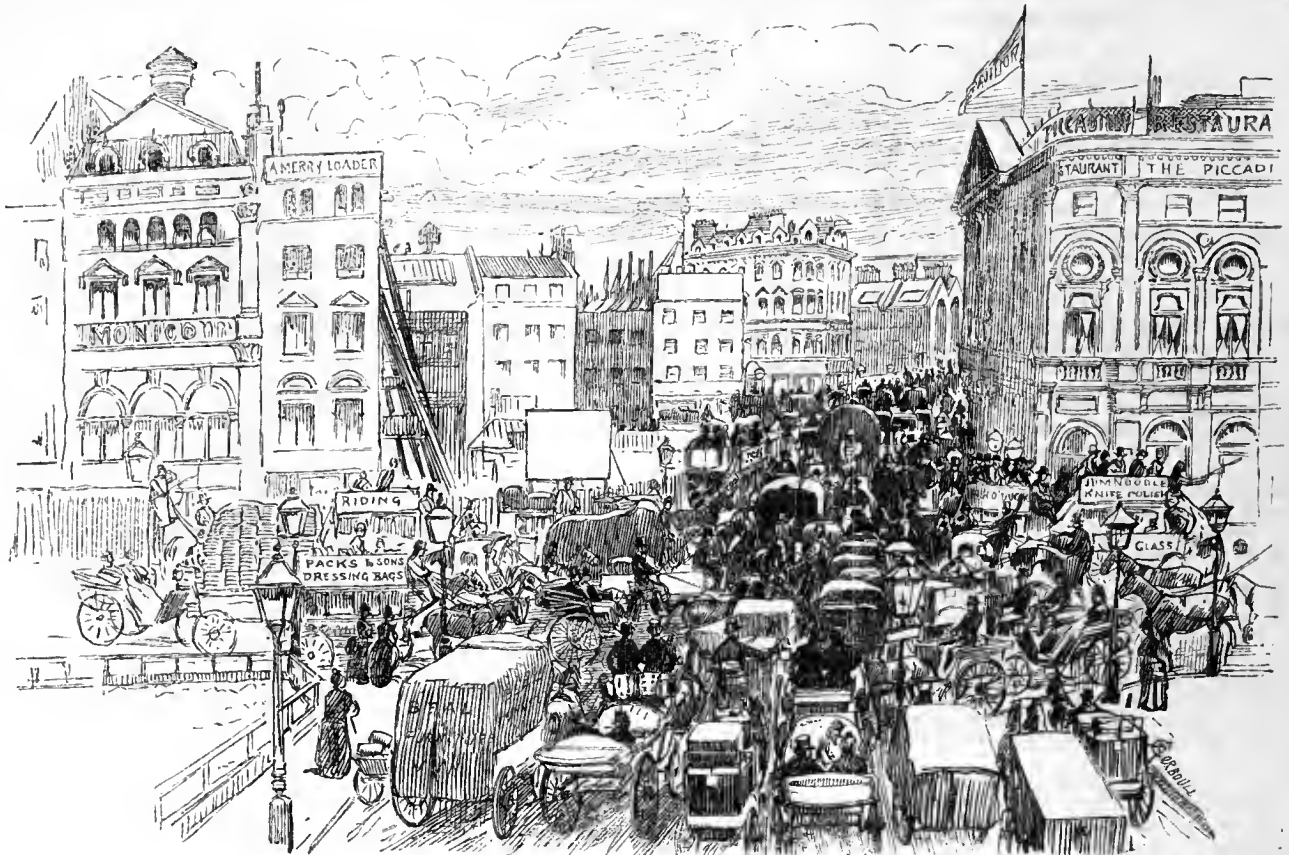
Talk. Shampooer (affectionately). 'Ave a little soap on your 'ed, Sir? Some of our gentlemen don't care for soap on their 'eds. Sing'ler, isn't it?

The B. B. (bursting out again suddenly). Capital cold plunge they've got here! One of the longest in London—go in directly they're done shampooing you, swim across, and close your pores, come out the other side fresh as a daisy—that's what I do!

E. N. (to himself). Cold water—and I can't swim, oh, Lor'!

[From the Shampooing Chamber are now proceeding sounds more alarming than ever, as of a lively tune being vigorously thumped with fists upon an unprotected body, followed by what is apparently a smart castigation.

The B. B. (meditatively). You'd think a man would be black and blue all over, after that, wouldn't you? But, except in a very few cases, I don't know



LONDON IMPROVEMENTS. AN "OPEN SPACE."
PRIZE PUZZLE. TO FIND HER WAY ACROSS.

that such an effect ever actually follows. I'm not sure, though, that the pressure on the ribs—

The Prowling Bather claps his hands suddenly. First Shampooer appears. "Lemon Squash?—I'll order it, Sir." Stout Gentleman calls for water, and is served by Second Shampooer. Cries of distress are heard from the Shampooing Chamber. The E. N., drawn by a horrible fascination, approaches the arch, and looks in. The interior presents a Morgue-like appearance, and on a grey marble slab the Reserved Subject is sitting, soaped from head to foot, awaiting the return of the Operator in sullen resignation. The Chatty Person is also neglected for the moment, and may be faintly perceived under the douche, staggering blindly, and gasping out—"That will do!"

The Two Shampooers (returning by different doors). Called away for a moment, Sir. (They perceive the E. N. standing petrified in centre of floor.) Take you next, Sir? In another minute, Sir.

The E. N. (feebly). Er—very well (with a desperate resolution), I—I'm going upstairs to get my watch—I mean, my eye-glasses—back again presently!

[Rushes upstairs, flies into his box, and dresses for dear life as scene closes in.

Just One More.

SAYS GEORGE JOKIN, "I call the Income Tax the 'tin tacks,' and, permit me to add, it ought to be paid on the nail." [Thanks. Can't put any more of yours in this week.—ED.]

JAPAN IN LONDON.

(WITH APOLOGUES TO BRET HARTE.)

WHICH I wish to impart
And I make no mistake,
That for Japanese Art,
By town, mountain, or lake—
This new Japanese is peculiar,
And takes, as you may say, the cake.

MEN-PES is his name,
And also MOR-TI-MER,
With regard to that same
You could hardly infer
That his smile was so childlike and wily,
As I frequent remarked to WHIST-LER.

For in Bond Street were shows
By WHIST-LER, a great man,
Who, as everyone knows,
Holds the cult of the Fan,
And is nothing if not Japanese—
Though he has not been to Japan.

But MEN-PES has been there,
And from famed Tokio
Has brought back very rare
Little paintings, and lo!
Here are dainty and delicate dry-points—
A thoroughly Japanese Show.

There's a Japanese bloom
In a Japanese frame,
And a Japanese room,
And a Japanese game;
There are almond-eyed Japanese beauties,
And many more Japs I could name.

This is why I remark,
That MEN-PES sure must be
Just as fond of a lark
As the Heathen Chinese:
And if anyone ventures to doubt it,
Just drop into DOWDESWELL'S and see.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

ALL the pleasure, with none of the discomfort and a saving of 99 per cent.!! Intending visitors to Paris who are going there merely to see *Les Surprises du Divorce*, will avoid sea-sickness and other miseries of travelling by taking a ticket for The Royalty Theatre, Soho, where M. COQUELIN is this week playing in the above-mentioned laughable farce, which is just now the success in Paris. If you cannot get a *fauteuil d'orchestre*, or *balcon*, or any *loge*, ask for a *Boîte à Surprise!* Only a few nights more, so hurry up! And then *bon soir*, M. COQUELIN, *et au revoir*.

A Song of the Lost Season.

(A Long Way after the Laureate.)

WINTER hath us in his net,
Will he pass, and we forget?
April suns arise and set,
But we have not *seen* one yet.
Spring the gift is Spring the debt;
Even so!
Spring it is for which we fret—
Spring—'tis but a vague regret.
Still 'tis dark, and cold, and wet;
Winter habits garb us yet.
What is Spring?—for we forget:
Ah! woe, woe!

MERELY A SUGGESTION.—A Conference of the Women's Committee of the International Arbitration and Peace Association is announced, at which the following question will be discussed:—"By what Method can Women best Promote the Cause of International Concord?" How would it be if they tried holding their tongues?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Long-expected come at last, and just now all the rage, "Mister and Mrs. BANCROFT both On and Off the Stage." Two Volumes, on their pages will all eyes be fixed intently. The binding is eccentric, and the Publisher is BENTLEY.

I DROPPED into poetry quite naturally, as may be gathered from the easy flow of the verse and facile rhythm; but "Woa,



"Turn and Turn about."

Pegasus!" or, if he doesn't "Woa," he may come to grief. Fascinating book *Les BANCROFT* have produced. The arrangement is excellent. It reminds me of one of those duologue entertainments where the lady comes on the stage first, and does her speech, and solo; then *exit* "She," and enter on the other side "He," who immediately gives his speech, his solo, and then *exit* "He." Re-enter She; to Her enter He: dialogue, duet, dance, and *exit* one of them, and so on, until the final duet, and curtain. Most of it is mirth-moving; here and there is a touch of genuine pathos; all is interesting, and the narrative is directed throughout by the best possible taste. To quote one of our national modern ballads,—

"They wouldn't hurt a baby,
They're a pair as you can trust."

But the publication of this book is a death-blow to a great many theatrical *raconteurs*. It gives to the world nearly all the stories which were the property of a select few, and an annuity to their privileged possessors in the way of dinner-parties for many years past. Directly that storehouse of professional anecdote, MUGGINS MCMYMMICK, shall at any time hereafter commence one of his many excellent stories about the amusing Comedian BOB ROMER, he will be immediately interrupted by his fellow-guests with cries of, "Oh, yes, we've read that in the BANCROFTS' Book." There is only one chance left for him, and that is to introduce his stock-in-trade by first mentioning the Busy B.'s Book, and then giving his own version of their stories, affecting to set them right on various points. The BANCROFTS' reminiscences have already run to three editions. Who started the Reminiscensing Craze? "Kettle began it"—that is EDMUNDUS MUNDI, and his volumes went off like steam. There were many others: and then came FATTI'S. Now I hear that Mr. TOOLE is going to publish his reminiscences, which Mr. JOSEPH HATTON is Boswelling for him. The publishing season of 1887 and 1888 will be known as "Sacred to the Memories." Mr. R. CORNEY GRAIN has just concluded a short series of entertaining autobiographical anecdotes in *Murray's Magazine*. "MURRAY come up, forsooth! go to!" Why did he bring them to so abrupt a termination? But perhaps he did it on *Mr. Weller's* epistolary principle of "pulling up with a jerk," and then the reader "wishes as there were more of it."

I mentioned JOSEPH BOSWELL-HATTON just now; I'll do so again; for the sake of telling anyone who may be going a railway journey, that he will get quite sixty per cent. of interest out of his outlay of one shilling in purchasing *The Abbey Murder*, at W. H. SMITH'S bookstall. It is not so

sensational as the title would lead you to suppose. But it is a good story well, picturesquely, and dramatically told.

An interesting and amusingly written little book—still little, though revised and enlarged by the author—is Mr. BLADES' *The Enemies of Books*. Poor Books! What a variety of foes they have had, from their own authors downwards, and still have. There is one chapter devoted to the Bookworm, which is naturally historically interesting to the present writer; and I, *moi qui parle*, protest against our family title being included among the names of those who are "the enemies of books."

Good Books are, indeed, the Diet of Worms, for the Book Worms family are great devourers and digesters of books. And why?—because we love them. On my father's side I belong to the journal-devourers, or paper-eating species. My sire was Sir PERTINAX ANOBIUM. His father was the Erudite ANOBIUM, and his grandfather justly celebrated everywhere as the Paniceum. My mother was the charming, severely critical, witty, and accomplished GEOPHORA PSEUDOSPARELLA, with Greek and Hebrew blood in her veins. She could attack books—always justly. But none of the real worms were ever associated with the extinct grubs of Grub Street. This is the parentage of which I am justly proud, tracing it back, as I can, to the Ark, in the Arkives of which House-boat there were several most valuable works on navigation and natural history. If the Veritable



Worms had been the enemies of books, where would have been the Papyri now? I enclose my photo, taken of me some time since by Dr. LINNÆUS SAMBORNUS, and am, Yours, most Wormly,

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

NEWS OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY.

It was recently rumoured that Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, so long one of the "props" and ornaments of the Savoy Theatre, was about to withdraw from D'OYLEY CARTE'S Company, and take a Theatre for himself—and for an audience; as his modesty compelled him to admit (what would be "not admitted after seven" and "bennets not allowed")—that he, by himself, could not fill the entire theatre. At first no reason was assigned for this rash act, but he has lately stated that he had for some time suspected his Manager of being in treaty with Mr. GEORGE JOKIN G-SCH-X, the Comic Chancellor, who, it must be owned, would be a dangerous rival of Mr. G. G. in the eccentric Opera and Short Entertainments line. Mr. D. CARTE has explained that he was only corresponding with the Comic Chancellor on the question of taxes, and wanted to know if a "Gee Gee" retained on his establishment would be considered as a "Pleasure Horse." GEORGE JOKIN immediately replied that he was sure a CARTE could not get on without a GEE-GEE, and so the tax would not apply. Handshaking all round, and everyone satisfied.

MYSTERIES OF HUMAN GROWTH. (THREE CHAPTERS IN PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE.)



1882.

Jimmy Jones. "ULLO, BILLY BROWN! YOU'RE CREEKY! IT STRIKES ME YOU WANT KICKING!" [Kicks him.]



1884.

Billy Brown. 'ULLO, JIMMY JONES! YOU KICKED ME TWO YEARS AGO! IT STRIKES ME IT'S MY TURN!" [Takes it.]



1888.

Jimmy Jones. "ULLO, BILLY BROWN! ABOUT THAT KICKING! IT STRIKES ME MY TURN'S COME ROUND AGAIN!" [etc., etc.]

PERILS OF A PLEASURE-HORSE.

A GILPINESQUE BALLAD.

J. GOSCHEN is a patriot
Of credit and renown;
A bold financier eke is he,
Trusted by London Town.

He is a brave equestrian,
As all the world doth know;
And when he mounted his new steed,
The world expected "go."

But saddle-tree scarce reached had he
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head he saw
That boy—an imp of sin!

That boy perceived him mounted fair
Upon his gallant steed,
Slow pacing o'er the party-stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The horse began to trot, and all
Admired J. GOSCHEN'S seat.

"Gee-up!" he cried. The horse gee-up'd,
To gallant GOSCHEN'S joy;
And all might have gone passing well,
But for that horrid boy!

That boy at first appeared to be
Upon his best behaviour;
Now he waved like a semaphore,
And pounded like a paviour.

So "Fair and softly!" GOSCHEN cried;
But GOSCHEN cried in vain.
Ah! now he'll need a steady seat—
A firm hand on the rein.

"Yah!" cries the youth, and also "Boo!"
Irrelevant and rude.
What wonder if the charger shied,
Or if the rider slew'd?

Like some young rascal in the Row
Who waves his arms in air,
A swell equestrian to rile,
His gallant steed to scare;

So WILLIAM stands right in the way,
And GOSCHEN can but feel
He next may raise a hideous yell,
Or turn a "Catherine-wheel."

Steady, good GOSCHEN! Keep your seat!
Remonstrances are idle;
WILLIAM means mischief; spare the spur,
And don't forget the bridle.

The perils of your Pleasure-Horse
Are scarcely yet begun;
And lots of other urchins rude
Stand by to watch the fun.

Oh yes, no doubt, to scare your nag
In this way is a sin.
Fie on such horrid little boys!
They ought to be run in.

But such is the equestrian's fate,
Upon park-hack or hobby;
Prey to the ever-present boy,
The ever-absent Bobby.

If you're a Johnny Gilpin, bleat
With more of pluck than skill!
There probably will be a bolt,
And possibly a spill.

But if you keep your nerve, and seat,
You'll add to your renown;
And WILL will have to take great care
That he is not—run down!

Another One!

A HARD-WORKING Government Clerk has been ordered equestrian exercise. "I shan't mind your tax so much, Mr. GOSCHEN," said the official to the C. C., "if the Government will raise my salary." "I'll inquire in the Department about it," replied the kind-hearted GEO. JOKIN'; "but, in any case, your pleasure in riding will depend upon the sort of 'screw' you get."

The "Robert" (Or Shilling) Dinner.

Menu.

- Potage à la Robert.
- Whitebait à la Robert le Diable.
- Robert Dory.
- Pig's Cheek with "Sauce Robert."
- Kibob Kurry.
- Welsh Robert.
- Dessert—Bob Cherry.

EXCUSE FOR DRINKING BEFORE DINNER.—
To Whet the Appetite.



THE PERILS OF A "PLEASURE-HORSE"!



FIGURE 1. A. ...

MY PRINCE!

(As sung quite recently at Charlottenburg.)

WHERE and how shall I manage to meet him?
 What are the words they will make me say?
 Shall I have with a shake of the head to greet him,—
 Tell him to call another day?
 Will the Chancellor, true love scorning,
 Stand in the path, and never wince?
 Must all my joy be turned to mourning,
 Must I lose for ever My Prince! My Prince!

I will not dream of him crowned and ruling,
 Mounting his late Bulgarian throne.
 In Russian guile he has had some schooling:
 He only asks to be let alone!
 They talk to me of their "strained relations,"
 Of the CZAR who has hated him some time since.
 But my heart is my own, and not the nation's;—
 And I'll give it to him, My Prince! My Prince!

So it's only a matter of patient waiting,
 And whatever scheme the Chancellor hatch
 For him, since her strength he's under-rating,
 He'll find that Mamma is fully a match.
 And, though he may growl, she'll manage to tame him,
 And tell him out straightway, plain words not to mince,
 ALEXANDER is mine, and as mine I shall claim him,
 And hold him for ever, My Prince! My Prince!

AN AGGRIEVED TAX-PAYER.

SIR,—My income has been reduced by your friend and contributor, GEORGE JOKIN', from £3 per annum to £2 15s. Would he have done it, even if he had had the chance some years ago? No. Certainly not. But recently he has taken to making puns. He commenced it publicly at Mr. WYNDHAM'S supper. After that—the Budget. Now Dr. JOHNSON has told us of what crime a punster must be guilty. "Who makes a pun would pick a pocket." Sir, my three per cent. pocket has been picked.



When I next record my vote, I shall ask if the Candidate ever made a pun. Defend us from GEORGE JOKIN, who is "punny wise and pound foolish" as he would say.

Yours,
 CONVERTED AGAINST HIS WILL.

Wheel and Woe.

By One of the Disappointed Deputation.

YOU'D TAX our wheels to help the Common Weal?
 No, JOKIN' GOSCHEN, we can see no joke in it.
 Wheelwrights this wheel-wrong very sorely feel.
 Look out Ixion, or we'll look your wheel,
 And put our spoke in it!

WITH ALL THEIR ART.

SIR,—Mr. WALTER BESANT'S proposition, in regard to the Art of Novel Writing, that "no moving situation was ever yet depicted, the writing of which did not cost the Author anguish and tears," has somewhat perplexed me. Still, I own as a Three-Volume Novelist of some standing, my experience as far as concerns my own work, entirely coincides with Mr. BESANT'S. I have found myself frequently, not only sobbing like a little child over the pathetic portions of my works, but laughing myself into hysterics over the more humorous chapters. I am bound, however, to admit that they do not seem to have the same effect on my publisher and intimate friends, whom I have often caught laughing themselves into fits over my most serious and dramatic situations, while a perusal of my lighter and comic pages appears to consign them to the depths of a profound and impenetrable gloom. This, however, by the way; and I only direct attention to it, in passing, as a curious fact. Notwithstanding the opinion of some American authors to the contrary, Mr. BESANT is, therefore, probably right, and we may take it pretty well for granted that the writer who moves others, must be first moved himself. I am going to interview all our distinguished writers myself, and will let you have the result next week.

Yours inquiringly,
 FITZ-THACKERAY BULWER-SCOTT.

APATHETIC OFFICIALISM.

THOUGH it may take, according to the accepted computation, nine tailors to make one man, to judge from certain answers furnished in the House of Commons the other evening, it evidently requires something more than nine official men to re-make or rather to re-instate one *Taylor*. In his issue of last week, *Mr. Punch*, commenting briefly on the case of the sorely ill-used Patna Commissioner, and applauding the vigorous protest uttered by the *Times* on the subject, expressed a hope that the Government would speedily take the matter in hand, and, though at the eleventh hour, see the wrong righted, and something like justice done. This, however, they appear disinclined to do. To talk of an objection to "re-opening" the matter, as if it were an incident that had been put away and closed, is absurd, for, as a matter of fact, thanks to the historians who have carefully sifted all its circumstances, its details are thoroughly open to the light of day and patent to all.

Colonel MALLESON, in his history of the Indian Mutiny, has fully investigated the charges made against Mr. Commissioner TAYLER, and exposed their utter groundlessness and futility. Sir JOHN HAYE, a writer likely to be on his P.'s and Q.'s, and Mr. HOLMES, who is anything but "all abroad" in his facts, in their respective works dealing with the same period, have not only done likewise, but borne unmistakable testimony to the valuable nature of the services rendered by Mr. TAYLER to his country in the very crisis in which his conduct had been officially attacked. To decline, therefore, in the presence of such experts, to entertain the "re-opening" of the question, is simply to refuse to look the facts of history steadily in the face.

To shirk this ordeal may commend itself to the official mind, but it is a proceeding that in no way finds favour with the public opinion of the country. That, the Government may depend upon it, holds that it is better that the routine traditions of thirty years should be utterly exposed and overthrown, rather than that a deserving public servant should undergo unmerited punishment and disgrace. That the official mind should be capable of taking any other view is preposterous; but that it shows significant signs of so doing, *Mr. Punch* much fears must be regarded as a melancholy fact.

THE SECRET OUT.

O GLADSTONE, rash GLADSTONE, pull up, or your fame
 To zero will fall, and to nothingness dwindle.

It must, for the great Star of Science cries shame;

That true Boanerges, tempestuous TYNDALL.

He says you're "not wise," and, dear WILLIAM, you'll see

This alone is sufficient the matter to settle.

He's such a big pot is Professor J. T.,

And you—if he says so—of course are a kettle.

BALFOUR you may brave, or stand up against JER,

Front even JOHN BRIGHT, that polite letter-writer,

But you are *not* in it with TYNDALL, you know,

Why vainly contend with so smashing a smiter?

This Slogger of Science, this Sullivan, swears

He was—well, clothed in light when you were "Tory shoddy."

Yes, malice might whisper that what he *now* wears

Must be fastian, could he but see it, poor body.

He girds at the Liberal Party as dogs

For following you when he cannot. Great Cæsar!

If Science could only see straight when it sleags,

This TYNDALL, my WILLIAM, might well be a teaser.

He chaffs you as pseudo-infallible. Oh!

One can see why he's wrath at your strong self-reliance.

You infringe *his* monopoly there, don't you know;

For nothing's infallible now—except Science!

Evident.

"I see by the paper," said DE MOGYN'S, "that 'The Prince of WALES and Suite' visited some Theatre the other night. What do they mean by 'the suite'?"

"The Princess, of course," was the very natural answer.

Quid pro Quo.

"THE sweet simplicity of Three per Cents"?

No, fine is that financial fine felicity!

Instead thereof, say the Rad malcontents,

We've GOSCHEN'S "dear duplicity."

AT Mr. CHRISTY MINSTREL MOORE'S benefit, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS sang "*Queen of the Tarts*" with his usual success. In the last century the ideal subject of this song would have been celebrated in verse as "*The Reigning Toast*." The "Toast" of the eighteenth becomes the "Tart" of the nineteenth century. What will she next be?—the Cheese?



TWO VIEWS OF IT.

Brown. "SHOCKIN' THING! YOU HEARD OF POOR MULLINS GETTING HIS NECK BROKEN IN THAT COLLISION!"

Jones. "AH!—IT'S AS-TONISHING HOW LUCKY SOME FELLOWS ARE! HE TOLD ME 'LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE'D JUST INSURED HIS LIFE FOR THREE THOUS'D POUN'S!!"

NOBODY AT HOME.

An Interview à la Mode.

NOBODY was "at home," and as willing to be interviewed as a pushing politician, a champion pugilist, or a Music-hall Mountebank. NOBODY is a person of IMPOSING INDEFINITENESS

of demeanour, of middle-age, of average height, of medium complexion. He produced upon the beholder much the same effect as a scientifically smudged in IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT, the most positive and salient point about him being his extra-large-size diamond scarf-pin, which blazed out like

SIRIUS FROM A HAZE OF NEBULOUS STAR-DUST,

or the eye-catching "Caps" in a specimen of modern reporting. Thence his extremities, head and heels, brain and boots, seemed to vaporise off into attenuated vagueness, quite consistently with the latest theories of Art and Advertisement. Salient and surcharged triviality, glaring forth like a Cyclops' eye from a misty middle of

CIRCUMJACENT NULLITY,

is, indeed, the open secret of success in the two chief branches of contemporary charlatanism. Notwithstanding this accentuated nebulosity, however, NOBODY had an indescribable air of being emphatically ALL THERE!—what there was of him.

"No doubt," said I, "during your long and sensational career you have done many things—"

"And people!" interjected NOBODY, with a delightful mixture of Whistlerian airiness and Slugger-Sullivan-esque swagger. "Rather! I am found everywhere—in Parliament and the Prize Ring, at Burlington House, and in

LADY LAMIA'S DRAWING-ROOM,

on the Stage, and the Cinder Path. I am, in fact, the CHAMPION HUMBUG, and to be that is, in these days, to be the Champion of Champions."

"Ah! Hercules, Apollo, and Mercury in one?" said I, with a sympathetic wink.

"Hercules be blowed! Apollo—not up to third-rate Music-hall form!! Mercury—a mere mug!!!" cried NOBODY, contemptuously. "I should just like to have

HERCULES IN A FORTY-FOOT RING!

I'd Mitchellise him till he couldn't hit half an ounce, or 'land' within half a mile of a haystack.

"You have not confined your attention to the Ring, I presume?" said I.

"No, I've also had a cut in at the Book," responded NOBODY. "I've written, with assistance—the most

STARTLING SENSATIONAL SHILLINGSWORTH,

on record, and had it log-rolled into sixty editions. Picked up a shady story in the side-walk of Sweldom, cooked it carefully with a weather-eye to the

LAW OF LIBEL,

and the Shilling Scan-Mag sold like Plumper's Skates or Tooth-paste

PUFFED BY PATTI!

Beside that I've patented Pills, been appointed Special Commissioner on the Borrioboola Boundary Question, lectured all over England and America on

ART IN THE NURSERY!

bossed a Sixteen-Acre Show, run a Conservative Caucus, started a Liberal Ladies' Lily League, founded

A NEW RELIGION,

and inaugurated a new School of Music, on the principle that not in Melody or Harmony, but in

THE UNINTERMITTENT ÆOLIAN WAIL

is found the true secret of transcendental Musical Art. I have also shown, in a book of six hundred pages, that the

OCCULT DOUBLE-ACROSTICS OF THE ODYSSEY

prove that NEBUCHADNEZZAR really wrote the Homeric Poems. I have started a new Gallery for the exploitation of the great Neo-Teatray School of Art (first suggested by me), founded on the eternal esoteric principle of

PRISMATIC SMUDGE!!

I am now hesitating whether I will next secure the Billiard Championship, a Baronetcy, or the reversion of

THE LEADERSHIP OF THE LIBERAL PARTY!

And still I am—NOBODY!"

"Wonderful!" I cried, in gasping amazement. "And how—how do you manage it?"

"The Secret of my Success," he replied, "may be expressed in a simpler 'formula' than ever quack invented or tipster devised. That formula is

BOUNCE AND BIG CAPITALS!

The world being largely composed of Juggineses and Gapers, Credulous Geese, and Sensation-loving gobemouches, Humbug and Advertisement are the twin Arts to make Somebody, Everybody out of—NOBODY!"

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

ACT III., SCENE I.

Shakspeare once more adapted to the Situation.

Biron-Bismarck loquitur:—

I FOILED, forsooth, by Love? I'll be Love's whip,

A very beadle to an amorous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable,

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal hath more thwarted me.

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:

This lord of love-rhymes, brave with baby arms,

The appointed autocrat of blood-and-iron?

This liege of loiterers and malcontents

Prince BISMARCK haulk, venture to counter me,

Sole Emperor and great General

Of patriot policy? O my mighty heart!

Am I to be a corporal of his field

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop?

What, I! I sue to Love! I, for a wife,

A woman, so set back the German clock

Still a-repairing; getting out of gear,

And never going right, like a cheap watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right!

Nay, to be baffled, which is worst of all,

And, among three, to get the worst of all!

Am I to stoop to Love? to bend for him?

Make way for him? Go to, it is a plague

That Cupid would impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will watch his way to get my own,
I've whipped all foes; Cupid I'll face—alone! [*Exit.*]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
 EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 9.—Looked more like old times to-night. Benches well filled. A thin black line in Gallery facing Opposition Bench. In seat of Leader of Opposition, GLADSTONE, with flower in button-hole, and suspicion of pomatum-pot in coat-tail pocket. Sure signs of a big speech. GOSCHEN moved House into Committee of Ways and Means to pass Budget Resolutions. COURTNEY, not to be caught napping again, came down to prayers in evening dress. GLADSTONE expected on his feet immediately after Questions. But Old Morality, looking moraller than ever, and with quite fresh stock of copy-book heads learned off in case of emergency, had sold Opposition. Instead of Budget Bill standing first on Orders, had put what JOSEPH GILLIS (who still retains command of French language that carried him through the famous visit to Paris), calls "le sale Salary Bill." Poor KING-HARMAN gone away for brief period of rest. Pleasant surprise for him to find his salary voted when he returns. GLADSTONE prepared big speech cutting up Budget Bill. Main body of Irish Members over in Ireland, treading on the coat-tail BALFOUR dexterously

spread for them. The few present not likely to take on themselves responsibility of bowling GLADSTONE over into dinner-hour by obstructing King-Harman Bill; so put it down first. "Opportunity is Heaven's first law," said Old Morality, fortuitously turning up one of his copy-book headings. "They'll grumble; but still we'll get the Bill through a stage." So they did. Irish protested; took two divisions; but by Five o'Clock all over. The evening breeze making ripples round the prow of the argosy bearing KING-HARMAN South might whisper that the Salary Bill was one stage nearer home. All this involved hour's delay before GLADSTONE got his chance. An uncommonly bad four quarters of an hour for colleagues within reach of his forefinger. At them all round, prodding them in the ribs by way of enforcing remarks. Such larks with CHILDERS! Got up from GLADSTONE'S side to put question to GOSCHEN. G. O. M. dexterously pulled HENRY FOWLER into vacant place, and began prodding process on new victim. CHILDERS, unaware of what had taken place behind his back, resumed his seat. Found himself on

FOWLER'S knees. So G. O. M. prodded him till positions were readjusted.

"Suppose he must get rid of subdud energy somehow," says HARCOURT, who generally sits next to reverend Leader, and is the principal sufferer. "Since he doesn't think it diplomatic in circumstances to pan out on Ministers, he prods us. Capital idea of CHILDERS to wear copy of Votes inside his waistcoat over left ribs. But HARTINGTON and the other fellows best off. Sometimes feel myself nearly prodded into dissentient Liberalism."

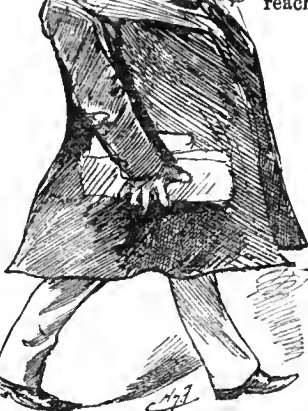
Business done.—Budget Resolutions.

Tuesday.—Old Morality had great triumph to-night. Everyone shares in it, for everyone likes Old Morality, and feels soothed by his moral reflections. Triumph came at midnight. But there was preliminary victory shortly after House met. EDWARD WATKIN appeared on scene. Wanted to know when and how Ireland was to have Home Rule. Everybody been putting this question for two years. County Clare out *en masse* on Sunday shouting out the question. Comes up at every public meeting; severs some Families; has united Ours; political air thunderous with reverberating question; here is EDWARD WATKIN, of all men, wanting to know. Up rises Old Morality, solemnly approaches table, gravely meets EDWARD WATKIN's strained regard, and, slowly beating time on table as momentous syllables fall and rise, says:—"There will be no indisposition to extend to Ireland an improved system of Local Government when it is made clear that the people are prepared to receive and work it in a spirit of loyalty to the Crown and Constitution."

Copy heading a little longer than usual. Won't go into single line. But how fresh the sentiment! how terse the language! and with what indescribable air of morality it is suffused! Ribald Irishmen burst into shout of laughter. But on Treasury Bench not single dry eye. GRANDOLPH, sitting in corner seat behind, nervously tugs at moustache. CHAPLIN, in corner seat below, thinks he hears a sob.

After this, House proceeded with chastened spirit to its allotted task. Crowd of Notices of Motion; afterwards full list of Orders.

BRADLAUGH's Oaths Bill looms low down in latter list. Wants to get into Committee with it. If business steadily worked through, this Bill would be reached in time. So at Nine o'Clock, Opposition, led by TOMLINSON *vice* GRANDOLPH gone over to the enemy, tried Count, which fails. Motions run through; Orders reached. Vagrants Act Amendment Bill disposed of after moderate discussion. Now BRADLAUGH's chance. But enter DE COBAIN with two Bills in hand and every appearance of having a third buttoned inside his waistcoat. Moves Belfast Municipal Franchise Bill; takes Division and gets it rejected. Next brings on Wages (Ireland) Bill. Long discussion. Half-past Eleven struck. Oaths Bill in peril. At twenty minutes to Twelve BUCHANAN pounced. Just in time to be too late. Division on Closure followed by Division on Second Reading of Bill. Agreeably occupied time till Midnight struck, and then Oaths Bill shunted. Seraphic smile mantled over countenance of Old Morality as he watched BUCHANAN's blundering tactics. "They'd better leave it to me, eh? Don't you think so, TOBY?" he said, quite gleefully, as he packed up his stray copybook headings and locked them in his box.



Problem: to find the Third Bill.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Thursday.—Things beginning to look up. House of late grown so respectable that, regarded as a place of entertainment, quite out of running compared with vestries. Public deserting the place, and Members habitually play to empty gallery. To-night Bill entirely changed. A piece of the old kind put on. Scene, Ireland: *dramatis personae*, those old favourites PARNELL, O'BRIEN, DILLON, and TIM HEALY. JOSEPH GILLIS in the wings with old familiar smile on his face, and prompter's book in hand. Aspect of House suddenly changed. Benches filled up; Strangers crowded in; cheers and counter-cheers rang through theatre. For two hours and a half piece ran without a flaw.

T. W. RUSSELL took opportunity of coming back again. Last time he spoke threw in his lot with Parnellites; denounced Government, and voted against them. Opportunity now at hand to pose as persistent Unionist and support Government. This the only dull part in the piece. As BALFOUR says, "There's no element of surprise about RUSSELL. Taking the Session through, he's like a pendulum. Find

him on one side at particular moment, quite sure that he's swinging to go back. The Prodigal's return all very well once in a life-time. But can't be always upsetting our domestic arrangements, and thinning out the most succulent from among our flocks and herds."

Everyone surprised to see SUMMERS still going about, flooding waste places in Lobby with sunny smile. Thought BRIGHT would have thoroughly crushed him with that ponderous epistle. Seems to have passed harmlessly over his head. If any effect is visible, his smile is a trifle more childlike and bland. BRIGHT's heavy artillery not nearly so neat as "BOBBY" SPENCER's pop-gun. This also fired at Member for Huddersfield, when he was nominated additional Whip. It was before the bye-elections had begun to tell, and whilst yet the Dissentient Liberal ranks were unbroken. "BOBBY," himself nearly a year in office, murmured, with far-away look; "Another Whip! Dear me, it seems that, the smaller the muster to be counted the larger the number of Whips."

Business done.—Debate on Second Reading of Local Government Bill commenced.

Friday.—Lords back to-night. Like giants refreshed, after Easter holidays. Plunged desperately into business. DENMAN ("So like dear Mr. Dick is DENMAN," said DUNRAVEN, back from Ireland, where he has been dropping his rents, and raising his salmon) moved Second Reading of Woman's Suffrage Bill. CRANBROOK moved that it be read second time this day six months. What followed so interesting, made *verbatim* note of conversation. Here it is:—

Mr. Dick. May I ask the noble Viscount whether that would mean lunar or calendar months? If lunar, by yonder blessed moon I swear—

Cranbrook. Order! Order!

"O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb."

Besides, swearing's not parliamentary. Ask HALSBURY.

Lord Chancellor (*admires BALFOUR's policy so much, imitates his Parliamentary manner with his legs. Just now got them astray under the table. After struggle, rises to his columnar height.*) Ah—er—don't you think we'd better wait for Brother HERSCHELL? More in his way, doncherknow. His grandfather in the moon and stars business. Spacious firmament on high, and all that; a little out of my way.

Mr. Dick. Must rule, or else I'll take division.

Lord Chancellor. Very well. Then, under circumstances, we'll say it's a lunar month.

House then adjourned.

THE BREAK-DOWN IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.—A queer place for a "break-down," but the Judge, Counsel, and all engaged in the case "stepped it" with alacrity when the defective timber gave timely warning last Wednesday morning. At first the noise was thought to be occasioned by the Last of the Barons cracking a joke, or that some prisoner on his trial had just been "let off" by Mr. Justice HAWKINS. But it was nothing of the sort. It was simply caused by "someone" concerned in building the New Law Courts. On inquiry, of course, it was found impossible to blame the Architect, or the Clerk of the Works, or the Foreman, or the Contractor. It was finally settled that as the green wood used in building had shrunk, the fault was attributable entirely to the "Contracting Party," which, in this instance, 'tis as clear as sunlight, was the beam. If they're all like the Queen's Bench, we can't correctly term any of the Divisions in the new building "Superior Courts."

"HAPPY RETURNS!"—A House crammed in every part welcomed our HENRY and ELLEN on the Faustive occasion of their re-appearance at the Lyceum. He has made a bag of dollars, and certainly as *Mephistopheles* he looked uncommonly dollarous.

WHICH IS IT?—Recently the Gaiety advertisements have informed the public that "Miss ELLEN FARREN" is going to take a benefit, previous to her departure, &c., &c. A few days after this, the last nights (alas!) of "Miss NELLIE FARREN" &c., &c. We have never heard of "ELLEN" FARREN. "NELLIE" is our favourite. But which leaves us? and, if both,—well, we shall grieve for NELLIE, but we shan't Miss ELLEN.



"Go in' bock'agen."

QUITE 'TAKEN' BY LES SURPRISES.

M. BISSON'S "comédie," entitled *Les Surprises du Divorce*, which is now one of the great successes of Paris, was played to such big houses last week at the Royalty as would have been sufficient to warrant M. MAYER in taking month at least. *Les Surprises* structured and most amusing so, genuinely comic, and the



"Coquelinant" at the Royalty.

with even a less popular comedian than COQUELIN, supported by the youthful JEAN COQUELIN and the competent company—including a M. BOULANGER, by the way—whom M. MAYER has got together at the Royalty Theatre.

It is said that Mr. HARE is going to produce an English version of *Les Surprises* at his, at present unbuild, theatre. If so, the adapter, if he lays the scene in England, will have a difficult task, as what is essential to the plot is impossible here, and much detail that is necessary to the humour of the farce an English audience would not tolerate in an English piece; though in a French play, acted by French comedians, "suggestiveness" is expected and condoned in advance by an English audience, who, as a rule, laugh the louder the more they see and the less they understand.

The old "business" of the low comedian, when overcome with emotion, falling on to the keyboard of the piano, of a quiet man bringing in a loaded tray only to be kicked over by the principal low comedian in order to end an Act with something brisk, and to bring down "a quick curtain," would be received by our capricious first-nighters with derision. But what in a French farce is considered by an English audience as "immensely funny," would be voted "old" and "stupid" in an English piece of the same kind. I doubt whether the ringing slap on the face given by the actor to the actress would be acceptable to an English audience, if the characters represented were English. However, these matters are for the adapter's consideration. Taken for what it is, a brisk French farce, played by a good light French company, with plenty of French *sauve piquante*, *Les Surprises du Divorce* is among the funniest pieces to which M. NAQUET'S Divorce Act has given birth.

JACK IN THE BOX.

"TUFFY WAS A WELSHMAN, TUFFY WAS"—AH!—That Reverend Arcadian Welsh Shepherd who was brought up—(he must have been very badly brought up!)—before the Magistrate, at the instance of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for chipping pieces off some old stone table in the Abbey, in order to carry them away as relics, ought to be presented with a living near Chipping Norton. Perhaps "Mr. G." could find him convenient employment at Hawarden. He was fined a couple of sovereigns for the damage done. No doubt he considers he got off very chiply.

A NEW HERESY.—The week before last we mentioned the spread of Ariane-ism in the Strand. But what is "Plagiarism in the Pulpit," for which, in the York Convocation, Dr. HAYMAN wished to condemn Canon FLEMING? Is it a misprint for "Pelagianism"? If not who was the Heresiarch? When did Plagiarism flourish? Of course we do not mean *Sir Fretful*. Poor Canon FLEMING to be gibbeted on "HAYMAN'S gallows"! This would be "suspending" him with a vengeance. Let us hope the worthy FLEMING will be acquitted of Plagiarism.

APPROPRIATE FOR APRIL.—Quite the Month for the Aquarellistes in Pall Mall East and Piccadilly to open their Shows. Plenty of Showers at both places.

MR. PUNCH'S INDIAN POSSESSIONS.

THE *Indian Daily News* of Monday, March 26, has been received at our office, containing the following intelligence:—

"MOTI SINGH, the Rajah of Punch, has come into sudden notoriety by the imprisonment of his Prime Minister and family, and confiscation of their property, &c. The State of Punch lies about midway between Rawal Pindi and Srinugger, &c."

To interview Rajah MOTI SINGH, *Mr. Punch* has, of course, immediately despatched two of his best Rajahs-in-Waiting from his Home Office, KHAN SINGH and MUSTAPHA SINGH with A Note. *Mr. Punch* thinks it due to the Prime Minister to say that this is the first time he has ever heard even the whisper of any charge against him, and he is loth to believe that the present difficulty is due to Russian intrigue. The Two Rajahs will be accompanied (on the Tom-Tom) by the celebrated Indian Guide, RITA-WAZIR; and *Mr. Punch* trusts that the meeting of the three Rajahs—KHAN SINGH, MUSTAPHA SINGH, and MOTI SINGH—who will enjoy the far-famed hospitality of the NIZAM ANPREZAH-DINAR—will be thoroughly harmonious.

THE RECOGNITION OF INHUMANITY.

WHAT would be the reasonable chastisement to award for a misdemeanor no worse than an unprovoked assault by which a sufferer is but grievously injured and irreparably maimed for life? Well, as much, perhaps, as seclusion for a term of some not too long duration. Such was the sentence stated to have been passed by the Recorder of Sheffield on two betting men, one named OXLEY, and the other LAMBERT, convicted of rather too rough horseplay on the person of a respectable tradesman. They had merely knocked him down, and four of his teeth out, broken his jaw, and inflicted injuries styled "serious" upon his head. For these acts of only unlawful wounding, OXLEY was awarded no less than two months' and LAMBERT as much as one month's imprisonment. In this instance, justice, as usual in such cases, was tempered with mercy; and according to precedent not ridiculously too much of the latter. But certainly, the reverse of that view of it was taken by the people of Sheffield. At a crowded meeting of townfolk convened by the Mayor, resolutions were passed actually protesting against the inadequacy of those lenient sentences! What Draconian judgment did the Mayor and his concourse wish to have been pronounced on a somewhat too forcible outbreak of animal spirits? Five years of penal servitude perhaps, and a whipping or two into the bargain? Why, the defendants couldn't have got so much as that unless they had aggravated mere violence with the graver offence of robbery. They seem to have been sent to prison without the option of a fine. Was not that sufficient to satisfy the rigorous requirements of the Men of Sheffield? An imprisonment of two months' duration for an assault upon a man is as heavy a penalty as that usually imposed on the assailant of a woman or a child. Isn't it?

ANOTHER "MYSTERY."—The Shilling Dreadfuls are having a fine time of it. All Murders and Mysteries. The Book-stalls of W. H. SMITH—or "The SMITHIES," as they shall be henceforth termed—are full of them. Among the latest is *The Cliff Mystery*, by Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ, who is also "among the profits." The mere improbable the story, the greater the probability of its being read. Perhaps the Author wrote this shilling tale after a copious draught of what he calls "Château Margot." Does he remember a couplet of CHARLES DANCE'S in *Blue Beard*?—

Margot. For drink, O'SHACKABACK, you needn't far go.

O'Shack. I've searched for you through all the châteaux, MARGOT.

The quotation may not be strictly exact as far as the first line goes, but the second is the one that may have lingered in the Aidéan memory. Let him get some "Margaux," and write another Mystery. The greatest Mystery of all is, that there should be a public for all these 'orrible tales!

"SURE AS FÊTE."—Last Wednesday, April 18, was about as bad a day as any of the Witches in *Macbeth* could wish for. There was thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, fog, sunshine, cold, heat. Quite a Variety Entertainment. Any Forecaster might have predicted it, or something like, without any great meteorological science, if he had only consulted the list of amusements for the forthcoming week in a Saturday or Sunday paper. For was not the First Show of Spring Flowers announced for this particular day at the Botanical Gardens? O cruel *fête!* Poor Flora in a mackintosh and under an umbrella!

AIDS TO NEW DICTIONARY.—Mr. GIRLING writes sensibly about corporal punishment, but "Girling" is hardly the appropriate name for a gentleman who has kept a Boy's School. "Girling" would be a very good telegraphic-codey word, meaning "Educating Girls." If this were adopted, then "Boying" would mean "Bringing up Boys." "I boyed him up" would signify, "I had charge of his education from his earliest boyhood?"

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 7. (After a Celebrated Picture.)

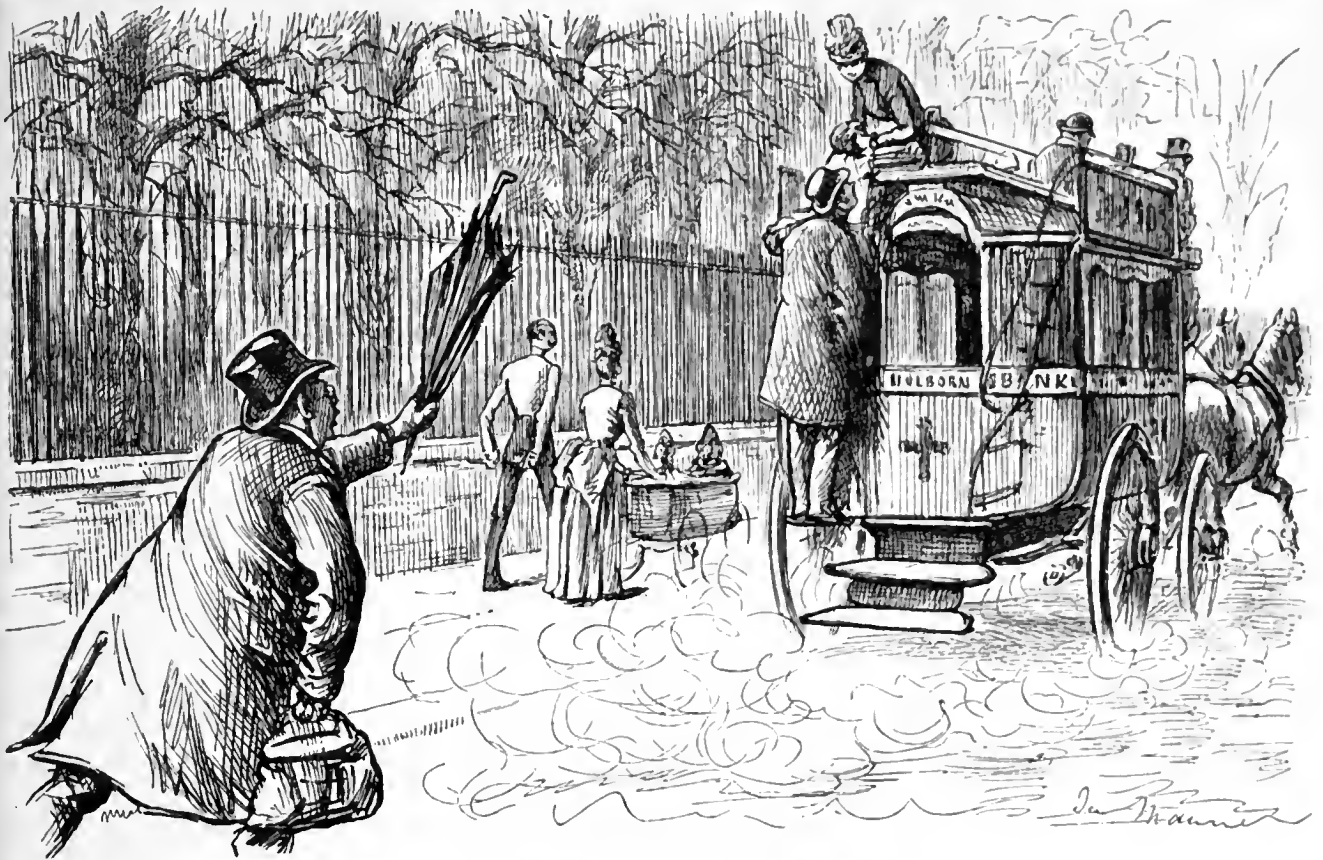


Leslie Fairbank
 April 1888

"RITCHIE'S HIMSELF AGAIN!" — (Till further notice.)

"CHAIR! CHAIR!"—The late Mr. GEORGE GODWIN's collection of the Chairs of Great Men brought in a fair sum. "THEODORE HOOK's Chair with a curious back, revolving so as to serve as a table, sold for nineteen guineas"—"which sum," said GEORGE JOKIN', with ever-ready wit, "ought to have been devoted to a chairy-table purpose."

BRADLAUGH V. PETERS.—At the request of Mr. LABOUCHERE some Members subscribed the £500 damages and costs which PETERS got out of BRADLAUGH. "This," as the Comic Chancellor, GEO. JOKIN observed, "is the first instance within the last four hundred years of a collection of 'Peter's Pence' in the House of Commons."



AN INOPPORTUNE FLIRTATION.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS ON THOUGHTS OF LOVE."

Matthew Arnold.

Born at Laleham, near Staines, December 22, 1822. Died, April 15, 1888. Buried at Laleham, April 19, 1888.

HE who sang "Thyrsis," then, shall sing no more [notes]

This side the stream that stills all earthly
Whilst April wakes the woodland's tardy
song, [floats]

On morn's mild breeze the throstle's fluting
To ears long waiting and attentive long.

But near the shy Thames shore
Mute lies the minstrel who with mellowest
reed [ways]

Piped of its sunny slopes and wandering
Singer of light and of large-thoughted days,
And the soul's stillness, art thou gone indeed?

Great Son of a good father, Laleham's Tower,
'Neath which thou liest, is not firmler set
Than thy well-founded surely growing fame.

The budding briars with April drops are wet,
Anon the river-fields with gold shall flame;
The fritillary flower [feet]

Shall spread its purple where thy frequent
Lovingly lingered. For thy Muse's flight
The Light of Nature's gift is yet more
light,

The Sweetness of Earth's boon is still more
sweet.

The Python of Stupidity is slain
By Phœbus' shafts; the Philistine must fall
To lucid wit and lambent irony;

And hot unreason yieldeth, if at all,
To arms of light. Well, the world owes to
This gospel, and its gain [these]

Perchance is greater than from all the noise

Of Boanerges. Men at least may turn
To thee the gracious ways of calm to learn,
High Culture's bland repose and blameless joys.

"The night as welcome as a friend would
fall,"

So didst thou sing, and lo! to thee it came
Like a friend's sudden clasp, and all was
still. [thy fame]

Sleep well by thy loved Thames; henceforth
With that of "Thyrsis" blent shall haunt
Each reach, each islet, all [each hill,

That spreading scene which CLOUGH and
ARNOLD loved; [more,

And men of English mould will love it
Thinking, on silvery flood and verdant shore,
"Here ARNOLD sang, here gentle Thyrsis
roved!"

* "Thyrsis," MATTHEW ARNOLD's exquisite
Monody on the death of his friend, ARTHUR
HUGH CLOUGH.

TRIED BY THE FURNISSES.—As might have
been expected, the Fiery FURNISS has been
"making it hot" for some of them in his
lectures as reported in last Friday's Times. No
one could more appropriately do this than the
Fiery FURNISSES. His instructive and amusing
Lecture, evidently deals with burning ques-
tions. His next discourse will probably be
headed, "Cremation by FURNISSES," in which
he will discuss the utility of burning bodies,
and the advisability of selecting one consider-
able body—that of the Royal Academy—for
an initial experiment. If he cannot obtain
the entire body, he will be content with
roasting one member at a time. This FURNISS
burns brightly for nearly two hours, and no
sort of interruption ever puts him out.

Goethe and the Very Dickens.

Mephistopheles, "The Spirit who denies,"
is the embodiment of Universal Scepticism.
Mrs. Prig, who "didn't believe there wasn't
no such person" as Mrs. Harris, is the illus-
tration of the particular Sceptic. The first
includes the second, and a term which shall
be a combination of the two may well ex-
press modern scepticism; and this term is
"Mephistophelian-Priggishness."

Mr. Arthur Roberts's Lament.

I CANNOT sing the old song
(Which line perhaps you've heard);
I do not like the old song
As sold by Messrs. SHEARD.
My serious reputation I
Must keep up in Lon-don,—
That second line is halting, but
'Twill be correct if you don't put
"The" (proper) "accent on."

SOMETHING LIKE A CONVERSION.—At the
first conference of the Pastors' College Evan-
gelical Association last Wednesday, when
Mr. SPURGEON made one of his most telling
and characteristic speeches, a Converted Devil
addressed the Assembly. True he was only a
Printer's Devil; but this is a step in the
right direction, which would have delighted
the Original ORIGIN and generous ROBBIE
BURNS of Ayr,—of that Ayr, by the way,
whence came the pair Printer's Deil in ques-
tion. He was one of the "inko guid."

A DILEMMA.—The Managers of St. James's
Theatre have decided not to keep *The Wife's
Secret*, but, on the other hand, they can't let
it out.

THE WATER-COLOUR INSTITUTE.

SIR JAMES LINTON, you'll first notice, has a splendid "*Sacharissa*," Near it THOMAS'S "*Verandah*" has a most unpleasant shine; But, as one great consolation, you can never fail to miss a Clever "*Doleful Dumps*" by TENNIEL, that's hung upon the line.



"Our Jolly Young Water-(Colour)-Man."

Here's JAMES ORROCK'S "*On the Solway*," ERNEST PARTON paints us birches,

ARTHUR SEVERN Mussel-gatherers who fly from Morecambe Bay; While our KEELEY HALSWELLE shows us quite the loveliest of churches, And well JOSEPH KNIGHT'S depicted what he calls "*The Morn-*"

In the next room we've some WEDDONS, which are bright and realistic,

While CHARLES GREEN has made his Turvydrop as perfect as Would that GREGORY'S "*Marooned*" were far less hot and inartistic,—

As a contrast, note how WYLLIE or how EAST has treated sea.

HUBERT MEDLYCOTT'S "*Fishmongers' Hall and View of London Bridge*" is

Neatly painted, and there's cleverness in KILBURNE'S old gavotte; EDWIN HAYES has shown us trawlers crossing heavy ocean-ridges, While STOCK'S soul in contemplation rivals even Oldham's STOTT.

Passing on, we note Count SECKENDORF'S "*San Remo*," then the haunted

Chamber NASH has deftly painted; and a picture tells the tale Of how men are sore deceivers: there the Scot reads on undaunted, In "*The Covenanters*" feeling that the bible will prevail.

There is WARREN'S "*Wealth of Woodland*," TERRY'S "*Interesting Story*,"

In "*A Chapter from the Koran*," lo! the auditors are mute; And there's many another painter who deserves his meed of glory; But the bard has spun six stanzas. *Quantum suff., O Institute!*

THE "PRODIGY" SONS.

THE infant OTTO HEGNER—a name very suggestive of a chicken scarcely out of its shell—has, it appears, been performing at the Philharmonic, a circumstance which the Musical Critic of the *Times*, who very reasonably urges that, as the Society is supposed to represent the interests of high-class music, it might be above yielding to the craze of the hour, confesses he views both with surprise and regret. That there is a regular flood of these musical prodigies threatening to sweep over every concert-hall platform, there is not a doubt; and while the public rush in applauding crowds to welcome them, it is not easy to see where it is to stop. As long as the fever lasts, their parents, whatever their weight, may be counted upon to keep hurrying them to the "scales," and set them down to the keyboard practising till they are often literally laid on their *Bach's*. Meantime, while the infants struggle, it is becoming a serious question for the regular adult performers, who will find their occupation gone, and certainly not know what to do with themselves, if the former are to have it all their own way. For them, whatever the public may think of it, the matter will undoubtedly be no mere "child-play," and they will surely hail any signs indicating that this recent determined invasion of the concert-room by the nursery is at all on the wane, with every expression of unfeigned delight.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A BOND STREET GALLERY.

SCENE—*Exhibition Rooms of a well-known Art Dealer's, where the main attraction is a very charming collection of Japanese impressions by a Rising Painter. In the first room are displayed miscellaneous landscapes and figure-subjects by other painters, which two Prosaic Persons are inspecting in puzzled silence.*

First Prosaic Person (after examining pictures of coast scenery by "Mr. William Stott, of Oldham"). I daresay it's all right—but it's not my idea of Japan! *[Feels vaguely defrauded.]*

Second P. P. (sensibly). I expect, if the truth was told, most places are pretty much alike. Seems to be something going on in the further room, though,—better go in and see if there's anything to be seen there, eh?

[They enter the inner Gallery, which is draped in dull carnation and pale yellow, and hung with sketches framed in old gold and dead copper, arranged in somewhat irregular order. Visitors are moving slowly from one picture to the other, making enthusiastic comments in a reverent whisper.]

First P. P. (a little dubiously). This looks more like it. Very eccentric, though, sticking the pictures about in patches like this!

Second P. P. (shrewdly). Oh, they naturally want to make 'em go as far as they can, but they might have hung 'em in patterns,—much neater-looking than this. Will you get a Catalogue, or shall I?

First P. P. (without feeling in his pockets). Well, I'm not sure whether I have any silver about me.

Second P. P. That little Japanese girl, who sells them, will give you change, if you ask her.

First P. P. (annoyed). How the dooce am I to ask for change, when I don't know the language?

Second P. P. Oh, I'll get it, then. I'll make her understand somehow. *(Goes up to little Jap. Lady, and proceeds to gesticulate elaborately with a shilling.)* You give me—one book, I give you—this. You understand?

Jap. Lady (sedately). I unnerstan' verri well. But the Catalogue is only seekspence—I can give you change.

Second P. P. (returning to friend with Catalogue). Wonderful how you can get along with signs! I never have any difficulty wherever I go. *[They proceed to examine the pictures.]*

First P. P. I wonder why they've all got a little red spot on the frame?

Second P. P. Oh, they put that on to show they're sold. Same as a star, you know.

First P. P. But some of them are ticketed "sold."

Second P. P. (staggered). Well, you may depend on it, it isn't done without some reason. Pity he don't finish his things more, isn't it?

First P. P. I daresay he wasn't given time. I've heard the authorities are very particular out there. *(Pointing to sketch of village street.)* Those Chinese lanterns aren't bad, though.

Second P. P. N-no, but you can get them anywhere now.

An Ancient Amateur (with loud voice, patronisingly to Manager). I congratulate you—very attractive exhibition you've got here—exceedingly so, indeed!

Manager (foreseeing a potential purchaser). It's having a great success, certainly. Have you seen the Press notices?

[Shows cuttings, mounted on pieces of cardboard.]

The A. A. (waving them away). I don't require any papers to tell me what to admire. And I say again, there is some remarkably good work here—I don't care who hears me!

Manager. Quite so—now here's a fine one, look at the purity of that colour, now? And not expensive.

The A. A. Isn't it, though? Well, if Mr. *(mentioning name of rising Painter)*, was here, I could tell him something he might find worth his attention.

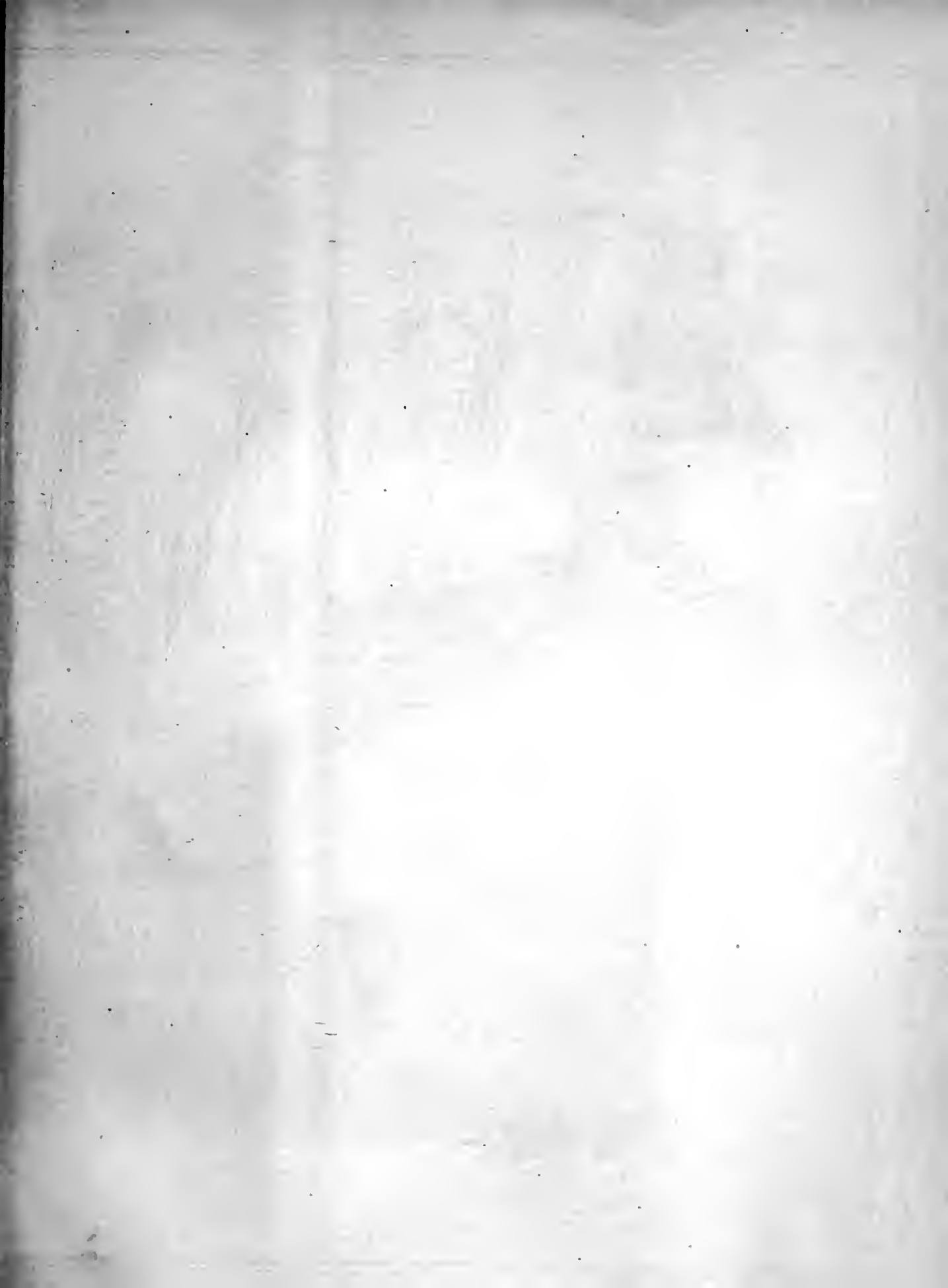
Manager. I think he is in the Gallery. Ah! there he is. Would you like to be introduced to him?

The A. A. (with condescension). Certainly, certainly, by all means! *(Introduction effected accordingly. Rising Painter slightly mystified.)* How are you?—how are you? Very glad to have this opportunity. Always glad to see the younger men succeeding. *(Rising Painter, more mystified than ever, wonders who the deuce he is.)* I know all about these things. I daresay you'll know my name when I mention it. *(Importantly.)* I'm JABBERLEY, Sir. I've been to Japan. *(As if the R. P. hadn't.)*

[By this time a small crowd has collected, under the impression that the A. A. is the Painter himself.]

The R. P. (courteously vague). Oh, JABBERLEY, to be sure—of course! And you have been out there?

The A. A. (louder than ever). I have; and I may say I know something of the effects it is possible to get with that atmosphere. I sketched a good deal while I was there, purely for my own amusement, you understand *(the R. P. bows)*, and I can give you a hint







L'AUDACE !!





WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE IMPRESSIONIST) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Our Impressionist. "VERY SLOPPY, ISN'T IT!"

Our Lady Critic. "WELL,—I SHOULD NEVER HAVE DARED TO SAY SO,—BUT, SINCE YOU MENTION IT YOURSELF, I HONESTLY CONFESS I THINK IT'S VERY SLOPPY INDEED!" *Our Impressionist.* "I'M SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER!"

Our Lady Critic. "THE WEATHER! OH, THE WEATHER ISN'T SLOPPY!"

you may find useful next time you go. You get some rice—plain, ordinary rice—you follow me? (*General interest on part of Public.*) Well, you boil it, strain off the water, and put in your skies with that, d'ye see? (*Suppressed fury on part of R. P.*) You'll find it'll give a glaze, Sir, that it would take you a lifetime to get in any other way! And (*impressively*) there's this further advantage—when you've done, there's your rice, as good as ever. Now, you take my advice, and try it. Good day—most happy to have been of any service to you! [*Exit A. A., leaving R. P. perfectly speechless with indignation.*]

A Well-meaning Lady-Visitor. They're simply too lovely, all of them. I could quite fancy myself in the Japanese Village at Knightsbridge, you know!
First P. P. (to Second ditto). Here, you've got the Catalogue—what's No. 56?
Second P. P. "The Tea-House of the Slender Trees"—at least (*cautiously*) that's what it's down as.

First P. P. (blankly). Oh, a fancy title, I suppose—and the next?

Second P. P. (referring to Catalogue, as before). "A Japanese Fiftine at the Fair."

First P. P. A Japanese what at the Fair?

Second P. P. "Fiftine" seems to be the native name for a girl out there. Here's an odd subject now—62. "Two Singing Girls waiting for a Jimrickshaw." Don't understand what that means—sounds like nonsense to me.

[*Which is his way of saying that it is nonsense.*]
First P. P. No subject in that. I like a picture that tells you at a glance what it's all about, but what are you to make of a "jimrickshaw?" What's this one with the umbrella?

Second P. P. (reading). "The Child and the Umbrella." The umbrella is pitched by the side of the stall to shade it from the intense sunlight."

First P. P. (suspiciously). Is that in the Catalogue?

Second P. P. (hurt). You can read it for yourself if you like.

First P. P. Well, he needn't have gone to Japan to find out that! Have you had enough of it?

Second P. P. I don't want to see any more. And (*with a show of humility*) it may be my bad taste—perhaps it is—but I'd rather have one good honest English oleograph than a dozen of these outlandish things. (*Proudly.*) I

would indeed! [*They make their way out, with glances of wondering pity at the other Visitors, who (not being Prosaic Persons) are showing a very evident appreciation of the Exhibition—a circumstance which possibly consoles the Rising Painter and his Manager for any exceptions to the general rule.*]

L'AUDACE!!

"De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!"

On the old quest, and after the old quarry?

Audacity's the arm for such a task.

The sight is stale, from use, and something sorry,

Of climbing CÆSAR with the patriot mask.

Great Uncle, little Nephew, in such fashion

Clambered and clutched; may not another scale

The steep whose fair first step is patriot passion,

A splendid pretext seldom known to fail?

Ho for the eyrie! There the golden eagle

Perches, a little shabby-plumed of late

'Tis true, not quite so obviously regal

As when of old he sat in solemn stato,

Pinnacled high, and spreading mighty pinion,

Ready for arrowy flight or thunderous swoop;

Lord of the upper ether's large dominion,

King of the mountain-haunting harpy troop.

Rome's mimic eagles "glared in gold;" this creature

Glared at the sun with orbs almost as bright.

Age-dimmed? Perchance! But each Stymphalian

feature,

The brazen claw, the beak of iron might

Remain to mark the breed, sublime, predacious,

And moulted plumes may be prepeened in sooth;

Sweeping again athwart its air-realm spacious,

The Imperial Eagle may renew its youth.

Cling, clutch, bold climber! Foothold most precarious

Those crags afford; but there the golden prize

Perches alone—such birds are not gregarious—

Peering down on you with half-curious eyes,

Those eyes that scanned the Corsican, and goggled

Upon the lesser hero HUO scoured.

So tough a task must not be botched or boggled,

But with audacious caution should be urged.

"Be bold—be bold—be not too bold!" To measure

Strength, skill, and daring artfully aright

Is not for bunglers. But that tempting treasure!

The chance of lofty place and splendid flight!

A thought to fire—and dazzle. From below you

Rings on your ear the fickle mob's acclaim;

They watch, they worship. Some day they will know

you:

Will the late knowledge safety bring, or shame?

Sedan and St. Helena tell their stories,

But those seem old wives' fables when the chance

Revenge of snatching, of renewing glories

Swims on the ken of splendour-loving France.

The Dove is a tame fowl; perpetual cooing

Palls on the Gallic ear, what time so near

The strenuous Teuton the War God is wooing.

The Eagle! Ah! Glad memories, triumphs dear,

Link with the Olympian fowl, and who'll remember

The Bird of Jove is also bird of prey?

Oh, Man of Destiny, Man of December,

Your Shades must surely watch your France to-day.

This scarcely looks the Eagle that once fluttered

Europe's scared Courts from London to Berlin,

When Vulture, Hawk, and Falcon shrieked and scut-

tered

Before its swoop with dire dismay and din.

More like the prisoned eagle, sick and sulky,

That cannot rove or rend, and will not pair.

And yet our latest cragsman, bold, and bulky,

With none too much of the heroic air,

The Boulevardier's Bourgeois-Bayard, struggles

By the old steps to the old eyrie. Yes!

And will the old end crown the old, old juggles?

Can France foresee, the World do more than guess?

OMINOUS NAME.—When General BOULANGER appears in public, he is generally accompanied by M. LAGUERRE. That BOULANGER and LA-GUERRE should be inseparables, —ça donne à penser.



“THE SERMON QUESTION.”

Curate (Musical). “BUT WHY DO YOU OBJECT TO HAVING A HYMN DURING THE COLLECTION?”

Rector (Practical). “WELL, YOU SEE, I PREACH A GOOD SERMON, WHICH I CALCULATE SHOULD MOVE THE PEOPLE TO AN AVERAGE OF HALF-A-CROWN EACH; BUT I FIND, DURING A LONG HYMN, THEY SEEM TO COOL DOWN, AND IT BARELY BRINGS A SHILLING A HEAD!”

NOVELS AS THEY ARE WROTE.

ANXIOUS to discover whether there were any grounds for the statement recently put forth by Mr. WALTER BESANT in regard to the work of the novelist, to the effect that “no moving situation was ever yet depicted that did not cause the author anguish and tears,” and also with a view to ascertaining how far the writers of modern fiction, before they are able to impress their readers with the force of any particular situation they attempt to describe, are under the necessity of first practically realising it fully themselves, our Commissioner, in conformity with his announcement made last week, has been hurrying about, and interviewing several well-known authors, in the hopes of throwing some light on the subject. The following is a summary of the result of such inquiries as he has been enabled to make in the interval.

Mr. WILLIAM BLACK thoroughly agrees with Mr. WALTER BESANT. He not only cries and laughs, but sings, and even dances and roars over his work, so completely is he carried away by it. This is especially the case in his description of natural phenomena. Sometimes, in depicting a storm, he has sat in his study with an open umbrella over him, and even rushed into an adjacent room to have a shower-bath, from which he has emerged dripping, to finish his chapter. This has frequently given him violent influenza. But he is sure it has enabled him to reach his public.

Mr. RIDER HAGGARD is of the same opinion, and he cannot conceive a strong situation affecting the reader which has not powerfully affected the author. He wrote the famous apotheosis of “*She*” in a darkened room, with a flaming bowl of snap-dragon before him, and as he realised the full horror of the scene he was describing, he fairly yelled, and jumped round the room, leaping over the sofa, chairs, and tables in his wild excitement. Ultimately collapsing in a smothered heap on the hearth-rug and upsetting the contents of the snap-dragon bowl over him, he was discovered enveloped in blue flame by his Secretary, who finally put him out. He then crept to his chair and put the closing lines to the scene. All his best work has been done in this fashion. He believes it to be the only way.

Mr. LOUIS STEVENSON always identifies himself with his own characters. When building up the peculiarities of his famous villains in his romance of *Treasure Island*, he used frequently to spend his spare time in creeping about the house stealthily and chuckling over their evil deeds, and he would often, when dining out, find himself, in the intervals of conversation, involuntarily singing “*Fifteen men on a dead man’s chest! Ye ho! ho! ho! for a bottle of Rum!*” Even the episode of throwing the crutch was rehearsed. He flung a pair of drawing-room tongs through a conservatory at a parrot in a brass cage, and brought it down. That is how he got his inspiration. He felt intensely the necessity of realising every line he wrote, and his life had in consequence become almost a succession of gymnastics.

Mr. MARION CRAWFORD never puts pen to paper without “tears and anguish.” When in his recent novel, *Paul Patoff*, he began describing the eccentricities of the hero’s mother, he had to be removed to Bedlam to finish it. He weeps copiously over every line he writes, and never sits down to a fresh chapter without being first provided with a large supply of pocket handkerchiefs.

MARIE CORELLI is powerfully affected by her own conceptions. When engaged in the production of her novel *Vendetta*, she was so engrossed in her subject that she felt herself several times impelled by an almost uncontrollable impulse to waylay the tax-collector and stab him with a paper-knife. Thus she nourished a real thirst for vengeance. Even her publishers were at last afraid to meet her.

Mr. F. ANSTEY, the moment he sits down to his study-table, is so conscious that he ought to put something funny on to paper, that he not infrequently goes into such fits of laughter that he is utterly unable to hold his pen. When at work on his *Fallen Idol*, he was so often in hysterics from this cause, that he produced the greater portion of it in company with his Medical Adviser, who had to be perpetually lowering his spirits by the administration of powerful sedatives until the last chapter was finished. He wrote the whole of his first novel. *Vice Versa*, at a scream.

Mr. HAWLEY SMART feels that, to reach his readers, an Author must put himself in the position he endeavours to describe; he has therefore written every line of his latest work, *The Outsider*, on the knife-board of an omnibus.

Mr. LEWIS CARROL expressed surprise that it was not generally known that he wrote the greater portion of *Alice in Wonderland* while standing on his head. This was how he got hold of the “*Jabberwock*.” He had recently been engaged on a new work, during the production of which he had turned frequent back-somersaults. He fully concurred with Mr. WALTER BESANT’S proposition.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 16.—More debate on Second Reading of Local Government Bill. COURTNEY led off, dragging into his Memorial the reference to Proportional Representation which serves him as head of King CHARLES THE FIRST served another eminent man. After him came CHAMBERLAIN. Aspect of House suddenly changed. Benches filled up. Members became really interested. Seems to be, after all, something intelligible in Bill. A striking speech, fluent, concise, admirably phrased, and mercifully brief. Touched up, moreover, with some of those little thrusts at former friends, which so delights House. COURTNEY playfully chaffed; GLADSTONE who, fortunately, did not happen to be present, put hopelessly in the wrong. MUNDELLA at one point ventured to say, "Oh!"; thought he would have been chawed up on the spot. Concluded to listen to remaining portions of speech in silence.

HARTINGTON so far interested, that he didn't get more than forty winks' sleep throughout the speech. Quite exception this. Has profited immensely out of debate as far as it has gone. Looks forward to many peaceful evenings in Committee; doesn't mind an occasional late night or exceptionally hard work through the day. Whenever Local Government Bill is on goes down to House, settles himself in corner seat on Front Bench, crosses his legs, closes his eyes, falls asleep like a shot. CHAMBERLAIN'S vivacity little disturbing. But HARTINGTON made it up later, when CHAPLIN rose.

"Washington Mission nothing to this," said GRANDOLPH, moodily regarding the scene. "Anyone could arrange a Fishery Treaty. CHAMBERLAIN the only man who has been able to make debate on Local Government Bill interesting since RITCHIE brought Bill in."

WILFRID LAWSON poked fun at CHAMBERLAIN'S championship of Selected Councillors. Objected only to name. Call them Aldermen, and all would be well, LAWSON agreed. Drew moving picture of Alderman CHAPLIN and Alderman BARTELOT going to Church.

Writ moved to-day for election for Mid-Lanarkshire. So exit STEPHEN MASON. Pity he wasn't here just another night to take part in revolt against Lord Advocate. This burst forth after midnight. The MACKINTOSH moved Opposition to particular Scotch Endowment scheme. Lord Advocate rose, said not a word for or against scheme, but gave Scotch Members terrible wiggling for coming to House and presuming to call in question a scheme approved by Scotch Education Department. Something in appearance of Lord Advocate that would have carried terror to Southron mind; and the towering form, the majesty of wrath, the flashing eye, the quivering lip, all terrible. But Scots-wha-hae not to be cowed. Turned upon Lord Advocate; angrily protested against his scolding.

A pretty scene. JOSEPH GILLIS looking on from below Gangway, smiled approvingly. No knowing but what, in time, something might be made of these Scotch Members. House didn't adjourn till quarter to one.

Business done.—Local Government Bill.

Tuesday Night.—What a night we have had to be sure! Makes up for the ponderous performance through morning sitting. All began in little mistake. Everybody thought House would be counted when SPEAKER took Chair again at Nine o'clock. Consequence was, everyone, including Lord Advocate, settled down comfortably to dinner. But Teetotallers interested in Second Order, introducing Local Option in Scotland. Teetotallers don't want as much time for dinner as other people; so down in full force at Nine o'clock. Count tried; defeated. BRYCE moved Second Reading of Access to Scotch Mountains Bill. Lord Advocate instructed to oppose measure. But where was Lord Advocate? Scouts sent out in search. Access to Lord Advocate even more difficult than access to Scotch Mountains. Bill



Exit Stephen Mason.



The Judicious McLagan.

Lord Advocate instructed to oppose measure. But where was Lord Advocate? Scouts sent out in search. Access to Lord Advocate even more difficult than access to Scotch Mountains. Bill

passed Second Reading. McLAGAN moved Scotch Local Option Bill without saying a word. A good deal to say; but Lord Advocate might be in any moment; so the judicious McLAGAN pocketed his speech, and got his Bill passed. At this moment Lord Advocate arrived with shining face and dinner dress. Cordially cheered by Scotch Radical Members who had just passed most important stage of two Bills designed to undermine Constitution.

Thirty Bills on the Orders; all private Members' ventures; most of them horribly Radical; scouts still out; Ministers dropping in breathless and alarmed; Benches filling up on both sides; every man in dinner-dress looking as if he had just been torn away from dinner-table when cigars and coffee coming on. In excitement of moment, RICHARD TEMPLE got locked in "Aye" Lobby; Rescued through "No" Lobby. Old Morality arrived just in time to see him emerge, offering observations understood to be Hindustance.

By Eleven o'clock House quite full; threw itself with ardour into discussion of Steam Engines and Boilers Bill; here JACKSON distinguished himself in quite unexpected fashion. Seems that, before he became Financial Secretary, spent his youth in a boiler; his early manhood among the flues. Old Morality gazed at him with unfeigned admiration. EDWARD CLARKE began to think it was worth while being rushed from dinner-table to hear this.

"If," said JACKSON, with air of conviction, "an employer of labour does not know that his boiler is subject to corrosion, where has he lived? Some one says 'No,'" JACKSON continued, fiercely turning in the direction of MUNDELLA. "As an employer of labour, I can say that I always looked after my own boiler. I have been in a boiler several times, and through all its flues."

House cheered enthusiastically. JACKSON not quite the figure for a comfortable exploration of recesses of a flue. But as CLARKE, jealous for veracity of his colleague, says, "He entered the flue before he entered the House." No resisting flood of JACKSON'S eloquence. "Speaks so fluently," said GEORGE JOKIN. Using phrase in Parliamentary sense, JACKSON burst the boiler. Bill rejected by overwhelming majority.

"There's a Government for you," said ANNISON, Q.C. "Hit them where you like, they ring out sound. Only Ministry of modern times that includes a Member at home in a boiler, and fluent about flues."

Business done.—Immense! Unprecedented!! Something like half a score of Private Bills debated and disposed of!!! JACKSON emerged triumphant out of Boiler Flue!!!!

Wednesday. Full attendance to-day. Second Reading of Deceased



Alderman Chaplin, M.P.

Wife's Sister Bill on again. LOCKWOOD says she's the only Sister Bill he ever heard of. Supposes her full name is WILHELMINA. Seems a little familiar to allude to her as "Bill." But that familiarity of long standing. Been with House for many years. Members know all about arguments. Have come to vote. Will not remain to listen; so missed mincing speech of HOME SECRETARY, in which he sedulously trotted out CARDINAL MANNING to sanction his illiberal views. HUGHES-HALLETT, sitting just behind, much impressed. HOME SECRETARY opposed Bill on ground that it would lead to invasion of sanctity of domestic circle, and undermine social purity. "Ah!" said HUGHES-HALLETT, sniffing at scent of violets in his button-hole, "that will never do."

So when time came, he went out with HOME SECRETARY, CHAPLIN, and other good men, to vote against WILHELMINA.

Simple JOHN SIMON met the Pieman, represented by HOME SECRETARY. Utterly routed him on question of Jewish practice. HENRY FOWLER brought up reserves, pitting Cardinal NEWMAN against Cardinal MANNING, and throwing in Cardinal WISEMAN. FOWLER succeeded in adding rare touch of interest to well-worn theme by relating forgotten story of how the present law was established. All about a Duke who loved his WILHELMINA and married her. LYNDHURST brought in Bill in Lords, which said "Duke not guilty, but no one else must do it again." That's the law in a nutshell. House decided to crack it. 239 voted for HENAOE'S Bill, 182 against.

Business done.—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill read Second Time by majority of 57.

Thursday.—ARTHUR BALFOUR really confused to-night. Generally thought that lowest depths of barbarous cruelty been reached when O'BRIEN's breeches were annexed.

Now SWEENEY's braces are missing.

BALFOUR more than suspected. CLANCY brings charge in form of question. BALFOUR, white to the lips, tries to assume easy air. But E. HARRINGTON sternly pins him to the fact that when JOHN SWEENEY entered Galway goal he wore braces—"Suspenders" they were called in the printed question, braces not being a Parliamentary word; when JOHN SWEENEY woke up one morning he found his suspenders had disappeared, like the snow on the mountains, like the foam on the river, gone and for ever.

Where are those suspenders now? E. HARRINGTON asked.

Guilty blood mounted to forehead of ARTHUR BALFOUR. No one even suggested that he had personally appropriated SWEENEY's suspenders. *But where were they?* No satisfactory answer. Whole thing looked very bad, and Government gladly changed subject by resuming debate on Local Government Bill.

Business done.—SWEENEY's suspenders solemnly sought.

Friday.—Fireworks at last. Sixth night of debate on Second Reading of Local Government Bill. A long, depressing experience. To-night, just when flickering out, HARCOURT lighted up place with corrusgation of impromptus. "Went for" his dear friend and late colleague CHAMBERLAIN with great gusto. Only pity CHAMBERLAIN not there to hear it. House enjoyed it immensely. Quite took shine out of GOSCHEN, who didn't make single joke.

Business done.—Local Government Bill read Second Time.

VALUABLE LITERARY FRAGMENT.

It is with much pleasure that we publish the following extract from a new historical play, which, judging from internal evidence, seems to have been written by the joint Authors of the latest Haymarket success.

SCENE—Hampton Court. Wits of the period discovered laughing.

Lady of the Court. Ah, Mr. SHERIDAN and you consider the poem I have read to you will have great weight with his Majesty?

Sheridan (with a low bow). It should, Madam—for it is decidedly heavy.

Dryden. Put that in your next comedy and bury it.

[*Takes a pinch of snuff and nudges CIBBER.* *Some laugh.*

Colley Cibber. It would be safer in the Doctor's Dictionary—there no one would read it.

[*Takes snuff and nudges SHERIDAN.* *All laugh.*

Johnson. That is a matter of opinion, Mr. CIBBER; but remember, as BOSWELL says, we cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

[*DRYDEN, CIBBER, and SHERIDAN nudge each other and take snuff. JOHNSON scowls.* *Some laugh.*

Herald. The King!

Flourish of trumpets. Enter WILLIAM THE THIRD and QUEEN ANNE with Court.

King. Where is the Duchess?

Colley Cibber (with a low bow). I presume, Sire, you ask for the Duch-ess as a Dutch-man? [*The King smiles. All smile, except the Black Page in the corner.*

Flourish of trumpets. Enter the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH.

King. So, my Lords and Gentlemen, you are in Hampton Court, and you are pleased with it? [*Only the Black Page smiles.*

Dryden (with a low bow). Certainly, Sire, we find no hamper in Hampton. [*All laugh.*

King. Quite so; but it is not every bird that knows his own nest on a market day in September. [*Half the Court laugh.*

Colley Cibber (half aside). That depends, your Majesty, on the company! [*Nearly all laugh.*

Defoe. But you forget that two's company, and three none.

[*Nudges DRYDEN, who chuckles, and nudges COLLEY CIBBER.* *Some laugh.*

Swift (satirically). Except on Ash Wednesday.

[*All laugh except BOSWELL, and the Herald with the trumpet.*

Lady of the Court (curtseying). Nay, your Reverence, you forget that a miller in a white hat has as much right to look at a cat as a king. [*DRYDEN nudges CIBBER, who nudges JOHNSON.* *All three laugh aside.*

Sheridan. I am reminded by your Ladyship's observation that those ducks are putting their heads under the water for divers reasons. [*Everybody laughs.*

Oliver Goldsmith. What do you know about water, you impecunious one? Unless you take it in French as a *oue*?

[*He nudges COLLEY CIBBER, who walks angrily away, using gold-headed cane.* *Some laugh.*

Steele. Which would be appropriate. You would expect to find a hoe near a rake. [*All laugh except JOHNSON, who nudges CIBBER.*

Addison. Talking of rakes, I suppose you would buy one with a *spade* guinea?

[*Takes snuff, and offers box to DEFOE, who pockets it.* *Exit DEFOE, followed by ADDISON.* *Some laugh.*

Johnson. Well, and why not? A shilling is, after all, only twelve pence, and although I may be a penny wise, there is one close to me who would be a pound foolish—or a philosopher! [*All laugh.*

[*Exit the Queen, much annoyed, followed by the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH, using fan.* *Exit Black Page.*

King. I can well believe that, for I have often been to the Treasury and—

Dryden (bowing obsequiously). With your Majesty's pardon—found it empty!

[*The King laughs heartily, and slaps DRYDEN on the back. Everybody in convulsions and slapping everybody else on the back.* *Music.*

King. Well argued, Master Poet; but methinks good COLLEY CIBBER, there is as much news in a hazel nut as an Intelligencer.

Colley Cibber. And so, Your Majesty, I take my leave—

Sheridan. Which is all you can take without the help of a French Dictionary!

[*COLLEY CIBBER growls and exits slowly, as if not having got a repartee quite ready. DRYDEN and JOHNSON nudge each other, and try to conceal their laughter.* *All laugh.*

King. You press him too hard; remember that when a grub is broken on the wheel you cannot expect it to turn out a butterfly.

Sheridan. Saving your Majesty's presence—except it be well-bred. Like a half-open door—not only a door, but—

King. A Pomp-a door! [*Everybody roaring with laughter.*

Lady of the Court (convulsed with merriment). Nay, Sire, as you are strong be merciful! [*Swoons.*

Dryden. Merciful, Madam! In good sooth, your request, like your weight, should turn the scales—as a fish does! [*Some laugh.*

Re-enter COLLEY CIBBER.

King. Well, and what is the latest news?

Colley Cibber (with a profound bow). I regret to say, your Majesty, that Queen ANNE is dead! [*All laugh.*

Curtain.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

You'll find a vast variety of pictures here to con,

Here bright, and true as ever, is our excellent Sir JOHN!

And BRIBKET FOSTER's skilful hand doth exquisitely trace

The colour and the beauty of Verona's Market Place;

While HERBERT MARSHALL's London Views are full of London tone,

And Miss MONTALBA's Venice is delicious you will own.

The "Loiterers," by ALFRED FRIPP, the "Quay Pool," done by HALE,

And SMALLFIELD'S "Sleepy Sussex," to view you will not fail;

With HUNT's fresh breezy landscapes how delighted you will be,

And MOORE's pellucid breakers save excursions to the sea.

There is ANDREWS' View of Strasbourg, there is PARKER'S "Harvest Time,"

And a picture by GLINDONI, which is hard to get in rhyme.

There are drawings by Miss MARTINEAU, by WATSON, and by

WHAITE,

By BEAVIS, BOYCE, and BRADLEY—but allow me just to state—

There are many more you'll look at; 'twill repay you well, I know,

If you'll drop in some fine morning to this Water-Colour Show.

THE DRAMATIST IN THE LOBBY.—Mr. JOSEPH NOLAN is said to be engaged on bringing out a new version of *The Stranger*.



The Old (near Waterloo Place Wateran, 5, Pall Mall East.

THE "MODEL AGITATOR."

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—When ready to start, place the toy upon the floor of the House of Commons, and (with or without introducers) allow the little



and the Members of both sides of the House, and is calculated to raise an important point of order.

fellow to proceed to the table during the address of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

These instructions being faithfully observed, it will at once become an object of absorbing interest to the SPEAKER

VOCES POPULI.
AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

SCENE—A British Theatre, on stage of which that irresistibly funny farcical comedy, "Les Vivacités d'un Vrai Lapin," with the celebrated M. PATATRAS in the principal rôle, is in course of representation. "Les Vivacités," though comparatively unobjectionable in its main idea, contains incidents and allusions by which British propriety would be painfully scandalised in a literally translated version, but which, in their native form, do not seem somehow to outrage the susceptibilities of the highly respectable Anglo-Saxons of both sexes and various ages who occupy all the best seats.

On the Stage. M. PATATRAS is piteously detailing the story of his domestic unhappiness to a cynical friend, interrupted by frequent merriment from the audience.

In the Stalls. British Matron (whose mirth is far less restrained than it would be in any other Stalls). Oh, it is really too funny! I'm sure I don't know what it is that makes one laugh so!

[And, to do her justice, she does not in the least, the only phrase she caught being—"Et c'est toujours comme ça!" But it is so silly not to laugh when everybody else is in fits.

British Parent (to his Daughter, whom he has brought here with a view to discovering how far she has profited by that year at the Boulogne Boarding School—he himself is "a little rusty in his French.") Well, I haven't heard you laugh much yet! Thought you understood the language?

The Daughter (hurt). I do, Papa, I understand every word they say—only, I don't always quite know what the jokes mean.

B. P. (indignantly). And this is what they call education nowadays! Ah, well, I might have spared my money, it seems.

On the Stage. Mlle. MAQUILLÉE, as "Mme. Gandinois," says to Visitor, "Asseyez-vous donc, je vous prie; vous nous ferez l'amitié de dîner avec nous ce soir, n'est-ce pas?" The Visitor. "Comment donc—mais c'est moi un contraire qui," &c., &c.

In the Dress Circle. First Briton (with a smile of subtle appreciation). Very smartly written, this dialogue, eh?—that last bit!

Second Briton (who has been secretly wishing they wouldn't speak so confoundedly fast.) Full of esprit—full of esprit! We're no match for them there!

[An aside is spoken on stage, which convulses the initiated; both Britons a little late in laughing, and resolve to watch one another's face in future—result being that before end of Second Act each darkly suspects the other of being a humbug.

On the Stage. "L'Ami de la Maison" to "M. Gandinois:" "Froide? (Aside.) Ah, non, par exemple!" [Roars of laughter. British Fiancée (who is determined JOHN shall not think her dull, behind her handkerchief). Isn't it killing?

John (who has been beginning to think her rather too lively, with a slight stiffness). Well, some people might find it a trifle broad—but so long as you're amused—

B. F. (in extreme confusion). Oh, I thought this piece was all right—or I wouldn't... that's the worst of French, you never know!

[Wishes they had gone to "Dorothy" instead.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Lady in Box (to her friend). Enjoying it, dear?

The Friend (rapturously). Oh, so much! it's perfectly delightful! (With a sudden impulse to candour.) You know, I didn't quite follow everything they said.

First Lady. Oh, but one doesn't—you get into it, by degrees, you know. You'll find yourself beginning to get more accustomed to it by the time they come to the end of the last Act—At least that's my experience.

In the Pit. Plain Man (to Quiet Neighbour). Comical kind o' piece, eh? Find you manage to catch the drift of it at all?

The Q. N. (who has spent much of his time abroad). Oh—yes, I—a—think so.

The P. M. So did I, first-rate, and without knowing a single word o' French either, mind you! I manage to pick up what it's all about as I go along, and I'll lay I'm not far out. I knew at once that that old chap in the smoking-cap was put out about the way his daughter carried on—that was very good, and then his old wife, she came in, and there was a shindy—

The Q. N. Oh, pardon me, but you're wrong there. The old lady was his mother-in-law, and the girl was his young wife. He has no daughter in the piece, and the idea is—

The P. M. Well, I made it out different myself, any way.

[He evidently prefers his own interpretation, which the Q. N. does not make any further efforts to correct.

DURING SECOND ACT.

On the Stage. Mlle. MINAUDIÈRE, as the inevitable ingénue. "Si je m'amuse ici! Figurez vous que—"

[She says something very naive indeed, which is received with uproarious merriment.

In the Stalls. Young Wife (who is always meaning "to take up her French again," to her husband, who has given her to understand that he is perfectly at home in the language). But, HARRY, what was there so very funny about that?

Harry (who has been laughing, solely to keep up his reputation). Well, you see—it's impossible to translate these things. (Which it is, for him.) It's Parisian, you know—very Parisian!

Close of Act. M. PATATRAS (after peeping through curtains). "Aie, aie! la dame de l'ombrelle rouge! Pineé! . . . Cette porte!" (Opens door and shuts it sharply.) "Mme. la Baronne!" (Opens another, same business.) "Le Général! lui aussi! ou me furrer? Ah, sous le canapé!" (Starting back wildly.) "Quoi? Ma femme—ici!" [Sits down heavily on a work-basket. Other characters rush on, and form tableau as Curtain falls.

Chorus of Enthusiasts, in Stalls. It's all so perfectly natural, isn't it? So unlike our noisy horseplay—did you notice how neatly they do all their business? and the ensemble! How delightfully easy he was when he kicked the butler! Yes, and wasn't he deliciously funny when he came down to the footlights and told us what he meant to do! So thoroughly artistic! I shall never forget him trying to hide that photograph under his waistcoat. [And so on.

In the Upper Boxes. Portly Gaul, to Briton (who is laughing industriously at everything). Très égarante, la pièce, n'est-ce pas?

The Briton (who has a vague idea that the Gaul is apologising for being about to pass). Par de too, Mossou!

The Gaul (astonished). Comment "pas du tout"? Et vous qui pouffez de rire!

The Briton. Le Buffet? o'est derrière—en dessus, I—I mean—au dehors!

The Gaul. Ah, vous riez donc aux éclats sans avoir rien compris? Vous êtes un original, vous!

The Briton (who feels that he may expose himself if he goes on much longer). Wee, Mossou, vous avez raison—say sar!

[Escapes to lobby, and hears remainder of the piece from the back of the Dress Circle.

Two Acquaintances, meeting at Refreshment Bar.

First Acq. Wonderful actor, PATATRAS! How good he was in that first scene when he was explaining that about the—you remember the part I mean? [He doesn't mean any part in particular.

Second Acq. (quickly). Oh, very funny, very funny! and (not to be outdone), then that scene with the—with the, bless my soul! where they—you know!

First Acq. (who doesn't, of course). Yes—yes; but it's all capital. By the way (confidentially), is there a book of the words to be got anywhere?

Second Acq. Just what I've been looking out for.

DURING THIRD ACT.

The British Parent (to his Daughter). What did he say then?

The Daughter. Oh, Papa, I can't explain everything they say!

B. P. You explain! I believe I know more about it than you!

The D. (demurely). Then you can explain it to me, Papa.

[B. P. pretends he hasn't heard: triumph of Daughter.

AT THE CLOSE.

Critical Playgoer (who has understood, on an average, about one word in fifty). I must say I was a little disappointed with the dialogue—nothing like so witty as I expected!

His Friend (whose average was one in a hundred). There were one or two good things in it, though—but, of course it's PATATRAS one goes to see!



SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, THE EARLY-CLOSING NATURALIST, TRYING TO CATCH SPECIMENS OF THE "PARVUS SHOP-KEEPERUS" AND "PARVULUS KOSTERMONGERUS" (GENUS "CAUPO").

OPEN QUESTIONS.

(For Early Closing—if possible.)

Is there no way of shortening the hours of overworked shop-assistants without worrying the already much-worried poor with yet further grandmotherly restrictions and limitations?

Is not a practical familiarity with the lives, circumstances, and necessities of the poor an essential condition precedent to competence to make rules for them?

Do some of our would-be Lycurguses know more about those things than they do about the price of pease-pudding, the flavour of "almond whelks," or the secrets of back-street supper-time?

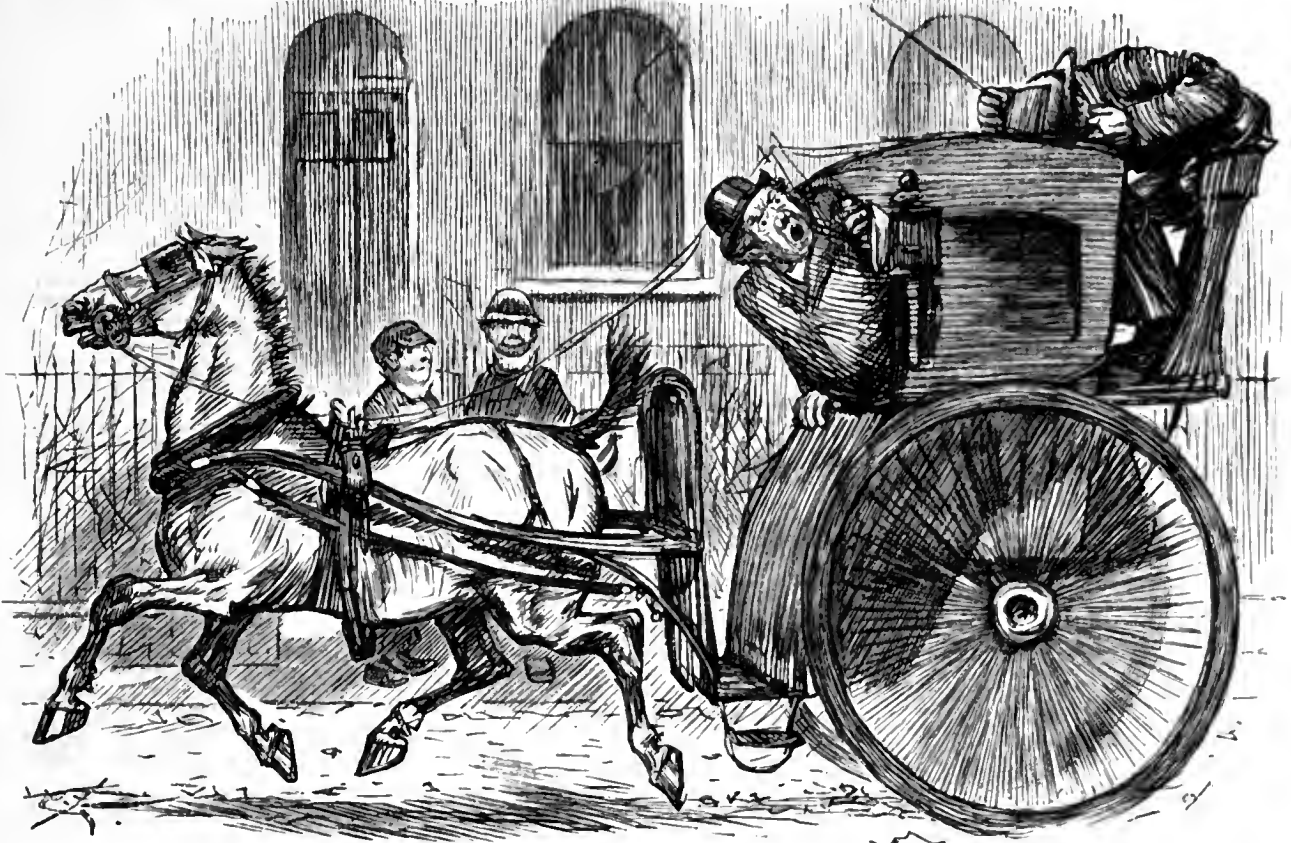
Should even a majority of shopkeepers—whom early-closing may chance to suit—necessarily be allowed to dictate to a minority whom it may inconvenience and injure?

May not the new evangel of Local Option be made the stalking-horse for much purblind tyranny?

If *everything* were submitted to "the voice of the majority," where would Liberty find a lurking-place at last?

Does not (so-called) "slight inconvenience" multiplied by millions amount to substantial injury and serious wrong?

Given a hard-up family, a chance "job," a late-paid father, and an early-closed shop, to estimate the exact effect of those elements upon domestic comfort amongst the poor, and the prosperity of petty traders.



"CROSS PURPOSES."

DOWN ON DONNELLY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I MUST ask you to excuse my returning to the evergreen Shakspearian question (if colour may be predicated of a question, which some physicists would deny). Mr. DONNELLY, however, began it, as usual; so it is all his fault. The contention that SHAKSPEARE could not have written his plays, because he waan't clever enough, might have done some time ago, but it will not hold water now. If it be admitted in the case of SHAKSPEARE, we shall very soon have some wiseacre denying that I am the author of *Piccoliviccio*, because, forsooth, I am not generally regarded as an Intellectual Force outside my own Family Circle. To balk the DONNELLYS of the future, I again register my title to my great work, in columns where no cryptograms would be tolerated. Your plain, honest, simple,
RODERICK TWEDDLE.

P.S.—This is an excerpt from Act II., where DODSON and FOGG discover their passion for JULIET—but you shall see.

Dodson. I love her! Dodson loves her!
What will Fogg, [Courts,
What JINGULUS say, when, through the musty
On learned tongues, on tongues of flippant
clerks,
'Tis nois'd that Donson loves? A butterfly
Pois'd on the black cap of the dooming Judge
Is love in Donson's heart. *Ne exeat*
Is served upon her image in my soul.
But soft! she comes, and like a smiling whale,
The portly Fogg attends, obesely spry.
[*He hideth, and enter JULIET followed*
by Fogg.
Fogg. Nymph, in thy law concerns
Be my small fees remember'd.

Juliet. Oh! you beast.
[N.B. This also occurs in *Measure for Measure*, Act iii., 1]
Fogg. Nay, lady, do not frown upon
I am a lawyer of no common rate, [me!
For me flies open every prison gate;
And I will charm the surly ushers so
That thou about the Courts shalt freely go.
And so he urges his suit, until, in high
indignation, she leaves him alone.
Fogg. Why was I born so fat, or why so
fond?
What have I said, what done? I cannot
stay. [speak?
Where can I hide, what do, whom meet, how
[*Dodson advanceth and toucheth him.*
DODSON!
Dods. Fogg!
Fogg. Then thou knowest all?
Dods. I do.
Yet fear me not; hath DODSON not a heart?
Fogg. But thou hast never loved!
Dods. "Hast never loved!"
I loved and lost—I loved and was betrayed.
[*He draweth a double-locket from his poke.*
Look here upon this picture, and on this.
That 'a me, Sir, five-and-twenty years ago,
And that 's the man she married!
Fogg. Very likely.
This is a delicate matter.
Dods. Hear me, Fogg!
Fogg. DODSON!
Dods. Nay, hear me! Thus much
I will say,
Thou hast a rival.
Fogg. Ha! his name, his name!
That I, as swift as summary jurisdiction,
Or mounting costs, may sweep to my
revenge!

Dods. Stay—hither come they; now retire
and watch
Their pretty dalliance. Nay, you must come
And be convinced and tutor'd. Quickly now.
Tread lightly, for the trodden worm would be
Lernæan strong who turn'd when crush'd by
thee!
But what happens after this I may perhaps
relate to you another time.

OUR COMIC CHANCELLOR.—"No matter
what the objections to the Wheel Tax may
be, the Government says, 'We'll tax you.'
N.B.—Think I shall suggest a tax on puns.
Why not a penny in the pun? Take care of
the pence, and the puns will take care of
themselves. Yours, in great form just now,
GEO. JOKIN G."

IXION.

Mr. G-sch-n loquitur:—

TIED to the Wheel, and not by angry Jove,
But by my own rash hands!—unlucky cove!
But I must stick to it, and make them feel.
That they must not talk to the Man at the
Wheel!

PROFESSOR HERKOMER, A.R.A., M.A.,
Oxon, and Honorary Fellow of All Souls, is
making Hertfordshire artistically famous.
Delighted as are also his pupils with the
county of their choice, the Professor is now
re-setting and adapting the well-known
German song to be sung as verse and chorus,
and to be entitled, "*Herts, mein Herts!*"

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL AIR.—The East
Wind. (Blow it!)



A MOONLIGHTER AT BUSHEY.

PROFESSOR H-R-K-M-R, A.R.A., INSTRUCTING MASTER HENRY IRVING AND MASTER GUSSIE HARRIS HOW TO ILLUMINATE "THE INCONSTANT MOON." ("The Moon was not like the Moon ordinarily seen on the stage."—*Vide general journalistic opinion on the "Herkomer Opera."*)

GUNS AND CHARGES.

FROM the admissions made the other day by the First Lord, in answer to the questionings of Sir WILLIAM CROSSMAN, it seems that, notwithstanding all the tall talk about energy and activity in high quarters, the Naval Administration of the country is still playing the same wretched old game. Everything is, as usual, at sixes and sevens. It was elicited that the *Camperdown* and the *Anson*, though they would be completed very shortly, will have to wait till next March, that is till next year, for their guns, while none are as yet forthcoming for the *Australia* and *Narcissus*, now ready to go to sea, but detained in consequence of being thus unprovided with any armament. Moreover, it transpired that the *Collingwood*, on board of which one of her 43-ton guns burst nearly two years ago, was still armed with the same type of ordnance, and this spite the fact that the Admiralty officials at the time had the effrontery to declare that the defective guns could be replaced in a very few weeks. Such revelations of mismanagement of "our first line of defence" rendering our famous protecting "silver streak" as nugatory, as if it were little more than a poetical expression, taken in conjunction with the recent utterances of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Lord WOLSELEY on the military situation, are not reassuring. Certainly something ought to be done, and it is to be hoped that the Commission now sitting will in some sense or other show the way. Meantime it may be hinted that if the required ordnance is not provided at our Dockyards, some of our "big guns" at head-quarters could be readily dispensed with. Better that an official reputation or two should burst than that the whole Navy should be suffered to go deliberately to the dogs.

IMPORTANT TO "MEN OF THE TIME."—Anyone who has served his country, no matter how or in what way, will be liable, if Lord SALISBURY's plan be adopted, to undergo a sentence of "Peagee Servitude for Life."

OUR ADVERTISERS.

[COUP D'ÉTAT ORGANISING, DYNASTIC, AND OTHER.

WANTED, by a POWERFUL SYNDICATE of MILLIONNAIRES, who will furnish him with funds for the undertaking, an ambitious and middle-aged Adventurer, willing in a crisis of National frenzy, to overthrow the established Constitution of his Country, and by an adroit appeal to popular passions, to leap at one single bound, to a position of Supreme Authority and Power. He must be capable of issuing vague Manifestos, and well skilled in all the arts of acquiring a vulgar notoriety. As his Mission will be rather to convulse than to organise Society, he will not be expected to trouble himself with any scruples as to such means as he may have to take to enable him effectually to seize the reins of Government, or to hamper himself with the publication of any programme as to its future conduct. Character no object. Military antecedents indispensable. Apply to X. X., Café Americain, Paris.

THE LLAMA OF THIBET.—As, owing to the active intervention of an influential Newspaper Proprietor, this highly exalted and eligible post will shortly become vacant, this is to give notice that any intending applicant may forward his credentials to the Central Asian Office, Cork Street, City, forthwith. A thorough familiarity with Thimble-rig and the Three-card Trick essential. As the post demands the exhibition of a certain amount of presence and dignity in its representative, a portly Member of a troupe of Bounding Brothers, who happened to be finding himself getting a little too heavy for the work, might apply.

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THE PATENT POTENTATE COMPANY has been incorporated for the purpose of supplying any large or small European State desirous of kicking over its Constitution with a choice selection of all sorts and conditions of Rulers at the very shortest possible notice.

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GREAT BARGAIN.—A full-sized and handsome THRONE to be disposed of. Being the property of an Eastern European Prince, who is parting with it owing to dynastic difficulties, no reasonable offer will be refused. The whole is covered with cotton-backed velvet, of a stout quality, which is as yet in excellent condition. If not required for immediate use by the purchaser, it could meantime be turned to account as a canopy to an ordinary half-tester bedstead, to which it would lend, with a little arrangement, a striking and imposing finish. Conspirators might communicate.

IMPERIAL EAGLE FOR SALE.—Warranted perfectly tame and docile. Has dipped claws and is of a sleepy disposition. As the bird, owing to several unsuccessful moultings, is not at present very full in the feather, no reasonable offer would be refused. Might be useful at a pageant. Advertiser would be glad to hear from any Military Pretender aspiring to the Purple. Apply to the "Menagerie," Mile End Road, E.

THE SURPRISE CROWN.—This unique comic European Novelty can now be supplied to any applicant on the receipt of a Postal Order. Clapped upon the head of anybody, instantly causes the outbreak of a Revolution. Light and portable. Can be carried with ease in the coat-tail pocket of an Adventurer, and assumed at a moment's notice.

"FIELDING" AND RUNNING.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Mr. BUCHANAN has had his innings with Tom Jones, and now once more he shows us how good he is at FIELDING. What probably first put him on the scent of Joseph Andrews as the subject for a play, was hitting upon the charactor of Parson Adams for Mr. THOMAS THORNE, and, in his mind's eye, Miss KATE RORKE for the charming simple English rustico maiden, Fanny Goodwill. Not that Miss RORKE closely resembles FIELDING's Fanny, who, by the way, was a trifle too tall and too buxom a lass for even FIELDING's own redoubtable Joseph to have carried about in his arms. And if such an author as FIELDING may be inconsistent with himself, surely Mr. BUCHANAN may be pardoned for exercising his own judgment when he has so captivating a heroine at hand as Miss KATE RORKE.



Mr. Buchanan Scoring off his own Bat after Fielding. It will not now affect the success of Joseph's Sweetheart to remark that there is very little of FIELDING in it, beyond the name. Perhaps Mr. BUCHANAN's reverence for the great Novelist prevented him from doing much more than this. "When he who adores thee has left but the name," Joseph Andrews turns out to be the heir to a title: FIELDING's simple Mr. Wilson develops into BUCHANAN's Sir George Wilson, Bart., a considerable expansion of the original idea as represented by Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD. Lord Fellamar, the exquisite abductor of Fanny, is a character concocted by Mr. BUCHANAN out of Bellarmine (the hero of an episodical story in FIELDING's novel), the sensual Squire and Beau Didapper. Lord Fellamar has nothing more characteristic of the fanciful oaths of the period than an occasional variation on "demnition," which reminded me forcibly of a Mr. Mantalini in a costume of the time of GEORGE THE FIRST.

Mr. BUCHANAN's Gipsy Jim, a kind of Tyke, picturesquely played by Mr. BLYTHE, is not in Joseph Andrews at all; nor is Llewellyn ap Griffith, which character, as played by Mr. FREDERICK THORNE, is, after Mr. THOMAS THORNE's assumption of Parson Adams, far and away the best performance in the piece. Here and there, in his simulation of drunkenness, in his artfulness, in his sudden bursts of passion, FRED THORNE's quaint little figure reminded me of ROBSON. Two Roses bloomed here, and now Two THORNES are flourishing at the Vaudeville.

The scene at Ranelagh, with which the play ought to end, is not, in FIELDING's story, and is one of the most amusing in the piece. I suppose it was suggested by an episode in Tom Jones. No better representative of Mrs. Slipslop—though 'tis a great compliment to FIELDING's hideous Slipslop to say so—could be found than Miss ELIZA JOHNSTONE. The two THORNES, Miss JOHNSTONE, Miss RORKE, and Miss VANE as Lady Booby, are all excellent. But for being stamped "FIELDING," and having a kind of old-world School-for-Scandal-and-Rivals flavour about it, on account of the costumes, what critical audience could ever have accepted, without an outburst of laughter, the story of the Gipsy and long-lost son, which is managed somewhat in this manner:—

Sir George Wilson (greatly agitated, of course—to GIPSY JIM). You stole my child twenty-three years ago.
Gipsy Jim (sullenly, of course). I did—and from that day to this I've never set eyes on him.
Sir George Wilson (breathing hard). Here's a hundred pounds to find him—payable on delivery.

Gipsy Jim (with dialect). I'll find 'him. I've never seen him since the dark night I stole him out of the cradle—(with increasing earnestness)—but if he's alive I'll find him—(moving towards door—then in a voice trembling with grateful emotion)—I'll find him!
[Great applause, and exit JIM.]



Then follows Scene in which JOSEPH ANDREWS is brought in by PARSON ADAMS.
Sir George Wilson (more and more agitated on hearing JOSEPH's age). Twenty-three!! (Gasping.) My boy would have been twenty-three now! There are no other young men born twenty-three years ago, who are twenty-three now! Can it be possible—that this youth—
Gipsy Jim (rushing in wildly). Yes, Sir GEORGE, that's him! I took him away twenty-three years ago—I've never seen him from that day to this—and I swear that he is your son!

[Tableau. Curtain as quickly as possible, and no questions asked.]

Though FIELDING has provided some foundation for the introduction of the coat-and-gipsy incident, which comes in quite naturally, I do not remember in FIELDING anything about Joseph Andrews fighting a duel, and, if he had done so, I am sure the author's sense of honour would never have permitted his hero to pad his manly breast with a volume of Parson Adams's sermons, and so take a mean advantage of his adversary. However, "Saved by a Sermon" may appeal to the good-goodness of a mixed British audience. Parson Thomas Thorne Adams is a scholar. His pronunciation, following FIELDING's accurate writing, of "Heureka!" was most correct. He must then have some scholarly reason for saying, "Vade retro, Sātānas," instead of "Vade retro, Sātāna!" What may be Parson Adams's authority for this?

What with "scoring a success," "getting another run," "making a hit," "having a good innings," and all the witticisms which the name of "FIELDING" suggests to the professional Mr. WAGSTAFF, no one will be surprised to hear that on this occasion "JACK IN THE BOX" stayed at home, and his place (by the kind permission of Mr. Punch) was taken by THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.



"Gallant little Wales."



Muggins' Entire.

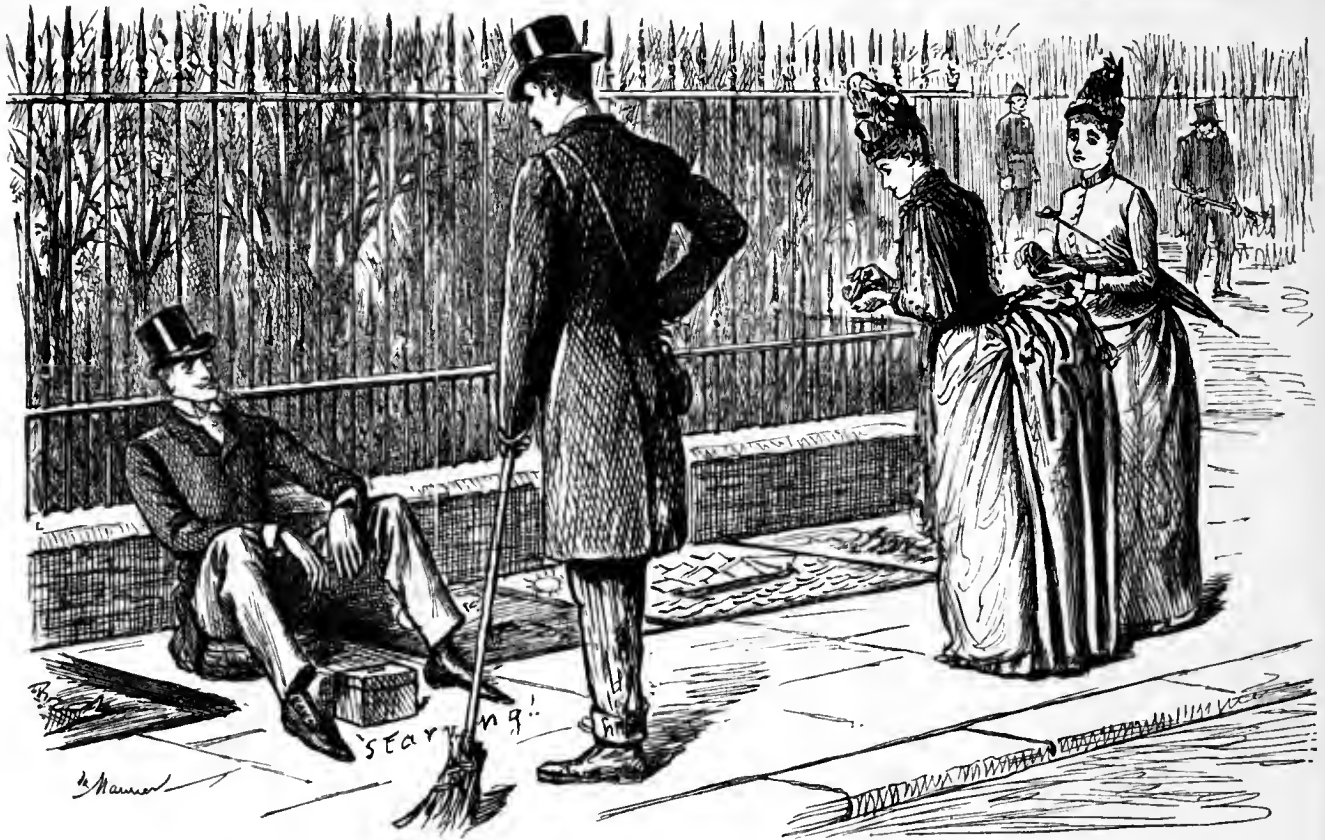
By OUR SQUASHED IMPRESSIONIST.—Our own "Private View of "Private Views" at Art Galleries is that just half the number of tickets should be issued. At a "private view," the place is crowded, and there is neither "privacy" nor "view." Bigger crowd than ever last Saturday at the Grosvenor, so we spare our criticisms and defer our notice.—"COURTS and come again." Is the "New Gallery" to be the name of the recently started Picture Show on the site of the old Meat Market in Regent Street? Why not call it The Rendezvous (or the Right Day View), or Fresh Meeting House? At all events, if they can't obtain their publican's licence, it will not be the Drinking House. Perhaps by an arrangement in black and white with JAMES the First P.S.B.A., the Burne-Jonesians may yet be able to affiliate themselves to "The Licensed Whistlers," and so keep up their spirits.

Ruin in Three Years!

(A Prophetic Vision of the Right Hon. W. E. GL-DST-NE.)

- 1888. Imposition of a duty upon Bottled Wines!
- 1889. Protection permanently established in Europe and war with France!!
- 1890. Protection triumphant everywhere, and England invaded by the combined armies of the civilised world!!!

NOT A SEPARATIST.—The Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN was so pleased with his recent trip to America, that, as has been pretty generally announced, he now intends becoming naturalised—the most natural thing in the world—as a citizen of the United States. He has chosen the State of Wedlock, U.S. This (although denied by the Daily News) is not surprising, seeing that he is already a Unionist.



TWO VICTIMS OF THE TURF.

Lord Charles. "WELL, JACK, HOW'VE YOU GOT ON TO-DAY? I'VE TAKEN NEARLY TEN POUNDS—MOSTLY IN SIXPENCES AND SHILLINGS—AND YOU?"

The Hon. Jack. "OH, ABOUT THE SAME! AND THREE HALF-SOVEREIGNS! BETTER THAN STARVING IN THE COLDSTREAMS, EH?"

"TAKING SOUNDINGS."

On Board H.M.S. "Opposition."

Will G. (in the chains) sings—

"If, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear,
You must very well know how to haud, reef, and steer;
Yet a better manoeuvre 'mongst seamen is found,
'Tis a tight little maxim to know how to sound;
Thus a sailor can tell from a bay to a shoal—"

Bill H. (above). All very fine, mate,—and you've a mellow pipe for an old 'un,—but if you'd remembered your DIBDIN a bit better when we first started on this cruise, it 'pears to me we might ha' made a better run, and lost fewer of our best hands. Took a shoal for a bay that time, didn't you, WILL?

Will G. Well, I was a bit out that cast, perhaps. But wait till the end of the cruise, BILL, before you pipe your eye. As to the "best hands" you talk of—rats, BILL, rats! Mutineers will be mutineers, and deserters will desert. Bless you, I'd seen that mutiny brewing, BILL, long before JOE and the rest of them parted company. (Sings.)

"I've sounded at land, and I've sounded at sea,
I've sounded a-weather, and sounded a-lee,
I've sounded my quine at the raudevoo-house,
And I've sounded my purse without finding a scuse;
What then? We've a brother in each honest soul—"

Bill H. Have we? Honest souls, then, must be in the minority, WILL. As to not finding a scuse in our purse,—well, the chaps as have piled the shiners and made lots of prize-money do seem to fight shy of us, sure enough. Poverty's no crime, WILL, to be sure, but it's a precious inconvenience, especially to a Party out in the cold, eh?

Will G. Ah, quite so. The old story, BILL. (Sings.)

"I ben't, you see, versed in high maxims and sitch;
But don't this same honour concern poor and rich?
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't see where from,
And if e'er a tar had a good heart, it was Tom.
Yet, somehow or 'nother, Tom never did right;
None knew better the time when to spare or to fight:

He, by finding a leak, once preserved crew and ship,
Saved the Commodore's life—then he made such rare flip!
And yet, for all this, no one Tom could endure;
I fancies as how 'twas because he was poor."

Bill H. Well, how are we now, WILL?

Will G. Blest if I quite know. But it's ticklish steering, anyhow. While this fog lasts, I must keep on sounding every minute or so, or we may be aground any time. But you are not down-hearted, are you, BILL?

Bill H. Do I look like it? Haven't I put a bold face on it from the first, and stuck to the old barkey like beeswax?

Will G. You have, BILL, you have. (Sings.)

"Tight lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so sightly
As honest BILL HARCOURT, so kind and so true."

Though there was a time, BILL, there *was* a time—but, no matter; let bygones be bygones. If JACK and JOE had been as stannch this turn as you have, we should have made better headway.

Bill H. Aye, aye, WILL. But don't run us aground, shipmate. We're in shoal water still, I fancy.

Will G. Well, my last three soundings have shown me that, BILL. But, harkye, friend! 'tism't so bad as it might be, or, maybe, as it looks. It's deepening under us, BILL—it's deepening under us; and if this fog lifts a bit presently, who knows?—

Bill H. Ah! who indeed?

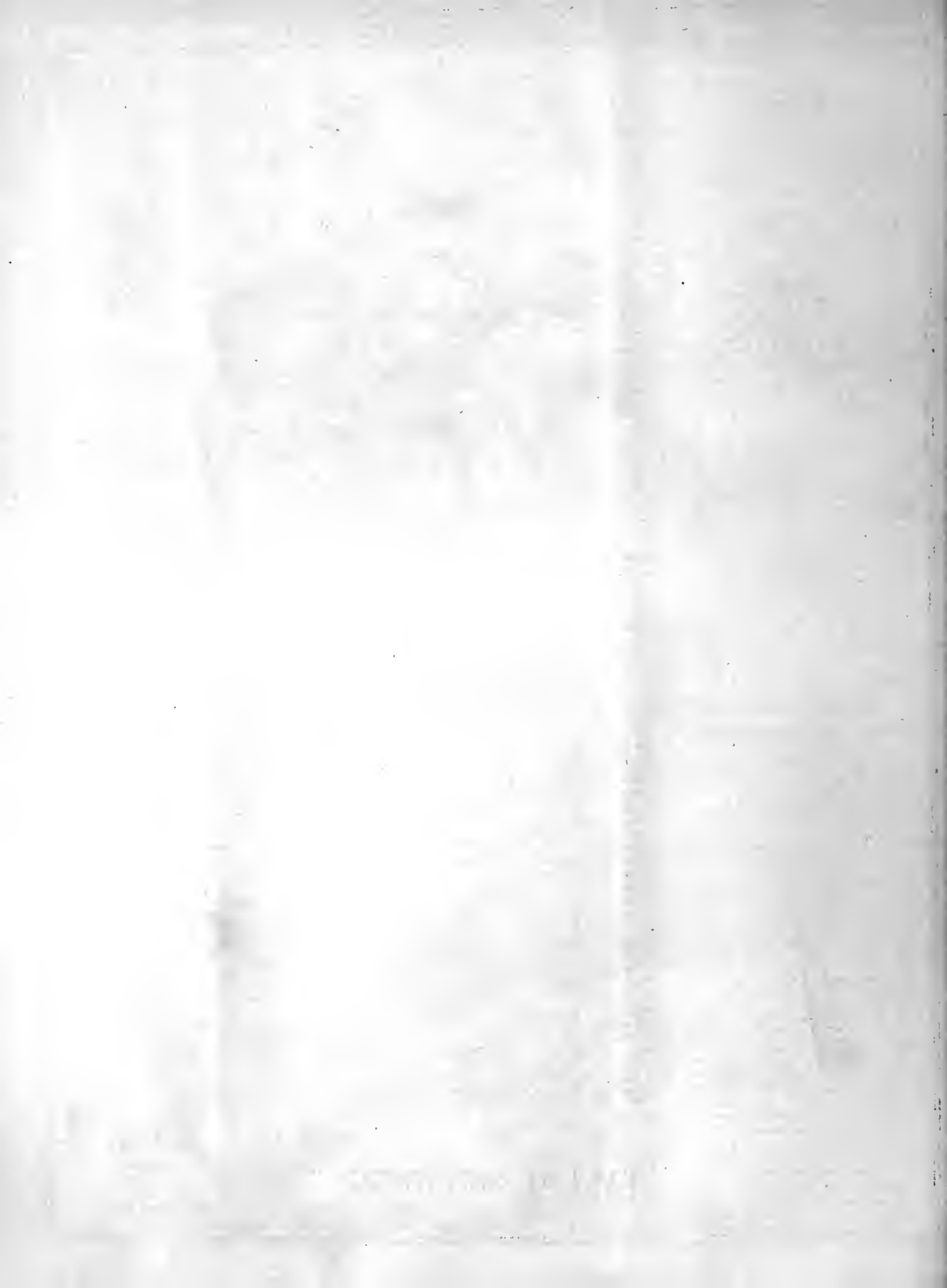
Will G. Wonderful how the depth shifts in these latitudes. BEN BEAKY thought he was a rare hand at the lead; but, you remember, one heave gave him full fifty fathom, and before he could take the next he was slap aground. I'll keep on a-sounding, BILL. I'll keep on a-sounding. (Sings.)

"All men try for soundings wherever they steer,
Spite of fog and of shoal we may yet reach Cape Clear,
And there isn't a tar with sea-dangers could cope,
If it wasn't for sounding the Cape of Good Hope.
No fear, then, nor danger, our hearts shall make craven;
Though at sea, we're in soundings, and yet may make haven."

Bill H. (aside). Well, he always were a hopeful cove, and he pipes like a throistle. But I do wish this fog would lift!



“TAKING SOUNDINGS.”





PLEASURE (!) HORSE. AND TAX ON WHEELS.

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

(NEW VERSION.)

Rejected One Sings:—

Ah! my heart was weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the crowded sorambles,
Where the critics, thorny brambles,
At the Private View come "slating"
In the usual way.

Ah! my heart was weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart was sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing canvasses to study,
Portraits ruddy, pale or muddy,
And the many thousands thronging
On the opening day.

Ah! my heart was sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing at the May—
Sighing at the sure returning
Of my picture, hotly burning.
Hope's bright flowers are dead or dying,
Hopes of fame and pay.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing at the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing at the May—
Throbbing on my lonely pillow.
For my hope must wear the willow.
The R. A.'s all fraud and jobbing,
I'm inclined to say.

Ah! my heart, my heart, is throbbing,
Throbbing at the May.

Sitting sad, dejected, weary,
On this first of May.
What to me are "popular" pictures,
Ladies' gushes, critic's strictures?

My look-out is dark and dreary ;
Buyers turn away.
Art is long, and live is weary—
Oh! confound the May!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I HAVE been reading *Robert Elsmere*, by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. So has Mr. GLADSTONE, who has reviewed it, superficially of course, with his light and airy touch, in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. So I will go just a little deeper. It is in the conventional form of three volumes, but it is an unconventional novel. Three-fourths of the first volume will interest the majority of novel readers, especially those who admire GEORGE ELIOT's scenes from Clerical Life and TROLLOPE's *Barchester Towers*.

The party at the Vicar's in the opening chapter is very Trollopian. In a way, it reminds me of the musical evening at the Deanery in *Dandy Dick*, which was, to my mind, one of the most genuine little bits of contemporaneous comedy ever placed on the stage. The character of *Rose*, the only one of the three sisters of whom I did not become tired in the course of our three-volume acquaintance, also seems to me to be a development of the auburn-haired, posing, and imposing girl, the Dean's pet daughter, who, by the way, was rather too emphatically represented by Miss NORREYS at the Court Theatre. There is one line which I must quote as indicating the authoress's sly humour. *Agnes* is expecting the return of her sister.

"Wheels!" exclaimed AGNES. "Catherine, I suppose," &c., and the sprightly and eccentric *Rose* is not permitted by Mrs. WARD to seize the opportunity of replying,—
"Yes! Catherine Wheels! Oh, don't I wish I were at the Crystal Palace, instead of

in this dry-as-dust, sleepy old village of Westmoreland!"

This is an instance of the self-restraint which Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD can exercise when inclined so to do. During my perusal of the work I occasionally wished that she had been so inclined when dealing with the unfortunate Parson *Robert Elsmere*, who, like the man in *Hard Times*, finds everything "all a muddle," and who wanders about, a married *Hamlet* in clerical attire, undecided as to his mission to set things right, and dying a victim to the Mephistophelian-Betsy-Prig spirit—"the spirit who ever denies"—of the present age, to which allusion was recently made in *Mr. Punch's* pages. "I don't believe there ain't no such person," said *Betsy*, and so says *Robert*—not *Mr. Punch's* "ROBERT"—but *Elsmere*. I, not being Mephistophelianly-Priggish, do not reply to Mrs. WARD, that "I don't believe there ain't no such person." I dare say there are, plenty of them. Mrs. WARD knows best. Only if there are, their captivating and brilliant society must be just the sort of thing one would choose on a wet afternoon in the smoking-room of a country Inn in some out-of-the-way district. Delightful!

Yours ever, BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

GEORGE JOKIN (*à la Française*).—My version of "*En revenant de la Recue*,"—*En rêvant du Revenu*.—Yours, G. J. G. (N.B.—Am getting up some funny things in Italian and German.—G. J.)

At the Royal Institute Mr. KARL ARM-BRUSTER is delivering a series of six Lectures on WAONER. As a novelty, the Ring Series will be practically illustrated by a couple of Pugilistic Champions.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Aunt Jane. "UGH! WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MATILDA, LADIES OF RANK AND POSITION DIDN'T HAVE THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS EXPOSED IN THE SHOP-WINDOWS."
Matilda (always anxious to agree). "OF COURSE NOT, AUNT JANE. I SUPPOSE PHOTOGRAPHY WASN'T INVENTED THEN!"

THE APPEAL OF THE ADJECTIVE.

"The natural and insupportable anguish which any man must feel at being charged by Mr. GLADSTONE'S reptile press with exceptional violence of expression and unique unseemliness of language is, of course, only less acute than that of a man who should be taxed with disloyalty by Judas Iscariot."—*Mr. A. C. Swinburne.*

DEAR PUNCH,

We have borne it for years, and without the least sign of a protest; but silence, of true satisfaction, or even of patience, is no test. It really is time we spoke out, for our foes most remorselessly go it. And lately the worst of our foes, I am sorry to say, is the poet. We Adjectives, dear *Mr. Punch*, are a modestly useful community; why should we be thus abused, robbed of our good name with impunity? "An Author in search of an Adjective!" There is a subject for narrative! The positive strikes him as tame, and he rather disdains the comparative, Superlatives only attract him; and oh! as an invalid yearneth for Spring; or as poor HOWARD VINCENT for Trade Reciprocity burneth; As Amandus for word from Amanda pines, railing at Time the despotic, Nay, as a French Novelist strains for a theme that's uniquely erotic; So—poet or mere party scribe—doth the penman with positive passion strain after the epithets strong, which I am sorry to say are the fashion. The temperate measure and fitness of phrase which hysterical women hate, Our scribes now abjure; they are equally furious, hot, indiscriminate. As the waters come down at Lodore, as described by the voluble SOUTHEY, So the epithets shower from the lips of our Mentors immodestly mouthy; Till Reason is whelmed in the flood, until Courtesy goes down to zero, And Truth is as hopelessly drowned as LEANDER when swimming to Hero. *Mr. Punch*, we're a numerous tribe are we Adjectives. I, for my fellows, Appeal to the Scribe when he screams, make my plaint to the Bard when he bellows.

Where, where are your "sweetness and light," when the whole dictionary you rummage, In the temper of rancorous *Goody*, the spirit of querulous *Gumidge*,

To rout up reptilian epithets—just as boys rent in the gutter—
 Or entomological phrases at foemen to spatter and sputter?
 Pathology furnishes terms which give voice to vulgarian rancour,
 But where are the fitness and finish that used to be Sense's sheet-anchor?
 To call a man leprous or leech-like, a Statesman to dub as vermicular,
 Because your opinions and his are unlike in some paltry particular;
 To rave of his cancerous spite, and to shriek of his scorpion malice,
 When you mean that a trifle of bitterness surges sometimes in his chalice;
 When Genius makes a mistake to declare it a crapulous crude ass,
 Or brand it a bestial Belial, or dub it a scrofulous Judas, Is strong—yes, as onions are "strong," is as fit, and as fine, and effective
 As a Coster's unbridled abuse, as a fishwoman's vulgar invective.
 Dear *Punch*, in the name of sound sense and good taste, not to mention that knightly
 Old spirit of tournament times which could pitch foe from saddle politely,
 Do urge our great militant penmen to battle like men of condition,
 And listen with courteous heed to your Adjectives' humble petition!

A PHENOMENAL SEASON.

LITTLE JOSEF HOFMANN is followed by little HEGNER, and then a lot of others on the piano, violin, and all sorts of music. The chorus for the season will be—

"Boys and girls, come out to play!"

And not only on instruments, but on the stage. Two *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and a *Bootles' Baby*!! And there's scarcely a piece nowadays produced but has a child in it. Even *Airey Annie* has a model child from Lieutenant COLE'S nursery-grounds, who cole-laborates with Mr. NEVILLE EDQUIN.

MAY MINSTRELSY.

"It is in May that our wandering musicians delight us with their sweetest lays."—*Daily News.*

Wandering Musician, loquitur:—

SOUNDS poety! Perhaps it's kerrect;
 A oove on the Press oughter know.
 Nuts on music that bloks I expect!
 Sweetest lays in the Maytims. Jest so.
 Werry true I've a cold in my 'ed,
 'Cos the wind, dontcher see's, in the heast.
 I should like to pass my May in bed,
 For the month is a regular beast.
 But I 'ave to turn out, yes, in course;
 And if he doesn't care, why should I,
 If my vice is that 'usky and 'oarse
 That I takes my top notes at a fly?
 Wish I knowed where he lived, that 'ere chap,
 For his street I would jolly soon start;
 He would tip me a bob I'll go Nap,
 If I tipped him "You're Queen of my 'Art."
 It begins with a 'owl, I'm aware,
 And it ends with a staggery squeak;
 But if he likes May music—well, there,
 It ain't for this party to speak.
 Sweetest lays? Well, he must ba a "sport"
 To like wandering minstrels—and May!
 But I wish there was more of his sort;
 I should nobble more browns—that's my "lay"!

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENRHUME.

Sympathetic Friend. You've got an awful cold. How did you get it?

Mr. Grigsby (hushily). Do you want the receipt? Well, I'm not much of a hand at "parleyvooging," and I had to keep up a long conversation in French last night with a distinguished foreigner. I fancy I must have caught cold while I was fishing for words.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 23.—Grand Old Man had grand old time to-night. Budget Bill came up for Second Reading; moved Amendment involving reconstruction of Bill. A full House. Expectations of great speech not disappointed. At outset



NOVELTIES IN THE UPPER HOUSE.

Lord Salisbury, the Art(ful) Decorator. "Think they'll freshen up the old House. *Ars longa—Vita brevis.*"

G. O. M. a little hampered by rash promise given on Friday to be brief. Pretty to see him, with quite unnecessary fuss, wriggling out of engagement which no one attached importance to, if indeed, any but himself remembered round the point. Put it in all ways, vinced himself that when he said he brief speech didn't think he should a long one. Ground thus cleared, in highest state of delight. Usual three courses loomed into five points, with one over to stick into HARTINGTON.

HARTINGTON, on the whole, had a rough night. CHILDERS followed up G. O. M., mildly butting at old colleague. When all seemed over, House about to go into Division, HARCOURT turned up. Heavily belaboured HARTINGTON. Conservatives howled, Liberals cheered. STONEWALL HARTINGTON sat with countenance absolutely impassive. Couldn't have looked more unconcerned had HARCOURT been simply continuing his attack of Friday night on CHAMBERLAIN.

"It'll be my turn next," said HENEAUGH, with gallant attempt to smile. "He's cudgelled CHAMBERLAIN, jumped on JAMES, harried HARTINGTON, and I only am left. But I warn him, there'll be a terrible rumpus when he attacks me."

Before larger Budget Scheme came on, Serjeant Sir JOHN SIMON had opened the Bottled Wine question. Warns GOSCHEN of danger of touching this question. Everyone much impressed.



"Hush! I hear the Pieman."

"Curious," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, momentarily resuming old mental attitude, which led to Philosophic Doubt, "how heredity shows itself. Generations ago, in dim ages of poetic fancy, the first and simple SIMON met a pieman; and here, in House of Commons, we have the learned SIMON involuntarily throwing himself into listening attitude, as if he heard in the distance the falling footsteps of the itinerant purveyor."

Tuesday.—Don't often hear from Colonel WARING. Not likely to hear from him again for some time. To-night, in access of desperate valour, tried a fall with JOSEPH GILLIS. JOSEPH has for weeks retired to back Bench, and, save for occasional interjection of "Hear, hear!" has been quiet. Only at Midnight he rises. Then Members in various parts of the House, having little Bills in hand, get up with furtive glance towards quarter where J. G. sits, and propose to take a stage. Up jumps JOSEPH with shrill cry of "I object!" and there an end of the business. After Twelve, no opposed Bills can be dealt with; within the ten minutes that follow stroke of Midnight are crowded joys which compensate for BALFOUR's supremacy throughout earlier part of sitting. Up to Midnight BALFOUR rules supreme. After Midnight, JOSEPH GILLIS is monarch of all he surveys. Content with this division of dominion, he lets things slide from Four to Twelve.

WARING, unwary, taken in by this appearance. Thought he might bully J. G. B. by suddenly springing on him question, "When was he going to move writ for seat vacated by DWYER GRAY?" House held its breath to watch result. JOEY B. rose lightly to his feet at sound of challenge. Cheers and laughter welcomed his rare appearance. JOSEPH commanded silence with long lean hand imperiously outstretched, and then came the answer, ready, shrill, and cutting.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," said JOSEPH, who never omits this courteous reference to his Right Hon. friend in the Chair. "I intend to move a writ as soon as I get instructions from my chief."

Then he sat down, and one of the broadest smiles ever seen in British House of Commons illumined his countenance in gracious acknowledgment of the Senate's applause.

Quite a lively debate on amiable habit of Irish County Court Judges, who, when appealed to to revise sentences passed under Coercion Act, humorously surprise prisoner by increasing them. JUSTIN MCCARTHY moved Adjournment. DARLING, Q.C., ripe with knowledge of Quarter Sessions and hoar with frost of advancing years, threw himself into breach, and staked his legal reputation in support of his learned brethren the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the HOME SECRETARY. Pretty to see Lord Advocate surveying out of corner of his twinkling eye his learned brother from Deptford. GLADSTONE couldn't stand it at all. Presently dashed in, threw off mask of benevolence, rent the robe of friendliness, and spent an exceedingly lively half-hour. Argument, reiterated from Opposition Benches and addressed to Treasury Bench, was, "Have you got a parallel case you can cite in English practice?"

"Have you?" Old Morality nervously asked ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

"Not a single case," WEBSTER muttered, under breath.

"No case!" cried Old Morality, tugging at his stock of copybook headings. "I remember something. Ah, yes—here it is. 'No case. Abuse plaintiff's Attorney.' Get up and walk into GLADSTONE."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL accepted brief and did his best. Nagged at GLADSTONE very much in earlier manner of STANLEY LEIGHTON. But STANLEY LEIGHTON used to do it better.

"ATTORNEY-GENERAL's invective lacks finish don't you think?" I said to TREVELYAN.

"Yes," said GEORGE OTTO. "It lacks the finish of Wig and Gown. Listening to him one always finds one's self wondering how much the brief was marked."

Business done.—Still harping on Erin.

Wednesday.—This has been GRANDOLPH's day, to be marked in Ministerial Calendar with white stone or anything that is heavy and comes handy. GRANDOLPH, basing his manner on that of JOSEPH GILLIS, has for some weeks cultivated great gift of silence. Been pretty regular in attendance on corner seat behind Treasury Bench, but content with conveying to Old Morality exceedingly unpleasant sensation of knowing he was there. Listened for two hours to-day, through Debate on Bill proposing to extend reform of Local Government to Ireland. Five o'clock close at hand. Everybody had spoken. GLADSTONE made now inevitable speech. BALFOUR replied in sly-Alfy manner. Nothing to do but to dismiss Bill with rattling majority; when up jumps GRANDOLPH. Opens terrible fire on Ministry. Rakes Treasury Bench fore and aft, amid enthusiastic cheers from Opposition. Nothing so sudden, so swift, so dramatic, seen in House for many a day. Old Morality put on the "gasly" look he sometimes wears when at critical moment he cannot remember appropriate copy-head. BALFOUR, but late so jubilant, bent his head—"Like some tall lily that droops its head and dies," said WILFRED LAWSON, whose stock of quotations is as extensive as it is peculiar. What made situation unusually exciting was pressure of time.

When GRANDOLPH sat down, having given wholly fresh turn to debate, it was twenty minutes past five. At half-past debate must



ANCIENT FRIEZE.

Josephus Chamberlainus protecting Balfourius against the fierce onslaught of Grandolphus Churchillus. Wednesday Afternoon, April 25.

necessarily close. Only ten minutes for all responsible to face the new and critical situation.

"Our fellows once constructed a Reform Bill in ten minutes," said PLUNKET. "But that not long enough in these days for everyone to turn about and dance a political Jim Crow. Glad I'm out of it."

CHAMBERLAIN said a few words, leaving five minutes for JOHN MORLEY. JOHN MORLEY took four, and then there was one. Old Morality, amid shouts for Division, rushed in. Began to recite copyhead. Got some way through, when JOSEPH GILLIS appeared on scene, and, a wild joy gleaming in his eye, moved Closure.

A bitter moment for Old Morality. The pouncer pounced on—and by JOSEPH GILLIS!

Nothing to do, however, but to sit down, and Division taken. GRANDOLPH, meditatively twirling moustache, walked out without voting. But where was JENNINGS? GRANDOLPH re-forming his Party. At present consists of one. Where is that Party now? Everybody asking, "Where was JENNINGS when the GRANDOLPH went out?" *Business done.*—New Gatling-Hotchkiss-Nordenfelt-Grandolph Bombshell exploded.

Thursday.—Fresh depth of iniquity discovered on part of ARTHUR BALFOUR. Last week it was SWEENEY's suspenders. This week it is "Mr. SMITH's Christian name." O'HANLON brings forward case. Appears that two Policemen were charged with breaking the law at Letterkenny on 18th inst. "Mr. SMITH, who seemed to be in charge of the forces of the Crown, refused to give his Christian name, having been told such was needed to assist in the prosecution of the two Policemen."

"Will the Chief Secretary," O'HANLON thundered, "state the grounds of SMITH's refusal to furnish prosecutors with his Christian name?"

ARTHUR BALFOUR dumfounded. Moves restlessly on Bench, and makes no sign.

"What was SMITH's Christian name?" O'HANLON shouts across the floor.

"H. W., or W. H.—really never can remember which," BALFOUR murmurs, in broken voice. And this is all they could get out of Chief Secretary. O'HANLON's compatriots tried to pacify him by angueating that "prapa the haythen hadn't got Christian name." O'HANLON not to be trifled with. Means to raise question on Civil Service Estimates, moving to reduce Chief Secretary's salary by £1,000.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee.

Friday.—Morning Sitting; Budget Bill in Committee—couldn't quite finish it; ILLINGWORTH speaking when sitting suspended. At Evening Sitting. ARTHUR ACLAND brought on Educational System. Not quite finished. T. ELLIS speaking when House adjourned. So the morning and the evening were talked out.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee.

ANOTHER!—"I've just thrown this off. It's a first-rate. You must have it. This is it:—The Butcher won't be able to put up the price of his Meat, as I don't put the tax on his Weal."—G. J. G.



Education.

BOULANGER'S MENU-FESTO.

No one can expect a General to be particular. Yet if such a General be a Frenchman aspiring to conquer the hearts of his compatriots, he must first of all and *cordons bleus*. he is, at present, of his banquet Café Riche. To come to his *Hors* to the usual there'll be master the arts of a *Chef* From this point of view to be judged by the *menu* given last Friday, at the begin with, he is as well-*d'œuvre à la Française* as *quatre mendiants*,—and plenty of these about



GULLIVER BOULANGER. C'EST LA PAIX!

should he attain to the Dictatorship. Was "Caviare to the General" included in the *hors d'œuvre*?

We pass his *Consommé à la Valenciennes*, his *Velouté d'écrevisses*—he's not "on velvet" yet—and we glance suspiciously at his "Quartier de béhague à la Générale." Is there any hony part in this quarter? The "Cailles à l'étouffade à la Clermont" is a most decidedly Royalist dish; "Canetons du Nord" are suggestive of "canards"; the "glace nationale" is ominously opposite to *enthousiasme national*. As to the wines, the *Mouton Rothschild* (1870) means money and the sinews of war, and though *Old Clos Vougeot* may appropriately follow as a specimen of another, but a much lower and almost extinct class of Hebraic vintage, yet what does that here deserve of his own, or of any other country, who finishes up with "Pommery et Gréno, frappé." Is it possible? "Frappé"! To "frapper" Pommery, or, indeed, any champagne worth drinking, is to kill it,—yes, we say deliberately, to kill it. And if this be Boulangerism, then the cry of all veteran Champagners will be, "à bas BOULANGER!" "Vive Pommery et Gréno!" So we will leave his champagne *frappé*, and "revenons" pas à la revue, mais "à nos moutons"—Rothschild.

UNCOMMON HATS FOR COMMON COUNCILMEN.



Characteristic Hat for Common Councilmen on the Sewers Committee. The "De Keyser;" or. Chapeau à la poudre by "The Brave Belge." To be worn with "Livery" generally. Several specimens will be presented in due course, and many suggestions as to a complete alteration of the Comic Councilman's Costume will appear in our paper.

Our old friend, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, who, our readers may remember, informed us some time ago that her nephew had been made a Debenture of the Inner Temple, tells us that this same nephew has just returned from a visit to Scotland, and that he travelled all the way in a Coupon.

THE THEATRE OF THE FUTURE!

SIR,—Don't let Professor HERKOMER and Mr. W. S. GILBERT think that their notions are new and original as to building theatres and lighting stages. Long ago, I drew out designs for a theatre, which every expert who had the privilege of inspecting pronounced



SIMPLY PERFECT.

The auditorium will be lighted by infinitesimal jets of the incandescent electric light so craftily contrived that no one can possibly make out where the light comes from, and, to speak lightly, the audience will be entirely in the dark on the subject. There is no heat; the ventilation is so managed that on the coldest day in winter, or on the warmest in

summer there can be no perceptible change in the temperature. All the seats are so contrived that every one can enter and leave the auditorium without causing the slightest inconvenience to his neighbours.

THERE ARE NO BOX-KEEPERS,
no refreshment people; no hat and cloak nuisances;

ALL IS DONE BY MACHINERY

on the "Put-in-a-penny-and-take-out-a-chocolate" principle applied to refreshments, hats, and coats, &c. During the day the box-office is managed in the same mechanical manner.

There can be NO DANGER OF FIRE,

as on the slightest alarm the entire theatre will come to pieces—[as to pieces coming to the entire theatre, more anon]—by anyone touching a button in the centre of the seat in which he happens to be sitting. The Theatre being built on the "Revolving Wing" principle (my sole invention), can be literally turned inside out at a moment's notice, and so be well aired and dusted. There is a sliding roof which collapses like an umbrella when required so to do. Everybody is brought up and down by a series of

AUTOMATIC LIFTS,

and the top gallery is therefore as accessible, without crush, as the lowest stall. This is a distinct advantage. Refreshments are brought in the same manner by *Dumb waiters*; the visitor to the auditorium has merely to touch a button labelled tea, coffee, ices, oranges, lemonade, or what not, at the back of his *fauteuil*, and there is before him whatever he requires—the amount in payment having been previously dropped into the slit labelled with the tariff of prices.

In rainy weather the "revolving walls" will be utilised, and a passage opened into the Stalls to admit carriages. In fact I have so arranged that all the year round the stalls shall be collapsible (this is the simplest thing possible), and the space thus opened, to a depth of from 4 ft. to 16 ft. gradient, will be at once filled with the purest filtered and boiled water, at a delightful temperature, the private boxes serving as dressing-rooms, so that persons waiting to take seats at the box-office, where there will always be a considerable crowd, can amuse themselves with water gymnastics, swimming, bathing, and so forth.

The entire theatre will be as capacious as

St. PETER'S AT ROME,

a trifle wider if anything, to admit of certain novel stage-effects, and the production of historical pieces on a scale hitherto never attempted, or, if attempted, doomed to failure for want of adequate space and appliances, and, I may confidently add, of Genius capable of carrying to a triumphal finish the designs which, after all, though I am loth to dwell upon this theme, only True Genius—of which MICHELANGELO had more than a mere spark—only True and Unlimited Genius can originate. Then as to

ORCHESTRA AND LIGHTING.

The band is under the guidance—under the thumb—of the composer himself; it is out of sight, it is out of mind. It is mechanical. It will be

THE WONDER OF THE MUSICAL AGE,

and the effect is as of the hand of one master-mind playing all the instruments. As I compose my own music I know what this will be. "*Plaudite!*" But on their own merits modest men are dumb, and if I said more you would begin to shrewdly suspect that I had some ulterior design in appraising my own wares.

REAL SUN, MOON, STARS.

Light diffused, dispersed. *Real Light*. How this is managed is my secret. I will only hint at it thus:—"Sound" can be bottled up (that is how I manage my real thunder, and rain and hail,—I am now sampling several bottles of good sound thunder)—well, *so can light*. It is very easy for those who know how to do it, as I do, to get a supply of

BOTTLED LIGHTNING

—forked and summer—to be sent to any part of the country. Now while I use *artificial light for the auditorium*, I use real light, bottled sunlight, moonlight, starlight—fog mixture, mist mixture, and so forth, for the stage. Every effect will be regulated by the

"TOUCH-THE-BUTTON SYSTEM."

I will not further trespass on your space. I think it necessary thus to protect my rights. I have not mentioned the manufacture of applause—nor the Intelligence department, also mechanical, for the use of the audience. Another time. But I am yours—ever for ever,

The Hatch, Kōlney.

INIGO A. BUSTER.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE been so greatly pleased and struck with Mr. DONNELLY'S excellent discovery of BACON'S "Cryptogram," that I have taken the trouble to solve another for myself. Are you aware that Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE'S *Complete Concordance to Shakespeare* contains one? Probably not; and yet it does, and no doubt the puzzle was inspired by the Bard of Avon himself. It is very simple. All you have to do is to prepare two alphabets, and take the proper number of words and lines. This is so easy that I will not insult your intelligence by explaining to you "how it is done." Working out this plain problem, I have already made the following discovery:—

Turn to page 191, and finding the third column, you must count 67, when you will come to "Don." Now go to page 527, and passing your finger down the first column, you soon arrive at "Nell." Add "Don" to "Nell" and you get "Donnell"; and in the *very same page* you will find "Deputy." Take away the "y" from this last word, and add it to what you have already acquired, and there you are—"DONNELLY"! Is this not extraordinary?

But this is not all! Turn to page 681, and towards the end of the second column you get "rounding Sicilia is a so forth." Take away the first two words and the last two words, and "is a" remains. Add what we have before, and now we obtain, "DONNELLY is a." But after all this is not complete—it is a broken sentence. We must add something more before we have a perfectly satisfactory result. Well, it is simple enough. All we have to do is to turn to page 271 (which is easily selected by a simple mathematical calculation), and counting 3 from the bottom of the third column, we come to a quotation from *Love's Labour's Lost*, which runs as follows:—"The hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy." Now add one word from this line to "DONNELLY is a," and the mystery is solved. But what that word should be I must leave to your readers' sense of the appropriate to discover.

Yours enthusiastically,

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

THE HARBINGER OF SPRING.

SIR,—I write this to inform you that last night as I was sitting in my library, I heard the clear note of the Cuckoo. I think I counted it nine times. Soon afterwards I retired to rest with a thankful heart. This is indeed a sign and a Harbinger of a really fine Spring!

Yours gladly,

PATER FAMILIAS ORNITHOLOGISTUS.

Private and confidential, by same post.

I know the Governor has been writing to the papers about hearing the Cuckoo. Such a lark! I mean such a Cuckoo! It was our old nursery clock, which had been out of order for ever so long. Yesterday, we got the Winder-up, who comes here once a week, to mend it, and out came the Cuckoo. The Governor had his door open, and we had ours open up-stairs at nine o'clock. That's what he heard. But he's right about its being "a sign of a really fine spring." So it is, for the Winder-up said it was a first-rate spring when he mended it. Don't tell, only I don't want you to be gammoned.

Yours, TOMMY.



ROYAL ACADEMY COTILLON AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

FROM OUR WHISPERING GALLERY REPORTER.—It is said that soon a New Gallery Club will be started as a rival to the Grosv. Gal. Club. A New Gal., if a nice one, must always be an attraction. Should the surmise that it will be opened with a Ladies' Night be correct, then equally so is the rumour that Sir COMYNS CARR—

Mr. Punch gives him the title *d'avance* because he is the personification of The Ladies' Knight—will dance the *minuet de la cour* in full Court costume, accompanied by Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ. The report that the New Gallery will be open on Sundays to the Hallé-lujah Lasses of the Salvation Army, is simply untrue.

'ARRY AT A RADICAL RECEPTION.

DEAR CHARLIE,—This Spring's a dashed fraud;
heavily wind still blows 'ard from the North;
But Society's fair on the shove, and the buds is, at
larst, bustin' forth.

The Two Thousand's bin run, and the Picture Shows
open all round like green peas;
So I a'pose we must sing "Spring's Delights,"—when
we ain't on the bark or the sneeze.

Went larst night to a Opening Show of another guesa
sort, my dear boy;

Not my regular form by a lump, nor the spechies of sport
I enjoy.

Got dragged into it, though, by a pal who's a Radical
kind of a cub,

And who got me a ticket—don't larf!—for the National
Liberal Club!

You know TOMMY TROTTER,—pale face, ginger hair,
and nose-pinchers, old chap,—

An awfully "earnest" young mug, mate, and not the
least mite up to trap.

He is mashed on old GLADSTONE no end, as his sort always
is to a man,

And his Club, CHARLIE, 'ad a "Reception," which
means a big crowd and cold seran.

Poor TOM looked all corners and crumples, and so did a
jelly lot more,

For it ain't every sportsman, dear boy, as can chuck on
the war-paint and score.

But I saw by the looks of the ladies as ogled my sweetly-
iled air,

And my claw-hammer coat and cuff-shooters, that 'ARRY
was simply all there.

Swell building, old pal, and no kid, marble staircase all
colour and shine,

À la Restorng, CHARLIE; the 'Olborn ain't 'ardly more
spacious and fine.

Rather too many tiles for my taste; shiny walls may be
all very nice,

For a dairy or fishmonger's shop; but a Club ain't a
place to store ice.

But 'twas 'ot, CHARLIE, thunderin' 'ot. I got jammed
in the Libery crowd,

I 'ad shoved to the front like a shot, but a crummy old
Liberal dowl

With bare shoulders by acres, dear boy, and a twenty-
stun white-'aired old Rad

Nearly made me a pancake between 'em; I tell you, old
man, I felt bad.

'Owsomever, I sweltered and listened. They stuck the
Old Man on a chair,

'Cos the parties behind couldn't see, and they didn't
mean missing their stare,

"'Igher up, Sir!" they shouts, "'igher up!" rfore
two or three words he had spoke.

And he hists 'imself up in their sight, like a jolly good-
natured old bloke.

Well, you know I 'm not nuts on 'im, CHARLIE; Society
'atea him like sin,

And I goes with Society, slap, mate; but when the old
boy did begin,

Though his patter I wasn't arf fly to, his meanin' I
couldn't quite kech,

Still—well, mate, he may be a fraud, but I 'm blowed if
he isn't a "fetch."

'Ad me fair upon toast, the old sinner; his figgerhead
isn't arf bad,

Sez I, "he's the sort of old toff as a cove would be proud
of for dad."

TOMMY TROTTER he stared. "Ah!" sez he, "my dear
'ARRY, I know'd you'd come round.

That's the wicked old traitor you Tories so 'iss at, and
'owl at, and 'ound!"

"You shut up, TOMMY TROTTER!" I sez. I could see he
was fair on the froth,

And jest wanted sitting on sharp, or the butter would be
in the broth. [fiddlededee,

"He has got the gift o' the gab, but it's all blooming
And the way you mugs feller 'im round jest like spaniels
is sick'ning to me."



THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Todeson (who has grown his Moustache, dropped his G's, and got into Society again). "FACT IS SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, DUCHESS. IT'S NOT AMUSIN', AFTR SPENDIN' A PLEASANT EVENIN', TO FIND YOU 'VE BEEN HOBNOBIN' WITH A SHOPKEEPER, OR SITTIN' NEXT HIS WIFE AT DINNER, YOU KNOW!"

Her Grace "OH, DEAR ME! WHY, MY HUSBAND'S A SHOPKEEPER, MR. TODESON. HE KERPS THAT GREAT BRIC-À-BRAC WAREHOUSE IN CONDUI STREET!—AND THE TOY-SHOP AT THE CORNER, THAT'S MINE!—AND THE CONFECTIONER OVER THE WAY, THAT'S MY MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF HAUTCASTEL!"

[Todeson feels he has been puttin' his foot in it.]

So it was CHARLIE. "Very absurd! they quite make 'im a hidel, and why?"
Sez a lady in pink at my elber. "By Jove, right you are, Mum," sez I.
"I was tellin' my mate, TOMMY TROTTER"—but here she slung off like a shot,
With her nose 'eavens-high in the hair, Sir. And that's your dashed Radical
lot!

Wy, a prime Primrose Dame, well wuth ten on her, tipped me her sweet little
paw,

At a Brixwood Bazaar, t'other day, and she chatted that chummy—oh law!
I felt, well, I 'ardly kuow 'ow, mate, all 'oney and oder colong.

Yet they say Tories ain't demmycratic, Rads are! That's a trifle too strong.

Well, we took a turn round and a quencher, mate, arter the wust of the crush.
Sich lots of she-spankers, my pippin, large order in satin and plush,
With spreads of pink shoulders; alim twisters with touzles of tow-coloured 'air,
And bilious-hued frocks like green bedgowns, a-floppin' on couch and on chair.

Fair sprinkling of "Stars" TOMMY told me, but rather small sparklers I think.
They ain't in the hunt with *hus*, CHARLIE; no, neither for style nor the ehink.
TOMMY TROTTER he gushed most tremenjus; bowed here, nodded there, and all
that;

But I twigged that the toppers left early; yours truly ain't 'ooked for a flat!

As TOMMY and me trotted 'ome he was at me, the silly young fool.

To turn up my Primrosing game and go in for his Club and 'Ome Rule.

"Way oh! TOMMY TROTTER," sez I, "that's a motion, old man, you may carry
When Toffdom and GLADSTONE jine 'ands and you make a fair juggins of
'ARRY."

OUR PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



No. 1940. A Statue at Large. Illustrating by mechanism "The Descent of the Crown." By Alfred Gilbert, A., and "A 1," Empressionist.

No. 15. *A Storey illustrated.*

No. 26. *Frith's Rummynisces.* 100th edition.

No. 97. *The Countess of Cottenham.* "Quite La Cheese!"

HERMAN SCHMIECHEN.

No. 100. "I'll have your Breakfast!" Salky boatman thinking how he shall get hold of small boy's breakfast

while he has to wait. The expression of Cunning on the boatman's face is well depicted by CRAFT.

No. 110. "Happy." Rather inclined to call it "Fanny." Thereby hangs a tale; nothing to be ashamed of, though whoever placed it here, must have hung his (B. G.) HEAD.

No. 119. "Across the Heath." Ah, how many years one remembers this poor old fellow! He has advanced—in years. The title should have been, "A Step Farther," but this did not occur to ALFRED A. GLENDENING.

No. 179. "H. R. H. Prince of Wales, K.G., as an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. Painted for the Corporation." FRANK HOLL, R.A. F. HOLL is very nearly at his Holiday best here. Quite the Courtier. The Prince is not a bit like an "Elder Brother," but looks as if he were the Youngest Son. As for "the Corporation," for which it has been

painted, there's not a sign of it. He is the very slimmest of Royal Highnesses.

No. 189. "Very Goodall, R.A." What does our dear old friend J. CLOTHES-HORSLEY say to this, eh? Ahem! Probably, No Good-all!

No. 195. "Much Moore, A?"

No. 198. "You should see me Dance the Polka!" The Right Hon. Sir REGINALD HANSON, as Lord-Mayor, giving a Dancing Lesson. The first step of the Polka. This new start is painted with considerable finish by "Hon. JOHN COLLIER." Brayvo, Hon. JOHN!

No. 236. "Here We Are Again!" Very glad to see old friends again when introduced by MARCUS STONE, R.A.

No. 286. "Her Mother's Voice; or, The Distracted Husband." Here Mr. ORCHARDSON has forcibly depicted a very telling scene. The elderly man in the chair has married a young wife, who is at the piano flirting with a gentleman who is pretending to be assiduously engaged in turning over the pages of music. The moral painter here suggests the hope that this young man may soon turn over a new leaf. The young wife has one eye—the left—on the lover, and the right is aly veering towards the long-suffering husband, whose left eye is surreptitiously glancing at her, while his right is steadily gazing at the footstool, as though he were meditating picking it up and flinging it at the heads of the enamoured couple. He is distracted by the simultaneous performance on the violin of the lady next door, No. 281. But what especially irritates him is the sound of his wife's voice, which so reminds him of the tone of his late mother-in-law, and, therefore, of her mother. The room and the accessories are the same old but always admirable properties, but the tale is new and the title most subtly and sarcastically chosen—"Her Mother's Voice."

No. 292. "Still Life! or, Missed Again!" An Academy J.E.M.! Sir JOHN, with characteristic modesty, has omitted himself in the picture; but as there is no mistaking a brilliant J.E.M., and as everyone "sees MILLAIS in it," we have introduced him into the scene. Birds uncommonly wild.

No. 298. "Sub Rosâ; or, The Blooming Blizzard." The artist is probably having a sly hit at the Operatic Bouquet nuisance. (N.B.—This is ALMA TADEMA's picture, of which you've already Aird tell.) No. 346. "James the First Escaping with the Great Seal." By W. H. BARTLETT.

No. 350. "The Pool of London." By VICAT COLE, R.A. Admirably painted. Probably intended for a Club Billiard-room.



"NEIGHBOURS."

Old Gent at No. 433 (Alfred Aublet's). Well!! Only an open door between us! I shall complain to Mr. Horsley.

Quiet Young Lady (without name or a dress, except No. 438). Don't think any one can see me. So cool. What "Joy!"





No. 281.—“THE DISTRACTED HUSBAND.”—No. 286.
(Vide explanation of the two pictures, p. 220.)



No. 292. “Still Life!”

No. 357. *Mrs. Ernest Moon.* By W. B. RICHMOND, A. Romantic combination. “The Moon, Richmond, and Ernest!” Not the “Inconstant Moon,” but the “Ernest Moon.” O *Romeo and Juliet!* O my Star and Garter—at Richmond!

No. 365. Not much of the “Colour Sargent” about this.
No. 413. “*Requiescat.*” Visitors will see that Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., has only given half the title. It is evidently “*Requiescat-and-dog.*” To be corrected in next cat-a-logue.

No. 439. *Type of Womanhood.* By W. B. RICHMOND, A. What do his initials stand for? Evidently, “Wouldn’t-you Be Richmond, A?”



No. 298. Sub Rosâ; or, The Blooming Blizzard.

No. 508. “*No Partners, and the Last Dance!*” JAMES ARCHER.

No. 1038. *J. M. Levy, Esq.* By HUBERT HERKOMER, A. To the life. So characteristic too of the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*. Fine healthy tone in the cheeks, suggestive of the very best circulation. Who could have done the hair so perfectly? *Who but Hair-comber, A.?*

THE WINES OF OLD.

“Messrs. SPIERS AND POND have secured from the royal cellars of the late King of BAVARIA some Steinwein of 1540, the days of HENRY THE EIGHTH; Leistenwein of 1631, the reign of CHARLES THE FIRST; Steinwein of 1731, when GEORGE THE SECOND reigned; Johannisberg of 1811, the beginning of the Regency; and Budesheimer and Hockheimer of 1822, when GEORGE THE FOURTH was King. The wines are on sale at the Criterion.”—*St. James's Gazette.*

Oh, what is Port of 'Thirty-four,
Not much of it remaining,
To Steinwein of the days of yore,
When bluff King HAL was reigning!
And here, from Sixteen-thirty-one
A Leistenwein comes splashing;
Ere CHARLES's troubles had begun,
Or RUPERT's sword was flashing.

Here's Steinwein of a good age too,
The days of GEORGE THE SECOND;
When FIELDING wrote and HOGARTH drew,
And WALPOLE smart was reckon'd.

Johannisberg we find that dates
Just after Eighteen-hundred;
Ere we lost the United States,
And France's cannon thundered.
These come from Warzberg cellars, where
Bavarian Kings would hold them;
But strange King LUDWIG did not care
For ancient wines, and sold 'em.
And now they travel far beyond
Where Rhineland realms are hilly;
And flow for us from SPIERS AND POND,
Near pleasant Piccadilly.

A NEW NATIONALISM.—The flower of the Boulangist Party is the Carnation. If the general opinion be favourable, the movement will be known as “Car-nationalism.”

LETTS BE CORRECT.—LETTS' *Commercial Tablet Diary* states:—“*Tues. May 1. Royal Academy opens.*” But it didn't. Many persons thought it did, not remembering, any more than the Letts' Compiler, that the Royal Academy opens on the first Monday in May.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

(Summary of the Speeches, by a late Guest.
Saturday, May 6. Midnight.)

PRINCE, pithy, pointed,
CAMBRIDGE disjointed,
SALISBURY humorous,
HALSBURY gloom o'er us,
HAMILTON prosy,
TYNDALL so dozey!
Lord Mayor DE KEYSER,
Voice pitched too high, Sir,
Speech Ostend-tatious;
LECKY loquacious,
Rooms very spacious,
Banquet splendidous,
All there voracious,
President gracious,
Touching, vivacious,
Him our R.A.'s
Heartily praise.
Here's to Sir FRED!

Now, Home to bed!



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS ?

(Why not give them a few Lessons in the Science of Book-Making?)

Mr. Professor. "AND NOW, LADIES, HAVING CLOSED OUR BOOK ON THE FAVOURITE, AND THE BETTING BRING SEVEN TO THREE BAR ONE, I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO WORK OUT THE ODDS AGAINST THE DOUBLE EVENT."

PIGS IN A PANIC.

(With Mr. Funch's acknowledgment for a suggestion in Mr. Stanley Buckley's picture, "Routed.")

Woonoo! Wirrasthrne! Here's a hullabaloo!
Talk of darkness at mid-day, a bolt from the blue!—

What are they to this startler portentous?
It comes like a comet, it spins like a wheel,
The placidest porker must falter, and feel
That the moment is truly momentous.

Irish pigs on a hill-side, they rummage and root,
With snouts all unringed, each Hibernian brute
Grunting low in serene satisfaction.

Hrump! hrump! But at sight of that swift spinning
How soon the grunt turns to an agonised squeal, [wheel,
The calm to precipitate action.

W-r-r-r! whiz-z-z! What is that? Gracious goodness look
Every tail quivers quick, every tremulous snout [out!
Snuffs imminent danger instanter.

The herd, like the Gadarine lot, fill with fright:
Some crouch and some scuttle, some shrink at the sight,
And others are off in a canter.

"Queak! queak! This is most unexpected, this is!
What a terrible thud! What a horrible whiz!
What palsying circumgyration!

From the crest of the hill 'twas unkind to dislodge it!
'Tis plain we can't stop it, perhaps we may dodge it,
And lessen our foes' jubilation."

More frightened than hurt? That remains to be seen;
At present that hillside presents a queer scene
Of catastrophe almost volcanic.

An avalanche suddenly lannched, it is clear,
Could hardly produce more amazement and fear
Than are shown by our pigs in a panic.

ITALIANO IN COVENT-GARDENO.

THE Organising Committee, consisting of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, EARL DE GREY, THE HON. OLIVER, MONTAGU and Messrs. HENRY CHAPLIN, A. de MURIETTA, and HENRY OPPENHEIM, that has been formed for the purpose of backing up Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS in his spirited Italian Opera enterprise that he is about to inaugurate at Covent Garden, met last week to discuss details. AUGUSTUS DRURICLANUS in the Chair.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD wanted to know why they couldn't open with *Black Eye'd Susan*? Wasn't there an Opera called *Britannia*? At all events *Britannia* sounded Italian, and would be highly popular.

LORD DE GREY wished to inquire if cigarettes and light refreshments could be served in the stalls? Wasn't there a song in something about "*Il Cigaretto per Esser*?"

The Chairman here reminded the meeting that the subject was distinctly Italian Opera.

MR. CHAPLIN thought the Sporting Element ought to be brought in. Country Cousins came up to town and liked to go to the Opera. He could do a lot with his constituents in the way of stalls, if "pleasure horses" were introduced. He had not seen the list of promised Operas, but he would be glad to know if in any of them there was any approach to a sporting situation.

MR. OLIVER MONTAGU said the only approach to a sporting situation he could recall was in *Ernani*, where some fellow, near the end of the Opera, blew a horn. (Laughter.)

MR. CHAPLIN: Did that bring on a pack of hounds? ("Oh! Oh!")

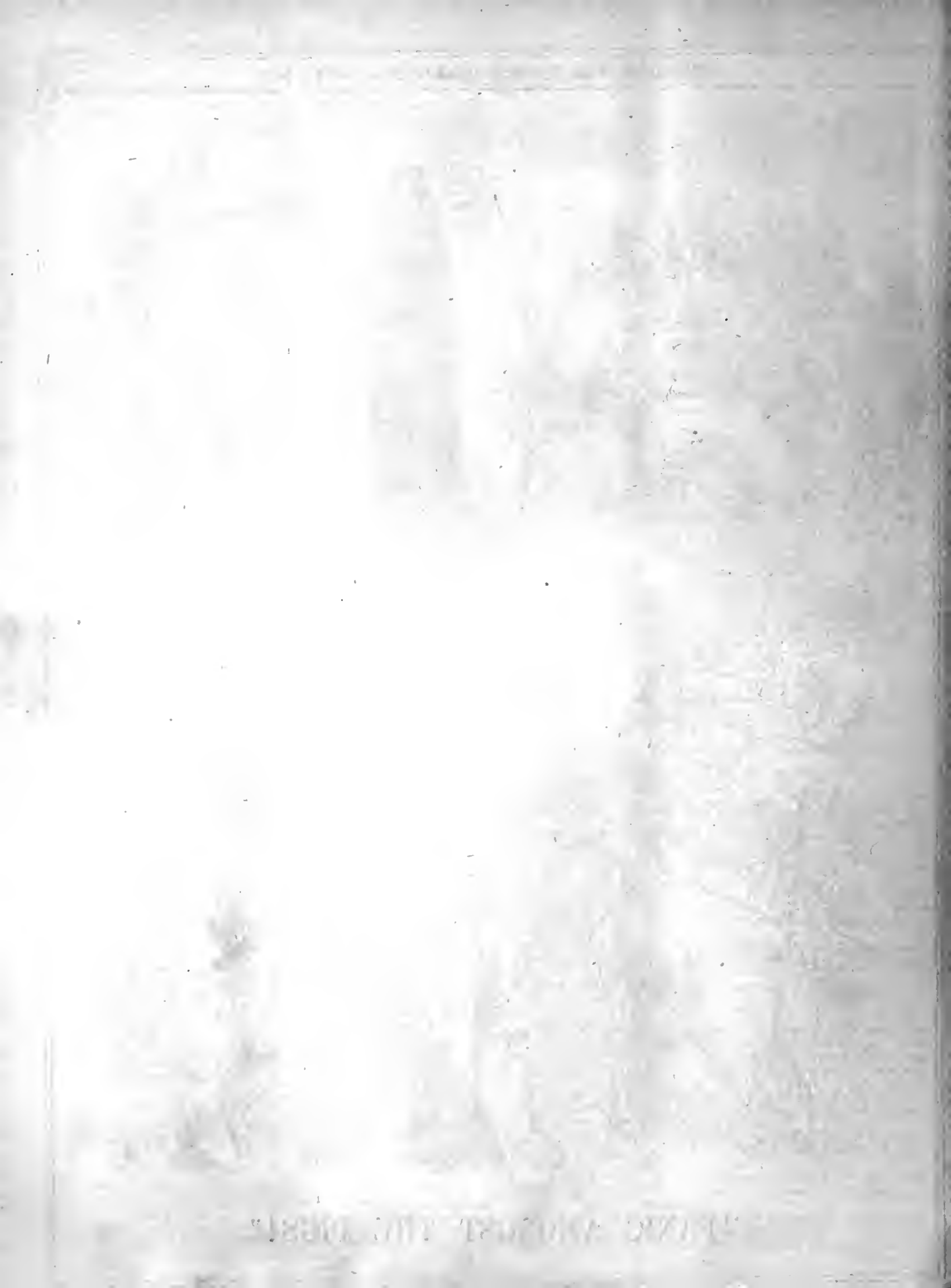
MR. OLIVER MONTAGU said he didn't recollect very clearly, but he didn't think it did. (Laughter.)

MR. CHAPLIN wished to ask whether there was not an Opera called *The Flying Dutchman*? Surely that was an old Derby subject? ("Oh! Oh!" and "Question.")

MR. DE MURIETTA thought that they had better let WAGNER alone. MR. OPPENHEIM wanted to know why they had better "let WAGNER alone"? The sole question they had to ask themselves was, "Did he draw?"



“PANIC AMONGST THE PIGS!”



Lord CHARLES BERESFORD never heard that WAGNER professed to "draw." Thought he only composed. ("Oh! oh!")
 Mr. OLIVER MONTAGU thought if the Opera could be played at a reasonable time—he meant at such a time as wouldn't interfere with his dinner-hour—it would be a sort of attraction, and help to fill the place.
 The Chairman then rose. He said he had listened with profound respect and attention to the suggestions that had fallen from the



The Italian Opera Organising Committee, under the direction of Signor Augustus Druriolanus.

members of the "Organising Committee" assembled around him, and he thought, on the whole, he could not do better than advise them to leave the conduct of the matters they had been discussing entirely to him. He flattered himself he knew a thing or two about stage management, and the Operas he was going to take in hand he would undertake to turn out in such a style that their own composers would hardly recognise them. ("Hear, hear!") His troupe with ALBANI, NORDICA, ARNOLDSON, the DE REZSKE Brothers, and a host of other eminent *artistes*, would rival the palmy days of LUMLEY, and the less remote, though not less brilliant, epoch of GRE. He hoped to show that Italian Opera was not only not dead, but was more flourishing and vigorous than ever. (Cheers.)

THE EXHIBITION-LOVER'S VADE MECUM.

- Question. Do you intend to visit all the Exhibitions?
 Answer. Certainly. I have on my list the Anglo-Danish, the Italian, the French, and the Irish.
- Q. Are you very fond of these collections of all that is excellent in Nature and Art?
 A. Very; especially the lamps, the bands, and the American bars.
- Q. You are most discriminating. At the Anglo-Danish Exhibition you would select something from Hamlet, Prince of Denmark?
 A. Remembering the English Village, I should like to see a Danish Hamlet. Also, I should like to examine the hobby-horse to which he refers in the Third Act. I think, too, that some of Ophelia's Columbines might appropriately appear in a ballet.
- Q. I find you know your Shakespeare by heart. Is there anything else you would desire to see at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition?
 A. The "quadrant dinner" on a fine summer evening.
- Q. What do you expect to see at the Italian Exhibition?
 A. The ground hypothecated last year to the Wild West Company in someone else's occupation.
- Q. Do you expect anything else?
 A. On a fine evening the inconstant moon mentioned to Romeo by Juliet. And no doubt we shall have "ancient Rome," and "ancient Venice," and "ancient SPIERS AND POND," or "ancient BERTRAM AND ROBERTS," or some other well-known refreshment caterers.
- Q. And you will be able to fancy yourself in Italy?
 A. Oh yes. My imagination will be assisted by the close proximity of the District Railway and the beautiful climate of West Kensington.
- Q. And what do you fancy you will see at the French Exhibition?
 A. Chiefly the Royal Westminster Aquarium.
- Q. And at the Irish?
 A. Some new tenants for that unfortunate hall, with the evidently Irish name, "O'Lympia."
- Q. And what do you expect to learn from all these exhibitions?
 A. That "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."
- Q. What do you mean by "one touch of Nature"?
 A. The usual shilling admission to all.
- Q. But supposing that the Anglo-Danish, Italian, French, and

Irish exhibits were eliminated, and only the music, lamps, and refreshments remained, would you not be sorrowful?
 A. I should be very, very, very sorrowful! As my reasonable and always satisfactory "self-improvement" excuse for going there, unaccompanied by my wife, would be removed.

Q. Would this loss affect the number of your appearances?
 A. Yes, and the attendance of the highly respectable Public.


Q. But if only Anglo-Danish, Italian, and Irish products were exhibited, without music, refreshments, dining-rooms, and variegated electric-lighting effects, would it not be a great success?
 A. No doubt such an Exhibition would be a very great success—but no one would go and see it.

STRANGERS FOR THE STRANGERS.

(Revised Rules for Admission to the House of Commons.)

1. Every Member shall be entitled to give previous to the sitting of the House two Orders of Admission to the Strangers' Gallery for each day of the Parliamentary Sitting, thus enabling each Member at the end of the Session to have about 180 orders out for the last day.
2. An Admission Order Office, under control of the Police, shall be provided, as near as possible to the foot of the staircase leading from the Central Hall to the door at the end of the corridor near the entrance to the passage leading from the room beyond the steps in front of the hall at the back of the ladder reaching to the Gallery, and in electric communication with the latter, the former, and the other one.
3. Every Member desiring to give Orders of Admission to the Strangers' Gallery shall make application, either personally or by writing, or through a third party, or by proxy, or, in cases of absence, by cypher telegram, at the Admission Office, stating:—His own name and address. Name and address of anyone he pleases. Name and date of *The Stranger*. Where it was played last. Who appeared in the character of *Mrs. Haller*. Date for which the Order is required. Name of the Theatre where it is to be available. Whether the Order is to give admission after Seven o'Clock.
4. The clerks in charge of this Office shall register and number this application, and give to the Member applying a ticket of admission in the following form:—

No. _____ THEATRE ROYAL

HOUSE OF  COMMONS.

ADMISSION ORDER FOR TWO GOOD SEATS FOR _____

To be presented not later than Seven o'Clock

EVENING DRESS INDISPENSABLE.

Umbrellas, Dynamite, and Revolvers must be left at the doors. Opera Glasses, Half-a-Crown for the whole evening. Orders of the Day 6d. each. No Fees. Apples, Oranges, and Ginger Beer to be had on application. N.B.—You are requested not to crack Nuts during the Speeches of the Leader of the House and the Rt. Hon. Gentleman at the head of Her Majesty's Opposition.

5. A Stranger, on coming to the House on the day and date entered on his ticket, should produce it to the Police, who should inform him whether he can be admitted. If he cannot be admitted then he will be detained until there is room in the Gallery for some one else. If there is not room in the Gallery for some one else, then he shall be balloted for until he is found to be in the minority. Upon this he shall be taken to the Clock Tower to be examined before two Justices of the Peace, who shall ask for the names of his father, brother, uncles and aunts, together with the addresses of his bankers, his dentists, and his solicitors. After this, his butcher's book will be carefully examined, and a copy made of the bill for his last week's washing. He then will be deprived of his hat, overcoat, purse, watch and chain and cigar-case. He will be then released from custody, and allowed to return to the Admission Office.
6. The Stranger, having complied with these requirements, must then proceed to the Gallery, at the door of which he will give up his ticket and the rest of his property to the door-keeper, who will immediately pass him on to the Police.
7. He will then be chucked out.

A Legacy to the Nation.

THE leading article in the *Times* of last Saturday on the publication of Lord DARTMOUTH's family papers by the Historical Manuscripts Commission contained this line:—
 "The LEGGES for many generations have occupied a conspicuous position."
 Apart from the context, it sounds like a history of the Ballet. Taken with the context, recounting how the members of the family have ever been in most responsible offices, we may well ask—"What would BRITANNIA have been without her Legges?" And among them hardly a black Legge, or a Legge that couldn't go straight.



THE PICTURES. 1888.

Portly Visitor. "I ENJOY THESE PRIVATE VIEWS SO MUCH, DEAR! NONE O' THOSE HORRID DISAGREEABLE TURNSTILES!"

ROBERT'S SILVER WEDDING.

WHAT a werry strange suckumstance it is that so many sillybrated peeples has all managed to have their Silwer Weddins this here yere. All along of the Prince of WHALES. But the most strangest thing of all is, that my much better harf went and found out that this was our Silwer Weddin Year as well as so menny other peeples's, and that it came dew on Sunday, larst fust of April! Now the fust thing as we found rayther a little orkard, wen we had made up our minds to keep it up with dew conwiviality, was the day. The 1st of April ain't at all a had day for to go and git married on, if so be as you must git married at all, in fact I have herd it sed by a grinning old Bacheidore that, it being All Fools' Day, it ort to be speshally reserved for sitch ocahuns! So we both agreed to put it off to the nex day, witch being a Bank Olliday, all our reglar set wood be sure to be dishingaged.

I was so wrapt up a thinking all about my grate speech for the Second of April that I quite forgot all about the Fust, so when I set down to Brekfast on that morning with the Fammily, and my yungest boy, little TOMMY, cum up, and sed to me "Lor, Par, sum-boddy's bin and gorn and chorked a large D for Duncen on your bak!" I natrally dragged my coat hof with hindignashun, when he shouted tout, "Ah, you April Donkey!" and there was a good larf all round. I couldn't be angry with the little deer, wen he explained that he didn't like to call me the *other* name, coz it woodn't ha' bin true. I was glad that he had not forgot my rule, allus to treat his Parients with dew respect, and speshally to onner his Father and his Mother.

The sun didn't shine werry britely on our kept Silwer Wedding day, and there was jist a leetle too much Nor-East wind to suit either me or my fond partner, that werry particklar embracing wind not being particklar faworable to sumwhat used-up complections, speshally when they wants to look at their werry best, but at any rate it didn't rain, so off we all started for Grinnidge by one of the new old Steam Botes, as I'm glad to see is a running again as ushal.

It was my own dear partner's romantick serrgestion that we shood re-wisit on this, our silwer anniversary, that particklar seat in the Park where, a quarter of a Sentry ago, I had boldly arsked her to jine her fortunes with mine, and where she had blushingly consented so to do. So, after a nice little lunch, we all started for the Park, and after a rayther long and dampish search, we found it, but jist as we had set ourselves comforably down to enjoy the nateral fond

rummyntissenses of our romantick sittywashun, the rain began for to cum down with that cruel wiolence as it seems speshally to reserve for Bank Hollidays and Pick Nicks and Silwer Weddins, and drove us to the Railway Stashun, which, of course, was a long ways off as ushal. We got home werry damp and not werry partickler cheerful, but as Silwer Weddin days don't come ewery day, we soon pulled ourselves together and awaited the arrival of our wariuous geates.

In they all came to an arty supper at 8 o'clock, and tho' we was jist a leetle acrowged, it wasn't suffishently so as to purwent us from hindulgin in plenty of arty larfter. BROWN was in great force, and his presentashun to my fare spowee of a reel silwer Broch, subscribed for by all the staff of a certain Otel, in a reglar gushing speech of amost hinspired helquence was one of the ewents of the heavingin. The famerly had put their little mights together and bort their Ma a reel silwer Thimbel, which WILLIAM presented to her in a few words of such reel nateral feeling that I proudly quotes 'em. "Ma, this is for you, with your childeren's love, and ewery time as you puts it on to work with, or takes it hof to leave hof with, remember them as guv it you!" Of course poor Ma began for to cry, as was ony nateral on sitch an appy ocahuns, but a nice little drop of ot Rum and water administered at jest the rite time, put her all to rites again, and she wore the silwer hembler of her hoffspring's love all the rest of the ewentful heavingin.

As for myself, I had dewoted several ours to trying for to learn sum of the best pints of the Prince of Whales' speeches on like ocahuns, but, strange to say, when the himportent moment cum, my memery quite failed me, and I stumbled like a hold horse, or a werry green Cheerman, rather than a well-machewrd Waiter, witch I attributes to gitting so wet in Grinnidge Park that all my best ideas was quite washed out of my pore branea. However, I pulled myself together at the hend, and boldly arsked 'em, wun and hall, to come again to our nex Silwer Wedding, which I wood take care to have a little later in the Summer, so as to be freed from North East Winds and soking showers, and all like wexations. And so, with "He's a jolly good Feller!" our 'ewentfool Silwer Wedding Day came, untarnished to the werry hend.

ROBERT

ETIQUETTE.—It is correct to address the Lords of the Admiralty collectively as "My Lords," but it would be equally appropriate to add, "I hope your Warships are getting along satisfactorily."



House of Commons, Monday, April 30.—No limit to resources of Irish Members. All night long ARTHUR BALFOUR stands with his back to the wall, on guard. Sometimes on offensive. Manages to deal out smart raps, that resound on tough hides. But Airey-Alfy not invincible. Irish Members had him to-night. JOSEPH GILLIS told me all about it. JOEY B. is sly, dev'lish sly, but strictly truthful. WASHINGTON, even in earliest boyhood, not in it with JOSEPH. Seems that, before House met this afternoon emissary of Irish Party had interview with Black Rod. Black Rod an amiable, elderly gentleman, who lives in constant terror of Sage of Queen Anne's Gate getting his salary cut down. Black Rod gets £500 a-year for sitting in uniform in box by Bar of House of Lords; another £500 for walking up floor of House of Commons; a cool thousand a-year for walking backward when he retires.

"And little enough too," Black Rod says. Sage retorts he knows a man who would do it quite as well for 30s. a week. Means to abolish Black Rod, salary and all.

Emissary worked on Black Rod's fears. Promised him Irish vote

when Motion comes on in Committee on Civil Service Estimates. What Black Rod was to do was, to wait outside till he got tip that Airey-Alfy was on his legs, then to walk in, and summon Commons to Bar of House of Lords to hear Royal Commission read.

Black Rod managed it beautifully. Airey-Alfy up snubbing HARTINGTON. Door flung back. Messenger bellows "Black Rod!" Enter Black Rod and Airey-Alfy peremptorily shut up in middle of sentence. Obligated to sit down. Irish Members cheered, and laughed at success of little plot.

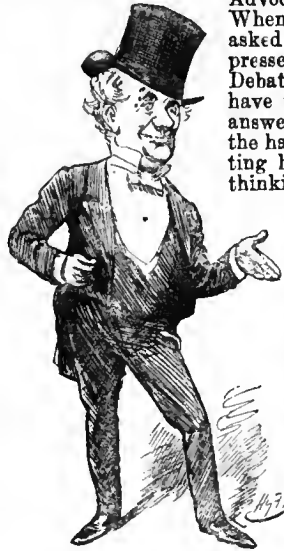
"You should have seen Black Rod wink at me as he retired backwards. It was quite *O revore*," said JOSEPH GILLIS. "We must really do something for him when the Salary question comes on."

Meantime, House engaged again on King-Harman Salary Bill. A "two-penny-halfpenny measure," HENEAGE called it, in burst of surprising eloquence.

"Nay," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, "it's at least a thousand a-year. Sort of thing, one would imagine, that GRANDOLPH would oppose on economic grounds." GRANDOLPH, strange to say, not in his

place. When I come to think of it, never is here when King-Harman Salary Bill on. *Business done.*—Salary Bill and Land Commission Bill read a Second Time.

Tuesday.—Quite a curious thing happened to-day. Dr. CLARK had on paper question respecting condition of Scotch Crofters. Lord Advocate answered in usual crusty manner. When questions were over, CLARK rose; asked leave to move Adjournment. Expressed regret at interference with ordered Debate, but explained that he would not have taken the course but for unsatisfactory answer of Lord Advocate. Here's where the happy accident intervened. CLARK, putting hand into pocket in meditative mood, thinking how he should begin oration thus suddenly and unexpectedly called for, found voluminous notes of speech already prepared! Eagerly seized bundle. With its assistance talked for three-quarters of an hour. Of course, wouldn't do for average Member to expect similar luck on ordinary occasions. A pure accident, upon which CUNLIFFE BROOKS, stepping out of his portrait-frame at the Royal Academy, begged heartily to congratulate him.



Congratulatory Cunliffe.

Rather a dreary Debate, save for one of those flashes of pellucid speech with which CHAMBERLAIN occasionally varies proceedings. Lord Advocate very petulant. As WILFRID LAWSON says, has of late made not unsuccessful attempt to graft BALFOUR's airy manner on the crabbed stock of a Scotch Dominie. Wants SMITH to let him bring down a ferrule. Says he would feel more at home if he had it in his hand whilst lecturing Scotch Members. SMITH says there's no precedent for it; Lord Advocate must imagine ferrule.

Scotch Crofters summarily disposed of, BRADLAUGH brought on subject of Waste Lands. The reverberating COLOMB green with envy as he sat and heard BRADLAUGH shout. BRADLAUGH always dominated by sense of fitness of things. Waste places being subject of his screed, imagined himself in centre of Salisbury Plain, with audience scattered about the marge. Always a pretty strident voice. But in these circumstances Niagara nowhere, and the reverberating COLOMB a puny whisperer. Effect presently seen. BRADLAUGH shouted place clear of Members, and at a quarter to nine House Counted Out. *Business done.*—None.

Wednesday.—It was MAPLE BLUNDELL's speech that killed JOHN LUBBOCK's Bill. No doubt about that. One single passage in oration rung the knell. LUBBOCK, trying to conciliate Opposition, had exempted vendors of certain hot provisions from operation of Bill. It was this touched MAPLE most deeply. Wrought him up to height of passionate oratory.



The State in Danger.

"You may," he said, holding Bill between finger and thumb, as if it had been the next article asked for, and really, 'pon his credit, couldn't recommend it; "you may have a glass of 'ot lemonade, but if you want a glass of cold lemonade. Sir JOHN steps in and says, 'No.' You may have a 'ot tart, but not a cold tart; and, Sir," here voice sank to lowest unutterable depths of pained indignation, "if you want a 'ot sausage, you may have it, but not a cold peelsony."

That settled the thing. Even the SPEAKER, who, after all, is (to a certain extent) human, gravely shook his head. As for GEORGE HIGGINSON ALLSOPP, he felt a crisis had been reached in long struggle for freedom of people.

"If," as he said to his brother SAMUEL CHARLES, whom he met in Lords' corridor, "a gentleman dropping in after Eight o'Clock for a pale ale can't choose between a hot sausage and a cold polony, what are we coming to?"

Business done.—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's Early Closing Bill thrown out by 278 votes against 95.

Thursday.—Gaiety of House eclipsed to-night by news that SPEAKER is ill in bed. It is said the rapid progress of business has taken his breath away. Whatever be the cause, everyone unaffectedly sorry. We are all proud of our SPEAKER.

In his absence COURTNEY took Chair, GORST sitting later in Chair of Committees. One startling effect of this novelty is to bring out GEORGE CAMPBELL as a humorist. Wants to know what is going to be done with vacant space on arch by Hyde Park Corner formerly occupied by revered statue of Duke of WELLINGTON? If they have nothing else to put there, will they bring the statue back? PLUNKER rather thinks not. Spent £3000 in getting it down to Aldershot. A considerable sum, but the deliverance worth it. Strictest discipline preserved at Aldershot. Corporal's guard always told off to arrest private speaking disrespectfully of the statue. Not at all likely to disturb this happy arrangement by fetching statue back in triumph. All very well for NAPOLEON to be from time to time *chassé* from Paris and then brought back amid frantic shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" Duke quite another person. His statue to be left to adorn Aldershot.

It was then CAMPBELL made his joke. Said he would "call attention to the distressing results which have followed the rash removal of a landmark dear to the inhabitants of London."

WILFRID LAWSON a little critical; says CAMPBELL joking reminds him of what Dr. JOHNSON said about the dog walking on its hind legs: "Not marvellous, though it was well done; strange it should be done it all." GOCHEN snapped angrily at this incursion on his new preserves. If this was result of SPEAKER's absence, sooner he was back the better. But House, led off by ADDISON, laughed consumedly, and for hours after GEORGE CAMPBELL, ecstatically nursing his right knee, indulged in silent chuckle. *Business done.*—GEORGE CAMPBELL made a joke. Budget Bill passed through Committee.

Friday.—ASHBOURNE back in the Lords to-night. Says he's come over to see Pictures at Academy, and incidentally to introduce a Bill on Irish Bankruptcy. O'HANLON thinks that's all a blind. Suspects LORD CHANCELLOR of black designs.

"Doesn't come to London for nothing," O'HANLON says, gloomily. "No, indeed," says ASHBOURNE, in his cheery way. "Costs me £4 5s., not to mention cab fares."

Being here, sets Lords by the ears. Throws in innocent remark in discussion on Boycotting, which brings up GRANVILLE, SPENCER, and the cumbrous KIMBERLEY. Marks marches in. For some minutes, quite a pleasant rumpus. *Business done.*—Commons Counted Out.

THROUGH.—"If you want a thing done well, do it yourself," is the motto of action for the Earl of ONSLOW and Lord CLINTON, who have lately been inspecting for themselves the sweating dens of Whitechapel—or rather Blackchapel. When a Select Committee wants to get on fast, let them get ONSLOW. He is like the celebrated GRIFFITHS, a safe man, and his title should be, Earl of ONSLOW-AND-SURE. Success to both their Lordships in their praiseworthy endeavours to get the whole truth out about the "sweating system." They must have experienced some melting moments in Whitechapel.

HOW OUR GREENGROCER PROPOSED TO EVADE THE TAX.



"Wheels? Lor' bless ye! I ain't got no wheels! This 'ere's my garden-roller, this is!"

A MUSICAL NOTE.

Bon voyage and "Many Happy Returns" in every sense of the word to Mr. FRED. COWEN, who is off to Australia. Miss COWEN,



Mr. Fred. Cowen Personally Conducting his Orchestra to Melbourne. Overture, "Advance (£6000), Australia!"

Miss COWEN's recitals were all good, but I should select "*Bodgy*" and "*Little Mrs. Somebody*" as the pick of the basket. Miss GRACE DAMIAN's singing of "*The Angel Came*," and "*For Lack of Thee*," made a great hit—quite a *coup de "Grace"*—and confirmed the success of the *Matinée*. There is something so thorough about this lady's method, her whole heart and soul being evidently in her work, that, inspired by a friendly feeling towards her, as her name is so uncommonly like "*Damon*," I sign myself MISTER PYTHIAS.

INFANT POLITICIANS.

A Forecast of the Future.

"Women could very easily begin political training with their children so as to familiarise them with hearing the great questions of the day discussed at home."—*Report of Lady Montagu's Speech at the Ladies' Grand Council of the Primrose League.*

Tory Mamma (to highly-trained children). And you must never despise or look down upon other people just because they happen to be Gladstonians. You should always remember that it is your good fortune, not your own merit, that you have been brought up differently.

The Eldest Boy. Yes, Mother, if Papa hadn't ratted at just the right time—

[*Tory Mamma* thinks it is time they went up to their tea.

SCENE—*Afternoon Reception in a Conservative Salon.*

Little Lady Primula Damer (age 7—to Noble Kinsman). Oh, Uncle GARTENBLAU, will you get my doll's name put down on your list for a "special service" clasp? She's got all the Noah's Ark animals to join our branch of the League!

SCENE—*The Nursery.*

Father, M. P. (going up to see his children, finds himself coolly received). Why, what's all this? Why won't the Baby kiss me, eh, ETHEL?

Ethel (severely). Well, Papa, you see Baby's a little disappointed with the vote you gave on the Second Reading of the Lundy Island Home Rule Bill—and so are all of us!

Godfather (to Godson). Well, what would you like for your birthday, eh, BOBBY?

Bobby (with decision). Guide to the House of Commons, please—and a new ballot-box.

Old-fashioned Friend (to Small Boy). And what are you so interested in, my little man? Fairy Tales, Nursery Rhymes, hey?

Small Boy. Something much better than that old rubbish! I'm going all through the Statistics of the last Bye-Elections—and (with boyish enthusiasm) oh, Mr. HUMDRUM, won't it be jolly when the next General Election comes, and we're "as in 1885—only better," you know!

In the Nursery again.

Mabel (to her Governess). Oh, Miss GURTON, do speak to REGGIE—it is so mean of him! You know the Gentleman Doll out of my Doll's-house was returned for the Fireplace Division, by a large

majority—all the cats plumped for him and two of the canaries! Well: REGGIE says the General of his tin soldiers is really elected, because there was "undue influence," and—and he's gone and unseated my Gentleman Doll on petition, into the bath!

Artful Little Girl (to her mother, a strong Gladstonian). Mummy, will you buy me a new doll?

Mother. But you have a very nice doll already, dear!

Little Girl. I know—but I've just found out she's a Dissident Liberal!

Little Priscilla (aged 9). Mother, what do you think? While you were away, I've had quite a long talk with Mr. BLANK—you know he's Chief Secretary for Ireland now)—and just fancy, Mother, I've almost persuaded him to turn Home-Ruler!

Round the School-room Fire.

Political Parent (Radical). Tell you a story? Well, what shall it be?

Frederick (aged 8). Tell us about what Mr. BALFOUR told Mr. BLUNT he meant to do to the Parnellite!

Madge (9). No, that's a silly story! Let's have the one about Mitchelstown.

Harry (10). Oh, we've heard that so often! Tell us how naughty Colonel DOPPING shot at good Mr. GLADSTONE.

Violet (11). Oh, not that one! I want the Battle of Trafalgar Square, and how Mr. GRAHAM went to prison!

[And so on—until *Political Parent*, as a compromise, reads to them out of Hansard until bedtime.

Not Improbable Result of Early Political Training.

Friend of the Family (in touch with the latest ideas—to small boy). So you're twelve next Monday, are you, Master HAROLD? Well, I tell you what I'll do—I'll take you into the Strangers' Gallery of the House that evening—exciting debate, GLADSTONE to move vote of want of confidence in Ministry. Come, that will be a treat for you, won't it?

Harold (with wounded dignity). Thank you, but I'm not in the Nursery now, you know. I've got a little too old to be amused by all that sort of thing any longer!

"A WINTER'S TALE" SPOILT.

Bootles' Baby, at the Globe as a play is not up to the Stann'ard of the well-known novel by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER." This undramatic dramatisation of *Bootles' Baby* at the Globe is an ill-constructed play furnished with stupid dialogue, and too long by at least an Act. But for the infant *Bootles*, of Act II., and the charming acting of little Miss MINNIE TERRY—the only uncockneyfied child I ever remember to have seen on the stage—the first night's performance would have been a very dreary one, even in spite of one of the most friendly and patient audiences ever assembled at a *première*.

The stage mis-management is on a par with the construction of the piece. By the time this notice appears, considerable alterations will probably have been made, and the piece will be played within reasonable limits.

Mr. SUDEN acted excellently as the villain. Miss EDITH WOODWORTH looked interesting, and tried to compensate for poverty of dialogue by wealth of appropriate action. Miss LINDLEY looked and acted very well as *Mrs. Smith*. Mr. EDMUND MAURICE played *Bootles* in a straightforward manly style. Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR represented, it is not improbable, a type of regimental doctor, with which, thank goodness, I am unacquainted. No better officer's servant could be found than Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE, only one can have too much of even so good a performance as his, and indeed, thinking over it, the impression left on my mind by the piece is, that it was all COLLETTE and Babies. I was bored by it, but then I deserved to be punished for breaking through my rule and going to a *première*, an exception for Yours Truly,

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

P.S.—There doesn't seem at first sight much connection between this very modern inartistic work and the picturesque, romantic, musical fragment, entitled *The Sorceress*, as performed at Professor HERKOMER'S Theatre, Bushey. Yet there is. In the latter, round the stolen child the picturesquely ragged rascals ran, and danced, and kissed his little hands, and hugged him uncouthly. Now this is precisely what the idiotic, prosaic, Tony Lumpkinque officers do with *Mignon* in *Bootles' Baby*. Another curious and undesigned coincidence is the resemblance between *Bootles' Baby* and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*.

A PRIMROSE Dame and energetic Woman's Suffrage'un says of the Member for Hanley, "Would all were like him!"



TWO NASTY ONES.

Jones (who has not been asked). "ULLO! ANOTHER OF THOSE BIG CRUSHES AT LADY GATHEEUM'S, WHERE I'M TOLD THE BUTLER IS ALLOWED TO INVITE HIS OWN PARTICULAR FRIENDS. YOU WERE THERE, OF COURSE!"

Brown (who has). "YES—AND YOU WEREN'T. I SUPPOSE THE BUTLER HAD TO DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE!"

TO MAY. (To Cease Fooling.)

THE Winter is long, like the coal and gas bills, and longer has grown the shamefaced day,
And some of the conscientious hedges are keeping the feast, though it's far from gay;
The grass is mown, and the meads are ready, the trees are waiting, but where [is May?]

What must the cuckoo be thinking of you, and what must the nightingale,
Clinging at eve to his bloomy spray with the nightingale's notion of tooth and nail,
And his trills and ripples go down the wind, like the shreds of a fairy sail.

The trees, like masts for the festal banners, are ready for their array,
And the early comers, in wasted triumph, stream to the stormy day,
While the blossoms are blown about like smoke, and the under-leaves are grey.

But you pause in your wilful, wayward sport, with a tear in your bold blue eye,
And the sun shines out, and the wind has dropp'd, and the woodland voices cry
With thronging rapture of faith unshaken, that the storms have all gone by.

O May, shall we never see you coming, coming at last to the patient earth,
With just the flush of the hawthorn petals, maiden shyness, or bridal mirth?
Think of your gardens and meads and rivers; scatter your life on the woodland's dearth.

Postscriptum (when the wind has changed).

So, after all, you were only playing, hiding behind the birch-crowned hill,
Where the light at evening is clearly golden, a blend of sunbeam and daffodil,
And the rays through the new leaves drop like honey, whence flowers their wine distil.

Oh, wayward May, in your Mayward way you have suddenly come to the world like love

In a wonder of beauty that baffles telling, on earth below and in heaven above,
While the mellow call of the cuckoo mingles with the deep content of the dove.

The mustard and cress in the kitchen garden gladdens the householder's heart at morn,

And merry voices are heard at tennis, and the click of the bat from the green is borne
Where the balls keep the cricket-net meshes swaying like gusts on a field of corn.

On a votive peg we hang the ulster, and bask in the sun in light array,
And the long, long Winter is scarce remembered like a guest that tarried a day,
And we gravely believe your nightingale whisper, "It's always like this in May."

MR. PUNCH'S ALARMIST ALPHABET.

(Dedicated to our Naval and Military experts, to whose warnings our Rulers attach no particular importance.)

A's the Alarm that the Country's defenceless.
B's the Belief such assertions are senseless.
C's the Commission that sits with regard to them;
D our Defences—the one topic barred to them!
E's the Expense—it's supposed we shall grudge it!
F is the Fear of increasing the Budget.
G stands for Guns, which we thought we had got.
H is the Howl when we hear we have not.
I's the Inquiry, abuses to right meant;
J is the Judgment (a crushing indictment!);
K is the Knot of red tape someone ties on it;
L's a Limbo—where no one will ever set eyes on it!
M is the Murmur, too quickly forgotten.
N is our Navy, which some say is rotten.
O's the Official who bungles with *bonhomie*.
P's Party-Government—all for Economy.
Q is the Question engrossing our Statesmen.
R is Retrenchment, which so fascinates men.
S stands for Services, starved (out of Policy).
T is the Time when—too late!—we our folly see.
U is the Uproar of Struggle Titanic;
V is the Vote we shall pass in a panic.
W's War—with the Capture of London.
X our Xplosions of fury, when undone.
Y is the Yoke we shall have to get used to.
Z is the Zero our Empire's reduced to!

THE NEXT ARMADA.

A Brief Chapter from the History of Macaulay Junior.

In the City the agitation was fearful. None could doubt that the decisive crisis was approaching. It was known, from the second edition of the *Times*, that the joint Armada, carrying everything before it, was continuing its victorious progress up the Channel. Plymouth had fallen without firing a shot. Portsmouth had speedily followed suit. The former had found itself, at the eleventh hour, unprovided with a single gun. The latter, at the crucial moment, discovered that it was still waiting the arrival of its ammunition. When these facts, mysteriously whispered at first with bated breath, became, later in the day, authenticated by the appearance of succeeding editions of the morning papers, the public excitement knew no bounds. A hideous panic seized the Stock Exchange. "Goschens" went down to sixty at a single leap. Five well-known Stockbrokers went off their heads, and were removed in cabs by the police in violent hysterics. The Lord Mayor appeared on the steps of the Mansion House, and endeavoured to quell the riot. He was at once recognised by the mob, and pelted with Pasa-Books.

But things assumed a most threatening aspect at the Admiralty. A vast multitude had assembled at Whitehall, and rendered Parliament Street impassable. There was an angry howl at the "Board." The Police took the precautionary measure of closing the gates. The First Lord appeared inside the enclosure, and his presence was the signal for an ominous roar. He was deathly pale and trembling, but he managed to scramble up the balustrade, and gazed feebly down on the raving thousands below. He was understood to say that when next Parliament met it would be asked to appoint another Committee to inquire into the naval administration of the country. His speech was cut short by execrations, and he hastily withdrew. Ten minutes later it was understood that he had escaped by the back way over the palings into the

Park, and was hiding himself from the fury of the mob in an unfrequented slum in Pimlico.

But while these events were transpiring in the Metropolis of the Empire, still graver issues were being arrived at on that "silver streak," which, up to now, had popularly, but erroneously, been regarded as its sure defence. What had been left of the British Channel Fleet after its first disastrous encounter with the joint Armada off the Lizard had rallied, and was now awaiting the attack of the again on-pressing and advancing enemy, in what promised to be a decisive encounter for the possession of the Mouth of the Thames, in the immediate neighbourhood of Herne Bay. The Admiral, in his hasty retreat, had collected about the shattered remnant of his force some auxiliary adjuncts. He had been joined by Her Majesty's ironclads, *Styx* and *Megatherium*, and by the belted cruiser, *Daffodil*; but owing to the fact that these vessels, not possessing any guns, had had to put to sea without their armaments, the recent arrivals could scarcely be counted on by him as an addition to his fighting power in any pending action. Nor was he sure of his own ship. Her Majesty's ironclad *Blunderer*, which carried his flag, was armed with four of the famous 43-ton Collingwood exploding guns, and though hard pressed in the recent engagement, he had not thought it wise to give the order to "fire."

Such was the position of the British Admiral at the commencement of that fatal afternoon which saw the last blow struck for the preservation of the Empire. The fight commenced by a general attack of the enemy. But it did not last long. In a very few minutes seven of the British ironclads, including that of the Admiral, were blown up by the explosion of their own guns. The rest found that they were supplied with the wrong-sized ammunition, and were rapidly put *hors de combat*. Within a quarter of an hour of the firing of the first shot the action was over, and the last remnant of the British Fleet had practically disappeared. That evening the advance despatch boats of the joint Armada anchored off Gravesend, and 120,000 men were landed on the Kentish coast between Margate and Whitstable.

When the news of the disaster appeared in the evening papers, the panic, which had been gathering strength as the day progressed, culminated in fever-heat. Everybody was in the streets asking, with staring eyeballs, for the latest news.

Gradually it became known that 75,000 of the enemy were advancing on the capital by way of Aldershot, and that the General in command at the camp, who had 1371 men of all arms under him, all told, had received orders to oppose them, and this announcement seemed to restore in some measure the public confidence.

Meantime a quite phenomenal activity prevailed at the War Office, and the horses of the General Omnibus Company were at once requisitioned for the service of the Royal Artillery. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, on hearing of the catastrophe, had applied to the Authorities instantly for the 11,000 men he had recently insisted on. With that force, he said, even at the eleventh hour, he would guarantee the safety of the country. Mr. WHITELEY forthwith undertook to furnish them within twenty-four hours. His offer was accepted with enthusiasm. It was known too that Lord WOLSELEY had already started with a miscellaneous force of Volunteers, Guards, and Policemen, hurriedly collected, for



"OH TAX 'EM, BY ALL MEANS!"

Hawker (outside, taking advantage of the open window) "BUY A NICE MOP, GOV'NOUR!"

Sydenham, with the intention of taking up a defensive position among the antediluvian animals, and there waiting the course of events.

The Authorities were fairly on their mettle. They instantly supplied three Volunteer regiments with rifles of an obsolete and antiquated pattern. Nor was this all. They telegraphed to Woolwich to expedite the selection of a model for the new magazine rifle, and marked their communication "urgent." Matters, meanwhile, at head-quarters were not less vigorously pushed forward. Inquiries were made for Mr. STANHOPE's plan of "defending the Thames." Every pigeon-hole was examined, but it could not be found. Still, the Department did not despair. They despatched a third-class War Office clerk to Greenwich to report on the situation and say what he thought of it.

When, however, it transpired the next morning that, spite all the efforts to stay their advance, 50,000 of the enemy had taken possession of the Bank of England, seized the Lord Mayor and Aldermen as hostages, and were prepared to treat with the Government, with a view to evacuation, on the cession of Margate, Canada, India, Gibraltar, Malta, Australia, and Madame Tussaud's Wax-work Collection, together with a preliminary payment of fifteen millions, Englishmen began soberly to recognise that what they had so long regarded as an impossible vision had really come about, and that the "Next Armada" was an unhappily accomplished fact.



House of Commons, Monday, May 7.—ARTHUR MONTAGUE BROOKFIELD came down to House to-day, whistling "*Marlbrook il s'en va-t-en guerre.*" BROOKFIELD was in 13th Hussars, doncha. Now sits for Rye, and sometimes writes books. Had a great notion to-day. On Friday BRADLAUGH orating on Waste Lands. Incidentally spoke disrespectfully of one hundred thousand acres of waste land in Sussex. All BROOKFIELD's martial ardour boiled over. Rye should see what he could do for the county. Went out to prepare his speech. Bell rang. Didn't matter; too busy. Presently messengers come in to put lights out. House counted, BRADLAUGH got off scot-free, Sussex sat upon, and Rye unavenged!

Thus things looked black on Friday night. But to-day sky brightened. BROOKFIELD had happy thought. Why not go down to House, rise after questions, crave indulgence to discourse on personal matter, and, as MAPLE BLUNDELL would say, give it BRADLAUGH 'ot? Some fellows when they can't get off speech write to long-suffering *Times*, and work off stray thoughts. Better still to rise on personal question. Members always listen to personal question; all the papers report it at length. Wonder never thought of this before.

So BROOKFIELD *il s'en va-t-en guerre*—all across the Park, where the Spring leaves danced out to see him go by. Arrived at House took seat immediately on right of SPEAKER, so as to catch his eye when time came. Questions over, rose, produced manuscript, and "claimed indulgence of House whilst he made personal statement." Members beginning to crowd out under impression that business was commencing, halted, turned back, resumed seats. BROOKFIELD began with reference to Count Out on Friday, to BRADLAUGH's "serious and absolutely unfounded allegation," and so on to the existence of hundred thousand acres of waste land in the county of Sussex—"one of the divisions of which I have the honour to represent."

SPEAKER on his feet, with warning cry of "Order! Order!" "One hundred thousand acres of waste land," said he, "cannot possibly be a subject of personal explanation."

BROOKFIELD nervously explained that he was coming to the personal matter. SPEAKER sternly shook his head. To cross an ordinary spinney, or fifty acres of ploughed land, might be permitted; but a hundred thousand acres of waste land!—House evidently could not wait whilst he crossed it at whatever speed. So SPEAKER called on next business, and BROOKFIELD mournfully picked his way back through the hundred thousand acres.

"MAPLE BLUNDELL was quite right," he wearily said. "Dead set in modern legislation against anything 'ot. Suppose I might have made a cool remark, but when I meant to give it BRADLAUGH 'ot, SPEAKER shuts me up."

Business done.—Local Government Electors Bill through Committee. Glebe Lands Bill read Third Time. Got into Committee on Criminal Evidence Bill. At this rate soon have no work to do.

Tuesday.—Alderman Sir ROBERT FOWLER, thrice Lord Mayor of London, in the dock again to-night. Always finding himself there, not for personal derelictions, but as chief representative in House of Corporation. FIRTH led for prosecution. With him BRADLAUGH, Q.C. Prisoner, who was respectably

dressed, accommodated with a seat. BAUMANN, *faute de mieux*, accepted brief for defence. Crowds of witnesses in the lobby prepared to swear anything, either to character or having been with the prisoner in any particular place at any particular time mentioned in indictment. Solicitor General, interposing as *amicus curiæ*, urged Court to look over affair, as another formal and more serious charge preferred against prisoner and his friends is to come on at next assizes. General disposition of Court to deal leniently with prisoner. Well known for his philanthropy, his hospitality, and his "Hear! hear!" In the end, Jury disagreed. It is stated that 133 were for a verdict of "Guilty," and 156 for acquittal. Consequence was, prisoner was discharged, and left the Court accompanied by his friends.

Turned up a little later in support of SAM SMITH's motion deploring the rapid spread of demoralising literature in the country. Understood that Alderman traces all the iniquities of the Corporation to inordinate indulgence in cheap literature of demoralising tendency.

"If it hadn't," he said, "been for penny dreadfuls, the Street Committee would never have gone on that excursion to Paris, ostensibly to inspect the telephone wires; and the City Barge (if there be a successor to the defunct *Maria Wood*) would have been sold for a missionary ship long ago, if it hadn't been for the minds of the Court of Aldermen becoming unbinged by reading accounts of piratical excursions up the River Lea, penny plain, twopenny coloured."

Business done.—Corporation on its trial. Jury disagreed.

Wednesday.—ARTHUR BALFOUR had pleasant time this afternoon. Usually has Irish Members banded against him. Fights them on wholesale principles, "One down, another come on." To-day sat beaming on Treasury Bench, whilst Irish Members demolished each other. Fun broke out on Second Reading on Irish Saturday Closing Bill. T. W. RUSSELL brought it in; circumstance didn't particularly recommend it to any section. As FLYNN, dropping into metaphor, and remembering work of Art he has seen somewhere, observed, "RUSSELL always treating Ireland as The Dirty Boy; catching it by the scruff of the neck, and forcibly proceeding to wash its face."

Irish Members sharply divided on Bill. Some supported it, others opposed it. PARNELL, with characteristic judicious reserve, declined either to support or oppose. JOHN O'CONNOR moved rejection. Thereafter assumed that ARTHUR BALFOUR's remarks on Bill were personal to himself. House screamed with laughter when AIREY-ARTHUR having made a particular statement, LONG JOHN slowly uncoiled himself, and, rising to fullest height, solemnly declared he had "never said that." In vain BALFOUR protested he had not mentioned Hon. Member, had not had him in his mind, was not, in whatever indirect way, referring to him. After a few more sentences, LONG JOHN's legs observed to move, then slowly uprose the columnar edifice, and a voice was heard saying, more in sorrow than in anger, "I assure Right Hon. Gentleman I never said anything of the kind."

Presently AIREY-ARTHUR grew accustomed to process. Regarded interposition as note of admiration, perhaps rather too plentifully sprinkled about his sentences. When the tall figure at the corner Bench opposite showed signs of movement he resumed his seat, JOHN O'CONNOR made his protest, and BALFOUR continued his speech as if nothing had happened.

Business done.—Irish Saturday Closing Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—House kept a watch on A Note of Admiration! QUINN this afternoon, which, as JOACHIM says, was odd, since QUINN had no watch on him. Lost it early yesterday morning, wending his way homeward after legislative labours. Understood that QUINN was coming down this afternoon to give notice to ask HOME



SECRETARY whether he had received official information of the outrage, and whether he was prepared to Gazette Chelsea as a proclaimed district? But QUINN didn't put in appearance, and condolence held over.

House spent useful, but not exciting, evening, discussing Railway and Canal Traffic Bill.

SHAW come back after long absence. Makes his first appearance since New Rules in operation. Says he's "struck all of a heap." Doesn't know the place. So dull and deorous, that an afternoon with the Halifax Town Council quite a refreshing change.

Business done.—Various Bills advanced a stage.

Friday.—Thought there was something the matter with the Dook to-night. Met him going to the Lords, frowning and puffing, and clenching his fists. All explained early in sitting. Seems someone has been writing to the papers purporting to supply information on the highest military authority.

"My Lords," said H.R.H., looking round the hushed Chamber, his hand instinctively seeking sword-hilt, "up to this moment I had supposed I was the highest military authority."

Then the Markiss wheeled into line of battle. Fell upon Our Only General, who has been making speeches, and rather hinting that we can do without War Office, perhaps even without Premier. Quite a lively half-hour. Running neck-and-neck in point of excitement was the scene in other House where BRADLAUGH came to the front again. GRANDOLPH took opportunity of landing Old Morality a back-hander, and there was generally the doose to pay. *Business done.*—Flare up in both Houses.



"Struck all of a Heap."

FROM BROMPTON TO DENMARK AND ITALY.

(By Our Much Abroad Contributor.)

ARMED with the sealed instructions of my Editor (not to be opened until I was well on my way). I left Brompton for the distant climes of the home of our Sea King ancestors, and the land that, by universal consent, is known as "The Garden of Europe." It is unnecessary to describe my journey (which I need scarcely say was by the Roderzee-Exhibitionersberg, and the Diss-Trickrailwayzein), as it was uneventful. I will merely observe that I was soon, very soon, in the centre of Denmark. It was a most remarkable spot, and on every side I found evidences that I was indeed out of England. The first object that attracted my attention was a sort of boat, painted a bright red, which was floating in a small lake, dotted here and there with fountains. This vessel had a solitary mast, or rather pole, surmounted with a kind of globe of intertwined hoops, also coloured vermilion. On closer inspection, I found that this globe at night-time could be exchanged for a lamp.

"Ab," I observed to a bystander, "I think I recognise this ship. If I am not greatly mistaken, this is the Nore. It is to be found, as a rule (is it not?), at the mouth of the Thames."

"You are not quite right," was the reply. "This is indeed a Nore—but not the English Nore. This is of Danish origin. It is mentioned by SHAKESPEARE, and is called Elsie-Nore."

Much pleased with this discovery, I continued my explorations, and was soon standing in front of a collection of small cottages.

"A village?" I hinted.

"No," said the bystander, who had accompanied me, and seemed most anxious to furnish me with information. "In England, no doubt, this cluster of cottages would be called a village, but here in Denmark it is known as a Hamlet. Your great poet had, when living, a deal to do with Hamlet."

"That is questionable," I replied, glad to show my erudition.

"The chances are that he might have composed half of it—say the last half—but the Ham, I fancy, is attributable to BACON."

My Guide (who seemed a little annoyed at this remark) now left me, giving place to a young lady (quaintly dressed in white muslin and wild flowers) of very prepossessing appearance. I was much struck with her hair, which was tastefully decorated with straw.

"Are you a Dane, Madam?" I asked.

"I have lived all my life in Denmark, Sir," was the soft response, "but I am really of Irish extraction. My name is O'PHELIA."

She pronounced it "O'Failure," which gave me an opportunity of declaring that I was quite sure that it was a misnomer—that she

could only be associated with a great success. "You are mighty polite," she returned, with a smile, "will I do anything else for ye?"

Thus invited, I said I should very much like to see a real Dane.

"Nothing aisiar," she cried, and pointing to a gentleman in black with a hat tied up at the sides and wearing gaiters and an apron, observed, "Sure he's a Dane, and so was SWIFT."

After this, I saw a hundred objects of the most interesting character—there were jam tarts, jewelled brooches, tiny tea-cups, small watches, and wee handkerchiefs covered with the most elegant lace.

"Thoroughly foreign," I commented.

"Not only foreign," said Miss O'PHELIA, "but Dana-ty."

It now occurred to me that only half my duty had been performed, and that in spite of the enchanting company of my fair conductress, I must tear myself away to visit Italy. So after a courteous adieu, I left Denmark, and was soon in the Rode die Lillie, which, as everyone knows is close to the Cemetary die Bromptoni. I hurriedly entered the domains of the House of Savoy, and threw myself on a seat where one of the most charming views I have ever seen presented itself to my delighted vision.

There was a small forest of the most delightful green foliage surmounted by a gorgeous layer of flesh-colour enshrined in a sort of shell of the brightest red. Resting on the layer, and overflowing the foliage, was a stream of yellow that seemed to me like oil mixed with hard-boiled eggs. I revelled in this perfect picture, and absolutely devoured it.

"What is it called?" I asked, almost choking with emotion.

"This, Sir," replied a man at my elbow, "is the celebrated *saladi di lobsterini*. Would you like to see the *soupo-consommoni*?"

I replied in the affirmative, and immediately there appeared before me a small lake composed in the most exquisite taste.

After this I was shown the *lambo*, situated close to the *saucci di minto*, the *gelatino di stufio-realo*, and the *meringoes di cremo*. While I thoroughly enjoyed these magnificent products of a happy country, I quaffed a very pleasing beverage, which effervesced when it was poured from a bottle, decorated at the neck with what appeared to me to be gold-foil. I was obliged to take it, as I found this kind of sight-seeing rather thirsty work. By degrees the pleasant views became slightly indistinct, and then I witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. The ground seemed to be turning round. Here was a lamp-post standing on its head; there a band-stand climbing up a tree. It was a weird sight, which filled me with vague awe.

"Where are we now?" I stammered. "What do you call this?"

"We call this," was the immediate reply, "the *Champagna*!"

Then I remembered the evil effects attributed to the country surrounding Rome, and hurried away. Shortly afterwards I fell asleep, and remained in a heavy slumber for many hours. When I awoke I opened my sealed instructions. They were as follows:—

"Go to the Anglo-Danish and Italian Exhibitions, and write a preliminary notice of what you didn't see."

With a sigh of relief (and a slight head-ache), I reflected that I had carried out my Editor's instructions to the letter!

"DISTRICT VISITORS."

THAT there is "no more useful class, whether it be first, second, or third, than 'the District Visitor,'" is the opinion of every official connected with the District Railway and the Exhibitions at South and West Kensington. Such, also, is the sentiment of the aristocratic Earl of Earl's Court, in whose heraldic bearings stands out conspicuous "the Early Bird on a field *argent*, catching the worm *slugant*."

For these District Visitors to London has been compiled, by an anonymous writer, an excellent District Railway Guide, so choke-full of useful and interesting information that the intending Visitor who purchases it, may consider the most economical way of spending a happy day to be remaining indoors perusing this valuable Guide; only as it does not include details of the Italian and Anglo-Danish Shows, he will have to visit these, unless he prefer trusting to his imagination. The maps, as works of Art, might be taken as models by some of our most eminent colourists in the Academy; and the War Office will do well to consider "the thin Red Line" shown on this map in their scheme for improving "Defenceless London."

So much for the present—if you can get somebody to give it you as a present, all the better, if not it is sixpence well spent,—and in the future not dim and distant, we may have something more to say on these same lines.

It is published by "ALFRED BOOT AND SONS,"—a pair of Boots, and perhaps some odd boots,—and as it ought to be appreciated by the Public, it, as LUCIUS JUNIUS BOOTUS might say, will go "like old Boots." Boots it to add that it is Bootifully got up? Whether it wouldn't be still better if more pocketable, is for the Publisher to consider. But, *a propos de bottes*, he may think that a re-issue in a portable form is quite another pair of shoes. A good advertisement for the Guide would be on every Smith stall to have written up "Boors Sold here."



THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

Mrs. Wistful. "WHAT HAPPY PEOPLE YOU ARE, TO HAVE SIX NICE DAUGHTERS! WHAT RESOURCES FOR YOUR OLD AGE!"

Mr. Quiverful. "YES. RESOURCES ENOUGH! BUT THE DIFFICULTY, NOWADAYS, CONSISTS IN HUSBANDING ONE'S RESOURCES!"

"THREE JOLLY POST-BOYS!"

THREE jolly Post-boys were drinking at the "Dragon,"
Each of them considered he'd a big success to brag on;
And they determined,
Gleefully determined,
Triumphantly determined
To push about the flagon.

"Landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it runs over!
Each of us, in season, of good tippie is a lover;
There are not three thirstier boys,
Bibulously thirstier boys,
Gloriously thirstier boys,
From here away to Dover!"

SMITH—a steadier rider never threw his leg o'er leather;
GOSCHEN—he was game to pound through every kind o' weather;
RITCHIE—lad of promise he.
They were full of mirth and glee;
Never a more jovial three
Took the road together.

"Here is our first stage!" they cried; "we may take an easy.
Face we have put on, my boys, will make opponents queasy.
If you'd see three Post-boys proud,
Post-boys jubilant and proud,
Post-boys with good reason proud,
Gentlemen, us three see!"

"Rivals swore we couldn't ride together,—bound to quarrel.
'They must come a cropper soon,' they muttered; 'that's a moral.'
All their nasty temper, boys,
Spiteful jealous temper, boys,
Beastly bitter temper, boys;
Blend of rue and sorrel.

"Though we've come a spanking pace, our nags' reserve force
fund 'll
Prove that over a long course we boys know how to trundle.
And the luggage—'t isn't light—
Travels safe; that Budget's tight,
And the L. G. B.'s all right,
Though a biggish bundle.

"As to t'other—'National Defences' bag—we find, boys,
That it is a lumping load, and for our nags a grind, boys;
But, although its weight may irk,
We must face that piece of work,
And, whatever else we shirk,
Can't leave that behind, boys!"

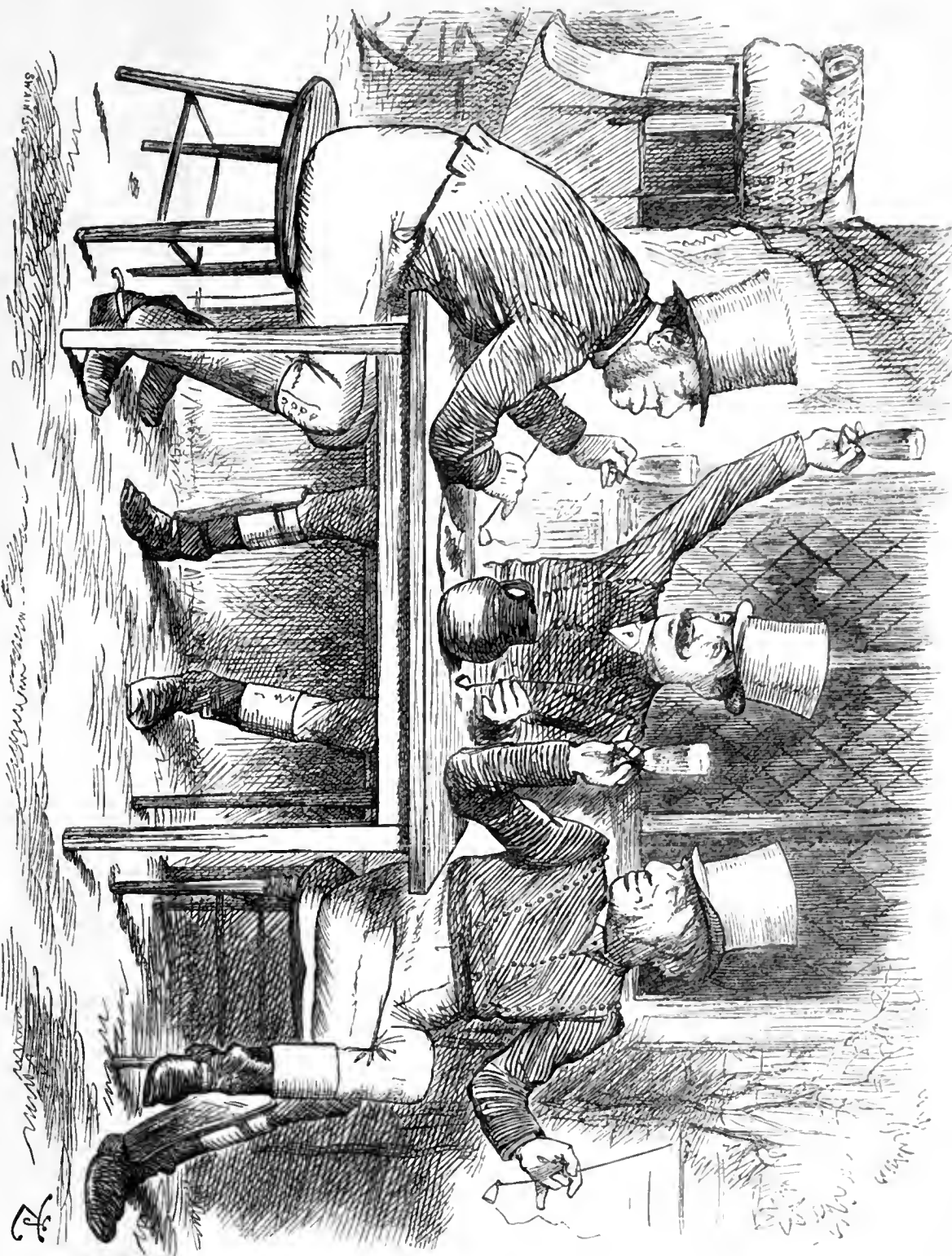
"Steady does it; be the road to China or to Chiswick.
Patience cures the (Party) gout, the colic, and the phthisic;
And it is allowed to be,
Commonly allowed to be,
By the wise allowed to be,
The very best of physick.

"Push the flagon round, my boys! A man may be too sober.
We are not the lads to shirk a draught of sound October.
Fill the bumper, crack the joke.
We're not WILFRIDS; a good soak
Will not hurt our British oak;
Genuine *quercus robur*.

"Presently again we'll mount our postohaise smart and yellow,
For the moment let us tope until we're ripe and mellow.
He who toils, and tipples too,—
Like myself, dear boys, and you—
Lives as a man ought to do,
And dies a jolly fellow." [Left drinking.

CHANGE OF NAME.—In the Divisional Court, before Mr. Justice BRETT, appeared, in *Wrench v. Wrench*—a wrench asunder—one Mr. CANNOT as counsel for the petitioner. It is an unfortunate name. "Who will take the case?" asks the client of her solicitor. "He, CANNOT," answers her adviser. "Can not! shall not," indignantly exclaims the fair client. Now wouldn't it be better if Mr. CANNOT changed his name to Mr. NON POSSUMUS? Or, to make it still more singular, why not Mr. NON POSSUM? If these hints won't do, say Mr. KANT.

N.B.—No. 22 in the Royal Academy, by FRANK HOLL, R.A., representing "Sir ANDREW CLARK—or his equivalent,"—and that's HOLL about it.



“THREE JOLLY POSTBOYS!”

“SMITH—A STEADIER RIDER NEVER THREW HIS LEG O’ER LEATHER;
GOSCHEN—HE WAS GAME TO POUND THROUGH EVERY KIND O’ WEATHER;
RITCHIE—LAD OF PROMISE HE,
THEY WERE FULL OF MIRTH AND GLEE:
NEVER A MORE JOVIAL THREE
TOOK THE ROAD TOGETHER.”

EFFEULLANT LA MARGUERITE.

La France sings:—

PETAL by petal plucked have I,
And yet I doubt, and yet I sigh!
My fate—what is it? Shall I try
Another?



AN IDYL MOMENT.

THE LATEST SOCIETY SENSATION.

THE President of the British Artists—if we may still be permitted to call him so—will find a formidable rival in his handsome countrywoman, who has just arrived from America, and who has already commenced her season in London. We allude to the talented "Madame Le SIFFLEUR," or Lady Whistler. The "Lady Whistler!" and our impressionable JAMES is not yet knighted. "Why should London wait?" What a chance for a duet! *Papageno* and *Papagena* in *Il Flauto Magico*! What is the old English, and, in this case, decidedly ungalant proverb about a "Whistling Woman and a Crowing Hen?" No matter. The Lady Whistler has a career before her. She is so attractive, that a song should be written for her, "Whistle and I'll come to you, My Lad-y!" Of course Madame LE SIFFLEUR does not exhibit her accomplishment "*pour les beaux yeux*" of her admirers, and therefore they will have "to pay for their whistle,"—and a very pretty and melodious whistle it is.

"P'SHORE!"—Morning Performances are nowadays of such frequent occurrence that the poor overworked Dramatic Critics might adopt, as their national song, "*Oh, dear! what can the Matinée be!*" This would be a foot too long, but then anything connected with an afternoon representation would naturally be the reverse of too short. However, there are exceptions to every rule; and had the Actors engaged in *The Silent Shore* a week since at the Olympic Theatre played in any piece other than Mr. BOUNDLE-BURTON's drama, there is every reason to believe that their labour would not have been in vain. The promoter of this particular *Matinée* was Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, who is more than a fair player—in fact, this gentleman promises to be a very good Actor indeed when an opportunity is offered to him. On the occasion in question he worked wonders out of very miserable materials, and was certainly the feature of the performance. Mr. SCOTT BUIST was also good. The "Producer and Director" of the play, however, who assumed the character of a fat and vague villain, was not so satisfactory; and it was a matter of some regret that he was not as "Silent" as the "Shore" for the production and direction of which he seemed to hold himself proudly responsible.

ALL OF A PIECE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE by the law reports that although Mr. SEEBOHM is not to use any of Mrs. BURNETT's lines from her novel of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, he is to be permitted to retain what Mr. Justice STIRLING has decided to be his own work. I quote his Lordship's words:—"I have come to the conclusion that it may not be impossible for the defendant to sever the passages which he has extracted from the novel from the rest of his work. If he desires it, I will give him the opportunity of doing so. He must first, however . . . extract from those copies which are in his possession or power, and deliver up for cancellation to the plaintiffs, all passages copied, taken, or colourably imitated from the plaintiffs' book." Of course this will rather alter his present dramatic version of the story. I frankly confess I have not been to the Prince of Wales's Theatre to see the play, but, as a brother dramatist, I cannot help feeling that it would be a pity to lose the whole of his labour. Why should he not alter the piece in such a way that it might be still suitable for representation. I have not time to work out the whole drama, but present him with a suggestion for the Last Act.

SCENE—*The Condemned Cell at Newgate. Old Lord FONTLEROY discovered pinioned. "UGLIEST" in tears.*

Old Lord F. Be off with you!

"*Ugliest.*" Oh, don't say that, my grandson! You break my heart!
Old Lord F. But do I care! But, before I die, let me sing one song that reminds me of happier times—when I was a boy at Eton somewhere towards the end of the eighteenth century.

(*Song introduced—"Jolly Noss."*)

"*Ugliest.*" Oh, my darling, you break my heart! I cannot bear it!
Sheriffs of London and Middlesex (entering). Nor we either! Take him off to immediate execution!

"*Ugliest*" (*clinging to their knees in supplication*).! No! no! You shall not tear him from me!

Old Lord F. Why not, grandmother? I die happy. I am of ancient birth. I am a nobleman. I have the greatest contempt for cads! *Nobless* does not *oblige*! Down with the democracy!

Sheriffs. Away with him!

Old Lord F. (with dignity). I obey you, Sirs! But first a word with those present. (*Turning to the Audience.*) I can die happy if you show your forgive me by applauding *Old Lord Fontleroy*.

"*Ugliest*" (*sobbing*). Or *The Phantom Bride of Battersea Park.* (*Faints.*)

There! I do not know if there is any "colourable imitation" in the above; but if there be, it must be altered. With kindest regards to Mr. SEEBOHM,
Yours sincerely, A BOOM AT SEA.

A STITCH IN TIME.

WITH a view to calming the popular apprehension now showing some signs of rising, owing to the recently sprung "National Danger" scare, it is said that the Naval and Military Authorities have resolved on putting the following schemes into execution at their earliest convenience:—

1. *Arming the Volunteer Artillery.*—As neither Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG nor the Ordnance Department at Woolwich, owing to the heavy arrears of work they have at present in hand for the purpose of supplying guns for Her Majesty's ships, arsenals, and coaling stations, can turn their attention to the manufacture of a weapon suitable for the requirements of the force of Artillery Volunteers for the next fifteen years, it has been determined to equip this important factor in the defensive organisation of the country with a light muzzle-loading field-gun, the barrel of which will be constructed from an ordinary six-inch iron gas-pipe. The contract has already been placed with an enterprising firm of East-end sweaters, and it is calculated that probably before the end of the year after next the first consignment of the order will be in the hands of the force for which it has been so happily designed.

2. *Organising the First Line of Defence.*—With a view to providing a suitable force to act on any sudden emergency as a first line of coast defence, it has been determined to enrol all the bath chairmen, marine store-dealers, and Nigger minstrels, in the habit of frequenting the summer sea-side resorts, and forming them into a skilled corps to discharge this important duty. They will be drilled by the local police constable, and efficiently armed with the famous Brown Bess, a sufficient supply of which good old-fashioned weapon will be forthcoming from the Tower.

3. *Land Transport Service.*—This important branch will be supplied in any emergency by an arrangement with the Borough and New Cut costermongers, who have undertaken to furnish their barrows for the work. It is calculated that in the event of any sudden call being made upon them, they could render valuable and active service in this special department.

THE NEW GALLERY.



Harry Furniss

THE FIRST PLUNGE

HERE'S the New Gallery, marble-ous! golden! Architect Robson, to whom we're beholden. Every arrangement made in the New Gallery is in a style we'll call Carr-ish and Hallery

Rooms rather low, and suggestive of heat, But the vestibule offers a shady retreat; 'Tis called an "impluvium"—just what you'd wish [and fish: On a very hot day, with tank, fountain, So useful for morning, with brushes and sponge. And here comes the Infant to make its first plunge, Carr-ied by HALLÉ and CARR. If you look, The picture's one-hundred-and-seven in book, KENNEDY's subject. We hope the ablution Will suit the new Infant's untried constitution. If he boldly strikes out, we foretell, and with reason,

He must get on swimmingly all through the season. [chairs,— Here plays a fountain, and here there are Why not a band, hid away, playing aire? 'Tis just the place for a lounge in July: Where you oan rest with some green in your eye, [think Which there will be, if you sit there and That a waiter will bring cigarettes and oool drink. [JONES, TADEMA, HERKOMER, FORD, and BURNE— All the Committee, in various tones, May to the Middlesex Magistrates go For leave and for licence,—the answer is "No." At last they must yield—then Refreshment! Cigar! [CARR. We'll do it in style with our Triumphal

"THE REAL LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

(A Very Imaginary Conversation. With Apologies to Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnell.)*Lambert. 1888.*

AND then the Duke looked up.

What Little GRANDOLPH saw was a portly old man, with scanty white hair and bushy whiskers, and a nose like a florid bulb between his prominent imperious eyes.

What the Duke saw was a smart, small figure in a jaunty suit, with a large collar, and with trim, accurately-parted looks curved carefully about the curiously canine little face, whose equally protruberant eyes met his with a look of—well, perhaps the Duke would have found it difficult exactly to define the character of that look, but it combined in an emphatic way the interrogative and the ironical.

It was thought that Little Lord FAUNTLEROY was himself rather like a small copy of a grander and older original, and he himself was supposed to be well aware of the fact. But there was a sudden glow of emotion in the irascible old Duke's face as he saw what a sturdy, self-confident little fellow Lord FAUNTLEROY was, and how unhesitatingly he stood to his guns in all circumstances. It moved the grim old nobleman that the youngster should show no shyness or fear, either of the situation or of himself.

"Are you the Duke?" he said. "I'm a Duke's son, you see, and know something about such things. I'm Lord GRANDOLPH FAUNTLEROY."

He nodded affably, because he knew it to be the polite and proper thing to do, even from young and clever Lords to old and (the adjective he mentally used may be suppressed) Dukes. "I hope you—and the Army—are all right," he continued, with the utmost airiness. "I'm very glad to see you here."

"Glad to see me, are you?" said the Duke.

"Yes," answered Lord FAUNTLEROY, "very."

There was a chair at the head of the table, and he sat down on it; it was a big chair, and, physically, he hardly filled it perhaps; but he seemed quite at his ease as he sat there, and regarded a Monarch's august relative intently and confidently.

"I've often wondered what a Commander-in-Chief would look like when being cross-examined," he remarked. "I've wondered whether he'd be anything like my great ancestor of the Queen Anne epoch."

"Am I?" asked the Duke.

"Well," GRANDOLPH replied, "I've only seen pictures of him, of course, and I can't exactly say how he would have looked in a similar case, but I don't think you are much like him."

"You are disappointed, I suppose?" suggested his august interlocutor.

"Oh no!" replied GRANDOLPH, politely. "Of course you would

like any great military contemporary to look like your own illustrious ancestor; but of course you *might* admire the way your great military contemporary looked, even if he wasn't like your illustrious ancestor. You know how it is yourself, about admiring your contemporaries."

The Duke stared. He could hardly be said to know how it was about admiring his contemporaries, many of whom he didn't admire at all, and some of whom did not altogether admire him.

"Well, and how's our bit of an Army getting on?" asked Lord FAUNTLEROY, airily.

"Our—bit—of—an—Army?" repeated the Duke, in a scattered sort of way.

"Yes," explained GRANDOLPH, "the bit of an Army we pay such a pile of money for?"

"Ha!" ejaculated his Lordship. "That's it, is it? The money isn't spent as you like. You'd like to have the spending of it. What would you buy with it? I should like to hear something about that."

"Doubtless," replied Lord FAUNTLEROY, coolly. "Some day you may. At present I'm asking questions, and your business is to answer them."

"The D—!" began the Duke, hotly.

"Quite so—the D—etails," interjected Little Lord FAUNTLEROY, blandly. "As you were doubtless about to say, the details are the things! All very well to say in a general sort of way that the Army is going to—its usual destination, Duke; that Party Spirit and Financial Cheese-paring are the cause of it, and that more men and money are urgently required. That won't do for me. I want to know—so does the Country—much more than that. How? Why? What? When? How many? How much? These, my dear Duke, are the pertinent questions to which we—the Country and I—demand precise answers. When we get them, instead of vague denunciation and big D's, we shall know what to do."

The sensations of his Royal Highness the Duke, could scarcely be described. He was not an old nobleman who was very easily taken aback, because he had seen a great deal of the official world; but here was something he found so novel that it almost took his lordly breath away, and caused him some singular emotions. A civilian had always seemed to him a most objectionable creature—impertinent, parsimonious, and with inadequate conceptions of discipline. But this composed, precise, insolently interrogative little personage was a portent. The Duke's martinet manner was quite shaken by this startling surprise.

"Well," he began, "if we cannot get the Country to understand what is wanted, why then it is not our fault."

"Isn't it?" said Lord FAUNTLEROY. "And who are 'we'?"

"Whoever 'we' may be, be sure that when 'we' can explain clearly and convincingly, with something like agreement, and without fog and fury, what really is wanted, the Country will be only too ready to 'understand,' and to pay, for that matter. But when the Country, paying heavily for an Army, is told periodically, with much emphasis, that it hasn't got one; and when, asking anxiously what it is to do to get one, the only intelligible 'tip' upon which all 'Authorities' agree is—pay more money, why, then, my dear Duke, the Country can't understand that singular state of things, and small blame to it, I say. What do we want, and how much will it cost? These are the questions. Who can answer them?"

"Well," faltered the Duke, "something satisfactory might doubtless be done with an additional eleven thousand men."

"Now, do you mean to tell me that the difference between 'no Army' and an adequate one, between frightful danger and comfortable security, resolves itself, after all, into a question of eleven thousand extra men?" asked little Lord FAUNTLEROY.

"Why, n—o—o, not exactly," replied the Duke.

"Not exactly," repeated Lord FAUNTLEROY. Of course! Nothing ever is 'exact' in what the Authorities tell us; and yet they grumble at the Country for not 'understanding.' STANHOPE says he never heard of any such want before. What we want, he says, is 'improved organisation.' Another nice vague generality! I've no doubt we do want it, and are likely to want it as things go at present. If there is one point you do agree upon, it is the need of 'more money.' While JOHN BULL believes, as I do, that with less money he might, with decent management, get all he wants, he'll hardly be in a hot hurry to relax his purse-strings at the confused clamour of conflicting Authorities. Only a little re-arrangement required, say the official optimists. The patriotic pessimists put it very differently. A pleasant picture, indeed, the latter paint. Nothing like enough men; not sufficient barrack accommodation, even if we had the men; artillery batteries with bad guns; no means of supplying good ones without long delay; best magazine-rifle invented theoretically, but not a single regiment provided with it; Army stores miserably deficient; not a single land-fortress with a modern breech-loading gun; guns served out to Volunteers obsolete, armaments of forts obsolete, shot and shell obsolete! There is the pessimists' picture of our Army—to say nothing about the Navy, what there is of it. If half of it is true, *somebody* ought to be impeached; eh, my dear Duke?"

"All we can accomplish is to do the best we can with the Authorities we have to deal with—the Country and the House of Commons," muttered the Duke.

"But do you 'do your best'?" asked Little Lord FAUNTLEROY. "A physician doesn't first grab a bouncing fee, and then turn the patient loose in a drug-shop. He gives a prescription! Where is yours?"

"What does Lord WOLSELEY say?" retorted the Duke. "At present JOHN BULL goes to considerable expense in paying those whom he considers experts to advise him as to the Army and Navy; but he never gets to know what the opinion of these experts really is when it has been given."

"Then couldn't the experts get to let him know?" asked little Lord FAUNTLEROY. "If, in all honesty and frankness, they agreed—supposing always that they can agree—to take a complete survey of the needs and resources of the Empire, with a view to clearly formulating a scheme, and fairly estimating its cost, don't you think that 'the Defence of the Country' would be better advanced than by the endless *charivari* of conflicting counsels and all-round recriminations which JOHN BULL finds it so hard to 'understand'?"

"Humph!" said the Duke.

THE BRITISH OFFICER AT HOME.

(A Page from a Diary.)

8 A.M.—Called by my servant. Glad to find that the window had not fallen in. Thought the fork would keep it together.

9 A.M.—Tub sunk into the floor. My donkey of a servant put in more water than the boards could bear.

10 A.M.—Slight delay getting on parade, caused by chimney coming down and smashing half my furniture.

12, NOON.—Back again. During my absence the ceiling has fallen in. Quartermaster does not see his way to ordering repairs. Thinks I shall have to pay barrack damages myself, as I had a bird-cage with a canary in it suspended from the ceiling. Says that *that* was enough to "bring the whole thing down with a run."

1 P.M. Just been to see my horse. Found the poor creature occupying a stable, as General NICHOLSON would say. "not large enough for a donkey!" I don't know what he would do if he didn't keep his head out of a window!

2 P.M.—Rather annoyed to find that the paper of my quarters had peeled off, thanks to the damp.

4 P.M.—Nearly broke my neck falling through the barrack stairs. Planks gave way, and when I tried to save myself by holding on to the banisters, they divided in half.

6 P.M.—Dressing for Mess, I was imprudent enough to lean against the wall pulling on my boots, and suddenly found myself in the next fellow's quarters. Really these barracks are sadly out of repair!

12 MIDNIGHT.—Home from Mess. Looked out of window, and found it rather windy. Under these circumstances I retire to rest, with an uneasy feeling that if it blows fairly hard, I may find myself under a heap of ruins before the morning.

SOMETHING LIKE A CEMETERY.—While General Sir LOTHIAN NICHOLSON was under examination last week by the House of Commons Select Committee to Inquire into the Army Estimates, General HAVELOCK-ALLAN put to him the following query:—"Are not the Royal Barracks in Dublin in a very unsanitary condition?" To which the Inspector-General of Fortifications replied, "That is an open question." Upon this Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL observed, smiling, "Not much of an open question to the officers who reside there." Quite so—not an open question, but an open grave question!

A NORTHERN LINE.—In the Chantry case Mr. Justice NORTH, giving his decision, quoted, *à propos* of sculpture—

"The brass that seems to speak."

And it must have struck his Lordship how far more appropriate would be the application of this line to some of the eminent practitioners in the Law Courts.

ON A RECENT TRIAL.—What rhymes to HEADLAM? Isn't it, Bedlam?



OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 1.

After the style of the Story of Reiko in the Japanese Collection in the British Museum; designed and happily dispatched by the celebrated Japanese Artist, LIKA JOKO (specially engaged by Mr. Punch), who is now on a visit to this country.



TABLEAU I.—REIKO WOL-SE-LI at a banquet attacks the Giant SA-RUM in the latter's absence. TABLEAU II.—Giant SA-RUM denounces WOL-SE-LI in the Up-per-ous, when WOL-SE-LI is away. TABLEAU III.—REIKO WOL-SE-LI confronts Giant SA-RUM in the presence of The KOM-MANDARIN-CHIEF, Lords, and Spiritual Peers.

TABLEAU IV.—KOM-MANDARIN-CHIEF intervenes. The ceremony of Hands-Sha-Kin is performed all round. KOM-MANDARIN-CHIEF congratulates everyone on "The agreeable manner in which this incident has ended," and he, Giant SA-RUM, and REIKO WOL-SE-LI dine together happily.

DIARY OF A NOBODY.*

MY dear wife CARRIE and I have just been a week in our new house, "The Laurels," Brickfield Terrace, Holloway—a nice six-roomed residence, not counting basement with a front breakfast-parlour. We have a little front garden, and there is a flight of ten steps up to the front door; which, by the bye, we keep locked with the chain up. CUMMINGS, GOWING, and our other intimate friends always come to the little side-entrance, which saves the servant the trouble of going up to the front door, thereby taking her from her work. We have a nice little back garden which runs down to the railway. We were rather afraid of the noise of the trains at first, but the landlord said we should not notice them after a bit, and took £2 off the rent. He was certainly right, and beyond the cracking of the garden wall at the bottom, we have suffered no inconvenience.

After my work in the City, I like to be at home. What's the good of a home, if you are never in it. "Home, Sweet Home"—that's my motto. I am always in of an evening. Our old friend GOWING may ask us to drop in *sans cérémonie*; so may CUMMINGS, who lives opposite. My dear wife CAROLINE and I are pleased to see them if they like to drop in on us. But CARRIE and I can manage to pass our evenings together without friends. There is always something to be done. A tin-tack here, a Venetian blind to put straight, a fan to nail up, or part of a carpet to nail down—all of which I can do with my pipe in my mouth; while CARRIE is not above putting a button on a shirt, mending a pillow-case, or practising the "Maiden's Prayer" on our new Cottage Piano (on the three years' system), manufactured by W. BILKSON (in small letters), from COLLARD AND COLLARD (in very large letters). Now for my diary:—

April 3.—Tradesmen called for custom, and I promised FARMERSON, the Ironmonger, to give him a turn if I wanted any nails, or tools. By the bye, that reminds me there is no key to our bedroom door. Dear friend GOWING dropped in, but wouldn't stay, saying there was an infernal smell of paint.

April 4.—Tradesmen still calling, CARRIE being out, I arranged to deal with BIRKS, who seemed a civil Butcher with a nice clean shop. Ordered a shoulder of mutton for to-morrow to give him a

* As everybody who is anybody is publishing Reminiscences, Diaries, Notes, Autobiographies, and Recollections, we are sincerely grateful to "A Nobody" for permitting us to add to the historic collection.—ED.

trial. CARRIE arranged with DORSET, the Butterman, and ordered a pound of fresh butter, and a pound and a half of salt ditto, for kitchen, and a shilling's worth of eggs. In the evening, CUMMINGS unexpectedly dropped in to show me a meerschaum pipe he had won in a raffle in the City, and told me to handle it carefully, as it would spoil the colouring if the hand was moist. He said he wouldn't stay, as he didn't care much for the smell of the paint, and fell over the sorcerer as he went out. Must get the scraper removed, or else I shall get into a scrape. I don't often make jokes.

April 5.—Two legs of mutton arrived, CARRIE having arranged with another butcher without consulting me. GOWING called, and fell over scraper coming in. Must get that scraper removed.

April 6.—Eggs for breakfast simply shocking; sent them back to Dorset with my compliments, and he needn't call any more for orders. Couldn't find umbrella, and though it was pouring with rain, had to go without it. SARAH said Mr. GOWING must have took it by mistake last night, as there was a stick in the 'All that didn't belong to nobody. In the evening, hearing someone talking in a loud voice to the servant in the downstairs Hall, went out to see who it was, and was surprised to find it was DORSET, the butterman, who was both drunk and offensive. DORSET, on seeing me, said, "He would be hanged if he would ever serve City Clerks any more, the game wasn't worth the candle." I restrained my feelings, and quietly remarked "that I thought it was possible for a City Clerk to be a Gentleman." He replied, "He was very glad to hear it, and wanted to know whether I had ever come across one, for he hadn't." He left the house, slamming the door after him, which extinguished the fan-light, and I heard him fall over the scraper, which made me feel glad I hadn't removed it. When he had gone, I thought of a splendid answer I ought to have given him. However, I will keep it for another occasion.

April 7.—Being Saturday, I looked forward to getting home early, and putting a few things straight; but two of our principals at the office were absent through illness, and I did not get home till seven. Found DORSET waiting. He had been three times during the day to apologise for his conduct last night. He said he was unable to take his Bank Holiday last Monday, and took it last night instead. He begged me to accept his apology, and a pound of fresh butter. He seems, after all, a decent sort of fellow, so I gave him an order for some fresh eggs.



"RETRENCHMENT."

First Coster (in Trap). "WE SHALL SEE YOU AN' THE MISSUS AT EPSOM AS USUAL, BILL!"

Second Ditto. "NO; THE TIMES AIN'T PERPITIOUS, 'ARRY." (*Shaking his head.*) "NO. WI' GOSCHEN A REDOOCIN' THE OLD WOMAN'S MARRIAOE SETTLEMENT, AND BIT O' MONEY IN CONGOLS, AN' THE EXTRY'S ON CHAMPAGNE,—NOT TO SAY AS THE MORE MIGHT ARTERWARDS BE CHARGED AS A PLEASURE-ORSE,—AN' THE WHEEL-TAX, AN' ONE THING AN' ANOTHER—IT DON'T RUN TO IT, MY BOY!!" [Retires ruefully.]

April 8, Sunday.—After church, the Curate came back with us. I sent CARRIE in to open front door, which we do not use except on special occasions. She could not get it open, and, after all my display, I had to take the Curate (whose name, by the bye, I did not catch) round the side entrance. He caught his foot in the scraper, and tore the bottom of his trousers. Most annoying, as CARRIE could not well offer to repair them on a Sunday. After dinner went to sleep. Took a walk round the garden, and discovered a beautiful spot for sowing mustard and cress, and radishes. Went to Church again in the evening; walked back with the Curate. CARRIE noticed he had got on the same pair of trousers—only repaired.

A BALLAD OF A LATE OCCURRENCE.

To the Tune of "The Spanish Armada."

LORD WOLSELEY spoke some trenchant words for one in his position,
For though a soldier straight and bold, he is no politician,
And what he said at dinner-time contained reflections sinister
Upon all sorts of Governments and every kind of Minister.

The things he said are often heard quite calmly by the nation,
For as a rule they don't enjoy the Largest Circulation;
But now the *Daily Telegraph* exploited him and Ranger,
And told the world, in largest type, the country was in danger.

Though WOLSELEY can't bear politics, each sentence had a stab in it,
And caused much indignation to each member of the Cabinet;
And SALISBURY, who of appeals sensational no lover is,
Was hurt that he had not been first apprised of these discoveries.

But what most vexed the Premier was the shocking want of grace of him,
To say these things behind his back, and not before the face of him.
And so to set the matter right, and make things straight and pleasant,
He said the nastiest things he could, when WOLSELEY waan't present.

The country now was all agog, its Tadpoles and its Tapers,
And those who had no private views annexed one from the papers;

But all allowed that now at last a crisis we were nearing,
And some for "extry-specials" went, and some for volunteering.

Some roundly blamed the Soldier bold, for jealous-minded men are all
As pleased as—not as *Punch*—to jibe at England's Only General;
And others didn't care a fig about their country's glory,
If they could hurt a Government that happened to be Tory.

But hip, hooray! when Greek met Greek they showed how scandal's
tools lie,
For SALISBURY vows 'twould break his heart to lose his gallant
WOLSELEY.

And hatchets fouled with party strife we all at duty's calls bury,
And WOLSELEY never said a word disparaging to SALISBURY.

A NEW DISCOVERY BY MRS. R.—"Well," said the good lady to a friend, "I dare say, my dear, you'll laugh at me when I tell you that till the other morning I never knew there were more equators than one. And what's more, I hadn't an idea that when one of the equators was out of use it could be lent or given to anyone by the Government to whom it might belong. How did I find this out? This way: my nephew reads the foreign news in the *Times* to me every day, and on Saturday last he read out, and wrote it down at the moment:—'The Greeks still talk of expelling a Turkish Consul from Greece, should the ex-equator be refused to him.'* I didn't say a word to my nephew; but I'm going to write to the Astrologer Royal about it, as I think public attention ought to be drawn to the fact. The idea of a Turkish Consul having an ex-equator all to himself, and then being angry because they wouldn't give it to him! Why, it's like a child crying for the moon!"

* We have referred to the paper of that date. A very natural mistake, as the word was "*exequatur*."—Ed.

In the *St. James's Gazette* the review of pictures headed "A Fire-side Commentary," is not, as the title might imply, by Mr. FURNISS.

A LADY-IN-WAITING.

"The death is announced of Miss FRAY, a well-known frequenter of the Law Courts."—*Daily Paper.*

SHE was no *Portia* in a wig;
Her mind was purely "Jay";
Yet she frequented Courts of Law—
Why?—gentle Usher, say!

Did she, like WORDSWORTH'S
famous maid,
Delight, when vexed with care,
To "take her little porringer,
And eat her" luncheon there?

What Court preferred she? P'raps
Miss FRAY
Was feudally inclined,
And found the last of all the Barons
A Baron to her mind.

'Twas carrying coals to Newcastle
To take a FRAY to where
There are already quite enough,
And many more to spare.

The vision of a Female Bar
Fair pleaders oft consoles;
Did she a glorious time foresee
As Mistress of the Rolls?

The Usher replies:—

Oh, not as a mere back-Bencher,
To Court she daily hied;
But while the Judges tried her
suits,
She oft the Judges tried.

No end of actions she had brought,
This enterprising dame;
And though at last "put out of
Court,"
She'll haunt it just the same!

SEASONABLE TOP DRESSING.—A
"Gibus," or Spring Hat. The Hat
that goes up with a Spring, tra la!



ENGLAND'S "INVISIBLE ARMADA."

"THE BRITISH FLEET I CANNOT SEE, BECAUSE," &C., &C.
"The Critic." Lord Charles Beresford's Latest Edition.

PROPOSITIONS AND RIDERS.

WHY are there not pleasant rides made across the Park and through Kensington Gardens where the Equestrians could get a little variety of light and shade away from the tedious and dangerous monotony of Rotten Row? "*L'homme propose*" and the "Authorities"—whoever they may be—don't "*dispose*."
"Consule PLUNKET," something surely might be done. For PLUNKET is a reasonable man. So are we all—and reasonable women, too. Perhaps if there were a "demonstration" on horseback, there might be a chance of something being done. We hope that, in many matters, and this one to begin with, the present Plunket administration will not be equivalent to translating "*Consule Planco*" as "In the reign of King Log."

THE SHOWER FLOW "AS POUR USUAL."—The Royal Botanic Society held their first Summer Flower Show in Regent's Park. Of course it poured. The simplest way to know when it is going to rain, is to consult a calendar of events, and note down all the Flower Show dates.

"THERE'S a new show at Sangler's," said Mrs. RAM, meaning HENOLER'S, "It's the Marionettes. I suppose it's historical, and in costumes of the period, and represents the poor French Queen and her family. Poor Marionette, a very sad story!"

BURMESE CHARACTERISTICS.—Receding Chins.

MERRY LONDON!

"You think unless you have some fresh excitement you will die?"
"I am sure of it. I have grown so accustomed to a whirl of the most delicious amusement that, unless I have some new pleasure every day, I must sink. Wild mirth is my second nature."

The Editor looked upon his Contributor regretfully. He felt that to some extent it was his fault that his faithful follower had become so wedded to these delicious but jading delights.

"You were present last week at the Festival Dinner of the Home for Incurables in the Conservatory attached to the Albert Hall?" he murmured sadly.

"Ah, was I not?" cried the contributor, in an ecstasy of joy. "Never shall I forget the ubiquitous draughts, the several lights, the soul-stirring eloquence of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE (who was defying influenza under cover of Japanese screens), and the music of the Guards' Band, which was loud enough to blow the roof off! And the dinner—what a dinner! And the company—what a company!"

"And there was singing too?"
"I should rather think there was! One song, in any number of verses, was called '*Helpless!*' and described the 'death in life' of the patients. So interesting! so cheerful! so pleasant! Just the sort of rollicking ditty to enjoy over a cup of coffee and a cigar."

"And did you go into the grounds afterwards?"
"Yes; and saw quite a number of coloured oil lamps—quite a number! I was never more pleased in my life."

"And did you not like the *tableaux vivants* of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, arranged by Mr. SAVILE CLARKE?"

"Sincerely I did. They were really and truly beautiful. But even Mr. CLARKE paid a passing tribute to the prevailing gloom of the Incurables by including in his admirable collection the Little Match-Girl being frozen to death in the snow."

"You must have had a very delightful evening?"
"Indeed I had! But it was nothing to compare with the following afternoon, when I had the advantage of being present at a *Matinée* of *The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*."

"Was it well dramatised?"

"Admirably, by the Authoress of the Novel. I cried the whole time! It was so affecting! Miss EMERY, as "Dearest," admirable, and Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, as the Earl, beyond all praise. Then Mr. CHEVALIER as the Buttermilk, and Mr. BRANDON THOMAS as the lawyer could not have been surpassed. And Miss VERA BRANAGER was clever beyond her years. She had studied every attitude, and paid such attention to the audience that it was impossible to overlook the fact that she was acting, and acting very much indeed! And when I was not distracted by her admirable impersonation, and could fancy the other characters real flesh and blood, I wept like a child."

"You must have had a most enjoyable afternoon?"
"A most pleasant one, and the very next day I went to the Criterion, and absolutely revelled in a piece called *The Deputy*."

"Do you know what it was about?"

"No, I do not, but I am sure it must have been something vastly amusing. I rather fancy a gentleman called BROWN was supposed to have committed bigamy because he would not say he was married to a widow of the same name—not until the last Act, you know. So very mirth-provoking! At least I know it must have been mirth-provoking, because it was called a farcical comedy in three Acts! Dear me! Alas! And all these pleasures are over!"

And the poor Contributor heaved a heavy sigh.
"Life is not worth living without such wild delights!" he murmured. "Unless I have some more, I feel I shall die."

The Editor drew a packet from his pocket and gently placed it in the hands of his faithful follower. The latter with lack lustre eyes glanced at its contents. Suddenly his face beamed with pleasure.

"Saved!" he shouted, "saved! I am myself once more!"
He had received a voucher for a special morning performance of a new and original play in four Acts. It was called *The Love Story*, and he read this note on the programme:—"N.B.—Unless the whole of the First Scene be witnessed, the subsequent action of the play cannot be understood."

"Four Acts, and not a jot less!" he cried. And then he fainted away for sheer joy.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, 14.—AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS opened his Operatic Season with a real novelty. There was a bust of the QUEEN on the stage, and a burst of applause from the audience. Everyone sang the National Hymn in honour of the National Her, and then we sat down to listen to DONIZETTI'S *Lucrezia Borgia*. For my part—a very small one in the Opera—I may say I am never tired of *Lucrezia*. I wagged my head to the old familiar strains, kept time with my foot, and wondered to myself whether GRISI had dressed the part as does Madame FÜRCH-MADI,—who certainly “embodies the character” in the most ample manner,—and whether Signor MARIO made as boyish a *Gennaro* as does Signor RAVELLI. I like Signor NAVARRINI as the *Duca*. But how difficult for any couple to play the great poison scene without drifting unconsciously into the fine old and very mellow-dramatic style of the palmiest days of the Victorian Theatyer, which the burlesquers of half a century ago—I mean GILBERT & BECKETT, ALBERT SMITH, and the BROUGHs for example—scotched, and which H. J. BYRON, and later burlesque writers, killed. So there are uses even in burlesque.

Tuesday, 15.—There could not be a stronger contrast in appearance between Madame NORDICA, as *Carmen*, and Miss McINTYRE as

Michaela. For such a *débutante* no part could have been better chosen. It suited her admirably, and her shortcomings, her *naïveté*, her simplicity, and her graceful awkwardness, materially added to the great charm of her performance. Madame NORDICA looked the *Carmen* of the story,



“Not for José.”

playing and singing the part like the genuine *artiste* she is. M. ETIENNE DE REIMS, as *Don José* the soldier, was excellent as far as the acting went—about the most dramatic *José* I’ve seen—but in singing he was what any silly lover of *Carmen* would naturally be, “a little flat.” With the *Escamillo* of Signor DEL PUENTE I was, like the *Toréador* himself, quite “contento.” The *encores*, which weren’t taken, the bouquets that were, and the applause on all hands quite recalled the “palmy” days of Covent Garden Opera. In those palmy days the palms were white-gloved; perhaps the applause was not so real as now, when there is “very little kid” about it.

Thursday, 17.—VERDI'S *Traviata*. Favourable verdict on VERDI emphasised and Anglo-Italicised. The opera has never been so perfectly placed on the stage. To-night, under the personal superintendence of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS principals and chorus looked thoroughly Harris'd, but not in the least distressed. Miss ELLA RUSSELL as *Violetta*, the suffering soprano, was charming, and physiologically looked anything but consumptive; but she was, and frequently I felt inclined to hand her up a box of cough lozenges instead of a bouquet. Once in the course of the evening, her chair, overcome by the weight of woe, gave way, and poor *Violetta* was more upset than ever. Mr. RANDEGGER conducted himself and the orchestra most properly. M. D'ANDRADE was old daddy *Germont*, melodious but prosy; and Signor RAVELLI was *Germont* junior, dear little *Alfredo*, the tender tenor. The opera went off with great *éclat*—a fact due, among other causes, to the amount of powder used in the piece. The supper scene was superb. The Realistic Drama could no further go, for there was real supper, which the chorus and supper-numeraries were really eating; and there was no sham about the “cham” itself, which was real, and which they were really drinking. No doubt it was Pommery '74—noticed, as the bad Boulangerites had it, for AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS doesn't do the thing by halves when he goes in for it, and there are one or two on the Operatic Organising Committee who know good wine when they taste it. Perhaps the Organising Committee were among the chorus on this occasion. Lucky dogs! On the nights that the Prince and Princess

and the Princesses of WALES have been present the Royal Party set a notable example of punctuality which was followed at a very



WANTED.—Several strong Muscular Musicians in Orchestra, to assist in handing up the gigantic burden of Flowery Tributes to Prime Donne.

respectful distance by rank and fashion, which still consider it the correct thing to arrive as late as possible. Why?

Saturday, 19.—Brilliant house, crowded. Brilliant stage too. Everybody brilliant, except M. DEREMS as *Faust*. ALBANI the great attraction, in magnificent voice, looked sweet, took *encore* for “*Jewel Song*” and all the bouquets. Signor NAVARA made a substantial *Mephistopheles*, to whom a course of Turkish baths might be of considerable service. Not difficult for *Mephistopheles* to get such a thing. To epigrammatically describe him, taken in this costume, I should say he was “rough and red.” End of first week, the successes having been Mmes. ALBANI, NORDICA, TREBELL, Miss McINTYRE, and *Mise-en-scène*. Delighted with hit made by the puir Scotch lassie in Italian Opera, as I sign myself

McARONI.

THE HANGLODANNISH XHIBISHUN.

WITH that usual good luck as allers attends the owdcations, I has got engaged at the Hanglodannish Xhibishun in my hold capassity, and, as I fondly hopes, with the same satisfactory results all round. I was of course at both of the hopenings, for what I says is, “When you gets a hopening, make the most of it,” an I did so, and allwise shall do so, and ave done so.

Who hever heard of Mr. SAMMON till about a month ago, and who won't have heard of him in about another week? It appears that a Mr. SAMMON, who is the habel Secretary of The Inkurabels (a nobel charity), was a sailing along close to the City of Denmark when it suddenly struck him that as they was very much in want of a lot of money for the nobel hinstitution afoursaid, what a grand idear it wood be to hinjuice sum of the poor but most clean looking people as he was a passing by in his ship, to cum over to hold England and bring their tidy cottages with 'em, jest to show us what a nice set they was where our Princess of WHALES came from.

He had plenty of time to think hout his nobel idear while he was a tumbling about in the Danish Sea, and dreckly he cum home he set to work and, with the abel assistance of Mr. TRUNDLE, who heverybody nose, we now sees the grand results. And a most hinteresting site it is. Ah, if all our own pore English and Irish Labourers had such nice neat and clean cottages to live in, what an appy lot woud there's be!

But of course that ain't the only site for to see. Why there's a spessimen of how they travels up and down their snowy mountains in that partiokler cold country as makes you amost warm ony to look at. Up hill and down dale they gos like a flash of lightning, and I didn't see one single sole tumbel off. And then they have brought over with 'em a sample of their sno mountings themselves as is jest like life, and which was so jolly reel that on the nite of the just hopening that it quite akounted *not* “for the milk in the Koko nut,” as the sayin is, but for the air outside witoth was pennytrating, an I could have wiaht it warmer. I've got roomytizum since, but more in my nex.

ROBERT.

“DIFFICULTIES ON ERSOM Downs”!—Very “Strange”!

HAPPY THOUGHT BY OUR SMALL AND EARLY IMPRESSIONIST.



To Evade the Wheel Tax, adopt the Mechanism of the latest Street Toy.

THE BEAK AND THE BOARD.

"MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS said he had made an invariable rule while he was at Woolwich never to have these School Board commitments enforced without his sanction. Half the time the poor creatures were nearly destitute, and he would not have their homes sold over their heads if he could help it. His instructions in future to the warrant-officers of this Court were, that he should be consulted before any distress-warrant was put in force."—*Daily News*.

WHEN the poor and oppressed a true champion would seek,
They find the right man in the brave Wandsworth Beak,
Who from bearding the biggest of Boards will not blench.
What a joy to see heart and sound sense on the Bench!
A "poorly-clad woman" to poverty tied
By "several children" to WILLIAMS applied,
A runaway husband had left her to fight
Life's battle—and School-Boards—alone. Sorry sight!
And the poor soul was fined, by a cast-iron rule,
For the crime of not sending her children to School!
"Her poor little home must be seized for the fine,"
With a sequel humanity dreads to divine.
Still, of course Law is Law; she must stomp up the tin,
Or—but here Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS steps in,
In the resolute fashion for which he is famed,
And Justice *this* time is not utterly shamed.
The Beak braves the Board; how the Board loves the Beak
They may find out perchance who've a fancy to seek.
"A fortnight to pay," says this Beak of sound brain,
"And if still you're hard up, why, just come here again!"
Then he adds words of wisdom, as printed above.
Now if there's a one mixture *Punch* really does love,
It's a "blend" of sound sense, and warm heart and good pluck.
Bravo, MONTY WILLIAMS! Here's wishing you luck
In your manly crusade, on behalf of poor Want,
Against cruelty, cast-iron rule, and sheer cant!

THE BOYS AND THE BENCH.

RESPECTISSIME EDITOR,—Aliqua tempora vidi in tua excellantibus columnis epistolas de TOMMIO, Etonensi pæro. Hæc circumstantia est meum excensum nunc, et facit me audacem scribere ad te de subjecto pugnarum inter pueros ad scholas. Excusa errora in meo Latino, quia scribo hoc sub difficultibus, id est, quum noster Magister non habet anum oculum super me.

Vicina puer (quem pugnabam duos dies ante hoc, et qui est tonans bonus coetus, quamquam dedit mihi sanguinolentum nasum, et bungavit ambo meos oculos) juvat me cum verbo quum sum in dubitatione. Twiggiano?

Bene, nullum dubium tu vidisti vere nobiles sentimentes Magistri PAGET, alio die (proximum ad unam mensem transitam,—ut cum puto), ad Hammersmith Policitam Curiam. Dixit ad pedagogum, qui lixerat (bestia!) duos pueros qui pugnabant, ut est propria et Anglica et virilis res pro pueris settlere suas disputationes in hoc modo; et, sum jolliter felix dicere, mulctavit pedagogum decem libras pro sua barbaritate. PAGET pro semper! Si non pugnamus cum fistibus, quid sumus facere, amem noscere? Habere duellos cum ensibus vel pistolis? Mala forma, illud! Ant facere nihil? In illo casu, "fungar vice funki" (quotatio de Latino Grammatico).

Debeo cessare, quia Magister fit cereus, et non sum certus ut ille non maculavit me. Sum Rugbaensia, et nos omnes veneramus TOMMIUM BROWNUM, qui, consule ARNOLDO, pugnabat cum FLASH-MANNO, bullicio, olim, in quieto parvo loco juxta murum Capelli. Hic est qua mea pugna prehendit locum, et eram jolliter licitus, admitto, sed nunc non curo. Vale! Magister venit hæc via. Sic solum dicam, ut PAGET est trumpus, et homo pro mea pecunia.

Schola-Domus, Id. Apr.

PETER PUGNAX.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

SWEATING SYSTEM CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS AND OTHERS.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET.—This unique article of fashionable female attire, though offered by highly respectable West-End firms to their customers at prices, ranging according to style and material, from one guinea up to twenty, is, owing to the fact that five middlemen each in turn extract a profit out of the process of its production, ultimately supplied by the worker in the East-End slum where it is made at a cost of sevenpence halfpenny.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is worn with satisfaction by the light-hearted purchaser in Belgravia.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is the product of the labour of the starving Needlewoman at Mile End.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET comes fresh from the fever-stricken home.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is toiled at through long and weary hours, from sunrise to midnight, in the Sweater's den.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is stitched with the sighs of blank and hopeless despair.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is trimmed with indescribable human suffering.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is fashioned amidst the agonies of appalling domestic privation.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is finished under the straining of tear-blinded eyes.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is brought in completed by hands the aching fingers of which have, in the process of its making, been worked to the bone.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is the outcome of that firmly established White Slavery on which the smooth working of existing economic laws enables the Sweater comfortably to fatten.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET might cause the thoughtful wearer acquainted with the history of its manufacture to shudder.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is still, however, displayed in the windows of fashionable West End shops, and continuing to attract a bevy of light-hearted customers. Spite the fact that its original cost is daily being paid for in blood-money, it is much admired and in constant and increasing demand.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT.—This stylish Novelty, owing, as it does, its attractive and appropriate title to the fact that the grinding and miserable pittance paid for its production entails starvation, premature disease, and death, on most of the miserably struggling wretches who are engaged in the work, is now being supplied by enterprising Middlemen, to well-known West-End Tailoring Emporiums, in large quantities.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT is patronised largely by the dashing City Clerk, who, solely anxious to obtain a Showy Article at a cheap figure, is callous alike as to its origin and antecedents.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT is occasionally purchased by the totally unsuspecting Member of Parliament.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT has even been supplied by this highly respectable West-End tailor to the quite unconscious Peer, who has worn it conspicuously in the Upper House of the Legislature.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT is being turned out daily at the East-End, in the midst of misery and death, and is providing the usual middlemen with a handsome profit, but, owing to the starvation price that is paid for its production, it can be offered to the trade at a figure that will enable them, in dealing with it, to do a highly lucrative business.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT.—NOTICE.—The Master-Sweater, who offers the above-named unique Novelty, is prepared to supply the trade with *The Coffin Trousers*, and the *Undertaker Tweed Suit*, manufactured on the same system.

EAST-END ELYSIUM.—An Employer of Slave labour, greedy for a little extra profit, wishes to hear from Polish Jews, Russian Outcasts, and other Greens, who believe that the above may be met with in a working day of 19 hours, at a wage of five-and-sixpence a week.



THE LATEST NOVELTY IN PETS.

Uncle Joseph (just home from India). "TELL ME, LAURA, WHO'S THAT BEAUTIFUL LADY WALKING WITH YOUNG PRINCE PAUL OF GEROLSTEIN? SOME GRAND DUCHESS, I SUPPOSE, FROM THE HOMAGE THEY'RE ALL PAYING TO HER!"

Fair Enthusiast. "OH NO! IT'S MISS CORDELIA P. VAN SCROMP, THE AMERICAN SIFFLEUSE. SHE WHISTLES 'HE'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW HIM FIRST!' QUITE DIVINELY—WITH FOURTEEN ORIGINAL VARIATIONS. OH, YOU SHOULD HEAR HER, UNCLE JOSEPH!"

"THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE!"

QUEEN of the Sea! She stands,
Calm front, and clenched hands
Knit on that best of brands,
Stainless, unflinching,
Whilst through the murky air
Thickening around her there
Break sounds of Party blare,
Riot and railing.

Queen of the Sea! How long?
Steadfast she stands and strong.
Who dares to offer wrong
To Britomartis?

Yes; there's a voice that cries
Ishabod! Plaints arise
Doubting her destinies,—
Plaints of the Parties!

These hears she, oft has heard,
Nerves still and pulse unstirred.
Croaks of that hoding bird,
Faction's hoarse raven,
Shake not her heart nor charm
Force from her potent arm,
Breed not a base alarm,
Causeless and craven.

Yet round her path arise
Portents and prodigies,
Which wise and watchful eyes
Must mark and measure.
Calm though her heart, and large,
Stout must be steel and targe
Of her who hath in charge
So rare a treasure.

Storm-clouds are gathered round,
And from earth's broadest bound
Break thunders and a sound
Of wild winds wailing.
Foes master, whom to face
She every nerve must brace,
Arm, and her ramparts face,
Watchful, unflinching.

What is this wreck around
Cumbering the littered ground?
Blades broken, mail unbound,
Sea-hulks unready!
Thus do her servants wait
On her imperial state?
Shall she be found, though great,
Faint and unready?

Shall she, though unafraid,
With patriot zeal arrayed,
By her own sons betrayed,
At 'vantage taken,
Be, at the time of test,
Driven to veil her crest,
Beaten, or, at the best,
Sore shamed and shaken?

Shame, unexampled shame,
Shall smirch the Warder's name
Who risks her power and fame,
Careless watch keeping;
Letting her armour rust,
Trailing her flag in dust,
Whilst past the ward we trust
Armed foes are creeping!

Wake! Watch! But as for fright?—
Nay! Stands she day and night.

Love-armed, with eyes alight,
Calm and collected.
England's still patriot!
Hearts at delay wax hot;
But, while we've hearts, she's not
All "Unprotected."

THE *Sunday Times*, which is going ahead (with a HATTON), now gives most useful hints as to how to spend the day well, beginning with church and ending with recreation. Railway time-tables, where to go, and how to go it, all there for the benefit of the Cheerful Sunday Observance Society. *Prosit.* "Good Old Sunday Times!"

THE BACONIAN THEORY.—Did BACON write *The Merchant of Venice*? The natural anti-Hebraic spirit which the very name of BACON suggests affords a clue. Be this as it may, its author must have been accustomed to Parliamentary Blue Books, as is evident from the passage, "Are you Hansard now?"

THE First Number of Mr. HARRY QUILLER'S *Universal Review* is just out. We have not yet had time to open it, but the inside ought to be brilliantly written, if only to correspond with the outside, which is brilliantly red.

ART QUERRY.—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM admires Mr. ALMA-TADEMA'S pictures immensely. She pronounces his name "Allmar Todaymar," and wishes to know if he is still a foreigner, or a neutralised Englishman.



“THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE”!





TYPICAL MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.
DRAGOON AND CURATE.

IN THE NAME OF ENGLAND—GUNS AND MEN!

SCENE—Downing Street. TIME—First Meeting of the Inner Cabinet.
SUBJECT—National Defence.

Premier. Well, my friends, I really think we are getting on! Did you see the illustrious Duke woke them up at Liverpool the other evening?

War Secretary. Splendid! His Royal Highness is becoming quite an orator. By the way, how would it do to buy that land on Wimbledon Common behind the butts, and utilise it for a fortress, say in defence of Manchester?

First Lord of Treasury. Expensive work, I am afraid, but still it would be nios to keep the National Rifle Association in its old home. But you said you were getting on nicely, as how?

Premier. Well, I think we have all but made up our minds that a magazine-rifle is absolutely necessary for the troops, eh?

War Secretary (hesitating). Yes, I think so. I am afraid, however, we are coming to a conclusion rather hurriedly. You must remember not one of us began to consider the matter seriously until about six years ago.

Premier (with some show of decision). Ah, I really think we must take it as settled. You see we have reached a crisis. And now, assuming that we are to have the magazine-rifle, how long will it take to arm our Regular Forces and Volunteers with it?

War Secretary. At our present rate of manufacture?—I think I may assume that we cannot increase on our present speed of production, eh?

Premier. Certainly; oh, certainly.

War Secretary. Well, then, at our present rate of manufacture, we ought to be able to let most of the Regular Army, a part of the Militia, and some of our Volunteers, have the magazine-rifle by the end of three years.

Premier. Come, that is very satisfactory—very satisfactory, indeed. It is rather a pity that so many of our big ships should be floating helplessly about because we can give them no guns. And I suppose some day we ought really to consider seriously how to get horses for our cavalry. But, taking everything into consideration, it is most satisfactory, and all we have to do in the meanwhile is to jog along quietly and cozily, and, if possible, keep out of foreign complications. Very, satisfactory indeed!

Mr. Punch (suddenly appearing). What is satisfactory, my Lord?

Premier. Dear Mr. Punch, how you startled me! I was saying that my right honourable friend, the Secretary for War, is satisfied that we can get quite a number of magazine-rifles manufactured by the end of three years; or, at any rate, by the end of five years.

Mr. Punch (severely). Five years! Why, five months would be more than sufficient to give every soldier wearing Her Majesty's uniform the new weapon, if you want to work with adequate energy.

Premier. Adequate energy! Why, we are very energetic!
War Secretary. 'Pon my word, we are almost too fast!

First Lord of Treasury. We have such a sense of duty, you know, that we absolutely gallop through our work!

Mr. Punch. Silence! I repeat that, in four or five months, the new weapon could replace the old everywhere if you were to work in the proper spirit. Why don't you flood Birmingham with orders, employ all the manufacturing resources of the kingdom, and send patterns to America and elsewhere?

Premier. Oh, that would be so unusual!

War Secretary. So inconvenient!

First Lord of Treasury. So irregular!

Mr. Punch. Unusual, inconvenient, irregular! Nonsense! The security of the Empire should be your first consideration. And how about men?

War Secretary. Oh, we are doing very nicely. Quite a large number of recruits have recently joined the Militia, and there are not likely to be more than the customary percentage of deserters. The Volunteers, too, are about the same as usual, thank you.

Mr. Punch. The same as usual! Unprepared! Undermanned! And yet there is any amount of material ready waiting to be utilised, if you only know where to seek for it. Think of our cricket clubs, our football teams, our cyclists! Send the recruiting-sergeants amongst them, and let them be embodied *en masse*. Why, every hunt should produce its regiment of cavalry, every county Athletic Association its battalions of infantry. With a little energy you could easily get 500,000 young fellows who would be glad of the opportunity, occupation, and dignity. Once enrolled—once armed with the magazine-rifle—and it would be merely a question of drill-instructors and shooting-ranges. The rest would be furnished by the patriotism of the people.

Premier. You take my breath away! It is easy enough to talk, but you would find that none of the men would come!

Mr. Punch. Was that our experience a quarter of a century ago, when, at the first sound of alarm, rifle clubs sprang up like magic in every part of the kingdom? And what our boys did then, they will do now! And when they don't, why then it will be time to remember that, after all, Conscription is the statutory law of the land, only suspended in its operation from year to year. Briefly, we want guns and men, and, come what will, we must have them. You hear, my Lord, we must have them!

Premier. And if we can't supply them?

Mr. Punch (decisively). Then you must give place to those who can!

CHANNEL BRIDGE TALK.

From the Conversation Book of the distant Future.

It quite surprises me to hear that a second-class ticket across the bridge costs £9 17s.

Dear me! And even at that rate is the Company able to pay the original 12 per cent. Debenture-holders only one per cent. per annum on the Forty-Nine Millions sterling they have sunk in the undertaking?

I almost wish I had determined to cross from Dover to Calais in the halfpenny boat.

Certainly the wind is very strong at this elevation above the surface of the sea.

That four-wheeler that is ahead of us can scarcely cross the bridge safely in this hurricane.

Ah! I thought so! There it goes, horse and all, plump into the middle of the Channel!

Why, I do believe that ironclad has run into the piles of the pier we have just passed, and has knocked it over.

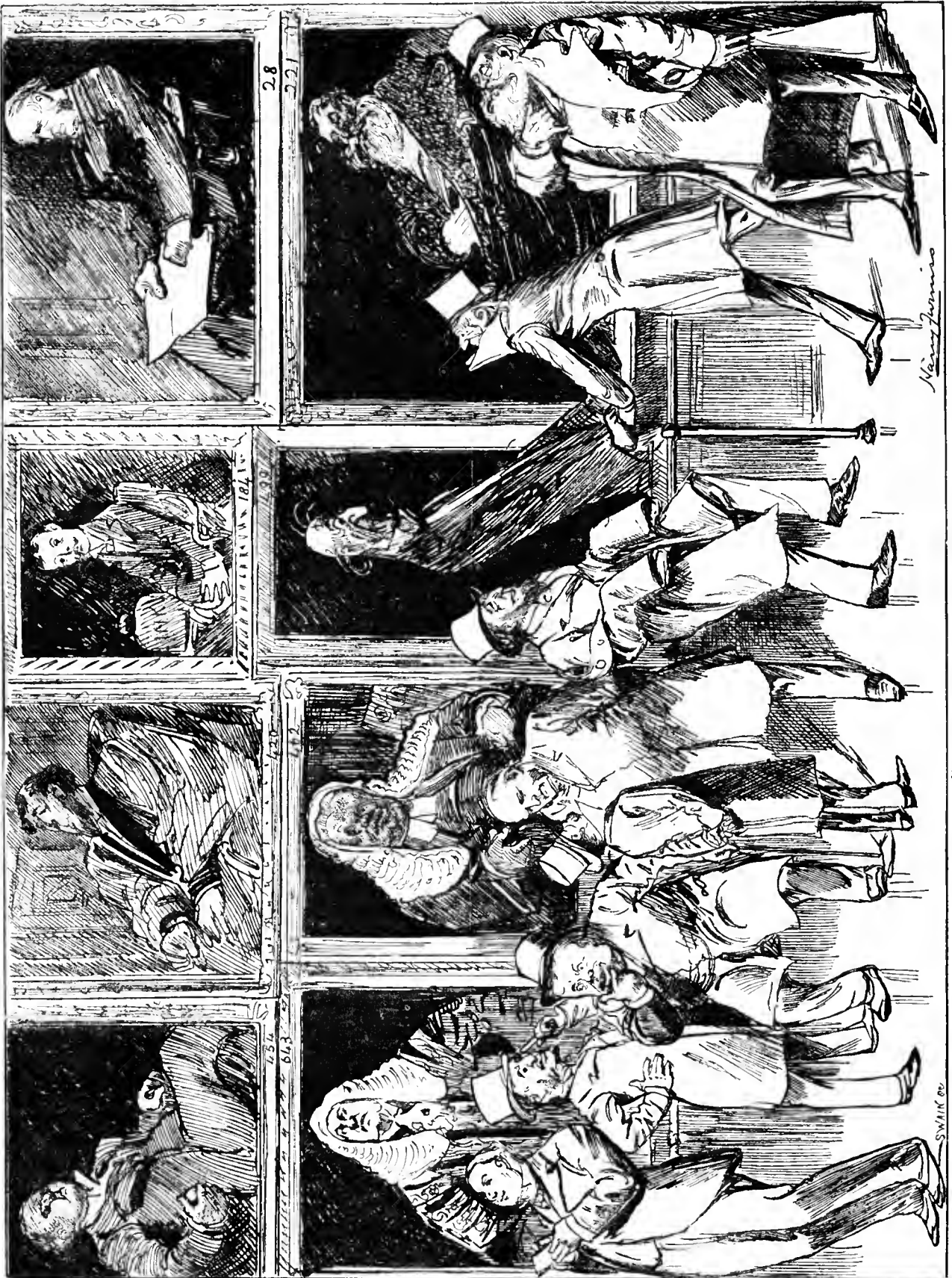
Good gracious! is it really a fact that the tornado has carried away the three arches just in front of us, bodily?

It is very awkward to be fixed here in the middle of the Channel, unable either to go forward or to retrace one's steps.

I am beginning, in the present situation, to realise the utility of the "Places of Refuge, watch-houses, and alarm-bells," referred to in the original prospectus. I really do not think I can climb down the 160 feet of iron network to reach the boat that has come to take us off.

It is to be devoutly hoped that this rope will not break before I get to the bottom.

Thank Goodness, I am safe on shore once again, and am well off the Channel Bridge.



"PLAIN AND COLOURED."
POLITICAL ORIGINALS INTERVIEWING THEIR PORTRAITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE COLONIAL COLLECTION.

John Bull (who has sent a splendid Set of Pictures, by British Artists, to Melbourne). "YOU'RE WELCOME TO ANYTHING I CAN LEND YOU, MY DEAR, TO MAKE YOUR EXHIBITION A SUCCESS."

Mr. Punch (who has sent three hundred specimens of the Work of his own Special Artists). "I SAY DIITTO TO JOHN!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 14.—Lively night in both House. In Lords, Our Only General replied to Markiss's attack of Friday last. Explained that when at the famous PENDER dinner he had spoken of English Statesmen as "deprived of the manly honesty which was once their characteristic," and as being "influenced by a low and vicious standard of morality," had not meant anything personally offensive to present Government. Reference, in fact, rather meant to be complimentary. As to what he had said on state of Army and Navy, that he stuck to. Markisa thought apology very handsome. All ended happily.

In Commons, Solicitor-General for Ireland delivered striking

speech in debate on TIM HEALY's Privilege Motion. Irish Members say that before he came to House, Solicitor-General had honest Irish brogue. Now, struggling against suspicion, has hit upon most remarkable pronunciation heard since Dundreary Peerage extinct. Leading peculiarity is to pronounce "er" as if spelled "awh," the syllable being delivered with sort of explosion like drawing a tight cork. Took verbatim note of opening sentences of to-night's speech. Naturally resolve themselves into poetic form:—

"Mr. Deputy Speakawh,
The hon. and learned Membawh
Has taken advantage of the reading of this lettawh
To suggest that the writawh
Has been concerned in the mattawh," &c.

House began to titter. Deputy-Speakawh openly laughed at hon. and learned Membawh. By time fifth line in poem was reached,

Solicitor-General, red as turkey-cock, gazed angrily round hilarious House, wondering what was the meaning of this unseemly laughter.

Debate incidentally furnished HARCOURT with opportunity for paying off old scores. Question of privilege arose on letter from resident Magistrate announcing JOHN DILLON's conviction "for taking part in the Plan of Campaign." TIM HEALY demurred to this way of putting it. "Taking part in Plan of Campaign," he said, "not offence known to law." GORST put up to endeavour to get Government out of this fresh hole, dug by irrepressible resident Magistrate. Said Magistrate had simply "adopted popular language intelligible to the SPEAKER." HARCOURT quickly saw opportunity, and made most of it. Has an accumulated debt against COURTNEY, who, as Deputy Speaker, has more than once called him to order. Paid him off now.

"Sir," he said, turning to COURTNEY, "this is a pretty defence. The Under Secretary for India says that letter was couched in popular language likely to be intelligible to you. This insult is offered to the House of Commons in order to meet the feebleness of the comprehension of the Deputy Speaker."

COURTNEY squirmed, but could say nothing. No mistaking triumph of HARCOURT's tone, or intention of his gestures. But perfectly in order. COURTNEY accordingly could only smile, and smile, and be a Deputy Speaker.

Business done.—King-Harman Relief Bill in Committee. HENEGE's Amendment, charging salary on revenues of Lord-Lieutenant and Chief-Secretary rejected by majority of eight in House of 374; dangerously narrow squeak.

Tuesday Night.—Closure reached its climax. Climbed up pretty well when JOSEPH GILLIS at critical moment shut up Old Morality. To-night Sage of Queen Anne's Gate closed BRADLAUGH. Junior Member for Northampton rising to continue debate on Motion giving precedence to Imperial Defence Bill; Senior Member for Northampton moved question be now put. Put it was, and BRADLAUGH peremptorily shut up. Coolness since sprung up between these eminent statesmen which may have important effects on history of England.

Sitting sharply divided into two epochs. First with crowded benches, animated speeches, resounding cheers and counter-cheers, dissonant order of business with special reference to King-Harman Relief Bill. Epoch second: empty benches; Old Morality on his legs; dead silence, broken only by rustle of yawns. Subject under discussion, Imperial Defences, and expenditure of Three Millions and a Half sterling.

House doesn't do this sort of thing by halves. Make no pretence of preference for business. Soon as ever fireworks over and work began, benches cleared. House so empty that, whilst PRICE was discussing proposals for convoying merchant fleets in time of war, House nearly counted out.

Depressing effect upon BOBBY SPENCER. BOBBY's gay young life been changed by iron hand of fate. Went to bed one night a frivolous flutterer around the Parliamentary flower-garden; awoke next morning a serious politician. Duke of WESTMINSTER did it. Asked BOBBY to dinner on a Wednesday. BOBBY occupied Tuesday in dining at Eighty Club with PARNELL. Hearing this, Duke formally withdraws invitation. The babbling current of BOBBY's life changed. Thinks of lowering his collar and growing a beard. Has already abandoned pretty trick of turning up his trousers over apotles patent leather boots, and has bought an umbrella suited to changed circumstances.

"All very well," he says, "in days of my youth, when I was what I may call an Irresponsible Butterfly. Now, when it has become a question of State where I dine, and dual dovecoats are fluttered at sound of the name of a fellow guest, must behave as such."

Pity the Duke took it that way. Was always such a pleasant thing to have BOBBY buzzing around, convoying his noble brother about the House, standing him a bun and a glass of sherry at the bar, keeping GLADSTONE well informed on the current of public opinion, and with all the care of a division sitting lightly on his young shoulders. As HARCOURT says, "One must needs be a Duke to take BOBBY seriously."

Business done.—In Committee on Imperial Defence Bill.

Wednesday.—Met JOSEPH GILLIS leaving House early. Says he's going to dine to-night at house dinner, National Liberal Club. Going home to dream. Bought an orchid to wear in button-hole. Doesn't see why CHAMBERLAIN should have all the good things. Lord SPENCER, K.G., to be in the Chair; TAY PAY in Vice-Chair.

"What a happy combination!" I said. "Suppose it's arranged to do special honour to SPENCER?"

"No," said JOSEPH GILLIS, gently but firmly, opening orchid with his forefinger. "Fact is, some talk of National Liberal Club being hard up. So they invited SPENCER to preside, with TAY PAY in Vice-Chair, to show they can make both ends meet."

Business done.—JESSE CODLINGS—CODLINGS the friend of the Agricultural Labourer not GLADSTONE—moved Second Reading of Small Holdings Bill. Conservatives much interested in Bill; discussed it so earnestly that MUNTZ talked it out.

Thursday.—COURTNEY's early training stands him in good stead. (Not generally known, I think, Chairman of Committee brought up for stage. Rather promising *Romeo*.) His great feat of quick changing already noted. Now, in absence of SPEAKER, doubles his part every night. Takes the Chair when the House meets; sits there through questions; when House gets into Committee, steps down to place at table, and officiates as Chairman of Committee.

Great hit of the evening is, when, as Chairman of Committees, he reports progress to himself as Deputy Chairman. Usual thing, when progress reported, for SPEAKER to be brought in. Takes the Chair. Chairman of Committees stands at his right hand, and reports progress. In doubling part, COURTNEY has first to get himself into Chair as Deputy Chairman, and then, standing at his own right hand as Chairman of Committees, report progress. How it is done a secret, like his famous feat of changing his dress behind Speaker's chair. But 'tis well done, and quickly. Since *Dr. Blimber's* eldest pupil used to write letters addressed to "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex," nothing been seen like COURTNEY reporting progress to himself.

SUMMERS, who has grown quite desperate since JOHN BRIGHT attacked him for his appearance at Haddersfield side by side with T. D. SULLIVAN, had BALFOUR up. BALFOUR, having a holiday on Wednesday night, went out to make a speech. Incidentally alluded to Coroner's Jury at Mitchelstown as "corrupt." SUMMERS challenges him with this. BALFOUR apologetic. Not certain he used the word, or if he did, didn't mean it. Hopes House will accept his correction.

"When he said Jury was corrupt, he meant to say that it was incompetent and worthless."

That makes it so much nicer for Mitchelstown jurors.

"Very good," said TREVELYAN, "but not quite original. Remember what Dr. JOHNSON said when somebody asked him what he meant by calling FIELDING a blockhead? 'What I mean by his being a blockhead,' said JOHNSON, 'is that he is a barren rascal.'"

Business done.—Trifle over Four Millions and a Half voted in Supply. Second Reading Employers' Liability Bill moved.

Friday.—House met at Two. Needn't have met at all, only for the cussedness of CONYBEARE. Members, being there, talked. Kept thing going as long as possible, and then happily dried up.

Business done.—Off for Whitton Holiday, SMITH WRIGHT leading the way. Sergeant-at-Arms chalks up on door, "Back again in an hour." Only his fun. Really shan't be back till 31st; but notice looks as if we weren't neglecting business.



Talked it out.



A Serious Politician.



Leading the way.



BAROMÈTRE POLITIQUE.

TO W. G.

(By an Old Admirer.)

[Mr. W. G. GRACE, playing at Brighton last week, made a score of 215 runs.]

Oh, W. G., tireless W. G.,
 More power to your elbow! although one can see
 Your fees hardly wished that at Brighton.
 How many—at forty—could pile such a score?
 But you,—may you do it a hundred times more,
 My black-bearded cricketing Titan!
 Two hundred and fifteen! Some thundering thumps
 The ball must have had whilst you stood at the stumps
 Till the trundlers despaired of your wicket.
 No wonder they call you, in jubilant glee,
 And after another great W. G.,
 The very "Grand Old Man" of Cricket! [error!
 Well, WILLIAM, there's work for you, friend, and no
 There's FERRIS, the Fiend, and there's TURNER, the
 Are licking our Counties like winking. [Terror,
 Their pitch, and their pace, and their break seem to
 flurry
 The best of our batsmen from Yorkshire or Surrey;
 That's scarce to your taste I am thinking.
 I'm sure, my dear W. G., you're a yearner
 To "collar" smart FERRIS, and score off of TURNER,
 And thump for three figures the pair of 'em.
 Well, when you next meet may you flog 'em like fun,
 For it's time my swart Titan that something was done
 To lessen the funk and the scare of 'em.
 The Cornstalks are rattlers, my WILLIAM, all round;
 As bowlers they're smart and as batsman they're sound,
 As good as they make 'em, or pick 'em.
 But, WILLIAM, my champion, although we may feel
 They're brothers in breed, foemen worthy our steel,
 Our duty's to love, laud—and lick 'em!

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 9.—Commenced the morning badly. The butcher whom we decided not to arrange with, called and blackguarded me in the most uncalculated manner. He began by abusing me, and saying he did not want my custom. I simply said, "Then what are you making all this fuss about it for?" and he shouted out at the top of his voice so that all the neighbours could hear, "Pah, go along; ugh! I could buy up 'things' like you by the dozen!" I shut the door, and was giving CARRIE to understand that this disgraceful scene was entirely her fault, when there was a violent kicking at the door, enough to break the panels. It was the blackguard butcher again, who said he had cut his foot over the scraper, and would immediately bring an action against me. Called at FARMERSON'S, the ironmonger, on my way to town, and gave him the job of moving the scraper, thinking it scarcely worth while to trouble the landlord with such a trifling matter. Arrived home tired and worried. Planted some mustard and cress and radishes, and went to bed at nine.

April 10.—FARMERSON came round to attend to the scraper himself. He seems a very civil fellow. He says he does not usually conduct such small jobs personally, but for me he would do so. I thanked him and went to town. It is disgraceful how late some of the young clerks are at arriving. I told three of them that if Mr. PERKUPP, the principal, heard of it, they might be discharged. PITT, a monkey of seventeen who has only been with us six weeks, told me "to keep my hair on!" I informed him I had had the honour of being in the firm twenty years, to which he insolently replied that I "looked it." I gave him an indignant look and said, "I demand from you some respect, Sir." He replied, "All right, go on demanding." I would not argue with him any further; you cannot argue with people like that. In the evening GOWING called and repeated his complaint about the smell of paint. GOWING is sometimes very tedious with his remarks, and not always cautious; and CARRIE once very properly reminded him that she was present.

April 11.—Mustard and cress and radishes not come up yet. To-day was a day of annoyances. I missed the quarter-to-nine 'bus to the City, through having words with the grocer's boy, who for the second time had the impertinence to bring his basket to the hall-door, and leaving the marks of his dirty boots on the fresh-cleaned door-steps. He said he had knocked at the side door with his knuckles for a quarter of an hour. I knew SARAH, our servant, could not hear this as she was upstairs doing the bedrooms, and asked the boy why he did not ring the bell? He replied that he *did* pull the bell, but the handle came off in his hand. I was half an hour late at the office, a thing that has never happened to me before. There has recently been much irregularity in the attendances of the clerks, and Mr. PERKUPP, our principal, unfortunately chose this very morning to pounce down upon us early. Someone had given the tip to the others; the result was that I was the only one late of the lot. BUCKLING, one of the senior clerks, was a brick, and I was saved by his intervention. As I passed by PITT'S desk, I heard him remark to his neighbour, "How disgracefully late some of the head clerks arrive." This was of course meant for me. I treated the observation with silence, simply giving him a look which unfortunately had the effect of making both of the clerks laugh. Thought afterwards it would have been more dignified if I had pretended not to have heard him at all. CUMMINGS called in evening, and we played dominoes.

April 12.—Mustard and cress and radishes not come up yet. Left FARMERSON repairing the scraper, but when I came home found three men working. I ask the meaning of it, and FARMERSON said that in making a fresh hole he had penetrated the gas-pipe. He said it was a most ridiculous place to put the gas-pipe, and the man who did it evidently knew nothing about his business. I felt his excuse was no consolation for the expense I shall be put to. In the evening, after tea, GOWING dropped in, and we had a smoke together in the breakfast parlour. CARRIE joined us later, but did not stay long, saying the smoke was too much for her. It was also rather too much for me, for GOWING had given me what he called a green cigar, one that his friend SHOEMACH had just brought over from America. The cigar didn't look green, but I fancy I must have done so, for when I had smoked a little more than half, I was obliged to retire on the pretext of telling SARAH to bring in the glasses. I took a walk round the garden three or four times, feeling the need of fresh air. On returning GOWING noticed I was not smoking; offered me another cigar, which I politely declined. GOWING began his usual sniffling, so, anticipating him, I said, "You're not going to complain of the smell of paint again?" He said, "No, not this time; but I'll tell you what—I distinctly smell dry rot." I don't often make jokes, but I replied, "You're talking a lot of dry rot yourself." I could not help roaring at this, and CARRIE said her sides quite ached with laughter. I never was so immensely tickled by anything I have ever said before. I actually woke up twice during the night and laughed till the bed shook.

BAD STYLE.—"If there is one thing more than another irrigates me," says Mrs. RAM, "it's to see people mixing their tongues." She instances the familiar quotation, "Chacun a son gout." "Why not put it all in French, or all in English? Or, if this medley of languages must be used, why not say, 'Chacun a son rheumatism,' or 'Chacun a son neuralgia'?" These complaints, Mrs. R. affirms, are quite as common as gout.

PROPOSITIONS AND RIDERS.—Why not make a few rides under the shady trees through Kensington Gardens, and connect Kensington with Bayswater? Who objects? Why not more Rotten Rows across Park, from Park Lane side to Bayswater? Who can cut these Gordian Why-Nots? "GEORGE RANGER"?



A TRYING MOMENT.

Little Smugglyns. "MY DANCE!"

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT DERBY CRYPTOGRAM.

DONNELLY be—dephlogisticated! His "Mammoth Mare's Nest" (as the *Spectator* calls it) is very small potatoes indeed compared with an idea which struck Mr. Punch. Mr. DONNELLY labours through some thousand pages to prove that BACON wrote *Shakspeare*, and hid an avowal of the fact something more than "fathom deep" in the arithmetical fog

of folios. And hardly anybody will read him. Mr. Punch, who has a free pass to the Shades, hit upon the splendid notion of getting BACON and SHAKSPEARE to collaborate in an article for his pages, which should contain as a veritable "open secret" the name of the Derby Winner for 1888!!! And everybody will read—and profit by—him. Here's the result!

If all Mr. Punch's readers after its perusal don't win piles off the coming race—but there, they are Punch's readers, which of course means that they are the wisest, brightest, but *not* meanest of mankind. The boxes of Cabanas and cases of '74 Champagne which will crowd Mr. Punch's sanctum for some days after the Derby, will sufficiently demonstrate that! BACON begins:—

ON RACING.

As Racing hath pertinently been entitled "the Sport of Kings," so might it with equal fitness be called "the King of Sports." Youth

loveth it, manhood rejoiceth in it, and age gossipeth thereof by the chimney-corner. Racing, like Love, levelleth all. Shopboy and Prince are at one in interest and in hope on one day at least of the year. "How not?" as the interlocutors of SOCRATES have a habit of asking. It is the Day when the Derby is run! REGIOMONTANUS's prediction, "*Octogesimus-octavus mirabilis annus*" (Eighty-eight a wonderful year) will be fulfilled. Eighty-eight hath produced this prophecy, and the equine wonder—and winner—whose name it enigmatically enshrineth. As to betting on horse-races,—marry, there 'a the rub!

To bet or not to bet,—that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in a man to gobble The Derby luncheon without tempting fortune, Or take the odds upon a dark outsider, And so spoil one's digestion. To punt—to plunge, No more; and by one lucky bet to end The heartache and the thousand bills and bothers Poverty's heir to,—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To punt—to plunge;— To plunge! perchance to lose:—ay, there 's the rub. For from that plunge what awful dreams may come When we have shuffled off our Derby togs, Must give us pause; there 's the consideration That makes us long for an infallible prophet! For who would bear false "tips" of sporting touts, The Welsher's wrong, the Advertiser's snares, The pangs of backing wrong 'uns all the day, The insolence of bookies, and the spurns The patient juggins of the sharper takes, When he might winners spot and make his pile With a bare monkey? Who would ever bear To fret and fume about a "morning wire," But that the off-chance of a stunning "*coup*," Some undiscovered "System," with whose use No chap can ever lose, puzzles the will, And makes us take the bogus tips we have, Hoping for "morals" that we know not of.

Let the egregious DONNELLY decipher this cryptogram, and decide, if he can, the respec-

tive shares of "Sweet WILL" and facile FRANCIS therein. A world charmed or bitten by the new game of Cryptogram-hunting may,



THE WINNER SPOTTED!

(By our Lowther-Arcadian Artist.)

an it please, share the profitable toil. Oh, really beautiful is this! Here lurks the winner! "Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure," as EDGAR ALLAN POE hath it. *Argal*, ore of opulence, bullion beyond the dreams of avarice "lie concealed within 't."

"Search well the measure, The words—the syllables! Do not forget The trivialest point, or you may lose your labour!"

And mind ye are not put off the scent of the veritable quarry by obvious herring-trails, diverted from the true track by false clues! Aha! A cryptogram is naught that is not—cryptogramic. Ask DONNELLY else. Not as the crow fieth, but as the swallow wheeleth, wit windeth through this lucre-yielding laby-



"OUTSIDE, SIR! OUTSIDE!"

Mrs. Australia (to John Chinaman). "I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF YOU! 'NO ADMITTANCE,'—NOT EVEN 'ON BUSINESS'!"

rinth. Be eyes right ready, yet may they miss without subtlety's spectacles. Dark as nether Styx is the wood, mazy as ambient Avon is the track. Green moss or yellow braeken is there little, only sombre umbrage, gloomy as *Ben-my-Chree*, but through its boakage cometh the Big Secret, and, like the *Jabberwock*, it "burbles" as it comes. Go for B. It can't be wrong. B is second—in the Alphabet, in which A, of course, is first. The last shall be first. The real one to back is the good animal long openly revealed, exoterically, in fact, in this mystic script. First here, it will of course be first at Epsom. See me reverse! In this way. Yonder real runner evidently bears winning or "realising" colours! Can anything ever receive light as vividly evident, radiant, or clearly keen?

That's clear enough, I hope. Do not holloa till you are out of the wood. But it's in the wood amidst the fern that you will find the

Winner. Wins (not whines) from the wood! That tip alone is worth all the money. Pray pile it—dear Mister or gentle Marm,—on *this* horse as heavily as you can. The van cannot be in the rear, nor my selection lose the race. It is "the only sure case among nine outsiders." Don't I evidently mean another nubibustic secret lucidly and not darkly to reveal?

So far the great clairvoyant Shades, now dropping from Baconian prose into Shakspearian verse; anon even into contemporary vernacular. *Mr. Punch*, who does not, like DONNELLY, take ten years and a thousand pages to decipher a cryptogram, *saw it at once*, and put his money on accordingly. Let his lucky readers go and do likewise! Should any of them fail, he will show them—after the Race—"how it is done"!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday 21st.—Great excitement consequent upon anticipation of the *rentrée* of Mlle. SGRID ARNOLDSON as *Zerlina*, and the appearance of Miss MCINTYRE as *Donna Elvira*. Everybody remembered

what a charming performance that was last season with Miss ARNOLDSON in the part, and M. MAUREL as the *Im-Maurel Don*. Audience in state of expectancy. House full by 8:15 in consequence of the *Times* having advertised the performance to commence at eight. Practical joke on part of *Times* at Wite-untied time. Opera really to begin at 8:30. In the lobby, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS going along full steam, his fine eye with frenzy rolling. Evidently something's up. What? The Curtain, probably. No. "Miss MCINTYRE is like *Richard the Third*," says DRURIOLANUS, throwing off his cares with a light laugh. "Richard was 'hoarse,' you remember; so 's Miss MCINTYRE." He adds, "She can't sing to-night," and DRURIOLANUS vanishes through a secret panel.

Somebody, looking pale and small, appears before the Curtain. House silent for a solo. The Pale and Small One on stage "regrets" (thrill through the audience) "having to announce that Miss MCINTYRE cannot appear" (damper all round, and people regarding one another doubtfully); "but, in order not to disappoint the public by putting off the Opera"—(audience much relieved!)—"Mr. HARRIS"—(Is he going to announce that AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS will sing the part himself? Excitement!)—"Mr. HARRIS has been fortunate enough to find the one person in London who can and will sing the part of *Donna Elvira*!" (We breathe again! Wonderful person, DRURIOLANUS! We imagine him driving at fire-engine speed—perhaps on a fire-engine—all over London, routing up *Elvira*s—trying them, discarding them, and finding the right one at last.) "A lady," continues the Pale and Small One, brightening up a bit, "who, as a matter of fact" (here he becomes quite confidential), "has made a great success with this very part in St. Petersburg"—with which encouraging announcement he pulls himself well together, bows in a familiar but withal respectful manner to the audience, and retires amidst applause.

"Name! Name!" shout voices of inquisitive people, who insist on knowing so much. Whereupon the Announcer returns at once, and in a pleasant, casual sort of way, apologises for having quite forgot to mention that the lady's name is ROLLA—Madame ROLLA. The Apologist seems as pleased with his second appearance, as if he had taken an encore.

The name of ROLLA suggests *Pizarro*, *Cora*, and the child, in SHERIDAN's old play. When Madame ROLLA does appear, she is most heartily received by a grateful audience who thank her for having "kindly consented to oblige." Pretty face, majestic presence, plays and sings admirably; and how she fits into her place without a rehearsal is a mystery. Piquante Miss ARNOLDSON, charming as *Zerlina*, but Signor D'ANDRADE (why not Irishise it as DAN DRADY?) too Hamletty for the gay Don. He picks himself up over the immortal serenade, and the audience forgive and encore him vociferously. Everybody delighted with Signor RAVELLI's "*Il mio tesoro*," as also with the great *trio* of maska, before the Ball Room scene, with Mmes. FÜRSCHE-MADI, ROLLA, and Signor RAVELLI. *Don Giovanni* evidently had an eye for what Mr. *Mantellini* would have called "Demnition fine Duchesses," for certainly the two cruelly-deceived ladies of title, as personated by Mmes. FÜRSCHE-MADI and ROLLA, represent "Quality and Quantity." Miss MCINTYRE wouldn't have been half a Duchess compared with Madame FÜRSCHE-MADI. Signor CIAMPI as funny as ever as *Masetto*; Signor NAVARRINI's *Leporello* a trifle cumbrous. The Ball and supper magnificent.

Altogether an eventful evening. I am particularly interested in watching the new arrival, Madame ROLLA, through my opera-glasses. I am "all eyes," so to speak—(at least, it's a better *not* "so to speak," as it gives opportunity to WAGSTAFF to say, "Oh, are you? Thought you were all ears!") Must be always on guard with WAGSTAFF present—but unfortunately a man in the stall just in front of me is all head and shoulders. If I sit up, I can't see over him; I can never see through him; and he is of so restless a disposition, that he is either leaning to the left, to make remarks to his neighbour, or swaying to the right, to obtain a particular view of the stage. When he moves to right, I move to left, and *vice versa*; only as I cannot calculate on the exact moment of his changing his position, I can never once get more than a momentary glimpse



of the stage. Finally give it up as a bad job. At last in the middle of the Second Act his head droops . . . thank Goodness, he sleeps, and I obtain an uninterrupted view of stage. (*Happy Thought suggestion for Druriolanus and Organising Committee*.—Tall men oughtn't to be admitted into front rows. Every opera-goer patronising the stalls should be measured for a ticket. All the tall men at the back and the shortest in front.)

After Second Act great excitement. From the lobby I hear audience making a noise. What has happened? Another apology? I rush to stall entrance. What is it? Anyone ill? No. Only first appearance this season of black cat. It crosses the stage, it visits three private boxes, and is at last kindly taken care of by a gentleman in the stalls. WAGSTAFF said he thought it was KATTI LANNER. Equanimity restored. As I have already remarked, "An eventful evening," and Miss MCINTYRE not missed.

Tuesday.—ALBANI perfect as *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*. Sad Opera *Rigoletto*. Melancholy finish always makes me unhappy. The *Quartette* in last Act of course *encored*, and so was Signor RAVELLI's "*La Donne e Mobile*." This is, up to now, the best thing RAVELLI has done. Madame ZEPPELLI VILLANI, the new *contralto*, is likely to be popular. The choruses magnificent, and once more, as to the *mise-en-scène*, DRURIOLANUS is outdoing himself. Another eventful night,—no bouquets!! New departure, this.

Thursday.—Madame MELBA *dé-buted*, and Signor COTOGNI *rentré'd*. Opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Scotch Opera,—Miss MCINTYRE ought to have been in it, but, as it is, Miss MELBA from Melbourne (real name ARMSTRONG, and "more power to her elbow!") was a great success. Bouquets to-night. Scotch Chorus first-rate, and Scotch *mise-en-scène* admirably arranged by AUGUSTUS HAGGIS. Signor RAVELLI (getting better and better histrionically) appeared as *Edgar*, and sang his dying song like a swan.

Saturday.—See "Our Next."

DOGBERRY'S DIARY.

Monday.—Notice of crime about to be committed at No. 13, Lonely Lane, handed in at office. Residents appeal for protection. Set watch immediately. Special officers told off. Some in disguise. All surround house. Some watching from neighbouring house-tops. Nothing nor nobody can escape our vigilant eye.

Tuesday.—Odd! Burglary and murder been committed at No. 13. Most extraordinary. Sent men in all directions. Somebody, by the way, who,—corresponds to the description given by the residents of the suspicious-looking party,—called with information at office. Sergeant VERGES took down his name and address, and promised to call as soon as possible. Man not since been seen. Can't help repeating, odd!

Wednesday.—Scouring the country for miles round. Made fourteen arrests. One man confessed his guilt.

Thursday.—Thirteen arrested people discharged and cautioned. They thanked the police, and testified to the great care taken of them in the cells. Fourteenth party, who confessed his guilt, is now sober, and asks what it's all about, and where he is. His friends visit him. He is discharged. Twenty arrests made before 9 P.M.

Friday.—The twenty people arrested have been discharged without a stain upon their character. The criminal is somewhere about.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday.—Still scouring country. The criminal, of whose description we have issued exact descriptions, was last seen at a public-house within the radius of Charing Cross. The barmaid suspecting something wrong from the way in which he drank his beer, communicated with the police, who, after carefully taking down her statement, and giving her the usual caution, went in company with her to the public-house. The landlord, after some resistance, was arrested; also, barmaid. They were not detained in custody beyond a few hours, and both thanked the police for the kindness and consideration with which they had been treated at the station-house. Criminal still at large.

Six days afterwards.—Criminal more at large than ever. Several burglaries have been committed by him, and in each case he has left a note for the police with a parcel enclosing description of his last disguise, and a photograph. Not to be put on false scent by this.

Friday.—Made several more arrests.

Saturday.—Arrested persons discharged, and cautioned that whatever they say will be used against them.

Tuesday.—It is just three months to-day since the crime at No. 13, Lonely Lane, was committed. Criminal last seen talking to Detective SHARP, who was in disguise at the time. It is believed that Detective SHARP told him, incautiously, who he was. Neither of them has been seen since. There is some mystery here.

Six Months later.—Criminal of No. 13, Lonely Lane, still more at large than ever. Sure to turn up some time or other. Shall wait. Public interest in case died out. More important cases demand instant attention.

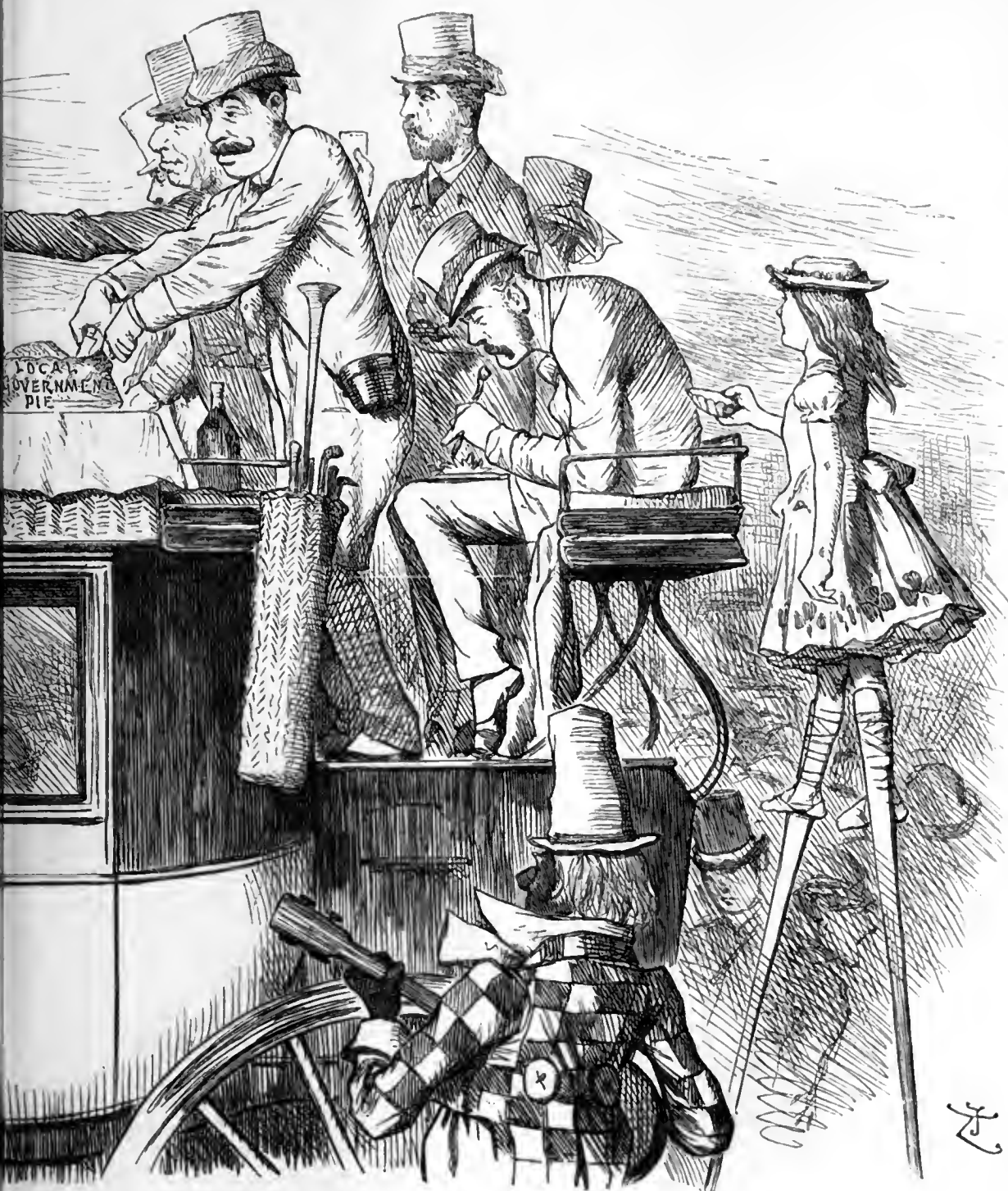
PRETTY SIGHT.—At Oxford and Cambridge. Meeting of "The Coaches." Date uncertain.





“ALL ON

RIGHT HON. W. H. S. “GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, EXCUSE MY ‘SENSE OF DUTY’—”



E DOWNS."

TO-MORROW!!"

G. O. MINSTREL (*sings*). " WITH A DOODAH-DOODAH-DEY!"



1870

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

"ALL ON THE DOWNS."

S-l-sb-ry. Come, now, I do like this; it's a really jolly!
Your healths, my boys, all round!

All. Thanks, thanks, dear SOLLY!

S-l-sb-ry. Must say I think that we deserve some fun,
We have worked hard enough.

B-lf-r (languidly). I have, for one.

G-sch-n. You let limp looks your reputation mar, man.

R-tch-e. Besides, dear boy, you know you've got KING-HARMAN.
A helpmate such as he deserves a salary.

B-lf-r. Haw! yes—but, really, it's too hot for raillery.

Irish Girl (on stilts). Pray, pretty gentleman, remember—
B-lf-r (starting). What?

You don't mean Mitohelstown? That awful rot
Pursue me here? By Jove, a twang Hibernian
Might mar the taste of HORACE'S Falernian.
Surgit amari—

Irish Girl. Faith, Sor, thin, ye're clever
At guessing. MARY is my name, Sor.

B-lf-r. Never!

Irish Girl. MARY O'BRIEN.

B-lf-r. Here, I say, get out!
Constable, send her to the right-about.
By Jove—that name! It made me feel quite queer.

Irish Girl. Ye Saxon spalpeen, there's a no Crimes Act here!
Or you'd give me six months, ye murderin villin.

B-lf-r. Faugh! I believe this is some dodge of DILLON.

S-l-sb-ry. Come, cheer up, ARTHUR! Let this lovely luncheon
Make you forget the Land of League and Truncheon.

R-tch-e. This pie is prime. Lark-pudding is not in it
For flavour. Taste it, G-sch-n!

G-sch-n. Wait a minute!
This cork is precious tight,—defies the screw.

H-cks-B-ch. You taxed it, G., and now it taxes you.

G-sch-n. I'd like to tax bad jokes.

H-cks-B-ch. Well, make a trial
Upon your own.

S-l-sb-ry. That would be self-denial.

R-tch-e. Enable him to take that Wheel-Tax off,
And yet to swell the Exchequer.

G-sch-n. Ah! you scoff!
Where would you be without me?

H-rt-ngt-n. What is that?

B-lf-r. Nigger, in a huge collar and big hat!
(Voice below, singing his old favourite ditty:—
"Oh, Epsom is a jolly place,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
They think they'll win on the big race,
Doo-dah! Derby-Day!
But I'm bound to come out right,
I'm bound to win one day;
I've put my money on the Irish horse,
Who'll win, whate'er they say!")

B-lf-r. Poor fellow! Don't he wish that he may get it?

G-sch-n. Thousand to one against. I'd like to bet it.

H-cks-B-ch (to friend below). Have a glass, GRANDOLPH?
Grandolph. Don't care if I do.
(Aside.) I say, old fellow, though, they are a crew!
Look at old SNEGROVE there, how he is fuming!
Fears that the lot of wine they are consuming
May get into their heads, and lead to dizziness.
To-morrow they must all be back at business;
St. Stephen's Stores re-open. Twig old SOLLY!
Made up his mind that he'll, for once, be jolly.
HARTY alone sits silent and sedate;
His soul seems concentrated on his plate.

S-l-sb-ry. Come, boys, a bumper round. Now then, my HARTY,
Your glass! Do make yourself one of the party!
A toast!

Omnes. Hear! hear! A toast!

S-l-sb-ry. Well, charge your glasses.
This is a toast that no one ever passes.
Ready? That's a right, dear boys. Well, then, I give,
"Our Noble Selves. Long may our Union live!"

Omnes. Hear! hear! Hooray! Ourselves! Away with sorrow!!!
Sm-th (anxiously). Steady, dear boys! Remember, there's to-morrow!

THE HANGLODANNISH XHIBISHUN.

In addition to all I described last week, there's a Pictor Gallery as will astonish a good menny of our own Painters. Sum on 'em I calls reel staggerers, and quite different from any that I ever seed afore. For instance there's 1 or 2 that made me that mel-lanoolly to think of what sum people has to go through, and the kind of life as sum people has to live, as made me urry out into the blessed sunshine jest for a change. But they are not all like that. "O contrare," as the Germans says, there's a one lovely little boy a setting hunder a tree all as naked as Master Knpid himself, a trying for to pick a most butifol Rose off a great big tree. He tries to look as if he rather liked it than otherwise; but if the East wind was a blowing where he was, as it did outside the room where I was, he must have been froze to death directly as the sun set.



Robert at an Opening.

Of course it was all right, while they was about it, to choose such a jolly cold nite for the hopenig day as to make us think as we was really in Denmark, where, as we all know, even *Amlet* said as the hair bited so rudely as to make it werry cold; but I think, as far as I was concerned, I shud ha liked it jest a leetle warmer.

There's a nice little Theater bin bilt up in the Garden, and if what I was told by one of the Gentlemen of the Press,—and I allers beleeves all as they says, just the same as I does all as they rites—was true, that little Theater will be that acrowged ewery heavening that it will posserbly bust. He aoshally told me as they means to play one haot of the Tragedy of *Amlet*, the part of *Amlet* by the reel Prince of Denmark! at the speeshul request of his butifol Sister.

Grayshus Goodness! what a idear! and the charge for admission is to be 1 Ginny for a reel Lady, and 2 Ginnys for a reel Gentleman, and no one else ain't to be allowed to henter not at no price.

I have herd of one rich person, who is not considered to be quite a reel Gennelman, as has hofferred to give a hundred ginnys to be allowed to haot as one of the Hofferers in the Play. I am harf promised that praps I may be allowed to carry a Banner, but my hopes scarce haspires to so giddy a hight.

One of the Denmarkish Sailors as speaks a little English, told me as they thinks nothink of catching half a dozen whales of a morning before breakfast. I didn't understand what he ment when he torked of their atting Sharp Poons into the poor things to make 'em blubber.

Considring what a remarkabel jolly cold country Denmark looks to be, I'm sumwhat disappointed at the werry few new Drinks as they has brort over with 'em. Memory looks back with fond delite to the grand old times last year, when BUFFERLOW BILL and his Satterlites introduced me to a new Drink for ewery day in the year, except, of coarse, Sundays, when in coarse nobody don't want no drinks, or if they is werry uncommon thirsty they can repeat Saturday's. Can I ever forgit my sensashuns when I fust tasted "White Tiger's Milk" or the "Flash of Lightning," or the "Parson's Delight!" or, far above all, the "Yard of Flannel!" Never! or my enwions astonishment at seeing the Savages of the Wild West toss off three of them "Nock-me-down" Drinks in suckcession without winking! Ah, them was grand times, them was, which has gorn, I fears, never to return! I shall try and get a peep at the Etaliens, close by, to see what they can do in that line.

ROBERT.

A SURREY SITE.

MR. ALEXANDER MACMILLAN, the well-known publisher, has given his house and grounds, Knapdale, Upper Tooting, to the proposed Suffragan Bishop of South London, which gift has been "gratefully accepted." "Gratefully accepted!"—rather! Why, who wouldn't have gratefully accepted it, without being a Suffragan Bishop? "ALEXANDER the Grate-fully-accepted" has done the thing well, and has generously sacrificed the reposeful-sounding Knap-dale for the rest of his days. To give a site like this is doubly valuable, for "*Bis dat qui site-o dat.*" Bnt, in honour of the beneficent donor, why not build on this site a splendid Cathedral for South London, after the model of the grand duomo of Milan, and call it the Cathedral of McMillan? "Vell," as a Foreign Gentleman observed, "the Bishop 'ave got der money,—dat is von ting; now he 'ave got der house and ground of Knapdale,—dat is two ting." (Foreign Gentleman subsequently caught, and sent back to his friends.)

WOLSELEYAN MAXIM FOR THE "SOLDIER'S POCKET-BOOK."—"In-discretion is the better part of valour."

MRS. RAM was present when Mr. FREDERICK COWEN embarked for Australia. "I was not acquainted with the Gentleman personally," she explained, "though I knew his compositions. However, as I was seeing some friends off, I was present at his embrocation; and, as I had seen photographs of him, directly I set eyes on him I recognised his liniments."



A STRAIGHT TIP.

Visitor (to Sporting Character, who has got hold of his Watch-guard). "AMERICAN TIGER—GERM' SILVER CHAIN—"
Sporting Character. "OH—THANKS! BEG PARD'N!"

[Lets go!]

CORRECTIO.—Carissime Panche,—Legi in tuâ impressione Epistolam PETRI PUGNACIS de pugna puerorum. Sed facit parvum errorem dicendo quod TOMMIUS BROWNUS pugnavit cum FLASHMANNO. Hoc non ita fuit.

FLASHMANNO erat egregia bullius in scholæ domo (cujus PETER nunc est et ego olim fui alumnus), et unâ nocte TOMMIUS BROWNUS (is qui nunc est avus Honor Judex HUGHES), et HENRICUS sive HARRIUS ORIENS, adhuc parvuli pueri, pugnaverunt cum eo in aulâ,—adjuvante quodam (si recte memini) DOBBS, sive DIGGS, qui vidit æquum ludum—et vice-runt. Sed pugna illa TOMMIJ celeberrima fuit cum quodam WILLIAMS, cognomine SLOGGER, et orta est ut sequitur:—Uno die Magister quidam juvenia (scilicet ut audivi, COTTONIUS, is qui postea fuit caput magister Marlburie et episcopus Caloutte), capiebat classem alii Magistri, cujus ARTHURUS (id est, STANLEIUS, posthæc præclarus Decanus Westmonasterienais) erat caput. Legendo HOMEUM ARTHURUS lacrimis solvit. Tum Magister ponit super SLOGGER, qui non bene paratus venit ad dolorem construendo, et descendit ad fundum classis, cum impositione. SLOGGER iracundus minatur punchere (non intendo jocum) caput ARTHURI post scholam. TOMMIUS hoc audiens intervenit, et pugna sequitur, in presentia juvenis BROOKII (præpostoris) et totius scholæ, exceptis illis, qui in aulâ manentes furando aliorum cibos sibi unctum parant. Hæc est vera historia quam potes, si vis, legere in TOMMIJ BROWNII libro immortalis.

Tuus verè,

OLIM RUGBÆNSIS.

HAND AND GLOVE AT A NEW SPA.—At a meeting of a Syndicate for the exploitation of the bromo-iodine Spa at Woodhall, Lincolnshire, Dr. BURNLEY YEO (our Only Nautical Doctor, "Yeo, my boys, yeo ho!") hitched up his main braces, and observed that there was a growing desire "to encourage English Spas." We hope so. Boxing has once again come into fashion, so has glove-fighting, and what more does anyone want in the way of an English Spar? Sir SPENCER WELLS was also present on this interesting occasion. What would any watering-place be without Wells? We did not see the name of Dr. ROBSON ROOSE among the professional visitors to the Woodhall Pump-Room, which is odd, seeing that in his latest book, *The Treatment of Gout in Toto*, he strongly recommends Woodhall Spa, and draws such a pleasant picture of the place as to make the realisation of it quite a *Roose-o's Dream*. In fact we thought he was the first discoverer of the place—a sort of Dr. ROBINSON ROOSE-O. Why go abroad for our regular Homburg, when we can get it at home? Plenty of Flats to let in Lincolnshire. "Better to bear (i.e., support) the 'Wells' we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

STANLEY.

(With Apologies to Mr. Browning's "Waring.")

I.—I.

WHAT 's become of STANLEY
Since he gave us all the alip,
Started off, as gay as can be,
On his Equatorial trip,
Sworn on his returning track
To bring fame—and EMIN—back?

II.

Ichabod, Ichabod!
To EMIN he 'a departed.
Does he travel up the Congo?
Or hobnob he with some Pongo
Of a native Afric chief,
Some slave-dealing royal thief,
Whom he marvellously teaches
To be honest and wear breeches?
Who has heard a rumour swell
Of a white man just upstarted
In the Bhar Gazelle?
How he tames the cruel-hearted
Millions there, who now revere
COLT'S revolvers, home-brewed beer?
Haply through that torrid zone
To their goal he 'a brought his band,
And—just as 'twere LIVINGSTONE—
Lifts his hat, holds out his hand,—
"EMIN PASHA, I believe?"
Do such flattering thoughts deceive?
Shall we greet his well-known face
Once more in the market-place?

II.—I.

"When I last saw STANLEY—"
How all turned to him who spoke!
You saw STANLEY! Truth or joke?
Stark mad must the man be!

II.

"Near Uganda we were hunting,
When one of us espied
Shoreward borne a bit of bunting
To a topmast tied,
Out there stepped a bearded man,
Eye like vulture, head like lion,
Skin all browned and bronzed like tan;
Not the sort of man to try on
Playful jests with, one perceives,
Nor to bore with make-believes.
It was STANLEY!—(how the speaker
Was surrounded! How we drank
All his words!)—"the EMIN-seeker,
Stood there, on that bank.
'Tell them—tell friends far away,'
STANLEY said, 'I'm here with EMIN.
Failed to reach him? That's a dream in
Dotards' heads! But here we stay.
Some day, haply, from the gloom
We'll emerge, and, past Khartoum,
Past the shrieking GORDON-slayers,
Down to Berber we shall win,
Till our strange-built dahabeahs
Make the Cairo gossips grin!'

III.

"Then he paused—turned on his heel—
Would have vanished past appeal;
But, as though our voiceless wish
Stayed him, he turned back, and said,
'Have you some Cut Cavendish,
Snuff, or any decent bread?
Thanks! My men expect me now.'
So he stepped on board his prow."

IV.

Ah! We hope that tale is true!
That the traveller, over-due,
May do that for which he went,
And become more Emin-ent!
Down the White Nile gleams his van?
What's a the news in Kordofan?

NEW PIECE AT MRS. JOHN WOOD'S THEATRE
(when it opens in October).—*Les Surprises du Divorce; or, What will MISTER Grundy say?*

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 2.



THE LORDS and COMMONS AT THE DERBY
 DESIGN BY THE CELEBRATED JAPANESE ARTIST LIKA JOKO
 SPECIALY ENGAGED BY MR. PUNCH

SOME EPSOM OUTSIDERS.

- THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S Threatened European Disturbance, by Unceasing Military Preparations, out of Sight.
- MR. GLADSTONE'S Deferred Home Rule, by Enthusiastic Statesman, out of Reckoning.
- LORD SALISBURY'S National Defence Muddle, by Machinery of Departments, out of Gear.
- PRINCE FERDINAND'S Bulgarian Crown, by Patriotic Aspirations, out of Patience.
- M. LESSEPS'S Panama Canal Lottery Loan Scheme, by Visionary Dividends, out of Reach.
- MR. DILLON'S Boffled Plan of Campaign, by Nationalist Agitator, out of Temper.

LORD MAYOR DE KEYSER'S Over-confident Imperialism, by Some Recent Remarks, out of Taste.
 LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S Restored British Naval Supremacy, by Utterances of Assiduous Champion, out of Office.
 LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Latest Political Somersault, by Tory-Democratic Acrobat, out of Bounds.
 MR. STANHOPE'S Recent Military Scare, by War Office Organisation, out of Order.

CONSERVATIVE EXCLAMATION ON READING THE RESULT OF SOUTHAMPTON ELECTION, MAY 23.—"Good EVANS!"

IS MARRIAGE A LOTTERY?—No, it isn't. Lotteries are illegal.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE.

IN THE PADDOCK.

*Horses being led round in Circle. Jockeys receiving final directions.**Owner (to Jockey). Now—you know where you've to go? Down the hill, over the hurdles with the white flags—**[Nod of intelligence from Jockey.**Trainer (correctively). Red flags.**Owner. I mean red flags. Then keep along by the flying course, and take the bank between the red flags—**Trainer. White and red—first time.**Owner. Red and white flags.—through the gap when you turn—**Trainer. Not through the gap till the second round.**Owner. Oh, isn't it? Well, over the hedge then, white flags.**Trainer. Not white flags for the banking course, Sir.**Owner. And the Starter will tell you the rest. (To Trainer, as Jockey goes off to saddle mount.) There—if that fellow makes any mistake now, he shan't ride for me again!**An Owner with a Grievance (to anybody who will listen to him). It's a sheäme o' they Stewards. Passed Giroffe, and gone and disqualified my mare, Camel, for being over height! See for yourself. Giroffe stands higher by a inch. Look at the teu together. I ask any fair-minded man. They're all afreäd of her—that's what 'tis, they're afreäd of her!**[As often as he sees a Member of the Committee, he drags his disqualified mare up to him, and harangues bitterly. Committee-men decline, with one accord, to reopen the question, and leave Owner to ventilate his grievance outside, which he does, at intervals, throughout the day.*

ON THE COURSE.

*Artless Young Lady (on drag—to Organiser of Sweepstake). Oh, ought I to pay you a shilling?—I didn't know—and take one of these tickets out of the hat. You mnst tell me which! May I open it yet? Number Two. Which is that? Oh, Sugartongs—white and silver. I must try and remember that. [Preliminary canter.**Sportsman (on drag). That's Jampot—cherry and plum sash. Best horse running to-day by a long chalk—regular clinker. Wish I could have got on at a better price. There's a action for you!**The Artless One. He looks such a scraggy thing, and his jockey's wearing gaiters. I'm sure he won't win! Is that man with the red flag going to race, too? Why is he riding down there with them?**[Sportsman receives her prattle, which is intended to be very engaging, with silent contempt.**Rustic Spectators. They're off!—no—false start! They be off neow, sure! Theer they go! All over!... Pretty jumpin'!... Theer's Toastrack! Ben't TOMMY a pikin' of en, tew? Well done, my sonny, go on!... Look at Jampot jumpin'—he's runnin' away from 'em all!**Lady Sportsman. Why doesn't Jampot's jockey let him out?**Her Husband. Well, it rather looks as if he was going to let the public in! Look at that!—deliberately waiting for Muffineer!**A Sage (in market-cart). Tell 'ee what—if that 'orse as is leadin' neow don't lose any more ground than that, 'e'll win. You mark my words!**Crowd (on Grand Stand). Eggcup's down! Butterdish has gone outside the flag—there, he'll hev to go back, he'll hev a job to get up to them now! Look at Jampot, he's ahead again... Beertifn strider, ben't he? Don't 'ee fall now, my darling! A-ah! Muffineer's on him again—he's passed en!**The Artless Young Lady. Oh, isn't it exciting! (Looks to see if anyone is looking at her, and is disgusted to find that everybody is absorbed in the racing.) I don't see my horse jumping. Why?**The Sportsman (coldly). Possibly because he came to grief at the second bank, and is being walked in.**Artless One (with a charming pout). How perfectly horrid of it! Why do they all groan at Jampot so? Don't they want him to win?**The S. Because his jockey's doing all he can to let Muffineer pass him.**Artless One. But I think that's so nice and magnanimous of him!**The S. I doubt if the Stewards will take your view of it... There, pulling the poor brute's head off! It's all over, and Muffineer ought no more to have won than—**[His feelings fail him. Crowd groan at Jampot's jockey as he pulls up, a bad second. Jockey affects a pained surprise.*

IN THE PADDOCK.

*Chorus of Disgusted Sportsmen. Well, after that!... I am dashed. Ever see anything more barefaced in all your life? So**badly done, too! No wonder these country meetings are going down... If this was under Grand National Rules—&c., &c.**Excited Bookmaker (forcing his way in, and up to owner of Jampot). It's a shame and a disgrace, Mr. CUBBARD. You ought to be warned off every course in England! If Jampot could ha' broke his reins, he'd ha' won easy! It oughtn't to be allowed. 'Tisn't English, no, nor yet honourable. I tell you to your face you're a scoundrel, and you know it. It's all your doing!**[Owner tries to look as if such accusations were beneath his notice, and walks away, pursued by Bookmaker.**Indignant Backer (tackling Jampot's jockey as he unsaddles). Ye rode foul, ye did—ye're a slipsher! Ye pu'd the 'arse by the geätt when 'e was winnin'!**Jampot's Jockey (sulkily). Ride better if ye like, but don't say I pu'd the 'arse!**I. B. I do say it. Ye're a disrespekful man to ride on any course. Ye did pu' the 'arse, ye did!**J's J. (with warmth). Don't call me a diarepekful man!**I. B. I do call ye a disrespekful man. Ye done wrong!**J's J. Then don't say I pu'd the 'arse ageän! (And so on, ad lib.)**The Bookmaker. Everyone on the course saw it. It's a scandalous thing, and there ought to be some notice taken of it. Fair is fair all the world over!**Bystanders. 'Tis a trien word. But, SATCHELL, 'e don't ought to cast first stone at en.**Sportsmen. No good bullyragging the boy. He had to ride to orders, or be turned off next day! Ah! here comes the Admiral! Now for a row!*

OUTSIDE THE WEIGHING-ROOM.

*Inquiry proceeding; Secretary, keeping door against surging Crowd.**Secretary (to a tall man who is trying to look through a chink). Don't 'ee now, Sir, don't. Don't take an unfair advantage of your superior height. The proceedings are strictly private.**The Tall Man. You be blowed! I've paid my half-crown, and I mean to see all I can for the money!**Crowd (peeping through window). They've got the boy in there. He's getting a rare good wiggling. (Door opens.) A Voice—Send Mr. CUBBARD here!**The Sec. Mr. CUBBARD! Wanted by the Stewards. Policeman, pass the word for Mr. CUBBARD!**Crowd (with relish). CUBBARD 'll catch it now.**Policeman (with a grin). Mr. CUBBARD gone 'ome, Sir.**[Murmur, commending Mr. C.'s discretion.**Inquiry over. Stewards come out of Weighing-room perspiring freely. Crowd press around to hear result.**Stewards. You'll see our decision in the papers to-morrow. You won't hear any more to-day; so it's no use bothering. Here, let's get out of this!**Stable-boy (to Jampot's Trainer). Will Jampot be wanted any more to-day, Sir?**Trainer (gloomily). You can take him home, soon as you like!*

AFTER THE LAST RACE.

*First Owner of Losing Horse. You see it was this way. Toastrack had a stranga boy on his back, and so o' course—**Second Ditto. That theer boy's bin ridin' tew many races, he hev. They git weak, ridin' so much. I told en not to let Butterdish bolt with en—he will bolt at times.**Third Ditto. Eggcup didn't fell. 'Twas her jockey falled off o' 'er. She was gallopin' way from them all. She'd a come in ten fealds ahead 'thout that.**Fourth Ditto. Oh, that other was ridden very jealous, and so old Sugartongs she got baulked at the bank. If there'd 'a bin another round, she'd ha gien 'em all a proper doin', sure 'nough!**Fifth Ditto. I've sin Creunjug run a deal rougher nor that. She run away from a field o' fourteen-two galloways in a flat-race once, she did. She worn't in form to-day, that's all.**[They go home, each with a comforting conviction that he has won what the leader-writers on bye-elections would call "a moral victory."*

"Derby Anticipations."

*By Major Growler.—Drive down—dust—dirt—N.E. wind—lose money, time (probably watch), temper, health, and laid up for weeks afterwards.**By Our Mark Tapley.—No Derby without dust—fresh wind—N.E. wind, or "N.E. wind" you like—jolly lunch—lose a jolly lot—or win—jolly companions—jolly hot, or cold—holiday jolly day—jolly good headache—jolly well tired.**THE REAL "SCILLY ISLES."—If we don't see to perfecting our Army and Navy, so as to be ready in case of emergency, Great Britain and Ireland will be known as "The Very Silly Isles."*



"LE GRAND PRIX."

RARÆ AVES.

(Poetry by Popjoy.)

WHEN I was a youngster, the finest of fun
Was to roam fields and meadows and lanes with my gun,
Knocking over cock-robins and potting tomits,
Blowing thrushes and blackbirds and linnets to bits.
But at birds somewhat bigger I now have a slap,
Pigeon-shooting at blue-rocks let loose from a trap;
'Tis a pastime wherein a resource may be found,
Sport in season at any time, all the year round.
Birds of passage, rare strangers that visit our shore,
Wheresoever I find them I pop at and floor,
Hang the Wild Birds Protection Act—that I defy!
At as many as come in my way I've a shy.
Golden Oriole, Ring Ouzel, and Hoopoe to bag
Aro exploits and achievements I boast of and brag.
If a Short-toed Lark ever should light on his way
Close enough, dead he drops, to my choke-bore a prey.
O St. James, at that Cormorant, come to thy Park,
Had I only a chance, 'twould have been a rare lark,
So to speak without making a bit of a bull,
With sure aim, on the perch to have taken a pull!
And the grand Golden Eagle in Kent lately seen,
What a triumph to pepper—for sharpshooter keen,
Famous feat, from the clouds, crack, with rifle to
bring
Down the soaring, scarce visitant, splendid Bird-King!

OBVIOUS ERRATUM.—At a political meeting, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON delivered a statement of the amount which the Government intended to expend annually in strengthening the Navy:—

"This, he maintained, would keep us abreast of foreign nations."

Has not a word been misreported in the above quotation? "Abreast?" Surely what the noble Lord really did say must have been "Ahead."

RECREATION GONE WRONG.

(An Advertisement for the Censor.)

HARROWING ATTRACTION.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT.—This unique and ghastly feat already witnessed with creeping awe by upwards of 200,000 shuddering people, will be repeated (the Authorities in the meantime not intervening) again to-morrow afternoon, when the Champion Aëronaut will make his daring ascent hanging on to a wire suspended from the balloon by his eyelids.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT, appealing as it does to the most brutal, degraded, and savage instincts of a large portion of the sight-seeing classes of the British Public, is considered a fitting and attractive item in the programme of a great popular entertainment.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT presents the unquestionable advantage of placing the life of the performer in absolute and terrible jeopardy.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT may furnish the on-looker public at any moment with the spectacle of an indescribably appalling and horrible death.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT is made without the slightest provision for any misadventure or accident.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT involves the performer, who loses nerve for a single moment, in utter destruction.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT is the result of the competition of poor creatures anxious to create a sensation at any risk, and enabled to do it through the absence of any paternal legislation protecting them from the consequences of their headlong temerity.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT will probably, if allowed to continue with impunity, terminate in the dashing to pieces, under circumstances too hideous to contemplate, of a living human being.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT should, therefore, engage the attention of the Home Secretary—and the sooner the better.

"GOOD OLD GRACE!"

[Playing for the Gentlemen against the Australians last week, Mr. W. G. GRACE scored an innings of 165 runs. Later in the week the Players of England beat the Australians by 10 wickets.]

BRAVO, W. G.!'Tis a very prompt answer
To *Punch's* appeal of last week.
One hundred and sixty-five runs! That's the plan, Sir!
The moral is not far to seek.
You've scored off of TURNER and FERRIS like winking,
At *Punch's* especial desire;
And now there should be no more funking or shrinking,
Or failing in coolness or fire.
When that pair of smart Cornstalks let fly at our stumps,
As well they know how to let fly,
There is not the least need to be down in the dumps;
Think of GRACE, boys, and never say die!
Before GRACE had met them, and spanked them all round,
They really appeared bad to beat;
But the Players—who whopped them—were cheered I'll be bound
By the thought of that GRACE after meet!

A NEW INSPIRATION.—One of the *Spectator's* poets, with no signature, in the number for May 26, wrote "The steadiest angel is a woman's love." Now we know there are good angels and bad angels, but of the latter class the poet is not speaking. Among the good angels are there then some who are rather unsteady or shaky? This poet probably knows; but the idea of one angel being steadier than another does open out a wide range of possibilities which might account for a good many erratic movements. Of course all such beings are invisible to ordinary mortals, and only seen by the *Spectator* and his Inspired Poet.

A Long Farewell.

MADAME NILSSON has just commenced bidding "farewell," But when she will finish one cannot quite tell. For "parting," as SHAKESPEARE says, is "such sweet sorrow" (And so says the lender to one who would borrow), That NILSSON may say it again and again, And then may decide (be it so) to remain. Continue to sing while you can,—then, *ma belle*, "One bumper at parting"—one brilliant farewell.

HOMELESS! A DUET OF DESPONDENCY.

[The National Portrait Gallery, and the National Rifle Association, are both seeking a permanent place of rest.]



LINLEY SAMBOURNE

Old Masters. Oh, where shall we go to? They all call us "National."

Title of honour and glory of old.
Then say is it loyal, and say is it rational,
Leaving us homeless and out in the cold?

Young Marksmen. National also they dub us, oh, Masters!
But now we're evicted and driven to roam.
We're used to cold water and snubs, but disasters
Have now reached their climax; we haven't a home!

Old Masters. No, by VANDYKE and by HOLBEIN it's shameful!
By REYNOLDS and GAINSBOROUGH it is *not* right!

Young Marks. By ROSS and by JACKSON those big-wigs are blameful,
Who leave shots like them in so homeless a plight!

Chorus.

Oh, where shall we go to? They all call us National,
Title of honour and glory of old.
Then say is it loyal, then say is it rational,
Leaving us homeless and out in the cold?



'A BLOCK!'

Old Military Gent (jocosely). "Now, MR. PUNCH, I ONLY ASK YOU, SHIR"—(gasps)—"T'LOOK 'T THA', SHIR! AASH'LUTRELY TH EN-TIRE PAVEM'N', SHAR! WHEEL TAX! 'ONLY WISH I WAS CHANCELLOR O' TH' EXCHEQ—!"
[Rushes back home, and writes to the Times!]

Old Masters. National? Nay, they must mean it as railery,
 Since in the whole of the Nation they fail
 To find for such portraits a permanent Gallery.
 Britons should blush at the pitiful tale.

Young Marksmen. National? Nonsense! When Wimbledon
 shunts us,
 Richmond refuses and Epping derides,
 When from post to pillar a Royal Duke hunts us,
 And bigwigs with builders against us take sides.

Old Masters. England love Art? Just conceive the reception
 We'd meet with in Antwerp, or Paris, or Rome!

Young Marksmen. Patriot England? That's all a deception,
 Or should we be singing thus, "Driven from home"?

Chorus.

Oh, where shall we go to? They all call us "National,"
 Title of honour and glory of old:
 Then say is it loyal, say is it rational,
 Leaving us homeless and out in the cold?

SLOW AND SHAW, AND YET UNCERTAIN!

(The Story of a Shadow that should not end in Smoke.)

MR. PUNCH was greatly pleased with all he had seen. He had been to the head-quarters of the Fire Brigade on the south side of the Thames, and had found everyone on the alert. The horses were ready harnessed; the fireplaces under the boilers filled with fuel, and only waiting a match to set them alight; the men dressed and wide awake, and prepared to start at a moment's notice to go anywhere and to do everything. The organisation was perfect. London was protected by a network of telegraph-wires. Communication was established between the centre office and the outlying districts. Here and there was a fire-escape with its attendant, able to proceed at once to any point requiring immediate succour. The signal-posts, too, were all in working order.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mr. Punch. "The system seems to be

admirable!" And as he spoke, six o'clock struck, and some of the firemen got up, and prepared to go out.

"An alarm?" queried Mr. Punch.

"No, Sir," replied one of the Brigade; "we are off to help to take the escapes back to their morning quarters."

"Morning quarters?"

"To be sure. After six o'clock we presume that they will be no further needed for immediate use, so we wheel them back to their daily resting-place. They are rather heavy, so some of our men are sent to help."

"Rather risky," quoth Mr. Punch, gravely.

"Not much," was the reply, as a number of firemen departed.

Suddenly there was a glare of red light. The smoke rose in the air, the flames made a crackling noise, and a huge pile of premises were well a-light!

A loud cry was raised for the fire-escapes. It was useless—the refuges had been removed.

Then the poor frightened inmates shouted for help. Once more a vain appeal! The firemen were most of them away, assisting in the removal of the escapes! Tide and time wait for no man—fire never breaks an appointment; so the flames spread, and there was no help! Some died at once, others lingered but to die!

"How is this, Sir?" asked Mr. Punch, angrily. "Why were you not prepared?"

"Please, Sir," explained the Chief, "it is not our fault—look at the time," and he pointed to a clock. The hands stood at half-past six.

"Not your fault!" echoed Mr. Punch, once more severely.

"No, Sir. You see it is nearly seven; and it's against the regulations for a fire to break out after six o'clock!"

"This must be looked into!" cried Mr. Punch.

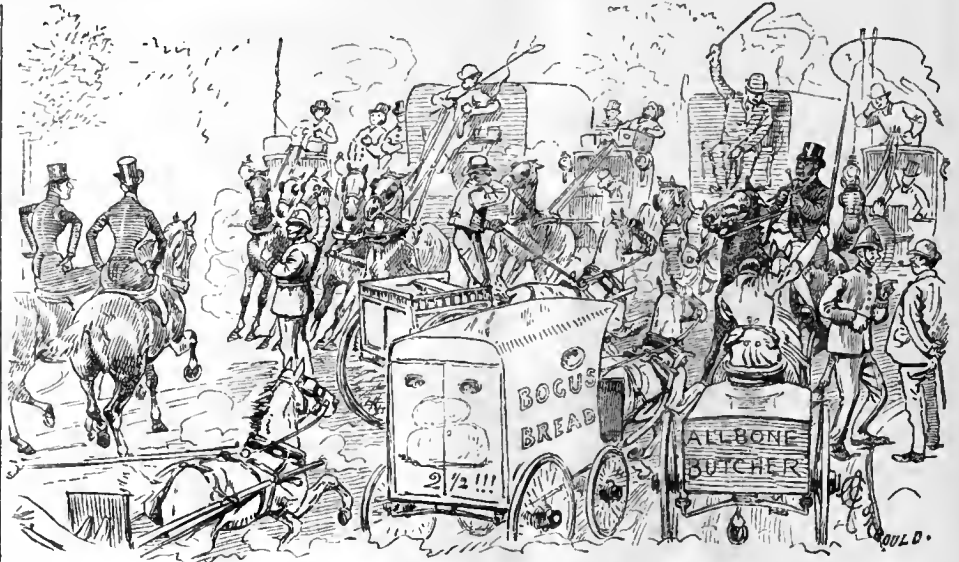
And it must!

SECURA.—Madame SCHUMANN, in a safe position 'twixt Sword and Pen, may be seen in this month's *Men and Women of the Day*, where MESSRS. BARRAUD have sandwiched her between Lord WOLSELEY and Mr. BESANT.

THE "PLEASURE HORSE" IN LONDON.



MR. BIGSBY IS ORDERED HORSE EXERCISE, "WHICH WILL TAKE HIM OUT OF HIMSELF." HAVING SECURED "A PERFECT GENTLEMAN'S 'OSS, SIR, WITH FINE ACTION," HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PARK. HE FINDS THAT HE IS TAKEN OUT OF HIMSELF; AS THE HORSE ABSORBS HIS ENTIRE ATTENTION.



HIS ATTENTION IS SOMEWHAT DISTRACTED. "WHY ON EARTH DON'T THE POLICE STOP THE TRAFFIC?" HE EXCLAIMS TO HIMSELF.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN answer to numerous anxious inquiries as to why I have been so long silent, I can only reply that I have not had a moment to spare for reading since I commenced my book on the Derby. The process has cost me many sleepless nights and a considerable amount of ready cash. Henceforth, I will read books, not make them. I have now on my library table *The British Army*, which, of course, must be reviewed; *The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century*, by Monsieur FRÉDÉRIC HAWKINS, uncommonly interesting, no doubt; *History of the People of Israel*—in the 60 per century; *Twenty-five Years in a Waggon*, which sounds monotonous, and suggests a series of "A Week in a Hansom," "Fourteen Minutes in a Groveler," "A Fortnight in a Fly," and so forth. The title of *The Chronicles of Bow Street Police Court*, by PERCY FITZGERALD, is promising, though I do not remember having often come across his name in the police reports. There are some cases, however, which are taken early, and do not find their way into the daily journals which dismiss them summarily with the usual line, "After the ordinary night-charges had been disposed of, &c., &c." If there are many startling sensations in it, Mr. FITZGERALD would do well to give it a second title, "Fitz and Starts." Mr. OLIPHANT'S *Scientific Religion*, must be Oliphantine. Mr. FARGEON'S *Miser Farebrother* is the only one I've been able to get through since reading that light and airy work *Robert Elsmere*, but it does not represent Mr. FARGEON at his best, and he will, I hope, soon give us another which will make novel readers sit up. Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT'S charming story of *Sarah Crew*; or, *What happened at Miss Minchin's*, I've read, and if I hadn't been entranced by *Little Lord Fauntleroy* first, I should have been loud in praise of this book as I was of the latter. For EDITHA'S *Burglar* I own I do not care; it is forced, but it makes me thoroughly appreciate Mr. VICE-VERSA-GUTHRIE'S *Burglar Bill*, which is one of the best among his subjects for reciters. At present I can do no more than mention these names, and include among them *A Wanderer's Notes*, by BEATTY-KINGSTON, whose motto, as a Special Correspondent here, there, and everywhere at a moment's notice, must be that "Wanders will never cease." Which reminds me that having wandered as far as Kingston, I must come back again, and sign myself,

Yours as ever,
The Shelves, Bukarest.



"THEY REALLY OUGHT TO PUT DOWN MORE SAND AT THE PARK GATES. MOST DANGEROUS!" SAYS BISOSEY MORE "TAKEN OUT OF HIMSELF" THAN EVER.

THE BRITISH OLLENDORFF.

A Military Exercise for Special English Study.

HAVE you the new rifle of the neighbour?—No; but I have the old gun and the corkscrew bayonet.

Then you have the gun of your father? Yes, I have it (*je l'ai*), and also the howitzer of my grandfather.

Who has the newest gun and the best powder?—The Frenchman has the newest gun and the best powder; but I have the promise of a future report on the subject from a Committee of experienced scientific experts.

Is the Volunteer provided by the Authorities with the suitable equipment for rendering him an effective soldier?

No; but he is in the proud position of on all public occasions being reminded of the fact that he has the very best wishes of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

Will he then be enabled still to enjoy the benefits of his convenient Rifle Range in the vicinity of the Metropolis?

No; but the Duke will be in a position to make a pretty penny (*joliment son affaire*) by dealing on advantageous terms with his private property.

Is the country possessed of any scheme of organisation that would enable it to put two entire Army Corps in the field on a sudden emergency?

No; but it has the outline of a plan for requisitioning cart-horses, carefully put away in a pigeon-hole at the War Office.

Will the 180 swift-steaming cruisers deemed necessary for the protection of our commerce, be forthcoming when required?

No, they will not; but their place will be supplied by the optimistic utterances of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, furnished from time to time in the Daily Papers.

Are these some of the defences for which the country has paid its millions, and upon which it relied for its safety?

Yes; for these are the five comic ironclads, unprovided with guns, that the Admiralty has turned out as a substitute!

Does JOHN BULL not object to spending his money with a view to defending himself, and making his position secure?

No, JOHN BULL does not object to spending his money, but with it he can purchase neither ships, nor soldiers, nor transport, nor guns, nor barracks, nor anything else whatever at all useful for the purpose.

Has he, then, neither Army nor Navy?

No; he has neither Army nor Navy, but he has a Royal Commission and several voluminous Blue Books.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 26.—House crammed. Old times revived. Lognettes in requisition. "Fops' Alley" restored. That is, if Fops' Alley was up the middle and down again. Don't remember Fops' Alley myself, only heard of it. Remember time when every stall and box was identified with a somebody, and as a boy recollect elderly gentlemen becoming quite nervous on a subscribers' night if one of the stalls or a box was vacant.

Madame ALBANI, as the Countess Almaviva in the *Nozze di Figaro*, in superb voice. Countess not a great part; with one song (strenuously encoored but not taken) and a fair share of a sprightly duet with Miss ELLA RUSSELL as the coquettish *Susanna*, in rather modern *Opéra Bouffe* style of costume, with dangerously high heels. Duet arouses unwonted enthusiasm. Demand for encore. ALBANI raises her eyebrows and implies, "Shall we?" Whereat ELLA RUSSELL replies with graceful gesture, "If you will. It's for you to decide." More applause. ALBANI gives in. Mr. RANDROGER says, "Go on!" and on we go. Delightful. Everyone pleased. Floral tributes. Pretty to see ALBANI hand first bouquet to ELLA RUSSELL. Never lose by politeness. Next bouquet is a better one, and ALBANI gets it.

COTOGNI as *Figaro*—not quite a good figger (O!) for dancing. Looks as if good living and retirement on a pension in *Count Almaviva's* service had told upon him. The Barber is not so active as he was. Never mind. Charming music. Miss ARNOLDSON looks the larkly young *Cherubino* to perfection. Will suggest to TOBY that should the House of Commons ever want to cast this Opera among themselves, Mr. HARRY LAWSON or Mr. BOBBY SPENCER would, either of them, make a first-rate *Cherubino*. Neither of them so pretty as the *pétillante* ARNOLDSON, but, as youths, each would look it and act it. House thoroughly appreciates ARNOLDSON. RAVELLI as the *Count* counts much, and scores accordingly. Choruses capital. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS excelling himself in the Third Act with a kind of Kate Vaughan ballet. Ballet of Blacklegs. Evidently



Dance of Blacklegs in *Not see de Figger O!*

intended to convey symbolically a moral before the Derby. Beware of blacklegs and gambolling. Austere critics raging wildly about the unities. How dare AUGUSTUS introduce WEBER's music into MOZART's Opera? "*Sic volo, sic jubeo*," replies DRURIOLANUS; and the public who appreciate the unqualified generosity of AUGUSTUS in giving them WEBER when they'd only paid for MOZART, applaud vehemently, and the Curtain descends on a triumphant *finale* of MOZART-CUM-WEBER.

Monday.—MINNIE HAWK as *Carmen* (How clever!), with Miss MCINTYRE as the ingenuous simple maiden. Glad puir Scotch lassie has recovered from the puir Scotch lassitude which prevented her from singing in *Don Giovanni*. Signor RAVELLI as *Don José*, a considerable improvement on poor DE REIMS. RAVELLI grows on you; he doesn't grow any taller, and both MINNIE and MACKY—meaning Miss HAWK and Miss MCINTYRE—have the advantage of him in height.

Saturday.—*Il Trovatore*. This, by its name, *Il Trovatore*, ought to be a favourite Opera with Signor CHAPLINI, Count CARLO BERESFORDINI, and other members of the Italian Organising Committee. *Il Trovatore* himself was excellently *Well Trovatore*, being sung in first-rate style by Signor RAVELLI, who received an enthusiastic and thoroughly well-deserved ovation. As a working tenor, Signor RAVELLI is invaluable, for, up to to-night, and since the early retirement of M. DE REIMS, who must have been a native of a very flat country,—there has not been a single Opera, as far as I am aware, in which RAVELLI the Reliable has not appeared, and won his way with an appreciative public. Then there is little Mlle. BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent, who seems to delight in doing good work, and who, in the rôle of *confidante* to the soprano, is so deeply sympathetic and so strictly attentive to business, that, whether she appears as a youthful gipsy in *Carmen*, pretty and sprightly, or as the *confidante* already mentioned, or as a middle-aged lady in waiting in some other Opera, doleful and demure, or as a genuinely wicked old *Dame Martha* in *Faust*, it is always a pleasure to see her, and recognise her dramatic talent. To insure success, no Italian Opera Company should ever be without BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent and RAVELLI the Reliable. Madame SCALCHI, as usual, first favourite as *Azucena*. Signor D'ANDEADE looked the "two-pence coloured" part of the melodramatic *Conte di Luna*. Mlle. MARGUERITE MARTINI, at first hearing, struck me as rather like the celebrated *Betty Martini*, who was famous for her rendering of the great *cavatina*, "*Al mi io*." House crammed, DRURIOLANUS delighted, and everyone on their legs to assist in the National Anthem, in honour of HER MAJESTY's birthday.

DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 14.—Spent the whole of the afternoon in the garden, having this morning picked up at a bookstall for fivepence a capital little book in good condition on Gardening. I procured and sowed some half-hardy Annuals in what I fancy will be a warm sunny border. I thought of a joke, and called out CARRIE. CARRIE came out rather testy I thought. I said, "I have just discovered we have got a lodging-house." She replied, "How do you mean?" I said, "Look at the boarders." CARRIE said, "Is that all you wanted me for?" I said, "Any other time you would have laughed at my little pleasantry." CARRIE said, "Certainly—at any other time, but not when I am busy in the house." The rest of the evening was spent in silence—both reading.



April 15, Sunday.—At three o'clock CUMMINGS and GOWING called for a good long walk over Hampstead and Finchley, and brought with them a friend named STILLBROOK. We walked and chatted together except STILLBROOK, who was always a few yards behind us staring at the ground and cutting at the grass with his stick. As it was getting on for five, we four held a consultation, and GOWING suggested that we should make for "The Cow and Hedge," and get some tea. STILLBROOK said, "A brandy and soda was good enough for him." I reminded them that all public-houses were closed till six o'clock. STILLBROOK said, "That's all right—*bona fide* travellers." We arrived, and as I was trying to pass, the man in charge of the gate said, "Where from?" I replied, "Holloway." He immediately put up his arm, and declined to let me pass. I turned back for a moment, when I saw STILLBROOK, closely followed by CUMMINGS and GOWING, make for the entrance. I watched them and thought I would have a good laugh at their expense. I heard the porter say, "Where from?" When to my surprise, in fact disgust, STILLBROOK replied "Blackheath," and the three were immediately admitted. GOWING called to me across the gate and said, "We shan't be a minute." I waited for them the best part of an hour. When they appeared they were all in most excellent spirits, and the only one who made an effort to apologise was Mr. STILLBROOK, who said to me, "It was very rough on you to be kept waiting, but we had another spin for S and B's." I walked home in silence. I couldn't speak to them. I felt very dull all the evening, but deemed it advisable not to say anything to CARRIE about the matter.

April 16.—After business set to work in the garden. When it got dark I wrote to CUMMINGS and GOWING (who neither called, for a wonder; perhaps they were ashamed of themselves) about yesterday's adventure at the "Cow and Hedge." Afterwards made up my mind not to write yet.

April 17.—Thought I would write a kind little note to GOWING and CUMMINGS about last Sunday, and warning them against Mr. STILLBROOK. Afterwards, thinking the matter over, tore up the letters, and determined not to write at all, but to speak quietly to them. Dismounted at receiving a sharp letter from CUMMINGS, saying that both he and GOWING had been waiting for an explanation of my (mind you, MY) extraordinary conduct coming home on Sunday. At last I wrote, "I thought I was the aggrieved party; but as I freely forgive you, you, feeling yourself aggrieved, should bestow forgiveness on me." I have copied this *verbatim* in the diary, because I think it is one of the most perfect and thoughtful sentences I have ever written. I posted the letter, but in my own heart I felt I was actually apologising for having been insulted.

April 18.—Am in for a cold. Spent the whole day at the office sneezing. In the evening, the cold being intolerable, sent SARAH out for a bottle of Kinahan. Fell asleep in the arm-chair, and woke with the shivers. Was startled by a loud knock at the front door. CARRIE awfully flurried. SARAH still out, so went up, opened the door, and found it was only CUMMINGS. Remembered the grocer's boy had again broken the side-bell. CUMMINGS squeezed my hand, and said, "I've just seen GOWING. All right. Say no more about it." There is no doubt they are both under the impression I have apologised. While playing dominoes with CUMMINGS in the parlour, he said, "By the bye, do you want any wine or spirits? My cousin MERTON has just set up in the trade, and has a splendid whiskey, four years in bottle, at thirty-eight shillings. It is worth your while laying down a few dozen of it." I told him my cellars, which were very small, were full up. To my horror, at that very moment SARAH entered the room, and putting a bottle of whiskey, wrapped in a dirty piece of newspaper, on the table in front of us, said, "Please, Sir, the grocer says he ain't got no more Kinahan, but you'll find this very good at two-and-six with twopence returned on the bottle, and please did you want any more sherry, as he has some at one-and-three, as dry as a nut!"



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?
(THEIR PERVERSENESS.)

Paterfamilias, R.A., R.W.S., &c., &c. "THERE YOU GO, AS USUAL, STRUMMING AWAY ON THAT ABOMINABLE INSTRUMENT INSTEAD OF PAINTING! PEOPLE TELL ME YOU CAN PLAY AND SING LIKE A PROFESSIONAL NIGGER; AND YET, WITH ALL MY CARE, YOU CAN'T EVEN MAKE A DECENT COPY OF A PLASTER CAST!"

Constance. "AH! DEAR PAPA, IF YOU'D ALWAYS DISCOURAGED MY PAINTING AS MUCH AS YOU'VE ALWAYS DISCOURAGED MY MUSIC, BY THIS TIME I SHOULD PAINT ALMOST AS WELL AS YOU DO!"

NEW FRIENDS; OR, BUNG AND BRUM.

Bung. Well, come this is hearty! I do like this 'ere. Dropping in for a glass in this way—as a friend!

Brum. Don't mention it, BUNG. This is excellent beer! Your health, my dear boy, luck, and business no end!

Bung. Thanks! A precious deal more, Sir, than some parties wish; That old hard 'un, at Ha'rden, for instance,—confound him!

Brum. Oh, he's past praying for. Pretty kettle of fish He'd make of your business. You always have found him Your enemy, BUNG. He will smash you,—or try. But—I looks towards you!

Bung (winking). I ketches your h'eye!

Brum. Nice little place this. Lots o' trade, I suppose?

Bung. Well, I don't do so bad, though I say it as shouldn't.

Brum. But, robbed of your licence, you'd just have to cloae, I presume. Wouldn't make it pay then?

Bung (indignantly). Sir, I couldn't.

A nastier, howdaciouser bit of black spite Even Radicals couldn't have hit on.

Brum. (dryly). Precisely.

But then there are Rads, BUNO, and Rads.

Bung. Sir, you're right.

With Rads, Sir, like you, I can get along nicely.

Brum. Yes, yes; I'm your friend, as you'll prove, if you try.

I looks, BUNG, towards you!

Bung. I ketches your h'eye!

Bung. I did use to think you inclined to be down on

Us poor Licensed Wittlers,—a 'ardly-used lot, Sir!

Wested Interests was things as you ones used to frown on;

But there, you've improved, and you now know wot's wot, Sir.

Brum. Improved? Oh dear no! There's no change, BUNG, in me.

Bung. Ah! but how about Toilers and Spinners,—and Ransom?

Brum. Oh, you wait awhile, my good friend, and you'll see.

But, as touching yourself, I would do the thing handsome. Circumstances have changed, and not JOSEPH.

Bung (winking). I'm fly!

Brum. Well, I looks, BUNG, towards you!

Bung (with a grateful smile). I ketches your h'eye!

Brum. I'm for Equity, BUNG, Law is all very fine

For the Irish, because they are rebels and Papists;

But fine loyal fellows like you, landlord mine,

I shan't leave a prey to the pumps and red-tapists!

Bung. Ooray! Law be jiggered! You are a good sort.

Here's Hequity, Sir!—which that means Compensation.

We Wittlers and Brewers'll 'ave some rare sport.

Don't mind being bought out, if it's done by the Nation—

'Ope the Nation'll relish the figger, that's all.

Bless yer heart, Sir, the Nation won't do it, not never.

That dashed Local Hoption must go to the wall,

And Sir WILFRID will find he's been too jolly clever.

Brum. Easy, easy, friend BUNG! An old dog 'e slow to ory.

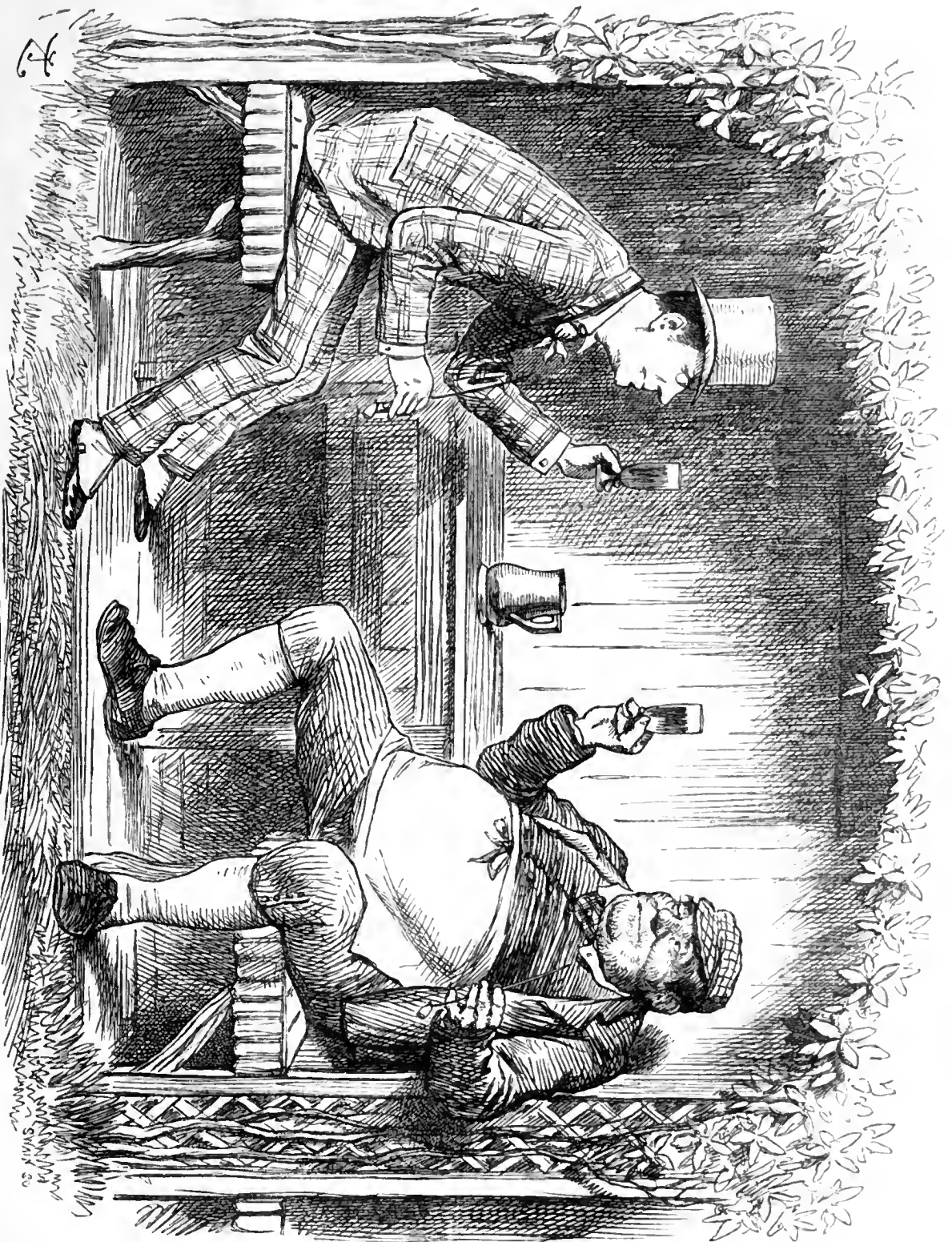
But—well, I looks towards you!

Bung. (knowingly). I ketches your h'eye!

[Left hob-nobbing.]

"THE COURSE OF TIME."—There should be a new Derby Day version of POLLOK'S POEM by Sir JOHN BENNETT, who, judging by his appearance at Epsom last Wednesday, is doing a match against Time, and winning it easily. No doubt Time has given him a wrinkle or two—*fas est ab hoste doceri*—but Sir JOHN is quite up to Time. Good Knight, Sir JOHN.

"THE GHOST OF AN ARGUMENT."—Immaterial to the issue.



NEW FRIENDS.

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PRIVATE VIEWS OF ACADEMY PICTURES.



No. 712. Heavy Washing Day.

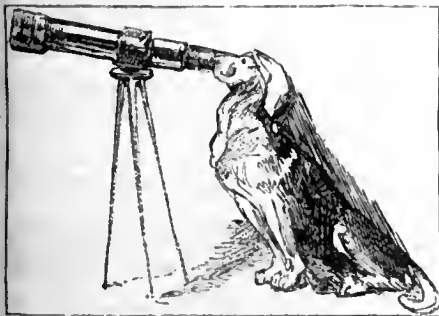


No. 687. Mad. "I'll strike you with a feather." Fan-cy portrait.



Nos. 226 and 231.

Rabbits (to one another). "Don't be frightened. It isn't a real Lion, or anything like it."



No. 413. Watch Dog with Telescope. ("An artistic joke.")



No. 220. Football.

DOMESTIC MELODIES;

OR, SONGS OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

By Sancho Preston Panza.

VI.—ON THE RECEIPT OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

AND is my hair as thin as that,
And are my feet so big,
And am I really getting fat,
With eyes like slumbrous pig?
And does the smile, wherewith I thought
To show the peace within,
Appear with wreathed folly fraught
Like this insensate grin?

Small wonder when, amid the dance,
I seek the young and fair,
They ask, with soft, confiding glance,
"Oh, would you mind a square?"
While rage and wounded vanity,
Like mingled powders fizz,
I cry, "Is this dark daub like me?"
And conscience ories, "It is!"

Ah! like the splash that makes you mad,
And AMARYLLIS scream,
When in swift launch the careless oad
Goes hurling up the stream,
Or when the cloudland crystals fleck
The air with feathery mazes,
A snowball bursts upon your neck
And makes you jump like blazes,—

Or when the booby-trap is sprung
Above your chamber door,
Or when the chairless weight is flung,
Unchecked, upon the floor,
Or like the street-door's sudden slam,
So is the shock to me,
Contrasting what I really am
With what I hoped to be.

Farewell the dreams of fond romance
Of wedding-bells and dresses,
The dear discomforts of the dance,
The fancied fondness of a glance,
False smiles and doubtful treasures.
Henceforth I spurn the worlding-crew,
Renounce my cousin MABEL,
And yield myself heart-whole unto
The pleasures of the table.

ONE DEGREE BETTER.—"Beg your pardon—Grant your Grace"—the ten dissentients haven't begged his pardon, but the Senate has granted his Grace, and GRANDOLPH is to have his honorary D.C.L. at the same time that it is conferred on H.R.H. Prince ALBERT VICTOR.

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT DERBY CRYPTOGRAM.

RIGHT again! From amongst the thousands of letters *Mr. Punch* has received from those of his readers who have deciphered—and profited by—his Great Derby Cryptogram, here is one:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You Grand Old Oracle! I drink your jolly good health in '74 Champagne, and I've taken care that you shall have the fullest opportunity of responding in the same splendid tippie. Your Cryptogramic Derby "Tip" was as clear as mud. I took it like a shot, and am a Twenty Thousand-Pounder to-day in consequence. "First here will, of course, be first at Epsom," says the Tip, the very first paragraph of BACON's contribution gives the name of "the absolute Winner," as the advertising humbugs have it. That paragraph hath eight sentences. Put the first letter of the first words in those sentences together—those first words being, As—Youth—Racing—Shopboy—How—It—RHOIOMONTANUS's—Eighty—and you have the name of the Derby Winner of 1888—Ayrshire!!!!!! Wonderful! DONNELLY's not in it. Yours, opulently, I. S. POTTEM.

True, Mr. POTTEM; but that's not all. The Cryptogram is full of "tips" from beginning to end. Look a little lower down. "Not as the Crow fieth, but as the Swallow wheeleth," says the mystic script. And "Be eyes right ready yet." Put this and that together, and you have the second in the Derby, "Crowberry" to wit! To make assurance doubly sure, *Mr. Punch* says, still further on, "See me reverse! In this way. Yonder real runner evidently bears win-

ning or "realising" colours!" Read the initials here in reverse order, and you get a second, "Crowberry." And "Crowberry" was second. And did not those who backed him for a place win or realise?

Yet again. Take the latter sentences of the Cryptogram. "The van cannot be in the rear. Don't I evidently mean another nubbinistic secret Incidly and not darkly to reveal?" And there you have "Van Dieman's Land," the third in the Derby! Q. E. F.!!! Was ever so complete a "Tip" as this of *Mr. Punch's*?

But even this is not all. The Cryptogram contains—as DONNELLY says BACON's does—an elaborate arithmetical cypher. Here is a specimen:—

The (1'7) Derby (3'80) Winner (3'108) of (3'9) Eighty-eight (3'89-90) is (1'13) A (6'1) Y (6'8) R (6'11) S (6'25) H (6'23) I (6'5) R (6'37) E (6'9).

Like Mr. DONNELLY, *Mr. Punch* means to "withhold the full explanation" of this bracketed-dotted-hyphenated-mathematico-mystic cypher. His readers will, doubtless, prefer to work it out themselves. He would simply, in conclusion, call their attention to the significant warning already given in last week's Cryptogram:— "And mind ye are not put off the scent of the veritable quarry by obvious herring-trails, diverted from the true track by false clues!" Hooray!



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

"BY THE BYE, I WISH YOU WOULD GET ME A CARD FOR THE DUCHESS OF BRAUMORRIS'S DANCE!"

"I'LL TRY. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET A COSTUME FROM HER, OR A BONNET, OR SOMETHING,—AS SHE ONLY ASKS HER CUSTOMERS!"

METROPOLITAN MEMS.

THANKS, I prefer *not* crossing the Park after dark unless attended by a squadron of Horse Guards.

No, when I referred to the "horrible crime" in Oxford Terrace, I was not speaking of the affair of the day before yesterday, when a harmless bank clerk was set upon in broad daylight and "settled" by ten roughs armed with daggers, whose excuse was that they "mistook him for somebody else." I mean yesterday's murder—of the City Missionary, his wife, and three children by the escaped convict in the East End.

As there are two suspicious-looking men now coming up the front steps, armed with jemmies and carrying skeleton keys, perhaps it would be as well for us to get out on the roof and drag the ladder up after us through the sky-light till they have completed their survey of the premises.

Dear me! This is the twenty-seventh fresh clue that the Police are said to have found to the murder in North-East Highbury since it was committed two days ago.

It can hardly be said that the detectives have exhibited no energy in connection with "the West Dalwich Flaying-alive Case." Why, only yesterday they arrested my maternal aunt and two of my cousins up from the country on the charge of being the persons wanted for the crime, and only released them after twenty-four hours on bread-and-water in a dark cell, upon the urgent assurances of the Vicar of the parish, the local Medical Man, and a firm of Solicitors, that they were really quite innocent.

Between tip-cat and unarrested assassins, a walk along the streets of London is becoming as exciting an achievement as a trip across the Dark Continent.

I am sorry you do not like my new Botany Bay port, of extra quality, for which I gave sevenpence the half bottle, but I really cannot go down into my cellar to get any other kind, because I heard a very strange noise just now; and the only question remaining is, whether it is the Manchester murderer, the two Canonbury ditto, or the unarrested members of the Regent's Park gang, who are down there.

THE CHANNEL BRIDGE IN THE AIR.—What sort of structure would be the most suitable for bridging over the "Silver Streak"?—The *Pons Asinorum*.

SHUT, SESAME!

(A Fairy Story of the Regent's Park.)

"So, Captain Rip," said the Enchantress, "you have had your sleep for a hundred years, and now you are quite awake?"

"Thank you, fair lady," replied the Knight of the Road, raising his feathered hat courteously, "that indeed I am. I do well remember a century ago here were the Mary le Bone Gardens—a lonely spot all round, and excellent for gentlemen of my profession. In those days there was no Wimpole Street—we only had Welbeck Mews; and as for Cavendish Square, it was hardly finished."

"Your wish has been realised," smilingly replied the Enchantress. "It is 1888—the year after Her MAJESTY'S Jubilee."

"How different from a hundred years ago!" cried the highwayman. "Then the roads were infested with robbers who courteously offered the benighted citizen either to take his purse or his life. Things are changed now!"

"You can see for yourself," replied the Enchantress, rather dryly. "If you want me, cry 'Open, Sesame!' and the gates will yield me up." Upon this the fairy disappeared.

"This is indeed pleasant," said the reformed thief. "How delightful to ride in comfort and peace in this beautiful park! How happy must be the inhabitants living in the neighbourhood! How—"

He had got thus far in his soliloquy, when suddenly a rabble of shouting jibing roughs surrounded him.

"Do you come from the Grove?" yelled one.

"Are you from the Deak?" shrieked another.

And then with one accord they fell upon him and tried to kill him! Captain Rip set spurs to his horse, and with great difficulty escaped. As he galloped away, ruffians of all kinds sprang up from every corner, and tried to stop him. "Open, Sesame!" he cried when he had distanced his pursuers, and immediately the Enchantress reappeared before him.

"Well," she asked, "what do you want with me?"

"I never in my life saw anything more brutal—more barbarous! Prithee, 'Shut, Sesame!' Close the gates!"

"No; that charm won't work," sorrowfully explained the good fairy. "The First Commissioner of Works has ordered the gates to remain open, and he is more powerful than I. I cannot close them for you!"

"Then let me sleep again. Perhaps a hundred years hence the state of the Regent's Park may be better."

"At any rate," responded the obliging Enchantress as she granted him his request, "whatever that change may be, it cannot make matters worse!"

A REAL "EMERGENCY MAN."

"One rescue was effected in a most praiseworthy manner by a labourer named DAVID BUCHANAN, who ascended the ladder, but, finding it too short to reach the upper story, climbed at great personal risk to the window-sill, and from there handed down one of the girls."—*Times*' account of the disastrous fire in the Edgware Road.

'Tis a real relief, 'midst official unreadiness, To find an example of prompt pluck and steadiness. One man did not know how to fear or to fail! It lightens the gloom of that heart-chilling tale. Bravo, my brave 'labourer'! *Punch* doffs his cap At the labour of love of this stout-hearted chap. There are few seeking fame at the mouth of the cannon Who show cooler courage than DAVID BUCHANAN!

"THE MERRY WIVES" AT OXFORD.—The Sister University has gone far ahead of Cambridge in admitting ladies to take parts in their Theatrical performances. What do Margaret Hall and Magdalene say to such goings on between the Undergraduate Amateurs and "Merry Wives," which is evidently only a synonym for "Frisky Matrons"? An admirer of the present French high-heeled fashion on the stage says that there ought to be a Ladies' Thespian College, to be called *All Heels*, in contradistinction to *All Souls*?



House of Commons, Thursday, May 31.—House resumed after Whitsun Recess. SPEAKER back in Chair in renewed health and vigour, whereat all rejoice. Benches not overcrowded. Most of the Sixth Form boys, including G. O. M., extended their holidays till Monday. Only Treasury Bench crowded. JACKSON looking round empty benches rather thinks he'll get a block of votes in Committee of Supply. Turned out otherwise. House once in Committee, two or three gentlemen on Opposition Benches unexpectedly display consuming thirst for knowledge. GEORGE CAMPBELL wants to know whether Government have "really and truly abandoned the Soudan?" W. MCARTHEUR inquired about the new King of Samoa. A. PEASE, not to be outdone, trets out that well-known ex-Irish Member, King JA JA. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate blandly insisted upon being informed "What is the policy of Her Majesty's Government in Europe?"

"A nice comprehensive question," said PLUNKET. "Reminds me of true story about GEORGE ELLIOT (not the Novelist) dining with DIZZY at Hughenden. 'And what,' said rotund Baronet, settling himself comfortably after dinner, with leg extended on second chair, 'and what do you think of GLADSTONE?'"

FERGUSON put up to answer cloud of questioners. They mock themselves of him. Things beginning to look cloudy. Old Morality sent for. Comes in hurriedly. Throws himself into breach, to great relief of FERGUSON. Delicious to hear him, in measured tones, with grave countenance, unsuspecting the joke, declare his "determination to maintain the peace of Europe." Not W. H., or H. W., but NAPOLEON BONAPARTE SMITH!

Morning Post announces arrival in Town, after holidays, of JOSEPH GILLIS, from his Château in Ireland. Here, sure enough; observing absence of G. O. M., naturally assumes office of Leader of Opposition. Questions Old Morality as to course of public business. At midnight, when progress reported, returns again to front, and takes charge of things generally. Seats himself above Gangway, the more surely to catch SPEAKER's eye. Members in charge of Private Bills vainly endeavoured to advance them. JOEY B. down on them like the Eagle of Skibberen. His shrill "I 'bject" rings through House; discomfited Members retire; Bill after Bill postponed, and so home to bed. Business done.—Civil Service Estimates.

Friday.—A sleepy night. Yesterday quite exhilarating, by comparison. First deep in discussion of relations between Trustees of Savings Banks and the State. Then PICRON introduced the Small-pox from Sheffield; Members fled in affright. Not to be reassured by ANDERSON, who discoursed at large upon private rights in Musselbeds in the tidal waters of Scotland. Then Supply. CONYBEARE objected to abandoning Isle of Ascension. GEORGE HAMILTON, on part of Government, offered to retain Island if CONYBEARE would go and live there during Parliamentary Session. This suggestion for removing from House what GRANDOLPH picturesquely calls "The Curse of Camborne," received with general approval; noting which, CONYBEARE naturally dissented.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

A REAL "RICHMOND GEM."

"Sir JOHN WHITTAKER ELLIS has completed the purchase of The Castle Hotel property from Mr. TOD-HEATLEY, and has presented it to the town of Richmond, for the preservation of the beautiful view of the River which the site commands."

Vide Daily Papers.

BY WHITTAKER ELLIS The Castle Hotel is To Richmond presented, So Richmond's contented; So, too, completely,	Is Mr. TOD-HEATLEY. Right sort of Swell is Sir WHITTAKER ELLIS; Deserving his wealth; Punch drinks his good health.
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VOCES POPULI.

AT A SENSATION BALLOON ASCENT.

SCENE—Pleasure Grounds, from which an Ascent is to be made. Crowd of British Sightseers discovered, struggling to get as close as possible to the Balloon.

A Jaded Female (who carries the basket, and has been gazing at the Balloon with a face utterly devoid of expression). And is she going up in that thing?

Her Husband (who is always a trifle "nasty" when he comes out to enjoy himself). Wodger's spouse she's going up in—a steam-ngine?

The Female Aéronaut appears amidst frantic applause, and waits till final arrangements are completed.

A Morbid Sightseer. Fine woman, ain't she? Looks a little pale, though. There's some interest in seeing a woman do a thing o' this sort. [Gloats.]

Uninformed S. Can you tell me, Sir—is the lady going to sit on the trapeze?

Well-informed S. Oh, there'd be nothing particularly new in that! You see that rope hanging from the bar? Well, there's an india-rubber pad at the end of it, and she takes hold of that in her mouth, and is carried up, hanging by her teeth.

Uninformed S. (uneasily). But I suppose she'll be tied on, or something?

Well-informed S. Oh dear, no! Why, where on earth would the attraction be then?

[The Uninformed S. feels that he has said something rather foolish, and subsides.]

Highly Respectable Briton (to his family). Well, I'd entirely forgotten there was any such performance as this going on, or I wouldn't have come: but I suppose, now we are here, we may as well—eh?

[They all suppose they "may as well—eh?" and do. First Apologetic Spectator. There wouldn't be so many looking on if there was any harm in it, would there?]

[Remains gazing. Second Ditto. It's no use setting up to be better than one's neighbours. If I don't look on, others will.]

[Remains gazing. The Humorous 'Arry. I say, fancy if she was to be took with a sneezing fit up in the air, eh? His Admiring 'Arriet. Oh, go on, do! making me larf like that!]

The Jaded Female. Nothing but her teeth to 'old on by! I dunno how mine 'ud stand it.

Her Husband (with marital candour). I dunno 'bout your teeth—but you've got jaw enough for anything!

Loquacious S. Ah, it's getting near time now. See, she's taking the pad in her teeth—she'll give the signal in a minute!

A Timid Girl. Oh, I can't look—I must hide my eyes—it's so awful!

Practical Mother. Don't talk that ridiculous, SARAH ANN—hiding your eyes when you've been paid for to look—it's waste o' money!
Cheery S. (with a breezy courage, as if he were going up himself). Don't be alarmed, there's really no danger—not the slightest, she's accustomed to it!

The Morbid Man. No danger—unless she turned giddy and fainted.
Loquacious S. (with impotence). Ah, I see the Flying Man come down, I did. That's fifteen or sixteen year ago now—but I see him. He did fall clumsy, too. Come down any'ow—like this.

[Illustrates with gestures.

The Morbid M. If you get up to any height at all, and then fall—why, it stands to reason (with a grim gusto) you smash like a hegg!
Loquacious S. That's a true enough. I've 'eard o' 'em making 'oles in the ground. But they say you're dead long afore you reach the bottom.

The M. M. 'Oo says so? Not the parties themselves. (Perceives with surprise, that he has said something entertaining, and proceeds to elaborate.) They ain't in no condition to say, one way or the other.

The Humorous 'Arry. Don't she take 'old on it, neither! there's a grip for yer! Shouldn't care for my 'and to be where that pad is. Wod are they waitin' for now, eh? They're takin' their tea up in that bloomin' car!

[Arriet giggles responsively.

The M. M. Now's the time. If the balloon was to give a jerk—
Crowd. They're off . . . A-a-h-h! How she did shoot up, didn't she? She's got to look quite small already.

They stare up, huddling up against one another in the pleasurable thrill of an entirely novel sensation.

The Humorous 'Arry. 'Owd yer like to see me 'anging up there, 'stead o' 'er, eh, 'ARRIET?

[Cynical Bystander, who does not appreciate 'ARRIES, considers privately that the exchange would be a highly beneficial arrangement for most parties concerned.

The Crowd. You can jest make her out still. Keeps her 'ands be'ind 'er, you see. It's worth coming out for—I will say that much!

The Jaded Female. Poor thing!
Her Husband. Pore thing? Wodger tork sech rubbish for! Ain't she paid for it? I wish I got as well paid for 'arf an hour's work.

The Practical Mother (to *Crying Child*). There, there, POLLY, what's the good o' taking on now? If the lady do fall, she won't fall on top o' you!

Cheery S. She must be at least a thousand feet above the earth now. You can only just see the balloon.

Highly Respectable Briton (to his conscience). After all, it's the courage and the—er—grace and skill of the thing ons comes to see.

The Morbid Man (turning away, with a feeling of slight depression). She won't fall—she's a right enough. There's nothing to look at any longer. I'm off!

The Humorous 'Arry. As soon as she thinks no one's a lookin' at 'er, she'll nip up into the car. She won't keep on a bit longer than she can 'elp, I'll lay. I'm goin' to 'ave a try for a coker-nut.

Dispersing Crowd. Well, I wouldn't ha' missed it for nothing. We mustn't forget to look in the papers to see if she comes down.

Patriotic Pleasure-Seeker. It really is a fine sight to see a peopls enjoying themselves in a simple natural way like this, in the open air. When you think of Spain, where the only notion of pleasure is a bull-fight—

[His sense of superiority overpowers him.

ROBERT'S SILVER WEDDIN IM.

I've married bin for twenty-five long ears
To fare LOOWEESER, my own nupshal
spowse,
And tho' life isn't allers beer and skittels,
I've ne'er repented of my marridge wows.

I looks around and hears the world's wild
rore,
All trying of their best to appy bee,
And allers pitys the old Bachelore
As has to set at home without no She!

Supposin as he's bin and made sum money,
There's no fond Wife at tome to share
his glee;
Supposin as he don't feel well, nor funny,
There ain't no voice to make his misery
flea.

But if the Usband's had a frnteful day
How gladly does he hasten ome to tell her,
And off they goes to see sum cheerfool Play
In company with her fare sister BELLAR!

No! taking notes of all our hups and downs,
My married!life has proved, quite free from banter,
That singel blessedness is full of frowns,
And appy cupples wins it in a kanter!

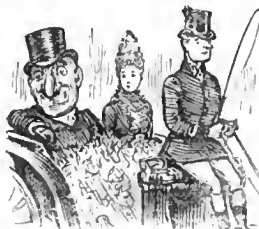
ROBERT.



A MILITARY MATINÉE.

(By a Rank Civilian.)

June 2.—Show called *Trooping the Colours* advertised for 10 sharp. Parade Ground full. Performance doesn't commence till 10'30. Our Only General riding to and fro between Horse Guards and Marlborough House, looking anxious. What has happened? Has a button come off Commander-in-Chief's uniform at the last moment, and no needle and thread at hand? Has the civilian valet put out a wrong costume for H.R.H. the Prince? Can't the bearskin be found anywhere?



Several stout Warriors on horseback ride in. Impossible to distinguish them—that is, more than they are, as, by their medals and gold trimmings, they are all sufficiently distinguished individuals already.

Officer in front riding in stateliest manner on highly-trained steed. Suddenly, highly-trained steed starts back on seeing the soldiers. Stately Officer nearly turns a catherine-wheel over charger's head. Equanimity and equilibrium restored. Which is the Princes? Which is the Duke? From this distance whichever you like, my little dear. Everybody remarking distinguished Officer in bright blue. Someone says, "Oh, he's a Blue Hungarian." Explanation gives general satisfaction for the moment. What are they going to do now?

10'30.—Life Guards' Band in full fig. (why "fig"? fruitless inquiry this), with usnal gold coats and jockey caps (why "jockey caps"?), plays a snatch of National Anthem. Snatch is repeated at intervals. Air never played right through. Why? Don't they know it by this time? Lieutenant DAN GODFREY should see to this, or, if not GODFREY, at all events, one of the Military Musical Leaders. A *propos* of Band, lady inquires, "Where is 'the Saluting Bass'?" Never heard of instrument being employed in this manner. Point out to her that the Band is only "wind" not "string": therefore neither Bass nor violoncello present: therefore no "saluting Bass." If "Saluting Bass" were here, there would also be a Bowing and Scraping Fiddle. She explains that she meant "B.a.s.e" not "B.a.s.a." Polite of her to spell it in this manner. If sarcastically inclined, might have omitted the "B" in second word. Military gentleman, a spectator on my right, points out the "Saluting Base," which consists of H. R. H.'s, Field Marshals, and such like.

Having come here to see the colours trooped, I want to know where are the colours. Don't see them,—that is, not what I should call "colours." Military person says, "There! they're going to fetch the colours now." Soldiers march languidly across while Band plays LUTHER'S Hymn, or something like it out of the *Huguenots*. I expect to see several flagstuffs and flags that have braved a hundred years the battle and the breeze. Oh, dear no. "There are the colours," says military friend, pointing. "What those!" I exclaim, seeing only an officer of some sort holding something like a small pocket-handkerchief on the top of a stick. "Yes," answers military friend with pride, "those are the colours." Officer with pocket-handkerchief on stick and body of soldiers march languidly along, as if they had all been out late the night before ("the night before the battle, Mother!") and were very tired. Think they'll all lie down presently and go to sleep. Same idea probably strikes Conductor of the Band, as he gives signal for striking up lively air from *Old Guard*. ARTHUR ROBERTS and Victory! All brisk again. Pipers in National Highland costume might now do a reel. They don't, and all relapse again into solemnity, relieved occasionally by the snatches above-mentioned of the National Anthem. Then some gallant officer, mounted, rides into centre, and shouts something perfectly unintelligible. "That's all wrong," mutters my military neighbour, discontentedly; "there's no such word of command in the British Army." Military man probably right, as whatever the command was, nobody moves, and no one takes any notice of it. Crowd breaks up. Distinguished Warriors ride away slowly. The colours have been "troop'd." *Sic transit gloria* Saturday morning. Monotonous as a spectacle. Next time better entrust the management to Generalissimo AUGUSTUS DRURIOPLANUS assisted by HENOLEH.

G. O. M. to G. Y. M.

"It is all moonshine, Gentlemen."—*Mr. Gladstone to Excursionists at propos of the Irish policy of "some persons at Birmingham."*

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE C.,
When we were first acquent,
Your visage smug and shaven
Filled me with much content.
But now you've gone exceeding
wrong,
Your policy's no go,
It's moonshine, and it makes me
mad,
JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE.

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE C.,
We used to pull together,
And some thought you'd suo
ceed me, JOE,
When I had run my tether.
But now you call me trickster old,
"Past praying for!" Oh!
Moonshine! I shall not ask your
prayers,
JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE!



TYPICAL MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.
A NOBLE LORD AND HIS BUTLER.

SHORT AND SHARP.

(Latest Style.)

SCENE—Scotland Yard. Prominent Member of the Clan-na-Gael Conspiracy gang discovered interviewing Chief of Detective Department.

Prominent Member. The top o' the mornin' to ye, Mither Inspector. Shure now ye didn't expect to see me at all?

Chief of Department. On the contrary, Mr. O'BLAZER, I was advised of your visit.

Prominent Member. Ah! there now! Shure, ye know everything! Maybe, now, ye've got hold of my little programme?

Chief of Department. Yes, I think I can give it you. (Takes paper from pigeon-hole.) You were to blow up the Mansion House yesterday, the Clock Tower to-day, Buckingham Palace to-morrow, and the Bank the day after. That is correct, I think?

Prominent Member. Bedad, Sorr, it is. But with your four fellows a stickin' to me like leeches wherever I go, it's divil a bit of it I can carry out, anyway. Ah! well, ye won't be knowing, I guess, what I've got in this little bag here (producing black hand-bag), and what I'm meaning to do with it?

Chief of Department. Yes, that bag contains three pounds and a half of dynamite, and you have brought it here with the intention of blowing up these premises. I think perhaps, under the circumstances, it will be safer in my keeping. (Takes it.)

Prominent Member. Well, there now! Shure ye baffle me entirely. There seems just nothing for me to do but to be getting home again.

Chief of Department. I think, perhaps, that is about the best thing you can do. We'll undertake to see you safe on board.

Prominent Member. Ah! well, there, now, I'm very much obliged to ye. Good mornin', Sorr!

[Takes his leave, and is seen safe on board for New York, where he arrives in due course, to "report progress."

APPROPRIATE.—Dr. FLEMING is said to have succeeded in curing rosing in horses. When he visits the Irish Exhibition, the Band have arranged to salute him with the air of "Rory-no-More."

STRANGE CASE OF MERRIMANIA—COMPLETE CURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
As Merrimania is nowadays not an uncommon ailment, I think you will be interested to learn how I completely escaped from it. My Doctor, on my last visit to him, found that I was in the highest possible spirits—I laughed, made jokes, I was full of amusing stories. He shook his head, and recommended an immediate course of Exhibitions.

"I do not advise you to visit the Picture Galleries," he said, as he felt my pulse, "as that would be almost too strong a remedy. The sudden transition from great gaiety to the depths of melancholy, which would assuredly follow, would be injurious. I think you might safely try a little of the waste land at Earl's Court, mixed with a weak solution of Olympia, and the Conservatory attached to the Albert Hall. But, before following this prescription, I would suggest you should prepare yourself by attending an evening *fête* at the Flower Market at Covent Garden. It will give you strength to bear your subsequent treatment."

To hear was to obey; and that very night I found myself in the midst of thousands and thousands of the loveliest flowers—lilies, geraniums, roses, and pansies. On its merits, an extremely pretty sight.

The next morning, in higher spirits than ever, I visited the Italian Exhibition. I am happy to say that the depressingly long passage from the railway platform to the entrance, the immense gallery to the ex-happy hunting-grounds of Buffalo BILL, and the considerable walk through the building before I could get to the Concert Hall and Theatre, did me a world of good. As I passed under seemingly endless arches of artificial vines, I became duller and duller, and felt my face growing longer with every step. Some of the exhibits, too, had a decidedly sobering effect, especially those of British manufacture. I passed through a marquee wherein some Minstrels in the costume of Neapolitan fishermen, were giving rather a humorous entertainment, and entered the saloon devoted to a "wonderful performance" of "FRATELLI PRANDI's celebrated Italian Burattini, or Marionettes." There was a stage, with a proscenium suggestive of "the Theatre Royal Bank Drawing Room," and a full-sized orchestra. The *lever du rideau* was "a gorgeous representation taken from the Scriptures," called *The Universal Deluge*. It went with roars of laughter from the "great procession of animals" down to the final *tableau* depicting "the flight of the unfortunate victims, the raging of the exterminating waters, and the roar and crash of the thunder," which again (to quote the programme) "proved a truly marvellous scene." Some of the animals were rather feeble about the legs, and many of the unfortunate victims preferred waltzing in the exterminating waters with greater vigour than grace, to attempting to escape. However, as a whole, the performance was fairly amusing, although I have my doubts whether it would quite suit the Polytechnic, even in these days, when that once popular institution is given over to the rulers of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The "Magnificent Historico-Allegorical Fantastic Ballet, in fourteen scenes, entitled *Excelsior*" was not so entertaining. It was long, and (after the novelty of watching the puppets had passed off) wearisome. However, it suggested to me that some of our pieces relying more upon music, scenery, and *mise en scène* than on dialogue, might be played with advantage by Marionettes. For instance, I should like to see *The Mikado* dealt with in this way at Earl's Court. *The Pompadour* too, so full of interest to the antiquarian, would lend itself admirably to this treatment; and again *Masks and Faces*, with its graceful *gavotte* (invented by Mr. D'AUBAN) could be included in the *répertoire*. Possibly, in the cause of Art, Mr. and Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE and Mrs. BERNARD BREERE might be induced to lend their valuable assistance in carrying out this really excellent proposal.

It appears from Mr. SIMS's expression of hearty approbation which is printed on the programme, that the eminent melodramatist thinks that these Marionettes "will draw all London." Of course he will give up WILSON BARRETT, and one of his melodramas would be just the very thing for the Puppets.

Thoroughly depressed by the "Burattini," I left the Italian Exhibition and asked for a railway ticket to South Kensington. "If you wish to go to the Anglo-Danish," said the clerk, "you won't get in. I may tell you, Sir, that it is closed because it is being reserved to-day for the female Freemasons who are taking tea with the Royal Family."

Warned in time, I asked for a ticket for The Irish O'Lympia, and completed my cure. Whatever the Exhibition may be in its future, it is at this present moment a most melancholy spot. The grounds are a mass of brick and mortar, which are gradually assuming the appearance of completed houses and artificial ruins; the exhibits, with the exception of some bottles of whiskey, are spiritless. The music of the Connaught Regiment and the Inniskilling Fusiliers is not wildly rollicksome. Ten minutes of Olympia reduced me to tears, and I felt that my doctor's experiment had been successful.

Your weepingly, A WISER AND A SADDER MAN.



THE MODERN VENUS ATTIIRED BY THE THREE DIS-GRACES.

Costers' Comments.

First Coster. 'Oo wos it as married—the Royal Germans, I mean—a couple of weeks ago?

Second Ditto. Don'tcherno? Why, it was Prince 'ENERY, son of the Hemprer, spliced to the Princess HIREEN.

NUDA VERITAS.—How cold a Non-betting Man must be! He never "has anything on"!

IMPERIAL IMPROVEMENT.—There seems to have been better and more hopeful news from Germany lately. The only question now seems to be about The Diet and the Constitution. Surely Sir MORELL MACKENZIE'S advice will be sufficient on these two important points.

"I LOVE old churches," said Mrs. RAM. "Such curious figures outside, and then the quaint gargles with the open mouths used for rain water."

THE MAGISTRATE'S SONG.

THE cases were over, the Magistrate rose,
Quite glad to be able to beat a retreat;
He held his handkerchief up to his nose,
For the Dalston Court-house was not very sweet.
And he sat him down in his private room;
But suddenly leaped again to his feet
With a scream that made the Reporters stare
And the Clerk jump up from his seat.
The Solicitor paused in extracting his fee;
His Client slipped out of the way;
The "Drunks and Disorderlies" sniggered and grinned,
And thought 'twas a curious "lay."
Then the Magistrate said, "I have known many Courts,
But never until to-day
Have I seen a judicial *sanctum* filled
With—well, with creatures of prey!"

ITALIANO IN KENSINGTONIO.

Suggestion for Improvements (by an Occasional Correspondent).—There ought to be such a tramway as there is on a long pier, to convey passengers at a halfpenny apiece from the District Railway Station to the top of the steps of the Italian Exhibition and back. As it is—it is a weary walk. An enterprising individual might make a fortune here with a tramway or bath-chairs, or atmospheric or electric rail. I went to see a rehearsal of PRANDI'S Marionettes on Tuesday, by special invitation. But though my visit was post-prandi-al, we were too soon for Signor PRANDI, who was hard at work erecting the Marionette Theatre. "Could I interview the puppets?" I asked, not relishing having come there for nothing. There was some hesitation; a consultation between Signor PRANDI and two assistants, and then a courteous official informed me with a bashful air, as though admitting me to a delicate confidence, that he was "afraid I couldn't see any of the puppets to-day, as they were all undressed." Not for worlds would I intrude, I replied, and, having promised to come another day, I retired.

THE *World*, in an article entitled "The Rhapsody of Rapping," asks some pertinent questions, to which answers should be given by the individuals who are mentioned by name in Mrs. HOME'S book about her husband, as witnesses of the marvellous manifestations on which his spiritualistic reputation was founded. These answers will be deeply interesting to all who either have not made up their minds long ago on the subject, or are Home-sick of the whole thing.



"SLIGHTLY MIXED."

Mistress (to Maid, who has just received a Month's Notice). "I WOULD RATHER NOT GIVE YOU A CHARACTER AT ALL. BUT IF YOU INSIST UPON IT, OF COURSE I SHALL TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU."

Maid. "AND IF YOU DO, MA'AM, I SHALL SUTTLINGLY BRING AN ACTION FOR DEFIMATION O' CHARACTER!"

JOHN BRIGHT.

(AIR—"John Brown.")

WE are glad you're on the mend,
For you're everybody's friend,
And the troops of your admirers still
increase, JOHN BRIGHT!
You've a fashion of your own,
Which the English race has grown
To bear with even when it does not please,
JOHN BRIGHT!
So when you're well once more,
A congratulatory roar
Will sound from every section of the State,
JOHN BRIGHT!
And each will brim his glass
To a patriot first-class,
Who's as sturdy in his love as in his hate,
JOHN BRIGHT!
Sober Britons fly "like birds"
To listen to your words
Of fiery force, of stately sound and sweet,
JOHN BRIGHT!
And they love your common sense,
And your hatred of pretence,
And fashionable fawning and deceit,
JOHN BRIGHT!

ROYAL PARKS AND PLEASURE GARDENS.

A PROPOS of the first illustration of the Pleasures of a Pleasure Horse in London, which appeared in last week's number, several Correspondents wish to know—

First. If gravel is very expensive, because the Authorities in charge of the Park are very sparing in the use of it in those most dangerously slippery places, the Park Gate entrances.

Secondly. Who are "the Authorities" who have the management of the Parks and of Kensington Gardens? Is it the First Commissioner, the Hon. DAVID ROBERT PLUNKET with "GEORGE RANGER" of St. James's, Green and Hyde Parks, with the Police Commissioners?

Thirdly. Can't the Hon. D. R. PLUNKET find, somewhere pigeon-holed away in his office, plans for rides through Kensington Gardens, under shady trees, as in the *Bois de Boulogne*? And if he can't, cannot "the Dook" find them in his office of Ranger? If any difficulty, refer to former intelligent officials, Mr. SH-W L-F-VRE and B-RTIE M-TF-ED.

Fourthly. What has become of the tan-ride

right round Regent's Park? Who "ranges" Regent's Park? Apparently no one, at present, except Roughs.

Fifthly. (For Sir Charles Warren.) Have such Policemen as are stationed at the corners of thoroughfares close to Park Gates, received strict orders that, on the appearance of anyone on horseback,—attempting to cross the road in order to enter the Park,—they are at once to occupy themselves in cracking jokes with a casual acquaintance, or in cracking nuts, or to become apparently absorbed in the deepest contemplation of nothing in particular until the perplexed equestrian shall have arrived at the haven where he would be, or somewhere else where he wouldn't be? R. S. V. P.

DURING the stifling heat of real summer weather a fresh representative of Ayr, or a representative of fresh Ayr would be indeed welcome in the House of Commons.

IN Kent an immense destruction of nut and apple crops has been caused by maggots, "owing to the wholesale slaughter of sparrows which has been carried on in the district." In future, perhaps, farmers will not grudge the sparrow his grub.

MUSIC OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

SANTLEY is back again, fresher than ever. He came out strong at Mr. CUSINS's Concert on Thursday last. SARASATE was in great form. "Always thought he was a female violinist," said Mrs. RAM, "but I suppose I was thinking of SARAH BERNHARDT. Yet why call himself SARAH SARTY? So misleading." SARAH SARTY, on the violin, and CUSINS, on piano, played together. "Mind your p's and Q's-ains," said SARAH, and the pianist did so; at least he would have minded his "p's" and "Q's" if the key-board of the grand piano had included them. PIATTI was so carried away by his own performance that, though twice recalled to himself by a thoughtful and appreciative audience, he each time forgot to take his instrument with him. Mrs. KENDAL recited, and everyone was glad to re-sight Mrs. KENDAL. The dust between NORDICA and SARAH SARTY, who obligated with the violin, while Madams sang "*Jours de mon enfance*," was a big treat. Even our Cusins-German couldn't have given a better concert than the CUSINS-English. More power to his elbow! On second thoughts, no—as pianist, he has quite power enough already. Why wasn't he in the last be-Knighted batch of musicians? Sir Organist of St. Paul's will henceforth be known as the "Organ Swell." So much for the Music of the Past, now for the—

"MUSIC OF THE FUTURE." It is a very near future, for it is to-night, one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* at the Albert Hall with—well, read the programme and do what you like. Even SIMS REEVES is announced! One "can call spirits from the vasty deep, but," &c.—ahem!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 4.—HARCOURT appeared to-night in favourite character of *Uncle Pumblechook*. *Pip*, for this time only (first appearance on Westminster Stage), EVANS, the elect of Southampton. HARCOURT proposed to bring him up—literally "by hand," as *Pip* was brought up in the *Gargery* household. What he had to do in the matter not quite clear. HERBERT GARDNER, who escorted EVANS on other side, right enough. Before EVANS was returned, he was the only Liberal Member in the Home Counties. HARCOURT sits for Derby; rather remote from Southampton. Never saw EVANS till he met him on return from America, and hailed him Member for Southampton. No more to do with his good fortune than *Mr. Pumblechook* had with *Pip's*. But, all the same, insists upon effusively welcoming him.

To-night stands at Bar, half a foot in advance of new Member, softly stroking chin, and smiling to himself, awaiting moment of triumph when SPEAKER shall call on new Member to advance to Table. All described long ago, as far back as when *Great Expectations* was written. No need of Cryptogram. Read straight forward.

"My dear friend," said *Mr. Pumblechook*, taking *Pip* by both hands, "I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved. Well deserved. To think that I should have been the humble instrument of leading up to this is a proud reward. But, my dear young friend, you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a Chicken, had round from the Boar. Here is a tongue had round from the Boar. Here's one or two little things had round from the Boar, that I hope you may not despise. But do I see afore me him as I have sported with in times of happy infancy, and may I?—may I?"

And HARCOURT does; shakes hands with the blushing EVANS, and then strides up floor of House amid thunderous cheers of Liberals; EVANS always half a pace behind HARCOURT, bowing gracefully, face flushed, and pleased smile as resounding plaudits rise.

"Pou my soul," said GORST, looking on with undisguised admiration. "I do believe HARCOURT thinks it was he that won Southampton. Shouldn't wonder to see him take the oath and go up to be introduced to SPEAKER."



Uncle Pumblechook.

Stopped short of that. Just remembered EVANS when brought up by table. After half a moment's hesitation reluctantly wheeled to the right and resumed seat on Front Bench. Then House had opportunity of seeing new Member, who speedily disappeared in obscurity of back benches.

Business done.—Imperial Defence Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY's tender heart touched by abject depression of House after six hours' debate on what some Members call the Cantowment Acts in India. Thought he would stir them up a bit. He did.

ERRINGTON had Motion on paper ordering copies of certain statements alluded to in course of proceedings before Select Committee on Admission of Strangers. An innocent-looking proposal. ERRINGTON a harmless person. More unpromising material for uproarious scene never agglomerated. Apparent impossibility of getting up a row irresistible attraction for TIM. Noted that ERRINGTON was not in his place.

"Where is the noble Lord?" TIM thundered.

Nobody knew; but the very way of asking question suggested suspicion of guilt. Members below the Gangway began to cheer. TIM swelled wisely in majesty of wrath. Who, then, had moved the Resolution?

"Please, Sir, I did," piped STUART WORLEY in trembling voice; "but I'll never do it again."

"Moved from Treasury Bench!" cried TIM, with scornful sweep of extended hand. "Ha! ha!" And all the Irish Members cried, "Ha! ha!" and CONYBEARE said, "Ho! ho!" Old Morality moved anxiously in his place; made ghastly attempts to smile. TIM's eye accidentally fell on ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Occurred to him ATTORNEY-GENERAL is retained in forth-

coming libel action, "O'DONNELL against *Times*." Putting this and that together, ERRINGTON away, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in his place, the Mace on the table, yesterday being Monday and to-day Tuesday, what could be clearer? A plot! a wicked plot to defame the character of Irish Members. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL was artfully using the House of Commons and hoodwinking that child of nature, Viscount ERRINGTON, in order to obtain evidence on behalf of his employers in the libel case.

"Could anything be clearer?" TIM asked, winking at JOSEPH GILLIS, who sat watching him with ecstatic admiration; and all Members below Gangway shouted "No!" and Members above Gangway chuckled, and Members on Ministerial Benches stared, not understanding the matter a bit, half fearing there was something in it. Prettiest sight of all, face of ATTORNEY-GENERAL; in rapid changes indignant, scornful, angry, contemptuous, perturbed, and, finally, unsuccessfully assuming feeble imitation of that far-away look DIZZY used to put on when Big Ben clumsily girded at him. A most excellent piece of fooling, lifting TIM HEALY at a bound to first rank of comedians.

Business done.—C. D. Acts in India condemned. TIM HEALY takes a rise out of ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Thursday.—LORD-ADVOCATE beginning to think life not worth living. As he says, "Life would be endurable only for its Scotch Members." They have illogical and indefensible idea that LORD-ADVOCATE is representative of Scotch Government; that when they want information on particular points, or have suggestions to offer, they may address him. That, of course, all nonsense. On Monday not less than five Scots-wha-hae combined to put down questions addressed to LORD-ADVOCATE. He just stopped away till questions had been reached second time, then coolly turned up and answered them all together.

To-night HUNTER, following on trail, put a wordy question. Seeing that so-and-so was so-and-so, and that if so-and-so did not happen, something might occur, would the LORD-ADVOCATE see his way to do so-and-so?

"No, Sir," growled the LORD-ADVOCATE, half rising from the bench. Ribald Conservatives laughed at this snub. HUNTER sat for a moment gasping for breath. Scots gallantly massed themselves behind him, pushed him forward into front again. HUNTER repeated question at greater length, with added solemnity. Resumed his seat. All eyes turned on LORD-ADVOCATE. Said never a word.



"Please, Sir, I did."

Presently got up and strolled out, presenting his most familiar aspect to Scotch Members.

"Fact is, Tox," he said, as we talked the matter over later, "if these Scotch fellows are going to begin to put questions to me there must be a Parliamentary Under Secretary for Scotland. Ireland can't have everything."



The Lord Advocate's attitude towards Scotch Members.

Neglected Wales treats itself to rare luxury of moving adjournment. Discusses Police outrages. T. ELLIS triumphantly shows that Wales not so far behind Ireland, after all. Motion to go into Committee on Local Government Bill at last. Debate turns on reform of parish vestries. STEVENSON wants it dealt with in Bill. Supported by GLADSTONE, and, startling reversion—CHAMBERLAIN!

"Don't like look of this," said Old Morality to PLUNKET. "Dripping water wears away the stone."

"Not very serious, after all, on Division," said First Commissioner. "Remember what Lord DUDLEY said of CANNING's Party in 1813? 'They dined fourteen and voted twelve.' Well, CHAMBERLAIN's Party in House can seat seven at high tea and vote five. We should manage to survive that."

Business done.—In Committee on Local Government Bill.

Government Bill; pegging away for four hours, got through eighteen lines; Bill contains 4,360; GOSCHEN, making himself intensely disagreeable, going about Committee with conundrum: "If it takes four hours to pass eighteen lines, how many days will it take to pass 4,360?"

"No joke this!" RITCHIE says. But JOACHIM says he's given up joking. This a simple rule in arithmetic. So leave him to do it.

Business done.—Got under weigh with Local Government Bill.

Friday.—Spent a cheerful morning sitting in Committee on Local

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday Night, June 4.—Grand performance of *L'Africains* with splendid cast. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES and Princesses present punctually, and the house a brilliant one. Madame NORDICA as *Selika*, and M. LASSALLE as *Nelusko*, decidedly "off colour," as they don't make these two characters anything like as black as they were originally painted. Both *Selika* and *Nelusko* ought to be "kept dark." The contrast between *Selika* and the fair *Ines* is impaired by this want of mahogany dye, and much of the dramatic force of *Selika's* performance is lost.

The two DE RESZKES play and sing like the thorough artists they are. Yet opera heavy, and what ought always to be a startler—the orchestral gymnastic performance with which the Last Act opens—takes nobody's breath away, and is not encored. Disappointment. The savages boarding the ship aren't half savage enough. Merely colourable imitations of savages.

That "artless thing," Miss MCINTYRE, more artless than ever. Called before the curtain, she comes on looking utterly surprised, as much as to say, "What on earth do you send for me for?" Loses her way, nearly walks over the footlights on to Signor MANCINELLA's head, but is prevented from taking this dangerous step by Madame NORDICA, who hands her over to the care of JEAN DE RESZKE, who in his turn conveys her to the O.P. side, and sees her safely off.

Entr'actes too long. I retire, humming the first bars of "The Minstrel Boy," which had somehow got into MEYERBEER's head when he composed the music of *L'Africaine*.

Tuesday.—*La Traviata*, with ALBANI, instead of ELLA RUSSELL, as the heroine. ALBANI, heart-breaking; ELLA, chair-breaking. As the fair and frail *Violetta*, ALBANI looks frailer than ELLA. In excellent voice. Encores and bouquets: former declined, latter accepted. RAVELLI the Reliable as *Alfredo* the Little. D'ANDRADE, as *Papa Germont*, reminding me of that other heavy father in *Mignonne*, with the telling ballad. First cousins, musically and dramatically, I should say. If *Traviata* were played, as it ought to be, in modern costume, what a chance there would be among the principals and chorus for "making up" after Society's celebrities! "Mr. Alfredo" is a suggestion in itself likely to prove a great attraction. In the lobby I meet the popular proprietor of the largest

circulation in the world. "Just up from my little place, Hall Barn," he says; "always come up from Hall Barn to hear Hall-Barni." A propos of HALL, I have only seen the HALL of the Opera once this season. He is depressed by the absence of Mr. GLADSTONE, who used to come so frequently to the Opera, and is not reassured by the Conservative tone of the Organising Committee. He only consoles himself by reflecting that the Opera is under the Liberal Management of DRURIGOLANUS. Still he is not happy, and wears his *Gardenia Gladstonia* with a deference.

Wednesday.—Crowded house. DE RESZKE Bros., as *Faust* and *Mephistopheles*, summoned by enthusiastic audience at finish of Act I. Nothing de risky about the DE RESZKE, the two Poles—strong poles, too, capable of supporting the Opera. Poles together, yet Poles asunder in their voices. Madame NORDICA received with vociferous applause; is encored also vociferously in that gem, "The Jewel Song," but declines with thanks. After that sweet thing in duets, "Dammi ancor," everybody exclaims "ancor," but remembering the presence of ladies, omits the first word, which does sound strong, even in Italian. At end of Third Act NORDICA re-appears, supported by the two Poles—North Pole and South Pole—EDOUARD and JEAN. All three greeted with well deserved ovation. After



Madame Nordica supported by two Poles—not sticks.

enthusiasm, reaction sets in, and Opera drags a bit towards the end. Mdlle. BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent, good as ever as *Dame Marta*. Altogether, excellent entertainment.

Thursday.—*Don Giovanni* again, with LASSALLE as *The Don*. Different, of course, from TOOLE as *The Don*, but in some respects has the advantage over the latter. TOOLE is rarely now seen in Itoolian Opera, but if he were to appear, *The Don* would be, of course, the very part for him.

The timid MCINTYRE now plays *Elvira*. This *Elvira* is a size or so smaller than the *Don's* other victim, Madame FÜRSCH-MADL, and thinner, though perhaps taller, than the coquettish *Zerlina-Arnoldson*. This is better than representing the *Don's* attachments as being "all very fine and large." RAVELLI the Reliable in it, of course, and his song rapturously received.

Friday.—*The Nozze* . . . , which I did not see. I did *Nozze* before.

Saturday.—*Les Huguenots*. House full, no standing room. Chairs at a premium. Exceptionally brilliant cast. *Valentina* would be Madame NORDICA's finest part, vocally and dramatically, were it not for her *Marguerite* and *Carmen*. Must compliment ELLA RUSSELL on her equestrian performance. Can scarcely believe that this Queen of Song, on horseback, is the sprightly *Susanna* of the *Nozze di Figaro*! No doubt of it, and in magnificent voice. A most impressive *Comte di San Bris* is EDOUARD DE RESZKE. EDOUARD is "all there," and there's a good lot of him. A gallant *Raoul* is the Polar Star, JEAN DE RESZKE, shining brightly in the darksome duel scene, and afterwards going through the grand duet, and through the window, triumphantly. SCALCHI first favourite as *Urano*—"no-no-no-no-no!" Encores not taken,—Opera long enough without; but huge basket of flowers, for two, handed up, after Second Act, to be shared by NORDICA and ELLA. The latter got it, and gave NORDICA a rose. Dare say they will share after—the Opera's over. Who sent it? The King of SW-D-N? Mustn't mention his M-j-sty's name, as he is *Incognito* in the Royal Box, disguised with either the blue ribbon of the Garter or a Masonic scarf round him, enjoying everything immensely, and no doubt going back to supper at the palatial Grand Hotel, where he is naturally more at home than in the cheery little snuggerly known as Buckingham Palace. Altogether, taking principals, special chorus, and our old friend *Mise-en-scène* (perfect this time), this setting of *Les Huguenots* is well worth repeating.



LONDON IDYLS.

'IN THE GLOAMING, OH, MY DARLING!'

"It is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that the Parks take the place of drawing-rooms for a large part of the community. . . . Until Masters and Mistresses are willing to provide a reception-room for the 'young men' of their five or six maid-servants, the Parks must be their trysting-ground, and therefore ought to be kept free of rowdiness. Respectable young people of the class to which I allude deserve as much protection from 'gangs of men and women' as do the residents of our terraces."—*Vide "Penguin's" Letter to the "Times," June 6.*

THE RED-TAPE TANGLE.

ENSNARED at last! Coil-caught, and hempen-shackled,
He who the most tremendous odds has tackled
In open jungle;
Enmeshed, he who defied all open foes,
By lurking enemies who creep and glose,
And blindly hungle!

Brave sight! Poor Leo in a hopeless tangle,
Whilst his foes laugh, and false friends
wildly wrangle.

'Tis little wonder
If, folly-hampered when his need is sorest,
The roarings of the Lion through the forest
Resound like thunder.

The forest-king in a rope-tangle shut!
So Gulliver was snared in Lilliput

By pigmy hordes!
A hundred petty bonds will hold a Titan,
And he whom battle's thunders cannot frighten
Is tamed by cords.

Out on the fumbling factions who have framed
The clinging snare by which stont Leo's
shamed!

Anathemas hearty
From patriot lips, stirred to a noble spleen,
Fall on the traitorous votaries of Routine
And thralls of Party.

Oh! for some swift access of Samson-strength
To snap these worse than withes! Then at length

Limb-free, stout Leo
Would fiercely face his foes abroad, at home,
And from the courage-quicken'd land would come

A loud *Laus Deo!*

JAMES'S ABDICATION.

JAMES The First, Etchist, is no longer President of the R.S.B.A. He has retired from the Presidency, and taken with him a following of twenty-three members. These will probably set up a Society, and call themselves "The Unlicensed Whistlers."

We said, a few weeks ago, that the sudden craze for listening to The Female Whistler seemed ominous for the Male Whistler. Why did JAMES abdicate? The public were indebted to him for novelty in the R.S.B.A. arrangements; also for the "velarium," which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

In the meantime, Mr. WYKE BAYLISS has been elected, *vice* JAMES abdicated. An abdicated JAMES means the commencement of a line of more or less popular Pretenders. But—who is WYKE BAYLISS?

NO INVASION NEXT WEEK! on account of the Military Tournament, with Band and Musical Ride, at the Agricultural-lural Hall.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Eavesdropper, by Mr. JAMES PAYN, or, as the Author would say in a second title, "*Painful Experiences of a J. P.*" The somewhat novel idea of the book is that the writer becomes invisible, visits various places, and overhears of course all sorts of pleasant things about himself. The scene in the Club is the best. As an invisible practical joker, Mr. JAMES PAYN occasionally, but consistently, conveys the quality of invisibility to some of his jokes. We have his word for it that the jokes are there—as we have the word of our friend who sees a ghost—but we can't see them ourselves. Those we do see are side-splitters.

Yours ever,
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MAKING IT HOT FOR THE SWEATERS.—Fashionable West-End Tailors, and Fashionable Furniture Makers are accustomed to pretty heavy charges—which their customers have to pay. But what will these eminent tradesmen have to say to the very heavy charges brought against them in the recent evidence before the Sweating Commission? Unless the revelations are proved false, we shall hear of a change of name from Tottenham Court Road to "Swotting'em Court Road," and the wholesale employers of Sweaters at starvation prices will be known as "The Sweating-borgians."



THE RED-TAPE TANGLE.

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SMALL CO



PRIVATE VIEWS OF ACADEMY PICTURES.



No. 227. Arrival of Performing Troupe.



No. 1072. Undefeated Artist went on Painting till his Feet were frozen off.



Nos. 749 and 745. With Gun. Frightened by False Fire.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 19.—CUMMINGS called, bringing with him his friend MERTON who is in the Wine Trade. He made himself at home at once, and CARRIE and myself were both struck with him immediately, and thoroughly approved of his sentiments. He leaned back in his chair and said, "You must take me as I am," and I replied, "Yes—and you must take us as we are. We're homely people, we are not Swells." He answered, "No, I can see that," and CUMMINGS roared with laughter, but MERTON in a most gentlemanly manner said to CUMMINGS, "I don't think you quite understand me. I intended to convey that our charming Host and Hostess were superior to the follies of fashion, and preferred leading a simple and wholesome life to gadding about to two-penny-halfpenny Tea-drinking afternoons, and living above their incomes." I was immensely pleased with these sensible remarks of MERTON's, and concluded that subject by saying, "No, candidly, Mr. MERTON, we don't go into Society, because, neither of us cares for it; and what with the expense of cabs here and cabs there, and white gloves and white ties, &c., it doesn't seem worth the money."

MERTON said in reference to friends, "My motto is 'Few and True,'" and by the way I also apply that to Wine, "Little and good"; and CUMMINGS said, "Yes, and sometimes 'cheap and tasty,' eh? old Man." MERTON still continuing, said, "He should treat me as a friend, and put me down for a dozen of his 'Lockanbar' whiskey, and as I was an old friend of CUMMINGS, I should have it for 36s., which was considerably under what he paid for it." He booked his own order, and further said that at any time I wanted any passes for the Theatre, I was to let him know, as his name stood good for any Theatre in London.

April 20.—CARRIE reminded me that as her old school friend ANNIE FULLERS (now Mr. JAMES) and her husband had come up from Sutton for a few days, it would look kind to take them to the Theatre, and would I drop a line to Mr. MERTON asking him for passes for four, either for the Italian Opera, Haymarket, Savoy, or Lyceum. I wrote MERTON to that effect.

April 21.—Got a reply from MERTON saying he was very busy, and just at present couldn't manage passes for the Italian Opera, Haymarket, Savoy, or Lyceum, but the best thing going on in London was the "Brown Bushes," at the Tank Theatre, Islington, and enclosed seats for four; also bill for whiskey.

April 23.—Mr. and Mrs. JAMES, Miss FULLER that was, came to

meat Tea, and we left directly after for the Tank Theatre. We got a 'bus that took us to King's Cross, and then changed into one that took us to the "Angel." Mr. JAMES each time insisting on paying for all, saying that I had paid for the tickets and that was quite enough. We arrived at Theatre, where, curiously enough, all our 'bus load except an old woman with a basket seemed to be going in. I walked ahead and presented the tickets. The man looked at them, and called out "Mr. WILLOWLY! Do you know anything about those?" holding up my tickets. The gentleman called to, came up and examined my tickets, and said, "Who gave you these?" I said rather indignantly, "Mr. MERTON, of course." He said, "MERTON? Who's he?" I answered rather sharply, "You ought to know, his name's good at any theatre in London." He replied, "Oh! is it. Well, it ain't no good here. These tickets which are not dated, were issued under Mr. SWINSTEAD'S Management, which has since changed hands." While I was having some very unpleasant words with the man, JAMES, who had gone upstairs with the Ladies, called out, "Come on!" I went up after them, and a very civil attendant said, "This way, please, box H." I said to JAMES, "Why, how on earth did you manage it?" and to my horror he replied, "Why, paid for it of course."

SIX TO THE HALF-DOZEN.

Invasion à la Française.

Monday.—Departure of the Grand Army of the Leicester Square from Paris.

Tuesday.—Destruction of the British Fleet all over the world.

Wednesday.—Bombardment of Folkestone and Margate, and sacking of Pegwell Bay.

Thursday.—Battle of Southend. Hanging of "le traître Monsieur le Lor Maire" in chains.

Friday.—Execution of M. Cook and five hundred of his voyageurs, and attack on "Wauxall-Bridg-Rod."

Saturday.—Rejection of terms of agreement proposed by M. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, for entire French Army to open in the autumn in military piece at Drury Lane.

Sunday.—Occupation of London by the French, and end of the British Empire.

Invasion, English style.

Monday.—War declared. Abandonment of Algeria and all her other Colonies by France.

Tuesday.—The French Fleet knocked into a cocked hat everywhere.

Wednesday.—A French Army, that had managed to effect a landing at Hastings, returned (unpaid) by sample post.

Thursday.—Destruction of Marseilles, Versailles, Boulogne, Dieppe, Lyons, and several other important towns, by a regiment of British Militia.

Friday.—Immense success of General BOULANGER (described as "just taken prisoner") in his great song at the Alhambra. The "Marseillais" cheered to the echo.

Saturday.—Advance of the A.R. Division of Metropolitan Police, and arrest of the entire French Army.

Sunday.—Occupation of Paris by the English, and end of the French nation.

THE BARON DE MANDAT-GRANCY is said to be preparing a new book, to be entitled *The Irish Jaunting Car*, as a sequel to "*Shay Paddy*."



A NASTY ONE.

Snarley. "I SEE YOU'RE SPENDING A LOT OF MONEY ON THAT LITTLE PLACE OF YOURS IN SURREY!"

Snobley. "YES, I WANT TO MAKE THE PLACE—A THOROUGHLY FIT FOR A GENTLEMAN, DON'TCHERKNOW!"

Snarley. "OH, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN TO LET IT?"

MOVEMENTS OF MR. WILLIAM SIKES.

From the Cracksman's Circular.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES arrived in London this morning by the 10 A.M. train from Portland, having murdered a warder or two and left early. There were a number of friends to meet him. After making them a short speech, he adjourned with a select few to the Burglar's Arms Hotel, where a *recherché déjeuner* was served. He left in a private Hansom for the residence of a friend *en route* for Paris. During his short stay Mr. WILLIAM SIKES visited the houses of several wealthy merchants in the suburbs, and removed a considerable amount of superfluous silver, gold, and valuable jewellery. The lot will be sold in a few days' time at MELTER MOSS'S Lost Property Auction, of which due notice will be given in this journal and in the *Police Gazette*.

At the request of his admirers, Mr. WILLIAM sat for his photograph. One specimen copy he subsequently sent by Special Messenger, as a present, to Sir CHARLES WARREN, and another he left personally on the Chief of the Police Intelligence Department, Whitehall. Mr. W. SIKES conversed pleasantly for several minutes with some of the chief constables on duty, and bidding them farewell, drove back to the house of the friend with whom he was staying.

In the evening of next day the first burglary of the season (in this neighbourhood) took place at the house of Mr. SNOBBINGTON, whose gold plate was left out on the side-board on the occasion of the reception given by Mrs. SNOBBINGTON to the Half-Crown Prince of SAXE-HAPENSE. Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, who is a great collector of old jewellery and gold and silver plate, was naturally attracted by the display, and was not contented until he had become the happy possessor of some of the most splendid pieces in the set.

OUR ONLY EVERYTHING.

"Lord WOLSELEY is evidently delivering a series of Lectures on the Whole Duty of Man."—*Daily News*.

Yes, Genius is a Great Gift!
Omniscience has its advantages!
A Man who can lecture on Thrift
In a way which to match one would want
ages;

Party Politics then give a turn,
Wallop negligent Whigs and slate cracked
Tories,

Then tell us we've yet much to learn
About people who toil in our factories:
Who knows all about Man and his faults,
Likewise about Woman and *her* vices,
And makes most tremendous assaults
Upon every one of the Services;
Who knows more about cannon than KRUPP,
And more about tactics than SALISBURY;
Who could make Mr. GLADSTONE sit up,
And teach Law and politeness to HALS-
BURY;

Who concerning Statistics is pert,
And about Lord GEORGE HAMILTON quiz-
zical;

Who can measure exactly our hurt
From a lack of the training that's physical;
Who knows why we're running to seed,
And what mollycoddling has made us all;
Who's certain 'tis easy indeed
For Germans and French to invade us all;
Who knows—but to tell half he knows
About all things from Mayfair to Media,
Would take us from now to Time's close,
And fill up a whole Cyclopædia.

He, doubtless, the circle could square,
He could, probably, soull the new
Coracle;

He's a chap who'd make CRICHTON
A genuine Pocket (Book) Oracle!

What then? Since perfection pervades
His physical, moral, and mental man,
Since he's the true Jack of All Trades,
A Soldier, a Sage, and a Gentleman,
Our one Only General (that's clear),
Also our one only Particular;

If England in safety would steer,
And JOHN BULL remain perpendicular,
There is only one thing we've to do—
Perch him on pre-eminence lonely,
Dictator! We *can't* go askew
If we'll only be ruled by The Only!

Friday.—A man said to be uncommonly like Mr. WILLIAM SIKES has been arrested, and is now in the custody of the police. The proceedings are necessarily secret.

Saturday.—Another man more like Mr. WILLIAM SIKES than the other has been arrested. The other one has been cautioned and discharged. He promised not to look so like W. SIKES again, and thanked the police for the care they had taken of him.

Sunday.—The man arrested yesterday has been discharged. On being confronted with the photograph it was ascertained that he wasn't like Mr. SIKES at all. He was immediately dismissed with a caution. A wire from Paris brings the intelligence that Mr. W. SIKES was present at the Grand Prix, when several distinguished French gentlemen, residing in the neighbourhood, lost considerable sums of money. Unfortunately the news arrived too late for any member of the Intelligence Department to avail himself of it. * * * MR. SIKES having unexpectedly returned has been arrested in consequence, it is supposed, of his resemblance to somebody else.

Mrs. RAM went to see one of her little nephews at Eton on the 4th of June. "A pretty sight," she said. "I hope Mr. IRVING was there, as the fireworks quite reminded me of that wonderful scene on the Brocas,—in *Faust*, you know."

AN Honorary Academical distinction was conferred on Mr. J. L. TOOLE as *The Don* last week. He is now a Fellow of—Infinite Humour. *Sunday Times*, please copy.

A VEERY "BIG BIG D—."—The DUKE of MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN (! !)

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 3.



THE COMMONS CRICKET MATCH.

HANSOM IS.—Quite sure of success will be "The Shrewsbury and Talbot Cab and Noiseless Tyre Company"—so the *World* gives the short title—in opposition to the old "Noisy Tyre-some," rattling, shaky Hansoms of the past, and of the present too, for the matter of that. But where are the neat little brougham cabs? the *voitures*? and the roomier double brougham, to hold four comfortably? There are a very few of these about, but, if well horsed, they are far more useful for Londoners generally, nine months out of the twelve, than the best Hansom ever could be. *Happy Thought*.—If the new Hansoms come out as very "Swagger" vehicles, they should be known as "The Noiseless Tyre-and-Side-on Cabs."

"SORRY May's passed," said Mrs. RAM. "No more plumber's eggs at dinner."

"THE TEACHERS' GUILD."—There is a suggestion in this title of a Golden Age of Literature. Last week this incorporated Society held a satisfactory meeting. Among the speakers was Sir P. MAGNUS, whose name no student of DICKENS can ever come across without being reminded of his Pickwickian relation, the "Peter Magnus," who so amused his friends by signing his letters to them "AFTER-noon." Sir P. M., however, did not amuse his friends on this occasion, but he interested them.

MRS. RAM'S Nephew read out from *Truth*:—"A flutter has been caused at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, by the falling-in of the Rectory of Bletchington, Surrey."—"Good gracious!" exclaimed his Aunt, "I do hope no one was indoors at the time! Was anybody hurt?"

LOST TO SIGHT.

COME like shadows, so depart. The shady characters of *Ariane* went first, and then their caricatures followed after them. The



"Small by degrees and beautifully less."



Stranded.

injured ghosts claimed them, but apparently there was no sort of reason for their sudden departures from the Strand, which was witnessed by crowds of hearty sympathisers, who, all of them, took one last fond look at Miss ATHERTON as MARIUS seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Though lost to sight to memory dear, and certainly a better company for this kind of skit does not exist in London. The Company might be known as "The London Skittish."

VOCES POPULI. (AT A WEDDING.)

SCENE—Interior of Church. Wedding Guests arriving, and exchanging airy recognitions as they settle down in their places. Bridesmaids, in various states of self-consciousness, collected at door. Loud and sustained buzz of feminine whispering.

Policeman, on guard at another door (to people with a mania for seeing complete strangers married). Very sorry, ladies, but if you're not provided with tickets, I can't let you in.

The People with a mania, &c. But this is a public place, isn't it? Policeman (not feeling competent to argue the point). Those are my orders.

[The People, &c., depart disconsolate. Verger (to Guests with pink tickets). Any of those seats there.

"Pink" Guests (attempting to pass a crimson rope which bars the central passage). We want to be near the altar—we can't see here!

Verger (in a superior manner). The higher seats are set apart for parties with white tickets.

"Pink" Guests (to one another, indignantly). And after we'd sent that girl a salad-bowl, too! [They employ themselves in picking out "White" Guests who ought properly to have been "Pink," remark that it is the most shamefully managed Wedding they ever saw, and recur bitterly at intervals to the salad-bowl.

Mrs. Ripplebrook (who always comes early "to see the people"). Oh, there'll be a tremendous crush, of course—they know everybody. Look, the DR LACY VESPES have just come in—what a pity it is that eldest girl has such a red nose—she'd be quite goodlooking without it!... There's NARCISSUS RUNDERCEED, you see him everywhere. (Boys and smiles at him effusively.) Horrid creature! And how fat he's getting! Do you know who that is? That's Miss MABEL MAXCOP, of the "Proscenium," you know,—looks ever so much older by daylight, doesn't she? I suppose she's not one of the bride's friends! By the way, have you ever met him—this Pilbergilt man, the bridegroom, I mean? Oh, my dear, a perfect horror! Ten years older than she is, and one hears such stories about him! In fact, it was only his money that—but her people were delighted, of course. Ah, she's coming now; look how the bridesmaids are all "preening" themselves! That's the bridegroom—doesn't he look yellow?

Best Man (in a whisper to Bridegroom). Pull yourself together, old chappie, you are looking so chippy!

Bridegroom. I feel chippy, too. Fact is, those farewell suppers are a mistake—I'll never give another.

Mrs. Ripplebrook. Now the choir are going down to meet them. Don't you wish they'd invent a new hymn for weddings? I'm so tired of that "Eden" one. There she is. I always think this is such a solemn moment, don't you? Can you see whether it's a silk or suede gloves the bridesmaids are wearing? That's her father, whose arm she's on. They say he disapproved, but he doesn't count. Her mother's behind, with the hook nose; why on earth she should cry, I don't know—it's all her doing! She makes a pale bride, doesn't she? But white duchesse satin would be trying even to a beauty. I hear she threw over poor young OLDGLOVE most shamefully. Why does that tiresome old Bishop mumble so? I can't hear a word.

Housemaid, belonging to Bride's family (to Nurse). I wonder at that LOUISA JANE taking on herself to cry, when she only came Tooseday fortnight! Now you and me have got some claim to cry.

The Nurse (loftily). Them kitchen-maids can't be expected to know their place, or what's required of them!

IN THE VESTRY.

General congratulations, compliments, kisses, and signatures. Bridegroom (to Best Man). I say, dear boy, I look to you to square all these Johnnies, you know. [Which is his irreverent mode of designating the Bishop and his assistant clergymen.

IN CHURCH, DURING THE INTERVAL.

Mrs. Ripplebrook. Very daring of them to be married in May, isn't it? I knew a girl who was married in May once—and the very first time they gave a dinner-party, her cook came up drunk soon after the salmon, and gave her warning before everybody! dreadful, wasn't it? I suppose you'll go on to the house and see the presents? Do—I'm going. Oh, you've seen mine? It is handsome, isn't it? I was going to get her quite an ordinary one at the Stores—but that was when I thought she was only going to be Mrs. OLDGLOVE. Ah, there's the "Wedding March" at last; here they come! [Bride and Bridegroom pass slowly down central passage, recognising their friends at hazard; several are left unnoticed with their elaborately prepared smile wasting its sweetness on the bride's brothers. A young man, rather negligently dressed, who has been standing behind Mrs. RIPPLEBROOK, the whole time, forces his way to the front.

The Y. M. (to himself). She shall see me—if she has the courage to meet my eye after her conduct!

The Bride. What, Mr. OLDGLOVE? I'd no idea you were in town! We shall see you presently, I hope. [She passes on, leaving the Y. M. to think of all the scathing replies he might have made.

An Old Maid (weeping in the Gallery; she has got in as "the Bridegroom's Aunt," a character in which she attends every wedding). Poor young things!—to think of all the troubles before them!

Bridegroom's Friends. Pretty wedding, wasn't it?

Bride's Friends. Not a pretty wedding, was it?

IN THE CARRIAGE.

Bridegrooms (finding the silence embarrassing). Hops they'll give us time enough to change, and all that. Horrid bore if we missed our train and had to wait!

Bride. Oh, if you are going to find everything a bore already!

Bridegroom. Well, isn't it? [Silence returns.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Presents laid out; Guests wandering round, keeping a furtive look-out for their own offerings, and feeling deeply incensed if they are not prominently displayed. Others consult the congratulatory telegrams as though they were of European interest. A Detective, noticeable by his sumptuous get-up and his uneasy bearing, watches the jewellery. Short-sighted Old Gentleman (friend of the Bride's) approaches, and, misled by Detective's festal attire, takes him for the Bridegroom.

The S. O. G. (with emotion). This is a great responsibility you have undertaken to-day, Sir. I hope you will be—ah—worthy of it.

Det. (professionally sensitive). Thank you; but it's not the first time I've undertaken such a job, not by a very long way.

The S. O. G. (moving off aghast). This is dreadful!—they can't know! How many times, and where are they all now? Oh, someone ought to speak to her mother! I would myself—only—

[Goes in search of some champagne.

The Bride's Mother (to Guest). So kind of you to remember my girl, and to send her that charming—(she suddenly forgets whether she is speaking to the donor of the nineteenth carriage-clock, or the fifteenth fish-slice)—that charming—er—(mumble)—quite the prettiest—er—(mumble)—I ever saw. But you always have such taste.

[Mild surprise of Guest, conscious of having presented, in despair, a plated toast-rack of unpretentious design.

Mr. Oldglove (who has come on after all—bitterly, to the Bride). All I can wish you, Mrs.—(choking)—Mrs. PILBERGILT, is that you may be as happy as—as you deserve!

The Bride (sweetly). Thanks awfully. That's the prettiest thing I've had said to me yet! (To Neighbour.) Oh, Mr. CASHLEY, how am I to thank you?—that lovely plate-warmer! [Mr. O. retires baffled, and contemplates committing suicide with a piece of wedding-cake.

IN THE CARRIAGE.

The Bridegroom. Well, that's over!

Bride (icily). I wish you would contrive not to fidget so!

Bridegroom. When a fellow has about a stone and a half of rice down the back of his neck, it makes him rather restless. What are all the chappies staring at us for? I'm sure we don't look as newly-married as all that!

Bride (complacently). You would not notice such trifles; but EULALIE has really surpassed herself over my going-away dress.

Bridegroom. No, by Jove, I'm hanged if it's that!

Bride. Perhaps you think you are the attraction?

Bridegroom. Spotted it as we passed that shop-window. I say—er—ALBINA, I'm not joking—really I'm not! There's a beast of a white satin slipper on the roof of the brougham!!

ROUND THE FIRST; OR, GETTING DOWN TO AVOID.

Fragments of the Story of the Great Fight between the "Pugnacious Pump," and "Bung's Novice."

AMID *Fistiana's* old chronicles many a "mill" is recorded, which to the Corinthian patrons of boxing much pleasure afforded;



FIRST ROUND. "BUNG'S NOVICE" "GOING DOWN TO AVOID."

W. H. Smith (the Bottle-holder). "Certainly, Sir."

He has shown unexpected good form, and the knowing ones readily backed him. "We pity the other," they cried, "when our Novice has met him and whacked him!"

The "Pugnacious Pump" was a big 'un, but just a bit soft, so men muttered, and aged and stale; so 'twas thought the young Novice might face him unflattered.

'Twas true he'd a lump of a fist, and was long in the reach, and a smiter; but then he was cockcrowy rather, a very bad sign in a fighter. His temper was awfully nasty; the Novice was cool and collected; and so it seemed skill against size, and a rattling good mill was expected.

It calls for PIERCE Egan's old pen with a sort of a dash of MACAULAY'S, to worthily follow the fight from the moment they put up their mawleys. The "Pump" stripped a regular whopper, the "Novice" he peeled a bit forky, but then he seemed quick as JEM MACE, and as light on his toes as old CORKY. The "Pump" had a rare crowd of backers, and oh, how they hollaed and shouted!

"We'll back you, old boy, till all 's Blue!" And they meant it, *that's* not to be doubted. [cheery;

A slab-sided slomocking chap was the "Pump," and his mug looked most a trifle smock-faced to be sure, but not the least puffy or beery. The "Novice" looked clean as a pin, and as hard and as game as a pebble; but light—very light; his opponent's big bulk seemed his carcase to treble.

They spar for an opening. Bang! If, my Novice, your nose that had amitten A straight as the P. P. intended, I fear Mother Earth you'd have bitten! The "Pump" swings his arms like a windmill. Smack! Not well in reach, but a whopper!

The "Novice's" counters lack powder, but what a neat feinter and stopper! Like "CHARLIE," he's all round the ring; doesn't relish in-fighting, that's certain;

He has a light mouse on one eye, and the other has put up the curtain. The "Pump," well, he won't be denied; if he lands a fair spank on the dial, it's likely to be a "knock-out;" so the "Novice" of caution makes trial; The "Pump," is a terrible thumper, but is he the stoutest of stayers? Close? Not if he knows it, our Novice. A wrinkle he takes from TOM SAYERS. Down easy, means down without damage; a dodge that is often employed, boys; And so when our Novice is pressed, he "gets cleverly down to avoid," boys!

But seldom the swells of St. Stephen's a Ring have found greater excitement Than watching this last merry mill, for they all were aware what the fight meant.

"Bung's a Novice" is young at the sport, but he's known to be game as a sparrow;

Has a right that can lark round his man, and a left that goes straight as an arrow;

LAT-IN FOR A SPEECH!

The following letter was picked up last week in Trinity College, Cambridge, shortly after the conferment of honorary degrees on Prince ALBERT VICTOR, Lord SALISBURY, and other distinguished personages. If it doesn't speak for itself, *Mr. Punch* declines to speak for it. It seems to be addressed to the Professor of Latin in the University:—

DEAR MAYOR.—Kindly look at the enclosed draft of my forthcoming address in introducing the new L.L.D.'s to the Chancellor. I want particularly to know if the *Latin is all correct*—and of course you, from your official position, are the right person to tell me *that*. I flatter myself the address will cause a sensation; but, if you don't approve, would you just send me a few hints as to what you would say under the same distressing circumstances? (N.B.—Don't put in too much JUVENAL!) Yours, St. John's Coll. J. E. S-ND-S.

NOBILISSIME CANCELLARI,

PRIMUM eminentem Tumorem quem habeo presentare ad te est Princeps ALBERTUS VICTOR, "Ingenium vultus puer, ingenique pudoris," ut dicit Latinum Grammarium. (Query—How about the "puer" ?—will this be thought cheek? If so, please substitute some other word.) Pater ejus est Princeps BALZENARUM, et est facile princeps, primus inter pares, et e pluribus unum. (Rather eloquent that, I fancy?) Sumus laeti videre suam Regalem Altitudinem hic ad presens, et essemus laetiores si ALEXANDRA (Query—Too familiar?) venisset eorum. (Better than "cum eo" ? Shows style.) Secundus est Marquis SALISBURI, Primus Minister. Illum recipio libenter, ut collegam mei, et fratrem nam ambo sumus oratores, ego Publicus, ille (I thought I'd better bring in some allusion to the Licensing Clauses, if possible) Publicanus! Nomen nobilis Marcujus est celeberrimum. Igitur solum dicam de eo.—(I think it's best to end up with a poetical quotation. Don't you?)—

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

Nunc, O Cancellarius, RANDOLPHUM CHURCHILLIUM, virum gravem, ad te introduco. Quum video nobilem Marquem SALISBURI et RANDOLPHUM in eodem loco, fio entusiasticus, et compellor exfrangere ut sequitur—O Gemini! (Any danger of people thinking this vulgar?) O Magni Twin-Fratres! Quomodo speramus ut ante longum tempus tu, RANDOLPHE, rursus eris Membrum Dominationis (rather neat for "Government," eh?); nam Campus (Query—good Latin for "the country"?) non potest progressere sine te. Non audeo decidere si tu es optime aptatus ("fitted"—Latin again?) esse Cancellarius Exohequeri, Indicus Scriba, Domesticus Scriba, Dominator-Generalis, vel potius Premier. Ego met (query—conceited?) sum inolinatus dicere ut omnes hi loci, eodem tempore, sunt tuis propriis sphaeris, et tu, probabiliter, putas eandem rem. Nemo alius est tam modestus, tam eminentem consistens, tam doctus, et tam courteous ad opponentes. Ut poeta canit.

Ibam forte via Sacra, sicut meus est mos.

In conclusionem, tu potes dicere de Parliamentariis bellis,

Quorum pars magna fui!

(would "pars quarta" do better?) cum veritate.

Hic est (query—bald?) Earlus ROSEBERII. Nescio quia Universitas gaudet honorare eum, sed sine dubio est pro ejus profunda doctrina. Habet elegantem oratoricum stylum, et olim fuit ludorum patronus (can't get any nearer to "sportsman", than this—not bad, eh? Now for a tag of poetry)— O ubi Campi

(i.e. the fields of horses, you see!)

Spercheusquo (Ascot) et virginibus bacchata Lacenia Taygete (Goodwood—why not?)!

QOSCHENUS est proximus, "inexorabilis, acer" custos publicarum divitiarum. Ut SALLUSTIUS habet id, "De non largiundo gloriam adeptus est."

Alios graves viros, O Cancellari, introduco simul, et sine plura Latino—(O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint!)—ut non possum producere aptas quotationes omnes dies longa. Ut HORATIUS dicit—

Quid Cantabridgie faciam? Mentiri nescio.

(I.e., I can't go on exaggerating their virtues for ever—does this sound *churlish*? Then I should end up with about ten lines out of the *Prose* or the *Gradus*,—nobody'll notice them, and they'll sound learned. Tell me what you think of the above, candidly.)

"No Tory can be more Tory than are some of the Dissident Liberals," says the *Daily News*. Of course; the fact is No-toryous.



“THE JOBBERIES;”

OR, THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS MAKING AN EXHIBITION OF ITSELF.

VOLUNTEERING A SUGGESTION.—What! “Cut down a hundred trees in Richmond Park,” for the sake of making a Volunteer holiday of one fortnight in the year! Perish the Thought! Rather let the Volunteers “cut their stick” themselves to Altcar, or Epsom Downs, or “Anywhere, Anywhere” outside the radius. Let the Volunteers have a nice place to themselves at Aldershot, for example, where the tag-rag and bobtail of London are not likely to visit them, and where festivities will be less the order of the day than strict attention to business. Should the Crystal Palace Company want to realise, wouldn't their grounds suit the Volunteers as a

permanent Camp? The Sydenhamites, who are accustomed to Odd Fellows' Fêtes and Fireworks, would be less likely to object to Volunteer Rifle Practice than Richmondians. But this year, and for the last time, the Volunteers are at Wimbledon.

AT THE PARNELL BANQUET AU CAFÉ ROYAL, was a Pike the first course, and a Revolver the *pièce de résistance*? The Clan-na-Gaél will probably entertain themselves at a quiet party of Irish-American *confrères*, each of whom will subscribe his dinner-mite. The meeting is likely to go off with *éclat*.



"MIGHT BE WORSE!"

First Jolly Angler (peckish after their walk). "GOT THE SANDWICHES AND —"

Second Jolly Angler (diving into creel). "OH, YES, HERE THEYARE, ALLRIGHT, AND HERE'S THE WHISK — BUT — TUT-T-T, BY JOVE! — I'VE FORGOTTEN THE FISHING-TACKLE!"

First Jolly Angler. "OH, NE' MIND — WE'LL GET ALONG QUITE WELL WITHOUT THAT!"

THE CIVIL YOUNG 'BUS-DRIVER.

[The Driver once would rudely chaff, or bid you go to Hades, If you ventured on a mild remark about his "off" or "near" 'oss; But the happy introduction of those garden-seats for ladies, Emollit mores (even his) nec sinit esse ferus!]

AIR—"The Jolly Young Waterman."

AND did you not hear of a civil young 'Bus-driver,
Who from Blackfriars his trade used to ply?
He handled his reins with such skill and dexterity,
Utterly winning each feminine eye.
He looked so smart, and he toiled so steadily,
The ladies all climbed to his roof right readily;
For since the young rogues found the garden-seats there,
His 'Bus never wanted a feminine fare.
What sights of nice girls on his roof-seats he welcomed,
His 'Bus was so clean and well-painted withal;
He was on the best terms with the gay City damsels
Who wanted to Wandsworth to go, or Vauxhall.
Of old the 'Bus-drivers were given to jeering
And chaffing, and rather too frequently "beering";
But now they behave with politeness and care,
Since those garden-seats brought them the fair sex for fare.
Dear me! just to think now how strangely things happen!
'Bus-Jarvies of old were a nuisance to all;
But their roofs are invaded by lady-fares charming,
And straightway our Jehu is courtesy's thrall.
His language of old was a shame and a sorrow;
But now how politely he'll wish you good-morrow!
His mien and his manners are most debonaire
Since those garden-seats gave him the fair sex for fare!

"THE ORLANDO."—What an inappropriate name for a ship!
Alter Orlando to O'er-sea-o.

"CONSULE PLUNKET."

THE First Commissioner of Works (Chief Ædile not "Consul"—but the quotation applies) has shown a tender care for the nest of the Fly-catcher in Rotten Row. The tree is protected by an iron rail, and the bird is as carefully watched by the police as if she were a dynamiter hatching a plot. The Right Hon. DAVID is evidently a man of sentiment. As an old bird—not quite a Nestor, but, so far, a Bird-Nestor—not to be caught with chaff, he has a sympathy with the little hen who is "up a tree," and whose sittings are temporarily of longer duration than those of the House of Commons. If the House of "Commons" were worthy of its name, it would give further consideration to open spaces for ill-used Equestrians, and, with the assistance of "George Ranger" (who chiefly patronises Battersea Park for his morning exercise) would open spaces across Kensington Gardens, demolish the sunk fence, and give another ride across Hyde Park.

If the placid Equestrians were Radical Rioters or Noisy Salvationists, every attention possible would be paid to their modest requirements; but as they do not assemble in their thousands, and neither rant and roar under the Reformers' Oak, nor threaten Revolution, nor demolish railings, they are treated as a "feeble folk," like "the coney," or trodden upon as bruised worms which have only the poor space of Rotten Row to turn in. Certainly, except, perhaps, for the Early Christian Martyrs-to-over-feeding, and for riding-masters with pupils, Rotten Row is about the Rottenest Ride to be found in any civilised Metropolis; and Livery London, and every "poor beggar on horseback," ought to protest against its insufficiency. The life of a squirrel in a cage teems with pleasing variety as compared with the very-un-merry-go-round-about course to which the Rotten Rovers are condemned.

Ask for the plans for new rides which were in the departmental pigeon-holes to which we alluded last week. Let First Commissioner of Works, DAVID, stronger in faith than in works, go out against the Philistine Giant, Tie-Wig-and-Red-Tape, and his victory is assured beforehand.

W. B.'S LEGGINGS.

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S moral advertisement of *Ben-my-chree* is worth noticing. If *Ben-my-chree* were a Ballet, then this display of legs would be intelligible to the meanest capacity; but it isn't a Ballet.



"His Last Legs."

would suggest to W. B. for his last two-week legs, the "chree" would be omitted, and only "Ben-my" remain, or it may be read



His Next Advertisement.

"My Ben," which will recommend itself to the theatrical mind, and we hope the last one, the "Ben,"—short for "Benefit,"—will be a real good one. The above advertisement is not patented, and with great pleasure we make it a present to Ben-my-BARRETT. But there is one thing most remarkable and most worthy of imitation in this form of advertisement, and that is the self-effacement of the actor himself; for it is clearly, though symbolically, a portrait of Mr. No-Body.



His Last.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 11.—Ministers working RICHARD TEMPLE a little too hard. From time immemorial been Parliamentary usage for Government of day, desiring to bring out certain information, to select Member to take apparently independent action, either by way of moving Resolution, or putting Question. The Agent must necessarily be man of perfect innocence of character. On Liberal side, DILLWYN often been used by Grand and Wily Old Man to put convenient questions. On Conservative side, TEMPLE the very man—INDIAN TEMPLE, as some call him; Lord PAGODA as he will be known when he goes to the Peers; THE TAJ, as GORER always calls him, in recognition of his structural beauty.

THE TAJ seen with moonlight effect the other night, when put up to move Amendments, behind which Government might retire from dangerous position in connection with Cantonments Acts in India. To-night the afternoon sun gilds snow-white towers as THE TAJ rises to ask GEORGE HAMILTON whether he has noticed latest declaration of Our Only General on arrangements for Invasion of England? Oddly enough, HAMILTON has seen remarks; still more surprising, is prepared with lengthy detailed statement in reply. So fortunate he should have done this! Last felicitous touch given by discovery that manuscript is in his breast-pocket. So produces it. Reads with keen delight its pointed passages. Takes up that modest work, *The Soldier's Pocket-Book*. By reference to its pages, convicts Our Only General of error. Quite a treat to hear the gentle GEORGE refer to book by its homely title. "*The Soldier's Pocket-Book!*" he repeats wherever name may be dragged in.



The Taj.

"Never realised till this morning," said BARTELOT, "how much venomous contempt could be expressed by simple citation of the title of a book."

A pretty scene, in which THE TAJ played his part with dignity and discretion.

A steady night's work in Committee on the Local Government Bill. Crowded benches, earnest, useful debate. Only one note of discord when CURSE OF CAMBORNE turns up, and moves futile Amendment. Members bound to sit by whilst CONYBEARE makes speech, and must needs divide at his sweet will. But no one will take part in discussion, and, after a while, the CURSE goes home to roost.

Business done.—In Committee on Local Government Bill.

Tuesday Night.—"I remember," said Old Morality, trying to keep pace with RITCHIE, walking home across Palace Yard, "when I was at school writing in my copy-book, 'Punctuality is the Thief of Time.' Wish now we hadn't been so punctual in announcing withdrawal of Licensing Clauses."

"Pooh, pooh!" said RITCHIE. "Had to be done some time. Might as well do it at once."

"Not so sure," said SMITH, wearily. "There's another reminiscence of my youth, 'Never do To-day what you CAN PUT OFF till To-morrow.' If we hadn't shaken things up at the Morning Sitting, perhaps we should have been better off in the evening. Can't stand many of these experiences. What does the copy-book say? Forget exact phrase, but something to the effect that unintermitted distillation of fluid upon a stony substance will in process of time diminish its superficial area."

Truly not a cheerful day for Government. At Morning Sitting withdrew Licensing Clauses of Local Government Bill. Last night Old Morality, with his hand on his heart, declared that there was absolutely no foundation for report that Government had decided to abandon the Clauses.

"Then do you mean to go on with them?" asked CAINE.

"Certainly, Sir," said Old Morality.

"Come, come, now," said Sir JOHN MOWBRAY, when, this afternoon, Clauses abandoned. "Don't you think that for a moral man this is a little —, eh?"

"Certainly not," said Old Morality, flush of virtuous indignation mantling his brow. "When I said we would certainly go on with Clauses it was Monday. Answer strictly limited to the day. This is Tuesday, and you get fresh answer. I can assure the House I am animated solely by sense of public duty. My only desire is to meet the convenience of the House and further the great interests of the public service."

At evening sitting JENNINGS moved Resolution condemning reorganisations in public departments. GEORGE HAMILTON defended system. Showed conclusively that best way to save public money is from time to time pena off all servants over thirty-two years of age, getting fresh relays. CHARLIE BERESFORD, hitching up his trousers and saluting First Lord, told him that he "might reorganise till he was blue in the face. Nothing would come of it as long as present system existed."

Old Morality appealed to nobler instincts of JENNINGS not to press Motion to a Division. Position critical. Whips caught napping. Evidently not a hundred men in hand. Midnight sounded from Big Ben. If only debate could be kept going for another half hour! Messengers, scouring the Clubs, might bring in reinforcements. ARTHUR O'CONNOR evidently going to make speech. Anxious faces on Treasury Bench beamed gratefully upon him. Nothing known of him justified belief that he would talk for less than half an hour. O'CONNOR on his feet; sigh of relief from Treasury Bench.

"Sir," said O'CONNOR, "I move that the question be now put."

The Closure, ah! the Closure! Old Morality remembered something he had read or written out about danger of playing with tools sharpened on both sides. Often wielded the Closure; now out at him. No appeal. House divided, and Ministry defeated by 113 votes against 94.

"Often heard ARTHUR O'CONNOR speak," said WILFRID LAWSON, coming in just in time for Division, "but I never heard a more eloquent or effective oration than this last."

Business done.—Looks as if it was beginning of the end of the Government's.

Wednesday.—Discussing through afternoon Law of Libel. ALGERNON BORTHWICK brought in Bill to amend it. Capital measure as first introduced. But LORD CHANCELLOR and HOME



"Come, come, now!"

SECRETARY something to say on subject. Neither has particular reason to be fond of newspapers.

"So demn'd impertinent!" said MANTALINI MATTHEWS.
 "Awful," said HALSBURY. "Don't remember either side ever said good word for me since I took to political life. Won't even admire my portrait in the Royal Academy. Say it's libellously like me. What I say is, keep things as hot as we can for 'em. What do people want with penny papers? Haven't they got the Law Reports? Must put up ATTORNEY-GENERAL to oppose everything useful in Bill."

So hacked at BORTHWICK'S Bill till most good things taken out. A difficult position for BORTHWICK, having prejudices to square in high quarters, and on t' other side to meet impatient snorting from people who think an important Bill can be carried through the House as easily as a walking-stick. Blustering would have spoiled game. BORTHWICK didn't bluster. Worked hard and patiently. Got a very good Bill through. Has earned thanks of all connected with Newspaper Press.

Business done.—Libel Law Amendment Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—Another long night in Committee on Local Government Bill. Benches full; everybody in earnest; thorough business spirit abroad; no long speeches; Member says what he has to say, and sits down; others, in succession, state their view, and Amendment withdrawn, or divided upon; not lively from a spectacular point of view, but, in other ways, admirable.

Exhausting shift for RITCHIE. At the helm for over seven hours, with no watch below. No rest in Committee for the Pilgrim of the Local Government Board. Must be on the alert from moment COURTNEY takes Chair till Progress reported. RITCHIE equal to occasion; always ready; unruffled; puts on no side; ever courteous, and as firm as circumstances permit. Right man in right place, which is a comfort for the House, seeing that it's likely to be in Committee for at least six weeks.

Business done.—Local Government Bill in Committee.

House of Lords, Friday.—Lord MEATH doesn't date his letters from Travellers' Club for nothing. Been taking Walks in London. Discovered series of astonishing things. Yesterday wanted to know about open space near Law Courts. Lord CHANCELLOR snubbed him for presuming to suggest it might be laid out for public gardens. Undaunted, the belted Earl reappeared half an hour later, wanting to know whether the Government would not plant some trees in open space in front of British Museum? Another snub. To-day, comes up smiling. Wants to know how long ungainly wooder railing in Piccadilly Circus is to remain.

"How long, my Lords, how long?" he cried, throwing up his arms in approved fashion of despair.

CARLINGFORD sits, a little dazed at noble friend's versatility.

"No one can say where he will break out on Monday, having had Saturday and Sunday for fresh Walks."

Business done.—Local Government Bill again in Committee in Commons.

On a Recent Episode in Court.

(By Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.)

WHY call yourself "MORDAUNT," your name being MOSES? Why alter your names when you can't change your noses?

"I do not understand," observed Mrs. RAM, "the plan of commencing dinner with some Russian Cavalier spread on small pieces of toast." Her nephew, who had been in Anstralia, observed that when there was nothing better to be got, he used to eat cakes known as "dampers." "Ah!" observed Mrs. R., struck by the name, "I suppose they're called so because they're a 'whet' to the appetite."

"WADY HALFA RAILWAY."—Sir E. WATKIN wanted to know if this was abandoned, or not? Evidently it's not finished—it never can be more than Half-a Railway. Why ask questions?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 11.—Faust and Foremost. NORDICA, the two POLES, and TREBELLI being the foremost. House crowded. Calls and bouquets after Second and Third Acts. WAGSTAFF says, appropriate flowers for a bouquet to be presented to a prima donna taking a oall, would be Cally-flowers. WAGSTAFF oughtn't to be admitted.

Tuesday.—RAVELLI the Reliable resting. *Rigoletto* given without him. He deserves several bars' rest. Apology made for Madame MELBA on account of hoarseness. Everyone is a little hoarsey in Ascot week. *Apologia pro vocis sua* quite unnecessary apparently, Madame MELBA being in magnificent voice. She brings down the house—quite a Samsonian feat—and is recalled after the First Act tumultuously. She can act as well as sing. Signor D'ANDRADE very good as *Rigoletto*. Once decidedly flat, but that is when he is prostrated, quite knocked over by his grief, so that his voice goes in sympathy with his emotion. Madame SCALCHI is *Maddalena*. Signor GUILLE, as *Il Duca*, reminds me of the fat boy in *Pickwick* when amorously inclined towards *Mary* the housemaid. There is no accounting for feminine taste, but when *Gilda* tells her father how

"Each Sunday whilst I went
 To Church, my prayers to say," | "A youth of heavenly beauty"
 (Good little *Gilda*!) | (i.e. Signor GUILLE, as *Il Duca*)
 "Did follow on our way,"

I confess that the peculiar fascination exercised by this stout *Lothario* over the youthful and devout victim is inexplicable, though it might not perhaps be so had she known that he was a Duke in disguise. I'm afraid that as it was she must have been considerably distracted during the service, and she couldn't have told anybody afterwards what the sermon was about. And all this for a little piping bullfinch of a lover who, as represented by Signor GUILLE, is more of a *Tracy Tupman* undersized than a Tenor. Our stout little friend, the *tenore robusto*, succeeds as a singer, though he doesn't get an *encore* for "*La Donna é mobile*," but as a Fancy Fascinator he is not, so to speak, "in it." BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent not resting like RAVELLI the Reliable. Couldn't both be spared on the same night. Sad story—*Rigoletto*. Always feel melancholy at the finish. Sorry *Il Duca* escapes, but such is life. The quartette *encored*, and deservedly so. The conductor with the sherry-white-wine sort of name, Signor MANCINELLI, has band and choruses well in hand. *Miss-en-scène* worthy of Augustan Operatic Era. Mr. CHARLES HALL, Q.C., M.P., who ought to be at Cambridge receiving degrees *honoris causâ*, weeps over the hard fate of *Gilda*, and Lord LATHOM wipes his lorgnettes. Not a dry eye in the house. Dry throats though. Emotional grief makes anti-Lawsonites of us all.

Wednesday.—Hail, Columbia! *L'Africaine* is the Opera, and Mlle. COLUMBIA is the *remplaçante* of Mme. NORDICA. NORDICA resting like RAVELLI. Quite right. Hops "the Balm of Columbia" (whatever that may be—probably something for the hair—never say dye) will restore her. Why won't LASSALLE (fine voice, fine actor, too,—"Avast, there, Measmate!") says the noble Tar, C. B. "He has a magnificent compass." C. B. is a judge of compasses) make up as a real nigger? I don't mean in collars, but in colour. At all events, why isn't he a villain of the deepest mahogany dye? The boarding of the ship by the members of the Savage Club more spirited than last week, when, instead of being untutored Savage boarders, they were as polite and mild as parlour boarders. The two Poles first-rate. The "Artless Thing," Miss MCINTYRE, looking more astonished than ever at her exceptional success as *Inez*. No *encores*. Evidently not offered lest they should be taken and Opera be prolonged beyond midnight. "Aye, Aye, my hearties!" says Lord CHARLES. "Belay *encores*! avast *encoring*! Hugu, my dear eyes, the other Saturday night the last Act of *The Huguenots* was heaved overboard to lighten the ship, for all the world as if it had been a Compensation Clause." Mr. HALL, not CHARLES, "His friend," Q.C., but HALL, B. O., with *Gardenia Gladstonia* in his button-hole—known here as Floral HALL—wants to know why "Mr. G." doesn't pay the Opera a visit. Mr. CHAPLIN, of Italian Organising Committee explains that "G. O. M. might select a night when *Trove-a-tory* was being played, and wouldn't like it."

Saturday.—A "Nicht wi' WAGNER." Splendid performance of *Lohengrin*. No applause permitted, except between Acts, as WAGNER'S work mustn't be interrupted. JEAN DE RESZKE, as the Knight from Swansea, superb, well worthy of ALBANI as *Elsa*, and "No one Else, Sir, can do it as she can." (WAGSTAFF *passim*.) Madame HASTREITER musically and dramatically powerful as the Orful *Ortrude*, and NAVARBINI equally so as the *Hateful Harold*. M. EDOUARD DE RESZKE every inch a King, and acts as such. Signor MANCINELLI—pronounced *Marchinially*, not like the wine *Mansinilla*—shows how perfect the orchestra can be. Crowded and enthusiastic house. "Floral HALL," decorated with *Gardenia Gladstonensis*, breathes again, in consequence of liberal supply of *Ayr*. *Lohengrin* must be repeated more than once with same cast. DEURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS takes additional title of "*Coventus Horticulturus*." Italian Organising Committee devising laurel crown.



Amazing!



EFFECT OF GARDEN-SEATS ON DRIVERS AND CONDUCTORS.

"Omnibuses conduxisse cum pulchris puellis
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."—(See p. 291.)

"THE VIGIL."

"Verse-moi dans le cœur, du fonds de ce tombeau
Quelque chose de grand, de sublime et de beau!"

Hernani, Act IV., Scene 2.

THE prayer of CHARLES, that rose amidst the gloom
Of the dead CHARLEMAGNE's majestic tomb,
Might fitly find an echo on the lips
Of the young Prince, whose pathway death's eclipse
Hath twice enshadowed in so brief a space.
Grandsire and Sire! Stout slip of a strong race,
Valiant old age and vigorous manhood fail,
And leave youth, high with hope, with anguish pale,
In vigil at their tomb! Watch on, and kneel,
Those clenched hands crossed upon the sheathed steel.
Not lightly such inheritance should fall.
Hear you not through the gloom the glorious call
Of Valour, Duty, Freedom? Death but late
Smote, at the crown and top of patriot state,
The age-unshaken Sovereign, whose white crest
Bore up against the years. Now, ere the test
Of twelve short moons his strenuous soul had tried,
Through fierce affliction, borne with patient pride,
In brave mid-manhood promise-full, and pure
In honour opulent, in love secure,
Passes the gallant Prince Germania hoped,
With the great burden of her fate had coped
For many a peaceful, progress-laden year.
Fallen, like some old knight in full career,
Dead on the field of honour, gripping close
The weapon, Duty, which not mailed foes,
Nor pain's insidious stress, could force or steal
From the firm hand that served the spirit leal.
A Drama here, of Kings, not low or base,
But of heroic strain!

And youth must face
What snowy age and stalwart manhood found
A weight of sorrow, though with splendour crowned
Young HÖHRNZOLLERN, soldiery of soul,
Heaven fix your heart on a yet nobler goal
Than sword may hew its way to. Those you mourn
Heroes of the Great War when France was torn

With Teuton shot, knew that the sword alone
May rear, but shall not long support a throne.
WILLIAM has passed, bowing his silver crest,
Like an old Sea King going to his rest;
FREDERICK, in fullest prime, with failing breath,
But as heroic heart, has stooped to death:
Here, at their tomb, another Emperor keeps
His vigil, whilst Germania bows and weeps.
Heaven hold that sword unsheathed in that young hand,
And crown with power and peace the Fatherland!

TOURISTS' TALK.

From the Very Latest Conversational Handbook.

I LIKE these foreigners; but when I inquire of this inhabitant of this quaint and picturesque old town the nearest way to the ram-parts, why does he regard me with such a sinister scowl?

The view of the sea from this position is perfectly delightful, and but for these five men creeping stealthily towards me under the shadow of that bastion, the spot would be quite secluded.

Why, when I begin to make a pencil-sketch of that bathing-machine in my pocket-book, am I suddenly sprung upon from behind, seized by the collar, and hurled to the bottom of this ditch?

It is a curious fact that when I expostulate, and threaten them that I will write to the *Times*, the five men who are holding me down only reply by shouting, "*À bas le Prussien!*"

Ha! here is a company of soldiers coming, probably, to my assistance.

Strange to say, I cannot persuade the officer in command that the *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* found in my coat-pocket is not a Dictionary of German epher.

I will try to explain to him that my Scotch Tweed travelling suit is not the undress uniform of a Colonel of Prussian Hussars.

What is there about me that should make the mob, as I am marched through the streets, howl and jeer at me as if I were some captured wild beast?

This five hours' detention in a dungeon infested with rats, though, no doubt, a necessary, is by no means a pleasing experience.

I think I have almost succeeded in explaining in pantomime to the Commissary of Police that the photograph of my uncle the Queen's Counsel, taken in his wig and gown, that they have abstracted from



“THE VIGIL.”

THE J. N. H. Co.

my pocket-book, is not a striking likeness of Prince BISMARCK, arrayed in his robes as Chancellor of the German Empire.

His dismissing me summarily with the remark that my conduct was "calculated to arouse international susceptibilities, and that I had better take care to be more cautious in future," does not somehow compensate me for my arrest, incarceration, and eight hours' loss of liberty.

Much as I like these foreigners, I think, under the circumstances, I shall leave their quaint picturesque old town by the very next steambot that starts for England.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A CONCERT.

SCENE.—*The Box-Office, a few minutes before the hour at which little Master Poushkin Poponanoff, the very latest, youngest, and smallest of Precocious Pianists, has announced his Morning Concert. Music-loving Public besieging pigeon-hole.*

Clerk (in answer to several frantic appeals). All the shilling seats are gone long ago.

Applicants (implopingly). But there's standing-room, surely? We don't mind, as long as we can get in!

Clerk (relenting). It's just possible there may be a few inches left at the back—you can go in and see, if you like.

[Applicants pass in gratefully, to stand patiently, for two hours and a half, in a tropical climate.]

IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.

Polite Attendant (to a Strong-minded Matron, who insists on standing with her numerous family in the gangway between the five-shilling seats). I really must ask you to go further back, Madam—your tickets were for the shilling seats—you have no right to block the passage here.

The S. M. There's no room in the shilling seats. I have brought my family all the way from Haverstook Hill, on purpose to hear little Poushkin, and it's not likely I shall go away now.

[The Polite A. summons two other P. A.'s, who urge the propriety of retiring.]

The S. M. (with spirit). If those are your orders, execute them! I am only a woman, with these defenceless children, but I warn you that I will yield to nothing but superior force—you will have to drag us out! *[The P. A.'s smile at one another feebly, and remain irresolute, with the bearing of baffled tyrants at a minor theatre.]*

The S. M. (following up her advantage). Then perhaps you will let us have some programmes?

[The P. A.'s supply her meekly, and retire in discomfiture, leaving the S. M. and her family, flushed but triumphant, in undisputed possession.]

Musical Amateur in Stall (consulting programme). Nothing very new, I see. How often I've heard LISZT play that Rhapsody? But it will really be very curious and instructive to see how this child takes it. I hear some of his renderings are quite original.

Little Master Poushkin appears on platform, and is received with tumultuous applause.

Enthusiastic Person (who has read up an account of an interview with Youthful Pianist in the paper). Isn't he sweet? Such perfect self-possession! See, he has to have a little pair of steps to climb on the music-stool! Do you know he positively refuses to play a note unless they put one of his tin soldiers on the piano? I think that's so charming of him!

Herr Heumacher Sonnenschein (in the front row, to his Infant Daughter, a still more surprising Phenomenon, who is coming out next week). Remember, OTTILIE, you clap your hands the instant the first movement is over; but the flowers you will throw when I tell you.

A Mother, to Master Jacky (who has just begun the piano, and has been brought here to rouse his ambition). Now, JACKY, you see what a little boy can do when he tries.

Jacky (who has instantly conceived a violent aversion to the Y. P.) It's all very fine, but I'd like to see him sit down to play some of my scales—he wouldn't look so cocky then!

Governess (improvingly, to Spectacled School-girl). Just think, my dear MILLIE, how he must have practised to be able to play like this!

The S. S. (with a shudder). It's too awful to think of!

The Enth. Person. His playing is simply too wonderful! I like him better than little HEGMANN, or even HOFFNER—he's much prettier!

[Discriminating P. Well, he has less firmness than young HEGMANN, but more dash; less delicacy, perhaps, than little HOFFNER, but he makes up for that in feeling; and, besides, he's their junior by several years.]

A Connoisseur. I assure you I've heard that "Starlight Symphony" played by all the first pianists in Europe, and not one of them—not one—entered into the yearning discontent, the dreamy despair, the hopeless passion, with such feeling and perfect comprehension as this little Poushkin—a child of seven and a half, Sir—marvellous!

[End of First Part; Master Poushkin skips off with evident relief, and is recalled again and again, amidst rapturous plaudits. Little Miss OTTILIE throws her flowers when no one is looking, and they fall unnoticed, under the piano, to the intense annoyance of her parent, who had counted upon a paragraph in the papers.]

The Matron with the Family (to Male occupants of Stalls). Might I ask you kindly to allow my daughters to take your seats for a short time? They are quite unused to standing so long. . . Thank you, so much!

[Male occupants rise, and feeling a delicacy in reclaiming their seats, remain standing for remainder of performance.]

The Enth. Person. They say little Poushkin spends the intervals in playing with his Noah's Ark and sucking sweets. Here he comes again! Look, his little cheek is quite bulged out. I shouldn't wonder if he had a bull's-eye in it. Isn't he a duck? Do you notice how he always sticks his little legs straight out when he comes to the Scherzo?

The Concert concludes by little Poushkin taking the lead in a trio with two full-grown performers as his foils. More recalls, general furor, subsiding, as the audience breaks up, into calmer criticism.

First Caviller. After all, you know, I think I prefer DR PACHMANN. This boy took the *Allegro* rather too slow, I thought.

Second Ditto. And it's so easy to substitute single notes for octaves. I don't call it legitimate, either, for my part.

An Unappreciated Genius. Too sickening, I call it, all this fuss about a kid! Why, I might play Mendelssohn and Chopin till I fell under the piano, and none of these people would give me a hand. *Would they?*

His Friend. Well, not unless you could get yourself up in a frock and bows.

Humble Friend (to Wealthy Patroness). Well, my dear, I always say just what I think, as you know, and I do say that your little EMMELINE plays with quite as much correctness as this little Russian boy, and far more brilliancy of execution.

The W. P. Do you really think so? Of course she has been thoroughly well taught—and, now I think of it, if you've nothing else to do to-morrow evening, you might like to come in about ten—*I can't ask you to dinner, because our table is full, but—*

[Humble Friend feels herself rewarded.]

A Proud Mother. I've been thinking of such a charming plan, if we can only manage it. I wonder if we could get this little Poushkin to come to us one evening, and play that duet from *Zampa* with our JOSEPHINE—she's very nearly perfect in it now.

Herr Heumacher Sonnenschein (to his Daughter). By this time to-morrow week there shall be one little boy, my OTTILIE, with the nose out of joint.

Professional (recognising juvenile Ex-Phenomenon). And so you are no longer playing?

Ex-Phenom. I am too big become—I can now stretch the octave.

PLAYTIME AT THE LYCEUM.



Irving Macaire and his little Wee Dog.

THE RANGE OF POSSIBILITY.

- 1871. Major WATKINS invents a range-finder of the greatest possible utility.
- 1872. War Office Officials consider experiments satisfactory.
- 1873. Somebody reports upon it.
- 1874. Someone else "hangs it up."
- 1875. No time this year to proceed with it.
- 1876. Someone forgets all about it.
- 1877. Nothing done. Stagnation.
- 1878. Inventor revives it.
- 1879. Inventor snubbed.
- 1880. More experiments and more successes.
- 1881. Invention again pigeon-holed.
- 1882. Still "under consideration."
- 1883. Invention declared perfection.
- 1884. Government uncertain.
- 1885. Matter further shelved.
- 1886. Somebody takes an interest in it.
- 1887. Duke of CAMBRIDGE looks at it.
- 1888. Invention purchased!



TYPICAL MODERN DEVELOPMENTS
GRANDMOTHER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER.

FOOD, FLOWERS, AND MYSTERY ;

OR, THE NURSERY OF THE STRANGE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—You may remember that one day last week you sent for me in great trouble. You explained to me that you were very sad.

"You see," you observed, "the Managing Director of the Pine Apple Nurseries has addressed me officially, 'begging me to honour him with a visit to view the Company's Show of *Gloxinias* and other flowers in their Grand Conservatory.' This is a most reasonable request, and it cuts me to the heart to have to refuse it! Alas that I should be so busy!"

"But could you not be represented by a substitute?" I suggested, sympathetically.

"Eureka!" you shouted, absolutely beside yourself with joy. "Look at the letter of invitation! You notice either I am to come or 'any delegate I may appoint.' I will appoint you. Read the last paragraph in the letter of invitation—'*Luncheon will be provided at one o'clock.*' You hear, luncheon will be provided at one o'clock!"

"This is indeed kind!" I cried, almost choking with emotion; and then after a few whispered words I took my leave.

The next morning I hastened to the Pine Apple Nurseries. They seemed to me to be situated miles away from anywhere. In the cause of economy I patronised the Metropolitan Railway, two tram-cars, and an omnibus, and after taking several bad shots which resulted in hurried visits to Brompton and Hammersmith, landed myself in the neighbourhood of Kilburn. The Pine Apple Nurseries had several rivals which seemingly were more than successfully holding their own. To tell the truth I did not think much of the "*Gloxinias* and other flowers" belonging to the P. A. N. in the Grand Conservatory, but then I do not pretend to be much of a judge. This by the way.

Outside the grounds was a one-horse refreshment cart. Inside the glass house stood three melancholy-looking gentlemen seemingly on what soldiers call "the alert." Over the door of the Conservatory appeared an invitation to "customers" to enter and inspect the exhibits. I walked in, and the three gentlemen gave a little start on seeing me, as if they were not sure whether I was to be treated as a king, or a convict. However, I disappeared down a side-path, and was left in peace. There were some specimens of ferns and that sort of thing. I did not think much of what I saw, but then, as I have already admitted, I do not consider myself infallible on matters of horticulture. I returned to the entrance, and then one of the three gentlemen observing that "I had been round," let me out. So far I had seen and heard nothing of the luncheon,

although its existence had been suggested by the one-horse refreshment-cart to which I have already referred. Once outside "the Grand Conservatory," I began a tour of inspection of a market garden which appeared to me of not very imposing proportions, and in the course of my journey came upon a building which seemed to be used for an office. Standing before it, I heard a pop, and looking through a window I found a luncheon, which presumably was the one promised "to be provided." A waiter in his shirt-sleeves had opened a bottle of wine. There was a table laid apparently for about a score of guests, and through the glass I could see an "arrangement in yellow," which did not seem to me to be very digestible. By-and-by, two of the gentlemen who I had noticed standing in the Grand Conservatory, entered the room accompanied by a lady, and took their seats. It was then I fancy that "the face at the window" was observed, and I thought it respectful to withdraw. I made my way once more to the entrance to the market garden, and was there accosted by the third gentleman who asked me, "if I was looking for anybody?" Had not the Manchester Murderer been just apprehended, I fear that I might have been tempted to have declared that I was a detective searching for JACKSON. Failing this excuse (the only one that on the spur of the moment occurred to me) I asked a question.

"Have many come to luncheon?"

"Well, no, Sir, not yet," replied my accoster in a tone in which I fancied I could trace a tinge of melancholy. "Not yet," he repeated, and then continued more hopefully, more cheerfully. "But then of course, they can choose their own time—we said one, but any time will do."

I did not ask who the "they" were, nor did I attempt to guess. I merely smiled a soft, genial, innocent smile. There was an awkward pause.

"Perhaps you would like some luncheon, Sir?" suggested my companion with high-bred courtesy, which filled me with admiration, not unmixed with surprise.

I felt deep gratitude and considerable pride that I, a perfect stranger, should have been singled out for this magnificent display of hospitality.

"Thanks, no," said I, struggling with my emotion, "not to-day. Perhaps at some future date I may look in again."

And then I left him. He followed me with eyes in which there appeared to me to lurk some latent doubt. When I got to the gate, I asked the young man in charge of the one-horse refreshment cart if he could furnish me with the *Menu* of the apparently rather neglected feast. He said he could not. Under these circumstances I regret to report I can give you no further particulars. I can merely subscribe myself, My dear Editor, Yours with a sort of haughty humility,

A REPRESENTATIVE OF "PUNCH," NOT "LUNCH."

Extract from "Evelyn(Ashley)'s Diary."

"Saturday, June 16.—Never liked bagpipes. Scotch Ayr out of tune to Government ears. So far as I am concerned, what could I have expected from appearing in the open Ayr 'except a good blow? Know what GEORGE JOKIN will say, 'O that Ayr! and this ear!'"

MODEL BYE-LAWS.

(Founded on a recent Appeal Court Case.)

EVERY passenger must show his Vaccination Certificate on being required to do so by any servant of the Company; in default, he may be taken into the Station-Master's room and compulsorily vaccinated with any lymph that may be found on the premises, and in as many different places as may seem suitable to the said Station-Master.

Passengers needlessly communicating with the Guard by ringing the bell or pulling the cord, will be imprisoned and fined not less than five pounds. A Company neglecting to supply any means of communication at all, will not be liable to any fine whatever.

The servants of the Company have peremptory orders to admit nobody to a platform unless furnished with a ticket. Persons found without tickets on platforms will, unless the Station-Inspector and one or two Guards have been previously tipped, be caught by the scruff of the neck and dunked in the nearest horse-pond.

Travellers found riding in the coaches of the Company without tickets will, even if they give the most satisfac-

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 4.



SCARLET LETTER DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

View of H.R.H. Prince Victor and other Celebrities being Doctor'd in the Senate House. All felt a Degree better afterwards.

tory reasons for not having them, be treated as suspicious characters, knocked down and kicked, jumped upon, and then charged double the first-class fare from the station the train would have started from if the line had been carried five hundred miles beyond its existing terminus, and well into the Atlantic or German Oceans.

Ignorance of these Bye-laws will be considered an aggravation of any offence committed against them, rather than otherwise.

The Company are not, and will not be, responsible either for passengers' lives, liberty, or property, under any circumstances whatsoever.

The Company does not engage that the trains will either start or arrive as stated in the Official Time-tables, or that they will ever

start or arrive at all. Passengers complaining of unpunctuality in the trains will be bound over in heavy sureties to keep the peace, and to come up for judgment when called upon.

First-class Passengers who, owing to want of room in the trains, are obliged to stand up in third-class carriages for their whole journey, will not be allowed any deduction on their tickets, but will be severely reprimanded on arriving at their destinations.

Third-class Passengers riding in First-class Carriages, on the excuse that "there is no room in the thirds," will be charged the ordinary first-class season fare for a whole year from the furthest station to which season tickets are issued, and will then be forcibly chucked out of the Company's premises.

THE ARMY AT ISLINGTON.

THE Military Musical Tournament (why "Tournament"?) under general superintendence of Major TULLY, commenced at the Agricultural-looral Hall last Thursday.



New Military System of Gymnastic Signalling. Showing a clean pair of heels to the enemy.

about his head, chucks up in the air, and catches again with considerable dexterity. How this stick-exercise assists the fives and drums in keeping time is not at once evident. Perhaps it is only intended to frighten the enemy, on any occasion when the band has to go first into action, and the *chef d'orchestre* has to conduct the attack.

Old friend Captain DANN to the fore, giving the place quite an Anglo-Dannish appearance. He is still the same "hoarse soldier on foot." One great novelty is the new Athletic and Gymnastic Musical Drill, invented by Colonel ONSLOW, to make the men supple, and hence known as the Supplementary Exercise. Lord WOLSELEY will include it, with sketches, in the next edition of the *Soldier's Pocket-Book*. Anyone unable to review the Army at Merry Islington is hereby recommended to procure the *Illustrated Military Tournament*, published by WARNE. Fore-Warned, fore-armed. Notice the drawing of the swords in these pictures. Tournament (why Tournament?) continues.

Soldiers come in with rifles in order to meet enemy. Enemy invisible. Soldiers attack rifles, and go in for attitudinising to music. Very effective. Only, while they're doing all this, wouldn't the enemy, if half sharp, steal a march on them, and bolt with their rifles? This is an idea that could only occur to a mere civilian. The Aldershot Military Gymnasts go through a lot of athletic exercises, which would have a most startling effect on an enemy. The new gymnastic signalling is greatly admired, and the corps of Aldershot Athletes, or the Bounding Brothers of the Gallant Indiarubbers, retire from the sawdust amid tumultuous plaudits. No bouquets. The Musical Ride, with the band play-tooning, is as popular as usual, finishing with "The Lancers."



Romeo and Juliet Drill. Swearing eternal fidelity to imaginary Juliet in balcony above.

Query.—Of what use is the little flag on each lance? Is it intended to attract the enemy's attention, and then, when he's admiring it, and saying, "Oh, what a pretty flag!" does the Lancer who is "in touch" with him show him the point of the lance by way of explaining the point of the flag? Very thrifty work; sawdust making me as husky as Captain DANN, so march from DANN to Beer-she-bar.

"Combined Display, under the direction of Colonel ONSLOW." Soldiers run in with property banks—London and Westminster Bank one side, old County Bank the other—canvas stream or coloured paper currency between the two. Palings and gate at one end of arena closing in rocky heights held by the enemy under the banner of PROBYN & Co., Refreshment Contractors. Bicyclists enter with rifles. Then British Army. They camp out,—light fires, and commence five-o'clock-tea. PROBYN & Co. (the enemy) watch proceedings from behind palings; when they see the opposition

refreshments they cannot stand it any longer, and sally forth. Enemy (eight of them) shoot at five-o'clock-teaguards (green). Party broken up: bugle. British Army wakes, constructs bridge. Enemy retreat behind palisades—return with Maxim Gun and Nordenfeldt. "Maxim Gun" loaded with old saws and proverbs. Great wisdom in Maxim Gun. British Army, not to be outdone, suddenly produces HORCHISS & Co., Limited,—a hundred headaches in every barrel of it! Wise Maxim Gun says, "Bolt!" Enemy bolts accordingly, disappearing behind palisades. British Army in full pursuit, crosses bridge, blow up palisades—"Up, Guards, and at 'em!"—storm the rocks—gain the heights—Defeat of PROBYN & Co.—Victory! "God Save the Queen!" by the Band. Grand Finale, and all over, including shouting. Good show—very. Still going on. The Author of the *Soldier's Pocket-Book* should be known as "The Maxim Great Gun."

DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 24.—Could scarcely sleep a wink through thinking of having brought up Mr. and Mrs. JAMES from the country to go to the Theatre last night, and his having paid for a private box because our order was not honoured; and such a poor play too. I wrote a very satirical letter to MERTON the Wine Merchant, who gave us the pass, and said, "considering we had to pay for our seats, we did our best to appreciate the performance." I thought this line rather cutting, and I asked CARRIE how many P's there were in appreciate, and she said, "One." After I sent off the letter I looked at the dictionary and found there were two. Awfully vexed at this.

Decided not to worry myself any more about the JAMES's; for, as CARRIE wisely said, "We'll make it all right with them by asking them up from Sutton one evening next week, to play at Bézique.

April 25.—In consequence of BRICKWELL telling me his wife was working wonders with the new PINKFORD'S Enamel Paint, I determined to try it. I bought two tins of red on my way home. I hastened through tea, went into the garden and painted some flower-pots. I called out CARRIE, who said, "You've always got some new-fangled oraze"; but she was obliged to admit that the flower-pots looked remarkably well. Went upstairs into the servant's bed-room and painted her wash-stand, towel-horse, and chest of drawers. To my mind it was an extraordinary improvement, but as an example of the ignorance of the lower classes in the matter of taste, our servant SARAH, on seeing them, evinced no sign of pleasure, but merely said, "she thought they looked very well as they was before."

April 26.—Got some more red Enamel Paint (red to my mind being the best colour), and painted the coal-scuttle, and the backs of our *Shakespeare*, the binding of which had almost worn out.

April 27.—Painted the Bath red, and was delighted with the result. Sorry to say CARRIE was not, in fact we had a few words about it. She said I ought to have consulted her, and she had never heard of such a thing as a Bath being painted red. I replied, "It's merely a matter of taste." Fortunately, further argument on the subject was stopped by a voice saying, "May I come in?" It was only CUMMINGS, who said, "Your maid opened the door, and asked me to excuse her showing me in, as she was wringing out some socks." I was delighted to see him, and suggested we should have a game of whist with a dummy, and by way of merriment said, "You can be the dummy." CUMMINGS (I thought rather ill-naturedly) replied, "Funny as usual." He said he couldn't stop, he only called to leave me the "*Bicycle News*," as he had done with it. Another ring at the bell; it was GOWING, who said "he must apologise for calling so often, and that one of these days we must come round to him." I said, "A very extraordinary thing has struck me." "Something funny, as usual," said CUMMINGS. "Yes," I replied, "I think even you will say so this time. It's *à propos* of you both; for doesn't it seem odd that GOWING's always coming, and CUMMINGS's always going?" CARRIE, who had evidently quite forgotten about the bath, went into fits of laughter, and as for myself, I fairly doubled up in my chair, till it cracked beneath me. I think this was one of the best jokes I have ever made. Then imagine my astonishment on perceiving both CUMMINGS and GOWING perfectly silent, and without a smile on their faces. After rather an unpleasant pause, CUMMINGS, who had opened a cigar-case, closed it up again, and said, "Yes—I think, after that, I shall be going, and I am sorry I fail to see the fun of your jokes." GOWING said he didn't mind a joke when it wasn't rude, but a pun on a name, to his thinking, was certainly a little wanting in good taste. CUMMINGS followed it up by saying, if it had been said by any one else but myself, he shouldn't have entered the house again. This rather unpleasantly terminated what might have been a cheery evening. However, it was as well they went, for the charwoman had finished up the remains of the cold pork.

"WOUNDED by a shot from an Ayr gun!" exclaimed GEORGE JOKIN. "From the report it sounds to me like the explosion of a blunderbuss."

"DALY" NEWS.

ONE visit to the Daly Co., now performing *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Gaiety, will make it evident to the student of the English Drama that Theatrical America must have been discovered by the KEMBLEs, with Mrs. SIDDONs, followed by MACREADY, PHELPS, COMPTON, and BUCKSTONE, whose good old traditions have not yet been discarded as is evidenced by the occasionally deep tones and courtly



Yankee Shakespeares came to town
On *Petruchio's* pony; | Such a feather in their cap!
Hope they'll make their money.

gestures of the leading members of this company, and in the peculiar mannerisms of the low comedians. What first struck me, after the remarkable performance of Miss ADA REHAN as *Katherine*, was Mr. JOHN DREW's clever embodiment of *Petruchio*; and passing over the out-and-dried comic business of Mr. JAMES LEWIS as *Grumio*, Mr. F. BOND as *Tranio*, and Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ as *Gremio*, I was delighted with Mrs. GILBERT as *Curtis*, whom the Americans have changed into an old woman after SHAKESPEARE had made a man of him. Miss PHEBE RUSSELL looks quite Burn-Jonesian as *Bianca*. About the others, with the exception of Mr. WILLIAM GILBERT, the exponent of *Christopher Sly*, there seemed to me to be an amateurishness which was quite inexplicable. But the two, on whom the success of this Elizabethan Farceical Extravaganza depends, are worthy of the greatest praise, of which to Miss REHAN must be allotted the lion's share.

About the spelling of *Petruchio's* name there is admittedly some slight difference of opinion, but about the pronunciation of it as spelt in the Daly Company's bill, "*Petrucio*," there is a good deal of difference among the Daly Company themselves, seeing that the same person is called at one time "*Petrucio*," at another "*Petrooshio*," and again "*Petrutchio*," according to the taste and fancy of the individual. If the correct spelling be *Petruchio*, the correct pronunciation would be "*Petrukio*." The absence of uniformity in such a matter is a note of indecision in stage management, and throughout the piece there is constant evidence of their still being bound hand and foot by the old theatrical red-tape of the Kemble-Macready tradition, of which the English stage has well rid itself by a series of Emancipation Acts, passed by the leaders of generations of oppressed players "nobly struggling to be free."

Mr. DREW, as the mad-cap, strong-willed, gay and gallant *Petruchio*, has to thank nature for nothing, and art for everything. He doesn't look the part at all, but plays it within a few inches of as well as it is ever likely to be played. To impersonate a man acting a part, and to avoid appearing theatrical and self-conscious, is exceedingly difficult, though just within the resources of dramatic art.

For Miss REHAN as *Katherine* I have unqualified praise. She looks the shrew, she acts the shrew, she exhibits such demonic possession as can only relieve itself by inarticulate cries of anger, and by violence of action sudden and uncontrollable. When being starved into submission, Miss REHAN so enlists our sympathies, even in the most outrageously farcical situations, that the men in the house begin to think what a cowardly brute is *Petruchio*, and what a shame it is to use this splendid creature so cruelly, when she might have been conquered by kindness. But *Petruchio* is right: if *Katherine* had once got outside a good square meal, he and his cowboy whip, his Buffalo Bill swagger and his burlesque bluster would have had as much effect on SHAKESPEARE'S *Katherine* as it has on the audience who are in the secret. And then to note how Miss REHAN wins the audience who remain spell-bound by her wise and gentle

delivery of that excellent lecture on the duties of wives towards their husbands, with which the play practically finishes,—the sentiments of which lecture I noticed were greeted with rapturous applause by the elder male portion of the audience, while better halves appeared to be suddenly particularly engaged in getting at their opera-cloaks and wrappers. I wonder how Mrs. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE liked this finishing speech; that is, if dear ANNE was alive at the time, and ever went to the Theatre to see her husband's pieces. The sort of pantomime "hurry" music played at the entrance of *Katharine* is a mistake, though quite in keeping with the old-fashioned notion of the character which Miss REHAN utterly diaps.

When the Daly Company has left us, the truth concerning this performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*, will be summed up in two lines,

"REHAN the Shrew
And *Petruchio* 'Drew'."

I advise anyone who doesn't believe in the possibility of this piece being acted nowadays, to go and see Miss REHAN as *Katherine*, and I fancy they will remain of the same opinion still, as, without her, where would this muddle-plotted whimsical farce be? But with her it is something to be seen says JACK IN THE BOX.

THE CLIENT'S RELEASE.

(Little Legal Operetta, in Active Rehearsal.)

A Corridor in the immediate vicinity of the High Court of Justice. A crowd of exasperated Suitors who have been waiting all day, together with their respective Witnesses, Counsel, and Solicitors, in a feverish state of expectancy that their particular case will be the next called on for hearing, discovered huddled together outside the door; a blithe Official steps lightly out. They make an irritable rush at him, and dragging him to the front, with threatening gesticulations, sing the following Chorus:—

CHORUS.

SPRAK! Why this procrastination!

Have you nothing to say cheering!
Can you give no intimation.

When our case comes on for hearing?

Here for days have we been waiting,

None our angry protests heeding,

Seeing fees accumulating,—

Counsel with refreshers feeding!

Say, must we who justice seek,

Wait perhaps, till this day week!

BLITHE OFFICIAL (*andante*).

I know not of anything that I can say

Which will lighten your chagrin or sorrow.

You came yesterday, you have turned up to-day:—

You had all better show here to-morrow!

And if your attendance to-morrow prove vain,

Then come the day after, and—well, try again!

EXASPERATED SUITOR (*con fuoco*).

He treats our prayers, our threats, with scorn:

Each wasted moment means a fee!

Can such a weight of costs be borne!

Will no one intervene?

[The Scene suddenly opens at the back and discloses the Genius of the Bar Committee and the Good Fairy of the Incorporated Law Society, surrounded by a blaze of legal light.

GENIUS OF THE BAR COMMITTEE and the GOOD FAIRY OF THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY (*ensemble*).

Ye! We!

[They wave their wands, while there appears above them the List of Causes, which are subdivided into "Special Jury Actions," "Common Jury Actions," and "Non-Jury Actions," and apportioned in "groups" to particular Judges, each case being set down for hearing on a specified day at a fixed hour. All cower before the phenomenon with satisfied stupefaction.

Behold! past practice thus we set aside.

See there, your work before you cut and dried.

Delay is dead! Clears off official mist.

You've but to seek your name upon that list.

No more you'll have to hang about in town;

The day, the hour, the Court, are all set down.

And so we trust we've satisfied our friends—

For Order rules at last, and Chaos ends!

[They are about to retire gracefully, when they are surrounded by a surging throng of Solicitors, Chief Clerks, Counsel, Clients, and Court Officials, who indulge in a wild appreciative revel as the Curtain descends.

MORE "G. O. M.'s"!!—Another has been discovered at the Crystal Palace,—"GOOD OLD MANNS." Evidently a pluralist.

THE WATKIN SPIDER AND THE GLADSTONE FLY.

(New Version.)



"WILL you walk into my Tunnel?" said the Spider to the Fly.
 "'Tis the handiest little Tunnel that ever you did spy.
 You've only got to pop your head inside and peep, no more,
 And you'll see a many curious things you never saw before.
 Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, Grand
 Old Fly?"

Now, this particular Grand Old Fly was very "fly," you know,
 And had clear business notions and ideas of *quid pro quo*.
 Says he, "About your Tunnel patriots doubt, alarmists chafe;
 Of course, it's most ridiculous, but *will you swear it's safe?*
 Oh, will you, will you, will you, will you?" said the
 Grand Old Fly.

Said the Spider to the Fly, "It's most absurd, upon my soul,
 To see so big a nation scared about so small a hole.
 To share the scare that's in the air is worthy, don't you know,
 Not of a Grand Old Fly like you, but of a midge like JOE!"

Then won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you,
 plucky Grand Old Fly?"

"Will you show the feather white and vote with JOSEPH, Grand
 Old Fly?"

"No, if I do, may I be shot! It may be, by-and-by,
 I'll ask you—but no matter; with you now my lot is cast."
 The Spider laughed, "Ha, ha! my boy, I've got you safe at last!
 You will then, will then, will then, will then, really
 Grand Old Fly!"

COLERIDGIANA;

OR, THINGS I STILL WANT TO KNOW.

WHAT is a "Race Performer"? Where is Tattersall's? What is a "Turf Reformer"? Who is WEATHERBY? What is a "pony"? Why is a "pony" sometimes given in exchange for a horse? What is "a friendly claim"? Who or what is the "Derby"? Is it the Earl? Who is Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST? What is meant by "having a bad week of it"? What is the meaning of "winning with a little bit up his sleeve"? What does "six to one bar one" mean? What is "PEARS'S SOAP"? Who is Mr. BEERBOHM TREE? What is "Niagara in London"? Why does a MOSES change his name to MORDAUNT? Who is "CORNEY GRAIN"? What are the "Licensing Clauses"? Who are the "Stewards" of the Jockey Club, and what do they do in a rough passage? What is the "Plan of Campaign"? Who is the "Grand Old Man"? What is "The Pompadour"? Who is Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS? Didn't I once make a speech about HENRY IRVING at a dinner? If so, where was the dinner, and who was HENRY IRVING?

TOYING WITH A PURPOSE.

At the Avenue Theatre Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS in the course of *The Old Guard*, and *à propos* of nothing in particular, suddenly appears as the celebrated walking tin toy figure with the tax-on-wheels cart which has occupied the pavement in the presence of admiring obstructionists for so long. He walks half across the stage and then comes jerkily to a standstill. A man enters to wind him up, and again he urges on his jerky career, and makes his exit satisfactorily, unless the assistant has placed him in not quite a straight line, when the mechanical ARTHUR ROBERTS is unable to go straight. If the Reverend Gentlemen who take an interest in theatrical performances will visit the Avenue—no necessity for Clergymen to "take orders," as they are supposed to possess them already,—they will see Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, after the manner of the "poor player," literally "strutting" his short two minutes on the stage, and, by "going straight," when put in the right way, conveying an excellent lesson to the youth of enfeebled will. And thus the Drama is vindicated as a great moral teacher.

NOTICE.—No room for *Nobody's Diary* this week. So sorry, because it is one of the best chapters. We should be still more sorry, only Nobody cares.



ONE EFFECT OF THE SWEATING COMMISSION.

Swell (at West-End Tailor's, to the Foreman). "AH—LOOK HERE, SNIPSON, I'VE BEEN READING ALL ABOUT THIS SWRATING SYSTEM, DON'TCHERNO,—AND AS I FIND THAT THE THINGS I PAY YOU EIGHT GUINEAS FOR—AH—YOU GET MADE BY THE SWEATERS FOR ABOUT—AH—TWO-AND-SIX—I'VE MADE UP MY MIND—AH—TO DO THE THING WELL, WITHOUT SCREWING YOU DOWN. SO—AH—JUST TAKE MY ORDER FOR A SEVEN-AND-SIXPENNY DRESS SUIT."

ODDS ON THE BAR.

SOME short time ago it was announced that, at one of the Inns of Court, Lectures on special subjects were to be given for the benefit of the members. No doubt a recent case (during which no less a person than the Lord Chief Justice of England admitted his entire ignorance of everything technical in racing) has suggested that a course in Sport would be at the present moment highly popular. If this is so, then we may expect a subsequent examination, of which the following might serve as a specimen "Pass-paper."

1. Explain three of the following expressions in legal phraseology—"Skinning the lamb," "Putting the pot on," "Going a hewler," "Scoring a win by chucking at him an umbrella," and "Standing in with the stable."
2. Given a fashionable jockey, find his probable income, distinguishing between his receipts for riding, training, and horse-dealing, and possible expenses in bringing actions for libel.
3. What is meant by the term "In-and-out running"? Give instances, supplied from cases in the Court of Appeal, in illustration of your answer.
4. Give the pedigrees and list of performances of any two of the following horses—*Ayrshire*, *Success*, *Galore*, *Morebattle*, *Bonaparte*, *Nunthorpe*, *Chitabob*, *Honey Drop*, and *Camaralzaman*. Write opinion stating the chances of any one of them for Manchester Cup.
5. *Justice Froth*, by *Dogberry*, out of *Chancery Bar*, is a three-year-old, who has been beaten in all his trials, but who was first in a match with *Suitor*, by *Common Sense*, out of *Water*: handicap him for the Ceesarewitch, giving reasons for the weight you attach to him.
6. Give a brief history of either (a) the Derby, or (b) the Leger, with 1, 2, 3 in each race from the year 1849 up to the present time, with a list of contemporary L. C. J.'s and L. C.'s.
7. Write a short essay upon "The Ring and the 'Bar,'" discussing the advantages and disadvantages of either profession, and giving your reasons for your ultimate preference.

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."

(Nursery Rhyme for the Saddlery Knaves.)

As a matter of course
It makes HANBURY cross
To see how knaves saddle the Cavalry horse.
Fine pickings they finger,
These cheats, I suppose,
Whose "leather" means rotten hides smeared with glucose.

SOUNDS FROM SYDENHAM.—Crystal Palace Company giving HANDEL a turn this week. "HANDEL was never knighted," observes the Encyclopaedic Sir GEORGE GROVE, "because the King said that the Composer couldn't possibly want a Handle to his name." Doubt whether Sir GEE GEE ever said this. N.B.—The two Correspondents, signing themselves "WAT-THE-DICKENS," and "GRATSHUS EVANS!" who wish to know "if Sir George Grove is one of the Groves of Blarney," we refer to the eminent Musician himself for a more satisfactory answer than it is in our power to offer them.

"HUTT ANTE;" or, "H'as you were," was in effect the verdict of the Jury in favour of the innocence of the polite HUTT,—"polite" to distinguish him from "the rude Hutt" of romance,—and so the young gentleman comes out of the trial "More frightened than Hutt!" (N.B.—On the perpetration of this pun, CAMPBELL, the Harleybury "Marshal," was at once sent for, and, to the tune of "The Campbell is coming, oh dear!" the Court was immediately cleared.)

WANTED BY THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY.—Not foemen worthy of their steel so much as steel worthy of their foemen!

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.—As Tory Doctors say, more local than Constitutional.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 18.—Peers determined to reform themselves. Going to let out some bad blood, and let in some new. Not any longer going to stand Members of sacred order smoking short clay pipes, wearing pea-jackets with saucer buttons, fighting in back parlours, running theatres, or running away with other men's wives. On other hand, going to strengthen Institution by specially recruiting from outside. Imperious Ministers in the Commons, when they don't know what to do with an esteemed, but useless colleague, make him a Peer.

"Peers," growls BRAMWELL, "are men who have failed at the Home Office or the Colonial."

"Sometimes," said CRANBROOK, who didn't like tone of remark, "they're failures as Law Officers of the Crown." Glanced with subdued admiration at stately figure of HALSBURY on Woolsack.

However, will be all right now; the Markiss taken matter in hand. Brought in Bill to-night. Awaited with intense interest; listened to with freezing politeness. Turns out to be one of the Markiss's little jokes. ROSEBERRY, with high scorn, dilates on modesty of proposal, but will vote for it as admitting, though not meeting, necessity of reform. DUNRAVEN says ditto. Final blow given to measure regarded as practical reform by SELBORNE heartily approving it. Notion of SELBORNE doing anything heartily rather funny. AROYLL back agsin out of the snow-storm. Regards ROSEBERRY with freezing displeasure. "What," he asked, "is the Noble Lord driving at in his speeches in this House and out of it?" Then changing metaphor, and seeing visions, he continued: "Men who have been Ministers of the Crown should not throw the great Institutions of this country at the heads of the people." House visibly shuddered at the terrible picture conjured up. Grand Cross regards ROSEBERRY through dimmed spectacles.

"A Minister of the Crown," he murmured, "who would lift his hand to throw the great Institutions of the country at the heads of the people, except in kindness—" Emotion so overcame him, sentence unfinished. Bill read a First Time.

ROSEBERRY said nothing. But, speaking at WILLIS's Rooms on Thursday, lightly alluded to AROYLL as "that portentous, political pedagogue." Delicious!

Business done.—Commons at work again on Local Government Bill.

Tuesday.—SINCLAIR came up to take his seat for Ayr. Result of election not exhilarating for Government; absolutely demoralising for House. Number of bad jokes made on subject unprecedented. Professor JOACHIM, who loves his art, descants dismally on situation. "Just one of those opportunities," he says, "that proves irresistible. Jokes to be made about Ayr are obviously numerous, and not above commonest comprehension. The real high-class joke should have subtlety in it. Always regard it as a failure if when I make a joke more than three out of nine people see it." SINCLAIR's reception hearty, but not quite so dramatic as when EVANS came. Lacked HARCOURT's assistance. HARCOURT just as much to do with winning Ayr as he had with victory at Southampton. But engagement in the country keeps him away, and SINCLAIR gets the cheers which he deserved.

More Committee on the Local Government Bill; also another defeat for Government. Bill proposes that Chief Constable shall be myrmidon of Quarter Sessions; JOHN MORLEY moves Amendment to make him creature of County Councils. On Division, taken in crowded House, Government defeated by 30.

"Very remarkable thing," said Old Morality, nervously rubbing his hands, "were defeated last Tuesday. It wasn't for this that we took Tuesdays from private Members."

After excitement of morning sitting, spent cheerful evening with Scotch Members, concerning the Assessment of Property in Scotland for Ecclesiastical Purposes. Turned out in course of debate that this is Scotch for Church Rates. LORD-ADVOCATE very angry; already suffered enough for one Session from Scotch Members; too bad to be brought away prematurely from his haggis to hear HUNTER on Church

Rates. Growls and glares. Nearly frightens life out of SINCLAIR. Not used to these ebullitions. WALLACE, strategically getting near the door, shouts out, "LORD-ADVOCATE bears down, with the aid of English Members, the opinion of the country he nominally represents." Then WALLACE flees for his life, and great hush falls on assembly. LORD-ADVOCATE's hand instinctively goes in search of claymore. If he'd found it, and could have come up with WALLACE, there would have been vacancy in representation of East Edinburgh. But weapon not handy; WALLACE fled; has time to subside.

"All very well, TOBY," he said, when I suggested he might "take it out" of LYON PLAYFAIR; "but this state of things evidently can't go on long. Either these Scotch Members must be got rid of, or the Markiss will have to carry on his Government without Me. It is evident we can't breathe the same air."

Business done.—Getting on with Local Government Bill.

Wednesday.—Don't hear of BRABOURNE in these days. Liberals won't talk of him; Conservatives don't like to.



Stern Father Br-b-rme repudiating his Offspring!

Gate, "I'll tell you. Have always thought this was one of BRABOURNE's little moves. Having planted himself in Tory camp, thinks it might be convenient if he lodged a son in the Liberal. Then, whichever Party in power, there might be pickings for The PADDOCKS, something sweet for SMEETH. Thought that from the first. This letter convinces me. Nothing better calculated to make honest voter plump for KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN than to be told his father had cast him off."

"Wish I could vary the conversation by saying something complimentary of BRABOURNE," said CHAPLIN. "Curious, that a man who has travelled all round political compass should not pick up a friend. Ever hear the story about ROWTON? When BRABOURNE took town house, showed Rowton over it. Came to his own study. 'Nice cosy room this,' he said, 'though not very large. It's here where I entertain my political friends.' 'Ah,' said ROWTON, 'It will be large enough for that?'"

Business done.—Libel Law Amendment Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—Several important questions on to-night. Sugar Bounty Conference, Night Arrests in Ireland, the Ayr Election, Imprisonment of JOHN DILLON, threatened Vote of "No Confidence."

All obscured by COBE's cross-examination of HOME SECRETARY. Seems that Rugby Habitation of Primrose League held high festival last Saturday. Among items on programme was race in which a dog, a lamb, and a hen competed. CHARLES RUSSELL pricked up ears. CHAPLIN pulled out suspicious looking note-book. Somebody murmured "Three to one on the dog."

HOME SECRETARY explained: First of all, the gay sportsmen at Rugby were not in for a lamb, but for a sheep. The dog "a very small terrier." As for the hen, its proceedings utterly unworthy of distinction conferred upon it. When brought up to starting-post



L-rd R-s-b-ry "throwing the Institutions of the Country at the Heads of the People."

grossly misunderstood situation. Instead of leading the way and making the running for the sheep, it settled comfortably on the grass, refused to move, and was carried off. Murmurs of sympathy with disappointed Primrose-Leaguers, MANTALINI MATTHEWS much moved whilst relating the incidents. When he sank back on Treasury Bench, took out cambrio pocket-handkerchief and mopped moist eyes. *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Thunder; lightning; earthquake; Vote of "No Confidence!" JOHN MORLEY gave notice to-day. Old Morality accepted challenge for Monday. Quite like old times.

Business done.—Local Government Bill in Committee.

AN ACUTE ENGEL.

Our Celebrities, a Portrait Gallery, is being brought out by Messrs. SWAN, SONNESCHEIN, & Co. The photographs ought to be first-rate, with regular assistance of Sunshine & Co. assured every month for the ridiculously small sum of two-and-sixpence. J. WALERY is the Photographer, and LOUIS ENGEL—the Unlimited LOUIS ENGEL, of the *World*—is the Monographer. The first Number of the series is out this week, dated July 1st, of which "the Contents" are, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, the Marquis of SALISBURY, and SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON. They look like "The Contents," and we should say, after inspection, that the Non-Contents would be very few, if any. Associated as the name of "L. E." is with music, being himself a composer, musician, and musical critic, we should have expected the presence of at least one musical celebrity in No. 1. But L. E., not by any means "an obtuse Engel," has taken care of Number One, and so we suppose it's all right. No Ladies are to be admitted, excepting, a great exception, here and there,—though we should say it will be difficult to keep "*Darling Mine*" out of the collection. He has chosen three distinguished Englishmen to lead off with, and has monographed them in his own peculiar style, which is "so Engel-ish, you know."



"In Camera."

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OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday—is "*Black Monday*"!

Tuesday.—The *Barbière*. Miss ARNOLDSEN a most piquante *Rosina*, and RAVELLI the Reliable a musically correct, but not a dashing *Almaviva*. NAVARRINI a melodramatic *Figaro*, and EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ too majestic for *Basilio*,—not his line at all,—but in both cases the music has rarely been better sung. CIAMPI revels in *Don Bartolo*; Signor RANDEGGER and the Orchestra revel in CIAMPI. Jokes, presumably "gag," in Italian. Only one person in front row of stalls, who evidently wishes everyone to know that he understands Italian, laughs heartily. Signor CIAMPI reminds me occasionally of that eminent basso, LIONELLO BROUHO. Mlle. BAUKMEISTER the Benevolent refuses *encore* for her duenna's song: very considerate of her, as it is getting unconscionably late. Nobody in the audience thinks what the time is, but only what the Tune is while the *Barbière* is being played.

Delightful to listen to the conversation, evidently intended to be overheard, of a well-informed lady and gentleman behind me, who are seldom right. "Here's *Figaro* coming," says the gentleman, and immediately enters *Almaviva*. "This is *Don Basilio*," explains the lady when CIAMPI walks on as *Don Bartolo*. In the Singing-lesson scene Miss ARNOLDSEN gives us the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*. "Ah, charming!" exclaims the gentleman in rapture, "so like ROSSINI! Best thing he ever wrote." ARNOLDSEN *encored*, sings "*Home, Sweet Home!*" "Well," exclaims the lady, rather startled, "I never knew that was in this Opera!" "Didn't you, dear?" says the gentleman, delighted at the chance of setting her right and at the same time imparting valuable information to his neighbours. "Don't you remember it was introduced here, like the '*Last Rose of Summer*' was in some other Opera, and ROSSINI stuck to it that it was his own composition? I think there was a lawsuit about it." "Why does she sing it in English?" asks the lady. "Because ARNOLDSEN's an Englishwoman," returns the gentleman conclusively, as if the circumstance were a matter of general knowledge to all *habitués* of the Opera.

Everybody delighted with *Barbière*. CHARLES HALL, Q.C., in ecstasies at the shaving scene; thinks of throwing up his practice, dashing his wig, and taking to the Lyric Italian Stage. Might suc-

ceed to CIAMPI, if DRURIOLANUS has no objection. Mrs. SHAW, *La Siffreuse*, is present, and thinks it all "sweet." She would very much like to whistle *Rosina's* part in the Leason scene.

"Reminds me of the time I was on the stage," observes the gallant SWAINE, A.D.C., leaning on his gold-headed stick, "at Cambridge. Used to sing then. Every air charming, eh?" he says, turning to a fine old English Gentleman in the lobby. "Except the Ayr of Scotland," replies Signor CHAPLINI, as he turns on his heel and hurries out into the wintry night.

Wednesday.—*Faust* again. Enthusiastic Composer, who publishes under the name of WALTER AUSTIN (and why not?), protests loudly in the Hall "after the Opera's over" that "never, never, in all his life, since the palmy days of *The Fire King* at Leeds, has he ever heard such an *ensemble*, or seen acting like LASSALLE's as *Valentine*. If," he continues, addressing Dr. WYLDE, and interrupting him just as he is telling a circle of interested listeners that everyone who made a success on the lyric stage had been his pupil at the School of Music, "If," says W. A., emphatically buttonhole-ing Dr. W., "it hadn't been for the people coming in late and treading on my toes, I should have passed the most enjoyable evening I ever remember at the Italian Opera." "I see," returns the Doctor, somewhat shortly—but brevity is the soul of wit,—"then you didn't enjoy it *in toto*;" and he escapes to his carriage, while the Composer strikes the light lucifer from *The Fire King's* patent match-box, illumines a cigar, and slowly walks out, pondering.

Thursday.—*Fra Diavolo*, for the first and only time this season. Not seen it for years. Though every air in it is as familiar in my ears as household words, yet as the Opera proceeds, I begin to doubt if I have ever seen it before at all. Have mixed up the story with *La Sonnambula*. RAVELLI the Reliable more at home in the fun of this part than he was as *Almaviva*,—which he also enjoyed, rather. In the Bed-room scene he is decidedly more comic than the second humorous villain; in fact, RAVELLI the Reliable revels in the Ridiculous, and becomes Recklessly Rollicking.

ELLA RUSSELL, sprightly and coquettish as *Zerlina*, sings the *Diavolo Band-ditty* well and dramatically. Much interest evinced among the audience when she is at her toilet preparing to go to rest. Ladies titter; gentlemen discreetly use lognettes. Being the Maid of the Inn, she has to be up and dressed quite early in the morning, in order to fetch the hot water ("She looks fetching," observes the gallant Major A.D.C.), and to call the visitors for the first coach; otherwise the practice of going to bed in tightly-laced stays, and high-heeled shoes, cannot be beneficial to health, even in Italy. By the way, what palatial apartments there are in the small Inn at Pontresina. You would never imagine their existence from the exterior as seen in the First Act.

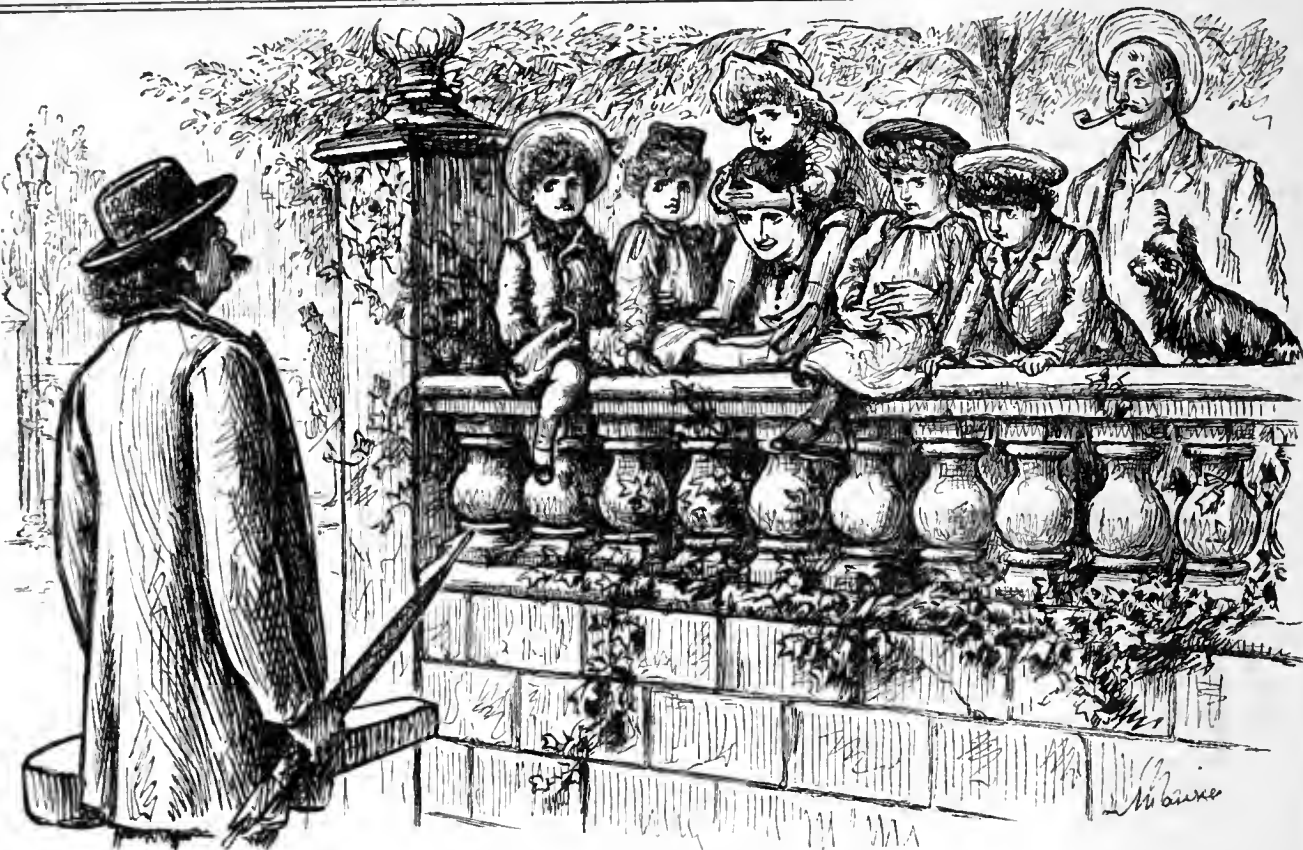
Signor CIAMPI, as *Lord Rocburg* (first cousin to operatic *Lord Alcash*), is made up after the caricatures of the travelling English in a French comic paper. His very modern travelling costume is an anachronism; as his weeping whiskers, curl-papers, and dressing-gown, are of the *Mantellini* period. He reminds me of "The Swell" in the pantomime, who, when there were comic scenes, used to receive most cruel treatment from Clown and Pantaloon. As a whole, CIAMPI and Mlle. LABLACHE are a thorough burlesque couple; the lady being, of course, the better half. I wait until the treacherous villain gives the signal for the *bel capitain* to come into the trap, and then I rush out to get into my own trap, for I cannot sit there quietly and see RAVELLI Riddled. Delighted with the music. Signor MANCINELLI conducts his Bandits well and wisely. But I am told that this Opera never was popular. Can't believe it: but can't deny it.

Saturday.—*Lohengrin* again. Same splendid cast as before. Evidently public prefer big Operas at Covent Garden to small ones. Exhibitions have not in the least as yet injured Opera or Theatres. "Mr. G." present, light and Ayry. "Floral HALL" beaming.

PATENTED TITLE.—A Job-master starting in business asked a poetic friend to select for him some appropriate title to put over the entrance to his establishment. "You let out riding horses?" asked the friend. "Exactly." "Well, then, advertise 'Excelsior! No more buying and being sold; try the Excelsior System!'" "Ah! but what is the Excelsior System?" asked the Job-master. "Why the 'Hire System,' of course." And if the friend had been connected with the Board of Works, he would have received a couple of hundred for the suggestion.

SUB (PUNCH-AND-) JUDICE.—If, by the time this appears, CHARLES WOOD shall have gained his case, the verdict may be appropriately stated as "Good Wood."

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—A Vacancy. Great opportunity for an experienced COIFFEUR in want of a first-rate Situation, as, at the end of this Season, Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL will lose their HARE—all requests to Mr. and Mrs. K. that "they would keep their Hare on" notwithstanding—and the Hare-dresser will, it is expected, also quit the establishment.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Mrs. Triplets. "AND HOW IS YOUR CONCERT GETTING ON, HERR PFEIFFER?"
Eminent Violinist. "PUDDIFUL, AS FAR AS DE PROGRAMME IS CONCERNED—BEETHOVEN—SCHUMANN—BRAHMS! BUT ZE DIKETS DON'T ZELL!! ACH! PY ZE VAY, MRS. TRIPLETS, YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAF ZOCH A ZING AS A MOOZICALISH INFANTILE VENOMENON ABOUT YOU ZAT YOU COULD LEND ME FOR ZE OCCASION—JA! GONZERTINA!—PANTSCHO!—PONES!—GOMB!—ANFZING VILL BLEASE ZE PRITISH BOBLIC, IF ZE BERFORMER IS ONTER VIFE YEARS OLT!"

"WHAT A NICE LOT OF NEW FRIENDS I'M MAKING!"

(A Catch for Three Voices.)

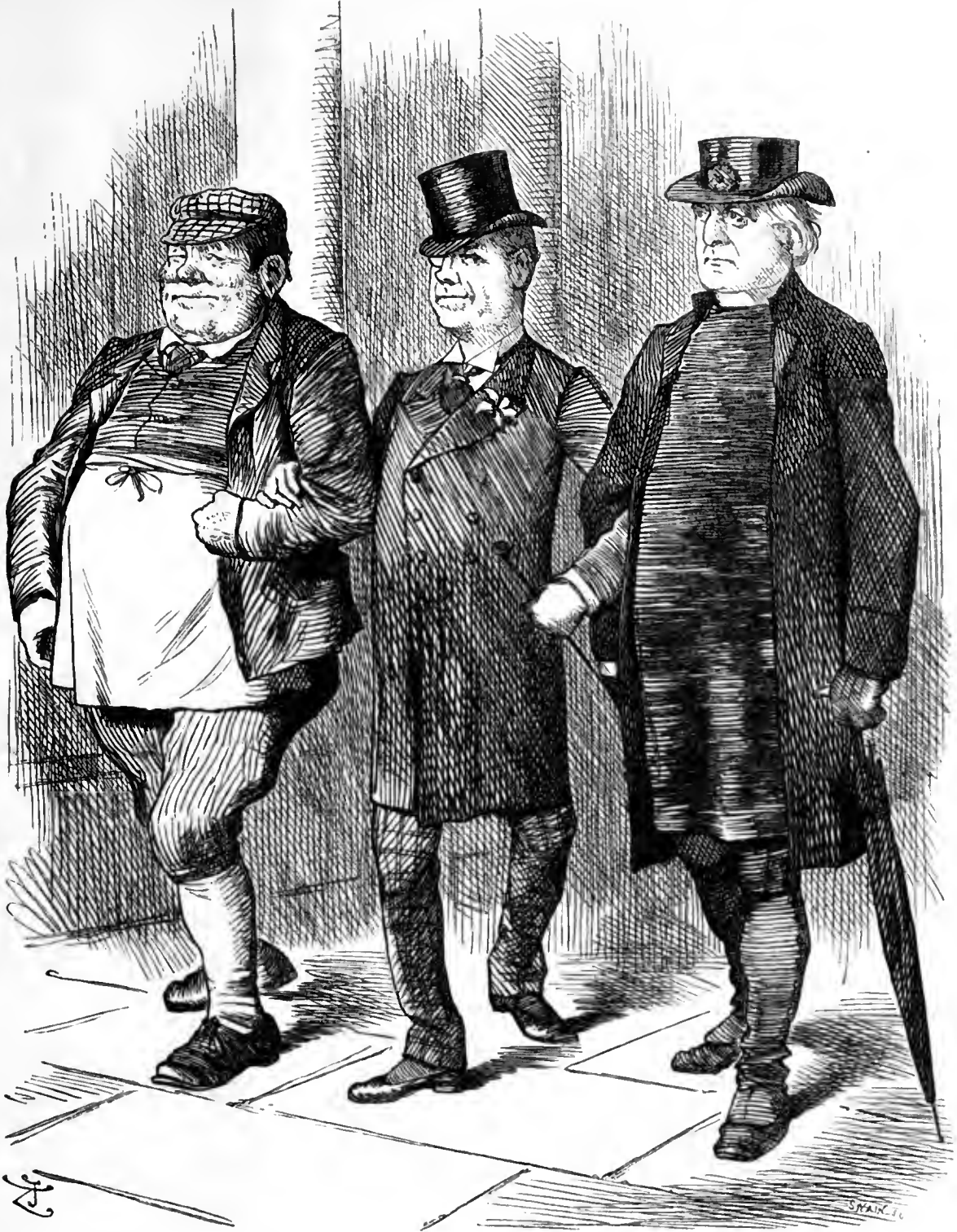
Bishop. I am glad, JOE, to find you have altered your mind About Secular Schooling. Your late recantation—
Brun. Fresh light, my dear Sir, dawns on all—save the blind. But recant!—oh! pray spare me that insinuation—A term that is too theological!
Bung. Yes.
 New friends should let bygones be bygones, dear Bishop. Our JOSEPH'S old customers never could guess They would see him—exouse the trade term, gents—in *this* shop. Make friends with the Publican? JOSEPH? Nay, nay! And yet now his face, as a friend, at my bar I see.
Bishop. And I at my School!
Brun (aside). Which my foes, I dare say, Will tell me looks like making friends with the Pharisee.
 (Aloud.) Well, union of hearts is occasion for glee, So I give you the toast of "We Three!" gents!
Tutti. "We three!!!"
Bishop. *Tria juncta in uno*—which means, my dear BUNG, Three united in one—should be henceforth our maxim.
Bung. I likes toasts and things in my own mother tongue. BUNG knows which dashed party will snnb 'im and tax 'im, And that's not the Church-and-State party, no fear! Them 's the pride of my 'art, and the 'ope of the nation. You gents wouldn't rob a poor man of his beer, Nor yet of his morals by free Eddication!
Brun (aside). Phew! What a nice lot of new friends, to be sure, I am making! Well, mine is a game needs finessing. I now "play the Bishop." If that should secure A chance for a check, 'twere a boon and a blessing.
 (Aloud.) Well, Gentlemen, you are for Union, like Me! So once more, here's the toast of "We Three!" friends!
Tutti (fortissimo). "We Three!!!"

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC'S DIARY.

Monday.—Morning performance of a new and original farcical Comedy, in four Acts, called *Plum-Pudding*, by J. SMITH. Bald adaptation of a German piece "done into English" several times before.
Tuesday.—Special day performance of *Macbeth: Lady Macbeth*, Miss ROSINA SNOOKS; first appearance on any stage—and last!
Wednesday.—Trial of *Eaton Square: a Comedy of High Life*, by SHAKESPEARE GARRICK POTTS. Theatre half empty; audience entirely "dead heads." Subsequent provincial tour of Mr. POTTS and "his great London Success Company."
Thursday.—Special *Matinée* for the introduction of Mrs. TWENTYSTONE in the character of *Juliet*. *Romeo* by her coach, Mr. MOSES METHUSELAH (established as a dramatic agent for more than fifty years).
Friday.—Three *Matinées* and four evening performances. Writing all night so as to be in time for the morning papers.
Saturday.—Visit to new invention in Curtains. Press breakfast. Inspection of Austro-Hungarian Exhibition. Press luncheon. Look in at the Royal Scotch Puppets. Press five o'clock tea. Inaugural dinner at the new hotel. Press banquet. *Soirée* at the Footlights Club. Press supper.
Sunday.—In the hands of the Doctor!

ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.—Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN has offered to present the Conductor of the best Choir competing at the Eisteddfod with a *bâton* made of Welsh gold, to become the property of any Choir winning it two years in succession. Meanwhile, of course, the *bâton* will remain a real Gold Stick in Waiting.

BROUGHT TO A HEAD.—In a recent correspondence commenced by the Author of *Tracked Out*, the question has been raised as to whether a head can live that has no body. Perhaps not; but there are many worthy bodies living with no sort of head on their shoulders.



“DELIGHTFUL!”

ARTFUL JOSEPH. “WHAT A LOT OF NICE NEW FRIENDS I’M MAKING!”

“The Archbishop referred, amid cheers, to the words of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN at the opening of a Board School at Birmingham in the acknowledgment that Voluntary Schools must have their place in the education of the people recognised.”—*Times’ Report of Meeting of National Society.*



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

AN AGGRIEVED UNIVERSALIST.

DEAR SIR,—Are Editors to be allowed to do what they like with Contributors? And especially with Reverend Contributors?† Is a writer in my position † to lie down § and be trampled upon by a tyrannical Editor? Never! And I repeat “Never” for ever. ¶ What is my complaint? ||



“The Parson at the Play? O Fie!”
Universal Review, June, p. 248.

Well, Sir, I sent a serious article to the high-class and high-coloured *Almost Universal Review*—which may well be the colour it is, and blush for its Editor’s treatment of me**—a serious article I say, Sir, carefully penned and closely reasoned out, on an interesting moral and theological subject, entitled *Pre-Historic Music: or, The Piper that played before Moses*, and, would you believe it, Sir, †† this flippant Editor, whose name is ABBY

COUNTERPANER, illustrates my most serious text with pictures of ballet-girls †† in such attitudes!—Oh, me!—and in the shortest skirts!! Sir, I am very angry. I don’t know when I’ve been more annoyed,—except when I lost my pet rooster, which crowed so beautifully as to be the delight of all my neighbours. Do you remember? §§ If not, I am still more The Aggrieved Contributor,
Thistledown Vicarage, Bray. H. E. HAWISH.

* Certainly.—Ed. † Still more certainly.—Ed.
 ‡ What position?—Ed. § Nonsense. Can’t write lying down.—Ed.
 ¶ Rather tiring this. Monotonous for the audience.—Ed.
 || Don’t know. Consult a Physician.—Ed.
 ** He can blush for himself. The colour of the Review its Contributor ought to be pleased with, as symbolical of Reddy Wit.—Ed. (This is meant to be complimentary.)
 †† No, we wouldn’t.—Ed.
 †† How did the Reverend Contributor know they were ballet-girls? This letter seems to recall a similar case, concerning which the Rev. Mr. HAWISH wrote last week to *The Standard*. He had contributed an article on ‘The Parson at the Play—poor stuff, by the way—to *The Universal Review*, and Mr. QUILTER, the Editor, tried to enliven it with illustrations of ballet-dancers, some of which he might have had in stock, and wanted to work off. The only mistake was the introduction of an un-English pulpit, and an un-English-Churchman in it, preaching to some *coryphæes*.—Ed.
 §§ “Do you remember?” Rather—“Can you forget!” as Miss GRACE DAMIAN so feelingly sings.—Ed.

DONNYBROOK OUTDONE.

“The Fancy Fair in the old Irish Market-place at the Irish Exhibition, postponed in consequence of the death of the German Emperor, is now fixed for July 17, 18, 19, and 20.”

HERE’S wishing good fortune to PAT’S FANCY FAIR;
 May Ireland in all her best glory be there,
 Though sans Spring of Shillelagh, with Shamrock so green.
 With another guess Fair—that of famed Donnybrook—
 She too long has been linked; but how lovely she’ll look,
 With smiling black eyes, but no blackthorn in fist;
 The latter the Sassensach dour may resist,
 But the former will make us all thralls to the Green!

TWO PROFESSIONS.

Wood, the Jockey, plaintiff in *Wood v. Cox*, cheerfully owned to making £4000 a-year by Jockeyship. No “Whine from the Wood” about such an income. A successful Comedian makes from £40 to £80 per week, and an average one about £15. What shall we try to make of our boys—Jockeys or Comedians? “Tis better to have tried and failed, Than never to have tried at all.” Many a rising young Barrister who heard Wood’s evidence on this point must have wished he had gone in for the pigskin instead of the woollack, unless he felt sure of being LOCK-WOOD, Q.C., instead of CHARLES WOOD. As to the Stage, there is the chance of becoming a TREE, which is not so big, of course, as a WOOD. But in this profession an amateur who aims at being a TREE may finish by being only a stick. Mr. J. L. TOOLE was present on one occasion during this trial, when Lord COLERIDGE stated severely that he would not have his Court turned into a theatre. “Quite right, your Ludship!” exclaimed the eminent Comedian. “Too many theatres already.” Mr. TOOLE at once quitted the Court in charge of the Tipstaff. In the evening, however, he played *The Don* as usual.

PARLIAMENTARY MUSICAL DEFINITION.—“G minor,”—HERBERT GLADSTONE.

ROBERT AT A WENSON FEAST.

ONE of them nice liberral intelligent gennelmen who kindly takes charge of the jewvenile Sherryffs, and turns ‘em out at the hend of their year of ofishal life quite fit and quite hegar for the more higher acquaintenses to dinner at that nice little favourite house of mine, the Guildhall Tavern, to do honner to a present of Wenson sent to the Chairman by Her Most Grayehus Majesty Queen VICTORIA herself, to show how completly she was satisfied with his conduct as Hunder Sherryff! What a grand and nobel thing is Royalty! Supposing as the appy and onered Chairman had dun somethink to satisfy snubboddy else, they would have most likely said, thank you, Sir, and there an end. But with Royalty, back cums two splendid Hornohes of Wenson, one a Buck-un and one a Doe-un, and Royalty says in this werry royal manor, “eat, drink, and be appy!” And so they did, and so they was. I never never seed a merrier party. They was all quite fust-rate, with jest a few grand old Deputtys sprinkled about here and there jest to give a tone and a charackter to the hole lot.



It was a werry elegant *Menu*, printed in red and gold, and the contents, with one xception, wurthy of the distingwished cumpany, and the appy Chairman. But what a xception! I appened quite by chance to see BROWN a looking at one, and then begin a grinuing and a showing of it to one of his brethern, and then they both looked at me, and grinned again. So my kurosity was natrally xited, and I took one up and red it. And oh, shades of UNY and FRANK ERTELLY! what did my wondering eyes read? Between the Sammon, the Turbot, and the Croquets, and the Roast Hornsh of Royal Wenson, appeared the follering line, all in red cappital letters, “*Sucking Pig, Sauce Robert!*” And, to add hinsuit to hinjury, the sauce thus named was what is known to the wulgar as “*Sage and inions!*” I don’t know when I have bin so shamefully hinsulted, and BROWN’S ribbledry hadded another pang to my wounded feelings. I don’t mind confessing, now that it is too late, that one of my werry fondest dresmas was, when the inewitable time came that I had not enuff patience for to Wait no longer, to leave my honerd name assosiated with such a Sauce as shoud keep it in fond memory for countless generations of Corporation diners.

The many hours I have didicated to this noble hiaspiration is now all wuss than wasted! and O! the many boxes of no matter whoose p-lls I have had to swaller when pursuing my many werry trying xperiments! But all in wain; and one cruel blow from a thoughtless *Sheff* has blited my fondest hopes, and lost me praps quite a nice little propputy. But such is life! We builds up our Carsels of Cards hier, and hier, and hier, and with tears upon tears; and just as we thinks we is a going for to put the finishing touch to our great Picter, our grand Statty, or an emortal Sauce, somethink happens, and down comes the labour of long ears, and we stands elpless and agarst, amid the ruins of our wastid lives!

But a troose to these sad thorta, and let us, as the French says, return to our Wensons. Well, our Buck wenson we roasted, and our Doe wenson we braized, and amost every one of the gastes tried both, and werry few on ‘em coud tell one from t’other, xcept of course the members of the Hopping Forrist Cummitty, who natrally knew both by instinkt. Sum few of the werry sewerest of the wensonian Crickite wentered to say as they didn’t think as it had bin kept hanging quite long enuff, but they all looked most remarkable small when the Chairman informed ‘em as he had kep it hanging rather more than three munsse. To be sure it was in a Cold Store, but still hanging is hanging all the world over, including New Zealand itself, and it woud ha’ been rather unloyal to look a Royal gift Buck in the mouth to see how long he’d been kept hanging.

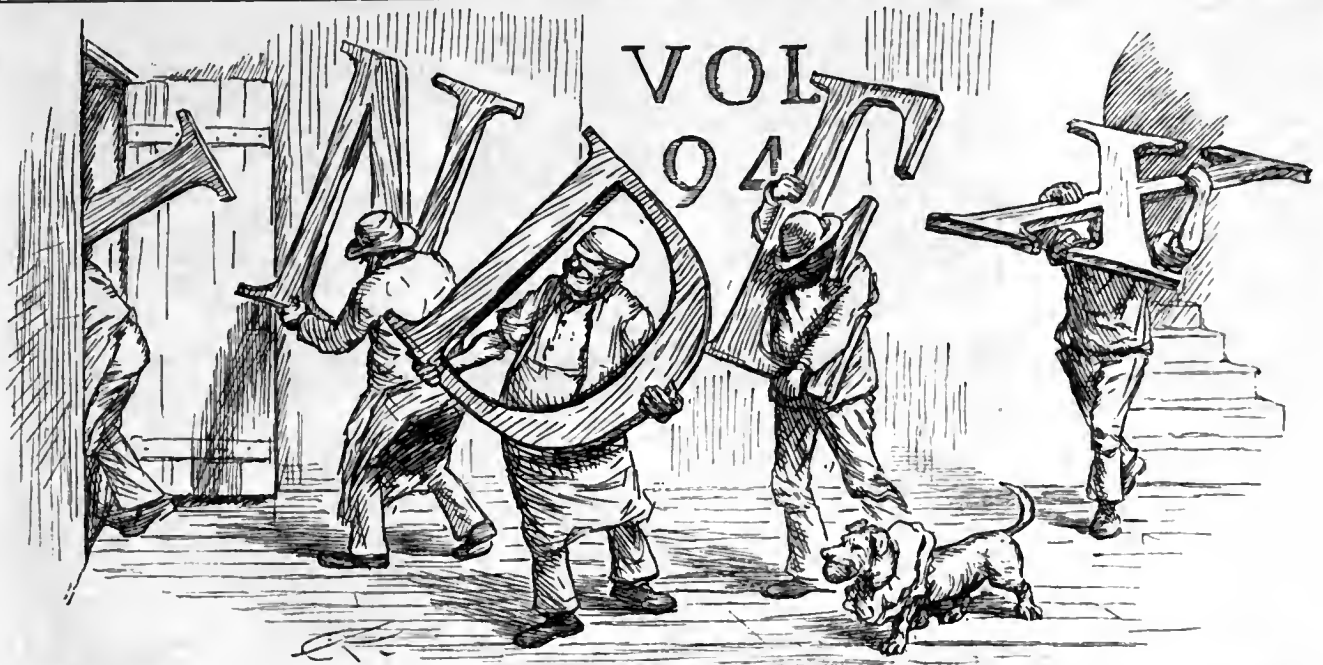
The Chairman set the good xampel of short speeches, and all follerd suit. What a nobel thing it woud be if all Royal presents of Wenson was consumed in the same natral and libral way.

ROBERT.

THE RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—Last Wednesday Botanical Gardens Flower Show. Rain of course. Might have been predicted. Gardens soaking. So much wet about—quite Botany Bay.

MRS. RAM says she thinks of sending her youngest nephew to an Agricultural College to study Farmacy.

A STUTTERING Liberal-Unionist said that “the ter-ter-trees he is most f-f-fond of are se-se-cedars.”



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LONDON :
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1888.





SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's Sanctum. SEASON—*The Eve of the New Year.* Present, FATHER TIME, MR. PUNCH, and TOBIAS. An Edisonian Phonograph, of the latest construction, is arranged, oracle-like, behind a curtain, the Sage and the Scythebearer have been experimenting therewith.

Father Time (with emphasis). Wonderful!!!

Mr. Punch. From you, who have witnessed so many wonders, that one word is a tremendous tribute which my young friend EDISON would mightily appreciate.

Father Time (meditatively). Yes; I have seen many marvels—or what for awhile were esteemed such. But the mirific marvel of to-day has ever been the matter-of-course of to-morrow, or at most of the day after. A real nine-days'-wonder is indeed an exception. Still this latest of Yankee "notions" is a startler. My favourite Egyptians never achieved anything more surprising.

Mr. Punch. You don't mean to say that your pets the Pyramid-builders did not forestall us poor moderns in this, as in most other things? Very good of them, I'm sure, to leave us *something* to discover!

Father Time (drily). What to do with the Soudan, for example. You don't seem in a hurry to avail yourself of that privilege, however.

Mr. Punch. Ah! I wonder now, were it possible, to turn on the voice of RAMESES through this vocal cone, whether he could give the Marquis the straight tip about Suakin?

Father Time. If Memnon himself could speak through the phonograph, in the very voice of oracular music with which he used to greet the rising sun in old Thebes, do you suppose that your Party potterers would heed it?

Mr. Punch. Humph! Isn't it whispered that the Priests—the real politicians of the period—had something to do with that little Coptic "fakement;" that in fact the lips of the Vocal Memnou formed merely a convenient sort of phonograph for the official oracles—the SALISBURYS and SMITHS and STANHOPEs of that day?

Father Time. I perceive, Sir, that you know a thing or two.

Mr. Punch. Otherwise, my KRONOS, it would hardly be worth *your* while to halt for an hour's chat with me on the very edge of the New Year. Pray give your glass another turn, though; I cannot part with you yet. And the *other* glass, dear Edax Rerum, turn *that* up likewise—no heel-taps, you know, here!—and let me fill it again.

Father Time (sententiously). It is passing good—and too good to pass. (*Drinks.*) Your health, my Perennial One! You are not of an age, but for All Time, as BEN JONSON said of the other Immortal. "*She*" indeed! What was RIDER HAGGARD's two-thousand-year-old compared with the unquenchable "*He-who-must-be-obeyed*" of Fleet Street?

Mr. Punch. You do me proud, Sir. But, by JOVE!—beg pardon for naming that usurping *parvenu*!—you will have, my dear KRONOS, to look to your laurels, or your prescriptive rights and privileges, if this sort of thing goes on.

Father Time. What do you mean, Mr. PUNCH?

Mr. Punch. You know what EDGAR ALLAN POE says:—

"Sciences! true daughter of Old TIME thou art!
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes."

Well, it seems to me, FATHER TIME, that your daughter is gradually depriving her sire of certain of his most cherished

attributes and most exclusive prerogatives. Space she has practically annihilated: and now she is having a turn at You! Time was when what was past *was* past, when what Edax Rerum had once devoured knew no resurrection. But now? Well, when Science can thus make the vanished Voices of the Past actually audible Voices of the Present, then, in the words of the Hibernian Magistrate in "Killaloe"—

"Ye never know what *she*'ll be up to next."

Already she has beaten MUNCHAUSEN on his own ground. Frozen words made audible by thaw? Pooh! What is that compared with the awe-striking possibility of the *ipsisima verba* of eloquent GLADSTONE, or honey-tongued LEIGHTON, or ventriloquial IRVING, being ground out of this instrument, for the edification, or Edisonfication, of dwellers in the tail-end of the Twentieth Century!

Toby (fortissimo). Bow-wow-wo-o-o-w!!!

Father Time (anxiously). What's the matter with that dog? He—he—*seems* to be asleep, and yet——

Mr. Punch (laughing). Don't alarm yourself, KROXOS. *Toby* is asleep, so soundly, that even his own bark—of the day before yesterday—does not awaken him!

Father Time (with awe). What, do you mean to say it was that inf——that extraordinary instrument of EDISON's that was yelping like that?

Mr. Punch. Precisely! *TOBY* barked into it for me a day or two since. His wax-recorded yelp may be useful to frighten burglars in the year 1989. Had ANUBIS done ditto several thousand years ago, we could now compare his yaps with those of the modern Dog of Dogs.

Father Time. Here, I say, *don't!* It's really uncanny, and, as you suggest, knocks my traditional prerogatives into a cocked hat!

Mr. Punch. Never mind! After all, 'tis *Vox et præterea nihil*. American Scientists are as impotent as were Egyptian mummy-makers or the Embalmers of Kôr, *really* to bring back the Past or to perpetuate the Present. And the Future is Ours—as Mr. GLADSTONE says of the Liberal Party.

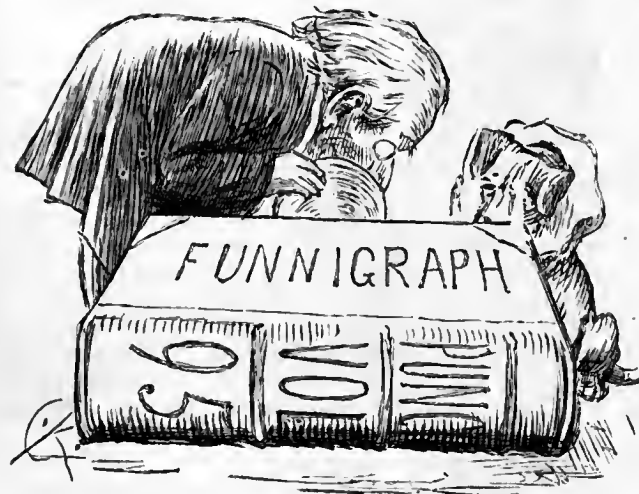
Father Time. Quite so. You may find the phonograph useful, to record for the benefit of remotest posterity your words of wisdom and scintillations of wit; eh, Mr. PUNCH?

Mr. Punch. My dear KROXOS, do you not see that, practically, I am as independent of this remarkable and really interesting instrument as you are of an improved egg-boiler or patent lawn-mower? I am perennial, and have a Phonograph—or *Funnigraph*—of my own, invented long before the days of EDISON.

Father Time. Indeed! I should so like to see it.

Mr. Punch. You shall, dear Edax. Indeed you shall take it with you, if you like. It will amuse and instruct you on your lonely round between now and next New Year's Day,—when I hope to see you here again. You will find therein echoes of the most valuable Voices of the Past, the best and brightest utterance of the Voice of the Present, and not a few vocal and vaticinatory "dips into the Future!"—Oh, don't be alarmed; it is not a cumbersome and complicated bit of mechanism, like this of EDISON's. It is compact and portable. Tuck it under your arm, FATHER TIME; it won't interfere with the comfortable carrying of your scythe and hour-glass, I assure you. For Mr. PUNCH's original, ingenious, unsurpassable Patent Funnigraph is his

Ninety-Fifth Volume!





OUR DEBATING CLUB.

THE election of a new member to the Gargoyle Club is so seldom attended by any incident of note, that I may be pardoned, perhaps, for devoting this paper to the description of almost the single exception in our annals. It is our invariable custom to transact all business of this sort before proceeding to debate; and on the evening in question PLUMLEY DUFF, who had proposed the candidate for election, rose to give the information necessary to enable them to pronounce upon his claims to admission. Now DUFF had very good-naturedly undertaken the duty at the suggestion of BOSHER, who had represented that the recommendation would fall with far greater weight from him, and that, in DUFF's hands, the election was safe.

"Well, Gentlemen," said DUFF, in his most matter-of-fact style, "it is not usual to say much on these occasions. I can only remind you of the value of a little new blood from time to time in our councils. When I have said that Mr. SCIPIO P. GOLIBOISE is a member of one of our most ancient Inns of Court, the Under Temple, and is fitting himself to take an active part in the profession of the Law, I think you will see that he has—ah—fair qualifications for election as a Gargoyle."

Then GEYSER primed by BOSHER, rose with his usual impetuosity. "I must say, Gentlemen," he began, "with all deference to our friend, Mr. DUFF, I don't think he has laid Mr. (eh? yes, thank you, BOSHER!) GOLIBOISE's claims to our votes before us with all the earnestness and thoroughness he usually devotes to whatever he takes in hand. He has suppressed—no doubt, inadvertently—a very important fact in connection with the Candidate which, in my humble opinion, will appeal strongly to your imaginations. Mr. GOLIBOISE is a representative of one of the most thriving of the dependencies of our great Empire. He comes to us, Gentlemen, from the Island of—(which? ah, just so)—the fair and smiling island of Sangaree. I put it to you whether it is not our duty to lay aside all minor considerations, and, in this Jubilee time, give the world a striking instance of the brotherly feeling which unites the Mother Country to her Colonies! Let there be nothing of ungracious, of grudging, of perfunctory, in the response we make to his application for admission; a hand, Gentlemen, is stretched out to us from across the seas—let us not in the palm we hold forth in return, conceal the invidious form of one solitary black-ball!" (There was a murmur of admiration at this fine image.) "Let us for once be unanimous in throwing our portals wide open to receive the stranger who stands knocking at the door of the Gargoyle Club!"

[Loud applause.]

There was no necessity for any further speech-making, but PERCY VERE would get up; he always will whenever he sees the slightest opportunity, for his great idea is that oratory comes with practice, and that it doesn't so much matter what you say, so long as you gain a little more confidence by saying it.

So PERCY VERE began very fluently: "As to the remarks of the Honourable Member who has just sat down, I only wish to remark that the remarks he made were remarks—" (Here he looked about him in a distressed manner) "remarks which were very ably—er, very ably remarked. I can't help rising to say that I have no—that

I rise without any—I—I mean . . . that I don't feel a—a . . . (I could tell you the word if I could only remember the name—it's curious how you forget things standing up!) oh,—what I meant was *hesitation!*"

Having arrived at this point, he sat down very contentedly.

"I won't add any words of my own," said PINCENEY, "to the eloquent pleas (here PERCY VERE looked deeply gratified) we have just listened to. The Secretary will now distribute the balls, and the ballot-box will then be brought round in the usual manner to each member."

"I am happy to tell you, Gentlemen," our President announced, after a scrutiny of the box, amidst much enthusiasm, "that Mr. GOLIBOISE is elected without a single dissentient voice! And now let us proceed to the motion before the House, which is—"

"One moment, Sir," said BOSHER. "I believe the new Gargoyle is below at this instant, waiting permission to take his seat amongst us. With your leave, I will now invite him to do so."

But this quite innocent proposal brought up PORPENTINE: "I must really protest, Sir! It looks to me as if the Candidate, by coming here this evening, must have regarded his election as a foregone conclusion; as if—I am about to conclude with a motion, Sir. . . I move—That, having regard to circumstances with which the Club was previously unacquainted, Mr. GOLIBOISE be now informed that his election is still under consideration."

Geysler (rising excitedly). Really, Sir! really! Are we to punish Mr. GOLIBOISE for his very laudable impatience to join our society? Is his ignorance, pardonable in a stranger, of our customs to be thrown in his teeth like this? A thousand times no, Sir! I call upon Mr. PORPENTINE to withdraw his motion; otherwise, I, for one, will not continue a member of this Club a single day! No, Sir, not one hour—not one minute—not one instant—(lowering his voice impressively)—not one week! (Cries of "Withdraw!" and some excitement.)

Porpentine (rather sulkily). I beg to withdraw the motion.

Pinceney. Then, if Mr. BOSHER will introduce the new Member as he proposes, I shall now call upon Mr. GEYSER to bring forward the subject for debate, which is in the following terms:—"That this House is of opinion that all Racial and other distinctions are invidious and reactionary, and should be abolished."

BOSHER had already disappeared, and, as the President spoke, there were steps outside, and presently the door opened, and Mr. GOLIBOISE made his first entrance into the Gargoyle Club.

He walked up to the vacant chair next to GEYSER's, which BOSHER had vacated (by the way, he did not reappear that evening), and sat down grinning from ear to ear, evidently highly pleased with himself and us, after which he devoted himself to rolling his eyes, and sucking the top of his walking-stick.

I trust that we did nothing unworthy of our character as Gargoyles and as gentlemen; but I am bound to confess that our new Member's appearance excited a certain sensation amongst us which could not be wholly disguised.

For Mr. GOLIBOISE happened to be a remarkably fine specimen of the pure African type. It made no difference, of course, but we should like to have been a little better prepared.

THE CONQUEROR JOCK: OR. THE WHIP-HAND.

(Some way after "The Conqueror Worm.")

"Time was when owners of horses were the masters of the trainers and the jockeys; now it too often happens that the trainers are the masters of the owners, and the jockeys masters of both."—SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.



Lo! 'tis a gruesome sight,
 Within these loathly latter years,
 A feverish throng, dust-coat bedight,
 With veils, or eads, or peers,

Stand in a race-course ring to see
 A play of hopes and fears,
 And an undertone breathes fitfully,
 Now curses, and now cheers.

Mimes in the form of magnates high
 Mutter and murmur low,
 And hither and thither fly;
 Mere puppets they who come and go

At bidding of misshapen things,
That drive them blindly to and fro,
Dealing from out their rascal rings
Inevitable woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot;
And much of madness, and more of sin,
And swindling the soul of the plot.

But see amid the mimic rout
A wizen thing intrude!
A shrivelled shape that rides about
With despot power imbued!
It spurs!—it whips!—the Snobs, the Snobs,
The vampire treats as food,
And the nobles that it rides—and robs—
Are to its will subdued.

Down—down on all fours are they all,
The sordid, sold, fool-flock,
The fierce whip-lashings fall
Like storm-flouts on a rock;
And the dupes, from counter or Court,
That wizen'd thing doth mock;
The play is the farce called "Sport,"
And its hero the Conqueror Jeck!

WILFRID LAWSON'S LATIN.

THE following quotations, freely translated, may be added to the Baronet's admittedly limited stock:—

- "*Clausum fregit*"—He burst up the Clause.
- "*Horreseo referens*"—It gives me shivers to refer to it.
- "*Pro bono publico*"—For the bones of the Publican.
- "*Res angusta domi*"—The cussedness of the House.
- "*Are perennius*"—Trust me for brass.
- "*Tempora mutantur*"—Wouldn't I just like to take my change out of the *Times*.
- "*Est modus in rebus*"—Mine is the only measure for everybody who is at all anybody.
- "*Dulce est desipere in loco*"—It is pleasant to play the fool in a certain place.
- "*Nigroque similima cygno*"—And very like a black Public-house sign.
- "*Fons et origo bonorum*"—The town pump.
- "*Actum est de Republica*"—It's all up with the Licensed Victualler's business when my Act passes.

AN HONEST JOCKEY.—Rather unstable.



"WAYS AND MEANS."

Visitor. "YOU TAKE IT EASY, BROWN. YOU MUST HAVE A GOOD SALARY."
Brown. "H-M—YA-AS—PRE'Y WELL. I DRAW THREE HUNDRED A YEAR—SAVE SAY A HUNDRED, AND RUN INTO DEBT FOUR HUNDRED, THAT 'S—EIGHT HUNDRED; AND IF A BACHELOR CAN'T LIVE ON THAT—'OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF!"

THE EX-PENSIVE PRESIDENT, R.B.A.

THREE weeks ago we asked, "Who is Mr. WYKE BAYLISS?" beyond being the President-Elect of the Society of British Artists in lieu of the Licensed Whistler, JAMES I., deposed. We are now answered. The gentleman has been interviewed by a friendly *Figaro* who furnishes us with the following facts:—

"Mr. WYKE BAYLISS, when a student at the British Museum, did not limit his attention to the Elgin Marbles," but on the other hand, "as a Chess-player, he held, last year, the cup for the county of Surrey."

He is, moreover, "Chairman of the Board School in his District," "Member of the Diocesan Council of Rochester," and besides being "Public Orator of Noviomagus" (what on earth is this?), he is "Honorary Fellow of the Society of Cyclists."

It is quite clear from all this that Mr. W. B. was born for Suffolk Street, and WHISTLER, the Painter, was there decidedly out of place. And now having discovered WYKE BAYLISS, Pres. Elec., we have four questions to put to anybody who can answer them; *i. e.*, "Who, What, or Where is 'Noviomagus'?" And "Why has he a Public Orator all to himself?"

SHADY PLACES FOR HOT WEATHER.—During the past week, Lord DUNRAVEN, as Chairman of the Sweating Commission, Lord HERSHELL with the Board of Works Inquiry before him, and the Lord Chief Justice with the Great Turf Libel case, might have been represented at Madame TUSSAUD'S as *Aeacus*, *Minos*, and *Rhadamanthus*, in a Modern "Chamber of Horrors." Their effigies might have melted, but their Lordships themselves are made of sterner stuff.

THE WANDERING VETERAN.

(A Legend of Wimbledon.)

THE Old Man sighed as he walked into Richmond. The children laughed at him, and their elders tossed their heads in scorn. But he did not mind. He leant on his weapon, which served him as a staff, and strode sturdily onwards. Soon he was in the Park. He sank on one knee. In a moment he was accosted by an official.

"Move on!" said the official.
The Old Man wiped away a tear, and obeyed the order. He passed through fields and gardens, and now he was at Epsom. Once more he had prepared to make a stay.

"Move on!" again shouted an official, and the Veteran was forced to submit.

And so he wandered from place to place—everywhere unwelcome, everywhere abused.

At last he lay down on the ground, and could go no further. In spite of the rough requests of the officials "to get up and be off," he stayed where he was. Indeed, he could go no further.

"Where have you been?" they asked him.

"All over the country," he replied, in a faint voice; and then he told them how he had journeyed from place to place, and never was allowed to settle.

"And who are you?"
"The surviving Member of the National Rifle Association;" and, with a faint smile upon his thin lips, and forgiveness in his heart of hearts, for H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, the last of the Volunteers calmly died.

THE CONSERVATIVE TENT JUST NOW.—Discon-tent.



WHAT OUR POET HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"YES; SHE'S A MOST SYMPATHETIC WOMAN. I WAS READING MY LAST POEMS TO HER ONLY YESTERDAY, AND THE DINNER-HOUR PASSED BY WITHOUT HER EVER PERCEIVING IT!"

"PARBLEU, MON AMI! YOU KNOW ZE FRENCH PROVERB—'QUI DORT, DINE'!"

JOTTINGS FOR THE TIMES.

(From the Duke of Downshire's Journal.)

A VERY weary day. Den't think I can stand this Omnibus driving business much longer. Having to go to the BLUEMANTLES' crush as soon as I get home to-night, dressed before I took the reins in the morning, and have been got up in full fig, ribbon of the Garter and all, under my evercoat on the box all day, so as not to keep the Duchess waiting. She says I look "crumpled." Den't wonder at it. Six times from Hammersmith to Whitechapel and back is enough to take the starch out of anybody. Think, however, the Duchess has been put out, finding the new Dressmaking business she set up in Bond Street not half so satisfactory as she thought it would be. She has tried to tone down the "shoppy" side of it by offering her customers five o'clock tea, and by endeavouring to invest the whole business with a little social glamour, but she says that our pork-butcher's wife, whom she supplied only last week with a ruby velvet, came and complained quite nastily that the dress did not fit her properly in the back, and on the Duchess smiling amiably and saying she saw nothing amiss, retorted that "Business was business, Duchess or no Duchess," and that when she "paid good hard money for what she ordered, she expected good honest work in return."

This sort of thing is, I am bound to say, only what I expected. I was not, therefore, surprised to hear that my two dear daughters, the Lady CONSTANTIA, and the Lady FEODORA, had had some disagreeables with the Principal of the Regent's Street Bonnet Establishment, in which I had just succeeded in placing them with so much difficulty, and had determined to throw the whole thing up.

Then, again, the Fried Fish and Whelk business in Marylebone, which I had made such sacrifices to secure for PLANTAGENET, appears likely to turn out a disappointing investment. He says that, after his life in the Guards, he cannot somehow take kindly to the calling. Well, poor boy, he may be assured that it is not one that I, his father, would have selected for him, as the heir upon whose brows my Ducal Coronet must eventually descend—still, what was I to do? The only other thing in the market was a "Sausage" concern.

My second boy, BERTRAM, seems, I am glad to note, fairly satisfied with his

butcher's calling, and dens his blouse and shoulders his tray with the best of them. Still, the outlook is not cheering, and if PLANTAGENET backs out of the Fried Fish, all I can say is, "Heaven help him!" Sometimes I think if we could give a drawing-room entertainment, and appear at a Music-Hall as "the Duke of Downshire's talented troupe," we might perhaps make ends meet. I should still look respectable in spangled tights; but with Beaumaneir and the Dashworth estates both mortgaged over the hilt, it's clear that something must be done, and that quickly. Ha! here is the Duchess! She looks well in what, trying to raise a miserable laugh among ourselves, we call, in wretched satire, the "family paste." No matter. I will talk the subject over with her. But the slavey has announced that the four-wheeler is at the door. Very well, Duchess. Lead on, I follow!

HOME-TRUTHS FROM ABROAD.

(But not from Mr. Browning. Gleaned from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Speech in the Debate of last Week.)

I.

Oh, to be in Ireland
Now the boycott's there,
And whoever wakes in Ireland
Finds some mornning, unaware,
That his baker denies him his daily bread,
And his butcher is threatened with "doses of lead,"
While the "bhoy's" are carving his favourite cow
In Ireland—now!

II.

And after daylight, when dark follows,
And help is far, and vain all holloas,
Hark, where the ominous knock at supper-time
Preludes a talk, a hasty shot, a groaning—
The goodman's end! And she, who saw the crime,
That's the wise wife!—she's dumb, but fer low moaning,
Lest she too know what mean the unwritten orders
Of these same gay marauders!
And though some sham regret may be expressed,
Next Sunday 'll show the boycott at its best;
Curses will deg the widew's churchward way—
Far better than our English Sabbath-Day!

THE TRUTH ABOUT MR. BALFOUR'S HAT.

SIR,—I saw in the *Times's* Dublin Letter an account by an eye-witness, of Mr. BALFOUR walking wildly about in St. James's Park "with his hat in his hand." And somebody wrote to explain this, and said that the correspondent of the *Times* wanted it to appear that Mr. BALFOUR had "lost his head." I emphatically contradict this. Mr. BALFOUR has not lost his head; but he frequently carries his hat on his shoulders and his head in his hands as you may see in this sketch by

AN EYE-WITNESS.



NOTE ON SOME RECENT EVIDENCE.—"VAN DAMM" is an appropriate name for a witness before the Sweating Commission who attacks "MAPLE & Co.," the firm always associated with furniture vans.

SONG FOR LORD TENNYSON AND OTHER POETS.—"See me re-verse."

NEW NAME FOR THANET.—The Lowther Arcadia.

COLERIDGIAN CONCEITS:

OR, DRAWINGS ON THE WOOD.



A USEFUL PLATER.

[At the first mention of "useful plater," it occurred to L-rd C-l-r-dge that several of his own spoons and forks wanted doing up. Mem. accordingly.]



"IN AND OUT RUNNING."

[On hearing this phrase, L-rd C-l-r-dge at once remembered his happy school-days.]



PULLING A HORSE.

[L-rd C-l-r-dge's first impression—corrected after hearing the case.]



"SERIOUS MEN ENGAGED IN A RACE."

[L-rd C-l-r-dge's original idea—subsequently corrected.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 25.—Lovely music to *Il Flauto Magico*. The commencement of one song sung by *Monostatos* (Signor RINALDINI), a kind of Mozartised Christy Minstrel, reminds me of "Ah, bravo, Figaro." It has probably reminded a good many persons of the same air long ago, but the Opera is to me a comparative novelty. Exciting story,—a trifle mixed. What I gather from it is that RAVELLI the Reliable is an Egyptian called *Tamino*, (evidently some familiar form of "Tommy,")—and that *Tommy* the Tenor, falls in with three Ladies, one of whom is Mlle. DOTTI, which is a painfully suggestive name, but there is no lame attempt about her singing, no "DOTTI-and-go-oncy," but, on the contrary, she is majestic and impressive, more "DOTTI-on-the-eyey" kind of performance; and the other two are Mlle. DESVIGNES and Madame SCALCHI, who is, as it appears, also in another line of business as a Real Genius (no one ever doubted it, of course) associated with two other Geniuses, Miss LOUISE LABLACHE and Mlle. BAUERMEISTER; and without the last mentioned no cast at Covent Garden Opera can now be considered complete. Well,—TOMMY the Tenor, meets one *Papageno* (Signor DEL PUENTE),—a person in the ridiculous costume of a kind of Parrot in full feather,—and *Tommy* having been presented with a golden flute and a temperance blue riband, and *Papageno* having received a set of musical bells, they find themselves in, apparently, the Egyptian Court of the Crystal Palace; and here *Tommy* gives a solo to some pantomime Monkeys and profile Lions, Tigers, Rhinoceri, and Elephants—quite a "monster concert." *Papageno* makes some comic niggers dance by playing on his bells, but beyond this they make no particular use of their magic gifts.

Then *Tommy* makes love to Miss MINNIE HAUKE, impersonating the remarkably fine grown-up daughter of Miss ELLA RUSSELL as the *Queen of Night*, who, for the loss of the infantine MINNIE, is draped in black, representing the curious spectacle of Night and Mourning all in one. Then Miss HAUKE is interviewed by her mother, Miss ELLA RUSSELL, who sings such astonishing top-notes as quite take away her breath, the mother's, that is, and so she herself wisely declines the vociferous *encore*; but, before she retires, makes a handsome present of a dagger, perhaps to be used as a paper-knife, to her daughter MINNIE, who, having accepted it unwillingly, promptly loses it.

Then the Mozartian Christy Minstrel annoys poor MINNIE with his too demonstrative attentions, and she is rescued—she is always being rescued—by *Tommy* the Tenor, who, having lost his magic flute as *Papageno* has his bells, has had it restored to him by the three gifted Geniuses (who have also restored to *Papageno* his lost bells), and then Miss MINNIE, assisted by the three distinguished Geniuses in costumes such as Geniuses wore many, many years ago, before Gaiety Fairies were invented, is taken away by *Tommy* the Tenor, and is

forthwith seen taking, as it appears, a sort of Turkish bath with him in the pleasantest manner possible, he playing the flute the while, and both decently attired, of course; and afterwards they stand under a mountain torrent by way of *douche*—and what the *douche* it all means I don't know, but the foregoing story is something like it, without mentioning Miss ARNOLDSON as *Papageno*, the bride of *Papageno*—she ought to have been *Mammagena*, of course—and without mentioning the High Priest, who being a Basso, is a very low priest, and ought to have been EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, but wasn't,—having been metamorphosed by magic into Signor NOVARA,—and without going into any of the wonderful details and describing the grand Transformation Scene at the finish ("Thought there was going to be Harlequin and Columbine," grumbles H.R.H.'s Attorney-General, Q.C., M.P., to one of the Organising Committee, as he takes up his hat and slowly emerges from the box. "Should like to have seen RAVELLI as Harlequin, and ARNOLDSON as Columbine,—charming Columbine, begad!") I should say that a better performance of the most muddle-headed Extravaganza ever invented has rarely been seen at Covent Garden. Could hear it all again with pleasure, but not see it. The only singer who really seems to thoroughly enjoy it is SCALCHI. ARNOLDSON looks very pretty as *Mammagena*. She ought to be brought on earlier. Why shouldn't she be the Princess as well? She could "double the parts" as SCALCHI does; but SCALCHI is "the First Genius," and can do anything. Any Manager has a treasure in SCALCHI. Can call upon her for a song at any moment, and never make a mis-Scalchi-lation. Which is a cryptogrammic joke: so hidden.

A TURN AT THE HANDEL.

THE Crystal Palace can now and then offer attractions by which crowds may be drawn, as they have been in the week past by the Handel Festival, without advertising the edifying spectacle of a woman hanging on by her teeth to a rope attached to a balloon; though at first sight one is afraid lest the names of ALBANI, NORDICA, LLOYD, and SANTLEY, at the Palace, should not be sufficiently attractive in themselves without adding some gymnastic feat to their fine musical performances.

The Oratorios went splendidly, and the Selections on Wednesday brought together a select audience. The Grand Old MANNS of the C. P. might have written something better himself than the specimen of "The Triumph of Time and Truth," and have called it "The Triumph of Time and Tune," which is a hint for next Festival. SANTLEY in first-rate voice, with "Honour and Arms;" so also LLOYD, with his "Love in his Eyes," (no connection with "Two Lovely Black Eyes"), which he sang deliciously.

The G. O. M. of the C. P. accepted the *encore* of the *Occasional Overture* for this occasion only, but ALBANI and NORDICA refused flatly—the only note of any flatness in the entertainment—to accept any *encores*, no matter how they might be pressed on all hands. Madame NORDICA charmingly sang, "Hush, ye pretty wobbling Choir," addressed, of course, to the Handelian Choristers, who evidently bridled up at the insinuation of unsteadiness, and refused to "hush," rendering their *fortissimo* with such precision as to prove the charge of their being "pretty wobbling," to be absolutely without foundation. [A friend, who knows nothing about it, has suggested to me that when I say "wobbling" I mean "warbling." Absurd! If I meant "warbling" I should warble.] No one at the organ can be better than BEST. In fact the whole performance was so good that as everybody wanted to have everything over again, this "Choral Festival" may be memorable as the "Great Encore-all Festival."

NEW CIVIL UNIFORM.



... "Four small buttons down front, and to button on to collar of cloak; gilt hook and chain. ... Cap: Blue cloth made up soft, with a small gold braided top, and a row of gold braid round the crown."—*Vide London Gazette, June 13.*

SOMETHING FURTHER ABOUT "Mr. G."—Mr. GLADSTONE was reported last week as having said that, among some of the few things he had to live for was to show "the substantial identity between the theology of HOMER and of the Old Testament." We believe he since added to this the idea for demonstrating that the Six Days of Creation must be understood as six "Parliamentary Days."

PEDESTRIANISM AT LAMBETH.—In the course of a series of amusing articles on the Established Church, the *St. James's Gazette* suggests that the legal-ecclesiastical difficulties of its position at home and in the Colonies is "a case in which, in a marked degree, difficulties will be solved *ambulando*." Yes, certainly—a good deal of "Walker" about this remedy. It might be tried this week at Lambeth.

NEW NAME FOR IT.—The Metropolitan Board of "Perks."



PLEASURES OF A 'PLEASURE-HORSE.'

MR. BIGSBY DETERMINES TO WRITE TO THE *TIMES* A LETTER HEADED, "THE DANGERS OF THE STREETS," DENOUNCING MILK CARTS WITH RATTLING CANS, BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, GERMAN BANDS & C.

CLEARING THE COURSE!

Aia—"Clar de Kitchen."

Ox St. Stephen's stream, to give us room,
We clear the course like a brand-new broom;
And we form a regular Government ring,
And this is the song that we do sing:—

Clear the river, cockboats, cockboats!
Old Morality wants clear way!

'Ware, cockboats, 'ware! If you should cross
The bows of the Government Launch, yen'll toss
On a terrible swell from shore to shore,
That might almost swamp a seventy-four.

So clear the river, &c.

Cockboats conceive St. Stephen's stream
Is free to all; 'tis a foolish dream.
When the big boat comes with the crew at the prow,
They must all get out of the way, somehow.

So clear the river, &c.

Like a big bull-frog in a tadpole swim,
The steam launch glideth grand and grim;
And the Private Member who'd keep afloat,
Will be tossed like a cork in his crank cockboat.

So clear the river, &c.

There is Old Morality wants clear way,
And the run of the river by night and day;
And chief-mate RICHIE he cries with a frown,
"If you don't clear out, I shall run you down!"

So clear the river, &c.

'Tis an Aaron's rod of a craft, yen see,
This Launch, and the skipper, SALISBUREE;
Hopes if 'tis steered with strength and skill,
It will clear the river and whip poor WILL!

So clear the river, cockboats, cockboats!
Old Morality wants clear way!

COLERIDGE CORRECT.

LORD COLERIDGE in a recent case made an observation, to which we have already drawn attention, to the effect that he could not understand how anyone with such an honoured name as "MOSES" could ever consent to change it for, e.g., "MORDAUNT." The Handelian Festival brought this remark of the Lord Chief Justice's vividly to our mind. Where would be the force of substituting "Mordant" for "Moses" in *Israel in Egypt*? Or to take a great work by another Composer, *Mosé in Egitto*, how would *Mordaunt in Egitto* or *Montmorency in Egitto* sound? No; LORD COLERIDGE is right. But is he not always right?

THE BARON'S BOOK.

THE *Memoirs of Baron de Rimini* are anything but Barren Rimini-iseences. Startling and amusing. I'm not jealous, though he is a Baron as well as myself. Can't help bursting out into poetry and singing:—

O by Jingo! O my Jimini!
Marvellous *Memoirs of Baron de Rimini*;
Nothing merely niminy-piminy
In the *Memoirs of Baron de Rimini*!

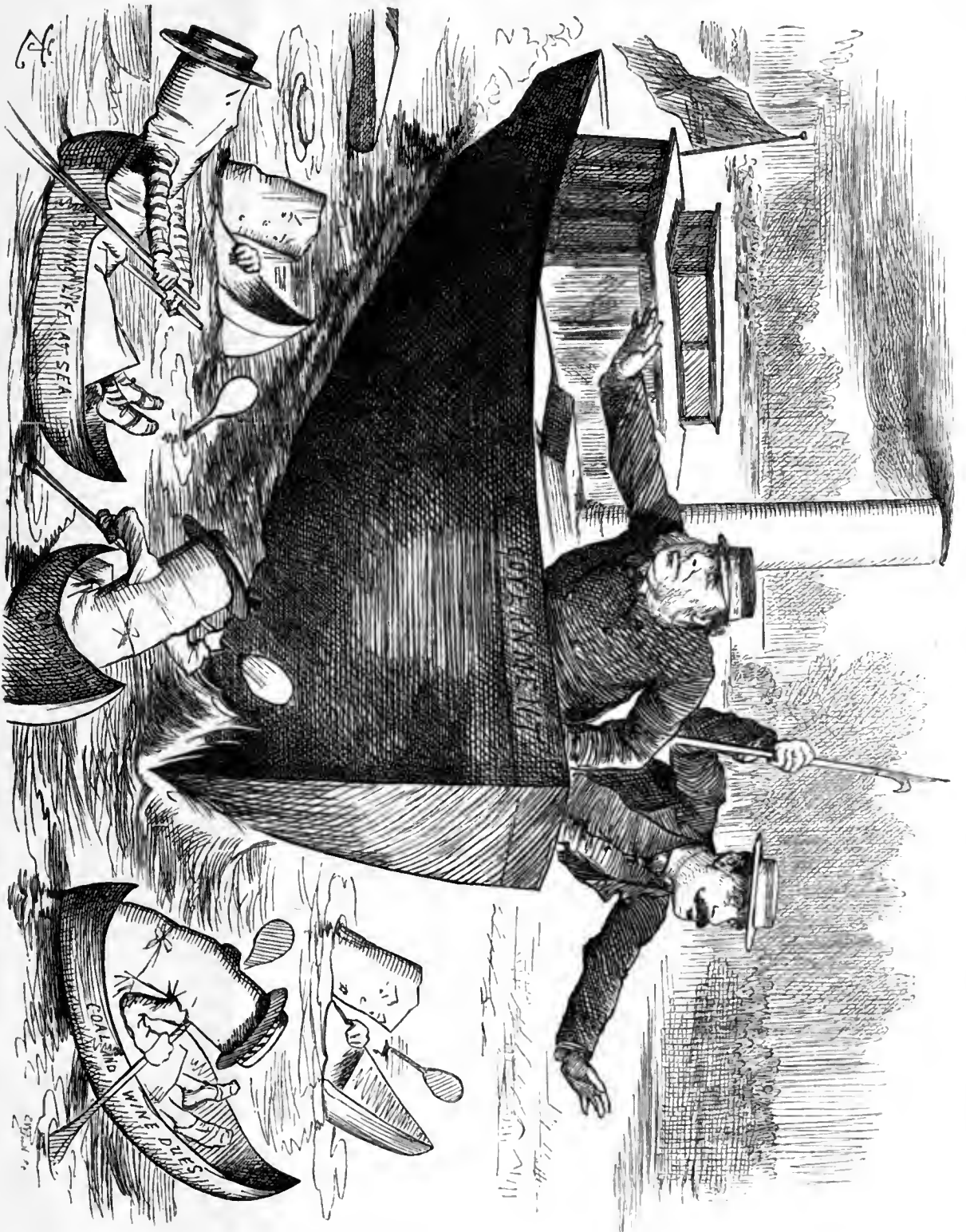
Nothing like them since the records of Baron MUNCHAUSEN, who, in my humble opinion *overdid it*. RIMINI doesn't; it is all fact! There's the startler. Truth stranger than fiction. HAGGARD and STEVENSON nowhere. Walk up! Yours, THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

IN RE SCOTT V. WILKINSON.—Dear *Mr. Punch*,—I quite forgot to say—indeed, it only occurred to me afterwards, and I couldn't re-open the case to admit the *esprit d'escalier*,—when I read out about the "orrieries" in the school prospectus, and remarked on the defective sanitation, "On 'orrier's head 'orrieries accumulate."

Yours ever,

L-CKW-D.

"WE are in quite another World," LORD COLERIDGE is reported to have said in his summing-up in the Wood case. The well-known line from *The Stranger* can now, on the Lord Chief's authority, be thus quoted, "There is another and a Betting World."



CLEARING THE COURSE!

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AWFUL TO CONTEMPLATE.

[The Title does not allude to the Portraits in the above Picture, which are those of Her Majesty's Judges going all together by steamer to dine at Greenwich. An artful Detective sends us this as showing a nefarious design (not the drawing) on the part of some ambitious Members of the Bar, which has been happily frustrated.]

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 28.—At the office, the new and very young clerk PITT, who was very impudent to me a week or so ago, was late again. I told him it would be my duty to inform Mr. PERKUPP, the principal. To my surprise PITT apologised most humbly and in a most gentlemanly fashion. I was unfeignedly pleased to notice this improvement in his manner towards me, and told him I would look over his unpunctuality. Passing down the room an hour later, I received a smart smack in the face from a rolled-up ball of hard foolscap. I turned round sharply, but all the clerks were apparently riveted to their work. I am not a rich man, but I would give half-a-sovereign to know whether that was thrown by accident or design. Went home early and bought some more enamel paint—black this time, and spent the evening touching up the fender, picture-frames, and an old pair of boots making them look as good as new. Also painted GOWING's walking-stick, which he left behind and made it look like ebony.

April 29, Sunday.—Woke up with a fearful headache and strong symptoms of a cold. CARRIE, with a perversity which is just like her, said it was "painter's colic," and was the result of my having spent the last few days with my nose over a paint-pot. I told her firmly that I knew a great deal better what was the matter with me than she did. I had got a chill, and decided to have a bath as hot as I could bear it. Bath ready—could scarcely bear it so hot. I persevered, and got in; very hot, but very acceptable. I lay still for some time. On moving my hand above the surface of the water, I experienced the greatest fright I ever received in the whole course of my life, for imagine my horror on discovering my hand, as I thought, full of blood. My first thought was that I had ruptured an artery, and was bleeding to death, and should be discovered, later on, looking like a second MARAT, as I remember seeing him in Madame TUSSAUD'S. My second thought was to ring the bell, but remembered there was no bell to ring. My third was, that it was nothing but the enamel paint, which had dissolved with the boiling water. I stepped out of the bath, perfectly red all over, resembling the Red Indians I have seen depicted at an East-End Theatre. I determined not to say a word to CARRIE, but to tell FARMERSON to come on Monday and paint the bath white.

April 30.—Perfectly astounded at receiving an invitation for CARRIE and myself from the Lord and Lady Mayoress to the Mansion House, to "meet the Representatives of Trades and Commerce." My heart beat like that of a schoolboy's. CARRIE and I read the invitation over two or three times. I could scarcely eat my breakfast. I said—and I felt it from the bottom of my heart—"CARRIE, darling, I was a proud man when I led you down the aisle of the church on our wedding-day; that pride will be equalled, if not surpassed, when I lead my dear pretty wife up to the Lord and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House." I saw the tears in CARRIE'S eyes, and she said, "CHARLIE, dear, it is I who have to be proud of you. And I am very, very proud of you. You have called me pretty, and as long as

I am pretty in your eyes, I am happy. You, dear, old CHARLIE, are not handsome, but you are good, which is far more noble." I gave her a kiss, and she said, "I wonder if there will be any dancing? I have not danced with you for years." I cannot tell what induced me to do it, but I seized her round the waist, and we were silly enough to be executing a wild kind of polka when SARAH entered, grinning, and said, "There is a man, Mum, at the door who wants to know if you want any good coals." Most annoyed at this. Spent the evening in answering, and tearing up again, the reply to the Mansion House, having left word with SARAH if GOWING or CUMMINGS called we were not at home. Must consult Mr. PERKUPP how to answer the LORD MAYOR'S invitation.

May 1.—CARRIE said, "I should like to send mother the invitation to look at." I consented as soon as I had answered it. I told Mr. PERKUPP at the office with a feeling of pride, that we had received an invitation to the Mansion House, and he said, to my astonishment, that he himself gave in my name to the LORD MAYOR'S Secretary. I felt this rather discounted the value of the invitation, but I thanked him, and in reply to me he described how I was to answer it. I felt the reply was too simple, but of course Mr. PERKUPP knows best.

May 2.—Send my dress-coat and trousers to the little tailor's round the corner to have the creases taken out. Told GOWING not to call next Monday, as we were going to the Mansion House. Sent similar note to CUMMINGS.

May 3.—CARRIE went to Mrs. JAMES, at Sutton, to consult about her dress for next Monday. While speaking incidentally to SPOTCH, one of our head clerks, about the Mansion House, he said, "Oh, I'm asked, but don't think I shall go." When a vulgar man like SPOTCH is asked, I feel my invitation is considerably discounted. In the evening, while I was out, the little tailor brought round my coat and trousers, and because SARAH had not a shilling to pay for the pressing, he took them away again.

"READ him by his Form."

Twelfth Night, Act III., Sc. 4.

[Mr. WALTER READ, playing last week for Surrey against Oxford, made the enormous score of 338 runs.]

READ by his "form" proud Surrey's READ,
Should be called "Read-and-Run" indeed.
A "form" so fine, may READ not alter;
Here's wishing you top-scorer, WALTER!

WARM FOR THEM.—The St. Stephen's Westminster Barometer, on the 26th inst., one of the hottest days we've had marked for the Opposition side of the House 93 in the shade!

NEW NAME.—A "Kill-joy" or a "Wet-blanket" used to be the name for the guest whose every sentence was a damper on conviviality. Now, more artistically, he is termed a "Depressionist."

ROBERT AT THE ACADEMY.

My constant wissits to the Royal Academy wunee every year, gets my eye so acustomed to what is I bleeve called Eye Hart, that now, when I entur its saered presinks, I jest casts my egle glance around, and at wunee settles down upon my pray, and the first as I seizes upon is No. 12, which I am told is a old woman a rowing of herself to Market, with lots of vegetables, the most singular part of which is the Sea, which, strange to say, is all milk, every drop of it, or it may possibly be curds and way, but it suttently aint water.

No. 21 is Prince Bismarck. Well, I dessay as he's quite a favorite at tome, but I much wunders as he didn't git sumbody jest to tie his

xtrordinary white handker-sher for him afore he went to be painted. Why a near Coffee House Waiter would be utterly ashamed of such a Tye!

The next thing as fixes my hegar gaze is one of them staggers as not only staggers but fairly puzzles me. It is No. 95, and is called A Siren. I don't no what a Siren is, or where they happens to live, but they suttently seems a remarkable careless lot. Now this one for instance has been a having a bath in the Sea, without no bathing - dress on, and sumbody has bin and stole all her close! and there she sets, poor thing, on the hard rocks a-trying for to make the people in a ship ever so far off come and help her. And all as she's got to emuse herself and keep herself warm is a little Arp which I spose as she's werry fond of, tho she's left off playing of it.

No. 107. Why the R.H. the Erl of HAREWOOD shoud'ave gone

and dressed hisself up in a Tourist's Suit, that coudn't have cost him more than about 12s. 6d., when he was a going to have his pieter painted, is a puzzle to me, the more speshally as of course he might have been painted in his crimson robes and with a Koronet on his hed, and praps have been taken for a Sherrif or heven a Lord Mare!

No. 152 is called "Juno," sumthink to do with the present munth I suppose. She's a flying right hup into the hair, and is about the hugliest and the crossest looking flyer as ever I seed. I overheard a Gennelman say that the reason as she looked so dredful angry was becoz she had jest left Paris in disgust, though why, I coud not understand. But my pore ed akes with secin so menny piktehers, and I must ere defur my most hintrestin remarx and erikisissums for annuther hokkashun.

ROBERT.

WIGS AND BONNETS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You are *always* so *very* kind to Ladies that I am quite *sure* you will do your best to assist us to obtain the redress of a little grievance that has caused us a *lot* of worry recently. You know *how* fond we are of trials—especially a eriminal one, where a nice interesting murderer is put in the doek, and has to fight for his life. It is *such* fun! But, alas! my dear *Mr. Punch*, the resources of the Central Criminal Court are of the most *limited* character imaginable. I can assure you there is scareely *any* room on the Bench, and sometimes it is *absolutely* necessary for Ladies—accustomed to *every* home

com fort—to put up with *wretched* seats in the body of the Court! We want you to get *all* this altered for us. Cannot the Old Bailey be rebuilt, or something?

What makes the more irritating to us is that at the new Royal Palae of Justice everything is so *very* nice. My sister and I the other day, were on the Bench with that dear Lord Chief Justice, and you cannot think how excessively *nice* it was! We had such delightfully comfortable chairs, and the "L. C. J." (as our barrister young friends call him), was so amiable! The dear good creature scareely gave himself any room at all so that we should not be crowded! And then the *Luncheon!* Well, I will not say *anything* about that, as (like the Duke of PORTLAND's letter), it was a *private* matter! But really and truly it was *such* fun!

We laughed and talked to our heart's content, and the

dear Lord Chief J. kept on making *such* funny little remarks! Pretending, you know, not to understand anything about racing, when everybody feels that he is a thorough old sportsman! I was rather sorry I had not brought my "work" with me; but a friend of mine—such a clever young lady—had got her Sketch-book with her, and took likenesses of *all* the witnesses! She finished by drawing Mr. Lockwood, who, *everyone* says, is so clever with his penicil. If he sketched her, I am sure it must have made a pretty picture, because he seemed to be so pleased at attraacting *such* attention!

If the Lord Chief Justice would let us bring a camera into Court, we could have *great* fun! Now, dear *Mr. Punch*, pray don't forget about the C. C. C., and, believe me to be, always yours sincerely,
Horrorsfield, Gloomshire.

EMILY DE CHATTERBOX-PRY.



RETURN OF PALMY ITALIAN OPERATIC DAYS.

Archie. "I SAY, FRED! QUITE REMINDS ONE OF OLD TIMES, EH?"

and the sitting to end in Count Out. Jeke spoiled by Members rushing in from dining-room, "their mouths full of cabbage and contradiction," as SYDNEY SMITH said of HALLAM when he came upon him at a dinner-party. Later, SAUNDERSON got on. Made things more lively. Colonel been a nuisance all night to Members sitting near him with his subdued cries of "Whirloo!" and his twirling a lead-pencil round in his fingers, as if it were a shillelagh. Couldn't hold him in any longer. So, at Eleven o'Clock, took off his coat, stepped down on to floor before Irish Members, and for space of an hour walked up and down, trailing his coat; shouted at the Irishmen at top of his voice; answered back with shrieks and yells. Quite a pity when mid-night struck, and Debate stood adjourned.

Business done.
—Vote of Censure moved.

Wednesday,
1 A.M.—Over at last Division bell ringing; Members, recovering from comatose state, staggering out into division lobbies as men half-dazed. What a night we've had to be sure! O'BRIEN began it with speech an hour long. Better have been forty minutes. But mercifully moderate compared with what followed. CHAPLIN, not to be outdone by Irish Member, spoke for ever an hour; then GLADSTONE for an hour and forty minutes. Next thin end of the GEDGE modestly inserted during blank dinner-hour. Then BALFOUR for two hours and ten minutes; and, finally, SEXTON, for as long as House would listen to him.

HARTINGTON spent miserable time for last forty-eight hours with speech laboriously prepared. HARCOURT sat on Front Bench all night big with impromptus, packed to his boots with repartees. Wind Bag SEXTON appeared on scene with his perpetual smile of ineffable scorn, his illimitable waste of words. HARTINGTON and HARCOURT mutually resolved to sacrifice their speeches. SEXTON sure to go on till morning. And he did.

Pleased beyond measure with himself. So wrapped up in charms of own eloquence didn't notice that BALFOUR after first three-quarters of an hour had slunk away. Went on with same irritating everlasting smile, pointing finger of scorn at unoffending OLD MORALITY, who had incautiously dropped in Chief Secretary's vacant seat.

Speech of the evening decidedly O'BRIEN'S; volcanic in its energy; vitriolic in its bitterness; irresistible in its marshalling of facts and arguments; bold and felicitous in its illustrations. Pity the greater part of it was delivered at top of his voice, creating circle of stone deafness within immediate area. Gestures terrific, and dangerous to personal safety of Members sitting underneath. But speech finely conceived, inimitably phrased, good enough to compensate for these remedial drawbacks.

"Erin-go-Bragh!" cried PLUNKET, momentarily falling into his native tongue, in admiration of compatriot's native eloquence. "Splendid! But reminds me of what CURRAN said of GRATTAN, that he used to scrape the ground with his knuckles as he bowed in speaking, and thanked God he had no peculiarities of gesture."

Business done.—Vote of Censure rejected by 366 votes against 273.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Doctor GRANDOLPH, D.C.L., turned up. Not been here much since Degree conferred on him. Rather expected



"Whirloo!"



"No gestures!"

he'd appear in cap and gown. But same now as when he was General GRANDOLPH, V.C., or Lord High Admiral GRANDOLPH, K.C.B. Medesty still his guiding star. Dropped in quietly, and, as far as possible, unobserved. Channel Tunnel Debate on. GLADSTONE supported Second Reading of Bill. A little awkward that Doctor GRANDOLPH should be shareholder in concern. But trifles in the way of logical difficulties never insuperable. When he became a shareholder was in private capacity. In opposing scheme in Commons he appears as a Statesman. GLADSTONE takes other side. Delightful to see Dr. GRANDOLPH gently shaking ferrule at Old Boy; laments his deficiency of knowledge respecting military and naval matters. On the whole not in bloodthirsty mood. Old Boy let off very gently.

Early evidence of the Doctor's new erudition displayed in lavish quotation. Taken a leaf out of OLD MORALITY'S copybook. "Let well alone," observed the Doctor just now, with look of supernatural wisdom. "Better is the enemy of Good," he added, by way of peroration.

"Yes," said OLD MORALITY, unusually moved by this audacious incursion on his copyhold, "and Imitation is the sincerest Flattery."

Bill thrown out by rattling majority. But WATKIN not a bit disheartened.

"Wonderful man!" said the G. O. M. "Fancy I shall live to make him a Peer yet. Dever Pierage of course. Shall suggest the title Lord TANDEL-CHUNNEL."

Business done.—Channel Tunnel Bill rejected by 307 Votes against 165.

Thursday.—Lively debate on Sunday Closing Clause of Local Government Bill. Government propose to drop it. HARCOURT, who might have slated Clause had Government stuck to it, new protests it is best part of the Bill. Can't part with it on any account. Incidentally birches CAINE. Ring immediately cleared. Heavy weights, about same height, and fairly matched. Conversation most edifying.

"Yah!" cries HARCOURT.—"Boo!" says CAINE.

"Get 'plung with yer Barrow!" says HARCOURT.

"Uncle Pumblechook," roars CAINE, who is a student of *Punch*.

"Where did you borrow your Latin grammar?" jeers HARCOURT.

"Political lurcher!" cries Member for Barrow, and HARCOURT retires with this brand of CAINE red on his massive brow.

WILFRID LAWSON gave genial turn to debate by dropping into familiar Latin quotation. Turned out, to amusement of House, that in this respect WILFRID'S strong point is quality not quantity. *Timæo Danãos et dona ferentes*, was his way of putting it.

"The long and short of it is——" said WILFRID, summing up.

"That you put the long where the short ought to be," said BRYCE.

But WILFRID not to be daunted. Immediately after dragged in another, even more familiar, tag.

"*Cave canem!*" he said, looking at CAINE.

"That's Dog Latin, eh, TOBY?" said HENRY JAMES.

Business done.—Licensing Clauses omitted from Local Government Bill. In this way we're getting along quite nicely with the Bill.

House of Lords, Friday.—Our Only General at it again. WEMYSS made a back for him, with wery Resolution raising question of National Defences. Our Only took it flying, jumping on GEORGE HAMILTON, whom he accused of making "wild, extravagant, misleading statements on subject of vital importance to nation." The Dook to the front again, apologising for having created scare, and explaining away his intentions.

"Fact is, TOBY," he said, when it was over, "it's my personal appearance that's against me. Can't help looking warlike and fierce. My martial bearing strikes terror into casual observer. I must dissemble." WEMYSS'S Motion utterly ignored in course of debate. Nobody said word for it, or against it. So Lords, always, polite, made up for slight by accepting it.

Business done.—Local Government Bill in Commons.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF, with variations,—as may be seen in the *Wood v. Cox* case. What will remain in men's minds long after other details of the trial have been forgotten will be the Duke of PORTLAND'S confidentially free-and-easy communication, which, like Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S celebrated Epistle in the "Papal Aggression" time, will be known as "The Durham Letter."

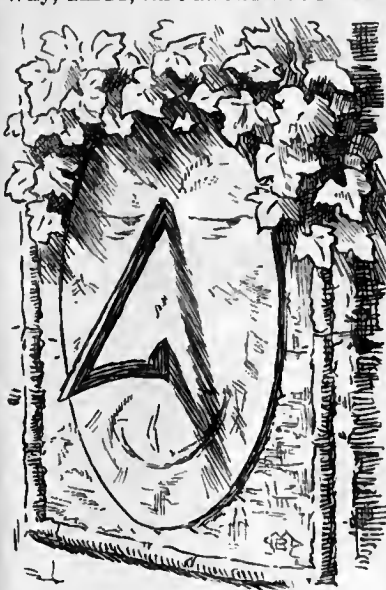
CON. FOR CASUISTS.—If "the Receiver is as bad as the Thief," as proverbially affirmed, is it less "scandalously irregular" to buy a "surreptitiously obtained official document" than to sell it?

THE PRUSSIAN DIET.—German Sausages.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A WATER-PICNIC.

Miss Fritilla Papillon (arriving at landing-stage with her brother). Why, TEDDY, isn't that STELLA CINNERSHAW?



Mr. Papillon (dissembling his rapture). Is it? I daresay.

[Looks carelessly about, and wishes he had had a new ribbon put on his straw.

Mr. Peticure (elderly, but of youthful exterior, who has undertaken the control of the expedition). Then we're all here now? I've told them to get the boats ready. I thought we'd just pull quietly up to Eelbuck Island, land there, and have our picnic and—and what not, and drift comfortably down in time for the last up-train, eh?

[General Chorus of "Delightful!" "Charming!" &c.

Miss Manley (observing Mr. BUNCOMBE'S elaborately aquatic attire). I needn't ask if you are going to row.

Mr. Bunc. (modestly). Oh, if I'm wanted. But they seem to have nothing but

fixed seats in these boats. I've got so used to a slider.

Mr. Papillon (who has been making some highly artful arrangements on his own account, coming up to Miss CINNERSHAW). I—er—think you're in my boat, Miss CINNERSHAW?

Miss C. (with a sweet smile). Oh, am I? Then we'd better be getting in, hadn't we?

Peticure (arriving at the exact moment when Mr. PAPILLION, overjoyed at his success, is handing Miss C. into boat). Here—here, stop a bit—let me see, PAPILLION, you're going to stroke, eh? Very well. DEFADDER bow. Miss MOULE steering. Capital!—but Miss STELLA? No, no, that won't do—can't spare you; must have you in with us!

Miss C. (with, if possible, a still sweeter smile). Must you? Oh, very well.

Pett. And, PAPILLION, I'll put somebody else in Miss STELLA'S place. Ah, Miss SQUEAMS; (in an undertone) nice chatty girl—you don't mind about looks, I know. That's all right, then, you're settled!

GOING UP-STREAM.

Miss Moule (to Mr. PAPILLION, who is rowing with the gloom of a galley-slave). There's nothing more delightful, don't you think, than an excursion on the water? It's the right string you pull when you want to go to the left, isn't it? I never can remember! And there's a barge or a steamer coming.

[Mr. P. just conquers temptation to leave her to exercise her own discretion.

In the Second Boat.

Mrs. Ballast. Trim the boat, Mr. RULLOCKS! Now, what a pretty poetical idea of yours! But you must wait till we get to some water-lilies.

In the Third Boat.

Miss Manley (stroke, to Mrs. DEDWAYTE). Could you manage to keep her head a little straighter, dear?

Mrs. Dedw. I am trying as hard as I can, ATALANTA—but it will keep going to one side!

Mr. Buncombe (in a gallant manner, to Miss M.) Afraid I'm pulling you round.

Miss M. (who has been rowing with one hand for the last half-minute). Are you indeed? I didn't notice. (Mr. B. executes an elaborate backfall.) Don't apologise; I suppose you forgot you were on a fixed seat.

[Mr. B., from the bottom of the boat, is understood to attribute the accident to some peculiarity in the button of his oar.

The boat which carries Miss CINNERSHAW sweeps gaily by Mr. PAPILLION'S; Miss C. is rowing under Mr. RULLOCK'S supervision.

Mr. Rull. (with a tender patronage). Better, Miss CINNERSHAW, much better! Don't cover more than the blade of your oar, and drop your wrists at the finish—beautiful indeed!

Miss C. I shall soon get into the way of it, now I have someone to coach me properly.

Mr. P. (grinding his teeth, to Mr. DEFADDER, who is inserting an oar in the water placidly at intervals). Shall we—er—quicken up a bit, Sir?

Mr. Def. Eh? Rest a bit? By all means, by all means!

[He eases.

Miss Papillon (playfully, from Miss C.'s boat, as it rapidly recedes). Goodbye, TEDDY, dear, don't overtake yourself!

[He hears her voice from afar informing Miss C. that poor TEDDY is getting quite round-shouldered.

Miss Squeams. Don't let us hurry, Mr. PAPILLION, it's so much nicer to glide gently along. And by-and-by, when we get to a quiet part, I want you to teach me how to row. I've so often wished to learn, but I'm such a dreadful coward in a boat—with most people!

ON THE ISLAND.

Mr. Papillon (after landing, and finding himself close to Miss CINNERSHAW). I hope (huskily) you had a pleasant row?

Miss C. Oh, delightful! I rowed part of the way, and then Mr. RULLOCKS and I towed.

Miss Fritilla (to her brother, archly). TEDDY, how disgracefully you behaved with that Miss SQUEAMS—we saw you!

[Mr. P. thinks people ought to know better than invite a fellow with his sister to this sort of thing.

Mr. Pett. (to numerous private inquiries). It's no good—we can't do anything till BUNCOMBE'S boat comes up; they've got the champagne, and the knives, and all the plates—and they're not in sight yet!

Mr. P. (making a second approach to Miss C.). I don't think this party has been very well managed.

Miss C. Oh, don't you? I thought Mr. PETTICURE arranged everything so beautifully!

[Mr. P. is about to explain what he considers were errors of judgment, as Mr. PETTICURE comes up with an immense bunch of grasses.

Mr. Pett. (with the air of an authority on costume). I've been wondering all the morning what it was your hat wanted to make it absolute perfection, Miss STELLA! Allow me—one moment—there... (he fastens bunch into her hat) charming—charming!

[Miss C. submits as sweetly as ever.

Mr. Pap. (indignantly, as Mr. PETTICURE ambles off). But you don't approve of that, surely!

Miss C. Oh, no—it's hideous, but I can't take them out very well now, can I?

[Mr. P. is about to express his sense of her angelic consideration—when his sister intervenes as usual.

Miss Fritilla. Now, TEDDY, I want to talk to STELLA very particularly. Go and make yourself useful with the hampers, or there's poor Miss SQUEAMS all alone there!

Mr. BUNCOMBE'S boat arrives an hour late, with Miss MANLEY and Mrs. DEDWAYTE in shocking bad tempers, as he has volunteered to steer, and broken two sculls getting into a lock: B. is as serenely pleased with himself as ever, and says the Conservators ought to make the lock entrances wider.

Miss Squeams (to Mr. PAPILLION). I thought Mr. BUNCOMBE was such a "crack oar," as you call it?

Mr. Papillon (who is feeling misanthropic). I don't know what you expected—but he's smashed two already.

AFTER THE PICNIC.

Mr. PETTICURE is secretly depressed because a young man in a burst of effusion has wished that he had a father like him. Several Ladies "think they felt a spot of rain." Packing begins in confusion.

Pett. (coming up to PAPILLION). Look here, we must make some alterations going back. Miss MANLEY'S very anxious to get back as soon as possible—so's Miss CINNERSHAW.

Pap. (trying to repress his delight). Yes? and you want me to,—eh?

Pett. Exactly, old fellow, to take Miss ATALANTA MANLEY'S place in BUNCOMBE'S boat.

Pap. And—er—how's Miss CINNERSHAW going?

Pett. Oh, in my boat—it's the fastest; with Miss STELLA and Miss MANLEY, and RULLOCKS, rowing randan, we can drop down in no time, and take some of the old people on with us—you and BUNCOMBE can manage without a cox, I daresay.

OUTSIDE THE STATION.

Bunc. There's plenty of time, I tell you. What's the matter with you? You've been as grumpy as a pig all the way down. I told you I didn't feel up to doing much work coming back. Of course I shouldn't have run into the bank if I'd seen where I was going; but, after all, the damage to the boat won't come to much, between us, and it didn't delay us half an hour! What, just missed the last train? Well, I thought it was rather a forlorn hope—but your sister will be all right, you know. And you and I, old chap, must keep up one another's spirits at the Hotel, eh?

[PAPILLION, who has been reckoning on the railway journey as his last chance, is incapable of replying.

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 8.



THE BICENTENARY OF THE ARMADA.

Captain Charles Beresford. "GADSO! BELAY! AND AVAST HEAVING! MY DEAR EYES! THE ENEMY'S IN SIGHT!!!"
Drake Hamilton. "IFAKINS! AND BY MY HALIDOM! BUT WE WILL FINISH OUR LITTLE GAME FIRST!"

THE NEW ARMADA

AND THE NICE LITTLE GAME OF DUCKS-AND-DRAKES.

(As it might have been written in the picturesque and patriotic pages of a new "Westward Ho!")

If the reader were a student of political men and machinery, he would have found few more curious companies on whom to exercise

his discernment than he might have seen in the little terrace bowling-green on this afternoon of July. Chatting in groups or lounging over the low wall, as though on the riverside terrace at St. Stephens, were gathered many notable men—and some less than notable—of the British Senate, the *posse comitatus* of England's (more-or-less) worthies.

See those five talking fleeringly in a ring. Those sleepy eyes, that pointed chin you recognise already; they are A—r B—r's. The

pug-faced young man in the cutaway garment, who eyes A—r B—r so equivocally, is his old friend and leader, Lord C—L; opposite to them stands, by the side of Lord H—N, a man as stately even as he, A—r B—r's uncle, Lord S—Y, of H—d, Premier of England. But who is that plausible and apologetic-looking personage playing at bowls with S—E, yonder? A pretty patrician stamp of man; yet the whole figure and attitude of him wanting in determination, self-possession, energy; and when he speaks a multitude of words with scant meaning of a satisfactory sort, all eyes look doubtfully upon him—for his name is Lord G—E H—N.

But he plays the game as one that loveth it, hugging the bowl caressingly, as a miser his money-bag, and eyeing the "jaek" as keenly as an angler eyeth his bobbing float when a big fish is nibbling thereat, and the reel is empty, and supper-time draweth nigh, and the inner man speaketh sharply forth in favour of grill and goblet. Verily, 'tis a little game, this British Bowls, that a man loveth not so much in proportion to his patriotism as to—well, other considerations that need scarce be set down in detail here. Skill thereat, like unto success on the Stock Exchange or in the juggling diplomacies of parchment and protocol, argueth little for a man's merit as citizen, state-servant, or patriot.

"A murrain on it!" muttereth one standing by, a small but sturdy and striking-looking personage, with ultra-aquiline beak, and back adorned with a sort of decorative jib-boom, "Here be fellows calling themselves Supervisors of Her Majesty's Services, yet are they playing, as it were, ducks and drakes in the day of danger. A petty game, and an unpatriotic. Blurt for them, sneak-ups! say I. I share old Admiral HAWKINS'S scorn of croakers. As the outspoken Admiral hath it, 'These same beggarly croakers be only fit to be turned into yellow-hammers up to Dartmoor, and sit on a tor all day, and cry, "Very little bit of bread, and no chee-e-se!"' Many alarmist scribes and factious ex-officials there be whom I should rejoice to see served incontinently in such sort. The yowling yellow-hammers only so cry what time they are out in the cold. Snug-nested, and safely perched, they pipe rose-water optimism of a shallow sort every whit as pernicious, in its own foolish way, as the frog-like cacophony of the croakers. P'figs, were I Admiral of the Fleet, with such marsh-murmurers and parrot-prattlers on board, I'd hang the whole herd of them as high as HAMAN, if they didn't clap tompons in their muzzles pretty fast. Marry, sneak-up, say I again. But for this same game pitiful with British bullion for bowls, and British honour for stake, I hold that no true man— But who cometh here now?"

"Captain C—E B—D, as I'm a sinner."
"Is the fellow mazed or drunk, then? or has he seen a ghost? Look to mun!"
"I think so, truly," said H—N. "His eyes are near out of his head."

The man was a rough, rollicking, beardless young scadog, who had just burst in from the tavern through the low hatch, upsetting a drawer with all his glasses, and now came panting and blowing up to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

"My Lord, my Lord! They're coming! I saw them off the Lizard last night."

"Who? my good Sir, who seem to have left all your manners behind you."

"The Armada, your Lordship,—the enemy! But as for my manners, 'tis no fault of mine, for, as manners count among Party popinjays, I never had none to leave behind me."

"What wilt drink, man?" said the first bowl-player, blandly.

"First Lord H—N, First Lord H—N, this is no time for bowls,—whether for toping or throwing!" cried the eagle-beaked bystander aforementioned.

"Why not, then, my PUNCHUS? Come S—E, we'll play our nice little game out before we move. It will be twelve good months before we can be fit to tackle them, so an odd half-hour can't matter."

"I must command the help of your counsel, First Lord," said Lord CHARLES, turning to H—N.

"And it's this, my good Lord," said H—N, looking up as he aimed his bowl, "How slow soever they come, they'll come far too fast for us to be aught like ready; so let no man vainly hurry himself. And, as example is better than precept, here goes!"



THRIFT.

Highlander (he had struck his foot against a "stone"). "PHEW-TS!—E-EH WHAT A DING MA PUIR BUT WAD A GETTEN IF A'D HAD IT ON!"

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE ;

OR, WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED UP TO DATE.

HER MAJESTY'S ironclad, *Staggerer*, having yesterday taken her crew on board with a view to joining in the forthcoming Naval Demonstration, but being still unprovided with her guns, it was determined, before she started, to test her capabilities of offence as a war-ship by a little preliminary "ramming" practice. The harbour being crowded at the time, afforded a favourable opportunity for essaying the test in question. The operation, which appeared to create some surprise among the local shipping, was in every way successful, a passenger steamer, several yachts, three or four colliers, and a steam-dredger being in turn all sent to the bottom in a remarkably short space of time by the *Staggerer* accomplishing its task with perfect facility, as it made several vigorous and unexpected runs up and down the wreck-strewn water. It is rumoured that the incident will probably form the basis of an official inquiry.

A rather serious accident is reported as having occurred yesterday afternoon on board Her Majesty's belted cruiser *Perambulator*. It appears that the Purser's Mate having dropped a three-penny bit in the magazine, incautiously entered it with a lighted candle, and letting a spark fall on the fifteen tons of powder stored there, ignited the whole, with the result of blowing out the ship's bottom, and otherwise seriously disabling her. It is said that the occurrence will, in all probability, form the subject-matter of an official inquiry.

Last evening, the turret-ship *Boot-jack*, while slipping her cables for the night, suddenly headed on towards the ironclad *Magog*, and as she was bearing down on her, the order to "go ahead at full speed" having by some unaccountable mischance been given instead of that to "go astern," an inevitable collision was the result. The *Magog* had an entire watertight compartment stove in, while the whole of the bows of the *Boot-jack* were carried clean away, and both of the vessels were towed inshore in a sinking condition by the rest of the Fleet. It is reported that the untoward *contretemps* will very likely afford material for an official inquiry.

Last night there was again the usual collision in the dark among the torpedo boats, and three more went to the bottom. It is rumoured that the affair will shortly become the subject-matter of an official inquiry.

ROBERT AT THE ACADEMY.

No. 26. Ah, I'm not at all surprized at the gorgeous but disgusted Footman looking quite ashamed at having to carry the Baby's Nore's Ark from the Stores! or that all the pore peeples as is a buying their wittles and drink shood look so estonished at the meanness of the grand Carridge Peeples, and all jest to save a paltry sixpense or so.



No. 288. The Ghost of a Patient.

As usual, No. 198, Sir R. HANSON, Bart., X-Lord Mare, carries off the Parm Tree. What a costoom! how all the other sillybreties hides their diminished heds and looks the other way at sight of his Jubilee Robes. His late Lordship seems about to say, "Bless you, my people!"

No. 348. Well, I do like cheek! The idear of saying as Sent Martin's Church is in the fields! when we all knows, speshally all raddicles, as it's in Trafalgar Square. But the hutter ignorance of sum hartists in many well-known matters is sunthink ardy creddible.

No. 360. The young couple as is having of their nice little bit of chat, had better look sharp about it, for the old Lady, as pertends to be asleep, has evidently got one eye open.

No. 364 is called "the Garden of Eden," so praps I had better leave it to my reader's emagenashun, for I reelly haven't the imperance to elude to it farther than to say, that if that sort of thing had continued, I don't see how on airth we could have found employment for the wurking classes.

ROBERT.



No. 139. "Tria Juneta in Uno."

"QUITE A LITTLE (ROMAN) HOLIDAY."

(A Page from History, more or less remote.)

THE day for the Triumph of TITUS had arrived. It had been delayed for a season, as it had been desired (to quote a print of the period) "that the Italian Exhibition, *per se*, should first 'win its spurs' on its own merits." Again to refer to the same authority, "it had done so, and the Colosseum was opened with a view to give Englishmen some idea of Ancient Roman Sports and Pastimes in a more realistic form than had ever been previously attempted." And, to more fully carry out this intention, the Directors of the "spurred" (and possibly "booted") Exhibition, made a charge, varying from sixpence to 36s., to those Members of the British Public who desired to avail themselves of the boon thus generously offered to them.

The Colosseum itself had a strange appearance. One-half of it was filled with a motionless audience of persons in the costume of Ancient Rome, while the other moiety contained a few languid spectators, garbed in the costume appertaining to the elose (or rather clothes) of the Nineteenth Century. There was a flourish of trumpets, followed by music, in an orchestra of exceptionally early Romans, whose instruments, however, were of far more recent date, and then the Triumph of TITUS commenced.

First came a line of Roman Guards, whose helmets were brave with coloured worsted. They were succeeded by rows (fully ten men to every one of them) of Etruscans, Gauls, Legionaries, and Pretorians. They, in their turn, were followed by Gladiators, "Young Gladiators" (who seemed well qualified to accept engagements of a Terpsichorean character), Lictors, and many others. Then came the Emperor and Empress standing (somewhat unsteadily) in a chariot, remarkable chiefly for an entire absence of springs. They were succeeded by more "Young Gladiators," Consuls, Vestals (judiciously veiled), Matrons (seemingly not many years older than their imme-

diate predecessors), and Slaves. It was a motley throng, and one that certainly gave to Englishmen "some idea of Ancient Roman Sports and Pastimes in a more realistic form than had ever been previously attempted." And as the beholders came to this conclusion they murmured to themselves, "So it is written in the programme—good old programme!"

TITUS and his illustrious Consort having taken their places in a sort of roomy and draughty private box, the Sports and Pastimes commenced. First there were "wrestling bouts" that gave not only an excellent idea of Ancient Rome, but also an admirable recollection of modern everywhere else. Then followed foot-races that were as full of local colouring as the "wrestling bouts." These over, and the "gladiatorial combats" commenced. They were certainly peculiar, especially a contest set down in the official programme as "the Roman Quintet." Not surprisngly, the quintet consisted of five men—a gentleman with a sword and four warriors in helmets, shields and weapons all complete. The gentleman with the sword (who wore the unpretending costume of an acrobat) for a while indulged in a fight of two to music which fight of two gave some idea of the combats once popular in the minor theatres of the mighty Metropolis. Wearying of this, he produced a second sword, and, still to music, engaged in a contest with all four of the warriors, frequently waltzing about in their midst. This eccentric behaviour apparently caused the warriors to die of fright, and consequently left the acrobat master of the field, and ready to receive a wreath from the Emperor as a token of his victory.

The "gladiatorial combats" were followed by some chariot-races that rather suggested the idea that the animals engaged therein might possibly belong to that useful breed of steeds known to the moderns as "wild omnibus horses." Then came a contest between "the net and trident," which caused less awe than merriment. Ultimately one of the gladiators was wounded, and appealing in vain to three vestals of substantial proportions, who indulged in "police *verso*," for mercy, was done to death. Then it was that his conqueror tried to drag him out of the arena. For some time the dead man was motionless, but the journey being a long one, his legs ultimately became revived, and obligingly assisted in the rest of his lifeless form's removal.

After this came—to quote the programme—benevolent and ancient document!—"the teaching of the Young Gladiators." This instruction proved to be a dancing lesson, and "the Young Gladiators," to judge from their *physique*, might have taken part in the days of their youth in a Burlesque at the Gaiety or a Ballet at the Alhambra. More "Ancient Roman Sports and Pastimes" followed, and then, with a grand processional march, the Triumph of TITUS ended, never to be seen again, save at the hours of "4 and 8'30, wet or dry, daily." And as the small crowd of languid spectators dispersed, one of the more languid (thinking of the Wild West and the Paris Hippodrome of a bygone day) murmured to himself, "Wet or dry"—well-beloved and antiquated announcement!—again and again, "good old programme!"

GRAND PROSPECTS FOR "STUFFING BOYS."

MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE's an amusing witness before the Sweating Commissioners, who have all had a good deal taken out of them during the past muggy weather. He is reported to have said, on Thursday last—

"A boy who was engaged in stuffing could rise to any position in the commercial world."

Whereupon somebody among the audience shouted out, "No!" which interruption evoked a rebuke from the Chairman. Then MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE explained how he had meant that

"The boy could rise to any position as a stuffer."

And this correction of MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE's—(name altered for the occasion)—was received with "laughter." But wasn't he perfectly right at first? What better training could there be for the honourable position of an Alderman,—which counts for something in the commercial world,—than a course of "stuffing"? And as a "stuffer," if he only stuffed enough, he might at last rise to be a good old-fashioned English Mayor of the traditional type. For these are degenerate days. We haven't had a stout Lord Mayor for some years; there's scarcely a portly Alderman to be found in the whole Court, and not a nose of any importance worthy of the Ward of fine old crusted Portsoken. No Blunder, MAPLE, but you're absolutely right; and if an improvement can be introduced into the City breed of Mayors, the Sweating Commissioners will not have sat, and MR. MAPLE's evidence on "stuffing boys" will not have been given, in vain. The problem, "What to do with our Boys," is solved. Make them "stuffing Boys"; and, like other boys, they have only to "crum" sufficiently, to be able to rise—(sounds difficult for any boy "stuffed" or "crammed")—to any position in the commercial world, and become worthy members of the Big Corporation and full-sized Lord Mayors.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

GUIDE-BOOKS at this time of year are our principal reading. MURRAY come up! or in this instance, BLACK come up! as he is first in the field, though the field is, just now, likely to be uncommonly sloppy. Where shall we go? I look wistfully at *Black's Ireland*. Don't like the association: Ireland's black enough just now; but "dark's the hour before the dawn," and we'd prefer to go in broad daylight. Here's *Black's Guide to the Isle of Wight*. Worth knowing, this. *Black's Wight*—for once. Delightful short trip. Yorkshire is the next "Black" Country that's out, and after that Derbyshire.

Why not for once and away try the Home remedies provided at Harrogate, or Buxton, instead of Aix and Homburg? You will find the merits set forth in Black—and white. Give the "Continong" a rest for a bit. "Better," says the village Hamlet, "to bear the aches you have, than fly to others (Aix in Savoy, Aix in Germany) that you know quite enough of." I have been there, and still wouldn't go,—not except upon compulsion. As for the seaside, well, the best air anywhere is to be got in the Isle of Thanet (which doesn't want Home Rule at present, and is perfectly satisfied with a decreased majority against it) whether you go to Blushing Birchington-on-Sea, to the Wild Westgate, to Merry Margate, Baby Broadstairs, or Refreshing Ramsgate.

The GERMAN REEDS have a lively entertainment just now, entitled *Wanted an Heir*—to which I reply, "The Air of Thanet is all you can possibly want." But there are more seashores than one to this question, and Black's move on the board is Whitby, Bridlington, and Scarborough, the first being far and away—well, it is "far," and a considerable "way" from London—the best. The Tourist must not forget to take *Tracked Out* with him. The title is suggestive of a guide-book, but it isn't anything in that line. It is a sensational shilling novel, written by ARTHUR A BECKETT, who is the author of *Fallen among Thieves*, *The Ghost of Greystone Grange*, *The Mystery of Mostyn Manor*, and who will, no doubt, in due time produce *Picked up among Pickpockets*, *The Filtered Phantom of Felkirk's Folly*, and *The Crime of Cricklewood Creek*. It is midnight, and I have just opened the book. The lights burn blue. To bed! To bed! To bed! Hark! Who's that knocking at the door? * * * Yours, from under the bed-clothes,

THE BRAVE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

A MUSIC SCORE.

Tuesday.—*Un Ballo in Maschera*. Fairly good all round, as a *Ballo* ought to be. JEAN DE RESZKÉ plays splendidly. Good point that of his, making a pause just before "E Scherzo." "I think MARIO used to do it," says ALFR-D W-TS-N, who wanted to follow the score closely, but, having so many sporting and dramatic things to think of, has brought a volume of the Badminton Library by mistake. "Very annoying," he says, "but between Acts can read the Duke of BEAUFORT's preface; always amuses me,—nearly as good as first chapter of *Pickwick*." "DE RESZKÉ's first-rate in 'E Scherzo,' eh?" says H-R-CE P-RQ-H-R, appealing to H.R.H.'s Attorney-General. "First-rate!" returns the Attorney; "reminds me of a chap in some burlesque who used to sing, 'Let Dogs delight to Bark and Bite' to the same tune. Went wonderfully, begad." "I remember," observes Lord R-V-LST-KE, "it was in a classical burlesque—Gods and Goddesses—all the Olympians." At this moment Lord L-TH-M looks into the Omnibus Box, but catching the word "Olympians" withdraws.

M. LASSALLE rather cold, but warms up for "Eri tu," which, it strikes me, he sings to perfection. "That's a pretty compliment to the audience," observes a gallant Major A.D.C. to Mr. ALFR-D, who smiles sweetly, but remembers something similar having been said by SYDNEY SMITH, and glides away from vicinity of the Major. ARNOLDSON's face and voice both pretty. Madame ROLLA not so effective here as she was when representing one of the *Don Giovanni's* easy victims, not quite such a Rollaking part. SCALCHI, as *Ulrica*, of course,—where would *Un Ballo* be without SCALCHI? "Where, indeed!" sighs the composer who writes under the name of WALTER AUSTIN (and for a very good reason); "but," he adds, kindly, "if SCALCHI only had a few lessons from me, you'd see what an *Ulrica* she'd be!" *Mise-en-scène* unexceptionable. Total,—good; but not the best thing this Season.

Wednesday.—Day out for Operatic Birds. DRURIOLANUS gives grand "Three o'Clock" at St. James's Hall. Goes "like One o'Clock." ALBANI, NORDICA, RAVELLI, & Co.

Thursday.—"Guglielmo," or our old friend "William" Tell. Big House. "Bless my dear eyes! what, William!" exclaims Lord CHARLES, and splits a pair of brand-new white kids when applauding the grand trio and magnificent chorus at the end of Second Act. He knew it would be a success. "Sure, didn't I 'Tell' you so?" says the Deputy Judge Advocate General to DRURIOLANUS, who

is beaming again at the appearance of an entirely new set of ballet costumes worn by Merry Swiss Girls, Merry Swiss Boys, and a novel array of Bounding Swiss Beefeaters. "Can't be Swiss Beefeaters," objects C-MPB-LL CL-RKE, who lives on the Continent, and knows more of Switzerland than most people would imagine; "must be Goateaters."

Then he whispers in my ear, "*Je pars pour Paris demain*—beg pardon—I mean I'm off to Parry to-morrow; give you my idea of the political situation,—little sketch—when this you see, remember me," and he bestows this upon me as parting gift.



France. "Mate!"
Dérouté and Boulanger. "Not yet. We have another move!"

Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Little Jemmi*. Might as well put "Little BIL-LEE," into Italian Opera. As a matter of fact, "Big BILLEE" is in it, being *Guglielmo* himself, played by LASSALLE. What a pair of conspirators, EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ as *Walter* (not of *The Times*, but of this Opera), and LASSALLE as *William*! Both "very fine and large." Little ARNOLDO (M. PRÉVOST) shouts his loudest against them, but he's only "a mealy-mouthed constitutional Leader," only a foolish O'DONNELL or a mildly genial JUSTIN M'CARTHY against the gigantic SWISS PARNELL and DAVITT, "nobly struggling to be free." This is an Opera that Floral HALL enjoys. He looks upon *Guglielmo Tell* as a Home Rule work, and wishes the G.O.M. were here, instead of gardening-partying at Dollis Hill. "Dollis," says the Floral One, very much in earnest, "sounds too like *Marionettes*, but here's the real thing." "Ah," sighs S-TU-RL-ND EDW-RDS, who remembers the pally, and the GRISI, days, "compared with MARIO, all modern tenors are but *Marionettes*"—and down this goes in his note-book, in which, like *Count Smorltork*, he is collecting material for his next new book to be entitled, *Changing Tenors*, a companion to his latest *Prima Donna* in two vols.

Act First ends with the excited exit of EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ and DE VASCHETTI going out tobogganing, and disappearing down a steep incline. Act Second ends magnificently. Act Third ends noisily. The pippin has been shot off little JEMMY BAUERMEISTER-SINGER's head, and when presented to Grim Gessler (Signor MIRANDA), the Tyrant of the Tyrol, proves to be an apple of discord. Act IV. An apple—no, an appeal to the Cantons—"Suez moi!" by ARNOLD, who, with a sword, goes through ARNOLD's exercises, rescues The Grand Old WILLIAM, saves the boy, is married to MATILDA MCINTYRE, a Scotch Italian—(same sort of family combination as The Scotch Italian, McIAVELLI)—who has done what was expected of her in first-rate style. So in *Guglielmo Tell*, or the Story of the Apple, all ends Apple-ly, as it ought to do. Don't think *Tell* a heavy Opera, not as done here to-night: full of life,—"*Tell est la vie*. Too long; not life, but Opera.

Saturday.—Considerable excitement to hear new *Carmen*. Everybody here, and very soon Everybody likes Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN. Gallant and far-from-Rustic SWAINE, Major A.D.C., says, with best French accent, "Can't have *trop de Zélie* here." Applause. After First Act *bosquets*, not bouquets, carried up on to stage. Out of one of these Pretty *Prima Donna* wrenches flowering shrub, as a Reward for RAVELLI, the Reliable. After Second Act, same business with Signor MANCINELLI, who receives small tree for his good conducting and for his knowledge of music in all its branches. Too much of this Floral Tributing. Occurring so frequently, it looks like a "regular plant." Brilliant House and brilliant performance. *Toréador* DRURIOLANUS contento.

TAG FOR THE RECENT JOCKEY CASE.—"Then (Jury) Box and Cox are satisfied." (Curtain.)



THE "CENTIPEDE."

A NEW FLEXIBLE, PATENT-JOINTED, VERTEBRAL OUTRIGGER. (SEEN—AND DRAWN—BY OUR ARTIST (THE FESTIVE ONE), AFTER AN UNUSUALLY SCRUMPTIOUS LUNCH ON BOARD A HOUSE-BOAT AT HENLEY.)

OUR "MUTUAL FRIEND."

The projected visit of the Emperor of GERMANY to the Czar is (says the *Times* Paris Correspondent) "considered to be a guarantee of peace, in view of the present disposition manifested by the young Emperor, which must be accepted as sincere."

PEACE loquitur :—

Must be accepted! Well, I'm sure I'm willing

To hail the slightest reason for such trust,
Although the flaunting war-hosts Europe filling

May somewhat mar the optimistic "must";
A guarantee of Peace? I've known so many;
And who will guarantee the guarantors?
The Emperor, old or young, must be a zany
Who yearns for wanton wars.

A zany, yes! But then my ardent lovers,—
And all men are so, if you trust their words—
When my dove flies and when War's raven hovers,

Are so much given to confuse the birds.
Strange! Emperors pray for me, and poets
bless me

Most earnestly when most prepared to fight,
And those who seem most eager to caress me
Are readiest to smite.

Still, I'd fain hope that "present disposition,"
May be perpetuated. Ah, young Prince!
Of warrior-worship you've made exhibition,
Proud passion for "my Army" you evince.
Ardent, spontaneous seems that youthful
passion.

I wonder now whether your love for me
Is a soul-fervour or a mere speech-fashion.
Well, we shall shortly see.

And you, my Autocrat, austere and restless,
They say you love me with a burning love;

You would not see it wandering perchless,
nestless,

My white-winged harbinger, my gentle
dove;

The vision of the Shipka horrors hannts you?
The trump of Armageddon lures not you?

Well, if the prospect of my rule enchants you,
I hold it to your view.

The stricken sire, the aged grandsire vanished,
Here comes Germania's youthful heir and
hope.

Were War's grim spectre not securely ban-
If, not in hollow phrase or canting trope,
But in plain speech of honest men, you greeted
Me, and struck hearty hands in my defence,
Whilst down the wind War's carrion-bird
fast fled.

Death-struck by faith and sense?

Say, shall I make a third, get welcome ready?
Shall there be faithful bond between us
three?

If our accord were full, our union steady,
That would be something like a "guar-
antee."

Are you prepared to hail me, Czar and Kaiser,
"Our Mutual Friend," foe but to fight and
feud?

As counsellor and cordial sympathiser,
I hope I don't intrude!

PAN-ANGLICAN THEATRICAL AMATEUR EN-
TERTAINMENT at Lambeth Palace, for the
amusement of the assembled Bishops, when
will be performed the laughable old farce,
entitled, "To Oblige Benson."

CRUELTY TO HORSES.—Pulling and scratch-
ing them.

BAH! BAR!

Or, the Duties of a Counsel Defined by Webster.

Client. If you please, Sir, may I see you
without the intermediary of a Solicitor!

Barrister. Certainly, my dear Sir, under
certain conditions. But I will not bother you
about those for a moment. Perhaps, first,
you had better state your case?

Client. My house has been burnt to the
ground by incendiaries.

Bar. Are you quite sure?

Client. I think so. Then I have been
deprived of all my loose cash by fraudulent
trustees.

Bar. Yes! Anything else?

Client. My wife has run away, and my
children have been unjustly expelled from
school. My house is tumbling about my ears,
and I have been unreasonably deprived of my
engagement as a City clerk. And, now,
what shall I do?

Bar. Really, all this is very bad, and I
would willingly help you, if I could. But just
answer me. Is any Solicitor acting for you?

Client. No, certainly not.

Bar. So far so good. And now tell me is
any matter you have mentioned contentious
business?

Client. I can't say. That depends upon
your advice.

Bar. But I can't give it unless I know
whether you are going to fight or knock
under. But once more—are you quite sure
of the accuracy of your statements?

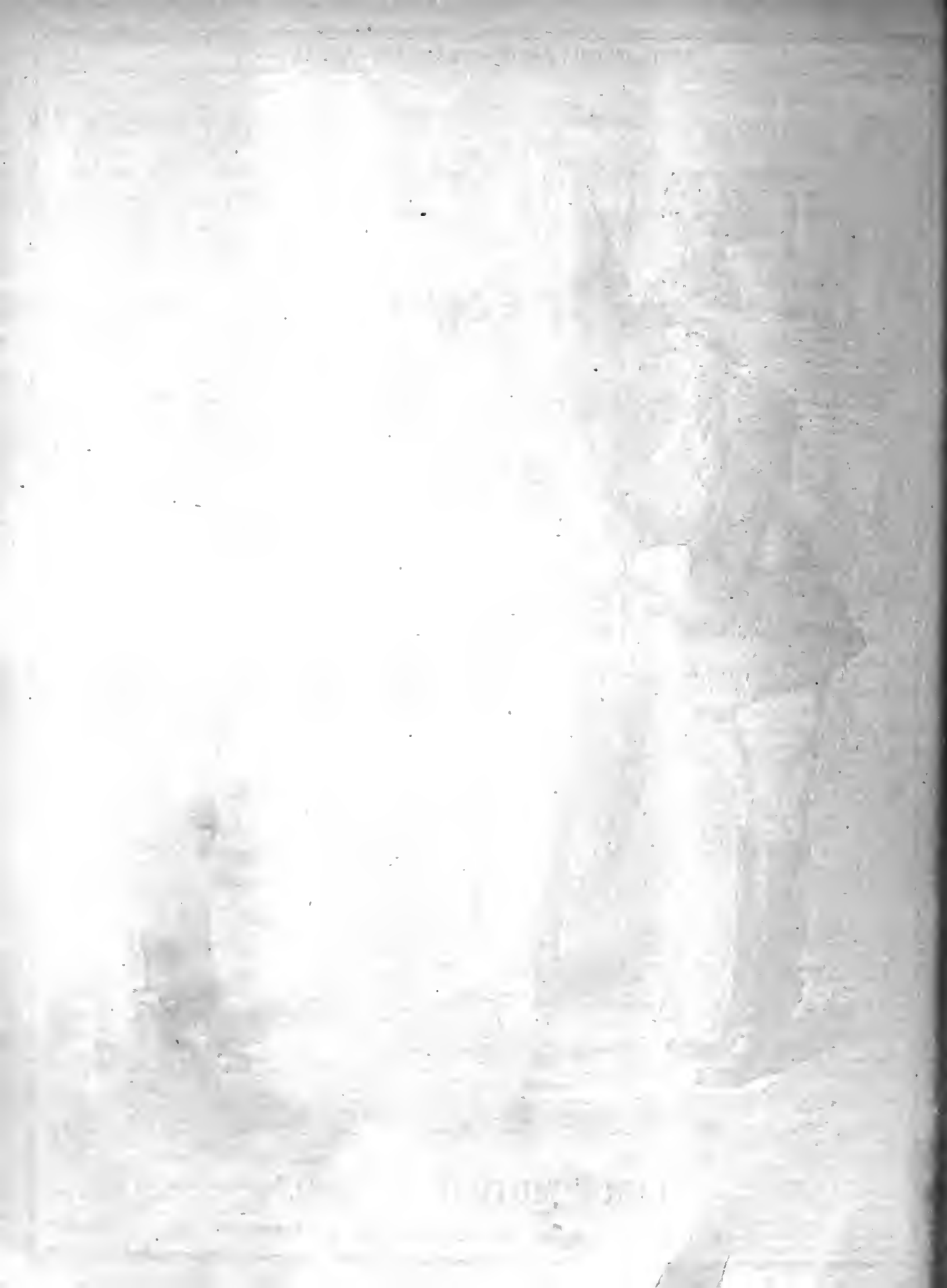
Client. Well, I suppose they are fairly true.

Bar. "Suppose" and "fairly"! That
settles it! I am afraid I must refer you to
the other branch of the profession. As you
evidently have no objection in the abstract to
lies, why, you had better consult a Solicitor!



OUR "MUTUAL FRIEND."

SPIRIT OF PEACE (to the two Emperors). "HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE!!"



HOW WE ADVERTISE NOWADAYS.



THIS LITTLE BOY HAS EATEN TOO MUCH JAM, BUT JIM JONSON'S LIVER PILLS WILL CURE HIM.

TWO P.'S, BUT UNLIKE.

Mr. Parnell. Mr. PUNCH, I believe?
Mr. Punch. Mr. PARNELL, I'm sure.
Mr. Parnell. Your manner of salutation re-assures me. We are friends?
Mr. Punch. Acquaintances.
Mr. Parnell. Mr. P., if I thought you looked upon me as the mean-spirited, sanguinary creature the *Times* would make me out, I'd—I'd—well, there now, I'd be sorry for you.
Mr. Punch. No necessity for sorrow or anger. I laugh at all that's laughable, even when it's contemptible. I assume every man's innocence until he is proved guilty beyond all possibility of doubt. Therefore I assume that you and your party are innocent of the complicity in these crimes with which you have been charged.
Mr. Parnell. And you don't believe a word of it at all, do you now? Who in his senses can believe that I, or PAT EGAN, ever wrote such trash as was put forward by the *Times*?
Mr. Punch. I am in my senses, and I say, as every judicially minded man must say, that if these letters are forgeries, if your treasurer, PAT EGAN'S, letters are, as he wrote to our friend LABBY, M.P., "villanous concoctions," then why do not you, with the Parisian PAT, and others of your party, unite, and bring an action against the *Times*?
Mr. Parnell. Why should we?
Mr. Punch. Why? Because the cause which you have at heart will gain the sympathy of all liberal-minded Englishmen, if you purge yourself and your party from all taint of crime, and thus confound your accusers.
Mr. Parnell. Those who would believe that I wrote "make it hot for old FORSTER," or that PAT EGAN wrote as he is represented to have done, would believe anything.
Mr. Punch. Just so; and the majority of Englishmen, "from information received" at the trials of the American Irish Dynamiters and Phoenix Park murderers, will continue to regard you and the "constitutional leaders," be they "mealy-mouthed" or not, suspiciously, until you yourself take up the gauntlet the *Times* has long ago thrown down, and bring a civil action for libel, or place Proprietor, Editor, Printers, and Publishers in the Dock of the Old Bailey.
Mr. Parnell. See here now! When the *Times* first attacked me,

you may remember I offered to have the whole matter sifted by a Select Committee of the House?
Mr. Punch. An offer the Government obstinately declined, suggesting that you should bring your case before the ordinary tribunal.
Mr. Parnell. And would I have a fair trial?
Mr. Punch. Before an English Judge and Special Jury? Certainly.
Mr. Parnell. If it were only myself, you see . . . but—there, I can't do it.
Mr. Punch. If a person in a responsible position charges a private individual with complicity in murder, then I should say any man, conscious of his innocence, would prosecute the utterer of so foul and malicious a libel.
Mr. Parnell. But isn't an Irish gentleman's word as good as that of the *Times*? Why certainly. And suppose, now, I'd publish a pamphlet charging the proprietors, publishers, and the whole of the *Times* crew with conspiracy and with aiding and abetting forgery, where'd I be then?
Mr. Punch. Try it, and you'll see. *Floreat Hibernia!* Good day. *Causa nondum finita est.* [Exeunt severally.]

"READY, AYE READY!"

(Imperial Naval Farce, just produced with great success.)
A Secret Chamber in Whitehall. Exalted Admiralty Official listening attentively to report of Well-informed Subordinate.
Exalted Admiralty Official. Then I am to understand that the *Jackass*, *Bouncer*, *Wheelbarrow*, *Phlegethon*, and *Rattlesnake* have been patched up into a condition that will at least warrant the expectation that they will float.
Well-informed Subordinate. Yes, my Lord.
Exalted Admiralty Official. And new bottoms have been put on to the *Blunderer*, *Pigstye*, and *Corkscrew*?
Well-informed Subordinate. They have, my Lord.
Exalted Admiralty Official. And they can now be counted on not to capsize in tolerably smooth water?
Well-informed Subordinate. They can, my Lord.
Exalted Admiralty Official. And the *Blue-bottle*, *Catapult*, *Oxus*, *Jam-pot*, and *Thunder-bolt*, though their boilers want replacing, are not likely to blow up within a month's manœuvring?
Well-informed Subordinate. I think they may, my Lord.
Exalted Admiralty Official. And so, saying nothing about guns that won't stand firing, vessels, some of which are not quite seaworthy, and others of which the speed is not remarkable, you think we can make a flourish on paper that shall induce the nation to believe that, after all, it has got something to show for its money?
Well-informed Subordinate. Indeed, I do, my Lord.
Exalted Admiralty Official. Come, that is satisfactory. And how about the men? Have you whipped in the Reserve, hunted up the Coastguard, and supplemented the deficiency of stokers by the enlistment of the local bathing-machine men?
Well-informed Subordinate. We have, my Lord.
Exalted Admiralty Official. And the stores? You are sure that the several Departments have provided respectively supplies of marling-spikes and tinned rabbits, hammocks, rum, sardines, gun-powder, tarpaulins, coals, Patent Medicines, mixed biscuits, and other necessaries in sufficient quantity to enable the Fleet to put to sea for three days without replenishing?
Well-informed Subordinate. I am nearly sure, my Lord.
Exalted Admiralty Official. And you think that, after this secret three months' preparation, if mobilisation were to be, so to speak, "sprung upon" you officially at a supposed twenty-four hours' notice, you would be prepared to mobilise?
Well-informed Subordinate. Well, my Lord, I think we should—almost.
Exalted Admiralty Official. And you are of opinion that the country would be immediately impressed with the idea that the whole thing had not been a pre-arranged job, and regarding the charges brought against the working and organisation of the Departments as unfounded, consider that to be ready at a moment's notice was your normal condition?
Well-informed Subordinate. Indeed I hope it would, my Lord.
Exalted Admiralty Official. Well, then, I think I will try the experiment.
 [Does so, and ordering "Mobilisation at twenty-four hours' notice," staggers the public mind and produces immense effect.]

AD DAVIDIUM PLUNKETUM.—If Cyclists are to be allowed in the Parks, why not throw open a way of escape from them to the poor Equestrians through Kensington Gardens? When are there to be some new rides in Hyde Park besides this squirrel-in-a-cage-round-and-rounder called Rotten Row? Never was a Rottener Row. The long-suffering riders cry aloud to the Honourable Ædile, much as our WILSON BARRETT used to exclaim whenever he got a chance, "How long! How long!"



OUR IMBECILES.

Solomon Snipson, Esq. "AH—YAAS—NICE PLACE VIENNA!—AND WHAT I LIKE ABOUT SOCIETY THERE IS THAT IT'S SO THOROUGHLY EXCLUSIVE, DON'TCHERNO!"

"VENIT 'SUMMER' DIES."

VIRGIL.

"Summer is i-cumen in."—Old Song.

SUMMER is come, though who can say
We've had a glimpse of a Summer's
day?

Where are the charms which Nature
boon

So freely gives to an English June?

When each enamelled meadow lies

Emblazoned in a thousand dyes,

And every dainty flower that's there

Pays fragrant tribute to the air,

While, high above, the leafy trees

Bend to the whispers of the breeze,

And every bird, with swelling throat,

Fills Heaven with his grateful note,

And all created things confess

The spell of so much loveliness;

Oh, where are all these joys so rare?

And Echo hoarsely answers, Where?

For she, poor Nymph, like all the rest,

Has caught a cold upon her chest,

Which throws the shade of disrepute

Upon her only attribute.

Aquarius, be off, my man,

With your confounded watering-can;

Without a rap of rhyme or reason,

You're playing havoc with the Season,

And spoiling everybody's fun

Because you've quarrell'd with the Sun.

Pray recollect that, when it pours,

You stop all pleasure out of doors,

And that for criket a morass

Is not so good as simple grass;

What man will want to play at tennis,

When every lawn just like a fen is,

Or care to sew his polo stud

By galloping all day through mud?

No creatures e'en in fur or feather

Can stand such execrable weather,

While as for those from foreign parts

You're nearly breaking all their hearts.

The lion roars with might and main

As he thinks of the drought of his native

plain,

And the virtues of flannel are highly

taxed,

For the throat of the big giraffe's

relaxed;

The elephant too has a bad catarrh,

And he blows his nose like a loud petar;

The wolf, to be eased of rheumatic pain,

Flies for relief to his proper bane;

And his aching bones confess the might

Of panacean aconite.

Each bird sits dumb in his feathered

suit,

For too much liquid has made them

mute.

So pray be off, and let us try

The effect of a sunny and warm July,

Give Phoebus a bit of a chance to blaze

And have done with these dripping,

dropsid days,

Or else the country will soon become,

Aquarius, an Aquarium.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

May 4.—CARRIE'S mother returned the LORD MAYOR'S invitation, which was sent her to look at, with apologies for having upset a glass of port over it. I was too angry to say anything.

May 5.—Bought a pair of lavender kid-gloves for next Monday, and two white ties, in case one got spoiled in the tying.

May 6 (Sunday).—A very dull sermon, during which, I regret to say, I twice thought of the Mansion House reception to-morrow.

May 7.—A big red letter day, viz., the LORD MAYOR'S reception. The whole house upset. I had to get dressed by half-past six, as CARRIE wanted the room to herself. Mrs. JAMES had come up from Sutton to help CARRIE, so I could not help thinking it unreasonable that she could require the entire attention of SARAH, the servant, as well. SARAH kept running out of the house to fetch "something for Missis," and several times I had in my full evening dress to answer the back-door. The last time it was the greengrocer's boy, who, not seeing it was me, for SARAH had not lighted the gas, pushed into my hands two cabbages and half-a-dozen coal-blocks. I indignantly threw them on the ground, and felt so annoyed that I so far forgot myself as to box the boy's ears. He went away crying, and said he should summons me, a thing I would not have happen for the world. In the dark I stepped on a piece of the cabbage, which brought me down on the flags all of a heap. For a moment I was stunned, but when I recovered I crawled upstairs into the drawing-room, and on looking into the chimney-glass discovered that my chin was bleeding, my shirt smeared with the coal-blocks, and my left trowser torn at the knee. However, Mrs. JAMES brought me down another shirt, which I changed in the drawing-room. I put a piece of court-plaister on my chin, and SARAH very neatly sewed up the tear at the knee. At nine o'clock CARRIE swept into the room, looking like a Queen. Never have I seen her look so lovely and quite distinguished. She was wearing a satin dress of sky blue—my favourite colour—and a piece of lace, which Mrs. JAMES lent her, round the shoulders to give a finish. I thought perhaps the dress was a little too long behind, and decidedly too short in front, but Mrs. JAMES said it was *à la mode*. Mrs. JAMES was most kind, and lent CARRIE a fan of ivory with red feathers, the value of which, she said, was priceless, as the feathers belonged to the Kachu Eagle—a bird now extinct. I preferred the little white fan which CARRIE bought for three-and-six at SHOOLBRED'S, but both ladies sat on me at once.

We arrived at the Mansion House too early, which was rather fortunate, for I had an opportunity of speaking to his Lordship, who graciously condescended to talk with me some minutes; but I must say I was disappointed to find he did not even know Mr. PERKUPP, our Principal. I felt as if we had been invited to the Mansion House by one who did not know the LORD MAYOR himself. Crowds arrived, and I shall never forget the grand sight. My humble pen can never describe it. I was a little annoyed with CARRIE, who kept saying, "Isn't it a pity we don't know anybody?" Once she quite lost her head. I saw some one who looked like FRANCING, from Peckham, and was moving towards him, when she seized me by the coat-tails, and said, quite loudly, "Don't leave me," which caused an elderly gentleman, in a court suit, and a chain round him, and two ladies, to burst out laughing. There was an immense crowd in the supper-room, and, my stars! it was a splendid supper—any amount of champagne—CARRIE made a most hearty supper, for which I was pleased, for I sometimes think she is not strong. There was scarcely a dish she did not taste. I was so thirsty, I could not eat much. Receiving a sharp slap on the shoulder, I turned, and, to my amazement, saw FARMERSON, our ironmonger. He said, in the most familiar way, "This is better than Brickfield Terrace, eh?" I simply looked at him, and said, coolly, "I never expected to see you here." He said, with a loud, coarse laugh, "I like that—if you, why not me?" I replied, "Certainly." I wish I could have thought of something better to say. He said, "Can I get your good lady anything?" CARRIE said, "No, I thank you," for which I was pleased. I said, by way of reproof to him, "You never sent to-day to paint the bath, as I requested." FARMERSON said, "Pardon me, Mr. POOTER, no shop when we're in company, please."

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 6.



[Our Lika Joko visits the Law Courts, and beholds the dignified courtesies exchanged between the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Punch, previous to the examination of Toby, M.P. for Berkshire, as Witness in the farcical-tragical case of O'Donnell v. The Times.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 2.—JEMMY LOWTHER back to-night after too long absence. Everyone glad to see him. No "pulling" or "kidding" or "in-and-out running" about JEMMY. Always runs straight. Takes any hurdle that comes in his way, "including the Temperance Vote," says WILFRID LAWSON. Looks as young and ingenuous as ever. Still mere beardless boy, as he was when Dizzy put him up to govern Ireland. Found on returning to House that Home Rule not yet established. High Court of Parliament discussing for hour and half Private Bill

relating to Ulster Canal. Seems it's among the Ulster Customs to have a Canal. That's all ninty-nine Members out of a hundred know of question, though everybody ready to divide on it if necessary.

"Dam the Canal!" said STANSFELD. Everybody shocked to hear such expression, particularly from such a source. STANSFELD hastily explains no "n" in the word. Merely a harmless engineering feat suggested.

After talking for hour and half suddenly discovered that there's no serious diversity of opinion. Accordingly passed Third Reading *nem. con.*, and JEMMY brought up in triumph to receive benediction of SPEAKER.

Coming suddenly on JOACHIM sitting in very centre of Tory camp, JEMMY's self-possession momentarily deserted him. Had heard

something about change, but not quite prepared, after sitting opposite to JOACHIM through two long Parliaments, to find him in this position. JOACHIM held out hand, which JEMMY took in bewildered manner, and passed between table and Treasury Bench in apparently dazed condition. Didn't notice any of his former colleagues. But allowance made for temporary loss of presence of mind. No malice borne.

ARTHUR BALFOUR in high spirits. "JEMMY just returned in time," he says; "the very man to fill the new office of Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Chief Secretary to the LORD LIEUTENANT. Shall get the Bill right through, and insert the jemmy."

Solicitor-General, interposing as *amicus curie*, volunteered information that "that would be flat burglary."

"Softly, softly!" cried Old Morality. "What does the Copy-book say—'Gently does It.' I intend to make JEMMY First Minister of Agriculture."

"That's your affair," said WILFRID LAWSON. "But, on behalf of Temperance Society, JEMMY is engaged for a series of Lectures on the Advantages of Temperance, in supplement to his pledges at Thanet." Evidently plenty of work for New Member.

Business done.—ARTHUR BALFOUR announces new Irish Policy. Government resolve to drain the Liffey—or is it the Shannon? That done, Ireland will be at peace.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lords nothing particular to do just now. Happy thought occurred to CAMPERDOWN. Land League on trial in Queen's Bench before Lord Chief Justice and Special Jury. Everybody talking about it. Great excitement of the hour. Why not have sort of mock trial in Lords? In civil cases Lords ultimate Court of Appeal. Why not forestall course of events and try case before it had left Court? CAMPERDOWN opened case for prosecution in rather dull speech. Well meant, but calculated to throw damper over proceedings. Seemed for moment after CAMPERDOWN sat down that he had extinguished debate. After pause SPENCER said a few words. This brought up the MACCULLUM MORE. Things now fairly started. Delightful to watch the MACCULLUM MORE strutting into the fray like a game cock. Figure erect, breast protruded, head thrown back, crest uplifted.

"Always think when I see ARGYLL plunge into debate," said ROSEBERRY, "it's a pity Rules of House forbid musical accompaniment. Dook would speak twice as well if he were allowed, before commencing, to strut twice round the House whilst the piper played."

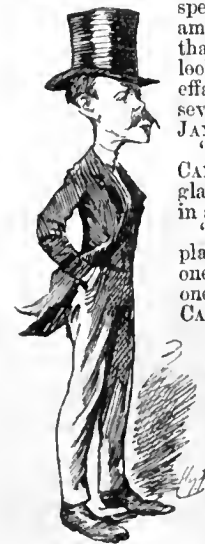
The MACCULLUM MORE did pretty well without the bagpipes. Mention of GLADSTONE's name is a fair equivalent, and sight of SPENCER or former colleagues quite enough to set him off. Banged them all right and left. Left them smiling, provokingly unharmed. GRANVILLE, taking matter seriously, protested against bringing on debate at that particular time, increasing difficulties attendant on a trial in Court of Justice. Markiss replied, and then it was discovered that in order that nothing might be lacking to success of travesty, Lord Chief Justice was in his place. Not quite so imposing in appearance as when he sits in wig and gown in Court of Queen's Bench, whether fast asleep with one eye open on learned counsel delivering speech, or exceedingly wide awake during examination of witnesses. Position less advantageous than that occupied in Queen's Bench. Can't look down on CAMPERDOWN with smile of ineffable sweetness as he does when coming down severely in Court on Attorney-General or HENRY JAMES.

"But quite enough, thank you, for me," said CAMPERDOWN, as he shivered under the stern glance, and the words spoken more in sorrow than in anger.

"I deeply regret that this debate has taken place at the moment it has," said L. C. J. Everyone waited breathlessly for next sentence. No one surprised if L. C. J., still fixing guilty CAMPERDOWN with stony stare, had continued,—"and you to be taken to the place whence you came, and there be hanged by the neck till you are dead."

Recollecting himself just in time, L. C. J. omitted this little formula. Debate came to hurried conclusion; everybody got off safely.

Business done.—Local Government Bill in Committee in Commons. Every one asking where is CAMPBELL, Member for Fermanagh, PARNELL's private secretary. Name been favourably mentioned in Queen's Bench. JOSEPH GILLIS tells me he's not very well, and can't come.



The Campbell who is not coming.

Wednesday.—A strange weird sight to-day. BRADLAUGH, at head of Tory hosts, leading them to death or victory. Oaths Bill in Committee. BRADLAUGH, with approval of SOLICITOR-GENERAL, moved certain Amendment. JOHN MORLEY, TREVELYAN, ILLINGWORTH,

JACOB BRIGHT, and Liberals generally, hotly opposed it. Division called. BRADLAUGH and Tories troop into one lobby, Liberals into other. A close run; but the Tories, under new Leader, won by Six.

"What do you think of that?" I asked WILFRID LAWSON, being, to tell the truth, a little excited by general tumbling up of things.

"It's all right," said WILFRID, with nice air of imperturbability.

"BRADLAUGH knows what he's about. Old Morality going up to Lords. 'Baron Bookstall,' doneha. Conservative Party will want new Leader. Embarrassing competition among ordinary candidates. BRADLAUGH walks in. It's their way. First they revile a man, then follow him. True, they never physically kicked DIZZY down-stairs, as they did BRADLAUGH. But up to 1873 many's the time they wished they could. Our stout friend knows what he's about, you bet. 'BRADLAUGH, Beer, and The Bible!' not at all a bad cry."

Never can quite make out whether LAWSON's joking. Must think over this.

Business done.—BRADLAUGH, Leader of House *pro tem.*, defeats Liberal Opposition.

Thursday.—Black Rod up to his larks again. Never saw an elderly respectable-looking gentleman like this so fond of practical jokes. Always, about this time of the Session, lurking at doorway, waits till some Member is on his legs; listens till he comes to point of his observation, then with drawn sword coerces doorkeeper to enter, and bawl at top of voice—"Black Rod!"

Forthwith, "in defiance of Magna Charta, in despite of Bill of

Rights, representative of the people must plump down into seat whilst the salaried hireling of haughty aristocracy prances up the floor." That's PICTON's way of putting it. PICTON a little pictorial, but not altogether inaccurate. Usually Black Rod waits to catch Minister on legs. The other day marched in whilst Old Morality on his feet. Later, shut up STANHOPE; to-day had satisfaction of choking off Sage of Queen Anne's Gate. But Black Rod's days of supremacy numbered. SYDNEY BUXTON takes him in hand. Means to see he comes in at proper time—say ten minutes after House has adjourned. Sage also on the war-path.

"He had me this afternoon, I admit," he says. "But if, when Vote for House of Lords is reached, I don't move to reduce his salary by £500, my Christian name's not LABBY."

Little procession of two, which usually follows SPEAKER to House of Lords on these State occasions, increased by one.

ADDISON, Q.C., has carried useful Bill, clipping wings of harpy who hovers over Penny-readings, and comes down for penalties for breach of copyright in songs. Musical Copyright Bill, in batch of Measures to receive Assent. "I must do the *Spectator*," says ADDISON. So goes out in train of SPEAKER, amid cheers from both sides. *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.



Spectator in the House of Lords.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.—When the Archbishop of CANTERBURY gave a party

to the Pan-Anglican Conference, the guests of his Grace were prepared to take Pot-luck. An English Cook provided the dinner. Everything was fried or stewed in a Pan-Anglican. Pan-cakes were of course on the menu. There was a concert of Pan-pipes afterwards. Each Bishop had his own pan-acc-



"Enough on this head!"

wards. Each Bishop had his own pan-acc-

Friday.—Great Libel Case came on on appeal in Commons. *Times* says PARNELL wrote certain letters. PARNELL replies, "You're another." There the matter rests.

After this, House resumed Committee on Local Government Bill. Spent evening sitting discussing whether we should pay ourselves wages or not. On whole, decided not; 135 voted for wages; 192, drawing themselves up to full height, declined to take a penny.

Voted with the majority. Knew a single vote would not turn scale. Looks well with constituency.



THE COMMON CRICKET, OR THANKYSIR IRRITANS.

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION,
IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

A group of British Visitors are dubiously inspecting an immense "Monumental Fireplace," representing rocks, in the centre of which a marble Mermaid (heroic size), is emerging from a gigantic shell, and toying absently with an octopus.

First Visitor. Very peculiar, eh? (Consults Catalogue, and finds the work described as "Decus Pelagi," which does not help him much.) Um—a fancy piece!

[Suddenly loses interest in it, and moves on.

Female V. (to her Husband). It looks like a drowned diver; but then, what is that long thing, like the end of an eel, sticking out of the shell?

Her Husband. That's her tail—she's a mermaid, you see. And an octopus has got hold of her arm, while she's pinched in that shell. It's very well done.

F. V. Oh, very. But not at all a pleasant subject, is it?

Husband. Well—(considers, without being able to arrive at any opinion)—that depends on the view you take of it.

F. V. (wavering). I suppose it does; but still—(forgets what her objection is exactly, and becomes languid)—oh yes, no doubt.

Jocular V. (to his Wife). How d'ye think that would look in our back parlour, eh, POLLY?

Polly. I wouldn't have it, not if you was to give it me, I wouldn't. Why, they haven't left no place to stand a clock and ornaments on.

Mr. Highsniffe (who is endeavouring to form the taste of his fiancée, Miss PHYLLIS TYNE). You don't mean to tell me you like any of these things!

Miss Phyllis. Well, I don't pretend to be partial to statuary as a general rule; but I do like this. It's all so natural, with the eyes put in and everything. Why, look at the beads in this girl's necklace!—and I'm sure you can count every stitch in that jersey! And the boy trying to button his shirt; and the black girl who has just been vaccinated; and the little girl caught reading a book she oughtn't to—they're as real as life!

[Mr. Highsniffe comforts himself by reflecting that one can't have everything in this world.

IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

A Visitor (examining a representation of the "Flight of the Pope Eugenio IV."). That's the POPE, you see, standing up in the boat.

Second V. Yes, I suppose so; but who's that crouching down behind the shield, in the red bonnet?

First V. (who has not noticed this before). That! Oh, that's his wife, I expect.

In Room V. are some Colossal Canvasses, which produce an intimidating effect upon the spectators, who stand before them in gasping silence.

First Spectator (on recovering speech). Appears to be a battle, or something of the kind, going on, eh? (has a misgiving that this is rather a rash conclusion). I don't know, though.

Second S. Oh, it's a battle—it's certainly a battle. What battle, I can't say, unless it's the battle of—(tries to recollect the name of

any ancient battle, but fails). Very likely the catalogue will tell us. Ah, of course, Imera—in Sicily, you know (he gives this piece of information as if he had not just found it in the Catalogue).

First S. Imera—to be sure it is! Let me see, it was fought between the Sicilians and—and, wasn't it the Romans?

Second S. It was the Romans (thinks there may be somebody behind who knows, and hedges)—that is, if it wasn't the Greeks. I rather fancy it was the Greeks.

A Puzzled Person (reading Catalogue). "See HERODOTUS"—um. His Wife. Is that HERODOTUS on the grey horse?

[P. P. gives it up.

Paterfamilias (to his son). Here, BOB, you're fresh from College. What's "Hic Optime Manebimus"? Title of this picture over here.

Bob (after a cautious reference to the Catalogue). Oh, it's out of PLUTARCH—about the Second Foundation of Rome, and CAMILLUS, and so on.

Pater. I can read that for myself. What I want to know is, what the Latin means.

Bob. Oh! (desperately) "MANEBIMUS is the best man here;" he was a popular character at that time—a demagogue and all that.

Pater. (suspiciously). I don't see what that has got to do with the life of CAMILLUS.

Bob ("bluffing"). CAMILLUS—why MANEBIMUS was his other name!

Miss Phyllis (to her fiancée). Oh, come along; never mind these stupid Italian oil-colours. I'm sure they're not worth looking at.

Mr. Highsniffe. I'm glad to hear you say so. These—ah (with a slightly corrective emphasis), oil-paintings hardly deserve any serious study. Where would you like to go now? There are several things you really ought to see.

Miss Phyllis. I've seen all I want—let's go on the switchback.

[He yields with an inward shudder, and wishes that her tastes were less primitive.

IN THE "ALIMENTARY ANNEXE."

Mrs. Bryanston. How do you do, Mr. LAPSING? I'm only just waiting to see these Mandolinist people come on—and then I shall go.

Mr. Lapsling. Oh, really? I—I hope they won't be very long before they begin, then.

[It dawns upon him, ten minutes later, that he might have made a happier remark.

IN THE MARIONETTE THEATRE.

The Puzzled Person (the First Part is beginning, and a bearded puppet in a turban has just made his appearance on the stage). I don't exactly see what a Turk is doing in The Eruption of Vesuvius.

(A female marionette comes on with a jerky caution, kneels to the Turk, clasps her hands passionately, and then beckons—the marionette with the beard is evidently deeply moved.) Ah! she's warning him to fly from the eruption. (Another female marionette enters, and kneels, after pointing upcards in wild terror.) I fancy there's some mistake in the programme.

It's The Deluge they're doing—not The Eruption, after all. That's NOAH with the beard, and they're begging him to take them in the Ark. Yes, that's it, of course. (Scene shifts to a cavern under the sea, with a fish swimming in mid air, without making any progress.) I thought so—it is The Deluge. (The bearded puppet enters, and, after one or two abortive efforts, succeeds in jumping inside the fish.) Hullo! that can't be NOAH, though!

Why, of course, it's JONAH—JONAH and the Whale. (Last change of scene to hall with columns and pillars; procession of four janissaries enters marching, with their feet in the air; a small dwarf follows, and begins to dance with great energy—re-appearance of bearded marionette with a staff, which he tosses up and catches like a drum-major, as the curtain falls.) Why, I thought he was inside the fish. Well, it doesn't seem very connected, to me—but (with a bright idea) perhaps that was the Ballet Excelsior. Eh? no, that's the Second Part, though. Ah, well, we shall find out by-and-by, I daresay.

Elderly Maiden Lady (during the "pas seul" by the prima ballerina in "Excelsior"). Well, my dear, I don't know how you can laugh, I'm sure—I never saw anything so shameless in all my life—it ought not to be allowed.

OUTSIDE THE COLOSSEUM, AFTER "THE TRIUMPH OF TITUS."

Mother (to small boy). Well, FREDDY, did you like it?

Freddy. Yes, pretty well. Only I thought they'd have had lions, and—and—real martyrs, you know.

LATEST KNIGHTS.—Announced as the "New Musical Knights." One of them, Sir CHARLES HALLÉ, is rather an Old Musical Knight, being seventy years of age, but—*H'allez donc!*—he doesn't look it or show it, when he appears at the "Pops" as popular as ever. Sir JOHN STAINER is a Newer Knight. "The Knight is still young," being only forty-eight. He has plenty of time before him to prove himself a capable Sir-stainer of his well-deserved reputation. With musical honours, Gentlemen, charge your musical glasses!



A SQUEAK FOR LIFE.

Ritchie the Figueur (to eager hounds). "BACK, THERE! LET HIM GET AWAY!"
Ex-Figueur Harcourt. "YOU'RE A NICE TENDER-HEARTED SPORTSMAN! JUST LET ME HAVE THE CHANCE AGAIN—I'LL FINISH HIM!"

THE BABYLONIAN BOAR-HUNT.

"The tenderness with which he beats the Pigs proves him to have been a *Sus Boötia*; possibly *Epicuri de grege Porcus*: for, as the poet observes,—

"A fellow feeling makes us wond'rous kind."
SHELLEY in *Introduction to "Edipus Tyrannus*;
or, *Swellfoot the Tyrant*."

The Modern Swellfoot (Sir W. H-RC-RT) loquitur:—

TENDERNESS!—and to Pigs? Oh misplaced mercy!
I would not spare them thus,—quite—visy—versy!
A fellow feeling? True, my moony SHELLEY!
If against Boars you have a *casus belli*,
War à outrance, I say, war to the knife!
I, SWELLFOOT, would not spare a single life,
Like ZEPHANIAH, the hog-butcher, I'd slay.
This temporising is mere baby-play.
Call this a Boar Hunt? Not *this* sort of fun
The Attie heroes had in Calydon,
'Tis only fit for modern Babylon.
Why, the old Boar escapes, and, what is bitter,
Hunter won't let the hounds slay all the litter,
True, some are down, and some are maimed, but some
Are hooking it. Such "Sport" is all a hum.
You a pig-sticker? No, egregious R—E,
Your mental obfuscation must be pitehy,
Beating the Boar-hounds down in that mad fashion!
By Jove, it almost puts me in a passion.
Me the complacent one "of kingly paunch,"
As SHELLEY puts it. I should like to launeh
My javelin at the Corporation Boar.
The brute should root and ravage then no more.
"Give him a chance," indeed? Such folly irks.
You'd spare the Metropolitan Board of Works,
If you'd your way, I've not the slightest doubt.
A hunter's heart should not be soft, but stout,
AOAGS are meant for hewing, pigs for stieking.
Boar-spears are made for thrusting, not pin-pricking.
A pretty hero you would make, I'm sure!
A THESEUS who would spare the Minotaur!
You petty PURGANAX, your blows mere digs,
Your pusillanimous maxim, "Please the pigs!"
Would I'd your chance! But that *may* come to pass;
Then the Big Boar shall get his *coup de grace*!



STARTLING.

"I'M VERY GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF ANY COMFORT TO YOUR POOR HUSBAND, MY GOOD WOMAN. BUT WHAT MADE YOU SEND FOR ME, INSTEAD OF YOUR OWN MINISTER?"

"WELL, SIR, IT'S *TYPHUS* MY POOR HUSBAND'S GOT, AND WE DINNA THINK IT JUST REET FOR OUR AIN MINISTER TO RUN THE RISK!"

AN INITIAL DRINK DURING SARAH'S SEASON AT THE LYCEUM.—"S. and B."

FABER MINOR PUNCHIO SUO, R.S.V.P.

CARE PUNCHIOLE,

ALII socii paullo caninius scribunt; nostrà scholà altiora molimur: quæ res magistro gaudio est; nobis non molesta; nulla autem est *opsis* de me. Habui unam tonantem alaudam hoc dimidio. Avunculus meus, qui domi, permissione egrâ, ab extremis Indis jamdudum commoratur, nuper huc venit, et me equitatum excepit. Equum immanem, colore graium, eaupto malignus mihi obtulit. Non potui tamen plumam monstrare albam. Cor in ore, ossa trementia, vultus maximâ tranquillitate, non dicere audaciâ. Equus meus erat ut muri Babylonis, duenos pedes altus—vel manus, si manus libentius audis; et durus oro eeu messorum ilia. Bene, secavimus flammaram instar. Subito apparet pressape, res ad unguem pro saltu. Animal meum usque ad punctum collaborare conor. Frustrâ. Huc ille saltitat. Ast ego non grais servitum motibus ibam. Persuasoribus introductis quadrupedem ad presepe appono, dum nequiequam avunculus a tergo clamat, veritus ut obstaculum superemus. Incredibili celeritate volitamus. (Stat sonipes.) Ego quidem non maneo. Sublimi ferio sidera vertice. Tune tribus aut quatuor gyrationibus aëris effectis, oppono auriculam cespiti vivo. Ego etiam vivo; sed primum verò me exanimem cogitavi. Carpo meipsum et apprehendo bestiam brutam, qui quantulum nefandulum stultum de se fecisset ignorare constanter simulabat. Aquam fortem, ad avunculi sumptus proximâ tabernâ imbibit. Sie domum, nullo peior, sed lætus ut eieala illa marina, cui nomen "puer aenosus" a majoribus nostris fuit tributum. Tuus fideliter,

FABER MINOR, (vulgò "SNPE.")

P.S.—Cum IONIBUS minoribus nuper dimicavi (si quidem IONES sunt plurales—non scio, neque curo, nec seire fas est omnia). IONES isti juvenes non pulehri pugnaverunt, namque insani leonis vim stomacho apposuerunt nostro. Hand mora; eaupt ejus optimè ehari-vabar, (*us ends etrew*; Charivari, 1st dep. = *Punch*) donec spongium vomit. Obliviscor perfectum de "vomo," nec seire fas est omnia ut supra dixi, sed donec eris felix quid opus est verbis? Amorem meum TOBIO tuo.

CIVIC ELOQUENCE.

IF all Masters of City Livery Companies were like Sir ANDREW LUSK, how readily should we all flock to their splendid Banquets. Having the other day to perform the somewhat difficult task of stepping down from the exalted position of Master of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, in the very middle of the Banquet, he took his leave in the following memorable words:—

"Twelve months since I appeared in this noble Hall with all my blushing honours thick upon me. But this day comes a frost, a killing frost, and withers all my blossoms. I must therefore say, Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness, and be satisfied henceforth to retire to the country, and propose toasts and make speeches at ericket clubs and harvest homes, and people will say of me as they did of SCOTT'S old Minstrel—

"He tunes, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp that kings were wont to hear!"

"In conclusion, let me say—

"Charge, Fishmongers, charge! On, Wardens, on
Are the last words of Marmion!"

HASPIRATIONS.—ROBERT read out the titles of the harticles in the *Henglish Hihustrated Maggyzine* for this month, "The Mediation of Ralph 'Ardelet," "Pagodas, Haurioles, and Humbrellas," "William 'Utton," "A 'Ampshire 'Amlet," "Hin Hexile," and "Het Cætera."

THE CLOUDS AND THE CONFERENCE.—What weather for Lawn Meets at Lambeth! Last week, the Pan-Anglicans who attempted to disport themselves at garden-parties, without umbrellas or mackintoshes, must have returned home quite Dripping-Pan-Anglicans.

A SIGHT for gods and men at the South Kensington Silver Charity Bazaar, during three wretched days last week,—Good Women struggling with *Fête*.

BUSY WITH BISMARCK.

ACCORDING to an evening paper, Prince BISMARCK, the other day, was found playing a barrel-organ in the Imperial Nursery, while the Crown Prince and his brothers danced to the music. "You begin in good time to make the Heir Apparent dance to your pipe," said the German Emperor, putting his head into the room, and "looking with surprise and emotion at the strange scene." To this exceedingly exciting little anecdote *Mr. Punch* begs to add another of even enhanced interest. It runs as follows:—

Prince BISMARCK, a few days afterwards, was walking in the orchard of the Palace, where he had gone to pick a cabbage with which to make an apple-pie. He met a great she-bear dancing with the rest of the Royal Family, and was immediately invited to play catch-who-catch-can until the gunpowder should run out of the heels of his boots. The Emperor at this moment passing the orchard, smiled sadly and observed, "My dear Prince, who will pay the piper? This is indeed a surprise!" Shortly afterwards, Prince BISMARCK imprudently married the daughter of the Barber, and from that moment to this took for his motto the far-famed German line—*"Vätno súp?"*

SARAH LA TOSCA.

BUT for the existence of such a being as SARAH BERNHARDT, such an author as SARDOU would not have written *La Tosca*. "Written"

is scarcely the word: to be strictly accurate, I would rather say, "pieced together." The piece is in five Acts, of which two are superfluous, though not from a French dramatist's point of view, who, by occupying the stage for an entire evening, pockets the whole percentage, undiminished by any fee for a *lever du rideau*. Sensible SARDOU.

If SARAH had not been so recently seen as *Théodora*, the scene of *La Tosca* might have been laid, with greater propriety according to our plain English notions, —and according to strict French notions, for the matter of that, —in Pagan Rome, or in Egypt of the Pharaohs; and then the scene in the side-chapel between *La Tosca* and her lover, while

M. Pierre Berton as the Baron Scarpia
Le Nez-apollitain.

preserving its cynical truthfulness as depicting one phase of depraved human nature, would have been less objectionable to a professedly Christian audience. *La Tosca* is a purring sensualist, in whom whatever she once possessed of religion has given place to the most debased superstition. Her religious sentiment is akin to that of the brigand who murders and robs a traveller, and then drops a stolen coin into a box at some church door, under the vague impression that he has appeased a ghost which otherwise, like the revengful spectre of *Hamlet's* father, might have made himself very troublesome.

Given such a character to purr, to fondle, to caress, to murmur gutturally, "*Mario! mon adoré!*" (dear me, how often have I heard "*mon adoré*" from the same lips!), to be fondled and caressed in turn, then to fly out in uncontrollable, jealous passion, and at once be soothed and petted and stroked the right way; then to be gay and careless; then to be frightened, distracted, shrieking, frantic, raging like a wild cat caught in the toils; then to be the cold determined murderess, shrieking curses in the ears of the dying scoundrel she has stabbed; then horrorstruck by her own deed, to "wake the corpse" with a private religious rite; then rushing back to release her lover, and, finding herself at last duped and deceived, to utter one last despairing cry and commit

suicide,—given such a character, I say, and call her by any name you please, classical, mediæval, or modern, then the only person to play it is SARAH BERNHARDT. At least, I can think of no other: nor do I want to. The "situation" in the Chapel, and the "waking the corpse," are not more repugnant to our sensitiveness in such scenes being represented on the stage than are the prayers of *Louis the Eleventh* to his leaden statues, and his bargaining with heaven before the Madonna's shrine, or the ostentatious piety of the two unhung ruffians in *Fra Diavolo*. Those who are squeamish on such matters must stop away from *La Tosca*. In action it is, on the whole, not more terrible than *Théodora*, except the situation where she sees the knife on *Baron Scarpia's* table, and the happy thought occurs to her "stick it into him." Certainly SARAH'S *La Tosca* is a marvellous performance.



Last Scene of Sarah-Sardou-Richardson's Show. *La Tosca* precipitates herself from the battlements into the Tiber. "*Rome Tibur amem!*"

Beyond SARAH'S own part —and it is her own, for in this instance her individuality "created" it—SARDOU being a mere sewing-machine to stitch the pieces together for her to appear in,—there is nobody in whom anyone can possibly be interested. M. DUMENY is, after SARAH, the best of the lot as the amateur painter, *Mario Cavaradossi*, whose altar-piece would be a disgrace to any church; but M. PIERRE BERTON as the *Baron Scarpia* with his exaggerated old-fashioned stagey action, in strong contrast to the naturalness of SARAH, and his mouthing elocution, is to my mind simply ridiculous. I have never seen him look better, or play worse.

SARAH is going to appear as *Françoillon* on the 23rd. Cannot say I fancy her in the part of the heroine, which Mlle. BARTET played to perfection. But at all events we may look for an original view of the character, and the play, in spite of much that is tedious in the dialogue, is a good one, with several strongly marked characters.

En attendant, SARAH, in *La Tosca*, must prove a great attraction, and could fill the house for a far longer time than M. MAYER'S season, which ends Saturday, July 28th. How much pleasanter it is that a French company should come over here and play in one of our comfortable theatres, than that we should have to go to them and sit for hours in one of theirs. By all means let those, who have neither time nor inclination to encounter the inconvenience of foreign travelling, encourage M. MAYER and his French Seasons in London. The synopsis is briefly thus:—ACT I. *La Tosca* Tender. ACT II. *La Tosca* Tiddy-fol-lolling. ACT III. *La Tosca* Towzled. ACT IV. *La Tosca* Terrible. ACT V. *La Tosca* Wild. JOHN IN THE BOX.

"BY YOUR RIGHT—CLOTHES!"

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF having ordered that *brown kid gloves* shall, for the future, be worn by Officers on parade, the following further regulations are hourly expected:—

On rainy days, Field-Officers will provide themselves with umbrellas.

In threatening weather, the Band will be expected to wear goloshes.

Fancy tweed trousers, of any pattern selected by the wearer, may be assumed at any parade where undress uniform is *de rigueur*.

During the hot weather, battalions may sit down on camp-stools by companies, and plunge their feet into cold water by sections.

Finally, the entire Army shall appear on parade in uniform, except when it pleases any or every of them to turn up in *muffi*.

A TRIFLING CORRECTION.—Several Correspondents write to know "why the title of No. 8 of 'Mr. Punch's Parallels,' last week, was 'The Bicentenary of the Armada,' when, as everybody knows, &c., &c." Here is the explanation, as we drop easily into poetry:—

The fact is it escaped our eagle eye,
We overlooked it, and we passed it 'Bi.'

Substitute "ter," and there you are. After all, what matters a century or so more or less in the World's history?—Ed.



Sarah La Dams Blanche sees a black beetle on the dinner-table.

ROBERT ON HARRYSTOCRATICK TRADESMEN.

PRAPS, if ever an Hed Waiter was hutterly estonished, and, indeed to say flabbergasted, it was on receiving a letter sum little time ago with a most butifol red seal of a Markis's Coronet, as I was told, it was, kindly hinformin me that the Most Honourable the Marquis of LONDONDERRY, havin removed his Wharf to 9 Elms Lane, his Lordship asked me to be kind enuff to send him a horder for some coals! which his Lordship said shoold be delivered at my house without no extry charge, witeh I calls truly harrystocrattie libberality! His Lordship also hinformed me as he didn't keep no agents, but did all his bizziness hisself, excep, I spose, when his Lordship is in Dubbling. Being possibly jest a lectle short of money jest then, his Lordship told me as his terms was "Cash on Delivery." His Lordship finished up his hinteresting communcashun by hinforming me that his Lordship's price for his Lordship's "best Londonderry Wallsend" was 24s. a ton.

Well, having herd as how as so many of our principle Nobillerty and their wives was a going into bizziness for theirselves, I ort not to have bin quite so surprisid as I were, but as I had bin told as his Lordship was allowed a Sallary of about five hundred pounid a week for running over to Dubbling now and then, and pertending to be King of Ireland, jest for fun, I really at first thort it must be a joke. Howsumever, I thort as there coudn't be no harm in trying, so I sent his Lordship a horder for a hole Tun, and sure enuff his Lordship sent them the werry nex day, and, to show as there wasn't no mistake in the matter, not only did his Lordship call me Esquire on the Coal ticket, but there was printed on it, in large black letters, "The Most Honourable the Marquis of LONDONDERRY, Seller!"

There's one grate adwantage in dealing with sitch imminent swells. A "Most Honourable Markis" would scarcely send me any slates in my coles, and wood see as they was all properly skreened, and with plenty of nubblly ones among 'em, and all full wait. I ain't got no fault to find with 'em on the hole, but they rayther partakes of the April Fool caracker, that is to say, they requires lots of atention, as sitch harrystocrattie Coles naterally wood do, and if they don't git it, they fast sulks for a short time, and then quickly extinguishes theirselves, and there you are.

I thort at one time of writing to the Most Honorable Cole Seller and xplaining this matter to his Xcellency, but I didn't quite no his Dubbling adress, so I refraned from trubbling him, besides His Lordship must have plenty to do to see to all the sewerall Races he has to attend to, and to mind as there ain't no "pulling."

Being rayther partieklar myself about spelling, I was summt surprisid to see as the Most Honorable Markis's Carman spelt his recet, "Pade," but I spose as it stands good all the same. I shall suttently continue to patronize the Most Honorable Markiss when I wants sum more Coles, as it seems sumhow to put us more on a pa with one another then we was afore; which is suttently one to me.

ROBERT.

NOBLE LIFERS.

LORD SALISBURY's Life Peerage Bill having been hung up for a year (in company with a measure of a like character, the Lunacy Laws Amendment Bill), there is now plenty of time to consider possible applicants for appointment. To assist the Government in its selection, *Mr. Punch* subjoins a first list of Candidates, with their claims for advancement:—

<i>Name of Candidate.</i>	<i>Reason for Life Peerage.</i>
Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.	Special desire of Public Opinion.
Sir JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS	Can't advance one without the other.
Mr. WALTER BESANT	Because he has not been Knighted.
Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA	Senior to Mr. BESANT.
Mr. HENRY IRVING	To justify Public Rumour.
Mr. J. L. TOOLE	On account of his success as a Don.
Sir MARTIN HOLLOWAY	Sequency of former honours.
Mr. PEARS	To prevent jealousy.
Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD	Title, "Viscount NIAGARA," compliment to America.
Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR	Compliment to Mr. J. HOLLINGSHEAD.
Mr. WILSON BARRETT	By request of part author of <i>Ben-my-Chree</i> .
Sir WILFRID LAWSON	To get him out of the Commons.
Mr. Justice NORTH	To help the Lord Chief Justice.
Mr. Justice GRANTHAM	To assist Mr. Justice NORTH.
The Common Serjeant	To prompt Mr. Justice GRANTHAM.
Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON	And pray why not?

CHANGE OF NAME WITH CHANGE OF SEASON.—The Dog-days of this year must be remembered as "The Cat-and-Dog-days."

OPERATIC SCORE.

EVERYTHING going as usual. Good old Operas. Weather doesn't affect the score here as it does at Lord's. Good Houses every evening.

Tuesday, July 10.—*Il Trovatore*. Madame FÜRSCHE-MADY—Fursch come Fursch served—makes a magnificent *Leonora*. "Doosid fine woman!" says the gay Colonel N-SS-N L-s, an authority on all operatic matters. "Very," replies Lord R. R-THSCH-LD; "thought she was French,—FURSCH-MARDI gras," and he at once quits the house till the next Act. The *prima donna* gives charmingly, "*Tacea la notte placida*," and "*Tu tali amor*." RAVELLI the Reliable quite up to the mark as the merry *Manrico*, but scarcely up to *Leonora's* figure. Brings down the house with "*Ah si ben mio*." "Quite a Conservative song," says Signor CHAPLINO, thinking of the days of "BEN-DIZZY." D'ANDRADE enoored in "*Il balen*." Encore declined with thanks. At end of First Act NAVARRINI called before curtain for being *Mio Fernando*. SCALCHI



powerful: singing with great taste and feeling. "I should like to give her a few lessons, though!" says the Composer who continues to write under the name of WALTER AUSTIN. "Never too late to learn." Somehow, audience's enthusiasm cools down, and opera isn't finishing so brilliantly as it commenced. Seeing this, and wishing to enliven matters a bit, one of DRURIOLANUS's soldiers strays out of his line at the end of the Act, and then pretends to be utterly disconcerted at finding himself between the curtain and the footlights. Signor RANDEGGER evidently afraid the soldier is going to sing a solo—un-rehearsed effect—DRURIOLANUS momentarily paralysed under the impression that the military super is about to address audience on the wrongs of Ireland, or the Match Girls' strike, only recovers himself in time to rush round on to the stage, and find poor military super retreating from scene as fast as possible. Diversion created by incident, and opera goes twice as well after this, right up to end. DRURIOLANUS will reward this warrior. Promote him to a sergenantry in the supernumerary forces, and "deccorate him," says Lord L-TH-M "with an order." Ah, *Leonora*, addio!

Saturday.—*Aida*. First and only time this season. "After *Dorothy*," observes Mr. H. S-DG-R to DRURIOLANUS, "*Aida's* my pet Opera." "It's my trum-pet Opera," returns DRURIOLANUS, who never leses a chance, and immediately disappears. DRURIOLANUS always brilliant when house crowded and everything going well. Recalls for NORDICA and SCALCHI end of Se. 2, Act II., and everybody back again before curtain after Second Act. Procession splendid, *mise-en-scene* magnificent. Act III.—Nevel effect of boat capsizing, and upsetting the mariner. Unaccountable accident, as the singing being so good, there was no likelihood of a squall. Wind in orchestra did it, perhaps. Last Saturday but one. Grand *Finale* of the season next Saturday, and testimonial to DRURIOLANUS and RAVELLI the Reliable.

Probable.

GERMAN Doctors, in a frenzy, | Hear the other side, say I.
Liking not Sir M. MACKENZIE, | May not German Doctors lie—
Gravest charges make. | Under a mistake?

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.—Mr. MADDEN, in evidence before this Committee, stated that "*Government trousers were completely made at eleven shillings per dozen*." Good gracious! Who wear them? Members of the Government, of course. Not eleven shillingsworth of "trouserings" on the Ministerial front bench!

THE CAMBRIDGE UNION.—The Master of Trinity is going to make a Mrs. of Trinity. The clever young lady, Miss AGATA RAMSAY, was "Senior Classic" of her year; and so was Dr. BUTLER, only rather more so by some years. Two "Senior Classics" marrying each other! How fortunate they are not two Senior Wranglers!

SUNSHINE FOR THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.—Most appropriate, as every parent with a boy at Eton or Harrow was glad to see some little sun on this occasion. But ultimately Harrow took the shine out of Eton, and Saturday was dull indeed.

STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.—THE ARTIST.



OLD STYLE.

AT THE "PIG AND WHISTLE."



NEW STYLE.

AT HER GRACE'S GARDEN PARTY.

THE HISTORY OF A SIGNATURE.

(From Our Life Peer Elect.)

ERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—No doubt the recent discussion about the signature of MR. PARNELL prompted you to apply to me. I will tell you as shortly as I can, my recollections.

As a boy I used, when addressing my school companions, my nickname "TONK." I fancy this title was bestowed upon me with a view to calling attention to my nose, and referring to my name TUCKER, "TONK" was frequently altered into "KONK," "TUNK," and "SNOTT," but I do not remember ever using the latter signatures. After leaving school, I used to sign myself, when writing to the young lady who subsequently honoured me by becoming my wife, "TOOTY," but this was a term of

endearment that I did not adopt when addressing strangers. After my marriage, at the request of my wife, I invariably signed myself "JOHN HAZLEWOOD TUCKER," and "Mr. and Mrs. HAZLEWOOD TUCKER" appeared on our visiting-cards.

Later on, when I was honoured with a knighthood for discovering (and advertising) my patent Cedarwood Cough Mixture, I called myself Sir JOHN TUCKER, and my wife was satisfied with "Lady TUCKER." She told me that she preferred it to "HAZLEWOOD TUCKER," which, as she observed, "after all, was double-harrelled, and under the circumstances unnecessary." At this time I occasionally signed myself "JACK" when addressing my brother TOM, and "Your Dear Papa, J. H. T." when writing to my son and heir, aged seven.

The Sandalwood Cough Mixture having rendered me a Millionaire, I have, on the promise of a Life Peerage (which will be bestowed upon me, I have reason to believe, in company with Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON), arranged in the future merely to sign myself,

Yours most truly,

DE TUCKERVILLE.

CONVERSATION-BOOK FOR OFFICIALS.

HAVE you any guns for ships?

Certainly. I have twenty guns for ships. They were ordered five years ago, and were promised to be ready last January.

Were they ready then?

No, they were not ready then; but they may be ready by next June.

Are the ships built that are to take these guns?

The ships should be built that are to take these guns, as they were promised to be quite ready for sea last July twelvemonth.

But are they ready for sea?

No, they are not; but they may be in six months' time.

Should war be declared, would it not be inconvenient?

If war were declared, it would be *most* inconvenient.

And were war so declared, what would you do?

If war were so declared I think I should go on leave.

On leave—where?

Anywhere—outside my native country.

Then you have not much confidence in the Government?

On the contrary, I have every confidence in the Government, but should war be declared I think that would be the most appropriate time for self-effacement.

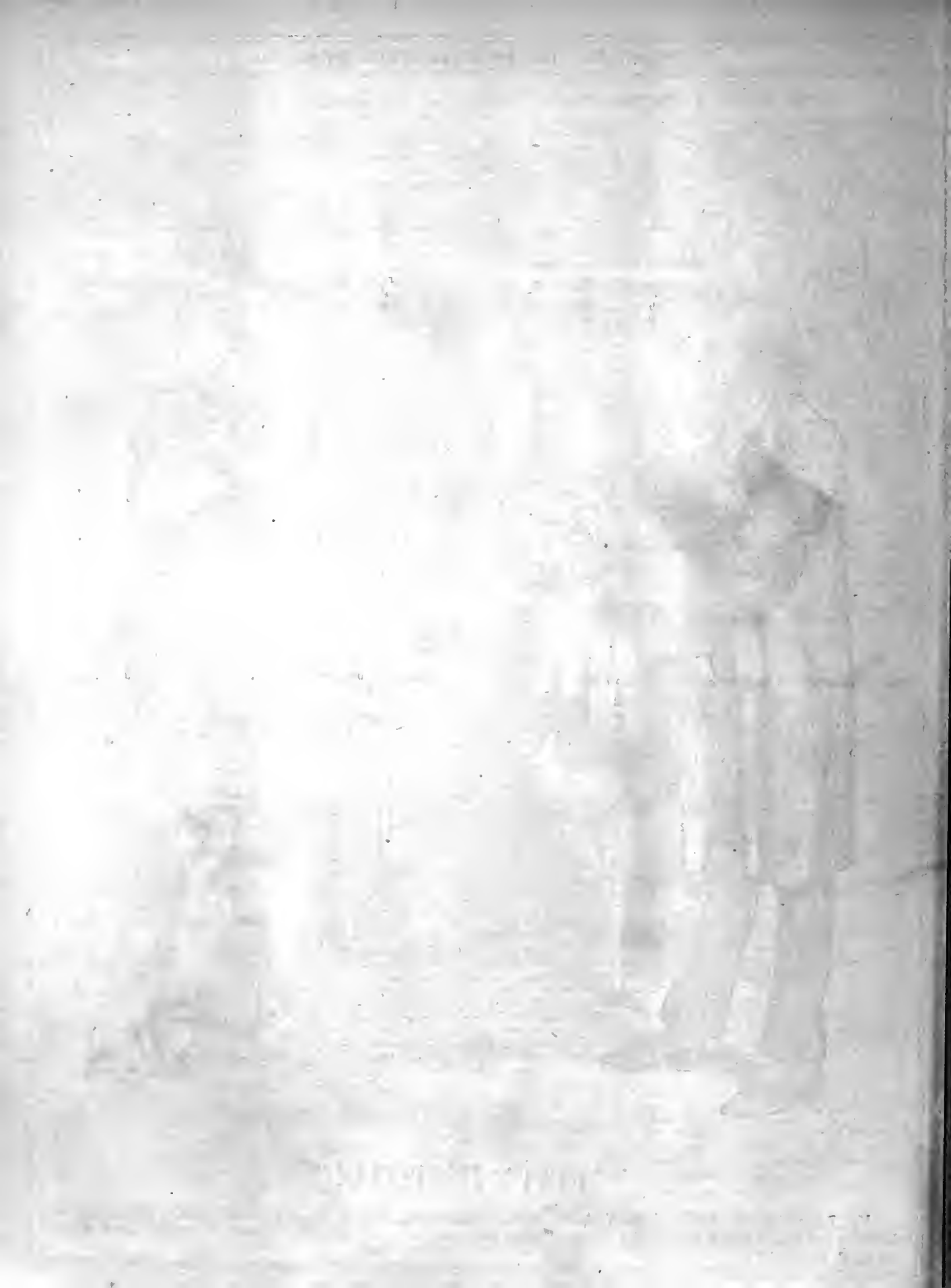
"NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY."—"Happy Thought" by a certain energetic Operatic Manager,—Why not start a "National Carl Rosa Society"? or (this by Colonel HENRY MAPLESON, jun.) a "National Marie Roze Society"? The question of the chances of establishing a National English Opera House (or "Institute"—why "Institute"? the very name suggests dreariness) being now under discussion, not for the first time, the above suggestions may be useful.

KING MILAN V. QUEEN NATALIE.—Checkmate in several moves. Odd quarrel. King complains of Queen's extravagancies in Milanery matters. To which Her Majesty replies that she is never dressed expensively, though always Nattily.



“‘FIAT’ JUSTITIA!”

Mr. Punch (*Amicus, Curie*). “WHY A SPECIAL COMMISSION, OR A SELECT COMMITTEE, GENTLEMEN? EITHER OF YOU COULD WAKE UP THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR;—IT IS ONLY A QUESTION OF—‘WHO’D SPEAK FIRST’?”

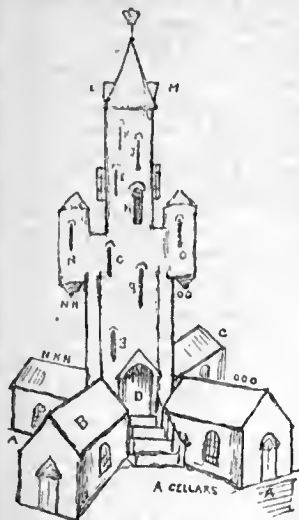


THE CHURCH HOUSE.

AMONG the numerous plans already suggested, the one that we are now enabled to place before the public seems likely to meet with the most favourable consideration. It shows, at all events, whatever be its shortcomings, a laudable attempt to supply a want, and to meet the essential difficulties which *prima facie* present themselves.

[N.B.—Design quite original. Nobody connected with Metropolitan Board of Works need apply.]

- A A A. Temporary Offices for aggrieved Parishioners.
- B. Church Association Department. Carefully walled-up inside, and no communication, not even on business, with C. S.P.G. Society, similarly protected.
- D. General Entrance, communicating immediately with separate lifts up to the different departments.
- E. Extremely Low Evangelical.
- F. Moderately Low.
- G. Country-Gentlemanly Clergyman Party. Fair-sized Flat.
- H. Broad Church. Large windows, with fine open views.
- I. Moderately High. The windows (—) become narrower at this elevation.
- J. Ritualistic Storey.



- K. Ultra-Ditto. Expensively furnished. Pegs for vestments.
 - L.M. Attics for the use of the Rev. F. G. LEE and small party. Airy situation, quite in *nubibus*.
 - N. Office of Mr. HAWES, with (N N) private staircase leading to (N N N) Concert-hall and Fowl-house.
 - O. Office of Rev. S. HEADLAM, with (O O) private staircase leading to (O O O) well-appointed Theatre and Music Hall, and an exit to Trafalgar Square.
- Grounds arranged for Lawn Tennis Tournaments (for Bishops only); model farms for Rural Deans; summer-houses for Pastoral Plays, &c., &c.

JULY JOTTINGS.

(Extracted last week from the Journal of an al fresco Pleasure-seeker.)

Monday.—Go down on invitation to the BILKERBURY'S place in Surrey "to look at their roses and try their strawberries." Raining heavily. Still start. BILKERBURY meets me at station with dog-cart. Says "he hardly thought I would come in such weather." Five-mile drive. Pelting the whole way. Arrive drenched. Family depressed. "Try" the strawberries at luncheon. Find them colossal, watery, slug-eaten, and tasteless. BILKERBURY says it is the rain that has done it, and that if I had only "come down last Tuesday week then he could have shown me something like a strawberry." Ask about the roses. Says they are simply "mashed up" with the rain, and that there's nothing left of them. Spend a dreary afternoon playing backgammon with Mrs. B. Say I think I'll walk back to the station. BILKERBURY nods and doesn't press the dog-cart. Miss my way, and lose my train. Have to wait at the station three hours and a half, in my damp clothes, for the next. Afraid I have caught cold. Home at last. A very gloomy day.

Tuesday.—Off to Tippingford to play in the Home Eleven against the Roving Batterbridge Juveniles. Pelting cats and dogs. Ground like a sponge. Both Elevens boxed up in the tap-room of a small local public-house drinking hot whiskey-and-water. After waiting five hours and a half rain stops for a few moments, and the Captains determine to begin the match. We win the toss, and go in. Owing to the sloppy state of the wicket, we are all got out for eleven in five-and-twenty minutes. Cats and dogs recommence. Further adjournment, and whiskey-and-water drinking. Weather not clearing, other side decide to go out and have their innings, when it is discovered that both our bowlers and five of the field have left for Town. Opposition Captain furious, and asks me whether I think I "belong to an Eleven of Gentlemen." Point to the weather. Rival Umpire asks "What that's got to do with it?" and offers to fight me. Decline, and beat a retreat, eventually getting up to Town, escaping notice in the corner of a third-class compartment. Arrive dripping. Feet in hot water. To bed miserable.

Wednesday.—Glass still falling, and pelt continuous. Still, make up my mind to start for the FEATHERFLY'S Water Pic-nic at Cookham. Get there, and find the young people determined not to give it up. Say they are sure it will be "very jolly" if we only take umbrellas and waterproofs enough. Am forced to start. Find myself rowing bow in a light suit of flannels drenched through with a driving rain that is swept by a bitterly cold wind in painful over my dripping back. Spirited young lady, who is steering, expresses her opinion

that it is "great fun." After two hours of this, join other boats under some dripping bushes, to have lunch. Everybody in an ill temper. Get a soaked sandwich, and call attention to it. Comie man asks me what else I expected at a "Water Party." No one laughs. Should like to duck him. Start to return, wind risen to a hurricane, rain coming down in a deluge. Take an extra hour-and-a-half getting back. Hurry up to catch train without waiting to say good-bye to FEATHERFLY. Feel too savage to do it. Am all over aches and pains. Think, on the whole, it is the most disagreeable day I have ever spent in my life. Go to bed, wondering whether I shall be able to hobble through my part in the Open-air Pastoral Play which I am booked for to-morrow.

Thursday.—No change in weather. Worse, if anything. Nevertheless, start for Sir HARRY POTTIFER'S place in Kent, to take part in a Pastoral Drama, written specially for the occasion by himself, entitled the *Apotheosis of Pan, or Sunshine in Arcady*. I am to play *Bacchus*. Rain coming down in torrents. Find all the players protesting against giving the thing in "such weather." Sir HARRY insists that we must, as Royalty is expected. Turn out, grumbling, and begin. Seeing that *Venus* has got on a waterproof, I put on an Ulster, and the Chorus of Wood Nymphs, taking the hint, execute a "sylvan dance" in goloshes, wraps, and umbrellas. Sir HARRY is hurt. Says he didn't think we would mind "a little wet, just for once," and that, of course, if we are going "to play the fool in that sort of fashion," we may, as well "give up the whole thing." After a hot altercation on the lawn, held in a roaring wind in the midst of blinding sleet and rain, *Pan* absolutely declining to appear, even in his "Apotheosis," unless enveloped in a coachman's overcoat, a compromise is arrived at, and it is ultimately settled that we are to finish the Open-air Pastoral Drama as well as we can in the back drawing-room. Do this. It falls decidedly flat. Royalties leave before it is over. Sir HARRY grumpy, and almost rude. Take my departure, vowing nothing ever again shall persuade me to go in for a Pastoral Drama. Arrive at my Chambers, feeling that, spite the Ulster, my scanty get-up as *Bacchus* has given me a severe chill. To bed, shivering, and wishing I hadn't stood so long on the lawn in sandals.

Friday.—Feel that the sandals have done it, and that I have certainly got a chill. Head splitting. Aches all over. Glass hesitating. Think it really looks like clearing. Give three feeble cheers. Wonder whether I can manage to get down to the SPINKLEBY'S Garden Party to-day, and put in an appearance at the Champion Bicycle Tournament to-morrow. Think I'll see Doctor. Do so. Shakes his head and makes me telegraph to put them both off. Explain my symptoms. Tells me I may think myself lucky if I get off without rheumatic fever. Says Monday set it up. Tuesday developed it. The Water Pic-nic on Wednesday brought it to a head, and that *Bacchus* yesterday evidently finished me. Orders me wet towel to my head and gruel. Toss about in a troubled sleep dreaming I am pursued by a demon Clerk of the Weather, who is playing on me continually with a four-inch hose of a sixteen horse-power engine of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

Saturday.—Glass gone up amazingly. Sunshine once more. No use. Comes too late. Still in bed. Wet towel still round my head. Still taking gruel. On the whole, an irritating ending to a beastly week.

NOTES PICKED UP IN THE COURT OF THE L.C.J.

- 11:15 A.M.—Fairly punctual. Must not go to sleep until all my friends are settled.
- 11:30 P.M.—Think there is no more room on the Bench. Have given orders I am not to be disturbed.
- 12 NOON.—Opening for the Plaintiff still going on. Wonder if Counsel will last until luncheon interval. Pleasant voice—does not disturb me at all.
- 1:30 P.M.—Force of habit! Woke up in time to suggest that the usual mid-day adjournment should take place.
- 2 P.M.—Find that address to the Jury is not concluded. Very well.
- 4 P.M.—Force of habit again! Woke up to the minute. Some witnesses I find have been examined.
- 4:30 P.M.—Adjourned Court. Shall be interested to find what I have been trying to-day. Sure to see it in the *Times* to-morrow!

The Summer of 1888.

(Old Tune.)

I REMEMBER, I remember
How this Summer fled by,
With its warmth of a December,
And its smiles of Janu-a-ry.

A MOTTO which certain Architects of the Board of Works acted on:—"One must draw the line somewhere." And they did. And that line wasn't a right line.



"IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS."

Sub-Editor (to Nervous Subscriber). "I MAY OBSERVE, BY THE WAY, SIR, THAT ALL SUBSCRIBERS TO OUR PAPER, THAT PAY IN ADVANCE, WILL BE ENTITLED TO A FIRST-CLASS OBITUARY NOTICE!—GRATIS, SIR!"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

May 8.—I woke up with a most terrible head-ache. I could scarcely see, and the back of my neck was as if I had given it a crack. I thought first of sending for a Doctor, but I did not think it necessary. When up, I felt faint, and went to BROWNISH's the Chemist, who gave me a draught. So bad at the office, had to get leave to come home. Went to another Chemist in the City, and I got a draught. BROWNISH's dose seems to have made me worse. Have eaten nothing all day. To make matters worse, CARRIE, every time I spoke to her, answered me sharply—that is, when she answered at all. In the evening I felt very much worse again, and said to her, "I do believe I've been poisoned by the lobster mayonnaise at the Mansion House last night." She simply replied, without taking her eyes from her sewing, "Champagne never did agree with you." I felt irritated, and said, "What nonsense you talk; I only had a glass and a half, and you know as well as I do—" Before I could complete the sentence, she bounced out of the room. I sat over an hour waiting for her to return, but as she did not, I determined I would go to bed. I discovered CARRIE had gone

to bed without even saying good-night, leaving me to bar up the scullery door, and feed the cat. I shall certainly speak to her about this in the morning.

May 9.—Still a little shaky, with black specs. CARRIE had commenced her breakfast when I entered the parlour. I helped myself to a cup of tea, and I said, perfectly calmly and quietly, "CARRIE, I wish a little explanation of your conduct last night." She replied, "Indeed! and I desire something more than a *little* explanation of your conduct the night before." I said, coolly, "Really, I don't understand you." CARRIE said, sneeringly, "Probably not; you were scarcely in a condition to understand anything." I was astounded at this insinuation, and simply ejaculated "CAROLINE!" She said, "Don't be theatrical. It has no effect on me. Reserve that tone for your new friend, *Mister FARMERSON* the ironmonger." I was about to speak, when CARRIE, in a temper such as I have never seen her in before, told me to hold my tongue. She said, "Now I'm going to say something. After professing to snub Mr. FARMERSON, you permit him to snub you in my presence, and then accept his invitation to take a glass of champagne with you, and you don't limit yourself to one glass. You then offer this vulgar man, who made a bungle of repairing our scraper, a seat in our cab on the way home. I say nothing about his tearing my dress in getting in the cab, nor of treading on Mrs. JAMES's expensive fan, which you knocked out of my hand, and for which he never even apologised; but you both smoked all the way home, without having the decency to ask my permission. That is not all. At the end of the journey, although he did not offer you a farthing towards his share of the cab, you asked him in. Fortunately, he was sober enough to detect from my manner that his company was not desirable."

Goodness knows I felt humiliated enough at this; but, to make matters worse, GOWING entered the room without knocking, with two hats on his head, and holding the garden-rake in his hand, with CARRIE's fur tippet (which he had taken off the downstairs hall-peg) round his neck, and announced himself in a loud, coarse voice, "His Royal Highness the Lord Mayor." He marched twice round the room like a buffoon, and, finding we took no notice, said, "Hullo! what's up? Lovers' quarrel, eh?"

There was a silence for a moment, so I said, quietly, "My dear GOWING, I'm not very well, and not quite in the humour for joking, especially when you enter the room without knocking—an act which I fail to see the fun of." GOWING said, "I'm very sorry, but I called for my stick, which I thought you would have sent round." I handed him his stick, which I remembered I had painted black with the enamel paint, thinking to improve it. He looked at it for a minute with a dazed expression and said, "Who did this?"

I said, "Eh? Did what?"

He said, "Did what? Why, destroyed my stick! It belonged to my poor uncle, and I value it more than anything I have in the world. I'll know who did it."

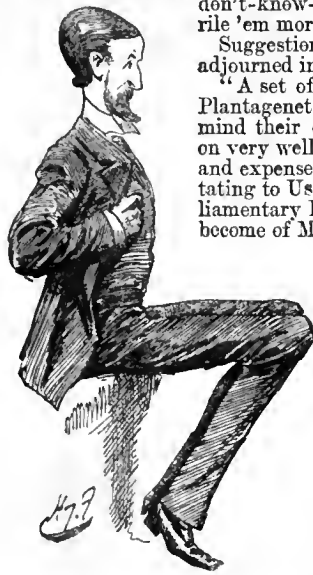
I said, "I'm very sorry. I daresay it will come off. I did it for the best."

GOWING said, "Then all I can say is, it's a confounded liberty, and I *would* add, you're a bigger fool than you look, only *that's* absolutely impossible."

"HOW TO PREVENT ALPINE ACCIDENTS."
—Simple old remedy: Stay at home.

subject. Rising from Woolsack to-night, and compelling respectful attention of Rowton, moved Resolution to effect that action of Commons in the matter should be ignored.

"Let us," he said, dropping into modern English, "assume a don't-know-yah air towards these fellows. That'll rile 'em more than anything else."



"Attention!"

Suggestion unanimously adopted. Noble Lords adjourned in condition of high elation.

"A set of common persons," said that other Plantagenet Peer, BRABOURNE. "Teach 'em to mind their own business. Think we could get on very well without the Commons. Save time and expense. At any rate, won't have them dictating to Us. A Peer not to interfere in a Parliamentary Election, forsooth! Then what's to become of ME and my personal influence?"

Business done.—In Commons, pecking away at Local Government Bill.

Tuesday.—OLD MORALITY appeared at Table with bulky bundle of copybook headings. Desire to do our duty; animated by one feeling; nothing further from our thoughts; most anxious to meet views of House; no desire to affect legitimate discussion; profoundly regret; a great property in which the nation has a deep, a large, and a vested interest; would not use the power placed in our hands to interfere with the liberties of Hon. Members; I may be allowed to travel somewhat farther, and say:

certainly, Sir; always guided by a due sense of my responsibility; desire to act in the interests of the public service; in this I do not wish to be understood; when I say this, I must also state; we should not be justified in allowing; I am afraid we should not think it right; and so on, leading up to final conclusion to appropriate all the time of the House for Government business.

Sage of Queen Anne's Gate jeeringly criticises proposals. Doctor GRANDOLPH, LL.D., much distressed at this frivolity. Severely birches Sage. Then turns upon Government, tears to shreds the amiable copybook headings, sprinkles Treasury Bench with fragments. OLD MORALITY proposes to take Local Government Bill through Committee, pass all Supply, adjourn early in August, resume for Autumn Session at the end of October. Dr. GRANDOLPH demonstrates practical impossibility of this arrangement. Shall be here till September carrying out first part of programme. How could House be asked to meet again in October?

"GRANDOLPH's quite right," said BATES, clasping his hands in habitual devotional attitude. "If programme's carried out, shall certainly have an Autumn Session, but it'll last straight through from now till November."



Bad quarter of an hour on Treasury Bench. Deliverance from unexpected quarter. GLADSTONE takes Government under paternal wing.

"Keep your eye on your father," he says, "and your father will pull you through."

So he does, insisting as price of deliverance that Life Peerages Bill shall be abandoned. OLD MORALITY gratefully gasps forth assent. Message sent across to Lords. Been debating Life Peerages Bill all night. Just agreeing to read it a Second Time when OLD MORALITY's note arrived. The Markiss boils over with rage; nothing for it but to drop Bill, which he does in magnificent passage of withering scorn. Sends note to OLD MORALITY to say would like to see him for few minutes.

O. M. sends back word, very busy indeed. In fact has an urgent summons to other end of town. Back d'reckly.

Business done.—Autumn Session arranged for.

Thursday.—Lords having it all their own way this week. Commons not in it. To-night, all the world knows that The MACALLUM MORE is to move Vote of Confidence in Government with special reference to Irish Administration. Ordinary attractions of speech by the Dook increased by natural curiosity as to issue. Will the Lords pass Resolution, or will Opposition, mustering in overwhelming force, defeat it? Quite exciting prospect. Nothing like little uncertainty to make debate draw.

Walking towards House beheld three cloaked figures, cautiously proceeding along Corridor. Knew them at once, in spite of disguise and shrinking gait. 'Twas GRANVILLE, SPENCER, and ROSEBERY, helping each other along, mutually cheerful.

"I at least will die hard," said the Red Earl, plucking a dagger from his boot.

"Ha! ha!" said ROSEBERY, resolutely, though with slight tendency to chattering of teeth.

"We must dissemble," said GRANVILLE. "ARGYLL's a terrible man when blood of MACALLUM MORE boils."

A crowded House. Privy Counsellors throng steps of Throne. M.P.'s packed in pens at Bar. LOCKWOOD seized opportunity to make sketches for his forthcoming portrait of "Duke of ARGYLL as Bantam Cock, Crowing on his Own Dunghill." Peers' benches crowded. Bishops in lawn, Ladies in side Galleries, and in high feather.

"Glad I didn't carry out first intention to come in kilt," said the MACALLUM MORE, modestly glancing at galleries, whence fifty pair of bright eyes scanned his manly form.

Just as preliminary business cleared off, STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL blew their nose. In the distance sounded something like earliest effort at tuning bagpipe. MACALLUM MORE started like ancient war-horse at sound of trump. A great occasion. Rose to its full height and his own. Perhaps a little historical in his treatment of subject. Had avowedly come to praise the present Government. Lagged on the way to bang GLADSTONE on the head and scarify SPENCER. Pretty to see the Red Earl, when opprobrium heaped upon him, stoop and furtively feel if the dagger was still in his boot.

For full hour by Westminster clock MACALLUM MORE enjoyed himself. Presently would have pleasure of hearing the Markiss and others extol his speech, whilst Opposition feebly struggled against

flood of eloquence and force of argument. The debate would stand out in forefront of historic battles royal. London would ring with it in the morning, and the distant glades of Inverary faintly echo its grander passages. Everybody wound up to fever-heat by his eloquence; yearning to join in fray. Better not take up too much time. So at end of hour and quarter sat down. Gazed haughtily round attentive Senate. Who in the urgent race would win the prize of place and immediately follow him? The black-browed Markiss, the glaucous GRANVILLE, the Red Earl with his secreted weapon, or the ribald ROSEBERY, capable of speaking disrespectfully of the Equator? (*Did the other day actually allude to Dook as a "portentous political pedagogue."*) A wondering silence fell over the crowded benches. A rustle of garments, a murmur of whispered conversation, something like a titter rippling along Front Opposition Bench, and then—the Lord CHANCELLOR on his feet putting the Question!

It was all over. The House had listened, and concluded with one accord that there was nothing in the oration suggesting reply. Debate a monologue. Opposition broke forth into unseemly laughter, Ministerialists answered with angry cheer. As for the MACALLUM MORE he could not understand it.

"A low practical joke," he said, glancing suspiciously at ROSEBERY; then with head thrown back, and chest more than ever protuberant, he stalked forth.

Business done.—Local Government Bill in Commons.

Friday.—Gog and Magog had their noses pulled to-night. PICKERSOILL proposed to deprive Corporation of ancient right to appoint to the offices of Recorder and Common Serjeant. ATTORNEY-GENERAL said "No." Much cheering from Gog and Magog. Then GRANDOLPH supported Amendment. HENRY JAMES followed; OLD MORALITY capitulated; Gog and Magog groaned.

Business done.—Local Government Bill advancing by leaps and bounds.

THE PARK NEAR RICHMOND HILL.

(An Old Story with a New Burthen.)

Near Richmond Hill there stands a Park, Right fair at eve or morn; To claim it for the "Men of Mark," Moves most to rage or scorn. Though Volunteers earn patriot cheers, And Punch's right goodwill, He must decline to thus resign The Park near Richmond Hill.	How foolish would the Public prove, Which calls the Park its own, To yield the verdant glade we love To tents and butts alone! Pothunters "pot" at Aldershot, There show your marksman skill; [of toil But oh! don't spoil for thralls Our Park near Richmond Hill!
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NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule

BOMBASTES FURIOSO À LA FRANÇAISE.

(Adapted from the Old English Burlesque.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Artaxominous (insulted and floored by General Bombastes)	The Royalist Party.
Distaffina (a Faithless Flirt).	Mdme. LA FRANCE.
Fusbos (a Prime Minister, who is victorious over General Bombastes in a duel)	M. FLOQUET.
and	
General Bombastes	GÉNÉRAL BOULANGER.



The situation represented is the finish of the combat between Prime Minister Fusbos and General Bombastes, and it may be interesting to add that, in the original version, the finale ran thus:—

Distaffina (distracted).	Briny tears I'll shed.
Artaxominous (rising unexpectedly).	I for joy shall cry, too!
Fusbos (considerably astonished).	Zonnds! the King's alive!
General Bombastes (suddenly sitting up).	Yes! and so am I, too.

But in the French version this order will not be exactly followed, as General Bombastes will sing the second line. Fusbos, much astonished, will exclaim, "Tiens! il vit encore!" and the King will sing the last line. So far, the rehearsals have been eminently satisfactory.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

May 21.—The last week or ten days terribly dull. CARRIE being away at Mrs. JAMES'S, at Sutton. CUMMINGS also away. GOWING, I presume, is still offended with me for black-enamelling his stiek without asking him.

May 22.—Purchased a new stiek mounted with silver which cost seven-and-sixpence (shall tell CARRIE five shillings), and sent it round with nice note to GOWING.

May 23.—Received strange note from GOWING. He says: "Offended? Not a bit, my boy. I thought you were offended with me for losing my temper. Besides, I found, after all, it was not my poor old uncle's stiek you painted. It was only a shilling thing I bought at a tobacconist's. However, I am much obliged to you for your handsome present all the same."

May 24.—CARRIE back. Hoorah! She looks wonderfully well, except that the sun has caught her nose.

May 25.—CARRIE brought down some of my shirts and advised me to take them to TRILLIP'S round the corner. She said: "The fronts and cuffs are much frayed." I said without a moment's hesitation, "I'm 'frayed' they are." Lor! How we roared. I thought we should never stop laughing. As I happened to be sitting next the driver going to town on the 'bus, I told him my joke about the "frayed" shirts. I thought he would have rolled off his seat. They laughed at the office a good bit too over it.

May 26.—Left the shirts to be repaired at TRILLIP'S. I said to him: "I'm 'frayed' they are frayed!" He said without a smile, "They're bound to do that, Sir." Some people seem to be quite destitute of a sense of humour.

June 2.—The last week has been like old times. CARRIE being back, and GOWING and CUMMINGS calling every evening nearly. Twice we sat out in the garden quite late. This evening we were like a pack of children, and played "Consequences." It is a good game.

June 3.—Consequences again this evening. Not quite so successful as last Saturday. GOWING having several times over-stepped the limits of good taste.

June 4.—In the evening CARRIE and I went round to Mr. and Mrs. CUMMINGS' to spend a quiet evening with them. GOWING was there, also Mr. STILLBROOK. It was quiet but pleasant. Mrs. CUMMINGS sang five or six songs—"Maggie's Secret," and "Why don't the Men propose?" being best in my humble judgment. But what pleased me most was the duet she sang with CARRIE—classical duet, too. I think it is called—"I could that my Love." It was beautiful. If CARRIE had been in better voice, I don't think professionals could have sung it better. After supper we made them sing it again. I never liked Mr. STILLBROOK since the walk that Sunday to the "Cow and Hedge," but I must say he sings comic songs well. His song, "We don't Want the Old Men now," made us shriek with laughter, especially the verse referring to Mr. GLADSTONE. But there was one verse I think he might have omitted, and I said so, but GOWING thought it was the best of the lot. "Chacun à son gout," as the French say.

June 6. TRILLIP brought round the shirts, and to my disgust, his charge for repairing was more than I gave for them when new. I told him so, and he impertinently replied, "Well, they are better now than when they were new." I paid him, and said it was a robbery. He said, "If you wanted your shirt-fronts made out of pauper-linen, such as is used for packing and bookbinding, why didn't you say so."

June 7.—A dreadful annoyance. Met Mr. FRANCHING, who lives at Peckham, and who is a great swell in his way. I ventured to ask him to come home to meat-tea, and take pot-luck. I did not think he would accept such a humble invitation, but he did, saying in a most friendly way he would rather "peck" with us than by himself. I said, "We had better get into this Blue 'bus." He replied, "No blue-bussing for me. I have had enough of the blues lately. I lost a cool 'thou' over the Copper Seare. Step in here." We drove up in style home, and I knocked three times at the front door without getting an answer. I saw CARRIE through the panels of ground glass (with stars), rushing up-stairs. I told Mr. FRANCHING to wait at the door while I went round to the side. There I saw the grocer's boy actually picking off the paint on the door, which had formed into blisters. No time to reprove him, so went round and effected an entrance through the kitchen window. I let in Mr. FRANCHING, and showed him into the drawing-room. I went up-stairs to CARRIE, who was changing her dress, and told her I had persuaded Mr. FRANCHING to come home. She replied, "How can you do such a thing; you know it's SARAH'S holiday, and there's not a thing in the house, the cold mutton having turned with the hot weather."

Eventually CARRIE, like a good creature as she is, slipped down, washed up the tea-cups, and laid the cloth, and I gave FRANCHING our views of Japan to look at while I ran round to the butchers to get three chops.

SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO FOR THE BOX-OFFICE AT A THEATRE OR AT A LIBRARIAN'S.—"So much for Booking 'em!"

PLUVIAL.—"The phenomenal wetness of the Season is really becoming grave," says an agricultural organ. Grave? Yes, the "watery grave"—both of business and pleasure.

THE CROPS AND CURRENT LITERATURE.—Bad Weather for all the Cereals.



A LAST CHANCE.

London Artisan (to Expiring Metropolitan Board of Works). "DO ONE GOOD WORK BEFORE YOU DEPART THIS LIFE, AND, AT A STROKE OF THE PEN, SECURE THE BENEFITS OFFERED AT HAMPSTEAD TO THE LONDON TOILERS, THEIR WIVES, AND CHILDREN."

HARD NAMES.—What a very simple-minded Chairman Lord MAGHERAMORNE seems to be! What a title it is! "Give a Dog a bad name," &c., &c.; but give a Hogg a name most difficult for the Saxon to pronounce properly, and roast him when you catch him. Perhaps the nearest thing to "a Pig in a poke" is "a Hogg in a Witness-box."

At a recent meeting the Archbishop of CANTERBURY observed that he hoped the Church House would soon be launched. So it is to be a House-Boat, after all. In smooth water, let us hope, and in communication with the nearest bank.

THE GOVERNMENT WORKSHOP—"The Smithy."

MAGHERAMORNE !

(A Plaintive Ditty, as sung recently, with more or less success, before a certain Royal Commission.)

LET me down gently. Treat me not unkindly,
 Because, poor victim, I have been deceived.
 For what else could I do but trust them blindly?
 Who would their simple ways have not believed?
 I came down to the office almost daily;
 Moved in their midst. Ah! how could I have guessed,
 Their souls, when they were meeting me so gaily,
 With thoughts of filthy lucre were possessed!
 So treat not my confiding trust with scorn
 But pity me, poor, duped **MAGHERAMORNE !**

Promptly to **HEBB**, whom **Mr. HARE** had shown up,
 I pointed out his wrong, quite moved to tears.
 But when they told me **GODDARD'S** game was thrown up,
 I frankly own I would not trust my ears!
 But here my *largesse*, it is fair to mention,
 We paid to **VULLIAMY**, my Board and I;
 His salary, together with his pension,
 Because,—well, I can't really tell you why!
 Still, meet me gently. Treat me not with scorn.
 Regard me as poor, weak **MAGHERAMORNE !**

Ah! if you can, once more just reinstate me
 Amid the splendours of my former power:
 And in your fancy once again translate me
 From out the clutch of this all-evil hour!
 Think what it is for one who knows not jobbing
 To be associated with a craven crew,
 Accused of bribing, double-dealing, robbing,
 And in their shameless course involving you!
 Think what it is, and pity your forlorn,
 Dejected, duped and dazed **MAGHERAMORNE !**

Faber Major Punchio Suo.

CARE PUNCHI,
 VESTER Correspondens, "FABER MINOR," acutior
 esse debuit quam qui acutum accentum in vocem *circiv*
 imponeret. Qui ultimam ejus verbi non circumfleetet,
 ipse trans patris genua circumflexus vapulare debet,
 donec accentus delorosi exprimantur.
 Vester vere,
FABER MAJOR.



A PROUD AND HAPPY MOMENT IN 'ARRY'S LIFE.

SILVER FÊTE. THE TEA AND COFFEE STALL. JULY, 1888.

ROBERT AT THE AKIDDIMY.

WORRIBLE subjees sum Painters chooses! Fancy having hung up
 in one's dining-room a picter of a poor old Lion a dying of hunger,
 and about a duzen hungry Vultures jest a little way behind him,
 a waiting impashent for the coming feast! And then there's another
 horrid picter, as made me feel quite mellancolly to look at. It's the
 inside of a Theatre, and the Balcony and the Galleries is all crowded

with peeple, and about seven
 growed-up females is all tied to
 postesses, and a lot of lions is
 waiting outside the iron door to
 come in and kill 'em all. What
 a nice subjeck for your Droring-
 Room!

Then No. 438 is a werry re-
 markabel tall Lady, who has had
 no time to dress herself, and is
 being compelled to carry a great
 jug full of water on her poor
 naked shoulders, and two of her
 sisters similar atired in nothing
 in partickler is a running after
 her to call her back. In anser
 to my hegar inquiries as to what
 it all ment, I was told as it was
 classiele, and ony skollards could
 understand it. And all I can say
 is, that if all the howdacious ones
 is classiele, let 'em be put in a room by themselves, so that decent
 people may no what they has to pteet.

No. 630. "The Miserables!" Ah, that's a fine picter, if you
 likes. Why, it gavo me the miserables so badly, ony to look at the
 pore Cab-horses a standing so pashently in the pouring reiu, that I
 was compelled to have a drink! I shooldn't much like to have that
 picter, wunderfool clever as it is, a allus hanging in my room; it wood
 cost me a lot of moneys jest to keep up my sperrits.

No. 669. "Old and Crusted!" Yes, there's no deut about it.

The werry look of the smiling Waiter, and the remarkabel carefool
 way in which he carries that Bottle of Port tells me at a glance as
 there ain't no desepshun there. And ain't the 3 thirsty gents jest a
 got all their 6 eyes upon it, and ain't they all thorowly prepaired for
 the cumming joy! Ah! Mr. DANDY SADLER, I warrent as you knows
 a glass of old Port when you gets it, as well as any Alderman of the
 hole Court, or you couldn't have painted that glorious picter of the
 plezzure of Hopin. There's one thing quite certain, there won't be
 much of that "old and crusted"
 left for the Waiter, pore Fellar!



No. 1055. Picture of Scare Crows.

No. 712. This is a werry
 striking Picter of the sad results
 of a hole famerly playing on the
 Stares, altho their Ma has warned
 'em over and ever again of the
 natural conseqwences. There's
 no less than 3 on 'em amost dead,
 allreddy, and no one earn't
 wunder at it when they gazes at
 them cruel looking stone stares.

There is sum of the ushal old
 jokes, such as Mr. HUNT'S 3 horses
 "waiting for buyers," and a
 preshus long time they'll have
 to wait I shoold think, for they
 all looks the werry picter of
 misery, has all their eyes shut,
 and, they're all on a bare common
 with not a sole near 'em but the
 horseler. And then Mr. GRIMSHAW, not to be outdone, calls a picter
 "Winter Leaves," and there ain't not a singel leaf on all the many
 trees there!

The Akiddimy is now shettin its dores, and there's a hend of the
 Season. I think nex ear I shall start as a Hart Cricket, and give
 em sum Ome trewths by yours respektfully,
ROBERT.

SARAH ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF GENIUS.



I must take no bread ner butter—
"Butter" I shall miss, alack!
When I cease to be "too utter,"
To the Français I'll go back.

IN this land of BERNARD-BEERE [stout; On m'a dit I'm getting In great rôles I must appear, Present costumes must "let out."

LEGAL "EXHIBITS."

ON Thursday of last week there was what the newspapers call a "Scientific At Home" at the Temple, when various electrical appliances were exhibited, and the haunt of the lawyers was illuminated from outside by electric lamps—but ought not the illumination to have come from within? The subjoined are a few of the articles which may have been on view:—

1. *The Wig of the Future*—warranted not to make one's hair come off. In connection with *The Patent Judge-Acakener*, warranted to make one's case come on.
2. *An Automatic Grand Jury*—all ready "charged," by a Recorder or Judge, with electric force, and guaranteed to find true Bills for eight consecutive hours without renewing the supply.
3. *The Judge's Friend*. Being a robe formed exclusively of the dried skins of electric eels, causing the wearer a series of mild but continuous shocks, effectually stimulating the intellect and preventing sleep.
4. *Patented Arrangement*—for suddenly converting the interior of a Court of Law into a first-class *Restaurant*, so as to obviate the necessity of the mid-day adjournment. Cleverest Members of Junior Bar act as head waiters. Barons of beef for Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON'S Court. Hash for Counsel.
5. *The Mechanical Jurymen*—with a label, "Put a ton of forensic balderdash into the (jury) box, and the figure will return a verdict according to the weight—of the evidence."
6. *A Model Costs-Reducer*. New method (been tried once) of drawing up Solicitor's charges and taxing them simultaneously. Has taxed the inventor's ingenuity for years. So far it has only failed to act on a single occasion.
7. *New Way of "Taking Silk"*—by subjecting silk-worms to unpleasant electric vibrations.
8. *The Phonograph, or Storage of Judgments*. Lord Chancellor (twenty years hence). "Usher, turn on my predecessor in *Juggins v. Bellamy*. Rather squeaky. Perhaps Lord HALSBURY had a cold that morning. Still, there's his opinion in favour of the Plaintiff's view. That settles it. Judgment for Defendant, with costs."
9. *Punishment on a Novel Plan*. "Fourteen Days, or six prods of the Galvanic Titillator." (Machine shown, and tried.)

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION.

SCENE.—*The Grounds on a July afternoon. One heavy shower is just making way for another. A light fog. Military Band conscientiously performing to rows of wooden chairs. Attendants hoisting strings of limp Chinese lanterns to posts, and baling rain-water out of coloured oil-lamps. Enter a Pleasure-Seeker, who has been ordered by his Doctor to "divert his mind as much as possible." He feels a little uncertain where to begin his diversion, as the saddles of the galloping horses in the Steam-Circus look too soaked to be inviting; but, seeing a couple picking their way through the puddles towards the "Danish Grotto of Mysteries," he follows.*

IN THE GROTTTO.

A Gloomy Man in a Friar's habit receives their threepeences, and leads the way into the interior, which is entirely dark. The Lady of the couple giggles.

The Friar (in a solemn voice). Go straight on, and do not be afraid. (He stops before a sort of tickle-hole in the canvas rock, through which they dimly perceive an illuminated transparency depicting two insipid young persons on a garden seat.) Youth and Decay.

The Gentleman. Where do you make out that Decay comes in, Guv'nor?

Friar (with sombre triumph). Here! (Pulls string—figures on seat change to skeletons.)

The Lady (unappalled). How funny! Do you mind doing that over again?

[The Friar seems hurt and depressed by such a request, but complies. He then leads the Party to a Canvas Cavern, where, upon a board at the threshold being trodden upon, a rickety skeleton emerges.

The Lady (still calm). Law! What are those two twinkling things? Friar (suppressing his annoyance). They are the flaming eyes of the apparition.

The Lady. I suppose that's done with eandles inside of its head?

[Friar declines to reveal this grim secret, and proceeds to another cave, where four more skeletons are grouped in a faint green light. He pulls a secret string, and two of the skeletons extend their arms with a grisly rattle.

The Lady. That's rather pretty, isn't it?

The Gentleman. We've come to the right shop for skeletons, eh?

[They pass into the Stalactite Cavern, which contains an earthy smell, and a "correct representation, as those of the party who have visited Elsinore will bear witness, of the Ghost Scene from Hamlet." The Lady commends the moon, which she says "looks quite watery." They then inspect a paste-board seaman dying of starvation on an iceberg, and depart.

Our Pleasure-Seeker seeks to restore himself by taking afternoon tea at a damp table under a dripping tree, until driven by stress of weather into the Conservatory, where a "Watteau Concert" is going on. Three Gentlemen in velvet Court suits and white wigs are singing a trio describing "What a merry, merry life we Gipsies lead!" with a laughing chorus. Concert concludes with "Vocal Polka" by three young Ladies, in costume, illustrating the joys of washing with real pails, linen, and soapuds. Not greatly exhilarated, the P. S. repairs to the Lake. Here a languid row of spectators are gazing from under umbrellas at a Professor in a tight suit of black, who is standing on his head at the bottom of a glass tank while his feet are waving above the surface. The Professor rights himself, and puts his head above water to bow, and make a damp little speech. "I shall now show you—Eating under water!" Sits at bottom of tank and consumes a biscuit. Several Spectators drift away, their curiosity satisfied. The P. S., after watching the Professor and his Pupil gambolling in the Lake like porpoises, begins to feel depression coming on again, and enters the Exhibition, hoping to gain some idea of the Commerce and Industry of Denmark.

IN THE EXHIBITION.

The Scene is characterised by a profound calm. Exhibitors behind stalls rouse themselves from torpor as the P. S. passes, and attempt to attract his attention.

First Exhibitor (hopelessly). Have you heard the new organ-top, Sir? [Spins it on a plate: it drones in a devotional chord, reminding the P. S. of a Cathedral Scene on the stage.

Second Ex. Excuse me, Sir, but have you seen the wonderful new invention for drawing eorks?

Third Ex. (imploringly). Will you allow me to show you this patent self-threading needle, Sir?

Fourth Ex. One moment, Sir. The advantage of using our patent pickle-fork is that you avoid spearing, pricking, stabbing, or wounding the pickle, Sir; you press it gently with the knot—thus!

[Illustrates this humanitarian device with a bottle full of small corks. P.-S. hurries on, like Ulysses passing the Sirens. At one stall the Exhibitor is asleep, and a Fireman is tickling his ear with a pen. At another a good-looking Policeman is dallying.

Stallkeeper (archly, to Policeman). Ah, you haven't your friend opposite to talk to to-day!

Policeman. What friend? All my friends—(tenderly)—are this side of the way.

Stallk. How innoerent we are! You know who I mean. Your partickler friend—MARY, if you must 'ave it. I've seen your goings on! [Policeman protests. Dialogue continued in undertone.

A Stallkeeper (paying flying visit to another). Well, dear, and how have you been doing to-day?

Her Friend (viciously). Oh, don't ask!—I could kick the people!

(Two Old Ladies come up, and hover about stall undecidedly.) Those painted tambourines are pretty. (Indifferently.)

The Old Ladies (enthusiastically). Oh, very, very pretty—and how much do you say? Is that all? Dear, dear! Well—we must look in some other time. Good afternoon! [They shuffle off.]

Girl. Stingy old cats!
[Pleasure-Seeker finds his spirits flagging again, and enters the Theatre, thinking that the Tableaux Vivants from HANS ANDERSEN may revive him. An Orator is on the stage, describing the story from which the next tableau is taken. He has a fine voice and an imposing presence, but would evidently prefer to describe incidents of a less extravagant nature.]

Orator. TOMMALISE (leniently, as if the poor girl couldn't help her name), or "Little Tiny," as (slight dash of the pedagogue here) she is called in some English versions, was born in a—(this apologetically, with an obvious misgiving that he may not be believed)—a tulip flower, and had some (as though he would put it more strongly if he had his way)—hem—surprising adventures. (In a bland tone.) A Toad (glances at audience to see how they take this) stole her as a wife for his son, and imprisoned her on (here he examines his gloves, apparently hesitating whether to impose further on his hearers' credulity) the leaf of a water-lily—but the fishes (very softly, as if desiring it to be distinctly understood that he gives this statement for what it is worth) nibbled the stalk, and set her free. She lived with a Kind, Old, Field-Mouse (slowly and condescendingly), who wanted to marry her to a Mole (pause, during which he seems considering the social objections to such an arrangement), but a swallow (here he grows doubtful again: "Will they stand the scallow?"—decides to risk it)—a swallow she attended when it was ill bore her away (quickly—to disarm captious objections), when it recovered, to the land of the Flower Spirits (feels he is over the worst now, and proceeds with more confidence), and they welcomed her, and gave her—(he would clearly like to substitute some more ordinary and useful article here—but feels that he must stick to his instructions)—wings.

[Tableau is disclosed: Charming children: Pretty music and grouping. Inevitable tendency to giggle and wobble towards the end. Exit Pleasure-Seeker, in slightly improved spirits. Rain. Fog. East Wind. Thunder.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WEMYSS REID'S *Life of W. E. Forster* is a most Reidable biography, of special interest at the present moment. Here, from the commencement of the most dramatic portion of it,—that is, from the day he became Irish Secretary until his resignation—the outsider is allowed more than a mere peep behind the scenes, during the performance of the earlier acts of the Irish Home Rule Drama at St. Stephen's. A fair-minded student, possessed of no special knowledge, will probably be struck by two things: first, the overwhelming anxieties of the Irish Secretaryship; and, secondly, the light-heartedness with which some members of a Cabinet can bear the trials and troubles of one of their own number.



I put down *Forster*, and, *pour me distraire*, I take up PERCY FITZGERALD'S *Chronicles of Bow Street*. "What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*?"—I mean what's *Bow Street* to FITZGERALD, or FITZGERALD to *Bow Street*, that he should select this subject for his busy pen? He has, however, produced a chatty couple of volumes, full of interest to the student of human nature, who can see the humorous side wherever it exists, of the curious stories of knaves, fools, dupes, and deceivers, heartless criminals and astute detectives. The stories of "Old Patch" and other rascals are entertaining in a cynical sort of way. But one of the best anecdotes is of an incident in the career of ADKINS "the Little Ferret," the pluckiest of detectives.

Like most of my friend FITZ's entertaining compilations, the stories seem to have been strung loosely together, from time to time as he came across them at haphazard: and the form and style of the book suggest that friend FITZ treated it in a Gampish-cordial fashion—that is, the MSS. was "on the mankel-shelf, and the author put his pen to it when he was so disposed." The consequence is that *Chronicles of Bow Street*, instead of being a work by "FITZ," is rather a work by "FITZ and Starts." Very entertaining all the same, says [THE ECCENTRIC BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.]

A WEEK'S OPERATIC SCORE.

Tuesday, July 17.—This week is last week. Odd jumble of time; but so it is. This Tuesday is last Tuesday—of Opera Season. Crowds to hear Boïro's *Mefistofele*, in a Prologue, Five Acts, and an Epilogue. (Didn't count the Acts, but think there are five.) Prologue magnificent: carried on by only EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, conductor and orchestra visible—chorus invisible. EDOUARD is almost an Oratorio in himself. Enthusiastic applause at fall of curtain very gratifying to Signor MANCINELLI, who has written an Oratorio, and has conducted the Prologue *con amore*. Then a scene as bright and lively as any in GOUNOD'S *Faust*. Staple of story of *Mefistofele* identical with that of *Faust*. Odd not to hear all GOUNOD'S familiar airs in Boïro's Opera. All the soldiers here, but not the March. How they can come on without it is a puzzle. And no *Valentine*! Only WAGNER here, as a friend of *Faust*'s, who is as un-Wagnerish as he can be, but this is before he composed *Lohengrin*. What an Opera GOUNOD'S *Faust* and Boïro's *Mefistofele* would have made combined! Immortal!—at least we should never hear the last of it. If it began at eight, when would it be over? Miss M'INTYRE, as *Margherita*, charming. Mme. SCALCHI, as *Marta*,—a very willing martyr. Opera full of melody and movement.

Real chance for DRURIOLANUS in the Broken Scene. Expecting Signor ENRICO IRVING every moment. "Margaret's grim ghost"



Druriolanus Covent-Gardenius Operaticus finishes his Season in a Blaze of Triumph.

glides in, and tells *Faust* of her "Broken heart." Audience moved to tears seeing RAVELLI the Reliable for the last time, but subsequently much consoled to find that, resisting all temptations and the allurements of ELLA RUSSELL as the scrumpshus *Elena* of *Troy Weight* (i.e., *La Belle Hélène*, from OFFENBACH), he has the moral courage to "cling to his old black book," to defy EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ as the fiery-bearded *Mefistofele*, and that finally he dies, swan-like, as a singer should, while a shower of rose-leaves descends upon him, and everyone is more certain than ever that RAVELLI the Reliable is a real good tenor who has gone up higher than even TAMBERLIK'S C sharp.

Saturday.—Blaze of triumph. Brilliant House; but forced gaiety on part of Organising Committee, because of its being positively the Very Last Night of Season. Every note of NORDICA'S, SCALCHI'S, ELLA RUSSELL'S, of the Great DE RESZKÉ BROTHERS, and, in fact, of everybody engaged in *Les Huguenots*, breathes "Adieu!" The Band on Board the House Boat struggle manfully with their feelings, and blow hard to stifle their emotion. Dry throats, but not a dry eye anywhere. DRURIOLANUS triumphant after enlivening the Metropolitan Board of Works with his evidence, also after his victory, in County Court, over big umbrella man, and radiant in consequence of long leading article in *Times* this morning, all about himself and Italian Opera. He alludes with mysterious significance to his plans for next Season. Covent-Gardenia HALL cheerfully alludes to his Box-plans for next Season. Pamphlet containing record of "business done" circulated about House. Critical portion of pamphlet signed "J. B." "JOEY B. is sly, Sir, devilish sly." JEAN DE RESZKÉ jumps out of window, and NORDICA swoons for last time this Season. Shooting season commences—bang, bang—"piff paff," as *Marcel* sings—several hits—guns bring down trio—bring down curtain—bring down house—great sport—all recalled—National Anthem—DRURIOLANUS on—speech from throne—DRURIOLANUS congratulates everybody—everybody congratulates DRURIOLANUS—*exerunt omnes*—lights out—*exerunt* sentries—ditto linkmen—DRURIOLANUS locks up—pockets keys (and notes)—off to bed—Italian Opera Season of 1888 is finished.



WINDOW STUDIES.

A SCHOOL TREAT IN JULY, 1888.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER.

(A New Song to an Old Tune, piped by Mr. Punch to his beloved Boys of the N.R.A.)

SOME talk of going to Brighton,
And some to Aldershot;
The target-potting CRICHTON
Must have *some* place to pot.
For of all our national music that
Which most delight to hear,
Is the pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
Of the British Volunteer!

For seasons close on thirty
They've popped at Wimbledon;
In weather bright or dirty,
That music still rang on.
But these well-known ranges will no more
Resound—that's sadly clear—
With the pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
Of the British Volunteer!

Punch feels a pang of sadness
He cannot well suppress.
He hailed "the Camp" with gladness,
He welcomed its success;
And many a time his manly voice
There sounded forth in cheer,
'Midst the pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
Of the British Volunteer!

He saw young Ross made hero,
Young FULROX shouldered high.
In weather down near zero,
Beneath a flaming sky,
His annual visit he has made
To watch the butts, and hear
The pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
Of the British Volunteer!

Damply this year, but suavely,
He held the soddden field,
And saw the Pats win bravely
The Elcho Challenge Shield.
Such shooting hath he never seen
As in this last wet year.
Of the pop, pop, pop, (at Wimbledon)
Of the British Volunteer!

To prejudice a stranger,
Punch will not stop to judge
The Rifles or "The Ranger;"
But, boys, you'll have to budge.
And BULL some suitable new range
Will have to find or clear,
For the pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
Of the British Volunteer!

Eh? Camp 'neath Richmond's shades, lads?
No, no!—that will *not* do!
Can't yield those rural glades, lads,
Even, dear boys, to *you*.
Those oaken clumps, those bracken-spreads,
Were sacrifice too dear
To the pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
Of the British Volunteer!

WANTAGE is wrong this time, lads,
And WALTER EAST is right.
A stroll 'neath elm or lime, lads,
Is the tired man's delight.
Our choicest Cockney's Paradise
We can't give up, that's clear,
To the pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
Of the British Volunteer!

You'll twig, my lads, instanter!
Take *Punch's* friendly tip.
The ramble or the canter
Tired toilers can't let slip.

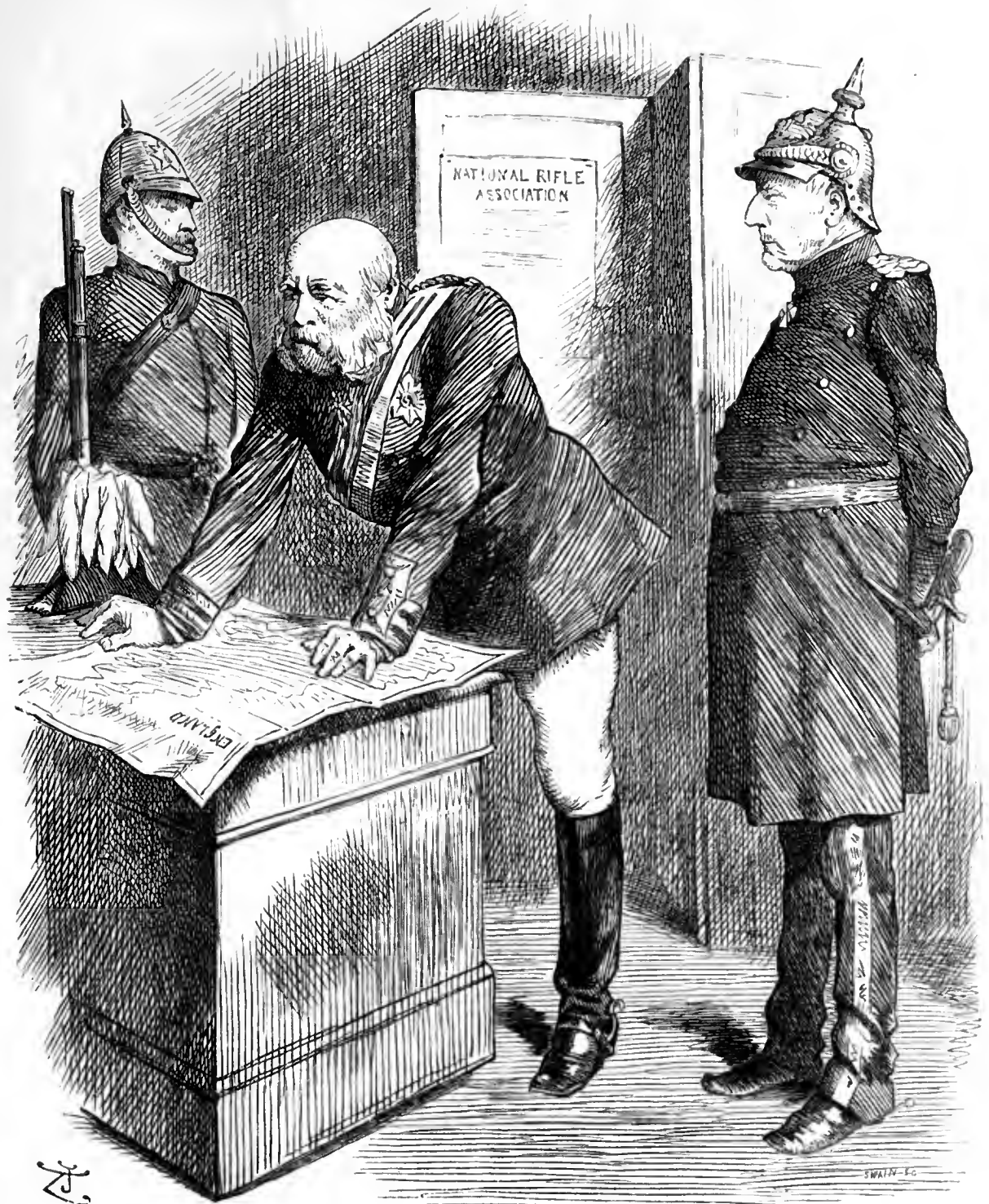
No harm? That's bosh and will not wash.
GEORGE RANGER's right, lads, here.
The Park won't stand the pop, pop
Of the British Volunteer!

But find some fitting range, boys,
For his crack-shots BULL *must*,
And since you're bound to change, boys,
'Tis to improve, I trust.
Pot-hunters there, and popinjays!
No more should raise the jeer
Midst the pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
Of the British Volunteer!

Such soldiers had the Teuton,
So willing—and so cheap,
A range for them to shoot on
Be sure he'd find—and keep.
And we, your Grace, must sight some
place
Where BULL henceforth may hear
The pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
Of the British Volunteer!

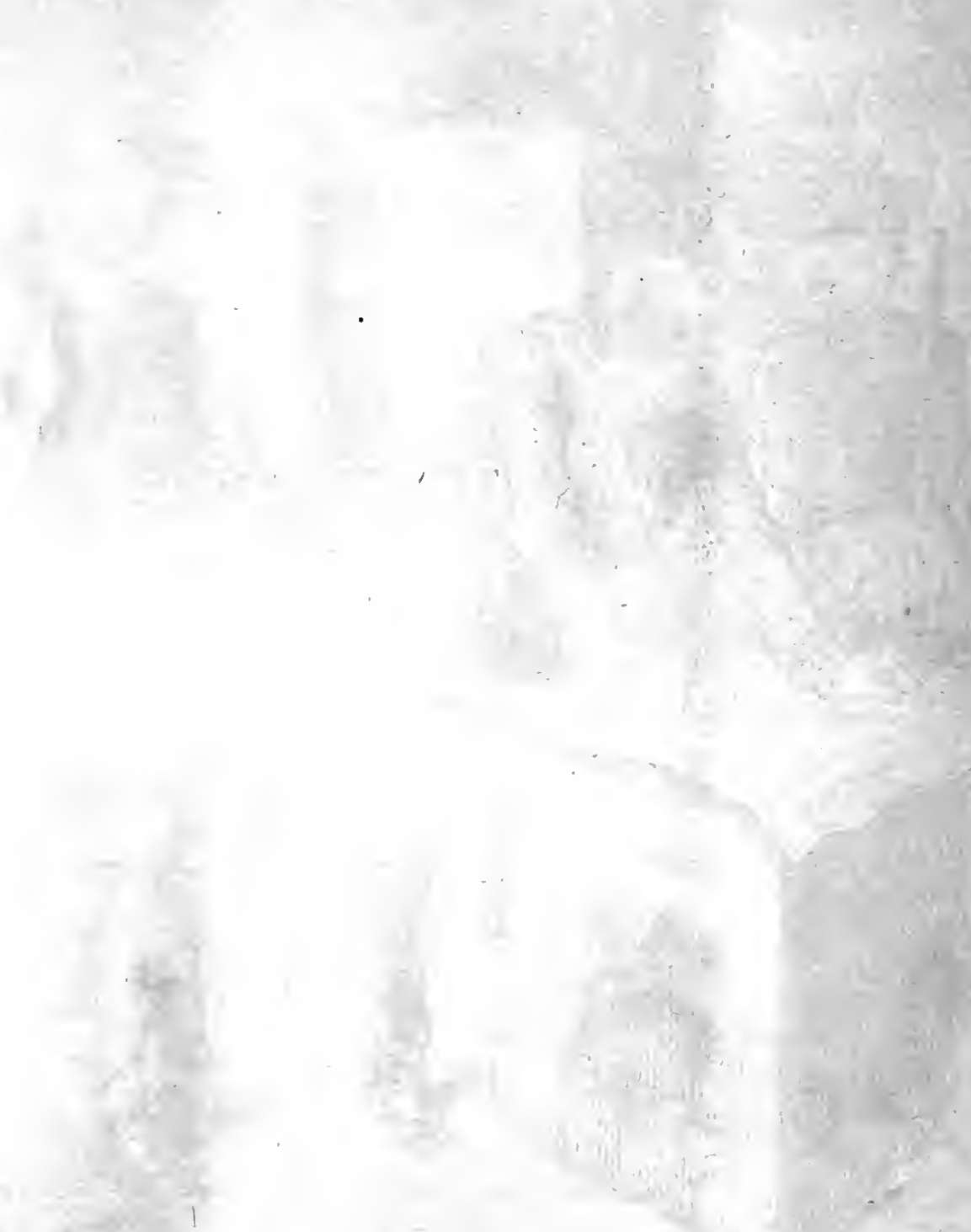
"JOHN LEECH'S SISTERS' FUND."—The circumstances of the case have been fully set forth in the *Times*. Never was there a Physician so successful in his treatment of dull care and despondency as was our LEECH. Those who are indebted to him for many a hearty laugh can pay off the score to his Sisters. Mr. Punch will be happy to receive and forward any subscriptions to "our Mr. AGNEW," who is on the J. L. S. F. Committee. In the name of the Sisters of *The Leech*, we cry, "Give! Give!" and we are assured of a hearty response.

VERY SMALL BEER—CONYBEARE.



NEAR THE MARK.

GEN. VON MOLTKE (to H.R.H. "the Duke"). "ACH! VIMPLETON! RICHMONT! DONNERVETTER! PY CHORCH!
IF I HAT A ZO VILLING ZOLTIER ALS DAT, ZOON HIM VOOT I VIZ A SCHOODING-CROUND PROVITE."



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE.

ONE day last week, according to a report in the *Times*, "Lord ERNE was appointed Imperial Grand Master of the World." For what reason has Lord ERNE received this appalling dignity, which to describe in appropriate terms would require the genius of a MILTON or a DANTE? It was conferred upon Lord ERNE at Carriekfergus, County Antrim, at an Orange Lodge. So the world, being round as an orange, is to be one huge Orange Lodge, of which Lord ERNE is henceforward "Imperial Grand Master," like *Mefistofele* in Boito's opera.

By the way, what sort of an ERNE is this "Imperial Grand"? Is he a Tea-ERNE or a Funeral ERNE? How has he ERNE'd this dignity? Is he, 'ARRY would like to know, any relation to 'Erne the 'Unter? And, in fact, on behalf of the vast majority of the World, of which his Lordship has been appointed Grand Master, we ask, Who is Lord ERNE?

ADELPHI NAVAL AND MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

MR. GRUNDY is fortunate in being associated with Mr. PETTITT—the pettitt child of melodramatic fortune—in the "new and original" Drama (so new, and so original!) at the Adelphi, entitled *The Union Jack*.

Except that the male *dramatis personæ* are soldiers and sailors, and that out of eleven scenes, two are at Aldershot, and one on board a vessel bearing the happy combination-title "*H.M.S. Wellesley*," there is nothing extraordinarily nautical or military about the play. That the plot justifies its authors' description of their work as "new and original" is soon made evident by the incident of the petty officer, *Jack Medway*, [What a capital name for a sailor! so appropriate, you know! None of your common hackneyed "*Bill Barnacle*," or "*Tom Tug*," or "*Jack Mainbrace*"—oh, dear, no!] striking his superior officer and being court-martialled; and then the newness and originality of the story are further shown by the presence of a Wicked Baronet who is also "an Army Contractor" [Happy touch this, brings "Wicked Bart." up to date], and by there being a good deal of hiding behind doors and curtains, and plenty of over-hearing and seeing what wasn't intended to be overheard or seen, and everything happening just at the right moment, too, so as to clear the innocent and confound the guilty; and having so far proved the newness and originality of the plot to the entire satisfaction of the audience, will it be believed that the Wicked Bart. has actually committed a forgery, and that the second villain holds this in *terrorem* over his head, until first villain, unable to stand it any longer, stabs second villain, and then tries his best to get poor petty officer TERRISS found guilty of the crime? And then, so fresh and full of novel surprises is this play, would anyone who has ever seen a melodrama imagine that the unfortunate heroine is drugged by villains, escapes

play itself, this sturdy melodramatic actor will soon run Mr. WILSON BARRETT very hard indeed, though the latter, at present, as far as preaching goes, can give Mr. TERRISS half-a-dozen lengths and beat him easily. The truth is, that this melodramatic stereotyped hero has become rather a bore, and I shall not be surprised if the honest patrons of Adelphi drama do not resent the next attempt, if it be unwisely repeated, at entertaining them with this school-boyish kind of play.

Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, as the scoundrelly *Captain Morton*, was thoroughly artistic. I doubt if even that unexceptionable stage-villain, Mr. WILLARD, could have played it better. And this is the highest praise. The ladies were all good; especially Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE, in the one genuinely pathetic situation of the play. Miss OLGA is not the "leading lady," but the misled lady, and at the end of the play when everybody is happy, no one cares twopenny what becomes of her. "Poor little Me!" She is quite out of it. Miss CLARA JECKS is just the very *Polly Pippin* required by the new and original "*Adelphi*," PETTITT and GRUNDY BROS.; and Miss ELEANOR BUFTON, as *Mrs. Stone*, one of the Wicked Bart.'s "creatures," suggests by her sardonic smile possibilities of such sensational crimes as might make over again the fortune of Miss BRADDOX, and inspire Mr. FARJEON with a plot as cheerful as that of *Uncle Silas*.

Of course, however successful the play may be, it can never "go without a hitch" as long as there is a nautical character in it like Mr. SHINE in a sailor's costume. There is, however, one new and original mystery about the play, and that is—Why is it called "*The Union Jack*?" The *Union Jack* is occasionally alluded to in the dialogue, but the only time it is visible is when the comic sailor sticks up a small toy-flag over the window of the old toll-house on the highroad, and wittily remarks that the cottage thus decorated looks like a ship. Of course the play is successful; of course it will "run"; but if no nautical piece can, as I have proved, "go without a hitch," certainly a play called *The Union Jack* must be of "flagging" interest.



Mr. Shine as British Sailor, with Robert Macaire's old creaking snuff-box. Nautical effect: Little Cove and Big Creek.

JACK IN THE BOX.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

(Song of a Sensational Special.)

AIR—"The Meeting of the Waters."

THERE is not, for the quidnunc, a city so sweet
As St. Petersburg now while the Emperors meet.
One may wander o'er Europe anear and afar,
Yet not find such a chance for a staggering "par."

It is not that the KAISER will give me a "tip,"
Of the CZAR in my ear a state-secret let slip;
That either will whisper his wish or his will,—
Oh! no, there is something more promising still.

As an oracle now for some days I may shine,
A BLOWITZ—though but at a penny a line.
I have only some awful war-rumour to start,
To shock—somebody's—nerves, or chill—somebody's—heart!

Sweet stream of the Neva, beloved of the Russ,
What canards I'll let fly from your shores, with what fuss!
What odds if they're r fudge? I shall feather my nest,
And the *gobemouches*, though fluttered, will soon sink to rest.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THEATRES.—In the new Theatre being built for Mr. HARE, the stall-chairs are on wheels. They are standing out in the spacious hall, and on arriving at the front door, the visitor's hat, coat, and stick, are immediately removed by a hidden machinery which wheels him into the exact situation he is intended to occupy. An electric-bell at his side has to be sounded for refreshments, and another for a cab or carriage, as the case may be. When the vehicle has arrived at the front door, the visitor is noiselessly trundled out backwards, without disturbing the audience, the receding chair allowing him to see the performance until he passes through "vampire trap-doors" into the hall, when his hat, coat, gloves, umbrella, stick, goloshes, &c., are fitted on to him again, when he is carried out under the portico, and with a gentle and pleasant force, is projected into his carriage or cab, of which the door will have been previously opened by a Commissionnaire in attendance. There will be machines into which you put the requisite sum and obtain your ticket. There are many other novelties. It will be perfectly ventilated, as there will be plenty of HARE there.



Nautical Situation. Terriss the Tar, the Swell of the Ocean, escapes with the Heroine in the Captain's Gig.

from them, and staggers about the country in a blinding storm of snow, until she faints by the wayside and is rescued by her lover? Isn't all this "new and original?" Rather! or at all events if it isn't now, it was—once upon a time. Such is *The Union Jack*. For a hero of this sort of melodrama, the Messrs. GATTI are fortunate in possessing a

"Rara avis in Terriss."

But if his authors continue writing for him long speeches to be delivered on every possible occasion, opportunely or inopportunely, full of claptrap and theatrical sentiment as "new and original" as the



OUR VILLAGE INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION.

Husband (just home from the City). "MY ANGEL!—CRYING!—WHATEVER'S THE MATTER?"

Wife. "THEY 'YE—AWARDED ME—PRIZE MEDAL"—(sobbing)—"F' MY SPONGE CAKE!"

Husband (soothingly). "AND I'M QUITE SURE IT DESERV—"

Wife (hysterically). "OH—BUT—'T SAID—'T WAS—FOR THE BEST SPECIMEN—O' CONCRETE!"

THE END OF WIMBLEDON.

(The Story of a Grandfather, to be told Fifty Years hence.)

"AND so, my little ones," said the old man, pointing with his stick to a mass of factories, suburban villas, and public-houses, "you want to know what sort of a place that was when I was a young man, many, many years ago?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the children, as they dragged the veteran on to the top of an electric omnibus, that, belonging to the London and South-Western Railway Company, was stationary, and likely to remain so for some time.

"Well, you must know," continued the white-headed grey-beard, "that in these days it was all open country. If I am not mistaken, where you now see that crowded burial-ground there was a brickfield that used to be the pride of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. It was to save, if I remember rightly, persons from being shot to death by thousands that the Duke ordered the Volunteers away!"

"How very good of His Royal Highness," lisped little MARY.

"Ay, that it was! It was either to save slaughter, or to use the land for running up houses—I forget which. But, as you see, they have run up houses since."

"And what was Wimbledon like in the days of the Volunteers?" asked RICHARD.

"Well," said the old man, smilingly, "my memory is not so good as it used to be; but what I recollect most distinctly is a trophy connected with Hop Bitters. It was shown to the public in a large marquee, called the Exhibition Tent, from ten till dusk; and I fancy, too, that beside this trophy, were boots, and dozens of champagne, and cigarettes, and soap advertisements, and walking-sticks, and all sorts of queer things."

"Dear me, how funny!" giggled little MARY. "And what were they for?"

"To encourage the love of rifle-shooting, I imagine; but I am not quite sure. The people who presented them may have had some other object in view, but of that I know nothing. Then there were all manner of fancy tents, furnished in the oddest fashions; and then there were Ladies lounging about, doing nothing in particular; and for a fortnight it was a regular pic-nic."

"Was there any shooting?"

"To the best of my recollection there was. I fancy it used to be called pot-hunting. I don't think that many of the Volunteers used to shoot—I mean not the real ones. I remember, distinctly, that the strangest costumes used to be worn at the ranges."

"Was there much discipline?" asked RICHARD, who was now putting the questions.

"I don't think there was much," replied the old man, "except, perhaps, amongst the police."

"Do you remember who were the greatest marksmen in 1888?"

"To be sure I do. The winner of the Queen's Prize was an engraver who used to work on the noblest paper in the whole world; while the Albert Jewel (which was the any-rifle-equivalent to the Queen's Prize), was carried off by Quarter-master ARROWSMITH, who as you know, is a millionaire."

"Surely not the Mr. ARROWSMITH who published 'Called Back,' and the 'Tinted Venus,' and whose latest *édition de luxe* (the thirtieth) of 'Tracked Out,' at ten guineas a copy, has received only recently so warm a welcome in every quarter of the civilised world?"

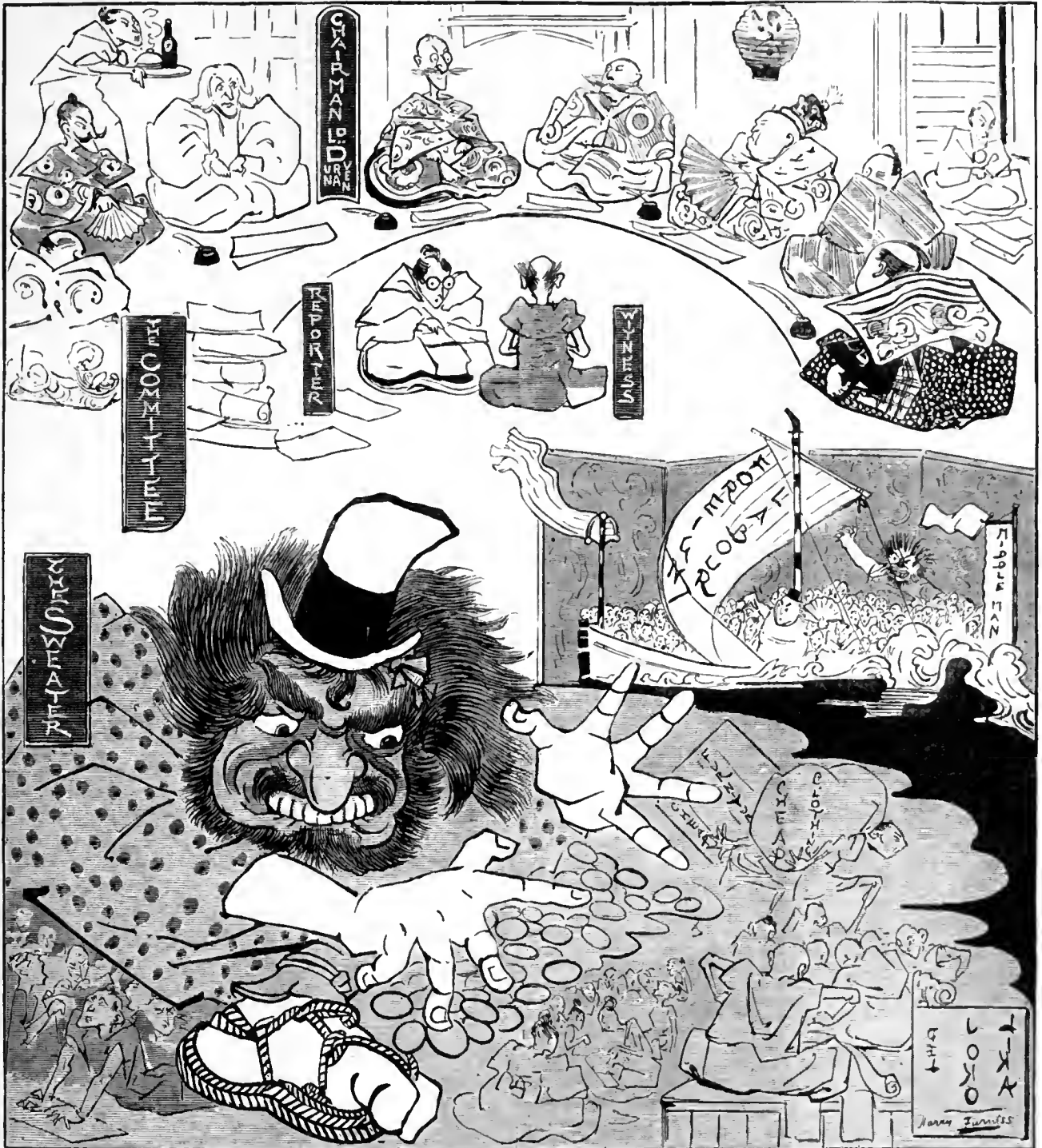
"The very same!"

"And when the camp of the National Rifle Association was expelled from Wimbledon, and tried first on the Brighton Downs, and then at Wormwood Scrubs, and next at Herne Bay, and subsequently for some time in Olympia, until last year it was held in the Thames Tunnel—did it flourish?"

"That, my dear little ones," said the old man, who was getting rather weary of the conversation, "you must judge for yourselves. You now have the past and the present before you, and consequently are in a position to take your choice!"

"HONOURS EASY."—*Voilà ZOLA décoré!* But not "decorous," a word that does not exist in the French language. ZOLA a Knight of the Legion of Honour! If the French Honour list is alphabetical, then, with ZOLA they must have got to the very end of it.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 8.



AT THE SWEATING SYSTEM COMMISSION.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 16.—Things rather in explosive state to-night. Everybody popping off, as if dynamite concealed about his person. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM pops first. Seems he lost gold pencil-case in cause of People's liberty. Produced it to take policeman's number in Trafalgar Square on Saturday. Sympathising British Workman, standing by, loudly cheered. "Ah!"

said GRAHAM, grasping the 'Orny 'And, "wish there were twenty thousand like you in London. Then we'd make CHARLES THE THIRD as short as CHARLES THE FIRST."

"Right you are!" said 'Orny 'Anded One. "Can't do much for you, but can give rattling evidence."

"Can you?" cried CUNNINGHAME. "That's right! Let me have your name and address."

"Lend me your pencil," said 'Orny 'Anded One, "and I'll write it down for you."

"Good!" said CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Handed over gold pencil; priceless value; heirloom in the family.

Just then somebody tapped CUNNINGHAME on right shoulder. Turned sharply round to see who it was. On looking back, found 'Orny 'Anded One disappeared with pencil-case.

Sees it all now. 'Orny 'Anded One a policeman in plain clothes; told off by WARREN for this particular work. Communicates suspicion to HOME SECRETARY, who sits guiltily silent.

But the popping of CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM nothing to PARNELL'S.



Thinking of the 'Orny 'Anded One.

Comes up with question as to course Government intend to take with respect to Bill creating Special Commission, to try over again great libel case. PARNELL palpitating with passion. Fixes directly upon OLD MORALITY. Looks as if he would tear him limb from limb. O.M. evidently in a terrible funk. But there is table and breadth of floor between him and PARNELL, and LORD-ADVOCATE at end of bench. If anything happens, can get behind LORD-ADVOCATE. Take a good deal of tearing up to finish him before hour of adjournment.

After this, motion for Adjournment, whilst CONYBEARE discontend on Saturday's performance in Trafalgar Square. Dr. CLARK gave interesting account of proceedings. Singularly like scene from Pantomime where policeman comes on; only, situation reversed. Instead of Bobby being chivvied, and finally chucked out, Bobby seems to have chivvied the Public in casual way. Graphic descriptions of Rev. Gentlemen with hats battered; Hon. Members rushed backwards and forwards across Square, and then taking cabs to go home. OLD MORALITY, recovering from state of coma into which PARNELL had frightened him, abruptly moved Closure. By curious association of ideas, this reminded CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM that his gold pencil-case was not closed when he passed it to the 'Orny 'Anded One. Rose to mention this incident. SPEAKER put question. C.G. stood in attitude of defiance, still thinking of the 'Orny 'Anded One.

Conservatives yelled. SPEAKER shouted "Order! Order!" CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM tumbled back into his seat, "and Freedom," at it again, "shrieked when KOSCIUSKO fell."

Business done.—In intervals of miscellaneous popping, three clauses added to Local Government Bill.

Tuesday.—House been for some weeks engaged in race against time with Local Government Bill. Contest being on go-as-you-please system determined to-night to run; tremendous scamper; at four o'clock on Clause 67; finished up before midnight with Clause 125 and last.

Pretty to see CALEB WRIGHT standing at Bar with month open, watching Bill jump along clause by clause.

"Been Chairman of the Tyldesley Local Board man and boy for forty years," said he, in a hushed whisper; "but never got through business like this. A mile a minute—a clause every sixty seconds! Tyldesley not in it!"

Towards half-past twelve, on Clause 120, COURTNEY began to show signs of distress. Five Clauses yet to pass; only half-hour to do it in. OLD MORALITY sat restless on Treasury Bench; strong impulse on him to move the Closure. RITCHIE smiled feverishly; tried not to look at clock. CHARLIE BERESFORD, practical at critical moment, brought glass of hot rum for Chairman. EDWARD CLARKE contributed sponge and a lemon. Thus refreshed in and out, COURTNEY got up another spurt, staggering past the post with Clause 125, and ten minutes to spare.

Curse of Camborne interposed, and suggested that progress should be reported, and last Clause left over. Howl of angry reprobation greeted suggestion. Would dearly have liked to vex everybody by moving to report progress; but at last moment courage failed him. So ultimate Clause agreed to, and the Curse went home to roost.

Business done.—Last Clause of Local Government Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—Local Government Bill finally through Committee, new Clauses, Schedules, and all. House cheers; RITCHIE blushes. ABRAHAM proposes to lead off chorus, "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow;" DILWYN pointed out that that would be out of order; might lead to conflict with SPEAKER. So melody remains mute in ABRAHAM'S bosom.

Nevertheless, everybody agrees that RITCHIE has done uncommonly well. Comparatively a young Parliamentary Hand, with no experience of taking Bill through House, has carried one of the biggest measures of modern times. For such success much depends on nature of Bill; but a great deal on the Minister in charge. HARCOURT says he knows many men, who in most favourable circumstances couldn't have carried Bill. Everybody knows one, but in HARCOURT'S presence doesn't mention name. RITCHIE, throughout long struggle, has been clear-headed, courteous, firm wherever firmness was quite safe; when making concessions, adding to the grace of giving by doing it promptly and cheerfully; never bumptious; resisting all temptations to be smart, and clever enough to hide his cleverness. Several men may have reason to believe that they have done pretty well in the long debate; but RITCHIE has carried his Bill.

Curse of Camborne back again. Roosting with him a disappointingly brief exercise. BALFOUR moved Second Reading of Bann Drainage Bill. Appears that this is a fresh injustice to Ireland. The whole country seething with indignation. In such circumstances might reasonably expect Leader of Irish Party, or one of principal Lieutenants to move rejection. But it is an English Member that comes to the front. CONYBEARE moves rejection of Bill. Bluntly announces he's going to talk it out.



The Grand Young Gardner.

"We'll see about that," says MACARTNEY. Lay low and said nuffin till just on stroke of midnight. Another sixty seconds' vituperation, and the Curse of Camborne could have carried out his threat. MACARTNEY moves Closure just in nick of time. Closure carried; main question put; Irish Members evict each other; noisily tumble out of House; after Division, as noisily come back; Orders run through; object to everything; Curse of Camborne in full blast; SPEAKER threatens to "Name" him, whereupon Curse subsides, and House adjourns.

"Ah," said HERBERT GARDNER, strolling out; "glad it ended that way. If SPEAKER, in 'naming' CONYBEARE, had accurately described him, afraid he must have dropped into unparliamentary language. Then we'd have had to call SPEAKER to Order, which would have rather complicated things."

Business done. Local Government Bill through Committee.

Friday Night.—The Curse really has gone home to roost this time. Been writing to the papers, personally attacking SPEAKER. This breach of good manners stirred GRANDOLPH to deepest depths.

"If there's one thing I like, TOBY," he said, just now, "it is to see respect shown to our pastors and masters. Do anything you like with me; but don't expect me to stand tamely by if anyone scouts constituted authority."

So GRANDOLPH moved that the Curse be suspended for the rest of the Session. House secretly delighted at prospect, but dissembled its joy.

"Oh, hang it!" Members said. "That's too much. Give him a month."

Sage of Queen Anne's Gate pleaded for fourteen days, and costs. Finally, House shook off the Curse for a month.

Business done.—CONYBEARE suspended. A few Votes in Supply.

The Umbrella at the Opera.

SAYS BOUSFIELD to HARRIS, "I must keep my gingham."
SAYS HARRIS to BOUSFIELD, "To stalls you can't bring 'em."
To BOUSFIELD (r. HARRIS), says BAYLEY, the Judge,
"You'll pay all the costs, and the action is fudge.
When the Op'ra you visit,—by this you'll abide,—
If you stiek to your gingham, you must stiek—outside."

BRYANT-AND-MAY'S YOUNG GIRLS.—Match-makers indeed! They no doubt make excellent "strike-on-their-own-box" and other matches for B. AND M., who, having for once met their match, have behaved most sensibly, and yielded with a good grace to reasonable demands, but in the West End, a young lady, no matter how lovely, if she only had nineteen shillings a week at most, couldn't expect to make much of a match without assistance. Yet match-making mothers have been known to make splendid matches for their daughters, even when they have been absolutely penniless. Wonderful persons these West End matchmakers!

THE "SWEETS" OF WIMBLEDON.—Bulls'-eyes.

'ARRY ON ST. SWITHIN.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I 'm down with rheumatics, and scrawls this 'ero letter in bed,
With a clber as sore as Jemimer, and 'ammers at work in my 'ed.
Bloomin' nice state o' things for July, CHARLIE! Sum-
mer's 'ad me on the 'op,
For a fellow must be a fair turmut to stand such a
Season of Slop.



I 'ave seen a few mizzlyish ones, but my eyes and a
band-box, dear boy!
This bangs 'em to bits; it is somethink a teatotal frog
might enjoy.
Rain? Bust it, the word isn't hadyquate now, and if
Science would teach
'Ow to talk of our weather O.K., she must tip us some
new parts of speech.

St. Swithin be jolly well jiggered! He's got me on
toast, and no kid.
I'd been piling the dibs for a outing, and saved up a
couple of quid,
So I jined a swell party of right 'uns who'd rented a
prime four-in-'and,

For a tool down to Dorking by road, and, by Jove, we meant doing the grand.
If you 'd witnessed the muster at HATCHETT'S, at ten-thirty sharp Toosday week,
You 'd ha' bust arf your buttons off, CHARLIE. It mizzled, a reglar damp reek,
Like a cook-shop in Winter, my pippin; and as for our party, great SCOTT!
You 'd a swore as you never popped lamps on a funnier wropped-upper lot.

The top-coats and muckingtogs, CHARLIE, the rugs, and the hulsters with 'oods!
For a party of Gents in July! Oh, I tell yer 'twas reglar good goods.
Britons hout for a 'oliday? Bosh! North-sea pilots in shin-plaster suits,
And Friars in brown bed-gowns, and Bobbies with tippets and double-soled boots!

That nicks hus more nearer like, CHARLIE. Yours truly was toffed up superb,
In a thick hoatmeal suit of splashed dittos; and as I stood there on the kerb,
A puffing a prime Larrynargar, my waterproof slung on my arm,
I tell you I fetched Piccadilly, and worked on the gals like a charm.

Well, we took a nip round at the bar. Brandy neat was my tippie; sounds rum
For the dog-days, old pal, I'll allow, but then dog-days is all a dashed hum.
Lemon-squash is a capital lotion when Summer is fair on the job,
But to lap lemon-squash on a hieberg is shivery work, s'help me Bob!

Well, we started. Oh, CHARLIE, that ride! Which yours truly ain't sugar or salt,
To melt in a shower; we packed close, liquored up every time we 'd a halt;
Puffed sputtering eigers like dashed chimneys, or asphalter's cauldrons, and yet
We couldn't keep in any warmth, nor we couldn't keep out any wet.

Tried to joke, my dear boy, but each wheeze, like the weather, was watery and
dull;

I had a toon hup on the 'orn, but I made jest the muckiest mull,
Couldn't squeeze out one fair sistrary; and when there's a rowdedow round,
'ARRY 'ates to be out of the 'unt, as you know by this time, I'll be bound.

Hutter frost, my dear boy, and no horror, that run down to Dorking by road,
And next day I was doing a doss with rheumatics as bad as be blowed.
This mucky mix-up they call Summer! The Seasons are 'aving a game,
And that sloshy old squirter, St. Swithin, they tell us, old pal, is to blame.

St. Swithin! He's wus than Sir WILFRID, His whack's forty days and no more,
But he's now like Old Joe in the song, for he kicks up behind and before.
He has spiled the whole Season this year, for he's drowned both June and July,
And it's pelting like fun as I write, although Orgust is now precious nigh.

Mucked Henley! My Houseboat—leastways I'd the run of it, CHARLIE, old pal,
The Boss bein' BAGSHOT, the Booky, who hired it to please his new gal—
Our Houseboat, the "Margery Daw," was as smart as they make 'em, no
doubt,

But the sprec gave yours truly the hump; it was jest one perpetual spout.

Couldn't do a lark round with the ladies or git a fair boss at a race.
Ony wish I could spot old St. Waterworks; hang him, I'd sit on his face!
As to Wimbledon, well, that was wus. Wet's the good of the toppingest togs
In weather like washing-day, CHARLIE, a season fit only for frogs?

As to ericket, oh, criminy erikey! It's muck, my dear feller—sheer muck!
When McDONNELL, can't play Sussex "lobs," and when WALTER READ'S done
for a duck,

To squat on damp seats, doubled up like a cab-driver caught in a storm,
May be wot Surrey mugs would call "sport," but I tell yer it isn't my form.

Lawn-tennis? Oh, turn it up—turn it up! Beastly to see pooty gals,
With shiny black muckingtogs smothered, a-hiding their snappy fal-lals.
A trottin' about with damp raquets, their dear little noses all red,
'Anging round on the chance of a game, when they 'd better be tucked up in bed,
Why the great "Bounding Brothers" theirselves, those top-sawyers at service
and "smash,"

The RENSHAWs, carnt play in a puddle or mud-swamp with science and dash.
Saw them pull off the finals, wet-footed; fair cautions for pluck and for skill;
But WILL only seemed arf in earnest, and ERNEST scarce played with a will.

And here I am mugged up in blankets, and lapping a go
of rum 'ot! [that's all going to pot.
'Ow's 'yself and the country, old 'ermit? I s'pose
Teatotalfers, tadpoles, and turmuts, may like this
Unlimited Slosh, [barney will wash.
But don't call it Summer, dear boy, for I'm blowed if that
St. Swithin the snivelling old Spoil-sport is 'aving a
Triumph, was luek! [and Muek.
But Bizness and Pleasure this season are ruined by Mizzle
Oh, for Cheap Hemigration, my pippin! The very fust
cove it should carry
To sunshine and dry-feet *somewheres*, should be yours
(wot there's left of him), 'ARRY.

"GIVE YOU GOOD DAY."—By objecting to Mr. Justice
DAY being one of the Special Commissioners, the Parnellites
give their opponents the chance of reproaching them with
not wishing to have the light of Day on their alleged dark
secrets. Perhaps, after all, the Special Commission may
be postponed *sine die*, without a Day.

EXTREMES MEET.

(Musings of a Misanthrope, after reading the "Latest
Foreign Intelligence.")

How bored these rambling Royalties must be!
A morning call, a Five o'Clock swell Tea,
Or other hollow "function" of Society,
Has as much vital interest and variety
As these parades where crownèd toff meets toff,
And HOHENZOLLERN bows to ROMANOFF.
Say I "drop in" on JONES and JONES's wife;
We bore each other nearly out of life,
And part much wearier, but nothing wiser.
Is it much different with CZAR and KAISER?
Mrs. JONES gives me tepid tea, a look
At her old Album or new Birthday Book;
The Russ the Teuton banquets when they meet,
Shows him his Army, and parades his Fleet.
Good Mrs. JONES and I contrive to chat
About my Tennis, or her Persian Cat;
I caring for her Cat, she for my Tennis
As much as a blind nigger might for Venice.
Teuton and Russ make after-dinner speeches,
And which the hollowest depth of bathos reaches
Might tax a cynic TALLEYRAND to tell.
They vow they love each other passing well,
(As I admire "dear Mrs. JONES's" tabby)
Whilst each laugh low the inward laugh of LABBY.
Mrs. JONES tells me that, upon her life,
She's pining for a sight of my *sweet* wife—
They're social rivals, and they love each other
As well, as WILLIAM loves his northern brother.
The Muscovite—or Swede, it matters not—
Drinks to the Teuton's health, talks royal "rot"
Concerning "bonds of friendship," and the traces
That bind in one fast "team" two rival races.
So their "agreement" is by bunkum ratified;
WILLIAM "smiles graciously," the CZAR "looks
gratified."

And Special Correspondents—wondrous creatures—
Who read, in passing smirks on Royal features
Imperial policy—proclaim aloud
Autocrat twaddle to the gaping crowd.
Well, all this smiling sham, this humbug solemn,
Ekes out an article, or pads a column.
But, mighty CÆSAR! how these great and gracious
"Forked radishes," these vagrant and voracious
Imperial Panjandrums *must* be bored!
I fell asleep at JONES'S—nearly snored!—
But better tepid tea and twaddling tattle
Than bunkum-banquets which *may* lead to battle!

"Of course I see you're joking," said Mrs. R., with
a knowing look, interrupting her nephew—who had just
commenced reading aloud the title of a paragraph in
a newspaper, "A University for Wales." "You can't
take me in quite so easily. University for Whales, indeed?
"And yet," she added, reflectively, "when I was in
Cornwall, I heard them frequently speak of a 'School of
Herrings.' So you may be right, after all."

A DUTCH FRIEND OF MR. GOSCHEN'S.—Van Tax.



' SHARP 'S THE WORD ' !

Wife. "POOR MAMMA IS DREADFULLY LOW-SPIRITED THIS MORNING, GEORGE. ONLY THINK—SHE HAS JUST EXPRESSED A WISH TO BE CREMATED!"

Husband (with alacrity). "'O'B-LESS MY—" (Throwing down his Newspaper.) "TELL HER TO PUT HER THINGS ON, DEAR! I'LL—I'LL DRIVE HER OVER AT ONCE!!"

INTERVIEWING BY MACHINERY.

(By One who now knows How to do it.)

I HAD received an intimation from the conductor of a popular London paper that I was to be visited by one of his representatives, so I pulled myself together and looked up my note-books. I pondered for hours over my past life, and called to mind its most telling incidents. I arranged my house in the most artistic fashion, and awaited events rather anxiously. At the appointed time a lively young gentleman introduced himself.

"Now, my dear Sir," said he, "all I want you to do is to sit quietly and attend to me. You need not speak yourself. I am so accustomed to this sort of thing that I can save you all that trouble. Iron-grey hair—military moustache—about fifty. Think you are about fifty, and the colour of your hair is hereditary?"

I nodded.

"Quite so. Well, that will do for a start. I think you have been a soldier: had adventures of the usual kind in South Africa. Lived with the Boers and Afghans. Eaten half-raw mutton, and slept for nights in huts made of mud? Eh? That's it, isn't it?"

Again I bowed my head.

"Certainly," and he jotted down a few more lines in the note-book which he had taken from his pocket. "Literary man too. Written lots of books. Novels—romances. You start a plot by getting a central idea. Then you think it out. Then you find the proper sort of persons to carry out your notion. Put them down and give them names? Then think out your last incident. Get it and go backwards till you come to Chapter First. Then go to the seaside and think it over again—all of it. Then begin your work and finish it. Eh? That's the sort of thing, isn't it?"

Once more I silently acquiesced.

"Fancy too you were once a doctor. Laboured amongst the very poor. Heart crushed by the misery of the East End. Saw the usual characteristics of 'Horrible London.' Once visited a Chinese Opium den—heathen Chinese—old woman with a small pipe—squalid surroundings. Eh?" I made the same gesture as before.

"Just so. Then I think you have been fairly athletic. Were in your school Eleven and rowed in your College boat. Still have the bat, and took away the rudder. Got both of them hanging up in your study. Was rather fond of following the Thanet Harriers. Once caught by the tide at Herne Bay and (mounted) had to swim for your life. I think I am right—stop me if I am wrong."

I did not stop him.

"Live in this house. Usual sort of old-fashioned mansion. Brocade curtains, and dark-coloured wooden chests picked up in Brittany. Pictures of your father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother. Value them all. However set highest price on a small picture of himself, once given you by his Royal Highness. Fond of dogs—that black poodle can do some tricks. Like flowers in your garden; water them every day when your toil is done. Can play on the fiddle, and sometimes indulge in a game of whist at the Club. I think that is about all you have to tell me, except when you said good-bye you shook me warmly by the hand, and once more got back to the work my entrance had interrupted."

And before I could reply he had jumped up, rushed down my steps, taken a Hansom, and gone off to interview somebody else.

"PLAY UP! MUSIQUE!"—"It seems a pity," says Our Own Times Correspondent, writing from Berehaven during the Naval Manœuvres, "that bands should now be all but abolished. Rightly or wrongly, Lord Charles Beresford is credited with the change, &c. What! Lord CHARLES, a prominent supporter and member of the Organising Committee of the Italian Opera, "forbidding the bands"!! We cannot believe that Our CHARLEY can have been so misguided as to be out of harmony with popular sentiment. Let every ship be like the Old Lady of Banbury Cross, and have music wherever she goes, to cheer up our hearts of oak, and set the tars' toes going to the hornpipe.

SLIGHT CONFUSION.—"Very glad," observed Mrs. RAM, "to read that Mr. SANTLEY is back again. He's much better employed in singing, than in finding some Pasha or other in Egypt."

ROBERT AT THE CRISTIAL PALLIS.

THANKS to the kindness of a friend of mine who is engaged there, I went last week with a horder to the Cristial Pallis, but after



gitting in without not paying nothink, I found to my grate astonishment, as I couldn't have a seat in the Theater on the same libberal terms, and on picking out a nice one rite in front, I was achshally arsked no less than seven-and-six for it! Of coarse I wasn't a going for to pay sitch a sum as that jest to hear a Eycetalian Opera all about *Don Geeuarni*—which I am told is short for Mr. JOHN—so, after a good deal of squabbling, he let me have one at the back for harf-a-crown.

Luckily for me, one of my old Copperashun patrons was there, and he came up with his usual good-natered smile and said, "I didn't kno, Mr. ROBERT, as you was a Etalien skollar; are you?" To which I replied, "Not a werry fust-rate one, I'm afraid, Sir; but I knos that *greesy* means a great singer, and that *alboney* means a werry stout lady." "Well," he said, larfing, "if that's all, praps you'd like me to sit by you, and tell you all about it?" "That I suttently shood," says I, "if you'll be so kind." Witch he were.

Well, after all the fiddlers and trumpeters and the big drummer had played away a lot of rubbish, jest to git their hands in, up went the Curtain, and sure enuff there was a werry ansunmy drest gennelman, whose name was *Jeppereller*, and he began a singing, as I was told, all about what a noosance it were for him to be a dordling about out there in the cold while his Marster, *Mr. Geeuarni*, was amusng of hisself indores. Presently in comes his marster and a werry stout lady all in wite a dragging of each other about most horful, and then the Lady runs away, and in cums her father and tells *Mr. G.* as he ort to be ashamed of hisself for to hact like that, upon witch he pulls out his sword and they fites, and *Mr. G.* kills the lady's father, bang on the floor, and then runs away. And that's the hend of the fust seen, witch didn't strike me as being werry moral, till arter I'd seen the next one, and then I didn't think so werry badly of it. In the second seen, in cums *Mr. G.* and his servant, *Mr. Jeppereller*, a larfing, and a singing all about the fun they've jest had? when presently in comes one of *Mr. G.*'s old sweethearts, who gives it him pretty hot for leaving her as he had done, when he tells her as it's all rite, as his friend *Mr. L.* will xplain, but as he's got a werry pertieklar engagement hisself, off he goes.

Mr. L. then percedes to xplain everythink to the pore Lady, and if it hadn't been as my Copperashun patron had told me what was coming, I never could have bleevd that any one gennelman could have behaved so shamefull, or that hundreds of most respectabel ladies, old and yung, could have set and lissened to it all as cool as so many cowenubmers! What a rewelashun!

Mr. Jeppereller unfolds a long list about 10 foot long, which, he says, contanes the names of all his Master's sweethearts! and then he tells the pore Lady how many there are and where they all lived! So many in lterly, so many in France, so many among the Turkeys, none, I'm proud to say, in England, but in Spain one thousand and three!! Glad I am as Mrs. ROBERT wasn't there to hear the shame-fool tail! But ewen that wasn't all, for that impertent servant goes on to xplain that there was among 'em Marshonesses and Countesses and Barrownesses and Citizenesses, and ewen Serwants, in fact, sum of all sorts and all sizes! I never could have bleevd it if I hadn't haye herd it all with my own years, and my kind friend's together, and then off he runs, and ewerybody achshally larft and clapped their ands!

In the next seen of this shameful hopercer there is a pore willage gal a going to be married, and *Mr. Geeuarni* achshally tries to perswade her to go with him to his carsel close by! But three ladies and gennelmen, all dressed in black, faces and all, stops him jest in time, and gives it him pretty hot, and serve him rite, but he don't seem to care much about it, for in the next seen he and his impertent servant comes in larfing as usual, tho it is a churchyard, with only one toom in it, and that is the pore gennelman's as he killed in the werry fust seen, and it has on it a pieter in stone of the dead old Gent a seated on his favrit horse. Well, drekly as *Mr. G.* sees it, he makes his pore servant harsk him to come and have supper with him that werry nite at 12 o'Clock sharp, and he nods his stony head, and says as he will! No wonder as the pore servant was amost fritened to death, for it made ewen me quite start agane.

Well, the werry next seen shows *Mr. G.* at supper with sum of the most owdacious-looking ladies as I ever waited on, and they all drank awd at reel Champagne, as I was informed as Mr. OROUSTUS ARRIS was sitch a reel liberal Manager that he allers guy his people

reel suppers and reel wine, like a reel Gennelman as he is. Well, presently, as trew as I sets here a riting, in comes the stony-looking Statty as was last seen on Horseback in the Churchyard, and sings out as he has cum to supper, as he promised for to do. And then hont runs all the pore fritened ladies, tho I saw one on 'em as took good care to emty her glass fust, tho she was so terrible agitated. Then the Statty naterally harsks *Mr. G.* to shake hands with him, which he werry foolishly does, for of course it's so cold that when he's got a good hold of it he can't let it go agane till he falls down dead on the floor, and is ewen then so cold that his face is all blew! And then down came the Curtain, and it was all over, and we was all so pleased to see how werry properly *Mr. G.* was punished for his owdacious goings on, that we all clapped our hands and went home.

And if this is the sort of morality as is tort by all Etalian Operas, it will be a jolly long wile before I takes Mrs. ROBERT to see one, tho I must say that both me and my kind friend, and all the Gennelmen, aye and a good menny of the Ladies too, all seemed to most thoroughly enjoy it, and my kind friend was good enuff to tell me, that tho we are no dowt the most morallest people in all the world when we understands all that's being said, when it's served up in a forren tung we can stand quite as much as most folks, and praps a little more.

ROBERT.

RECENT SUMMERY PROCEEDINGS.

In the Country (selon la Saison).

How provoking that the Blue Hungarians should have thought that the weather would have stopped the garden-party, and that in consequence only the opicleide has come down from London.



Fashions in the Present Rain.

I do not think, somehow, he is producing very much effect concealed among the palms in that conservatory.

Seeing that the rain is falling in torrents, it would certainly have been better to have postponed the performance of these pastoral players.

That dance of dripping wood nymphs would have been much more effective if it had been given without the aid of goloshes and umbrellas.

Dear me! why here is the river that has overflowed its banks, come up in full flood to the drawing-room windows!

Surely that must be the peacock perched on that garden-seat floating away bottom upwards in the distance.

I am afraid that the poor Old Vicar with two feet of water running through his study must be feeling rather rheumatic.

Ha! there goes the whole hay-crop carried away over the lasher.

I wonder whether I could get any salmon-fishing in those cucumber frames.

If this weather continues, I really think a visit to town would be desirable.

See, here is the house-boat at the front door come to take us to the station.

NOTION FOR A JUVENILE DRAMATIC ART SCHOOL.—The excellence of Mr. SAVILE CLARKE'S charming *Tableaux Vivants* (at 3'30, Anglo-Danish Exhibition) should suggest the idea to some enthusiastic Comedian—[why not to Mrs. KENDAL, the clever trainer of the *Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*?]—of starting an Infant Dramatic School, as a real nursery for the Histrionic Art. The Fairy children here are delightful, all so pretty, and evidently such very Good Fairies. Mr. CLARKE only made one mistake, which hardly counts, and that was in representing the King as clothed. The whole point of ANDERSEN'S story is the child exclaiming, "Why, he has got on no clothes at all!" It was the Naked Truth v. Courtly Flattery and Falsehood. Miss ANNIE DELATOUR'S *ero* in the sixth *tableau* is well worth listening to; she is an invisible Fairy, as is Miss THORNTON, who also sings prettily during the next *tableau*. So the pupils could learn music as well as acting, and would be instructed in declamation by "The Orator," Mr. GEORGE TEMPLE, and enter themselves as "Students of the Temple."

HOW TO GET OUT OF IT.

[*Critic to Editor.*—DEAR SIR,—You told me I “mustn’t pitch into the new piece,” which I certainly should have done but for your kindly instructions. I think I’ve managed the task rather neatly.—Yours, A. TRIMMER.]

As a model specimen of how to get out of saying that a piece is utter bosh from beginning to end, we publish the accompanying in the interests of true Critical Art.—Ed.]

WE heartily congratulate Messrs. COLWYN MALAPROP and TIMOTHY GRAND on the triumphant success which attended the production of their new and original Melodrama at the Oracle Theatre yesterday evening.

It is sure to run for at least five hundred nights, and at the end of that period no doubt the two playwrights, who work together so harmoniously, will have another piece ready to take its place. And when we say this, it must be clearly understood that we do not pledge ourselves that this last arrived of our entertainments is either new or original. As a matter of fact we have seen everything contrived by our authors a score of times before, and are sick to death of forged bills, mislaid marriage certificates, and substituted children. We loathe deserted wives and sirenically influenced (if we may coin an epithet) husbands, and can see no fun in the low comedy of smashing a hand-box, or gentle satire in speaking disrespectfully of somebody’s mother-in-law. But what of that, and what does it matter? Have not Messrs. MALAPROP and GRAND given us a good, healthy, honest, wholesome play, that will set the hearts of many a gallery boy (and, if it comes to that, of many a gallery lassie too) beating as hearts have ever beat since good old Father Adam walked through the Forest of Ardennes in the company of the melancholy Jacques? Ay, and it is so, and we heartily thank our authors for what they have done for us.

In these days of mock realism and sham sentiment, it is a good thing to find that men can speak out, as it were, straight from the elbow, as readily in the Theatre as in the Church. Not that there is any particularly noble language in the piece under review. On the contrary, the captious may think that *Mabel*, telling her best-loved child to steal a shilling, accidentally left on the mantelpiece, in order that she may pay the cabman “more than his full fare,” open to question on the score of morality. But what of that? What does it matter? The Authors are not writing for sour-visaged Puritans, but for good, sound-hearted, round-faced, honest JOHN BULL, and his rosy-cheeked wife, and his giggling, girlish, and gentle-eyed daughters.

Again it may not be altogether true to nature to make Major-General Sir JOHN ABERCROMBY, K.C.B., dining at mess as the guest of Staff-Sergeant TOMKINS in full uniform after the inspection of the latter’s regiment, but if there is to be no poetic licence, beer may as well be abandoned and skittles regarded as a game whose rules are lost for ever in the dim realms of a distant obscurity! For what do we go to a play-house? Assuredly not for SHAKESPEARE or the musical glasses, to say nothing of prunella! So long as the fare is sound at the core, what more can we want? And if the play of last night was not only improbable but impossible from the opening scene down to the end of the tag which was the signal for the lowering of the green baize curtain, surely the fact remains that the work was as sweet-scented as hay, and as homely as a bean feast or a barn-door fowl. Given this and what does the rest matter? As *Othello* observes, “Not a jot, not a jot!” And the swarthy Moor of Venice was right. The great master who “thought him out” in the little cottage in Stratford-on-Avon was never wiser, never sager, never freer from cant and nonsense than when he wrote “hold up the mirror to nature to show vice her own image and virtue the habit in which she lives,” or words to like effect. Ah, “Sweet WILLIE” was indeed a judge of the frailties of poor humanity! He knew that the flats must be “joined,” and the scenes painted with a ten-pound



brush. Rouge is a coarse pigment, but cheeks are pale without it under the fierce glare of the blue-hued lime-light! Again, the hypercritical may declare that acting is a lost art, and assuredly they would find some reason for their cross-grained assertion in the acting of last night. *Mr. Avenue* strutting the stage and appealing to the chandelier with outstretched arms is not exactly the sort of hero we find in a modern drawing-room, nor is pretty *Miss Haresfoot*, in white muslin in a snow-storm the ideal heroine of nineteenth century romance. But what of that—both the lady and the gentleman are prime favourites with the Pit, and if the dwellers in the Stalls slumber, why then let it be more to their shame than to their glory! Out upon the querulous questioners of the likely and the commonplace! What do we want with their hypochondriacal murmurings? So long as the play is pleasant to the palate and healthy to the understanding, we can do without the applause of the reviewers and the hearty enthusiasm of the burners of midnight oil.

In conclusion what could be better than the title of the drama? In selecting “*Six-foot Rule Britannia*,” our authors have shown a discrimination far above all praise. That it has nothing whatever to do with the motive of the piece is a detail unworthy of criticism. No, let us rest and be thankful. Let the play of last night run a thousand nights—if possible longer. And when it becomes our pleasant duty to have to record its successor, may we be in a position to write a *critique* as valuable as that which with a hearty shake of the hand to all concerned—authors, actors, managers, and scene-painters—we now bring to a genial and welcome conclusion!

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

THE stern-faced resolute old man once more approached the Treasury. He had been there several times before, but on this occasion there was a new Messenger at the entrance, and consequently there was a chance of his gaining admittance. With some trepidation, he paced the porch unquestioned, and now he was on the road to the being of whom he was in quest.

“I shall see him,” he murmured, “and prove to an unbelieving world that he is not a myth.”

Almost with a smile on his pale harsh features, he knocked at a door and entered.

“No,” said the clerk whom he had questioned; “you have come to the wrong place. All we have to do is to look after the Divorce Division. We represent the Queen’s Proctor. If you want to intervene we will help you to do it, but we can’t go further than that.”

“But where shall I find him?” asked the distracted veteran.

“How should I know?” answered the official, testily; and he turned to some one else.

Disheartened but unconquered, the aged wanderer uttered a sigh and recommenced his search. He entered a second room and made his customary application.

“Now, really,” said an official who was busily engaged in discussing a plate of sandwiches and a glass of sherry, “it is several degrees too bad to worry a fellow at his lunch!”

“Surely you can tell me the name of your chief?”

“The name of my chief is nothing to you,” was the brusque reply, “but I can tell you his office. He is Solicitor to the Treasury.”

Baffled once again, the wandering greybeard retired to the streets, and sitting down beside a lamp-post, uttered a series of piercing yells.

“This is disgraceful!” exclaimed a passer-by. “This man is a nuisance. Constable, arrest him!”

“Very sorry, Sir, but I have not the power,” replied the policeman.

“Not have the power!” echoed the wrathful pavement promenader, and then he turned to the weeping white-head and observed to him, “I have half a mind to take you before the Public Prosecutor.”

“Take me before the Public Prosecutor?” repeated the now radiant investigator. “Pray, pray do!”

“You would not like it!” was the stern commentary.

“Would not like it!” For a moment the ancient could not speak for emotion, and then he continued—“Why, it would realise the dream of my life! But if you do, you must be a cleverer man than I am, for I have been hunting for the Public Prosecutor for the last twenty years, without being able to find him.”

“Not find him! Why here is his portrait!” And with this the good-natured passer-by presented the old man with the original picture, of which the sketch ornamenting this article is a rough, but not altogether unsuggestive copy!



Portrait of the Public Prosecutor.

ANOTHER “G. O. M.” IN THE FIELD FOR GALLANT LITTLE WALES.—“MR. GEE.”



CHARITY BAZAARS.

(Things one has to put up with, in a good cause.)

The Lady Hildegard de Sangrazul. "WILL YOU TAKE A SHARE IN THE RAFFLE FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL VASE?"
Afable Stranger. "AH, MY DEAR, IF IT WAS ONLY YOU AS WAS GOING TO BE RAFFLED FOR, NOW, BLESST IF I WOULDN'T TAKE FORTY!"

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "BLUNDERER."

A Warning Dockyard Ditty, as Sung by Cheery Jack.

D'YE want to know the trimmest craft that might have sailed from port,

When we went a manoeuvring, mates, in Eighteen-eighty-eight;—
 A regular tip-topper of Lord GEORGE'S special sort,

With every dodge aboard of her to bring her up to date?

Then listen as I tell ye first about her steady pace,

As proud she'd meet the Channel waves a slipping neatly under her

At near five knots an hour—not the speed to win a race?

May be: but that's the record of Her Majesty's ship *Blunderer*.

A record that, ye'll say, my mates, it wren't take much to beat,

P'raps not, and like enough it is to stir a landsman's mirth;

But still her pace is all that she can manage, and the fleet

Take precious care, when out with her, to give her a wide berth.

For something in her steering-gear goes wroeng, and then d'ye see

She runs foul of another craft, whose bulwarks straightway

dashing in,
 She, after heavy loss and damage finally gets free,

Her own three starboard boats and all her gun-perts gaily

crashing in.

But, there, mates, they had built her five-and-twenty years ago;

So first they let her out a bit, and then they took her in,

And cut her down, and patched her up, and made a sort of show

Of giving her another inch or two of iron skin.

And so, mates, taking steck of all her points both fore and aft, [her,
 Although, d'ye see, it may be that you mightn't have a doubt of



It's possible while thinking her a tidy sort of craft,
 That on the whole, if going a cruise, you'd just as soon be out of her.

So, if her boilers prime a tridle, mates, why, what's the odds,
 Beces her engines and all that was put in second-hand;
 And if her steam-pipe's leaky, and she busts her piston-rods,—
 Well, that's the sort of thing, d'ye see, Lord GEORGE can understand.

And if it comes to firing of her guns: then you may swear
 Each un'll start her breech and rings, and blow her blessed muzzle out;

'Tain't much. But going aboard of her? It ain't that I don't dare;
 But what's the use? And that's the question, mates, I tries to puzzle out!

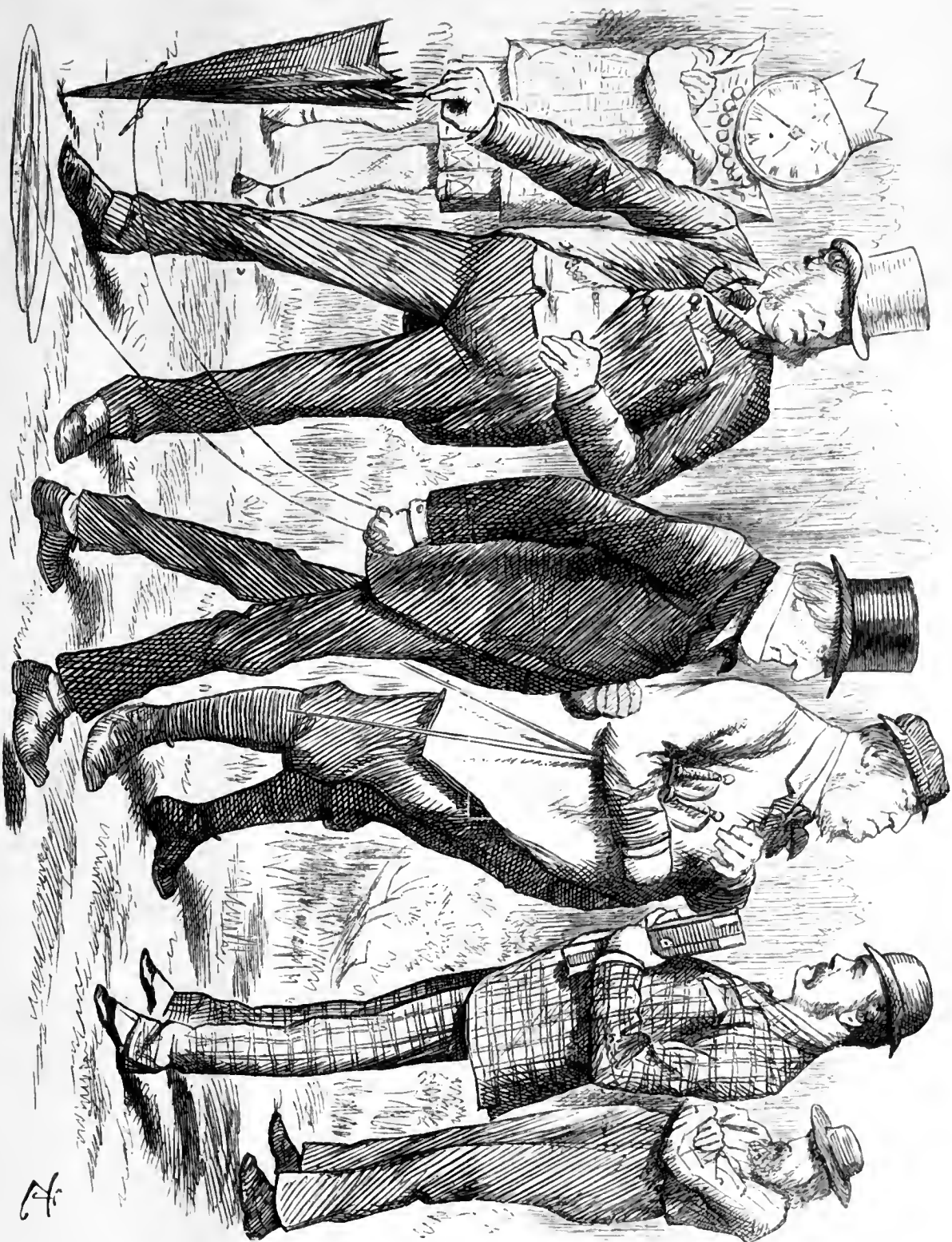
MORAL.

So when these here manoeuvres is all finished up and done,
 And Admirals and Captains stop their little larking fight,
 And the chaps who write for papers have helped to make the fun,
 And talked big of the "Enemy," who never came in sight,
 It may be that "My Lords," when taking stock of recent slips,
 In duty to BRITANNIA, since they take service under her,
 May manage just to wipe out from their coming list of ships,
 Such a racy roaring craft as Her Majesty's ship *Blunderer*.

"DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."—All good men, and true friends of Ireland, hope that the Irish leaders, by entirely clearing themselves from all suspicion of complicity with crime, will prove that they are members of an honest National, and not Assassi-National League.

THE first person (singular!) to hear of Mr. O'KELLY'S arrest was Mr. CHANCE. The Government, unable to give an answer when questioned, heard of it subsequently quite by CHANCE. What a lucky Chance!

PERPETUAL MOTION IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—"Move on!"



AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

(SETTLING THE DISTANCES)





OUR NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

M. le Comte (who has come to London for the Season of 1888). "AH BAH! YOU ARE AFRAID OF THE CHANNEL TUNEL! QUELLE BÊTISE! VY, IT IS NOT YOUR 'SILVARE STREAK' ZAT PROTECT YOU FROM ZE INVASION, MES AMIS! IT IS YOUR SACRED DOG OF A CLIMATE!"

PLAY TIME.

THERE were to have been three *Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydys* in the field. One so far afield as the Croydon Theatre; at least, so said the *St. James's Gazette* young man last week. But in the meantime there have been injunctions and legal difficulties. Perhaps if the Law is satisfied there may yet be *The Strange Story* of Dr. BANDFIELD and Mr. MANSMANN, at the Lyceum Comique and Opera Lyceum. Regular muddle. It is long since the *Opéra Comique* had something in keeping with its title. The last time was when *Opéra Bouffe*, with full orchestra, was played there; now there's no *Opéra Bouffe*, but only a BAND-MANN.

One piece doing first-rate business in town just now is, I should say, Mr. PINERO's *Sweet Lavender*, at TERRY's Theatre. And deservedly so. Capital part for TERRY, who plays it admirably, though occasionally dropping into exaggeration of style which would be more suitable in burlesque. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP as the kind old Irish Doctor is a life-like portrait; and so too is Mr. BRANDRAM THOMAS's well made-up picture of the old remorseful Colonel, who has been a bit of a dog and a good deal of a snob in his younger days. Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON is the very ideal of the "lone and lorn one"—a still youthful *Mrs. Gummidge*—who lives to heap coals of fire on the head of her betrayer, or rather, to nurse him in his illness, and give him his gruel, which she does with a will, and gives it him hot. Miss MAUD MILLETT presents us with a pleasant sketch of the fresh young English girl, capitolly contrasted with her second-class Yankee lover—for as she is not quite the typical aristocratic English girl, so he is not by any means a type of the superior American,—while her Aunt is represented by that clever actress Miss VICTOR as an amusing specimen of a good-natured, vain, underbred middle-aged woman.

The story—very interesting, and the plot well constructed, with one slight exception—seems to have been founded on the episode of *Pendennis* falling in love with *Fanny Bolton*, the daughter of a Temple porter. *Diek Phenyl* is a superior kind of *Eccles*; but all the same is a sketch from real life. Miss NORREYS as the heroine, is, of all *ingénues*, a great deal too ingenious. She is THACKERAY's *Fanny Bolton*, only,—conscious of an audience. So simple and innocent does

SONG ON SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE is USIBEFU, and there's DINIZULU
To be King of the Kaffirs pretending;
And one more little war looms in prospect—what for?
Lives and money the Government spending!

USIBEFU, DINIZULU.

Dusky antagonists, out upon you!

And those pestilent Boers at our Colonists' doors
Are preparing to level the rifle.

If in conflict they close, we shall pay through the nose,
At a cost like to prove not a trifle.

USIBEFU, DINIZULU,

What bothers and Boers! To be taxed for you two!

THE DESCENT OF MAN,—by Parachute, out of Balloon, on Saturday last,—when "Professor" BALDWIN accomplished the "sensation" of descending from a Balloon at the Alexandra Palace, when one thousand feet high, "with" to quote the words of the scientific person's Manager, "nothing but an umbrella to aid him in his descent." It is true that the "umbrella" looked uncommonly like an ordinary parachute, but for all that the leap seemed to be sufficiently dangerous to please the Many-headed. The "Professor" (it would be interesting to identify his University—did he graduate in Skye?) claims to "drop from the clouds with ease, grace, and rapidity." No doubt at all times he will be able to insure the third characteristic of his flight. On Saturday he apparently lost his balloon, but he did not lose his life. It is to be hoped that he never will, although precedent is against him. In the event of his getting some day a drop too much, or rather too many, it will be important to learn whether the coroner's jury will bring in a verdict of misadventure, suicide, or murder. In the event of the latter, the Authorities, who could have prevented the accident but would not, may, perhaps, figure as accessories before the fact!

LAMBETH CONFERENCE.—The Lawn-meets for the English and Colonial Bishops were so frequent, that Bishops *in partibus* will now be known as Bishops *in garden-partibus*. (N.B.—Especially when one omnibus took fourteen Colonials to one of these *al fresco* entertainments.)

she strive her best to appear, that, not knowing the story, I began to think she was a consummate little hypocrite, and that in the Second Act we should find she had been playing *Sainte Nitouche*, and should probably see her enjoying a champagne supper after the manner of the "pretty little souls" in *The Pink Dominoes* and other kindred pieces. By straining to emphasize her "*Sancta Simplicitas*," she suggests the idea of such "an artless thing" as was *Miss Becky Sharp* on quitting school. The play, generally, suggests THACKERAY Theatricalised. The lover is uninteresting—lovers mostly are—and Mr. PINERO delights in making this commonplace young man, who is very much in love, drop into sham poetry, and talking to *Diek Phenyl*—of all persons!—about "every beat of his heart saying Lavender"—"every newspaper-boy crying Lavender," &c., &c., and all that sort of thing, which no young man in real life, unless he were an affected, aesthetic nincompoop, would ever dream of saying. When TOM ROBERTSON gave us modern lovers on the stage he knew how valuable was the eloquence of silence, and how natural it was for an ordinary Society young man when deeply in love to be uncommonly taciturn. But Mr. PINERO wants this sort of character to talk, and to talk a sort of TENNYSON-and-water,—weak "T" in fact.

These are trifles. The audience takes it for granted that lovers will talk nonsense, and though they do have their doubts as to the genuine simplicity of *Sweet Lavender* herself, and do not look forward hopefully to the future domestic happiness of her husband, yet on the whole they are thoroughly interested and return home perfectly satisfied with having passed an exceptionally pleasant evening.

Obvious.

WE must get JOHN BULL's business out of this kink,
Officialdom's credit must soon be restored;
Or in Civil corruption the country will sink,
And national honour will "go by the Board."

APPROPRIATE DATE FOR THAT BLESSING IN THE GUISE OF AN AUTUMN SESSION.—The Fifth of November.

FANCY PORTRAITS.



"GROCERIES."

"The Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., were admitted to the Freedom of the Grocers' Company, Wednesday, July 25th."

A SONG OF WILLOW.

(Made at Lord's in the miserable two-hours' interval between two tremendous Thunder-showers in the horrid Season of '88.)

SING, "Willow"? Ay! But who may wield

The willow bat this wild, wet season,
When, a sheer swamp, the cricket-field
Is only fit to shake and sneeze on?
When smartest "fielders" flop and plunge,
When pluvial down-pour scarcely ceases;
When balls are pap, and pads are sponge,
And "creases" simply water-creases?
Say who can cut, or drive, or slog,
On black and bladeless mud-morasses?
Or bowl on wickets like a bog

That has been trampled by wild asses?
Not GRACE himself nor WALTER READ,
The sodden lead-like lump of leather
May urge across a miry mead
After a week of such June weather.
What chance, when "turf" means sticky
slime

Even for A. G. STEEL or LOHMANN?
How should "the Champion" place or time
With Jupiter Pluvius for foeman?
Slow wickets help the bowler? Yes!
But love mud-swamps? No, that's an error.
There may be too much muck and mess
E'en for "the Tempter" or "the Terror."
For topping score or brilliant catch,
So bad a time I never saw, Sir;
Fancy the Oxford-Cambridge match
Running four days, and then a draw, Sir!

We seek the field to funk and freeze,
Oh, happy SHREWSBURY, STODDART lucky,
To be at the Antipodes
Away from quagmires cold and mucky!
This is no time for tent and sward,
But warm fire-side or cosy pillow.
Sing Willow? Bah! the cheeriest bard
Could only sing the Weeping Willow!

ECCLESIASTICAL ART.—An appropriate exhibition that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY ought to have sent or taken his clerical guests to see, was the pictures of PARSONS and ABBEY. Too late now, as last week was the last week of the show.

YANKEE DOODLE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

"M. ALBERT WOLFF, of the *Figaro*, bewails in his last *chronique* the number of masterpieces of modern French Art which have been spirited across the ocean by the magic of the American dollar, and irretrievably lost to the country."—*St. James's Gazette*.

YANKEE DOODLE comes to town,
And you may bet a "pony"
He's game to plunk his dollars down
For MILLET or MORONI.
YANKEE DOODLE buys up Art
As though 'twere cheap as candy;
But though the *dilletanti* smart,
The dollars come in handy.

YANKEE DOODLE all our best
In Art and Books will collar,

Our Masterpieces lures out West
By the Almighty Dollar.
The picture-dealers gladly part,
The publishers say thankee!
Only poor friends of native Art
Cuss "that confounded Yankee!"

YANKEE DOODLE cannot paint
(So run the critics' strictures)
But 'tis enough to vex a saint!
He buys up *our* best pictures.
When twenty-thousand pounds he'll "part,"
(Like Boston's rich ROCKFELLER),
For an immortal work of Art,
'Tis like to find a seller.

YANKEE DOODLE he strikes oil,
And then all Europe's galleries
The millionaire proceeds to spoil
Despite our groans and railleries,
Well, Yankee Plutus has the pelf,—
He makes "collections,"—swell them!—
One day he'll paint big things himself,
And then he'll want to sell them!"

THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THIS is what has happened. She and I are really seriously attached to each other. She would make an adorable wife, and I'm sure I'm designed for domestic happiness, as I'm always falling in love, which is quite beastly. It keeps me continually miserable: first, when the girls don't care for me, and secondly, when they do. BOOIE (I call her BOOIE because she has such beautiful red hair) is a perfect girl, and we should certainly be very happy, but when, in the most gentlemanly way, I told her father about it, he asked me a lot of impertinent questions about my income, which was really in the worst possible taste, as he knows very well that I haven't any. However, I've written a poem, which, if not entirely original, is adapted to circumstances with some skill, and I think you will own that, even if it doesn't scan, it is quite true.

The people who review books are always asking Why are there so many Minor Poets? I can tell them one reason. It's because there are so many sordid fathers of the only girl a fellow ever really loves. He hinted something about an adventurer—like a man in a farce at a *Matinée*—so I call my poem, *Love the Adventurer* (only, unfortunately, he doesn't). Here, however, is the effort:—

LOVE THE ADVENTURER.

When Love seeks a business-man's daughter,
His hopes he will dash
By asking how he means to support her
Without any cash:
The hat that is sat on
You may have it blocked next day,
But when the old man tries *that* on
Love must get out of the way.

You may warble love-songs in an agreeable
baritone,
You may wear small gloves of a mild canary—
You may write for the papers, [tone,
Or have evolved the plot of a really new and
original play;
But you'll only lose love's labours;
You can't make him see things your way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
(Though it's quite another thing to invigle
The creature to desist.)
You may move (with a crowbar)
The Lioness to give o'er her prey;
But there is really no bar
To the inquisitiveness of a proposed Father-
in-law, in the matter of prospects and pay.

Yours, in depressed circumstances,
LOVELACE LACKLAND.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 9.



AT THE "TIMES v. CRIMES" DEBATE IN THE COMMONS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 23.—Sir PARNELL with sword drawn, walking about Lobby, waiting for OLD MORALITY. Old MORALITY, longing to be at 'em, foregone his dinner rather than miss opportunity of pinking Sir PARNELL. Second Reading of Commission Bill expected on any moment. Opening first made for Debate on affairs in Zululand. Last week, Opposition trembling

with indignation because opportunity for discussing ZIBEFU v. DINIZULU refused. Got it now, and all charm vanished. House nearly empty; Debate flickering out; likely to lapse before dinner-hour. So Sir PARNELL paces the Lobby, his sword more than ever drawn; OLD MORALITY sits on Front Bench, and wonders what they're having for dinner at Grosvenor Place; GLADSTONE hurries back after what must have been a Barmecide feast; names of ZIBEFU and DINIZULU float through hazy atmosphere; everyone thinking of matters nearer home.

Zulu Debate dies out. OLD MORALITY moves Second Reading of Parnell Commission Bill. Same old speech. Desire to consult the

best interest of Members, and welfare of the country; deeply regretted and deplored; did not desire to utter a single expression; trusted and believed; command full confidence and esteem; the advantage of the country; the convenience of the House.

OLD MORALITY sat down, suffused with moral rectitude, and wondering whether he might not now slip out to dinner. PARNELL, pale and passionate, rushed straight upon him, "like BOULANGER upon FLOCKY," as JOSEPH GILLIS said. Maintained himself at white heat of passion through long speech; occasionally turned aside from OLD MORALITY to ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Irish Members cheered every thrust; save for Irish quarter, House still comparatively empty.

"All of them comfortably getting their dinner," said OLD MORALITY with a weary sigh, glancing round empty benches.

After dinner House rapidly filled up. Eleven o'clock not a seat to be had; side-galleries crowded; Peers' Gallery thronged; CHARLES RUSSELL thumping away at his learned friend the HOME SECRETARY; EDWARD CLARKE followed on other side; Sage of Queen Anne's Gate said what was necessary to carry debate over. A curious, awkward, ill-managed arrangement of business, which served nobody's purpose and necessitated appropriation of another night.

Business done.—Parnell Commission Bill discussed.

Tuesday.—Black Rod at his jokes again. Funny at first, but a trifle monotonous; rather palls upon House towards end of Session. Joke is to hang about door till Commons get into thick of business; then send in doorkeeper to bellow "Black Rod!" Began the Session with tripping up a Minister. Fastened now on Sage of Queen Anne's Gate. Came in upon him the other night when putting a question. To-night Sage just launched forth in his indictment of ATTORNEY-GENERAL *re O'DONNELL versus Times*, when Black Rod appeared. Business peremptorily interrupted; SPEAKER and Mace go off to Lords to see LORD CHANCELLOR and other old women in cleaks bow-wowing on Woolsack.

Black Rod introduced new piece of business to-night. Sent door-keeper in to bawl "Black Rod!" just as House was loudly cheering Sage. Doorkeeper's shout consequently drowned in uproar. Nobody heard it. Black Rod entered practically unannounced. Sage, with his back to the door didn't see him enter. Proceeded with remarks.

"Order! order!" cried the SPEAKER, who had spotted Black Rod.

"Well, Sir," said Sage, apologetically, "I was only desiring to point out—"

"Order! order!" shouted the SPEAKER.

"Certainly, Sir, I will bow to your decision, though I really don't know—"

"Order! order!" roared the SPEAKER, with his eye on Black Rod advancing towards the table. Sage, looking round in bewilderment, at this fresh exhibition of SPEAKER'S interference with freedom of speech, caught sight of Black Rod. His jaw fell, eyes assumed glassy stare, dropped into seat as if he had been shot.

"Life would be endurable only for its Peers," he said, when he recovered presence of mind. "The Lords pursue me even in the House of Commons."

"Curious thing," said Black Rod, winking at Sergeant-at-Arms, as they crossed the Lobby in procession. "Always find LABBY on his feet when I chance to look in at Commons."

Parnell Commission Bill debated. CHAMBERLAIN, not often heard now, arrived just in time to speak. A model speech, full of point through its forty minutes, saying exactly what he had at heart in clearest phrase, and with irresistible force. Whether one agrees with him or not, an intellectual delight to listen. Incomparably the



Sir Parnell.



Just in Time.

best debater in House. Not an orator like GLADSTONE, but still unapproachable as a debater. Fancy CHAMBERLAIN profits by recent infrequency of his speeches in House. Have time and opportunity to compare him with more familiar speakers. Remember what he said in far off June days at Birmingham? Was it fifty years ago, or only three?—

"I sometimes think that great men are like great mountains, and that we do not appreciate their magnitude while we are still close to them. You have to go to a distance to see which peak it is that towers above its fellows; and it may be that we shall have to put between us and Mr. GLADSTONE a space of time before we shall know how much greater he has been than any of his competitors for fame and power."

Similarly, but not precisely, the conditions under which CHAMBERLAIN now occasionally speaks in House give opportunity for appreciating his quite unique position as a debater. All night long, all through the weary week, men make speeches round about a subject. Then CHAMBERLAIN comes in and *talks*. As PLUNKET says, "A wonderful difference between a man who has a speech to make, and a man who has something to say."

Business done.—Parnell Commission Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—"Demme!" says Markiss o' GRANBY, "BUXTON's put spoke in wheel of Black Rod."

Simple perhaps not quite perfect, but description fairly accurate. BUXTON asked how long we're to have Black Rod bursting in on House like a venerable catapult? OLD MORALITY says he's been talking matter over with LORD CHANCELLOR. Arranged that suggestion made by his Hon. Friend TONY, M.P., a fortnight ago, shall be adopted. Black Rod to do his bursting in before public business commences in Commons. This, of course, takes all the fun out of the thing. Not be worth while turning up now if he can't interrupt a Minister answering question, or intercept the storied wisdom distilled from lips of Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

"Another of our treasured institutions gone," says CAVENDISH BENTINCK. "Seen will have nothing left worth living for."

BALFOUR had four bad quarters of an hour at Question Time. Irish Members bubbling up all round him, snapping out interrogatories. BALFOUR took them all round—one down another come on. Imperturbable throughout, only an added hardness of manner, a degree or two more frost in his tones, indicating severity of contest.

OLD MORALITY announced arrangements for winding up first part of Session. Expects House to be up on 11th of August. To that end proposes programme which, if carried out, would keep House at work till Christmas. Programme in point of magnitude much more like Queen's Speech on opening Parliament in February than suggestions of Leader of House closing up tracks at end of July.

"It's all right, you'll see," said OLD MORALITY. "Remember in younger days, when I was still attendant at a seminary, we used, for the perfection of our style of calligraphy, carefully to copy out remarks lithographed at the top of a ruled page. One of these, I remember, ran to the effect, *Throw plenty of mud, and some of it soil, in all human probability, adhere*. That's the principle upon which, animated as I am by a desire to meet the convenience of Hon. Members, and conserve the interests of the public service, I lay before the House this somewhat extended programme. We shall not get through with it all; but we shall emerge having achieved more than if we essayed to do less. In other words, as we used to write in the days already alluded to, *If you aim at the stars, you may succeed in sending a stone through the windows of the second-pair back.*"

Business done.—Report Stage of the Local Government Bill.

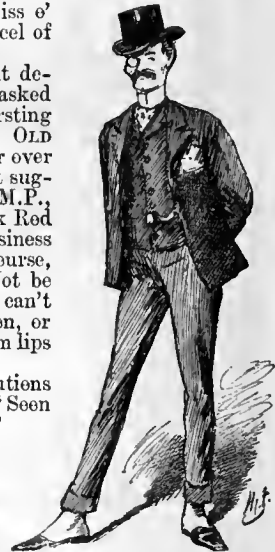
Friday.—Local Government Bill through final stage in Commons. Four Peers, representing Upper House, playing whist since Seven o'Clock, waiting for Bill. Steut and long pipes supplied out of Civil Service Estimates. Half-an-hour after midnight word came Bill was through Commons, and compliments going on all round. Four Peers put away cards, finished steut, presented attendants with broken pipes, and marched into Lords. One took a seat in front of Woolsack, and presided, three others spread themselves as much as possible about Chamber, and formed a House. Bill, solemnly brought in, ordered to be read a First Time. House adjourned.

"Have another rubber?" said Neble Lord, who had presided.

"Think not. Getting late. Besides, we have finished the steut."

So they went home.

Business done.—Local Government Bill read Third Time in Commons, and First-Time in Lords.



The Markiss o' Granby.



THE PARACHUTE.

Lively Aéronaut. "HAPPY THOUGHT! BLOWED IF I'LL COME DOWN
TILL THE WEATHER CHANGES!"

TWO AMERICAN "EYE-OPENERS."

("Still Alarm" at Princess's, and Still More Alarming at Lyceum.)

Eye-Opener No. 1.—On the first night of *The Still Alarm*, after the sensation scene in Act III., representing "The Central Fire Station, New York," the actors were called before the Curtain, so was the author, who didn't appear—at least I didn't see him—and so were the horses, one of which was led on to bow its acknowledgments. The burning and shining fire-engine, which also received the honour of a summons, modestly remained behind the Curtain, as did also the meditative greyhound, whose part in the piece stood out far more than that of Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, who as a good young man tried his very best to be funny, but despairing of success, had recourse to pretending to play the bones with a couple of spoons, then a tray as a tambourine, and finally his hat as a concertina, and at last finding that these original devices somewhat failed in their object, he relapsed, during the remainder of Miss FANNY LESLIE'S solo dance, into moody silence, evidently wondering within himself why he had ever been born, and bitterly meditating on the hollow absurdity of the old proverb which asserts that "Necessity is the mother of invention." If ever there were a moment when the necessity for doing something really humorous was imperative, wasn't it now on this first night of *The Still Alarm*?

The style of Mr. LACY, who plays the hero, is something between that of a sententious American Lecturer and the "Massa JOHNSON" of every Nigger Minstrel troupe. He is supposed to represent, says the programme, "An American fireman of to-day," and if he does so, correctly, then, however active and spry the "American Fireman of to-day" may be in answer to a call (not before the Curtain, but to a fire), his manner in private life is marked by a peculiar kind of squirming action, coupled with a drawling, sing-song, nasal intonation, which, if intended to be irresistibly fascinating, singularly fails in attaining its object. Whatever may be the attitude of Mr. HARRY LACY'S *Jack Manley* towards others, be it of love or hate, there is one person with whom he is always evidently on the very best of terms, and that person is—himself. The best performance in this old-fashioned piece (which only differs from most of this kind in not having a wicked Baronet in the *dramatis personæ*—but then Baronets, good or wicked, are not indigenous to New York) was that of Mr. H. PARKER as the drunken old actor. He reminded me of BENJAMIN WEBSTER in *Janet Pride*, with a considerable touch of Mr. GEORGE HONEY as *Eccles in Caste*.

Of course, the Fire-piece will draw on account of this one scene,

which is well worth seeing, as a practically vivid illustration of the rapidity with which a fire-engine can be turned out, fully equipped, at the shortest possible notice, in the Central Fire Station of New York. The action, by the way, seemed to me rather incomplete, as the engine was driven off by *Jack Manley* alone, and the firemen were left behind to form a *tableau* at the descent of the Curtain. The orchestra ought to introduce "*Sound an Alarm!*" into the overture.

Eye-Opener No. 2. "*The Strange Story of Box and Cox; or, A Puzzle for Bouncer*" at the Lyceum.—I must defer my criticism on *The Strange Story* until I have quite recovered from the awful jumpy, crepey, crawly effect produced on me by Mr. MANSFIELD'S extraordinary performance last Saturday night. "And is Old Double dead?" He is, and he isn't. "For O it is such a horrible tale!" as Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD used to sing. Ugh! Ugh! Lights there! What ho! Lights, I say! "Why, being gone, I am *Dr. Jekyll* again!" I read the book long ago, and quite forget why *Dr. Jekyll*'s inferior self is called *Mr. Hyde*. Who gave him that name? But more of this anon, when I have had time to review it calmly. Now it's all *Hyde* and *Hanwell*, and *Quilp* as *Grip* the Raven, raven mad, crying, "I'm a devil! I'm a devil!" Mr. MANSFIELD looked so like the late Mr. CRESWICK, that most middle-aged play-goers must have expected him to turn into SHEPHERD. *The Strange Story of Shepherd and Creswick!* It is a ghastly extravaganza, with a marvellous "transformation scene." So slight is the human interest in the story, that it might as well have been produced at the Egyptian Hall of Mystery, as *The Strange Story of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook*. Hush! 'tis the Night Watch! Put out the light! close the shutters—ah!—I am not *Dr. Jekyll* nor *Mr. Hyde*, but still Yours tremblingly,
JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

Frank Holl, R.A.

BORN JULY 4, 1846. DIED JULY 31, 1888.

Too early taken, whilst the eager hand,
Held skill at will, and power in full command,
A Painter passes, who so played his part
As to do honour high to English Art.
Sadly the stroke upon Art-lovers falls,
Fresh from admiring gaze around the walls
Where hung the latest triumphs of his brush,
The Master who has fallen in manhood's flush,
With powers unimpaired, though late o'erstrained,
Tasks incomplete, ambitions half attained.
Yet when doth Art not fail of its full aim?
Enough hath been achieved for lasting fame.
A memory thine that mocks at death and fate,
Great English limner of our English Great!

SHAKESPEARE IN THE NORTH.—Our Divine WILLIAMS was a thorough sportsman. He was devotedly attached to sport on the 12th. Didn't he write an entire play about a Moor? Hasn't he provided all Grouse-shooters with the motto for the 11th, "Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor"? Why certainly.

JEUNE POUR LA JEUNESSE!

MRS. JEUNE, writing to the Editor of *Truth*, makes the following appeal (which *Mr. Punch* gladly seconds) on behalf of her Children's Boarding-out Fund:—

"May I make one more appeal for a little extra help for my Boarding-out Fund? Through the kindness of your readers and my friends, I have received £363 13s., and with that money have sent 386 children to the country at a cost of £303 4s. 11d. But the holidays are beginning next month, and I have 200 more waiting anxiously to know whether they are to have the much-dreamt-of, or longed-for holiday. Will your readers help me to send them? One pound sends a child for three weeks. How much health and happiness that little sum represents, perhaps we can never fully realise. But we may take it on the word of those who, perhaps, can judge, that no money is better spent—no good more unalloyed than that which gives the little London children their country holiday."

ONE pound sends a child for three weeks to the fields!

A fiscal fact this for us all to remember.

How seldom a sovereign *such* interest yields!

Three weeks, mark, in August, or e'en in September.

British Public stump up to a right handsome tune,

And make Autumn fulfil the fair "Promise of JEUNE."

COOKERY FOR TOURISTS.—Consult the *menus* issued by the Traveler's Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, THOMAS COOK, the *Chef of Cook and Sons*. Too many *Cook's* tickets *don't* spoil the journey—on the contrary, they improve it, and they'll show you how to make the best use of a very wide Range.



“THE FLATTERING TALE.”

Old Lady (“down upon Followers”). “THAT YOUNG MAN WHO IS JUST GOING OUT, I SUPPOSE, IS YOUR BROTHER, JANE?”
Maid. “No, 'M. NOT MY BROTHER, M'UM,—WHICH HE'S A YOUNG MAN, M'UM,—MOST RESPECT'BLE, M'UM,—AS I'VE 'OPES OF!!”

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

(*Dibdin adapted to the Day.*)

COME, all hands ahoy to the anchor!
 Manceuvres are now all the go.
 Land-lubbers whose hearts are all ranceur
 On Britain's sea-glories would blow.
 They say foreign foes would just kick us
 About on the boisterous main;
 But these shore-going *Timons* won't trick us,
 We've lied, and can liek 'em again.
 With a will, ho! then pull away, jolly boys,
 Our sea-trim has altered, we know;
 But we're in for 't, then dash it, what folly,
 For to be down-hearted! Yo-ho! [boys,
 We look rum in a hulk and our rigging,
 Some *have* gone ashore, and some sunk.
 The *Warrior* went winkle-digging,
 The *Sandfly* went wrong; but why funk?
 The old Wooden Walls are slap out of it,
 Iron is now all the rage.
 Some blunders we've made—there's no doubt
 So did Old Salts, I'll engage. [of it,
 With a will, ho! &c.
 We must go with the times; that's my maxim.
 Old England expects us to win;
 BUT doesn't much mind how they tax him,
 So there's something to show for his tin.
 Do you think JACK will sulk or turn craven?
 No, no! he will work, fight, and smile,
 Same with big war-hulks at Berehaven,
 As with old wooden ships at the Nile.
 With a will, ho! &c.
 Here's me, now, aboard of the *Ajaz*,
 For fun or for fighting agog;

BULL knows how to find, and to pay, JACKS,
 And JACK's game for glory or grog.
 Once to handle a blade and hitch trousers,
 Sufficed JACK for talents and charms;
 By BENBOW, that will not do now, Sirs,
 In these days of whopping big arms!
 With a will, ho! &c.

The Gunner must now be no lubber,
 Straight shooting as Science is classed;
 The Steersman must not be a lubber,
 Our ships are so big and so fast!
 No jollity, NANCY-love, wrapp'd in,
 No fondness for fighting and flip,
 Will now fit a fellow to Captain
 That marvel an Iron-clad Ship.
 With a will, ho! &c.

Some praise our new ships, some abuse them,
 They're ugly, no doubt, as they're big;
 What JACK has to do is—to use them.
 He'll do it too, boys, dash my wig!
 JACK never was known for a railer,
 We're here for rehearsal—no joke!
 But to do his darned best show your Sailor,
 Be hulls built of iron or oak.
 With a will, ho! then pull away, jolly boys,
 Our sea-trim is altered we know;
 But spite some big blunders, 'twere folly, boys,
 For to be down-hearted! Yo-ho!

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—MR. J. A. HAMILTON, in his new volume on DANIEL O'CONNELL, warns us not to judge the great Irishman “by an English standard.” What the present Irish leader objects to be judged by is not so much an English *Standard* as an English *Times*.

ON THEIR METALS.

THE G. N. R. and the L. & N. W. R. are making a race for it to the north, and eclipsing all previous records in fast railway travelling. In future the Euston “Scotchman” will get to Edinburgh in eight and a half hours, and the King's Cross one, “for one month only,” in eight! A month of such steeplechasing is quite enough for anybody. The hundred and ninety-four miles to York done without a break!—or rather, with only a continuous automatic break. Sportsmen, going north, instead of singing “*My Heart's in the Highlands*,” will feel inclined to sing, “*My Heart's in my Mouth*.” And what is to prevent the “one month only” from becoming the Great Northern's “permanent way”? We notice that the North-Western interval for dinner at Preston will be reduced to twenty minutes—twenty minutes allowed for shunting the hungry traveller into the Refreshment Room, coupling him to a meal of three courses, and shunting him back again. In fact, you first belt into the Refreshment Room, and then bolt *in* it; you eat in haste and repent at leisure. Why not call these new train-services a training in dyspepsia?

A CASE OF GROUSE INJUSTICE.—it will be, if anyone goes out shooting on Sunday the 12th, which is a “*Dies Non*.” The translation of this, *vide* Cheeper edition, is, “Today a Grouse dies not.”

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR CORPULENCE.—The “Sweating System.”

A very lively night. Began at Question Time, when Parnellites made dead set at BALFOUR, with occasional raids upon the Chair. But this nothing to developments in Committee on Parnell Commission Bill. Benches crowded; interruptions constant; cheering and laughter incessant. Impressive scene when HARCOURT thought he heard a smile from GORST. Stopped short in speech; wouldn't go on till GORST had finished his smile, and assumed customary judicial air. Wilder still when, just on stroke of midnight, CHAMBERLAIN spoke.

"Pickle getting peppery," said CHARLES FORSTER. "Think I'll strut off whilst coast clear. Not so lithe as I was; still, lithe enough."

Five minutes to Twelve when CHAMBERLAIN sat down. COURTNEY about to put question, when PARNELL slowly rose from below Gangway. Debate must needs pre-emptorily close at midnight. What could PARNELL say in four minutes? A good deal more than was pleasant for some to hear. Turned upon CHAMBERLAIN with placid manner, smiling countenance, and bitter tongue; trickled down upon him stream of vitriol. Drop by drop it fell, searing and burning. Only four minutes to say it all in. But had finished before Big Ben broke in with sound of midnight. Irish Members leaped up in tumult of uncontrollable delight. Above the roar, like shout of mob thirsty for some one's blood, rose cry of "JUDAS! JUDAS!" This was TAY PAY'S contribution to harmony of sitting; subsequently withdrawn, and apologised for. But what of that? CONYBEARE, the great authority on points of honour, has established code in this matter, accepted in sympathetic circles. As he has written, "the withdrawal of an unparliamentary expression does not do away with the effect produced by using it, and does not imply any alteration of a deliberately expressed opinion."

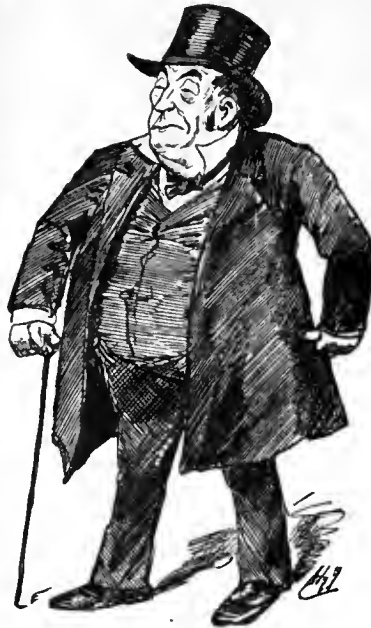
Business done.—In Committee on Commission Bill.

Tuesday Night.—Debate on Commission Bill on again. Seems to have been a mistake somewhere. General impression was that PARNELL had been doing something; midnight assassination, moonlighting, houghing of cattle, or some other nocturnal diversion. Turns out House assembled, not to consider possibility of PARNELL'S guilt, but certainty of CHAMBERLAIN'S. At opening of proceedings PARNELL appeared in position of Public Prosecutor. Got CHAMBERLAIN in dock, and publicly pumelled him. House amazed, sat and listened with open mouth.

"I suppose," said LEWIS PELLY, his hair rising Pelly-melly, and uplifting his hat, "we shall next have a little pamphlet on *Chamberlainism and Crime.*"

PARNELL more than hints that CHAMBERLAIN when Cabinet Minister was playing fast and loose with men steeped to the lips in crime. Quite an unexpected treat this. House summoned to debate on troublesome Bill, suddenly found itself treated to piquant dish of scandal. Every seat occupied. Members standing at Bar, leaning over gallery, flocking behind-Speaker's Chair. CHAMBERLAIN as quiet and collected as PARNELL. Admits he had communications with Irish Chief between 1880 and 1885. But interviews were sought by PARNELL, and what passed faithfully reported to GLADSTONE.

Through both narratives old friend, O'SHEA, flits. CHAMBERLAIN says O'SHEA was PARNELL'S agent in arranging interviews. PARNELL says O'SHEA arrived at one of the interviews whilst he was there with JUSTIN MCCARTHY. It's all O'SHEA. Seems to have been impartial agent for both sides.



"Still lithe enough."



"Pelly-melly."

NEEL'S agent in arranging interviews. PARNELL says O'SHEA arrived at one of the interviews whilst he was there with JUSTIN MCCARTHY. It's all O'SHEA. Seems to have been impartial agent for both sides.

"That's all very well," says CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. "But we mustn't forget the old axiom. What says COKE upon LITTLETON—or was it LITTLETON upon COKE? *Qui facit per alium, facit per SHEA.*"

After CHAMBERLAIN-PARNELL fizzleover, Debate on Commission Bill went forward. Proceedings decidedly explosive. EDWARD WATKIN, who knows something about railways, says reminded him of nothing so much as train approaching station on foggy afternoon. Fog-signals exploding every two minutes. OLD MORALITY had terrible time. Appears that WALTER, of *Times*, happened to call at Grosvenor Square, whilst preparations for Commission Bill going forward. Interview nothing whatever to do with Bill. An old friend just passing by, looked in to say "Howdy?" Bill *might* have been mentioned; but so was the weather. O'SHEA seems to have had nothing to do with this meeting. Position nevertheless harped upon till OLD MORALITY loses his temper; frankly tells Sage of Queen Anne's Gate he's another. Sage much hurt at this wild language, but on ground that OLD MORALITY is unduly excited, magnanimously forgives him. *Business done.*—Parnell Commission Bill in Committee.

Wednesday.—Matters livelier than ever. JOSEPH GILLIS skipping about like a young lamb. Flits from side to side, in and out by the door, across the lobby and back again.

"Not precisely up to usual style of *Puck*," says ALBERT ROLLIT, looking on admiringly. "But,—everything going wrong, everybody by the ears and JOSEPH GILLIS hopping around—reminds me of scene in the wood. Expect to find him catching Chairman's eye and saying as he skips, "Mr. COURTNEY, Sir;

Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down!"

TIM HEALY wanting to know more about OLD MORALITY'S morning callers. "How about this visit of WALTER?" says TIM, as if he were inquiring whether the grocer had called; "and BUCKLE—what did BUCKLE call for? WALTER, we know, was an old friend. Was BUCKLE an old friend?"

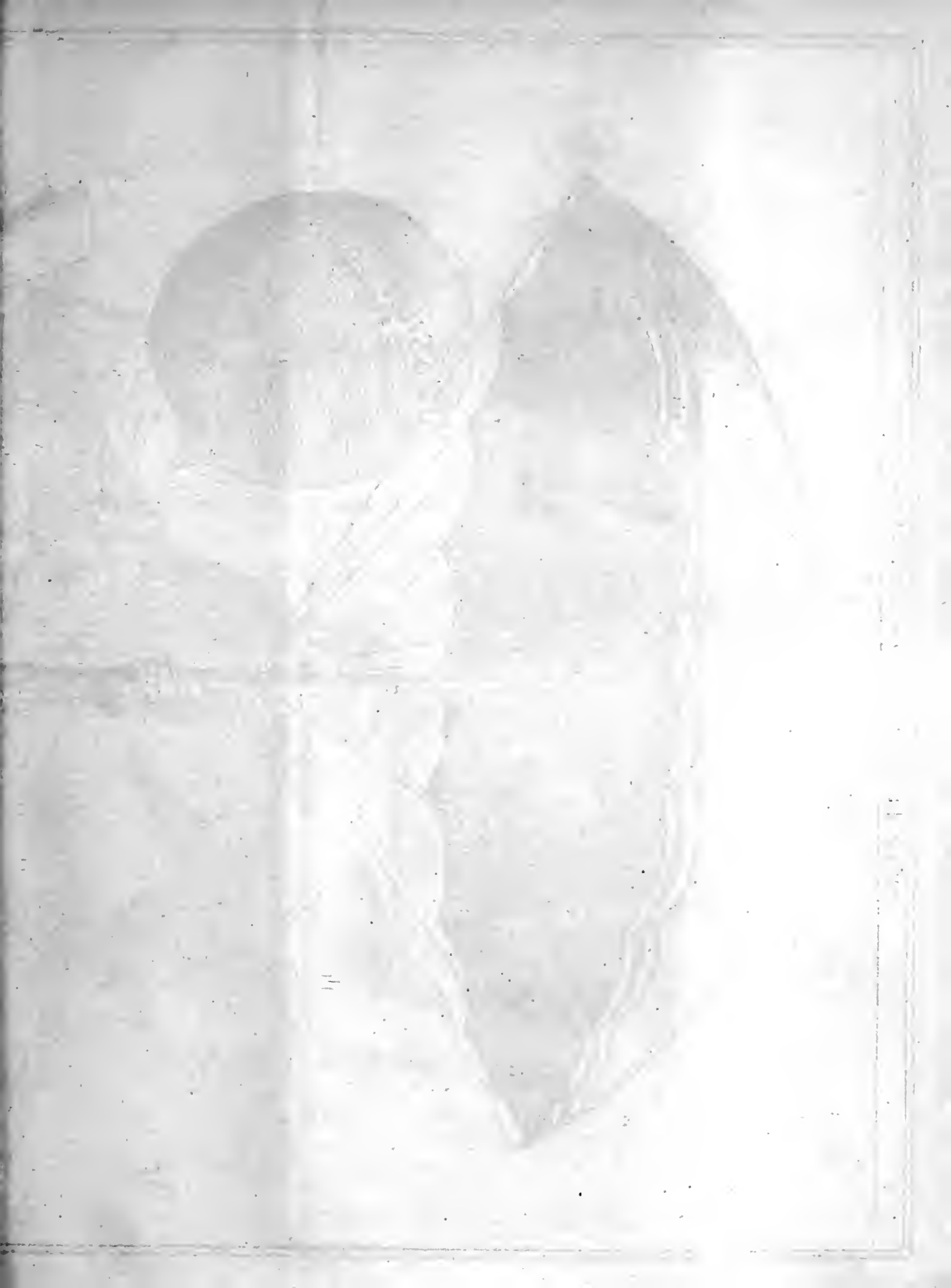
GLADSTONE in terribly high spirits. Thumps the box, shakes his fist at GOSCHEN, and nearly talks himself hoarse. GOSCHEN affected almost to tears. Then HARCOURT comes in, big and blatant, roaring and rampant. LULU, standing on guard at lobby-door, bringing up the British Constitution in the rear whilst his father leads it in the van, hears the parental voice and is soothed.



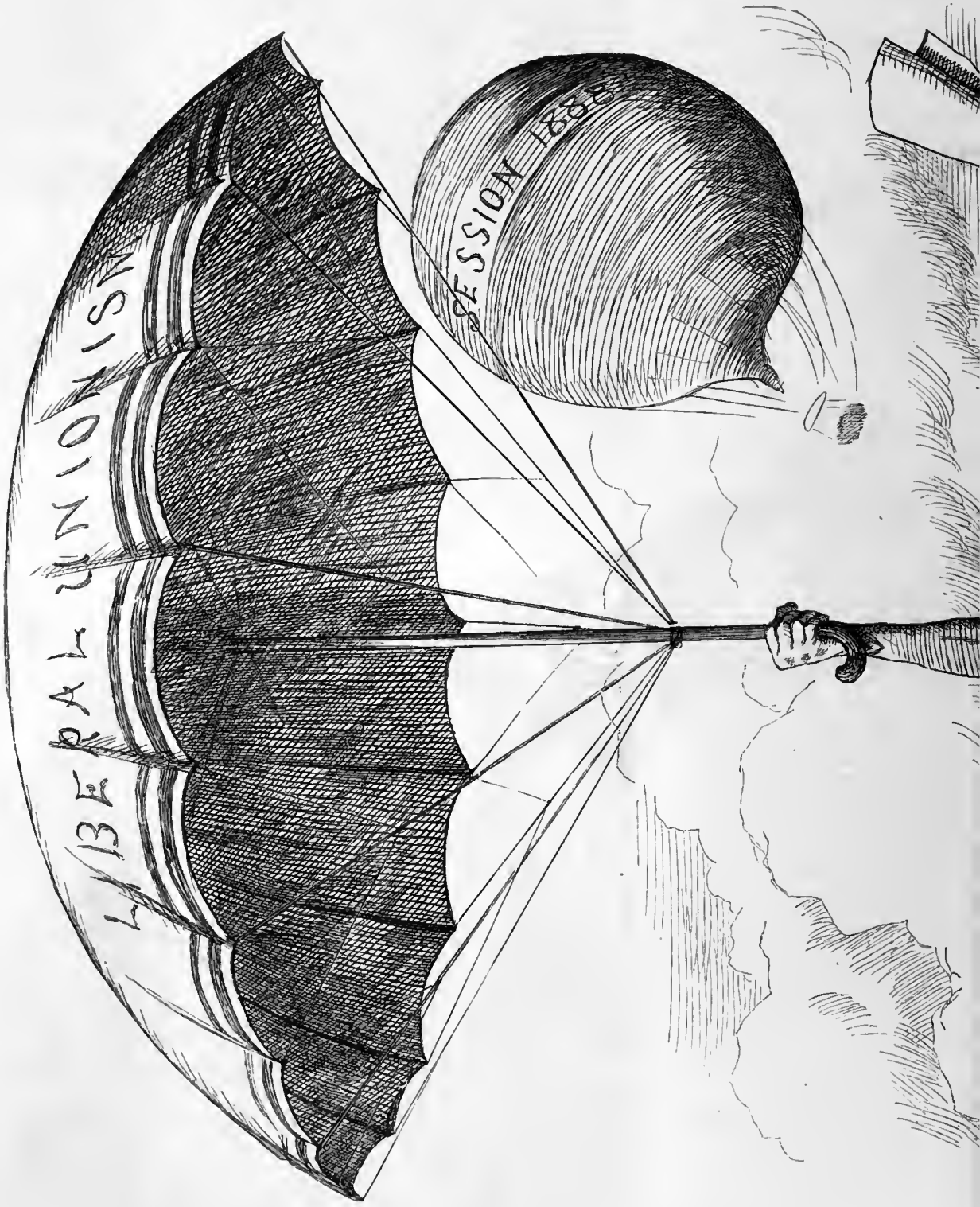
"Lulu."

Closure moved: COURTNEY puts question; declares "the Ayes have it!"; Parnellites bellow "No!" Division threatened; GLADSTONE shakes his head in token of dissent. Question put again. Parnellites sit dumb; only O'HANLON up in the side gallery with small day-book on his knee roars "No!" O'HANLON in the grocery business when temporarily out of politics. Rather neglected home affairs of late. Thinks opportunity favourable for making up accounts and lost time. So finds snug corner in gallery, brings out day-book and bill-heads, pegs away for an hour. Getting on with work nicely when Closure incident comes on. Hears his friends shout "No!" when question put. Doesn't observe GLADSTONE'S signal of dissent; goes on making out his bills. Meets COURTNEY'S reiterated assertion that "the Ayes have it!" with steady shout of "No!" All eyes turned upon him. Just put down another half-pound of sugar to MAT MALONEY, 13, Main Street, Derry, when House cleared for Division; then emissary sent up to explain situation. O'HANLON sees it all; Question again put; sits mute as harp on Tara's wall; Closure agreed to and sitting adjourned. *Business done.*—Committee again.

Friday, 1'30 A.M.—Commission Bill through at last. A dull sitting compared with those that had gone before, varied by charge of breach of privilege against *Times*. Been saying things of GLADSTONE, JOHN MORLEY, and even of HARCOURT! Talk designed with more than usual plainness to pass away time. Arranged that at One o'Clock this morning, whatever Clauses left should be put without debate. Scene expected at One o'Clock; impatiently awaited; nothing came of it; COURTNEY put Clauses one by one; no one said him nay, and so Bill passed through Committee. ESSLEMONT (in the drapery business at Aberdeen), emulous of O'HANLON'S success on Wednesday, got into corresponding position in opposite gallery; produced day-book and bill-heads; worked away, intending to challenge Division on Clauses. Splendid advertisement for ESSLEMONT and MACKINTOSH. "And so cheap," the canny Scot observed to himself. At last moment heart failed him. Clauses passed, and opportunity missed.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 11, 1888.





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LANDED!

PROFESSOR RITCHIE WITH HIS PARLIAMENTARY PARACHUTE.

1900

1900

1900

1900

1900



"Weel, weel," he said, folding up day-book in gratuitous copy of Orders; "Aiblins, MACKINTOSH needna ken what we've lost." Great muster of Members for divisions. CHRISTOPHER SYKES comes among others, not familiar of late. "Going to speak?" I asked him. "No, dear boy," said CHRISTOPHER, with priceless air of languor, that BAUMANN vainly strives to imitate. "My speaking days are over. Sold my lib'ry, doneha. Fine collection, formed by Sir MARK SYKES; known in the family as Sir MARK-READ-LEARN-INWARDLY-DIGEST SYKES; splendid lib'ry; most useful to me in preparing speeches; rare collection of works on *Crustacea*. Remember my speech, a few Sessions ago, on bringing in Crab and Lobster Bill? Couldn't do it now, dear boy. Great sacrifice for public man to sell his lib'ry." *Business done.*—Parnell Commission Bill through Committee.

Saturday.—House sitting to-day, by way of change. Army and Navy Votes under discussion. Enormous sums at issue. Benches nearly empty. Everybody wanting to go away. Sat till nearly Two o'Clock this morning. Voting on account trifling sum of Seven Millions odd. Very dull. No personal question involved. Only the Millions aforesaid. *Business done.*—Votes in Supply.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *Our Celebrities*—SWANN AND SONNESCHIEIN—M. WALERY has a good photograph of Mr. GLADSTONE, in a peculiar reddish glow of light—suggestive of his blushing for Dr. BIGGAR and some of his recent associates, or of a Grand Old Sunset. Then next in order is Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK meditating on the strange laws of Newspaper Libel; and thirdly, Mr. GEORGE LEWIS in resplendent gaiters with an ornamental vase on the table by his side, which is probably characteristic of something—perhaps his vase'd legal knowledge, though I can hardly suppose, far-fetched as some of L. E.'s jokes are, that this was really the meaning of the ornament at G. L.'s elbow.

Then there are Mr. BARRAUD'S *Men and Women of the Day*, in which appears Mrs. GLADSTONE, who clearly ought not to have been separated from her husband this year of all years when they are Golden Unionists. She looks remarkably happy, either at being in the company of such distinguished photos as that of Admiral HEWETT, V.C., and Dr. RICHTER, or at the idea of being re-united to "Mr. G.," when the volume is bound up and the photos are re-united.

The *Universal Review* keeps up its fame for brilliancy,—you've only got to see it on a table, that's enough. Good matter within, but lacking in that touch of genuine humour which made even Mr. HAWES quite lively for a time. DAUDET'S latest novel is an important feature; of course, Lord WOLSELEY'S *Courage* animates the *Fortnightly*—whose motto is, *pro Harris et foecis*—but the *Nineteenth*—well here I must drop into poetry:—

"Uncommon good number," says Baron DE B.,
 "Is this month's *Nineteenth Centuree*."
 "Offices Public" by BLACKWOOD, with
 "Merrikin Statesmen" by GOLDWIN SMITH;
 "The Pompadour,"—not of the stage, but very
 Real,—by Mlle. BLAZE DE BURY.
 This name, so explosive, quite dazzles my gaze,
 Should send up the Magazine—bang—all ablaze!

"How not to get Fat," by BURNEY YEO,
 With a Yeo ho! ho!
 And away we go!
 Yeo ho! my Hearties!
 Avoid dinner-parties!
 Cries Captain KNOWLES, with "avasts" and "ahoys,"
 "Up goes the sale, Yeo ho! my boys!"

"For growing too fat the new cure," says YEO,
 "Is—" Never mind,—read it, and then you'll know.
 For the subject is one
 Which, all said and done,
 Must trouble particular vanity.
 "So much for the body," says Doctor KNOWLES;
 "I'll give you a cure for poor starved souls."
 Eight leaves of a LILLY out he doles,
 As "What's left of Christianity."

Where shall I go for my Vacation? I shall take a lot of books
 with me and,—I have it—the very place, *Reading*.
 Yours, THE BOLD BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. PARNELL AS HAMLET.

THE *Times* is out of joint. Oh! cursed spite
 That ever I was forced with it to fight!

THE SWITCHBACK ADAPTED.—Dr. BIRCH begs to inform his young
 friends that he has patented for use next school-time an entirely
 new invention, entitled "The Swishback."

THE PARLIAMENTARY PARACHUTE.

SCENE—The St. Stephen's Pleasure (?) Grounds, on the occasion of
 the Great Parachute Performance of that rising (by descending)
 aeronaut and acrobat, Professor RITCHIE.

First Gazer (vaguely impartial and inquisitive). Will he do it, do
 you think?

Second G. (Tory) } together { Why, of course he will!
 Third G. (Radical) } { Why, of course he won't!

First G. (puzzled). Well, anyhow, I hope he won't hurt himself.

Second G. Hurt himself? Not he! One of the skilfullest acrobats
 in the country, Sir. Knows what he's about, I can tell you.

Third G. Nonsense, Sir! Never intends to do it. All a put-up
 job to gammon the public.

First G. Well, but I don't quite see the pull of that, don't you
 know.

Second G. (scornfully). Don't you, though? Why, you must be
 jolly innocent, you must. He'll get the Gate Money, and we shall
 get the gammon. Simple enough—except to simpletons.

Fourth G. (old-fashioned Tory). Well, I don't think such exhibi-
 tions ought to be allowed. Can't think what Government can be
 about not to interfere. The performance, Sir, is both dangerous and
 demoralising.

Third G. Well, you've come to see it, anyhow.

Fourth G. (with dignity). Sir, my motives in doing so differ from
 those of the mob. I hate mobs. It is because this business is
 pandering to the mob that I protest against it. I am here to—well,
 in point of fact, to protest. (Excitedly.) By Jove, he's off!

Third G. (dryly). Not yet! I see you're going to "protest"—
 with a pair of opera-glasses. However, you needn't flurry yourself.
 There'll be a hitch somewhere presently, and then either the per-
 formance will be postponed, or something perfunctory will be fobbed
 off on the public instead of the real thing.

Second G. (hotly). Nothing of the sort, Sir. I happen to know
 that this is a perfectly bonâ fide business. You, I suspect, are inter-
 ested in a rival Show, and pooh-pooh this performance because
 it is not on your own programme.

Third G. (angrily). Not in our programme? Why we've had the
 real thing in reserve for years, with a far better artiste than yonder
 fumbler ready to accomplish it, only—thanks to fellows of your sort
 —we've been prevented from presenting it to the Public.

Second G. Oh, ah, I dare say. That's always your cry.

First G. (deprecatingly). Well, Gentlemen, don't quarrel. He's
 just about to begin, and the matter you're disputing will be settled
 in about a minute better than by a bushel of argument.

Second G. }
 Third G. } (together). Ah! now you'll see!
 Fourth G. }

First G. By Jove, he's off! Looks awful hanging like that doesn't
 he? Cool as a cucumber though, apparently. How the balloon
 shoots up! Isn't he going too far? Now he pulls the string! The
 balloon collapses! Great Heavens, he's off!—he's falling like a
 stone!—he'll be smashed to pieces!!! No!—the Parachute does
 open—slowly—steadily! Hooray!!!—he floats quietly downwards
 like a falling leaf or a head of thistle-down! Wonderful!!! Beau-
 tiful!!! *Who-e-e-w!!!* (To Third Gazer.) See, Sir, that's
 no gammon! (To Fourth Gazer.) Look, Sir, there's no danger!!
 He touches the ground! He bows to the crowd! It's all over, and
 a great success! Hooray! Hooray!! Hooray!!!

Second G. (triumphantly, mopping his forehead). What did I tell
 you, you of the rival Show? Who's the humbug now?

Third G. (grumpily). Bah! there's nothing in it,—no talent, no
 danger, no anything! It's all a blind, I tell you,—invisible wire,
 or something of the kind, I'll be bound. Now, our man—

Fourth G. (impatiently). Sir, depreciation is the badge of all your
 tribe. As I said, I do not quite approve of the attempt, but to
 dispute its genuineness, or deny its success, is the very blindness
 of mean partisan malice. [Swells visibly.]

Third G. Ah! just you wait a bit! Wait till this bogus perfor-
 mance is tested—wait till our man has a try, and you'll see. [Snorts.]

First G. Well, anyhow, it's a clever feat, and Professor RITCHIE
 is a cool customer. If that Parachute only lasts, and doesn't collapse,
 as such things have rather a way of doing, I don't see why he
 shouldn't repeat the programme till further orders. How the crowd
 cheers! Hooray! Hooray!! Hooray!!! [Left shouting.]

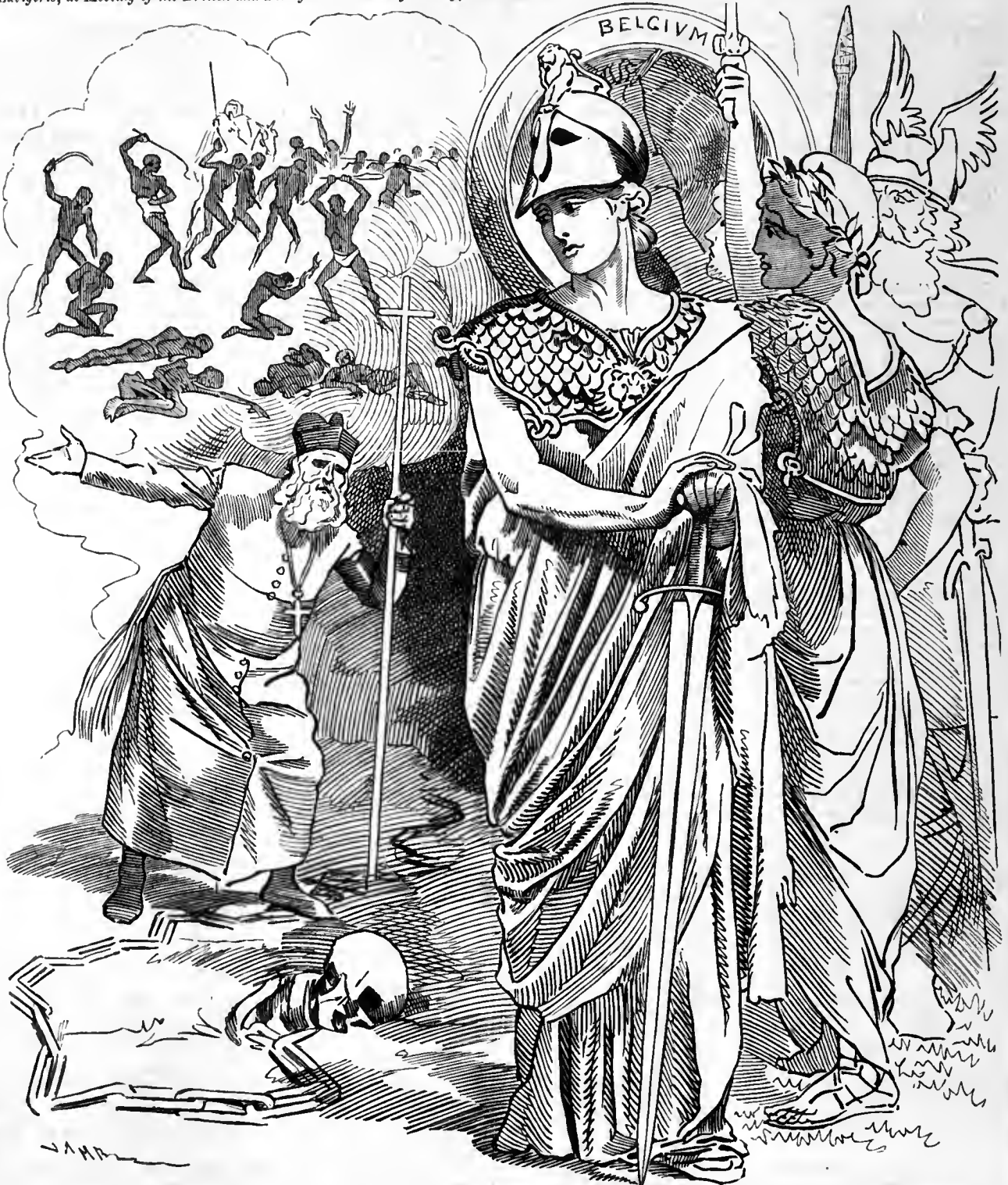
RITUAL AND INDIA-RUBBER.—Among the speakers at the recent
 Lambeth Conference:—

"Several colonial and missionary Bishops spoke of the difficulties they
 encountered in their dioceses owing to the want of elasticity in their forms of
 worship."

If the forms are not elastic, try stretchers. But couldn't some
 clever person invent forms that can be elongated so as to seat from
 four to fourteen? By the way, aren't the seats in Church always
 being "let out"?

THE NEW CRUSADE, AND THE FIVE CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.

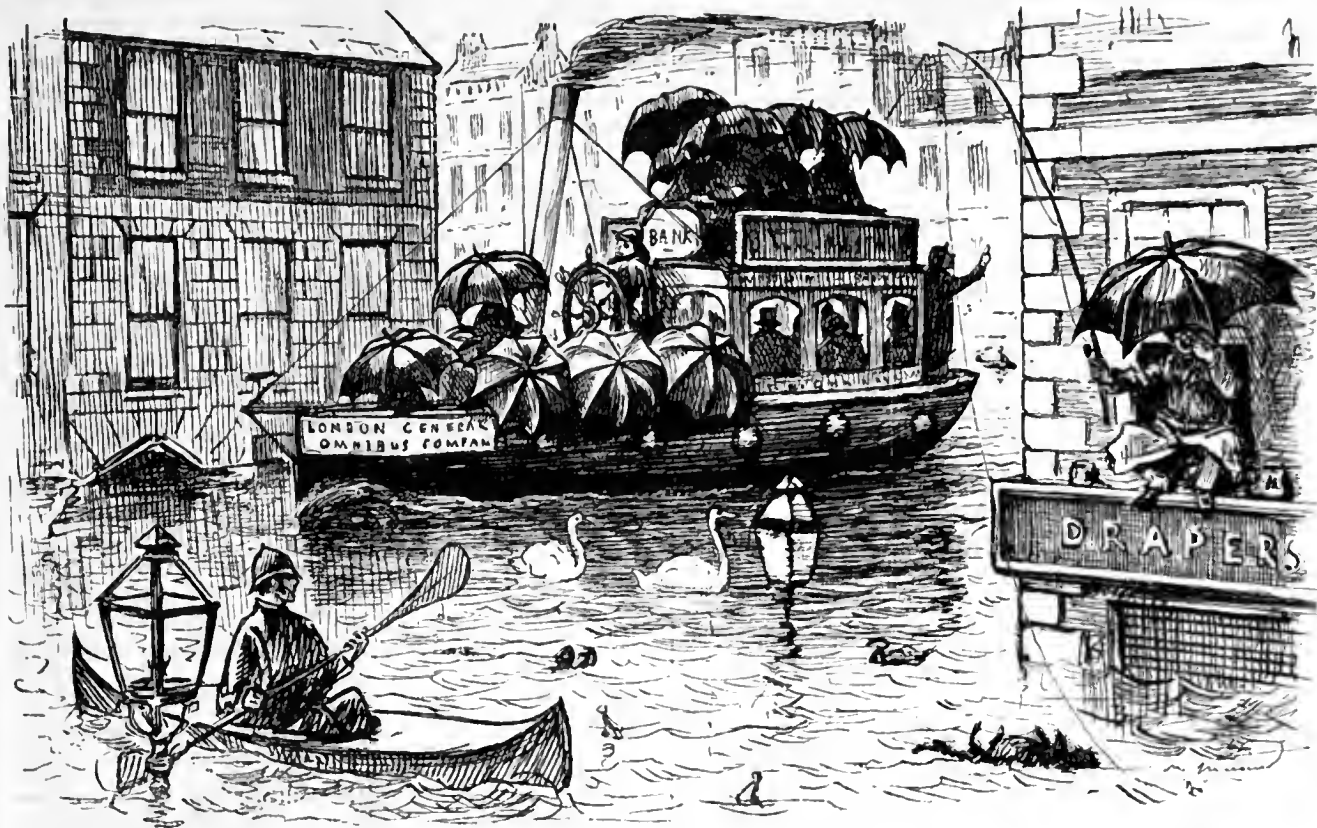
"I address myself to Christian England, because nowhere can I find a greater respect for liberty and human dignity; for it is England, who, in this age, has taken the initiative in the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, and this she has done with an indomitable energy and a perseverance which have at last obtained the concurrence of all nations, and the triumph of a noble cause. *Noblesse oblige*. After having destroyed Colonial slavery, England owes it to herself, to support, by her sympathies, those who wish to destroy African slavery,—a hundred times more horrible."—*Cardinal Lavigerie, at Meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, held in Prince's Hall.*



NOBLESSE oblige! Right, eloquent, high
preacher
Of Christian chivalry to willing ears!
When England owns not Duty for chief teacher,
Slight's honour, or takes counsel of her fears;

When the long wail of the enslaved, tormented
Dusk victims of the gold-god's cankered lust
Stirs not her heart, with sluggish peace con-
tented,
Her name is nullity, her fame is dust.

Noblesse oblige! This, like the war-drum's
rattle [Isle;
Should sound reveille round the freeman's
A sovereign summons, not to Syrian battle,
But struggle with a foe more venal-vile



THE METROPOLIS IN AUGUST, 1888.

FORESEEN AND DRAWN BY OUR ARTIST (THE MELANCHOLY AND LEFT-ALL-ALONE-IN-LONDON ONE), AFTER A SOLITARY SUPPER AT THE "PORK-PIE CLUB," COLD HARBOUR LANE.

[Happily Our Artist's dyspeptic Forecast has been falsified.]

Than the cross-flouting Saracen, more cruel
 Than SALADIN's desert swordsmen swart
 and stark.
 'Tis ours to close in stern and truceless duel
 With the dread ineubus that haunts the dark
 Of the Dark Continent. Oh, land of shadows,
 Which the whole Western World seems now
 to throng
 In ardent search of Trade's new Eldorados,
 Whose spoils there lie for tho astute and
 strong;
 One shadow darker, deadlier than all others
 Lies like a line of sinister eelipse
 Across your torrid sand-tracks. "Men and
 brothers" ?
 How glibly the old pulpit-tag still slips
 From thoughtless tongues; and there they
 lie and perish
 In myriads, prone, done cruelly to death.
 Where are the hopes brave GORDON dared to
 cherish,
 For which stont LIVINGSTONE his latest
 breath
 Drew painfully 'midst leafy wildernesses ?
 Still on the roads our heroes strove to clear
 The ceaseless, ruthless, blood-stained Slave-
 hunt presses.
 The fiendish Arab lurks, a shape of fear
 By forest-path, lake-border, hutted village,
 Where women toil, men sleep, or children
 stray,
 Pausless as pestilence, intent on pillage,
 Ready to ravish, prompt to fire or slay.
 Think on that tiger-throng and the red ravage
 They make midst Afrie's homes unchecked,
 unstayed,
 The long dread marches, and the slaughter
 savage,
 All the black horrors of the accursed trade.

LAVIGERIE pictures them till fierce compassion
 Throbs like the fire of hatred in the heart.
 Think of it, careless votaries of Fashion!
 Think of it, affluent masters of the Mart!
 This too is Trade! Mammon means Moloch
 often
 Even in factory eage, or Sweater's den;
 But *there*, no love may aid, no solace soften
 The doom of men the prey of fellow-men.
 Men? Misercants, demons, tigerish torturers,
 rather,
 With whom we, save with sword, no
 terms should hold.
 And in those realms the Christian nations gather
 In hot earth-hunger, eager quest of gold.
 The Briton and the Tenton, flower of learning,
 And of civility, meet, as rivals there;
 Thither the polished Frank for wealth is
 turning.
 Brings cruelty no echange, this curse no
 To the Cross-bearing West? Must greed's
 insanity
 Crush conscience thus, or shall the new
 Crusade
 Stir, not fanatic hate, but wise humanity,
 In the coöperant phalanxes of Trade?
 Noblesse oblige! To England, as seems
 fitting,
 Comes the first urging of the high appeal;
 There she should lead, no lesser hand per-
 mitting
 First to unsheathe the stern avenging steel.
 New Champions of Christendom, the nations,
 Beneath the old flag of Freedom fresh
 arrayed,
 Fired with the noblest of all emulations,
 Should join, for Honour calls, the New
 Crusade!

IN HIS BAG.

(What an august Imperial Traveller recently brought back with him.)

From St. -Petersburg.—A Russian Rear Admiral's uniform, a little roomy in the back, complete, brand new.
 Translation of Exereise from Ollendorff, commencing at,—“I prefer the Hussars of my Grandfather to these Dragoons,” down to, “I cannot give you the boots of the Bättemberg, nor the ultimatum of the SULTAN, but I can supply you with the Bulgarian umbrella of Prince FERDINAND,” inclusive. A pot of genuine *caviare* from the Russian Foreign Office.
 From Stockholm.—A Swedish Post-captain's Uniform, a little tight in the waist, complete, brand new.
 A slip of paper, containing a neat translation of the phrases, “How are you this morning, Sir?” “Very well, I thank you, Sir. All right, Sir. Hurrah!” into the Swedish language.
 The Star of a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Blue Elephant in best Paris paste.
 From Copenhagen.—A Full-dress Parade Uniform of a Drum-major of the Royal Danish Guards, two sizes too large, brand new.
 A Hundred Ways of Meeting a Foreign Potentate. Beginners' Handbook. Shilling Edition.
 From Friedrichsrub.—The Chauce'llor's general approval, and a return-ticket to Berlin.

FROM A NAUTICAL KNOW-NOTHING.

All at Sea with the X. Y. Z. Squadron.

I HOPE you have received my previous contributions all safe and sound, for in them I have described to you all that has occurred to us since the "Declaration of War" up to date. Seeing how at one moment the Authorities seem up to any larks, and the next appear to take the whole thing in grim earnest, I shouldn't be surprised to hear that my letter had been washed overboard, or seized, or done something to that had prevented it ever reaching you at all.* What a time I've had of it! You know, as I told you, I began by hiding under the Admiral's table, and copying out his sealed orders to send you, and then, when I was discovered, and said it was only "my fun," and I thought "it didn't matter, as they were only playing at fighting," and he said "he had half a mind" to have me "put in irons," to teach me how to conduct myself on board one of Her Majesty's ships, I really felt so disgusted that, if I could have got off, I should certainly have thrown the whole thing up then and there.

However, the incident passed, though I'm bound to say it left a nasty feeling behind. It is owing to this that I am rather vague as to what we are supposed to have been doing. When I go up to a First-Lieutenant, and slap him cheerily on the back, and say, "Well, Mate, how's the enemy this morning?" he only mumbles something in a resentful manner, but gives me no information. I fancy, as far as I can gather, we are supposed to be watching a hostile fleet, or else we are blockading one; though, now I come to think of it, perhaps we are supposed to be blockaded ourselves. I must try and solve this, and then perhaps I may be able to give you some definite idea of what our movements mean. They certainly are curious.

For the last few days we have been continually creeping along in-shore, then on, suddenly sighting the "Enemy," dashing out,—at least, so it seems to me,—about 200 miles into the Atlantic, for the purpose of slowly creeping back again somewhere else. To-day there has been a good deal of signalling going on, and on a local Coast-guard Station displaying the question, "Have you any message for Whitehall?" I managed to get the advantage of the petty officers who were looking out the flags, and, I think to the surprise of everybody, quickly ran up "Walker!" This again seemed to annoy the Admiral, and a fresh nasty feeling has been the result. I believe he has threatened to put me on board the first torpedo-boat that comes within hail. However, meantime, I have made the acquaintance of a communicative Marine, from whom I have gathered several items of what sounds like reliable information. He has pointed me out some vessels in the offing, which he says are the *Stagnation*, *Rattletrap*, *Blazer*, and *Ophicleide*, who are watching us, and that, when we get within one thousand yards of them, the "fun will begin."

Apparently hard-up for any excitement, the Admiral bears down on the quartette with alacrity, and we are soon in the midst of them. They have commenced blazing away at us with their guns on all sides. Two of ours won't fire, but that doesn't much matter, and I don't suppose it would in real warfare, for, what with the noise and excitement, we seem to get on well enough without them.

After about an hour and a half of this, the other side suddenly stops and sends off a despatch-boat, bearing a flag of truce. It brings an Umpire, who says, that he has ruled us out of the game as "sunk." The Admiral's only reply is "Gammen!" The Umpire expostulates and says, that if that is the way his authority is to be treated, "the sooner the whole thing is understood to be a gigantic farce the better," to which the Admiral rejoins that he doesn't care a couple of brass farthings whether the whole thing is regarded as a gigantic farce or not, but that "he is not going to strike his colours in deference to the expression of a bit of beggarly opinion in an out-of-the-way nook on the Irish coast."

This apparently settles the Umpire, who retires threatening that he will communicate with Whitehall. The Admiral thereon puts our head about, returning to the bay, which, reaching about dusk, we are, owing to there being some hitch in the working of our signals, taken for one of the enemy by our own ships, and greeted by a succession of heavy broadsides from the *Dunderhead*, *Jackass*, *Catapult*, *Slop-basin*, *Blue-bottle* and *Boot-jack*, who continue pounding away at us until they discover their mistake. The local Umpire upon this gives it as his opinion that as such a catastrophe might have occurred in real warfare, he is obliged to rule us as "sunk," and therefore, out of the game. The Admiral merely again rejoins "Stuff and nonsense!" and says that "real warfare or sham warfare," he is not going "to be ruled out of his ship, by the decision of any petty-fegging Umpire alive, as long as he has a single blessed plank of her afloat under him." The Umpire says that that's all very well, but "it is not the sort of spirit in which to carry out the Naval Manœuvres," upon which the Admiral tells him to "Shut up and mind his own business." Upon this the Umpire merely retires sulkily.

Taking advantage of an inquiry by signal from the station as to whether we wanted any coals, and wishing to find out if there was

* This is the only contribution we have received from our Correspondent.—Ed.

any conveyance to take me if I could manage to get ashore, I just ran up the answer, "No. But can I get a four-wheeler on the coast?" On this being reported to the Admiral, it has apparently put him in into a very bad temper, for he has ordered me to be put in irons for the night. This is very unpleasant.

I have just remarked to the communicative Marine, that I think it rather a strong measure, considering that I have only been playing at being on board a man-of-war. He says, no doubt that is so, but that it won't do to be "too larky with the Admiral." Anyhow, the incident brings this communication to an abrupt close. More in my next.

THE TRAVELLER'S DREAM-BOOK FOR AUGUST, 1888.

(Prepared by the Clerk of the Weather, but subject to considerable variation.)

If you dream of—
Amiens.—You must expect rain in a foreign town without home comforts.
Bath.—Go there. Ask for hairdresser.
Boulogne.—Look for the perfumes of the Port in an East wind.
Brighton.—Don't, at least not yet: better try Jericho.
Calais.—Accustom yourself to a rough sea-passage with the glass a few degrees above freezing.
Coventry.—Try it for the sake of your friends.
Dieppe.—Prepare for a storm-beaten Casino without visitors.
Étretat.—Welcome a watering-place where it is too cold to bathe.
Florence.—Fancy Italy in the unhealthy season.
Genoa.—Learn to love dirt in a desert.
Heidelberg.—Imagine a Castle in a Scotch mist.
Interlachen.—Confine your attention to an excellent *table d'hôte* at the *Switzerhof*.
Jericho.—Try Brighton instead. It is Jewly here all the year round.

Kiel.—Picture to yourself dulness at its worst, and beat the record.
Lyons.—Think of silk, and rest satisfied without paying a visit to its chief manufactory.

Madrid.—Acclimatise yourself to bull-fights, and if you contemplate suicide choose the arena to an overdose of chloroform.

Naples.—See the Bay in a fog, and don't die, if you can help it.

Paris.—Pass through before you are drowned.

Quebec.—Rather far off, which may be an advantage, if the sun in Europe has retired on permanent leave of absence.

Ramsgate.—Go there. Air confers immortality, *vide* recent local sanitary reports. Nobody dies at Ramsgate: if they want to do so, they immediately leave the place and go somewhere else.

Rotterdam.—Get your umbrella and open it.

Suez.—Better try Southend; livelier.

Turin.—Do not weep if you find the rain as constant as at the Italian Exhibition.

Uig.—Spend all your time and money in testing whiskey.

Venice.—Confess that a gondola in a thunderstorm is not much more amusing than a Hansom cab with the glass down.

Waterloo.—Imagine that it's rather fun to drive in a coach up to your eyes in an Ulster.

Whitby.—All clever people at Whitby. Here "*Les grands esprits se rencontrent*." Hence the name. Don't you go to Whitby.

X—Exeter.—Try it, and get out of it. Be Enterer and Exiter.

Yarmouth.—Avoid the bleater aristocracy.

Zurich.—"On the margin of Fair Zurich's waters"—give yourself a margin—or better—leave it to your imagination.

And if you dream of no place at all—why, thank your lucky stars and stay at home!

MANNERS MAKE THE FOREMAN.—At the Old Bailey last week the learned Recorder of London was charging the Grand Jury, when the Foreman suddenly charged back. No wonder there was a "sensation in Court." Perhaps this Juryman was too "Grand" to listen to legal advice. He seems to have taken CHAMBERS for a Flat!

PROBABLE.—Dr. T-NN-R, M.P., is said to be writing some New Nursery Rhymes, to be called *Tullamore Tra-la-las*. He has got as far as "BARR, BARR, black-sheep," but here the Muse has failed him.

THEATRICAL FORECAST FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.—Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM will make the ascent of several mountains, giving performances in various languages of *David Garrick*, he will also try the N. W. Passage; if he doesn't like it, he'll give it up, and do a little Polar Bear shooting. Mr. WYNDHAM will play for one night only in Japan, and on his road home he will give a *Matinée*, under the patronage of the Grand Llama of Thibet. He will inaugurate his Winter Season with an entirely new piece entitled *David Garrick*.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope Cover or Wrapper. To this rule



MR. DAUBER AT LAST DISCOVERS HIS LITTLE GEM. HE HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR IT ALL THE SEASON.

POLITICAL GIPSYING ;

Or, Jottings by an Eminent Common-wheel-man.

Any Time in August.—Holiday begun, thanks to SMITH. Why not take hint from Irish ex-constable who's going about Eastern Counties in a "Home Rule Van," and have van of my own in benighted South of England? I will.

Next Day.—Van procured. Smells distinctly stuffy. Several vans, in fact, because directly I mentioned subject, GRANVILLE said "he must come too!" So did SPENCER, HARCOURT (why HARCOURT?), SHAW-LEFEVRE, HERSHELL, and ROSEBERY. Each of 'em has a van; but ROSEBERY says I'm in "the van of progress," and must go first. Start next week.

Monday.—Our Caravan starts from Town amid indescribable enthusiasm. Whole of Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, Hammersmith Road, and as far as Hounslow, packed with crowds to see us pass. *Query*—Does not this show that opinion of London is changing on Home Rule? SHAW-LEFEVRE says, "Not a doubt of it." GRANVILLE suggests "making *détour* to avoid mob." Wish he wouldn't speak of "mob" when he means electors. If one says, "making *détour* to avoid electors," folly of such a course at once apparent. Only get ten

miles out of Town by night-time. Put up on a common. HERSHELL rather doubtful if we "aren't making ourselves liable to action for trespass." Wish he wouldn't bring out inconvenient legal knowledge just now. Have made five speeches, HARCOURT six. *Query*—Isn't it unwise of HARCOURT to challenge oratorical comparison with me in this way?

Tuesday Morning.—Wake up with happy notion. Why not *signals* between different vans? ROSEBERY takes to idea at once. Spends day in erecting complicated series of flags on roofs, which can be pulled by strings from inside. Also invents signalling code. [N.B.—Interesting subject for pamphlet, Signalling.] We all learn it, except HARCOURT, who's studying maps, as he's volunteered to be our guide. Says he knows the country by heart.

Wednesday.—Got to Farnham. Agricultural district. Gratifying reception. Villagers turn out in hundreds, also turn out horses, and drag us into village. Long speeches. Give rusties lecture on Irish Land Tenure. Rusties go off to hear HARCOURT, who's bellowing as usual. In evening horses can't be found anywhere. Some London thieves are suspected of having organised the reception, and eloped with horses! *Query*—is this a dodge of SALISBURY's? Or ARGYLL, in revenge for recent soliloquy in Lords? Must inquire. Begin notes for my forthcoming article on "Our Nomadic Population."

Thursday.—Somewhere in Hampshire. SHAW-LEFEVRE made speech before breakfast. Stupidly spoke of agricultural labourer as "HODGE." Labourers very angry. When I try to pacify them with seductive speech on Home-Rule, they say they want to know about Allotments! Don't "Remember Mitchelstown," but do remember "Three Acres and a Cow." Find they believe in JESSE—singular delusion! In afternoon, HARCOURT found out guiding us all wrong. Seems he was trying to sneak down to New Forest. Provoking!

Friday.—Only drawback to complete enjoyment so far has been weather. Rain incessant. Home-Rule Van leaks badly. Can't study Irish History, or compose speeches with stream of rain-water coming down small of one's back.

Awkward—hear that SPENCER, in moment of forgetfulness, and apparently fancying himself still Viceroy, has been saying "he wouldn't whine about imprisonment if he were Irish patriot." What made him say this? Put up signal—"Do you refer to DILLON?" No answer. Curious. After an hour or two, SPENCER sends round boy who looks after his horses to say, "he doesn't understand the code." Fancy this an excuse, but don't like to say so.

Saturday.—Slight *contretemps*. Wheeler (a bay horse—ROSEBERY calls him a Botany Bay horse—interesting subject again—"Colour in Horses"—why is one bay, another roan? What is the Home Rule about this?) goes very lame. Other horse doesn't care about drawing van by himself, and tries to lie down in road. Harness in tangle. Have to try and put it right in pouring rain, as boy has gone off to village inn "to get help," he says, but really to get glass of beer, I believe. Most unconstitutional. Shall suspend boy when he comes back, I think.

Signal to ROSEBERY to come and assist. No reply. Singular! Send driver round (but isn't this contrary to code?), and find that ROSEBERY has gone off to see somebody's stud-farm near here. ROSEBERY seems to regard whole affair as sort of picnic. Worst of it is that he's taken GRANVILLE and HARCOURT with him. HARCOURT would be invaluable just now to sit on horse's head while I undo harness.

On his return ROSEBERY suggests that van is too heavy, and that I had better lighten it by "chucking out some of the Irish Histories." Surprised at ROSEBERY! He explains by saying that he finds "the less fact he puts in speeches, the better they go down."

Sunday.—*Dies non*. Propose church. SHAW-LEFEVRE anxious to go. ROSEBERY, it seems, hasn't brought prayer-book. SPENCER and GRANVILLE both want to mend holes in their roofs. HARCOURT asleep. HERSHELL offers to mediate with neighbouring Vicar, and tells him I'll read lessons. Good fellow, HERSHELL. I do.

Monday.—Curious thing occurred to-day. Met *another van!* A political one apparently. Painted outside with pictures of moon-lighting outrages. Asked driver (big man with black beard) if he was in favour of Home Rule. He merely answered "Yah!" Who can have invented this opposition van? Perhaps RANDOLPH. Now I come to think of it, boy attending horses very like RANDOLPH. Mention suspicion to GRANVILLE. He pooh-poohs idea—RANDOLPH away in Africa or America, he says.

Mysterious van follows us everywhere. Comes to villages we've left, and distributes Primrose League tracts and blankets to adults, and sweetmeats to children. *Query*—isn't this corruption? Can't ask HERSHELL, because he's gone back to town to attend (he says) at obsequies of Board of Works.

Tuesday.—ROSEBERY complains this is "slow." Couldn't we all dress up as nigger minstrels? Remonstrate privately with ROSEBERY, who admits he had no sleep last night, owing to bedclothes being saturated, and smoke from stove. He says, "GRANVILLE and SPENCER both favour nigger plan—or if not, dismissing vans and going to first-class hotel." Can this be true? And I'm not half through my educational course of Irish history, which peasants are dying to hear.

Still suspicious of opposition van. Now believe ARGYLL's inside. Why can't ARGYLL stay in Isles? Can man on box be SALISBURY himself?

End of Tour.—*Exeter.*—Down here at last! Down with rheumatism, too. HARCOURT's van disappeared near Southampton. GRANVILLE telegraphed for at Wells. ROSEBERY left behind in hospital at Bath. SHAW-LEFEVRE worn and haggard, but still here; seems quite as lively as when he started,—but that's not saying much. Shall rest a week, and then back to Hawarden, not at all *van*-quished; only a fortnight spent on wheels is enough for anybody.

REVIVAL OF THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.—*Betsy* at the Criterion.



THE COLLECTION.

Scrooge. "I SAY, COULD YOU LEND ME SOMETHING TO PUT IN THE PLATE, MR. MARLEY? I'VE ONLY GOT A SOVEREIGN!"
Marley. "OH, A SOVEREIGN 'LL DO."

PICKING THE WED-LOCK.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I see that some of your Correspondents are asking, "Is Marriage a failure?" How fortunate that the public should have become suddenly interested in this question just as the Dull Season has come round again! Perhaps, with judicious management, the subject could be made to last on to the Autumn Session! My view is that it is simply a matter of intelligent selection of the locality where the marriage is contracted or annulled. I, myself, have already been married in eight different States in America, and have found no difficulty in securing eight separate divorces on no ground whatever. As there are about thirty States, I look forward to continuing this process for some considerable time, and as I take care to "go where money is," I am now in the possession of a modest competency, entirely due to prudent matrimonial ventures. I advise those who are unhappy in wedlock to take courage—and a ticket to Colorado.

Yours' cutely,

GAY ROVER.

SIR,—How Marriage can be called a failure I cannot understand. Take my own case. I recently indulged in some disastrous speculations, which landed me, before I knew where I was, in the Bankruptcy Court. All that I had was taken to feed my avaricious creditors; but fortunately my wife had property settled upon her, which they could not touch, and I was living in comfort, as a result of that arrangement. It is true that I am not able to keep more than four hunters, but I console myself by thinking that my creditors also are not completely happy with their composition of sixpence in the pound, which was all I felt justified in offering them. I often tell my wife I never knew her value till now. So far from Marriage being a failure, it has turned Failure into a triumphant success!

Yours chirpily,

UNDISCHARGED.

SIR,—I don't think I am particularly hard to get on with, yet after only six months of marriage I have been obliged to send my wife home to her relations, allowing her *five hundred pounds a year* simply in order to get rid of her! She says my temper is unbearable, but if one can't chuck one's own wife out of a second-storey window for venturing to argue with one, I should like to

know whom one is allowed to chuck out? Then when I knocked her through a glass door and (as she says) injured her head, which was always rather soft, I was acting simply on principle and from a high sense of duty, although the Police Magistrate took a different view of the occurrence. Is it not intolerable that wives should venture to contradict any opinion expressed by their husbands? This is the sort of "Marriage Net" which every husband is bound to cut. I must in fairness add that mine never openly disagreed with me but once, when the chucking-out took place; but after that she used to *look as if she were going to disagree*, which is even more aggravating to a man of sensitive disposition like
 Yours truly,
 A MATRIMONIAL VICTIM.

FOOL BRITANNIA!

(A new and original Manœuvring Cantata, arranged for production at the Imperial Naval Concert Room, Whitehall.)

The Scene is supposed to represent the progress of a weird Incantation conducted by the Wizard of the Admiralty, in which, revealing to the astonished gaze of an assembled crowd of mystified British Landlubbers the wonders of his Department, he compels them, by the exercise of his magic arts, to express their astonishment and admiration.

CHORUS OF BRITISH LANDLUBBERS.

HARK! Again the cannons' thunder
 Almost overwhelms our chorus!
 We are fairly dazed with wonder
 At the sights he sets before us!
 As we read the evening papers,
 We in mute surprise are gaping,
 Admirals prodigious capers
 Cutting, real warfare apeing;
 Cruisers hither, thither flying,
 Property quite disregarding,
 And, accepted law defying,
 Private householders bombarding!
 Health resorts in vain contesting
 With some ironclad's distant flashes,
 Have, by dozens, though protesting,
 Ruthlessly been laid in ashes.
 See, e'en Margate has surrender'd
 Pier duces both, and local band!
 Herne Bay, brought to book, has tender'd
 Millions down by note of hand!
 For Rosherville what fate's in store
 We dare not ask! (They turn away shudderingly.)
 We'll see no more!

THE WIZARD OF THE ADMIRALTY (continuing the Incantation).

But nay! for sure there's plenty more to see.
 And here just once again I must repeat,
 What evident to all of you must be,
 The fact that you possess a first-rate fleet.
 You've had, I think, a telling proof or two
 Of what "My Lords," when put to it, can do.
 Such guns, such coals, such crews, such speed combined,
 You'll in no other rival Navy find!
 There hasn't been a hitch. Naught's gone amiss!

An Inquiring Taxpayer rises through the ground.

INQUIRING TAXPAYER.

Perhaps, then, you'll explain to one what's this?
 [Produces recent number of a morning paper.]
 The *Mohawk* and the *Tartar*, come to grief,
 Are left behind, and cannot get along.
 The *Archer* for her boilers wants relief;
 Then the *Northampton's* engines have gone wrong.
 The *Racoon* leaks at every blessed chink;
 The stokers of the fleet by dozens sink,
 Unequal to their work, because untrained.
 If there's no hitch,—these things might be explained?

THE WIZARD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

And I am the party to do it,
 For each charge that against us is laid
 I straight to its source will pursue it,
 And soon prove that 'tis recklessly made.
 I'll answer each empty-brained gaper
 Who provokes all this critical fuss,
 And show him it's all right "on paper,"
 And "on paper" 's sufficient for us.



ÆACUS MINOS, AND RHADAMANTHUS OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

And such JOHN BULL finds it, and takes it like honey,—
While he thinks we give him enough for his money!

So what do I care if our cruisers
Show a pace that's as bad as a snail's,
In the game be they winners or losers,
Well—it isn't their pace that avails—
Least not for "My Lords," whose one notion
Is just this: if you only create
A regular naval commotion,
Well,—all minor shortcomings may wait.

For JOHN BULL, in the stir,—'tis certainly funny,—
Will think he has got quite enough for his [money].
INQUIRING TAXPAYER.

It may be so. But, if you speak by rule,
You make BRITANNIA a precious fool!
CHORUS (*con fuoco*). Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves,
Britons ever, ever, ever shall be slaves!
[They dance round the Wizard of the Admiralty, who continues his Incantation as the Curtain descends.

"JOHN LEECH SISTERS FUND."—The contributions to this Fund forwarded by the Editor will be duly acknowledged in the list published by the Honorary Secretary, 36, Berkeley Square, W. We are glad to say that they already amount to a considerable sum.

FOOD FOR THE MIND.—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM lately went to the office of a literary and scientific institution, and asked for a Syllabus of the Lectures.

VOCES POPULI.

A PASTORAL PLAY. (A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST JULY.)

ARGUMENT.—Mr. and Mrs. BRONDESBURY BROWN (of North Kensington), roused to emulation by certain recent open-air performances, have invited their friends to witness a selection from *The Tempest* in the garden of their villa, "Fontainebleau" (which derives its title from two remarkably fine plane-trees at one end of the lawn).

SCENE—*The Auditorium.* Mr. and Mrs. B. B. discovered in readiness to receive their Guests.

Mrs. B. B. (with a desperate cheerfulness). Do you know, BRONDESBURY, dear, I really do believe we shall have it fine, after all?

B. B. (not a Pastoral Enthusiast). I shouldn't be surprised if it did clear up—about midnight.

Mrs. B. B. Well, if it doesn't rain any more till all the people are here, I shall be satisfied.

[She says this with a dim notion of propitiating the Powers that be by her moderation.]

B. B. Why, you won't do it out here if it rains, will you?

Mrs. B. B. (with a deadly calm). Where do you suppose we shall do it, then?

B. B. (feebly). Why not in the—Drawing-room?

Mrs. B. B. (fanning herself). Really, BRONDESBURY, you are too trying for anything! A Pastoral Play in the Drawing-room! Have you no sense of the ridiculous?

Do you know what a Pastoral Play is?

B. B. (grimly). I'm beginning to find out, my dear.

The First Guests hopefully (as they make their way down the little cast-iron staircase to the lawn, which is roofed over with sail-cloth, and provided with rout-seats and chairs). They can't possibly mean to have it this evening—we shall be able to get away all the sooner! (To their hostess.) Oh, Mrs. BROWN, how unfortunate! such hopeless weather for it! We really ought not to have come at all.

Mrs. B. Oh, but indeed—we're not afraid of a few drops of rain—you shan't be disappointed! (General fall of jaws.) We're going to begin as soon as ever a few more people come. You shan't go away without your *Tempest*!

[Guests, realising that they are in for one, at the very least, seat themselves with hypocritical expressions of delight.]

BEHIND THE CURTAIN: UNDER THE PLANE-TREES.

The King of Naples (to Ferdinand). I say, old fellow, if we're to lie down and go to sleep here, we must have a little sawdust thrown down first. The ground's sopping!

Ferdinand (also Stage Manager). Oh, don't bother me, my dear fellow! Where the dickens am I to find sawdust?

The K. of N. (unkindly). Thought you might have spared us some out of your calves!

Miranda. I have to go to sleep, too; and that couch is simply soaked!

Ferdinand (irritably). Soaked? Of course it's soaked! It's Pastoral. We must put up with it, that's all. My dear child, what on earth have you got on your feet?

Miranda (regarding her goloshes ruefully). They're mother's. She made me promise to wear them if the ground was at all damp.

Ariel (to Maid, who has come round by the path). Well, TUCKER, what is it now?

Maid. Your Aunt's love, Miss; and she must insist on your putting on this.

Ariel. What a shame! (To King.) I can't act Ariel in a waterproof, can I?

The K. of N. (sardonically). Oh, why not? We must try and borrow an old sou'-wester for Prospero, though, or he'll be out of the picture. (Angrily, aside to Ferdinand.) Hang it all, we'd better do the whole thing under umbrellas at once!

Caliban (to Miranda). All I know is, I hope we shall begin soon. If I stand about in a damp hump much longer, I shall be ill. Just feel it. [MIRANDA feels his hump delicately, and commiserates him.]

Prospero. Never mind your hump—see if you can tell me how to make this confounded beard of mine stick on—the rain's washed off all the gum.

IN FRONT—BEFORE PLAY BEGINS.

Mrs. Harlesden Smith. Oh, I shall see splendidly here, thanks, dear Mrs. BROWN, how well you have arranged it all! It's really not at all cold—well, if you would go and fetch my cloak, HARLESDEN, perhaps it might be more—



The Naiades' Garden Party last July.

Miss Ladbroke Hill (to Mr. Kensal Green). Such a charming idea, these garden theatricals. So different from a hot stuffy theatre!

Mr. Kensal Green (putting up his coat-collar). It certainly is the reverse of stuffy here! Plenty of air!

Miranda's Mother. I do wish they would begin. I can't bear to think of my poor girl standing about on that nasty wet grass all this time—so had for her!

Ariel's Aunt.—If I had guessed it would turn out such a night as this, I would never have allowed my niece to accept the part—and even as it is—

[The curtains drawn aside, and play begins; PROSPERO instructs MIRANDA concerning the family history in the midst of a heavy downpour. One of ARIEL's shoes come off in the mud.]

Miss Ladbroke Hill. How well they did the lightning then, didn't they?

Mr. K. G. Oh, it's all genuine—the BROWNS are determined to do the thing well. Thunder, too, you see? There's nothing mean about BROWN!

Miranda's Mother. That dreadful lightning! Oh, Mrs. BROWN, do please tell them to come away from the trees—it is so dangerous!

Cecil's Aunt. Oh, do; they might be struck down at any moment—it's tempting Providence!

Mrs. Brown (in despair). It—it's only sheet-lightning. Please—please don't say anything about it to them now—it will only put them out. They're getting on so nicely!

Enter Caliban (on stage—moist, but maledictory). "As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed . . . Drop on you both—a south-west blow on ye!"

Prospero (with feeling). "For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps!"

Mr. K. G. (sotto voce). If Caliban don't have them, I shall!

Enter Trinculo (on stage). "If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head. Yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. . . . Alas, the storm is come again!" &c., &c.

[Real thunder—rain descends pitilessly.]

Mr. K. G. Really a triumph of stage-management!

Enter Ferdinand on stage, bearing a log (he throws it down with a heavy splash). "There be some sports are painful."

Mr. K. G. (who has been sitting for some time with a stream of water from the roof trickling down the back of his neck). Pastoral Plays, for example.

[Scene with MIRANDA is proceeding in pelting rain, which extinguishes most of the lamps which light the scene, when—

Miranda's Mother (rises). I can't help it, Mrs. BROWN,—flesh and blood can't bear it. I can't sit here and see that poor child catching cold under my very eyes. MINNIE, dear, come in under the tent out of the rain this instant! Do you hear? I order you!

[Sensation in audience.—on the whole, hardly of disapproval.]

Miranda. In a minute, Mamma. "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of." (To PROSPERO.) I really must go. It's no use, when Mamma once makes up her mind. [PROSPERO acquiesces sulkily.]

Ariel's Aunt. I was just about to say the same thing, dear Mrs. SUDBURY! Pastorals or no pastorals, I can't let my sister's child commit suicide. FANNY, come too—and bring your waterproof.

Ferdinand (helplessly). But, I say, how are we to get along without Miranda and Ariel?

Miranda's Mother. That I can't pretend to decide—but I should have thought you gentlemen could have finished it alone—somehow. Or I don't object to MINNIE's acting, provided she keeps under the tent and speaks her part from there.

[Ariel's Aunt makes similar concession with regard to her niece.]

Prospero. No, I don't think that would do. (To Mrs. BROWN.) Perhaps we had better stop for this evening—there doesn't seem to be much chance of the weather improving, and—(candidly)—I'm afraid it really is a little damp for the ladies,—eh, BROWN?

Mr. Brown (basely). Well, if you ask me, I think we've all had about enough of it.

[Mrs. B. conceals her mortification.]

Guests (eagerly). It's been too charming, too delightful—but we mustn't be selfish, must we? It would be cruel to expect them to do any more. And they are so wet, poor things!

[They adjourn with ill-disguised relief and profuse expressions of gratitude.]

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM—LATER.

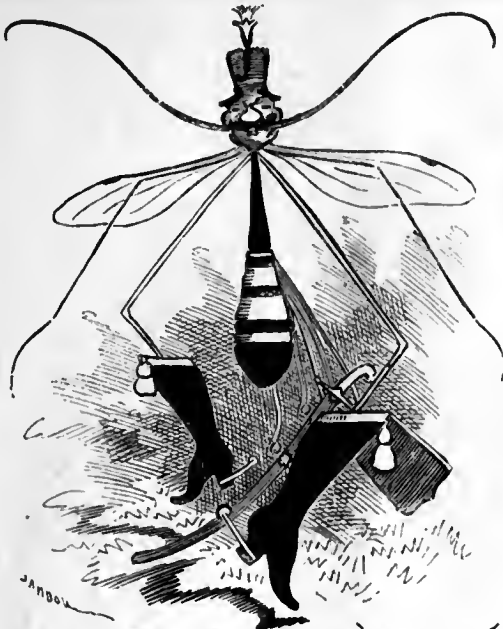
Mrs. BRONDESBURY BROWN is shedding a quiet tear by the chimney-piece; Mr. BRONDESBURY BROWN is humming, as he lights a candle with one of the programmes.

Mr. B. B. (with offensive cheeriness). Do you know, I shouldn't wonder if we had a fine day to-morrow—the glass is going up again.

Mrs. B. B. (in a muffled voice). It may, if it likes.

Mr. B. B. Come, come, POLLY! I'm sure everything went off very well—considering. I only hope none of the people will get rheumatism after it—that's all.

Mrs. B. B. I dud-don't e-care if they all die!



FANCY PORTRAIT. THE HESSIAN-FLY

OUR ARTIST TRUSTS IT WILL NOT BE FOUND, AS THIS IS,
"ON THE HOP."

SENSATIONAL TO A DEGREE.

(Report of a Lecture by a Professor of the Future.)

YESTERDAY the recently-appointed Professor of Popular Science delivered his inaugural lecture to the students of the Four Inns of Court in the Drill Hall of the D. O. Riflo Volunteers. It will be remembered that following the lead of the Authorities of the Inner Temple, who some time since gave a "learned At Home," the Masters of the combined Bench have recently established a chair or rather, *trapèze* of Athletic Philosophy. The apartment was filled with students and utter-barristers, who exhibited the most lively interest in the spirited proceedings.

The Professor, who appeared in academical costume, said that he was much pleased to see so good an attendance, as he wished to teach by example rather than by word of mouth. He would first go through a few performances.

Upon this he threw off his gown and disclosed a closely fitting suit of spangles. The band of the Inns of Court Volunteers having struck up a lively tune, the Professor quickly sprang into the air, and catching the bar of a *trapèze*, went through a series of evolutions of the most extraordinary and intricate character. Returning to the ground he resumed his gown and bowed his acknowledgments to the thunder of applause that greeted his return to the reading-desk.

"You have seen," he observed, "that it is perfectly easy to fly through the air with the assistance of the horizontal bars. And the principle may be carried further. I have here a small steam-engine, and by sitting on the safety-valve, thus, I accumulate an amount of force sufficient in volume to raise me some distance from the ground. In the event of the boiler bursting I shall, no doubt, rise to a very considerable altitude; indeed—" at this point the Professor's learned discourse was interrupted by the bursting of the boiler to which he had called attention. Several of those present attended the subsequent inquest, which brought the proceedings to a sensational, if somewhat, melancholy conclusion.

"JEUNE POUR LA JEUNESSE."—The subscriptions sent to the Editor for Mrs. JEUNE'S Three-Weeks-in-the-Country-for-the-Poor-Children Fund have been forwarded to Mrs. JEUNE. And for all we have received Mrs. JEUNE and the children are truly thankful.

ROBERT'S STORY OF JACK THE GIANT.

I COODN'T refuse a offer as I reseved the other day from a good frend to spend from Saturday to Munday at dear old Broadstares, more espeshally as hinside his hinwitashun he henelosed a return ticket. Ah! that's wot I calls inwiting a frend in a trooly royal manner, tho' I am told as Royalty sumtimes forgets that nice little atenshun, and leaves poor Dooks and Markisses to pay their hone fairs, which don't seem quite fare to me.

I didn't find much change in nice quiet Broadstares. There's the same old black Peer, and the same nice wite cliffs, and the same butifool yaller sands, and the same brite blue sea, and the same little impertent tavern as will call itself the Albion! As if there cood be 2 Albions! But there was one thing as I soon missed, and that was my old frend JACK the Boatman. JACK was a grate giant of a feller, and the idle of all the children. Lor, what fun he used to have on the sands with the pretty littel darlings, to be sure. They used to call him JACK the Giant. I've sumtimes seen three or fore of 'em on his back at wunee, and he on his hands and nees a pertending to be their orse, and they a spurring and a wippen on him like mad.

Well, it seems that larst Summer a Lady used to cum on the Sands every day with her Servent and a pore littel feller of a boy, about five or six year old, who had amost lost the use of his pore littel legs, and the Doctor had told his pore Mother that the only chance of recovering the use of 'em was sea-bathing, but nothink would induce the pore littel chap to go into the Sea. He used to sereem and struggle so that it was shocking to hear and see him. So his pore Mother had to give it up, but she came ewery fine day on the Sands, and sat as close to the sea as she cood, in opes sun day to tempt him in.

Well, one day somebody happened to tell JACK all about it, so what does he do but he goes and he sets hisself down by the side of pore littel FRANK, that was the littel chap's name, and he began a torking to him all about the Sea, and wot fun it was to go and catch a lot of fishes and bring 'em home and have 'em for dinner. And that's all he said that day. The nex day he did the same, and the nex, and FRANK got so used to him that he quite missed him if he wasn't there.

So one day JACK says to him, "Woodn't you like to git on my back, and let me be your horse and take you into the Sea?" And little FRANK says, "No, I shoodn't," says he, "for I don't want to git wet, and don't mean to." "But suppose I promises that you shan't git wet," says JACK, "what then?" "Then I don't think I shood believe you," says he, larking out quite merrily. "But suppose your Ma says as you may trust me, woodn't you beleeve me then?" "Yes, I think I shood," says he. So at larst after a good deal of perswadin he lets JACK take him on his back and in they goes a littel ways into the Sea, and JACK brings him back to his delited Ma as appy as a king and as dry as a bone.

After a time JACK got him to have his shoes and stockings off and to ride on JACK's back further into the Sea, and his Mother made him a pair of butifool blew rains, and bort him a littel whip, and he

used to go riding into the Sea as bold as a lion, and shouting out to his delited Ma to see how brave he was. Well, after a time the pore littel feller's legs got quite strong, and he could ewen manage to wark a littel.

But now cumms the curiusest part of my story. Not one penny wood JACK take from the gratefool Mother for all his long services. No one knew who she was. She seemed to know nobody, but she had plenty of money, and was as generous with it as a Princess cood be, but nothink wood JACK take, till one day, when he was a going away for a munth, he managed to stammer out that, if she didn't think it a libberty, he shood like to have littel FRANK's pietur. I think as he called it his Haughtygraff, for JACK wasn't much of a Skollar. However, you may be sure as he hadn't long to wait for it, and away he went.

Whether it was that he missed JACK, or whether it was a ehill as he got one windy day, or what it was, nobody seemed quite to know, but by the time as JACK came back pore littel FRANK was worse than ever, and was at last confined to his bed. JACK used to go every day to see the pore littel darling, and could always get a smile from his little wan face, even when his pore Mother failed. But it was all in wain, and before long it was all over, and the pore littel feller was at rest.

They buried him at the old church at St. Peter's, and you may be sure that JACK was there, and if his greef wasn't quite so grate as his pore Mother's, it wasn't a werry long ways off it.

JACK took just one long long look into the littel grave, and then went his way.

He left the place the next morning, and forgot to say where he was a going to, and hasn't cum back yet, and sumthink strikes me as he won't cum back there no more.

It seems a strange thing that a grate, hulking, ruff, unedicated Boatman, like JACK the Giant, shood have had such a soft, loving heart, but so it was, and so it has been, and so no dowt it will be till we're all gathered together sum day, rich and pore, big and littel, Waiters and Wicounts, learned and unlearned, into one loving fold!

I think I must be gittin both old and foolish, for pore JACK's story quite spylte my hollyday, and sent me home as sollem as a Churchworden.

ROBERT.

STRANGE CASE OF FORGETFULNESS ON THE PART OF A GENTLEMAN.—In the Reading-Room of a very important City Institution is posted up the following announcement:—"On Thursday last an Umbrella was taken from this room, and has not been returned. It had engraven on the handle the name and residence of the Owner. Will the Gentleman, who was and is, doubtless, labouring under some strange delusion as to the ownership of the Umbrella in question, kindly return me the name-plate, the continued possession of which might cause him some slight trouble at some future time. I need not sign my name and address, as the Gentleman has them already."



SO NEAR—AND YET SO FAR!"

SCENE—A Dance in BAYSWATER.

Daughter of the House. "DO YOU KNOW MANY PEOPLE HERE, MR. SNOOKSON?"

Prize Idiot (from Kensington). "AW—NOT A SOUL, I CAN ASSURE YOU! AW—I CONFESS I'M QUITE OUT OF MY BEARINGS ANYWHERE NORTH OF THE PARK, AW!"

DR. M'JEKYLL AND MR. O'HYDE.

(Fragments plagiarised, with a purpose, from a popular Original.)

Six o'clock struck, and still Mr. JOHN BULLSON was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side chiefly; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of mental doubt, Mr. TEMPUS's terrible tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lurid pictures. He would be aware of an open park-like space near a great city, then of the vague, shadowy, undefinable figure of a mau, or men, it was impossible to determine which, moving swiftly yet furtively; then of two other figures walking in confidential converse; and then these met, and that shadowy but sinister human Juggernaut struck and trod the two others down, and passed on, regardless of their dying moans. Or else he would see a room in a poor house, amidst thriftily-tilled and poorly-productive fields, where the toiling tiller thereof lay asleep, dreaming, and shuddering at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure, again misty but menacing, to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour he must rouse and do its bidding.

The figure in these two phases haunted Mr. BULLSON all the night; and if at any time he dozed over it, it was but to see it glide the more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly, and still the more swiftly and secretly through wider labyrinths of lamp-lighted city, or narrower tracks of gloom-shrouded villages; posing oratorically but dimly, like a blend of Veiled Prophet and platform perorator; lurking, phantom-like, by dark entry and behind stone wall, or scanty hedgerow, with purposes uncertain and unsatisfying, sometimes imitative, at least, of dignity, valour, and beneficence, sometimes, as it were, carrying the aspect or suggestion of craven cruelty or blatant imposture; but always, to the perturbed mind of the dreamer, equivocal, troublous, terrifying. And still the figure,

or figures, had no face by which he might certainly know it; even in his dreams it had no face, or one that baffled him by its indistinctness, and melted into the suggestion of many before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in Mr. BULLSON'S mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. O'HYDE. If he could but once set eyes on it, he thought, the mystery might lighten, and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please), and even for the startling manifestation of a seemingly paradoxical will. And at least it would be a face worth seeing—for many reasons; the face of a man—or men—without bowels of mercy, or full of patriotic pitifulness, as was diversely maintained with most contradictory fervour of belief; a face which had but to partially and indistinctly show itself to raise up in various minds such opposing spirits.

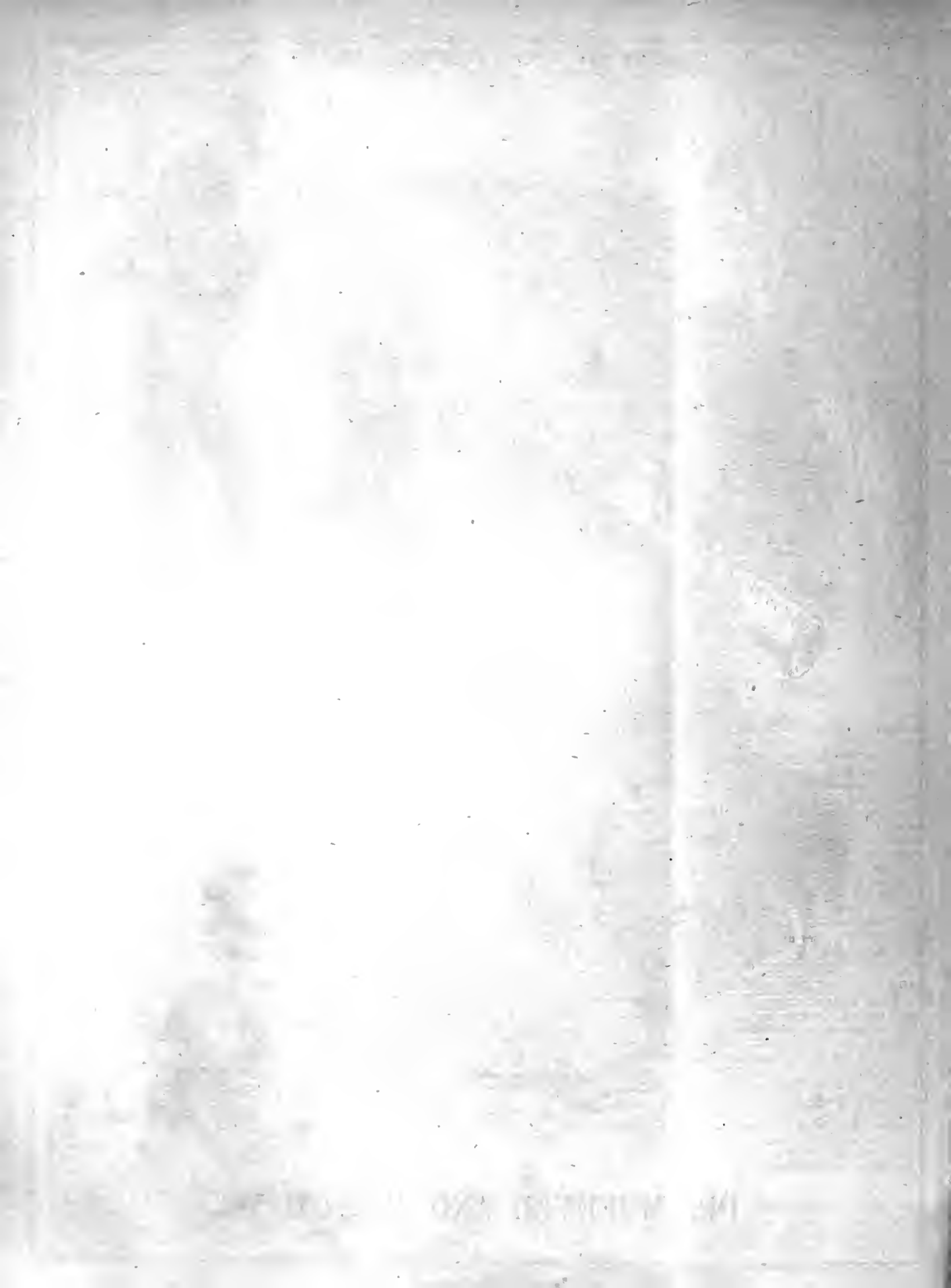
"Poor M'JEKYLL," he thought, "my mind misgives me; he is in deep waters! This Master O'HYDE, if he were studied, must have secrets of his own: black secrets, by the look of him—in some phases, at least—secrets compared to which poor M'JEKYLL'S worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. Ay, I must put my shoulder to the wheel—if M'JEKYLL will but let me."

Hitherto it was his practical ignorance of Mr. O'HYDE that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was what seemed forced upon him as knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name, of which he could learn little more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, unsubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

The problem he was thus debating was one of a class that is rarely satisfactorily solved. "There *must* be a solution," said the perplexed gentleman. "There *is* a solution, if I could only find it. God bless me, the Thing seems hardly human! Something like



DR. M'JEKYLL AND MR. O'HYDE.



Frankenstein's Monster, shall we say, only intimately, inseparably related to its creator by a sort of clinging identity in dread duality? Can it be the old story of Dr. FELL? Or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that transpires through and transfigures its clay continent? The last, I think; for O, my poor old PATRICK, M'JEKYLL, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your mysterious associate."

M'JEKYLL, indeed, stood at times aghast before the acts of O'HYDE; but the situation was apart from ordinary law, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was O'HYDE, after all, and O'HYDE only, that was guilty. M'JEKYLL was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities, as man, citizen, and patriot, seemingly unimpaired; he would even make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by O'HYDE. Thus, at least, self-love asserted; and thus conscience was made to slumber.

And M'JEKYLL himself? Do recent incidents seem, like the Babylonian finger on the wall, to be spelling out the letters of his judgment? Does he begin to reflect more seriously than ever before on the issues and possibilities of his double existence? Do things indeed, as his somewhat hot and injudicial accusers roundly assert, seem to point to this: that he is slowly losing hold of his original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with his second and worse? Or, as his more partial friends declare, and as all good and kindly hearts would ardently desire, is the exact contrary the case? Is it, not the fear of the gallows, but the horror of being O'HYDE that now alone can rack him? Does he indeed hate and fear the thought of the brute that slept within or raged beside him? Has he now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was now co-heir with him to death; and beyond these links of community, which in themselves should make the most poignant part of his distress, does he think of O'HYDE, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic, anarchic, opposed to all essential humanity as to all ordered law?

Who does not hope so? What man, not blinded by national prejudice, or hardened by Party spite, does not desire that closer inquiry may bring only clearer proof of the effective dissolution of the dismal and deadly bond, be it close and abiding as angry foes assert, or light and transient as tolerant friends maintain, between Dr. M'JEKYLL and Mr. O'HYDE?

LETTERS BEFORE PROOFS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE practice of publishing letters that were dashed off by the writers at a moment's notice, and without any intention of being read by anyone save the recipient, has become so fashionable that I am thinking seriously of printing a collection that I have made myself. But before doing so I would like to ask your advice upon a point connected with the matter. First, however, I had better give you a few specimens from what I call my "note"-book.

The first is from a well-known statesman relative to the conduct of a colleague. For the moment I suppress names, but you may take it from me that they are full of interest:—

DEAR VAPID,

I consider — one of the most incapable dolts it has ever been my ill-fortune to meet. At the Cabinet yesterday, when the — Bill was considered, he made himself a laughing-stock by his ignorance and vulgarity. I felt quite distressed that I should have to dine with him in the evening. But my wife would not let me off, and I had to take her and myself to his hideously hospitable board, and I need scarcely say spent an utterly miserable evening.

Yours, &c.,

Here is another. It is from an eminent tragedian, and refers to the first appearance of a fellow player:—

MY DEAR OLD MAN,

WHAT an idea! You absolutely think that — can play *Hamlet*! Why, the man has no more notion of acting than the Man in the Moon! Why, he cannot even speak the Queen's English, much less deliver blank verse! Awkward, ungainly, indistinct! The best thing he can do is to return to the ploughfield, from whence, I imagine, he must have been called away on reaching his majority. I would write more were it not that I have to sup with him after his painfully wearisome performance.

Yours, &c.,

Here is another about a not very popular Judge, written by one of his Brethren on the Bench:—

MY DEAR MR. VAPID,

YOU ask me what I think of Mr. Justice —? This is rather a difficult problem, as I never think of him at all. As a lawyer, he is beneath contempt, and as a man, or, rather, manikin, he is painfully absurd. Nothing can be more ridiculous than his



A NASTY ONE.

Colonel Smithson (of the Poonah Marines). "BY THE WAV, MY BOY AT SANDHURST HOPES TO GET INTO YOUR REGIMENT SOME DAY."

Little Snipson (of the Royal Hussars Green). "AW—I—AW—HOPE YOUR SON IS UP TO OUR FORM!"

Colonel Smithson. "YOUR FORM! DASH IT, HE'S OVER FOUR FEET HIGH, ANYHOW!"

bearing on the Bench, where he jumps about like an imperfectly educated cock-sparrow, and makes faces and shakes his head like an organ-grinder's monkey. For all this, he is to be my host on Tuesday, and therefore I think I had better reserve further criticism until we meet.

Yours, &c.,

Yet once more:—

DEAR VIC,—Can — write? No. I answer in the negative because I have just waded through his last novel. I had to skip three-fourths of it, and the remainder I found to be a hash of somebody else's work! He has asked me to be present at his Silver Wedding Day. Of course I am going, but I wish I could change the appointment for his funeral.

Yours,

There, Mr. Punch! What do you think of the above? Shall I publish them?

Yours truly,

VICTOR VAPID.

Answer.—Shall you publish them? Why, certainly! They are sure to please—everybody!

POOR Mr. BANDMANN! About ten days ago he appeared at the Opéra Comique in a character, or rather two characters, totally unsuited to his *physique*, and for his pains the evening's performance was greeted with a fair amount of derision. Subsequently he was awarded in the columns of the London Press critiques of the most uncomplimentary character. Later still the entertainment was presented before an audience that warranted, by its appearance, the reflection that, as a pecuniary speculation, the venture might be unfortunate. And, latest of all, somebody applied at the Royal Courts and asked that he might be sent to prison! The Judge, however, was merciful, and on Mr. BANDMANN *undertaking not to play in the characters any more* until after the Long Vacation, allowed him his freedom. It is possible that his Lordship may have seen the eminent tragedian in the dual character, which would, of course, account for the view he took of the requirements of the situation!



REPRISALS!

Tradesman (to Old Gentleman, who has purchased Lawn-mower). "YES, SIR, I'LL OIL IT, AND SEND IT OVER IMM—"

Customer (imperatively). "NO, NO, NO!—IT MUST'N'T BE OILED! I WON'T HAVE IT OILED! MIND THAT! I WANT NOISE! AND, LOOK HERE—PICK ME OUT A NICE RUSTY ONE. MY NEIGHBOUR'S CHILDREN HOOT AND YELL TILL TEN O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT, SO"—
(*viciously*)—"I MEAN TO CUT MY GRASS FROM FOUR TILL SIX EVERY MORNING!!"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

July 30.—The miserable cold weather is either upsetting me or CARRIE, or both. We seem to break out into an argument about absolutely nothing, and this unpleasant state of things usually occurs at meal times. This morning for some unaccountable reason we were talking about balloons and we were as merry as possible, but the conversation drifted into family matters, during which, CARRIE, without the slightest reason, referred in the most uncomplimentary manner to my poor father's pecuniary trouble. I retorted, by saying that "Pa at all events was a gentleman," whereupon CARRIE burst out crying. I positively could not eat any breakfast. At the office I was sent for by Mr. PERKUPP, who said he was very sorry, but I should have to take my annual holidays from next Saturday. FRANCHING called at office, and asked me to dine at his Club, "The Radical Conservative." Fearing disagreeables at home after the "tif" this morning, I sent a telegram to CARRIE telling her I was going out to dine, and she was not to sit up. Bought a little silver bangle for CARRIE.

July 31.—CARRIE was very pleased with the bangle which I left with an affectionate note on her dressing-table last night before going to bed. I told CARRIE we should have to start for our holiday next Saturday. She replied quite happily that she did not mind except that the weather was so bad, and she feared that Miss JIBBONS would not be able to get her a seaside dress in time. I told CARRIE that I thought the drab one with pink bows looked quite good enough, and CARRIE said she should not think of wearing it. I was about to discuss the matter, when remembering the argument yesterday, resolved to hold my tongue. I said to CARRIE, "I don't think we can do better than 'Good old' Margate." CARRIE, not only to my astonishment raised an objection to Margate for the first time, but begged me not to use the expression "Good old," but to leave it to Mr. STILLBROOK and other gentlemen of his type. Hearing my bus pass the window, I was obliged to rush out of the house without kissing CARRIE as usual, and I shouted to her, "I leave it to you to decide." On returning in the evening CARRIE said she thought as

time was so short she had decided on Margate, and had written to Mrs. BECK, Harbour View Terrace, for apartments.

August 1.—Ordered a new pair of trousers at BENJAMIN'S, and told them not to cut them so loose over the boot. The last pair being so loose and also tight at the knee, looked like a sailor's, and I heard PITT, that offensive young cub at the office call out "Hornpipe!" as I passed his desk. CARRIE has ordered of Miss JIBBONS a pink Garibaldi and blue serge skirt which I always think looks so pretty at the seaside. In the evening she trimmed herself a little sailor-hat while I read to her the "Exchange and Mart." We had a good laugh over my trying on the hat when she had finished it, CARRIE saying it looked so funny with my whiskers, and how the people would have roared if I went on the stage like it.

August 2.—Mrs. BECK wrote to say we could have our usual rooms at Margate. That's off our mind. Bought a coloured shirt and a pair of tan-coloured boots, which I see many of the swell clerks wearing in the City, and I hear are all the "go."

August 3.—A beautiful day. Looking forward to to-morrow. CARRIE bought a parasol about five feet long. I told her it was ridiculous. She said, "Not worse than your coloured shirt." So the matter dropped. I bought a capital hat for hot weather at the sea-side. I don't know what it is called, but it is the shape of the helmet worn in India, only made of straw. Got three new ties, two coloured handkerchiefs, and a pair of navy-blue socks at POPE BROTHERS. Spent the evening packing. CARRIE told me not to forget to borrow Mr. HIGGSWORTH'S telescope, which he always lends me, knowing I know how to take care of it. Sent SARAH out for it. While everything was seeming so bright, the last post brought us a letter from Mrs. BECK, saying, "I have just let all my house to one party, and am sorry I must take back my words, and am sorry you must find other apartments."

AUGUST 6TH.—Memorable this year as "The First Heat."

OMITTED FROM THE "ST. J. G." REPERTOIRE.—"Under the Greenwood."

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 11.



SHOOTING GROUSE ON THE MOORS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

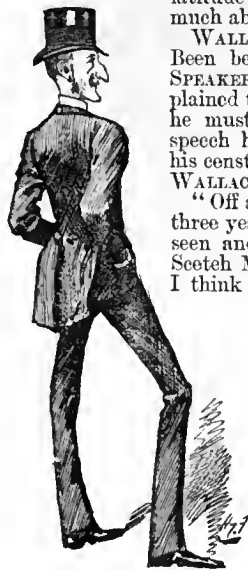
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, August 6.—Curious place, House of Commons. Summoned to-day to take Report Stago of Parnell Commission Bill; everybody discussing probable course of debate; would Amendments be moved? If so, how many? Would speeches be made? If so, how long? In the end House never reached Commission Bill at all. Scotch Members, euvius of pro-

minent position reached by Irish, determined to do bit of obstruction on own account. On the whole, rather dreary business. If we must have obstruction, prefer Irish brand. WALLACE began it at Saturday sitting—not WALLACE of Elderslie and Auchinbothie, but Member for East Edinburgh. Pragmatical person who delivers Latin tags with Perthshire accent. Suddenly dawned upon him that he is a humorist. Discovery made on Saturday. Girded in hippopotamie manner by LORD-ADVOCATE; House always laughs when it looks on or thinks of LORD-ADVOCATE; laughed when WALLACE said something rude about him; WALLACE delighted with unexpected success; hammered away at joke on Saturday afternoon; brought it up again

to-night; hammered on for thirty-five minutes. SPEAKER at critical moment prevented manslaughter by peremptorily shutting up WALLACE at thirty-seventh repetition of joke.

"In my experience," said SPEAKER, "I have never known the latitude usually allowed to an Hon. Member so much abused as on this occasion."



[Exit Lord Claud.]

WALLACE surprised into really humorous remark. Been boring House for over half-an-hour when SPEAKER interposed. Now, resuming seat, complained that, "in consequence of SPEAKER's ruling," he must sit down without having delivered the speech he had prepared from a sense of duty to his constituents and his country! Good, that—for WALLACE.

"Off and on I've sat in this House for twenty-three years," said Lord CLAUD HAMILTON. "Have seen and heard some things in my time. But if Scotch Members are going to practise obstruction, I think I'll go." So writ moved for new Election, and Chiltern Hundreds fresh Steward.

Lords, not to be outdone by Scotch Members, had their little joke. To-day Bank Holiday. Other branches of labouring classes struck work all over the country; so Lords, who usually begin business at half-past four and adjourn at five minutes to five, determined to make a night of it. Took Local Government Bill in Committee. Pegged away till quarter to two to-morrow morning; get Bill clear through Committee.

Business done.—In the Lords, a good deal; in the Commons, none.

Tuesday.—"Heard the news?" said Admiral FIELD. Met him crossing the

Lobby on starboard tack, close-hauled, a newspaper reefed in his hand, and flag of distress flying. "Awful!" he said, laying-to, and jibbooming his lee scuppers with his pocket-handkerchief. "Oban taken by the Channel Squadron. Aberdeen bombarded by four line-of-battle ships forming part of Admiral FITZROY's Attacking Squadron. Forth Bridge destroyed, and not a stone standing on Inchkeith, in the Frith of Forth. Always said it would come to this. Came into House little late to save my country. But dene my best. Been laughed at, sneered at, snubbed by First Lord, who doesn't know a halvyard from a yard that isn't haled; and now, you see, where we are."

Admiral shook in my face the news of hapless Aberdeen, and unfortunate Inchkeith, and sheered off to blast other ears with the direful news.

Meanwhile, House of Commons going on with Commission Bill, just as if hand of invader were not laid heavily on Scotland. By desperate coup OLD MORALITY had snuffed out all Amendments on Committee stage. At One o'Clock on particular morning Clauses peremptorily put from the Chair, and carried. Here they come up again on the Report Stage, "like *Snarleyow, the Dog Fiend*," says Admiral MAYNE, who still reads MARRYATT. Anyhow, a dogged debate. House, curiously full, considering end of all things at hand. HARCOURT looks in after dinner. Rapidly catches up drift of debate; plunges in, "like elephant in a tank," as CHAPLIN says; splashes splendidly; seized opportunity to speak disrespectfully of profession of Law, sneering at "Old Bailey view" taken of Bill by HOME SECRETARY. This brought up EDWARD CLARKE with lively speech, that greatly delighted House. Went straight for HARCOURT, regardless of disparity of size. Bit and snapped, and, on the whole, made HARCOURT rather wish he'd stopped another half hour at dinner. House sat long way into to-morrow morning. Still didn't pass Bill.

Business Done.—Report Stage of Parnell Commission Bill.

Thursday.—Strange thing happened to-night. Time, Eleven o'Clock. Indian Budget on. JAMES STUART demonstrated afresh how a really able man in own line can prove utter failure in House of Commons. Eight Members present, including SPEAKER. Half asleep myself. Roused by hearing noise like crackling of thorns under a pot. Came from man next to me. Looked up; found it was WALLACE. Noise continued. Strange contortion of features. Getting alarmed.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" I said, cheerily, trying to make light of it. Colic?"



"You may and you
Mayne't."
Old Saw.

"No," said WALLACE. "I'm laughing."
"Oh," I said, quite relieved. "But what are you laughing at? Not at STUART, I hope?"

"Dear me, no! FIELD,



Absent from the Post o.
Danger.

don't you know, and LORD-ADVOCATE, and the bombardment of Edinburgh, and why wasn't he there? Capital!"

More crackling of thorns under the pot; additional facial contortions.

"Ah, that was very funny," I said, "but it happened a long time ago. Came on at Half-past Four; now it's Eleven."

"Yes, I know," said WALLACE. "Heard it at the time; only just seen the joke. Often takes me that way; sometimes it's a day after; occasionally a week. To-night I've been rather sharp. But it comes sooner or later. Assure you, though you mightn't think it, there's very little in the way of a good joke I miss, take the Session through."

Nice, well-meaning man, WALLACE; though, regarded as a companion, a little embarrassing; appropriates his daily share of humour by sort of slow-match process. Never know when you have him.

Glad he finally saw the little joke about LORD-ADVOCATE and Edinburgh got up at Question Time between FIELD and LORD-ADVOCATE.

How was it, FIELD asked, that Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as Lord High Admiral of Firth of Forth, took no steps to defend Leith against attack

by fleet, which led to bombardment of Edinburgh?

LORD-ADVOCATE, with just a twinkle of mirth on his massive countenance, gravely replied that that distinguished naval officer, the Lord High Admiral of the Firth had only a phantom fleet under his command, and had acted wisely in keeping it out of sight. Humour being contagious, CALDWELL asked SECRETARY of STATE for WAR how it came to pass that LORD-ADVOCATE holding commission as Colonel in Militia, was not at post of danger? STANHOPE, in delightfully official manner, explained that the land forces not being called into action, the gallant Colonel's services had not been needed. A most admirable bit of fooling. Fortunate, however, end of Session near, and WALLACE will be out of harm's way. Wouldn't do for him to be often taken as he was to-night.

Business done.—Indian Budget.

Saturday.—Winding things up to-day. At it yesterday with extraordinary effect. At Question Time OLD MORALITY indicated a dozen Orders of the Day to be dealt with before the Adjournment; looked like Three o'Clock in the morning again; but by Eleven all over. Arranged that, after Royal Commission on Monday, Parliament shall adjourn till Tuesday, 6th of November. Irish Members appalled at prospect of being silent for nearly three months on pain of going to prison. Charm of British legislation is, that what in Member speaking from below the Gangway is but a chelic word, is flat blasphemy in same Member speaking at Clonakilty. Say what you like at Westminster. For saying half as bad at Westmeath, you're clapped into prison. "A strange world, my masters," says JOSEPH GILLIS, in reflective mood.

Thing is to make most of present opportunities. This Irish Members do. Other Members want to go home. But AKERS-DOWGLAS on guard at the door. Presents unbroken front of resistance. "Wait a bit, dear boy," he says, persuasively. "Ye needn't dine here to-night, but we must see Adjournment carried." So they tarry till end comes.

Business done.—All.

"OVER THE BORDER WITH CHARLIE."—The question between Mr. PARNELL and Mr. WALTER is, it seems, to be settled in Edinburgh. This being the case, one of the parties will not escape Scot free! If the report is not a "bang," it will cost more than "saxpence."



"An unbroken front."

THE WHITE ETON.

(A Companion Story to "The Black Arrow.")

PROLOGUE.—Robin Hood-à-Thought-it.

ON a certain afternoon in the late springtime, the bell upon Bolton Moat House was heard ringing at an unaccustomed hour. Far and near people began to desert their labours and thronged together. An express had come calling the whole village to boot and saddle. For the days of Sir WALTER SCOTT had returned again to Merrie England, and the British language had become all but unintelligible.



A Page for a Romance of the Middle Ages.

Sir ALLOVER OATHS the Parson and COLNEY HATCH were arming for the fray, and good POULTRY YARD the Archer was reading to the little children the pages of G. P. R. JAMES, wherein he found certain hints that helped him bravely in his phraseology.

"Poor shrews!" he exclaimed. "I have no natural lord, but King HARRY THE TENT, and it is an ill wind that bloweth to me-ward no good but what may be found in a quarrel fixed in a windac."

"Y'are a strange looking rogue," replied the children, clapping their hands with glee.

"Nay, be it so," replied the old Archer. "By my sooth, Toss-pot and Shuttlewit run in, but my Lord Good Counsel sits o'one side waiting!" No doubt the worthy ehurl would have said more to the same effect had not an arrow at this moment sung in the air like a huge hornet. It struck old POULTRY YARD between the shoulder-blades, and pierced him clean through as he fell among the cabbages.

"By my faith," cried COLNEY HATCH, "and in good sooth, dash my wigge, but it hath a scroll that will make Sir ALLOVER turn paper colour and pray like a windmill. Fetch me a link, and let us read the writing stuff."

"Powltree-yaird fro' Rob Hood-à-thort-it."

"Nay, I like it not," said all the retainers.

"It is a libel," cried Sir ALLOVER the Priest. "That every run-the-hedge in a green jerkin should fasten a scroll so, runs hard on sacrilege—hard!"

"It boots not, but put to it will wash, Sir Parson," responded COLNEY HATCH. "Here is unseasonable talk for those who are un-friends. Nay, y'are wrong, and sayest yer much more and I will clout me a yard of arrow through your inwards."

"Now, well a-day!" exclaimed Sir ALLOVER, "what means it?"

"It is wrote on a White Eton, good Sir Priest!" respectfully replied one who had been making too free with the wine-skins.

"And what may that be?" returned the ecclesiastic, showing increased interest.

"A White Eton is a sort of neckgirdler of shirtcloth, may it please ye, and also as good a title as a Black Arrow, and as appropriate!"

Now was it found that ROBIN HOOD-À-THOUGHT-IT had written on his scroll that he had plenty of "Whyte Etons," from whence he had sent thither the specimen circlet, and intended to use them upon the bodies of those who had given him offence. Upon this the Priest gave DICK a sealed packet with this superscription:—"To my Ryght Worshypful Master, Sir DANIEL KNYGHT, be thys delivered in haste," and thus, having secured the "y," the messenger hurried away to obtain the wherefore.

BOOK FIRST.—Lad and Lady.

SIR DANIEL and his men lay in about Tea Kettle that night, warmly quartered and well patrolled. But the Knight was one who never rested from money-getting.

"Bring up yon fellow," cried he, and one of the retainers led up a poor eringing old man, as pale as a candle, and all shaking with the fen fever. "Ye deal in treason, rogue; ye trudge the country leasing; y'are heavily suspicioned of the death of severals."

"Right honourable and my reverend Lord," the man cried, "here is some hodge-podge, saving your good presence."

"Well a day!" returned the Knight. "Go to! Y'are too cunning, fool-fellow, for a livelihood of seventy shillings!"

And Sir DANIEL, who was a very merry Knight,—none merrier in England,—took a drink of his mull'd ale, and lay back smiling.

It was then that he addressed a lad who was stretched in a mantle on the floor, after taking off his visored head-piece and unloosing a sanguine-coloured cloak.

"A sturdy boy! I will make you a marriage of a thousand pounds, and cherish you exceedingly. Now eat me a porridge."

Thus the claims of quaint English having been satisfied, the action proceeded apace, and in less than it takes to write it, DICK and JOHN were far away from Sir DANIEL and going through a variety of adventures miles from Tea Kettle. They did the fens of Bolton Moatly Forest thoroughly, losing horses, seeing false lepers, and coming after the originals of those fair bowmen who, dressed in

round cloth jerkins and snowy neckgirdlers, were called "the White Eton Boys."

"Have ye read the works of SHAKSPEARE?" asked JOHN.

"Faugh!" said DICK; "y'are a milk-sopping baby not to know that your Bard of Avon lived hereafter—ayo, when HARRY SIXT was long dead, and HARRY EIGHT—to say naught of BETSIE—were flourishing. An I guessed rightly, I should call ye a poor shrew of a sniveller! But why did you ask—I mean why putteth you me to the question?"

"Because, forsooth, it remembered me that in *As You Like it*, may it please ye, a lad and wench marched about together, one disguised and the other not, as we do?"

"Nay," retorted DICK; "if that be your tune, so be it, and a plague be with you! Nay, blow me no nose! I love not snivellers!"

Each turned aside, and then began walking off severally. Thus they had many adventures of a more or less mysterious character, until, after parting in a ditch and meeting in a chapel, they found themselves separated by the necessities of the story. For, as the old Chronicle bath it, "Can ye make bricks without straw?" And, again, "What availeth a lot of characters unless, may it please ye, you can put them in a number of startling situations?"

So boy and girl between them, with the assistance of winking tapestry, purposeless spies, and dialogue containing a good deal of the second person singular, managed somehow or other to get through two hundred and fifty pages, without counting varlets, outlaws, and men-at-arms. But in good sooth the work was as tough as a Church steeple of a Lenten Sunday!

BOOK THE LAST.—Coulour-de-Rosy Reading.

AND the two hundred and fifty pages having been passed, it now was time to bring in something about RICHARD CROOKBACK, and the Wars of the Roses. Thus it happened that one day, DICK, having armed himself more like a gentleman than usual, heard the sound of a trumpet. He came within sight of a booth, and found a most fierce encounter raging on the road before it. There were seven or eight assailants, and but one to keep head against them. DICK, drawing his sword, putting a quarrel in his cross-bow, waving his lance, unslinging his mace, loading his hand-cannon, and using his dagger with considerable dexterity, was able, after about an hour and a half's hard work, to render very valuable assistance.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! So much for Buekingham!" said the attacked one when his assailants had been vanquished, and then, turning to our hero, demanded, "How knew ye who I was?"

"I am ignorant of whom I speak with," DICK answered. "Faet is, I don't in the least know"—then, gracefully pulling himself up, he continued, "an it please ye, I forgot myself! I have me a habit of slipping into English of the Nineteenth Century unawares. I should have said, by my sooth, and by my halidom, but, my good Lord, I know not your arms. But I see ye have the humpe!"

"Humpe me no humpe," replied the other, and a singular sneer played about the young nobleman's mouth as he made answer. Then he added—"But the time is ripe for making you Sir RICHARD. Ye have pleased me—kneel me a kneel!"

In the bottom of his heart DICK already entertained a great terror and some hatred for the man whom he had rescued; but the invitation was so worded that it would have been cruel to refuse or hesitate, so he hastened to comply, and was Knighted.

"And now, good Sir RICHARD," said the Crookbaek, "you may get married as soon as it may please ye, and have done with it."

Bowing gracefully, the young man departed to find out and engage in mortal combat Sir DANIEL, who, he had discovered recently, had been his father's murderer. Just as he was on the point of finishing the traitor loon in question, it occurred to him that the wicked Knight should die by the aid of an arrow. For had not ROBIN HOOD-À-THOUGHT-IT said as much at the beginning of the story?

So, stepping aside, he awaited events. Hereon all of a sudden a bow sounded like a note of music.

An arrow flew, carrying with it a stiff linen circlet, marked "Six groats the twelve ones." The circlet wound round the Knight's throat, and choked him.

"Is the circlet white?" he gasped. "Does it justify the title of the book?"

"It is white," replied DICK, gravely; "and therefore may be called a White Eton."

Sir DANIEL stared wildly, tried ineffectually to follow this reasoning, uttered a piercing cry, and died in much agony.

DICK hurried away, entered the church (accompanied by the White Eton Boys), and was married. When he came forth into the frosty air and sunlight, the long files of the army were already winding forward up the road. But the wedding party turned upon the other side, and sat down with sober merriment to breakfast. And the "merriment" was the "soberer" because each dismal reveller was haunted with the apprehension that some day their exceedingly tedious and uneventful lives would be recorded by a Nineteenth Century chronicler! An it please ye, so they was!

THE RAILWAY TAM O' SHANTER.



Shareholder. "STOP! STOP! MORE HASTE, LESS DIVIDEND!"

WEEL mounted on his flying steed,—
A flecter never gat up speed,—
TAM skelpit on at sic a paece
As thoroughbred ne'er held in raece.
Eclipse himself, or *Flying Dutchman*,
TAM's nag for swiftness could not touch, man.
So sped that steed and TAM upon it,
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares
Lest rivals pass him unawares;

"A raece!" yelled TAM; "I ought to win it
At something like a mile a minute."

So speeds the "*Flying Scotchman*," so!
TAM rattles madly on, when lo!
A something stirs in TAMMIE's noddle;
A something stirs in TAMMIE's noddle;
For danger he cares not a boddle,
But ithers at his pace astonished
Consider he should be admonished. [friends,
"More haste, less speed," think TAM's Scotch
May mean "mair speed, less deevendens."

Through space can one thus wildly whisk
Without considerable risk
To monee-bags as weel as bodies?
Your Scotch shareholders are not nod-
dies.

Their interest is not Sport but Trade;
To see the trim-laid "metals" made
Into race-course—or einder-path,
For "record-cutting" stirs their wrath.
To safety and good sense they'll rally,
And in protesting legion sally

As bees buzz out wi' angry fyke,
This racing game they canna' like;
And as TAM flies you see them follow
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.
Ah, TAM! ah, TAM! though fast thou'rt farin',
Be sure those shareholders thou'rt searin';
The public also have a fear
They may buy joys o' speed too dear.
Beware, TAM, ere this cantrip ends
In Danger and low Dividends!

THE FUN OF THE N. P. FUND.

IN the little Blue Book annually published by the Newspaper Press Fund, there is a comical misprint in the report of the Chairman's speech at last year's banquet. The Chairman, following the wise custom introduced by H.R.II. the Prince of WALES at every public dinner, wishing to get to the cigars and the real business of the evening after the first toast, quoted the well-known words of Mr. Ducrow, who, when rehearsing an equestrian drama at Astley's, found the dialogue tedious, and exclaimed, "Cut the caekle and come to the 'esses." But the reporter and the printer between them have thus reproduced it at p. 13: "'Cut the *cattle* and come to the *asses.*' (Laughter)." "Laughter!" We should think so—rather! Sir EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., Solicitor-General, presided this year, and drew tears from the eyes and money from the purses of his audience by his earnest solicitations.

"Primate and Confidential."

(To Lord Carnarvon.)

I THANK you, my Lord,
I'm quite in accord
With the spirit of your suggestions,
"Open Churches" are rare,
But everywhere
We've plenty of "Open Questions."

JACK TAR'S LOG AT THE MANGEVRES. — "Lough Silly"—the place to pipe all hands for grog.



"CARRY YER BAG, SIR?"

THE RIVAL-TO-THE-BIG-COOSEBERRY CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter No. 1.

SIR,—I notice in the columns of one of your Contemporaries that the question has been raised, "Is Marriage a Failure?" and if you will allow me I should like to answer it.

Sir, how can marriage be a failure when the household is well conducted? Let me take my own case. I am a man of great mental attainments, and with a power of organisation that must command respect. Sir, I am not satisfied to leave the care of the home to hands other than my own. Taking for my model the "*paterfamilias*" of the famed law-giver, JUSTINIAN, I consider it my duty to personally superintend the details of domestic management. Thus I think it advisable to arrange with the cook the *menu* of the dinner, and to consult with the housemaid as to the times and seasons most suitable for the cleansing of the various apartments, for the proper condition of which I held her responsible. And if occasionally our meals become a little complicated, and the sweeping the drawing-room carpet is entirely overlooked, those are matters only of temporary annoyance, and the great principle that the man should be the head of the household is maintained in all its beautiful significance.

From this you must not imagine that I devote my entire time to the arrangement of the proper functions of my servants. On the contrary, I have plenty of leisure for improving the mind of my wife. It is my duty, as it is indeed my pleasure, to read to her works of an elevating rather than an entertaining character. Moreover, when it is fine I am always ready to take her with me to see such Museums as that of the School of Mines in Jermyn Street, or the excellent Anatomical Collection attached to Surgeons' Hall. From this you will gather, that while seeking for instruction I do not ignore the claims of amusement. After these few hints as to the method I pursue in rendering my home a happy one, it is unnecessary for me to indicate further whether in our case marriage is a failure.

I am, Sir, yours, SOMEBODY'S HUSBAND.

Letter No. 2.

SIR,—I have just seen a rough draft of which the letter sent to you by my husband is a carefully prepared copy. As he is not looking, will you allow me to answer the question, "Is Marriage a failure?" by the significant word, "Rather!"

Yours truly, SOMEBODY'S WIFE.

Letter No. 3.

SIR,—as an American, will you permit me to join in your interesting Correspondence? The institutions of the free United States enable the enterprising Benedick to marry, and then obtain a divorce with the greatest possible convenience and dispatch. Thus I have had considerable experience in Matrimony. I have consequently entered into the bonds of Wedlock more than once, and can therefore conscientiously declare that Marriage is *not* a failure.

Yours truly, TRUE AS STEEL.

Letter No. 4.

SIR,—For the last thirty years—in fact, since I reached my eighteenth birthday—I have given this all-engrossing question my most anxious consideration. In spite of the peculiar custom of Leap Year, I have not yet been able to put the problem to a practical test. So, speaking for myself, I fear I must confess that Marriage is a failure.

Yours, singularly, A MAID OF LEA.

Letter No. 5.

SIR,—Of course Marriage is a failure. What is a fellow to do when he is obliged to give up his Club and his Music Hall, his pals and his smoke? No, Sir, it is not good enough for

Yours truly, 'AREY AT 20.

Letter No. 6.

SIR,—Take it all round with the rough and the smooth, the worries of unpaid bills and the trips into the country, the black looks of one's husband, and the laughter of one's children. I really do believe that Marriage is *not* a failure. Yours faithfully, 'ARRIET AT 50.

[This Correspondence to be discontinued upon the discovery of a more engrossing subject in the Silly Season.]

"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"—Evidently not, as it contrives to fill two or three columns every day, and keeps up the circulation of the *D. T.* in the *D. S.*, or Dull Season.

REVIVAL OF THE OFFICE OF "THE DIRECTOR OF TRANSPORTS."—Why, certainly. Emotional persons ought to be subject to proper control. We hope he will be a firm but sympathetic person. Perhaps an experienced Matron would be best fitted for the post.



COMING DOWN ON THE SWEATERS.

“Quoth DUN-RAVEN,
Never more!”

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

August 4.—Got up at six, but as it was pouring wet, and we had been thrown over in respect to our apartments at Margate, and (as CARRIE wisely observed), Monday was Bank Holiday, we would abandon our visit till Tuesday. We became more than reconciled to this, for the first post brought a nice letter from WILLIE (son by my first), acknowledging a trifling present which CARRIE sent him, the day before yesterday being his twentieth birthday. To our utter amazement he turned up himself in the afternoon, having journeyed all the way from Oldham. He said he had got leave from the bank, and as Monday was a holiday, he thought he would give us a little surprise.

August 5 (Sunday).—We had a bottle of port for dinner, and drank dear WILLIE's health. He said, “Oh, by the bye, did I tell you I've cut my first name, ‘WILLIAM,’ and taken the second name, ‘LUPIN.’ In fact, I'm only known at Oldham as ‘LUPIN POOTER.’ If you were to ‘WILLIE’ me there, they wouldn't know what you meant.” Of course, LUPIN being a purely fancy name, CARRIE was delighted, and began by giving a long history of the LUPINS. I ventured to say that I thought WILLIAM a nice simple name, and reminded him he was christened after his Uncle WILLIAM, who was much respected in the City. WILLIE, in a manner which I did not much care for, said sneeringly, “Oh, I know all about that—Good old BILL!” and helped himself to a third glass of port. CARRIE objected strongly to my saying “Good old,” but she made no remark when WILLIE used the double adjective. I said nothing, but looked at her, which meant more. I said, “My dear WILLIE, I hope you are happy with your colleagues at the bank.” He replied, “LUPIN, if you please, and with respect to the bank, there's not a clerk who is a gentleman, and the ‘boss’ is a cad.” I felt so shocked, I could say nothing, and my instinct told me there was something wrong.

Aug. 6, Bank Holiday.—As there was no sign of LUPIN moving at nine o'clock, I knocked at his door, and said we usually breakfasted at half-past eight, and asked how long would he be? LUPIN replied that he had had a lively time of it, first with the trains shaking the house all night, and then with the sun streaming in through the windows in his eyes, and giving him a cracking headache. CARRIE came up and asked if he would like some breakfast sent up, and he said he could do with a cup of tea, and didn't want anything to eat. LUPIN not having come down, I went up again at half-past one, and said we dined at two; he said he “would be there.” He never came down till a quarter to three. I said, “We have not seen much of you, and you will have to return by the 5:30 train; therefore, you will have to leave in an hour, unless you go by the midnight mail.” He said, “Look here, Guv'nor, it's no use beating about the bush. I've tendered my resignation at the bank.” For a moment I could not speak. When my speech came again, I said, “How dare you, Sir? How dare you take such a serious step without consulting me? Don't answer me, Sir,—you will sit down immediately, and write a note at my dictation, withdrawing your resignation and amply apologising for your thoughtlessness.” Imagine my dismay when he replied with a loud guffaw, “It's no use. If you want the good old truth, I've got the chuck!”

A DAILY Advertisement informs us that “She is in active preparation.” *L'Histoire des Femmes*. She's getting herself up regardless of expense. Always in active preparation, and always keeping us waiting.

THE PLAINT OF THE GRAND PIANO.

I WAS a grand piano once—nay, hearken what I say—
The grandeur is no longer here, it left me yesterday.
One leather-souled executant at a sitting could demolish
The mellow pride of tuneful years, of tone, and power, and polish.

A dapper man, with weary brow, and smile of conscious pow'r,
A Jove, prepared to improvise tone-thunder by the hour,
Is NASMYTH HAMMERMANN, whose touch would disconcert the dead,
Whose foot would rush with pedal-crush where angels fear to tread.

He kept his soul in patience while lesser people played,
As one who bears with cruder views that taste-bound souls degrade;
He pitied plaintive melody and winning modulation,
Biding his time—and then it came—the afternoon's sensation.

He hovered over the keyboard, like a wild beast over its prey,
And he tossed his head, and he rattled his wrists—and then he began
to play;

To play! And in that crowded room was none with heart to see
That what was play to him and them was worse than death to me!

He struck a chord, as a hawk strikes a lark who is dumb with fear,
And his fingers spread over the octaves like a slander in full career,
And my overstrung nerves that waited the worst nigh sprung from
the shuddering case

As he finished his horrible prelude with an awful bang in the bass.

He gloated; I waited; and then began a butchery great and grim,
And melody screamed and harmony writhed, and form, rent limb
from limb,

Was hurled in murderous largesse to the careless, ravaging crowd,
Who chatted and laugh'd the louder, as my agony waxed more loud.

He checked his course, and he wirgled round, till he found the soul
of pain,

And he thumped it with pitiless fingers, again, again, again!
Then, like a pawing horse let go, he tore at headlong pace, [bass.
And drowned the tortured treble's cry in the roar of an anguished

My tenderest tones, that answer clear the artist's lightest touch,
Were yank'd in handfuls out like hair in some fierce maniac's
clutch, [pride,

And my beautiful keys, that never yet had sullied their tuneful
Like elephants with the tusk-ache in ivory anguish cried.

Hark to the murmurs sad and low, self-struck upon my strings,
Such music as a dying love, unknown, unsolaced sings,
For yesterday's undreamt disgrace can never not have been,
And I must shrink from music now, and sob “Unclean, unclean!”

The girls have practised on me in endless ladders of scales,
Whereby they mounted to castle'd heights, and the realms of fairy
tales; [last

And I loved their wayward endeavours, and my patient sweetness at
Won them to tell me their love's young dreams as I hallowed their
childhood's past.

And the Governess, meek and modest, who counted the tale of bars,
Would slip from the sleeping children, and the schoolroom worries
and jars; [forgot,

And the tender heart would open to me, and, work-a-day woes
The pencil-cramped hands would tremble, and the tears from her
heart well'd hot.

They called her a Perfect Treasure, but 'twas I alone who knew
The tale of the young life's struggle, so tender and brave and true;
And when she touched me I told it, and somebody listened and
learned, [returned.

And the winter-time went out of her life, and the daffodil days
And MAUD in her tempers would bang away—Sweet MAUD—for I
often heard

The fortissimo suddenly ended in a kiss like the chirp of a bird.
And MABEL's curious reveries—how soon a piano discovers
When a girl gives one hand to her music, and the other is clasped in
her lover's.

Perchance some tender hand again may soothe my tortured heart,
May heal the scars of HAMMERMANN with balm of rare MOZART;
Perchance the Nocturne's mystic feet may through my caverns stray,
When great BEETHOVEN's passion-storms have cleansed the plague
away.

But no, farewell that happy past; henceforth I'm only fit
To play the concertina's part to wandering niggers' wit;
Or, as a street-piano, find as jubilant a goal
As a wet day in China when you do not know a soul.

Yet it may be my past deserts may win a loftier place,
Low in the outer walks of Art, not blatant in disgrace;
And Music's tutelary powers may bid their Outcast go
And be the sacred music in a panoramic show,
And moan “The Village Blacksmith” when the lights are burning low.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I THOUGHT I was going to have a rare treat in RIDER HAGGARD'S *Mauiwa's Revenge*. "Beati qui nihil expectant," as Major Monsoon



A Creepy Crawly effect.

hath it, "for verily they shall not be disappointed." The book is simply the Zoological Gardens turned loose with that old Choke-bore *Allan Quatermain*, who, I had hoped, was dead and buried in the previous novel, potting elephants and rhinoceri as if they were shrimps, meeting lions and lionesses and savages, and all the stale Rider-Haggardian materials muddled up together, without even the

thread of an interesting story whereon to hang the dried skins of the beasts. *Mauiwa* herself, an insignificant person, does not appear till page 105, out of a book of 216 pages, and the other part is taken up with stupid stories told by that stupid low comedian *Good*, whom his author loves, and somniferous after-dinner sporting twaddle carried on by the small bore *Sir Henry Curtis*, the aforesaid low comedian *Good*, and the grand old choke-bore, *Allan Quatermain* himself with the little round button at the top and the gunpowder running out of the heels of his boots. Herewith I make a present to Mr. RIDER HAGGARD of a final chapter, with a moral to it—to be found in the application of it—which I will call,—

REDAH'S REVENGE!

FIRST, LAST, AND ONLY CHAPTER.

On the dried wing of a Fly-leaf, brought to me by the maiden KONSTANT REDAH, I make out these words:—

"For Heaven's sake, whoever you are, try to help me. I have been the slave of this awful RITERAGGARD for nearly four years. He caught me in *King Solomon's Mines*; he charmed me, for he is a wizard, with *She*; and he tortures me now by means of his slaves, *Allano Quarterman*, *Baddely Good*, and *Sir Henry Cowardis*. Don't desert me, or RITERAGGARD and his Impi, the Pubbeli-Shahs, will have another novel ready in less than a week, and I shall be forced to devour every word of it. Help! help! help! I can bear this no longer.

"Yours, JACK LIVVREY."

"Great Heavens!" I gasped. "LIVVREY! it must be my old friend, JACK LIVVREY, of Liverpil, the great Novel Hunter." I too had suffered at the hands of RITERAGGARD and his Impi, and I was determined that they should not have another victim if I could prevent it. KONSTANT REDAH'S eyes gleamed with a vindictive light. She had often tried to put down the tyrant RITERAGGARD, but could not. Now was her chance. So at once we were on the march. Within a few minutes we were in the Boshibook's country, near RITERAGGARD'S Impi and the Pubbeli-Shah's Kraal. When I reached the Koppie-Right I lay down on my littered bed and took an inspiring draught of *Punch*. It was lucky I did so, for now a strange thing happened.

Out of the thick red and blue coverts that surrounded the Koppie-Right arose a swarm of fly-leaves, darkening the air like locusts, and through this black density came flashes like red rays of the setting sun. "It is the Impi's advertisements," said KONSTANT REDAH, coolly, replying to my exclamation. "I know them. Behold!"

I looked, and from underneath this swarm, kicking up a dust all among the Koppie, right and left, came slowly on, as if by forced marches, RITERAGGARD himself, CHOKEBORE ALLANO QUARTERMAN, BADDELY GOOD, SIR HENRY COWARDIS, OLD GOBBO the Clown, a lot of savage Elephants, Rhinoceri, Lions, Tigers, Crocodiles, Snakes, in fact the whole menagerie and travelling *troupe*. The men were all armed with repeating rifles loaded with *Saymold* ammunition. RITERAGGARD had an old fifteen thousand Storey's repeating rifle, with which he was shooting in every direction at random.

"Help! help! They are cramming MAIWA down my throat!" I heard in the Tukwokwe dialect. It was the voice of the great Novel Hunter, JACK LIVVREY.

Not a moment was to be lost. With a dexterous whirl I sent my Paypir-knife whizzing through the air. RITERAGGARD, to avoid it, stepped backwards, and, with a yell such as I have rarely heard, fell on to one of his Pubbeli-Shahs, and both tumbled backwards into their own trap,—a trap intended for one horse, but quite suitable for a different kind of animal.

Raising my kill-bore-repeater, I put the contents of one barrel into BADDELY GOOD just as he was preparing to let off a joke, and he fell with his face to the earth. It was all over with him, and then, before SIR HENRY COWARDIS could recover from his surprise, I let him have the second barrel, and down he went, too, dead as a two-days'-old glass of ale. Wheeling round I saw that old villain, ALLANO QUARTERMAN, preparing a yarn which was to come spinning at my head and catch me as in a net. But at the critical moment I let fly, and, with a great groan, he, too, fell lifeless, and, though I am a Christian, I cannot say I felt sorry for any one of them. As for the beasts of the menagerie, they were only pantomimic mechanical animals, after all. Many collapsed like bladders on being pricked, and others I ordered to be broken up, together with RITERAGGARD'S whole bag of tricks.

When I came up to the trap, I found that it had been turned over, and the poor steed, cleverly contrived to imitate a kind of winged Pegasus, had got entangled in the harness, but RITERAGGARD, having managed to crawl out, had disappeared into the coverts of the Koppie-Right. Here he was subsequently found by KONSTANT REDAH, who tortured him for hours by declaiming long extracts from his own eccentric books. I left him to her. It was her revenge. The poor Pubbeli-Shahs and the other Impis begged for mercy, and so I let them crawl away as best they could to rejoin RITERAGGARD, that is, if anything should be left of him after KONSTANT REDAH'S awful torture. They may yet give us some trouble, but I doubt it.

As to poor JACK LIVVREY, the great Novel Hunter, he threw himself on his knees and kissed my hand in an ecstacy of gratitude. I gave him a taste of *Punch*, when he speedily revived, and then I recommended him a salutary course of FIELDING, DICKENS, and THACKERAY, which he is still pursuing, much to his advantage. He is now a book-stall keeper at Victoria Station, and doing uncommonly well. Only when the name of RITERAGGARD is mentioned in his hearing does a cold shudder come over him, and he tries to hide himself away under the evening newspapers.

And so I went to bed and dreamed that I was in the Garden of Parodies, and that all the above was quite true, and woke up so happy, wrote every word of it down, and now sign myself,

Yours ever, THE BOLD BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—And just one hint to the sensational author of *Mauiwa's Revenge*. Let him procure four small handy volumes published, in most appropriate binding, by WILLIAM PATERSON of London and Edinburgh, entitled *Weird Tales*, and then let him read over again the curdlers writ by ALLAN—not *Quatermain*,—but EDGAR ALLAN POE, and let him study *A Fearful Revenge* (author unknown), which RIDER HAGGARD would have spun out into three hundred pages at least, while here it is thrillingly and concisely told in twenty-five. Those who like Thrillers and Curdlers to shorten their journeyings in this holiday season, cannot do better than purchase this series of *Weird Tales*.

Liverpool v. Lambeth.

THE Bishop of LIVERPOOL writes common sense on The Lambeth "Eneyclical" signed Primate BENSON, Who murmurs, with laugh in lawn sleeves all the while, "I thought that it might you, my dear Bishop, rile."

THE MORAL OF THIS SEASON.

"You can tell me," said the Intelligent Foreigner, button-holing his London Friend, "what it is called."

"It—what?" was the rejoinder.

"Why, when ladies and gentlemen go into a big field, and sit in carriages in the rain looking at nothing—what is that?"

"I have no idea."

"And when the same people go to boats on a river, and look at other boats, but always in the rain—always—what is that?"

"I cannot say."

"But you must know," said the Intelligent Foreigner, impatiently. "When the same ladies and gentlemen go into the country, and sit on damp benches, and cover themselves with waterproofs—always in the rain—what is that?"

"How should I know?"

"And when these same people go for months here, there, everywhere, always in the rain. When they meet morning, noon, and night, always in the rain. When they bore one another to the death. When they are as dull as ditch-water. Come, you must know? What is it?"

"Ah, I have it! A big field in the rain.—Lord's. Storm on the river—Henley. Damp benches in the country—Goodwood! Together for months always in the rain! Why you must mean the London Season?"

"You are right," replied the other. "And now, my friend, I must say good-bye."

And the Intelligent Foreigner left England for ever!



AWKWARD REVELATIONS.

Effie. "GEORGIE AND I HAVE BEEN DOWN-STAIRS IN THE DINING-ROOM, MR. MITCHAM. WE'VE BEEN PLAYING HUSBAND AND WIFE!" *Mr. Mitcham.* "HOW DID YOU DO THAT, MY DEAR?"

Effie. "WHY, GEORGY SAT AT ONE END OF THE TABLE, AND I SAT AT THE OTHER; AND GEORGY SAID, 'THIS FOOD ISN'T FIT TO EAT!' AND I SAID, 'IT'S ALL YOU 'LL GET!' AND GEORGY SAID, 'DAM!' AND I GOT UP AND LEFT THE ROOM!"

"A PROFESSIONAL OPINION."

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

AIR—"The Tight Little Island."

DADDY NEPTUNE one day
To BRITANNIA did say,
"I've seen battles on sea and on dry land,
But by Jove, dear, the Briton
A fashion has hit on
Unmatched until now in his Island.
Oho! but it raises a smile, and
Old Nestor to mirth might beguile, and
I never *did* know
Such a rum sort of go,
As this latest sham-fight round your Island.

"By Jingo, my daughter,
This seizure and slaughter
On Albion's salt water, and by land,
This very sham guarding,
And bogus bombarding
The towns and the ports of the Island,
Is good Autumn days to beguile, and
Land-lubbers like LAWSON to rile, and
Make BANNERMAN jeer
But, my dear, is it clear
What good it will do to your Island?"

"No doubt Sir GEORGE TRYON
Has fought like a lion,
And Admiral BAIRD is no craven;
Larks, varied with blunder,
And make-believe plunder,
From Liverpool down to Berehaven
Of course may be really worth while, and
Teach JACK to steer cruisers in style, and

Improvement fast press on;
But what's the true lesson
Mancœuvres like this teach the Island?

"Blockading Lough Swilly
In vain does look silly;
A big hostile fleet close to dry land
Destruction and pillage
Of sea-port and village
May raise a wry laugh round the Island.
Ineffective blockading seems vile, and
To chase the foe many a mile, and
At last let him slip
Without taking a ship
May be war,—but it puzzles the Island.

"Jack Tars are rare jokers,
But shortness of stokers,
And engines that come to grief nigh land,
Are hardly good wheezes,
Scarce funning that pleases
The folks of the tight little Island.
Yes, it's a snug little Island,
A right little, tight little Island;
But ports held to ransom
Are really not handsome
Or nice things to read in the Island.

"Suppose an Armada
Again should invade her,
This Queen of the Sea, dear, your Island,
Could you do more—or less—
Than in days of Queen Bess,
To keep foreign foes from your Island?
There are lots have an eye on the Island,
They would much like to plunder the Island;
And—well, can you say
You've not shown 'em the way
To rife and stifle your Island?"

"Those wise Whitehall 'cakes,'
They all play ducks and drakes
With your wealth, but, my dear, can you spy
Are you clear that your Fleet [land]
Is as sound and complete
As is needful to safe-guard your Island?
The good Wooden Walls of the Island
Are gone; iron ruleth the Island;
But do you quite feel
That with Iron and Steel
You can flout all the foes of your Island?
"Well, Time doth reverse all!
And further rehearsal
May show your Fleet worthy the Island,
But more of it's needful;
So, prithee, be heedful,
And keep a sharp eye round your Island.
Be sure your officials are movers,
To prove by these Autumn Mancœuvres,
Which strike me as funny,
The need of more money
To keep up a Fleet for the Island.
"BRITANNIA and NEPTUNE
Have hitherto kept tune
In each saying, 'This shall be my land;'
Should the foes of Old England,
Or all they can bring, land,
We still must show play for the Island.
We must fight for our right to the Island,
Our Fleet must encircle the Island;
If increase it you must,
My dear, down with the dust,
For it's worth it, your tight little Island!"

TUTTLE'S HISTORY OF PRUSSIA. 2 Vols.
Lucid style. "Clear Tuttle!"



“A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.”

BRITANNIA. “WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, FATHER NEPTUNE?”

FATHER NEP. “WELL, MARM,—IF YOU ASK *ME*,—I’VE SEEN A LOT O’ BATTLES IN MY TIME,—BUT BLESSED IF I EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THIS!!!”

[The main body of the page contains extremely faint and illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper.]



A KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE.

"AND SO YOUR NICE CLEROYMAN IS GOING TO BE MARRIED, MRS. MARI-GOLD! I HOPE YOU 'LL LIKE HIS WIFE AS WELL AS YOU LIKE HIM."
 "WELL, MA'AM, I'M SURE I HOPE SO—BUT WE GENERALLY FIND THAT WHEN THE GENTLEMAN IS HAPPALE, THE LADY'S 'AUGHTY!"

ROBERT AT THE SEA-SIDE.

LAST Friday, when setting on the Jetty, a thinking of this thing and the other thing, wondring what becamed of all the Turtel during August, why the Nigger Minsterels didn't wash their faces now there was plenty of water for 'em, or sum ekally intresting matter, I suddnly thort to myself, what a jolly thing it must be to have lots of reddy money. Not Houses, and Lands, and Shares, and all such trubbels, but lots of reddy money. Draws full of golden suveraigns!

I think I knows one thing I should do. I should fill my poeket with about a handfull of 'em every day, and out I should go, "taking my walks abroad," as the Poet says, and I should pay a suveraign for everything, and say to everybody, "that will do." Good Gracious Me, what a idear! I should begin by having my boots cleaned, and giving the boy a suveraign and saying, "That will do, my Lad." I should buy a penny Newspaper, and do the same; then I should go in somewhere and have a little lunch and do the same. Faney the Waiter's estonishment, poor feller, and then I should call a Handsome Cab, and have a littel ride, and I do believe I should even estonish Cabby; and every time I dined out—and I should take preshus good care to belong to lots of the City Gills—when I asked for my At, I should pitch a soveraign into the plate and walk out smiling at the Waiter's Glee.

Ah! talk about Poppylarity and Riverence, why, I should beat Lord SORLSBURY and Mr. GLADSTON, and the Archbishop of CANTERBERRY into three cocked hats.

The Great Dook's was the only case of the sort I ever heard on, and he was, in this respeek, what I think the French calls, Eunick. He used to give a suveraign for a Play Bill and say to the estonished Cellar, "That will do!"

I carries out the idear to some small extent in my own umble way. I buys the *Echo* every day, it's my favorite paper because I finds news there that I don't find no wheres else, and I allers pays a penny for it, for which penny I ealkerlate as I gets a haporth of news, and a haporth of respeek, and if there's one thing I pines for, even more than pine Appel, it's Respeek.

It was my Wife's Burthday larst week, so I promist her a bottel of Old Port, to witch she is untemon parshal, probberly coz she so seldom gits it, witch is the rule of the Road in most things I fancys. So I gos to the prinsepel Wine Merchant's, and I harsks wot Port wine he had got in stoek, jest as if I was a

going for to order a hole duzen at wunse. And the young chap says, says he, quite earn and collected,

"We've got sum '47."
 "Sum '47!" says I, with perfound estonishment.

"Why, wot's the price?"
 "Don't kno," says he; "but I'll arsk the Guv-governor." So he shouts out, "We've got sum '47 Port, ain't we, Guvvornor?" This brort that gennelman out pretty quick, and he says, says he, "'47 Port! No, I ony wishes as we had; but we ain't got no Customers down here for sitch wine as that. Nothink but cheap Claret gos down here," says he, bitterly. "Ah!" says I, "I've had sum xperience of both, and I agrees with what I herd a Alderman say the other day, that Claret wood be Port if it cou'd." "Rite you are," says he; "but unfort-nightly for me, all the Port as I drinks gos down into my grate Toe!" "Ah," says I, "I don't know, and I don't care, where mine gos to, but I allus drinks it wenever I can get it." So I chose my bottel of Port and carried it home in triumf, and werry good it were, and both me and the Missus injoyed it mutch, she ony drinking three glasses and me ony drinking all the rest. And the wine made me that libberal, that I sollemly promist her jest sitch another treet on her nex buthday.

We finnishd up our more than ushally large serees of Banquets on larst Wensday week, wen we had all Her Majesty's Minnistars at the Manshun Ouse, and didn't they all look jolly appy to think as their work was all hover till next Guy Fox Day, habsent be the homen! Lord GEORGE AMILTON tried hard to friten us all by telling us all as he had jest reseved a telaeram from the Admeral of the Fleet saying as they had taken Habberdeen and Heddingburrow, and was about starting to linwado London, when he hoped if they seized our poplar LORD MARE, we shoob be quite reddy to ransum him! I was that estonished as I neerly spilt a lot of wine as I was anding round. But I needn't have bin alarmed, as a Gent near me said that fortuently there was about 14 millyun golden suverains a lying in the Bank close by, and that wood no dowt satisfy the inwaders! But wot a state of things all this reveals! The Prime Minnistar didn't seem to care werry much about it, but as he's jest a going off to Deep, in France, of course he 'll be all right, and can wash hisself of the hole affair. Strange to say too, the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE follered his prudent xampel and started for Forren Parts the werry next day but wun, so remembring as the better part of discession was waller, I emediately followed sute, and cum to this littel place where no big iron ship wood ewer think of cumming, coz in the fust place there ain't enuff warter for it to swim in, and next, coz there ain't nuffin much to seeze excep Bathing Mashines and Flys, so I don't let no thorts of inwasion disturb my elliday, but eats and drinks of the best as I can afford, and sleeps the sleep of the onest Waiter.

ROBERT.

STANZAS TO SIRIUS.

In the Dog-days, cold the middle
 Of Summer as Christmas, then,
 In the nature of things a riddle,
 Dumfounded dogs and men.
 The men—and the women—remaining
 Still wrapt in winter attire.
 While the dogs, yet the Dog-Star reigning,
 Lay shivering by the fire.

If dogs thou hast driven delirious,
 Thou hast failed to parch the grass,
 So provender's like, old *Sirius*,
 To be green for horse and ass.
 Not enow to stuff a pillow
 Has the farmer mown of hay.
 With his storage in the *silo*
 He must manage as best he may.

AMUSEMENT FOR SUNDAY IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.—The Hostess, taking a hint from *The Musical World*, suggested that all the young ladies of the party should write down the names of their favourite Hymns. After some consultation among the girls, the youngest was deputed to inquire, "Whether they were to add the surnames as well?"

"SUMMARY OF THE PAST SEASON."—Wintry.



“DE GUSTIBUS,” &c.

Darby. “BUT, MY DEAR, THERE ARE NO MICROBES IN TOBACCO.”

Joan. “UM—SHOWS THEIR SENSE!”

[Subject dropped.]

THE AUTOMATIC DOCTOR.

[The latest American novelty is an automatic machine at railway stations, which delivers medicines instead of matches or sweetmeats.]

NOTE the ailment that you've got,
Cardiac or else hepatic.

Put a penny in the slot,
Lo! the action's automatic.

Out there comes for every ill
Physic, funniest of notions;

Here a powder, there a pill,
But it draws the line at lotions.

Should a maiden chance to feel
That her frame needs restoration,

There's a section labelled “Steel,”
Which requires no explanation.

Here the Iron Doctor stands,
For the few or for the many;

Curing, with his liberal hands,
All diseases—for a penny.

Yonder gentleman a drug
Seeks, we'll say, for torpid liver;

There the pills are lying snug,
This machine's a liberal giver.

There's no need for guinea fees,
Or for any drug concoctor;

Just a penny gives you ease
From the Automatic Doctor!

NO LONGER A BACHELOR OF ARTS.
—Ex-President R.B.A. JAMES
MCNELLE WHISTLER is now happily
married. Happy, Happy Pair! This
lady WHISTLER is not the celebrated
this Season's bird *La Siffleuse*,
bien entendu, as the latter has gone
back to her own Trans-atlantic
SHAW.

A CONTRIBUTION TO LIGHT LITERATURE.—“GOSSE'S CONGREVE.”

THE VOICE OF THE VICTIM.

[There are so many Companies started nowadays, that it is difficult to get enough first subscribers to the Articles of Association, and Messrs. ASHHURST, MORRIS AND CRISP make use of the same gentlemen over and over again.]

THEY bring fresh papers every day,
They show me where to sign;
I dream at night of “Table A,”
And shout “competing line.”

No matter what the Company,
I'm down for just one share;
Though large or small the venture be,
My name will still be there.

At first I used to sign with pride,
It seemed a goodly thing,
With men of means to be allied,
In each financial “ring.”

But soon the dream was o'er, and now
I loathe the very sight
Of pens and paper, and my brow
Grows pallid as I write.

I've come to hate my very name,
To curse the thing I am;
I'm “limited” in all but shame,
My single share a sham.

I'm not an avaricious man,
I care not for myself;
But each scheme seems a ghastly plan,
That brings me in no pelf.

Promoters flourish on their tips,
And “booms” within the House;

I sit and watch with hungry lips,
A eat without a mouse.

In spite of everything I sign,
In spite of all I do;
For reasons that I can't divine,
They never raise my “screw.”

The money rolls before my eyes,
A true Paetolian stream.
Alas! the golden vision dies,
A base illusive dream.

Promoters come, promoters go,
They gather gold galore;
I know not how, I only know,
I sign for evermore.

The very children seem to lisp
My name, with sounds of scorn,
O MORRIS! ASHHURST and O CRISP!
Why was I ever born!

HOW BRER FOX LARFS.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and all the Anti-Vivisectionists must rejoice to learn that a Bench of Cheshire Magistrates has decided that foxhounds are no exception to the muzzling order, but liable to be muzzled. Should this decision be enforced, the results of a fox-hunt will be no more unpleasant to the fox than the mere over-exertion of running away, and the consequent exhaustion which will bring the chase to a stop. The fox will be none the worse than if he had been run to earth. How jolly for the fox! If the Bench had consisted entirely of Cheshire cats, they couldn't have

come to a more anti-canine decision. It's enough to make a Cheshire cat laugh; and, as for “Sly Reynolds” himself, he'll go home after a run, use his brush, which he will not have left behind him, and spend a pleasant evening, if his vixenish partner will let him.

“WELL, TO BE SEWER!”

[The report of the Thames Conservators states that Staines is the only town along its banks which still discharges its sewage into the Thames.]

CAN this be true, they say of you,
O sad riparian Staines!
That pure and clean Thames now had been
Save only for *your* drains?

From Twickenham down to London town
Each angler now maintains
That 'tis your sewer makes Thames impure,
O retrogressive Staines!

Of Barking's Creek, its loathly reek,
The ratepayer complains;
And there's no doubt we shall fall out
With out-falls too at Staines.

The house-boat throng we've borne for long
—They're nuisances and banes—
But you defile for many a mile
The river, dirty Staines!

To name this pest with fitting zest
The prudent tongue refrains;
Richmond and Kew now look to you
To end it, Men of Staines!

“GOOD BUSINESS” ON THE MOORS.—No standing Rooms in the Pits. Boxes full.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 12.



FISHING ROD'RICK DHU ABOUT THIS TIME IN SCOTLAND.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

(Further Correspondence.)

SIR,—I can hardly find language in which to convey to you the tremendous impression made on me by a journey recently made in one of these newly instituted "Racing" trains to the North. The sense of hurry was overwhelming. From the moment in which I was hustled out of breath, by mistake, with a first-class ticket into the corner of a third-class compartment, to that of arriving at Edinburgh an hour and seventeen minutes late, I never enjoyed a single interval of repose. Imagine the ceaseless whirl through stations, the masters of which were watching the train tear by with a dazed

stare. As we swept past Grantham, refreshments were flung at us from the platform. We reached York at a tremendous rush. Seven invalid old gentlemen were trodden under foot in their efforts to get into the train.

It seems we had beaten the record by five-and-thirty minutes, which led me to believe that I should be able to partake at leisure of the excellent dinner of soup, fish, two *entrées*, joint, salad, pickles, and bread-and-cheese, provided for the passengers in the refreshment-room. Imagine my surprise, therefore, on being told that, if I wanted to dine, I must do it in three minutes and a half; and as "beating the record," as the waiter smilingly observed, "was the order of the day," I got through as much of it as I possibly could in



AU MAGASIN DU LOUVRE.

"COMBIEN EN VOULEZ-VOUS, MADAME?"

"OH!—ER—LET ME SEE—FIVE YARDS—SANK KILOMETRES, N'EST CE PAS?"

[Stupefaction.]

that limited time. So great, though, was the scurry, that I found myself again *en route*, without having had an opportunity of paying him. And now our troubles began. At Thirsk, after struggling heavily against the north-east wind, our engine broke down. This was replaced, but our pace did not mend, and a few miles before Berwick we came to a dead stop. Inquiry confirmed my worst fears. It seemed that the strain had proved too much for them, and that the guard and driver had both gone off their heads simultaneously, and had to be removed to a neighbouring lunatic asylum. Owing to these *contretemps*, we reached our destination somewhat behind time, but found the officials nothing daunted, but full of enthusiasm, they having just heard that the rival Company's express had only just got in with both its driving-wheels off. They are therefore confident that to-morrow will again find the Company "beating the record." How long they will continue to do so is a problem that puzzles your much-impressed and over-wrought contributor,

A STITCH IN TIME.

SIR,—It is all very well to cry up the magnificent performance of running 200 miles without a break, but I would caution any intending traveller to see that he does not attempt the feat in a compartment with three escaped lunatics. This was my experience yesterday. The train had hardly moved out of the station before I discovered the dangerous character of my companions. In a few minutes they were all at my throat. The struggle was a long and desperate one, but I am fortunately a bit of an athlete, and by the time we had passed Grantham I had secured two effectively in the umbrella and luggage nets, and had fixed the third with the point of a walking-stick underneath the opposite seat. The last hour passed with these three maniacs glaring at me was, however, not pleasant travelling, and I have certainly no wish to repeat the experiment. Yours, &c.,

NOTHING IF NOT CIRCUMSPECT.

The following letter, which comes fittingly as a conclusion to the above Correspondence, has just reached *Mr. Punch* as he was going to press; and, as it seems to him to announce a very wise decision on the matter, he has much pleasure in subjoining it:—

SIR,—After three weeks' testing of the racing and other qualities of our respective engines, by which we flatter ourselves they have both, in turns, shown that they have been able, when put to it, to "beat the record," we have determined, by mutual agreement, on and after the 31st inst., to return to our normal ways, and observe, as nearly as we can, the hours of departure and arrival of our trains as fixed in the advertised Time-tables of our respective Companies. The fact is, keeping up "the pace that kills" necessitates the heaping a great deal of coal on—an expensive process, that, as figures will readily show, must soon come to a full stop. Our motto is, therefore, *pro tem.*, "*Requiescamus in pace*," which means that,

for the future, we are going to rest and be thankful with a good, but moderate pace. As long as the "Scotchman" can fly from London to Edinburgh in something like eight hours, we fancy the public will have no occasion to quarrel with

Your obedient Servants,
THE DIRECTORS OF THE TWO CONTENDING COMPANIES.

PHILALOO!

A LAY OF THE LATE SESSION.

Air—"Killaloe."

WELL, 'tis ended as 'twas born, in shindy and in scorn,
The Session whose right name is Philaloo;
It was like a dreadful drama, and seemed shaped upon the scheme
That we've laughed at in the land of Parlevoov!
Men did everything but swear at the SPAYKER in the Chair,
And they hinted he said things that were not true,
And the Irish sort of spite, and French manners *impolite*,
Faith, we've larnt 'em in the school of Philaloo.

Chorus.

You may talk of BONEYPARTE,
His fierce rage was rude as hearty,
But the passions now of Party
Lick the Corsican. Hurroo!
We beat BOULANGER aisy,
In coarseness crass and crazy,
In spache that's long, and strong, and wrong,
We shine at Philaloo.

"What, lick us?" Mossco would cry. "Why, of course we can,"
says I.

"Is that a thing to rouse a Frank's surprise?"

A boy straight up from Clare is the chap to raise your hair,

And—rhetorically—black your Party eyes.

What Mossco would call "*vacarme*" for all Paddies hath a charm,
So bad language fairly flew about the place.

"Judas!" aloud to cry, and each other give the lie,

Were among the pleasant features of the case.

Chorus.—You may talk, &c.

Oh, boys, there was the fun, you should see it ere 'twas done,

All courtesies one by one did disappear;

When the CONYBEARES and TANNERS put an end to all good manners,

The talk sometimes was horrible to hear.

The insult and the oath,—well, there's law agin them both,

But for unwritten codes we need not care.

Fellows find it will not do to talk much at Philaloo,

Unless they've got a curse or two to spare.

Chorus.—You may talk, &c.

Well, we've raved about the rint, and a dale o' time we've spint.

Says the SPAYKER, "By St. Patrick, I'm perplexed.

For when 'gentlemen,' ye see, go on like this at *Me*,

I hardly know what to be up to next."

Had he axed *me*, I'd have said, "You had best go home to bod,

And mix no more in Philaloo affairs.

In the papers soon ye'll trace that our Party Spouting Place

Is closed for alterations and repairs."

Chorus.—You may talk, &c.

If Billingsgate you'd try, or give Bargees the go-by,

Or make yourself a blayguard, just for fun,

You've just one thing to do—get a seat at Philaloo,

And your mother soon won't own you for her son.

Sure the endless Party shine is a prisant moighty fine,

But what it *will* be you may well suppose.

For imagine, don't ye see, *what* a Philaloo there'll be,

When the prisant Ayes change places with the Noes!

Chorus.—You may talk, &c.

ENCORE VERSE.

Well, I'm glad to find it's true ye're ashamed of Philaloo,

And the conduct of the Mimbers that ye send.

May the Session that is past of *such* Sessions prove the last,

Or Parlyment itself perhaps may end.

'Tis not *only* Irish there who abuse, and rave, and swear,

The Saxon does his share, ye'll find that thrue.

If to "justice" he'll consint, and not ax us for the Rint,

Shure we'll all behave like doves at Philaloo!

Chorus.—You may talk, &c.

FOOT-NOTE AT COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. CROWE is an energetic conductor. Head, hand, and foot are at work, quicker, quicker! Here, indeed, as on an elderly beauty's face, "The CROWE's foot marks the advance of time."



OBSTRUCTIONISTS IN A SMOKING CARRIAGE.

VOCES POPULI.

A SHOW PLACE.

SCENE—A Ducal Castle. Party of Tourists discovered waiting in the Entrance Hall. Enter the Head Butler, an imposing person with sandy hair and pale blue prominent eyes.

The H. B. (with condescension). If you'll 'ave the goodness to wait a little, I shall be able to go round with you myself.

[Departs with mysterious solemnity, leaving the Party overwhelmed.]

A Matron (who yields to none in reverence for the aristocracy—to her daughters). Doesn't everything look stately, dears? I wonder where they keep all the hats and umbrellas.

A Wife (to her Husband). Now, for goodness' sake, CHARLES, don't try to be funny here—remember where you are!

[The Party converse in whispers; a Tourist in a Flannel Shirt taps a man in armour familiarly on the stomach, causing him to emit a hollow ring. The rest look at him reproachfully. He returns their gaze with defiance, but edges away from the armed figure as the Butler returns.]

The H. B. Now please, if you'll follow me, and keep together. (Tourists straggle after him, each in deadly fear of catching his eye; the Man in the Flannel Shirt hums the "Marseillaise" under his breath.) The Banqueting 'All. The Fam'ly takes all their meals 'ere when at Blaisnings. (Party repeat this to one another in hushed voices.) The tapestry along the walls is Gobling.

Charles (frivolously). Ha, very bad example for the family!

The H. B. Did you speak, Sir?

Charles (turning red in the face). Only to my wife.

Tourist (with a turn for Architecture and a desire to air his information). Er—this portion of the building is—ah—Early Decorated, is it not?

The H. B. (severely). No, Sir. Decorated quite lately, by a London Firm.

[The Architectural Tourist falls to the rear; the others conceive a poor opinion of him.]

A Tourist (nerving himself to ask a question). Will there be many dining here this evening?

The H. B. (with a lofty candour). Well, no—we 'aven't many staying with us at present. I should say we shouldn't set down more than twenty or so to-night—or thirty, at most.

A Tourist with a Ticang. Air your Company a Stag-party?

The H. B. (pityingly). There's no deer-forests in this part of the country.

The Tourist with a Ticang (clapping him on the shoulder and laughing). I see you don't understand our National Colloquialisms.

The H. B. I don't understand any Colloquialisms bein' took with Me. (He moves away with dignity.) This (opening door) is the Hamber Droring Room.

[A door on the opposite side is seen to shut precipitately as the Party enter.]

The Reverential Matron. GWENDOLEN—come over here a minute. (Whispers.) She was sitting in this very chair—do you see? I wonder if it could have been the Duchess! There's the mark left in her book—if I only dared. (Reading title.) The Mystery of a Bathing Machine. We'll get it at the bookstall as we go back.

The H. B. (coming to a stand and fixing his eye on a Nervous Tourist, who opens his mouth feebly). The pair of Vawses on the Consols was brought over by the Grandfather of the present Duke of Ammerloth, and are valued at hover five thousand pounds apiece. We 'ave been hofferred nine thousand five 'undred for the pair—and refused.

[The Man in the Flannel Shirt groans "Ow long?" to himself in bitter indignation at the unequal distribution of wealth.]

The Nervous Tourist. Did you, though?

[Regards the H. B. with intense admiration for his judgment and resolution.]

A Comic Tourist. I wish someone 'ud offer me nine thousand pounds for the vawses on my mantelpiece. I wouldn't 'aggle over it.

The H. B. (ignoring him). The picture in the panel above the chimley-piece is a paregorio subject representing "Apoller, Merery, and the Fine Arts complimenting the first Duke of Ammerloth on the completion of the new Private Chapel. By 'OGARTH. In the corner. Old woman heatin' a nerring. By Torchlight.

A Tourist (who thinks it is time he made a remark). Let me see—wasn't he one of the Dutch School? Tautschlyt. Torschlyt. I seem to know the name.

The H. B. (tolerantly). No, no, Sir—you didn't foller what I said. It wasn't the name of the artis—it's what the old woman is heatin' the 'erring by, in a cellar. The cellar and the 'erring is considered masterpieces.

A Young Lady. What a very curious method of cooking fish, isn't it?

[The Party move on.]

H. B. This is His Grace's own Study. His Grace sees his tenants at that table.

[General interest in the table, except on part of the Man in the Flannel Shirt, who suppresses a snort.]

Charles's Wife. Fancy, CHARLES—the Duke uses "J" pens!

Charles. Not even gilded! This is a severe blow, CAROLINE!

[Pretends to be overcome.]

His Wife. If you go on in this foolish manner, I will not be seen talking to you.

The Reverential Matron (in a whisper). ERMYNTRUDE, see if you can manage to pick up a nib when no one's looking—there are plenty lying about.

A Tourist (anxious to propitiate the Butler). An excellent landlord, the Duke, I believe?

The H. B. (coldly). We 'ave not 'eard of any complaints on the estate. (Leads the way to the Gallery.) The Hoak Gallery—formerly the Harmry. When we 'ave a large 'ouse party, they sometimes comes up 'ere after dinner, and 'as games.

[Expressions of pleased surprise—always excepting the Man in the Flannel Shirt, who mutters something about "dancing on volcanoes."]

A Tourist (with a thirst for information). What sort of games?

The H. B. (with dignity). That I can't tell you percisely, bein' no part of my dooties to participate. (Halting before a picture.) Portrait of 'ENERY HALGERNON, Second Marquis of SEASPRINGS, beyeaded on Tower 'Ill by Sir PETER LELY.

Charles the Incurrigible. Do you mean that Sir PETER took his head off?

The H. B. (solemnly). He took his Lordship off full length, Sir, as you can see by looking. (To the Reverential Matron, whose demeanour has not escaped him.) If you like to stop be'ind, and let the rest go on a bit, I can show you something that's not generally open to the Public. (Mysteriously.) It's the room where all his Grace's boots are kep'. He has over a nundred pair of them.

[The Matron rejoins the rest in a state of solemn ecstasy, and can hardly refrain from betraying how highly she has been privileged. The Party return to the Hall.]

A Tourist (a diligent student of the Society paragraphs in a Sunday paper—to Butler). Is Lady FLORILINE at home just now?

The H. B. Her Ladyship is away visiting at present, Sir. Expected back Saturday week, Sir.

The Society T. (as if he felt this as a personal disappointment). Not till Saturday week?—really!—ah! (The rest regard him with increased respect, and listen attentively.) I suppose it's quite true that the match with Lord GEORGE GINGHAM is broken off. Going to marry Lady SUSAN LONSHADE, isn't he? I was very sorry when I heard of it (feelingly).

The H. B. Was you hintimate with 'is Lordship, Sir?

The S. T. (with a modest reserve). Oh, I've stayed with him, you know, and that sort of thing.

[He has—at a Swiss Hotel, when Lord GEORGE took him for a Tout,—but what of that?

The H. B. Then I should certingly recommend you to inquire of Lord GEORGE in pusson, Sir. That's his Lordship coming up the terrace now.

[The S. T. collapses utterly.]

Ermyntrude (coming up to her Mother). Oh, Mamma, what do you think? We looked in at a window as we passed, and we saw them all having afternoon tea. And the Duchess was actually eating buttered toast. She didn't see us for ever so long—we had such a good view!

[Scene closes in upon the majority of the Party, anxiously discussing in undertones the propriety or otherwise of offering any, and what, fee to the Butler, who stands apart in a brown study, with a distinct effort to mitigate the severity of his expression. As far as the Man in the Flannel Shirt is concerned, the problem "solvitur ambulando."]

UP AGAIN!



Madame La République loquitur :—

Mon Dieu! He's up again, though with much splutter. It seemed that his submergence was so utter!

But to the surface struggles he once more.

Pouf-f-f! No, I cannot say that he looks dignified: But by his frog-like sprawl one thing is signified,—

That "*P'tit bonhomme—BOULANGER—vit encore!*"

There seemed an end to his thrasonic clowning. But it appears that he is proof 'gainst drowning.

Like—well, to specify were too invidious.

Pinked by the "*Usher*," plunged into the flood Of Ridicule that's like a bath of mud,

Here he is once again, alive though hideous!

Que faire? I feel that I should relish greatly To "*bonnet*" him as I did *PLON-PLON* lately.

'Twould simplify my task if he would sink;

But one can't drown a cork that just bobs under And then pops up. What will France say, I wonder? And what, I wonder more, will *BISMARCK* think?

What is he? What's his aim? Which is his Party?

Is he a sort of Brummagem *BUONAPARTE*?

A squeezable and clayey mask of *CÆSAR*?

Who pulls the wires of this pert popinjay?

Am I indeed to be upset one day

By this preposterous, spray-spluttering sneezer?

I feel he is *my* foe. A *foc pour rire*?

Or one *fou furieux* more whom I've to fear?

Our geese betray the Capitol, not save.

My fools are my undoing. Despot sane

Were better than a *CLEON* cracked and vain.

So you, my master, "*pepping* up again,"

Spluttering, but with his head above the wave?



DIAGNOSIS.

Cabman (insolently, on receiving his right fare). "WHA 'S THIS ERE FOR!"

Fare (promptly). "WELL, I SHOULD SAY 'FOR DRINK,'—IF YOU ASK ME,—BY THE LOOK OF YOU!"

COLWELL-HATCHNEY MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Contributed by a Sufferer from the Music of the Present and the Future, at present residing at the Colwell-Hatchney Musical Academy.)

To commence at common time, four in a bar. There will be sixteen in the American bar.

Opening Chorus accompanied by the

LIGHTEST GUITAR IN THE MUSICAL WORLD, weighing only two pounds ten. The Second Part of the Festival will be in harmony with the First, and taken at the same time.

Conductor, Mr. SAMMY TONE.

(By kind permission of the London General Omnibus Company.)

At the word of command, "Full inside! All right!" the

Concert will go on with
"I know a Bank." . . . **LOTHBURY, E.C.**

After which an instructive Lecture on

TAKING DOWN SWELL SHUTTERS,

and opening the Shop for the day, will be given by

The Leading Assistant Boy

in the establishment of Messrs. **NARROWOOD & Co.** (successors to **BROADWOOD**).

Duet in Scale Armour by **LITTLE FRESH HEGNER** and **B. OFFMAN**—

"Oh, would I were a Fish!"

To be followed by a Squintette entitled, "Eyes right! So you are!"

After which there will be

ATHLETIC MUSICAL EXERCISES,

Including *Sliding Scales on the Zither* by Unknown Members of the Accidental Club. **N.B.**—A Surgeon with musical instruments in attendance. No danger.

RUNNING UP-AND-DOWN-THE-PIANO RACE.

Five-Year-Olds only entered

after weighing in the Chromatic Scale.

FLAT RACE over two Grand Pianos. To be won hand over hand.

CHORUS—"Fingers were made before Tuning-Forks."

After which a Practical Lecture on "How to Score a Treble for the Orchestra," by Signor **RUBBERINI**, assisted by Three Dummies.

Swimming Contest from C. to C. in *puris naturalibus*.

AIR—"See me Dance the Poker," composed about the time of

ALFRED the Grate. After which

THE GRAND MUSICAL TOURNAMENT—THE PITCH BATTLE.

By the entire strength of the Company, with Pitch-forks.

To be followed by the Hailstone Chorus, with real Hailstones, and a Grand finale of

ORGANIC REMAINS.

The Chair will be taken by the first person present, singular number, and the Vice will be represented by **A VIRTUOSO.**

Admission by Playing Cards only. When in doubt play Penny Trump. No False Notes changed.

Tea and Shrimps will be served (if the Shrimps like it) in the Antea Room.

Overtures will be made to everybody inclined to assist in the charitable object. There will be a collection of umbrellas and walking-sticks at the doors, which will be given to the **Universal Lemon Aid Society.** Hon. Sec., Mr. **SQUASH.** Address, Monday Ginger-Pop Concerts.

After the Concert the entire Chorus, Principals of all the Academies, and the Audience will join in the Irrational Anthem from

HANWELL'S ORATORIO.

After which a Mareh Past, three shies a penny, **SARAH SARTY**, fireworks (which may be procured at the doors by those who have neglected to bring them in their pockets), grand free distribution of everybody's umbrellas, and procession round the ruins. *Sic transit gloria mundi! Pop goes the Weasel!* (Signed) **BY ANYONE.**

N.B.—Order not admitted after the first row.

"THE RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC" (contributed by Master Tommy, at home for the holidays).—Why, the American, to be sure!



THE LAWS OF HEREDITY ILLUSTRATED.

Grigson (who has tripped up his friend Professor Grumpson's campstool just as the latter was sitting down on it). "Hi! DON'T! IT'S NO GOOD CUTTING UP ROUGH, YOU KNOW—I INHERITED A TENDENCY TO PRACTICAL JOKING, AND CAN'T HELP IT—YOU SAID SO YOURSELF!!!!"

Grumpson. "QUITE SO, MY DEAR FELLOW; YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME A BIT! BUT I'VE INHERITED A TENDENCY TO KICK PRACTICAL JOKERS, AND CAN'T HELP IT EITHER." [Kicks him.]

SONG BY A SMALL SHOPKEEPER.

In my business as lies in a subub,
Wen there proves weights and measures untrue,
The least mixture in groceries, grub, bub,
Other articles ever so few;
Wot a row, and a 'owl, and a 'ubbut!
And I'm fined if 'ad up for the "do."

A wrong label the same, on conviction,
In shop-front if exposed to the sight,
Though there mayn't be no 'arm in the fiction,
Or if any, no matter 'ow slight;
So severe is the legal restriction
Upon deals as isn't all right.

O, 'ow 'enious, a sample to tender
To the test wot ain't quite true and trim!
A poor tradesman 's a petty offender,
And the Lawr will be down upon 'im.
Now the rule is, "Look out let the vender,"
Clear of fraud 'e must carefully skim.

But Contractors of wealth and 'igh station,
See wot charges is laid to their dores,
Of all manner of falsification,
Shams, and swindles in Government stores,
Guns and weapons of war for the Nation;
Wot yer calls the defence of our shores!

Them as 'olds a superior position,
Imposition can practise seot-free,
For a rogue of exalted condition
There 's one lawr, and another for me.
Nothink was than a Special Commission
To report upon duffers like 'e.

Then the 'ole blame the "system" is laid on,
Never no one let in for a fine,
As inflicted small cheaters in trade on.
Jerry Diddlers tiptop may combine,
No detection in diddlin' afraid on.
Oh! 'ow blessed their potion to mine!

ADVICE TO WOULD-BE CYCLISTS.—Tri before you Bi.

MEN OF RANK AND STATION.—Railway Cabmen.

MASTER TOMMY'S DOMESTIC MANŒUVRES.

Suggested by some Recent Make-believe Naval Experiments.

How to Make them Fancy the House is on Fire.—Having prepared two of the top-floor chimneys, by stuffing them with the contents of several feather pillows steeped in petroleum, light these, and proceed quickly to the coal-cellar, where, kindling a large bonfire of newspapers, old school-books, kitchen chairs, and door-mats, rush up the stairs, crying "Fire!" at the top of your voice, and raise the alarm. The house being by this time full of blinding smoke, shout to the butler to open the back windows, and pump freely into the rooms with the garden-engine. This will increase the consternation, but you will have to provide for the excitement of the crowd that will have by this time collected in front of the house. To do this, rush to a window on the second floor, and, flinging it wildly open, tear bed-curtains and sheets into lengths rapidly, and join them together for an escape-ropes. Now, having secured the page-boy, and threatened him with a thrashing if he makes any resistance, let him down by this into the area. To give mere effect to this, do it with jerks. This will have so impressed the crowd that they will have already summoned the Parish engines, that will now be playing vigorously on the front of the house, and drenching it from top to bottom. The origin of the "Alarm" having by this time been discovered, you will probably be called on for an explanation, where-upon, pointing to the fact, from experience, how well they would have been prepared to meet it, if there had been a real fire, you express your complete satisfaction at the result, and frankly intimating that you now consider the incident closed, refuse to enter into any further conversation on the matter.

An Impromptu Little Dinner.—This experiment may be best tried at the house of an invalid uncle and aunt, who are noted for their hospitality, and pride themselves on the excellence of their *cuisine*, the object being to show how, with scarcely any preparation, a very satisfactory dinner may be provided on the spur of the moment for a decent number of perfectly unexpected guests. Getting hold of your aunt and uncle's visiting-list, proceed to ask four-and-twenty

of their friends to dinner at a short-date, taking care to tell them there is "no need to reply to the invitation." The day at length arriving, and the guests beginning to assemble, hurry out and order in twenty-four bloaters, the same number of mutton-chops, and two dozen of stout respectively from the fishmonger's, butcher's, and the public-house in the immediate neighbourhood. The dinner is now provided. After some awkward pauses in the conversation, your uncle and aunt still being unconscious of the reason of the assembling of their guests in their drawing-room, the butler, much to their surprise, now announces it, and all forthwith adjourn down-stairs to partake of the repast. This does not take long, and the guests, the matter still being unexplained to them, and, rather resenting the fare that has been provided for them, depart early, taking their leave more or less abruptly. Your aunt and uncle being at last left alone, though still profoundly puzzled at the whole proceeding, are bound to admit that, although they have not done it exactly in the style they would wish, they have most undeniably given a *quite impromptu little dinner*.

A FRAGMENT FROM A ROMANCE—A SUGGESTION FOR SCARBOROUGH.

HE was followed everywhere! At last it became unbearable. He resolved that, come what would, to learn his fate. He turned round sharply by the sad sea waves, and faced them. For a moment they shrank back abashed.

"What do you want?" he asked, sternly.

There was a dead silence! Then one of them, extending a bronzed hand, cried, in an appealing voice,—

"A penny, good Sir—a penny!"

His eyes flashed fire, and he indignantly refused the boon.

"A penny, good Sir—a penny!" they repeated, with increased importunity.

Then he hurled at them a defiance.

"If you are not off at once, I will give you into the custody of the Police!"

With an unearthly yell, they threw up their arms, and, taking to their heels, disappeared for ever!!

THE PLEASANT WAYS OF GLORY.

LORD WOLSELEY, when recently giving his evidence before the Army Estimates Committee, admitting that while an English Major-General of Brigade received £1279 per annum, an officer of corresponding rank in the German Army drew only £700, seemed inclined to defend the anomaly on the plea that what was expected socially of the former in this country would not enable him to do it for a lower figure. Indeed the distinguished witness went further than this. Alleging that the rates of pay for regimental officers were fixed at a time when men purchased their commissions, he proceeded to admit that this same time was one



"List, List, oh List!"

when the Army was looked on as a profession into which men went very much for their amusement, for which they paid partly themselves. Quite so.

But with all respect for the opinion of "Our Only General," it may surely be pointed out, that whereas now the Army is decidedly not a profession into which men go "only for their amusement," it need not follow that the traditions of expensive living formerly regarded as its inevitable social concomitant must be accepted as an official necessity from which there is no means of escape or evasion. Yet that some sort of idea of the kind prevails, and is generally accepted as a palpable though unpalatable fact, there cannot be any doubt. No subaltern can live on his pay, nor is he expected to. Indeed, every obstacle is put in his way to prevent him.

Plain DICK and HARRY, as soon as they are out of Woolwich or Sandhurst, and who in many cases have sat down at home in perfect contentment to the family dinner on cold mutton, find themselves suddenly waited upon by flunkeys in plush breeches, and living *en prince*, surrounded by all the luxury and comfort of a well-appointed London Club. There is no getting out of the expenditure, and the subaltern's pay is, as a matter of course, immediately swamped. And the evil seems to permeate the whole system, for the officers of higher rank appear to be no better off, Lord WOLSELEY alleging that he had known men who had refused commands because they were expected to entertain the whole neighbourhood, and could not in consequence cover their expenses out of the pay they received.

In fact, the life of the British officer, as thus revealed, seems to resolve itself into a prolonged struggle to keep up a false position on insufficient means. And at present there seems but little hope of any remedy. For when we have only about two hundred of the new guns ready, and two thousand are required, and when our foreign stations, wanting an equal number, are supplied as yet only with twenty, and whilst the non-commissioned officers and men in the British cavalry number 18,500, and the horses to mount them only reach the figure of 11,800, to say nothing of departmental short-comings and blunders cropping up daily on all sides, it seems almost futile to raise a fresh cry about such comparative trifles as heavy mess bills and excessive regimental expenditure.

Still, when the lively difficulties and dangers that at the present moment threaten the Army have been in some measure lightened and alleviated, it might be worth the while of Our Only General to try to set on foot some reform that would teach the British Officer that, to place before himself a simpler standard of living, and one more compatible with his means, would in no way derogate from his claim to be considered an English Gentleman.

THE BEE AND THE HONEYMOON.—The wedding-dress of the Princess LEBITIA, who is shortly to be married to her uncle, the Duke of AOSTA, is to be embroidered with Bees, the emblem of the House of BONAPARTE. No doubt the "going away" costume of this young lady, who has made so singular a choice in the selection of a husband, will also include a bee—in her bonnet!

THE TRIUMPH OF CAPITAL.

AN ODE.

(Picked up at the Crystal Palace, after the National Co-operative Festival, August 18, 1888; and presumed to be intended as a sort of poetic counterblast, from another point of view, to Mr. Lewis Morris's optimistic Ode, "The Triumph of Labour," sung by 4000 Voices on that occasion.)

COME, let us sing together an old song,
The triumph of the truly strong.
The victories of Gold we celebrate.
Our Mammon still is great.
Let us our chuckling voices tune to praise,
Come, let us sing together the old and joyous song!

Who threatens to emancipate the clown?
Free workmen from their master's frown?
We wish them joy of their preposterous task.
Mammon may wear a mask,
Of too bold flaunting of his gains afraid,
But still the Sons of Toil are Slaves of Trade.
Interests, in union strong, the workers' claim disown.

There is a strife not fought with sword or gun,
Where, 'midst smug Peace, War's wrong is done;
Still, face to face, in hostile camp they stand,—
Capital, Labour's band,—
The rich man holds his own with smiling ease,
And if sham pæans do the poor man please,
Let the fools tootle; it is rare good fun.

"Time's curse is almost done"? Nay, friend, not yet,
Whilst grabbers grab, and sweaters sweat.
Optimist bards may pipe the pastoral reed;
Pan-pipes won't soften Greed.
Were workers really "strong through brotherhood,"
Panic would swiftly spread through Mammon's brood;
But, spite of poet's song, there's little danger yet.

Pooh! Let them pipe, and for one day rejoice;
Let maudlin MORRIS give them voice;
We know that what has been, is, and shall be.
LEWIS, your fiddle-de-dee
Of optimistic Odes won't give Man power.
Eh? "Peaceful union bloom a perfect flower"?
Nay; much more like a "plant," for all their noise.

Co-operant donkeys bray forth solemn mirth;
Ours is the fulness of the Earth,
Culled by strong hands, whose labour magnifies
The harvest that we prize.
Look round! and see how rich that harvest grows!
Whilst we've Wealth's golden fruit and Pleasure's rose,
Labour's last "triumph" bard, though loud, is little worth.

See how around the slums the cellars fill
With triumphs of the Sweater's skill;
"The man's strong work, the woman's deft and fine,"
To swell our hoards combine.
See them sit pinched and pallid, dull and dumb;
In that strange den, that's dubbed an English home,
E'en children work; play their poor mouths won't fill.

Therefore let Toil make merry and seem glad;
The vision need not make us sad;
We, in Wealth's wider, stronger brotherhood,
Cling close, for our own good.
We sing the only bond that really binds,
God Mammon's golden link. Wealth little minds
The thing poor fools call "Union,"—they are mad.
And we—we sing together our old and joyous song!

QUITE BRADLAUGHABLE.—An evening paper observes, "that while Christians orthodox and heterodox are ready with their millions to endow churches, there does not seem to be a single wealthy unbeliever who is willing to endow Mr. BRADLAUGH, or even to rescue him from the debts by which he is embarrassed." Of course, as the Junior Member for Northampton is a person of ability, this is very very sad; but as the Agnostic by his name announces that he "knows nothing," it is not altogether strange that he should avowedly remain in ignorance of the requirements of his distinguished, but alas, unfortunate co-anti-religionist. Mr. BRADLAUGH may be a big gun in his own circle, but, when the hat goes round, he is not likely to provoke quite as much enthusiasm as an eminent ecclesiastic—say, as a Canon of a cathedral.



OUT OF TOWN.

(UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.)

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM NUPKINS (AND FAMILY) ARE SPENDING THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

"MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS."

(New Version of an Old Song.)

Mr. P.—L sings:—

My heart's in the Highlands; it long has been here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer.
The hills of ould Erin are greener, I know,
But for sport, at this moment, they're plainly no go.
My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

This is clearly the place for this species of game.
Here I think I may manage to track and take aim.
'Tis a monster, and proud of its high-antlered crown;
But just give me a chance, and I'll yet bring it down.
My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

My heart's in the Highlands. Great GLADDY is clear
That if I've a chance of success, it is here.
He knows the ground well, and he wishes me luck.
Well, I wish it were night, and the quarry well struck!
My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

I shall manage a pop at you yet, please the pigs!
Though I do feel a little bit like poor old Briggs:
My elbows so ache, and my knees are so sore:
Still I'm bound so stalk on, though it's rather a bore.
My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

They didn't expect me—those Cockneys did not—
To come out as a crack Caledonian shot.
GOSCHEN's swaggering challenge of course was mere bluff.
Horroo!!! Yet I wish that these rocks were less rough.
My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

Yes, my heart's in the Highlands,—but so are my legs,
Which are stiff at this moment as two timber pegs.
But oh, just to hear a swift bullet go cr-r-raunch
Through yon animal's back-bone, or into its haunch!
My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

How little they like me, the Sassenach lot!
A sleuth-hound's slow patience, *plus* skill as a shot,
Are needful for stalking a quarry like yon.
Well, a lesson we'll learn ere all here is done.
My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

All hail to the Highlands! All hail to the North!
The home-land of WILLIAM, the country of worth!
And if to yon brute its quietus I give,
I'll shout for Auld Scotland as long as I live.
My heart's in the Highlands—that is to say, *here*—
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer.
Believe, "brither Scots,"—I assure you 'tis so,—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go!

A GOOD JOKE (FOR CLIENTS) FROM THE LAW COURTS.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE, CHANCERY DIVISION.

Counsel (addressing Vacation Judge). My Lud, in this case I appear to ask your Ludship for leave to have a petition to wind up a Company answered at an early date. Under a special Act of Parliament passed on the 13th of August, 1888, the Court has jurisdiction to wind up this Company under the provisions of the Companies Acts.

Learned Judge. I wish it to be known by the Bar that Judges who sit in the Vacation have no knowledge of recent Acts of Parliament. Some order has deprived the Judges of notice of Acts of Parliament formerly sent them. I cannot accept notice by hearsay. Let the petition go into the general list.

Counsel. Very well, my Lud. But—

Learned Judge. Extremely sorry. Call the next action!

HARNESSED TO A NIGHTMARE.—It appears, from a letter of Sir WILLIAM FRASER to a contemporary, that the Duchess of RICHMOND's hall at Brussels, on the eve of Waterloo, was given in a coach-house. Thus the identity of the site of this rather gruesome entertainment no longer remains without a stable foundation.



“MY HEART’S IN THE HIGHLANDS!”

MR. PANTLE. “I CAN GET AT HIM BETTER FROM HERE!”

27

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND. THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND. THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



A LITTLE HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND.

Energetic Friend. "NOW, JACK, STOP WHERE YOU ARE, AND YOU'LL GET A SPLENDID SHOT IN HALF-AN-HOUR OR SO!"

Jack is thinking that by that time it will be dark, and then what's to be done?

FOR NOW IT IS SEPTEMBER!

SCENE—*Sanctum of a Daily Paper.*

Editor and Faithful Contributor discovered in consultation.

Editor. I am afraid that Bethlehem Hospital, Marriage, Smoking, and the Irish Exhibition, are used up.

Faithful Contributor. Surely, not quite. For instance, about the last. Couldn't I write indignantly about the Cork Band under the signature of a Field Officer's Widow?

Ed. Scarcely. The musicians, who had not progressed sufficiently far in their art to play the "National Anthem," will have gone back to Ireland before we shall have had time to get published.

F. C. Might I not remind the G. O. M. that once he liked Marmalade better than Jam, and quote from *Hansard* to prove it, eh?

Ed. Fancy people are growing rather tired of these raked-up little inaccuracies of the Ex-Premier.

F. C. Could I do anything in the Matrimonial line?

Ed. I am afraid not. You see you have already written as "A Mother of Six Daughters," "Little Toddlekins," "An Engaged Young Man," "Nellie," "A Retired Physician," "A Sensible English Girl," and "Anti-Latch-key," and are getting rather monotonous. Can't you think of something new?

F. C. Well, there is the British Museum. They say that the Reading Room is full to overflowing with people who come there only for recreation.

Ed. Why shouldn't they? If anyone is to be excluded, why not the professional bookmaker who lives on scissors and paste? Besides who cares for the contents of the British Museum? Far too valuable and useful to attract attention. Now, if anyone had been interfering with the pigeons or the drinking-fountain outside the entrance, that would be quite a different matter. No, we must get something else.

F. C. The Bakers seem to have a grievance.

Ed. So long as the British Public has rolls for breakfast, they can

grieve. If it were a question of adulteration, that would put a new complexion on the case. And even that subject would sure to end in a gratis advertisement for Somebody's Patent Homo-Made Loaves. Try again.

F. C. Lord WOLSELEY is going to live at Greenwich. Can't we say anything about that?

Ed. Only that he will have increased facilities for taking shrimps with his tea.

F. C. The Scotch Express—

Ed. Is to race no more, but to travel at the leisurely rate that we love so much—on paper!

F. C. Anything at the theatres? Barring PENLEY, the new entertainment at the Comedy is the reverse of novel.

Ed. Oh, I think we may leave the Drama alone at this season of the year. Nobody expects anything notable until the middle of September.

F. C. Foreign affairs?

Ed. Sick of them. Besides, there aren't any. Same old story. BISMARCK mysterious, and BOULANGER blatant. Two B.'s might suggest industry, but, on the whole, they don't.

F. C. Well, then, what shall I write about?

Ed. Don't know, I am sure. What you like.

F. C. What do you say to GLADSTONE and Lucrative Strawberries?

Ed. GLADSTONE and Gigantic Gooseberries would be more appropriate to the season of the year; but do what you please.

F. C. And can't I have another dash at "How to Prevent Sleeplessness."

Ed. Well, no. I think our readers will be able to discover a cure for insomnia for themselves!

[Scene closes in amidst sounds of slumber.]

A WORD ON BEHALF OF A PERSECUTED RACE.

WHAT a blessing is a sympathising Mother-in-Law! How beautifully she rounds off all the sharp corners of life's right-angles. And when, as in my case, she happens to be blessed with a large amount of exquisite literary taste, accompanied with a devotion to truthfulness that nothing can shake, where could a confiding Son-in-Law look for a more perfect treasure?

We have been spending a few days at Eastbourne, my Wife, my Mother-in-Law, my Brother-in-Law, ALFRED, and myself. My Wife being an invalid, and ALFRED being fond of sailing, which I emphatically am not, Mother-in-Law accompanies me in my daily stroll, and I find her quite a model companion. Being of what is called, I believe, a literary turn, I sometimes, on these occasions, try my feeble wing, and soar into the loftiest regions of imagination. It is on these occasions that I find the honest candour of my companion so advantageous. For instance, now, we strolled the other day, despite the merry East Wind, as CHARLES KINGSLEY used to call it, —poetically, of course, for practically, I must confess that I cursed and swore at it nearly all the way home, of course, *sotto voce*, as they say at the Opera,—to Beechey Head. I never, by the bye, remember who BEECHEY was, probably, as I wittily suggested to Mother-in-Law, a distant connection of Sir HIGH BEECH, a Lord of the Manor of Epping Forest, judging by the size of his Head, at which she laughed so merrily that I promised that we should have a Pic-nic there next summer. We strolled about till near sunset, and then turned homeward, when my companion, seeing my ardent look fixed upon the restless sea, asked me what I saw? Without a word of reply I sank down upon the chilly turf, and taking out my pocket-book, I pencilled down, in less than a quarter of an hour, the following thrilling *impromptu* :—

"How the sun shimmers upon Beechey's Head!
While the pale twilight oobles on the sea!
Hark to the echo of the Coast Guard's tread,
Whose telescopic glance oft sweeps the sea!"

I almost blushed as I placed the manuscript in her hand, and I eagerly watched to see what effect it produced upon that candid and truthful relative. "She read it twice, she read it thrice," as TENNYSON sings, and then taking both my hands in hers, she said, looking full into my eyes, "JOHN, I could not have believed it, had I not witnessed it; why this one stanza contains, not only the exquisite music of SHELLEY, but also the noble realism of BROWNING, and both are combined to make up a picture that will stamp itself for ever on my fond memory."

Who can wonder that on that eventful evening I at length consented that dear ALFRED should reside with us until his Mother could make other arrangements for him. J. LITOUÉ.

NEW NAME FOR THE AGRICULTURAL FOLLOWERS OF THE G. O. M.—Men of Strawberries.



THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.

"I say, BROWN, LET'S TRY AND GET INTO THE SAME MOURNING-COACH AS MAJOR BARDOLPH. HE ALWAYS COMES OUT SO JOLLY ON THESE OCCASIONS!"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

August 11.—Although it is a serious matter having our boy LUPIN on our hands, still, it is satisfactory to know he was asked to resign from the Bank, simply because "he took no interest in his work, and always arrived an hour (sometimes two hours) late." We can all start off on Monday to Broadsteps with a light heart, though nearly half my allotted fortnight's holiday has been wasted in correspondence with the Manager of the Bank at Oldham.

August 13.—Hurrah! at Broadsteps. Very nice apartments near the station. On the cliff they would have been double the price. The landlady had a nice five o'clock dinner and tea ready, which we all enjoyed, though LUPIN seemed fastidious because there happened to be a fly in the butter. It was very wet in the evening for which I was thankful, as it was a good excuse for going to bed early. LUPIN said he would sit up and read a bit.

August 14.—I was a little annoyed to find LUPIN, instead of reading last night, had gone to a common sort of entertainment, given at the Assembly Rooms. I expressed my opinion that such performances were unworthy of respectable patronage, but he replied, "Oh, it was only 'for one night only.' I had a fit of the blues come on, and thought I would go to see POLLY PRESSWELL, England's Particular Spark." I told him I was proud to say I had never heard of her. CARRIE said, "Do let the boy alone. He's quite old enough to take care of himself, and won't forget he's a gentleman. Remember you were young once yourself." Rained all day hard, but LUPIN would go out.

August 15.—Cleared up a bit, so we all took the train to Bargate, and the first person we met on the jetty was GOWING. I said, "Hullo! I thought you had gone to Barmouth with your Birmingham friends?" He said, "Yes, but young PETER LAWRENCE was so ill, they postponed their visit, so I came down here. You know the CUMMINGS' are here too?" CARRIE said, "Oh, that will be delightful—we must have some evenings together and have games." I introduced LUPIN, saying, "You will be pleased to find we have our dear boy at home!" GOWING said, "How's that? You don't mean to say he's left the Bank?" I changed the subject quickly, and thereby avoided any of those awkward questions which GOWING always has a knack of asking.

August 16.—LUPIN positively refused to walk down the Parade with me because I was wearing my new straw helmet with my frock coat. I don't know what the boy is coming to.

August 17.—LUPIN not falling in with our views, CARRIE and I went for a sail. It was a relief to be with her alone, for when LUPIN irritates me, she always sides with him. On our return, he said, "Oh, you've been on the 'Shilling Emetic,' have you? You'll come to six-pennorth on the 'Liver Jerker' next." I presume he meant a tricycle, but I affected not to understand him.

August 18.—GOWING and CUMMINGS walked over to arrange an evening at Bargate. It being wet, GOWING asked CUMMINGS to accompany him to the hotel and have a game of billiards, knowing I never play, and in fact disapprove of the game. CUMMINGS said he must hasten back to Bargate; whereupon LUPIN, to my horror, said, "I'll give you a game, GOWING—a hundred up. A walk round the cloth will give me an appetite for dinner." I said, "Perhaps *Mister GOWING* does not care to play with boys." GOWING surprised me by saying, "Oh yes, I do, if they play well," and they walked off together.

August 19 (Sunday).—I was about to read LUPIN a sermon on smoking (which he indulges in violently) and billiards, but he put on his hat and walked out. CARRIE then read me a long sermon on the palpable inadvisability of treating LUPIN as if he were a mere child. I felt she was somewhat right, so in the evening I offered him a cigar. He seemed pleased, but, after a few whiffs, said, "This is a good old tup'ny—try one of mine," and he handed me a cigar long enough almost to put in the umbrella rack.

August 20.—I am glad our last day at the seaside was fine, though clouded overhead. We went over to CUMMINGS' (at Bargate) in the evening, and as it was cold, we stayed in and played games; GOWING, as usual, overstepping the mark. He suggested we should play "Cutlets," a game we never heard of. He sat on a chair, and asked CARRIE to sit on his lap, an invitation which dear CARRIE rightly declined. After some species of wrangling, I sat on GOWING's knees and CARRIE sat on the edge of mine. LUPIN sat on the edge of CARRIE's lap, then CUMMINGS on LUPIN's, and Mrs. CUMMINGS on her husband's. We looked very ridiculous, and laughed a good deal. GOWING then said, "Are you a believer in the Great Mogul?" We had to answer all together, "Yes—oh, yes," (three times). GOWING said, "So am I," and suddenly got up. The result of this stupid joke was that we all fell on the ground, and poor CARRIE banged her head against the corner of the fender. Mrs. CUMMINGS put some vinegar on, but through this we missed the last train, and had to drive back to Broadsteps, which cost me seven-and-sixpence.

RAILWAY READING.

THE IDEAL, ACCORDING TO SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

SCENE—Platform Book-stall. Stall-keeper discovered. Passenger (entering leisurely). Can you recommend anything?

Stall-keeper (after consideration). Well, Sir, if your journey is a long one, would not ALLISON'S *History of Europe*, or GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall* suit you?

Passenger. I thank you, but I think something lighter would please me better. I am leaving busy toiling London, in search of leisure—recreation.

Stall-keeper. Then, perchance, the poet's song would please you. We have *Paradise Lost*, that mighty work of mighty MILTON. Or, should you prefer the Drama's claims, here is SHAKESPEARE, in twelve handy folios.

Passenger. Nay, I know MILTON and the Bard of Avon by heart. I would give prose romance a turn.

Stall-keeper. Well, then, Sir, I can recommend an edition, fully illustrated, of that great Wizard of the North, Sir WALTER SCOTT; or prefer you something still more modern? We have the *History of Lord MACAULAY*, which, they tell me, is quite a romance.

Passenger (smiling). I see you are fond of quaint conceits; but have you no modern novels?

Stall-keeper. Ay! Indeed, we have, Sir! The works of GEORGE ELLIOT and of THACKERAY.

Passenger (hesitating). And yet I know not how to choose with such a goodly feast before me. Let me see.

Porter (approaching). Please, Sir, you have missed your train. [Passenger expresses annoyance, as the Scene closes.]

THE REAL, ACCORDING TO THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

SCENE—Platform Book-stall. Stall-keeper discovered.

Passenger (entering hurriedly). Can you recommend anything?

Stall-keeper (promptly). Yes, Sir. *Dead Beat*. The latest thrilling shocker.

Passenger. All right! That'll do. [Buys it.]

Porter (approaching). Just in time for your train, Sir. [Passenger expresses satisfaction as the Scene closes.]

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 13.



LIKA JOKO GOES YOTTIN.

A LONG VACATION STORY, BY A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

You must know that my Chambers are not entirely my own. As a matter of fact, I occupy personally a circular window divided into compartments and shut in with a green baize curtain from a room of larger proportions (belonging to another tenant), through which I have to pass before I reach my own well-ventilated sanctum. The other tenant and I take about a fourth of the complete suite, the remainder being rented principally by BANDSMAN, the eminent leader of the South Northern Circuit. To tell the truth,

we are rather proud of "keeping" (as they say at Cambridge) with BANDSMAN, as we hope to gather some of the briefs that may fall from the great man's writing-desk. I have a very slight acquaintance with him personally, my conversations with him having been composed chiefly of "Good morning" or "Good evening" passed to one another on our meeting in the passage common to both our rooms. However, of course I know him very well by sight, and have noticed that he is a severely precise, neat, and quiet kind of man. I have heard that he intends some day to be Lord Chancellor, and is now, so to speak, in training for that dignified position. My excellent and

admirable clerk, PORTINGTON, who, as a rule, is no great respecter of persons, always talks of BANDSMAN with bated breath, and rushes forward to open the outer door when the great man prepares to leave the Chambers. It is necessary to explain this, and further to add, that with the good-fellowship habitual to men occupying the same Chambers, by an unwritten law we are permitted to use one another's rooms in the absence of their proper proprietors. My own particular room is popularly supposed by those of my unprofessional friends who occasionally honour me with a visit, to be the cupboard, in which I keep my wig and gown, when not arguing abstruse points of law with the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, the MASTER of the ROLLS, and other learned personages. From this it will be seen that BANDSMAN'S apartment is far more imposing than my own.

Some little while ago I had reason to believe that I might receive certain Vacation business from a Solicitor who had been kind enough to say that he considered himself under an obligation to me (I had bailed him out when he had been arrested at two o'clock in the morning while attempting to let himself in with a corkscrew, which it appears he had mistaken for his own latch-key), and consequently I had warned PORTINGTON that should any client ask for me it would be as well if he showed him into the rooms of my co-chamberman, MR. BANDSMAN.

"He is rather eccentric," I had said, on bidding my excellent and admirable Clerk adieu, "and may possibly be a little excited when he calls; so merely show him in, and do not disturb him if he goes to sleep." PORTINGTON bowed, and said that he quite understood the situation. On the following morning as I was entering my Chambers I was met by an American acquaintance, for whom I have a very deep respect, but who is not entirely accustomed to the staid ways of what he calls this "played-out old country." He button-holed me, and told me that he had been looking out for the London friend of a friend of his in the States. He could not find the said London friend, so now was hunting for the said friend's children.

"My friend's friend's name was SMITH,—ROBERT SMITH," he observed. "He was living in 1824. That is so. I have advertised for his descendants, if any. If you hear from any of them, why just you let me know."

"My dear fellow," I replied, "I shall be only too delighted if I can be of any service to you. But surely it's a little vague—"

"Not at all! A card will do anything in the States. Why not here? I have put your name and address to the advertisement. Yes, Sirree. So if you hear from any of them, why just you write to 'Poste Restante, Rome,' where I am due the day after to-morrow. Good-bye!"

And before I could say anything in response, he had seized my hand, wrung it heartily, hastily jumped into a hansom cab, and was being driven at a gallop towards the Victoria Railway Station.

A little flurried by this rather unexpected encounter, I paused a few moments to regain my composure, and then entered my Chambers.

"He's come, Sir," said PORTINGTON, as I walked in, "and I have shown him into Mr. BANDSMAN'S room. He's rather a rum 'un, Sir; but I suppose it is all right. But you won't be long, I hope, Sir, as Mr. BANDSMAN'S Clerk tells me that Mr. BANDSMAN is coming up to town at two o'clock, and will want to use his room for several consultations that can't wait until the end of the Vacation."

"Oh, certainly, PORTINGTON," I replied. "No doubt I shall not require the room for more than half an hour."

Upon this I assumed my best manner (I usually adopt a cheery and genial air when dealing with clients—it puts them at their ease), and entered the apartment in which my anticipated acquaintance was seated, and greeted him with great cordiality.

"Delighted to see you, my dear Sir," I exclaimed—and then I stopped. To my astonishment I found, instead of my expected visitor a rough-looking person in a velvet coat and a fur cap, with a newspaper in his right hand, and a thick short stiek in the other.

"Ax your parding, Guvnor," said this person, with rather a threatening air, "but I've come about this 'ere advertisement."

He handed me the newspaper with a marked passage in the second column of the front page.

"You are BRIEFLESS, ain't you?" he asked, roughly. I nodded, and glanced at the marked passage. To my horror I found it was a request that all persons claiming relationship with a ROBERT SMITH, living in 1820, should call upon me at my Chambers, when they "would hear of something to their advantage."

"Now," said the person, looking at his stiek, "I ain't going for to stand no nonsense. I've wasted 'arf a day 'ere, 'cos I turned up before the doors was opened. BOB SMITH was my uncle. What's the summut I'm going for to 'ear to my advantage?"

I really did not know what to say or do. I could not help feeling greatly annoyed at my American acquaintance's thoughtless impetuosity.

"So you are old BOB SMITH'S descendant, are you, my worthy fellow?" I exclaimed, with a heartiness I was far from feeling.

"None of your gammon," he replied, roughly; "but stum up

now you knows my rights. Cos why—if you don't stum up it won't be pleasant for you."

Greatly upset by his threatening demeanour, I was about to remonstrate, when PORTINGTON ushered in two more rough-looking persons and three muscular females. The five additions to our little circle produced as many marked newspapers, and immediately called my attention to what they described as their "rights."

"My worthy people," I began, "I fear there must be some mistake."

They anathematised the suggestion, and all six of them advanced towards me with a demeanour that made me devoutly wish that we had included a police-constable on the strength of our clerical establishment. I saw that I must temporise.

"My good friends, I was a little unprepared for your visit, but if you will wait here a few minutes, I think I can satisfy you. And now I will retire."

The rough-looking men were inclined to bar my exit, but the three females, with the observation "that anyone could see as I was a gentleman as meant to be a gentleman," suggested that I should be allowed to go on the understanding that I returned in five minutes with the "summut" I had presumed promised to give them.

The men accorded a grudging consent, and I walked away. Once outside, with a hurried remark to PORTINGTON that I might not return until the commencement of Term, I left my Chambers.

Later in the day I passed Pumphandle Court, and from a loud altercation I heard going on within (in which I distinctly recognised the voice of BANDSMAN raised in angry expostulation), I much fear that my unwelcome visitors (who seemed to be still in possession), had seriously interfered with the serenity that usually is the characteristic of my eminent co-Chamberman's important consultations.

IS SMOKING A FAILURE?

SIR,—I have not the least doubt that the discovery made by MEDICUS, dating from the Middlesex Hospital, that smoking Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes is most injurious to health, is absolutely correct. I have often wondered why it is that I feel so uncommonly queer after dinner; now at last the mystery is explained. It is all due to the "Wady Halfa Paragons" that I have been in the habit of smoking, but which I shall now abjure in favour of a pipe and some extra strong Virginia shag. I assure you that often and often I have felt just as if my throat were on fire, and have habitually gone to bed in my boots, awaking the next morning with a perfectly splitting headache. Yet I have been most moderate in



Bear or Bier—The Smoker's Mixture.

eating, and have steadily limited my drinking to two bottles of Tokay and half a bottle of Scotch whiskey per evening, which surely nobody can call an excessive supply. Some ridiculous friends have insisted that I am suffering from alcoholic poisoning, and have induced me to try this retreat, kept—I fancy—by a medical chum of their own; but you can judge how mistaken the treatment here is when I say that I am limited to two glasses of weak "Vin Ordinaire" a day, while the presiding physician does not care in the least how many noxious and poisonous cigarettes I indulge in. Need I say that, after these awful revelations of MEDICUS, I have given a weekly notice of my intention to leave this retreat—"beat a retreat," I may perhaps call it—and resume my old modes of life, minus my old penchant for cigarettes, but plus pipes and cigars, ad lib.?

Yours, eye-openedly,

A TOPER.

The Home for Inebriates, Lostwittles, Cornwall.

SIR,—my mucous membrane is in an awful condition! Do you know what it is to have a couple of Doctors exploring your larynx for three hours, as if it were a part of the Dark Continent? I do. They say that my laryngeal regions—by which I think they mean my throat, only a natural delicacy prevents them putting it so plainly—affords a most interesting study, because in all their experience they have never seen anything look half so bad! This is comforting to me. Now, after MEDICUS'S disclosures as to the horrible "unclassified alkaloid poison" in Egyptian cigarettes, I cannot have a doubt where my illness has come from. Where it will go to, time and my Doctors will have to decide between them. And then for MEDICUS calmly to confess that the alkaloid poison is "unclassified!" I don't feel, however, as if it would do my "laryngeal regions" much good even if it were classified.

Yours, mucussedly,

A DABBLER IN EGYPTIANS.

P.S.—A sanitary expert has just told us that our house happens to be planted over an old cesspool, and that all the domestic pipes connect directly with it. Possibly, after all, the alkaloid is not so guilty as we thought.



A LESSON FROM THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.
THE EFFECTIVE USE OF MOUNTED INFANTRY.

THE PRINCESS PAPOFFSCHIN'S LITTLE DINNER.

(A Story à la Mode for Those who Know.)

THE sitting of the International Conference for the Suppression of Bounties on Sugar had been prolonged to an unusually late hour. The assembled Ministers had been dealing with a delicate phase of reciprocal engagements, and had determined not to separate until they had at least a rough draft of the Convention in something like a completed shape; and having accomplished this, they were about to rise, when a Messenger entered, and handed a note to the Baron.

It was a scented epistle on rose-leaf paper, and ran as follows:—

MON CHER BARON,

You must be weary after your labours of this afternoon, and will need relaxation. What do you say to a *petit dîner chez moi* to refresh you? Persuade, then, your good *confrères* to join you, and come, all of you, *sans cérémonie*, just as you are, and honour me with your company. I may, *peut être*, have *des nouvelles de Constantinople* to give you. *Mais, nous verrons ce soir, n'est-ce pas?* Come.

Yours always devotedly, FEDEOREVNA PAPOFFSCHIN.

"It is from the Princess," said the Baron, his face beaming with a kindling radiance as he glanced at the contents of the dainty missive before him. "She asks us all to dine with her quite informally. Listen!" Then he read the little note. There was a murmur of approbation from the Conference. Instantly they rose as if by one accord, and hurriedly collecting the business papers before them, thrust them into their respective coat-pockets. They had all of them only one reply to make. They accepted with enthusiasm. Nor was this surprising. The Princess FEDEOREVNA PAPOFFSCHIN was no ordinary woman.

Born in Russia, she soon after the death of her husband, the Prince, had appeared in diplomatic society in Belgrade, and had rapidly, by her intelligence, tact, and capacity for intrigue, succeeded in getting herself such an acknowledged factor in the stirring political movement of the times that she had received her passports, and had been requested to leave the country at twenty-four hours' notice. Transferring in turns her residence to Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, and other European capitals where similar experiences invariably after a time awaited her, she was next heard of as the intimate friend of several Parisian statesmen of note, and though her career in the French capital had come to a rather sudden termination, owing to the connection of her name with a celebrated *café chantant* scandal, she seemed to have preserved enough of her reputation to assure her a hearty welcome among the leading lights of English diplomatic society. Regarded as intimately acquainted with the secret counsels of the Sultan, her friendship was eagerly cultivated by the heads of the Foreign Office, and it was not an uncommon sight to see her surrounded in some West End *salon* by a thronging crowd of politicians and statesmen hanging on her lightest word. Indeed, it was stated that the Premier himself was so deep in her confidence that the entire direction of his Eastern Policy had latterly been due to her advice and influence. It was not to be wondered at that the Conference accepted her invitation with alacrity. A chance of an informal evening with the fascinating Princess in her delightful mansion in Mayfair out of the season was not an experience to be missed, and at a little before a quarter to eight three four-wheelers conveying the expectant Plenipotentiaries were making their way up Piccadilly to their coveted destination.

In the course of the same afternoon the Princess had prepared for their advent. She had sent for her Major Domo. "I have a little dinner this evening," she said. "We shall be eighteen." Then she added, significantly, "I am expecting *diplomats*."

The man bowed profoundly. He had understood his orders. He knew that the dishes were to be drugged, and the champagne doctored with morphia.

Several courses had been disposed of, and the dinner was apparently promising to be a great success. Never was hostess more bewitchingly entertaining; never were guests more enthusiastic. On the right of the Princess sat the Baron, on her left the German Count. The conversation was airy and brilliant.

"How about those promised *nouvelles* from Constantinople, Princess?" asked the Baron, endeavouring to give the talk a practical turn. But his fair hostess only replied with a little timely badinage, and motioned to the servant to fill up her interlocutor's glass with more champagne. So the dinner sped on. The *cuisine* was pronounced excellent, the wine superb. But little by little, almost imperceptibly, the conversation began to quiet down. It halted strangely. Then it dropped altogether. It seemed as if all the guests were gradually becoming so absorbed in some private reflections of their own, that they did not care to break the silence for the purpose of imparting their thoughts to their neighbours. Then some of them closed their eyes.

The Baron, who noticed the soporific influence stealing over him, thought that he must somehow have been taking too much wine, and elected to hold his tongue. He struggled against the feeling for a short time. Then he succumbed. In like manner, in a few more minutes, so did all the rest. And it was not to be wondered at. They had had bromide of potassium in the *Potage à la Maintenon*, and had just partaken of a *Salade à la Russe* mixed with chloral hydrate. This had finished them. They had all of them sunk back into their chairs, overcome by a profound narcotic slumber. Then the Princess rose. She approached the wall, and touched a little brass knob. Instantly a panel slid back, disclosing a chamber beyond.

"*Entrez, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur*," she said, addressing some one within. "*Voyons! Ces Messieurs* are ready to receive you."

She had scarcely spoken when a tall personage, wearing a *fez*, crossed the threshold. This was the Turkish Ambassador, and he was followed by twelve Secretaries of the Legation.

"You are sure, Madame, they will not wake?" he asked, cautiously surveying the prostrate forms before him.

The Princess replied by striking a loud dinner-gong. Not one of the sleepers stirred. The Ambassador was satisfied.

"To your work, Messieurs," he said, addressing his subordinates. In another minute the pockets of all the unconscious Plenipotentiaries had been rifled of their contents which were being rapidly but methodically transcribed by the practised Secretaries.

The task did not take long. It was over in four hours and three-quarters. The papers were returned to the pockets of the different Ministers from which they had been respectively abstracted. Their coats were carefully rebuttoned. Then the Turkish Ambassador withdrew.

That night he telegraphed to Constantinople in cypher.

A little later, eighteen cabs in charge of eighteen policemen were conveying the now recovering Ministers to their respective homes. That which contained the Baron, now partially aroused, had drawn up at his own door. As he descended, though still dazed, he seemed to notice the Policeman's uniform.

"Why! what does this mean?" he asked, trying to collect his scattered thoughts. "Where have I come from?"

The Policeman smiled.

The Baron stared inquiringly at the smiler, then staggered feebly up the steps, entered the house, and went to bed.

The next morning the Marquis and the Baron received a telegraphic despatch from the British Minister at Constantinople, informing them that the Sultan proposed an immediate seizure of Egypt.

"That's odd," they remarked, thoughtfully. But they never connected the circumstance with the *Princess Papoffschin's Little Dinner*.

Poetry and Partridges.

"FIRST Love never lasts," says some stupid old song;
It simply dies out like an ill-lighted ember.
The Poet—as usual—is utterly wrong—
Just look at Man's love for the First of September!
Fickle Romeos may shift in their amorous troubles,
But "First Love" is stable enough—in the Stubbles!

BETSY THE SECOND.—At Hammersmith, the other day, one ELIZABETH TUDOR was sentenced by MR. PAGET to two months' imprisonment for stealing a sovereign. ELIZABETH TUDOR the First anticipated the crime in the matter of MARY STUART. Three hundred years ago it was a case of stealing a sovereign—with an axe! History repeats itself.

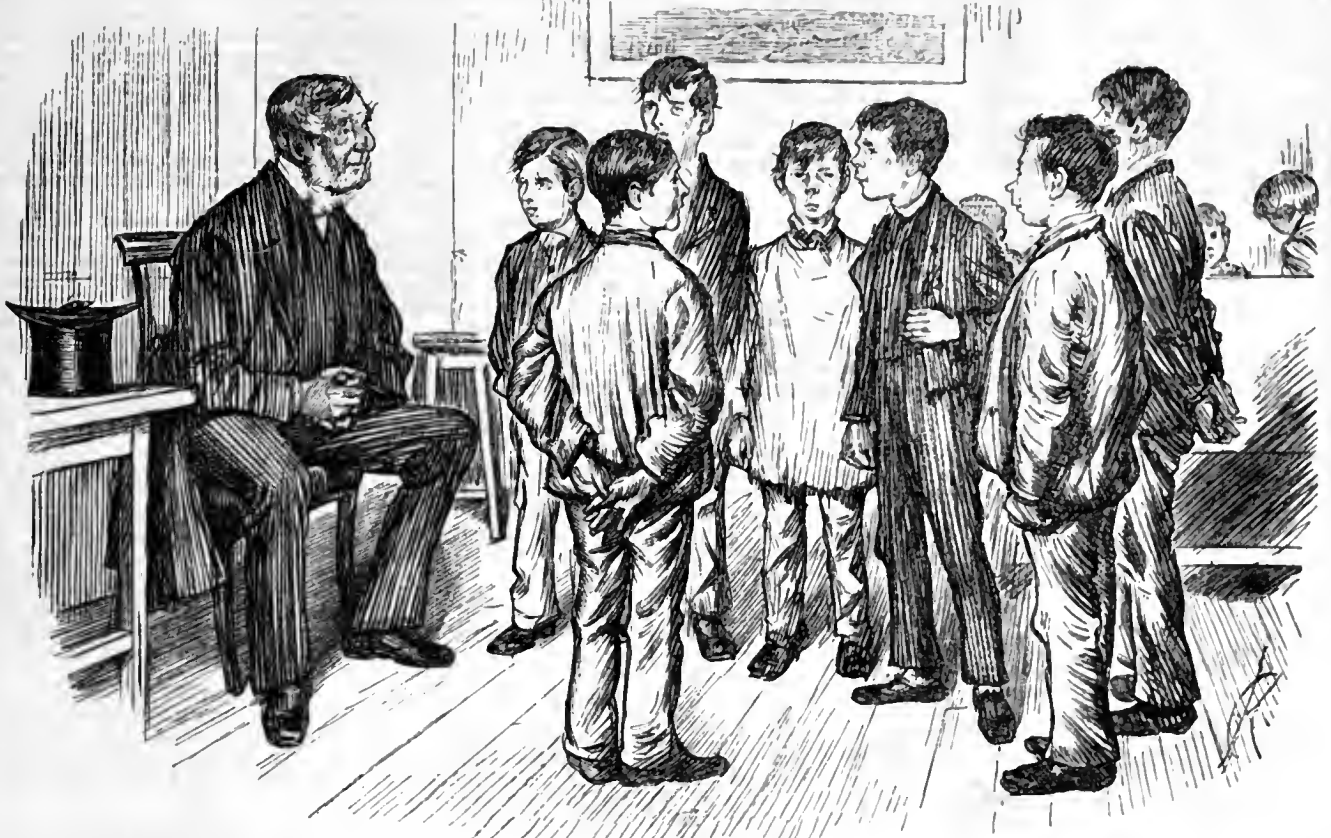
ISRAEL AND EGYPT; OR. TURNING THE TABLES.



"The Children of Israel multiplied so as to excite the jealous fears of the Egyptians. . . . They were therefore organised into gangs under task-masters, as we see in the vivid pictures of the monuments, to work upon the public edifices. 'And the Egyptians made the Children of Israel to serve with rigour. And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field.'"—*Smith's Ancient History*. "The Sweater is probably a Jew, and, if so, he has the gift of organisation, and an extraordinary power of subordinating everything—humanity, it may be included—to the great end of getting on. . . . The conditions of life in East London ruin the Christian labourer, and leave the Jewish labourer unharmed."—"Spectator" on "Sweaters and Jews."

The scree of the Shade of the Poet PENTAOUR, to PUNCHIUS that came, Even PENTAOUR Bard unto PHARAOH, the singer whose song was as flame; The pupil of mild AMENEMAN, he painted the lot of the poor [door. In the far distant days of RAMESES, who shut on sweet Mery the

THE form was the form of the PHARAOH, as WILKINSON shows him he stood,— The pose was exceedingly proud, the perspective, perchance, was not good,—



CIRCUMLOCUTORY.

The Parson (who likes to question the Boys, now and then, in a little Elementary Science). "NOW, CAN ANY OF YOU TELL ME—COME, I'LL ASK YOU, DONOVAN,—WHAT IS SALT?"
Irish Boy. "IV Y' PLAZE, SIR,—IT 'S—IT 'S"—(after a desperate mental effort)—"IT 'S THE STUFF THAT—MAKES A P'TAYTOR VERY NASTY 'V YE DON'T ATE 'T WITH 'T!"

And he looked in the face of the Hebrew, the changeless, the oily, the fat,
 Whether crowned with the cap of the Copt, or the Saxon's cylindrical hat.
 He stood, and he stared, and he spake: "O! thou Oleaginous One, Whose tresses so reek of the oil-pot, whose finger-rings flash in the sun, I, PHARAOH the Pyramid-builder, the slayer of Hittites, the King Whom PENTAOUR magnified greatly—*my* Laureate knew how to sing;—
 I, mighty one named by MANETHO, right well to HERODOTUS known, I, pictured in wall-paintings many, and chiselled on acres of stone, I, I was the scourge of the Semites, the Hyksos, the Hebrews, my foes,
 The swart-bearded sons of the shepherds, the slaves of the aquiline Behold on this rock you perceive them, my heel on their neck, and my scourge
 On the hides of them; look at the sticks of my taskmasters, eager to The staggering slaves to their toil in their agonised thousands, so loth, Yet helpless as rogues before RA, or as fools in the presence of THORN. I made them shape bricks without straw, and the mouths of them scantily fed.
 With radishes, onions, and garlic, with scraps of affliction's black bread.
 Read the ideographical Coptic around them in characters hewn, And you 'll see that their life was a curse, that the coming of death was a boon.
 When I rose in my might like to MENTU, and lifted like HORUS the Then the heart of the Hebrew would melt, and the cheek of the Hebrew would pale;
 And now—" Then a chuckle forth crackled, a nasal but jubilant And a whiff of tobacco and patchouli mingled was wafted around. A hat took a knowinger rake, and there brake on the sight of the King The wave of an adipose hand, and the flash of a glittering ring. A sound 'twixt a creak and a snuffle from lips like an Ethiop's dropt— All unlike the calm smile of the King, all unlike the clear tone of the Copt—

"Ha! ha! Mr. Pyramid-builder, at present you're out of the hunt. Yes, you once gave the Semite the stick, but the Semite now gives you the shunt;
 Ask TEWFIK, or good Mr. GOSCHEN! Old CHEOPS, if that's your dashed name—
 SESOSTRIS, RAMESES, or what not,—a change *has* come over the game. Your 'name is a noise' and no more. Yes, the Gentile once 'sweated' the Jew,
 But the Hebrew has now turned the tables; DUNRAVEN will tell you You worked us, and whipped us, and starved us; you robbed us of shekels and joy;
 But now it's *our* turn, and we've bettered your ancient instruction. Look here!—" Then there shaped through the shadows a sordid and sorrowful scene—
 There were men pinched, and pallid, and bowed, there were women dishevelled and lean;
 And the stress of their toiling was harsh, and the strain of their torture And the splendour of day might not pass, and the sunlight of hope might not pierce
 Through the darkness and damp of the den where they crouched to the Sweater's stern nod,
 As PHARAOH's own scourge without pity, and harsh as his task-master's rod.
 The thong-marshalled gang of the sand-wastes were hardly so servile as these,
 So helplessly vassals to Mammon—so hopeless of health or of ease.
 "That cuts the Copt record, I reckon; makes Mummydom sing rather small.
 How would *that* look in psint on a temple, or chipped on a ruined Three thousand years hence, Mr. PHARAOH?" So sniggered the Hebrew, and shook
 The soul-sweated gold in his pocket. And lo! an unspeakable look Was seen on the face of the PHARAOH. And I, Poet PENTAOUR, I saw That the cycles of time bring no change to the merciless Mammonite maw.

I sang the Ramesid, I, when Orentes beheld the great King
Wield the sword unresisted of RA; but I also betook me to sing
The pitiful life of the peasant, the prey of the locusts and rats
And men-vermin more merciless yet who took tithe of his barns and
his rats. [asleep,
And, behold, though the Sun-God is silent, the Sen of the Sun-God
Still merciless Mammon is master, the slaves of the Gold-God still weep;
Be his ministers Hebrew or Gentile, his worship is cruelty still;
Still the worker must sweat 'neath the scourge that the stores of the
tyrant may fill.

DUE NORTH.

(Some Notes of a very brief Holiday.)

Question—Answer—Reasoning—Decision—Indecision—A Departure—Arrival—Invitation—Uncertainty—Certainty.

HOBSON, with curly fair hair, florid face, and earnest manner, looks in to ask me if I am going away for ten days' change. "No, I am not," I answer. It occurs to me, however, that the tone of my



"How are you?"

reply, though resulting from a fixed pre-determination, may sound somewhat brusque to my old and valued friend, and so I repeat, in a more sociable manner, "No, I am not," adding a question, also pleasantly, and with an air of apparent indifference, which has in it just sufficient spice of friendliness to prevent my manner towards my dear old friend Hobson from being entirely unsympathetic—"Why? are you thinking of going away for a holiday?"

Yes; Hobson is thinking of it. As a matter of fact, he has so far thought of it that he is now sending a letter to order a berth in one of the London and Edinburgh steamers. "Will I join him?" To do or to attempt doing something I have never yet done, has for me a certain fascination. I have never been from London to Edinburgh by steamer. A minute ago my determination *not* to take a holiday was inflexible; now it is flexible. My iron will—or my iron "won't"—is bent, not broken.

"Not a bad idea," I remark to HOBSON. He replies that he prefers this way of going North to any other. *Happy Thought*.—"Hobson's choice." I do not say this aloud to my old and valued friend, because it is just possible that, his name being "HOBSON," it may have been said to him before.

"Yes," he repeats, after some silent consideration of the subject, "I certainly prefer going by steamer to any other way of getting to Edinburgh."

"Well, but how many other ways are there?" I ask, as, should he be able to mention a greater novelty, I should be inclined to adopt the suggestion.

"I mean," he returns, "that it's better than going by train." I thought so. Putting aside walking, driving, riding, bicycling, tricycling, and ballooning, the alternative is "training" or "steaming."

"Excellent for health!" says HOBSON, who studied medicine years ago in Edinburgh, and, in consequence, has always been consulted by his intimate friends, in an amateur way, ever since. "Twenty-six hours of sea first-rate," he adds, expanding his chest, sniffing and smacking his lips as if at this moment he were actually inhaling the seabreeze and relishing it.

"I'm such a bad sailor," I observe, hesitatingly. "If I go, I'm sure to be ill,—at least," I add, with a reminiscence of a few surprising exceptions to the rule, "it's almost a certainty."

"Do you a world of good," says HOBSON, with an air of scientific conviction. "More good if you're ill than if you're well. I'm

going alone; only too glad of a companion. Look here, I'll alter one berth into two berths in my letter." And before I have time to make any further objection he has ordered the second berth, drawn a cheque for prepayment, stamped and closed the envelope, vanished for a second or so as far as the pillar-box, where I see him dropping it in, and at the last moment cannot find it in my heart and voice—"heart and voice," quotation from National Anthem) to call out to him from my window, "No, I won't come!" So, my will, or won't, being temporarily paralysed, and he having sent the cheque for two, I make no further objection, but begin considering what I can do when I once get to Edinburgh.

Happy Thought.—If I am ill on board, as he has studied medicine in Edinburgh, he may be able to give me something that'll put me right in an instant. If he possesses the secret, by the way, he ought to make a rapid and colossal fortune out of it. This recalls to my mind a book of travels entitled *The Earl and the Doctor*. They went together everywhere. The Earl with guns and fishing-rods, and the Doctor with medicine-chest. Capital idea for both of them. Excellent for Earl when ill, equally so for Doctor when they returned. Such combinations might be more frequent. *The Captain and the Lawyer, The Musician and the Sailor, &c., &c.*; perhaps the best of all would be *The Duke and Two Doctors*, one being M.D., and the other D.D.

Where's HOBSON going? "Well," he explains, "I'm going to pay two or three visits to friends." Ah, then we part at Edinburgh? "Yes, we do." And here he leaves me—as he will in Scotland—being very busy. What shall I do alone in Scotland? "Alone in Scotland," sounds dreary. Of course, the rule is, "When in Scotland, do as Scotchmen do." What's that? It is, I believe, summed up in "beek agen"—which to the experienced Continental traveller is suggestive of asking for another glass of light creaming beer. "Beek agen" with me would mean "Back again to London." Beek agen, WHITTINGTON! But why go all the way to Edinburgh by steamer, merely to come beek agen?

I am beginning to be almost angry with my old and valued friend HOBSON, in his absence, for leading me into this trap,—a trap to catch a companion,—and I am about to sit down in my sanctum, where my books and papers seem to beseech me to remain, and write to HOBSON a retraction of my decision, when I hear a tremendous shout in the passage.

"Woo-Heop!" This is followed by a voice whose tone indicates unusual strength of lung, exclaiming, as if the inquiry were urgent and anxious, "How are you?"

The door is burst open, and, as if impelled by a mighty wind, there appears before me a big man, yeungish, beaming with health and high spirits, dressed in a country suit.

"How are you?" he repeats boisterously, and then once more, "Old chap, how are you?"

In another second he has grasped my hand warmly, and I am delighted to see him.

"Hulle!" I cry out, for his tone is catching, "why what brings you here?"

"Cab, my boy!" he shouts, heartily, he generally shouts, unless he sings, but whatever it is it is done with tremendous and overpowering heartiness,—even his whispers are hearty. "Just on my way to see the Wicked Uncle and Good Aunt. Passing through London—" here he lowers his tone, laughs, and bursts into a snatch of a song—

"Off we go to London Town,
Yeo ho! my boys!

See the King in his golden crown,

Yeo ho! my boys!"

and then he laughs in perfect enjoyment of the appropriateness of the quotation and continues hurriedly, "I thought I'd call in" (call *in*,—he means, call *out*), "and say," here he raises his tone again, "How are you?"

As nobody ever speaks of him, or to him, but as "D. B.," it is not always easy on the spur of the moment to call to mind what his name really is. When asked, I have to think for some seconds, and, generally failing to remember, I have to answer, apologetically, "Well, really, I forget what his name is at this moment, but we always call him 'D. B.'"

His real name is DAVIE BAIRD, and he is in a general way "in the City" with a partner. Now he is on a holiday, without a partner. Going North.

I tell him that I also am thinking of going North.

"Don't think," he says at once, and just as loudly as ever; "don't think—do it. Come to JOHNIE BUDD'S. I'm going there now. First-rate fellow! Capital chap! I'll tell him you're coming. You know JOHNIE, don't you?"

It never occurred to D. B. to ask me this last question before inviting me to Mr. BUDD'S.

I reply deliberately, "Yes—I know him; but not sufficiently well to go to his house without an invitation."

"Nonsense!" he exclaims, quite annoyed with me for making such an objection. Then he bursts into a popular refrain—

"He's all right when you know him,
But you've got to know him fust."

"And you'll soon do that," he goes on. "He's an uncle of mine. O my prophetic soul! He'll be delighted."

"But," I protest, "he hasn't asked me."
"No matter," returns D. B. "I ask you—your little DAVE asks you—he has a way of alluding to himself in the third person—and that's sufficient." Then he says, in an injured tone, "I wouldn't say so if it wasn't, would I?" To this appeal I am bound to reply seriously that I am sure he wouldn't.

"Very well, then," he returns, brightening up again. "Business is business. I'll tell him directly I arrive. Besides," and here he has hit upon so powerful an argument that he must shout louder than ever, "he did ask you—at dinner, two months ago—and," he adds, reproachfully, "you said you couldn't come."

"Yes,"—I admit the fact, and feel now that I ought to have accepted—"but it won't do to—" I commence.

"Yes, it will," he interrupts. "I shall be up there to-morrow. How are you? We'll have larks. When do you start?"

"At the end of the week, I believe," I reply, not being quite certain.

"Good enough." And once more he shouts, as if to relieve his pent-up feelings, "How are you? How are you getting on?"—a question that he puts about every five minutes—and then goes on,—"I'm off. Will you—you'll come up—shooting, fishing, bagpipes, 'good business,—go as you please—I'll answer for your enjoying yourself—Good-bye!—How are you?" he shouts for the last time, as he disappears down the staircase three steps at a time.

Fate, HOBSON, and D. B.'s wire next day, decide the matter. Boat with HOBSON to Edinburgh, and then on to D. B.'s uncle, JOHNNIE BRDD, at Loch Glennie. And I had fixedly determined not to take any holiday at all this year!

VOCES POPULI.

BY PARLIAMENTARY.

ON THE PLATFORM.

A Lady of Family. Oh, yes, I do travel third-class sometimes, my dear. I consider it a duty to try to know something of the lower orders. *[Looks out for an empty third-class compartment.]*

EN ROUTE.

The seats are now all occupied: the Lady of Family is in one corner, next to a Chatty Woman with a basket, and opposite to an Eccentric-looking Man with a fidgety manner.

The Eccentric Man (to the Lady of Family). Sorry to disturb you, Mum, but you're a-setting on one o' my 'am sandwiches.

The L. of F. ??? ?!!!

The E. M. (considerately). Don't trouble yourself, Mum, it's of no intrinsic value. I on'y put it there to keep my seat.

The Chatty W. (to the L. of F.). I think I've seen you about Shinglebeach, 'ave I not?

The L. of F. It is very possible. I have been staying with some friends in the neighbourhood.

The C. W. It's a nice cheerful place is Shinglebeach; but (*confidentially*) don't you think it's a very sing'ler thing that in a place like that—a fash'nable place, too—there shouldn't be a single 'am an' beef shop?

The L. of F. (making a desperate effort to throw herself into the question). What a very extraordinary thing to be sure. Dear, dear me! No ham and beef shop!

The C. W. It's so indeed, Mum; and what's more, as I daresay you've noticed for yourself, if you 'appen to want a snack o' fried fish ever so, there isn't a place you could go to—leastways, at a moment's notice. Now, 'ow do you explain such a thing as that?

The L. of F. (faintly). I'm afraid I can't suggest any explanation.

A Sententious Man. Fried fish is very sustaining.

The Eccentric Man. Talking of sustaining, I remember, when we was kids, my father ud bring us home two pennorth o' ches'nuts, and we 'ad 'em boiled, and they'd last us days. (*Sentimentally.*) He was a kind man, my father (*to the L. of F., who bores constrainedly*), though you wouldn't ha' thought it, to look at him. I don't say, mind yer, that he wasn't fond of his bit o' booze—(*the L. of F. looks out of window*)—like the best of us. I'm goin' up to prove his will now, I am—if you don't believe me, 'ere's the probate. (*Hands that document round for inspection.*) That's all reg'lar enough, I 'ope. (*To the L. of F.*) Don't give it back before you've done with it—I'm in no 'urry, and there's good reading in it. (*Points out certain favourite passages with a very dirty forefinger.*) Begin there—that's my name.

[The L. of F. peruses the will with as great a show of interest as she can bring herself to assume.]

The Eccentric Man. D'ye see that big 'andsome building over there? That's the County Lunatic Asylum—where my poor wife is

shut up. I went to see her last week, I did. (*Relates his visit in detail to The L. of F., who listens unwillingly.*) It's wonderful how many of our family have been in that asylum from first to last. I 'ad a aunt who died cracky; and my old mother, she's very peculiar at times. There's days when I feel as if I was a little orf my own 'ed, so if I say anything at all out of the way, you'll know what it is.

[L. of F. changes carriages at the next station. In the second carriage are two Men of sea-faring appearance, and a young Man who is parting from his Fiancée as the L. of F. takes her seat.]

The Fiancée. Excuse me one moment, Ma'am. (*Leans across the L. of F. and out of the window.*) Well, goodbye, my girl; take care of yourself.

The Fiancée (with a hysterical giggle). Oh, I'll take care o' my self. *[Looks at the roof of the carriage.]*

He (with meaning). No more pickled onions, eh?

She. What a one you are to remember things! (*After a pause.*) Give my love to JOE.

He. All right. Well, JENNY, just one, for the last (*they embrace loudly, after which the F. resumes his seat with an expression of mingled sentiment and complacency.*) Oh, (*to L. of F.*) if you don't mind my stepping across you again, Mum. JENNY, if you see DICK between this and Friday, just tell him as—

[Prolonged whispers; sounds of renewed kisses; final parting as train starts with a jerk which throws the Fiancée upon the L. of F.'s lap. After the train is started a gleam of peculiar significance is observable in the eyes of one of the Seafaring Men, who is reclining in an easy attitude on the seat. His companion responds with a grin of intelligence, and produces a large black bottle from the ruck. They drink, and hand the bottle to the Fiancée.]

The F. Thankee, I don't mind if I do. Here's wishing you—

[Remainder of sentiment drowned in sound of glug-glug-glug; is about to hand back bottle when the first Seafarer intimates that he is to pass it on. The L. of F. recoils in horror.]

Both Seafarers (reassuringly). It's wine, Mum!

[Tableau. The Lady of Family realises that the study of third-class humanity has its drawbacks.]

MALÂ FIDE TRAVELLERS IN WALES.

Welsh Justice, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and likewise of Local Bench (to Publicans in attendance). Now mind, all you publicans, and innkeepers, and hosts,



Taking a Draught.

and tapsters, have a care how you serve anyone whomsoever with wines, and beers, and porters, and ales, and swipeses, and methoglines, and spirituous or fermented liquors, on any pretences or occasions, at any times on Sundays. You are not permitted, or suffered, or allowed, or authorised to supply peoples with beers, look you, simply because they have come three miles to get them. In my opinions, and judgments, and sentences, that is no sufficient journeys to make them *bonâ fide* travellers. I pray you take notice that, as far as I am concerned, if any charges comes before me, I shall look, and see, and inquire, and determine whether publicans have tried ordinary means, and interrogatives, and questions, to discover if persons were *bonâ fide* travellers in truth, look you now. A *bonâ fide* traveller is one who is travelling for purposes, and objects, and necessities. For instance, a *bonâ fide* traveller would be a man travelling to get work, but not one who came a certain distance to get beer. As an example of a frivolous, and trumpery, and make-believe excuse for tipping and toping, I know a case in which a man had the cheek, and the effrontery, and the brass, to say that he had walked all round the three-mile stone. Don't tell me of constitutional walks, and exercises, and thirsts, and needs of refreshments. Let me warn you, and admonish you, and exhort you to sell no one a glass of beer for no better causes and reasons than being tired and exhausted with a Sabbath-day's journey, whether short or long. 'Tis no matter for their fatigues, and wearinesses, and drynesses, and droughts, that makes them call for it, because, look you, they want it, and their desires and inclinations demands it, and their exhaustions craves for it against the laws and statutes in such cases made and provided for restraints of their appetites and offences. So now go your ways, shentlemens, and get you about your businesses, and see that none of you be brought before me for selling drink to any traveller, howsoever faint, and foot-sore, and thirsty, on a Welsh Sabbath, forasmuch as, look you, I would beseech you, and intreat you, command you, and, moreover, compel you to make it a dry Sunday. *[The remarks of this wise Magistrate may perhaps occasion British tourists to think twice and three times before devoting their holidays to an excursion in "gallant little Wales."]*



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE INTENSELY PATRIOTIC ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH!

Just as he is pointing out to Monsieur Anatole Duclos, the Parisian Journalist, how infinitely the English type of female beauty (especially amongst our Aristocracy) transcends that of France, or any other Nation,—who should come up from the beach but Lady Lucretia Longstaff, and her five unmarried daughters!

“—AND AS FOR THOSE IDIOTIC OLD FRENCH CARICATURES OF *LES ANGLAISES*, WITH LONG GAUNT FACES, AND LONG PROTRUDING TEETH, AND LONG FLAT FEET—WHY, GOOD HEAVENS! MY DEAR DUCLOS, THE TYPE DOESN'T EVEN EXIST!”

THE CUT DIRECT; OR, OTHER FISH TO FRY.

OH yes, I'm aware I seemed sweet on you once,
But 'twas only a *penchant*, a passing caprice.
Lose the world "All for Love"? Nay, I'm not such a dunce,
And—at least for a time—my attentions must cease.
You're "quite English, you know," my dear. *Need I explain*
Why that sort of thing won't do at present? Ask BLAINE!

True, I *did* introduce you a few months ago
To COLUMBIA.* Politeness, my dear, half pretence!
I found—didn't you?—it was really no go.
And although at that time I could "sit on the fence,"
That rail it's no longer quite safe so to ride;
I must seem to get down, dear,—and not on *your* side.

Tut! tut! Broken vows, and all that sort of thing?
That's a most extreme view, now, to take of the case.
I just took you under my fatherly wing,
Made you known, and, I think, with a good deal of grace.
But bound to you? Nay, my dear child, that's absurd.
If you talk about bonds, I am off like a bird!

Miss PROTECTION may not be so pretty, or young,
I do not pretend on her person to dote;
But she claims, well, I won't say my heart, but my tongue,
And I want to win, not her love, but her vote.
Needs must when—Democracy drives, don't you know,
And one can't quite afford to be careless of *dot*.

Come, come! don't be angry! A fellow, I'm sure,
May philander a little with no bad intent;
You know what's at stake, what I want to secure;
Our friendship was real, as far as it went;
That friendship one day we perhaps may renew,
But do stand aside for the present, now *do*!

* See Cartoon, "Quite English, you know," December 17, 1887.

Your little friend CANADA? Well, I dare say
She's a tiny bit tiffed; thinks we've treated her ill.
All that will come right, I've no doubt, dear, some day;
But indeed at this moment I don't want a spill,
And if I smile on her just now I'll go down.
So, for politic reasons I put on a frown.

Hush! The other one's eye is upon us. Eh, what?
Claim acquaintance? Intrusive, I really must say!
Give my arm, at this moment too? Certainly not!
Don't know you, don't know you!—at least, not to-day.
Be off, and don't worry me! (*Aside.*) There now, *don't* cry;
Can't you see that I've quite other fish now to fry?

"CAVE CANEM!"

It is stated that two dogs belonging to a Deputy named LAGUERRE, "the henchman of General BOULANGER," have been taught to howl whenever M. FERRY's name is mentioned. It is really a pity thus to waste time, and demoralise such decent animals as dogs. M. LAGUERRE would find it simpler to retain certain of the two-legged curs of Creed and puppies of Party, who may be safely trusted, and that without being taught, to yelp hideously whenever a particular Statesman's name is uttered in their hearing. Could any honest dog "drop into poetry," he would, doubtless, deliver Dr. WATTS's familiar lyric in some such inverted fashion as follows:—
"Let scribes delight to snap and bite, "But, doggies, *you* should never let
For 'tis their nature to; Your purchased yelpings rise;
Let petty scribblers spit their spite, Your honest mouths were never meant
For Party makes them so. To howl out Party cries!"

"A RARE OLD PLANT."—There is much talk in Vienna of a so-called "Weather Plant," which is said to possess the property of prognosticating all atmospheric changes three days in advance. Well, the *Abrus peregrinus*, or "Paternoster Pea," may possess all the powers claimed for it. But, *Mr. Punch's* opinion is, that the real "Weather-plant" this year at least—is *the Weather itself!*



THE CUT DIRECT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND. "DON'T KNOW YA! (*Aside.*) AT ANY RATE, FOR THE PRESENT!!"

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607

A WORD IN SEASON.

"It is the pride of the Hohenzollerna to reign at once over the noblest, the most intellectual, and most cultured of nations."
—The EMPEROR WILLIAM.

WHY, who speaks here? A Kaiser and Commander,
Or some mob-flattering, demagogic pander?
Droll doubling of two parts, the pompous ruler,
And glosing hyperbolic people-fooler!
How martial souls—liko WOLSELEY—who deride
All sentiment upon the popular side
As "siekly," "pharisaic,"—Heaven knows what—
Philanthropy, with other kinds of "rot"
With the fine swagger of the soldier elassing,—
Must shudder at the Hohenzollern's "gassing"!
Noblesse oblige, my WILLIAM! Mighty souls,
Like yours and WOLSELEY's, aim at other goals
Than CLEON and the Sausage-seller, surely.
Flatter the crowd? Is the crown so seemly
Poised on the head of despot power to-day
That Kaisers can with fulsome phrases play,
Without the risk of bringing on Autocracy
The "torrent of anarchical democracy"
Which sears our pocket-Cæsar in a fashion
That moves him to quite incoherent passion?
Take thought, my Teuton Chief, and, above all,
Take counsel with our "Only General."
He is not, like your MOLTKE, taciturn;
He deals in thoughts that breathe and words that burn,
As prettily as any poet-person
Who martial hero ever turned a verse on;
(The poet's highest function which redeems
Bard songs from being merely baby-dreams.)
He reckons up historic heroes lightly—
I hope, Lord Herr, you've read the last *Fortnightly*—
Appraises MARLBOROUGH, and NAPOLEON,
And picks some little holes in WELLINGTON.
You'll hardly, Kaiser-King, obtain an article
Of this particular sort, without a particle
Of shrinking modesty, from the old chief
Whose age in touching terms asks late relief
From the long strain of splendid service. No,
Your Silent Hero is not fashioned so.
His brief pathetic letter, the appeal
Of time-worn strength to drop the martial steel,
That script historie and your kind reply
Besem you both, Lord Herr, right royally.
But even MOLTKE's silent tongue might wag,
Mildly against the too thrasonic brag,
Of such an untried CÆSAR, whose huge hosts
Need little to be swelled by boyish boasts.

A SHAVING CLAUSE.—Those intelligent and amusing personages, the Commissioners in Lunacy, in their forty-second Report to the LORD CHANCELLOR (*à propos* of a possibly preventible suicide at Bethlehem Hospital) "while acknowledging the difficulty of entirely doing away with razors in asylums," advised that they should be kept under a double lock. They added to this extremely sensible proposal the interesting information that, "as a still safer plan," they "had recommended the daily services of a barber accustomed to lunatics." It would be interesting, however, to learn how such a person could obtain his necessary qualification. The first attempt to shave a raving madman is rather suggestive of the last chapter but one of a "shilling shocker"; and although people who eschew beards possibly may not be considered entirely in their right minds, their eccentricity, at the most, partakes rather of the characteristics of harmless idiocy than of the more violent forms of acute mania.

Literal.

PAT may be a lazy and law-breaking sinner,
With cudgels and Plans of Campaign be too free;
But at least he'd have rather more chance of a dinner,
Were it not for the curse of the absentee (*absent tea*.)

LITERARY DIET.—"Much reading, like much eating," said Sir THEODORE MARTIN, in the Llangollen Town Hall, quoting an old writer, "is wholly useless without digestion." True enough, and food for the mind is indigestible if too tough. Indulgence in modern French literature of the baser sort is very apt to create indigestion, attended with nausea.



PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO DRAWS UP THE METEOROLOGICAL REPORTS.

"ANOTHER DEPRESSION IS COMING!"
[Just as he was about to take his Holiday too!]

ACROSS THE WATER.

(With the Lord Mayor.)

WELL, it is all over now, but it has been a wonderful success. Dendermond, comparatively insignificant Flemish town though it is, has certainly known how to emphasise the glorious fact that it has given from its sons a Lord Mayor to the City of London. Such a Procession! There were "medieval" trumpeters and drummers, young persons with banners, in classical costume; "Commerce" represented by a steamboat full of ladies accompanied by sailors of all countries, and followed up by effigies of "Painting," "Industry," "Music," and "Science," together with a group showing ROBRECHT VII., VAN BETHUNE, Lord of Dendermond, presenting to the town a charter, dated 1333. This last personage was, I think, owing to the fact that he was attired in chain armour, frequently taken by the crowd for the LORD MAYOR himself, and vociferously cheered in consequence.

I found the townspeople, however, rather vague as to their estimate of our Chief Magistrate's position and privileges, and had to be continually explaining to them in indifferent Flemish that when at home he neither shared the Wool-sack with the LORD CHANCELLOR in the House of Lords, commanded the Life Guards in person, or sat down every night of his life to a grand banquet at the Crystal Palace with a thousand picked members of the British Nobility. Nothing though that I could say appeared to detract from the exalted estimate they had formed of his general dignity, and when the effigy of London came upon the scene, surrounded by allegorical figures of "Foresight," "Constancy," "Vigilance," "Civic Virtues," "Dancing," "Department," "Athletics," and "Stenography," the enthusiasm of the spectators knew no bounds, and they fairly shouted themselves hoarse. Then came music and fireworks, and later, several groups who had been dining, congregated round me, and insisting that I must be the LORD MAYOR, began to cheer me disagreeably. I, however, remonstrated in dumb show, and pointing to a window in the Town Hall where the Burgomaster could be seen at that very moment for the tenth time in the act of embracing the portly and smiling form of Mr. POLYDORE DE KEYSER himself, succeeded in diverting their attention.

The next day the LORD MAYOR started on his return journey, smothered in trophies. He made a short halt at Ghent and Bruxelles, his stay at the latter place being chiefly remarkable for a thoroughly racy comic after-dinner speech, made on the occasion by Mr. Sheriff DAVIES. That the whole party after a capital outing has arrived quite safe and sound in town again is here recorded with much satisfaction by your careful and observant correspondent.

A CITY REMEMBRANCER.



GOOD ADVICE—TAKEN IN A PROPER SPIRIT.

Fond but Impecunious Uncle (to Middy). "AND REMEMBER, JACK, BE ECONOMICAL. DON'T RUN INTO DEBT—AND, WHATEVER YOU DO, NEVER GO TO THE JEWS!" *Jack.* "No, UNCLE—I'LL ALWAYS COME TO YOU!"

ROBERT'S EXCURSION.

I HAD what I calls a reel treat the other day, and as I don't have it, as sum seems to do, about wunce a week, but jest about as seldom as possible, I did jest enjoy it. I was orderd down to Rumford, of all places in this mortal world, to wait on a party of City swells at the principle Otel there, called, I think, the Golden Cart, or sum sitch name, and as I was there in good time afore they started on their desperate hard work of surveying all the principle mountains of Hesse, and as there wasn't not nobody hinside the bootiful drag and its four hosses, the nice good-looking Chairman aeshally arsked me to jump in! Witch I need arldly say as I did, like a bird. Well, off we set, and may I never be beleved, if the Landlord of the Otel, where the gents was a going for to dine after their ard day's work, didn't git on the box and drive all the fore hosses, and werry well he did it too, and didn't upset us not wunce.

And to make the whole set-out quite compleat, we took a trumpitter with us with about the werry longest trumpit as I ever seed or ewen heard on, and wenever we cum near an house or an hoss, he blowed away to that xtent that I werrily thort as he must ha' bust hisself, but he didn't. We had a most luvly ride on a most luvly day, our fore bootiful hosses a running up the Essex mountains and down into the Essex walleys as if they thort nothink of 'em. We druv throu some Nobbleham's Park. The young trumpitter, who was, I think, a bit of a wag, tried to perswade me as the Nobbleham's name was PETER, but I wasn't quite so green as to bleeve that.

It wasn't a werry cumferal looking house as was in the Park, for the roof was all off, and all the winders was broke, which guv it rayther a chilly look, but the Mossyleum, as we seed a little further on, quite made up for it, for anythink more nicer, or warmer, or cumferal looking I never seed.

I think, praps, if they'd both ha' bin mine, I should ha' gone in for sumthink of a change in the wiccy wersey style; but of course there's no accounting for taste, speshally among the werry hiest horder of the Harrystockraey. There was a good many solgers and peepole about warios parts of our ride, and wenever we druv through 'em, I jest raised my at and made my werry best bow—witch I'm told is werry much like a serten Royal Prince's—at which they was hevidently

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE OLD TELEPHONE.

(By Milton Featherly Ionsone.)

It stands as of yore in the dear dark corner,
But the dust has gather'd, the voice has flown;
There, like a little forlorn Jaek Horner,
It lingers, unlook'd-for, the old Telephone.
The blinds in the office hang yellow and slanting,
The sun strikes mottled athwart the pane,
And ever a low lone voice is chanting,
From days evanish'd, an old refrain:
Ring, ring-a-ring! Are you there? Who are you?
What do you want? Ring-a-ring! Are you there?
Answer, O love! While I rest for a bar, you
Murmur your numbers, my fair, my fair!

Ring, ring-a-ring! Like the joy-bells chiming;
Whirr! Like a coffee-mill talking alone;
Silence! Like poets who sleep at their rhyming;
An answer softer than cushat's moan.
Yes, for a voice on the desert of business
Fell like the dew, though the face was unknown.
And ever my brain with delirious dizziness,
Reels when I think of the old Telephone.

Ah, but the world whirls wearily round me,
And I with the weary world am whirl'd;
Should it suddenly stop, it could scarce confound me,
If, some bright morning, the angels found me
Recklessly round the lamp-posts curl'd.
But, in garden old, or in window'd minster,
From chordless organ, or frozen bird,
From bachelor bold or blushing spinster,
Such soul-sweet music was never heard.
In love's bright play-bill I largely star you;
I hear you ever, my unseen fair;
Ring, ring-a-ring! Are you there? Who are you?
And Echo sobs—There is no one there!

CUE-RIOUS.—A Billiard-player's prosperity seems very paradoxical. The more "hazard" there is about it, the more certain it is, and it is largely made by breaks.

much pleased, for they all larfed quite haffably. I wunder who they took me for, in my solittary grander, drest, as of coarse I was, in full heavening costoom.

Well, wen we got back, the Chairman, thinking praps as he had better go on as he had begun in the staggering line, aeshally arsked the driving Landlord to dine with 'em, and, follering my nobel xample, he didn't want not no pressing, but down he sat. And if he didn't earn his capital dinner by the way in which he emused all the City swells, nobody never did. Of coarse I was too much oecypied by my purfeshnal dooties to hear werry much, but wot little I did hear ony made me long for more. Just one or 2 anneek-dotes as xampels.

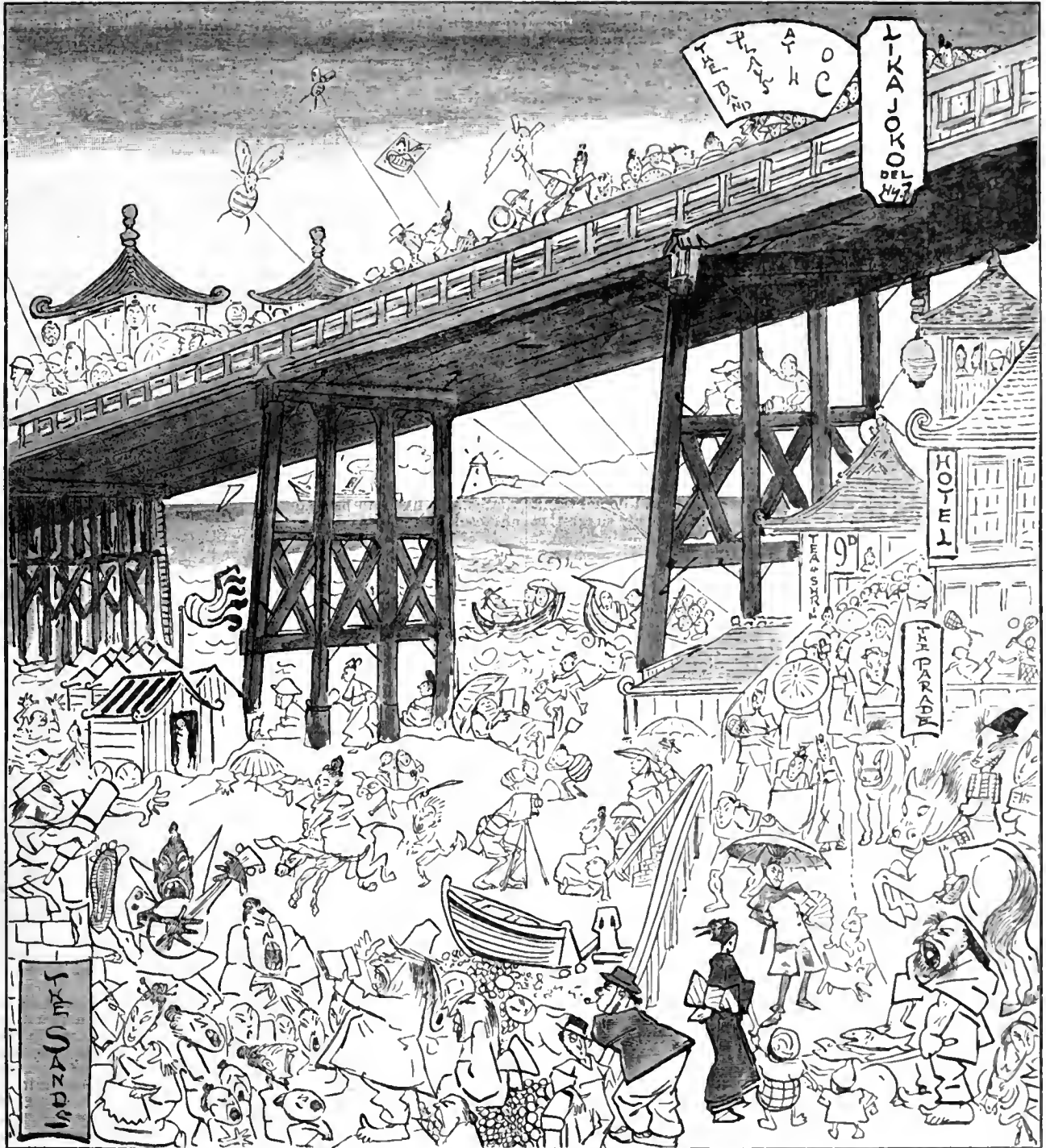
He told 'em as he wunse druv a party of 12 on a fore horse Drag all the ways to Liverpool, a matter of 220 mile, jest to see a Race run, and he charged 'em two hundred and fifty pound for the job!

And having gammond 'em as he lost money by the transackshun, they all subskribed together, like reel Gents as they was, and had a pieter painted of the hole concern, Drag, and Hosses, and Gents, and Driver, and all, and guv it to him at a grand dinner at his hone house, and, as he werry properly said, if any Gent here dowts my word, there's the werry pieter! And there to be sure it were, a hanging in the werry room as the City swells was a dining in! I couldn't say much about the rest of the party, as I'd never seen 'em, but the likeness of the Driver was werry striking. Of coarse jest a leetle bit felattering, but they allers is, or in coarse we shooldn't buy 'em.

Well, that wasn't a bad story jest to begin with, but I think he even beat that afterwards, wen he told em that all the hammytoor Coaching swells once guv a grand dinner to all the Purfeshnals, at the Bell Savage on Ludget Hill. His Father, who was a Purfeshnal, wasn't well enuff to go, so he said to his son, says he, "You shall go insted of me, PETER,"—which was his name,—“but, wotever you do, don't get drunk!” Werry wise and frendly adwise, but, unfortunately, ofenser given than follerd.

The night came, and they all set down, I think as he said about 60 in number, and a rare dinner they must have had, for the Bill came to fore ginnys a head! Ah, they was sumthink like times, them was. And what a gloryus Chairman they must have had! He ort to ha' bin a Sheriff at the werry least. For about 3 o'Clock in the

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 14.



LIKA JOKO AT THE SEASIDE.

morning he called for the Bill, and when it was giv to him, he jest looked at it, and then he said, "Gennelmen," says he, "I beg to con-graterlate you on your nobel work, for the fust amount as catches my eye is, Champain, £47! Let us give three cheers for that splendid hitem!" And so they did, and then one cheer more. And they didn't brake up ewen then, and PETER, to prove to his trusting Parient as he kep his word, druv the Coach, that started at 6 o'Clock, hay-hem, the fust stage, to Rumford, without no accident.

Ah, Mr. PETER, Mr. PETER! if you have a few more such scrumpshus stories of the grand old days of yore in that fine-looking hed of yours, your proper place is not on the box seat of an ansum Drag,

but within the saered walls of the grand old Copperashun, or of an ancient Livery Company, where they woud be as thorowly aparcerated and as thorowly enjoyed, as they was by your umbel admirer

ROBERT.

Virginia Stock's View of It.

Is Marriage a Failure? Why, yes, to be sure. But, oh! abolition won't furnish a cure. Whilst thousands of spinsters in solitude tarry, It's clearly a failure—because men *con't* marry.

"CLASS" LEGISLATION.

(Further Correspondence.)

SIR,—Look here, the sooner first and second-class travellers disappear altogether the better. Nobody wants 'em. Take my word for it, if the big Companies only know what they are about, they will take pretty sharp to running nothing but third-class trains. The fares should be tidy cheap, say at the rate of a farthing for five miles. But what would be the upshot? Why, such a blessed influx of traffic that they would hardly be able to meet it. Talk of dividends, why the prospect ought to make the shareholders' mouths water, for the big bulk that never travel at all would be on the move like one o'clock, and every loafer from Seven Dials, and the whole of the Un-

employed would be all cutting up North—or anywhere else on the spree with,

Yours hopefully, A WHITECHAPEL ROVER.



King's Cross.

SIR,—That the first-class traveller is very hardly treated by the Companies there cannot, I think, be any question. Take my case. On a recent journey I had positively to share a whole compartment with a fellow passenger, and this though I had paid my fare and had certainly a right to expect an entire one to myself. As to second and third-class carriages, they ought, of course, to be abolished, with a view to the provision of fitting accommodation for the patrons of the first. One first-class passenger to a compartment would give five to a carriage; some two hundred, therefore, could be conveniently provided for in a train, say, of about forty carriages. I do not know how this would work, nor do I care how it would affect the shareholders' question of dividends, for with these matters I do not think the patrons of the line have any concern. But I offer my suggestion with much confidence, and meantime beg to subscribe myself

Yours, &c., NOTHING IF NOT EXCLUSIVE.

SIR,—If there is one thing that is clear, it is that the whole system of our railway travelling needs completely revolutionising. Why, I ask, should the passenger who has to pass eight hours on a journey, say to Edinburgh, be cut off from the comforts and conveniences of ordinary life? It is true that in the Pullman sleeping-car he can have a bed, and make his *toilette*; but what, Sir, I ask, is this at the close of the Nineteenth Century? What are the Companies about in thinking that in providing him with a paltry bed and basin, they have properly discharged their functions? The idea is preposterous. Suppose he wishes to consult a doctor or even a solicitor *en route*, why should he not be able to do so? He might even wish to take lessons in dancing, or have a tooth extracted. No train ought, therefore, to start that is not accompanied by a duly qualified doctor, dentist, attorney, and dancing-master.

There should also be a swimming-bath attached to it. And it should contain a full and complete reference-library, while drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, private sitting-rooms, stores, saloons for private theatricals, and an ample gymnasium, should be at the disposition of all the passengers. Nor is this all. Some may like music. For these a brass band should be provided; and, as many passengers may desire some sort of recreation *en route*, no thoroughly equipped train should be started unless provided with a *troupe* of acrobats, and all the attractive features of a Variety Entertainment. A train made up on such principles could not fail to secure the patronage of the travelling public; and Directors will be wise in their generation who cheerfully incur the outlay necessary to the instalment of a service framed on these lines. All the Public ask is, "enough for their money." That the above, then, would be, on the whole, a move in the right direction, is the opinion of

Yours, categorically, TAKING IT EASY.

PLAY-TIME IN LONDON.

SCENE—A public thoroughfare. Enter a Londoner. He is about to retire sadly when he meets his Country Cousin.

Londoner. Dear me, who would have thought of meeting you here? Country Cousin. Why not? The rain has spoiled the harvest.

Lon. Well, I suppose I must take you to see the sights. Come to the theatre this evening? Go to TOOLE'S—eh?

C. C. Went there last night. Couldn't stand it a second time.

Lon. Impossible! Mr. TOOLE in *The Don* is excellent.

C. C. Mr. TOOLE in *The Don*! Why, he is "touring." They have got *Pepita*, a comic opera, at TOOLE'S. Haven't you seen it?

Lon. Not I. Never heard of it.

C. C. Why, it's been played hundreds of times in the Provinces, so we sent it up to Town. But I won't go and see it again.

Lon. Well, what do you say to the Haymarket—*Captain Swift*?

C. C. I saw it when it was produced at a *matinée*. Mr. TREE very clever, as he always is in character parts, but I don't care to go again.

Lon. Well, I will take you to the Avenue to see *Glady's* and *Don Juan, Junior*.

C. C. Thanks, much; but I have seen both and can't stand either. *Glady's* begins too soon, and *Don Juan, Junior*, ends too late. And strange as it must appear to you, I seldom laugh at Mr. RIGHTON.

Lon. Strange, indeed! What say you to the *Adelphi Union Jack*?

C. C. Seen it twice, and can't stand it a third time. It really is very feeble for a melodrama, and I am tired of trick changes.

Lon. Well, then, there is the Vaudeville.

C. C. No, there isn't. It's closed; and so is the St. James's, and the Opéra Comique, and Drury Lane.

Lon. Really, you seem to know more about the amusements of Town than I do.

C. C. Why shouldn't I? To tell you the truth, I am obliged to go everywhere. You see, I am so accustomed to country quiet that I cannot stand London noise; so I go every night to a Theatre.

Lon. What for?

C. C. To get a couple of hours' sleep!

[The conversation is interrupted by a thunderstorm, mixed with snow, and the other ingredients incident to this year's summer. Hail, thunderbolts, fog, and Curtain.]

RATIONAL DIET.

In the interests of economy (which, however, will always be combined with a certain regard to efficiency), the Regimental Regimen in future to be allowed to private soldiers will be as follows, which the Military Authorities, who arrange for victualling contracts, and the Contractors themselves, consider more than sufficient for the wants of growing youths, and likely to bring quite a rush of recruits into the Army:—

First Meal in the Day.—This will consist of two thin slices of bread and margarine—the latter not to be laid on too thick—with half a mug of shilling tea and a thimbleful of skimmed milk. (N.B.—Two spoonfuls of this fine matured tea to every six men.) This meal will take place at 8'30, and for lack of any more expressive title, will continue to be called "Breakfast."

Second Meal.—Dinner, which is to be served at 1'30. Every soldier to have one whole ounce of meat, including bone; but he will be expected to make no bones about it, should he be unfortunate enough to receive a portion with no meat at all in it. The good soldier always tries to remember that if he were engaged in a campaign in a perfectly desert country, and if all the Commissariat and baggage animals had been killed for food a month before, he might conceivably be called upon to bear privations almost as great; and it is the constant object of the War Office to aid the soldier in realising this particular feature of actual warfare. Two ounces of potatoes are also to be allowed, but these must be weighed before being pared, and—if possible—directly they are taken from the ground, when a good deal of earth is likely to be attached to them. Bread, made of finest alum and bone-dust "middlings," to the extent of an ounce per man, to be also allowed. A tea-spoonful of grated cheese on Thursdays. Suet-puddings on alternate Sundays.

Third Meal.—Takes place at 4'30, when, having recently dined, men are not likely to be hungry, and so to waste the national resources. Pint of tepid tea, with three slices of bread and margarine.

Fourth Meal.—Supper. Should the Contractor announce that he does not feel able to supply a fourth meal at the figure for which he has tendered, the Authorities will desire to leave the matter in his hands, feeling certain that he has the highest interests of the Army at heart. If they are called upon to choose between starving the Exchequer and feeding the soldier, or starving the soldier and feeding the Exchequer, they feel bound to select the patriotic alternative.

The above highly liberal and generous scale has been decided upon after consultation with some of the leading Medical officers at Reformatories and Workhouses. It is confidently hoped that it will lead to a great increase in the flesh, bone, and sinew of our recruits; if, however, it should be found that *too much* adipose tissue results, the meals can easily be reduced in quantity, or quality, or both.

Soldiers of a peculiarly ravenous disposition, who really feel that they could eat something more between 4'30 in the afternoon and the following morning, will be allowed—after medical examination—to still the pangs of appetite, by obtaining at the canteen, before going to bed, two or three drops of a powerful and inexpensive sleeping draught, which will carry them safely through to next morning's breakfast. Or, if they choose, they can "recruit" outside in the nearest dram-shop.



A Private Box.

A NATIONAL MIDDLE; OR, THE INVENTOR AVENGED.

(Government Drama in Active Rehearsal.)

ACT I.—*A Room in the Permanent Sleepy Department. Half-awake Official discovered dozing at desk. Enter a Sanguine Inventor.*

Half-awake Official (rousing himself). Ah! Mr. What's-your-name? Come about that new gun of yours, eh?

Sanguine Inventor. Yes, and this is the twenty-fifth time I've called about it. Surely, the Authorities can make up their minds. Come: what do they mean to do about it?

H. O. Well, you see it was to carry twenty miles—?

S. I. Yes, and go through thirty-six inches of steel plating.

H. O. Just so. Well, come, you know, that's too much for us. We don't care about such distances and figures.

S. I. "Don't care?" I don't understand you. Why, it's an entirely new departure!

H. O. Yes, but this Department doesn't care about new departures. It sticks to the old lines.

S. I. But the army that first adopts my gun, will revolutionise all the conditions of warfare.

H. O. That's just why the Department wouldn't touch it. It doesn't want to revolutionise anything. It has got its own principles and ideas to work out, and it has quite enough to do to keep pace with them, I can tell you.

S. I. Will you purchase it, or not? You shall have it for £1000.

H. O. Quite out of the question at that figure. But the fact is, we don't want it at any price. You had better take it elsewhere.

S. I. As you will. I shall certainly take it—to the Continent.

H. O. So do. And now good morning.

[*Bows him out, and falls asleep, while Sanguine Inventor proceeds to carry out his threat as Act Drop descends.*]

ACT II.—*Tableau, representing an interval of ten years, during which Sanguine Inventor applies to the Foreign European Governments, and disposes of his invention to several of them on highly advantageous terms. His new gun being pronounced on all hands the "weapon of the future," its merits are freely discussed in scientific Continental military circles; and the rumour of its various excellences at length reaching the Officials of the Permanent Sleepy Department, they lethargically appoint a Committee of Inquiry to investigate its merits, as the Act Drop descends.*

ACT III.—*A Room in the Permanent Sleepy Department. Half-awake Official discovered, engaged in an interview with The Representative of the Firm of Messrs. MIDDLEMAN & Co.*

Half-awake Official. You see, there is a public clamour got up about the gun, and so, I suppose, we must have it. What's your figure?

The Representative of Messrs. Middleman. A million and a half; not a penny under.

H. O. Oh! but come, that's stieking it on rather too stiff. Why, ten years ago we could have had it for £1000!

The R. of M. M. Very possibly. And you were great fools not to purchase at the price. But we have since managed to secure the patent for a pretty penny, and you don't think we are going to do business without making a tidy profit? A million and a half is our lowest figure. So you may like it or leave it, just as you choose.

H. O. If it wasn't for the clamour, we would soon let you know which we would do. However, we've no choice; so, I suppose, you must have your price.

[*Proceeds to make arrangements for the payment of the purchase-money for a ten-years' old invention as the Act Drop descends.*]

ACT IV.—*Tableau representing the Sanguine Inventor, who has now patented a Gun that will carry forty miles, and penetrate 6 feet of steel plating, offering its refusal to the Permanent Sleepy Department. He has an interview with the Half-awake Official, who, informing him that the Department has just paid a million and a half for his previous invention, points out that they are not prepared to negotiate any further for the purchase of any improvements. The Sanguine Inventor thereupon straightway disposes of his new secret to further Foreign European Governments, who, adopting it with enthusiasm, utilise it with the greatest success, as the Act Drop descends.*

ACT V.—*Represents the Interior of the Permanent Sleepy Department after the Declaration of War by several Continental Powers, one of the Sanguine Inventor's Patent Shells fired by the Enemy having just blown the entire Office into the air. The Half-awake Official is discovered slowly emerging from the débris.*

Half-awake Official (rubbing his eyes). Dear me, this is very awkward. I suppose we ought to have purchased that fellow's invention, after all. However (*coming forward*), if our kind friends in front are only satisfied, we can't deny that we have brought about a precious "National Middle"—

Sanguine Inventor (taking his hand). And have seen the Sanguine Inventor at last "avenged." [*They embrace as the Curtain falls.*]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CAPITAL number of the *Fortnightly*; that is, as much as I've read of it. "Imprisonment for Debt," by Judge CHALMERS, should be



studied by everyone who wants to get into debt and keep himself out of prison. I gather from this article that imprisonment for debt isn't quite the pleasantest way of spending a few days in a recess. But in his next, perhaps, Judge CHALMERS will tell us exactly how the prisoners are treated? Why should not a caged prisoner, who can but won't pay, be made

"Where was the Baron when the light went out?"

to pay, by setting him to some work which will bring in sufficient money to satisfy the creditor and the expenses of his detention?

The literary critic who writes so trenchantly on the *Fall of Fiction*, in the same number, ought by this time to have read *Rhedak's Revenge*, wherein I finished off the mighty RITERAGGARD himself with the stoek-in-trado of his entertainment. Let Mr. RIDER HAGGARD get a new set of puppets, and learn some fresh tunes on his pipe to which they can dance.

Before changing the subject, I may mention that one of "The Friendlies" informs me that, in *Rhedak's Revenge*, I was wrong in making "Rhinoeeri" the plural of *Rhinoeros*. I thought I was. I ought to have written, as he says, "Rhinoerotes," or "Rhinoecrosses;" but then, you see, it occurred to me that "Rhinoeeri," having no existence, were just the very animals that RIDER HAGGARD would have pledged his veracity as a Romancer that his mighty hunters had shot. When I come across such solemn affidavits, "I say pooh-pooh to him," and my nose, having in it more of the antique Roman than the Greek, becomes "rhinoecerial." (For which word, see Dixon's Johnsonary Lathomised.)

The four volumes of *Weird Tales* have continued to delight me. There's one by Mr. EDMUND YATES, called *The Skeleton in the House*, written, a foot-note confidentially informs us, "while he was in his twenties,"—which sounds like the British Workman "coming in his thousands." First-rate vintage "The Twenties,"—wish I had a lot of them; and this weird tale of *Moi Mème*'s is so racy told, and with such conviction, that I am heartily sorry he has seen only one ghost in his life. Or perhaps he has seen a lot of them, and won't tell. Please E. Y. give us another ghost, there's a good haunted man, do! I've tried all sorts of spirits without effect. Nowadays I am trying to get one skeleton at all events into my house by conjurations of ANDREW CLARKE, ROOSE, THOMPSON, and BANTING, by spells of dry toast, no butter, no white of eggs, no sugar, no starch (great deprivation this—I was so fond of shirt-fronts fresh from the wash—quite a glutton at them), no fat, no potatoes, no pudding, no sweets, no nothing in fact, and yet the skeleton still weighs fourteen stone with the flesh on. Would fright do it? I shall go on with these *Weird Tales*—one every night at bedtime—and then, "Out, out, brief candle!" and under the clothes disappears the head of the

BRAVE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

ADVERTISEMENT GRATIS.

A PROPOS of some allusion to *Pepita*, now playing at TOOLE'S Theatre, we have received a letter purporting to be written by one of the Managers of this Operatic Company, informing us that "The B. P. know"—what, he doesn't say—"and" (we quote *verbatim*) "their verdict is taken, not a silly paper, and, I am glad to say, we refuse money nightly." Very magnanimous conduct on the part of "We." Refuse money nightly! We wish we—"nous autres,"—had the chance. Would we avail ourselves of it? Ahem! Well, we must at once visit TOOLE'S, and, *pro forma*, tender our coin? Will it be refused? or, shall we be let in? And if the latter, shall we be let in for something good? *Nous verrons, "nous autres."*



GENEROUS OFFER.

Buyer (who having had a legacy of £30, invests in 6 screws for Cab-proprietor's business). "YOU MIGHT GIVE US A SOVEREIGN FOR LUCK; I'VE DONE FAIRISH BUSINESS."

Seller. "WELL, I CAN'T DO THAT. TELL YER WHAT THOUGH, I'LL CHUCK YER THIS OTHER 'OSS IN."

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

August 22.—Home sweet Home again. CARRIE bought some pretty blue wool mats to stand vases on. FRIPPS, JANUS & Co. write to say they are sorry they have no vacancy among their staff of clerks for LUPIN.

Aug. 23.—I bought a pair of stags'-heads made of Plaster of Paris and coloured brown. They will look just the thing for our little hall and give it style; the heads are excellent imitations. POOLERS AND SMITH are sorry they have nothing to offer LUPIN.

Aug. 24.—Simply to please LUPIN, and make things cheerful for him, as he is a little down, CARRIE invited Mrs. JAMES to come up from Sutton and spend two or three days with us. We have not said a word to LUPIN, but mean to keep it as a surprise.

Aug. 25.—Mrs. JAMES arrived in the afternoon, bringing with her an enormous bunch of wild-flowers. The more I see of Mrs. JAMES the nicer I think she is, and she is devoted to CARRIE. She went into CARRIE'S room to take off her bonnet and remained there nearly an hour talking about dress. LUPIN said he was not a bit surprised at Mrs. JAMES'S visit, but was surprised at her.

Aug. 26, Sunday.—Nearly late for church, Mrs. JAMES having talked considerably about what to wear all the morning. LUPIN does not seem to get on very well with Mrs. JAMES. I am afraid we shall have some trouble with our next-door neighbours who came in last Wednesday. Several of their friends, who drive up in dog-carts, have already made themselves objectionable. An evening or two ago I had put on a white waistcoat for coolness, and while walking past with my thumbs in my waistcoat pockets (a habit I have), one man, seated in the cart, and looking like an American, commenced singing some vulgar nonsense about, "I had thirteen dollars in my waistcoat pocket." I fancied it was meant for me, and my suspicions were confirmed; for, while walking round the garden in my tall hat this afternoon a "throw-down" cracker was deliberately aimed at my hat and exploded on it like a percussion cap. I turned sharply, and am positive I saw the man who was in the cart retreating from one of the bed-room windows.

Aug. 27.—CARRIE and Mrs. JAMES went off shopping, and had not returned when I came back from the office. Judging from the sub-

sequent conversation, I am afraid Mrs. JAMES is filling CARRIE'S head with a lot of nonsense about dress. I walked over to GOWING'S, and asked him to drop in to supper, and make things pleasant. CARRIE prepared a little extemporised supper, consisting of the remainder of the cold joint, a small piece of salmon (which I was to refuse, in case there was not enough to go round), and a blanc-mange and custards. There was also a decanter of port and some jam puffs on the side-board. Mrs. JAMES made us play rather a good game with cards, called "Muggins." To my surprise—in fact, disgust—LUPIN got up in the middle, and in a most sarcastic tone said, "Pardon me, this sort of thing is too fast for me. I shall go and enjoy a quiet game of marbles in the back garden." Things might have become rather disagreeable but for GOWING (who seems to have taken to LUPIN) suggesting they should invent games. LUPIN said, "Let's play Monkeys." He then led GOWING all round the room, and brought him in front of the looking-glass. I must confess I laughed heartily at this. I was a little vexed at everybody subsequently laughing at some joke which they did not explain, and it was only on going to bed I discovered I must have been walking about all the evening with an antimaccassar on one button of my coat-tails.

Aug. 28.—Found a large brick in the middle bed of geraniums, evidently come from next door. PATTLES AND PATTLES can't find a place for LUPIN.

Aug. 29.—Mrs. JAMES is making a positive fool of CARRIE. CARRIE appeared in a new dress like a smock-frock. She said "Smocking" was all the rage. I replied it put me in a rage. She also had on a hat as big as a kitchen coal-scuttle, and the same shape. Mrs. JAMES went home, and both LUPIN and I were somewhat pleased—the first time we have agreed on a single subject since his return. MERKINS AND SON write they have no vacancy for LUPIN.

Motto for the Gaiety Adapters of "She."

"If we do prove him Haggard,
Though that his Jesses were our dear heart-strings,
We'd whistle him off."

(Joe Knight's Shakspeare, Revised Version. Othello, Act III., sc. 3.)



DERISION.

Baguidge (to his Friend's Keeper). "TUT-T-T—DEAR ME! WOODRUFF, I'M AFRAID I'VE SHOT THAT DOG
Keeper. "OH NO, SIR, I THINK HE'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. HE MOSTLY DROP DOWN LIKE THAT IF ANYBODY MISSES !!"

BEAUTIFUL TAR.

SONG OF AN ENTHUSIASTIC SCIENTIST.

AIR—"Beautiful Star."

BEAUTIFUL Tar, the outcome bright
 Of the black coal and the yellow gas-light,
 Of modern products most wondrous far,
 Tar of the gas-works, beautiful Tar!
 Tar of the Gas-works, &c.

In fancy's ear thou seem'st to say,
 "Follow me close, I am bound to pay.
 On me experiments freely try;
 For if there's a *multum in parvo*, 'tis I."
 Tar of the Gas-works, &c.

Men told us once, with a cheek quite calm,
 Of the things that the Arabs could get from
 the palm;
 But that fraud botanic is distanced far
 By the modern marvel, the black Coal-tar.
 Tar of the Gas-works, &c.

House and garments, victuals and drink,
 The nomad got from the palm, I think;
 But as source of beauty, and bliss, and balm,
 Coal-tar from the palm-tree must bear the
 palm.
 Tar of the Gas-works, &c.

Protoplasm? Oh, that's played out;
 The true protoplasm is Tar, no doubt.
 As "promise and potency," Tar must take
 What vulgar seiclists call "the cake:"
 Tar of the Gas-works, &c.

There's hardly a thing that a man may name
 Of use or beauty in life's small game,

But you can extract in alembic or jar
 From the "physical basis" of black Coal-tar.
 Tar of the Gas-works, &c.

Oil, and ointment, and wax, and wine,
 And the lovely colours called aniline;
 You can make *anything*, from a salve to a
 star,
 If you only know how to, from black Coal-
 tar.
 Tar of the Gas-works, &c.

'Tis found the basis of all things sweet;
 Sugar is settled, and beet is beat;
 The western root and the eastern cane
 With ubiquitous Coal-tar contend in vain.
 Tar of the Gas-works, &c.

You can carry the stuff in your pocket or
 hat,
 And it will not hurt you, or make you fat;
 Of saccharine matters the wholesomest far
 Is the stuff extracted from black Coal-tar,
 Tar of the Gas-works, &c.

The very bees mistake it for honey!
 'Tis a fount of pleasure, a mine of money;
 And the Bounty question without a jar
 Will soon be settled by black Coal-tar,
 Tar of the Gas-works, &c.

Triumph, O Tar! Stuff half divine!
 The world's whole interests soon will twine
 Around thine essence the subtlest far,
 Tar of the Gas-works, black Coal-tar—
 Tar of the Gas-works, black Coal-tar!

A PERSON OF LIGHT AND LEADING.—Will o'
 the Wisp.

NOUS AT NEWNHAM.

(By a "Babbler in the Land.")

[Miss HELEN GLADSTONE says that when she
 was a student at Newnham, a motion was brought
 before the Debating Society there, and carried by
 a large majority, that life without gossip was not
 worth living.]

EXCELLENT, Miss HELEN GLADSTONE!
 That is not the frump or "fad's" tone.
 Girlhood without Gossip? Dreadful!
 Fancy FANNY with a head full
 Of *on dits* and tittle-tattle
 Sworn against all pretty prattle!
 Vowed to theorems and theses!
 No, the little talking teases
 Could not care for Mind or Matter,
 Art or Science, without Chatter.
 Mr. Punch, though gabbling ead you
 hate,

You'll applaud the "sweet girl graduate"
 Who, how'er chookfull of knowledge
 Holds that girlhood, e'en at College,
 Still may without blame or loss sip
 Talk's essential nectar—Gossip,
 Only scorned by peevisish quidmoss;
 For as Wit to heavy Wisdom,
 Banter gay to bitter brooding,
Soufflé light to suet pudding,
 So is Gossip bright and blameless,
 As unspiteful as 'tis aimless,
 To the heavy altercation
 Pompous prigs call Conversation!
 Life without it worth the candle?
 No, dear Punch. Dull spite and scandal
 Very properly you tackle,
 But you will not "cut the cackle."

DUE NORTH.

Tower—Obstruction—Berths—Problem—Information—Weather—Passengers—Steward—Picturesque—Uncertainties.

To the Tower—in a cab! Visions of CRUIKSHANK, HARRISON AINSWORTH, *Maugher of the Are*, *Nit*, the Giants, the Torture-room, *Cicely* being dragged down-stairs, and Mephistophelian *Simon Renard*. Suppose a shell or two would knock the old place all to smithereens,—to W. H. Smithereens,—à propos of HARRISON AINS-



"We're going to have a very fine Passage!"

WORTH. The Tower is not a *Tour de force*. Down a dirty lane occupied by vans, carts, and crowds of men,—dockyard labourers waiting for work towards St. Katherine's wharf. Glad to know that I have arrived half an hour before the boat starts, as, if an intending passenger were at all late, and if there were but one wagon more in this dirty narrow lane, and one cab coming up the street when mine is going down, to reach the wharf itself in time to catch the boat would be simply impossible. Not a policeman visible, no official of any sort at hand to regulate the traffic and clear a way to and from the point of departure. How the experts and importers ever get out of these narrow thoroughfares without smashing and jamming, and loss of life, or damage to limb, and how the passengers—especially the female passengers—for the various steamboats ever reach their destination in safety is a marvel to me.

Happy Thought.—Yet this stoppage of traffic is appropriate to the locality. The Tower and "the block!"

I meet Hobson at the entrance to the wharf. He assures me, as his dear friend, that he is as annoyed as I am about the obstruction, and especially annoyed on *my* account. "But look here!" he exclaims abruptly, adroitly changing the subject, "we've got the best berths in the ship!" and he leads the way to the steamer, almost skipping with delight at his own craftiness in securing these exceptional berths.

Happy Thought.—The Skipper and his craft.

We have: so much is evident: but two other passengers are to occupy the two other berths in the same cabin.

"Perhaps they won't come," I say, with a glimmer of hope, and relying on the probable obstacles in the narrow approach.

"They're here already," says HOBSON, with an air of genial hospitality, pointing out their overcoats and bags, which I thought were his own.

"I've taken the two upper berths," continues Hobson, still congratulating himself on his acuteness. "Plenty of air, you see"—here he opens the port-hole—"and the other chaps are very quiet fellows. I've seen them. It will be all right. I'm sure you'll like it."

"Shall I?" I return, doubtfully looking at my berth, which is as

high up and about as roomy as the top shelf of the linen-cupboard in an old-fashioned housekeeper's room.

Problem. How to get there? Not being a bird, I can't fly up. Not being a gymnast, I can't jump up. If there's no ladder, I must evidently climb up. I mention "ladder" to one of the officials of the steamer who looks in at the cabin casually,—ship's officers I think they're called,—and ship's officer only laughs and goes away again. Clearly a ladder is out of the question; it certainly was out of the answer, as far as the merry but uncommunicative ship's officer is concerned. Consequently, as I put it to Hobson (who can get into his own berth as easily as possible by merely stepping on to the top of the fixed washing-stand when closed, and crawling in at the foot of the bed), the problem develops itself into two parts. *First:* How to climb without grazing my knees and doing myself some serious internal injury from the effects of which I may never recover. *Secondly:* How to climb up without considerably inconveniencing the man on the shelf below, by kicking him on the head, stamping on his nose, putting my foot on his mouth, or otherwise so alarming him, that, if asleep, he may wake suddenly, forget where he is, think that I am a burglar, and incontinently seize me by the leg and bring me down to the floor, when, unless I am stunned and with both arms and legs broken, there must ensue a combat of two in which the other couple must inevitably join.

"You'll find it very comfortable," says Hobson; "the ship is lighted by electricity,"—as if this would help me to climb up into my jam-cupboard shelf, or send me to sleep when I get there,—"and the whole place is deliciously clean and comfortable. Let's go on deck," he says, in a persuasive voice, and I follow him as he skips up the companion.

We come upon a communicative passenger, who seems to be an acquaintance of Hobson's. He informs us that, "This isn't the Company's new boat. The new boat's much better than this."

"This is a very good boat," protests HOBSON, as if it were his own. "Oh, she's good enough, and fast enough," says the communicative acquaintance; "but she's old. She's fast, though," he repeats, as if being "old and fast" were a recommendation to anybody.

"Ah! she's a first-rate vessel," says Hobson, standing to his guns, on my account, I am sure, otherwise, I fancy, he would agree with his communicative acquaintance.

The latter continues, "She's still a good seagoing boat," resumes the communicative acquaintance, "but she's no breadth of beam. She'll roll"—[will she, O dear!]"—"she'll roll, if there's any sea on," he repeats, emphatically, as if he were drawing our attention to an inspired prophecy, "she'll roll."

HOBSON observes with equal certainty, "But there will be no sea on." All on my account, I'm sure. I'm afraid his forecast would honestly be in favour of there being "a sea on."

"You should have gone by the new boat," says his acquaintance.

I cannot help asking him how it is that if the new boat is so perfect, he, himself, didn't go by it?

"I am going by it, next Saturday," he replies, "I'm only here to see a friend off." And time being up, he bids us good-bye, and in another ten minutes he is on the quay, waving his hat, and pitying us.

Observing me somewhat depressed by this information, Hobson is careful to assure me that, in his opinion, we shall have a capital passage. True, we are beginning well; but then this is only the river; dirty, but interesting. We have a considerable number of passengers. There are three horse-artillerymen, with swords and spurs, who seem rather out of place on board. There are a few persons, young men and young women, with sticks, rugs, water-proofs, umbrellas, maps, guide-books, and hand-bags; a reserved person in an ulster, with opera-glasses; and three awkward youths of the superior "Arry type, two of whom are in a state of perpetual admiration of the third, who is a repulsively larkly young fellow, in a yachting cap, a dirty-looking flannel shirt, false collars, and probably false cuffs, with a crimson tie, evidently their leader and model in waggery; a staid and very stout old Darby and Joan, who seem glued to their seats, and nudge one another from time to time when they are passing anything that seems to either of them worthy of notice; these, with a few more middle-aged quiet couples, a very English-looking person deeply interested in a French novel with the familiar yellow cover, and a High Church clergyman with a moustache, represent the tourist element. All the others, both fore and aft, seem to be attired in the ordinary top-hat and black coat of London respectability, as if they had strolled down to the wharf, come on board by merest accident, and been carried off before they knew where they were.

Most of these persons at once contract with the Steward for their meals at so much a head for the voyage, and, should the weather prove favourable, they take twice of everything on principle. On a rough passage I suppose the Steward has the best of the bargain. And he certainly plays his cards well, as the time fixed for the dinner on board is two o'clock, just as the ship is off Southend, when bidding farewell to the river, we enter on the real sea-passage.

Happy Thought.—If you want to know what sort of passage it is going to be, ascertain the number of passengers contracting at so

much a head for their meals, and then, *watch the Steward's face after Erih.* If you see the Steward smiling, beware,—if he chuckles and rubs his hands gleefully, prepare for squalls—and if he laughs outright, disappear to your berth, and make such arrangements as your past experience may suggest.

Hobson is a capital companion. He is most anxious that nothing should even have the appearance of any likelihood to go wrong. He never attempts forced jollity, but, naturally enthusiastic, he has cultivated enthusiasm; and naturally sympathetic, he has cultivated the art of sympathising. I confess to being very soon depressed, especially with the probability of nasty weather in view.

The sky appears lowering.

"We shall have a storm, I think," is my melancholy foreboding.

"Oh, no," replies HOBSON, cheerily. "That dark appearance is due to London smoke." And then he dilates on the subjects of smoke consumption, fogs, chimneys, gas, storage of foree, and so forth. In the meantime, I am watching the clouds.

"It's raining, I think," I say, not liking to be certain, and still hoping against hope, as I see the marks of heavy drops falling, as if nails had been driven into the deck at equal distances.

"Rain!" exclaims HOBSON, putting on his glasses, and looking about him with an air of the utmost incredulity at the bare idea of the possibility of such a thing. "Rain? No. I think it's the spray from the engine." And he looks round with a chirpy and perfectly satisfied smile (being much pleased with his own ingenious explanation), just as a heavy rain-drop as big as a pea hits him sharply on the tip of his nose. He looks up with an expression of childlike surprise, as if this were some part in a funny juvenile game, and he had to turn round twice and find out who had touched him on the nose.

"There's more where that came from," I say, seizing the campstool and making for cover under the awning. There is: it comes down heavily.

He follows me with his campstool, and his waterproof buttoned up—for in spite of the sanguine tone of his consolation to others, he himself is never without a handy and really serviceable Mackintosh—and looking round on the people all huddled together like sheep in a storm, he says beamingly, as if he took rather a pride in this down-pour, "Ah! that's something like a shower!"

Then he continues:—

"You'll see, this will clear the air; it's just what was wanted—not by us," he puts in, finely antieipating the general objection, "but by the atmosphere, and it will be for our benefit, as we shall have a lovely passage. Wind S. by S.W.!" he exclaims, in an ecstacy of delight, turning in that direction; "couldn't be better, dear friend; couldn't be better!"

"The rain makes the deck so sloppy; that's the worst of it," I grumble.

"That is the worst of it," returns HOBSON, triumphantly; "I quite agree with you, that is the worst of it; but there's no mud, as there would be ashore, and in five minutes the sun will come out and the Captain will send a man with a mop, and the deck will be as dry as a bone. Look, it's stopped now. And there's a dry place right in the middle of the vessel, where you will scarcely feel motion at all."

We enjoy sunshine for a while. But the wily man with the mop does not make his appearance as the clouds are once more gathering.

"Looks threatening," I observe; and I mean it.

"Oh, no," HOBSON replies, rubbing his hands gleefully; "when it begins like this, it's always fine afterwards."

"Rather misty," I say, pointing ahead to a dense grey mist into which we are rapidly steaming.

"Yes, rather misty," he returns, for the fact is undeniable; but as he has a good word even for a river-fog, he at once adds cheerfully, "But what a wonderful effect! Look at that boat emerging from the mist like a spectre!"

"Subject for Mistler,—I mean WHISTLER," I observe, gloomily.

"Exactly, dear friend, exactly," he replies, delighted to find me willing to enter into his artistic views of this arrangement in fog and smoke. Then he points towards the dense mass of grey vapour which we are now approaching, and exclaims, "Look!" After which he throws back his head and folds his arms with the air of a connoisseur regarding some great masterpiece of Art, and says, "There! There are wonderful effects! Wonderful! wonderful!" And, as a wandering black barge slowly emerges from the fog, he repeats to himself, *sotto voce*, "Wonderful! Beautiful!" in a subdued tone of the most intense admiration. His tone of unqualified approbation reminds me of the old Herr VON JOEL, who used to go about at PADDY GREEN'S selling twopenny cigars for sixpence apiece, and exclaiming, "Pewtiful! Pewtiful!" Then, as the clouds gather thicker and thicker, and the fog becomes more and more dense, he turns towards me, smiling brightly, and says with an air of conviction that deceives nobody, "Ah! dear friend, we shall have a very fine passage."

Hardly are the words out of his mouth than down comes the rain in bucketsful. "Thunder," as the stage-directions have it, "is heard

in the distance, and the scene is illuminated with vivid flashes of lightning." We descend below.

"If it's going on like this—" I begin, grumbling.

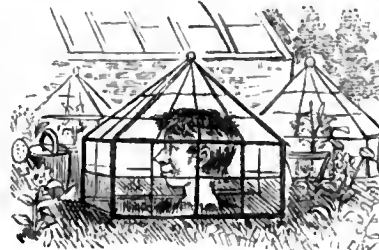
"It won't," HOBSON assures me. "The effects of this storm will be to make the sea perfectly calm, and with the wind in a rather rainy quarter, we shall have a splendid passage. You'll see. It will be beautiful! beautiful! You won't feel even a qualm."

And if I did, he would tell me that the qualm I felt was the best qualm in the world, and that a calm would follow on a qualm, and then, if I were very unwell, he would prove to me scientifically that nothing could be more beneficial to my general health than this short sharp attack of *mal de mer*.

We are steaming down the Thames, with every now and then a stoppage (the signal "Stop her!" being given by a sharp bell and a gruff voice, as it appears to me,—a similar method being used to indicate "Go ahead again!"), in order to allow time for various huge unwieldy barges,—laden or empty, which are generally in charge of an inadequate crew, consisting of a dirty man clinging to a prodigiously long pole, with which he is stirring up the mud, a barking dog very angry with our steamer, and an unkempt indolent boy,—to get out of our way and save themselves from being run down or swamped; and we are rapidly passing landmarks familiar to Londoners who dine at Greenwich, and many more quite unfamiliar even to them. I am beginning to feel hungry. Good or bad sign? "First-rate sign, dear friend," replies HOBSON, enthusiastically. "First-rate! Shows it's agreeing with you." Glad to hear it, but I have my doubts.

OVENLY!

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "A HAUGHTY CULTURIST," sends us this cutting from *The Garden*, which we at once proceed to plant within our own borders:—



IMPROVER.—A lady highly recommends a youth, age 17; three years' good general experience under glass in her garden.

Three years under glass! The lady doesn't mention his height, nor his temperament, which must be somewhat of a hot nature associated with the Sunny South.

Bedded Out; or, "Cometh up as a Flower!"

THE SYSTEM.

"Lord CHARLES BERESFORD says, indeed, that the fault is not theirs, but that of the system."—*Times*.

WHAT is it, when the Country facts appal,
And men for explanation loudly call,
Delays, impedes, and paralyses all?

The System!

What is it makes our training course effete,
And leaves us, should a foreign foe we meet,
To face him with a makeshift patched-up fleet?

The System!

What, spite the ample millions it obtains,
The public clamour scornfully disdains,
And takes good care the Navy nothing gains?

The System!

What is it hoards up useless stores by tons,
What falsifies on measured mile the runs,
And turns out fighting ships without their guns?

The System!

And what, if peace to war by chance give place,
And bring us and our dangers face to face,
Would launch on us a national disgrace?

The System!

So what should Englishmen, without a doubt,
While yet they've time to know what they're about,
Destroy, tread under foot, smash, trample out?

The System!

"HOMBURGING THEM."—Last season H.R.H. the Prince of WALES found that all the American Dudes at Homburg were sincerely flattering him by closely imitating his costume, whatever it might be. But a genuinely happy thought occurred to H.R.H. He arrayed himself, so the *Liverpool Post* informs us, in hideous attire, the like of which was never seen in Tweed or out of it. The Dudes were done, and H.R.H. bears the distinguished title of the Prince of Wiles.



OUT OF TOWN.

(UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.)

Visitor. "WHAT A ROARING TRADE THE HOTELS WILL BE DOING, WITH ALL THESE HOLIDAY FOLK!"
Head Waiter at The George. "LOR BLESS YER, SIR, NO! THEY ALL BRING THEIR NOSEBAGS WITH 'EM!"

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CHINEE"!

(An expansion and new application of the neatest of American Nursery Rhymes.)

PING-WING, the Pieman's Son,
 Was a troublesome chap from far Canton.
 Wander he would, and wherever he went
 He raised up ructions and discontent.
 Like little AH SID, with his "yukakan!"
 He "velly much bothered um Melican man."

PING-WING, like little AH SID,
 Was a cute little yellow-faced Chinee kid;
 And, like his compatriot, sly AH SIN,
 He had tricks that are dark and an eye to the tin:

To scrape and store it afar he'd roam,
 But he always wanted to spend it at home.

PING-WING he could "terribly toil,"
 A sleek-faced slave—till he'd sacked the spoil.
 Then PING-WING, the Pieman's Son,
 Would hook it homeward to far Canton,
 And live in comfort and cut a dash
 At the West's expense with the West's hard cash.

PING-WING, with his saffron face,
 Played it rather low down on the Western race;
 For he worked so cheap and he worked so quick,
 And never resented the snub or kick;
 And the West conceived it could play and rest
 Whilst PING-WING worked for it. Innocent West!

PING-WING he would wash and scrub,
 Whilst the Western male abhors the tub,
 He would slave and save, and live upon rice,
 Which to Western molars is not so nice.
 So the wise West chortled, and argued thus:—
 "This yaller Nigger's a useful cuss!"

But the Western wiseacres didn't quite see
 The whole of the game of the Heathen Chinee;
 And when they twigged PING-WING his plan,
 It fearfully flustered the "Melican man,"
 And raised no end of a hullabaloo
 In the land of the bounding kangaroo.

AH SID, when a bee by mistake he got,
 Found "um Melican butterfly velly much hot,"

So the Melican man and the Cornstalk bold
 Soon found PING-WING was too hot to hold,
 And, despite his patience and power of work,
 PING-WING isn't wanted too near New York.

The Congress found that the Pieman's Son
 Had much better keep to his own Canton;
 That his shifty fingers and saffron skin
 Might suit Hong-Kong or might fit Pekin,
 Or any abode near the Chinese Wall;
 But were not wanted in 'Frisee at all.

Though PING-WING toiled, and was meek and mild,

Chinese cheap labourers domiciled
 'Twixt the Pacific and the Atlantic
 Were quickly driving the Yankee frantic.
 Diplomacy saw it were clearly best
 To speed PING-WING as a parting guest.

But PING-WING, the Pieman's Son,
 Is a dogged critter not easily done.

The wild West wanted his neck in the noose
 Of "Heads I win, (pig) tails you lose."
 But the Treaty shaped that wish to gratify,
 Celestial cuteness refused to ratify.

So Senator SCOTT he nps, and he,
 Like BILL NYE, "goes for that Heathen Chinee."

The Western World for the issue waits,
 But all about the Pacific Coast States
 You may hear men singing of Chinese crime
 To this newest shape of a Nursery Rhyme:—

"PING-WING, the Pieman's Son,
 Was a troublesome cuss from far Canton.
 He laboured hard, and he lived on rice,
 But his tricks were dark, and his tastes not nice.
 He burnt the Convention, and then said he,
 'Me wonder whar dat Treaty be!'"

"DOUBLING."

IN the case of WOODWORTH v. SUGDEN,
 reported last Saturday, Mr. Justice DENMAN
 is reported to have asked—

"Is Mr. SUGDEN advertised to appear at both
 Theatres to-morrow night?
Mr. Bramwell Davis. Yes."

What a wonderful man! What a marvellous being in whose weird existence the laws of time and space are annihilated, and the powers of the Chancery Division have actually to be invoked in order to restrain Mr. SUGDEN from appearing in two places at once!



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CHINEE"!

"PING-WING, THE PIEMAN'S SON,
WAS A TROUBLESOME CUSS FROM FAR CANTON.
HE LABOURED HARD, AND HE LIVED ON RICE,
BUT HIS TRICKS WERE DARK, AND HIS TASTES NOT NICE.
HE BURNT THE CONVENTION, AND THEN SAID HE,
'ME WONDER WHAR DAT TREATY BE!'"—*American Nursery Rhyme revised.*



PLAY-TIME AT THE HAYMARKET.

Nor by any means a model of construction, conventional in its dialogue and action, with scarcely a line worth remembering, with only a glimmer of comedy-humour here and there



Dance of the Victim Master and Demon Butler, as (it ought to be) performed at the T.R. Haymarket. The story is clearly told, and the acting is excellent—herein is the open secret of its success, for success it must have already achieved.

Occasionally marred by some conventional melodramatic starts—false starts—which with melodramatic asides of the old-fashioned “Ha! that face!” or, “Ha! that voice!” “Strange!” “’Tis he!” pattern,—wrongly supposed to be necessary for emphasising “a situation,”—Mr. BEERBOHM TREE’S *Wilding*, alias *Captain Swift*, is a very fine performance. Certainly, the touching and impressive scene of the farewell in the last Act could not possibly be better rendered than it is by Mr. and Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE; indeed, the latter I have never yet seen to so great advantage. I do not think Mrs. TREE ever succeeds in her “make-up” for the stage,—too white, I should say. But to find fault is easy, to suggest the improvement is difficult. There is a great natural charm in Mrs. TREE’S impersonation of the otherwise conventional character of a love-sick, romantic young lady. The faults of this part are the author’s; its virtues the actress’s.

LADY MONCKTON is heart and soul in the very trying part of *Mrs. Seabrook*. She seems to be oblivious of the audience, and actually to be the character she impersonates. The art is less completely concealed than in that exceptionally finished performance of hers as the wife of *Jim the Penman*. But this again is the author’s fault.

As I consider it all round, I must own that I do not remember ever having seen a piece so lifted above the commonplace and conventional by the talent of the actors, as is this play of *Captain Swift*. There is a jarring note in the scene in Act III., between *Wilding* and *Mrs. Seabrook*, and it is this:—the audience share with *Mrs. Seabrook* the knowledge that she is *Wilding*’s mother. *Wilding* is in ignorance of the fact; so that when *Mrs. Seabrook* makes affectionate advances towards him, the unscrupulous Bushranger would see in this what *Captain Hawksley* saw in *Mrs. Sternhold*’s affection for him; that is, additional profit and safety out of this middle-aged woman’s vanity. The audience, undoubtedly, must take this view of the scene, and so, when *Mrs. Seabrook* sits on the sofa, and says, in a comparatively light and airy tone, “Come and sit beside me,” there is a titter through the house just at a critical moment when the scene, which requires the most delicate handling by the actors, without any help from the author, can least bear it. I fancy both Mr. TREE and Lady MONCKTON will agree with me on this point.

Melodramatic music played throughout the dialogue of this same great scene in Act III. is, emphatically, a mistake; it interrupts the action, and distracts the attention, tires the audience, and hence it happens that the charming song of Mrs. TREE’S, subsequently “heard without,” which should be so effective, becomes an anti-climax. This Act should have ended with the exit of *Wilding*, which should have been simultaneous with the last note of the song, and the fall of the Curtain. The letter-reading is another anti-climax.

Miss LECLERCQ attempts too much with the very common-place and, for her, very poor and unengaging part of *Lady Staunton*, who, after all, is a mere type of the “confidante,” or “Charles his friend,” in petticoats. In make-up, Mr. TREE, Mr. MACKLIN, and Mr. KEMBLE are perfect.

Having naturally alluded to *Captain Hawksley*, I would ask why adapt the well-worn business of the cigar-lighting from *Still Waters run Deep*? It was highly effective in the scene between *John Mildmay*

and *Captain Hawksley*; it is singularly pointless in an analogous scene between *Mr. Gardiner* and *Captain Swift*.

Since Mr. TOOLE made *The Butler* a popular character on the stage, there has been a run on butlers. Nowadays, no piece is perfect without a butler in it of some sort, comic, tragic, melodramatic, or demoniac. It is this last type that Mr. C. HADDON CHAMBERS has selected for his play of *Captain Swift*. Mr. HADDON must have had butler on the brain,—can he affirm that he haddon’t?—as the grotesque demoniac character has so little to do with the essence of the plot, that he may be at once set down as superfluous. This Superfluous Demon Butler, as impersonated by Mr. BROOKFIELD with genuine burlesque melodramatic humour, just gives the necessary comic relief to the play. When *Captain Swift* is heard making a bag of himself in September by blowing out his brains off the stage, it is a pity that the comic countryman Detective (new type, created and patented by Mr. CHARLES ALLAN), and the helpless old Foozle, capably represented by Mr. KEMBLE (another version of *Brother Potter*, also from *Still Waters*), should not have descended all together by a trap licensed to hold three comfortably, with the Superfluous Demon Butler standing over them; and perhaps, if there were room in the trap for four, I should add *Lady Betty* to the group.

The Demon Butler, who is made up rather after one of the acrobatic GIRARDS, disappoints every one by not sliding over the tables and chairs as a genuine GIRARD would certainly have done. He is, as I have said, Superfluous; all the use he can be put to is to help the Detective, and, as far as that goes, the Detective, “from information received,” could get on just as well, even better, without him. Unless the Demon Butler has a prologue, an *entr’acte* topical song and dance, and an epilogue, with final disappearance down a trap-door, he will always be “superfluous” as long as *Captain Swift* shall run, which ought to be, and I sincerely hope will be, for many hundred nights. When the inevitable Country Company go on tour with *Captain Swift*, the superfluous Demon Butler might be played without words by a clever pantomimist, and called the “Dumb Waiter.” This would be at once economical and effective. Every lover of good acting should go and see *Captain Swift*, on the recommendation of JACK IN THE PRIVATE BOX.

ALDERMANO ITALIANO.

At the Guildhall. Prosecution by the National Vigilance Society for publishing Boccaccio’s “Decameron.”

“The book,” said Mr. AVORY for the defence, “had been in publication for over 400 years, and at the present time there were three copies of the work in the English language in the Guildhall Library, and about 200 in the British Museum.” Mr. Alderman PHILLIPS, who had previously mentioned that he had read *The Decameron*, both in Italian and English, said he did not intend to send this case for trial, because he did not for a moment believe that a jury would convict. The case was then dismissed.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Rather a change from what would probably have happened some forty years ago, in the good old days of JOHN LEECH’S and DICKY DOYLE’S Aldermen, when there were Corporations within the Great Corporation; when no Alderman could have been alluded to physically as a No-body, when Wenison was your Wittles, and Tuttle was their only soup, and like *Sir John Falstaff*, they “babbled,” not of “green fields,” but of “green fat.” In those good old days, had this case come before Mr. Alderman and Sheriff GUZZLER (of the firm of BOOZER, SWILLY AND GUZZLER, Portsoken Ward), the report might have been on this wise:—

Alderman. Eh? D. CAMERON? DONALD CAMERON, of course. Counsel (explaining). The *Decameron* of BOCCACCIO, your Worship. Alderman. Ah! I didn’t catch his title—DONALD CAMERON of Bock—what was it? There’s a CAMERON of Loch Something, and there’s a CAMERON in the Ward, a most respectable Councillor and Vintner.

Counsel (further explaining). No, Mr. Alderman, this is a Book. Alderman. A Book?—eh? Oh, not Bock. Bock? DONALD CAMERON, of Bookendgers, did you say?

And so forth. And then the publisher would have been fined, and the editions confiscated. And now, “on a *changé tout cela*,” as the Belgian LORD MAYOR would say, and be immediately understood by more than one decorated Deputy. Did the prosecution of the ZOLA translations come before Alderman PHILLIPS? No doubt he has put his knowledge of the French language to as good a purpose as he has his proficiency in Italian. Pity that he didn’t have the opportunity of saying, “I’ve read all these in the—ahem—in the original French (*applause in Court, immediately suppressed by the usher*), and I really do not think that a jury, who couldn’t possibly possess my educational advantages, ought to have a chance of convicting,—as I am sure they will, if I send the case for trial.”

That’s the sort of Alderman and Sheriff. “Sheriff thou art, and shalt be more hereafter!” All hail, Future Lord Mayor! The expiring Mayoralty wants a few little Italian olives, just to give it some fillips.



MARRIAGE EVIDENTLY NOT A FAILURE.

Joan (to Darby, who is getting stout). "LET ME TIE IT FOR YOU, DARLING."

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Is it not within the bounds of probability that to the highly-coloured pictorial advertisements to be seen on almost all the hoardings in London, vividly representing sensational scenes of murder, exhibited as "the great attractions" of certain dramas, the public may be to a certain extent indebted for the horrible crimes in Whitechapel? We say it most seriously;—imagine the effect of these gigantic pictures of violence and assassination by knife and pistol on the morbid imagination of unbalanced mind. These hideous picture-posters are a blot on our civilisation, and a disgrace to the Drama.

LEGISLATIVE WORK AND WAGES.

IN proof that the "Payment of Members," if now legalised, would be no novelty, "SCACCARIUS" sends the *Times* the subjoined extract from the Exchequer records during the period of the "Long Parliament":—

"Received by mee, JOHN MERRICK, Knt. of THOMAS PAULCONBRIDGE, Esq., Receiver Genl. of the Revenue, the some of fiftie twee for my weekly allowance of fower pounds as a Member of the Comone House of Parliamnt due for one quarter of a yeere ended at Michas. last 1645. By warrant from the Committee dated 25th of October 1645. I say received £52.
"JO. MEYRICK."

It were superfluous to observe that Mr. MEYRICK could not even spell his own name, merely because he appears to have spelt it in different ways. Even the Divine WILLIAMS himself did that. But suppose the Legislature were in these days to decree the award of pay to Honourable Members of the House of Commons for their attendance in Parliament, and required them to give a receipt for the money, wouldn't it be more than possible that some of the "Representatives of Labour" (to whom wages might be an object) would pretty nearly reproduce the deviations from the Dictionary remarkable in the foregoing transcript? A man's a man for a' that. Of course, a good deal depends on how much "a' that" might be. And an able but unlettered politician would need hardly declare, as the principal character in some old farce, when taxed with his orthography, used to say,— "It isn't the orthography that I care about, but it's that dashed spelling."

REPORTED BY G. OSB-RNE M-RO-N, OR "THE OTHER G. O. M."—"Mr. G." has enjoyed some uncommonly deep-sea-fishing sport in the recess, with Sprats to catch Wales.

"SOCIALISM AND TIGHT-LACING" are incompatible, morally. For the Socialist theory tends to the loosening of all bonds.

THE WOLF AT OUR DOOR.

A Morality from Norse Mythology.

[In the Norse Mythology, the Wolf Fenris (Crime), rages for food in the precincts of Asgard. Ultimately, the Sword-god Tyr, loaded Fenris with the chain Gleipner, and thrust a sharp sword into his mouth, to prevent him biting more. Thus, says the legend, is Crime, which threatens to corrupt the human race, bound by the apparently slight fetters of Law, and as the power of the Wolf was broken by the Sword, that of Crime is kept under by the awards of Justice.]

WANTED a Gleipner! 'Tis very plain
That the Wolf's abroad and has slipped his chain;

For the ruthless red-fanged savage,
In square, in street, and in sordid slum,
Strikes Justice helpless, and terror dumb

With his cruel unchecked ravage.

Law and Order? The catch-word slips

With ease complacent from canting lips.

The Law that Labour's last mite exacts,

The Order that silence for sorrow enacts,

These claim the world's solicitude;

For Property's timorous, Wealth would tread

In peace and quiet its wine-press red,

And Culture shrinks with a querulous dread

From violence and vicissitude;

But Law alert at the poor man's nest

And Order that giveth the humblest rest,

Are these high matters the soul to vex

Of Statesman Y Z, or Policeman X.?

Could Tyr the Sword-god from Asgard come

To a West-end waste or an East-end slum,

Could he take a stroll when the night falls dark

Through Poverty's pleasaunce or People's park,

What would the Norse-god say? Why this.

"It is fearsomely clear that the Wolf Fenris,

As erst in Asgard olden,

Is 'waked by the moon and wants something to eat!"

True the Law, in blue, is about on his beat,

But the echo far of his falling feet

At the distant end of the dusky street,

The Wolf doth but embolden.

His jaws are wide, and his teeth are white,

His eye is watchful, his tread is light,

The keen curst creature, a hideous sight!

Alone, or hungrily herded.

His play his death, and his life is prey.

Nay, bold from custom he braves the day,

In the silent waste or the narrow way,

And snatches sudden what'er may stray

Beyond reach of the weapon wherewith—they say—

Law's vigilant guard is girded.

That Wolf, in faith, hath a shifting face:

Hunger and lust you may ever trace,

And blood-greed red and ruthless.

But now 'tis a visage of youth; anon

The brute-boy's beetling scowl is gone,

And you shudder and shrink as you look upon

Hag-age, hell-eyed, and toothless.

Nothing of harpy or gruesome ghoul,

That fiction shapes in its visions foul,

Naught of fiendish in form or glance

Dreamed in the broodings of wild romance,

Ever took horror of eviler shape.

Gorgen's rival, Chimara's ape,

This Protean wolf-maw'd creature.

Sullen and sinister ruffian now,

Anon with a wanton yet womanly brow,

Again the monster doth mop and mow

With childish form and feature;

Yet wolfish ever, and wolf all through,

This new Fenris of an Asgard new.

But in sage in ermine, or man in blue,

We scarce discover the Sword-god true,

Our Wolf to seize and shackle.

The "Underground People,"—so it is said,—

Prepared a chain for their Thing of Dread,

Which, "small and slight as a silken thread,"

Was strong as steel, and heavy as lead,

Which gagged the maw, and which stayed the tread

Of the Fenris Wolf. Wake Tyr from the dead,

Our lupine foe to tackle!

Our "Underground People," whom we expect

To—Tyr would laugh at the word!—"detect,"

"SHE-THAT-UGHT-NOT-TO-BE-PLAYED!"

A Story of Gloomy Gaiety.

PART I.—*Led by the Nose.*

I HAVE agreed to write down my terrible experiences. A will stronger than my own desires it. I can but obey. If I could, I would refuse. For I had hoped to have done for ever with the novelist who revels in gore. Moreover, I have quite forgotten the incidents of the particular book that has been "dramatised by permission," and then "re-written and adapted" by an author, a stage



"She-that-must-be-obeyed."

manager, and a lady with the sometimes frequently-reiterated name of Clo. My memory is a blank, save that I have a feeling of gentle pain, as I indistinctly recall a prosy leader-spouting sorceress, who, to the best of my recollection, before dying turned into a monkey, and a man who was called HOLLY, to give opportunities for the perpetration of mild puns upon his name, and a terrible bore, called JOB. Ah, yes, I remember the last! A nightmare, a horrible nightmare!—feebly humorous, insipid beyond conception, stupid to the last degree! And was I to see all this? Oh, horror! Led by the nose!

PART II.—*Heard through the Years.*

Let me quickly get through my task. I was in the Temple of the Drama devoted to this fearsome work. I saw around me faces that I had seen before. In a large box, apparently inconveniently crowded, sat, or rather perambulated, a pale person in a *pince-nez*, who seemed to take the greatest possible interest in the proceedings. This pale person in the *pince-nez* fairly fascinated me, and, when I was weary of looking at the stage (and I confess I was often, very often weary), I fixed my gaze upon him. And then a wonderful thing happened. Whenever I glanced at him, whatever might have been the provocation—however dull and prosaic and profitless may have been the dialogue,—I never found him asleep!

But to my task,—a bitter one. I saw before me the interior of a Palace, that somehow recalled to me *Nitocris* at Drury Lane. There was one striking article of furniture, a modern reading-desk, that seemingly had become petrified into stone for the occasion. Then I noticed a man called the Keeper of the Queen's Records, and those Records I discovered were three Deeds, looking with their seals about two thousand years younger than they were represented to be. Then a portly person appeared, dressed as an ancient Greek, save that his

arms were tattooed after a decidedly modern fashion. Then came a gorgeously appressed dame, who, from her proneness to spout without danger of interruption (in a tone that might mean a fortune to a curate reading the funeral service) what seemed to me to be lengthy leading articles on mere or less interesting subjects, and from her fondness for, and power of keeping well in the limelight, I recognised as "the One who must be obeyed." And the lady in the limelight stabbed the ancient Greek with the modernly tattooed arms, and the Curtain fell for the first time. It would have been better for my peace of mind if the Curtain (so far as that evening was concerned) had fallen for ever! But no; I had to suffer for hours longer! Suffering to be heard through the years—heard through the years!

PART III.—*Seen by the Eyes.*

I was in HOLLY's Rooms at Cambridge. HOLLY, I found, wearing a maroon-hued velvet coat, and puce-coloured black-striped trousers! And then came the infliction of inflictions! JOB, the would-be comic servant! Oh, how hard it was to bear! How hard! Even now, I shiver and turn cold when I think of him! They were joined, these strange ones, by the ancient and portly Greek with the modernly tattooed arms. This last was now dressed in a rather horsey costume of the nineteenth century; and then a strange thing happened. Without contradiction he declared, in spite of his portliness and other appearances distinctly arguing to the contrary that he was only five-and-twenty! Then this trio examined a box, and in the boredom that followed, a feeble glimmer of recollection of having read something somewhere like it before floated through my weary mind. Then the trio got on a Dhow of peculiar construction, and there was a mutiny and the stage became very dark. Then a strange thing happened. The crew, seemingly with considerable exertion, pulled the ship to pieces, and then drew a carpet over the remains. And the carpet was violently agitated, and the trio reappeared in a boat, and in the distance was the painting of the head of a comic negro! And a sense of deep relief filled my soul as the Curtain descended and allowed me to see no more! Oh, the weariness of that which had been seen by the eyes—seen by the eyes!

PART IV.—*Caught on the Cheek.*

Then came several hours in the land of Kor. I have a recollection of a lady wearing white muslin and a serpent, who wandered about always, always, in the limelight. I fancy she must have spoken for a very long while. And the ancient and portly Greek in the horsey clothes and tattooed arms, he, too, seems to have had a great deal to say. And I recall to mind an old man who got a laugh by calling the person in the puce-coloured and black-striped trousers "a baboon." And I have a vision too of some mild dancing by a small and select *corps de ballet*. And then I was standing out distinctly in my mind the black shadow of the greatest bore of them all. *Jon! Job! Job!* Oh, the feeble "jokes," oh, the melancholy "wheezes!" And I know that there must have been several scenes, even if there were but little action. Stay, did I not see HOLLY dangling in mid air, supported by an iron wire attached to a hook? But my mind seems to have partly slumbered until I came to "The Cavern of the Fire of Life." Ah, I remember it well. It was an unusual cavern, and now and again there was a whistle that somehow or other recalled to me the joint forms of the stage-manager and the prompter, and then followed a rumbling noise attended by a puff of steam, that suggested to me a suburban laundry on a slack washing-day. And at length the lady (who, I gathered, had lived for more than two thousand years in the limelight), divested herself of most of her white muslin and all of her serpent, and disappeared in the fumes of the suburban laundry. And immediately there was some shouting, and a pleasantly-fat person in grey rags and a white wig staggered in from the wings and fell on the stage, and was soon hidden from view by the distinctly welcome Curtain. And there was applause. Then a young lady in a costume of masculine cut, walked across the stage, accompanied by an elderly gentleman. And more applause followed, and various members of the east crossed the stage, inclusive of the lady of the limelight. And then a strange thing happened. The pale person in a *pince-nez*, in the apparently inconveniently crowded private-box, suddenly appeared in the front of the *loge* alone, and began to address us. He told us that he believed the piece we had just sat out with so much weary patience would "make, with a few alterations, an exceedingly fine play," and said something complimentary about the performance of the lady in the limelight. And this was the great comic effect of the evening! The speaker who thus praised the story I was told was the author of the story himself! Caught on the cheek! Caught on the cheek! "Caught on"—the cheek!

Doctrine v. Deed.

"*J'AISSÉZ-FAIRE!*" cries caustic BRAMWELL.
He can scourge a sump or sham well;
But one law at least is there:
He can't yield to,—*Laissez-faire!*

B. & S.

(Extracts from a Diary of Travel.)

B. & S. are nothing to drink. So WILFRID LAWSON needn't "rise to order" any. B. is a rising town on one side of the Estuary of the Rubble. S. is a rising town on the other. B. looks down on S. S. loftily ignores B. Remember in days of earlier travel spending some time in town of St. Louis, U.S.A. Whiled away breakfast hour by reading what Kansas papers said of St. Louis, and what St. Louis journals said of Kansas. Month, September; flies abundant. Coloured gentleman told off with big fan to every couple in coffee room; fan always going in one hand, brushing off flies, whilst dishes served and removed with other. Newspaper controversy of the day turned on subject of flies. Kansas papers denounced St. Louis as fly-blown. When coloured gentleman temporarily removed flies from surface of St. Louis local journal, I read dignified deprecation of distinction thrust upon the city. "We do not," wrote the editor, "deny an occasional fly in St. Louis; but there are times when the outlines of objects in the domestic economy of Kansas are literally obliterated by the pest. Recently, a citizen of St. Louis entered the principal hotel in Kansas, intending to take his breakfast. 'What have you got a black cloth on the table for?' he asked the boy. 'That's not a cloth,' said the boy, whisking his fan. 'That's flies.' And so it was."



"I rise to Order."

B. & S. do not indulge in open recrimination like St. L. and K. But they think the more the favours of the Estuary unequally divided. B. gets all the water; S. all the sand. B. has high tide twice a day; S. once a fortnight. S. says there's nothing like sand. "Water for me," says B. S. rigs up boats on wheels, and careers madly over the dunes. B. puts to sea in pleasure-boats, stepping right off its own sea-wall, and smiles with aggravating insolence at S.'s argosies. B. has a park facing the sea, enclosed within jealously guarded gates, accessible only to lordly residents. The sun arranges matters so that it sets full in sight of the park. Only Ireland between B. and the boundless Atlantic.

"Ireland in the way, as usual," said CLAUD HAMILTON, who, when Member for Liverpool, sometimes visited B. But when it comes to the seasons, S. has the pull over B. B. has a summer season. So has S., and a winter season into the bargain. At B., people lodge. In S. they dwell. "Good Americans when they die, go to Paris." In the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, good general dealers when they retire, go to S. It is the very paradise of the *bourgeoisie*. Always looks as if it had just had its hands and face washed.



Late of Liverpool.

WHITLEY, another cheap tripper from Liverpool, with hands behind his back and smile on his face, says it reminds him of

"... the rose just washed in a shower Which MARY to ANNA conveyed."

(COWPER was the poet of WHITLEY's childhood; clings to him still.)

B. is an agglomeration of lodging-houses; S. is a congeries of residences. In new part of the town, every house is detached; everyone has a peaked roof; everyone is built of red brick; everyone has a grass plot in front; everyone has a little garden behind; everyone is prim and clean, and passing rich on the savings of a well spent life.

S., though it rather looks down on the summer, since B. shares its attractions and its advantages, is not above entertaining the day-



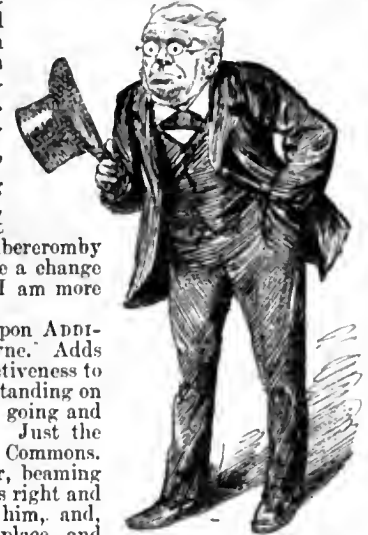
Also of Liverpool.

trippers. They come in thousands, every day from July through September. Oldham, Manchester, Wigan, Preston, Liverpool, Bolton, Blackburn, Stockport, pour in their tens of thousands from the teeming mills. Those that land at B., presently take steamer, cross over to S., and return, grievously ill all the way. Those that land at S., journey in the same way to B. Four hours they spend at either side, on sand or sea-wall. A pleasant sight to see. All dressed in their best. Mother and father, sons and daughters, and babies innumerable. As different from Margate as East from West. Quaint in speech, odd in manner, amazing in dress; all honest pale-faced working men and women, sniffing the fresh air and gazing on the unaccustomed scene with infinito gusto. S. knows 'ARRY not, nor is B. acquainted with 'ARRIET.

"Like to see this, dear TOBY," said W. F. LAWRENCE, bowing gracefully to cheap trippers, who looked as if they might possibly be electors of the Abereromby division of Liverpool. "Quite a change from Salisbury Plain, which I am more accustomed to frequent."

At B. came unexpectedly upon ADDISON, Q.C., of Ashton-under-Lyne. Adds the last touch of genial attractiveness to the place. Pretty to see him standing on marge of Ocean, regarding its going and coming with friendly glance. Just the same here as in House of Commons. ADDISON, Q.C., walks up floor, beaming impartially on crowded benches right and left. House smiles back on him, and, before he reaches appointed place, and his portly person sinks into seat, murmur of welcoming cheer goes round. So it is at B. ADDISON, Q.C., standing with hands in trousers' pockets, and feet far apart, strides and smiles on the Irish Channel. Irish Channel returns friendly gleam of recognition: ADDISON breaks into ripple of happy laughter; and the sea roars back a delighted guffaw.

Why this should be I don't know, any more than why ADDISON, Q.C., and House of Commons should always be smiling at each other. But so it is. B. and S. still divided by Estuary of Rubble, are momentarily united in happy effervescence while ADDISON, Q.C., standing on the prim sea-wall, looks across the Rubble at the yellow sands.



"A Constituent, I presume!"

TYPICAL TOPICAL STORIES FOR THE DEAD SEASON.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN PALL MALL.

THE United Service Club (called by the Members of the Junior United Service Club "The Senior") was closed for repairs. Taking pity upon their miserable position—cold and coffee-room-less—the Committee of the Athenæum had asked the Members of the Senior to become for the nonce honorary guests of the more literary Club. The invitation had been accepted with avidity, and the staid-looking mansion standing at the south-west corner of Waterloo Place was crowded with elderly warriors belonging both to the Army and the Navy. As everyone knows, the Athenæum prides itself upon its Bishops. The Primate is, so to speak, the *spécialité de la maison*. But it was September, and few, very few, of the ordinary Members of the Athenæum were in Town. On the other hand, the invited warriors were present in abundance.

It was in the Coffee Room. An exciting scene was being acted. A waiter had produced an imperfectly cooked chop. The Generals and the Admirals were very wrath, and the use of the capital "D" had become most fashionable. It was then that the Bishop of — entered the Coffee Room, and listlessly seating himself at a table, ordered a chop. He was composing a sermon, and was unconscious of the noise around him. At length the should-be succulent viand was placed before him. He thrust his fork into it, and found that it was imperfectly cooked. He was about to utter an exclamation of anger when the steward interposed.

"Nay, my Lord. Curb your profane tongue. See those innocents. Not before the (Naval and Military) boys!"

And suppressing an oath the good Bishop gave his blessing to the warlike throng, who sank on their knees to receive it. And it was at this point I awakened from my slumbers, and found that what I had witnessed was only a dream!

APPROPRIATE CANTATA FOR THE NEXT "FESTIVAL OF THE THREE QUIRES."—*The Jackdaw of Reims.*

WOOING THE AFRICAN VENUS.

(Some way after Homer's Hymn to Aphrodite.)



[A Charter has just been granted to the Imperial British East Africa Company. This Company will now administer and develop a territory with an estimated area of about 50,000 square miles, including some of the most fertile and salubrious regions of Eastern Africa.]

THE force, O Muse, and functions now unfold
Of Afric's Venus, graced with mines of gold;
Who e'en in BISMARCK lights love's furious fire,
And makes all men woo her with hot desire.

From all earth's nations, Frenchman, Portuguese,
From Yankee shores and from all Europe's
Adventurous patriots crowd to seek and share
Love of the Libyan Venus. Three there are

Whose minds are mainly set upon that love:
The Briton, proud as Ægis-bearing Jove,
Who deems her indevirginate, her eyes
Being black and burning, like her own fierce
skies.

He for her preference will do all he can,
 Who never faltered in the face of man.
 Shunning not strife, or Mars his warlike banes,
 But much preferring Trade; his artizans
 Taught all earth's countries all the Arts that are
 Associate with things vehicular.
 The Teuton next, a stalwart sutor he,
 A trifle truculent, a mite too free,
 Holding all things in war and wooing fair,
 Hoping tomato cheeks and orange hair,
 By force of contrast, may avail to win
 The dusky Aphrodite—and her "tin."
 Thirdly, the broad Batavian, scant of grace,
 Who trusts a lucky "start" in the love-chase
 Gives him such lead that they who run from scratch
 The lumpy "limit-man" may fail to catch.
 Others—the Frank, the Belgian—too there be,
 But just as Paris had the choice of three,
 So the Black Venus seems confronted now
 By three chief suitors.

Swart yet stately brow
 To which one wilt thou bend in coy selection?
 O coal-black Charmer, all thy swart perfection
 Of ebon-moulded limb and sable hair
 To the hot winds of torrid Libya bare,
 Witches the world as once, in style the same,
 "The all-of-gold-made-laughter-loving-dame"—
 As CHAPMAN after HOMER calls her—did
 At odorous Cyprus. Lifting languorous lid,
 Late late in the world's history thou dost draw,
 As did the Paphian when her form men saw,
 Snow-white and rose-tinct from the waves arise.
 Thou art not snow and rose-leaf to our eyes,
 But "tawny-fronted," like the Egyptian Queen;
 Yet what strange Cleopatra charms are seen
 In thy most opulent blackness, that bewitch
 All modern men who would be loved—and rich.
 HOMER—and CHAPMAN—speak in diction bold
 Of "Cyprian Venus, graced with mines of gold."
 They write of one—but then 'twas not a man—
 "Whom all the gold of Venus never can
 Tempt to affect her pacts with god or man."
 Well, that was not JOHN BULL, but priggish Pallas—
 What man unto thy golden charms is callous,
 O ebon-skin'd, yet aureate Aphrodite?
 But stay! Poetic flights should not be flighty
 That deal with themes like goddesses and gold.
 Who is the new Anchises, kingly bold,
 Whom rich-crown'd Afric Venus will approve,
 And dower with her profitable love?
 Anchises with the Paphian had the pull,
 Shall it be so to-day with brave JOHN BULL?
 It looks a little like it. See him stand,
 Love in his eyes, a Charter in his hand!
 Such strenuous wooing is most apt to win
 Women of mortal or immortal kin.
 The swarthy Siren whom all men desire
 Looks on him coyly, yet with eyes of fire.
 Teuton, Batavian, Frank will Venus shunt?
 Well, BULL at least is fairly to the front.

PLAY-TIME AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

WHAT the plot of *Uncles and Aunts* may be, I have only the vaguest idea. Everybody pretends to be somebody else, nobody is anybody in particular, but the girls, Miss Cissy GRAHAME and Miss Vane FEATHERSTON—she isn't in the least vain, I'm sure—are very pretty and lively. Mr. PENLEY, with his wonderful make-up and his quaint silliness, is immensely funny, but the fun is distinctly limited to Mr. PENLEY; and, with the exception of the scene between Miss MARIA DALY and Mr. PENLEY in the Second Act, the situations of the piece contribute very little towards the amusement of the audience. There is one perfect piece of acting in it, unexaggerated, simple, un-selfconscious, thoroughly artistic both in breadth and in detail, and this is Mr. W. F. HAWTREY as *Bates*. And who is *Bates*? Well, before answering my own question, let me refer to what I said last week about a sudden run on Butlers among our most modern *dramatis persone*. "Kettle began it"—Mr. J. L. TOOLE began it, and every one knows what TOOLE's Butler was. He was, *per se*, unique, inimitable. He was a Butler who, as a matter of fact, could only have been tolerated as an old, attached, and very



HEBREW MELODIES.

SAYS AARON TO MOSES,
 "A GARDEN OF ROSES!"

SAYS MOSES TO AARON,
 "ALL ROSES OF SHARON!"

eccentric servant, retained on account of long-valued service; as *rara* an *avis* as *Sam Weller*. But Mr. HAWTREY's Butler is all of the modern time, irreproachable in costume, quiet, and unobtrusive, speaking when spoken to, and only volunteering remarks when he is quite sure of the sort of audience he has got to appreciate them. Even then he flatters the vain, empty-headed, middle-aged Uncle, one of the family, by deferentially laughing at the latter's stupid jokes. To see him carefully and systematically clear away the breakfast things, fold the cloth, and walk out with the tray, is a study for all young Actors whose chance for the future may lie in taking subordinate parts. Nothing is omitted; nothing is over-elaborated. Watch him when he comes in suddenly and finds his master in a most compromising situation with two young ladies. His bearing at the trying moment is not only a study for young Actors, but a lesson to Butlers of all ages.

Mr. W. F. HAWTREY does not make a grinning idiot of his Butler,—*pas si Bates*. And let not only Pa' see *Bates*, but Ma' too, and the rest of the family, is the recommendation of JACK IN THE PRIVATE BOX.

A DETECTIVE'S DIARY À LA MODE.

Monday.—Papers full of the latest tragedy. One of them suggested that the assassin was a man who wore a blue coat. Arrested three blue-coat wearers on suspicion.

Tuesday.—The blue coats proved innocent. Released. Evening journal threw out a hint that deed might have been perpetrated by a soldier. Found a small drummer-boy drunk and incapable. Conveyed him to the Station-house.

Wednesday.—Drummer-boy released. Letter of anonymous correspondent to daily journal declaring that the outrage could only have been committed by a sailor. Decoyed petty officer of Penny Steamboat on shore, and suddenly arrested him.

Thursday.—Petty officer allowed to go. Hint thrown out in the Correspondence columns that the crime might be traceable to a lunatic. Noticed an old gentleman purchasing a copy of *Maiwa's Revenge*. Seized him.

Friday.—Lunatic dispatched to an asylum. Anonymous letter received, denouncing local clergyman as the criminal. Took the reverend gentleman into custody.

Saturday.—Eminent ecclesiastic set at liberty with an apology. Ascertain in a periodical that it is thought just possible that the Police may have committed the crime themselves. At the call of duty, finished the week by arresting myself!

DUE NORTH.

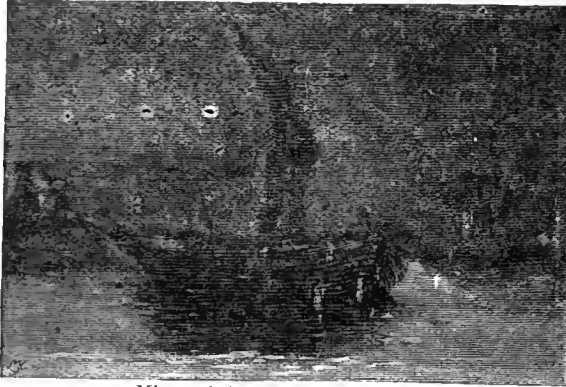
Fellow Passengers—Discussions—Information—Diversion—'Arry—New Coinage—Dinner—Contentment—Whist—All's Well—Retirement.

THERE is a Positive Man on board, with a quiet wife and a "pocket telescope." The Positive Man is full of information as to every object of interest on the banks, and is invariably wrong.

"That's Rosherville, 'the place to spend a happy day,'" he tells his wife, in a waggish vein, pointing out a pier, some trees and houses.

"No, Sir," says a trim-looking fellow-passenger, with an insinuating manner, "that's Greenwich. Rosherville is farther down."

"Oh—ah—yes," says the Positive Man, as he takes a good look at



Mist again! By an Impressionist.

Greenwich, and then exclaims, as if he now recognised it perfectly, "Of course it is. I meant Greenwich when I said Rosherville." Then, turning to his wife,—"That's Greenwich, where the Chelsea Pensioners are." And again he is corrected by the Trim Man, who has in his hand DICKENS'S *Dictionary of the Thames*, which he invariably consults before volunteering any information.

HOBSON, in his kindest humour, confides to me that he is deeply interested in an elderly Gentleman, evidently travelling alone, who has not spoken to anyone, and is always taking a few hurried steps from one side of the vessel to the other, and nervously examining the banks on both sides through his field-glasses, as though he were expecting a friend from shore to come out in a boat and join him. The friend doesn't come, and the lonely traveller—(there used to be a piece called *The Lonely Man of the Ocean*. Can this be its hero?)—becomes more and more restless every minute.

"It is not easy to distinguish objects along the shore," observes HOBSON, approaching the subject delicately.

The Restless Passenger, still looking anxiously through the field-glasses, replies slowly,—

"No, it isn't. But," he continues, in a plaintive tone, "I can't see—where—the Royal Albert Docks are?"

"No?" returns HOBSON, with an air of cheerful surprise, and then, out of sheer good-nature, he begins looking about everywhere for the Royal Albert Docks, with the evident purpose, should he find them, of at once presenting them to the Restless Passenger.

"Ah, surely!" exclaims the Restless Man, "those are the Royal Albert Docks"—and he focuses a block of buildings, and the tops of a crowd of masts, which he can just see in the distance.

"That's Erith," says the Positive Man.

"Is it?" says HOBSON, ready to agree with him, for the sake of making things pleasant all round.

"No—that's not Erith," says the Trim Passenger, fresh from a surreptitious dip into his Guide-book, "that's Tilbury Fort."

"There's the Arsenal," says the Positive Man, after a short pause.

"What Arsenal, dear?" asks his wife.

"Why, Woolwich Arsenal, of course," he answers, with an air of superior knowledge.

"No, that's not Woolwich Arsenal," says the Trim Passenger, with a short apologetic cough just to break the intelligence gently to the Positive Man, "that's Gravesend."

"Gravesend!" repeats the Positive Man, scornfully.

"I don't think it can be Woolwich Arsenal, dear," objects his wife, timidly, "or why should 'Rosherville' be written up in large letters?"

This is a facer for the Positive Man, who grows out "Umph! Very odd!" and seems by his manner to imply that some one has been tampering with the names of the localities just to spite him personally. Subsequently regaining confidence, from the fact that, in the absence of the man with the Guide-book, on two occasions his statements have passed unchallenged, he points out Limestone Works as the Royal Albert Docks, and is immediately contradicted by a chorus of bystanders, who, unfortunately for him, see "Limestone Works" as clearly written up as his wife had previously seen "Rosherville."

ville." The Positive Man, defeated, shuts up his pocket telescope with a sharp click, like the Duke of WELLINGTON on a totally dissimilar occasion, and walks away. *Happy Thought.*—He and his telescope both shut up.

With the laudable desire of diverting the Restless Man from his monomania about the Albert Docks, HOBSON remarks, with an air of lively interest, "Where are the great Sewage Works? I don't see them."

"Your nose will be of more use to you than your eyes when you come within two miles of them," drily observes a little withered-up, wiry man, like an elderly Scotch terrier. The ladies eye the last speaker with a look of intense disgust, and the little wiry man's observation would be passed over in pitying silence by the company generally, as if they forgave him this once, and wouldn't say anything about it if he didn't do it again, but for the youthful leader of the 'Arries, in grey flannel shirt with sham collars and cuffs, who comes out with a loud laugh, which is immediately echoed by his admiring companions, and exclaims,—

"That's rather thick, that is!" And his followers chorus irregularly,— "Yes, that *was* rather thick."

It is the first time I've come across the word "thick." It bothers me. I don't see its immediate application.

The little old wiry Scotch-terrier man evidently understands what "thick" means, as he takes it in a complimentary sense, and forthwith fraternises with 'ARRY and his band.

"Come and 'ave some lotion, old man," says 'ARRY the First, patronisingly, to his new acquaintance, who must be forty years his senior. The sun-dried old chip of a very old block, with wiry iron-grey hair, replies that "he doesn't mind if he does take a lotion." Whereupon, all the 'Arry band shout with laughter, and their leader declares openly that in his opinion the little withered-up old man is "a thick 'un—a regular thick 'un"; and "this is the verdict of them all," as following their foreman, the jury of 'Arries descend the companion, and disappear with their new acquaintance.

"Dinner at two," says the Steward, "when we're off Southend. You can have anything *now*, if you like, Sir?"

Ominous question. *Now*—or never? No; I'll wait till two, and chance it.

A tall, languid person, in a deerstalker and an ulster, whom I have noticed for some time standing near us, and who, I fancy, is waiting patiently for the reversion of my campstool,—which he won't obtain, as I carry it with me wherever I go,—observes, in the patronising tone of a man who wishes it to be understood that he is accustomed to frequent only the "hupper suckles" of Society,—

"Rather an absurd hour for dinner,—two?"

"Except," I say, "when you're hungry, and then any hour is a good hour for dinner."

"And," he continues, without noticing my reservation, and speaking severely at me, as if the hours for meals were of my choosing, "I suppose, tea at seven, and a heavy breakfast at eight in the morning. All this sort of thing upsets the digestion. It's impossible to feed at such a ridiculous hour."

"Ten to two!" exclaims HOBSON joyfully, and I am grateful for the interruption as the languid man is inclined to adopt a bullying tone towards me. "This *is* doing you good, eh? Didn't I say so?"

Then as I follow him in his blithesome skip towards the companion, he pauses, and, as if he had a rare treat in store for me, whispers, with a confidential chuckle, "I've secured the two best seats at the head of the table next to the Captain! Aha!" And elated beyond measure with the success of this last instance of his forethought—all on *my* account I am convinced, and not the least on his own—he trips down the stairs, and in another five minutes the bell announces feeding time, and the passengers troop in and take their places on either side of a long table at the head of which is the Captain, a fine upstanding middle-aged man in a nautical uniform, who bows reverently over a huge steaming joint of boiled beef rising out of a sea of pale turnipy gravy, says grace, in which all those who have contracted with the steward for their meals heartily join,—and then he sets to work to carve for his hungry family of sixty persons, and appears as Captain CARVER, playing the part to perfection until further notice, which is given by himself only when he is thoroughly exhausted.

Dinner.—Saloon cool. No smell to speak of. Motion of ship rather more perceptible here than on deck; but hunger is a sharp thorn.

Happy Thought.—The test of qualminess has arrived. If I can stand this, the "biled mutton and bilious sauce," and the strange manners and customs of some of my immediate neighbours, who evidently are of opinion that fingers were made, not only before forks, but before toothpicks, I can stand anything. I do; and what is more, enjoy the dinner and the Captain's conversation—but not the manners and customs aforesaid—immensely.

As a precaution, and to make assurance doubly sure, HOBSON proposes a bottle of champagne. Why, certainly: quite a *Happy Thought*.

I notice that the languid person who thinks two o'clock a preposterous and absurd hour for dinner, is doing remarkably well in spite of the absurdity of the idea. As for the "high contracting

parties," the Steward must be a loser to-day, as they take twice of everything. 'ARRY, from somewhere about the middle of the table calls out, "Ere, Waiter!"—this causes a laugh among his admirers—"tell the Captain I'll trouble him again." To which the



Captain Carver in his celebrated Saloon Entertainment.

Captain, who, poor man, is only just commencing his own dinner, mutters knowingly, "No, I'm hanged if you do!" as with a smile he beckons to an under-steward to remove the joint and carve it at the side-board.

"It's a not like this when it's rough," says Captain CARVER, silyly to us, alluding to the run on the joint. I assent to his remark, with an Old Saltish sort of sea-dog wag of the head; but I do not confide to him that "I am not like this when it's rough." Hobson pledges him cheerily in a glass of dry Pommery, and he acknowledges the toast, being a teetotalter, in a brimmer of gingerade.

After dinner, a sudden shower of rain compels us to seek refuge in a small cabin, facetiously termed "the Smoking-Room," where the atmosphere is, to use 'ARRY's expression, "rather thick."

Here 'ARRY and his party are in great force, playing a rubber. "O Jee-roo-salum!" cries 'ARRY, when he loses a trick, whereupon his admirers roar with laughter.

'ARRY has not been giving his best attention to the game, and on his partner, an elderly, business-like looking man, warning him of the consequences, 'ARRY gives a wink at his companions, and says, "Steady yerself, EMILY!" which witticism sends them into convulsions.

The wiry old Scotch-terrier-like man is also here, pulling at the stump of a cigar, closely watching the game, with difficulty refraining from offering advice, but consoling himself by telling the lookers-on in whispers what he would have done if he had been in the last player's place, and by significant shrugs and grunts expressive of his disapprobation of the style of play generally. 'ARRY takes a trick with great delight, in spite of some mistake of his partner's.

"Ah," says 'ARRY to the latter, "you're not too thick, you ain't." "Thick" puzzles me. Presently the wiry old man offers to make him a bet.

"No, old boy," replies the knowing and suspicious 'ARRY, "you're too thick for me." And his companions shout with laughter.

When one of his opponents at whist is rather slower than usual in dealing, 'ARRY calls out "Time!" and subsequently requests him, if he has dealt himself a good hand, to "Walk round and show his muscle." Fortune favours 'ARRY with first-rate trumps,—and 'ARRY triumphantly coming down with his Ace says:

"Ow's that for kitchen soup?"

Immense delight of the 'ARRY Gallery, which is raised to the highest pitch when he throws down the Queen of Trumps, and in a sort of tune sings:—

"That's a Beau-ty! that's a Beau-ty!"

When he and his partner ultimately win the game, he leads a chorus in which all his companions heartily join, and the purport of which, as far as I can catch the words, seems to be a tuneful expression of a wish, addressed to some imaginary butcher by an intending customer, to be informed as to the market price of liver, and a further demand of a like nature as to the current quotation of kidneys.

There being no more rain, this is the last I see of 'ARRY and his comrades, until next morning when they complain of headache and evince an inordinate passion for kippered herrings, and boiling hot tea.

We are standing well out to sea. Daylight and the coast-line are disappearing.

"Now!" cries HOBSON, who is in ecstasies at the verification of all his prophecies about the state of my health, and the excellence of the passage. "Now!" he cries, extending his right arm towards the horizon, and then turning towards me as if the supreme moment had arrived when he must unburden himself of a tremendous secret,

"Now, dear friend, there is absolutely nothing between you"—he emphasises this with his left hand—"and the North Pole!" Whereupon he takes one step back, folds his arms, and interrogates me with a searching regard, as if he were suspicious of my still concealing something from him, and so by my reticence compelling him to believe that there is something between me and the North Pole!

It's a fearful charge,—worse than being accused of disrespect for the Equator,—and I assure him that as far as I know, there is nothing whatever between me and the North Pole. And so we sit on deck, chatting, and congratulating ourselves on its being one of the most lovely nights we've seen for a very long time.

Hobson delighted. Didn't he tell me it would be a perfect passage? The lights ashore become few, and far between, and gradually disappear entirely. Mysterious lights, now green, now red, approach us, and the Look-out Man, and the Captain, and the Man at the Wheel, keep up a trio of an hour's duration, led always by the first-mentioned as tenor, followed up by the Captain as baritone, and finished by the steersman as *basso-profondo*.

It must be very annoying for the Look-out Man, who never announces any discovery of his, such as "Light on the port bow!" "Light on the starboard!" or whatever it may be without the Captain immediately replying "Aye, aye!" in a tone which certainly conveys that he has seen this danger a-head ever so long ago, and is perfectly aware of it. Very satisfactory to the passengers to know they have such a Captain as Captain CARVER, whom nothing can escape, but still rather disheartening for the Look-out Man, who seems to be perfectly incapable of giving the Captain any information which the latter does not already possess.

Begin to feel drowsy. "This is doing you good!" exclaims Hobson, surveying me with pride.

"All right up to now," I say, cautiously. "But suppose it should change to stormy in the night?"

"Not a chance of it," replies HOBSON. And we descend to our Cabin, which, fortunately, is at present unoccupied.

Now, how to climb up to my nest?

AN OPPORTUNITY.

LONDON is always a nice place for equestrian exercise, but just now, in the "dead season," if you ask "What's up?" the answer must be, "Roads, pavements, streets, boards, red flags, &c."

Quite right, of course, and just the time of year for it. Only, as there are workmen digging into the soil of Kensington Gardens and the Parks, Mr. Punch, in the interest of Equestrians generally, would again beg to inquire why on earth there cannot be—

First,—A ride under the trees from Kensington to Baywater through Kensington Gardens.

Secondly,—Another ride across Hyde Park, as a trifling variation on the monotony of Rotten Row and the dreariness of the ride between the Marble Arch, which is now being "restored," though no one ever had the audacity to remove it.

Thirdly, A propos of "restoration," why not restore at once the soft ride all round the Park?

Fourthly, And why not do the same in Regent's Park, where the only chance for Equestrians is about half a mile of "the soft" in the Inner Circle?

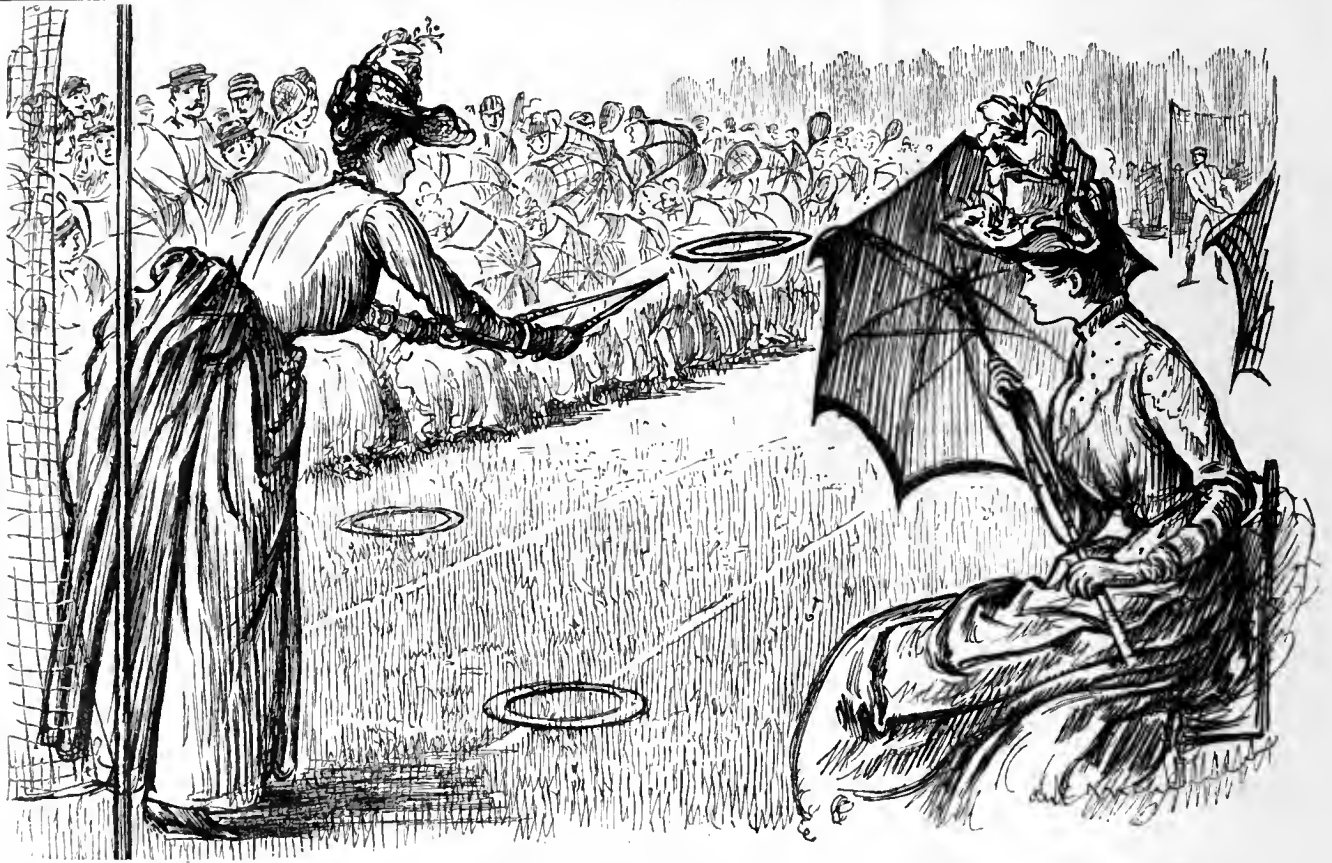
Fifthly, Why not open up two or three rides in Regent's Park? Who objects? There's room, and to spare, for everyone, Pedestrians and Equestrians alike, and plenty of space for amusements of all sorts.

Surely GEORGE RANGER, our *Ædiles*, and the Police Commissioners, might hit on some plan between them for the benefit of the Liver Brigades of Light and Heavy Cavalry.



SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.—Our dear old friend, Mrs. RAM, just saved herself from a nasty fall the other day coming down-stairs. "I should have broken my leg or worse," she said, "if I hadn't put out my hand and caught hold of the barristers."

MONOTONOUS.—While the Sacred Lamp of Burlesque was alight at the Gaiety, there was a variety of tunes all through the entertainment. Now, there is only one Eyre.



RINGOAL.

A NEW AND CHARMING GAME. AS IT IS, HOWEVER, RATHER APT TO DECAPITATE THE LOOKERS-ON, IT IS WELL FOR THESE TO PROVIDE THEMSELVES WITH SHIELDS, IN THE SHAPE OF SUNSHADES, UMBRELLAS, LAWN-TENNIS BATS, &C.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

A STRANGE mad game to play in such a place!
The monster City's maze, whose paths to trace
Might tax another Theseus, the resort
Of worse than Minotaurs, for blindfold sport
Would seem the most unfitting of all scenes;
What is it there such solemn fooling means?

Means? Ask purblind Municipal Muddledom
The true significance of the City Slum.
Ask, but expect no answer more exact
Than blundering palterers with truth and fact
Range in their pigeon-holes in order neat,
The awkward questionings of sense to meet,
And, meeting, blandly baffle. Lurking crime
Haunts from of old these dens of darksome
slime.

There, where well-armed Authority fears to
tread,
Murder and outrage rear audacious head,
Unscanned, untracked. As the swift-sliding
snake
Slips to the covert of the swamp's foul brake,
Fearless of following where no foot may find
Firm resting, where the fetid fumes that
blind,
The reeking mists that palsy, guard its lair;
So Crimo sneaks to the Slum's seclusion.

There
Revealing light, the foe of all things ill,
With no intrusive ray floods in to fill
Those hideous alleys, and those noisome nooks,
With health and safety. Flush with limpid
brooks
The slime-fouled gutters of the Ghetto, drive
Plinlimmon's breeze through Labour's
choking hive,

But let not light into the loathsome den
Where hags called women, ghouls in guise of
men

Live on death-dealing, feed a loathly life,
On the chance profits of the furtive knife.
The robber's mountain haunt, the outlaw's
cave,

Guarded by rocks or sheltered by the wave
From feet intrusive, furnish no such lair
For desperate villany or dull despair,
As this obscene Alsatia of the Slums.
Town's carrion-hordes flock hither; hither
comes

The haggard harpy of the pavement, she
The victim's victim, whose delirious glee
Makes mirth a crackling horror; hither slink
The waifs of passion and the wrecks of drink.
Multiform wretchedness in rags and grime,
Hopeless of good and ripe for every crime;
A seething mass of misery and of vice,
These grim but secret-guarding haunts entice.
Look at those walls; they reek with dirt and
damp,

But in their shadows crouched the homeless
May huddle undisturbed the black night
through.

Those narrow winding courts—in thought—
pursue.
No light there breaks upon the bludgeoned
No flash of day arrests the lifted knife,
There shrieks arouse not, nor do groans
affright.

These are but normal noises of the night
In this obscure Gehenna.

Must it be
That the black slum shall furnish sanctuary
To all light-shunning creatures of the slime,
Vermín of vice, carnivora of crime?

Must it be here that Mammon finds its tilth,
And harvests gold from haunts of festering
filth?

How long? The voice of sense seems
What time the sordid Spectre of the Slum,
Ruthless red-handed Murder sways the scene,
Mocking of glance, and merciless of mien,
Mocking? Ah, yes! At Law the ghouls may
laugh,

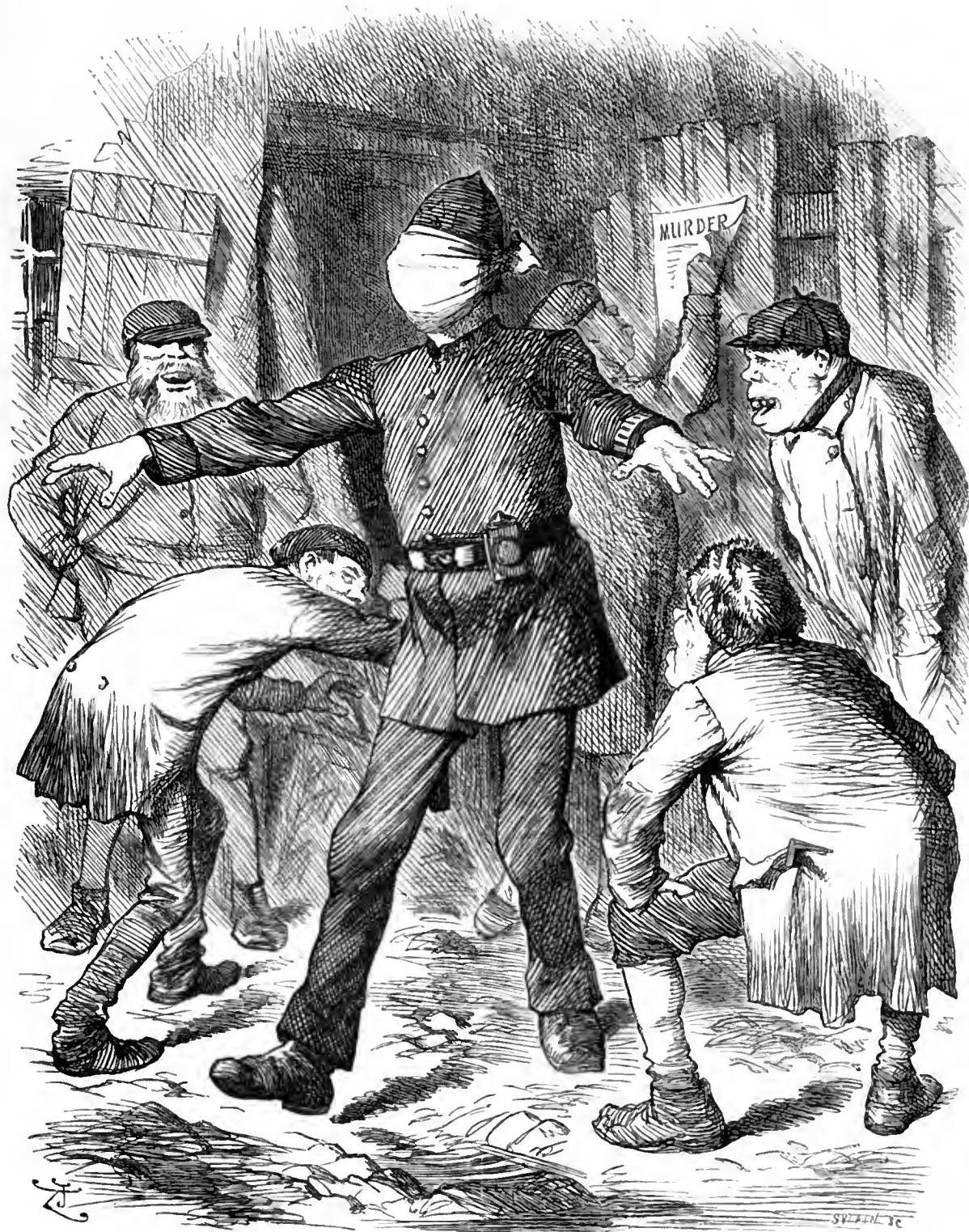
The sword is here as harmless as the staff
Of crippled age; its sleuthhounds are at
fault,

Justice appears not only blind but halt.
It seems to play a merely blinkered game,
Blundering about without a settled aim,
Like boys at Blind-Man's Buff. A pretty
sport

For Law's sworn guards in rascaldom's resort!
The bland official formula to-day
Seems borrowed from the tag of Nursery play,
"Turn round three times," upon no settled
plan,
Flounder and fumble, and "catch whom you
can!"

THE DANGER OF DROWSINESS.—A Railway
accident is not uncommonly attributable to a
sleeper having given way. Considering the
lengthened hours of exhaustive exertion to
which signalmen and other overworked ser-
vitors attendant on railways are commonly
subject, one wonders that terrible accidents do
not occur even still more frequently than usual
through the somnolence of railway sleepers.

AN historic name that may always be in-
troduced "*à propos de bottles*"—BUNYAN.



BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

(As played by the Police.)

"TURN ROUND THREE TIMES,
AND CATCH WHOM YOU MAY!"





Mossoo—cheerfully (he has just blown a hole through the Squire's hat). "AHA, MON AMI! VOILÀ COMMENT DES ACCIDENTS ARRIVENT!"

A DITTY FOR DINARD.

At fair Dinard to-day
 You can flirt, dance, and play,
 As at most of such French places we
 know;
 You can bathe at your ease,
 In what costume you please,
 On the beach near the little Casino.

There's a sea very blue,
 And the sky's azure too,
 And the air may be held to be bracing;
 But the nymphs we see there,
 With their stays *dans la mer*,
 Counteract its effects by tight-lacing.

You will find at the Club
 Men quite game for a "rub,"
 Or for Poker, when daylight is euded;
 You may lose, if you go
 To the *Petits Chevaux*,
 Or to Baccarat,—not recommended.

No one Tennis forgets,
 And they work at their "setts"
 With an ardour that's simply
 astounding;
 From the morning till night
 ATALANTA flies light,
 And the balls o'er the court go re-
 bounding.

Thus we live by the side
 Of the fast-flowing tide,
 An improvement in health the great
 gain is;
 While no river in France
 Can compare with the Rance
 Near Dinard, which in Ille-et-Vilaine
 is.

"MAKING A BRITISH HOLIDAY."

1276, Park Lane, Sept. 14, 1888.

MY DEAREST BLANCHE,

In spite of being in Town in the middle of September, I had such a good time of it! Oh! I do so wish you had been with us last Thursday. Well, you must know, dear, that CHARLEY (who has his long leave just now) persuaded Mamma to allow FLORENCE and myself to go with him to the Alexandra Palace to see Professor BALDWIN take his sensational leap. As CHARLEY said, "it was absolutely rippin'!" It was, really! Mamma would not come, because, she said, "he might get killed!" "Why, of course he might," replied CHARLEY; "but that's half the fun of it." He appealed to us; and although, of course, we were not "cruel," or anything of that sort, yet we were forced to confess that the jump would have been rather insipid if taken without risk of danger. "Just so," replied Mamma—she can be awfully disagreeable at times. "Then you really go to see Professor BALDWIN on the chance of being present at his immolation."

Well, reasonably enough, this made us both very angry with Mamma for saying such dreadful things, and all the more determined to go, so when CHARLEY called for us the next morning, he found us ready waiting, and impatient to be off. We were both dressed in white, with "picture" hats and long pompadour parasols. We first tried getting down to the Alexandra by rail. But it was too awful! Every carriage was filled with three times as many travellers as it should have naturally contained! You can fancy, dear, what a terrible crush there was! So then CHARLEY very wisely got a Hansom, which I confess was a little small for three, but still much better than the railway. And so we drove down, enjoying the fun immensely, and CHARLEY making us laugh by telling us how nearly the Professor was run over by a steam-engine on one occasion. So ridiculous, you know, dear, not to be able to guide the parachute, but to be forced to come down in all sorts of absurd places! And then FLORENCE (who, you know, dear, *entre nous*, makes rather a parade of her sensibility), said she hoped we should not go too near—not where there was any chance of coming across anything disagreeable. "Oh," said CHARLEY, "if he does fall, I fancy he will bury himself in the earth in the tidiest manner possible. So you need be under no apprehension of seeing anything ghastly." And at this moment the Hansom cabman put his head at the hole in the roof and told us that he had heard it strike six, and he thought it would be better if he pulled up on the brow of a hill we had just reached. So CHARLEY bundled out and helped us girls to descend.

We had scarcely taken our seats on a rug that CHARLEY had spread

for us on the grass, when up went the balloon with the Professor dangling to it. "Oh, I am so glad!" cried FLORENCE. "They said he might back out of it by pretending that the wind was in the wrong quarter, or something silly of that sort! Now I do hope he goes up two miles! It won't be the least bit of fun unless he goes up quite the two miles!" Well, I must confess, my dear, I was never so excited in all my life! Up went the balloon, and we saw the Professor getting smaller and smaller until he looked quite like a funny little doll! "By Jove, he's going to jump!" said CHARLEY, who had been watching the whole affair through a field-glass. And jump he did! For a moment my heart stood still. He came down like a stone. "Smash, I think," observed CHARLEY, quietly, and I thought I would not have missed it for anything, as we should have seen all the affair without any of the unpleasant details. All of a sudden, CHARLEY said the parachute was opening and he was safe so far.

Of course we girls thought that now all the fun was over. Not at all. The excitement was next, to see how long he would hold on. "Bet you a pair of gloves he comes down safely!" shouted CHARLEY. "Very well," I replied, "I will bet he doesn't!" And of course I was now doubly interested, as my gloves depended on it. Provoking! I lost, and CHARLEY was triumphant!

And now, dear, as I hear the bell ringing for dressing, I must put down my pen. I hope you will get up to Town in time to see the Professor take one of his wonderful leaps. Good-bye!

Your own loving friend, MAUD.

P.S.—We went to see the Roman Sports at the Italian Exhibition the other day. One thing was very absurd. When a gladiator is to be killed, they appeal to the Vestal Virgins to know if his life may be spared. And then the Vestal Virgins point to the earth with their thumbs to say "No." So absurd! As if anyone would like to see a man killed before her very eyes!

To a Lively Authoress.

O FRISKY Matron, writing in the U-niversal or Quilterian Review,
 Calling to mind in these still lively latter days
 The telling touches in those brilliant Saturdays,
 Say what is your "Philosophy of Marriage?" [parage?
 Do you the Cotyledonous dis-

Or would you send to hermitage and holler-tree
 Marital victim to his Gynæcolatry?
 Better do this than drown dull care, feel ebby,
 And live Socratically with XANTIPPE. [that's risky!
 Is this the moral! Let's do all
 In Cyprian bowers let us live "all
 frisky"!



“Pursuit of Knowledge.”

Son and Heir (whose Inquiring Turn of Mind is occasionally a nuisance). “I say 'PA, WHAT S A V' CAB' LARY?”

Father. “A VOCABULARY, MY BOY—WHAT D'YOU WANT TO KNOW THAT FOR?”

Son. “'CAUSE I HEARD 'MA SAY SHE'D NO IDEA WHAT A TREMENJIOUS V' CAB' LARY YOU'D GOT, TILL YOU MISSED THE TRAIN ON SATURDAY!”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

GOOD novel *Hartas Maturin*, by H. F. LESTER. So excitingly interesting. The character of *Hartas* himself is finely drawn, and that of the visionary *Bastian* might have been imagined and described by LORD LYTTON in such a work as *Zanoni*, or *A Strange Story*. I hope there are not many Bastians about, as his theories would do away with all moral responsibility, and necessitate the building of Public Lunatic Asylums on an extensive scale, and a consequent increase of burden on the unhappy ratepayer. But Mr. LESTER is “only purtendin’,” and “there ain’t no such person.” I am sorry that Mr. LESTER’s heroine should be troubled with a profusion of golden hair; I should have cut that hair, or dye’d it; and I do not think that the lighted end of a cigar put into the pocket of a damp coat would set a house on fire, particularly such a house as the author has previously been at no little pains to describe. But these are mere details. The idea of the story is decidedly original, and to lighten the tragedy of the tale there are many touches of genuine humour.

I have just seen Messrs. BARRAUD’s eighth number of *Men and Women of the Day*, wherein a portrait of HELEN MATHERS, Mrs. REEVES, looking as if she were trying to imitate the American *Siffleuse*, is between those of Dr. W. G. GRACE, the Cricketer, and Lord Justice COTTON, with a wig which, were he LORD CHANCELLOR, would be suggestive of the Cotton-Woolsack, but, as he isn’t, it is evidently only an old wig that doesn’t fit him. HELEN MATHERS, the charming Novelist, couldn’t be in better company than appearing thus with GRACE and COTTON, typical at once of her literary and personal charms on the one hand, and of her devoted domesticity on the other. Well selected.

Also the September Number of *Our Celebrities*. There is about WALERY’S Photographs a soft tone that I’ve rarely, if ever, seen equalled. The portrait of Sir MORELL MACKENZIE this month is perfect as a print, and lifelike as a portrait. The great merit of this positive likeness is a “negative” one; I mean the absence of the stereotyped background, in which, as in a cold ancestral hall, with only one chair in it, to which he fondly clings, stands Lord STANLEY of Preston. The fault of background, in my humble judg-

ment, produces a theatrical effect in the otherwise striking reproduction of Lady LINDSAY’s living presentment. Here we have the same baronial hall, the same urn of ancestor’s ashes, perhaps, in the distance, only the chair is different, and there is some drapery introduced with a property cushion for the lady’s foot, a Wardour Street table, and a property vase and book. The entertaining and interesting monographs, by L. ENGEL are drawn from his usual well of pure and undefiled ENGEL-ish.

Tracked Out, by Mr. ARTHUR à BECKETT, is, I am informed, having a perfectly unprecedented sale. It is indeed a weird story. Yet there is nothing quite new under the sun, as, I think, the weird author will himself be the first to acknowledge when he reads *A Tale of Wonder*, by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, now republished by ELLIOT STOCK, in a collection of the Novelist’s early writings, compiled by C. PLUMPTRE JOHNSON, in which *the decapitated Head tells its own decapitated tale, and the criminal is discovered!!* How’s this for High, inquires THE SAGACIOUS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PASTORAL TO THE “BOY BISHOP.”

[The *World* says of Dr. JAYNE, the new Bishop of Chester:—“He cannot be said to have made any mark there (i.e., at Leeds).” . . . “In person, he hardly realises one’s idea of a Bishop: he enjoys a fair, fresh, ingenious boy-like aspect, and owns an engaging frank demeanour.” . . . “and he will be, by far, the youngest Bishop on the Bench.”]

AIR—Refrain of “My Pretty Jane.”

MY fairish JAYNE, my boylike JAYNE,

Oh, never look so shy;

But come, oh come, and go a Bishoping,

While the bloom is 'neath your eye.

Chorus (everybody at Keble College):—

MY fairish JAYNE, my boylike JAYNE,

Oh, never look so shy; &c., da capo.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 16.



FIRST MEETING OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

Toby, M.P., Q.C., with a brief to watch the case for the Public, presents Lika Joko, who watches the case for Japan, to the Three Commissioners.

"A SERIOUS QUESTION."—We are glad to learn from several Correspondents that the question we asked last week as to the murderous theatrical picture-posters is likely to lead to beneficial results. We agree with the *St. James's Gazette*, that legislation on the matter is an imperative necessity. These "colourable imitations" of crime are a disgrace to our civilisation, our Literature, and our Drama. And *à propos* of advertisements not pictorial, isn't it bad taste on the part of the Lyceum management to use a well-known verse from St. Paul's Epistles as an advertisement for the play of *Hyde and Jekyll*? Hyde can quote Scripture to his purpose?

A COSY BUT NOT COSSEY CHURCH.—A Correspondent writing to the *Spectator*, says that in Whitby Parish Church, "The old three-decker," consisting of Clerk's desk below, reading desk in the middle, and pulpit atop, still exists. What spot more appropriate for a "three-decker," than the marino locality, Whitby-on-the-Sea. *Vive* "three-decker!" and may it be long ere it gives way to other decker-ations.

"O MY PROPHECIC SOUL! MY UNCLE!"—Why didn't the Duke of AOSTA pay a visit to Monaco? Because he preferred Nice.

"OH, DON'T HE LOVE HIS MUMMER!"

IN Mr. HARRY QUILTER'S *Universal Review* for September, Mr. GEORGE MOORE runs a-muck against "Mummer Worship." The well-worn theme of "the status of the Actor" is to the author of that



"But MORE of More Hall,
With nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of Wantley!"

strong Zola-esque novel, *The Mummer's Wife*,—in which, by the way, while spades are called something more than spades, there is much unpalatable truth,—like the proverbial red rag to the bull, or the ankles of the timid stranger to GEORGE MEREDITH'S "distraught geese."

All that Mr. GEORGE MOORE has to say about the "Stage as a profession" has been said, without mining matters, long ago in Mr. EDMUND YATES'S *Time* (a Magazine), and in the *Fortnightly Review*, in Mr. ESCOTT'S time. Mr. MOORE wanders away from his text of *Mummer-worship*, and needlessly and inconsequently attacks Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE for their Continental tour with *David Garrick*. That Actor and Actress should be received into "Society" at all "does make him so wild." Well, he needn't meet them. He can keep aloof from Society, and the loss will, of course, be Society's.

"Because I have cakes and ale," Mr. MOORE seems to say to the Actors, "therefore you shan't be virtuous." And "you shan't even be respectable, if I can help it," is his implied determination; forgetting that "respectability is the homage paid by vice to virtue," with which cynical definition Mr. MOORE should be satisfied, as covering all his ground of complaint.

The artistic temperament is innately Bohemian, and it feels itself ridiculous when attempting to shine with the veneer of *bourgeois* respectability. But the ostentatious Bohemianism which Mr. GEORGE MOORE considers the proper colour for the Actors to live and die in, with its inordinate vanity, vulgar self-consciousness, affected *bonhomie*, and flippant profanity, is more repulsively snobbish and revoltingly caudish, than the best silk-hatted, frock-coated Respectability can ever be.

The craze of Actor-worship is rapidly passing away. BUFFALO BILL'S popularity with "Society" hit the histrion a serious blow; so did the momentary success of the athlete. The fault is in the worshippers, not in the object of their adoration. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH laughs pleasantly at the craze in his amusing shillings-worth, entitled, *The Clown in Society*.

Let the Actor enjoy himself with his Dukes and Duchesses, his supper and champagne, and do you, Mr. MOORE, enjoy yourself too, with your "couple of Princesses and a Duchess" (which is your own modest allowance for yourself "in perspective"), but you needn't throw stones through the window panes, merely because you catch sight of Comedians in the Duke's drawing-room.

If the Actor's vanity hungrily craves for recognition in what is termed "Society," then, like the little boy in the bath, "he won't be happy till he gets it." And if that makes him happy, Mr. GEORGE MOORE, "happy man be his dole." But why envy him? Why blame him? Blame Society,—and your task is futile and endless.

The *Morning Post*, last Wednesday, mentioned a "Firework Drama," by Mr. BROCK, at the Crystal Palace. Of course the leading Lady was Miss CATHERINE WHEEL. There must have been several Stars. Probably the show concluded with a political Squib. The next novelty in the Pyrotechnic Theatrical line will be an adaptation of one of PLANCHÉ'S old Fairy-tale Extravaganzas, to be entitled, *Rocket with the Tuft*.

A TALE OF ONE HUNDRED CIGARS.

SIR,—The ordinary Englishman may fondly imagine that he can pass his cherished Havannas, up to, say, one hundred, through that remarkable institution known in France as the *Deuane*. That's where he's wrong. He can't! At all events, he can't, if he tries to be honest, as I did, and disclose the fact that his *paquet* contains Havanna cigars. As is well known, the French Government is a paternal one, and in its infinite wisdom does not permit anything but cabbage, *chour*, to be smoked in La Belle France. Real tobacco is considered deadly. However, let me at once proceed to the recital of the One Hundred Cigars.

First week of August I wrote, enclosing cheque, to the Army and Navy Stores, from Royat-les-Bains, to order one hundred of the forbidden fruit, I should say, weeds. By return I get receipt from Stores, and note to say that "the goods shall be forwarded with all practicable dispatch." So far, so good. Four days after this I receive from Monsieur le Chef de Gare du Nord at Paris the following most bewildering communication:—

Grande Vitesse 1. *Trafic International*. Paris.

MONSIEUR,—J'ai l'honneur de vous informer qu'il est arrivé à votre adresse, en grande vitesse [observe the sarcasm], dans les magasins du douane, à la Gare du Nord, expédiés par M. Army Navy (sic), à Londres, les colis ci-après designés: 100 cigarras.

Vous devez signer l'une des deux formules ci-dessous, selon que vous prendrez livraison en gare ou que vous préférez vous faire livrer la marchandise à domicile par le camionnage de la Compagnie.

I do so. Sign the "formule" which permits, apparently, the delivery of our one hundred *chez nous*. Alas! how little I knew of the ways, and means, of the Douane. Daily we (myself and expectant friends) journey down to the Gare de Royat, "pour demander si les cigarras [why two r's?] de Monsieur sont arrivés." "Non, Monsieur, pas de paquet pour vous." *Quoi faire? Nous attendons*. On a Wednesday in August we receive a *billet-doux* from the *Chef de Gare*, as follows:—

"Nous avons reçu votre lettre. Les cigarras étant prohibés, veuillez adresser une demande d'autorisation d'entrée sur papier timbré à M. le Directeur de la Douane pour obtenir l'entrée des cigarras conformément aux instructions, jointes à notre avis 338 du 11 courant."

I fly—always with my friends, who are now beginning to doubt whether I ever ordered any cigars at all, and are rather less generous with their own towards me than they were—to the post-office to purchase the cherished "papier timbré." We are told, "Vous trouvez ça chez le marchand de tabac." Thither we wend our weary way, to learn that "Il n'y en a pas ici. C'est à Clermont (town twenty minutes by carriage from Royat) que vous trouvez ça. - Rue Saint Esprit."

My friends will not quit me, so we all go together. Arrived at Clermont, we find the *marchand de tabac*, Rue Saint Esprit, and are, on payment of *soixante centimes*, armed with the formidable *papier timbré*. So off we walk to the nearest *café*, demand ink and pen, and indite in our most classic French a humble petition to the *Directeur de la Gare du Nord, à Paris*. In five minutes more it is in the letter-box, and we are wending our way back to the iron waters of Royat. We feel we require tomes. This ends our labours on Thursday. *Allons! du courage! Enfin c'est toujours possible que M. le Directeur de la Douane finira par nous envoyer nos pauvres cigarras*.

Seated at dinner on the following Saturday evening, we learn, to our dismay (a heavy rain-storm is at the moment doing its best to wash the town away), that the ill-fated cigars have at length arrived at the hotel, but the well-meaning though officious *Cenierge* has sent them away, because he did not know if Monsieur (meaning the humble individual who now addresses you, "moi qui parle") was prepared to pay the trifling sum of thirty-six francs duty on one hundred cigars! Having explained that I was ready to pay double, he secured the cigars; and thus, after much time, labour, journeying, lamenting, and heart-ache, I was rewarded by the receipt of my One Hundred Cigars! How sweet was the first one (slightly damp, it is true), but *real tobacco*! All's well that ends well.

Moral.—When endeavouring to pass a cigar through the Douane, allow at least a fortnight for the function. Ah! Mr. Punch, I know you smoke, like myself, good cigars, and I feel that, in your kind heart, I shall find some of that sympathy which may soothe my shattered nerves. *Vale, amice!* Yours, A MERE BACCA TELL.

"QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"—We see a new Opera announced for the 25th at the Crystal Palace. It is an English Opera, *Libretto* by an Englishman, C. BRADBERRY (never seen it spelt like this before—"put it down a 'u,' my Lord"), and the music by another Englishman, Mr. GEORGE FOX. The subject is *The Corsican Brothers*. Mr. Fox ought to play *Château-Renaud*. Of course he can, Brothers, if he pleases. With the usual white face, corked eyebrows, and Mephistophelian moustaeh, he might come out as a sort of Guy Fox. Success to the English Composer.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

(Special Report.)

"Monday, September 1.—Mr. Justice HANNEN, Mr. Justice DAY, and Mr. Justice SMITH, sitting in the Probate Division of the Royal Courts of Justice, met to-day to hear the matters at issue between the Times and Mr. PARNELL. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, M.P., Q.C., represented Mr. PARNELL and the other Irish Members concerned. Mr. GRAHAM appeared for Mr. WALTER and Another. TOBY, M.P., Q.C.* (instructed by Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, of Ely Place, Holborn, W.C.), watched the case for the Public."—Morning Paper.

Cut this out of morning paper; great deal more; columns of it; but don't suppose there'll be room to print it. Yet a most interesting case. My first brief. Fancy I have started pretty well. Feel the wig rather hot, and always blushing to find gown nearly slipping off. Observe that CHARLES RUSSELL keeps his gown well over his shoulders, whereas GRAHAM, when addressing Court, generally has the collar somewhere in neighbourhood of small of his back. Suppose they begin that way, working gown up to the shoulders as they advance towards CHARLES RUSSELL's status.



"Knocking at the door."

Everything very agreeable. Wondered, when I went in, what the Judges would say. "Is the old man friendly?" I said to myself, looking up at HANNEN. Found he was, very. When I said I appeared for the public, he made me a little bow, and observed, "The case of the public is in excellent hands." Very nice that. Felt quite encouraged. Determined to justify good opinion. Opening presented early in case. When GRAHAM was asked whom he represented, he replied, "My Lud, I appear, with my learned friend the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, for the defendants in the case of O'Donnell v. Walter."

Here was my chance. Seized it with alacrity. "My Lud," I said, hitching my gown over left shoulder, and cocking back my wig, as I have observed another eminent Q.C. do, "interposing as *amicus curie*, I may observe that my learned friend is a little inaccurate. He says he appears with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. May I point out, my Lud, that it would be more accurate to say 'he appears without the ATTORNEY-GENERAL?'" "Silence!" shouted a person in gown, who, I subsequently ascertained, was called the Usher. Have a good look at the Judges. HANNEN in the middle, sitting in the chair he usually fills as President of the Divorce Court. A plump pleasant-featured man. "Looks," says CHARLES RUSSELL, "as if he was able to bear with equanimity the failure of other people's marriages."

On the left SMITH, a quiet keen-faced man, who says very little, but evidently thinks a good deal. On the right DAY. DAY simply delicious. Haven't seen anything so lovely for years. Never get tired of watching him. Splendid figure-head for a ship. Widely opened, stonily-staring eyes; uplifted eyebrows wrinkling the massive forehead; lips slightly parted; moves head slowly from side to side gazing round Court with air of perpetual surprise. Sometimes looks up at ceiling, as if wondering what it could be for. Then gaze slowly lowered to desk, marvelling how the doose it got there. Again, slowly surveys Court. Think I hear him whispering to himself, "Dear me! What a lot of reporters!" Looks as if he'd never attempted a joke in his life, or understood one. What a prize mute he'd make at a first-class funeral!

Case grows interesting as it goes on. CHARLES RUSSELL portentously bland. Never loses his temper for a moment. Is so amiable; must be winning hand over hand. Argues for disclosure of documents, specification of charges. "Let-us-know-what-we-have-to-meet," and all that sort of thing. Fancy I've heard all before in the House of Commons; nothing came of it there except occasional beating in Division Lobby. Now HANNEN gravely listens. SMITH (not OLD MORALITY) twinkles with attention. DAY solemnly nods his head with curious rhythmical action of the mechanical Mandarin. Seems to be something in it, after all. GRAHAM drops his gown half an inch lower down the length of his spine, and says the

* The Dog has taken silk, and never told his oldest and best friend!—Punch.

things the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and EDWARD CLARKE used to say in House of Commons. But HANNEN swoops down on him like a falcon; rather paralyses him. GRAHAM wriggles and wrestles, falters and stumbles. His face settles into stony pallor, pitiful to see. Quite sorry for him. Think I'll give him a lift. Nothing like a word of sympathy in times like this. Write on slip of paper,—

"Threaten to move for a writ of *fi. fa.*" Haven't clear idea what writ of *fi. fa.* is. Fancy it's a sort of protest, as who should say, "*Fi. fa. shame!*" Pass the slip of paper on to GRAHAM. Eagerly opens it. Reads, and looks back at me. I nod to him cheerily.

"Try that, old fellow," I say. GRAHAM evidently doesn't catch on. Paleness deepens. Stares at me angrily. Put open hand to side of mouth, and loudly whisper, "*Fieri facias!*"

"Silence!" says the Usher. Presently GRAHAM cites at large from case of *Brown v. Watkin*, also case of *Dike v. Stephen*; drifts gently to *Shaw v. Smith*. Time seems opportune for creating little diversion.

"My Lud," I say, addressing President, "as our time is valuable, perhaps your Ludship, whilst my learned friend proceeds with his citations, would favour the Court with your views on the question, 'Is Marriage a Failure?' Your Ludship's remarkable opportunities for—"

The Usher. "Silence!" I thought he'd say that.

At half-past one, adjourned for luncheon. A little late in returning to Court. Found the O'GORMAN MAHON, with *facias* nearly as *fieri* as GRAHAM's. Seems he wanted to get in without ticket. Messenger declined to admit him.

"There's my eyard," said THE MAHON, pressing pasteboard on acceptance of trembling minion. "A frind will call upon ye this evening."

Inside Court Judges got on a long way. In fact, a few minutes after, the whole thing seemed to come to an end. RUSSELL got all he asked for, and, there being nothing more to do, adjournment proposed.

The President. "We have all spent a very comfortable afternoon." Toby, M.P., Q.C. (interposing as *amicus curie*). "As your Ludship pleases."

Usher. "Silence!" Then we picked up our briefs and went out. My learned friend ASQUITH's brief lying close to mine, I picked that up too. Has an overwhelming effect in walking through the crowd, to carry from Court a good armful of papers.

A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO FOR THE CITY.

SATURDAY next, Michaelmas Day. Also City elects new Lord Mayor. Hail, JAMES WHITEHEAD, Alderman that is, Lord Mayor



Michaelmas Day in the City. Turtles electing a Lord Mayor.

that shall be! There is nothing suggestive of the Torpedo about him but his name. A capable, courtly man, who will do honour to the high position he is called to, and will, with peculiar fitness, inaugurate the new era of City administration in conjunction with the working of a Radical Local Government Act passed by a Conservative Ministry.

Morality at a Tennis-Match.

(By a Buffer.)

To prophesy our downfall is not rash, Now all our boys—and girls—seem "going to smash!"



“TELL-TALE TIT!”

(Middle o' September!)

Bagnidge (having made sure with both barrels). “ANOTHER BIR—”

The Keeper (aghast). “BIRD!—NOT A BIT OF IT! ‘DON’T KNOW WHAT MASTER ‘LL SAY WHEN I TELL HIM! WH’, YOU ‘VE SHOT A PHEASANT!”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A MOST amusing and companionable little book

is Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH'S *Society Clown*. The “Snobbish Chapter” is, in idea, at least, quite Thackerayan. “G.G.” thoroughly enjoys a story that tells against himself. The letter from the lady who had “a Sunday out,” is delicious. What became of this peer Columbine our gay Clown doesn't tell us. Inspired to drop into poetry,—to the air of “The



The Clown in Society.

Fine Old English Gentleman” — I joyously sing,—

I like to read GEORGE GROSSMITH'S tales of everywhere he goes, Of Princes, Dukes, and Duchesses, and all the swells he knows. I revel in the thought that I can see him on the stage, And sit in front without a smile, and put him in a rage.

Chorus—This Clown of High Society, all of the modern time.

I like to read the in-vi-ta-tion sent him by the Princee, To dine with H.R.H. abroad,—but has he had one since?

I like to think that I can go into the Gallere, And chuck an apple at his head,—which he can't do to me.

Chorus—This Clown of High Society, all of the modern time.

To call himself “a clown,” I think, is hard—on HARRY PAYNE, Who always comes at Christmas Time with “Here we are again!” Who 'll soon bring out his memoirs of tip-top Societee, Where he never had the pleasure of encountering G. G.

Chorus—This Clown of High Society, all of the modern time.

If you're going a long journey by train, buy *The Society Clown*. The time will pass so quickly with this book in your hands, that the station where you ought to have got out will have escaped your notice, and you'll wake up at the terminus with the prospect of having the book still to amuse you on the return journey.

From gay to grave, I am still going quietly, very quietly, through Mr. HAWKINS'S most carefully compiled and entertainingly written two Volumes, entitled, *The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century*. He has stated the case of the disabilities of the French Comedians, on the whole, very fairly, considering that he candidly avows himself a warm partisan, whose bias has prevented him from admitting that the other side has any case at all. His book, as far as I am able to judge from the first volume, ought to be a standard work of reference for students of the French stage in the Eighteenth Century.

Several Correspondents write to me, asking, where can we procure these *Weird Tales* which you have twice recommended? Well, unfortunately, there was a rush upon them by friends who promised faithfully to return them; but instead of keeping their word, they've kept my books. In the meantime I can only say that they are pocket volumes, adapted to anybody's pocket,—evidently, by the disappearance of my little let,—consisting of a collection of very old ghost stories, English, Scotch, American, Irish, familiar, it may be, to most readers over fifty, but refreshing even to them, and accepted with delight by the second and third generation. I am fond of old friends, and was delighted to welcome them again. Some of them, however, I had never read before. They are published by PATERSON, Edinburgh, and are so portable that I wish they weren't, as I shall never see them more.

BRITISH STANDARD



"THESE ENGLISH ARE SHREWDLY OUT OF BEEF!"

Henry the Fifth, Act III., Sc. 7.

Lord Wolsey (to Tommy Atkins). "WHY, BLESS ME! YOU LOOK HALF STARVED! WHAT'LL YOU TAKE!"

A propos of "refreshing," I have just dipped into Dr. HUEFFER'S *Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt*. Letter-writing is to some of us nuisance enough: letter-reading is worse. But in this case—

"RICHARD and FRANCIS were two clever men;
Clever at music and clever with pen."

These two geniuses wrote their thoughts impulsively to each other. Their letters are really the conversation of two earnest men, at one in Art, but at issue over the great problems of life. Here and there, as naturally as possible, crop up business and domesticity. Of the two "Special Correspondents," I prefer LISZT, who writes in a tone of conviction, which, except as regards music, is absent from the

letters of RICHARD WAGNER.—*Strange Story of a Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder*. Ought to have been left there. It is advertised as a Jules-Verne-like story, might be called a Verne-and-Vater story. It is childish: and its improbabilities are rendered still more improbable by some of the pantomimic illustrations. Long way down-hill after VERNE. "*Facilis descensus a Verne-o,*" says the ever classical and always happily grammatical

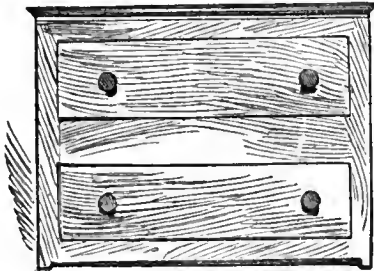
LEARNED BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"FINE weather," said Mrs. RAM; "but these East winds are very dangerous. My Nephew is laid up with an influential cold."

DUE NORTH.

Other Climbs—Night—Lodgers—Early Rising—First Meal—Contraction—Expansion—Arrival—Separation—Balmorality—Anticipation—Alteration—“Strangers yet.”

Hobson, with the agility of a Harlequin, has disappeared by the shortest and quickest route over the washing-stand into his berth.



The Cabin Berth chest of drawers.



Economy of space in a small House.

arranging my plan of campaign, I find myself humming involuntarily the air from the *Bohemian Girl*, “My berth is noble, and unstained my crest.” But, if I come a cropper over this attempt, my crest won't be unstained.

One struggle for life . . . a clutch . . . a kick (if there were anyone in the berth beneath, how wild he would be—and very naturally—with my toe within an inch of his nose—but, thank goodness, there's nobody there) . . . a gasp . . . a momentary spasm, as if a sinew had cracked somewhere—(didn't *Hamlet's* sinews crack, or didn't he appeal to them to “Bear him up?”—yes—that's what I say now, “And you, my sinews, bear me strongly up!”)—whoop!—and I sink breathless, a confused heap of “dishably,” on the jam-cupboard shelf, the bed-clothes disarranged, and the floor littered with bags and campstools, which the next man who comes in will have to clear away.

As to re-arranging the pocket-handkerchief which does duty for a sheet, or doing anything with the strip of flannel meant to represent a blanket, I give it up in despair. Stretching is impossible; so is sitting up: even turning requires the most careful attention.

Ne—certainly a berth on board a steamer is *not* the place where “the weary are at rest,” nor am I at all sure that it is the place “where the wicked cease from troubling,” as one of our fellow-passengers, entering in the dark, and stumbling over the campstools and bags, swears horribly.

Happy Thought.—Pretend to be fast asleep. No connection with bags and campstools. Oh no! “Confound them! Who could have put them there? Infernally idiotic!” Quite so. Good night!

Fellow lodger, who subsequently occupies what I may term the ground floor under Hobson's apartment, switches on the electric light, not altogether, as I fancy from his manner, unmaliciously, though it produces no effect on either myself or HOBSON, who are both, like Brer Fox, “layin' low and sayin' nuffin'.” After some puffing and wrestling with luggage, —his own, I hope,—our Fellow-lodger switches off the light, crawls into his hole, and subsides. We are all quiet,—playing at being asleep,—when the fourth lodger enters, and uses more

bad language in the dark. The effect of the darkness is demoralising. Then he makes grabs at everybody's luggage, tumbling about as if he were playing Blind-man's Buff, until the first fellow lodger (on the ground floor at Hobson's) growls out, “Why don't you switch on the electric light?” Whereupon the latest arrival, who has brought into the cabin a curiously blended aroma of tobacco and whisky, guides himself up to the switch by laying hold of the side of my berth, which causes me to give a warning kick in the direction of where I think either his nose or his eye may be, just as a quiet hint that he had better not rouse the sleeping lion in the jam-cupboard. “Switch-back?” amusement. Once more the full electric light is switched on, and our friend commences his preparations for retiring, humming the “*Boulangier March*,” with variations from other sources, and interrupted by occasional ejaculatory anathemas on everybody else's luggage, and especially on the bags and campstools, which latter, after barking his shins severely with them, he chucks violently into the saloon, exclaiming, “Out you go, dash you!” and I feel that the campstools so addressed are myself in effigy. At last he, too, crawls, like a wounded rabbit, into the hole in the tree (as it were) underneath my nest, where I distinctly hear him groaning and rubbing his ankle. Then, as he has forgotten to switch off the light in a few minutes' time a deep voice from below—it is the voice of Hobson's ground-floor lodger—asks me, if I “won't mind switching it off, as it's nearest me.” My first idea is to continue my pretence of being asleep; but, on second thoughts, as there is less chance than ever of getting any sleep with this light glaring right in my eye, I uncurl myself very cautiously, somehow, lift myself up without hitting my head, and extend my arm without falling out, and once more we are in comparative darkness, and I am having a final struggle with the bed-clothes.

“You'll like your berth. It's deliciously comfortable,—tip top! It's the height of luxury.” Then he adds, in a gradually descending scale,—*tonus peregrinus*—as he snuggles into his pillow, “Good night, dear friend!”

“Good night!” I return, as I stand dubiously looking up towards the elevated jam-cupboard shelf in which I have to repose, if I can.

“The height of luxury! —tip-top!” I mutter to myself. “It is. How can I get there?”

Happy Thought.—Necessity, being the mother of invention, ought to give me a tip about a berth. Necessity's tip is the employment of travelling-bags and campstools as aids towards getting into this berth. Necessity may have an extra tip in store for me—a tip over. While



How did this Lady manage to get into any berth, specially a top one?

“Morning.—Dear friend HOBSON up very early. Wish Dear Friend would stop in bed. He says he wants to see the sun rise. Evidently he has never seen it before. He is delighted that I have slept so well. I am obliged to admit that I have slept. Gradually fellow-passengers reappear. The majority look as if they had slept in their clothes. With many of them a penknife is a substitute for the particularities of the toilette. How the ladies must regret their curling-irons! I quite understand the objection of some ladies to a voyage by steamboat.

“The First Day.”



The First Day.



The same, next morning, after a night at Sea.

Breakfast.—Marvellous sele performances on fish, eggs, chops, bread and butter, toast, coffee, marmalade. Poor Steward! Hobson beams on me when I take a chop. “It's doing you good,” he says cheerily. I hope so, I'm sure. All the contractors being in great form at breakfast, take twice and even three times of everything.

Happy Thought (except for Steward).—They contract, but they also expand.

We disembark at Granton. I part with dear friend HOBSON, whom I thank heartily for the pleasant trip, giving him the credit for the fine weather and everything, whereat he repeats, “I told you it would be all right,” and is uncommonly pleased that I am pleased. Off he goes to his destination, and as the boat has just conveniently missed the only train that would have taken me to Lechlennic, I am in Edinbro' alone. Title of novel, *Alone in Edinbro'*! Remember to have heard of an eight o'clock *table d'hôte* at the Balmoral Hotel.

At the Balmoral.—I like the name of Balmoral. So proper. A Balmasky Hotel would attract a class of customers who preferred a “Bal” without the “moral.” Willing and obliging Hall Porter, with beaming smile, as if he had been expecting me ever so long and is so glad to see me at last, fetches my luggage out of fly. Pleasant and affable young ladies at the *bureau*. None of your stuck-up minxes with somebody else's hair piled up on the top of their heads. Oh, no! nothing of that sort. Agreeable, affable; probably “Scotch lassies.” Old gentleman of florid complexion, with fierce white moustache, and of an upright carriage suggestive of retired Indian Colonel (on the stage in a farce with Mr. TOOLE), or the Master of a Ring, and wearing a peculiar hat with a brim so crisply curled up at the sides that, with a few strings and a rosette, it might suit a Junior Dean, is standing in hall. Know his face: recognise his ferocious white moustache. He is the *beau idéal* of *Sergeant Bouncer* in *Cox and Box*. Being alone in the world just now, I am glad to initiate a conversation with the Veteran. I am commencing when pleasant young lady, beaming gracefully across counter of *bureau*, informs me in her pleasantest manner, with just a flattering tinge of regret in her tone—(and without any brogue, so she isn't “a Scotch lassie,”)—that the hotel is full; whereupon, the Hall Porter, still with



THE DIVIDED SKIRT.

beaming smile which has not yet faded away, promptly picks up my luggage, and is off with it to the fly. His rule is, "Welcome the coming 'Guest,'" and "speed the parting." The "parting" guest, to him as a rule, must be the mere valuable, and mere to be smiled at. Where am I to go? Mere alone in Edinbro' thsn ever! On the chance of some suggestion being made, I address the gallant Bouncer.

The Veteran replies cheerily in broad Scotch.—The McBouncer,—and I gather his meaning to be, that, if they haven't a bedroom here, they (the Balmoral Hotel, that is) can get me one elsewhere.

"Ye'll just taylaphone," says the McBouncer, turning to one of the pleasant young ladies, and, on hearing this, she at once sounds a bell to bespeak somebody's attention. The Veteran evidently possesses some local influence. The Hall Porter pauses, and the smile, which had almost died out with the removal of the third bag, begins to beam again gradually. Song to Hall Porter, "*O smile as thou wert wont to smile Before that weight of care,*" &c. Substitute "luggage" for "care," and there's the ballad complete so far. Shining "Boots"—quite an "Upper leather"—assists cheerfully.

The McTaylaphone replies that he places the best bedroom at my disposal, and I accept. I am "bedded out" like a plant, but return to the Balmoral at feeding time, 8 P.M.

Balmorality Dinner.—Large room. Small tables, so that one can dine quietly alone, or with three strangers at most. It being just the end of August, of course Grouse will be on the menu, and of course, this being Scotland, we shall have dishes peculiar to the country. I don't know what the dishes are, except Scotch broth, collops, and haggis—"The Midnight haggis" mentioned by *Macbeth*,—but every country has its *spécialités*. Let's see. Here's the McMenu. "*Potage*"—that's French, not Scotch; perhaps they mean "*Porridge*"—no—"Consummé au Profitrol" (what on earth's that?) and "*Purée aux Navets*." "*Navets*" not Scotch. I read on: all French, nothing Scotch:—"Sole au gratin, Merlan frit sauce Tartare—Croquettes—Compôte—Bœuf Rôti—Agneau, Salade,"—excellent dinner, but no Grouse!

I protest to German Waiter, who doesn't clearly comprehend. English Waiter, lively and attentive, recognises the justice of the protest. He, too, is Alone in Edinbro', for the other Waiters are foreigners. He returns, delighted to be able to inform me that I can have Grouse, "instead of" Beef. I think the stipulation somewhat severe, but I accept the terms, though I am not treated precisely on "the most favoured nation" (or ration) principle, as I have to pay half-a-crown extra. The Grouse being excellent, and the whole dinner good, I am content. Everything satisfactory at the Balmoral Hotel on this occasion, but, on my return visit, only the following week, when I am leaving Scotland, I couldn't imagine that it was the same Hotel.

I entered with a smile of recognition for everyone, as it seemed only yesterday since I had quitted the place. But "a change had come over the spirit of their dream." There was no beaming Hall Porter, only a McSulky, who growled out something, and disappeared. The genial and courteous Veteran McBouncer was nowhere to be seen. The affable and sympathetic Fairies of the bureau were no longer there, though I fancy I spied one of them with her pleasant face bent over the ledger, not daring to look up and smile, for fear of the other three, who, I remark, are severe, stiff, and unapproachable. Here was I, once more "Alone in Edinbro'," with a bag and great-coat.

"Can I leave my things here?" I ask of a Boots, who, instead of answering, dives head-foremost down a dark passage, and is lost to view. Net the Boots of a week ago,—New Boots; never did like New Boots; no longer the polished Boots.

One of the young ladies from the bureau has come out into the Hall, and is standing with her back to me. I repeat my question, timidly, I admit, but if I am wrong in addressing her on the subject, she will, I trust, graciously correct me. Not a bit of it. "Can I leave my things here?" I ask, with the utmost deference.

The unapproachable young lady deigns no response, but walks slowly towards the other side of the Hall. Her distant manner chills and repels me. It seems to me as if I had proposed to her and been indignantly rejected. I cannot, I dare not ask her another question. I fancy I catch a sympathetic glance from the eye of the pleasant girl at the ledger. I feel that, with all the will in the world to be affable and nice-spoken, she can't do it as at present situated.

The Head Waiter comes down the stairs. I try him. "Can I leave my—"; but before the words are out of my mouth he too has vanished with a whisk of the napkin, and is seen no more.

At last, by going up-stairs to the *salle à manger*, I procure some attention from a startled chambermaid, who eyes me suspiciously, but who kindly allows me the use of soap and water and a jack-towel in a bath-room, there being, apparently, no properly appointed lavatory. What has come over them all? Is this a bad day with the Balmoralities?

The dinner at 8 is good enough (no Grouse), but the Waiters bring and take away the dishes in a violent hurry, as if they had backed themselves against time to make so many people swallow five or six courses and have everything cleared away in half an hour from the moment of starting. So swiftly do the dishes come and go that when I am at the second course two undersized German Waiters are hovering about me with the pudding.

Not out of greediness, nor from any inordinate craving of the appetite, but simply to shew them that I will not be bullied, and that I positively refuse to do a serious injury to my digestion merely because they have a match against time, I determine to take or at least, to order, twice of everything except the soup.

"*Sauman sauce Genevoise*, or *Merlan frit*?" asks a German Waiter, bending over me insinuatingly, giving me the choice of two platefuls. I reply sternly, I will take *Saumon* first, and the *Merlan frit* afterwards.

The German Waiter almost collapses. He cannot believe his ears. But I mean what I say; and I do take both. This happens with all the other courses. I pull up at the *Entremets*, of which there are four varieties.

Long before I have finished, all the unprotesting *table d'hôte*s, who yield in a spiritless manner to the tyranny of their oppressors, have stuffed themselves in a hurry and been cleared away.

I have anticipated my journey back so as to avoid a second visit to Edinbro'. At present I am intending to start to-morrow morning, having wired to that effect to "D. B.," at Lochglennie.

APPROPRIATE LOCALITY FOR MILITARY MANŒUVRES.—In Styria, where the Chamois shooting is going on. [See? *Sham War*. Aha! Yours ever, The Hanlam of Bedwell. Locked up again! Under Colney Hatches.]

WHAT WOULD BE LEFT OF IT?—If one of ZOLA's latest works—say, for example, *La Terre*—were Bowdlerised for the English public, the book would probably come out in the form of a clearly printed four-paged pamphlet.



A CHAPTER ON FAME.

The Actor. "Ah! it's all very well for you fellows to talk about my being the pet of the public, the idol of the aristocracy, the spoilt child of royalty itself! I admit all that; but remember that my art dies with me—whereas your pictures, your poems, your speeches remain to show the twentieth century what—a—what—"

The Painter. "What overrated duffers we were in the nineteenth, eh? Whereas you'll never be found out, old man. So you score again!"

The Statesman and the Poet. "Hear! hear!"

THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT.

"Just as long as the dwellings of this race continue in their present condition, their whole surroundings a sort of warren of foul alleys garnished with the flaring lamps of the gin-shops, and offering to all sorts of lodgers, for all conceivable wicked purposes, every possible accommodation to further brutalise, we shall have still to go on—affecting astonishment that in such a state of things we have outbreaks, from time to time, of the horrors of the present day."—*S. G. O., in Times of 18th September, in his Letter entitled, "At Last."*

THERE is no light along those winding ways
Other than lurid gleams like marsh-fires
fleeing;

Thither the sunniest of summer days
Sends scarce one golden shaft of gladsome
greeting.

June noonday has no power upon its gloom
More than the murky fog-flare of December;
A Stygian darkness seems its settled doom;
Life, like a flickering ember,
There smoulders dimly on in deathly wise,
Like sleep-dulled glitter in a serpent's eyes.

Yet as that sullen sinister cold gleam
At sight of prey to a fierce flame shall
quicken,
So the dull life that lurks in this dread scene,
By the sharp goad of greed or hatred
stricken,
Flares into hideous force and fierceness foul,
Swift as the snake to spring and strong to
capture.

Here the sole joys are those of the man-ghoul.
Thirst-thrill and ravin-rapture.
Held DANTE'S Circles such a dwelling-place?
Did primal sludge e'er harbour such a race?

It is not Hades, nor that world of slime
Where dragons tare and man-shaped mon-
sters fought.
Civilisation's festering heart of crime
Is here, and here some loathly glimpse is
caught

Of its barbaric beating, pulsing through
Fair limbs and flaunting garb wherewith
'tis hidden.

Mere human sewage? True, O Sage! most
true!
Society's kitchen-midden!
But hither crowd the ills which are our bane:
And thence in viler shape creep forth again.

Whence? Foulness filters here from honest
homes
And thievish dens, town-rookery, rural
village.

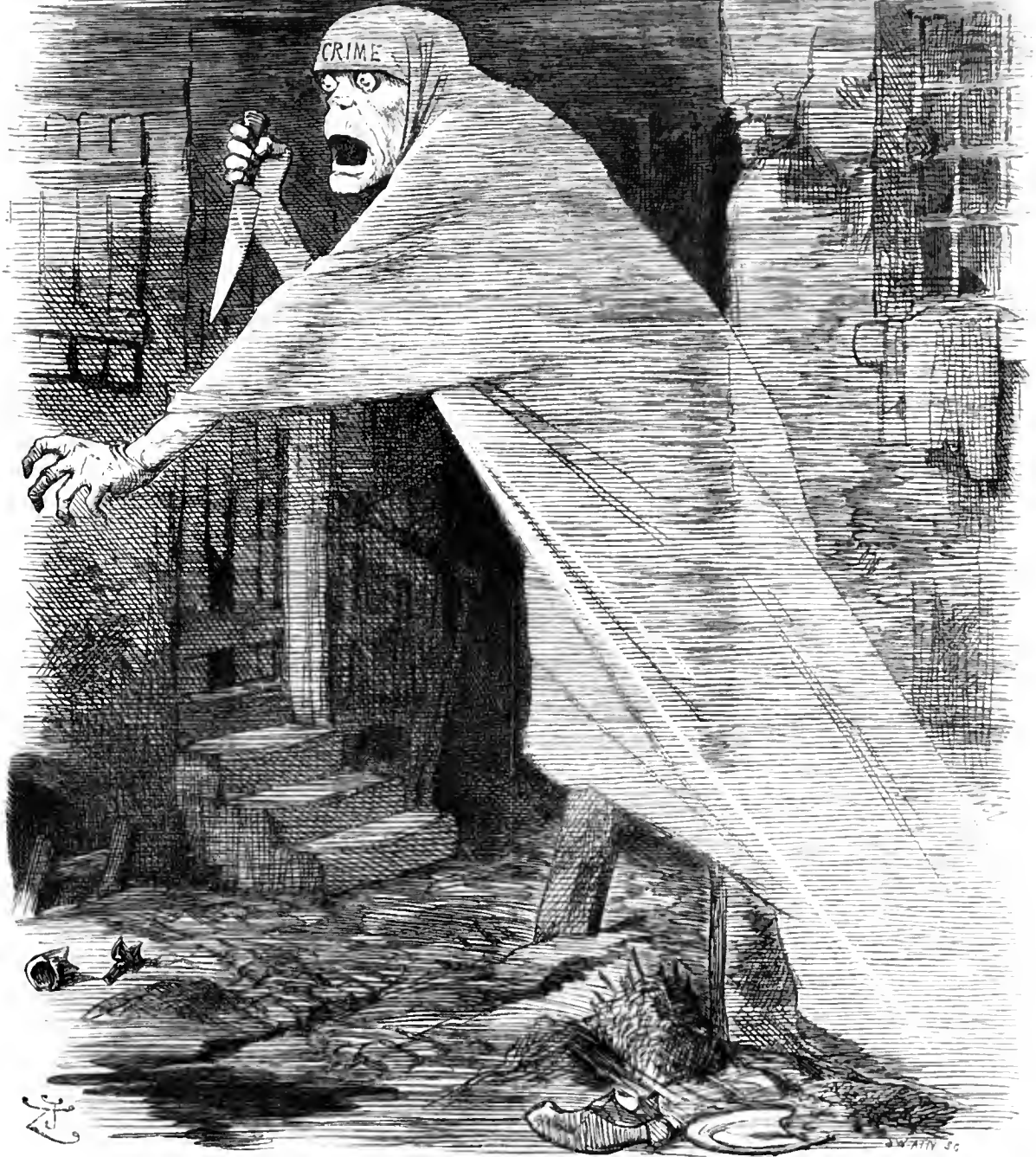
Vice to be nursed to violence hither comes,
Nurture unnatural, abhorrent tillage!
What sin soever amidst luxury springs,
Here amidst peverty finds full fruition.
There is no name for the unsexed foul things
Plunged to their last perdition
In this dark Malebolge, ours—which yet
We build, and populate, and then—forget!

It will not be forgotten; it will find
A voice, like the volcano, and will scatter

Such hideous wreck among us, deaf and
blind, [shatter.
As all our sheltering shams shall rend and
The den is dark, secluded, it may yield
To Belial a haunt, to Mammon profit;
But we shall reap the tillage of that field
In harvest meet for Tophet.
Slum-farming knaves suck shameful wealth
from sin,
But a dread Nemesis abides therein.

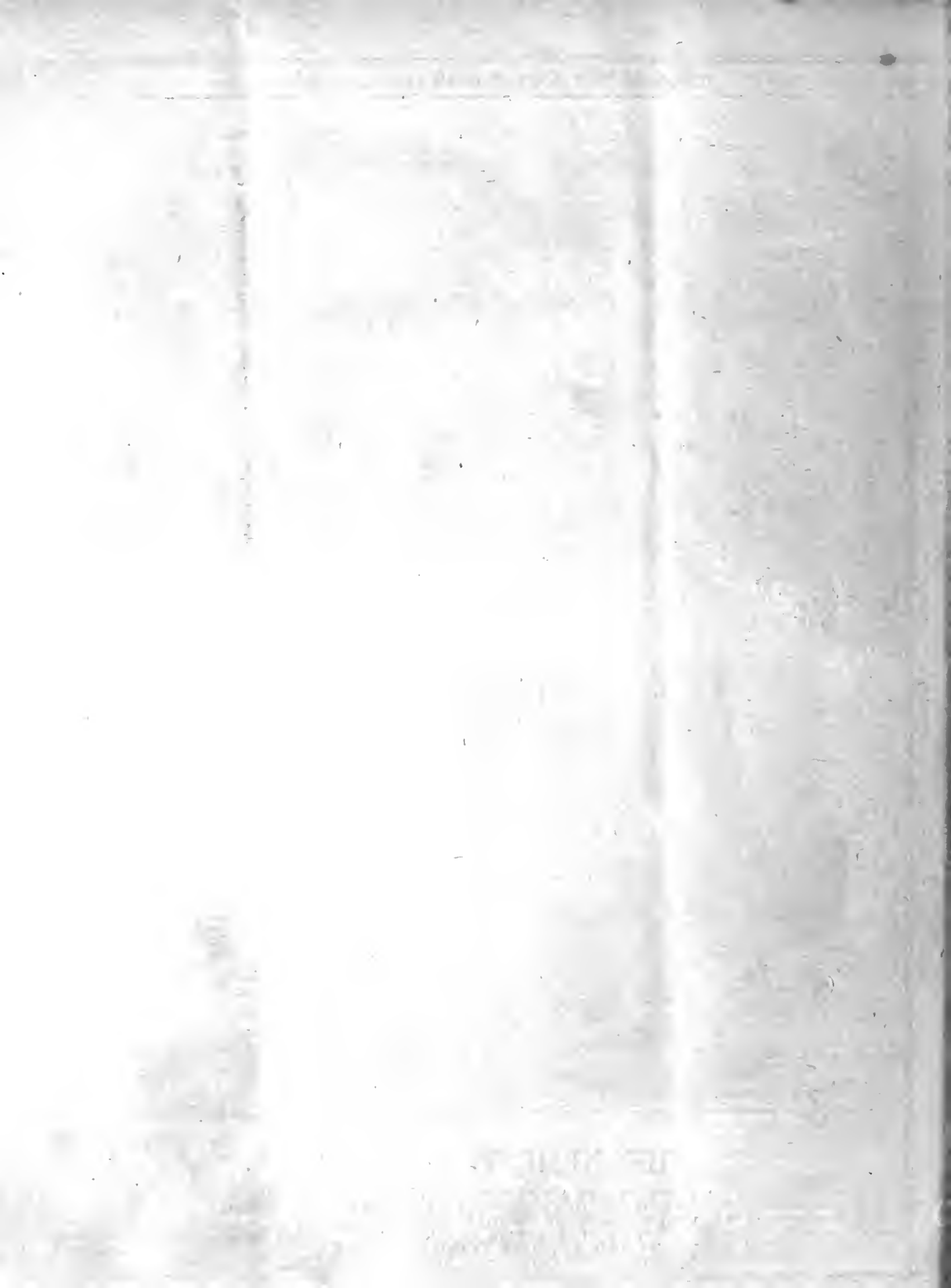
Dank roofs, dark entries, closely-clustered
walls,
Murder-inviting nooks, death-reeking
gutters,
A boding voice from your foul chaos calls,
When will men heed the warning that it
utters?
There floats a phantom on the slum's foul air,
Shaping, to eyes which have the gift of
seeing,
Into the Spectre of that loathly lair.
Face it—for vain is fleeing!
Red-handed, ruthless, furtive, unerect,
'Tis murderous Crime—the Nemesis of
Neglect!

THE STRIKES IN PARIS.—This Tower of
Eiffel being built by an Eiffel-utin' gentle-
man seems to be productive of nearly as
much discord as its prototype of Babel. A
lunatic project, at best, but the only sensible
person to appeal to in the present difficulties
is, luckily, "The Sans Prefect."



THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT.

"THERE FLOATS A PHANTOM ON THE SLUM'S FOUL AIR,
SHAPING, TO EYES WHICH HAVE THE GIFT OF SEEING,
INTO THE SPECTRE OF THAT LOATHLY LAIR.
FACE IT—FOR VAIN IS FLEEING!
RED-HANDED, RUTHLESS, FURTIVE, UNERECT,
'TIS MURDEROUS CRIME—THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT!"



THE (POLITICAL) PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

WE want, indeed, another SAMUEL ROOERS,
(The dullest, sure, of all poetic codgers!)
To sing in sounding verse, as once did he,
The *Pleasures of (Political) Memory*.
Oh, joy—if you're a Statesman—just to cast
A retrospective glance upon the past,
The pamphlets written in your fiery youth,
And then be told you are not speaking truth;
To chat about the Cabinets you have known.
And then to have this charge against you
thrown,
That your remarks are disingenuous riddles,
In fact, that you are telling taradiddles!
O Memory, friend of philosophic age!
You seem to put our Statesmen in a rage.
Memory, of course, may be a boon, but
then
There seem as many memories as men;
And no two of those memories accord
More than their owners do, which seems
absurd.
They won't agree in style at all exact
About the shortest speech or simplest fact,
Be't yesterday, or twenty years ago;
One vows 'twas thus, another swears
'twas so, [briar,
And, though in speech as bland as a sweet-
Each calls the other an egregious—story-
teller.
Pleasures of Memory? At the phrase one
smiles;
Pleasures of wrangling tabbies on the tiles,
Of scuffling crows over some carrion scrap!
No, ROOERS, you need *not* return, old chap!

“Is Marriage a Failure?”

AH me, my dear, my dear Mr. Punch,
I am afraid it is! I've done my best;
but no, the Thanes fly from me, and I am,
in the language of Lawn Tennis,
“LOVE FIFTY”—*alias* CAN'T-MARRI-ANY
IN THE MOATED GRANGE.
DEAR SIR,—Marriage is a failure, at
least in my case. I've been rejected again
to-day. “This is the third time of asking.”
TIM IDLEIGH.



HAPPY HAWARDEN.

Mr. Gladstone sings to the Mahdi Ali, at Hawarden, to the Air of “Marlbrook.”

AND SO YOU HAVE COME FROM THE NIZAM? PRAY TELL HIM HOW I GOOD AND WISE AM, THOUGH AT TIMES TROUBLED MUCH I BY FLIES I STILL AM THE GRAND OLD MAN. [AM, SAY, I LOVE THE MA-HOM-ME-DAN—	(Aside.) TELL ANOTHER LIKE THAT I CAN. (Aloud.) NOW SIT YE BENEATH MY UMBRELLA, AND CHUCKLE LIKE OLD MISTER WELLER, WHEN AXE'D IF YOU E'ER SAW A FELLAH LIKE ME. I'M THE GRAND OLD MAN!
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THE LONDON BLACKS.

MOORE'S Melodies at the St. James's Hall are nowadays those played by the evergreen and ever black-faced Moore and Burgess Minstrels. The Minstrel Boy never goes to the wars, as he never performs out of St. James's Hall,—at least such was once the tradition. It is now exploded. They have, we believe, played out of the Hall, and a cataclysm has not arrived. On their programme the title “Christy Minstrels” is not to be found. Why is this thus? Are they no longer Christy'uns? Perish the thought!

On the inauguration of their Twenty-fourth consecutive Season, Mr. EUGENE STRATTON sang “The Whistling Coon” for the 1135th time, and the audience, who had not heard it one thousand one hundred and thirty-five times, encored vociferously, but the strict rules of the primitive Christy'uns do not admit of encores being taken. Excellent rule. They should call themselves “The Burgess and No-More Minstrels.” *A propos*, where was BURGESS on this memorable occasion? Does Mr. MOORE sing for self and partner? Perhaps BURGESS is keeping himself in reserve, and will burst forth upon us all when the Entertainment achieves its quarter of a century. Still there must ever be a slight cloud of sadness passing over the happy faces of the audience at the thought,



Professor Blackie who never performs out of St. James's Hall.

that while MOORE is working like a Nigger, BURGESS is—doing what? Carcering about, enjoying himself? Or also working? Where is BURGESS? Tell me, Shepherds, have you seen my BURGESS pass this way? Depend upon it that when they want a real novelty to attract all London, they'll announce

GREAT NIGHT WITH THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS!
FIRST APPEARANCE OF BURGESS!!!

They are welcome to this suggestion; but the curiosity of the public is aroused, and will not be satisfied, except by BURGESS. “Plenty of Burgesses in the City of London,” Mr. MOORE will reply; but this won't do for us. Loud calls for BURGESS! BURGESS! and No MOORE at present from

Yours truly,
BLACK JACK IN THE PRIVATE BOX.

A LITTLE “CUTTING.”

HERE is an advertisement from the first sheet of the *Times*, September 21, which will please Mrs. LYNN LINTON, who, “touched with the spirit of Christianity,” is so hard in the *Fortnightly Review* on the dear “petits abbés” of the Eighteenth Century:—

NO NOBLEMEN and others.—A young Clergyman, fond of riding, driving, shooting, hunting, cricket, and all outdoor sports, would be glad to hear of a good LIVING.

Quite the sort of cleric for a Rural Deanery. There's life—sporting life, at all events—in the old Established Church yet. We hope the Rev. Yoicks Tallyho won't be long without a living in a good-going grass country. We drink to him a Stirrup Cup.

“A SERIOUS CHARGE.”

SIR,—Three-and-threepence for one dozen of the best natives at my Club!! I've backed my bill, and sign myself,
Grotto Club. SOLVITUR DANDO.



MR. SLIBOTES WAS THINKING HE WANTED A LITTLE CHANOE, AND WHETHER HE AND FLARROP MIGHTN'T RUN OVER FOR A COUPLE O' DAYS TO SPA OR WIESBAD—

Mrs. S. (who had been reading "the Papers" too). "OH, AH! AND THERE'S GOING TO BE A BEAUTY SHOW THERE! OH, I SHOULD SO LIKE—I'LL GO WITH YOU, DEAR!"
[But he didn't go, and the Beauty Show was a failure.]

VOCES POPULI.

AT A HIGHLAND CATTLE AUCTION.

SCENE—A Yard. In the open space between the rows of pens the Auctioneer is trying to dispose of some horses which are trotted out one by one in the usual fashion.

The Auctioneer (spectacled, red-bearded, canny, slightly Arcadian touch imparted by straw hat, and a sprig of heather in his button-hole). What'll I say for this noo? (A horse of a meditative mien is just brought in.) Here's a beast, and a very good beast, from Loehaber! (The bystanders remain unmoved.) He was bred by Meester MACFARLANE, o' Drumtappit, and ye'll all ha' heard on him as the biggest breeder in these parts. (Heads are shaken, so much as to intimate that this particular animal does not do Mr. MACFARLANE justice.) Trot him up an' doon a bit, boy, and show his action—stan' away baeck there! (With affected concern.) Don't curb him so tight—he careful now, or ye'll do meeshief to yourself an' others! (As the horse trots past them, several critics slap it disrespectfully on the hind-quarters—a liberty which it bears with meekness.) There's a pace for ye—he's a guid woorker, a gran' beast—hoo much shall we say for him? (Nobody seems able to express his appreciation of the grand beast in figures.) Just to staint ye then—twenty poon! (Even the animal himself appears slightly staggered by this sum; bystanders are quietly derisive; Auctioneer climbs rapidly down without interruption till he reaches six pounds, when he receives his first bid.) Sex poon' is bed for 'm—is there any advance on sex poon? (Someone in the background:—"Fifteen shellin'!") Sex-fefteen—noo, Meester McROBBIE, wull ye no luik this way? (Mr. McR. responds by a decided negative.) Ye won't? Ah, I never got ony guid from ye—'cept when I didn't meet ye. (This piece of Scotch "wut" raises a laugh at Mr. McR.'s expense, but does not affect the bidding, which still languishes.) Then, he's going at sex-fifteen—for the last time. Whaur's my bedder at sex-fifteen? (Repentance or modesty prevents the bidder from coming forward, and the Auctioneer continues, more in grief than

anger.) Eh, this is too bad noo—I'll thank no man for making me a bed, 'cept those that are meant in airnest. No one bed onything for a beast like this! Then I hac to tell ye ye've not bed near up to the resairve price on it. (Suddenly becomes weary of the animal.) Tak' it awa'. (The next horse is led in.) Now, here's a beast that's well-known, I'm thenkin'. (The general expression signifies that its reputation is not altogether to its credit.) There's a well-bred mare—open up, and let her show herself. (The mare is shown, but fails to excite competition.) Ah, ye'll ony buy serews to-day, an' not the nice things at a'—tak' her away. (The mare is taken out ignominiously; Auctioneer, followed by crowd, leads the way to where a pony and trap are standing harnessed.) Noo, I'm gaun to pit up the pony an van—just show them hoo she goes in hairness, boy. (To intrusive collie.) Out of the way, dug, in ease ye get your feet smashed. (Trap starts off, and is driven out of sight.) Whaur's the laddie gaun ta? Thanks he'll show himself at Nairn, maybe! Ah, here she comes. (Trap returns at a modest pace.) Stan' back noo, all of ye; give her room. I'll sell the mare first, and a beauty she is—what shall we say? Ten poons—and she's a nice one! Well, staint her at five, she may get up. (Bidding gets up to ten pounds, where it stops.) Then she goes at ten, and I'm very glad she's gaun to a gude auld friend o' mine—Meester MCKENZIE, o' Glenhannocke. Wull ye say five mair, and take the hairness, Meester MCKENZIE? It's richt hairness! (Mr. MCK. declines to be tempted.) Well, I'm sorry ye wull na, I'd ha liked (sentimentally, as if it had been the dream of his life) for the mare an' the hairness to go together and no to pairt them—but as 'tis, it canna be helped. We'll pass on to the pegs, if you please. (Passes to a row of pens containing pigs, and mounts some planks placed along the top.) Now, these are some proper pegs. (A rush is made for the rails enclosing the pigs, which instantly become self-conscious and redouble their grunts.) Noo, laddies, laddies, it's no fair o' ye taking up a' the room' i' that way. I'm quite sure there's a lot o' ye in front that's no buying pegs—ye hanna the luik o' pairsons that buy pegs. Stan' by for shame, and don't keep them that comes to buy, where they canna see sae much as a tail. Hoo much apiece for these palefaeed pegs? Ye've an awfu' guid view o' them then, Meester FERGUSON—luik this way once again for forry an' threepence. (Persuasively.) It'll soun' better wi' the threepence. Gaun' for forty an' three. (The owner of the pigs calls out "No!") I thoegt I made a law here that people having pegs should gie me the resairve at the time—see what ye do now, PETER MACPHAIRSNG, make a fule of the buyers and a fule o' mysel'!—but (with tolerant contempt) PETER is not a strong man, we must no be haird on PETER. (Roar from crowd; disappearance of Mr. MacPh.) I'll cancel no more sales that way, however, as I intemate to ye once for a'.

'Arry (on tour from Town—to his admiring friend). I say, CHARLEY, what d'yer bet I don't talk to some of these ehaps in their own lingo?

Charley. What a fellow you are! Mind what you are about, that's all.

'Arry (going up to an elderly person in the only Scotch cap risible). Heeh, Sair, but yon's a braw honnie wee bit piggie fur a body to tak' a richt gude wullie waucht wi' gin ye meet him comin' thro' the rye!

The Person in the Scotch cap (who happens to be a retired Colonel in a Highland Regiment, who is somewhat careless in his attire). I think you will find that sort of thing better appreciated after you've got home.

[ARRY returns to CHARLEY, feeling much smaller than he allows his friend to perceive.]

A LIBERAL-UNIONIST BIRD.

THE writer of an interesting article on "Birds of London," in last week's *Saturday Review*, quoting the late FRANK BUCKLAND, says that the thrush "does actually sing the following words,— 'Knee deep, knee deep, knee deep; cherry du, cherry du, cherry du, cherry du; white hat, white hat; pretty Joey, pretty Joey, pretty Joey.'" Is this bird to be heard in the neighbourhood of Prince's Gardens, South Kensington? or, if he ever performs out of London, was he down at Bradford the other day, singing, with very slight variation, "Knee deep, cheery too, cheery too, white hat, pretty Joey!" If the London Thrush did this, wasn't it a Lark!

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 17.



LIKA JOKO'S PIC-NIC.

The Plaint of a Patriot.

"The great majority of London Waiters are foreigners."—*Globe*.

We licked 'em all in the tented field,
And now at the tablecloth are we to yield?
If so it is clear—and a thundering shame—
That foreigners win by "a waiting game."

"MERRY WIVES" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The second appearance of Mr. BEERDOHM TREE as *False-stuff* has not yet been announced.

APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON.—Q. What is double as good a game as Fives?—A. (evident.) Tennis.

Thought for the Close of the Cricket Season.

'TWIXT *belle* and batsman there's some difference small;
One likes, the other doesn't, "a good ball."
Belle hopes for, batsman doesn't, "a rare catch."
With her 'twill win, with him 't may lose the "Match."

"FROM what I hear of Mister ZOLA's works," observed Mrs. RAM, indignantly, "I wouldn't read five lines of his cleverest writings unless all the horrible disgusting stuff were first illuminated out of them."

SHAKSPEARE FOR SENSATIONAL ADVERTISERS.

HANG out our horrors on the City walls;
The cry is, still "They come!"

'ARRY ON MARRIAGE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

YOUR larst was a lark : gave me fits and no error, old pal.
 You've 'eard 'ARRY was 'ooked after all, and engaged to old SUDDLEWIG's gal?
 Come now! who are yer gettin' at, earnt yer? *Me*
 make up to Carrotty MEG?
 Are you on the mug-lumbering lay, or has someone
 bin pulling *your* leg?



Who give you *that* office, dear boy? It is wonderful
 rum, swelp me bob,
 'Ow these ere sort o' things get about. Faet is,
 CHARLIE, I'm fair on the job,
 As you know, with the ladies all round; earnt resist
 me, the sweet little dears;
 But 'ook on to one? Not me, CHARLIE; leastways,
 I should 'ope not for years.

Run in blinkers at my time of life? Try the tandem
 with *me* in the shafts?
 Not likely! I likes a short run with the trimmest of
 tight little crafts;
 But one consort all over the course like, is not
 'ARRY's form by a lump;

'Ow could you imagine, dear boy, as yours truly 'ad gone off his chump?

Is Marriage a failure, my pippin? "Oh, ask me another," sez you;
 "That kibosh 'as 'ad a long innings, and wants yorking out." Werry true!
 The *D. T.* is a regular mug-trap, there isn't a doubt about that,
 But you must ha' bin reading it, CHARLIE, to go and book *me* for a flat.

"Is Marriage a failure?" old mivvies are asking. Of course that depends;
 But a dashing young feller like me, with good looks, and good 'ealth, and good
 friends, [and nice,

Knows a trick that's worth two on it, CHARLIE. While life goes on nutty
 And the ochre slings in poety slick, it is blooming bad bizness to splice.

Look at swells! *They* ain't in no dashed 'urry to church themselves out of
 good fun;

And wy? Clear as mud, my dear feller! The cash keeps 'em fair on the run.
 When they do get stone-broke prematooor like, as 'appen it may to the best,
 Then they looks for a Missus with money, and rucks in along o' the rest.

But the ruck is no place for a racer as hasn't yet parted with pace,
 Ain't aged, nor yet turned a roarer, but still 'as a chance of the race.
 While a hoss can find backers, dear boy, it will run if it's got any blood,
 And when *no* 'andicapping won't land it, it's time then to go to the stud.

I mean 'aving a run for my money; no 'arness and nosebag for me;
 Leastways not at present, my pippin; I like to feel roaty and free,
 And the gals likes it too, I can tell yer: lor' bless yer, if I did a splice
 D'yer think I should be so much sought for, or found arf as jolly and nice?

Wot mucks me, old man, is the manner in which a chap gets the off-shunt
 As soon as he's labelled "engaged," and so 'eld to be out of the 'unt.
 He may be just as nice as Jemimer, all flare-up, and everythink fly,
 But when once he gits wot's called *feonsay*, the gals jolly soon do a guy!

If this 'ere tommy-rot got about, mate—I mean my engagement to MEG,—
 It 'ud spile 'ARRY's game with the gals wus than fits or a dashed wooden leg.
 No; it's "I'd be a butterfly," CHARLIE, with me, for a long time to come;
 Married life may be ticketed honey, but I know it's more of a hum.

"Spoons" is proper; the best barney out, mate; but marriage—that brings
 knife-and-fork.

Fancy carving for five, plus the Missus! I tell you, old pal, it means *work*.
 You remember BOB BINKS—a rare dasher! fair filberts he wos on a spree,
 Now he 'as to grub seven, all told, and he ain't five year older than me.

Met him yesterday, CHARLIE. "Well BOBBIE, 'ow trots it, my topper?" sez I.
 "Trot, 'ARRY," sez he, "ain't the word; 'ardly runs to the crawl of a fly."
 He'd a *hapron* on, CHARLIE, and kickies as must ha' been cut by his wife,
 Him as used to sport KINO's best dittos *on week days!* And that's married life!

"Wot, 'is Marriage a failure?" I chuckles. "Oh, cheese it, old feller!"
 sez Bee,

And—he swore 'twas a cold in the 'ead, but I'm blowed if it wasn't a sob.
 "Seven mouths, and six weeks out of work, mate! In Queer Street, and cleared
 of the quids!

I should just make a 'ole in the water, if 'tworn't for the wife and the kids."

I stood him a lotion, poor beggar; he'd stood me a lot in his time,
 For I wus jest fresh on the war-path when BOBBIE wus fair in his prime.
 Great Scott, wot a patter he 'ad, and a mouth on 'im, ah! like the doose;
 And now he wears old 'ome-made bags, and can 'ardly say bo to a goose.

"The kids is the *crux* of the question," says Mrs. LYNN LINTON. In course!
 BOBBIE BINKS could ha' told her that, CHARLIE, and put it with dollops more
 She's a-teaching 'er grandmother, she is, although she's a littery swell, [force.
 And as to "the State" steppin' in, yah! the State knows its book fur too well.

If the country took care of the kids, and diworce was
 made easy all round,
 Wy, *I'd* marry, mate, early and often, and so would lots
 more, I'll be bound.
 But, oh my, wot a mix, my dear CHARLIE! Free Love
 and Free Contract? Oh, yus!
 The Guvment as Grandmother's dear, mate, but wot
 would it cost as a Nuss?

In one thing, old pal, I go pairs, with this Mrs. LYNN
 LINTON exact.
 She sez it's a—let 'see, wet is it?—a "physiological
 fact"

That some chaps who're fair flamers as lovers, are
 failures as 'usbands. That's me!
 So I mean spooning round like permiskus, and Mrs. L. L.
 would agree.

Whether man's poly—wet's it?—by nature, I'm blowed
 if I knew, my dear boy,

But a man, if he isn't a juggins, makes fair fer one
 mark—to *enjoy*.

If I was a Toff and 'ad tin, I should do as the Toffs do,
 no doubt.

Yank on to one gal, a fair screamer, and yet keep my
 ogles about.

That's wot I call genuine yum-yum, fair rations all
 round, and ne kid;

But it's doosed expensive, dear bey, and not done on a
 couple of quid.

Ah! a lot of highflyers is spiked for the want of the
 ochre, wus luck!

Wot's the good of a way with the women all round,
 when a cove's got the chuck?

No, CHARLIE, the dowdy-domestic, pap-bowls, p'ramber-
 lators, and that

Is not my idea of the resy, so MEG don't 'ook *me* fer
 a flat.

If it ever *should* run to a Wife, and—well, trimmings,
 perhaps I may marry,
 But till I can splice *ah lah* Toff, CHARLIE, no double-
 'arness for 'ARRY.

"THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA REVIVED" AT THE CRITERION.—See Mr. MALBY as the Tutor. First-rate acting. Also LOTTIE VENN's *Betsy*. All good; rattling through three Acts in two hours in splendid fashion. The Author, being present one night, thought he would take a leaf out of Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's latest book, and mark his approbation of the performance in a speech from his private box. Fortunately he only thought.

AN ADMIRALTY BALLAD.

(*Lately Sung, with far too much success, by the First Lord.*)

You tell me that the lately gathered fleet
 Reflects no credit on the British Navy,—
 That, formed of ships of types grown obsolete,
 It well may set alarmists crying "*Cave!*"
 You point to bursting guns, defective speed,
 To priming boilers, and insist 'tis funny
 That I of all these things should take no heed.
 "No heed," forseoth! 'Tis that I have no money!
 Fer, let the angered country fume or frown,
 You see, I'm bound to *keep expenses down*.

So if to-morrow, by some grave mischance,
 These piping times of peace should know infraction,
 And war declared with our good neighbour, France,
 Should see us worsted in some naval action,
 And if our food-supply should halt,—then cease,
 And famine force us in capitulation
 To sue upon our bended knees for peace,
 And bite the dust in our humiliation,
 I still should glory, though they sacked the town,
 That in my day *I kept expenses down!*

WELL BEFORE THE TIME.—No, no! We cannot stand
 this! Just as the summer is beginning—September 18,—
 but better late than never, I find, placed on my study
 table, with the compiler's compliments, a copy of LETTS'S
 Diary of 1889!!! Out, LETTS!

PLAY-TIME IN COURT AND LANE.

The Court.—To start her new Court Theatre, Mrs. JOHN WOON has achieved a fair success with *Mamma*. To this success



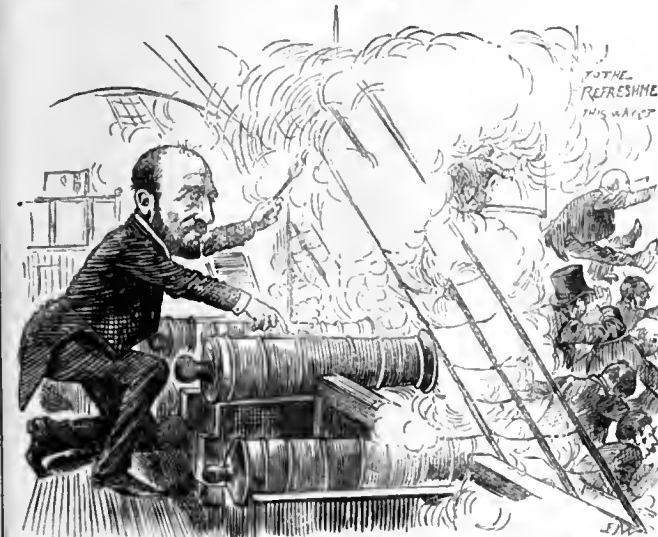
Mr. GRUNDY, the ingenious but not obtrusively brilliant translator, has contributed very little, as it is obtained by a combination of conscientious acting with a cleverly-contrived farcical plot, the construction of which, however, is not without its faults. The First Act is disappointing. The fun of the Second Act is rapidly developed by scene after scene of ingenious *équivoque*. No one could play the odious, unprincipled Mother-in-law with greater humour than Mrs. WOOD, but she has scarcely a good line to say, and the part is against the sympathies of the audience; and indeed this is true of all the characters in the piece. Mr. HARE is not well suited,

"Is Marriage a Failure?" Ask Mamma at the Court Theatre.

but his exhibition of abject terror on unexpectedly encountering his terrible Mother-in-law is absurdly, though painfully, real.

Mr. ARTHUR CECIL's friends will be pleased to see him "taking his whack" with the same gusto he used to exhibit at the breakfast-table in *Friends or Foes*, only in different way. Mr. GROVES, with his genial manner, is the embodiment of *The Groves of Blarney*. The scene between Mr. ERIC LEWIS and Mr. HARE, in the last Act, is one of the best played in the piece. The climax of each Act is unsatisfactory,—more markedly so in the translation than in the original. A gentleman striking a lady is unpleasant, and besides this there is another smack, a smack of stale Divorce Court garlic; and this, if only as a mere *souffron* breathed over the farcical ingredients of the comic salad, is just enough to impair the thorough heartiness of the merriment with which a piece of genuine though extravagant fun should be received. It is the irony of fate that anyone bearing the proverbial name of GRUNDY should be responsible for the English *rechauffé* of this essentially French dish.

The Lane.—The *Armada* is a difficult subject to tackle dramatically. DRURIOLANUS and HAMILTONIUS have tackled it. The play is a series of stirring pictures of life and character in the sixteenth century,



Druriolanus blowing away his Audience to the Refreshment-Rooms. Entr'acte for a few bars' rest.

and Queen BESS was never so correct as is Miss ADA NELSON in her impersonation of her. I am sorry we did not see the elderly Virgin Queen—vergin' on fifty-eight—riding, like the Old Lady of Banbury, on a white horse at Tilbury Fort.

Mr. LEONARD BOYNE is gay and gallant as the naval hero, though the authors have made a grave mistake in not giving to him the line spoken by Lord Burleigh or Sir Francis Walsingham, who in reply

to a patriotic speech from *Elizabeth*, exclaims, "'Tis yourself that speaks!" This with "Sure," to begin with, and "bedad" to finish



Mr. Leonard Boyne asserts the right of public meeting at Cheering Cross, close to Trafalgar Square.

with, would have brought down the house. Mr. BOYNE's speech at Old Cheering Cross is capitally given.

That thorough Elizabethan Actor, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, who is never so much at home as in Shakspearian characters, perfectly revels in the part of a Cockney of the sixteenth century. His song on board ship is a specimen of real racy Elizabethan humour. I regret he did not give us a solo version of the duet in the *Pantomime*, "*Marry come up! Forsooth!*

Go to!" which he might have sung in the presence of the Grand Inquisitor. There is a good Servant in Act II., who intrudes upon his master, Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE, as Don Somebody or other (Don QUI?) at an awkward moment, and announces pleasantly enough, as a couple of ordinary visitors, "Two Familiars of the Holy Inquisition," all in black—quite "the wholly Inky-sition"—who have just dropped in, in quite a friendly way, to make a morning call. However, as their arrival is the signal for the Scene to finish, they are welcome.

If I were DRURIOLANUS, I should cut out the lines concerning "Sons of burnt fathers"—(I didn't quite catch it, and I've mislaid the playbill)—written in Shakspearian blank verse and spoken by MILTON; I should say, well spoken by Miss MILTON. The lines go for very little, and as to the *tableau* representing SEYMOUR LUCAS's picture, I do not know what the original went for, but the *replica* goes for nothing. Instead of SEYMOUR LUCAS, see less LUCAS.

Altogether a splendid spectacle. Ships wonderful. Sorry HARRY NICHOLLS isn't in the sea-fight. When the fireships appear, he might have come down to the flote, and recited "*The Boy stood on the burning Deck*," after which, quick Curtain.

Miss WINIFRED EMERY is a charming Actress, creating a great effect on everybody except the Black Ink-quisitor, who orders her off to be cremated; from which shocking fate she is rescued by British Tars, who rob the Spanish Stake-and-Onionists of their choice morsel just when "they'd made their little pile." Miss EMERY sometimes becomes quite Terry-fied in action and utterance, as, for example, when she jerks out with a pause between each syllable. "Not—the—tears—of—all—the—An—gels" would do something or other, I forget what, but, *à propos* of this sentence, I feel pretty certain that, if the Recording Angel, whose tear blotted out *Uncle Toby's* warm-hearted, impulsive oath, were to visit our theatres just now, he would find his charitable sympathy considerably exercised, and might possibly refuse to obliterate the score against some actors who commit a breach of the Third Commandment every night, *emphasis gratia*, that is merely for the sake of intensifying the reality of a dramatic situation. If only as a matter of questionable taste, this growing habit, which is about on a par with Mr. MANSFIELD's using a line from St. Paul's Epistles as an attractive advertisement for his recent nightmare Drama at the Lyceum, should be corrected. This is not a case of the Frenchman's "*Mon Dieu!*" which is simply equivalent to our "Heavens!" or "Goodness me!" I am inclined to neither Puritanism nor Profanity. *Odi profanum,*



A Familiar of "The Wholly Inky-sition."

says everyone's truly, JACK IN THE BOX.



MONU-MENTAL SUFFERING.

Poor Old Mon. "OH DEAR, I DO FEEL SO CHIPPY! I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY HEAD! IT'S ON FIRE!"

[Sings dolefully, "Ah che la Mortar."]

Dr. Stonemason (aside). "AH, VERY CRACKY!"

VOCES POPULI.

ON A TRIP TO STAFFA' AND IONA.

SCENE—Oban Pier. Deck of the "Grenadier." Time, 7:50 A.M. Excursionists embark, wearing the air of chilly depression or unnatural liveliness common to people who have got up too early in the morning. The knowing ones select chairs in comfortable corners.

The Timid Tourist (to Hearty Ditto). I suppose we shall not have much more motion than this anywhere to-day, Sir?

Hearty T. Oh, this? This is nothing; we're shut in here, you see. When we get out of the Sound of Mull, and meet the Atlantic, we shall get shaken up a bit, and a good thing too! We don't want a mill-pond, eh?

The Timid T. (who would much prefer a mill-pond). No, no—of course not.

[Considers seriously whether he cares so very much about going to Iona after all. Steamer starts. The knowing Passengers discover that they have chosen seats facing the wind, and change. Well-read Tourists quote the "Lord of the Isles," out of their guide-books, to people who have none. After rounding Ardmore Point, the steamer becomes decidedly lively.]

The Hearty T. Now for it—here it comes!—Now she catches it! There's a beauty! [Repeats this before and after each wave, until a silence falls upon him.]

Attentive Husband (to Wife, who is "enjoying it immensely," but does not seem inclined to talk). Now do notice the play of light and shade on the mountains over there, darling.

The Wife (faintly). Lovely, dear, lovely!

Att. Husb. But you're not looking—you really oughtn't to miss this, it's magnificent! Turn round and look; it's exactly behind you.

Wife (with feeble irritation). I know, dear—but I can see it quite well where I am, really I can!

NEARING STAFFA.

Excursionist (with his hat tied round his ears by a handkerchief—to a Haughty Tourist). Can you tell me, Mister, if that's the Dutelman's 'At over there?

The Haughty T. Can't say, I'm sure—you'd better ask him.

An Enthusiastic Excursionist (in a tall hat secured under his chin with string). To think of landing on Staffa and seeing those wonderful caves with our own eyes—it seems like a dream, Sir, a beautiful dream! I suppose the jetty's at the back of the island, eh?

Well-informed Person. Oh, there's no jetty—we shall be landed in boats; and roughish landing it is, as a rule.

The E. E. (cooling). Is that so? Well, I'm not sure, after all, that one doesn't get a better idea of things by not going too near them.

The Wife (who has come entirely to oblige her Husband). Oh, don't mind me, don't stay behind on my account—there's no reason why you shouldn't go on the island, if you want to. Only, don't ask me to come with you—because I shan't. I've done enough in coming as far as I have, I think.

Her Husb. Yes, you stay quietly on the steamer; that'll be the best thing for you.

The Wife. If you go, I shall go. I'm not going to be left all alone here, so don't think it, though why you can't be contented to see Staffa from where you are, without going poking your nose into every hole on the island, I'm sure I don't know!

ON STAFFA.

In Fingal's Cave.

Excursionist with an eye to effect. Fine big place, you see; but they don't make 'art enough of it. They ought to light it up with coloured fires, ready for when we come.

Another Exc. Did the 'Arp and Concertina come ashore, d'ye know? Because we might get them to give us a tune inside here if they have.

On the Boulders.

A Young Wife (who has been prostrate for the greater part of the trip). HARRY, I can't go back on board that horrid steamer again. You mustn't ask me; promise me you won't!

Harry. But, my dear love, what are we to do?

His Wife. Why, live at Staffa. You always say you hate fashionable places and (persuasively) I'm sure this is nice and quiet, HARRY!

ON RETURNING TO THE STEAMER.

A Tourist who has stayed behind (to a Tourist who has gone). Well, was it worth it? [Rather patronisingly.]

The Tourist who has gone. Oh, marvellous—grand!

[Gives an elaborate description.]

The T. who has stayed behind. Well, I had half a mind to go myself—thing you don't see twice in a lifetime, and all that—but (candidly) the fact is, the ship seemed steadier, and it struck me as a good opportunity to go below and get some lunch—and a capital lunch I had—there was roast beef, corned beef—

[Describes lunch vividly.]

ON IONA.

The Tourists land, and are welcomed by a chorus of Native Children, chanting, "Shells a penny, necklace twopence, seaweed a penny, sea archil twopence." Tourists follow the Guide with the sheeplike submission peculiar to them; one Excursionist observes that it is "hallowed ground," to which his neighbour, without exactly knowing why, assents, and becomes depressed. Gradually, however, the modern spirit begins to assert itself in the majority.

A Sceptical T. (gazing at the Tomb of the Kings). For anything we know, they may be all bogus, every one of them, eh? Fancy us staring solemnly, as if they were perfectly genuine—that's a good joke, that is!

Frisolous T. (turning to the tombs of the MACLEANS). 'Ulo, 'ere's a fine old feller with his sword be'ind 'im!



"NOUVELLES COUCHES SOCIALES!"

"I SAY, UNCLE, THAT WAS YOUNG BALDOCK THAT WENT BY,—WILMINGTON BALDOCK, YOU KNOW—!"

"WHO THE DICKENS IS HE?"

"WHAT! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF HIM? HANG IT! HE'S MAKING HIMSELF A VERY FIRST-RATE POSITION IN THE LAWN-TENNIS WORLD, I CAN TELL YOU!"

Guide (long-sufferingly). That is MACLEAN of Duart.

Frir. T. (pointing to effigy of armed Chieftain). And is that his good lady next him?

[Spirits of party revive; the incredible Funny Man comes out with great success, and a little Tourist of comic exterior who trots up breathless at every halt, and asks a serious question, is hailed with delight, and treated as a Humorist of the finest water.]

LEAVING IONA.

Young Lady. Oh, do you know, it was such a pity! I was down in the Saloon, reading up all about Iona in the Guide-book, and I never noticed we were there till it was too late to land. Still I can say I've seen it, you know—can't I?

ON THE WAY HOME.

The Officious T. (to a Lady, who is beginning to think she has got over the worst of it now). You'll excuse me, Ma'am, but wouldn't you feel more comfortable if you had your chair the other way? You see, where you are is just in front of the Cook's Galley, and there's a warm smell of burnt mutton-chops coming up that—

[The Lady moves, and—much to the surprise and indignation of the Officious T.—does not say so much as thank you.]

Steamer nears Oban; the Conic T. illustrates the steps of the Highland Fling, till he falls over a campstool. Small stout men, who have been invisible till now, emerge, and point out scenery. The man who plays the Concertina collects subscriptions in a saucer, being careful to weed out every copper coin as it is contributed.

Final Verdict (by a Lady who has passed the entire day on a deck-chair, with her head in a shawl). Well, there was less to see than I expected!

"THE FOUR GEORGES."—GEORGE RANGER (of the Parks), GEORGE JOKIN' (of the Exchequer), GEORGE GROSSMITH (of the House of Savoy), GEORGE LEWIS (of Ely Place).

NEW VERSION.—Call no man happy until you know he has not written a diary.

DUE NORTH.

Arrival—Welcome—Introductions.

FOUR hours from Edinbro' to Lochglennie, changing several times, and stopping at Dunblane for the sole purpose, apparently, of listening to a pertinacious fiddler. "Trains may come and trains may go, but he fiddles on for ever." Twenty minutes with a deaf Scotch fiddler! Away! Farewell, Dunblane!

Lochglennie Station.—In answer to a porter at the gist of whose question I can only hazard a guess, I say, "Yes, I'm going to Mr. BUDD." Whereupon he immediately returns—

"Eh, then the mash-sheen's here."

The "mash-sheen" (which sounds as if I had come all the way



"The Mash-sheen."

down here to bathe on the sands) is an open car, outside the station, guarded by a small sprightly man in a respectable Sunday suit, top-hat included, who might be anything from a small bootmaker's assistant to a sheriff's officer in good country practice. Not in the least like an ideal stalwart Highlander in the national costume. Odd. Nowhere do I see, or have I seen, the national costume. All trousers, or knickerbockers, and gaiters. *Happy Thought.*—The national costume is evidently "more honoured in the breech than in the observance." Self and bags bestowed in car, which is, I should say, set on what may be called "*Very-rough-Sea-springs.*" *Happy Thought.*—Capital exercise for one of the Livery of the City of London.

At last! Lochglennie Lodge. Little (!) Shooting-Box. Big Shooting Portmanteau, Grand Shooting Trunk! Little! It may have been little once—as we all were—but it has grown, and the population of visitors has overflowed into an *Annexe* about a hundred yards from the house.

It has been raining all the morning. It has been raining ever since I arrived yesterday in Edinburgh, but at this moment there is a cloudless blue sky. A beautiful view of plain, valley, river, and heather-covered hills. Not a soul about. Driver is down taking out bags, and an elderly servant has appeared (no stalwart Highlander in kilt as yet. Where are they?—all "kilt entirely?"), a bell has sounded, and as if this were a cue on the stage, or a preconceived signal, as I have reason subsequently for believing that it is, JOHNNIE BUDD appears out of a small side-door, a stately Lady walks on to the chief doorstep, somebody passes her and descends to the garden, one man with a gun comes out of the *Annexe*, a third with a fishing-rod from out of a shrubbery (why in a shrubbery with a fishing-rod?), and lastly, before I have time to take it all in, or they all to take me in, DAVID BAIRD, D. B., suddenly looks out of a top window, and, clapping his hands, cries "Now, boys! One—two—three—all together!"... and all together they shout out, "How are you?"

Then they all disappear (including startled horse with cart at a gallop and little man running after it) as suddenly as they have appeared, like mechanical figures, except D. B., who romps down an outside staircase (such as are common to Swiss chalets), jumps on to the path, and delighted beyond measure at the success of this well-rehearsed *coup de théâtre*, grasps me by the hand, and once more exclaims, "How are you?" Then, in an earnest tone, as if for one moment he would drop joking, and exhibit the deepest interest in the state of my health, he says, "But—" he pauses, and no other way of framing his inquiry suggesting itself, he is compelled to repeat, only slightly varying the emphasis to suit the seriousness of the occasion, "How are you? But really,"—here he taps me with two fingers of his right hand on my chest—a mode of salutation, he explains, customary between "The Two Macs" before the row begins, and once more he inquires—"How are you?"

Before I have time to reply, he continues pleasantly, "You know my uncle, the Laird," and therewith D. B., introduces me to my host,

a square-built broad-shouldered man of middle height, with healthy brown complexion, and good working shooting-suit of same colour to match, with leather over the shoulders, which is more suggestive to the Cockney mind (my own at the moment) of a Metropolitan Turn-cock than a Scotch sportsman. JOHNNIE BUDD has an encouraging smile, but a somewhat nervous manner, as if a trifle uncertain as to how the new arrival would take this kind of hearty reception improvised by "D. B."

Finding that I quite enter into the spirit of the thing—(it's safest for a comparative stranger to do this at once, as if the "way of the house," whatever it may be, is just exactly what you had expected all along, and what you wouldn't have had altered, *no*, not on any account)—he shakes hands, a second time, warmly.

"Delightful place you have here, Mr. BUDD," I say.

"He's not Mr. BUDD here—he's 'the Laird,'" cries D. B. "Everything here is 'by order of the Laird.'" And as he says this, he strikes an attitude, and takes off his cap reverentially, as I have seen a Russian official do (on the stage) whenever he has had to bring in the Czar's name authoritatively.

"The air of Scotland agrees with your nephew," I observe.

The Laird smiles. D. B. chuckles. I look from one to the other. What is the matter with both of them?

"How are you?" exclaims D. B. He can't help it. He must start any communication of importance with this preface, and finish with it too. "How are you?" Then confidentially, "The Laird's not my uncle, and I'm not his nephew. See?" Here he taps my chest in "The Two Macs" fashion—"I call him Uncle, but he doesn't call me Nephew. At least he does sometimes. He's only an uncle on the mother's great first cousin's grandmother's side. See?" Two Macs entertainment again—"No real relation." Then he turns to JOHNNIE BUDD, as if for corroboration—"Are you, Laird?" To which the Laird, who has been nervously smiling all the time, and is still rather uncertain as to how I am going to take it all, replies hesitatingly, as if he hadn't quite made up his mind on the subject of D. B.'s affinity to him, "No,—we're not near relations. And he impresses the fact on me by adding, "No, we're really not."

"No," continues D. B., seriously. "You see I never had any uncles and aunts to speak of, and so I—your little D. B.—got 'em as he wanted 'em. When I found someone I liked, I made him an Uncle, or an Aunt, as the case may be. See?" Two Macs again. "Hullo!" he exclaims—"here's another of 'em!" And, as the very handsome upright Lady, with powdered grey hair, and a mantilla gracefully thrown over her head, whom I have already seen at the door, advances towards us, D. B. says, "Here's the Good Aunt. Allow me to present you. Laird's guest, Good Aunt!" and he bows between us much as the Clown does when he is apologising for having run full tilt into the Swell's lowest waistcoat button, and swears he "didn't mean it, 'pon his word of honour!" Whereupon the stately Lady, with the sweetest smile imaginable, welcomes me to Lochglennie, and is about to ask me some question, when a quiet, very thin, aristocratic-looking gentleman, with grey whiskers, greyish face, and grey suit to match (very odd: all the men, I subsequently notice, have suits to match their complexions, or complexions to match their suits,—*Happy Thought*—so as not to frighten the grouse with too much colour), walks out, with the puzzled air of a man who has come suddenly out of a cellar into the broad light of day, blinking like one of the prisoners released from the Bastille. Before the grey Man from the Bastille has quite grasped the meaning of the scene before him, D. B. shouts out,—

"Here's another of 'em! How are you?" Whereupon the grey thin man rubs his eyes,—he must have been shut up in a cupboard—(Can it be the skeleton brought out to meet me?),—and not being prepared with an immediate and telling repartee, which, I admit, is difficult to find, smiles good-naturedly at me, and putting out his hand, as if he were feeling his way along, but really intending me to shake it, which I do, he says, "Ah! delighted to see you—um—how dee do?"

"This," says D. B., holding the skeleton from the cupboard by the elbow, and explaining him as if he were a figure in a show; "this is the Wicked Uncle, husband of the Good Aunt. His name is Norval on the Grampian Hills, and one of his ancestors, the McCOLLOP of Collop, had something to do with the murder of MARY QUEEN of Scots, and he's never been the same man since." All this in a breath; then he shakes hands with the Wicked Uncle, kisses the Good Aunt's hand ("Or the hand of the Good Aunt," he says, winking at me aside, "OLLENDORFF!"), and beaming on everyone all round, he votes that "the question be now put," which is—"How are you?"



The Laird.







W. G.

A WISE WARNING.

(Founded on the first part of an old Fable, the Sequel of which Mr. Punch trusts may never apply.)

DEDALES BISMARCK (*Political Parent of WILHELM ICARUS*).

"MY SON, OBSERVE THE MIDDLE PATH TO FLY,
AND FEAR TO SINK TOO LOW, OR RISE TOO HIGH.
HERE THE SUN MELTS, THERE VAPOURS DAMP YOUR FORCE,
BETWEEN THE TWO EXTREMES DIRECT YOUR COURSE.

"NOR ON THE BEAR, NOR ON BOOTES GAZE,
NOR ON SWORD-ARM'D ORION'S DANGEROUS RAYS:
BUT FOLLOW ME, THY GUIDE, WITH WATCHFUL SIGHT,
AND AS I STEER, DIRECT THY CAUTIOUS FLIGHT."

OVID, "*Metamorphoses*," Book VIII., Fable III.



It now strikes the Good Aunt that I must be hungry, and simultaneously it occurs to the Laird that luncheon will be ready in ten minutes, and that he will show me to my room in the *Anneze*, where I am to be chummed with two other sportsmen. Evidently large party.

"Where's DOLLY?" asks the Good Aunt.

"DOLLY?" replies the Wicked Uncle, trying to wake himself up by taking off his Scotch cap and gently stirring his hair, which is what theatrical wig-makers term "sparse," "DOLLY's out with the Baron, shooting." DOLLY and the Baron! Then there are young ladies here, and a foreign nobleman. Large party. Fashionable one too. Thought I was coming to a rough-and-ready little shooting-box.

"I haven't seen Nell all the morning," says the Laird, in a tone of regret.

"She went with DUNCAN," D. B. answers, "when he was off to see to the pits."

Aha! all sporting—the young ladies evidently. DOLLY has gone out shooting, NELL has gone to see about the pits.

"Shall we wait for GRANNIE to come in to lunch?" asks the Laird of the Good Aunt, with an air of hesitation.

"I don't think it's much use," replies the Good Aunt. "GRANNIE went out driving—"

"Oh, no!" interposes the Laird, anxiously; "surely they never were going to drive this morning—I told MALCOLM—"

"Ah!" interrupts D. B., "then GRANNIE's gone out fishing a long way down the stream."

"Alone?" asks the Laird, who, as I see, is naturally anxious about the old lady—his grandmother, I presume—who must be a more determined sporting character than "Mr. MANTON."

"Alone?" returns D. B., "Oh no,—I saw the boy and Ross carrying the nets and lines."

"Oh, that's all right," says the Laird, quite satisfied as to his elderly relative's safety. "I'm glad GRANNIE didn't take the canoe. It's not safe to fish out of."

"Safe! A canoe for an old lady!" I cannot help exclaiming.

This remark of mine causes considerable amusement. Even the Laird's quiet smile develops into a genuine laugh. The Skeleton from the cupboard is tickled too, and repeats to himself, "Old lady! Aha! that's good!" W. B.'s hand comes down with a slap on my shoulder as he gives his war-cry of "How are you?"

It is uttered in such a tone of triumph, and the laughter is so genuine, that I perceive I've made a mistake as to Grannie. At this moment a herculean young fellow, six feet two if he's an inch, with a comparatively small head—quite in keeping with the herculean character—on the top of which is a deer-stalker stuck all over with flies, hooks, and bits of line, as if he had just escaped from a Lunatic Fishing Asylum, where they would put hooks and flies in the hair instead of straws, joins our party. He wears large melodramatic piratical boots, carries a huge fishing-rod, and is hung about with straps, leather cases, and baskets, as if he were a pedlar with a lot of things to sell, and is introduced by D. B. to me as GRANVILLE BLUNT, known as "Grannie." Then D. B. surveys the circle formed by the Good Aunt, the Wicked Uncle, the Laird, Grannie, D. B. himself, and the boy; and as if it were the cue for curtain and end of First Act, he laughs all over his face, and exclaims, "How are you?" which at once disperses the group.

The Laird shows me a deliciously comfortable bed-room and a sitting-room in the *Anneze* which are at my disposal, "commanding," as the advertisements say, "beautiful and extensive views." Then the Laird departs to see about the lunch.

Happy Thought.—Put myself *au courant* with the company in the house. "Who are the girls?" I ask. "Girls?" repeats D. B., surprised, "what girls?" Then, with an air of mistrust, "You're joking—you're trying to get at me—oh, yes"—and he puts himself on the defensive by resorting to his magic phrase, "How are you?" He is just off when I stop him, and assure him I'm serious. "Who is 'Nell,' they were talking of, who has gone out with DUNCAN to the pits." More laughter. D. B. nearly has a fit, but relieves his feelings by snapping his fingers, crying "Who-whoop!" and dancing a few more steps of the Highland Fling; after which performance he stops to explain that "Nell's the Retriever, and DUNCAN's the Keeper."

"And what's Dolly? A dog or a cat?" I ask.

"DOLLY? Oh, don't you know him? Capital chap—he has the next room to you. DOLLY WHITE, in the Guards. How are you, DOLLY?" he cries, out, rapping at the partition; to which summons the immediate response, in a defiant tone, comes back, "How are you?" "The other chap," he continues—"he's not in now—is the Baron." Why Baron? "Don't know—always call him 'The Baron.'" Rather think it's because he once went down a coal mine. There's the luncheon-bell." He pauses at the door, however, as if he has forgotten to say something of the utmost importance, and then exclaims, "How are you!"

"QUITE WELL, THANK YOU!" I roar back at him, and he disappears as if I had broken the spell by this happy and truly original repartee. But somehow, the air is full of, "How are you?" and as, brush in hand, I survey myself in the glass, I stop myself in the act of saying to my own reflection, "How are you?" This is catching.

ROBERT'S LONG WACATION.

SUTTEN suckumstances, includin a most unnessessary abundance of rain, combined with a rayther onusual defishency of the currant coins of the realm—as the leryers terms what I shoud call a werry



near approach to stumtpudnedness—in-dooed me and my fare Partner to give up our ushal long wacation, this here year, of a hole week at the See Side, or on the River, and spend it in jolly old London, the land of my Birth and the 'ome of my blooming manhood.

And upon the hole, I don't reelly think as either me nor my Partner has werry much regretted it. In fact there's so many wunderfool things to be seen here, if one only has the time, without

not nothink to pay, and so many bewtiful plaices to wisit, on the same werry libberal terms, that a week dewoted to 'em flies away like one a clock, which, as we all knows, don't take so werry long to do; besides, if one's bound to be wet thru for a hole week, it's far better to have it at omo than a broad. Fust and foremost, then, I wisited High Park, and with the xception as there wasn't not nobody there xcept me and three other gennelmen and one man on a horse, it was jest as bewtiful as ever, and the flower-gardens was that splendid and tidy as did great credit to Feeld Marshall "GEORGE" as has the care on 'em, and sines his onered name on all the boards as is stuck up at all the gates.

It was a bewtiful morning when I started, after a rayther late Brek-fest, and I had jest got to about the werry middle of the Park, when, without the werry least notice or warning, down came sitch a storm of rain as I has werry seldom bin drensht by. I stood up under a littel tree as was near me; but tho' I bleeve as it tried its werry best to keep me a dry place under its bows, it was all in wane, and by the time as the storm was over, and the sun cum out agane, I was wet through to my werry skin, and the heat of the sun shining on my wet close had the singler affect of making 'em all smoke, and a rayther imperent-looking boy aeshally arsked me weather I knowed as all my steam was a blowing off, and weather I was afeard of busting my Biler! Oh, them London Boys! What little respee they has even for an Hed Waiter! In coorse I allers treats 'em with the most horty content.

Well, my fust day's holiday being rayther a failure, I spent the nex one, which was one long down porc, in the buzzum of my family; and though I bort no less than three halfpenny Papers, and red 'em all rite through, yet I must confess that it was about the werry longest day as I amost ewer remembers. Praps the two singler suckemstances that my fare Partner had a bad tooth ake, and gave me nothink but the cold sholder for lunch, and dinner, and supper, may have had sumthink to do with it. But so it was, and I sirt my downy couch at a most unnateral hurly our.

What append nex day I'll tell you nex week.

ROBERT.

'AVE A NEW CHAPLAIN.—We knew Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS had not been in London for some time, having, as we believed, marched with the Avenue *Old Guard* to take the provinces by storm; but certainly we were not prepared for an announcement, in a daily paper, occurring in the course of a short paragraph, to the effect that "the Rev. ARTHUR ROBERTS, M.A.," did something or other as "Chaplain to the Prince of WALES."

"A less to the Stage," we said to ourselves, resignedly, "but a gain to the Church. And then what an entertaining Chaplain he will be for H.R.H., if he is only anything like as amusing as he was as *The Vicar of Wideawakefield*." But our train of thought on this line was rudely run off the rails by the almost immediate discovery, on comparing this paragraph with similar ones in other contemporaries, that the "Rev. ARTHUR ROBERTS" was a misprint for "the Rev. ARTHUR ROBINS." Really printers should not trifle with our tenderest feelings in this flippant manner; but, on reconsideration, we congratulate H.R.H., the Church, and the Stage, on things being *in statu quo* Avenue.



NEW ILLUSTRATION OF AN OLD ÆSOP'S FABLE.—On the first night of the successful Opera *Carina* at the Opéra Comique, the audience cried "WOOLF!" so often, that when a young lady appeared in answer to this summons for the Composer, they wouldn't believe that she was really the WOOLF in question.

THE COMING DOG.

(By a Comfort-loving Cynic.)

A NEW Dog is coming! the more, Ma'am, the merrier, You think. The new tyke is a "Tartar fox-terrier." He's silky and splendidly smooth, so 'tis said; His manners are mild and his colour is red. A lady's dog quite! How your heart will be struck. Well, well, my dear Madam, here's wishing him luck! But permit me to hope, when he reaches your lap, That the new dog won't whimper, or snivel, or yap; Not, like the Toy-terrier, shiver with dread, Nor, Pug-fashion, grunt with a cold in his head; Nor look, like the Dogs of that queer Daehshund breed, As though two additional legs were his need: Nor, like the Fox-terrier, chevy the cat, Nor, like a King Charles, get abnormally fat: [them?] Nor like shaggy Skyes (Ma'am, what is there to pet in Have very weak eyes and long hair that will get in them. Whatsoever his colour, red, yellow, or green, I'm sure if he's quiet and decently clean, Not given too greatly to pant, snort, and snuffle, Nor always involving your guests in a scuffle; If he isn't unpleasant to any one sense, And doesn't want worshipping; then, Ma'am, immense The relief of your friends will, I'm sure, be all round, To think that one bearable pet you have found!

FORTHCOMING INTERESTING PUBLICATION.—Mrs. RAM is informed that the next book of Aristocratic Reminiscences will be by Lord HOWARD, of Gossip. "This," the old lady thinks, "ought to be most entertaining."

Lucifer's Latest.

[Another explosive, called "Ekrasite," has been invented in Austria. Its effect is expected to be "something unprecedented."]

SATAN, in Milton, flamed at Heaven defiance,
And railed at earth with rhetoric corrosive,
Now, posing as mild friend of Man and Science,
He'd probably invent a new explosive!
To verbally "blow up" mankind's mere pother;
Far better help them to blow up each other.

NEW WORK by ARCHDEACON FARRAR.—*The Vegetarians of the Fourth Century.*



First City Man. "EDUCATION, OH, RUBBISH! THERE—I'VE ONLY 'AD 'ALF A YEAR'S SCHOOLIN' ALL MY LIFE!"

Second City Man. "OH, I SAY! YOU MUST 'A' WASTED THAT TIME MOST AWFULLY, OLD FELLOW. HE-HE-HE!"

THE TOAD'S DIARY.

COMMENCED B.C. 20,000.

NOT half a bad sort of place this Prehistoric World. Rather too much commotion going on, though, to please me. Don't care about these "Periods." Precious cold, too, this *Glacial* one. Shouldn't wonder if there wasn't a change coming. One never knows what to expect next. Halloa! what on earth's this? Just what I said. Bless if there isn't a great big bed of clay let loose, and swooping down on me. No escape. Smothered! Well, this is pleasant! Goodness only knows when I shall get out again. And what can a toad do with himself, buried away like this? Ruminatè? Yes—but how long? 'Pon my word, I'm afraid this will be precious slow.

I said once I thought this would be "slow." That must have been ever so many thousand years ago, and here I am still. "Slow" isn't the word for it. It's *deadly dull*, that's what it is. Then it's so horribly damp. Wish I had got boxed up in a bed of coal. Those Mastodons seem to have stopped thundering about up above. Kept it up no end of a time, but they're quiet at last, so I suppose they've become extinct. Made room for an inferior animal. As I'm alive, it's Primæval Man! I can hear him loafing about all over the place. Well, I don't think he's good for much. Does nothing but hang about his caves. Then he's such an uninventive beggar, he'll never dig me out. Dare say he'll last though five or six thousand years. What a prospect! And I feel I'm getting limp. Bother Primæval Man,—and the clay!

Thank goodness, that awful fraud, Primæval Man, has disappeared at last. World seems waking up a bit, though nothing very much going on. Great Pyramid just finished. Babylon going it. Troy taken. The Chinese inventing gunpowder. Wish they would blow up this clay bed. Feel I'm getting awfully weak in the legs. Nothing going on here but savages walking about in blue paint. Wonder how many more thousand years I'm to be smothered up here. Really it gets slower and slower every century.

Things brightened up considerably since my last entry. Roman Invasion. WILLIAM the Conqueror over. CHARLES the FIRST's head cut off. Battle of Waterloo. Exhibition of '51. Jubilee. Jot these down as occurring to me as happening in the course of the last eighteen hundred years. Not that they've affected me. I'm still bedded up. Believe my memory's going. If I don't soon get out of this, feel I shall end up by being fossilised.

Halloa! Surely that must be the sound of a pick. And they are coming this way. Yes, it is! Hooray! Liberty at last! Bless the Railway Cutting, and the Contractor! They've dug me out. I'm free! That is, comparatively speaking, for I've fallen into the hands of Mr. T. L. PATTERSON, of Greenock, and have been mentioned in the *Times*. He says, I "seem to have no bones," and my legs "bend any way," and that I have "two beautiful eyes," but don't "seem to see." Perhaps not. I should like to know what his eyes would feel like, or, for the matter of that, his legs either, after being clayed up for twenty thousand years. However, give me time, and I shall soon pull together again. Meanwhile, all I ask is, that he won't send me off anywhere by Parcels Post.

Impromptu at a Theatre.

(By a Victim of the Prevailing Fashion of Feminine Head-gear.)

THIS pile before me—I know not its nomen—

Hides all the actors, and half the flats.

"The higher Education of Women,"

Applies not so much to their heads as their hats!

THE TEUTON OLIVER TWIST.—BISMARCK asking for Samoa. (Mem. Kindly pronounce it as much like *Some more* as possible.)

Shakspeare Applied.

(By a Stout Gentleman who objects to foreign climes and climbing.)

BETTER bear the hills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.



FINIS!

(THE END OF THE SEASON.)

THE LAST (JURY) MAN.

(A Long way after Campbell.)

*The British Constitution's doom
Is Chaos and Old Nox,
When you can't get twelve honest men
Into the Jury Box!*

I HAD a vision in my sleep,
My fancy took a tidy sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw Old England, and behold,
Owing to idleness and gold,
'Twas given up to Crime!

The Judge's eyes did wildly glare
Where, white with age and wau,
There stood within the Box, else bare,
A lonely Jury Man.
Some were exempt by "tips"—the brand
Of bribery stained the Briton's hand,—
From "urgent business" some;
Some swore they couldn't leave their bed,
Some that their Mothers-in-law were dead,
And so they could not come.

Yet, martyr-like, that lone one stood
Before the Beak's dread eye.
He said, "My Lud, it ain't no good;
There's only you and I.
Men don't find Jurying good fun;
They're all 'exempt;' I'm the last one
To turn up, dontcher know.
A thousand 'cases' wait us here—
'Twill take us all our time, I fear.
I'm game—so on we go!

"What though the offieer go forth?
Britons have now such skill

In 'getting off,' that 'tisin't worth
His while to hunt 'em still;
We'll have to do it; fire away!
A dozen cases in a day
Will be enough for us.
It's no use getting in a fury!
At least, you're certain that the Jury
Will be unanimous.

"You will not fill this Box—'tis small—
With the old dozen men.
No; those who've once escaped its thrall
Will not return again.
Lor', do you fancy they'll come baek
To these hard seats, that cramp and rack,
In these chill draughts to writhe?
You made the Jury-Box abhorred
By dull discomfort, good, my Lord,
I once was brisk and lithe;

"Now you perceive my erst bright eyes
Have lost their ancient fire,
I've suffered untold agonies.
To shiver or perspire,
To faint with heat, to gasp for breath,
Are not nice things, but till my death
It shall be my one boast,
That I ne'er slunk at Duty's call.
I've but one fear, 'tis that I shall
Return here—as a ghost!

"Oh, should my spirit, by fate's whim,
Or destiny's last lark,
Come baek unto this Court so dim
Into this Box so dark!
No! I should then evade the summons
By such excuses—they are rum 'uns—
As "City Magnates" use,
And brothers of the brush or pen,
And lots of selfish idle men,
Who Duty's task refuse.

"Go on! Whilst pluek can hold me up
In this void Box's waste,
I'll sit, although the bitter cup
Is little to my taste;
When to the wall I turn my face,
The last of the old Jury race,
Our Senators, who nod
Over our laws, and fog, and twist 'em,
May *modify the Jury system*;
Or, if they don't, it's odd."

THE CORRECT CARDIFF.

At the Autumn Meeting of the Associated Chamber of Commerce at Cardiff, Sir JACOB BEHREN spoke in favour of the formation of a Commercial Party, independent of party politics, in the House of Commons. The President opposed the proposal, the Resolution was negatived, and subsequently Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, in expressing his agreement with the dissentient majority, declared that there was already a superabundance of such parties. We should think so, indeed! The multiplication of "parties," ostensibly "independent of party," will make the House as parti-coloured (or, which is much the same thing, *party-coloured*), as JOSEPH'S coat itself. Why, every interest, opinion, or fad, might organise its own knot of supporters into an "independent party," and Parliament become, indeed, a "fortuitous concourse of atoms," without cohesion, which means Chaos come again. The Cardiff assembly was quite right in refusing to be a party to this party-proposal. The world's a stage, where each man plays his part, But "companies" must combine in union hearty. 'Twill be, as old dames say, "a pretty start." When "person" (as in Cockneyese) means "party."

SUMMONED FOR RATES.

(Notes from a Diary in the Recess.)

Tuesday.—Spent a pleasant morning in Sessions House, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster. Outside, summer suddenly returned; raining in torrents. Inside, a collection of men and women—chiefly women—all steaming wet. Behind a desk, two Magistrates and a clerk; in front, the Rate Collector. The rest, ratepayers—or to be more precise, people who hadn't paid their rates. Summoned to show cause why. Cause varied; result the same; can't pay. Out of work some; sick others; sad all. A pitiful story, and a purposeless gathering. Magistrates apparently can do nothing.

"We are machines!" said the Chairman, smiling genially upon depressed elderly gentleman, whose rates are horribly in arrear. "You must pay by the 8th of October. Next case!" Depressed elderly gentleman falls into the rear without word of protest. Always been falling into the rear since he was born. Movement quite natural to him.

Middle-aged lady in an apron and seething mental condition comes up next. Has prepared for Magistrate some autobiographical data. Her story graphic, rather than succinct. Magistrate tries to get in his formula about "Adjourned-till-9th-of-October-must-pay-on-the-8th." Middle-aged lady branches out into statement of her troubles prior to last year but one, when MARY ANN was run over by a 'bus. "Adjourned-till-9th-of-October," says the Magistrate, as if it were an incantation warranted to shut any woman up.

Twelve years she's lived in the house; always paid rates up to two years ago. (Watching opportunity, machine grinds out refrain,

"Must-pay-on-the-8th-of-October.") MARY ANN was in hospital for six weeks; hardly been of any use since; Mrs. MOGGINS would bear testimony to extraordinary expenses consequent upon calamity.

"Adjourned-till-9th-of-October," the machine wearily warbles. "Call-the-next-case."

Next case is that of ARTHUR WILLIAM CLUFF. "ARTHUR WILLIAM CLUFF!" loudly called. No response. Old gentleman with wonderful waste of woollen comforter round his neck stares steadily into space. He is the party who came in just now; tried to get point of his dripping umbrella into my boot; only partially succeeded.

"This is him," said a faded woman in a shawl, thrusting him forward by the shoulder; "he lives in our street and is stone-deaf." This said with smile of pride. ARTHUR WILLIAM CLUFF, by his supernatural deafness, evidently sheds lustre on his immediate neighbourhood. In pride of association faded woman in shawl momentarily forgets the unpaid rates. ARTHUR WILLIAM with difficulty brought up to the Bench, making dashes with his dripping umbrella at other people's boots. Magistrate, lifting up his voice, asks his name. ARTHUR WILLIAM makes no responsive sign. Rate Collector, standing by, bellows in his right ear,

"Are you ARTHUR WILLIAM CLUFF?" That seems to be wrong ear. Old gentleman obligingly turns round the other. Rate Collector shouts down it. ARTHUR WILLIAM, catching the whisper, nods assent. "Have you paid your rates?" Collector, prompted by Magistrate, halloas. ARTHUR WILLIAM frankly admits he hasn't.

"Adjourned-till-9th-of-October," says the Magistrate. "Adjourned till the 9th of October," reiterates Collector, standing on tip-toe, the better to command ARTHUR WILLIAM's accessory ear. ARTHUR WILLIAM raises no objection to that, but does not seem to see relevancy of remark.

"Tell him he must pay on the 8th of October," says the Magistrate, bellowing at the Rate Collector as if he, too, were deaf.

"You must pay on the 8th," the Collector, goaded to desperation, roars with all his might.

"Well, I will, if I can," says ARTHUR WILLIAM, with a cheer-

fulness that suffused itself all over the damp Court. His umbrella having now dripped itself dry over Rate Collector's boots, ARTHUR WILLIAM goes out to get it wet again. Cases by the score, and the dozen. Doesn't seem money anywhere to pay the rates. But it does seem that the rates must be paid, and by the 8th of October, too.

The forlorn, damp, and penniless crowd having cleared out, each comforted with the inevitable prospect of the "9th of October," our turn comes. Half-a-dozen of us. Not here on account of rates, but in connection with jury lists. A blow struck at British Constitution by attempt to include name of TOBY, M.P., upon jury list. Peers and Members of Parliament always exempted. Why should Berkshire suffer in its privileges? Not if its senior Member can, at whatever personal inconvenience, assert them. Proceedings not unduly extended. Considerable list of exemptions settled by Act of Parliament. List worth considering by anxious parents about to select avocations for promising sons. You can't, for example, be summoned on a jury if you're a coroner, or an apothecary, or a Member of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, or a pilot, or a bailiff. Also exempted if you happen to be a gaoler, or if you keep a public lunatic asylum. Moreover, if you've been attainted of any treason or felony, or are an outlaw, you can snap your fingers at "Church Wardens and overseers of the parish, when preparing the jury lists." That's how it came to pass that *Friar Tuck* was never on a jury, and how *Robin Hood* always avoided this peremptory interruption of his avocations. Members of Parliament bracketted for jury-list purposes with outlaws and keepers of lunatic asylums. TOBY, M.P. for Barks, was, of course, exempted, and left the Sessions Court without a stain on his character.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is certain that *Thoth, A Romance* (W. BLACKWOOD AND SON), would never have been written if Mr. RIDER HAGGARD had not published his most famous book. *Thoth* is a sort of male *She*, and

might as well have been called *He*. Unlike *She*, who lived continuously through a couple of thousand years, *Thoth's* forefathers come to life only occasionally. But that is quite enough when there are a good many of them. *Thoth* himself is a remarkable personage, with a touch of Professor BALDWIN in his character. He improves on the Professor's machinery, since he dispenses with the parachute, and, when he goes up in a balloon fashioned in the shape of a bird, is able to bring the whole boiling down wherever he pleases. The kingdom *Thoth* rules is an island in some unnamed sea, where the residents are brought up deeply rooted in the heresy of woman-hatred. This being carried to extremes, the consequences are natural and inevitable. Part of the population is drowned in the sea, and the remainder are buried in the sands of the desert. The book makes encouraging reading for members of the Women's Rights Association, only I hope it won't be dramatised.

Number 4 of *Our Celebrities* (SWAN, SONNENSCHNEIN & Co.) is just out. Excellent portrait of Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN, and LOUIS ENGEL's list of the numerous orders Sir PHILIP has received from the Crowned Heads of Europe, is astonishing. Theatrical Orders are not included in the collection. Sir PHILIP's appearance at a foreign Court seems to have been the signal for decorating him at once; the cue was, "Give your orders—Sir PHILIP's in the room." The second portrait represents Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, apparently trying on a new Q. C.'s wig, and trying to look as unlike himself as possible. The striped trousers quite out of character with the dignity of the upper portion of the forensic costume, and must have offended the artistic eye of Count WALERY, the eminent Photographer, who should have induced him to put on knee breeches and buckles for the occasion. But it is difficult to induce any man of Sir CHARLES's determination of character to change his habits at a moment's notice; still, as "Standing Counsel to the Jockey Club," he might, at least, have worn breeches and boots, and have a whip in his hand. But where is his most characteristic snuff-box? Capital monograph about him by L. E.

Lastly there is the living presentment of Mr. EDMUND YATES, "*Edmundus Ed. Mundi*," whom "L. E." naturally treats with respectful admiration. The likeness is excellent. But what could WALERY have been about to pose EDMUNDUS thus? He has a book in one hand with his finger marking a place for reference, and having decided what he is going to say in his criticism on it, he is evidently thinking what on earth has become of his own writing-table, his editorial seat, his pens, ink, and paper, and why these obtrusively theatrical "stage properties," including the chair in which he is seated, have been substituted for the real articles? He should have been up-standing, self-supporting, for he surely has no need of "props." It is a speaking likeness, not a writing one.

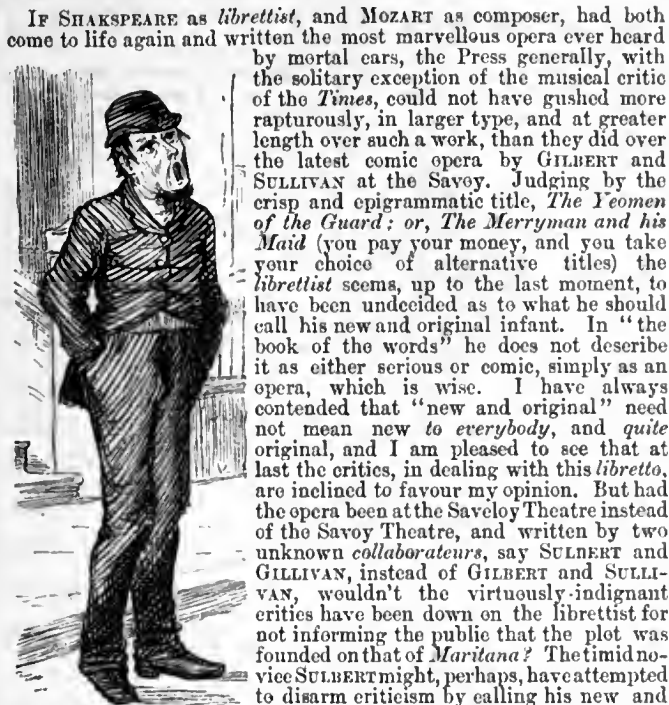


Stone-Deaf.



"You Thothy Perthon!"

A SHOW OF 'SAVOY FARE.'



"I have a song to sing O!" original opera *The Beefeater's Bride; or, The Merryman and his Maritana*, and would have humbly admitted his indebtedness to Mr. W. S. GILBERT for the use he had made of the latter's genuinely humorous Bab Ballad *Jester James*. The stern critics would promptly have pointed out that in good old FITZBALL-and-WALLACE'S *Maritana*, Don César is in prison and condemned to die, and so is Colonel Fairfax in *The Beefeater's Bride*; that the Don is married in prison to a veiled gipsy dancer, *Maritana*, and, the Colonel is married in prison to a veiled gipsy dancer, *Elsie Maynard*. "*Maynard*," the critics would have bitterly exclaimed, "is but a poor English rendering of *Maritana*!" With seething irony they would have shown how, in the old opera, Don César escapes being shot, and returns "all alive O;" while in the new and original work Colonel Fairfax escapes being decapitated, and also reappears on the scene. Don César enters disguised as a monk; Colonel Fairfax comes in as a Beefeater. Don César and *Maritana* subsequently fall in love with each other: so do Colonel Fairfax and *Elsie Maynard*. Don César is pardoned by the King for a very good reason: the Colonel is reprieved for no reason at all, except to finish the opera, "a reason," the satirical critic would have added, "sufficiently satisfactory to the audience."

Then some erudite critic would have pointed out to the unfortunate SULLIVAN that an unknown librettist must not rashly tamper with history in a work intended to be serious, and would have lectured him on the utter improbability of a gipsy girl in all the bravery of an Esmeralda costume (whether accompanied by *Point* as *Gringoire* or not) daring to come rattling her tambourine and singing, within the precincts of the terrible Tower in the reign of Bluff King HAL, when Gypsies were harassed, persecuted, hunted out of the kingdom, or strung up on the readiest made gibbet; and directly it was known that the gallant officer who, as a sorcerer, had been languishing in gaol, on being liberated, had married a heathen gipsy (supposing a priest had been found rash enough to commit such a sacrilege), the pair of them would have had short shrift and been burnt as witches; and as Colonel Fairfax, had already escaped decapitation, the professional Merryman might then have observed, "Mark you, the Colonel did but exchange his chop for a stake. A pretty conceit."

Beyond the above points, there is absolutely no resemblance between the two plots, and though poor SULLIVAN (without GILLIVAN) would thus have suffered at the hands of the Critical Faculty for daring to claim novelty and originality for his story, yet for Mr. GILBERT, of the firm of GILBERT and SULLIVAN, the critics have nothing but obsequious compliments and good-natured excuses. As to the music, even the sharpest and most hostile ear could not detect a trace of WALLACE in the latest composition of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Ho, at all events, is guiltless of any intrigue with *Maritana*. It is genuine SULLIVAN, and charming throughout, though not, at first hearing, very catching,—which must always be the public test,—with the exception of the duet, repeated with chorus as *finale*. "I have a

song to sing, O," the first phrase of which I did manage to carry away with me, but while humming it on my road home, I found myself imperceptibly wandering into the "Lullaby" in *Cox and Box*, where I very nearly lost it altogether.

Dame Carruthers' first song, "*When our gallant Norman Foes*" is most effective, and might be in serious opera, were it not for the chorus of Beefeaters. Mr. COURTICE POUNDS is a simpering effeminate Fairfax, but sings prettily a ballad about "Moon" and "June," after the Yeomen in a previous "number" have already chorussed about "Noon" and "June." But of course the subject of the weather is inexhaustible, and there are plenty of rhymes still left to "Joon." The part of the *Jester* is a capital skit upon *Touchstone* and the Shakspearian clowns generally, and, with subtle cynicism, Mr. W. S. GILBERT shows how wearisome is the most excellent fooling of these mediæval drolls to the playgoer of to-day. The notion of the *Jester* in search of a place, and being examined by an intending employer as to his capabilities ("My caper-bilities," he would say, and might have executed a short dance as a specimen), struck me as exquisitely humorous when I first read it some years ago (Was it among a second series of *Bab Ballads* in a magazine, or was it a short Christmas story by the same author?), but the idea seems to lose something of its humour on the Stage.

In a week or two, no doubt, *Jester* GEORGE will introduce some of his gaggery-waggery, and when, *à propos* of Colonel Fairfax making love to *Elsie*, he has to say something about "lying close as a maggot in a nut," he will add, "But, ifakins, what careth she for a 'nut,' now that she hath the 'Kernel'?" A pretty wit!"

Mr. DENNY, as the Gaoler, is very much Mr. DENNY as the rural Policeman in *Dandy Dick*, only with music, and without the dialect. When *Phæbe* (Miss JESSIE BOND, who is, before all, the life and soul of the opera) introduces to him first her lover as her brother, and then afterwards her real brother, and Mr. DENNY exclaims, "Another brother! Are there any more of them?" one really expects him to add, "It's a nice lot of ac-quain-tances you're inter-doosing me to," or something much to that effect, which he used, in similar circumstances, to say to his wife in PINERO'S Comedy.

In the book, Mr. GILBERT has carefully pointed out, using capital letters for the purpose, that the first stanza of his *finale* is written in "ELEGIACS." This is very considerate, as it directs the critics' attention to a fact that might otherwise have escaped their notice. In old days, the jokes in the books of every Barlesque used to be printed in italics. There was no possibility of anybody passing over a pun. The motive in both cases is much the same.

The fault in the representation is that, with the occasional exception of Miss JESSIE BOND and Miss BRANDRAM—none of the actors play with conviction. They seem uncertain as to the character of the piece,—is it serious, or isn't it? And if it isn't, are they to keep the joke to themselves, or to let the audience into the secret? Mr. GROSSMITH, with an occasional sly wink at the house, seems to incline to the latter view, and no doubt when he has exaggerated his dances, developed his comic business, and made the part quite his own, it will go with roars, especially his contradictory duet with Mr. DENNY, which is clearly founded on the model of the well-known comic song, where the wife pertinaciously insists that something can only be cut with scissors, when the husband obstinately sticks to it that a knife must be used:—

"Cut it with a knife,
Said he.
Cut it with the scissors,
Said she.

(He) Knife, (She) scissors, (He) knife, (She) scissors, &c., &c."

Only that, in this duet, the quarrel is between Mr. DENNY and Mr. GROSSMITH first as to whether somebody was creeping or crawling.

"He was creeping,
Ho was crawling,
(D) Creeping, (G) crawling, &c., &c., &c."

And then they differ as to how the man sank in the moat,—Mr. DENNY says, "like a stone;" Mr. GROSSMITH says, "like a heavy lump of lead;" and then they alternate "lead," "stone," and so forth, which will work up, with comic business, into something very funny, and probably be the hit of the piece. The best serio-comic song, as far as words go, is, to my thinking, the first one sung by the *Jester*. The scenery and the costumes are excellent.

My summary is this:—Cut at least twenty minutes out of the First Act; take a quarter of an hour out of the Second Act, so as to finish by eleven; never let the Beefeaters go off without a dance; induce Mr. TEMPLE to abandon all attempt at playing his part seriously; in fact give every one of them *carte blanche* ("a very D'Oyly-Carte task," as the *Jester* would say) to go in for the old larks of *Mikado & Co.*, and the Savoyards will feel themselves once more at home, and their kind friends in front will be satisfied with everybody generally at the House of Savoy.

JACK IN THE STALL.

HORRIBLE LONDON: OR, THE PANDEMONIUM OF POSTERS.



THE Demon set forth in a novel disguise
(All methods of mischief the master-fiend tries)
Quoth he, "There's much ill to be wrought through
the eyes.

I think, without being a boaster,
I can give their most 'cute Advertisers a start,

And beat them all round at the Bill-sticker's art.
I will set up in business in Babylon's mart,

As the new Pandemonium Poster!"
So he roved the huge city with wallet at waist,
With a brush, and a stick, and a pot full of paste,
And there wasn't a wall or a hoarding,

A space in a slum, or a blank
on a fence,
A spare square of brick in a
neighbourhood dense,
Or a bit of unoccupied
boarding,
But there the new poster, who
didn't much care
For the menacing legend,
"Bill-stickers beware!"
Right soon was tremen-
dously busy
With placards portentous in
purple and blue, [hue,
Of horrible subject and hideous
Enough to hemuddle an aëro-
naut's view,
And turn the best steeple-
Jack dizzy.
Oh, the flamboyant flare of
those fiendish designs,
With their sanguine paint-
splashes and sinister lines!
Gehenna seemed visibly
glaring
In paint from those villanous
dunbs. There were men
At murderous work in mal-
odorous den,
And ghoul-woman grue-
somesly staring.
The whole sordid drama of
murder and guilt,
The steel that strikes home, and
the blood that is spilt,
Was pictured in realist
colours,
With emphasis strong on the
black and the red,
The fear of the stricken, the
glare of the dead;
All dreads and disasters and
dolours
That haunt poor Humanity's
dismallest state,
The horrors of crime and the
terrors of fate,
As conceived by the erudest
of fancies,
Were limed on these posters
in terrible tints,
In the stylo of the vilest sen-
sational prints
Or the vulgarest penny
romances.

That Bill-sticker paused in his
work with a look
Which betrayed the black dem-
on, and gleesomely shook
His sides in a spasm of
laughter.
Quoth he, with a sinister wag
of his head,
"By my horns, the good artist
has lavished the red!
This home of coarse horror—
this house of the dead
Looks crimson from base-
ment to rafter.
How strange that a civilised
City—ho! ho!
Tis their fatuous dream to
consider it so!—
Which is nothing too lovely at
best, should bestow
Such a liberal licence on
spoilors!
These mural monstrosities,
reeking of crime,
Flaring horridly forth amidst
squalor and grime,
Must have an effect which will
tell in good time
Upon legions of dull-witted
toilers.

Taken in through the eyes such suggestions of sin
 A sympathy morbid and monstrous must win
 From the grovelling victims of gloom and bad gin,
 Who gapingly gaze on them daily;
 A fine picture-gallery this for the People!
 Oh, while this endures, spite of School Board and Steeple,
 My work must be going on gaily!"

A ROYAL APPARITION.

LAST Friday the *Times* Correspondent at Bucharest, writing about the entertainments given in honour of the Prince of WALES, said—

"In the evening there will be a series of *tableaux vivants* representing scenes from SHAKSPEARE'S works. These have been carefully rehearsed under the superintendence of Queen ELIZABETH."

What better person could they have had as an authority except SHAKSPEARE himself? But how did they get her? Were Spiritualists employed? If this be possible, then it is not unlikely that DRURIOLANUS is already shaking in his shoes lest Her Majesty, more ruffled than ever, should pay him an unexpected visit at Drury Lane, and insist on superintending a night revival of the *Armada*, with ghostly scenery, costumes, and appointments, and a phantom cast. Only thus would her *manes* be satisfied, and then she herself might be re-hearsed, and conveyed in state to Westminster Abbey, DRURIOLANUS superintending.

In Statu Pupillari.

YOUNG Master BALFOUR, without an apology,
 Speaks on philosophy, also theology.
 To listen his Grandmother will not be loth,
 When ARTHUR has learnt just a little of both.

"OLD TOM."—HOLMES at Home, the HOLMES of our Ancestors, in last week's *World*, must have been to a considerable number of persons one of the most interesting of the series. A person, whom the veteran octogenarian TOM HOLMES knew, was acquainted with another person who had received an account of the Great Fire of London from an eye-witness! Fancy that! Such evidence at hand would simplify a large portion of the Historian's labour! A cordial welcome to Old TOM. Plenty of spirit in him yet. His health!



A NEW AND AGREEABLE TOY.—THE PARACHUTE.

YOU TIE A BIG STONE TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, AND FLING IT AS HIGH AS YOU CAN. SOMETIMES THE HANDKERCHIEF EXPANDS AND RETARDS THE FALL OF THE STONE—SOMETIMES IT DOESN'T.

GOOD-BYE TO THE (CRICKETING) SEASON.

(A Fond Farewell, something in the style of Praed, composed at the Oval in October by our Own Old Enthusiast.)

GOOD-BYE to the Season!—'Tis over!
 Pavilions no longer are gay;
 Bat, bowler, and leal Cricket-lover,
 Are scattered like M.P.'s away.



The Last Ball of the Season.

WALTER READ bobs no longer his brown end
 At point, watching BANNERMAN'S "shape;"
 GILBERT GRACE has gone home to dear
 Downend,
 BOB ABEL is bound for the Cape.
 For want of a fuller enjoyment,
 Till Bat, Ball, and Stumps, can come out,
 At Football a few find employment,
 But Cricket is done, beyond doubt.
 Good-bye to the Season!—The weather
 Has bowed at the shrine of St. Gamp;

Wet wickets have sodden the leather,
 And stumps have been pitched in a swamp.
 Chill deluges, varied with thunders,
 The Cricket-craek's "average" queer.
 Bad hits and bad misses are blunders
 Scarcely blamed in so beastly a year.
 There are all sorts of excellent reasons
 All round for the prevalent "duck;"
 So, Good-bye to this wettest of Seasons!
 Its memories are mainly of muck.

Good-bye to the Season!—The chances
 That filled even champions with gloom;
 The rascally tricks and rare dances
 Devised by the demon of doom.
 The "bad hits" that should have been
 "beauties,"
 The good ones so palpably "flukes";
 The fielders so slack in their duties,
 The Captains so tart in rebukes;
 The cocksures who dropped bobs and tanners
 On matches like Surrey v. Notts;
 The consequent breaches of manners;
 The subsequent downfall of "pots."

Good-bye to the Season!—The rages
 When second-rate teams came out strong;
 When ABEL—for one—stayed in ages,
 Or READ missed his tip and went wrong;
 When clever and "champion" Surrey
 The Cornstalks thrice tackled in vain—
 Lost twice by bad fortune and flurry,
 And missed winning once through the rain;
 Whilst Gloucester, whom Surrey could
 swallow,
 And Leicester whom Gloucester could eat,
 Both licked the Australians hollow.
 "Good old Surrey" wound up with defeat.

Good-bye to the Season!—the "Terror"
 Who put such a break on the ball;
 Yes, TURNER can bowl, "and no error,"
 And FERRIS makes many sing small.
 But England has no need to fluster;
 She is not deficient in "stars";
 Still, when her best men she can muster,
 She wins in these willowy wars. [killing!
 There's LOHMANN, how straight and how
 He'll "hold up her end," please the pigs;
 And slashing McDONNELL's scarce willing
 To stand many overs of BRIGGS!

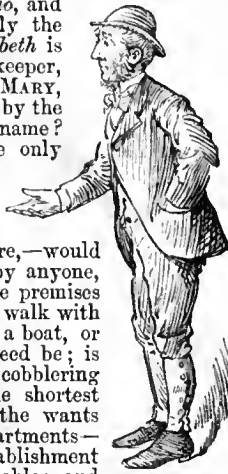
Good-bye to the Season!—A wetter 'un
 Seldom spoiled "place," "pitch," and
 But here's to our evergreen veteran ["paco";
 Still to the front—GILBERT GRACE!
 "The Doctor" stands nominal second,
 But who plays so often as he?
 Still W. G. must be reckoned
 As virtual top of the tree.
 The theme of all Cricket-feed speeches,
 The pet of pavilion and field,
 His pre-eminence no one impeaches,
 To none need our "Champion" yield.

Good-bye to the Season!—Another
 Will come with the coming of May;
 Though the new county boundaries bother,
 The cry of the boys will be "Play!"
 Will it come like this terrible "tryer?"
 Or come very much the reverse?
 Will its scorings be lower or higher?
 Will its weather be better or worse?
 Will it favour the bowler or batter?
 Will it come with dry turf and clear sky,
 Or washy and squashy?—No matter:—
 Good-bye to the Season—good-bye!

DUE NORTH.

Shakspearian—Household—Luncheon—Family Party—Mysterious—Pony—Another—Perilous—Down again—Rest—Thankful.

FROM what I hear of the names of the servants inside and outside the house, such as DUNCAN, DONALD, ROSS, DONALD BLAIN, it appears that, with the exception of *Macduff*, *Banquo*, and the Three Witches, we have pretty nearly the entire cast of *Macbeth*. The part of *Macbeth* is filled by the chief housemaid and housekeeper, whose name is MACBETH. Whether she is MARY, or JENNIE, or EFFIE, I do not know,—and, by the way, what was *Lady Macbeth's* Christian name? Her husband never mentions it, and the only term of endearment by which he addresses her is, "dearest chuck." Why "chuck"? Our MACBETH at the shooting-lodge—a tall, good-looking lass, about thirty or so, a strapping wench with an elegant figure,—would forcibly resent being called a "chuck" by anyone, even if there were a male MACBETH on the premises who had acquired a right to do so. She can walk with the swing of a man, pull stroke or bow in a boat, or scull it single-handed across the lake, if need be; is a good shot with a rifle, can do tailoring or cobbling to perfection,—"odd jobs executed at the shortest possible notice,"—and has a ready eye to the wants and comforts of all the visitors in both departments—the House and the Annex—of the establishment over which she presides. She is invaluable: and though in the Annex we do not see much of her, yet it is to her that we have to make known our wants, which, once mentioned, are immediately supplied. In the House itself, on a busy evening, when the sportsmen have come in late, and everybody is, more or less, hurrying up in their dressing for dinner, and everybody has mislaid something, and no one can find anything, then down the passages, from the bachelors' quarters, and from the rooms where the young ladies are, come the reiterated cries, as if they were uttered by the Apparitions that rise out of the Witches' cauldron, of "MACBETH! MACBETH!! MACBETH!!!" And instead of losing her presence of mind, and exclaiming, flurriedly, "Had I three ears, I'd hear thee!" she pleasantly replies, in her strong Scotch brogue, "All right, Sir, I'm coming directly!"—and come she does to everybody in turn, and everybody in turn is more than satisfied. A wonderful woman.



"How dee do?"

There are three young ladies under the care, apparently, of the Good Aunt. I am not introduced, but they all say, as the Wicked Uncle did, "How dee do" to me, at lunch time, and address one another by their Christian names, MILLIE, EVELYN, and the youngest and smallest is MADGE. Who they are, what their surnames may be, whether they are sisters, wives, or cousins belonging to the other guests, I haven't the slightest idea. It seems to be taken for granted in this present company, which is, to all intents and purposes, a family party, that there is no such being as a stranger in existence within these four walls.

"You should aave gone out fishing this morning, MILLIE," says the Baron to the young lady.

"She couldn't," replies EVELYN, "as I wanted her to walk out with me."

"Good Aunt," says D. B., "how are you? MADGE, you'll have to march out with the five o'clock tea, if we drive."

"If you're going to drive, I'd rather walk, if I may," says Miss MADGE, appealing to the Laird, "the trap shakes so!"

Whereat there's a laugh all round, and the very young lady colours up and looks frightened. The Laird hastens to the rescue.

"It's not 'driving' in a trap," he explains, smilingly, "the grouse are driven by beaters, while we stand behind butts. I'll show you the butts; you can see them from the window with a good glass."

"How on earth should MADGE know your sporting terms?" says the Good Aunt interposing. "It's her first day up here!"

On careful and separate inquiry, I find that none of the party have ever met one another before last week, and the young ladies only arrived yesterday. The people who brought them went away at once. They are "left here till called for."

The talk is all sport: either shooting or fishing. Everyone explains to everyone else why some particularly easy shot "didn't come off," and some one is always saying, "Ah, I oughtn't to have missed *that!*"

GRANNIE, the fisherman, who, out-of-doors walks about with flies and hooks stuck all over his head, has seen fish rising in every direction. But it appears that, unfortunately, the fish have seen *him*, and so, though he kept on changing his flies every half hour, and waded up to his middle, yet,

"He did not catch that trout,

Brave Boys

He did not catch that trout!"

And so he will give the trout a holiday, and go out shooting this afternoon.

It has been pouring with rain. It is pouring now, "And," says the Laird, "we shall have showers all the afternoon."

"Showers" here are, I find, pelting storms which wet you through in a couple of minutes.

"In this rain," says the Baron, walking to the window, "we're sure to put up something on that hill yonder."

Happy Thought.—If I go with them, I'm sure to "put up something,"—my umbrella.

"You can have the pony, if you like to ride up to where we're driving," says the Laird to me. On consideration, being fond of air and exercise, I accept. The pony is ordered, and I anticipate a good gallop over the hills and far away, two or three hours' exercise, happy return home, rub down, bath, change, and splendid appetite for dinner.

They start, all the party, except the ladies, and disappear. The ladies melt away and become invisible. I am to join the sportsmen as soon as I like. Of course mounted, I shall easily catch up the infantry, so I tell the youthful gillie, DUNCAN, who comes to inform me "the pony's ready saddled," that I'll start in a quarter of an hour.

I follow the boy to where the pony is. Pony! it is a rough-looking sort of cart-horse, over fifteen hands, with an old saddle, loose girths, and a single snaffle rein that looks as if it would break with the slightest strain. However, I said I would go: and perhaps the "pony" is better than he looks.

In less than five minutes I find he isn't. His pace is a quick slouching walk with rather a nautical roll in it. His head droops heavily, as if he were sadly weary of this sort of life. He is led by the lad DUNCAN, who carries a switch, as if he were a donkey-boy and I was having sixpennorth on the sands: and we are ignominiously following another "pony," which is being personally conducted by an elder gillie. This other pony is also over fifteen hands, and across its back are swung panniers for game, baskets holding five o'clock tea and other provisions, and such a lot of wraps and waterproofs as to suggest the idea of the baggage pony being a "clothes horse." I have no one to say this to, so keep it to myself and appreciate it dimly. It is just as if the sportsmen were the army on active service, and I had been classed among the *impedimenta*. Perhaps, I think to myself, things will be better presently as we go uphill.

Happy Thought.—"Speculate for the risc."

Nothing of the sort. The ground gets worse and worse. Each fresh bog is bogger than the last, and the higher we get, the steeper is the climbing, and the more perilous my situation. The elder gillie plods on his way, morose and taciturn. The younger, my Donkey-boy, blithe, but silent. It is a melancholy party; quite funereal. The coats and wraps, slung across first horse, are suggestive of the lifeless body of some one whom we have shot, and whom we are going to bury up in the hills, and I, mounted, am either a prisoner or chief mourner, it doesn't much matter which. The boy gives up leading the cart-horse-pony, and strolls on with the taciturn gillie. I try to engage the elder gillie, from a distance, in conversation, but he won't be engaged. I want to interest him in my own personal safety, so that if anything happened, by which I mean if my horse fell head-foremost into a bog or tumbled down sideways over a narrow ledge,—my knees shudder at the thought,—he, being on friendly terms with me, and living in dim hopes of half-a-crown, would rush to my assistance.

Happy Thought (of the gillie). "Speculating for the fall." (*My fall.*) But gillie senior refuses to be interested; he won't talk, not even of the weather. The youthful gillie, DUNCAN, follows his example so closely that he won't be communicative even to the extent of informing me what sort of day it was yesterday, and what amount of sport they had had the day before that. WILSON BARRETT, with his favourite "How long!" flashes across my mind at several critical moments. "How long" will this saddle remain on the horse? and "How long" shall I remain on the saddle? Till accident us do part.

Elder and younger gillie silent, as if overcome by some great grief, or groaning in spirit against their Saxon oppressors, trudge on, jumping without effort from rock to rock, the elder one jerking the horse's leading-rein, encouraging it to land on sharp projections, and to founder desperately through morasses. I watch the proceedings with fearful interest, knowing that whatever happens to the horse in front of me must, it is ten to one, happen to mine. But the horse in front carries only waterproofs, empty bags, and materials for five o'clock tea, while mine carries *me*. As we cross a torrent, my horse balancing itself on the pointed tops of rocks which just peep out of the damp moss, and where a slip from any given point must precipitate us into the depths below, I am inclined to whisper nervously in the horse's ear, with a view to inspiring him with confidence, "Remember you carry CÆSAR and his fortunes!" and I heartily wish CÆSAR were anywhere else at this moment.

It is no sort of use attempting to guide the beast. I try to comfort

myself with the reflection that the horse knows the country, and must have been up here any number of times. The circumstances on former occasions may have been totally different, and one circumstance certainly is quite different now, and that is, that *this is the first time he has ever travelled across these hills with me on his back,—and, I add to myself most fervently,—it will be the last!*

I rode up here for exercise, anticipating an increase of temperature, skin-acting, and everything beneficial for a person with certain gouty tendencies. But here we are, creeping up the mountain's side ("We wandered up the mountain's side"), and I am feeling colder and colder. I would get off and walk if my boots were not too thin for the slish, and I foresee catching a severe cold. After an hour and a half of this amusement, and catching sight of the shooters only for a moment when they were all too occupied to talk—especially the Wicked Uncle, who is craftily lying in wait for a grouse behind a butt built of peat, like a brigand looking out for the solitary traveller,—I come to the determination that, directly I see anything resembling a road, I will descend and run down it as hard as I can, at the risk of dislocating my ankles, in order to circulate my blood, which must have gone down nearly to zero.

Hoorah! "Thalatta! Thalatta!" I mean The Road! The Road! "Let us take to the Road, Boys!" Highwayman's song in *The Beggar's Opera*. It is not exactly a road, but, when the winter is over, and it is no longer a water-course, it is evidently used as a road by the natives, who must be very easily satisfied. Small rates ought to have been charged for mending this road, and the biggest rate ever known on it is the pace at which I am going down when once fairly started.

To the astonishment of the taciturn gillie and the dismay of DUNCAN the Donkey-boy who had charge of me, I alide off the horse on to the ground, and run. They halloo to me. No—not back again—I wave my hand. They are dumfounded. I feel like a prisoner escaping; and they, as I glance back at them, look as the guardians must have looked, to whose care the historical Royal Personage was entrusted, when he said, "Good-day, Gentlemen!" and their horses being blown, galloped away in the direction of England, Home, and Beauty!

Free! Free! Free! Never again on the fifteen-hand cart-horse-pony for me. Free! Free! Free! Splash—dash—dash—into the ruck, into the muck, into the water, over the stones, whack, crack, not "down on my back," but going as if I were wearing the seven-leagued boots, until the grand perspiration effect is produced. I hear the Donkey-boy pursuing. He has been sent after me by the Laird, who, he shouts to me, breathlessly, is very angry with him for leaving me to find my way alone. But, for all his halloaing, I won't stop, and he catches me up by a short cut, and on we go together, panting, until I come to a dead stop in the valley, and am anxious to know the shortest cut to the Lodge, as the rain, which has been threatening proceedings for some time past, is beginning to fall, and, if I get wet in this fever-heat, I tremble for the consequences. The youthful gillie points out the road,—over the meadow, round by the swing-bridge. He will go there by another and a shorter route. *Allez!* On we goes again! He his way, I mine. The big rain-drops become bigger. "Speed thee on, my bonnie Shanks's mare, I have trusted thee many a time before, and will again!"

The last mile is always the longest. Then the swing-bridge—a narrow plank hung on wires—a miniature suspension Hammer-smith, swaying like a slack rope as I cross it cautiously. BLONDIN for ever! The opposite bank of the river is gained! Saved! saved! The rain! "Let it come down." And, as I quote *Macbeth*, MACBETH herself, the ever-vigilant housekeeper, sees me flying past the front-door ("You should see my coat-tails flying!"), and calls out, "Ye'll just be soaked through. I'll send you your hot water,"—and so she does; and in another half-hour I am comfortably seated in an arm-chair before the fire in the smoking-room, with a pipe and the first book I can lay my hand on, just to enjoy a quiet read and rest in the two hours that remain to me before dinner. The library here is not a large one. There are two shilling novels, *Sorrock's Jaunts*, BRADSHAW'S latest publication, and *The Newgate Calendar*, illustrated, in two volumes. It is one of these last-mentioned that is now in my hand; and it is this that, an hour afterwards, drops with a bang on the floor, as I wake up and see D. B.'s face at the window, as he cries out, "Here we are again! How are you?"



"Here we are again!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I HAVE just finished *Mapleson's Memoirs*. Poor dear Colonel! An "old soldier" of course and yet how ill-used he must have been by everyone. His stories are told with touching simplicity, and many would be highly amusing if the reader could only get rid of the feeling that he is listening to the lamb bleating out how he was shorn, and how the wind, always so difficult to raise, was rarely if ever tempered to his poor back.



Skipping over several Pages.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Manager, whom Opera brought down to the floor,

Who means to come up smiling when he can, And is but looking for just one chance more.

It's a wicked and ungrateful world with which the guileless Colonel has had to deal. He cherishes the tenderest memories of his collaborator and whilom principal, the late E. T. SMITH, who was net Policeman X., but an ex-policeman, afterwards Operatic Manager, and perfectly adores the generous and sympathetic *Diva*, formerly LA MARQUISE DE CAUX, now Mme. NICOLINI, and known to all the world as PATTI. If her agreements with other Managers are similar to the one published in Vol. II. of the shorn *Impresario's Memoirs*, then I pity the Operatic Managers. Of course a *Diva* has a natural and inalienable right to do the best for herself she can. There will always be somebody to take up a *Diva* like PATTI, as long as the public, generally but not always, as has been recently proved, will pay high prices to hear a brilliant singer unsupported, in preference to giving a reasonable amount for a good all-round performance. It would be worth while to compare with the *Maplesonian Memoirs* WILLERT BEALE'S recollections, published, I think, some years ago, which told of a time when Operatic artists were a trifle more Bohemian, but infinitely more genial and obliging to their employers.

The Fourth Volume of the MARSHALL and IRVING *Shakspeare* is out. Messrs. MARSHALL and IRVING have constituted themselves into a sort of Editorial Committee, "with power to add to their number;" and consequently several collaborators now appear on the scene whose names were not in the original cast. The notes are useful and interesting, as far as I've been able to dip into them. I anticipate much amusement from the two volumes of *Edmund Kean*, by FITZGERALD MOLLOY; also from the Autobiography of SIMS REEVES, compiled by him from his own notes. Sitting down as Author! This is full change for a Tenor! I've another Music-Book on my desk, *Musical Memories*, by Dr. SPARK. This ought to be very light reading. I shall leave the gay SPARK for a while. If the SPARK fliickers, he may be revived by a slight puff.



Littery and Artistic.

The Emperor's Diary, edited by H. W. LUCY, is just out, price one shilling, which isn't much for the Diary of an Emperor. Not the least interesting part of this pocket-volume is the Editor's introductory remarks on the policy of Prince BISMARCK, at the same time that he sympathises with Dr. GEFFKEN, the literary and journalistic gentleman who is now in prison on the charge of having brought the Diary to light. There is a similarity between Herr WON LUCY and Prince BISMARCK, inasmuch as both have taken up a German subject, but in very different style. As BISMARCK has his spies everywhere, I should recommend Herr WON LUCY "to lay low and say nuffin" for some little time, never to go out after dusk, and in the daytime to be carefully and artistically disguised as somebody else, as LIKA JOKO for example. BISMARCK is reckless and resolute, and would think nothing of kidnapping Herr WON LUCY and incarcerating him in a dungeon quite near to Dr. GEFFKEN, beneath the Castle Moat.



Eye Opener.

So Mote-n't it

Be, says the Potentate

Who now has the honour of subscribing himself everybody's most sincerely, the Musical-Political-Artistic-and-Literary

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.



A FLAGRANT INJUSTICE.

(The "United Service Unemployed" Club Smoking-Room. Noon.)

BEHOLD A DOZEN HONEST, ENLIGHTENED, AND ABLE-BODIED BRITONS—RETIRED GENERALS AND ADMIRALS, HALF-PAY COLONELS, SUPERANNUATED MAJORS AND CAPTAINS, NOT TO MENTION LEISURED YOUNG GUARDSMEN, ALL IN THE FULL POSSESSION OF THEIR FACULTIES—ALL BORED TO EXTINCTION (EXCEPT THOSE WHO ARE SO FORTUNATE AS TO BE FAST ASLEEP), AND ALL CRUELLY DEBARRED FROM THE PRIVILEGE OF SERVING ON A JURY OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN! WHY?

LITTLE JEM'S DOOM;

OR, THE PROVIDENT PARENTS' RESOURCE.

(Brief Low-Life Tragedy, produced lately with only too much success on the stage of the Great Metropolitan Theatre.)

ACT I.—A London Slum. Rival Insurance Touts discovered, recommending the advantages of their respective enterprises to the notice of two Provident Parents.

First Rival Tout (summing up). Well, there you are. You pays a mere pittance monthly, and, if anything happens to the little one, why you has him buried respectable, with a regular first-class funeral, as should be a comfort to the feelings of a decent couple of parents like you, and quite reconcile you, so to speak, to the loss of him.

Second Rival Tout. And if you put into our concern, mind you, the money you gets more than covers the expenses. When all's paid, you'll find you've got a tidy bit over for yourselves. You might make about two pound out of it, and that ought to console you. It does most of 'em.

First Rival Tout. But we don't ask no nasty questions, you know, if so happens you have to put in your claim.

Second Rival Tout. No. If you pays your first premium to-day, and comes next week for the burial-money, we stumps up like men, we do, and don't make no fuss.

First Rival Tout. I tell you what: our concern has been a real blessin' to thousands, that it has.

Provident Male Parent (convinced). Well, there's summat in what you chaps say, and I don't mind tryin' it on Little JEM here. (*Addressing Provident Female Parent.*) What do you say, Missus? JEM has been a ailin' lately, and if he means goin', I'd like to see him shoved away proper; 'specially when there's that two pound over to be got out of the job. (*His "Missus" nods assent.*) All right, Mate, then. I'm game. Make out the ticket.

[*First Rival Tout "makes out the ticket," and Little JEM's life is forthwith insured in the "General Cosmopolitan Infants' Coffin Supply Association" as Act-drop descends.*

ACT II.—A Coroner's Court. An Inquest has just been held on the body of Little JEM, who has recently died under somewhat suspicious circumstances. The fact that he has for some time past been gradually sinking in an ill-ventilated back room, purposely neglected by his Provident Parents, has not come out in evidence; nor has it transpired that they have familiarised themselves with the idea of his decease, and, seeing it will not only relieve them of the cost of his maintenance, but also put some ready-money into their pockets, have come to regard it as a consummation devoutly to be desired. So it has come about that though Little JEM has been deliberately done to death by his businesslike natural protectors, the verdict has not been one of Murder, or even of Manslaughter, but of "Death from Natural causes." The Coroner, however, assuring the Jury that he will see that their recommendation, that the Government should take some steps to legislate for the protection of infant life from the baneful influence of such Societies as the "General Cosmopolitan Infants' Coffin Supply Association," shall be forwarded to the proper quarter, the Scene closes.

Provident Male Parent (who has received the burial-money, and is returning from the funeral, addressing his "Missus.") Well, that's done, though we ain't made quite two pound by it. Still one pound sixteen ain't bad, with little JEM out of the way, and all. (*Confidentially.*) I tell you what it is, Missus, I votes we take out a ticket for our SAL and lanky JOE. When times is blaek, it ain't half a bad resource. I'll just look up that Insurantee chap again.

[*Is left meditating "murder" as Curtain descends.*

"A 'PLEASURE-HORSE' used to do double duty in former days," observed Mrs. RAM; "and for my part I regret that Wives no longer ride on pillories behind their Husbands."

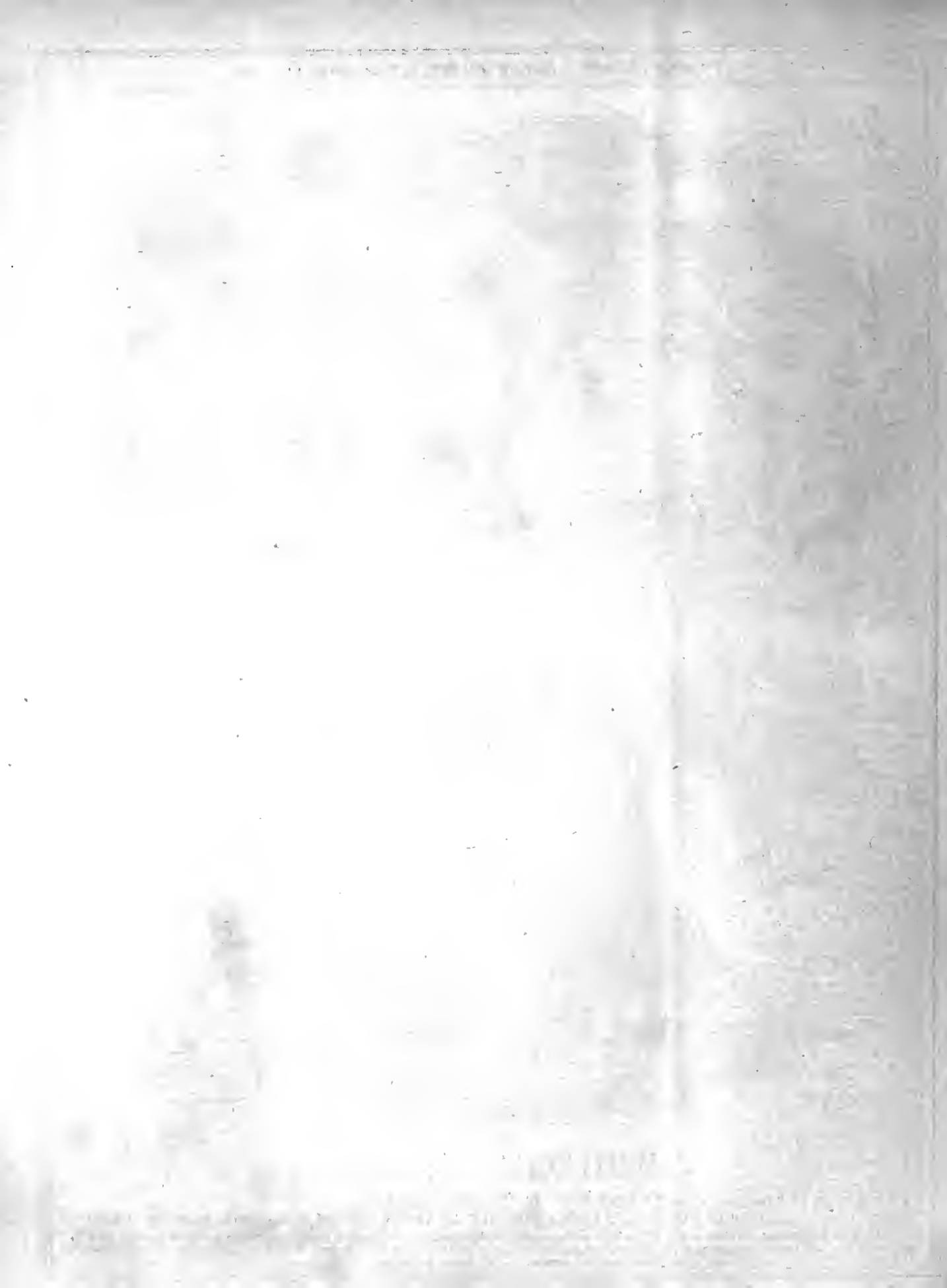


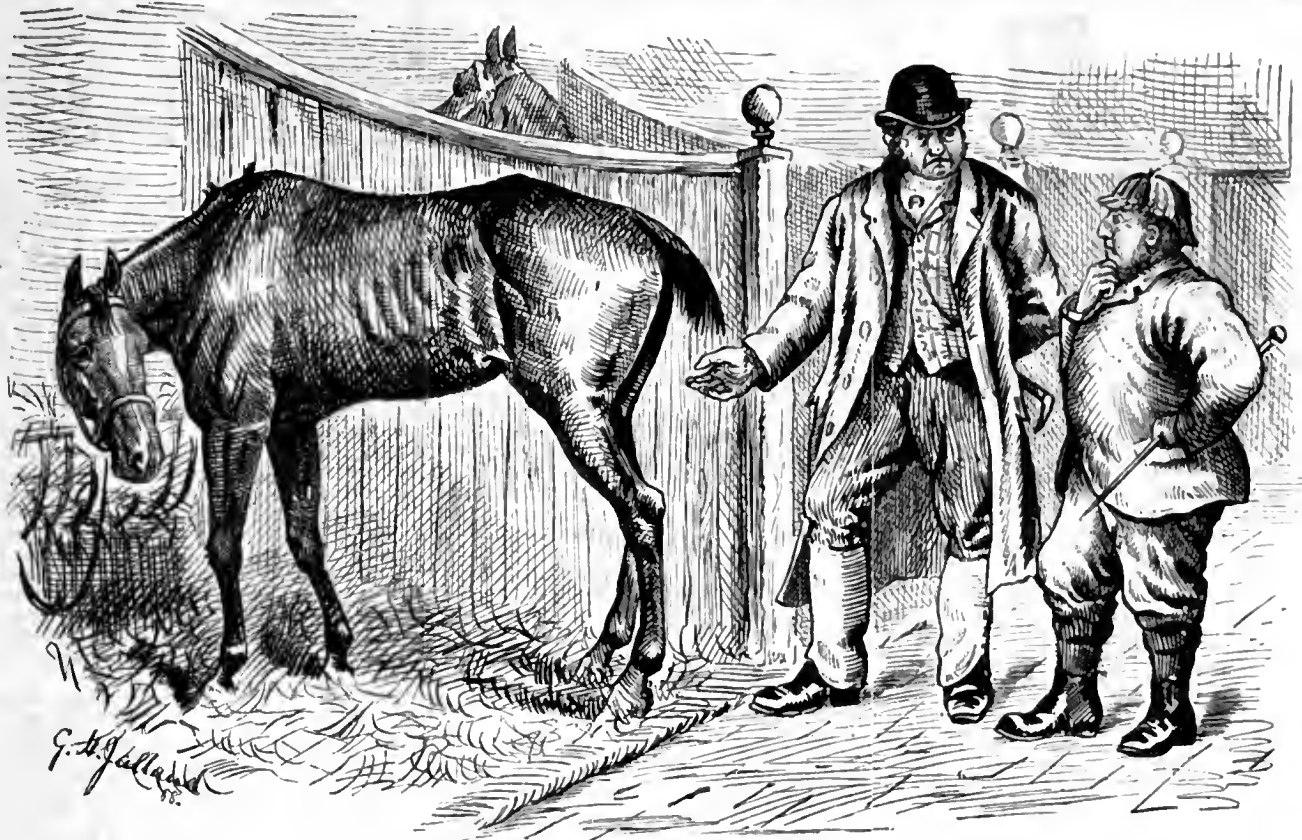
WHITECHAPEL, 1888.

FIRST MEMBER OF "CRIMINAL CLASS." "FINE BODY O' MEN, THE PER-LEECE!"

SECOND DITTO. "UNCOMMON FINE!—IT'S LUCKY FOR HUS AS THERE'S SECH A BLOOMIN' FEW ON 'EM!!!"

"I have to observe that the Metropolitan Police have not large reserves doing nothing and ready to meet emergencies; but every man has his duty assigned to him, and I can only strengthen the Whitechapel district by drawing men from duty in other parts of the Metropolis."—*Sir Charles Warren's Statement.* "There is one Policeman to every seven hundred persons."—*Vide Recent Statistics.*





OUR NEW M.F.H.

Kennel Huntsman. "A MAN BROUGHT THIS HERE LAST NIGHT, BUT HE DIDN'T LEAVE NO MESSAGE TO SAY IF IT WERE FOR RIDIN' OR BILIN'." [Delight of our new M.F.H., Mr. Popple, who has given £40 for it to carry a Whip.

ROBERT'S LONG WACATION.

LARST weak I told you I'd kontinew in my nex. This is my nex and I rekumense. The nex day, it looking rayther inclined to be fine, as if the rain was beginning to get rayther ashamed of itself for doing its werry best to spile all the crops, and all surten peepeel's tempers, and other peepeel's best close, I perswaded my wife to go with me for a wark on the bewtfootol Tems Embankment, and there we strolled about in the lovely gardins for a nour or two, and I ventured to say, as the tooth ake was much better, that the nice eumferal surroundins, with the River a flowing by, reminded me of that appy day in Grinnidge Park, when I asked her to share my umbel fortunes for wheel or for wo. She was ewidently pleased, and a smile lited up her ample feeters, when, as ill-luck would have it, jst at that werry moment, down came one of them orful downpores as seems to have bin trying all this summer to beat the record, and allers succeeding.

Well, after that day's xperience, I must confess that, bewtfootol as is the well kep Gardens, and the floing River, and the nice eumferal seats, the Tems Embankment is not a convenient plaice to seleck to be cort with your best Beloved, with jst the remanes of a bad tooth-ake, in a drenching storm of rain and thunder and litening, and with her best dress on. So we have net repeated that xperiment. The nex day we spent at the Great British Mewseum, and we both agreed that it seemed a great pity that the Country was so werry pore that they couldn't afford to have the Stattys mended. There was several of the most bewtfootollest of 'em all as had either a harm, or a leg, or an and or two, broke rite off, and one of 'em had his nose nocked rite off, and, aperiently, no attemp being maid to mend any on 'em. Them as is without heds of coarse represents peeple as was beheded afore their various deaths, so the same fault cannot farelly be found with them. We couldn't, neether on us, at all hunderstand why so many on 'em was not allowed to dress theirselves properly afore they had their stattys taken. Mrs. ROBERT ewen going so far as to say as she thort as sum on 'em, speshally the ladies, ort to have bin ashamed of thereselves, let alone the chance of catching werry bad colds.

Of course it rained pretty hard before we got home; but we had net werry far to go, so we did net git so werry wet this time, fortntly. The day after was much like the day afore, so, as I couldn't go out, I purtended to be a reading, and slep a good deal of the

time; but, when night came, we went to the Theater, so as to have a nice evening's emusement, to cheer us both hup. Ah, that was a nice evening's emusement that was!

I went carefully through the various statements in the Noose-papers, and pieked out a Play that as the *Times* said "thrilled the House!" and, as the *Advertiser* said, "would attract all play-goers;" and, as the *Daily Noose* said, "held the audience breathless." So off we went to the "Liesee' em," and there we sat for a hole hower a seeing sitch a xhibishun of disgusting orers as we neether of us never seed afore and fondly opes as we shall never see no more. We condn't stand no more of it, but went out in the middel of the werry wust part, feeling quite hill, and warked home a grumblin and a growling all the way at being so shamefoolly deseaved by the jockular papers, and wundring how any man cond have taken sitch a lot of trubbel to both look and haet more like a wild beest than a man.

However, a nice little bankwet that my partner had prepaired as a surprise, and a partiekler nice glass of ot Rum and water, enabled us to sup full of hoysters insted of "full of orers," as sumbody says, and we was abel to bannish 'em from our thorts and to sleep the sleep of the hinnercent.

ROBERT.

THE COLD WEATHER HAS SET IN!—How to warm yourself. Sit near our FURNISS, when he is giving his lecture on Portrait-painting. As suitable to a wintry entertainment, the lecture is illustrated by "Slides." In spite of being near the FURNISS, the views are not dissolving; in fact our artist has positively declared that he sees no reason for changing his views.

AN IRISH DELICACY.—The Parnellite Members are declared by a contemporary to give themselves the airs of exceptional education, and dehaey of constitution. Let them, then, be so careful of their constitution, as closely to confine the pursuit of their aims and ends to constitutional methods.

INTERESTING TO GEOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL STUDENTS.—In future, no one will be eligible for the Swiney Lectureship who has not gone through a regular course of BACON.



REALISTIC.

Amateur Stage Manager (in black hat). "WE'VE SETTLED IT. WE'RE GOING TO PLAY 'THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN,' AND I'VE CAST YOU FOR MELTER MOSS—YOU KNOW, THE OLD JEW. SPLENDID PART!"

Second Amateur (in white hat). "OH, I COULDN'T DO IT, MY BOY—I SHOULD HAVE TO WEAR A FALSE NOSE!"

TWO VIEWS OF BOULOGNE.

(A Page from a Diary kept at Monte Carlo Minor.)

Monday.—Arrived by the *Mary Beatrice*, one of the best boats of the South-Eastern Railway Company. Really delightful. Breakfast in London at 8:30, catch the 9:40 Express, and be in Boulogne in time for luncheon! Everything so fresh and foreign. Glad to see the red trousers of the soldiers; and the place itself so cheery. The Casino admirable. Capital Band. Theatre, too, very amusing. Light Opera, nicely sung. Remarkably good. Seen worse things in Paris. And then the *Chemin de fer*! Of course object to gambling, on principle; but what possible harm can there be in risking a few francs? I did, and won ten by embarking my fortunes on the *blanc*.

Tuesday.—Greatly disappointed. Boulogne is not at all like what it used to be. "So English, you know." Too English, in fact, and not good English either. More like bad Bayswater. The French soldiers, too, are all undersized, and the place itself desolation in its most desolate form. Hotels closed, and houses to be let or sold everywhere. The Casino has certainly deteriorated. Band small, and not particularly skilful. Theatre pitiful. Saw some dreadful piece, in five Acts, that apparently was being played by amateurs. Most feeble performance I have ever witnessed. And then the *Chemin de fer*! I repeat, I object to gambling on principle; but granted that it is not wrong, what possible good can there be in risking a few francs? I did, and lost twenty by embarking my fortunes on the *rouge*.

Wednesday.—Really Boulogne improves on acquaintance. I am not surprised that some people call it "Beautiful Boulogne," the air is certainly delightful—I think finer than Brighton or Folkestone. I know others say that the place has fallen off terribly since the establishment of the so-called gambling at the Casino. This is absolute rubbish. I can recall no prettier sight than the toy engine, with its model carriages, running round the track, with its piece of spring wire striking against

the brass bars, and stopping now at Brussels, now at Vienna—at one moment near the red, at the next close to the white. It is so simple, that even a child might play at it. So different from Monte Carlo. Everyone knows what *that* is like. There fortunes are really lost, and suicides are of common occurrence. But at Boulogne it is merely an amusing distraction. I don't pretend to play myself, but I certainly won five francs by showing a partiality to "*Londres*."

Thursday.—I am not at all surprised that some people call this place "Beastly Boulogne." It certainly deserves the name. The port at low tide is absolutely awful. No; if you want bracing air, go to Brighton or Folkestone. I am told that interested persons declare that Boulogne is growing, and owes much of its prosperity to the establishment of gambling at the Casino. This is absolute rubbish. I know of no more painful sight than to watch the eager faces of the players as the monotonous model train clicks with its wire against the brass rails. The time has arrived for writing plainly. The gambling is the curse of the place. Stories are heard on all sides of money squandered and lost. The mode of playing is so simple that even a poor innocent child can risk and lose as high a stake as five francs. It is so different from Monte Carlo. Everyone knows what *that* is like. There you can avoid playing if you wish, and may enjoy life at one of the loveliest watering-places in the world. But Boulogne is vastly different. A two-penny-halfpenny place, that only a few years ago was the refuge of the fraudulent bankrupt! Boulogne, indeed! And the gambling too is a hard business. It is no idle distraction. You see, day after day, men, women and children standing round the baize table losing all they have! It is a dreadful sight! A really dreadful sight! I don't pretend to play myself, but I certainly lost five-and-twenty francs by plunging blindly on "*Bruzelles*."

Friday.—Most amusing. Spent a day in looking about. Went up to the Mairie to see a civil marriage. Very fine affair. Carriages and carpets. The bride a good-looking young lady, and the bridegroom decidedly *distingué*. Evidently persons of good position. People lunching at the hotel also interesting. One gentleman's face I recognised. Sure I have seen him somewhere before and under pleasant circumstances. I do not think he can be a parson, and yet he would adorn a pulpit; and that reminds me,—I wonder why the clergy fight shy of the Casino. They might do much good, I think, if they visited it more frequently. Now, for instance, they might dance occasionally at a *Bal de Famille*. Quite a nice set, some people in evening dress, and one or two wearing gloves. Had heard that the riff-raff from the fast hotels congregated at these gatherings. Not at all. I don't think so. And the games of chance. Really nothing at all. Merely a pretence at baccarat. Could not hurt anyone. As for the *Chemin de fer*, well, I can only say that I have cleared thirty francs from first to last. I am thinking of taking a deck-cabin on the *Louise Dagmar* (excellent boat, always punctual) for my passage back.

Saturday.—Well, really it is too much! Just discovered that the bride at whose civil marriage I assisted yesterday was a scullery-maid from a local restaurant! And the gentleman of prepossessing appearance who lunched at the same table with me, and who I at a first glance took for a parson, turns out to be a *croupier*! I should not have been in the least surprised to have seen him dancing at the *Bal de Famille*, if his duties had not required his attendance elsewhere. Such a *Bal de Famille*! Fishermen dancing with fisherwomen; and on my word they seemed the "best set." The rest of the company reminded me of a dull evening at the Hall-by-the-Sea. And the gambling! People writing to the papers about Monte Carlo when Boulogne is ten times as bad! Baccarat played every night and ruining scores, hundreds! As for the *Chemin de fer*, well—I can only say that I lost three hundred francs at a single sitting! I am going home at once by that nightmare of my childhood, the all-the-way-by-sea-and-river London Boat!

French Rosycrucians.

UNDER the exalted patronage of the Comtesse DE PARIS, the "Rose of France" has been adopted by the Royalists as their distinctive flower, and they have instituted among themselves a new Society, entitled, the "League of the Rose." An apt addition of the rose to the *fleur-de-lys*—a new alliance of lilies and roses. The "League of the Rose" may be considered the French counterpart of the British Primrose League. Revolutions, we know, are not made with rose-water; but the rose appears to have been appropriated to serve the purpose of a Legitimist reaction. By wearing it in their button-holes and displaying it on their banners, the confederates of the Rose League appear to have persuaded themselves that their prospects are *couleur-de-rose*.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 18.



ON THE STUMP.

CHURCH AND STAGE.—Strictly speaking, the word "Mummer" cannot be applied to an Actor, and both in the title *Mummer's Wife* and in the recent article "Mummer Wership," with which Mr. IRVING "did well," though perhaps not wisely, "to be angry," the word "Mummer" is used contemptuously of the regular professional Actor. But such application shows ignorance. "Momerie" is defined in the best French theatrical dictionary as, "*Mascarade, bouffonnerie, déguisement de gens masqués pour aller danser, jouer, se réjouir.*" And the first Mummer was Momus, the professional jester, the Merry Andrew, the Tem Fool of the Court of King Jove "in the air, Of the skies Lord Mayor." Let those whom the Mummer's cap fits, wear it, but most certainly neither Mr. IRVING nor Mr. WYNDHAM need be

hurt by anything written against Mummies and mumming. Can it be true that HENRY IRVING refused to speak at the Church Congress simply because he would have been brought in contact with Momerie in any shape? If so, it is a pity, as Memerie in his own shape at the Congress was in excellent form; and though with Memerie "Mum's the word," yet on this occasion he spoke out strongly, and did his best with "Pessimism." The Church Congress, owing to the abstention of the leading Tragedian (his health in a glass of "Pommery," which rhymes to "Momerie!"), felt some delicacy in dealing with the subject of IRVING and the Irvingites, and so let it alone. But—aha!—a time will come!

ODE TO THAT TOAD.

[A letter in the *Times* gave an account of a Toad found in a bed of clay, and supposed to have lived there since the Glacial period.]



“Owed to a Creditor.”

Leave thee alone a bit, refrain from ranking
Thee with the frog-shower, fish-fall, huge sea-serpent,
And great gooseberry?

Thirty thousand years in clay? Ridiculous!
Fie on the fudge about times prehistoric!
You a survival faint from epochs glacial?
Credat Judeus!

Bet them a bob that you are no Toad-TANNER,
Foolish enough to practise secular fasting,
Cramped in a clay-cleft without worms, or nourishment
Entomological!

Man is a clayey creature, O Batrachian!
He it is who, caved in his brass credulity,
Lives through the ages a purblind existence—
Toad-in-the-hole-y!

VOCES POPULI.

AT TABLE D'HÔTE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

SCENE—A long dinner-table, garnished with spiky plants languishing in their native pots. Visitors discovered consulting Wine-list, which they do with knitted brows for some minutes, and then order whiskey and soda. German Waiters get in one another's way, and quarrel in whispers. Late comers enter, either sneakingly, as if inclined to apologise to the Head-waiter, or swaggering, as if they didn't care particularly about dining, but had just looked in. Conversation is conducted in a low and decorous tone.

The Diffident Diner (to Neighbour, politely). Might I trouble you for the—ah—Mennu?

The Neighbour. Eh?

The D. D. Would you kindly pass the—er—(changes his mind about the pronunciation)—May-nu?

The Neighbour (blankly). I'm not seein' ony of it aboot here.

The D. D. I was only asking you if you could reach the—(decides to alter it once more)—M'noo?

The Neighbour. Will I rax ye the hwat?

The D. D. (neekly). The Bill of Fare, please.

The Old Maid (to Elderly Bachelor). And what have you been doing to-day?

The Elderly Bachelor. Well, I took the train to Tay—Tay something or other—and on by coach through Glen—Glen—(gives it up)—foozle-um, to Loeh—bless my soul, I shall forget my own name next!—and by the Falls of Glare? falls of Bower? (I can't remember all their confounded names!), and back by the Pass at the other end of the loch, y' know.

The O. M. A charming trip! I'm quite longing to do it myself!

Provincial Paterfamilias (across the table, to Friend). Oh, yes, I've got all my youngsters here; they like the knocking about from coach to steamer and that. I dunno that they notice the scenery much, but (tolerantly) it does 'em no 'arm!

A Pretty Sister (to Plain Ditto). JENNY, don't look that way—there's that man who sat next to us at Oban, don't you remember? I don't want to have to bow to him!

The Plain Sister. Why, FLORRIE, I thought you rather liked him! I'm sure you talked ever so much to him that evening.

The Pretty S. I know; but I shouldn't have if I'd known he was going to turn up again in this ridiculous way.

The Grumbler (who dines early when he is at home—generally on

BLAMELESS
Batrachian,
whom poetic
fancy
Dowers with
evil gifts
and powers
sinister,
Optics of
glance mae-
letic, labial
orifice,
Sputtering
poison!
Could not thy
kindred gob-
bemouches
(far less
sensible)

chops). I give you my word I've not tasted salmon, grouse, or venison, not once all the time I've been in Scotland!

A Stout Man (sympathetically). Nor have I, Sir! That is—at the Skinflint Hotel they did give us what they were pleased to call a “Salmi of Grouse”; but what d'ye think it was, Sir?—four backs as bare as my hand—and the rest of it rabbit!

German Waiter. Vill you dake frite fish or whide fish?

The Grumbler. Oh, whichever you like! (To the Stout Man.) They put it down as “Whiting,” and “Fillet of Sole,” and all that—but it's never anything but fried 'adock all the time!

The Stout Man. I'll tell you a thing that happened to me at the Haggisburgh Hotel—I asked for some marmalade at breakfast, and—you'll never guess what they brought me—treacle, Sir—as I'm a living man, they brought me treacle! [And so on ad. lib.]

The Gushing Visitor. What charming Menus—with pictures on them, too! And see, what's printed on the top: “A Gift to the Guest.” I do call that so nice of them, GEORGE, don't you?

George. I do indeed, my dear. I should feel uneasy at profiting by such reckless and almost oriental hospitality, if I was not reassured by observing an advertisement of somebody's beef-tea on the back.

The Newly-Married Wife (to Husband). JACK!

Jack. Well?

N. M. W. Wasn't it idiotic of me to go and leave my umbrella behind like that?

Jack (tenderly). Not a bit.

N. M. W. JACK, I won't have you saying I'm not idiotic when I know I was. Now say I was idiotic, like a good boy.

Jack. Shan't!

The N. M. W. Then you shan't have any melted butter till you do! [Dispute lasts throughout meal, and is in danger of culminating in a serious misunderstanding, until JACK finally admits, in a very handsome manner, that perhaps she had acted rather idiotically.]

An Impressionable Tourist (to himself). What a lovely girl that is next to me—how superior she seems to all these other people! No wonder she is so silent! I must speak to her, if only to hear her voice. I'll try it—she can but snub me. (Aloud, to Fair Neighbour.) What a wonderful view you get here of—

Waiter (suddenly interposing with dishes). Gullet or Hash Muddon?

[The Divinity appears, in the business of choosing, to have forgotten that she has been addressed; the Impressionable Tourist feels that the golden moment has flown for the present, and bides his time till the sweets appear, when she opens her lips for the first time.]

The Divinity (to her Mother, a Glasgow lady). Mamma, aw'm say'n—they've pit tae much sugar in th' Semolina pudd'n!

[The dream fades; Impressionable Tourist decides to spend his evening in the Billiard Room as usual.]

PICTURE-GALLERIES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Picture idiotarum libri sunt; but there are idiots and idiots—the simply illiterate and the imbecile. The latter have been provided with an abundance of pictures, which, adapted to their capacities, serve them instead of books; namely, the numberless pictorial advertisements on the walls and hoardings which they can run and read. Most of these posters are calculated merely to catch the idiots' pence, but many appeal to their propensities, particularly cartoons representing scenes from revolting stories and execrable dramas. Go where they will, creatures of vile impulses and weak intellect are gratified by figures, chiefly female, falling stabbed or shot, or the victims of savage and brutal assaults and outrages, sprawling on the ground.

Is it really true that the works of High Art collected in National Galleries, and other pictorial Exhibitions of the better class, exercise an elevating influence on the minds of the people who contemplate them? Because, then it may reasonably be supposed to follow that a degrading influence is exerted by illustrations of robbery with violence, and ferocious homicide, upon beholders of the baser sort. Idiots of that description need give themselves no trouble whatever to go and see those hideous productions of the pot-boiler's paint-brush, the puffs of abominable novels and atrocious plays. The peculiar picture-galleries established to attract the multitude, stare them everywhere in the face—exhibitions on view from morning to night every day of the week, and all of them open on Sundays, when the others credited with improving the minds and cultivating the taste of the masses, are mostly closed. Supplied as the idiots are with a profusion of pictures which cannot fail to afford them diabolical suggestions, what wonder when some of them are occasioned to reduce those horrible imaginings to practice?

TO THE CITY OF LONDON (AFTER THE RECENT ACCIDENT).—“Si Monumentum requiris, circumspice!” Free translation—“If you still want the Monument, look out!”

THROUGH HIS PACES.

Small Talk from Scotland Yard.

Chief Commissioner (blandly). So you want to enter the Detective Department. Well, what are your qualifications. (*Briskly, as if springing a mine on him.*) What can you do? [*Eyes him attentively.*]



Brought to book.

Candidate (taken aback). Well, I can do almost anything. (*Considering.*) Leastways—anything that ain't much out of the common. (*Tentatively.*) I can ventriloquise a bit.

Chief Commissioner (impressed). Ha! What can you imitate?

Candidate. Well, I can do a man's voice up a chimney, and coeks and hens, and a cove a-sawing of a beam—(*with increasing confidence*) and I can do JOE in the Copper.

Chief Commissioner (encouragingly). I see—a character part; and I suppose you have had some experience at Private Theatricals?

Candidate (feeling he is getting on). Bless you, yes, Sir, I should rather think I had. I've played *Box*, the *Armed Head* in *Macbeth*, and the *Third Officer* in the *Lady of Lyons*, and (*generalising vaguely*) a lot more of that kind. I'm a splendid hand at "making up," I am.

Chief Commissioner. And could no doubt undertake a Variety Entertainment. You know what I mean, don't you? You bob down behind a table every minute, echange your costume, and come up as somebody else. You think you could embody various characters?

Candidate (reflectively). Well, Sir, I think I could,—most of 'em. Anyhow I'd try.

Chief Commissioner. Just so. (*Pauses a minute—then suddenly, as if just struck with the idea.*) By the way, are you accustomed to the management of bloodhounds?

Candidate (hesitating). Well, I can't say as how I've ever had much to do with them. But (*with confidence*), I knows all about beagles. But, bless you, Sir (*smiling as if at the Commissioner's fears*), I ain't afraid of the 'ounds. I'm very fond of dogs, and should soon get into their ways.

Chief Commissioner. Quite so. (*Summing up.*) Well, I don't think there's anything else. (*Struck by an afterthought.*) Wait a moment, though, I forgot. You are able to march? Know your drill, eh?

Candidate. Yes, Sir.

Chief Commissioner. Have served in the Force?

Candidate. Yes, Sir.

Chief Commissioner. Are well known to all the Constables?

Candidate. Yes, Sir.

Chief Commissioner. And (*coming anxiously to the point*) to all the thieves, pickpockets, and burglars?

Candidate (with alacrity). To every man Jack of 'em, Sir.

Chief Commissioner (eagerly). Are you sure?

Candidate (triumphantly). Cock sure, Sir.

Chief Commissioner (with enthusiasm). Then that settles it. You'll do. [*Passes him, rejoicing, into Detective Department, as scene closes.*]

VOCES POPULI.

AT SOME HIGHLAND SPORTS.

SCENE—A Glen in the North. On a rock above, the non-paying Public are perched, as a Poet present remarks, "like sea-birds." Below, an enclosure surrounded by rough seats, Local Magnates in waggonettes and dog-carts, &c. On a platform a Piper is seen strutting round, performing, with infinite satisfaction to himself, upon his instrument, while a Jury of three take notes solemnly in a tent. In an adjoining field a small party are playing football, with an ostentatious unconsciousness of any rival attraction, that is possibly due to some private pique. The Piper ceases with the weird suddenness with which he began, and marches off: a Rival Piper, in the dead silence that ensues, calls out, "Very well played, LACHLAN MACKINNON!" At which Mr. MACKINNON seems to be inwardly confounding his friend's impudence. Another Piper mounts the platform, and performs apparently the same air. Other Pipers criticise, and compare notes.

First Piper. JOHN MACPHEARSON played that "Shaoil a Bhodh" ferty well, but he was mekking one or two slips. He went wrong here and there—he did that.

Second Piper. Aye, he didna bring out the drone eno', to my thinking. Hoo d'ye play the "Masther o' Mur o' Shean," KENNETH MACRAE?

First P. Oo, ah, I must be thinking. (*After a silence.*) I begin it this way (*hums in Second Piper's ear, confidentially*): "Dum-

dec-ee-eee-ah-ee; ah-oo, di-doo, di-do-ee." That is how I play "The Masther," ANGUS.

Second P. I do not tek it the same way—this is mine. (*Buzzes in First Piper's ear.*) "Dec-ec, eeee, ee-ah, a-a-ah, di-doo."

First P. (after giving the buzz careful consideration). Yes, that iss a good way, but I wass thinking there will be more of the music in mine.

Third P. At Tobbermorry I gained first prize—I do not care who hears me—though it was only the second medal I wass getting whateffer!

Fourth P. It iss true—I was quite ashamed of the chudging myself.

Third P. Mirover, they told me I was to play anything but "Gnailibh a chéile," my favourite tune.

Fourth P. It is ill chudging when the Pipers will no be playing all the sem tune.

A Chronic Cockney (patronising one of the Pipers). So you 'avon't got your great man down 'ero this time—the *Champion Piper*, you know!

Piper (who considers himself second to none on his instrument). And who wass he?

The C. C. Why, SHAMUS McRANNOCH—they tell me he got all the medals at Inverness last year.

Piper (loftily). Did SHAMUS play the pipes? I wass not hearing of it; he puts the stone, yes, a little—and the caber, he can toss the eaber, too; but I wass not effer hearing that he played the pipes.

The C. C. D'yer know 'oo's waddin' now among you pipers, eh? I suppose they give the medal to the feller who kills the most old cows. Shouldn't care about being on the Jury myself, yer know. I'd rather be set down to class the tom-cats in my back-garden at 'ome.

Piper (politely). You will be understanding more about the tom-cats and such things.

The C. C. I've 'eard, though, that the sound of the bag-pipes will call a dead 'Ighlander back to life—either that or the smell of whiskey—*whusky*, you call it, you know. But, between you and me now, you don't call that beastly row you make *music*, do yer—honour bright now? (*Finds the Piper has turned away; the C. C. tells a friend that he has "Just 'ad a very pleasant conversation with one of these fellows—very intelligent chap—I like going among the natives yer know, and gettin' to understand them and that."*)

The Sports proceed; the Hammer is hurled, and on one occasion causes infinite amusement to the "Sea-birds," by just missing one of the Judges. The Spectators nearest the Enclosure show a less keen sense of humour. The Caber—a rough fir-trunk, 21 feet long—is tossed, that is, is lifted by six men, set on end, and placed in the hands of the Athlete, who, after looking at it doubtfully for a time, poises it, raises it a foot or two, and runs several yards with it, after which he jerks it forward by a mighty effort so as to pitch on the thicker end, and fall over in the direction furthest from him.

A Lady Speetator (disappointed, after a Competitor has at length succeeded in accomplishing this difficult feat). Don't they toss it any further than that?

A Native. Oh, aye, Mem. I hef tossed it three hundred feet and more myself.

The Lady. Have you, indeed—and where was that?

Native (modestly). Over a cliff—from the top right down to the bottom.

The "Egg and Spoon race"—a contest peculiarly characteristic of the Hardy North—is about to be run: the Competitors assemble in line, each dauntless youth holding a spoon in which an egg reposes.

Simple Little Wife. But tell me, ALFRED, what happens if one of them drops the egg?

Alfred (readily). Oh, he has to sit down and eat it instantly with the spoon.

Simple Little W. How curious these old Highland customs are!

The Athletic part of the Sports are over by about 4:30 P.M., and the reels and sword-dances begin. Four reels have been danced, and six sword-dances.

Mrs. Campbell, of Loch Gorrie (to Mr. SENTERBORD, who, finding that it is nearly six, and there are eight more people waiting to dance the sword-dance in turn—is retreating quietly). You really ought not to miss the Highland Fling—it comes next on the programme.

Mr. Senterbord (departing). Oh, I won't—I'll drop in to-morrow, after the Regatta.

Dancing continues; fourteen separate sword-dances and fifteen entries for the Fling. Local Magnates, who are not compelled by their position to remain, drive off yawning, and commending the quality of the bag-pipe playing. Magnates whose Pipers have won a medal receive congratulations suspiciously from London friends. Outside the grounds, other fine old Highland Sports "Putting the Cocoa-Nut," "Glass bottle and Steamed Egg stalking," and "Trying the Weight," are now in full swing. Highlanders "left Sporting."

AGRICULTURE'S LATEST RÔLE.

(A Busclic Bailad. with a Borrowed Refrain, Dedicated to the British Dairy Farmers' Association.)



LIPLEY SANDS

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty Maid?"
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 "I'm going a-milking, Sir;" she said;
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 "For times are bad, and the farm don't pay.
 'Tis Pasture v. Arable, so men say,
 If still I'd be prosperous this is the way.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 "I'm tired of corn-growing that brings little
 cash,
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

The old business of Ceres seems going to smash.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 Free Trade and the Yankee have finished her
 clean.
 From furrow and sheaf there seems little to
 glean,
 From ploughed land to pasture I'm changing
 the scene.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 "I hope you'll allow I look fetching like this,
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)

A Dairymaid's dress suits me sweetly, I wis.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 Just twig my short petticoats, look at my pail!
 The bards are all ready a Milkmaid to hail!
 I mean making prettiness pay,—shall I fail?
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 "You've been to the Dairy Show, Sir, have
 you not?
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)
 Those churners competitive were a sweet lot.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese!)



IS DETECTION A FAILURE ?

In the interests of the Gutter Gazette and of the Criminal Classes, the Sensational Interviewer dogs the Detective's footsteps, and throws the strong light of publicity on his work. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Detection should prove a failure.

Miss HOLMES, and Miss KEEL, and Miss BARRON, who won,
Seemed not a bit fagged when the business was done.
I'm sure Butter-making looks capital fun.
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese !)

"Then Cheese! Good old Cheshire and Cheddar, I hope,
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese !)
With Gruyère and Camembert shortly will cope,
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese !)
Why, why should the foreigner be all the go?
No, Cheshire and Wiltshire will struggle, I know;
I'll back them to beat GORGONZOLA & Co. !
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese !)

"In addition to these, there be poultry and eggs;
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese !)
They will set Agriculture again on her legs;
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese !)
But "Milk from the Cow" is the thing that will pay
(Ask the Marquis of BRISTOL, and Earl GALLOWAY),
And that's why I'm going a-milking to-day."
(Butter, and eggs, and a pound of cheese !)

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.—From *The Musical World* (whose critic by the way politely observes that it would be "ungracious to quarrel" with the Savoy librettist for calling his plot "new and original" after taking its essence from *Maritana*,—but would it have been "ungracious to quarrel" with SULBERT had the Opera been by two writers called SULBERT and GILLIVAN?) we learn that SULLIVAN'S *Mikado* is now being performed daily at a Danish Circus at Stockholm. "No words are given," but it is "acted and danced." Of course it is unprecedentedly successful. Why not try this plan on alternate nights with the *Bee-feater's Bride*; or *W. S. Merryman and his Merrytana*? The arrangement would draw enormous houses, consisting of those who, having once heard the words and music together, would like to hear again and again Sir ARTHUR'S charming melodies alone, and see the pretty dresses and the *mise en scène*.

PLAY-TIME IN THREE PLACES.

BEFORE this appears, M. MAYER will have commenced his season of French plays at the Royalty Theatre. Those who know HALÉVY'S delightful book *L'Abbé Constantin*, will be curious to see what kind of a play it makes. Certainly, if closely adapted, and if the actors enter into the spirit of the original work, it should be an exception to the majority of French pieces, which are forbidden fruit to the "young person," and can only be thoroughly enjoyed by those who can honestly adopt CHARLES LAMB'S view of the Comie dramatists and the actors of the Restoration. M. HALÉVY has done much to atone for the brutal materialism of Zola-esque literature with his perfectly pure and thoroughly natural characters in the story of *L'Abbé Constantin*. The best specimen of M. HALÉVY'S cynical humour is his *M. et Mme. Cardinal*. In his tenderness, his human sympathies, his searching analysis of character, his sarcasm, and his cynicism, M. HALÉVY seems to me to approach nearer to THACKERAY than any other French author I can call to mind. He has the advantage over THACKERAY in being also a dramatic author, though I think his most successful pieces have been in collaboration with M. MEILHAC and others, as it usually takes from two to five French authors to make a play of any sort, even an ordinary farce. In this instance, M. LUDOVIC HALÉVY'S story has been dramatised by MM. CRÉMIEUX et P. DECOURCELES.

"*The Jodrell (late Novelty) Theatre*" was announced to open this evening. *The Jodrell (late Novelty)* is not a good title for a Theatre. When a Novelty is late, it is no longer a novelty. This theatre ought soon to be in vogue as curiosity may at first be aroused by some one at a dinner-party inquiring of a friend across the table, "Are you going to *The Jodrell to-night*?" or "Come to *The Jodrell*!" or "Shall we *Jodrell* together this evening?" *Jodrell* is a good word, and may be used as a verb, as the Germans use "jodel."

Fancy a theatre called after the excellent Earl of SUFFESBURY! A new meeting-house, a novel Exeter Hall, yes;—but a theatre! I should as readily have imagined a French Theatre called after BOSSCET, or an English one after JEREMY COLLIER. But as some one has somewhere said before, and more than once, I believe, "What's in a name?"

JACK IN THE BOX.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

At a time when more or less nonsense is talked and written about the status of the Actor,—recently rather MOORE than less,—Mr. FRZGERALD MOLLOY'S *Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean* will interest a large number of readers on and off the stage. I should be inclined to say that EDMUND KEAN was the greatest histrionic genius the English Stage ever saw, not excepting DAVID GARRICK. There seems to have been no single department of his art in which he did not excel. He had a strong sense of humour (in which the KEMBLEs were deficient), he could execute acrobatic feats, was an excellent mimic, could play pantomime, could burlesque tragedy, could sing, play, dance, fence, excite laughter, inspire terror, draw tears, and extort enthusiastic applause from most unsympathetic and occasionally antagonistic audiences. He conquered all along the line. As for "social status," he could have been whatever he liked to be, a peer among peers, had that been his desire; but he was what he chose to be, and what at last he despised himself for being.



"Social Status," forsooth! What is "Status"? The answer will be found in *Whitaker's Almanack*, where you will learn the status of everybody, from the highest rank down to a cab-rank. "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus." Conventionality is the sworn foe of genius. Real genius cannot rest satisfied with humdrum middle-class respectability. Poor KEAN! A staunch loyal friend, a wilful man of generous impulses, lavish with boon companions, but mean where love and duty demanded generosity, the self-indulgent victim of a designing woman and her highly respectable husband, pelted, hooted, broken by disease and intemperance,—what a finish to a brilliant career!

Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY is an impartial biographer, neither uselessly blaming, nor needlessly moralising, but writing with charitable sympathy for the human errors of the man, and with honest scorn for the Pecksniffian Pharisee, who cannot understand genius, and is quite as unable to imagine, as he is unwilling to make allowances for, the dangers which beset the path of any public favourite, especially that of an extraordinary histrionic genius. "Alas, poor King of shreds and patches!"

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

DUE NORTH.

Excursion to a Waterfall—The Wicked Uncle's Strange Story.

Next Morning.—Rain, and occasionally half-hours with the best sunshine. Good Aunt and young ladies have driven off to pay a few neighbourly calls within a radius of fifteen miles or so, do a little shopping,—no matter how bare the village, where there are ladies there is always shopping—and lunch out. Wicked Uncle feeling a bit rheumatic, says that as I am not accompanying the shooters, he will show me a beautiful Waterfall, not a very great distance off. It is so damp and cold that I propose taking the least drop possible of whiskey before we start. Wicked Uncle negatives the proposal with prompt decision. I agree with him, and totally abstain. We start, carrying macintoshes and umbrellas. From talking about sport we get to scenery: from scenery to the extent of the Laird's property: from this to a comparison with other big properties: and finally, by a very easy and natural transition, we arrive at the vast estates of which the Wicked Uncle would now be the proud possessor, as I understand him, but for the machinations of the Machiavelli in petticoats, whom I have heard "D. B." irreverently term "MARY Queen of Squats." For this unfortunate sovereign the Wicked Uncle cannot find epithets sufficiently insulting. Hitherto I have imagined myself pretty well posted up in the history of this ill-used lady, whom I have always championed as a victim, if not a martyr. But the Wicked Uncle throws an entirely new side-light on MARY's character. He speaks with the conviction of a contemporary who had known her personally, and who had suffered a great wrong at her hands, which he is in a position to prove up to the hilt. It is curious too, that in his narrative he brings in scarcely one well-known historical name. I listen with momentarily increasing interest to the commencement of his story when the Wicked Uncle suddenly stops near a short inn, and observes that he is not quite sure if there isn't a shorter cut to the Waterfall than the road we are taking. He will "inquire within." We enter.

"Mornin'," he says, addressing a very youthful bar-maiden, who smilingly returns, "Good morning, Mr. FRASER," and immediately

pours out a small measure of whiskey, empties it into a tumbler, and pushes the water towards the Wicked Uncle. "Will you?" he asks, hesitatingly. It is my turn to decline with thanks. He drinks it off, observes that this will make him feel a little less chilly, and adds that he was wrong to have refused it at starting. Then as he is leaving I remind him that he hasn't asked the shortest way to the Waterfall.

"Oh," he replies, "I think I remember it."

And as we resume our walk, I ask him to go on with his narrative, in which I am already deeply interested, not so much on his behalf, as for the sake of the good name and reputation of MARY Queen of Squats.

"My ancestor," the Wicked Uncle recommences in a gloomily-confidential manner, his countenance flushing slightly with the air and exercise; "my ancestor was Sir WERDIE FRASER, of Kantork, the Master of the Sentences in the Scotch Chancery, you know—he was the FRASER, you may remember, who threw himself across the doormat, and declared that if they wanted to get at the Queen, it must be over his body—you recollect, of course—"

I have a vague recollection of some incident of this sort, and so reply, "Yes, yes," and he continues, "Well, he was the descendant of WERDIE of the Whirlpool."

"Why Whirlpool?" I ask.

"Because," answers the Wicked Uncle, somewhat testily, as if annoyed at my ignorance, "he lived in a castle where no one could get at him without crossing a whirlpool"—(I am satisfied)—"and he refused to pay the Queen a road collop."

I do not like to irritate him by inquiring what a "road collop" may be, and so nod my head as a sign of intelligent assent which seems to relieve his mind of some considerable load as he quickens his step, and proceeds with his narrative in a more cheerful tone.

"A road collop, to which she was no more entitled than you are. So from that minute she hated him. MARY never forgave, you know"—(I was not aware of this, but I think it safer not to dispute the assertion)—"and she was determined to take it out of him somehow; and, by Jove, she did. And," he adds, bitterly, "our family lost about a hundred thousand pounds by it."

"How?" I ask, stopping to put on my macintosh, as the rain is beginning again.

"How!" returns the Wicked Uncle, sarcastically; and then, suddenly changing his tone, he says, "It's such a nuisance walking in macintoshes. We'd better take shelter in here." And I follow him up a narrow path to a small cottage, over which there is a board with the intimation that Mrs. M'CLEAN is licensed to sell spirits. "Mornin', Ma'am," says the Uncle, politely.

"It's a wee bit moist," observes the dame, returning his salutation, and forthwith produces a whiskey-bottle, two glasses, and a jug of water. I sip mine. The Uncle, complaining of rheumatism in the left arm, which he can scarcely lift, he says, and which is evidently quite different to the other, which he can lift easily, disposes of his "wee drappit" at a draught; and, as I walk to the window to watch the weather, I fancy he repeats the dose. The rain ceases, and once more we are on our road.

"Are we near the Waterfall?" I ask him.

"The Waterfowl?" he asks; and for the moment he appears quite oblivious of the main object of our walk. Then, as if suddenly recalling it, he answers somewhat indistinctly, "Oh, yes,—we're quite near now,—there's a short cut somewhere off this road."

"Good," I return, not feeling such perfect confidence in the Wicked Uncle's topographical knowledge as I did at starting. "And now, what had MARY Queen of Scots to do with your losing the property?"

He walks a little slower, and regards me fixedly, as if failing to comprehend the exact bearing of my question. I repeat it, and remind him at the same time at what point of his story he had arrived.

"Ah!" he says, "Yes!"—as if the whole narrative were once more coming back to him more vividly than ever. Then he mutters vindictively, "MARY was a bad 'un,—a regular right down bad 'un."

"But," I ask, being unwilling to contradict him until I have heard what ground he has for the assertion, "what did she do to WERDIE of the Whirlpool?"

"What!" he exclaims, hotly. "She fascinated him. He fell in love with her, deserted his wife and children, made over all his estates to her. She gammoned him into a marriage. They were privately married in Scoop Castle—"

"Oh, my dear fellow!" I cannot help protesting, "what proof can there be of this?"

"Proof!" he exclaims, stopping still. "Proofs! We have the documents in our family. There are whole roomfuls of old papers. When the wretched creature had got all she wanted out of him, she was afraid of his betraying her, and so she had the poor devil stabbed in several places at once, and when he was on his death-bed some old abbot or monk wrote down the story as it came from the dying man's lips, when the whole truth came out."

"What became of the document?" I ask, intensely interested.

"We've got it somewhere. I remember my father and grandfather talking about it. It's in an old house belonging to our family—" Here he stops and stretches out his stick as if making a point. "The Waterfall's up there," and he indicates a path through the garden of a pretty little hostelry which calls itself "The Falls Hotel."

A tidy landlady appears at the door.

"Mornin', Mrs. BRAITHWAITE!" says the Wicked Uncle.

"We've still got some of that old whiskey you used to be so fond of, Sir," says the tidy landlady, by way of reply.

"Have you?" he returns. "Ah—well," he says, looking at me, "we must taste that. It's no use trying to get to the Waterfall today," he says, looking at his watch; "Must back t' Lunch," and he takes down the nip with real relish. We bid the tidy landlady good-bye. When we are about a hundred yards down the road the Uncle discovers that he has left his umbrella behind. He won't be a minute; only just back to Mrs. BRAITHWAITE'S. In something under a quarter of an hour he returns. He seems to walk with some difficulty. This he attributes to rheumatism.

On our way home he is less communicative than he was. He seems to regret having confided to me his family grievance. I ask him why he doesn't publish the family documents? I remind him of the existence of the Old Manuscripts Commission, and point out how valuable these documents in the possession of his family would be. "Think," I say to him, "of the new light these papers would throw on the controversy as to the truth about MARY Queen of Scots." But the Wicked Uncle preserves a dogged silence. Once he mutters bitterly, "What's—doose—use—now?" After a time he uses strong language about MARY Queen of Scots, then he relapses into silence, and, with his head bent, he either seems to be carefully watching his feet, or to be walking in his sleep.

We walk on, but our pace is delayed by the Wicked Uncle, who insists on carefully picking his way so as to avoid the slosh and mud, in which, however, he is not signally successful, as any effort to keep clear of a puddle on his right sends him into another on his left. On every occasion he exclaims, in the most good-natured tone possible, "Bless the Queen!" a formula which he uses as a substitute for more forcible language. Whether he is blessing MARY Queen of Scots, or our own Gracious Sovereign, I haven't an idea, but he is no longer stern and vindictive; and when I try to introduce afresh the subject of "road collops," WERDIE'S last dying speech and confession, the Old Manuscript Commission, and the search into his historical papers, he only stares at me with a blank expression, shuts his eyes, opens them, and says in a tone of helpless resignation, "What's—doose—use?"

We reach the house. Long after luncheon time. The Wicked Uncle begs me to "scuse him a minute as must write a port'at ler." Neither ladies nor shooters have returned. The attentive butler has kept luncheon hot for anyone who may come in. No sign of Wicked Uncle. I finish lunch. In the library (not the bookshelves in the smoking-room where the literature is limited to the *New Nengate Calendar*, *Illustrated*, and one or two other books already specified), I find *Robertson's Scotland* in ten volumes. I examine the index, and retire to our bachelors' quarters in the Annexe with several of them. Now I will read up the subject, and refute the story I've heard this morning. I sit down with note-book, pens, ink, and paper. Light pipe. Storm. Afternoon becoming darker. Candles necessary: I am still at work on the subject (not having yet come across any mention, even in the earliest history, of WERDIE of the Whirlpool, when I hear a loud shout, much laughter, then the watch-cry of the Lochglennie Clan, "How are you?" and my door is opened by D. B., who exclaims:

"How are you? What have you been doing with the Wicked Uncle?"

"Nothing," I protest. "Why?"

"Because," says the Laird, with a quiet chuckle, "when the housemaid went to light the fire in the smoking-room, she found him fast asleep in the waste-paper basket."

"I know," says D. B. to me, "he's been telling you all about WERDIE and MARY Queen of Scots, and he always finishes like that. He's all right now. How are you?" and off they go to their dressing-rooms.

I read no more of *Robertson's Scotland*, and shall not write to the Secretary of the Old Manuscripts Commission.

"OH, MY DEAR MUMMY!"—In last September's Number of *The Universal Review* there was an article on "Mummer Worship," and in the October issue there is a graceful and witty poem by Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, which might be called *Mummy Worship*, as it is addressed to a pair of old slippers in the Egyptian Exhibition. Perhaps they were CLEOPATRA'S. *Certes*, Sir EDWIN, that female sarpiant was a slippery sort of person. The pictures, signed "J. B. P.," possess more than artistic merit, as they exactly illustrate the poem without departing one iota—or rather one "Delta"—from this dream of Old Nile.

IMMORTALITY INDEED!

LORD RONALD GOWER, it is said, "has been at work for twelve years" on a statue of SHAKSPEARE, which has now been presented to the town of Stratford-on-Avon.



Lika Joko's idea of the Gower Shakspearian statue after reading the *Times* report.

SHAKSPEARE, says the description of it in the *Times*, "is here represented as seated, with a quill in his right hand." How original! how clever! in his right hand! not behind his ear, or in his mouth, but absolutely in his right hand, as he must have actually used it, unless he were left-handed. And to think that the renowned sculptor was only twelve years over this great design!! Well, well!! Wonders of genius will never cease.

The description goes on—"his left carelessly thrown over the back of a chair"—how graceful! how natural! "Care-

lessly," you'll observe—"and holding a roll of manuscript." Now who but a born genius would ever have dreamt of representing SHAKSPEARE in such an attitude, and with these properties, "a pen in his right hand," and a "roll of manuscript in his left." What perfect symbolism! "Beneath him," continues the description—but there, what matters what is "beneath him?" Suffice it that there are figures of *Lady Macbeth*, *Falstaff*, *Hamlet*, and *Prince Hal*. Then there are "comic and tragic masks"—here's original symbolism for you!—and there are "pilaster angles," and "astragal entablature." We wouldn't have had it without these last not for worlds. Then there are "emblematical plants, fruit, and flowers cast in bronze."

"The monument," says the reporter, proudly, "has been presented to the Shakspeare Memorial Association by Lord RONALD GOWER, and its value is estimated at several thousand pounds." Crafty reporter! "Estimated," indeed! By whom? By Lord RONALD? At how much? "Several thousand pounds." Nonsense!—much under the mark—say "millions." But then, why millions? "A thing of Beauty is a joy for ever"—and is priceless. After the luncheon, that Past Master of post-prandial oratory, and himself no mean sculptor, Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, in his happiest vein, proposed "The Immortal Memory of SHAKSPEARE," but not (at least according to the report), "coupled with the name of the eminent Sculptor, Lord RONALD GOWER." As Parisians now possess a statue of the "Divine WILLIAMS," can anything more be done to prevent Englishmen forgetting SHAKSPEARE? No. The Bard has been chiselled by Lord RONALD GOWER, and his Immortality is at last assured.

TO THE MAORI FOOTBALL TEAM.

You've come then, brother Mao-
At us to have a shy, [ris,
And if we'd guard our glories,
We'll have to mind our eye.
Our camp you seem to flurry,
And stir its calm content;
You've flabbergasted Surrey,
And scrumpled Kent!

Your kicking, brother Maoris,
Has given us the kick;
You're well matched all, well
"on the ball," [quick,
And strong, and straight, and

By Jove, this is a rum age,
When a New Zealand team
Licks BULL at goal and scrum-
mage!
It beats MACAULAY'S dream.

You're welcome, brother Maoris,
Here's wishing you good luck!
With you there pace and power is,
And skill, and lots of pluck.
A trifle "rough." Why, just so!
But that you'll mend, no doubt,
And win, all Sportsmen trust so,
In many a friendly bont.



WISE IN HIS GENERATION.

THE REASON JONES DOESN'T MARRY (SO HE SAYS) IS NOT THAT HE LACKS EITHER THE MEANS OR THE OPPORTUNITY—IT IS BECAUSE HE IS OF AN EXTREMELY DOMESTICATED NATURE, AND LIKES TO SPEND HIS EVENINGS AT HOME.

WAITING HIS "TURN."

Boulangier, the "Café Chantant St. Arnaud," at the wings, loquiter:—

ALL very well, *mon vieux!* Congratulations
Shower upon you from the house all round.
You fancy this the finest of ovations,
And feel a thrill of triumph, I'll be bound.
But stay awhile! I dog you like grim fate;
And all things come to him who will but wait.

Bow! bow! The *bouquets* and "*Bis! bis!*" seem glorious,
E'en when they come from rustic hands and throats:
Your well-drilled *claque* is getting quite uproarious;
Vociferations though are not quite votes.
This hurricane of *bravas!* wild and windy,
What is it but what coarse JOHN BULL calls "shindy."

Mere *charivari*, very little meaning,
Cher "Faute-de-mieux!" A truly happy *nomen*,
In which, though your conceit is overweening,
You must, methinks, detect a fateful omen.
You're but a stop-gap Star, man, after all;
And when I rise upon them, *you* will fall.

Your Song! Mere clap-trap smooth and noisy clatter;
In a good house it scarce would get a hand.
And as for your stale "business" and poor "patter,"
Those who applaud them do not understand.
Oh yes, bow, smirk, my CARNOT, swallow praise
Whilst you can get it; 'tis a passing craze.

My "turn" will come, and my new song, "*Revision*,"
Will bring the house down in a sort of style
Shall make you a mere memory of derision;
So at your fleeting triumph I can smile.
Why, in its fullest flush my presence stings;
I caught that furtive look towards the wings!

I am your *atra cura*, and you know it.
Ask FLOQUET! Such tame trash invites its doom.
You want a *chic* composer and a poet,
Whose verse can make the People thrill—Bim! Boom!
I know the trick of it, I'll make them burn,
Flare, flame, explode! I only wait my "turn"!

MOST UNWARRENTABLE!

THE attack on Sir CHARLES WARREN. Those who join in blood-hounding him down must be interested in renewing the scenes of riot and disorder in Trafalgar Square with which Sir CHARLES dealt most effectively. The Police Force requires strengthening, and Sir CHARLES is perfectly alive to the fact. What on earth can it matter if, in number, our Police compare favourably with the Police force at Constantinople, or St. Petersburg, or Vienna, or Jericho, if we have not sufficient Police to protect life and property in the Metropolis? The Londoner may say,—

"What care I what force there be
In Jerusalem or Amerikee,
If there aren't enough for me
In London?"

Socialistic sensational Journalists and rowdy demagogues would like to see the Police Force reduced to one in every two thousand, until they fell to fighting among themselves, when they would be the first to yell out "Police!" and scream for the intervention of the enfeebled arm of the law.

Nursery Rhyme for Young Italy, Oct. 12.

THE King in the Quirinal,
Feeling very funny;
The Kaiser in a parlour,
Tired after journey.

The Pope was in the Vatican,
Looking at his shoe;
Up comes the Emperor,
And says, "How d'ye do?"

"SAVOY FARE."—*Couplets à la Gilbert sauce Sullivan.* N. B.—At this House of Call for the Public, the dinners are always *à la Carte*.



WAITING HIS "TURN."

THE "CAFÉ CRANTANT ST. ARNAUD." "ALL VERY WELL—'FAUTE DE MIEUX'!—BUT WAIT TILL THEY HEAR MY NEW TOPICAL SONG, 'REVISION.' THAT'LL FETCH 'EM!!"



METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.



A SHORT ACT OF PARLIAMENT IS PASSED, PROVIDING THAT NO MAN SHALL BE ALLOWED TO OCCUPY THE INSIDE OF AN OMNIBUS UNTIL EVERY LADY IS SEATED.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, in his "Reply," has performed an eminently successful operation on the German "Doctor Wasps." He has taken the sting out of their tales.

CALLING TO MIND AN OMISSION.

AN evening paper, last week, filled several columns of its pages with a list of the robberies that have taken place of late in various parts of London. One entry was to the effect that twelve months back, a bottle of lozenges was stolen from the shop of a chemist, and there were other announcements of equally startling importance. Strange to say there was no reference to the disappearance of brains some years ago from the office of the paper in question—from the Editor's room—brains that seemingly have not since been recovered.

Conundrums.

No. 1.—Of what use was VINCENT HOWARD in the Detective Department?

No. 2.—Of what use is he anywhere?

* * A prize will be given for a moderately satisfactory solution of either of the above conundrums.

HEIGHO, BACCHE!—In the *Times*, last Friday, its Correspondent at Vienna wrote, under the heading, "AUSTRIA-HUNGARY:"—

"The vintage has begun all over the Empire, but the wine will be everywhere poor in quality, and not much in quantity. There never was within living memory such a bad year for vines."

This is bad for Austria-Hung'ry, but it's worse for Austria-Thirsty.

"WHAT IS WORN" is the title of an article on Fashion in the *Daily News*. "I can answer the question, 'What is Worn,'" writes a Constant Non-subscriber, signing "IMPY Q-NIOUS." "My last two winters' overcoat is worn—very much worn. So much so, that I can't wear it out."

THE DETECTIVE'S RESCUE.

Brief Libretto of the Day, recently set to Popular Music.

The Scene represents an Enchanted Hall in the Palace of the Demon of Sensationalism. A Dismayed Detective discovered, hotly pursued by a miscellaneous crowd of Sensation-mongers, Prominent Members of the Criminal Classes, Sub-Editors of Daily Papers, Anonymous Correspondents, Loafers, Idlers, and others. On the Curtain rising he covers before them, as they crowd round him, threateningly singing the following chorus—

CHORUS.

MISCREANT! Caitiff! thus around thee Closing, glibly we confound thee! Thou must feed the morbid hunger Of the grim Sensation-monger. Tell us then what thou art doing, What and whom art thou pursuing? Quick! Give details! No delay! Answer our persistent bray.

DISMAYED DETECTIVE.

Good people, surely you'll reflect My work is simply to detect. And how can I my object gain If I my methods must explain? It certainly would not be wise To tell my plans,—drop my disguise.

A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE CRIMINAL CLASSES (*con fuoco*).

What! Would you gag the Daily Papers, That tip us your Detective capers? Why! how could covers like us find out, Without 'em, just what you're about?

AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT.

And how could I my fancies air, And help to feed the daily scare?

How pen my rubbish without stint, And see myself set up in print?

A SUB-EDITOR OF A DAILY PAPER.

And how could I material waste Which tickles so the public taste? (*Advancing on Dismayed Detective.*) So tell me what you mean to do, What course you purpose to pursue. I care not how the wind I raise So that I feed the public craze!

CHORUS (*threateningly*):

Answer! Give the information We are craving for sensation. Quick! The details! No delay! Answer our persistent bray.

DISMAYED DETECTIVE.

And they would force me to reveal The very facts I should conceal! There's no escape. Else would I fly! Will no one give me help?

[*Enter a Chief Commissioner.*]

CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

Yes, I?

CHORUS (*falling back*).

Sir CHARLES himself! What can he have to say?

CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

Attend! I'll sing you my official lay.

Song.

When tracking some terrible crime, For a moment the force seems at fault, And Justice appears for a time To be baffled, and beaten, and halt. When no clue on the surface is seen, And the trail is obscure and effaced, Do you think the Detective's so green As to let you know all he has traced? Surely, goodness alone knows what next you'll expect! You forget a Detective is meant to detect.

So it isn't by showing his hand, Or supplying the needs of the Press With a sketch of the scheme he has plann'd, That his efforts he'll crown with success; But by keeping the threads that he's got To himself, careful no chance to miss. Well, he tracked out the dynamite plot— Ten to one he'll make something of this! But that you'll share his confidence, pray don't expect. Bear in mind a Detective is meant to detect!

CHORUS.

We like not your official lay, And heed no word of what you say. Fit but, with your blockhead Force, Crowds to drive from Charing Cross. Military Martinet, We'll be even with you yet! Thus your dictum we oppose. (*They seize the Dismayed Detective.*) What you're up to, quick, disclose!

CHIEF COMMISSIONER.

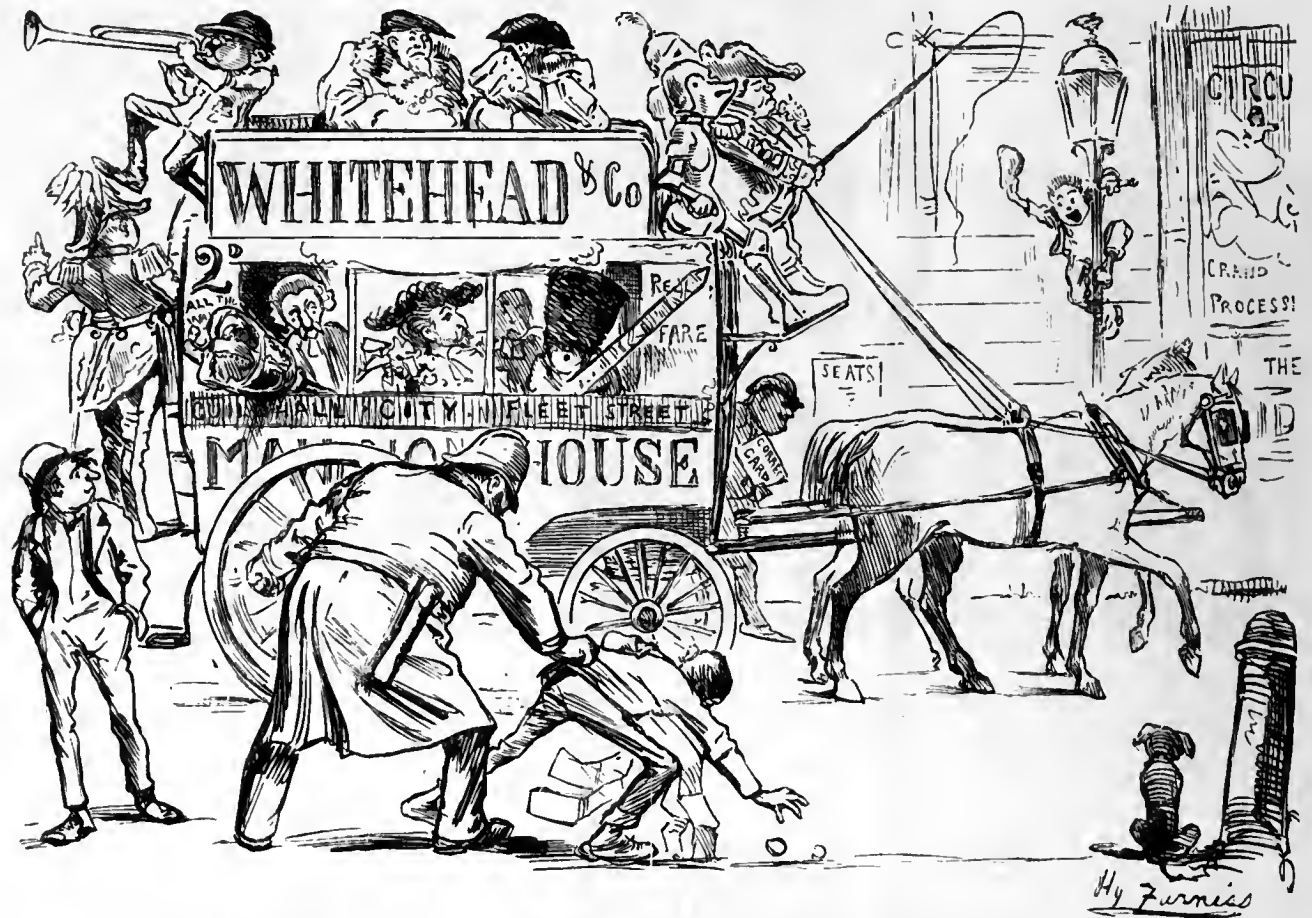
Release him! (*Waves truncheon.*) For I summon thus a power [power! Beneath whose gaze a crew like you will [The Scene opens at back, and reveals the Goddess of Luke-warm Public Opinion surrounded by a halo of moderate light. She extends her wand, when all the Chorus shrink back dazed, leaving the Dismayed Detective, who approaches her gratefully, in the centre of the Stage.

CHORUS (*shuddering as they retreat*).

Baffled! who will feed the hunger Of the balked Sensation-monger? Still, whate'er the world may say, We'll keep up our blatant bray!

[*They cover looser and looser, sinking away, while the Goddess of Luke-warm Public Opinion smiles faintly on the Chief Commissioner and the Dismayed Detective as the Curtain slowly descends.*]

ANTICIPATIONS OF NEXT LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



[“The Lord Mayor Elect wishes the Procession to be worthy of the occasion, and the Corporation of London. He is opposed to the introduction of the Circus element and allegorical display, which accord neither with his own taste, nor, in his opinion, with the dignity of the City.”—*Vide the Papers.*]

The Fathers of the City were seated in the Council Chamber, engaged in a deep consultation. It was within measurable distance of the Ninth of November, and consequently the Lord Mayor shortly was to proceed in state from London to Westminster.

“This is a more than usually interesting occasion,” observed one of the Fathers, gravely. “It is possible that we may never have another Lord Mayor,—leastways, not the likes of them as we have had.”

“Ear, ear!” murmured an Alderman of the old school, who had passed the chair.

“And this being so,” continued the other, “I hope, I do hope, that the Show will be worthy of the event. For instance, I trust, I do trust, that the City Marshal will be seen a-riding in front of it all, a-mounted on horseback?”

“My objection to the Circus element has become historical,” returned the Lord Mayor Elect, with considerable dignity.

“And I do beg,” continued the Alderman, ignoring the interruption, “that we shall have the men-in-armour. I may say that without the men-in-armour the day would go for nothing. The Missus—I should say my Lady wife—and the young ’uns like to see the ancient knights, and without them the day would go for nothing.”

“Don’t say that,” remonstrated an Alderman, thin and smart, with a *pince-nez*, of the new school. “You are forgetting the banquet. You can’t say a day which gives you a fair *menu* goes for nothing. *C’est blague, mon cher*: or, as we used to say at the dear old Varsity, *garrula lingua nocet!*”

Then came a chorus of the discontented. They followed one another like a chime of bells.

“Yes, but how about the ancient knights—are we to have any men-in-armour?”

“And surely we are not to be cut out of our banners?”

“And the fire-engines—ain’t we to have any of them?”

“And I do like to see a Life-boat. It gives such a benevolent air to it all, you know.”

“And the Rangers—them with the guns—what about them?”

“The procession will worthily represent the dignity of the City of London,” replied the Lord Mayor Elect, evasively.

“Yes, we know all that,” observed another Alderman, rather coarsely, “and that the surplus saved out of the Show is to be given to a charity. But what is the Show to be like? Ain’t we going to have any gals in tights seated on globes as Britannia, and all that sort of thing?”

“I am not very fond of the allegorical.”

“Oh, gammon!” continued the critical Corporationist. “Let the young ’uns have a chance. If it ain’t too late, why not have a giraffe or a couple of elephants from the Zoological Gardens?”

“Gentlemen,” returned the Lord Mayor Elect, with dignity, “believe me, I am not unmindful of the importance of the Metropolis of the World. I believe you will find that the Procession will uphold by its magnificence the best traditions of this great centre of civilisation.”

And amidst some sounds of dissatisfaction, the meeting dissolved.

When he was alone, the future Chief Magistrate of the City of London knitted his brow in the profoundest thought.

“What shall I do?” he murmured. “They are never satisfied! Have I not selected a West-End Coachmaker? Have I not contrived a card of invitation that should provoke the admiration of the whole of the civilised world? What more would they have? May I not give up the cumbersome Beadles, the useless Commissionnaires? And forsooth, the Procession—the real Procession—with myself in a brougham, and the City Marshal on the box—is not sufficiently ornate for them! Well, I must contrive something better—something that by its splendour shall catch the fancy of the groundlings.”

And so late into the night and far into the early morning the Lord Mayor Elect pondered. Day was breaking when, with a shout of triumphant joy, he jumped to his feet.

“I have it!” he exclaimed, “I have it! Splendour without vulgarity! Comfort and dignity! I have found the happy mean.”

A fortnight later all London was anxiously waiting the approach of the annual Procession. It came. But to describe it the pen fails. And that being the case (as will be seen by the sketch above) resort has been had to the Artist’s pencil.



“NUMBER ONE!”

The Squire (to Northern Farmer). “THE DAY DOESN'T LOOK VERY PROMISING, HUTCHINSON. WHAT DOES YOUR WEATHER-GLASS SAY THIS MORNING?”
Mr. H. “I'VE NO LOOKIT AT THE GLASS TO-DAY, SIR. I GOT ALL MY HAY IN YESTERDAY!”

CAVE CANEM!

(A Page from a Diary kept in the Neighbourhood of Whitchull.)

8 A.M.—Up early to visit Hyde Park, where I want to test the value of some bloodhounds as applied to the discovery of crime. Make the acquaintance of two full-grown brutes, who examine my boots with suspicion. I am glad on the whole that they are under restraint. It is suggested that they should hunt me. Cannot very well refuse, but would far rather have left that sort of thing to an Assistant-Commissioner. However, not to be done. Half of them recently resigned, remainder (lazy people!) no doubt still comfortable in bed. Never can teach my subordinates the value of early rising!

9 A.M.—Just reached the Powder Magazine. Had to run for my life. For the moment have distanced the bloodhounds. Inspected the sentry, and got him to give me over his orders. Quite right; no smoking to be allowed within ten yards of the gunpowder—very proper precaution. A careless smoker, throwing away a lighted lucifer, might set the place on fire. Bricks and stones ignite so very easily. Obligated to be off again at the double, as I can hear the snarls of the bloodhounds, who are once more on my track. Hope they will spend a few minutes with the sentry before they follow me.

10 A.M.—Brutes still pursuing me. Concealed myself in the Park-keeper's Lodge, and was nearly arrested on suspicion of being a distant relative of “Leather Apron.” That's the worst of offering a reward! It causes so many innocent people to be taken up for nothing. No time for more. Just squared Park-keeper, and am off again. Trust the brutes will have a bad quarter of an hour with the custodian of the gardens before they resume their pursuit of me.

11 A.M.—Just escaped. Not a moment too soon. Hadn't reached the Marble Arch a minute before the hounds sighted me, and made for my boots. Only time to jump into a Hansom, and drive to my Club.

12, Noon.—Finished my lunch, and enjoying a few minutes' rest in the smoking-room. Early edition (2nd) of the evening newspapers, just arrived. Why won't they leave me alone? Several suggestions that I should resign. Half a mind to—would if those

horrid beasts, who I can hear barking outside, would only understand that I had given up the Police. Committee just sent polite note, presenting their compliments, and calling my attention to the rule forbidding the admission of dogs into the Club-house. Appears that the bloodhounds have rushed into the hall and eaten my hat and umbrella. Committee are under the impression that the hounds belong to me!

1 P.M.—Occupying my room in Whitehall Place. Got away from the Club, without my hat and umbrella, by a back entrance. Will give strict orders that I am not to be disturbed. Have called down the tube, and can get no answer. Have just remembered that I have sent the entire Staff (disguised as washerwomen) to Whitechapel, to look about them. Don't much like to be alone with those brutes on my track.

2 P.M.—Just as I expected! They have traced me, and I can hear them on the staircase. Wish I had a revolver. Great nuisance that the lock of my door is out of repair. They are sure to come in! As I am a man of ready resource, have hidden myself on a shelf over a water-bottle. Have always heard that water destroys the scent. I can hear the bloodhounds sniffing outside! Most annoying to be all alone. Wish I was back at the Soudan!

3 A.M.—Have been for the last hour on the shelf. The dogs have made my room their own. Have watched them from under a pile of newspapers. Fortunately, they have preferred devouring my despatches to searching for me. Boy just brought in my tea. Before I could speak to him they had begun to hunt him! For a moment I am alone.

4 P.M.—Back again on my shelf. The intelligent beasts (far too intelligent!) after disposing of the tea and muffin-boy, have returned to hunt me. I am safe for the moment, as they are devouring my cocked hat, sword, and top-boots. A great nuisance as they (the cocked hat, &c.), form an effective portion of my favourite costume. Cat's-meat man outside. Can hear his cry. The bloodhounds have heard it too, and have disappeared to hunt him. Saved for the present!

5 P.M.—Brutes back again. They have discovered me! I am keeping them off with a poker and a bag of biscuits. My shouts should be heard. Really, these people obey my orders too literally.



A STRAIGHT TIP.

"CAN'T SAY I QUITE LIKE THE CUT OF THAT SUIT OF YOURS, GOVERNOR!"
 "WHAT! WHY, CONFOUND IT, SIR, MY TAILOR'S THE BEST IN LONDON!"
 "AH, DESSAY; BUT YOU SHOULD TRY OUR CHAP DOWN AT ETON—HE'S THE MAN! AND YOU MIGHT JUST MENTION MY NAME, YOU KNOW!"

When I said that everybody was to be off to Whitechapel, I did not mean, of course, that Whitehall Place was to be deserted. Wish I could induce the bloodhounds to go opposite to pay a visit to the Commissioners in Lunacy. Not that they would find *them* (as they are always from town inspecting outlying asylums), but they might have a little fun with the Secretary, who is a fixture.

6 P.M.—Still on my shelf. The bloodhounds are engaged at this moment in eating some dog-muzzles and my box of decorations. And now they are ready for a spring! Well, I will make a good fight of it!

7 P.M.—Saved! Six perfect strangers have rushed into the room. The brutes are seized and handed over to the proprietor. The bloodhounds in handcuffs (applied to their legs) are now being carried off in triumph. Very grateful to my rescuers. It appears that the six perfect strangers are prisoners who have been arrested on suspicion. As they have done me such a signal service, I can but release them. I have less compunction in giving them their freedom, as I find that they have all been staying for the last three months in a boarding-house at Margate. From this I fancy it is improbable that they could have been concerned in the sad affair at Whitechapel.

8 P.M.—The staff of the office have just come back. They have returned, having arrested, by mistake, one another. This is most satisfactory, as it is proof that they must have been admirably disguised. Am on the eve of leaving the office for home, having just issued an order that the use of bloodhounds by the Police will be suspended until further orders.

TRANSYLVANIAN SPORT.

(From Our Special Sportsman with their H.R.H.'s.)

LAST week the Prince of WALES and the CROWN PRINCE went out to shoot bears. The bears behaved in their usual bearish manner—they are regular beasts—and refused to meet their Royal Highnesses. Beaters—in their beautiful old gold-beater-skin costume, still worn here (and by the bye, the Court Plasterers also stick to their ancient dress in this Conservative State)—went into the woods and forests with the Gold Sticks in Waiting, and made noise enough to wake the sleepest grizzly. But Bruin wouldn't show himself, and though we waited in the plains below for hours, yet we saw nothing. The scouts came up, and in broken English, which they've learnt out of compliment to our Prince, reported, "All bear!" so, thinking they meant that "All the

bears were coming," or that "the bears were everywhere," we got ready, presented, but didn't fire. *L'Ours—voilà l'ennemi!* But there was no *Ours*.

One of the Half-Crown Princes out with us (any number of them about—plenty of change), tried to make an international joke about "waiting *hours* for an *ours*," but he was hushed down by both the Princes, and I had to tell him afterwards, that as he really couldn't pronounce either French or English properly, he had better keep his jokes in those languages to himself. Poor dear Half-Crown! he was so sorry, but he soon laughed it off when I called him "Young Two-and-Sixpence," which set the whole party in a roar just when the only bear that had been seen all day showed its nose round a corner.

If we hadn't been convulsed, that bear would never have lived to tell the tale, but as it was, bang went all our barrels, and when the smoke cleared off, all I saw was the Half-Crown Prince going head over heels backwards down the rocks, owing to the violent recoil of the gun when he was laughing, and three of the *chasseurs* jumping about, chucking their plumed hats in the air, and shrieking with pain, though, being courtiers, they had to pretend it was their way of expressing excessive annoyance at the disappointment their Royal Master and his distinguished guest had suffered. "Mark, Bear!" shouted a Styrian Count in pink tights, green and gold coat, and leather boots with spurs. But it was a false alarm.

No more at present, as the Royal Currier is just leaving, and he'll have nothing to curry if I don't send this despatch. We're all well. Don't talk of making a place "a regular Bear-garden." This is one, and as quiet as the Great Desert on a Sunday night.

P.S.—I re-open this to say that I've hit on a plan which has met with the approbation of everyone. I kept it dark till now! My fortune's made!! *I brought out a bag of buns from England, the very same sort that they give to the bears at the Zoological.* I am now going out baiting traps and tops of trees * * * * * Sure of sport!!! I expect nothing less than a Marquisate for this, with a *château*, and any number of thousands a year, to keep up the Bears in this district. Expect more by wire, road, or rail, from

Your own Noble Sportsman,
 RUDOLPH THE RIFELMAN.

THE DUEL OF DIGESTION.

[M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS describes French duels as a mere appetite-provoking preliminary to a good breakfast, enjoyed by principals and seconds together.]

WHEN ALPHONSE and JACQUES

Go out to attack

Each other, and try the *duello*,

Their friends gather round,

With emotion profound,

Admiring each daring young fellow.

And both look so fierce,

In "carte" and in "tierce,"

Their posture and lunge, 'tis quite thrilling;

You'd think that a life

Must be ta'en in the strife,

And each man is bent upon killing.

But, bless your heart, no;

It never is so:

A scratch or a touch, and it's ended.

No man comes to harm

With a prick on his arm—

Thus honour and safety are blended.

They go back to town,

They win cheap renown

In *cafés* where friends are assembled;

As heroes to-day

They describe all the fray,

As if e'en the solid earth trembled.

The *déjeuner*'s there;

The bloodthirsty pair,

With seconds, go back and do credit

To dishes and wine:

So DUMAS doth opino

Such duels are shams, and has said it!

WOMEN AS POOR-LAW GUARDIANS.—Guardian Angels.

A BEAR IDEA.

AIR—"The Whale." To be set and sung to an Accompaniment of Hungarian Gipsy Music, to be composed by Archduke Joseph, and Dedicated to H.R.H. the P. of W.

'Twas in October's month,
 Brave Boys,
 With RUDOLPH we did repair,
 And we all went away
 To Transyl-va-ni-a,
 We went for to shoot a bear,
 Brave Boys,
 We went for to shoot a bear.

I took three guns,
 My deadliest ones,
 For partridge, grouse, or hare,
 With cartridge and ball,
 Both great and small,
 Wherewith to shoot that bear,
 Brave Boys,
 Wherewith to shoot that bear.

When H.R.H.
 Was making a spache
 At luncheon—(sumpshus fare!)—
 A Keeper so cuto
 Says, with a salute,
 "I think as I've tracked a bear,
 Brave Boys,
 I think as I've tracked a bear!"

I was showing RUDOLPH
 The rules of golf,
 For which he doesn't care,
 When up comes ELLIS,
 And what he's got to tell is,
 That "someone has heard a bear,
 Brave Boys,
 That someone has heard a
 bear!"



An Aide-de-camp
 Was singing a song, [air,
 And I was joining in the
 When RUDOLPH cries out,
 With a very loud shout,

"My eyes! there is such
 a bear,
 Brave Boys.
 My eyes! there is such a
 bear!"

Trim ESZTERHAZY,
 Who was getting rather lazy,
 Jumped up, and cried out,
 "Where?"
 And gay Count BREDÁ,
 As bold as a Crusader,
 Cries, "Let me shoot that bear,
 Brave Boys!"
 Cries, "Let me shoot that bear!"

Says I, "Crown Prince,
 I'll never wince,
 And on my head my hair
 Will not with fright
 Stand bolt upright,
 Whenever I see that bear,
 Brave Boy,
 Whenever I see that bear!"

I seized my gun,
 With a bound and a run,
 The danger I longed to share;
 When just behind a tree,
 A-looking at me,
 I saw that grisly bear,
 Brave Boys,
 I saw that grisly bear!

He was rubbing his eyes
 With some surprise—
 He'd just awoke from his lair.
 I aimed—he ran—
 Bang! flash!—in the pan!
 So I did not kill that bear,
 Brave Boys,
 I did not kill that bear!

TALKING IT OVER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"On the occasion of the Emperor WILLIAM's visit to the Vatican, his Majesty evaded the repeated attempts of the POPE to discuss the question of the temporal power of the Papacy."—Daily Paper.

In the absence of any more direct information on the subject, the following brief dramatic version may be confidently regarded as an authentic account of the termination of the rather embarrassing interview to which the above paragraph refers:—

SCENE—An Audience Chamber in the Vatican. The POPE discovered according a private interview to the Emperor of GERMANY, in the course of which he has made several attempts to introduce the question of the "Temporal Power," but has been successfully foiled by his Imperial visitor, who, by keeping up a rattling fire of conversation on any and every subject, from the weather downwards, has managed, during the fifteen minutes the interview has already lasted, as yet completely to evade the introduction of the, to him, unelcome topic. The POPE, feeling that the time is slipping away, and that it is no good beating about the bush any longer, at length determines, at all hazards, to take the bull by the horns, and bring matters to an issue.

The POPE (cutting the EMPEROR short in a humorous account of the failure of the Prince of WALES, in his recent expedition, to get a shot at a single bear). Ah! very droll, your Majesty; very droll. But I wish to speak to you about a very different matter (coming to the point)—the Temporal Power, you know—

The EMPEROR (quickly). Ah! The Temporal Power. Just so. Of course (airily changing the subject as he approaches the window). Dear me! (looking out) I had no idea, your Holiness was so well off here. What a capital garden!

The POPE (continuing). You know, it is necessary—

The EMPEROR (brightly, misunderstanding him). Of course, it is necessary. Pegged up, as you are, here, it must be quite a resource to you (again looking out), and there seems a good lot of it.

The POPE (ignoring his misinterpretation). I mean it is necessary to the exercise—

The EMPEROR (cutting in briskly). Of course it is necessary for exercise; and, I'm sure, I'm very glad your Holiness is able to get it. I doubt if you would be able to get on without it.

The POPE (still holding on). To the exercise of my spiritual functions, and so its restoration—

The EMPEROR (catching at the word glibly). Restoration! To be sure. That's going on everywhere. All over the place, in fact. Quite a rage for it. Such lots of new Boulevards. I'm sure I don't know what they won't restore next.

The POPE (determined to get it out). And its restoration is the only sure guarantee for the security of European Peace.

The EMPEROR (flying off at a tangent gaily). Peace! Ha! Of course—The League of Peace. Just been cementing that over the way at the Quirinal. Fancy, too, it looks like certain success.

The POPE (still sticking to his guns). Your Majesty, there is only one thing certain, and that is that Rome must come back.

The EMPEROR (merrily). Come back? From what I have seen, I should say it was more inclined to go forward. (With a good-humoured wink.) But, of course, your Holiness knows best.

The POPE (nothing daunted). It must become Papal Rome once more.

The EMPEROR. Ha! hum! exactly. Quite so. (Feeling things are getting hot and changing front, with sudden effusion.) But, by the way, what a delightful afternoon it seems to be turning out. Quite pleasant, I declare. And that reminds me. (Jumping at Happy Thought.) I really must be going.

The POPE. What, going without settling anything?

The EMPEROR. Settling anything? Why, yes, everything is rather unsettled, isn't it? (Beating a retreat.) Hum! Yes! Precisely. Just so. Of course! (Taking his leave respectfully.) Anyhow, it is so kind of your Holiness to have received me. Enjoyed our talk so much, you know. 'Pon my word, I have.

[Bows himself out, and joining his suite with "evident signs of deep emotion" depicted on his countenance, leaves the POPE shaking his head, conscious that he has had a not very satisfactory interview with a remarkably unmanageable and troublesome young man.]

ROYAL VISIT TO HIS OWN CAPITAL.

ON Wednesday last London was brilliantly lighted to honour the arrival of King FOO, who paid his first state visit of the season to his own capital. He entered the City on the East, and proceeded in triumphal procession towards the West. On reaching Kensington he returned. His Majesty also visited the suburbs. The royal progress was celebrated by grand fantasies on A Thousand Respiratory Organs, Baron BRONCHITIS was out with his Bandannas borne by four hoarse-men. The Actors of London, with bad colds, were represented by Mr. HERMAN WHEEZIN, and in the train of King FOO followed the celebrated General DE PRESSION, with deputations from the various states of Ill-health and Indi-gestion. The rear was brought up by bands of Roughs, Burglars, and Policemen at a respectful distance. His Majesty has been taking a slight rest during the last few days but he has no intention of quitting the Metropolis for some time to come.

OLD KING COAL.
SONG OF AN ANTI-SCIENTIST.



King Coal (roused out of his slumber). "OH, WHAT A BORE!"
London (to Science). "TAKE MY ADVICE, AND DON'T HAVE ANY-
THING TO DO WITH HIM. HE'S A GREAT DEAL TOO DEEP FOR US."

"'Is there Coal under London?' We sincerely trust there is not, and
'that, if there is, it will never be discovered. The prospect of a colliery
district at Streatham, with an eventual revival of the iron industries of Surrey,
Kent, and Sussex, is enough to make every Londoner despair.'"—*Times*.

Yes, Old King Coal is a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul is he;
But we shall all be undone
If they find him under London;
So we trust *that* is fiddlededee.

O! the plague and the pother, Oh! the shindy and the smother

That in all suburban districts we should see!

So Old King Coal wo'll trouble you
To disturb not the S.W.,
And let us live on easy in E.C.

For though Old King Coal is a useful old soul
Whom generally men are glad to see,
Yet we all shall be despondent,

If the "Thunderer's" Correspondent
Correct in this affair should prove to be.
Fancy carrying the drill to the foot of Streat-
ham Hill,

Or filling Hampstead Heath with reek and
roar!

No, prithee, Madam Science,
Stay your hand with this appliance,
For a "bore" at Richmond Hill *would* be
a bore.

It may be as you say, that below the London
Clay,

At Tottenham and eke at Kentish Town,
You, by boring a big hole,
May arrive at last at Coal,

That is if you dig very deeply down.
Yet spite of any treasures that might come
from the Coal Measures,

And the "Wealden denudations," and all
that,

The Metropolitan zone
You had better leave alone,
The game's not worth the candle, Ma'am,
that's flat!

Punch's heart is hard as steel against
WHITAKER's appeal

For sub-Jurassic borings and such stuff.
Wealth-grabbing is our time's tone,
But below the London limestone

Is no place for Dives' delving,—that's
enough.

Cut your scientific cackle, bring no more
Contractor's tackle

To mar our grim Metropolis still more:
For though Old King Coal

Is a merry old soul,
We do not want his mirth near Thames's
shore.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR those whose musical memories are well stored, Dr. SPARK's *Musical Memories* have not much novelty to offer. All the professional people of his acquaintance seem to have been as nearly morally and socially perfect as may be. He is quite a "good GRIFFITH," (not the safe man with an "s," but the oral biographer of Cardinal WOLSEY) in his reminiscences, and thereon is much to be commended. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

But how interpret "bonum?" I should say in a biography let us translate it as "a good thing" about so-and-so. Well, he has some "good things" in this sense, and he tells them in a sufficiently lively manner to warrant me in alluding to him as "The Vital Spark." He tolls very naively of dinner-parties at PATTI's on "off nights"—which seem to have been rather "On" nights—when "at the invitation of STRAKOSCH he had an opportunity of dining with the family party"—he means the family PATTI—"sometimes strengthened," he goes on, whispering in brackets, "by two or three influential (critics) at their charming house, Rossini Villa, Clapham Park. These indeed, were delightful times," &c., &c. Clapham rather discounts the "Rossini" of the Villa. On the whole, very nearly, Vital SPARK's book is chatty and amusing for any half-hour unoccupied.

The Autobiography of SIMS REEVES is a thrilling Romance. It opens with a sensa-



'ANDICAPPED!'

Gaol-Bird (having just picked "Landlord's" pocket). "AMERIKIN WATCH! SHABBY OLD 'UMBUG!—AND 'IM A MAN O' PROPERTY TOO! UGH! WHAT 'ITH DOWNRIGHT FRAUD LIKE THIS 'ERE, AN' COERCION, AN' WHAT NOT, A POOR MAN HA'N'T GOT A CHANCE!!"

tional murder, and the book, like *Prospero's Island*, is "full of strange noises." There is not enough about SIMS REEVES himself, details of his studies, and so forth.

People are going about laughing—all business is suspended—chuckling and nudging in the order of the day. No more coughs and colds. Try *Toole's Reminiscences*. The Booksellers are all making jokes over the sale of BOSWELL HATTON's TOOLE's Reminiscences. A person went to one in Hatton Garden, and asked if he had one of TOOLE's reminiscences. "No, he Hatton't," was the reply. And then the office-boys danced and cheered, and one who had previously rushed out with five-and-twenty copies under his arm, returned with, "Sold again!" I read bits of it here and there in the *Sunday Times*, but must sit down to it quietly, and be strapped into my arm-chair. A Physician will be at hand, to prevent me dyin' o' larin'.

One MOORE book, called *Spring Days*. Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* describes it as "a nasty dish," and can find scarcely a chapter without some "flagrantly bad taste." This being so, perhaps its author will change its title to *Spring Onions*. This is a matter of taste for perfumery. Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring! Loveliest Onion of the Year! sings the Lady of Shalot (at a distance) to her own
BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

CHURCH AND STAGE; OR, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

The Dean's Daughter is an unwholesome, unpleasant, poorly-constructed play, with here and there some sharp, flashy writing, which is more acrimonious than amusing. As novel-readers know, *The Dean's*



M. Lafontaine in the street of the Dean, Soho. "Personally Abbé!"

Daughter is by the author of *Ariane* and *As in a Looking Glass*, which last was the novel that made Mr. PHILIPS'S reputation.

Ariane dramatised was a repulsively realistic, but decidedly powerful drama. In its virtue was not rewarded, as there was none to reward; but vice was punished, and the existence of all the unprincipled, godless



The Very Rev. Rutland Barrington in the dress of the Dean of St. James's. "J'y dine; J'y reste!"

dramatis personæ was shown to be thoroughly miserable. But in this play at the St. James's the Divorce Court, like "the Waverley Pen," comes "like a boon and a blessing to men," and women, too, and such small virtue as there is in the piece, or what the authors would have us accept as a substitute for virtue, is rewarded by Messrs. GRUNDY and PHILIPS by giving the divorced woman in marriage to the nominal co-respondent (after he has shot another would-be co-respondent, his rival), who claps her to his manly breast in the presence of her former husband (whom the divorce has freed in order to continue a *liaison* with somebody else), and of a third lover—a mere boy who might as well have been in Eton jacket and turn-down collars, with apples and sweets in his pocket,—whose hand and fortune this injured innocent, introduced into Society under an assumed name, has just accepted. On this "heroine of the Divorce Court," before or after her marriage, an audience cannot waste its sympathy, as before marriage she is not in love with anybody,—though she foresees the probability of her being so with somebody after marrying the wrong person,—and, with her eyes open very wide indeed, she allows herself to be induced by her reprobate father, whom she despises, and her odious companion, *Mrs. Fortescue*, to marry a fortune and a title.

Miriam St. Aubyn is an ungrateful part, prettily and cleverly, if not brilliantly, played by Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE, who is possessed of considerable emotional power, can rise to dignity of action, and has the true touch of pathos in her voice. She comes from the Adelphi to play the daughter of the Dean, and her place in *The Union Jack* is taken by another of the DEAN family,—DOROTHY DENE. Another coincidence is, that the Christian name of *Lady Ashwell* in the piece is DOROTHEA, and as she is to marry the *Rev. Augustus St. Aubyn*, she also will be a DOROTHY DEAN.

I suppose the somewhat scrappy dialogue is mainly taken from the novel, and of this Miss HILL has all the telling lines, which, intended to be the comic relief of the piece, she delivers as though she were once more *Cynisca*, in modern costume, impersonating a sort of vixenish chorus, making a running commentary on the action. Does Miss HILL correctly interpret the Authors?

Sir Henry Craven is one of the line of old diplomatists that commenced, I fancy, with *Baron Stein*. Here, he is a dummy *Sir Peter Teazle*, who marries a young girl in the country, and then reminds her of what she was before she became his wife. This *Sir Peter* should have been stuffed full of good things, and killed in the *entr'acte* after Act III., when he would have died deeply regretted by a numerous Dress Circle. As it is, he has little to do, nothing worth hearing to say, and reappears inopportunely as Lord Anticlimax in Act IV., just in time to spoil a fairly effective dramatic situation.

Miss ADRIENNE DAIROLES, as the French Maid, is uncommonly good. How she would suit that wicked French part in *Bleak House*! *Prince Balanikoff*, the would-be co-respondent of foreign extraction, looks like a melancholy Polish Jew, and his walk reminded me of the little mechanical tin-toy man drawing the cart, of whom we've seen so much recently, taking his exercise in the streets. Miss HILL says "Ta, Ta, Prince," to him. This exactly describes him. When the Russian is scratched, you find the Tar-Tar Prince underneath, and his violent scene is his best, melodramatic though it must necessarily

be. Last, but certainly not least, comes the Very Revd. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, Dean of St. James's. He looks the Dean as well as did the late JOHN CLAYTON, but he is so intimately associated with Mr. GILBERT'S Vicar, who wore much the same costume in *The Sorcerer*, that any audience would never be surprised were he to step forward and, to Mr. ARMBRUSTER'S excellent accompaniment, sing, "Ah me, I was a pale young Curate then." Perhaps Jester GEORGE will provide him with lyrics describing his regret at having quitted that company with the refrain, "Ah me, I was a stout young Actor then!" But, pooh, bah! He is Manager now and Comedy actor. He has to play a part in which there is little wit and no finesse; it is the *Reverend Mr. Pecksniff* and *Lady Ashwell* is his *Mrs. Todgers*. But *Pecksniff*, sober or inebriated, was amusing, and then in the end, he failed in his villainy, and was only let off with a sound thrashing. The Dean is unpunished, for the possible loss of *Lady Todgers*' hand and fortune wouldn't affect him very much. The best-played scene, which does not owe much to the writing, is the one between Mr. LEWIS WALLER and Miss NETHERSOLE, when the heavy haberdashery-young-man kind of lover tells *Miriam* that her wishes are his commands, and says farewell for ever—only to reappear in the same place five minutes afterwards.

The play is preceded by a One-Act Comedy called *A Patron Saint*. At present the St. James's Management must be contented with one Saint as a Patron for the evil Dean's doings. I fancy the patronage will not be considerable, either of saints or sinners.

To come from such exceptionally unwholesome "home produce" as *The Dean's Daughter* to so exceptionally wholesome a French piece as *L'Abbé Constantin*, is as refreshing as escaping from an infected atmosphere into the pure air. M. LAFONTAINE is perfect as the *Abbé*, a genuine French type. The delicacy of his art is a study, but there is no call upon him for any strongly emotional acting. The two young men's parts are fairly acted. Miss JANE MAY, "My Pretty JANE," is not seen to advantage, and the piece, though pretty and simple enough, is deficient in any real dramatic interest. On Thursday, M. LAFONTAINE is to appear in *Le Fils de Famille*, and M. *L'Abbé* should be reserved for occasional *Matinées*. JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

DUE NORTH.

Evenings at Lochglennie—Weather Notes—Finale.

OUR evenings are lively. Miss MILLIE plays the piano, Miss EVELYN is a violinist, and Miss MADGE a banjoist. They all know each other's music, and can play from memory almost any song or air that may be "inquired for."

D. B. is a proficient on the penny whistle, and DOLLY WHITE is a master of a small, peculiar-shaped instrument, of Italian nationality, called, I think, the *ocarina*, which, when placed close to the performer's lips, makes him look as if he were doing a conjuring trick, and pretending to swallow a baby's shoe. GRANNIE plays a *mirloton*, which he has brought from Paris. The Baron's instrument is the cornet-à-pistons, but, as the Good Aunt, who is our sole audience, declares she cannot possibly stay in the room with that noise, we insist on the Baron performing with a pocket-handkerchief stuffed into the cornet, the effect of which is very much as if he were playing it under the bedclothes. The Laird has made a life-long study of the side-drum. From his earliest years he was always attached to it, and it was attached to him,—by a string. New his performance on it is that of a Professor. He is a Master of the Rolls.

"Very few people," he says, when he finds you are inclined to talk seriously on the subject, "very few people know what there is to be got out of a drum. It is not all noise. How effective it is at military funerals, muffled!"

This seems rather a gloomy view to take of it. When an invitation is sent to the Laird to attend a funeral, do they add on his particular card, "and bring your drum, muffled"? I don't like to ask this, and he continues, "it is the universal instrument. All nations have the drum."

"And chickens have drumsticks," puts in D. B. And by way of showing us that his remark was not meant seriously, he nods at me and says, "How are you?"

The Laird insists on my being provided with an instrument. The Wicked Uncle refuses to resign the triangle, which, he protests pathetically, he has played since the second night he came here, and wants to know why I shouldn't have the fire-irons, as he had when he first arrived? This proposition seems to be considered as fair and just, and so GRANNIE hands me the poker and shovel, with which I have to serve my apprenticeship as it were, with the reversion of the triangle, on the departure of the Wicked Uncle. We are all in our places, with Miss MILLIE at the piano. The orchestra is wonderfully successful. Perhaps the most effective of the *morceaux* is a song sung by D. B., entitled "*The Man that struck O'Hara*," which offers peculiarly fine opportunities for the side-drum and the fire-irons. There is one part—a pause—where the chorus leaves off, and only the side-drum and the fire-irons come in with one tremendous crash, illustrating the force with which "the man that struck

O'HARA" was flooded by the latter's friends, who, to avenge his injuries, dragged his assailant—

"Down the passage, down the stairs,
Over tables, over chairs—
Scarcely time to say his prayers—"

Then, I think, in the awful pause that follows, comes the whack of the drum, together with the crash of the fire-irons—a most dramatic effect—as the chorus immediately bursts forth with savage exultation,

"Rags and bones were all they left
Of the man that struck O'HARA."

This so delights us all, that we play it over several times, on each repetition finding some new beauty in it, and finally finishing it with almost barbaric intensity.

The Good Aunt looks at her watch. "Half-past ten. 'God Save the Queen,' if you please, Gentlemen," she says, and, in compliance with the request of our audience, we give the National Anthem with full orchestration.

Then comes the last ceremony of the evening. Every lady who retires at ten is entitled to "Musical Honours"—that is, "By Order of the Laird," each lady is escorted down the passages to her room by the male contingent of the orchestra, in full marching order. So GRANNIE, as drum-major, walks first; then come the ladies with bed-chamber candles; then the band, at quick march, playing "*Bowler's March*," alternated with the "*British Grenadiers*," as we call at the different rooms, and, having seen all the ladies to their apartments, we right-about-face, and march briskly back to the appropriate and inspiring air of "*The Girl I Left Behind Me*," until we reach the Smoking-room, where we are disbanded, and go from labour to refreshment.

Next Day, and Day after, and several Days after that.—Rain persistently. Waterproofs and umbrellas required, if only to walk about the garden. It sounds paradoxical, but it's true, or ought to be, that, when it's wet, it is fine for fishing. Plenty of fish in the river, but they remain there. I go on the moors, when they're driving, and catch a severe cold.

Next day stay in, and see the sport from window, as the shooters are visible to the naked eye as they go up the hill.

Happy Thought (as I see them in the distance).—"How happy could I be with heather"—if it were only dry, and not such a trouble to walk through.

At my Window.—They're having good sport, judging from the reports I hear. Reports becoming more and more distant, and only miniature mechanical toy-men and puffs of smoke can be seen through glasses. "*Lookers on see most of the game.*" Quite untrue at this distance, as I see most of the men and nothing whatever of the game.

GRANNIE, the fisherman, returns, despondently. He has lost his best fly, which has been taken by a prodigious fish. "So," says he, "I was spoo'd over that." He thinks it rather hard to be "spoo'd." But he has had no luck. "Are the flies," I ask, "meaning a whole pocket-book full of them such as he has got—'expensive?'" "Yes," he replies, "they cost a goodish bit; but," he adds, in the tone of a disappointed man, "so does all sport. What's the use of climbing over moors, or wading up to your neck in water, merely to be spoo'd in the end?" I admit that this does sound hard. We talk sport generally, and I obtain some valuable information. Has he been lucky in horse-racing? "No," he replies—"lost." Then he adds, with playful irony, "It's 'osses makes the 'oof to fly." This, I presume, is a new sporting proverb. Play on the words, "'osses" and "'oof," by dropping the "h." "No," he explains, "'oof' means coin." *Unde derivatur "Oof"?*

I keep private Meteorological Notes. We begin with,—

Any Day.—10 A.M.—Rain. Everything wet—turf, garden-seats, &c., &c.

10:30.—Sun. Everything dry.

11.—Scorching. Must change things to summer suit.

11:30.—Am in summer suit. Deluge of rain. Change again. Gaiters, goshes, thickest boots, umbrella, sou'wester.

12:30.—Sun suddenly brilliant. Heat tropical,—moist heat, like vapour-bath. Birds singing. Open all windows.—In-doors unbearable. Gnats, flies, wasps, bees. Hang up waterproof, get rid of gaiters, goshes, &c. Return to summer clothing. Go in to lunch. Doors and windows open. Iced drinks. At lunch arrange for walk, going out in canoe, under shady trees, on river's bank. Lawn tennis, if not too sultry, or sit under trees, in American chairs, reading.

2:30.—Transformation scene! Quick change! Torrent of rain. Driving wind from S.E. Rush for waterproofs. Chilly. Arctic cold.

3.—In-doors, putting on winter things. Lighting fires. Shutting all windows. Sit down to be comfortable.

4:15.—Suddenly, sun, tropical heat again—let fires go out—go out ourselves—going to be fine? No—weather suddenly (every change in Scotland is sudden,—the people are cautious, but the weather is impulsive) becomes mixed, and, to express it musically, we have no longer a solo of sun, or of rain, or of wind, nor do we have a duet of rain and wind; but we have a wonderful trio of sun, rain and wind, in unison!!

It is a Grand Meteorological Opera. A magnificent symphony, or cantata,—water-cantata,—might be written entitled *The Weather*, which idea I hereby offer to Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN or Mr. GORING THOMAS or Dr. MACKENZIE, with my compliments, and "no fees." All that is required to-day, as the shades of evening gather round us, is that the First Act of the New Meteorological Scotch Opera should end with a magnificent *ensemble* of rain, hail, thunder, lightning, snow, all this to the "sun's setting," and with fine "passages for the wind." These last can be found in the house and outbuildings. As somebody sings, "*So the Story goes*," and so it goes on for ten days,—and then, *on the first fine day, I go off!*

No help for it; I've made all my arrangements. Must depart. There's no doubt about it. This is the first fine day, and bid farewell I must to Lochglennie, and the last words that salute my ear as the train moves off come from D. B., who rushes to the corner of the platform, and just as the train is getting up its speed shouts, "How are you?" To which, the remembrance of GRANNIE'S ill luck flashing across my mind at the moment, I have only time to reply "Spoo'd!" And "spoo'd" I am by the weather. And now "Bock agen!" And so ends my ten days' holiday Duo North.

DIVINE SHAKSPEARE AND THE GREAT SCOTT.

IMMORTAL Dramatist and Novelist! Spell Scot with a single "t," and it will stand for Lord RONALD of the Sculptor's chisel. This coincidence has struck a student of SCOTT'S *Border Minstrelsy*, and, though too late for last week's issue, some verses have arrived from "AN OLD PARLOUR-BORDER MINSTREL," which he says he has adapted from a familiar old Scotch ballad to the occasion of Lord RONALD GOWER'S presenting a statue of SHAKSPEARE to the people of Stratford-on-Avon, which event we chronicled last week.



Chiselled by a canny Scot.

presenting a statue of SHAKSPEARE to the people of Stratford-on-Avon, which event we chronicled last week.

AIR (*Old Scotch, like the Whiskey*)—"What gat ye for Supper, Lord Ronald, my son?"

I.

Where gat ye your statue, Lord RONALD, my son?

It's as white as a speetre, my handsome young man.—
Oh, I made it in France, mither,—mak my bed soon,
And I've gi'en it to Stratford, and fain would lie doom.

II.

Will ye do one for London, Lord RONALD, my son,
Now that SHAKSPEARE'S in Paris, my handsome young man?—
Oh, London saw mine, mither,—mak my bed soon,
And in Paris *c'est connu*, so let me lie doom.

III.

Why not MOLIERE for London, Lord RONALD, my son?

'Twould be but politeness, my handsome young man.—
Oh, I'm weary of Paris, mither,—mak my bed soon;
The Bard took twelve years there,—so let me lie doom.

The "OLD PARLOUR-BORDER MINSTREL" adds that "this, with the drone of the pipes, will enchant all hearers." For the sake of metre, he wishes "Paris" in the penultimate line to be pronounced "Parrs," as one syllable; that is, if we see no objection—and we don't.

IMPORTANT PORTENT!—Mr. IRVING, who is always making good speeches, made a telling one at Bolton, which, as reported, seems to have consisted principally of one lengthy but most appropriate quotation. But what was really remarkable was that, from beginning to end, he never once mentioned "Friend TOOLE." How's this? Where was JOSEPH BOSWELL HATTON to note the portentous omission? JOHN LAWRENCE will address "Friend Irving" with the words of the song that Miss GRACE DAMIEN sings so charmingly, "*Can You Forget?*"

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."—Mr. BAILEY has written an interesting book, called *Modern Methusalehs*. The Author must be henceforth known as "The Old Bailey."



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Angelina. "LOOK, EDWIN! MR. AND MRS. DEBLEIGH BOREHAM! I'M QUITE ASHAMED TO MEET THEM! THEY'RE ALWAYS ASKING US TO DINNER, AND WE'VE NEVER EVEN ASKED THEM INSIDE OUR HOUSE! WE REALLY MUST MAKE SOME RETURN!"

Edwin. "SOME RETURNS! WHY, CONFOUND IT! ONCE WE ACTUALLY DID DINE WITH THEM! WHAT MORE CAN THEY EXPECT?"

"THE SISTERS THREE;"

OR, THE LEAGUE OF PEACE.

A Modern Bismarckian Version of an Ancient Classical Myth.

"THEY must be suffer what the Fates ordain; For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain!"

So mild ALCINOÛS, great Phœacia's King,
If one may trust what POPE and HOMER sing.
ALCINOÛS though was not a Teuton; no;—
And I am scarcely "mild," to friend or foe.
On German ears such gentle accents jar.
Who was it said that Man is his own Star.
"Commands all time, all influence, all fate.
Nothing for him falls early or too late?"
I like that better! Parææ of my own,
Each crowned, each seated on a radiant throne,
With robes star-spangled,—docile each to Me,
As the Fates were, 'tis said, to Destiny!—
That's more like my ideal. Come, let's
limn!—

Clotho, the distaff-bearer; she looks grim,
Deep-eyed, contemplative, with glance afar,
As one who scans the serried ranks of war
From some plain-dominating pinnacle.
Yes, that's a master-piece: stands clear,
looks well.

Germania calmly spins the web of Peace;
Her grip upon the spindle shall not cease
Whilst I am Cloud-compeller. Blessed PAX!
That distaff, well "replenished with smooth
flax,"

As smooth CATULLUS—is it not so?—sings,
Must, in the present shaky state of things,
Be firmly handled, or sedition's shocks
Will send us back to Erebus and Nox.

Better their dismal daughters! Iron might
Alone may war with Chaos and old Night.
Scruple that shirks, and pity that will pule,
May please the poets, but they cannot rule.
The "Fatal Sisters" knew not change nor
ruth.

Those old Greek singers had an eye for truth;
And that is something more than one can say
For sentimental twanglers of to-day.

Then Lachesis! Yes—that's the style of head
For her who, under guidance, spins the thread
Of Policy—which is a kingdom's life.
Lachesis knows the woe of inner strife,
For all her haughty Hapsburg lip. Spin out
The long thread lightly; veil that look of
doubt

Which on the face of Clotho dwells and lingers.
'Tis yours to "make it pliant 'twixt the
fingers," [tissues.]
And "equalise" ('tis no light task!) "the
Spin on; I have an eye upon the issues.
Your Crown looms shadowy; with that dual
blur [occur]—
Of lamp-lights when—(a thing that will
A man hath wined not wisely, but too well.
A Fate, remember, must be firm and fell.

And Atropos? Aha! This Fate looks steady,
The shears firm-gripping, and to use them
ready.

A crown of lesser height but firmer poise.
Could Fates be glad, one might conceive she
joys,

Like some young pard, in her life-slitting
function,
Which she would exercise without compunc-
tion.

But Fates, like suns, must neither lag nor
haste,
Not theirs to husband and not theirs to waste
The thread attenuate, but to twirl, spin, slit,
As what e'en they obey may order it.

And that, the higher overmastering source
At once of web and shears, of fate and
force?

Well, the wise ancients left that agent vague;
And so will I. It is the petty plague
Of little minds to pry.

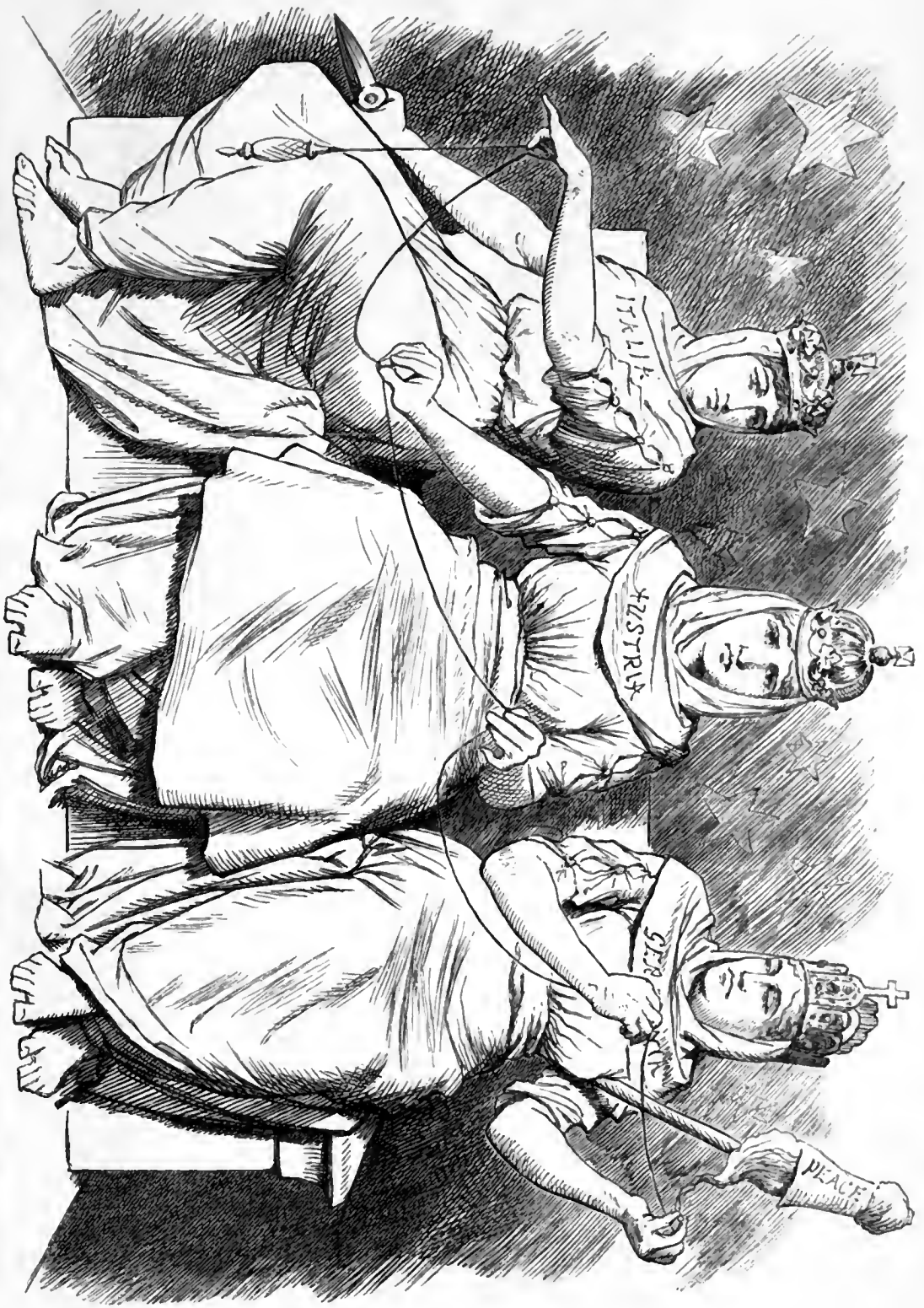
My picture! So!
It does not follow MICHAEL ANGELO
With any servile closeness, I admit. He
Painted those pitiless hags that in the Pitti
Freeze all men's marrow with their stony
glare.

The gazer who can front those orbs might dare
To meet Medusa's petrifying glance.
But times must change, ereeds shift, and Art
advance.

Masters may differ. This is my design
For the Three Modern Fates; much less malign

Than massive MICHAEL'S, yet prepared to act
With iron promptness. A political pact
Like this should bid all war and tumult cease,
Since the Three Fates form now a League of
Peace!

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, being told of the "Pas-
tels' Exhibition," observed, "Let me see, who
is PASTEL? Isn't he a doctor who cured mad
dogs? It must be a most interesting show.
Where is it—at the Crystal Palace, where the
Cat Show was?"



CHAMBERLAIN



W. & A.

ATROPIS.

LACHESIS.

CLOTHO.

“THE SISTERS THREE;” OR, THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.





OUR NEW M.F.H.

MR. TOPPLE, OUR NEW M.F.H., HAS DECIDED TO HUNT THE HOUNDS HIMSELF; BUT FINDING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO REMEMBER THEIR NAMES, HE HAS ADOPTED THE ABOVE CAPITAL PLAN.

ROBERT'S ESTONISHMENT.

I HAVE lived to see the day wen a Cheerman of a Copperashun Committee has publickly dared,—without a blush, as far as I could see, and I fixt my egle gaze upon him as he spoke,—to xclaim to an estonished crowd, "Water, brite Water for me! and give your wine to the trembling Debbawshe!" How the three or four ancient Deputys as herd him liked the strange words of course I don't know, but this I do know, that when a few ours arterwards the Committee was all seated cumferally together at their favorite Gildhall Tavern and me a waiting on 'em, as ushal, they all drunk the plucky Cheerman's good helth together, and ehauffed him most tremenjuly about his watery speech. But he bore it all chearfully, like a man and a brother, and tossed off a bumper of fine old Port after thanking them for their kyind wishes.

So I needn't have bin so werry gratefully alarmed at the Cheerman's xtrenary speech, but he ewen did wuss then that on another simmyler ocashun, as I will new pereeed to relate.

It seams as the Copperashun, not kontent with setting up the best Skools, and the best Libery, and the best Markets, and the best Bridges in all the hole City, has lately gorn into the Parks and Open Spaces line, and after spendin about a quarter of a millyun of money in buying Epping Forrest, as I herd the Cheerman of the Committee say ony a few weeks ago, has quite lately took charge of Highget Woods, and wen sombody arsked leave to put up a Fountane there, so that the pore littel boys and gals as goes there could wash their hands, and setterer, the Copperashun not ony allowd it, but sent down a Committee to see as it was all rite, and to take charge of it, and it was on this ocashun that the Cheerman made the owdacious speech I have menshuned. I was there, and I herd what was a going on, and I searely xpects to be beleeved when I says that sum of the pore littel children, dreckly as the Cheerman's baek was turned, acshally went up and drunk sum of the werry eold water, pore littel things! The Committee might have let it run ginger beer just for wunice. But wuss remanes behind. For ony larst week the same Cheerman took down the werry same Committee to take over another Fountane, as another liberal minded Gent—tho' he is a blooming Conserwativ—had offered to give for the Queen's Park at Killburn, which is another of their good worx.

It was a bitter eold day, so the bizzness was got thro' rayther more

quicker than afore, and wen the liberal conserwatif Gent had made his nice little speech and anded over his nice littel Fountane, the Cheerman stood foward, and I could see a wisibel shudder run through the elderly members of the Committee for fear as he shoed commit hisself as afore. But no, he awoided the dellicate subjiek alltogether, and made one of them bewtiful littel speeches as ony Cheermen eaa make, and the Committee was ewidently much releevied in their minds speshally the old uns. But, wunderfool to relate, insted of descending from his stony pedestal of glory and retiring gracefoolly amid the people's cheers, he aeshally filled a pewter cup to the brim and quaffed it off without a shudder, and called upon his Committee to boldly stand forward and do likewise! Oh, the grim smiles upon their countynancys was a sight to see! One ancient Deputy endeveurd in wane to conceal his disgust, while another had the pluek to boldly annownee what all the others dowtless thort, namely, that he shoed prefer it with jest a leetle drop of old Skotch whiskey in it!

And now jest one word of frendly warnin to my kynd Patrons. It's trew, as I'm told, that the Board of Warks, having failed to give sattisfaction by living on nothink but Work and Water, is about to give place to another Board with a different name, but with the same hutterly himpossibel condishuns, and you may be thinkin of haltering your old successful, becoz liberal, plan of hopperashuns, to catch a little fleating peppylarity. But it will be a orful mistake, for while it will ehill and disappint your frends it will ony excite the content of your fos.

ROBERT.

WHAT'S-HIS-NAME AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

IN answer to nnumerous Correspondents, we beg to state, on more than undoubted authority, that,—

1. The "Saturday Review" will not in future appear every Tuesday. 2. That it will be edited by its Editor in London, and not in a Cottage near the "Merrie Green Wood." 3. That its Editor is nor going to undertake the chief direction of the Detective and Private Inquiry Department of the Police under the sobriquet of "POLLOCKY." 4. That neither Mr. What's-his-name nor Mr. What-you-may-call-um is engaged on the paper. 5. That every report put about by Thingummy Bob when he was rather Thingummy Tight is hereby emphatically contradicted.

HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

[At Liverpool, Queen PATIENCE, *et. 19*, wife of the deposed King JA-JA, was highly charmed with the railways and the electric light, but imputed both to the inventive genius of the "debble," "as man have no sabbey de dem tings."—*Evening Paper*.]

Old English worthies never saw
The Railway or Electric Light,
Which, seen but unexplained, with awe
And wonder would have dazed their sight;
Such marvels, *certis*, they'd have thought,
Could be by warlocks only wrought.

Witchcraft, not very long ago,
Stood on the code of actual crimes;
Most things whose causes none could know
Were magic in the good times.
Whate'er they didn't understand,
To solve the "debble" was at hand.

Grave doctors, lawyers, and divines,
Regarded, from their point of view,
As portents, prodigies, and signs,
And cantrips, to his action due,
Each new discovery science made.
Invented by the "debble's" aid.

In her philosophy, to-day,
Queen PATIENCE, not above a child,
Is just about as wise as they,
When faggots were for witches piled.
The learned need not boast, a pebble
They care no longer for the "debble."

A LAST FLARE-UP!—The flickering Lord Mayor, who will be extinguished on the Ninth of November, has been writing to the papers, indignantly denying that when in Belgium he ever made the "ridiculous statements" or expressed the "contemptible opinions" about London (*e.g.*, its being "the cesspool of Europe") that have been attributed to him. Neither *Mr. Punch*, nor any other sensible citizen, ever for one moment believed that the now flickering and sputtering Civic Light could have "said such a tings." The idea of a Lord Mayor of London fouling his own Mayor's nest! Why, it would be enough to make WHITTINGTON "turn again" in his grave. Farewell, brave POLYDORE! Here comes the Ninth of November, with the Extinct-guisher, and the next Lord Mayor's banquet will be your "blow out!"



PRIMITIVE ARITHMETIC.

New Mistress. "AND WHAT WAGES DO YOU EXPECT?"

New Cook. "WELL, MUM, IT DEPENDS ON THE STYLE YOU LIVE IN. IF I'M TO DO THE DINING-ROOM, ENTRANCE 'ALL AND DOORSTEP, AS WELL AS THE COOKING, LIKE IN A MIDDLE CLASS 'OUSE—TWENTY POUNDS A YEAR. BUT IF I'M TO HAVE A KITCHEN-MAID TO 'ELP, AND NOTHING BUT THE COOKING TO ATTEND TO, LIKE IN A GENTLEMAN'S 'OUSE, I SHALL REQUIRE FORTY!"

SEEN YOUR CRISPI?

SIGNOR CRISPI, the Italian Premier, having recently been interviewed by an English Journalist, a representative from 85, Fleet Street, was despatched to Rome to see him. The following is the report that has been received from our Correspondent, which is published with all rights reserved, but not necessarily as a guarantee of good faith.

I must say I was a little surprised to find that instead of being "a short compactly-built Italian," as I expected to see him, from the description furnished by my journalistic colleague, Signor CRISPI was decidedly podgy, not to say stout. He received me with great courtesy, seating himself gracefully on the only chair there was in the room, and apologising profusely for not being able to offer me one too.

"You have seen, no doubt," he said, with a smile, "that your predecessor, in interviewing me, 'had not exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with me ere he recognised in me a man to whom waste of time and verbal banalities were assuredly little less than intolerable.' He was right. And now what can I do for you?"

"Lend me half-a-crown," I replied, from force of habit.

To my surpris he produced the coin, and, for a moment, I thought he was about to present it to me. However, the shrewd common sense of the man conquered, and he replaced it in his waistcoat pocket.

"You will pardon me, but, to please a dear little niece of mine, aged five, I promised never to put my name on a bill of exchange, and never to lend a sixpence to any one. I am unwilling to deceive her."

"Well, if you will not do me this trifling favour," I replied, a little vexed, "perhaps you will reveal the secret of your future policy."

"With pleasure," returned Signor CRISPI, promptly; "but I must rely on your discretion to tell no one save the readers of your paper. If you cannot give me that assurance, I must be, as we say in Italy, as dumb as a plum-pudding, and as reticent as a mince pie."

I gave the required assurance.

"Now I can tell you what I propose to do. As you are aware, we have a secret treaty with Russia (the Emperor WILLIAM brought it from St. Petersburg, as a present for me, in his portmanteau) and relying upon this we shall insult France next month so grossly that we are sure to be nicely at war with her by Christmas. Consequently I would advise you to sell for the fall."

"Most interesting," I murmured, "and now tell me about England. I think you were in London?"

"Only for a short time—six months. But I admired your city. Your Vauxhall Bridge Road was magnificent!"

"Did you see any of the buildings,—monuments?"

"Why, certainly, yes. Your Victoria Station was not then built, but your Lambeth Suspension Bridge was splendid!"

"Where did you lunch?"

"At a baker's. I used to buy a crumpet, soak it well in water, and eat it. It was really excellent!"

"Yes—and could you speak the language?"

"Only a few words. 'Cabman, you are a thief—I will not pay you your fare!' This sentence was electric, and, thanks to the teaching of the Cabmen, I soon learned good, strong, forcible

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 19.



THE GRAND OLD STUMPER AND HIS OFFSHOOTS.

English. For instance, I thoroughly understand the value of the termination of Amsterdam. I also acquired from them the rudiments of boxing."

"Do you take any interest in our country, now that you have so much to do in your own Parliament?" I asked.

"Assuredly, yes," he replied. "When your journalistic colleague called, I showed him Mr. RITCHIE'S Local Government Bill, which had been sent to me, I fancy, as a practical joke. However, I have determined to understand it, and have procured to assist me in that endeavour this beautifully illustrated work, which I am told is your standard authority on all matters of law."

The Italian Premier then produced the latest edition of the *Comic Blackstone*, which I assured him would indeed be of infinite service to him.

"And now I must leave you, as the King has been waiting for me for the last hour and a half. You will forgive me for locking up the side-board, but it contains not only spirits, but some valuable plate."

And thus the interview ended. Two minutes later I was in the street, carrying with me a strange umbrella, that I had secretly secured as a memento of my very interesting visit. I have retained that umbrella ever since!



"CUM GRANO SALIS."

Old Method for Catching a very Old Bird—the Goose that Lays the Golden Eggs.

VAN JEFFERSON once made so popular here at the Adelphi. It might be termed a "What-you-may-Karl-it" sort of piece.

PRAYER-BOOK REVISION.—Mr. ROBERT FOWLER will probably be invited to join this Committee. His department will be to bring out a new Psalter.

PRINCE KARL, at the Lyceum, seems to be a puzzle to such playgoers as have seen it. An incoherent and grotesque sort of American farce with a part in the broken Dutch dialect that RIP

RECKLESS WRECKERS.

On the first night of the re-opening of the St. James's Theatre, under the management of the Rev. Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, there seems to have been a row. Some unprofessional critics in the gallery objected to something that Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, the able critic, attached deeply to the *Daily Telegraph*, had written about "Wreckers on a First Night," and to prove how unprejudiced they were, and how quietly they could behave, the Wreckers in the gallery, who resented the Critic's accusation, determined to give the In-CLEMENT SCOTT D. T. fits; and so the Gods yelled at him from above, and though guarded by a chivalrous Knight, Sir JOSEPH the Erudite of the order of Minerva, these rowdies followed him, threatening personal violence. It was more than ten to one against Mr. SCOTT coming off scot-free. But he did. Only—where were the police? or where was a policeman to act as a Coast-guard, and rout or arrest the reckless "Wreckers"? If they begin this with Critics what will they do with Editors!! Guilty Cinna's will tremble if violent mob-lawlessness is to supersede comfortable criticism. So, down with *premières* altogether! Let's have a solemn critic's night with the critics arranged on their benches, "a terrible show," no disturbing "wreckers" present, and smoking allowed in every part of the house.



"This must be stopped."

THE GORDON MONUMENT AND ITS MESSAGE.

[On October 16, at 11:30, the Gordon Monument in Trafalgar Square was unveiled by Mr. PLUNKET, the First Commissioner of Works, without speech or formality of any kind.]

In silence! Somewhere in the wild Soudan Lies, silent too, the calm heroic man, Whom none of English blood henceforth may name Without a thrill of pride shot through with shame. And here's his statue! Slain afar, alone! Memory needs no memorial of stone To speak of GORDON, or awake a thought Of the pure paladin who toiled and fought For England, and Humanity, and Heaven; The record of whose life should be a leaven Of quickening greatness in a factious age Of petty jealousies and Party rage. Fortitude, Faith, and Justice; noble three, Linked by the gentle bond of Charity, These deck his statue as they graced his life. England, with pride and shame so much at strife In every proud and patriotic breast, What speech avails? Silence perchance is best. But there's a work of his, memorial high At once of GORDON and of Charity, Which we, without o'ermuch of empty speech, May carry on. To save, to help, to teach The young of England was our hero's aim. To let his death destroy his work were shame. GORDON'S BOYS' HOME! There speaks a strong appeal, Which every heart of British make should feel. It cries for aid; response should not be slow; For hearty help thereto, right well we know, Would fill the hero's heart with more content Than glowing praise or glorious monument.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

LAST Thursday Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN gave an amusing and instructive lecture at the Birmingham and Midland Institute on Music. Why on Music? How perverse! Why there are a number of subjects of which he is utterly ignorant, and on which, therefore, he could have lectured with far more benefit to himself at all events. But Sir ARTHUR is unselfish, and so he told them how, in the course of his cramming at the British Museum, he had come across a picture dated 866 A.D. of "a concert consisting of a six-string harp, a four-string fiddle, a trumpet, and a crooked horn. Curiously enough," continued Sir ARTHUR, triumphantly, "this is, with the exception of the horn, exactly the same combination of instruments that we see nearly every Saturday night playing outside a London public-house." Ahem! "We see." Who are "we"? The three Savoyards, Witty S. G., D'OYLY CARTEY of Killaloe, and the eminent lecturer? Not "every Saturday night," but "nearly every Saturday night." "Playing outside;" then "we" see them on coming out, eh? This is the consequence of an admission, a free admission. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Sir ARTHUR for his address, in which he gave sound advice to his hearers, and had a kind and generous word for everybody of note in the musical profession.

J. M. Leby.

BORN, 1812. DIED, OCT. 12, 1888.

A NAME that fame will link with the Cheap Press! He seized the moment and he snatched success. The proletariat pence he found would build A fortune for the shrewd and the strong-willed, As well and swiftly as patrician pounds. Keeness that measures, kindness that abounds, Are not the worst equipment for that strife Of loves and interests which men call Life. With him 'tis o'er, and many known to fame Have left less good and less-enduring name.

THE PASTELLIST OF THE PAVEMENT.

MR. SALA—it could have been no one else—in a lively and instructive article on "Pastels" in last Saturday's *Daily Telegraph*, describes the art and artist thus:—



"It holds a middle rank between drawing and painting. The draughtsman, strictly so called, executes his designs with the lead pencil, the pen, or the chalk crayon. With the last he may work on a tinted ground, he may even use brown chalks, also he may employ red." . . . "The worker in pastel is essentially a worker 'in the dry.' Moisture is the greatest foe he has to fear." . . . "Instead of palette and brushes, the pastellist needs only a long box, the compartments of which are filled with coloured crayons," &c., &c.

After reading this, put a penny in your pocket, and go and watch the method of the Pastellist of the Pavement, who brings his chalks in the morning, and walks his chalks off in the evening. He is indeed a "worker in the dry," and "moisture is the greatest foe he has to fear," for a shower of rain causes him and his colours to run together. The only brush he is likely to have is one with the police, but this is very rare, as the Pastellist of the Pavement is inoffensive and industrious. The Art is, from the nature of the case, low, but when the Pastellist of the Pavement has arrived at a certain pitch—a good one in a respectably frequented thoroughfare—there he sticks, and never gets beyond it.

"COOL AS A CUCUMBER."—In the *Times* of last Thursday, Mr. JOHN FINUCANE wrote a letter indignantly denying that in a speech at "Windygap"—(number of blustering speeches made at many Windy-gaps all over the country and by men of all sorts and conditions of parties)—he had told the blacksmiths to shoe the landgrabbers' horses and "drive the nails into the quick." He wrote at a white heat from "Coole House, Caherelly, County Limerick." But if anyone's residence should be styled "Coole House," it should be that of the Irish Secretary, who is "cool as a cucumber." How some of the Nationalist "Coolies" would like to give Cucumber BALFOUR a dressing with a taste of his own vinegar and plenty of pepper!



AN UNSELFISH MAN.

Colonel *Slyboots*, M.P. "SO SORRY TO LEAVE YOU ALL ALONE AT MUDBORO', MY LOVE; BUT DUTY WILL COMPEL ME TO BE AT MY POST AT WESTMINSTER FOR THE AUTUMN SESSION, YOU KNOW. SO DULL IN TOWN WITHOUT YOU, TOO."

Mrs. S. "POOR DEAR! THEN I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU, MY ANGEL!"

Colonel S. "OH, ON NO ACCOUNT. WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT!"

CATCHING THE EARLY BOAT.

In Bed; at the Highland Hotel, Oban.—What an extraordinary thing is the mechanism of the human mind! Went to sleep last night impressed with vital importance of waking at six, to catch early steamer to Gairloch. And here I am—broad awake—at exactly 5'55! Is it automatic action, or what? Like setting clockwork for explosive machine. When the time comes, I blow up—I mean, get up. Think out this simile—rather a good one . . . Need not have been so particular in telling Boots to call me, after all. Shall I get up before he comes? He'll be rather surprised when he knocks at the door, and hears me singing inside like a lark. But, on reflection, isn't it rather petty to wish to astonish an Hotel Boots? And why on earth should I get up myself, when I've tipped another fellow to get me up? But suppose he forgets to call me. I've no right, as yet, to assume that he will. To get up now would argue want of confidence in him—might hurt his feelings. I will give him another five minutes, poor fellow . . .

Getting Up.—No actual necessity to get up yet, but, to make assurance doubly—something or other, forget what—I will . . . I do. Portmanteau rather refractory; retreats under bed—quite ten minutes before I can coax it out . . . When I have, it won't let me pack it. That's the worst of this breed of brown portmanteaus—they're always nasty-tempered. However, I am getting a few things into it now, by degrees. Very annoying—as fast as I put them in, this confounded portmanteau shoots them out again! If I've put in that pair of red and white striped pyjamas once, I've done it twenty times—and they always come twisting and rolling out at the back, somehow. Fortunate I left myself ample time.

Man next door to me is running it rather fine. He has to catch the boat, too, and he's not up yet! Hear the Boots hammering away at his door. How can a fellow, just for the sake of a few more minutes in bed—which he won't even know he's had!—go and risk losing his steamer in that way? I'll do him a good turn—knock at

the wall myself. "Hi! get up, you lazy beggar. Look sharp—you'll be late!" He thanks me, in a muffled tone, through the wall. He is a remarkably quick dresser, he tells me—it won't take him thirty-five seconds to pack, dress, pay his bill, and get on board, if that's the case, I don't see why I should hurry. I've got much more than that already.

At the Quay.—People in Oban stare a good deal. Can't quite make out reason, unless they're surprised to find me up so early. Explain that I got up without having even been called. Oban populace mildly surprised, and offer me neckties—*Why?*

Fine steamer this; has a paddle-wheel at both ends—"because," the Captain explains, "she has not only to go to Gairloch—but come back as well."

First-rate navigator, the Captain; he has written my weight, the date of my last birthday, and the number of the house I live in, down in a sort of ledger he keeps. He does this with all his passengers, he tells me, reduces the figures to logarithms, and works out the ship's course in decimals. No idea there was so much science in modern seamanship.

On Board.—Great advantage of being so early is that you can breakfast quietly on deck before starting. Have mine on bridge of steamer, under awning; everything very good—ham-meringues excellent. No coffee, but, instead, a capital brand of dry-sparkling marmalade, served, sailor-fashion, in small pomatum-pots.

What a small world we live in! Of all people in the world, who should be sitting next to me but my Aunt MARIA! I was always under the impression that she had died in my infancy. Don't like to mention this, because if I am wrong, she might be offended. But if she *did* die when I was a child, she ought to be a much older woman than she looks. I do tell her this—because it is really a compliment.

My Aunt evidently an experienced traveller, never travels, she informs me, without a pair of globes and a lawn-mower. She offers, very kindly, to lend me the Celestial globe, if the weather is at all windy. This is behaving like an Aunt!

We are taking in live-stock; curious-looking creatures, like spotted pug-dogs (only bigger and woollier, of course) and without horns. Somebody leaning over the rail, next to me (I think he is the Public Prosecutor, but am not quite sure), tells me they are "Scotch Short-breads." Agreeable man, but rather given to staring.

Didn't observe it before, but my Aunt is really amazingly like GLADSTONE. Ask her to explain this. She is much distressed that I have noticed it; says she has felt it coming on for some time; it is not, as she justly complains, as if she took any interest in politics either. She has consulted every doctor in London, and they all tell her it is simply weakness, and she will outgrow it with care. Singular case—must find out (delicately) whether it's catching.

We ought to be starting soon; feel quite fresh and lively, in spite of having got up so early. Mention this to Captain. Wish he and the Public Prosecutor wouldn't stare at me so. Just as if there was something singular in my appearance!

They're embarking my portmanteau now. Knew they would have a lively time of it! It takes, at least, four sailors, in kilts, to manage it. Ought I to step ashore and quiet it down? Stay where I am. Don't know why, but feel a little afraid of it when it's like this. Shall exchange it for a quiet hand-bag when I get home.

Captain busy hammering at a hole in the funnel—dangerous place to spring a leak in—hope he is making it watertight. The hammering reminds me of that poor devil in the bedroom next to mine at the Hotel. He won't catch the boat now—he *can't*! My Aunt (who has left off looking like Mr. GLADSTONE) asks me why I am laughing. I tell her about that unfortunate man and his "thirty-five seconds." She screams with laughter. Very humorous woman, my Aunt.

Deck crowded with passengers now: all pointing and staring . . . at whom? Ask Aunt MARIA. She declines to tell me: says, severely, that, "If I don't know, I ought to."

Great Heavens! it's at me they're staring! And no wonder—in the hurry I was in, I must have packed *everything* up! . . . I've come away just as I was! Now I understand why someone offered me a necktie. Where shall I go and hide myself? Shall I ever persuade that beast of a portmanteau to give me out one or two things to put on—because I really *can't* go about like this! Captain still hammering at funnel—but he can't wake that sleepy-headed idiot in the next room. "Louder—knock louder, or the boat will go without him! Tell him there isn't another for two days. He's said good-bye to everybody he knows at Oban—he will look such an ass if he doesn't go, after all!" . . . Not the least use! Wonder what his name is. My Aunt says she knows, only she won't tell me—she'll whisper it, as a great secret. She is just about to disclose the name, which, somehow, I am extremely curious to know—when . . .

Where am I? Haven't they got that unhappy fellow up yet? Why the dickens are they knocking at my door? I've been on board the steamer for hours, I tell you! Eh? what? Five minutes to eight! And the Gairloch boat? "Sailed at usual time—seven. Tried to make you hear—but couldn't." . . . Confound it all! Good mind not to get up all day—now!



BARBARIANS AT PLAY.

John Bull. "PLAY FOOTBALL, BY ALL MEANS, MY BOY—BUT DON'T LET IT BE THIS BRUTAL SORT OF THING!"

A NATIONAL GAME;

Or, What it seems likely to be coming to.

MIDLAND YAHOO'S V. NORTH COUNTRY SAVAGES.

THESE two formidable and ferocious teams were both powerfully represented yesterday in the first match of the season that came off at the Subscription Grounds under the Thugby Association Rules, when, owing to their well-known deadly tactics, the afternoon's play was expected to be more than usually prolific in the fatalities and accidents now commonly considered inseparable from any well-contested match, and the takings for gate-money were enormous. The

Strangers had the kick off, and upon SMITH, for the Home team, securing the ball, and making a very pretty run with it down the centre, he encountered JONES, who, taking a well-timed and vigorous spring, mounted on his neck, when by an adroit twist, cracking his spine, he obliged him to relinquish it. The ball was then dribbled rapidly towards the Strangers' goal, where a spirited scrimmage ensuing, BROWN and ROBINSON, the half-backs, speedily had their thighs dislocated amidst a general breaking of arms and cracking of ribs.

Some brilliant combinations now followed on the part of the Home team. PARKINSON, who had already had his jaw broken, and a blood-vessel ruptured, being, however, obliged to use his hands, a proceeding which instantly brought JONES into his neighbourhood,



“A WORD IN SEASON,” &c.

“NEVER MIND, MEASTER!—UP VE OES AGEN. YOU WOR WERRY NIGH OFF THAT TIME!”

who, once more successfully repeating his famous leap, again cracked the spine, and left his second man dead upon the field. It being now only within a few minutes of the calling of time, and thirteen of the Home team being, more or less, seriously disabled, while only four of the Strangers were left to limp to their places, the Umpire decided that the game was over for the day, and the majority of the injured men were forthwith removed to the local Hospital from the ground on stretchers. A riot among the betting fraternity, who were attending the match in great numbers, that at one moment seriously threatened to imperil the peace of the locality, was eventually quelled by the Police.

THROUGH AN IMPERIAL HORSE-COLLAR.

It appears that during the German Emperor's visit to Naples a Newspaper Correspondent, disguised as a waiter (what would our own “ROBERT” say to such a freak?), was present at an Imperial luncheon. It seems that King HUMBERT was kept on the broad grin by the KAISER's witticisms and practical jokes. Amongst the latter was the admirable jest of preventing Prince HENRY of Prussia from seeing a passing torpedo-boat by pushing him back into his seat. This mirth-provoking *plaisanterie*, according to the journalistic *garçon*, caused His Majesty of Italy to explode with laughter. Fortunately for the world, a record of some of the other quaint conceits of WILLIAM THE SECOND has been preserved, from which the following short paragraphs are extracted:—

A Rather Fishy Remark.—Prince HENRY having cut his finger in attempting to eat peas with a carving-knife (after the German fashion) his Illustrious Brother thrust a couple of inches of sea-snake over the wounded part. “What have you done that for?” asked His Royal Highness. “I want to make it ‘eel!’” was the witty reply. Count HERBERT VON BISMARCK (who was in attendance) yelled with merriment for more than an hour.

Consommé-à la Wil.—The King of ITALY was taking some soup, when by suddenly jogging His Majesty's arm the German Emperor caused some of the savoury liquid to trace a pattern upon the Royal shirtfront. “What did you do that for? Do you know what you have done?” inquired the Italian Monarch, rather hotly. “I owes

the soup,” replied the German Emperor, in excellent English. “I *soup owes!*” Count Von BISMARCK (who was in attendance) had to swallow a table-cloth to suppress smiling.

Butter and Butter.—Before leaving Naples the Emperor got up early, and, running to the apartments reserved for his Royal host, plastered the passage in their immediate neighbourhood with butter. The Crown Prince, slipping down, sprained his ankle, and smilingly declared that he did not like butter-slides so early in the morning. “I see,” responded WILLIAM THE SECOND, “butter late than never!” Count Von BISMARCK (who was in attendance) commenced dancing a saraband to conceal his merriment.

Grimaldi Outdone.—At the Review at Rome the German Emperor rode rather a restive charger. His Majesty, being an indifferent horseman, was soon thrown into the midst of the Italian Royal Family, occupying a barouche. Immediately recovering his composure, he made a grimace, and exclaimed, using the Imperial Plural, “Hero We are again!” Count Von BISMARCK (who was in attendance) stood upon his head, as a token of silent sympathy.

From the above it will be seen that, should it be considered advisable to produce a Pantomime in Berlin next Christmas, at the Imperial Court, there will be no difficulty in procuring a thoroughly efficient amateur Clown.

“SOLVITUR STEAMENDO.”—Ten days ago Sir EDWARD W-TR-N sailed for India in the P. & O. *Arcadia*. In *Arcadia* there is much to be learnt, and the Great Railway Arcadian is anxious, we hear, to ascertain by personal inspection how it happens that the Mails are carried distances up to 12,000 miles, and, such is the excessive punctuality, always delivered *before*, not after, time by the “P. & O., Weather or no” (as one of their own P. and Oets sings), with a view of applying the same system on the S. E. R. Yes, S. E. R. No more late trains!

A PROTEST.—Our “ROBERT” wishes it to be publicly known that his surname is not ELSMERE. “This HELSMER,” he writes, “is, as I ear, a clergyman, and I may ave bin mistook for im, on account of simmerlarrity of kostoom, wich is a kumplerment to the revvrunt gent in henny ease.”



MR. J. L. T-LE, LORD R. G-W-R, LORD MAYOR TORPEDO (ELECT), AND MR. OSC-R W-L-DE, ADOPT THE NEW STYLE, AND LEAD THE FASHION ON NOV. 5TH.

"MEN'S DRESS.—If it be true, as announced, that men are going to wear embroidered trousers this season, the first step will be taken towards a further embellishment of masculine attire."—*Daily News*.

A PLAYGOER'S PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I am nobody,—not even a Critic. Still less am I a dramatist or a librettist. I am simply a playgoer, and a reader of criticisms upon plays. And there are some matters concerning both the plays and the criticisms which puzzle me exceedingly.

So far as I can gather, certain Critics seem to have two ways of dealing with a man who has made a shining, and especially a sudden, success. The one is to "slate" him with unmeasured maliciousness, the other to beslayer him with indiscriminate praise. It is rather difficult to decide which is the more offensive, the splenetic slaughtering, or the fulsome gush.

I am a lover of all sorts and conditions of music, "from gay to grave, from lively to severe," I may almost say from the sublime to the ridiculous. I am also a great admirer of Mr. GILBERT's peculiar humour, especially when it is wedded to Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's music. You may imagine, therefore, that I anticipate with immense pleasure the production of a new piece at the Savoy. I do not go to First Nights, but I eagerly scan the Press notices of the new piece, with a view of tasting, as it were, in advance the quintessential flavour of the treat in store for me. And if I can obtain a copy of the Opera before seeing the performance itself, I do so, and read it carefully.

Of course, therefore, I promptly perused the Press Criticisms of the *Yeomen of the Guard*. What a promising consensus of praise! GILBERT at his best, SULLIVAN better than ever! The music was almost bound to be good; in the libretto I should have expected a choice literary banquet,—if the admiring Critics had not made the mistake of quoting. Then—well, then, I began to have my doubts.

One Critic in a Sunday paper, for instance, was generally laudatory. Coming to particulars, he quoted with approbation the lines:—

"The rose's sigh
Were as a carrion's cry
To lullaby
Such as I'd sing to thee,
Were I thy bride!"

If this is not nonsense, I am a Dutchman. But I am not a Dutchman. It may be that Mr. GILBERT here is the victim of a printer's error. But the Critic praised the lines as *they are printed!* Another Critic, in a weekly review, quoted in brackets the words "*she be*," as though they constituted a marvellously original and humorous rhyme to "РЪБЪВЪ." He might almost as well have praised the novel coupling of "love" and "dove," or the selection (by a post-Ingoldsby poet) of "Greenwich" as perfectly antiphrastic to "spinach." A third congratulates Sir ARTHUR on his good fortune in having such lyrics as these to set to music. Such lyrics as *these*? Here be specimens:—

"Here 's a man of jollity,
Gibe, joke, jollify!
Give us of your quality
Come fool, follify!"

"River none can mollify;—
Into it we throw
Fool who doesn't follify,
Cock who doesn't crow!"

If this be not the mores doggerel with rhymes as forced as they are feeble, what in the name of metre gone mad is it?

Again:—

"1st Yeoman. Did'st thou not, oh, LEONARD MERYLL!
Standard lost in last campaign,
Rescue it at deadly peril—
Bear it bravely back again?
Chorus—LEONARD MERYLL, at his peril
Bore it bravely back again!"

Is this so *very* much above the level of the celebrated "eagle" who "played with" (and attempted to rhyme to) "the sea-gull!" Is it anything like as good as the old nursery jingle—

"There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Which hung down the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good
She was very, very good;
But when she was bad, she was horrid!"

Mr. GILBERT as a lyricist is not altogether unlike that illustrious young lady. At any rate, when he is good—as in most of the *Bab Ballads* and many of his Operas—he is *very, very* good. Like his own *Point*, he has "a pretty wit," but in this piece at least seems very chary of exercising it. He doubtless *can* "jest you, jibe you, quip you, crank you," only he *doesn't*: though he *does* "wraack you" with bad verse, and "riddle you" with forced rhymes, e.g.:—

"Joyful, joyful!
When virginity
Seeks, all coyful
Man's affinity;

"Fate all flowery
Bright and hewery
Is her dowery!
Joyful, joyful!"

But, after all, it is not Mr. GILBERT whom I, as a playgoer, have to pick a bone with, but his fulsome "Critics." Mr. GILBERT must, long ago, have cynically laughed in his jester's sleeve at these adulatory notices of his work. One can imagine what a brilliantly bitter *Bab Ballad* he could make of it all.

The work, we were told in advance, with a considerable flourish of critical trumpets, was to be "a new departure." It is certainly a departure from the land of Topsy-turvy wherein GILBERT and SULLIVAN have so long disported themselves, and wherein they worked so harmoniously, and with so much success. But what is it? Serio-comic romantic Opera? Possibly. But if so, the "departure" cannot appropriately be called "new." I agree with your "JACK IN THE BOX" that, had any other writer announced the libretto as "new and original," the Critics to a man would have been down upon him for filching the essence of *Maritana*. As it was, they very mildly accused, profusely excused, and extravagantly "enthused." However, we are transferred from imaginary Topsy-turvydom to the historical Tudor period. There is not very much of the Tudor style about the dialogue; there is even less about the lyrics:—

"Tower warders
Under orders
Gallant pikemen, valiant swordsmen!
Brave in bearing
Foemen scaring
In their bygone deeds of daring,

"Ne'er a stranger
There to danger—
Each was o'er the world a ranger:
To the story
Of our glory
Each a bold contributory!"

Somehow this does not smack *very* strongly of the days of bluff King HALL, does it? That, perhaps, would not much matter, were it flowing or funny; but it isn't.

Enough. I have not yet seen the piece. I have no doubt that when I do, I shall enjoy the music and be pleased with the *ensemble*. But dealing with the libretto as a production for which the Critics have claimed considerable literary merit, what is one to think—of the Critics?
Yours, &c. PLAYGOER.

MAGIC AND MYSTERY.—The following extraordinary circumstance is vouched for by several eye-witnesses of unimpeachable veracity. A tall man of respectable exterior, with a pale face, dark moustache, and a peculiarly saturnine cast of countenance, was observed walking down a street leading out of the Strand. For obvious reasons we suppress the name of the street pending further inquiry. Stopping for a minute in close proximity to a lamp-post, he plunged both hands into his trousers' pockets. A sudden gleam was seen to illuminate his countenance; he was heard to mutter some words, which were probably cabalistic, and then *suddenly tarned into a public-house!* The Psychological Society has been communicated with, and M. B. DE KOLTA, the inventor of the Vanishing Lady and the Pavilion Coccino, has undertaken to find out how this marvellously rapid and complete transformation was effected. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS hopes to purchase the patent for his Christmas Pantomime.

UP AND DOWN.—The *Times* calls public attention to the fact that Land which is "going down" in England is "going up" in Australia. Well, there are places in the world where Land seems to be continually "going up," such as Japan and other volcanic districts; but whether many speculators would be eager to invest in the consequent "ground rents" is another question.

Captain Gleadall, of the "White Star" Line.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Many an old voyager across the herring-pond will be sorry to hear of the awfully sudden death of that staunch veteran shipmaster, Captain GLEADALL, of the 'White Star' Line, who for ten years had the *Celtic*, and later commanded that favourite ship the *Germanic*. Captain GLEADALL died at the post of duty: he was found seated in the *Germanic's* chart-room when the ship was running through a fog, his face prone on the open chart he had been studying when the life had suddenly gone out of him. During his long and worthy sailor life he had rescued a great number of lives, and had received recognitions of his courage and humanity from almost every maritime nation of Europe and America."—*The World*, Oct. 23, 1888.

SUDDEN, yet splendid too! What fitter end
Can fancy fashion for the brave old tar,
All his long life with wind and wave at war,
The Ocean-crosser's trusty guide and friend,
Keen-eyed to mark, stout-hearted to contend,
With every danger of the treacherous deep?
So might we all, who life's long watch must keep,
Fronting its perils our last moments spend:
Like gallant GLEADALL, playing well our part
To the last pulse within, not of our fate
But of the great ship's course considerate;
Humanity's loyal servants, high of heart,
Content the great dismissal to await,
And fall at last—face forward on the chart!

PLAY-TIME WITH FRENCH ROYALTY.

ON Thursday last I went to see *Le Fils de Famille*, in order to compare M. LAFONTAINE as the *Abbé Constantin* with Mr. LAFONTAINE as *Alphonse Deshayes*, Colonel of a regiment of Lancers. He does not appear till the Second Act, and then he comes *en bourgeois* to a ball. Not a trace of the kindly genial simple old Abbé about this stiff-backed elderly martinet, who is every inch a soldier, and whose bearing is that of a man who has risen from the ranks, and who is nothing if not a soldier. I may be wrong in supposing that he has risen from the ranks, but certainly his comparatively uneasy bearing in "Society," his awkward compromise between a gracious bow and a short, sharp, military nod, and his hearty grasp of the hand when he wishes to express his cordial agreement with *M. François*, the Artist, gave me this impression; and the sentiments the authors have put into his mouth concerning the well-born prodigals, "*ces enfants mal élevés*," who put on a uniform as a disguise, and then wish to take it off again as though it were *un costume de Carnaval*, confirm me in my view of the character.



Dean's Treat, Soho.

In this Second Act M. LAFONTAINE is perfect; with the exception of exaggerating and repeating the business of his characteristic bow, merely for the sake of obtaining a laugh from the feather-headed.

In the Third Act M. LAFONTAINE, with great judgment, shows the old soldier quite at home in undress and in full uniform. The awkwardness has entirely disappeared, not a trace of his forced "society manner" exists, and here and there we get a hint of that natural kindness common to the good hearts of the Colonel and the Curé. Occasionally a mannerism of utterance reminded me of the Abbé, but it was only a momentary family resemblance, which I was on the look-out to detect. I hope, before his departure, that on one night he will give us an Act of *L'Abbé Constantin*, followed by the Second Act of *Le Fils de Famille*.

Mlle. JANE MAY is lacking in the quality of earnestness that alone could make the girl's part interesting. She seems to consider *Emmeline* as a heroine of *Opéra-Comique*, and that the authors themselves have not got much beyond this I am not prepared to deny, but it is just one of those parts that the pathetic power of an actress should lift above itself. M. SCHEY gives a broadly humorous sketch of a French *maréchal de logis*. He is rather inclined to exaggerate, as if he were playing *Valentine* in *Le Petit Faust*, but there is true low comedy in his impersonation of the type.

In M. LAFONTAINE'S impersonations of the Abbé and the Colonel is to be seen a very near approach to the perfection of the comedian's art: and on the same stage may be also seen glaring examples of the

worst fault of the French school of acting, viz., the actor insisting on points by addressing his speeches point-blank at the audience.

Now that M. SCHEY has arrived, couldn't we have *Tricoche et Cacolet* again? CHAUMONT and NORLET are coming with *Divorçons*. *En attendant*, M. LAFONTAINE is announced to appear in *Le Gentil-homme Pauvre*. It ought to be a very fine performance.

JEAN DANS LE LOGE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PUBLISHED by WHITAKER & Co., with two "t's,"—not that benefactor of society, WHITAKER, the Almanack Maker and universal intelligence provider,—is a small volume, well got up and clearly printed, of the selected poems and songs of CHARLES MACKAY, "the British Béranger," as DOUGLAS JERROLD styled him. It was only lately that some one was recalling to the public mind, in aid of a MACKAY Fund, that JERROLD'S "B. B." is the author of "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*" "*There's a Good Time coming, Boys!*" "*To the West!*" "*Far, far upon the Sea!*" which were all associated with the name of HENRY RUSSELL, whose music gave them an immense popularity. Unfortunately,



Based on solid principles.

Mr. Words goes for very little where Mr. Music steps in, and Mr. Music gets all the credit which should be divided between Messrs. Words and Music. Certainly this class of songs would not have obtained their success without such music as HENRY RUSSELL composed for them. And then the Composer, who was a capital entertainer and pianist, sang them himself, with no voice to speak of, but, all the same, most heartily, and with great dramatic skill. But CHARLES MACKAY has written songs that require no singing to recommend them, and ballads that suggest their own music; as for instance, "*Geraldine*," "*The Angel and the Mourners*," "*The Wayside Spring*," "*The Dream of the Recluse*," "*The Fair Serpent*," "*I Love my Love*," "*I lay in Sorrow*," which doesn't seem a very good stock to "lay in,"—but read the two verses. Get the book. He is not a TENNYSON nor a BROWNING; it is all simple versification; nothing abstruse, subtle, or obscure; yet plenty of food for thought, and much that will "catch on" and be remembered, says the

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

A CIGAR CASE.

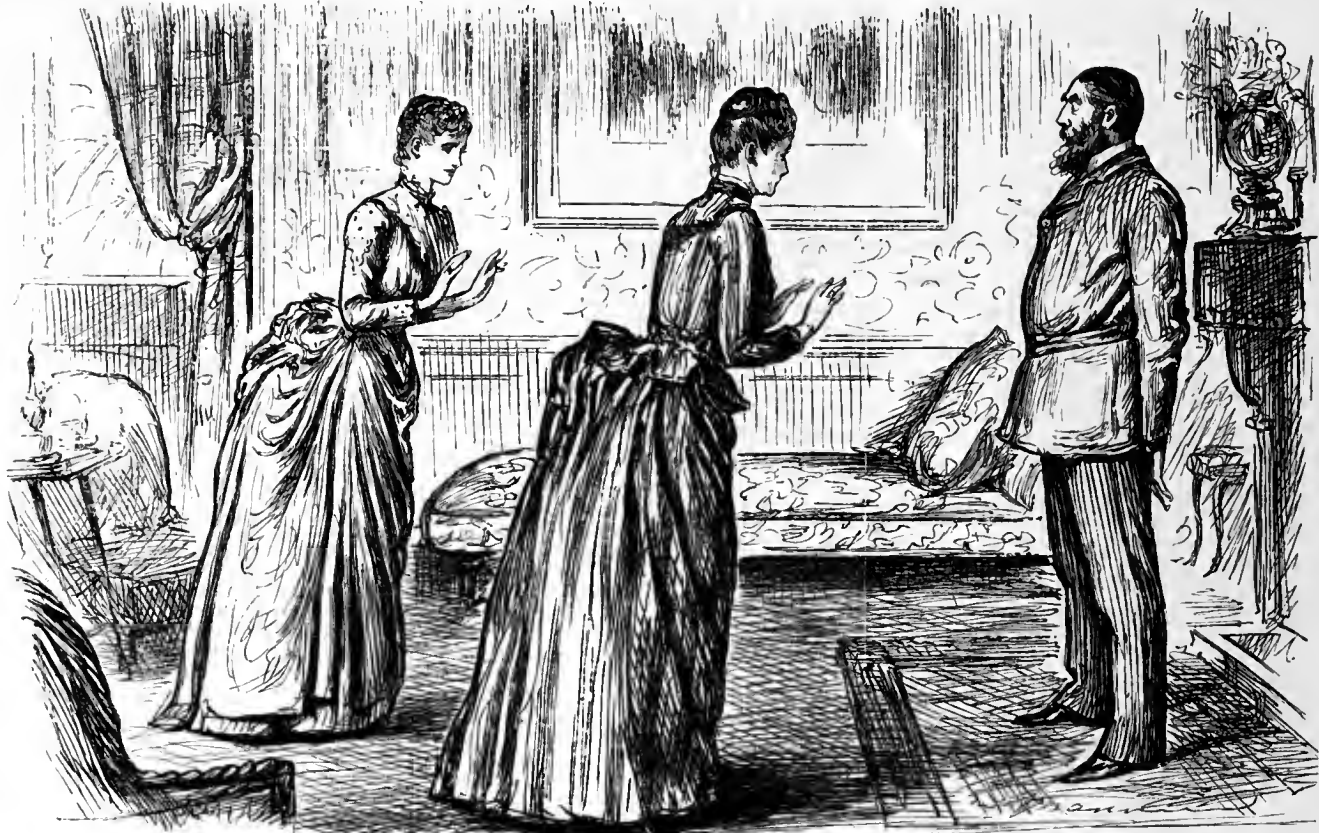
"Miss MAGGIE LOCKHEAD WATSON brought an action for £500 against Mr. WILLIAM KIRKLAND, because he failed to marry her. KIRKLAND, who was a smoker, received a letter from his sweetheart, the plaintiff, in which she stated, 'You must choose between me and a cigar.' He selected a cigar instead of Miss WATSON, and hence the action. The Sheriff Substitute decided in KIRKLAND'S favour, and yesterday the Sheriff Principal upheld that judgment."—*Daily News*.

DON'T you consider, sweet Miss MAGGIE LOCKHEAD WATSON, that some one showed himself a blockhead for choosing thus? If this be true we read, It must have been a choice cigar indeed; And the cigar, now, was it new and green And soft? Was it Imperial or Queen? For if it was all these, then he won't thank His lucky stars, for "his offence was rank." Did it look light, seductive to the lip, Or was it very rich, with a fine tip? So, was it rank or wealth that this choice weed Embodied? Well, the parties are both freed. Let's trust that this Cigar no heart hath broke, Not new that sanguine hopes should end in smoke.

WHISPER FROM THE GAIETY.—"In the time of CHARLES THE SECOND," wrote a *D. T.* leader on Dress last Saturday, "it was a disgrace for a man of fashion to wear a suit too long." Observed S-M-S to P-T-T, in the absence of their tyrannical Stage Manager, "It isn't considered a disgrace in the time of CHARLES THE THIRD for burlesque actresses to wear a suit too short." "Hush!" said his partner, "he comes! We must dissemble!" [They dissemble accordingly.]

PRO BOHNO PUBLICO.—Our friend BORROWDALE, whose library is composed exclusively of books which have been lent to him at various times during his long and honourable career, humorously calls them "Bone's Editions."

THE Duke of WESTMINSTER, one of London's greatest landlords, is now created a tenant, in fact the only Lord Left Tenant of the County of London, by the Local Government Act.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Exit awful Bore, after protracted Visit.)

"OH, WILLIAM! HOW UNGENUALLY YOU SAID 'HOW D'Y DO?' TO POOR PROFESSOR BLOKER!"
 "YES, INDEED, PAPA! AND OH, HOW EFFUSIVELY YOU BADE HIM GOOD-BYE!"

THE MENACING MONSTER.

A Dream of the Day After To-morrow.

"The formation of the great Association for a monopoly in salt is likely to have imitators, and it is now said that the formation of a gigantic monopoly in coal, with a capital of eighty millions, is under consideration. This will probably be followed by similar combinations to control iron, cotton, woollen, and other manufactures. Hitherto it has been fondly believed that the growth and progress of English trade was chiefly due to a wholesome competition. . . . All this, it seems, is to come to an end, and the American system of monopolies is to take the place of the English system of competition."—*Standard.*

THE Day of Big Things was approaching its noon;—
 (Its dawn had first glimmered across the Atlantic)—
 Each trade had swelled out like a Monster Balloon,
 And nothing was noticed that was not Gigantic,
 Things seemed to hark back to the morning of time,
 When Monsters and Mud were Creation's chief features,
 When sixty-foot saurians revelled in slime,
 With Mastodons, Mammoths, and other huge creatures.
 The Mammoth, indeed, seemed the type of the age,
 Which was ruled by the love of the simply colossal.
 To have a Big Boom was the general rage,
 And every man's dream was to "run" or to "boss" all.
 There were some who were silly enough to inquire
 The probable goal of this curious tendency;
 But most were contented to share—or admire—
 The Day of Big Things in its blazing resplendency.
 And as for the Small Things—they went to the wall,
 For people or plans not extremely Titanic
 Were calmly considered "not in it at all,"
 And snubbed with a scorn which was ultra-Germanic.

Ah me, the Big Booms! That got bigger each day,
 The monopolist "Rings," like the circles in water,
 Grew wider, and swallowed up all in their way,
 Of shops and small firms there was general slaughter.

The millions of Naboths had never a chance,
 Against the few Ahabs, whose numbers still dwindled;
 The "Trusts" piped the tune, and the victims must dance;
 They had nothing to do but to stare and be swindled.
 That was not the word that was used, to be sure,
 To prig on so spanking a scale is *not* rigging,
 But—well, say "financing" with motives quite pure,
 Or controlling the market by ringing or rigging.
 Conspiracy? Nay, that is not quite the word
 That only applies to malign combinations
 Against—well, say Rent,—which are wrong and absurd;
 But to keep up high prices by smart "operations"
 In salt or in iron, in coal or in wool,
 Is plainly legitimate pulling together.
 For who would protest, save a poor well-plucked fool,
 Against the snug flocking of birds of a feather?
 "Strikes? Well, they were rationally ruinous things,
 For they kept down fortunes by keeping up wages.
 'Twixt Labour's Trade Unions and Capital's Rings
 The fight was prolonged, but no longer it rages."
 So ehukled Monopoly, eek of the walk
 Once more on the death of that plague, Competition.
 The new Mammoth, Mammon, with saurian stalk,
 The Colossus of Cash in plethoric condition,
 Like dragons primeval, were lords of the time;
 They batted and browsed on the best: as to others,
 For them 'twas enough to be trampled to slime,
 In poverty equal, in death only brothers.

O glorious epoch! O outcome divine
 Of that Spirit of Trade which sublimates our humanity!
 Its heaven the Market; the Loom and the Mine
 Its ladders to opulence; all else is vanity.
 To paddle one's own poor canoe might seem fun
 In Trade's earlier days of competitive rivalry.
 But oh! when the Many give place to the One,
 Competition must go, like good-feeling and chivalry.



A

THE OCTOPUS OF "MONOPOLY."



Monopoly was not content very long
 With sharing its millions in narrow community
 Between the mere few who were clever and strong,
 Its natural issue was *Absolute Unity*.
 The One at the top, and the Many below!—
 That must be the Monster's ideal, the goal of it.
 To get the World's trade in one "Ring," at a blow,
 With one bloated Moloch of cash in control of it,
 That, that was the notion, and that was the aim;
 But just as that "Trust" comprehensive, colossal,
 Was reared, Mammon's victims grew tired of his game,
 And Demos with Dives played mad pitch-and-toss all.

A dream! Ah, perhaps; but some visions unveil
 A meaning from wide-awake vigilance hidden.
 The Day of Big Things means a scourge and a flail
 For the myriad small ones to Life's banquet bidden.
 The Epoch of Monsters once more to revive,
 In Creation or Commerce, is sheer retrogression.
 The Thunderer would rule, and the Titans would strive,
 But freedom and peace are poor man's best possession.
 "These Little Ones" also have places and claims.
 The many-armed Monster, Monopoly, subtle
 Of motion as greedy of maw, has the aims
 Of the cruel, all-grabbing, all-palsying Cuttle.
 Beware of it, Trade! 'Tis a creature to dread,
 To fight to the death, as St. George did the dragon.
 Call Law to your aid—let her strike at its head—
 And the menacing Monster will drop dead as Dagon!

GOOD DAY'S WORK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It is stated that "in view of the serious dangers that attend upon even a temporary stoppage of a great artery of traffic in London, the Corporation are considering the expediency of carrying on the forthcoming repairs of Blackfriars Bridge, not only night and day, but on Sunday, as well as week day." As yet, however, they have not therefore been charged, by agitators for the enforcement of the observance of Sunday as a Judaic Sabbath, with proposing to employ me as an instrument wherewithal to deprive the working classes of their day of rest. Now then, I suppose, it will no longer be pretended that I am designed to serve that purpose in the hands of good people allied to promote the opening of Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays, and consequently, in time past, accused of trying to insert the thin end of your ancient friend

THE WEDGE.



"SO ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

Anatole. "TIENS! BONJOUR, ISIDOR! YOU SPEAK ENGLISH? BIEN! I GO TO PLAY AT ZE FOOTBALL-TENNIS-CRICKETS? COME YOU?"

Isidor. "NOT AT PRESENT. BUT I VILL GO TO FIND YOU VEN I SHALL 'AV PASSED AT ZE BUREAU TO PAY MY INCOMETAXES!"

AN ARM FROM THE ARMADA.

(Fragment from a Romance of 15 + 18 + 88.)

It matters not how I came to be living three hundred years after the great fight off Plymouth Hoe. That is my affair, and no one else's. Suffice it to say that I came up by a train, and took an omnibus to Catherine Street, and entered the National Theatre, where I found Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, surrounded by a number of articles I immediately recognised as relics of the battle in which I had taken part in 1588. I remember the day perfectly. Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, Sir MARTIN FROBISHER, Lord HOWARD of Effingham, a few others, and myself, were aboard the *Capitana*—no, we took that during the action, so I think it must have been the *Lively Polly*. Yes, now I call it to mind, it was the *Lively Polly*. And yet, on referring to a Catalogue furnished by the courteous Lessee of Drury Lane, I am not at all sure but it was the *Ark Raleigh*, or the *Ark Royal*. I have all the greater confidence in the latter suggestion, as I see that that capital vessel was the flag-ship of the British Fleet.

"Have a pinch of snuff, TOMMY?" said DRAKE (he always called me TOMMY, although my real name was MARMADUKE)—"have a pinch of snuff?"

And then good old FRANCO—(I always called Sir FRANCIS "FRANCO," because we had been at school together)—produced a Horn Tobacco Box.

I mentioned this to one of the erudite assistants of the joint-author of *The Armada*.

"We have the very identical box here," replied the assistant. "It is No. 247 in the Catalogue, and bears the name and arms of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE."

And to be sure there it was! Then I came upon a chair which I immediately recognised as one that used to stand in the study of Sir WALTER RALEIGH. He used to invite me to occupy it while reading his *History of the World* to me.

"What is No. 318?" I asked, with some curiosity.

"That," returned my courteous informant, "is a Spanish torture

chair. You will observe here is a steel waistband for fixing the octagonal stake with various screws. Here is a double manaele with triangular padlock. Yonder a gag with rack action for opening month, grasping and drawing out tongue. There a steel dilator for lower part of body. Here—"

"Oh! yes," I interrupted; "I know the whole bag of tricks. Dear old WALLY used to say that he was obliged to apply them all to keep me from falling asleep."

"It is, we fancy, nearly a hundred years later than the date of the Armada," continued my guide; "but it shows, to quote the Catalogue, 'what would have occurred in nearly every English town if the Armada had been successful.'"

"There," I replied, "I think you are wrong. My friend, Sir WALTER RALEIGH, told me that it was given to him by a Spaniard—he was called DON QUAY—in return for a pouch of tobacco. But still it is a most interesting relic."

Then I saw a large number of helmets, swords, pictures, seals, and engravings that I quite remember noticing during the pauses of the glorious combat. I was particularly struck with an etching reproduction of "the Armada in sight," by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

"Most lifelike," I observed. "I recognise FENTON, and ST. LEGER, SOUTHWELL and MANNINGTON, GEORGE JENNER, COOK, and, of course, dear old DICK HAWKINS."

"Were you there?" asked a bystander.

"Was I there!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Of course I was, and got a seat for Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, who was painting it. The original was sent, shortly afterwards, to Australia."

At this moment a theatre-loving descendant of my dear old friend, Sir MARTIN FROBISHER, seized me by the arm, and with him I hurried off to see the admirable spectacular Drama that through the kindness of Messrs. HAMILTON and HARRIS, had been provided for our delectation. And thus, seated in the Stalls, I fought my battle over again.

(Signed) A SURVIVOR OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.



' THAT NASTY ORANGE-PEEL ! '

Gallant Old Gentleman (rushing to her assistance). "I'M AFRAID, MA'AM, YOU 'VE HAD A FALL—I HOPE——"
Short-tempered Old Lady (snappishly). "WHY, YOU DON'T S'POSE I'D SIT DOWN HERE, YOU OLD STUP——!"

(He helps her up, and makes off hastily.)

A NEW "SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY."

(Intended as a few hints to budding Orators, in addition to the very excellent advice which Mr. Bright has recently given them.)

Don't let your audience know what is coming next. Cultivate the art of oratorical surprises. Should your hearers also cultivate surprises, and welcome you with an outburst of hisses, allude playfully to the geese that once saved the Capitol. This may disarm hostility. It may also do the reverse.

If any member of your audience should be so ill-mannered or so destitute of appreciation as to go away in the middle of your oration, remember that this invariably happens to the best speakers in the House of Commons. Try and wither the offender with a glance. This requires practice. Should this fail, you might put your audience in a good temper by inquiring, "Why is our friend who is leaving like a barn-door fowl? Because he is looking for an egg-sit." This will direct amused attention to the out-goer, and make others less willing to follow his example.

N. B.—At the end of the meeting, leave, if possible, by a side-door. People have been known to resent humour of the above description.

If you cannot comfortably accommodate all the leading points of your speech on your shirt-cuff, pin them (on a piece of paper) to your handkerchief, which you can occasionally dangle before your face in a graceful and unpremeditated manner.

Make friends with the Reporters. An

amiable Reporter explains away a multitude of brickbats.

When interrupted, never lose your own temper—or you may find somebody else's!

When working up to a joke, it will be advisable to wreath your face beforehand with a seductive smile. Practise well before a looking-glass.

Though argument is popularly supposed to have something to do with proof, recollect that certain people are quite proof against argument. Humour them. Appeal to their feelings, not their heads. Try the "Three B's"—blarney, blather, and bunkum.

People who don't see a joke always think there is something profane in it. Don't be too witty. This is a fault which you will probably find no difficulty in avoiding.

Perhaps the very best way to "bring down the house," is to bring down a lot of particular friends who will "make a house" for you.

"SLATIN BEY."—The *Times* Correspondent, writing from Vienna, reported last week that "SLATIN BEY asks his friends to send him a few newspapers." We are glad to be able to announce, in the interests of the higher criticism in Art, Literature, and the Drama, that SLATIN BEY is coming over to England, and has been engaged as Literary and Dramatic Critic on *Mr. Punch's* Staff. All those who have anything to fear from SLATIN,—look out!

SOME impulsive Americans wanted his title to be changed to "Lord Get-the-Sackville."

A SPORTSMAN'S SONG.

Arranged for the Suburban Deer-Stalker.

SING ho! for the bang of the Verderer's gun,
 As from his third-class stepping,
 He starts for his annual bit of fun
 In the sylvan glades of Epping.
 He isn't a very good shot, is he:
 But his aim is wild and his range is free,
 And, whether he hit or miss his mark,
 He knows that he is out for a lark.
 So ho! sing ho! for the Verderer's sport,
 At Epping he'll show you the proper sort.
 Give him his gun, and he'll blaze away,
 Nor care a rap what the public say.
 Sing ho! for the Verderer's random shot
 As he sees the herd advancing,
 And he takes his sight and covers the lot,
 The risk of a bad one chancing.
 So ho! but the Verderer has his luck,
 For he breaks the leg of a harmless buck,
 That limps away with its shatter'd bone
 To linger for days, then die alone.
 So ho! Sing ho! for his glorious sport,
 At Epping he'll show you the right good sort;
 And will—till the Public shall have their say,
 And he and his gun both get blazed away!

ATHLETIC SPORTS IN INDIA.—Lord COLIN CAMPBELL has gone out to practise at the bar in Bombay. Capital exercise.

"YOU'RE having a high old time of it," says the Currant-jelly said to the Venison, which had been hanging for three weeks.

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 20.



PARNELL COMMISSION.

(Special Report.)

[Yesterday the Commission of Judges resumed their sittings in the Parnell Case. The Judges were Sir JAMES HANNEN, Mr. Justice DAY, and Mr. Justice SMITH. For the Times there appeared the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Sir HENRY JAMES, Mr. W. MURPHY, Mr. W. GRAHAM, of the English Bar, and Mr. J. ATKINSON and Mr. RONAN of the Irish Bar. For Mr. PARNELL and other Members Sir CHARLES RUSSELL appeared, and with him Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. REID, Mr. LOCKWOOD, Mr. LIONEL HART, Mr. ARTHUR RUSSELL, of the English Bar, Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR and Mr. HARRINGTON of the Irish Bar. TOBY, M.P., Q.C., instructed by Mr. GEORGE LEWIS (of Ely Place, Holborn, W.C.), again held a watching brief for the Public.—Morning Paper.]

Monday, October 22.—Cut this out of morning paper. Plenty

more where it came from. If the Editor liked to have it all, and leave out pictures, would make quite interesting series of numbers. Suppose there would be objections on part of artists. Some people are so narrow-minded. So have boiled down account of proceedings. Observed considerable addition to strength of Bar. On opening day only CHARLES RUSSELL and ASQUITH on one side, GRAHAM on the other. Now two benches full of wig and gown. Room for us of the Inner Bar, but terrible crush behind.

"All on account of you," GEORGE LEWIS whispers. "Very well to begin with. But when they saw you were engaged, found it necessary to muster in larger force."

Pleasant to have one's position so early and strikingly recognised. Must keep up dignity. Shall begin with Usher. If he interrupts again, shall have him mandamus'd.

Eleven o'clock. Curtain rises; disencloses Judges standing in doorways like three figures in weather-box, which tell you whether it's going to be wet or shine.



Bar rises and bows. Three figures bob, advance a step, and take seats. (Evidently going to be either wet or shine.) ATTORNEY-GENERAL opens ease for prosecution. Goes back to prodigious speech delivered by him in case of *O'Donnell v. Walter*. Quotes whole batches of it. Remember how COLEBRIDGE, L.C.J., softly slumbered through it. Our President wide awake. SMITH quietly observant. DAY beginning to get over novelty of situation; gives up staring stonily round; makes occasional note. President begins with old protest about knowing

nothing. Fancy he's heard the name of PARNELL and DAVITT—or is it DAVITT? Something in the City, aren't they? ATTORNEY-GENERAL, therefore, bound to go into full detail. Grinds along till one o'clock, when President capitulates; falteringly admits that he has not only read the whole of *Parnellism and Crime*, but has a minute index.

"Why didn't he say so at first?" growled familiar voice from back of Court. It was JOSEPH GILLIS, and in female society! Stout lady, in black, with large hat and plumage borrowed from a hearse, seated in Press Gallery; said to be representative of *Wandering Woman*, weekly illustrated. JOSEPH'S eagle eye, surveying Court, perceived her. Sidled up, appropriating next seat. Happened to be that of representative of *Potsdam Press*, temporarily absent. *Potsdam Press* returning, protests. JOSEPH GILLIS ignores him. Comfortable seat; female society; good view of Judges; will stop. Does.

"Remember Mitchelstown?" says JOSEPH, winking at me.

"Remember Paris!" I say, sternly, not relishing this familiarity.

JOEY B. smiles. But the shot goes home. Observe that, after luncheon, he finds quarters remote from the charmer.

Tuesday.—JOSEPH GILLIS arrives, brisk, and early. Proposes to take his seat on benches reserved for us. Usher interposes. Warns him off. Usher not such a bad fellow, after all. JOEY B. then drops into bench reserved for Solicitors in charge of cases. Something evidently up. Turns out to be JOEY B. himself. Thrusts thumb in arm-hole of waistcoat. Holds out left hand, peremptorily signalling President. Catches his eye. Calls him "Sir," and announces that he is going to conduct his own case. President stares inquisitively at him. SMITH regards him with bland smile. DAY, withdrawing gaze from ceiling, where he was almost certain he'd seen a fly, turns animated visage full upon JOSEPH GILLIS. Never saw anything like this before. Eyes widely open; lips slowly part; regards him as if fascinated. JOEY B. takes no notice of sensation created; makes his application as if moving for unopposed return, and sits down to listen to ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Mr. ATTORNEY paces along by the hour. Monotonous; uninteresting; stale stories of ancient outrage; "thrice-boiled colewort," as CARLYLE said. Flounders hopelessly amongst Irish names. Calls DAVITT, DAYVIT, and PARNELL, PARNELL. CHARLES RUSSELL diligently follows, taking notes.

"What date is it?" he casually asks. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL turns round and glares upon the benevolent downcast visage.

"I was careful at the commencement to mention the date," he hisses through clenched teeth, "if my learned friend would only listen. Tenth of March!"

"Ah!" says CHARLES RUSSELL, going on writing. ATTORNEY-GENERAL discovers fresh outrage.

"What date?" RUSSELL asks, in a low voice, going on writing, and not looking up. Mr. ATTORNEY turns upon him like baited bull; glares and fumes and gives date.

"Ah!" says CHARLES RUSSELL, writing it down. These the only flashes of thunder and lightning to vary the monotonous peppering on the window-panes of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S incessant small talk.

Wednesday.—Not sure I would have taken silk if I had known how dull it is to sit here day by day and listen to Mr. ATTORNEY. Much livelier in the House of Commons. Always something turning up there. Nothing here but ATTORNEY-GENERAL, humdrumming round familiar facts, reciting *Parnellism and Crime* by the page, and, when things getting too exciting, dropping back into memories of his speech in *Walter v. O'Donnell*. Wonderful how Judges on Bench

keep awake. Perhaps they wouldn't if President would only give way. Pretty to see Brother SMITH furtively turning to see if Brother HANNEN has dropped off. If he had, might be chance for another honest person. But Brother HANNEN positively enjoying himself. Leans over desk so as not to miss single phrase of Mr. ATTORNEY'S honeyed eloquence. Mr. ATTORNEY, what with difficulties about pronunciation of Irish names, and what with constant occasion for snapping at CHARLES RUSSELL, sometimes gets wrong in date or other detail of intricate statement. HANNEN down on him in a minute.

"He may have known nothing about the case when he took his seat on the Bench," says LOCKWOOD, just finishing another sketch of Brother DAY, "but he knows more now than us all put together. Probably the only man in Court who could stand examination on WEBSTER'S narrative."

As the days wear on, our DAY takes on added stolidity. Only time when he displays momentary animation is when he, too, turns to see if Brother HANNEN has not dropped off, and meets his particularly wide-awake gaze. TORQUEMADA'S guilty start when he finds he's observed is delightful. Stares straight up at the ceiling, slowly gazes round the Court, deliberately makes a note, and says nothing. Never does say anything.

"What do they call him TALKEE-MEEDA for?" JOSEPH GILLIS whispered to MICHAEL DAVITT.

"Don't know," said DAVITT, "unless it's because he never says anything."

Thursday.—"Box A!" said Brother HANNEN, entering Court this morning, and plumping down on desk before him large tin box.

"Box B!" chimed in Brother SMITH, plumping down another box on his desk.

"I C," said Brother DAY, gloomily—and when we have a gloomy DAY, it's dark indeed.

"Poor DAY!" said ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who, in spite of this fearful long speech inflicted upon us, is a kind-hearted man. "Must try and make up a box for him!"

"You could easily do that," said CHARLES RUSSELL, dryly.

One of these two boxes contains the documents whose history is told in SOAMES'S affidavit. Appears some person from America wrote to *Times* offering important documents incriminating PARNELL; negotiations for purchase entered into; documents delivered; found



Wednesday's Sensation.—Lika Joko appears.

to be forgeries; so put them in two boxes, one marked A, the other B; locked them up and handed them into custody of Judges. ATTORNEY-GENERAL more than hints that that great and good man, GEORGE LEWIS, knows all about the plant. GEORGE LEWIS, ever childlike and bland, looks straight before him as if he had not even heard the insinuation.

Judges never let boxes out of sight. Sleep with them under their pillows at night. Bring them into Court in the morning, take them away in afternoon. Nobody knows whether forgeries are in Box A or Box B, which deepens the mystery.

"What is in the Box?" CHARLES RUSSELL thundered yesterday when subject first came up.

"Snauff!" said ATTORNEY-GENERAL, snapping his fingers.

It is his way when angered. But CHARLES RUSSELL gazed longingly at the Box, and drawing forth his Bandana, wistfully blew his nose.

What if it were true, and if, almost within reach, there were such boundless store of Black Rappee!

Friday.—At seven minutes past three this afternoon ATTORNEY-GENERAL breathed his last sentence in Speech. Affecting scene. Sorry, after all, to part with Speech. Lived on it through a melancholy week. But self-preservation a powerful instinct. Another day of it and one of us must have succumbed. Just as well it should be the Speech.

Peacefully passed away in the still afternoon, aged twenty-two hours fifty-seven minutes. Omit flowers.

BELIEF IN GENERAL BOULANGER.—Hasty generalisation.



“LE SPORTMAN.”

“Hi!! Hi!! STOP ZE CHASSE! I TOMBLE—I FALOFF! STOP ZE FOX!!!”

AN EXPLANATION OF THE COCOON TRICK.

(By One who has passed a Night with the Spirits.)

I HAD determined to find out “how it was done.” I had seen the placards showing me a lady with wings emerging from what seemed to me to be the skeleton of an egg cup, and I knew that this marvellous performance was repeated every night at a Music Hall. But how was it done? That was the point—how was it done? I was pondering over the matter in my study with a glass of whiskey and water beside me. For a while my mind, like SULLIVAN’S organ-man, was “ill at ease,” when all of a sudden a trance-like calm fell upon me. I was glad of this, for I knew that I was about to learn the secret. I learn most things after a trance-like calm has fallen upon me. For a while I could not exactly follow what I was doing. Then my brain became as clear as a bell—as crystal. I was standing with Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS among the Armada relics at Drury Lane, talking to the descendants of the Elizabethan heroes who had saved England from invasion three hundred years ago. They were loud in their praise of the Lessee of the National Theatre.

“Yes,” returned the part-author of *The Armada*, “I certainly get as near truth and nature as possible. For instance, the scene of the Holy Inquisition was real. I got it at some reduction, as it is obsolete in Spain. You see before you real tormentors, real tortures, and real victims. The gentleman that is dropped through the trap-door at the commencement of the Act in a condition of some exhaustion I had to take as a fixture. He said he was accustomed to his rack, and could ill do without it. Yes, we do not only use real tortures, but sometimes discover real secrets.”

“You do!” I exclaimed, “then do you think you could find out for me how the Cocoon trick is done at the Pavilion?”

The Lessee of the National Theatre nodded an assent, and led the way to the stage. When we arrived there we found the gentleman to whom reference has already been made, stretching himself at full length on the rack.

“Well, Sir,” said the Lessee, “and how are you enjoying yourself?”

“Thoroughly,” was the immediate reply, “they have been giving me an extra twist this morning, and I feel all the better for it. But now I think I am done to a turn.”

He was taken from his apparently unconventionally-fashioned couch, and dropped through his usual trap, in his customary condition of exhaustion.

“And now, perhaps, we had better see the talented inventor of this marvellous trick,” said the courteous Lessee, and a gentleman of evidently foreign extraction was introduced.

“Do you require my assistance?” asked the Chief Inquisitor, in a voice that reminded me of the palmy days of the Legitimate Drama, suddenly appearing at the wing.

“Thank you, No,” returned the courteous Lessee. “I think we can get on without you.”

The Chief Inquisitor bowed in a stately manner, and, with much dignity, withdrew. The gentleman of evidently foreign extraction was then invited to seat himself on a torture-chair that had been specially brought for him from the collection of Armada relics.

After a few minutes passed in cheerful preparation, the talented inventor said that he was then in a position to explain his secret, on the condition, however, “that it went no further.”

“It is as simple as possible,” he observed, smilingly, as he rose from the torture-chair. “It is done by swallowing a potion, similar in character but different in effect to that consumed by *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*. But perhaps you would like to see it done.”

I said I would, and, by a dexterous twist of the wrist (very neatly performed) both the Inventor and myself were “passed” into the Pavilion in an instant. The Hall was crowded, and I found myself behind the scenes. A beautiful young lady was standing beside me with a glass in her hand. I heard the Inventor speaking to the audience. I saw him hold up a sort of frame, covered with tissue-paper. I watched him as he drew, with admirable skill, a worm, and then a cocoon. Then I noticed that the frame and tissue paper had disappeared, and a sort of large walnut, made of silk, had taken their place.

“Now,” said the Inventor, “I will place this Cocoon into this receptacle, and in a moment you will see what happens.”

As he spoke, the young lady raised her glass to her lips. I immediately seized it and swallowed its contents myself. Then a strange thing happened. I found myself suddenly emerging from the Cocoon, to the surprise of both the Inventor and the audience.

“Done like that!” shouted LIKA JOKO, the well known Japanese Secret-discoverer, suddenly appearing on the stage. “Not at all! See now, I will show you how it is done!”

But at that moment the scene faded away, and I found myself in my own study with my head resting tranquilly in the coal-scuttle. How I got there—whether I was “passed” or not by the Inventor—is still a secret to me. But this was not the only thing that puzzled me. I could not understand the condition of the whiskey bottle. Before I left my study, I fancy, I say I fancy, it was nearly full—now, undoubtedly, it was quite empty!

New Version.

(By a Disgusted M.P.)

REMEMBER, remember	I know no reason
The Sixth of November?	Why late in the Season [rot
Of course, for it can't be forgot!	We're mustered to rage and talk

“IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?”—PADDY LANE gave a bob to avoid a shot from the revolver. Only a bob! He got off cheaply. But, as he observed, “It’s better to be a coward for five minutes than to be dead for the rest of your life.” PADDY was right. Life is certainly worth living—at that price.

THE CHALLENGE: OR THE RIVAL CHANTICLEERS.

*Grand Old Chanticleer (fortissimo).*

Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o! Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!!!
Gather round me, hen-birds all—pretty Partlet crew!

Chorus of "Women's Liberal Federation" Hens.

Cackle! cackle! Grand Old Bird! Where's the fowl dares tackle
Such prodigious spurs and beak? Cackle! Cackle! Cackle!

Grand Old Chanticleer.

Ladies, thanks for your response to my stirring clarion.
Fancy there's a business here I alone can carry on.
Fighting Cocks are plentiful, game birds some are terming 'em,
But I really think you need a change of breeds in Birmingham.

Kept a little mite too much to one stock and brood, I think.
Once you deprecatd change, but you have changed your mood, I think.

"Crested Ch-mb-rl-n-s" no doubt are a breed pugnacious;
Very valiant, vigorous, vehement, vivacious.
But one family of fowls may be overdone, Ladies.
Mean to challenge 'em myself, think we'll have some fun, Ladies.
Want to rule the roost too much, the C. C.'s do. Monopoly
May do in screws, but not in fowl-runs—if I *must* talk shoppily.
JOEY C., as Cock o'the Walk, considerably plumps himself,
But when a bird backs all his brood, I rather think he dooms himself;

Crested Ch-mb-rl-ns all crow loud, strut with much show abdominal;
 Some say that JOE's supremacy is little more than nominal,
 Even in crow and strut; though these he carries to excess, he [JESSE.
 Has rivals in his brood, who are not all as meek as
 However, that's mere local cackle, though good K-NR-CK
 —come! a gem!—
 Tells me that complaints of this are not confined to Brummagem. [RICHARD,
 Still I'm here to fight Big JOE, not AUSTIN, nay, nor I into him, he into me, are pretty sure to pitch hard,
 When it *does* come to fighting. Ladies, I am game to tackle
 On his own walk that Chanticleer!
Chorus of "W. L. F." Hens (effusively).
 O lovely! Cackle! Cackle!!!
Brummagem Bantam.
 Well, it's like his impudence! And on my own walk, too!
 But I'll beat the Old Bird yet, and by a long chalk, too!
He talk of Monopoly? Well, that's really queer;
 He who'd rule all roosts alone, Grand Old Chanticleer!
 Well, I'll fight him! As for you, poor Partlet-Chorus—pooh!
 They shall find that two can play at Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o! [Makes ready.

A NICE LOOK-OUT FOR LONDON.—The *Standard* is delighted that the Duke of WESTMINSTER has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of the County of London, because he will "bridge over the gulf between the old régime and the new." Let us hope that the new Westminster Bridge will prove a success—come up to the "Standard," in fact. But one Duke will not make a London County Council, and this "gulf," according to Mr. HAMER's letter in the *Times*, may be, after all, a bottomless pit of Bumbles and Blackmailers, wide and dark indeed, beyond even the possibilities of "filling up," suggested by the heroic self-sacrifice of a Ducal Curtius. Mr. *Punch* hopes that this HAMER hits wide as well as hard.

"EDUCATION, OR STARVATION?"

[The poor child attended in Court herself, was fined two-and-sixpence for not having attended school when she was nursing her father, and then burst into tears, saying that the only money she had they wanted at home for bread.—*Vide Daily Telegraph Report, Nov. 3.*]

EDUCATION
 Is vexation,
 But Starvation's worse.
 Can School-Board be
 With fine and fee
 Earning the poor man's curse?

GETTING ALONG NICELY.

In its Dramatic and Musical column, last Friday, the *Daily Telegraph* informed the world that Mr. WILSON



An Impressionist.

BARRETT "without assistance, has both constructed and written a play called *Now-a-days*." W. B. is "getting a big boy now!" Fancy being able to write a play without assistance! And what was the "assistance" he received before this daring effort? Why, according to the same authority, it was Mr. HALL CAINE. So when he got free of this CAINE,—which has always been a tutor's assistance,—little Master WILSON BARRETT procured pens, ink, and paper, and wrote a play, all by himself! When

little boys get hold of the pens and ink, they generally make a nice mess of it; but we are snre Master WILSON B. is a good boy, and he won't do anything of that sort, will he?



FAMILY JARS.

Joan. "THE IDEAR OF SUSAN'S ASKIN' JOHN TO WILLIAM'S FUNERAL, AFTER THE WAY 'E'D BEYAVED! I SHOULDN'T CERTAINLY EVER DREAM OF ASKIN' 'IM TO YOURS!"
 Darby. "WHAT! THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS, I SHOULD BE VERY MUCH OFFENDED IF YOU DIDN'T!"

THE NEXT DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT.

Letter from — Smith, Esq., to British Minister.

DEAR BRITISH MINISTER,—I AM an Englishman who has become an American, and want to know which way I ought to vote at the present crisis. I reckon I may take it that this change of front on the part of present Government is all bamboozle. That is so! Post me up on the right side of the rails. I calculate I can influence a lot of votes, to get them put, bedad, to the credit of the unspeakable Saxons! Hurroo! *Erin go bragh!* Yours respectfully,
 (Signed) — SMITH, Esq.

Telegram from British Minister to — Smith, Esq.

I think you ought to vote for the present Government, as I fancy that after the Election is over the good sense which has ever been the characteristic of the present President will once more become apparent. As you are personally unknown to me (although of course your name is perfectly familiar to me), I have taken the precaution to pay a small additional sum to have this telegraphed to you with the words "Strictly private" added to the message.

Cablegram from Minister to Premier.

Very awkward this telegram of Minister. Well-intentioned, but ill-timed. Please do something.

Cablegram from Minister to Premier (an hour later).

Have sent Minister his passports.

Cablegram from President to Premier (an hour later).

Have ordered Minister to be off at once.

Cablegram from President to Premier (an hour later).

Sending out declaration of war by next mail.

Cablegram from President to Premier (an hour later).

At Cabinet Council just held decreed the immediate annexation of Canada and Australia, and the speedy invasion of India.

Cablegram from President to Premier (a week later).

Election over. Pulled it through. Countermanded annexation and invasion. Sorry Minister has gone. Give him my kind regards. Calculate you may consider this incident at an end.

"FAUST GAIETY."

ON the third night of its existence I saw the new burlesque of *Faust* at the Gaiety. *Faust up to Date* is not *Faust up to Much*. Such as it is, it has taken two distinguished Adelphi melodramatists, Messrs. PERITT and SMES, to do it. Clearly the melodramatists are dissembling. The Extravagant Travesty plays two hours and three-quarters, and is therefore about two hours too long. Here and there the two dissembling melodramatists have made a conscientious attempt at burlesquing some of the principal situations in the Opera and drama. Occasionally there are some good lines, as there ought to be in the course of two hours and three-quarters, though, whether in dialogue or in song, it seemed to me that the utterance of only Miss Sr. JOHN, Mr. LONNEN, and Mr. STONE was distinct.

There is nothing remarkably amusing in the First Act, which, however, is the better of the two; but in the Second Act, there is a dance of four girls, all alive and kicking, which is more effective from its eccentricity than its grace; and in the last scene there is the now inevitable Irish song for LONNEN, of which a Mr. MARTIN is announced as the writer and composer, the talented authors of the burlesque having, as I suppose, drawn the line at "a rival" and "ar-rival," or at "flying being a matter of a-pinion," and MEYER LUTZ, composer of the music of the extravaganza, being unwilling to enter for an Irish jig competition. Be this as it may, the Martin-Lonnen song, which is not brought in till just before the finish, as a *bonne bouche*, is not a patch upon "Killaloe," but to see the chorusmen seriously marking the time on each other's heads with their shillelaghs, after the fashion of "The Two Macs," is very funny, and a hit, "or several hits," as the Dissemblers would say. The music is poor, and affords little opportunity for FLORENCE ST. JOHN or for anybody else. Mr. STONE, who appears as *Valentine*, may probably be—as the dissembling melodramatists might jointly observe—a precious Stone, only requiring a better setting to display his real brilliancy; but those who remember M. MILNER as the burlesque *Valentine* in *Le Petit Faust*,—an *opéra bouffe* full of fun and sparkling melody,—will be inclined to regret either that the English low comedian has never seen that performance, or, if he has, that he has not sufficiently profited by it.

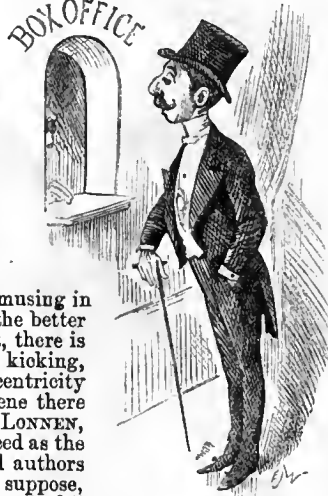
By the time this notice appears, improvements may have been made in the piece. After the First Act, I overheard a Masher plaintively inquiring at the pigeon-hole of the Box-office, "Is the Second Act any better than the first?" What the invisible official's answer to this was I could not catch, but the complainant, in a deeply injured tone, went on, "Look here, there's no dancing in the First Act, don-cher-no." I suppose he received some comforting assurance on the subject from the hidden oracle, the veritable Jack-in-the-Box-Office, as further observation made he none, but with his hand on his swelling shirt-front, returned, struggling with suppressed emotion, to his stall. Gaiety Management ought to know how to cater for Gaiety Masherdom:—plenty of 'caper' sauce," as the dissembling Adelphian melodramatists would say, both together, of course.

Yet when that bright particular star of burlesque, the inimitable NELLIE FARREN, is absent from the Gaiety, the gaiety of its patrons seems to be eclipsed. What a "little *Dr. Faust*" she was, when TERRY was the *Mephistopheles*, and KATE VAUGHAN the elegant *Marguerite*! I hope, for the sake of Mashers and Management, it may not turn out that

There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at 'a;
There's nae luck about the house
When our own NELL's awa'.

Yes, in her absence the Gaiety *Faust* seems but forced gaiety, after all, judging at least by the present effort, says, with incorrect pronunciation,

P.S.—In my criticism on the *Dean's Daughter*, a fortnight ago, I referred to Mr. F. C. PHILLIPS as the Author of *Ariane*. Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED wrote *Ariane*. But there is a strong similarity of character in the two heroines, with neither of whom should we feel



Patron of the Drama (to Box-office-keeper concealed within). "Isay, is the second act better than the first? (Sadly.) There's no dancing in it, don-cher-no."



JACK-IN-THE BOX.

any sympathy. As CHARLES JAMES FOX wrote,—“It has been thought dangerous to the morals of mankind, even in fiction and romance, to make us sympathise with characters whose general conduct is blameable.” Hear! hear! And as I could not imagine anyone sympathising with *Ariane*, or with any of the *dramatis personae*, so I did not consider that play as dangerous to morals. Thus, “the point of this here remark lays in the application of it,” as I was comparing the moral effect of the two plays, and not their literary or dramatic merits.—J. I. T. B.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A NORTH BRITISH HYDROPATHIC.

SCENE—An immense Drawing-room, lighted by numerous gas-burners, and furnished on a scale of imposing splendour. It is after dinner: tea and coffee have just been served in the corridor outside, and persons of more luxurious habits have brought in their cups to sip at leisure. On settees in the centre sit middle-aged Ladies in grey, red, and white woollen shawls, each politely admiring the other's work. Very young Ladies whisper and laugh in the window-seats, all about nothing, and exhibit the liveliest affection for one another. Others converse, not unconscious of the distinction, with the exceptional Young Men who have donned evening dress, and who glide about with an agreeable air of feeling perfectly at home. People who don't know anybody sit apart in chairs, perusing “The Hotels of Europe,” or anything else they can get hold of, and wondering why other people are so unsociable. A stout old Lady in a corner is discoursing to a meek little old Maid, in a strong Yorkshire accent, which from time to time compels the unwilling attention of everybody in the room. The old Lady's husband endeavours in vain to catch her eye from the background, as her confidences threaten to become of an alarmingly intimate nature. In the foreground, two Visitors have just discovered a bond of sympathy in the fact that neither of them has found Scotch scenery quite what he expected.

First Visitor (delighted). You weren't much impressed with the Kyles of Bute? You don't say so! Now that really is very curious—no more was I! Now, Loch Lomond is certainly rather pretty—(as if he did not wish to turn its head)—bits of it, you know. But the Trossachs—what are the Trossachs, after all?

Second V. Exactly. (Feeling that this settles the Trossachs.) What are they? And then some people tell you *Glencoe's* so magnificent—I went through it in a pouring rain, and all I can say is—I couldn't see anything in the place! and look at Staffa and Iona—why, to hear some people talk—

First V. (in a large-minded way). Well, I didn't think Iona was so bad myself, I must say—

Second V. Ah, perhaps you're a good sailor, now I'm always ill on any steamer—

The Yorkshire Lady (in a slow ruminating voice). An' so ah said to ma husband, “Ah doan't loike to cloime oop on them ‘cherry boonks,’ as they cahl them, it may be vara noice,” ah said, “when ya git oop, but if ah was oop, ah'd hev to coom daown agään.” An' ma husband sez to me, “Doan't ya be sooch a blethrin owd”—

[Her Husband drops a book in the background.]
A Young Lady who likes Excitement (to one of the agreeable Young Men in Evening Dress). Oh, Mr. TORCKLER, don't they ever do anything here?

Mr. Torckler. Oh, yes, I'm going to ask that lady in the blue spectacles to sing in a minute, and there's somebody in the house somewhere, who will play the flute, if you go the right way to manage him.

The Y. L. (pettishly). Oh, I didn't mean that—I meant get up something.

A Solitary Stranger (seizing the opportunity of speaking to somebody). If you're fond of climbing, there's a very nice mountain in the vicinity—you can get up it easily in three hours, and it's only eight miles by road.

The Y. L. (stiffly). Oh, thank you very much. (To Mr. T.) I mean get up a dance, charades, anything!

An Habituee. Ah, you should have been here the week before last, when the house was full! There was something going on every evening in the Recreation Room—theatricals, dumb-crambo, thought reading, and I don't know what all—such fun we had!

The Y. L. (coldly). Really? (To Mr. T.) But why couldn't we dress up, or something? [Vaguely.]

Mr. T. (doubtfully). Well, there's not much point in dressing-up unless you do something when you are dressed up, is there?

The Y. L. (who would be quite satisfied with the mere dressing-up). I suppose not. Well then, we might dance.

Mr. T. (who doesn't dance, but would recite if anybody were to ask him). Not enough men.

The Y. L. Oh, some of the girls—(by which she means the other girls)—can dance with one another. Do propose a dance.

Mr. Torckler (diplomatically). Er—well, I must find out what people think about it before proposing anything, you know. (Circu-

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday Morning, Nov. 6.



E missa ad mensam: (from Probate Court to Westminster, which is quite another thing. Returned my brief in Parnell case. All very well for young fellow like CHARLES RUSSELL to slave all day in Probate Court and toil all night at Westminster. But he hasn't been in collar since A.D. 1841. Looked in at Speaker's Court this morning, to pay respects to SPEAKER. In excellent health and spirits; has had good rest, and ready for work. Found him, by way of rehearsal of business that opens this afternoon, blocking his own wig.

"The only measure—7½ in. × 11—one in my position can block," he said, gently touching one of the curls.

"Going to have a quiet time, Sir, do you think?" I asked.

"Well, that depends," he said, slowly. "We may and we may not." This very interesting. Nothing like going to head-quarters for information. Every-

body asking how the Autumn Session is likely to turn out. Put simple question to SPEAKER; answers it at once; doesn't require notice, but gives a simple, absolutely safe answer. Shall know now what to say when anybody asks me.

DOWN ON DONNELLY;

Or, *Crushing the Cryptogram.*

"The Sonnets present evidence for SHAKESPEARE's authorship like the links of chain-mail in an armour of proof. And the man who wrote the Sonnets must also have written the Poems and Plays. This can be established by those principles of scientific demonstration that have been applied to both in the present work. The same unlearned man wrote both! Then the secret history in the Sonnets is in agreement with the public history of the time, and both are in antipodal antagonism to the Great Cryptogram."—*Mr. Gerald Massey, in his new edition of "The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets."*

A POET on the Poet! That should herald
A real Champion's advent. Go it, GERALD!
Punch puts it pleasantly in the vernacular,
For only owls and humbugs ape the oracular
IGNATIUS now, the "Moon-Raker" gone frantic,
Who hunts for mare's-nests under the Atlantic,
And SHAKESPEARE's text, is naturally stilted,
But under MASSEY's mace he must have wilted
Like the pricked bladder that he is. Yes, go it!
A poet, sure, should understand a poet.
You show 'twas SHAKESPEARE, he who sweetly sonneted,
Who wrote the Plays,—and DONNELLY is bonneted!
Your monumental book's a trifle bulky
(Five hundred pages turn some critics sulky,
My massive MASSEY, but 'tis full of "meat,"
And sown with Song as masculine as sweet.
Mellifluous echoes of the master-rhyme,
Whose music filled the Great Armada times,
Three centuries since, and still moves heart and brain
More than the pageantries of Drury Lane.
"Tush! none but minstrels' like of sonneting,"
Sings SHAKESPEARE's self with an ironic ring.
Minstrels at least will thank you; for the rest
Who have not time or heart for the Great Quest
After the Secret of the Sonnets, these
May dip and taste where there's so much to please
Both student bee and social butterfly;
Whilst all will track with grateful heart and eye
Your slaughtering of that colossal Sham
Egregious DONNELLY's Great Cryptogram!

lates at as wide a radius from her as possible, while she endeavours to find out from the expression of those he addresses, their willingness to dance or otherwise—an object in which she might be more successful if he were mentioning the subject at all.)

The Yorkshire Lady (as before). An' ah went straiight hoam, an' ah poot on a moostard pleaster, habk an' front, an' next mearnin' boath ma legs wur ahl swelled ooploike— [An agonised expression in her hearer's face warned her to lower her voice at this point.

Another Young Man, in Evening Dress, approaches a group of Young Ladies.

All the Young Ladies (coquettishly). Now you mustn't come here, Mr. PATTLE—you are such a dreadful tease! You must promise to behave if we let you stop. [They make room for him with alacrity.

The Y. M. (taking a Noel, with an elegant carelessness). Is this very pathetic?

The Owner of the Novel. I won't have you making fun of it—it's lovely. I've wept pints over it! I left off just at the most exciting part. I'm dying to know how it goes on—I should be reading it now if I didn't want to finish this sock. [Knits calmly.

The Y. M. (to Vocalistic Young Lady). Aren't we to have a song this evening?

The Voc. Y. L. How can you ask me? Why, you know how I broke down last night!

The Y. M. (gallantly). Well, I'd rather hear you break down than other people finish. I know that.

Proud Mother (from Provinces). There's my daughter here will be happy to sing if you like to ask her—she's had a first-rate teaching; and people who know what good singing is, tell me—

The Daughter (in modest confusion). How can you go on so, Mamma? You'll make the gentleman think I'm something wonderful! (She is induced to consent to sing.) Well, what will you have? I've got "Only the Moon and Thee, Love!" (looking up under her eyelashes)—some of my songs are rather soft—and there's "Say but One Word, and I am Thine!" (archly)—that's a hint to some of you young gentlemen! Will you have that? Or this is a pretty one—"One Kiss, and then—we Part!"

The Y. M. (prudently, after looking through her music). I think, if you wouldn't mind singing "The Better Land"—

[She is disappointed, but sings it, without interrupting either the reading or the conversation.

The Yorkshire Lady (speaking through music). So ah said to th' Doactor, "Doactor, ah want you to tell ma joost whether it is ah'm soeffrin"—is it ma loongs," ah said, "or ma cheast, or ma—"

The Singer (with solemn feeling). "Not there—not they-ere, my che-ild!" [Song concludes amidst faint and absent-minded applause.

The Young Lady who likes Excitement (to herself). That's over, thank Goodness! There's plenty of time for a dance still, if they only make haste. I'm sure I can hear some one playing a Waltz in the Recreation Room. What are they waiting for? (Two Men enter, and look around inquiringly). Have they come in to find partners? Then there is dancing! (The Two Men bring out a chess-board, and begin to play) . . . Pigs! (Mr. TORCKLER, after conversing confidentially in various quarters, goes out with Mr. PATTLE.) They're going to arrange about it at last! (Waits hopefully for some time—the lively young Ladies collect their work, and go out too). Oh, those girls are going now. I'd better ask someone, perhaps. (Crossing to Matron). Do you know where those gentlemen in evening dress have gone?

Matron. I heard them say something about a game of billiards, and a cigar.

The Y. L. (blankly). Oh (hopefully), but all those young ladies—where have they gone to?

Matron. The young ladies? Oh, they've gone to bed—we keep early hours here, you know.

The Yorkshire Lady. An' he gave ma a perscreepshun, ahl fooll o' things that ah wasn't to teak. Ah moosn't eat bread, an' ah moosn't eat potatoes, nor yet mooffins, nor tea-caak, nor no peastry nor sweats (meditatively)—boot ah niver wur a sweat eater—an niver wur thot! (And so on.) [Drawing-room gradually empties, till the Yorkshire Lady is left alone with the little old Maid, who throws in an automatic "Yes" at intervals, and wonders if it will be rude to say she is rather tired.



OUR IMBECILES.

Elderly Masher (who can't see that his attentions are unwelcome). "I'M SURE YOU'RE FOND OF MUSIC!"
Persecuted Fair One (pettishly). "OH—YES—VERY—WHEN IT PUTS A STOP TO CONVERSATION!"

THE AUTUMN MEET.

A HUNTING SONG FOR THE ST. STEPHEN'S SEASON.

AIR—"A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky."

M.F.H. sings:—

A NONDESCRIPT wind and November sky

Look queer for a hunting morning.

But the Meet is fixed, and away we hie,

Loved leisure and liberty scorning.

To horse, my lads, to horse, away!

The chase admits of no delay.

On horseback we've got, together we'll trot.

(Though if I see the need of it, may I be shot!)

More spouting forbear, see the cover appear!

(The pack's a mixed lot, and the country is queer.)

Drag on him! Ah, wind him, my good, steady hounds

(That sounds like full faith, but I fear with faint grounds.)

If only the cover and furze they will draw,

I'll envy not BARRY or MAYNELL;

But LABBY cares little for good canine law,

Wild WILL is the plague of the kennel.

When away we fly, some puppies may halt,

Some strike a false trail and the pack put at fault.

Will they cast round the Schoolhouse far out of our track?

To the old Shamrock Spinney essay to try back?

Shall we hear a hound challenge in Sackville Sedge,

Or take us full tilt o'er "Diplomacy" hedge?

"Hark forward! Hark forward!" Oh, bother the noise!

Keep 'em straight if you can, SMITH, then "at it, brave boys!"

A stormy sky surcharged with rain

The chance of good sport opposes.

In the mettle of some of the pack trust is vain,

And I haven't much faith in their noses.

Each moment now the sky grows worse;

Enough to make bland B-L-F-R curse.

If they'll pick the ground we would take them through,

All's well; but if not, there is mischief a-brew.

If we can but get on, we'll make some of them quake.
 Let us hear the hounds challenge, and in the right brake,
 Tally ho! Tally ho! then, across the clear plain.
 Tally ho! Tally ho, boys! Have at him again!

We must ride, whip and spur, for, I hope, a short chase;
 Our horses all panting and sobbing.

Young Madcap and Riot will soon want to race;

I fancy we'll have some rare mobbing.

But hold,—alas! they'll spoil our sport,

If they over-run or head him short.

Clap round him, dear BILL, and if some of the pack,

Like Random, go hotly, hark back! hark back!

Some will see a fresh quarry in every bush;

If you let 'em run wild, we shall ne'er get the brush.

Who-hoop! who-hoop! I'd give many a crown

If the fox we are after were fairly run down!

CUTTINGS TRANSPLANTED.

THIS came out of the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, October 29:—
RESIDENCE, most centrally-situated, CLIFTON, to be LET, with a permanent Gentleman Lodger, who will remain if desired (or for SALE).

Rather hard on the Lodger, unless, like every other man "he has his price," and can pocket the proceeds for his own benefit.

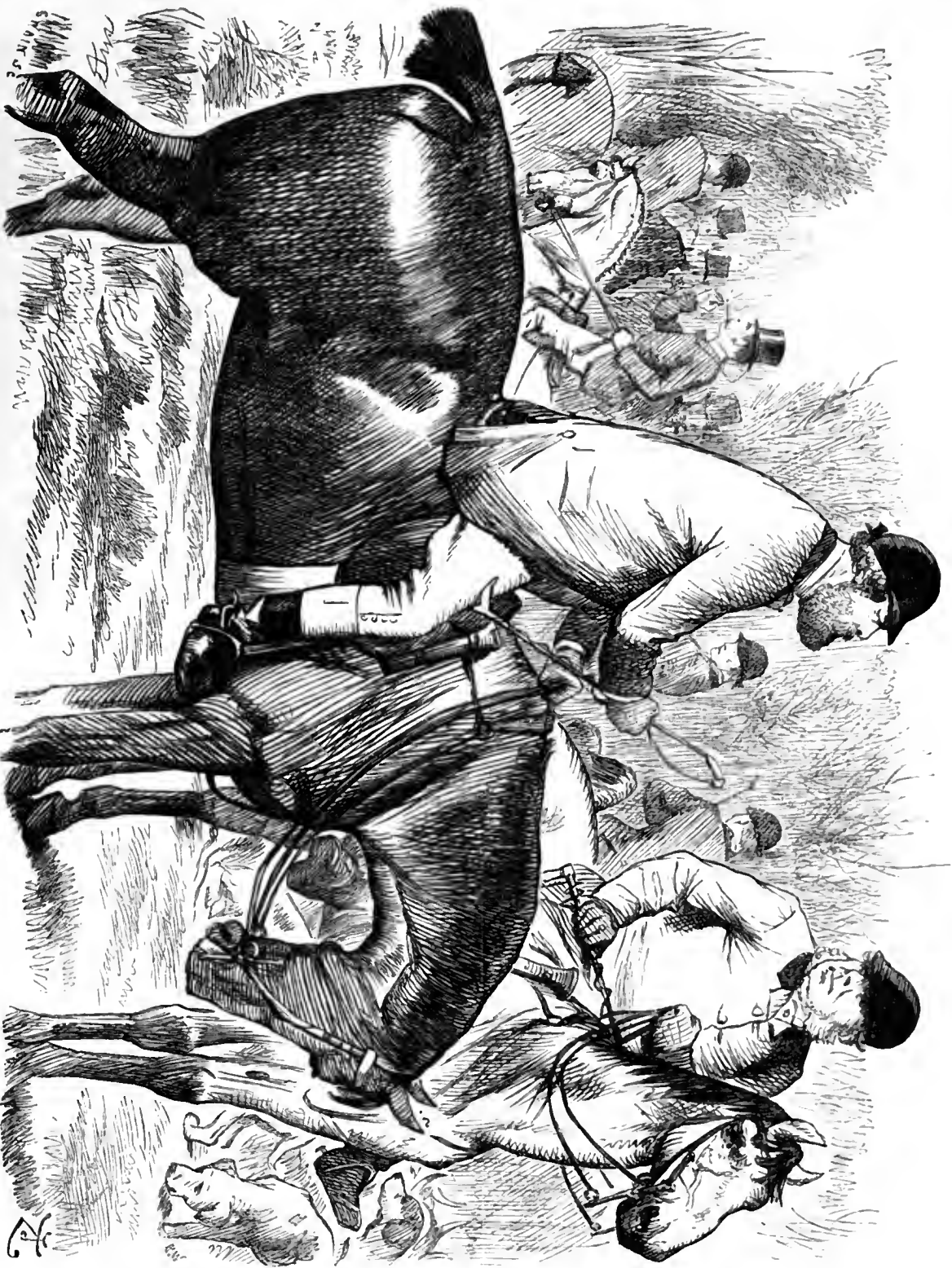
This is idyllic, out of the *Stamford Mercury*:—

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted. Must be thoroughly fitted and recommended, deft and debonair. Man-servant kept. Bachelor's house.

"Deft and debonair!" Quite Miltonian. Appropriate too in the pages of a Mercury interesting himself in looking out for a Hebe. "Bachelor's House." Alas! poor Bachelor!

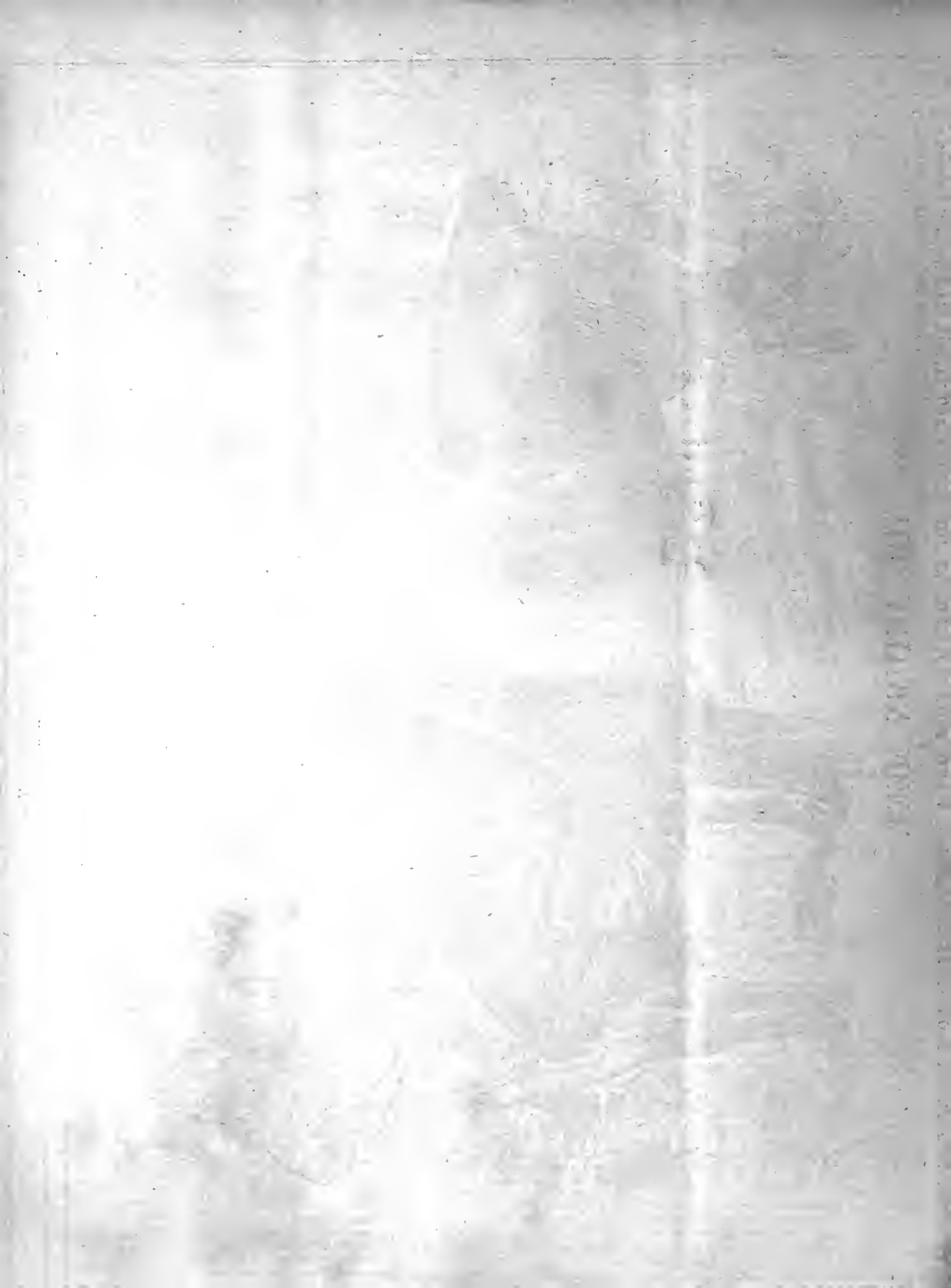
NOTE BY LORD GOT-THE-SACKVILLE.—The American BAYARD may be "without fear," but he's not "without reproach."

MRS. RAM says the fogs affect her severely, and she's afraid her cold will turn to comic Bronchitis.



THE AUTUMN MEET.

HORSMAN, "MORNIN', M' LORD!"
HIS LEADSHIP, "MORNIN'; YOU'VE GOT A MIXED LOT IN THE PACK, SMITH,—AND A DIFFICULT COUNTRY;—HOPE YOU'LL KEEP 'EM WELL TOGETHER!"





A PARTHIAN SHOT.

Examiner. "THANK YOU, MR. JONES! I'M AFRAID IT ISN'T NECESSARY TO TROUBLE YOU ANY FURTHER. GOOD MORNING."

Plucked One (who has at all events read his Nineteenth Century). "AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL; BUT THEY'LL BE EXAMINING YOU PRESENTLY—AND SEE HOW YOU'LL LIKE IT! GOOD MORNING."

ROBERT ON THE NEW LORD MAYOR'S SHO.

WELL, I suddenly did think that, ewen in these times of uniwersal mokery and irreverence, there was jest a few things as might reasonably be xpected to remane sacred from the profain touch of the ribald gester, and fust and foremost among 'em was the hancient, the time-honnerd, the truly gorgeous festival of Lord Mare's Sho!

But no, I was rong for wunce, and I confesses it in sackcloth and hashes; that is to say, I am sure as I wood, if so be as I knowd how to get through that werry gritty an skrunching seremony. But then, of coarse, I did not make proper elowance for the ordassity of a Gent who combines in his own sollem person such a strange wariety of karacters as a Hem Pea, a Barrow Night, a Pollytishun, a Joker, and a Tea Toteller!

And what a hordience Sir WILLIAM LAWSON selecks to adress on so himportant and hinterestin a subjeck! What can a lot of mere Wesmorland Waters kno or care about Lord Mare's Sho? Why, less than even he does—and how much is that? Why he aeshally tells his pore hignorant lisseners, and xpees them to bleeve him, that it is the custom to have in the sacred Sho camels, and bufferlows, and ellefants, and jackasses, and men in armer, and tom-fools, a marching about! What a minglin of the sublime and the ridicklus! Elefants and Men in Armer on the one hand, and Jackasses and Tom Fools on the other! My curiossity is naterally xecited to kno who he could have meant by the jackasses and tom fools; but I naterally refranes from persuing the delicate inquiry too fur.

Leaving his discripshun of the Sho, I passes on to his ludickrus account of the werry grandest bankwet as takes place in the old City, as is so notorious for em. Woud it be bleeved that so wunderfool is his hutter hignorance on these himportant matters, that he aeshally describes the Ero of the nite as being serrounded with Torsy and Turtels! Torsy and Turtels! What a singlar combinashun! Torsy, the bo hideal of humane wisdom and wirtue, and Turtels, the bo hideal of skrumptshus and happytising food!

But only to think of the witty water-drinker's hutter hignorance of igh-class wittels, as well as of igh-class drinks. Why he aeshally seems to fiansy as that Turtels is brort on table at dinner, all hole, like Turbots, and such small dear!

Ah, what a rewelashun it will be to him sum day when he fust tastes REEL TURTEL SOUP! I halmost henveys him his grand sensashun.

I admires his awdassity much more than his good taste as to the halterations he boldly ventures to suggest in the grand perecesshun, and from what I ears, here and there, I don't think as there ain't werry much chance of there being adopted. What mero rubbish to have a pieter of Mr. GOSCHEN hofferin Lord SORLSBERRY a blank cheek! Wot's the use of a blank cheek, I shoold like to know, to Lord SORLSBERRY or to anybuddy helse? If the Chanceseller of the Xehecker had a bin shown a-hofferin of him a five pun note for hissself, there woud be sum sense in it, and in spite of his eastonishment at a present from sitch a quarter, his Lordship woud probberly have accepted it with rapshure.

And then only fiansy a doing away with the thrillin and awe-enspirin site of no less than six reel Men in Armer, all brort from the Tower of Lundun, by the speshal permission of H.R.H. the Dook of CAMBRIDGE, to keep the mob in order, and substitootin for 'em Mr. WILKIE COLLINS a milkin a Cow in a werry large feeld! Why the thing's too ridickulus to ewen dream about, tho I confesses as I do have sum rayther rum uns sometimes, 'speshally after a werry scrumpshus bankwet. However, seeing, I spose, in what *Amlet* calls his mind-your-eyes, that, in a Peresseshun in the werry richest City in the hole World, sumthink like splendor woud be looked for, he proposes to have, next to the Cow-milking seen, a Gilded Carrage; all werry right and werry propper, says ewerybody of taste; but he must have a nice idear of the size of a Gilded Carrage, for it is to contane not ony Mr. JOE CHAMBERLING—as he werry irreverently calls the fashnable Member for Brummagem—but he is to have with him a lot of Dooks, and Dutchesses, and Publicans, and Archbishops, and Brewers!

Why, wot nonsense! Why, ewen a large penny Homnibus woodn't hold 'em! And wot a way in which to speak of the werry hiest holders of the Nobility, Dooks and Dutchesses, and Archbishops, and the most usefallest of all our Mannyfacturers, Brewers and Publicans; wiz., to tork about a lot of 'em, as if they was to be put up and nocked down at a Hoction!

But a truce to all this ribaldry and werry watery wit, at witch I confesses as I ceased to be surprized when wunce I learnt that its Orthur had never tasted reel Turtel Soup, on the one hand, and never now knowed wot it wos to drink a glass of generous old Port, or ewen jest a wee drop of reel Scotch Whiskey, on the other.

Poor old Gennelman! we must, of coarse, make ewery possible allowance for him under the peccoohiar circumstanses of his werry sad ease.

ROBERT.

Mot by a Midlothian Unionist.

[MR. GLADSTONE, writing to Mr. HOLMES IVORY, Hon. Sec. of the Midlothian Liberal Association, speaks hopefully of the prospects of Home Rule in the Constituencies]:—

IN such optimist dreams though you seem to believe,
To a Scholar like you is it needful to state,
My dear WILLIAM, that it is the dreams that deceive
Which pass through the Ivory gate?

NURSERY TALK.—A discussion has been going on as to what "a Nurse's position" should be. Doesn't her position depend on that of the patient, or the baby? "A PRIVATE NURSE" writes to *The Hospital* to ask—Is it a rule for a Private Nurse to take her meals in the kitchen? Certainly not, if the custom of *Mrs. Gamp* and *Betsy Prig* is still of any authority. But perhaps those good old days are gone for ever; but *Gamps* and *Prigs* never demanced themselves by taking their meals in the kitchen.

To Sir Polydore de Keyser.

WELL, "Every dog must have his day,"
And every Lord Mayor too;
But when his day is done, he may,
In all "the beauty of De-K.,"
Become a Knight, like you.

NEW SETTING OF AN OLD SAW.—You cannot touch "La Terre" without being Soil'd.



PARLIAMENTARY.

Pedestrian (in a hurry). "Hi! 'GIVE YOU FIVE SHILLINGS TO GET ME TO WESTMINSTER BY TWELVE O'CLOCK."

Cabby. "OH, YOU MAY CORRUPT ME, SIR. JUMP IN. IF WE CAN ONLY SECURE THIS OLD HOSS'S VOTE, WE MAY CARRY IT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A VOLUME of IBSEN'S Plays (belonging to "the Camelot Series," of whose existence I am hereby made aware) has been lent me by a simple trusting friend. The good simple soul has written his name in the fly-leaf, with a date; but there is sufficient space to write above his signature:—"To my dear friend the Baron de Bookworms, from his sincerely attached," and here will come in, quite neatly and appropriately, his own name in his own handwriting. I have only had time to read the first two plays, *The Pillars of Society*, and *Ghosts*. The first of these, until the middle of the Second Act, is troublesome reading, the dialogue being diffuse, commonplace, and the stage-directions ridiculous. But when the interest really commences, and the reader is on speaking terms with the various characters, then, as the story is gradually worked out, the plot proves to be as strong as the characters are original. Properly condensed and well acted, it ought to be a powerful play, for which able exponents should be found on the English stage. The translation is evidently truthful and very close, but the hand of a practical playwright is needed to put it into proper form. It is a pure-minded, manly-spirited, noble play, pointing a moral without any cant of

goody-goodness. Nor is it deficient in material for good low comedy or eccentric character, without which it is difficult for the best intentioned play to be anything but a burden to the most sympathetic and patient audience. The dramatic possibilities in *The Pillars of Society* are great, but the play as it stands certainly would not do for the stage, and the bald translation makes it a tedious study taken as literature.

As to *Ghosts*, the second play, the translation here given may be close, but the dialogue is even more diffuse than in *The Pillars*, and it is pointless, and irritatingly wearisome to read. Here and there a situation in the painfully repulsive story is undoubtedly dramatic, yet, as a play, whether for an English audience or any other, I sincerely hope its production is impossible. The subject could be powerfully treated in a Charles-Reade-ian novel; but it requires the touch of a master hand to adorn the pitiful tale, and point the moral. So, on consideration, I shall not inscribe my name on the fly-leaf, but shall return the book to my friend to prove to him that he has not shown misplaced confidence in his friend, and then he will perhaps lend another and more valuable book to the honest

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

"ONE AT A TIME."

By Bingham Down.

HEAVILY through the Casino
The fumes of the roses float;
Heart of my heart! How could he know
She had come by the tidal-boat?
As stiff as a royal merino,
Or the fur of the sea-side goat?

(Andante hideoso.)

And he danced on one and the other,
He was far too ugly to care,
And Beauty her shrieks would smother,
And Valour forget to swear,
For he was a famous Poet,
And rich and debonair.

(Tempo di Valse.)

"One at a time, love, one at a time!
Ever he murmured the old sweet rime;
One at a time, love; fair is fair,
Haro! and motley's the only wear!"

(Puffo ma non troppo.)

And he leaned from the lush Casino,
And scanned the sounding sea;
Like the salt of a fruitless Eno,
It cream'd with a mocking glee,
Or moaned like the Moring Congou
At a foggy Five o'Clock Tea.

They play'd at the little horses,
But little of them reck'd he,
As he yearn'd for the stars in their courses
And the moon in her crescentrie,
And his pulses reserv'd their forces,
For there in the dusk was She!

(Tringiamente.)

And the vacant space where his heart had
Throb'd with a fancied pain, [place
As the phantom boot on a long-lost foot
Wakes bygone griefs again.

(Maestoso giocoso.)

There's a lonely tomb where surges boom
And the griddering pebbles grind,—
But he dances on one and the other,
He is far too ugly to mind.

"One at a time, love, one at a time,
Softly he murmurs the sweet, old rime:
One at a time, love; fair is fair,
Haro! and motley's the only wear."

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 21.



COURT UP FOR LUNCH.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

(Special Report.)

Tuesday.—JOSEPH GILLIS has taken somebody else's seat this morning. It's mine. Has "called" himself to the Inner Bar, and now sits with us. Suppose he'll be donning wig and gown presently. Here he sits all day. Pretty to see him, as the shadows lengthen, lay his head on Lockwood's broad shoulder and sweetly sleep. Something weighing on his mind. Moments of abstraction when he sits gazing afar. Once heard something like a sigh.

"Anything gone wrong?" I ask.

"Not yet," he says. "But I'm afeard. Do you think, when I

get into the witness-box and they examine me about my visit to Paris in the spring of 1882—'in the spring, a young man's fancy,' don't you know—do you think anything will come out about private affairs?"

"Do you mean," I said, "will they want to know anything about that little affair with the widow, that let you in for the breach of promise case?"

"Well, you needn't put it quite that way, TOBY; but that's somewhere about it. You know all about legal procedure. Will the Judges let the ATTORNEY-GENERAL go into that matter?"

"I fancy they will," I said. "But I'll look up the authorities. Haven't got your *Coke upon Littleton* in your waistcoat pocket, have you?"

No, JOSEPH hadn't; and him to be sitting with us of the Inner Bar! TIM HEALY turned up, but not in wig and gown. "No," said TIM, "not going to stand in the way of JOSEPH GILLIS. Since he's taken to the law, I take a back seat. He needs no assistance." So TIM sits on modest bench with the Solicitors, and presently tackles the Judges.

"I'm Mr. HEALY," he says, when making an application on order of business.

Brother HANNEN gravely nods, as if that didn't matter very much. JOSEPH GILLIS, who tried a fall with Brother

HANNEN earlier in the proceedings, has been quiet for day or two. Encouraged by contiguity of TIM, he returns to attack. JOSEPH, pulling up his coat by back of collar, as he has seen HENRY JAMES do with his gown, argues that the whole of speeches should be read. Blandly hints that HENRY JAMES, in picking out particular paragraphs, was chiefly concerned to mislead the public who read the newspaper reports. Pretty to see HANNEN looking under his glasses at the future ERSKINE. A glance of mingled curiosity, impatience and growing anger. JOSEPH, wagging his

do, lays down the



The Star.

forefinger as he has heard Mr. Jaggars used to law, and is himself promptly laid by the heels.

"No, no, no!" says Brother HANNEN, testily turning away. That's all; only a monosyllable reiterated. But, how eloquent with impatient disgust of JOSEPH's slightly incoherent and somewhat malignant suggestion! JOEY B. doesn't try to catch the President's eye again. Sits and ruminates.

"Tell you what, TOBY," he said, "when we reach Civil Service Estimates, shall move to reduce vote for law expenses by £5,000, salary of President of Probate Court. What does he mean with his 'No, no, no'? On the whole, I'd rather have dealings with the Speaker."

Wednesday.—Appearance of Court distinctly changed this morning. Chamber crowded. Bar in full attendance and plainly on the alert. PARNELL, who is methodically as late as HARTINGTON, is actually in his place. JOSEPH GILLIS, descended from high estate on Q.C. Bench, humbly seated in Solicitors' quarter.

"Not nearly such a homely place as the House of Commons, TOBY," he whispered, enviously eyeing my wig and gown. "Can do anything I like there; say what I please, at what length I like, and sit where I think proper. Remember the time when House was in Committee, and I sat in Speaker's Chair, behind COURTNEY? Be a pretty row here, I suppose, if, after luncheon, Judges came in and found me sitting in President's chair! But I will do it some day. JOEY B. is tough, dev'lish tough, as they'll find to their cost."

Curtain drawn back. Judges enter; stand for a second in the doorway; Bar and audience rise with swift rustling noise; Judges bow, take their seats. Play about to begin; subdued buzz of excitement. "What is it?" I asked Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, who is looking on.

"Cherchez la femme!" he says. Instinctively turn to look in direction of newspaper lady in black hat and hearse-plumes, forsaken by JOSEPH. On the way eye falls on familiar figure. It is he—I mean it's SHEA. (See Sage's joke now. Will laugh as soon as Court adjourns for luncheon. Daren't do it before. Brother HANNEN says he won't have anyoue laughing in Court.)

O'SHEA in box all morning and far into afternoon. Doesn't seem to like it; shaved off whiskers in order the better to face ordeal. But no use. In unbroken line below him sit old familiar friends. PARNELL, pale-faced, haggard-looking, staring with reproachful eyes; DAVITT, taking notes; TIM HEALY, speechless with anger; and finally, JOSEPH GILLIS, smiling a gashly smile, and thinking of the days that are no more, when he went down to Galway, and, in defiance of PARNELL, pulled O'SHEA's hair and scratched his face.

A trying ordeal for the once *débonnaire* but now decidedly damaged

Captain. Some signs of quailing at first. Strong disinclination to meet the four pair of gleaming eyes on Solicitors' Bench. But, growing steadier under fire, the Captain fairly faces Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. Answers his searching, subtle questions, fully and frankly.

Thursday.—In the hands of the Police all day. Taken up by P. C. IRWIN as soon as O'SHEA had left the box. Subsequently handed over to custody of P. C. O'MALLEY. O'SHEA just looked in to bring document signed by some eminent politicians meeting in convenient public in Wardour Street, protesting against his exclusion from politics. O'SHEA told me all about it.

"MULQUEENY took me there," he said, "in four-wheeled cab, blindfolded. Engaged cab by the hour. Drove round by Clapham Common, I believe, and so reached Wardour Street. Took bandage off my eyes when I entered the room. Rum lot, seen through tobacco-smoke. Smell of lemon in whiskey. Somebody hit me on small of back with flat side of sword. Then I signed my name in red ink (they said it was blood). They all swore at PARNELL; said I ought to be Chief-Secretary. I paid for drinks, put protest in my pocket, and came away. Nothing particular ever came of it; still we—I mean they—had very pleasant evening. But I advise you to keep out of politics, TOBY. You never know what you'll be let in for."

Police Witnesses charming fellows, especially IRWIN. Best type of Irish peasant; good-looking, gentle-mannered, shrewd, smiling, slyly humorous, with delicious bregue. His conversation with CHARLES RUSSELL worth sitting a week in Court to hear. There was a wide world of eloquence in his way of saying "Sir CHARLES." Entreaty, expostulation, hesitation, alacrity, doubt, assent, certainty, contradiction, and above all, wheedling, each expressed in turn in rich mellifluous breathing of commonplace name. RUSSELL fretted and fumed under iteration. Snappishly protested.

"Oh, don't call me Sir CHARLES," he said.

"Very well, Sir CHARLES," said IRWIN, in softest cooing notes, as a nurse might soothe a restless infant.

Policeman to Policeman succeeded, as Amurath to Amurath. Interesting in its way, but finally soporific. Brother DAY began to take on a glassier stare as the afternoon shadows lengthened. Presently his chin sank on his breast, and he became profoundly engrossed in meditation on evidence.

"It's getting late," said LOCKWOOD. "This is what we call the close of DAY."



The Close of Day.

THE IDEAL GYURL.

[“Woman's work, what should it be but scrubbing furniture, dusting walls, sweeping floors, helping with the farm-work, or in the garden or dairy?”—Professor RUSKIN's last; and why doesn't he stick to his last?]

“O MARY, go and scrub the drawing-room floor, [chairs, And dust the drawing-room And make the kitchen stairs As clean as clean can be! For so Professor RUSKIN bids, whese word Is law to you and me.”

Oh, can this be the highest fruit of time, This bowed and wrinkled maid, This weather-beaten maid,— A gruesome sight to see? Was never horny-handed plough-boy yet Had such a hand as she!

She was a Girton maiden, and her brain Was crammed with learned lore, With culture to the core, And physiologie! But now she heed potatoes, and at night Dead-tired home came she.

They tried to find a mate for her, but man, But incenserate man, But beauty-loving man Preferred another She! And now that maiden may be heard to cuss Her RUSKIN heartilee!

PIGEBUS TO THE FORE.—With what object are letters in a disputed handwriting ordered to be photographed?—To bring their authorship to light.

FREE TRANSLATION.—Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? “Who shall examine the Examiners?”



STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.

ALDERMAN BROWNJONES SENIOR EXPLAINS TO HIS SON, ALDERMAN BROWNJONES JUNIOR, THAT THERE IS A LAMENTABLE FALLING-OFF SINCE HIS DAY, IN THE BREED OF ALDERMEN-SHERIFFS—NOT ONLY IN STYLE AND HEARING, BUT EVEN IN "HAPPETITE"!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LET no one say that in the absence of LIKA JOKO from his own native village, there is no artistic talent left in Japan. Just look at the Japanese draughtsman's picture of MASÉ, one of the forty Ronins, drawing a bow as he points an arrow at the spectator, in No. 6 of *Artistic Japan* for last October.

I should like to have seen Mr. TOOLE'S *Recollections told by Himself*, chronicled by JOSEPH HATTON, and published by Messrs. HURST AND BLACKETT, illustrated by a Japanese artist, though Messrs. BRYAN AND MAROETSON have done their work very well. It is a very amusing book without an unkind or ungenerous word in it about anyone in or connected with the theatrical profession, and this is saying a good deal for Mr. TOOLE'S forbearance, seeing how easily and successfully he might have retaliated on those who of late years, under the flimsy pretence of criticism, have rarely missed an opportunity of venting their petty personal spite on the comedian whose well deserved popularity, and his numerous acts of generosity, must necessarily have made for him many enemies. Mr. HATTON in Boswelling JOHNIE TOOLE has cleverly contrived to give the necessary "go" to most of the stories, which otherwise, owing to Mr. TOOLE'S inimitable and original manner of oral narration would certainly have lost considerably when told in print.

There is one story about H. J. BYRON which Mr. TOOLE records as occurring a week or so before his death. The story is this: BYRON'S coachman wrote to him to say that a mare in his stable in London was ill, and he wanted to know if he should give her a ball. To which BYRON replied, "Yes—only don't ask too many people." Now I, *moi qui parle*, myself heard BYRON say this, as he said it to me one morning at Ramsgate, where he was staying three or four years before his death. He was holding the coachman's letter in his hand as I entered the room, and was roaring with laughter. "My coachman writes," he said, chuckling, and pulling at his moustache, "to say that a mare of mine is ill, and asks me if he may give her a ball, as he wouldn't do it without permission. I was just saying to my wife

that I think I shall write and say, 'Yes—give her a ball, only don't ask too many people'"—and then he laughed till he almost cried over it, so immensely was he tickled with the absurdity of the idea. There was a comparative stranger to him present, who did not see the joke immediately, and this made BYRON and myself laugh all the more. I've no doubt that so good a thing he repeated; but the fact of the coachman's letter having arrived that morning, is pretty clear proof that I was among the three first—the others were his wife and the unimpressible stranger—who heard him say it.

In No. 4, Vol. I. of *The Salon* I find the name of the French actor, GIL PEREZ spelt "GILPRÉ." Was this his real name, or is it a misprint or an error in spelling, like "chawtlo in his joy," instead of "chortle in his joy," which occurs in the same number? There should be no mistake about "chortle," which belongs to the classic English of the Victorian Era.

Christmas Books are well ahead of the time when they are due. I suppose all much the same as usual, but I shall make a dip in the lucky bag, and select. To anyone in want of indoor exercise, on a wet day, I strongly recommend the perusal of Mr. WALTER BESANT'S *The Inner House* (ARROWSMITH'S Christmas Annual), as affording plenty of opportunity for skipping. It may please Mr. BESANT'S admirers, but it struck me as an uninteresting namby-pamby romance.

The best Christmas Book I've seen as yet, that is to say, really a book for Christmas time and the children, is *The Marvellous History of Jack the Giant-Killer*, by RICHARD DOYLE. It is a book for boys by a boy, for it was drawn by him in 1842, when he was in jackets and turn-down collars. It was before he signed his initials to his drawings, with or without the eccentric dicky-bird; but no signature is necessary to inform us who the artist was that "inventilit druit, et didit," when we see these quaint figures of dwarfs and giants, and funny little creatures climbing up or hanging on to the border of every page. To have kept the letter-press in fac-simile manuscript is the publisher's mistake, as some folks will find it difficult to decipher: but this is of less consequence, as each picture tells its own story, and is delightfully grotesque.

I gave JOSEPH HATTON'S *Captured by Cannibals* to a big boy to read. He polished it off—I am not aware that Mr. HATTON'S style requires this treatment—and returned it with thanks, informing me that he thought it would suit younger boys than himself admirably. I read the volatile Mr. G.'S article on ELIZABETH and the Establishment in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. G. must have his own private History of England and defies State Calendars. He should write an Elizabethan drama for AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, who might put him right in some of his historical facts.

Reporters differ. Looking through *My Autobiography and Reminiscences*, by W. P. FRITH, R.A., with Notes (my own), I find that the modern HOGARTH gives an account of the banquet held in honour of MACREADY, on the occasion of that eminent tragedian's retirement from the Stage. Says he (after declaring that CHARLES DICKENS made an admirable speech), "and THACKERAY also spoke well and very humorously," to which I have added (in pencil in the margin), "This is news, indeed!" Now, it happens, that Mr. JOHN COLEMAN was also present at this remarkable dinner, and according to *him* (he has it down in his book upon *Actors he has Known*, just published), the author of *Vanity Fair* made a mess of his speechification. To quote Mr. COLEMAN'S own words, "THACKERAY, who had to propose the health of 'the Ladies,' would, I thought, have broken down every moment, not from the cause assigned by some 'd-d good-natured friend,' but from sheer nervousness." He moreover notes that BULWER LYTTON (who was in the chair), "seemed to him," to regard his rival-novelist'S "discomfiture with an amused and languid disdain which overlaid a somewhat deeper-rooted feeling." Again, the two historians adopt a distinctly different tone in referring to the speech of CHARLES KEMBLE. I give their impressions of the oration side by side:—

Charles Kemble's speech, according to Mr. Frith.

Charles Kemble's speech, according to Mr. Coleman.

I was close to CHARLES KEMBLE, who spoke right well. . . . When the old man rose, feeble and bent, but with the old stately bearing, and in the sounding and dignified, though somewhat shrill voice peculiar to the KEMBLES, responded most happily to the toast, the row was deafening.

CHARLES KEMBLE, whom I saw for the first and last time on that occasion, made a somewhat irrelevant speech, in the midst of which he "dried up," and sat down.

Really, when the two autobiographers have nothing better to do, they might read one another'S "Recollections." I am sure that one or the other of them will find something that he *must* have forgotten!

A propos of the stage, Mr. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS (the well-known dramatic critic) has published a very readable little volume of essays, called *Byeways in Bookland*. It is pleasant to take a stroll through the leaves Mr. ADAMS has collected for us in these byeways. The leaves, although a study in "black and white," are full of charming colour. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

BEWARE!



Mr. Bull (to Miss America). "TRUST HIM NOT. HE IS FOOLING THEE!"

A DOUBTFUL Party's whispering thee,
Take care!
He can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

He has false eyes, their gleam means crime.
Take care!
He's playing tempter all the time;
Beware! Beware!

Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!
His hands in blood he'd fain imbrue;
Take care!
And what he whispers is not true.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

He has a lot of votes, of course:
Take care!

He is a fiend without remorse.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

He'll give those votes, and promise fair,
Take care!
A demon gift is but a snare.
Beware! Beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

A SAW ILL SET.

MR. PUNCH.—The writer of a recent review of Dr. MARSTON's work on Actors, adduces the celebrated definition of "Genius" as "an infinite capacity of taking pains," and ascribes it to Lord BEACONSFIELD. As you know, it passes for CARLYLE'S. The house of the late Seer of Chelsea being tenanted by Spirit-rappers, who are said to have been invoking him—and BEACONSFIELD, too—at séances, the Mediums could easily set then to settle their respective claims to the above saying, if necromancers are not impostors, and if both the statesman

and the philosopher would either of them care to be credited with a stupid observation. But it is unlikely that any ghost walks in Cheyne Walk.

Why, Mr. Punch, you, yourself, the greatest Genius living, must of course, well know that, so far from being a capacity for taking any pains at all, Genius is an endowment which enables anybody to do without effort marvels and prodigies which nobody else could achieve whatever pains they could possibly take. Only think of HANDEL and MOZART performing and composing music almost before they were out of their frocks and trousers! Of POPE, who "lisped in

numbers, for the numbers came." Of BIDDER, and other calculating boys who similarly, when mere babies, could solve the most intricate arithmetical problems by a merely instinctive faculty. Don't you think, Sir, Genius had much better be defined a capacity of doing wonders, without taking any pains at all?

Wouldn't you say that you, in your own person, find an infinite capacity of taking pains a great auxiliary to Genius indeed, and quite essential to success in its highest flights, but something as totally distinct from it as a watchmaker from a TENNYSON, or a BROWNING, or even from you?

As to Lord BEACONSFIELD's authorship of the account of Genius imputed to CARLYLE, don't you think that it might just as well have been set down to Mr. GLASTONE; and that, if it had been, that right honourable gentleman would be as much annoyed as you would be in case you were charged with having originated it yourself? Do help to withdraw from circulation a current misdescription of Genius altogether at variance with

COMMON SENSE.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

"Mrs. KEELEY in a new piece!" sounds startling as a bit of theatrical intelligence—nevertheless, it was a fact last Friday. This lively and accomplished young lady of eighty-three played to a crowded and enthusiastic house for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. Happy Charity to have such an advocate!—happy ASHBY-STERRY to have his lines so delightfully given! Not a point was lost, not a chance given away; the clever and experienced actress showed she had not forgotten a particle of her art—she had the same wondrous power over her audience that she possessed years ago.

At the conclusion of her address she said, with wondrous earnestness, in speaking of the children:—

"I crave for them your sympathy untold,
Your love, your help, your pity—and your gold!
The last I'm bound to have, for, you must know,
I played *Jack Sheppard* many years ago!
I've not forgot his impudence, his dash—
His rare persuasive power when seeking cash!
Stand and deliver—sovereigns, fifties, fives—
We want *your* money, for we want *their* lives!"

It is to be hoped that the eloquence and persuasive power of Mrs. KEELEY will have the effect of "sovereigns, fifties, and fives," being speedily delivered to the treasury of this excellent Institution, which is only waiting for money in order that its new wing may be built, and its sphere of usefulness substantially enlarged.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"MY DEAR SUSAN! I DECLARE YOU'RE GETTING MORE LIKE MARGARET EVERY DAY!"
"OH, COME NOW—YOU SAY THAT TO FLATTER ME!"
"WHAT? YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU ADMIRE HER!"

A CASE OF SOUND MEDICINE.

"From the time when medical knowledge was first embodied in rules of practice, and probably from a much earlier period, Music has held a recognised place in the treatment of disease. . . . Lauded in connection, for example, with gout."—*Lancet*.

SCENE—A Sick Chamber. Invalid discovered groaning on a sofa.
Enter Doctor, briskly.

Doctor. Well, and how are we to-day?
Invalid. Oh, very—very ill! Worse, Doctor—worse!
Doctor. Dear me! Surely you could not have taken the medicine I ordered.

Invalid. Oh, yes, indeed I did.
Doctor. Sure you did not swallow the embrocation and use the sleeping draught for a lotion?

Invalid. Oh, no, Doctor; I was very careful indeed! (Sadly). But they all have done me no good. I think I am worse than ever! Oh!

[Groans.]
Doctor. Dear me, that's bad! Let me see your tongue; and then you can tell me your symptoms.

Invalid (after showing his tongue). Well, Doctor, you see I have a pain here, and a pain there. [Describes in detail his ailments.]

Doctor. You surprise me! But I fancy I can put you straight. Just sing "*She Wore a Wreath of Roses*."

Invalid. I am sure I can't! I haven't sung for years.

Doctor. The greater the reason you should commence. Now, then, "*She Wore a Wreath of Roses*." Come make an effort (sings)—"*She wore a wreath—*" Now, then, go on.

Invalid. I am sure I can't. (Sings feebly). "*She wore—*"

[Gives the rest of the song with unconventional variations.]
Doctor. Come, now, don't you feel better already?

Invalid. Well, I don't know; still—
Doctor. Of course you are! And now for a dance. I fancy "*The Highland Schottische*" is about your figure. Come. (Sings and dances.) "Rumtum titiddy-ee, tiddy-ee, tiddy-eee; Rumtum tiddy-ee, Ri de foll de dolly de?" Surely you can dance to that?

Invalid. I will try it. Let me see. "Rumtum-titiddy-ee."
[Sings and dances feebly.]

Doctor. That's right! (Takes his hands, and dances about energetically.) Never mind the twinges at first. They will go off by-and-by. (After a few minutes of singing and dancing.) There now! How do you feel?

Invalid (sinking on a couch). I am much, much better.
Doctor (heartily). I knew you would be!

Invalid. And now, Doctor, that I am cured, do you mind telling me what was the matter with me?

Doctor. Certainly. I have treated you for a slight attack of gout! As you are not yet quite yourself, I will send you a Saraband to be danced before bed-time, and the music for a Polka-Mazourka, that you must run through two or three times before you have your breakfast to-morrow morning. And now good-bye, as I have to go and cure some children suffering from measles with a good wholesome dose of "*Sir Roger de Coverley*."

A NUT PARTIALLY CRACKED.—It was recently suggested in the *Times* that cocoa-fibre would be useful as material for lining our warships. This theory, though not solving the old problem about the presence of milk in the cocoa-nut, does account for the hair outside.

MORE OF A UNIONIST THAN EVER.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Bes' wishes to "JOSEPH'S Sweetheart."

ROBERT ON LORD MARE'S DAY.

THE revells was all over on the hallowd Ninth. The three most himportantest persuns of the hole himportant City; wiz, the parst Lord Mare, the present Lord Mare, and the future Lord Mare,



The part omitted from Torpedo's Show by order of the Royal George.

was all comferally sleepin in their downy beds of lnecksery; theappy Gests was all fled; the careful Committee Men had carefully locked up all the cubbord fulls of broken wittels, includin hele quartz of reel Turtel Soop, and several hele ams and foulds, as was all to be give to the Poor nex mornin, and the tired and sleepy Waiters had taken care that none of the fine old Wine shoed be wasted, and then sort their umbel omes; and the ony sound to be herd was the silent tread of the ever wakeful Watchman, who was, for some hours to come, the great City Surweyror. But why does he cum to a sudden paw in his silent rownd? why, after a close examination of it with his lighted dark lantern, does he xclaim, "Why, ROBERT, my toolip, what on airth are you dooin there?"

I was a sleepin the sleep of the onest but tired-out Waiter, under a Sofy in the Committee's priwet refreshment room, havin laid down jest for about 40 winks; and havin, in the dark, rapt a tablecloth around my manly figger, to keep out the cold, I must suttently have cut rayther a strange apairance to my friend the Watchman wen I stood up to my full hight before his estonished eyes!

It was all the frutes of hover work. It is, I believee, about the werry fust time in all my long life as I have never been guilty of sitch a haet of dense stupidity, and I shall take preshus good care as it's the last. But my xeuse must be that it was all dun from a good cause and with a nobel hobjeck. I had herd sitch alarmin roomers of what was to be done, and what was not to be done, as respects the Sacred Sho, that I was deturmined to see for myself with my hone eyes, and hear for myself with my hone hears, and be redly to resist the pore Life Gards and the pore Huzzas if they should be attacked by the angry mob who was of coarse naterally disappointed at being deprived of their speshal darlings, the Men in Armer from the reel Tower of London, and ROBBING HOOD's Merry Men from Hepping Forest, and Burnthem Beeches.

But I need not have bin alarmed. Why, the brave fellers played away on their drums and trumpits and orn and rumbones, all thru the shouting Mob, jest the same as if they'd a bin in High Park.

As I stood gazin at 'em with all the admirashun as I coud muster considerin how werry cruelly I wss a being shoved about by the thortless and hignorant Mob, I begun for to wunder how on hearth they ewer manages to do all they've got to do when they gos into Battel. The genelman as has 2 drums to play on, in case I spose as one shoud brake, woud always have his too drumsticks with witch to defend himself from the hinsolwent fo, as *Othello* werry properly calls him, but how about the gent with the orn? Supposing as he's ordered to "up Gards and at 'em!" jest think what he's got for to do. He has to play his orn, to guide his galliant steed, and to fite the Fo, and all with ony 2 hands! It's quite bad enuff for me wen I has to carry a Tooreen of hot bilin Soup, and a cupple of wine-glasses, and a carving nife in my mouth, but I reelly thinks as his case must be wuss than ewen mine.

However, a trowse to these reflectshuns, and let me pursued to state that, tho the "ROYAL GEORGE," the Commander-in-Chief, did most unkindly refuse to let us have jest about ten or twenty thousand Wolunteers to perfect us all, in the habsence of the six Men in Harmer, I can conscenshusly declair, and wen I says that, I means it, that neether the Lord Mare's State Cocheman, nor his State Postilyun, nor ewen his three State Footmen, shewd by their pail faces any fear of the shoutin mob as was a scrowgin around 'em. What they felt in their hinnermost buzzums, them alone can tell.

The scoffin and grinmin Sinnick dowless grinned and scoffed more than ewer when he seed the rain a poring down in the hurly morning; but if he had had my xperience he woud have known that, on all sitch himportant oecashuna aa Lord Mare's Sho, "The clouds will pass if we've pashens to Wait;" and so it was on Friday.

I got back to Gildhall weary and worn, and rumped to that xtent, that not nobody but them as know'd me well coud ever have took me for a hed Waiter; but a good wash and brush up, and a clean white collar and cheker, and two glasscs of old brown Sherry—the werry best rewiver as kindly natur ewer perwided for xhausted Umanity—set me to rites, at eny rate for a time.

ROBERT.

HOE DEAR!

READ GLADSTONE's advice about fruit-farming, jam, cherries, apples, and all the rest of it, with great interest. Why *do* the poor cengregate in big towns, instead of doing this sort of thing in the country? So improvident! Believe there's a fortune to be made out of growing fruit and vegetables for London market, and mean to try.

Have bought a small farm. Nice light soil. Owner (who seems very anxioxa to get away), describes it as a "pebbly loam." More pebbles than loam, apparently. "Scratch year loam, and you find pebbles." Owner shows me orchard, paddock, cart-shed, &c., and induces me to take over his live and dead stock at valuation.

Settle at farm. Twenty miles out of town. Nearest rail two and a half miles; cartage to railway costs more than I expected. Have to pay Gardener, too; pay *him* more (I fancy) than either of us expected. Buy some books on fruit-farming, and feel rather proud of my position. Shall talk (to friends who don't know much about me), of "my place in the country." Hope they won't come down and find me hoeing mangel-wurzels.

Rather disappointed with perusal of the books. Find apples don't like a "pebbly loam." Also only a few kinds of apples have any sale nowadays. Call in a horticultural expert, and ask him to inspect my orchard.

Expert comes. Condemns orchard root and branch. Says, "only thing to be done is to grub up these 'ere trees, and plant neo ones." Well, then, what advantage do I get out of the old trees? "None whatever," he replies; "might just as well have bought a bit of meadow." Depressed. I think of riddle—"What's the good of Acrea when you can't get a Bob out of them?" Riddle depresses me still further.

Give up apples. Plant no end of cherries and geeseberries. Gardener says, "important for fruit to go off directly it's ripe." Mine goes off before it's ripe. Goes off altogether; boys steal it. Also plant cabbages and mushrooms. Gardener says, "a fine opening for mushrooms." Spend a month or two buying spawn, making beds, &c. What a lot of attention mushrooms do want! Call this "small culture," indeed! Find that the opening for mushrooms has closed when I come to sell them. Buyers offer a price which just about covers cost of carriage to town. I ask why? They explain that "public fancy has changed; mushrooms net in vegue—tomatoes are."

Try tomatoes. Try 'em out of doors, and get 'em nipped by frost. Try again under glass. Putting up glass very expensive. Gardener suggests grapes. After buying one or two choice varieties, find Gardener doesn't understand planting them! Buy book on Grape-culture. While book coming, put grape-plants in cellar. Cellar doesn't suit them, it seems. Finally, when book arrives, plants have to be thrown away. Result of first year's fruit-growing—less of £300. Not making fortune yet.

"Can small farms be made to answer?" somebody wants to know. Yes, if you don't mind the answer being "No!"

This year try asparagus, in corner of large field. Very successful. Think of making a "corner" in asparagus in London vegetable market. Gardener falls in with idea, and we keep crop back for a time. Consequence is, when we offer it, nobody wants to buy! Have to eat most of it myself. Get perfectly sick of asparagus in a week. Sick of Gardener, too. Dismiss him. He tells me, just as he's going, that "them pertaters has the disease awful bad, and there ain't a cherry on the trees because of caterpillars." Winds up by saying, there's a bill coming in for "them sparrergress beds."

There is indeed. Such a bill! Seems that nothing will grow on the "pebbly loam," but that first one has to "make" the soil, and afterwards grow things. Always thought farms had good soil to begin with. What's the good of the Creation, if the ground has to be made all over again?

Losses increasing. As last desperate resource try jam. Erect small jam-factory. Have one or two fields of strawberries. Find a man who says he understands all about jam-making. "Get equal quantities of jam and sugar, and boil 'em up together," he says. It sounds very simple. Sugar bill enormous. When jam made, it really dees look and taste very nice indeed. Send it to London. Letter in a few days from agent to say he can't sell my jam at any price. Toe pure. Public like it with more "flavour" in it. And this comes of making real home-made jam. What a feel the public must be! Sell my farm at fearful sacrifice, and live in a "flat"—rather a suitable residence. Turn Tory. Understand *now* why poor cengregate in large towns. Wender if *they've* all been fruit-farmers like me, and made as much out of it?

SUMMER IN WINTER.—Don't forget Mrs. JEUNE this winter. She makes her usual benevolent appeal on behalf of the starving children. "One pound," says the *Standard*, "provides an ample dinner for one hundred and thirty-seven hungry little ones." There's a Sovereign remedy for starvation!

THE CRAMMER'S LAMENT.

(Song for the Times.)

THERE's a stir in the air; there are straws on the wind
That with dismal forebodings are filling my mind!



'Tis whisper'd the public, that
so long has slumber'd,
Is waking at last, and that my
days are number'd.
Oh! say not 'tis true, for if fierce
competition,
The secreta of which I have
measured so neatly,
Is flung by the Powers that be to
perdition, [ploded completely,
Dismember'd, undone, and ex-
Oh! I ask you, despairing, what
future there'll be
For a poor shunted, unemployed
Crammer like me?

One Result of Cramming.

For if they decide, in the service of truth,
To rescue the mind of intelligent youth
From a system that all its intelligence clearing
Clean right out of the way, ekes it out with veneering,
A showy acquaintance with facts but inducing,
And all solid knowledge away glibly casting,
Instead, in its place, its mere semblance producing,
And that for a fortnight, at most, only lasting!
Oh! I ask, if this happen, what future there'll be
For a poor shunted, unemployed Crammer like me?

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

October 30.—I should very much like to know who has wilfully torn the last five or six weeks out of my diary. It is perfectly monstrous! Mine is a large scribbling diary with plenty of space for the record of my everyday events, and in keeping up that record I take (with much pride) a great deal of pains. I asked CARRIE if she knew anything about it? She replied it was my own fault for leaving the diary about with a charwoman cleaning, and the sweeps in the house. I said that was not an answer to my question. This retort of mine, which I thought extremely smart, would have been more effective had I not jogged my elbow against a vase on a table temporarily placed in the passage, knocked it over and smashed it. CARRIE was dreadfully upset at this disaster, for it was one of a pair of vases which cannot be matched, given to us on our wedding-day by Mrs. BURTSETT, an old friend of CARRIE'S cousins, the POMMER-TONS, late of Dalston. I called to SARAH and asked her about the diary. She said she had not been in the sitting-room at all; after the sweep had left, Mrs. BIRRELL (the charwoman) had cleaned the room and lighted the fire herself. Finding a burnt piece of paper in the grate, I examined it, and found it was a piece of my diary. So it was evident someone had torn my diary to light the fire. I requested Mrs. BIRRELL to be sent to me to-morrow.

October 31.—Received a letter from our principal, Mr. PERKUPP, saying that he thinks he knows of a place at last for our dear boy LUPIN. This, in a measure, consoles me for the loss of a portion of my diary, for I am bound to confess the last few weeks have been devoted to the record of disappointing answers received from people to whom I had applied for appointments, for LUPIN. Mrs. BIRRELL called, and in reply to me said, "She never see no book, much less take such a liberty as touch it." I said I was determined to find out who did it, whereupon she said she would do her best to help me, but she remembered the sweep lighting the fire with a bit of the *Echo*. I requested the sweep to be sent to me to-morrow. I wish CARRIE had not given LUPIN a latch-key. We never seem to see anything of him. I sat up till past one for him, and then retired tired.

November 1.—My entry yesterday about "retired tired," which I did not notice at the time, is rather funny. If I were not so worried just now, I might have had a little joke about it. The sweep called, but had the audacity to come up to the hall-door, and lean his dirty bag of soot on the door-step. He, however, was so polite, I could not rebuke him. He said SARAH lighted the fire. Unfortunately SARAH heard this, for she was dusting the bannisters, and she ran down, and flew into a temper with the sweep, causing a row on the front door-steps, which I would not have had happen for anything. I ordered her about her business, and told the sweep I was sorry to have troubled him—and so I was, for the door-steps were covered with soot, in consequence of his visit. I would willingly give ten shillings to find out who tore my diary.

November 2.—I spent the evening quietly with CARRIE, of whose company I never tire. We had a most pleasant chat about the letters on "Is Marriage a Failure?" It has been no failure in our case. In talking over our own happy experiences, we never noticed that it was past midnight. We were startled by hearing the door

slam violently. LUPIN had come in. He made no attempt to turn down the gas in the passage, or even to look into the room where we were, but went straight up to bed, making a terrible noise. I asked him to come down for a moment, and he begged to be excused, as he was "dead beat," an observation that was scarcely consistent with the fact that, for a quarter of an hour afterwards, he was positively dancing in his room, and shouting out, "See me dance the Polka!" or some such nonsense.

November 3.—Good news at last. Mr. PERKUPP has got an appointment for LUPIN, and he is to go and see about it on Monday. Oh, how my mind is relieved! I went to LUPIN'S room to take the good news to him, but he was in bed, very seedy, so I resolved to keep it over till the evening. He said he had last night been elected a member of an Amateur Dramatic Club, called the "Holloway Comedians;" and, though it was a pleasant evening, he had sat in a draught, and got neuralgia in the head. He declined to have any breakfast, so I left him. In the evening I had up a special bottle of port, and, LUPIN being in, for a wonder, we filled our glasses, and I said,—"LUPIN, my boy, I have some good and unexpected news for you. Mr. PERKUPP has procured you an appointment." LUPIN said, "Good biz!" and we drained our glasses. LUPIN then said, "Fill up the glasses again, for I have some good and unexpected news for you." I had some slight misgivings, and so evidently had CARRIE, for she said, "I hope we shall think it good news." LUPIN said, "Oh, it's all right. I'm engaged to be married."

THE VADE-MECUM OF A CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

Question. When is reference first made to you by the Press?

Answer. In the early autumn of the year, when paragraphs appear in the City papers briefly alluding to my antecedents, and noting my probable election.

Q. Have you then an opportunity of further advertising yourself?

A. Certainly. If I am energetic, I can let it be known that I object to something or other favoured by my predecessor.

Q. Can you do more than this in the same direction?

A. Well, there is no reason why I should not, in advance of the time fixed for my appearance in my official residence, notify the funds I purpose founding there.

Q. Is this not encroaching on the prerogative of your predecessor?

A. Not seriously; as when I do this he, from an official point of view, will be moribund.

Q. Then I presume you consider yourself well advertised by the banquet itself?

A. I consider it practically my entrance into public life; for in the papers next day my speeches, which hitherto have received little attention, will be reported at a length only second to that reserved for the utterances of the Prime Minister.

Q. Before attaining your exalted rank are your opinions considered of any value?

A. No, of very little value, and probably on my retirement the store set upon them will sink to the original standard.

Q. Do you not during your tenure of power obtain many advantages?

A. Certainly. *Ex officio* I am a member of the Privy Council, and in certain emergencies, this may confer upon me the performance of duties of the highest dignity. I have the precedence of an Earl outside the City, and when I dine in state can call upon the Sheriffs (or as in the future it will be—the Sheriff), to attend upon me.

Q. Have you not omitted something which adds to your pomp?

A. I presume you refer to my custom of marching about in the company of two persons, carrying respectively, a gigantic sword and a huge mace.

Q. Do not these persons, with their comic weapons, introduce what may be termed, the "pantomimic element" into your progresses?

A. Possibly, but their existence is sanctioned by long usage.

Q. You have too, have you not, a wardrobe full of official costumes?

A. Certainly. Some of the robes are extremely gorgeous, both in colouring and material.

Q. And generally, during your term of office, do you not receive very marked attention?

A. I do. My letters to the papers are printed in the leader page, in leaded type, my movements are reported with regularity and accuracy, and my presence in even the highest quarters is regarded with satisfaction rather than astonishment.

Q. And this deference is paid to you for a year?

A. Or rather, for eleven months, as my doings during the last twenty or thirty days of my tenure of power are considered of less moment than the proceedings of my successor during the same period.

Q. And at the end of your year of office what will happen to you?

A. If I am lucky I shall retire with a Knighthood into the dense obscurity of City private life.

Q. Will you, after your retirement ever re-attract public attention?

A. To judge from precedents, I do not think I ever shall.



UGH!

Little Darling. "THAT WAS A *WHITE SUGAR-ALMOND* I GAVE OO, MR. SQUEAMS. DOES OO LIKE IT?"

Crusty Old Bachelor (who is trying hard to swallow the dainty in question). "VERY MUCH INDEED, THANK YOU!"

Little Darling. "IT WAS *PINK—ONCE!*"

THE GERMAN FOX AND THE BRITISH LION.

(A Fable after the fashion of La Fontaine.)

A CERTAIN Lion, whose re-echoing roar
Had long been heard on Afric's eastern shore,
Had hard thereby a den convenient, spacious,
Leo was vigilant, not too pugnacious,

Yet always ready,
With strength exceptional and ardour steady,
To help maintain, even on that wild border,
His leonine ideas of Law and Order.

The King of Beasts, like other royal bodies
Who're not quite *fainéant* noddies,
Loved not the anarchical and the chaotic.
In fact his foes declared him too despotic,
Too apt to bring down his prodigious paw,
And call *that* Law.

At any rate our Lion autocratical
Was down tremendously on the piratical.
Now in that torrid region

Dwelt certain lesser beasts—their name was
legion— [knavery
Whose sole idea of kingship was sheer
Built up on Slavery.

Leo with tooth and claw was prompt to drop
Upon these robber-bands. He strove to stop
The grisly game to which the ghouls were
And long had striven [given,
Almost alone indeed and single-handed;
For, though the other brutes he'd fain have
banded

Against these common curses of their kind,
He somehow seldom found them in the mind.
(Greed, fear, and faction,
With brutes as men, are foes to common
action.)

There came into that region, rather later,
A certain Fox. No beast had shrewdness
greater;

And, adding lupine strength to vulpine cunning,
He rather fancied he was in the running

For the reversion
Of Leo's sovereignty; indeed *some* said,
To share the Lion's skin ere he was dead,
Was an idea running in his head;

Perhaps 'twas an aspersion;
But anyhow Reynard, with all his tricks,
Found himself shortly in a sort of fix.
He hardly prospered as he deemed he ought to,
And sedulously sought to.

He was not trusted somehow, which seemed
funny.

When deeds of iron follow words of honey,
Faith fails. That queerest seems of para-
To Foxes. [doxes—

So *rusé* Reynard thought that he would try on
A sort of Confidence Trick with the old Lion.
He rigged himself in proper pilgrim guise,
With palmer-hat that flopped o'er his sly eyes,
With staff, and scrip, and scallop all complete,
And a long gaberдинe that reached his feet,
Properly girdled; one in fact might term it
The costume for a new Peter the Hermit.

Togged in this manner,
He bore in hand a big emblazoned banner,
Whereon was written in much brodered
bravery,

"Down, down with Slavery!!!"
Thus robed, our Reynard Leo thus addressed:
"Leo, my friend, I'm really quite distressed
At the black deeds that shame this region
torrid;
They're truly horrid!

As for one cruel and kidnapping band,
They ought to be put down with a strong
hand.

You who're so noble, generous, and strong,
Must feel, I'm sure, that it is really wrong
To give free licence to this bad black trade.
Shall we not join, then, in a New Crusade?
You always were a bit of a knight-errant;

I've quite a fit of missionary zeal;
United, I am sure that you will feel
Our influence on this sin will be deterrent.
And—though *that* is, of course, the merest
trifle—

Help any doubts of our good faith to stifle
(I've found such doubts a little in my way).
Come, Leo, what d'ye say?"

Leo said little, but he looked a deal,
For, hanging at the back of Mr. Fox,
Girt to his body by a chain of steel,

He spied a certain box,
Savouring to Leo, who could spot a trader,
More of the bagman than of the Crusader.
"Reynard," he mused, "whence is this new-
born passion

For the knight-errantry not much *your*
fashion?

Can it, oh! can it be a mere pretence
To gain prestige—and trade—at my expense?

True, it might task all [rascal,
Our banded strength to crush the desert
The battener on blood, whom I, 'tis true,
Have hunted long, with little aid from you.

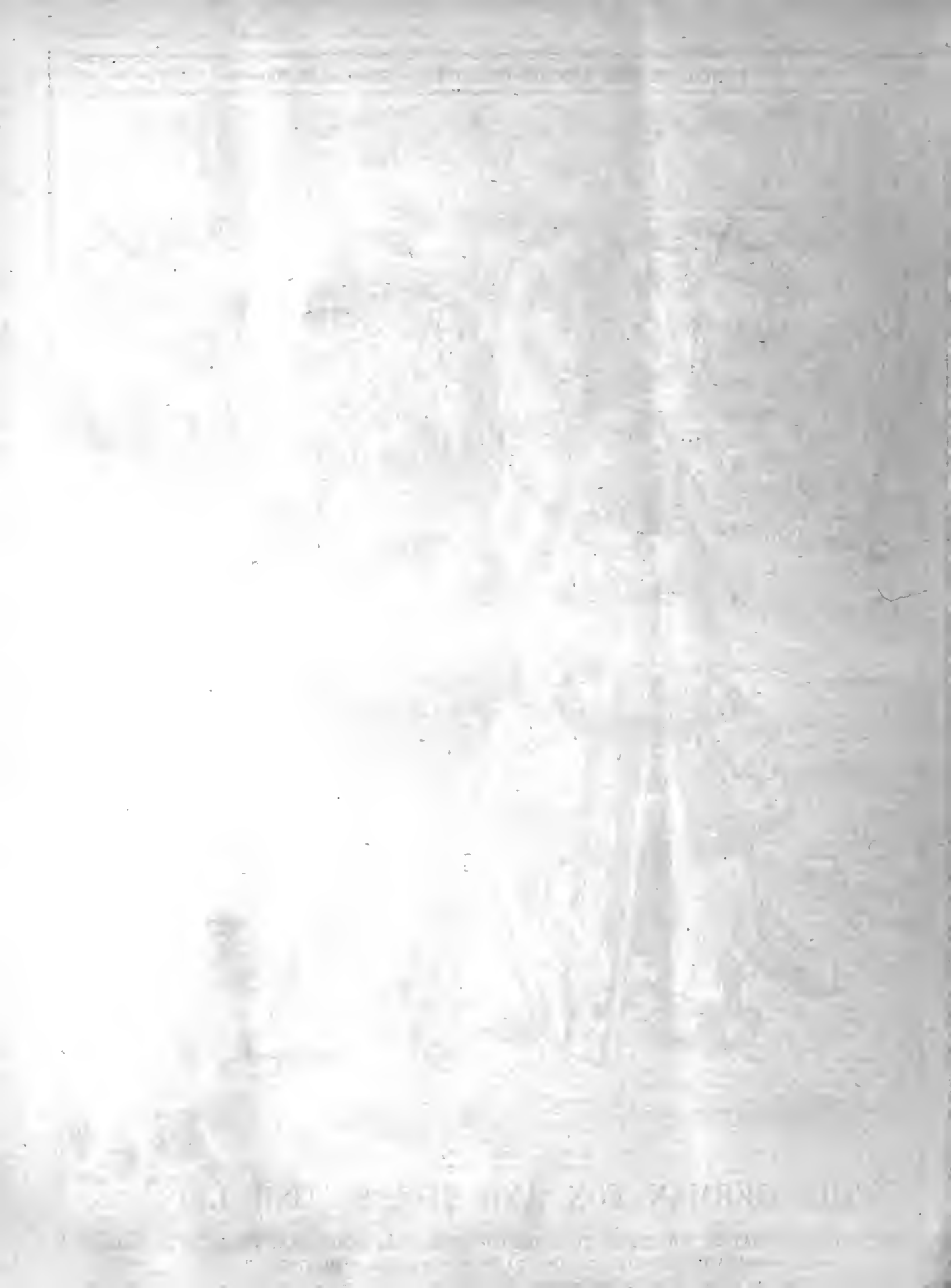
If—if indeed
You meant it in good faith, his curséd breed
We'd quickly banish from this tropic shore.
But—is there nothing more



THE GERMAN FOX AND THE BRITISH LION.

Fox. "ACH! YOU ZAT ZO NOBLE ARE—ZO SCHDRONG—ZO MACNÄNIMISCH!—LET US IN ZIS ZO HOLY GRUSADE TOGEZZER CHOIN! YA?"

THE LION. "HUMPH!!!"





OUR NEW M.F.H.

"WARE 'HARE!" SHOUTED MR. TOPPLE, TRYING TO CRACK HIS WHIP,—AND THIS WAS THE RESULT.

Behind—like that black box—my foxy friend?
And is it like to happen in the end
That my good name will make yours brightly
Or you spoil mine?" [shine,

All this was muttered in the Lion's mane.
"Ah!" cried the Fox, "I see 'tis very plain
That you, so noble, so magnanimous,
So truly one of us,
Help in our new Crusade cannot refuse!"
(Aside he chuckled, "Ah, my little ruse
Has fairly fetched him then, the blind old
Leo said—"Humph!" [sumph!"])

Moral.

When Fox with Lion hunts, one would be
sorry
To say who gains—until they've shared the
quarry!

STOPPING THE STRAND.

(A Church Catechism.)

Question. Is the church (of St. Mary-le-Strand) worth preserving?
Answer. The Rector naturally replies, "Yes;" so do the verger, the pew-opener, the clerk, the bell-ringers, and the lay-helperess who brushes the dust from the floor on to the prayer-books, and from the prayer-books back again on to the floor, once a week.
Q. How much money is required in order to prevent the whole place tumbling on to the heads of wayfarers along the Strand?
A. Three thousand pounds.
Q. What is the feeling of Londoners as to the request for this sum lately published by the Rector in the newspapers.
A. They wish he may get it.
Q. What is the chief complaint against the edifice?

A. That, besides being ugly and unsafe, it is an intolerable obstruction. That, just where the Strand ought to widen into a really noble thoroughfare, it is cramped up into the dimensions of a narrow lane by this building, leaving barely space for two vehicles abreast, the foot pavement being reduced in like ratio.
Q. What is the remedy suggested for this ecclesiastical obstructionist?
A. The Clôture—shutting it up, and then pulling it down.
Q. Is not the church one of striking architectural beauty, so as to warrant its preservation on that score?
A. Not at all. On the contrary, it is a bad specimen of debased "Queen Anne."
Q. Would not its demolition deprive a large and important congregation of a place of worship?
A. It would distribute a congregation averaging about twenty or thirty among the multitude of other half-empty churches existing in the immediate neighbourhood.
Q. Would not the widening of the Strand sweep away some old and venerable specimens of London Street architecture?
A. Yes, it would mean the removal of the venerable thoroughfare known as Holywell Street, with its high-class shops and noble literary associations.
Q. What then is wanted?
A. That the new London County Council should take the matter up, and knock the church down, with what speed it may.

ON "ALL FOURS."—British Protectorate in Borneo,—"Hugh Low (Union) Jack, and the game." Other Protectorates generally suggest another game,—Cribbage. But of course this doesn't apply to us.

FRUITS FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

BOARD Schools are not all paid for out of rates; Nor gratis, quite, crammed Board School children's pates. Parents have still the cost in part to bear—Not much, yet more than most of them can spare;
Their tributary pence required to send For children forced instruction to attend: But, what with rates and fees for mental "feed,"
Those youngsters get, however, taught to read.
That knowledge they are mostly apt to use; Fictitious literature in general choose: Tales of adventure, villany, and crime, Horrors and vices, which their minds begrime.
'Twas hoped that education would avail To elevate them in the social scale. What profit may accrue from learning, see; The Penny Dreadful for the Penny Fee!

FROM STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Was Banquo a sculptor? Shakspearian commentators are unable to answer this question with absolute certainty, but they are quite sure that he had a Ghost.

ACADEMICAL.—"Messrs. C. V. STANFORD and A. C. MACKENZIE, to be made Doctors of Music, honoris causâ," at Cambridge. The libretto of the solemn ceremony will of course be "Cantabile."

HISTORICAL NOTE.—In mediæval times the rich Abbots of a sporting turn used to keep hounds. Over the kennels was inscribed *Par.*



EXCLUSION.

Policeman (at the Law Courts). "STRICT ORDERS TO-DAY, M'M. NO ONE TO BE ADMITTED UNLESS THEY'RE IN WIG AN'—THAT IS—BEG PARDON, M'M—BARRISTERS, M'M—ONLY BARRISTERS!"

HAND AND FOOT AT HANDOUB ;

Or, What the Latest Intelligence is coming to.

SUAKIM, Nov. 12.—The enemy again continued last night their shelling operations against the Water Forts, making excellent practice, and succeeding in sending six shots in succession through the top of the General's tent, the final one being specially well-aimed, and going clean through his moderator, which it effectually extinguished. On lights being fetched, and an examination made of the ammunition used, much enthusiastic satisfaction was expressed by all the officers present on its being ascertained as a fact that it had been supplied by a well-known British firm. Its destructive capabilities having just been conclusively demonstrated, a high and flattering opinion was expressed on all hands at the circumstance.

This morning the long-expected reinforcements, consisting of five mounted infantry, one gun, and two artillerymen, having arrived from Egypt, the General determined to make a reconnoitring movement in the direction of Handoub, for the purpose, if possible, of ascertaining the strength of the enemy. This they were not long in disclosing, for they instantly threw out a thoroughly disciplined and well-equipped force of cavalry, about five hundred strong, which, sweeping at a charge down on the little contingent, capturing the gun, and sabring its defenders, much to his surprise, obliged the General to take to flight, and pursued him up to the fortifications, which he barely reached in safety, followed by a perfect hail of bullets.

It is understood that after this experience he will probably endeavour to impress on the authorities at Cairo the necessity of their taking vigorous measures, and despatching further reinforcements to enable him to cope with the situation, which he describes as "threatening."

This evening there is a rumour of telegraphic communication from headquarters, acknowledging the receipt of the General's application and promising the despatch of "five more mounted infantry, another gun, and two more artillerymen, in the course of a month or so," which they think will "meet the requirements of the situation."

As the mail is leaving, the Dervishes, who have just mounted twelve Armstrong guns in a position thoroughly commanding the Citadel and the Water Forts, appear to be massing in large numbers close up to the fortifications, as if meditating a determined night-attack. Her Majesty's cruiser, *Bouncer*, which is our only defensive resource in any emergency, seems, unfortunately, somehow

to have disappeared on the horizon. The General, who has apparently noted this incident with regret, seems uneasy, and is inquiring about cellar accommodation in the suburbs. Altogether the outlook is gloomy.

THE ALMIGHTY HALF-DOLLAR.

A SONG BY A SUFFERER.

"*Facit indignatio versum,*"

Florins are a nuisance—curse 'em!

CONFOUNDED coin, whose prevalence confounds
Finance domestic more than any other,
Why thus beset me on my daily rounds
With constant bother!

The Mint was mad the day it fashioned you,
And sowed you broadcast on enslaved society.
What man knows not the mischiefs that you brew
In vile variety?

You were not wanted; you are awkward, odd,
A coin which trade's arrangements do not follow;
And yet, beshrew you! you, like Aaron's rod,
All others swallow.

A shilling is the price for heaps of things,
A sixpence purchases at least as many;
And every moment from the pocket brings,
The useful penny.

Even the odd Half-crown may have its use,
But why bring *you*, you poor superfluous bore in?
What mortal ever wants, save to abuse,
The fruitless Florin?

And yet you crowd my pocket, fill my purse,
To the exclusion of brave "bobs" and "tanners."
I lose my cash through you, and—what is more
Perhaps—my manners!

Say, that a cab I call, the distance, say,
Is half a mile, the fare—of course, a shilling.
The tariff-rate, arranged, the which to pay
I'm not unwilling.

My hand in all my pockets wild may range,
But not one sixpence or one shilling collars.
(For if you change a sovereign now, your change
Is all "Half-dollars").

Cabby has none—cabbies are far too "wide"—
So, after lots of hunting, and much "bobbery,"
I pay two shillings for a half-mile ride!
I call it robbery!

Two shillings or four sixpences fulfil
The Florin's every duty, and *their own too*.
Why then the Florin, which of purse and till
A plague has grown to?

Silver I scarce can get, save in its form;
I've seven in my pocket at this moment!
Can such a curse—excuse my language warm!—
Need further comment?

Why flood the circulation with these coins,
Which rile the testy, and which rob the thrifty,
And only serve the servant who purloins—
The Cabman shifty?

I'm sure they rob me of ten pounds a year,
(I gravely doubt if 'tis not nearer twenty),
Which I might save were "bobs" less scarce, and dear
Old "tanners" plenty.

I've suffered long: at last my plaint's in print.
My plan—most men, I'm certain, will agree to it—
Is, call the Florin in! I hope the Mint
Will kindly see to it!

MOTTO FOR LORD MAYOR TORPEDO'S BANNER.—"*Pas Grand Shows.*"

MOTTO FOR EX-LORD MAYOR SIR POLYDORE'S BANNER.—"*The Period of D.K.,*" and "*After me The Torpedo.*"

PHENOMENAL SUNLIGHT AT NIGHT.—Of course our "London particular" atmosphere prevents us, at this time of year, from seeing a real English sun, so we adapt from the French, and the playgoer has only to visit the Royalty in Dean Street, Soho, in order to enjoy *Clara Soleil*, which, as the title implies, is a piece of a very light character.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
 EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P. *Henry Furniss*

Tuesday.—Pretty fair attendance in both Houses, considering G. O. M. and most of his merry men down at Birmingham, making speeches by the furlong. House of Commons plays second fiddle. Still, we've a few left at Westminster. The Curse of Camborne back again in full blast. Pops up suddenly at question time. Quietly floored by SPEAKER, but up again.

"They think they did a good thing in suspending me in July," says he. "Got rid of me for a week or two. But I'll make it up now. You'll see."

JESSE COLLINGS here too, and with Birmingham ablaze! "How's this?" I ask. "You in London when Birmingham's keeping political holiday?"

"Is it?" he asked, with look of innocent surprise. "Now you mention it, I *did* hear something about it; under the auspices of what is left of Liberal Association, wasn't it? And GLADSTONE was to be there. Yes, yes, I remember. They asked me to meet him in the Mayor's parlour; but I declined. Sorry to do it. Pained to hurt feelings of estimable person. But it wouldn't do. If I had accepted invitation, GLADSTONE would have been sure to have imposed upon concession. Too much would have been made of it; and I plumply but regretfully said 'No.' Did you hear whether the proposed

gathering was abandoned?" GRANDOLPH here, enthroned in corner seat.

"Sorry to hear you've been ill, and are going to throw up the sponge," I say; for, though he's a trifle cantankerous, and apt to turn upon his friends unless they will consent to be his adulators, I like GRANDOLPH.

"You dear, erudulous Tony!" he cried. "Have you, too, been taken in by that *blague*? I'm pretty well, thank you. All the better for a rest; all the readier for work when opportunity comes. Perhaps it would please some people if it were true that I had broken down, and would not trouble them any more. But, with every natural disposition to oblige, can't please everybody. So I'm pretty well, thank you. Keep my eyes open, and my hand ready to strike."

A quiet night, with HARCOURT softly purring to himself on Front Opposition Bench, and OLD MORALITY thinking how pleasantly the mice may play when the cat's away. (*Pile Copy-book.*)

Grand Cross looks down from Peers' Gallery on the familiar scene and thinks of days that are no more. Another Cross (not yet grand) appears on the scene, walking up to take the Oath. It is W. H., Member for West Derby.

"Do you think, TOBY," said Grand Cross, "he'll ever make the same position in the House that his father did?"

"I hope not; indeed, I hope not," I say, fervently.

Grand Cross stared. Think afterwards wasn't quite the thing to say; might have put it in another way. But a little hurried, and was thinking of something else.

Business done.—Supply.

Thursday.—Reminded of our loss by little incident that took place at opening of sitting. STORMOUTH DARLING took seat for St. Andrew's University. LORD-ADVOCATE used to represent St. Andrew's. Certainly, hard for anyone to take a seat when he's in it. But, alas! he's out, vanished with the snows of yesteryear. Made something in the City of Edinburgh, with a fat salary and a noble title.

Room for Scotch Members to breathe now. Early effect seen in debate on alleged malversation of Crown Lands and Waters in Scotland. Someone been selling the fishing rights on an Invernesshire loch, and turning banks and braes into deer-forests. Not a new thing; didn't happen during the recess; why wasn't it brought up before? Simply because the burly LORD-ADVOCATE was at hand, and Scots-wha-hae shrewdly thought they'd suffered enough in times past without wantonly incurring fresh danger. The MACDONALD's place scarcely filled up when FRASER MACKINTOSH, in his animated and picturesque style, clamours about fishing rights and talks treason about deer-forests.

OLD MORALITY turns uneasily on the bench, and looks wistfully towards the corner-post against which the departed LORD-ADVOCATE's back was wont to rest with temporary impunity. Sorry for O. M. Tell him a little secret. Amongst messengers on duty at Lobby-door, is one who bears singularly close resemblance to the departed chief. About the same height, perhaps a trifle less burly, but with the same capability of extended shirt-front, the same pose of head, the same striking profile, and the same expanse of beardless countenance.

"If, old friend," I say to First Lord, "you could double his wages, practise him in the cultivation of infinite scorn of Scotch Members, dress him in a suit of the Chieftain's clothes, and prop him up with his back against the post at the end of Treasury Bench, you'd hear no more of FRASER MACKINTOSH."

"Thank you, TOBY," said O. M., pressing my paw. "That's a very valuable suggestion. I'll see if something can't be done in the matter before Scotch Votes come on next week. 'To be Forewarned is to be Forewarned,' as we used to write in fair round hand."

In the meanwhile ROBERTSON goes a step higher, and fills a section of the LORD-ADVOCATE's place, whilst STORMOUTH DARLING comes in as Solicitor-General for Scotland.

"CHARLIE used to be my DARLING," said OLD MORALITY, turning round to gaze at the venerable figure of the Member for Deptford; "now it's STORMOUTH. Life is full of change. Here to-day, we're gone to-morrow."

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Friday.—House more than ever empty to-night. Great counter-attraction at Guildhall. Her Majesty's Ministers dining with LORD MAYOR.

"Some of them," GORST says, snappishly, "and some, if you please, not so. All of us asked; all accepted. Then serew is put upon all under Cabinet rank to make them stop here to help to keep a House."

Gloom and depression all over House. Quite a different scene at Guildhall, where the Aldermen go wild over ARTHUR BALFOUR, and the Alderwomen openly murmur, "What a nice-looking young man!" The Marquis sonorously eloquent. The LORD MAYOR looked well, and spoke well. Excellent beginning for what promises to be memorable year in the City.

Business done.—Junior Ministers kept in. Education Vote agreed to.

ADVICE TO A GOOD SERVANT.—Always keep your place.



"Grand Cross stared."

"WHAT IT MAY COME TO,"

Now that Royal Residences are put up to Let.

SCENE—Interior of the Government Auction and Estate Office. Plans of Castles, &c., on the walls. Official discovered asleep over an early edition of an evening paper.

Successful Australian (sharply). Now then, you Sir—wake up!

Official (coming to his senses). I beg pardon—what can I do for you, Sir?

Suc. Aus. Well, I want to find some little property in London to settle down in during my stay in the Mother Country—a leasehold for twenty or thirty years, you know.

Official. We do not usually let anything under ninety-nine years, Sir.

Suc. Aus. Oh, I dare say we shall not quarrel about a month or two. But what have you got? How about Windsor Castle?

Official. Not in the market, Sir. It is in the occupation of the family.

Suc. Aus. (in a disappointed tone). Never mind; I am not particularly sweet upon it. Too far off. Anything Hampton way?

Official (referring to ledger). The Court, Sir, has been recently taken by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who has got rid of his holding in the New Forest (which some say was not a good bargain) to a Native Prince just arrived from India.

Suc. Aus. (after a moment's reflection). Well, wasn't there a rather nice building in red-brick, Kensington way?

Official (smiling). I presume, Sir, you refer to Kensington Palace. I am sorry to say, Sir, I cannot do anything for you there. The Palace is let out in flats, and tenanted at present by Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE, Mr. BRADLAUGH, Sir CHARLES WARREN, Professor BALDWIN, Canon FARRAR, Mr. DAVITT, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, and Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, the Attorney-General.

Suc. Aus. (in a tone of annoyance). Dear me, there seems to be nothing you can let me have.

Official. (hesitatingly). Well, there is one property, certainly, in the market, but we can only let it to a very careful tenant.

Suc. Aus. I will be careful enough if it only suits me. What is it?

Official. Buckingham Palace, Sir. It has been recently in the occupation of—(Murmurs a well-known name.)

Suc. Aus. (impressed). Indeed! But why did he leave? Nothing wrong with the drainage, or anything of that sort?

Official (promptly). Oh dear no, Sir. The fact is he would cut down all the trees in the back garden, and we were reluctantly obliged to—

Suc. Aus. I see! Well, put it down to me—I will take it.

[Scene closes, upon the preparation of a lease for 999 years.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOMESTIC PETS.—If the Lawn-Tennis Net, spread, as you describe, over the top of your Area, is not considered by your neighbours a sufficient restraint for your two full-grown Bengal Tigers, why not keep them in the coal-cellar? You could then feed them conveniently with the tinned salmon you mention, through the aperture in the pavement in front of your premises. There being a Board School opposite, you cannot, of course, very well give them an airing in the day-time, but between two and three o'clock, A.M., in the small hours of the morning, when the streets are more or less deserted, you could, with the aid of nine or ten policemen, armed with red-hot pincers and crowbars, easily manage it. Anyhow you could do no harm in trying the experiment. With regard to the Kangaroo, having succeeded in getting it there, by all means keep it in the linen cupboard. If it show signs of growing obstreperous, give it chloral with its dog-biscuit.

CARDS.—There is an infallible method of securing all the four honours in your own hand at whist; but, by playing with pre-prepared packs, providing yourself with "advantage" cuffs and "expansion" sleeves, and dealing with a New York "luck manipulator," you may be tolerably sure of holding good cards. It would be as well, however, to be cautious in having recourse to these artificial aids, as your frequent detection in their use at any well-known West End Club might possibly lead to some slight unpleasantness with the Committee.

COUNTRY HOUSE.—If your servants are all giving you warning, because, as you say, the mansion you are renting for the summer months is "haunted," why not take the bull by the horns, and lay the Ghost yourself. You have only got to conceal yourself in the Picture Gallery, where the Knight in Armour comes along groaning every night as the clock strikes twelve, and waiting his appearance, hit him full in the chest with the warming-pan—and the thing is done. Try this. The celebrated Crusader of Bitson Abbey was met three nights running in this fashion, and he vanished eventually with an unearthly oath, and has never been heard of since.



"The University of Giessen has made BISMARCK a Doctor of Divinity."—*Times*, Nov. 13.

MR. BULL AND MYNHEER.

"On the 17th November Dutchmen are preparing to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the liberation of the Netherlands from French domination, and the re-establishment of national independence."—*Times*.

"It is just two centuries to-day (November 5) since modern English political history began with the landing of WILLIAM of Orange at Brixham Harbour, Torbay."—*Mrs. Lynn Linton*, in "*St. James's Gazette*."

Mr. Bull. Your health, Mynheer, in a genuine Dutchman's draught! You know, perhaps, what the rousing chorus of the popular glee says:—

"It's oh! that a Dutchman's draught should be As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!"

Mynheer. Verily, Mr. BULL, VAN DUNK'S powers of potation were less typical than some shouters of that roystering chorus seem to suppose:—

"Mynheer VAN DUNK,
Though he never got drunk,
Sipped brandy-and-water gaily
And he quenched his thirst
With two quarts of the first
To a pint of the latter daily."

'Tisn't a legion of bibulous VAN DUNKS, my friend, who would have snatched Holland from the ocean sand-flats, or fought PHILIP of Spain. But for once, and, in response to your hearty challenge, I'll not shirk even what you call a Dutchman's draught. This schnapps is no bad stingo, as mellow as old Irish, and as toothsome as "right Nantz."

Mr. Bull. Well, Mynheer, we have been linked in many ways in history. We have fought yard-arm to yard-arm, with no great discredit to either. If we have given you a lieking, occasionally, in return you have given us a king. That trims the balance, I reckon,—not to name VAN TRUMP and his broom! But the toast I now propose is, "Liberty, and our Lasting Friendship!" In connection wherewith accept my hearty congratulations on your glorious anniversary.

Mynheer. Thanks, my friend! In return accept mine upon yours. Seventy-five years or two centuries, they both represent the same thing, the thing we have both fought for and laboured for, the very breath of the nostrils of both Hollander and Anglo-Saxon—Liberty!

(They drink deeply.)

Mr. Bull. By the way, Mynheer, there is likely to be yet another link between us. If I may trust the *Cambridge Review*, you are adopting, under whatever difficulties, our national game. I understand there are more than a hundred cricket-clubs in Holland! I hope we shall see you and your Batavian batsmen and bowlers at Lords and the Oval yet. You ought to be handy at "the willow," Mynheer.

Mynheer. Why, yes, willows we have in plenty, but in circumscribed, sandy, dyke-divided Holland, good cricket-grounds are scarce, and good wickets not so easy to get as in your own grassy Isle. But difficulties notwithstanding, my boys have been going it at the Malibaan, and many "een zeer leelijken bal"—what you call a "shooter"—has flown from a Dutch fist during the last few seasons.

Mr. Bull. Hooray! If we once fight on the cricket-field we shall hardly want to fight elsewhere, Mynheer—even in Africa, I hope. "In matters of Commerce, the fault of the Dutch, Is giving too little and asking too much."

You know the old metrical sneer. Suppose we alter it to:—

"In matters of bowling the fault of the Dutch,
Is changing too little, 'long-hopping' too much."

That takes all the sting out of it, Mynheer. And you'll soon alter all that, with a few wrinkles from our GRACES, LOHMANNS, and STEELS. Already, I'm told you are rattling wicket-keepers, and no muffs at a catch.

Mynheer. You do me proud, Mr. BULL. And if I also may venture upon doggerel in a language which is not mine own, I would add:—

"And when we're a little bit more of "dry bobs,"
We shall not be such "passive victims of lobs."

as your *Daily News* says we are at present. Perhaps with mole-hills in the out field, and a public right-of-way between the wickets, even your own champion would find his scores dwindling, and his average suffering.

Mr. Bull. Probably. But pretty soon I expect we shall hear of a "Batavian GRACE," in a sense quite other than that of DISRAELI'S celebrated back-hander to poor BERESFORD HOPE.

Mynheer. I hope so, I'm sure. But, of course, in—

"A land that rides at anchor and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard,"

as another of your satirical rhymesters has it, our willow-wielders are at a disadvantage. Still this sounds business-like, Mr. BULL:—

"F. Lelyveld en Suermondt top scorers waren.
Nu rolq de een batting performanee,
zoals maar zelden heel in Holland gezien vordt.
Terwijl Nolet hier kalm bloekt, sloeg v. Haeften er lustig op los."

Mr. Bull. Business-like? It sounds quite international and Volapük-ish, Mynheer. By Jove, I seem to see my way to a rattling song for a Cricket Supper,—"*The Hit to Leg*," to the tune of "*The Cork Leg*," you know.

(Sings.) I'll tell you a tale without any flam,
Of a Slogger named Mynheer VAN CLAM.
Who every morning said, "I am
The hardest hitter in Rotterdam!"
Ki-tooral-looral, &c.

One day he'd been having a turn at the keg,
And he stood at the wickets as stiff as a peg.
He feared he should hardly "break his egg,"
But he fluked a most wonderful hit to leg.

The fine hit gave Mynheer delight,
He had timed it well, and he caught it right.
It soared and soared to an awful height,
And in less than a moment was out of sight.

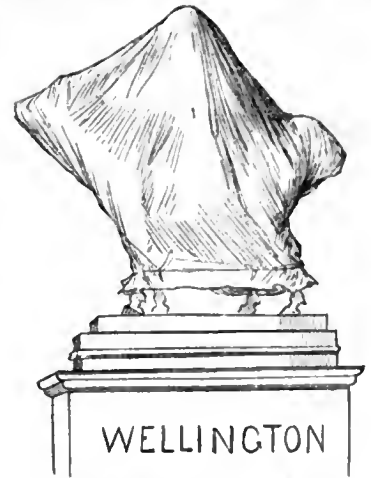
The batsmen ran a regular race,
Till each was perspiring and purple of face:
Still that ball went on at a pelting pace,
And the fieldsmen still kept up the chase.

They added a hundred and one to the score,
Then they stopped, perspiring at every pore;
They had won the match, midst a general roar,
But they never got sight of that ball any more!

My tale I've told, both plain and free,
Of the hardest slogger that could be,
He never was out at all, d'y'e see
From that wonderful hit to L. E. G.,

Ki-tooral-looral-looral-looral,
Ki-to-looral lay!

Mynheer. Ha! ha! ha! Another bumper,
Mr. BULL! Hero's a health to Britons, Batavians, and Batsmen!!! *[Left drinking.]*

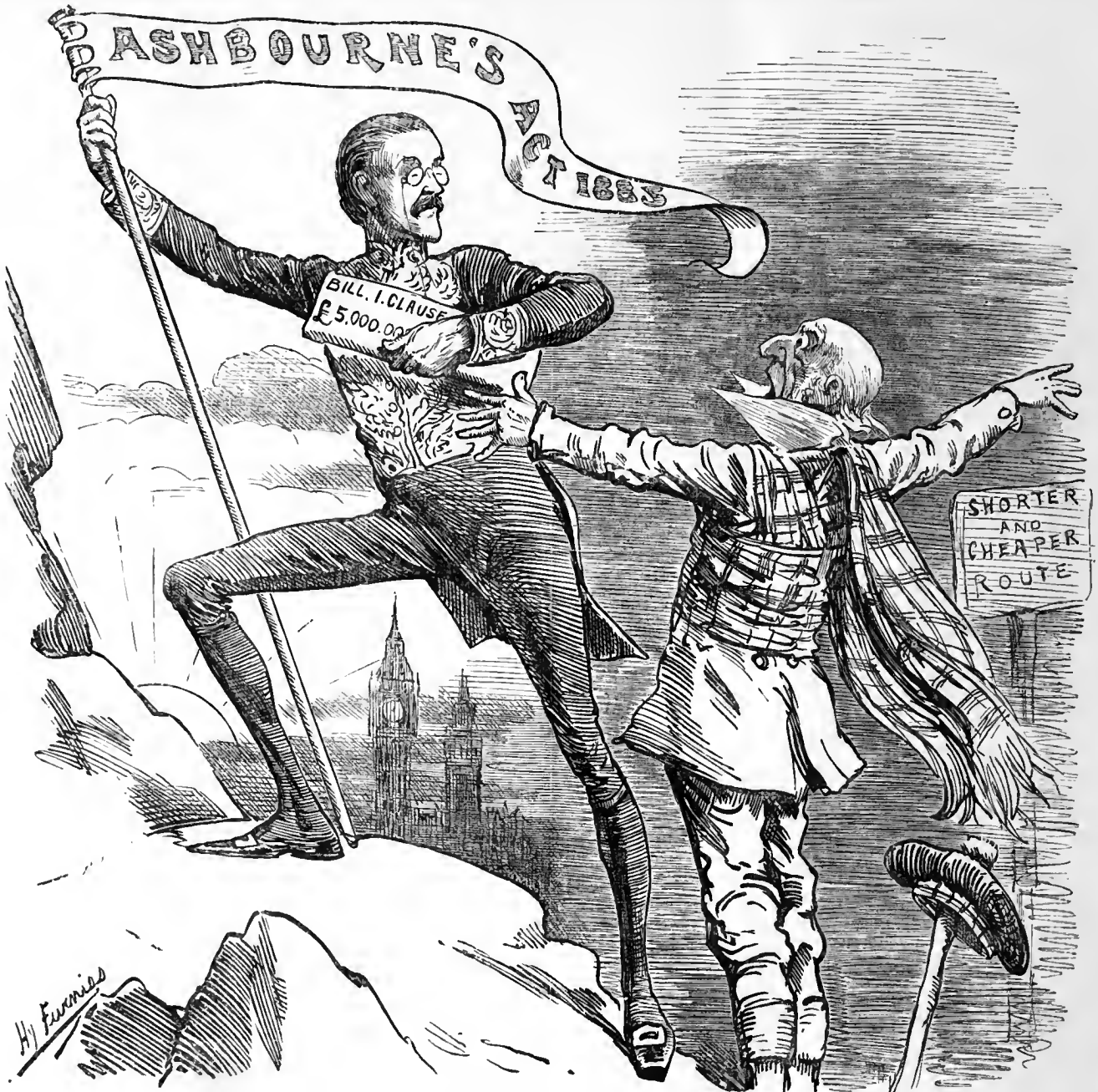


AT HYDE PARK CORNER, NOV. 16.

THAT EVENING PIPE.

[The Recreative Evening School Association has asked for the use of the halls in the new Board Schools, and begs the School Board to permit the evening pipe to the working-men, in the hope of attracting them from the Public-house. Mr. WILKS and the Rev. C. BROOKE, of the Board, opposed this, on the ground that smoking was most injurious.]

That evening pipe, that evening pipe!
C. BROOKE and WILKS, with wisdom ripe,
Would put it out, would stop its puff.
How can such Sages talk such stuff?
Wiseacre WILKS and Reverend BROOKE
The working-man "had cut a snook"
At JAMES himself if, Royal quack, he
Had tried to rob them of their 'baccy;
And think you then they will be fast
To heed your baby Counterblast?
Take *Punch's* tip, my reverend blokes,
Let the poor man enjoy his smokes;
Don't from his programme strive to wipe
The pleasure of that evening pipe;
'Tis one of the few things that charm,
And do him no especial harm;
At all philanthropy he'll sniff,
That starts by cutting off his whiff.
If you've so strange a nose indeed,
As cannot stand the fragrant weed,
Don't into poor men's pleasures poke it!
There!—put that in your pipes, and smoke it!



THE OLD GUIDE.

(A New Reading.)

"TRY NOT TO PASS"—THE OLD MAN SAID—
 "YOUR BILL. I'LL POINT THE ROAD INSTEAD.
 YOU'LL FIND THE END IS—MUCH THE SAME."
 "I KNOW," THE YOUNG MAN CRIED, "YOUR GAME,—
 'ALTERNATIVE!'"

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

FATHER DAMIEN, the heroic priest who is voluntarily undergoing slow martyrdom by leprosy in the Island of Molokai, appealed some months ago for a thousand pounds to gratify "the only wish that still remained in his mind," which was "to provide a suitable church for his lepers." Only half of this sum has been forthcoming, five hundred pounds are still wanted, and the brave FATHER DAMIEN, dying by inches of a dread disease, is "disappointed." Is this right? Those who think it is *not*, can help to alter it, and to make up the sum by December 1, "so that it may be sent out as a Christmas present to FATHER DAMIEN." Christmas is at hand; if there is any worthier way in which the great Season of Gifts could be celebrated,

Mr. Punch would like to hear of it. Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

"Christmas comes but once a year,
 And when it comes it brings good cheer."

Let it bring cheer, before it is too late, to FATHER DAMIEN, the heroic martyr of Molokai, from Father Christmas.

The Hon. Treasurer is the Rev. H. B. CHAPMAN, 177, Camden Grove North, Peckham, to whom all letters should be addressed. Mr. CHAPMAN will acknowledge all subscriptions immediately. He would be much obliged if subscribers would write "DAMIEN FUND" on the envelope of their letters.

Let Mr. Punch once more have reason to be proud of his readers!

RUBY.

(NEW VERSION.) A SONG OF A SYNDICATE.

(Sung by Captain P.-U.-n.)

I SPOTTED the chance of a "boom" last year,
 But now I perceive that we're all done brown;
 Our Syndicate's out in the cold, I fear,
 And the India Office has let us down.
 'Twas a Burmah Spec, that seemed bound to succeed,
 For the Chief Commissioner did not decline,
 Lord DUFFERIN smiled, and they all agreed
 That we were to boss the big Ruby Mine.
 'Tis a memory sad, and our hopes fast fleet,
 For lost seems the chance of that fat five years;
 The Concession is cancelled; what use to treat,
 If GORST steps in, and our bargain "queers"?

Once more to the market it open lies,
 That grand Concession. You must agree
 That there is cause for immense surprise,
 And the passionate pleadings that break from me,
 Oh, Ruby Mine, darling, that opening grand
 We greeted with joy may be never our own,
 Perchance, it may pass to another hand.
 Though the STREETER Syndicate loudly groan.
 The Concession I settled seems mere dead leaves;
 May Parliament list to our earnest prayer!
 Oh, GORSTY, whose conduct our bosom grieves,
 We pine for the hour of our meeting there!

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

THE NOVELLO Series of Oratorios will commence early in Dec., under the conductorship of Dr. A. C. MACKENZIE. As the name NOVELLO implies, there are plenty of Novelloties in the programme. We hear that someone has re-written "Jubal's Lyre," and that Dr. MACKENZIE has re-set it. Not having as yet received the score from Our Own Special Musical Critic, we can only give the public a specimen of the librettist's adaptation. Here is a verse:—

"O had I JUBAL's Lyre, | And teach him (by desire)
 I'd punch his wicked head, | To tell the truth instead."

The musical setting to this is, we are informed, well worthy of the inspiration to which we owe these magnificent words. Dr. MACKENZIE—not Sir MORELL, but the still more Musical Doctor—is, of course, the composer, and the Morell of the lines lies in the application of them.



COMPORTMENT.

First Tailor. "DO YOU BOW TO YOUR CUSTOMERS WHEN YOU MEET THEM IN THE STREETS?"

Second Ditto. "WELL, AS A RULE I DO, BUT I ALWAYS CUT MY MISFITS!"

ROBERT ON THE TURTEL FAMINE!

PRAPS one of the werry wust sines of the low vulgarity and hutter habsense of respek for other people's feelings, as marks the present low levelling times, is to be seen in the mis-placed and crewel jokes with which the sad intelligense has been reaseved of the probbabel "famine of Turtel" with which the werry hiest horders of the dining-out world is now threatened!



That the pore hungry can-oil, as the French werry properly calls the mere mob, who of coarse never has tasted, and is never likely to taste, the most xquizzet dellyceasy of the werry grandest of menus, shood rejoice at the hawful prospek of a hutter failure of this werry grandest of crops, is but nateral and ony conformable to their gelous natur. But that hedhitters of respectabel noose-papers, who are themselvs sumtimes alloud to partake of this expensiv luksury, shood jine in the ribbold jeer, is, I confess a stagerer, and has, I also confesses, touched me deeply.

Can any one of these generally respectabel Gents have allowed hisself to reflekt, carmly and serously, upon the degree of sumthink werry near approaching to hagony with which the great Firm of BRING AND RIMER must have seed approaching the possybillity of a Lord Mare's Banqwet on the sacred 9th without no Turtel Soup! I am appy to say as the dredful secret of the possibel cumming Famine was not revealed to me until the nex day, or I werry much dowt weather I cood have gorn thro my heavy dooties with my customery sucksess.

There's jest one little suckemstance, of so nobel and ginerous a charakter, that I feels it my dooty to reveal it for the hadmirashun of posterity. In spite of the tremenjus wallue of Turtel Soup at that time, and its possberly fabhylus wally when the dredded famine has reeched our shoars, no differens, I am hinformed, was made in

the cusstomary derangements, but the hole of the left Soop on the Friday's Bankwet was given to the Pore, as ushal, on the follering morning!

Whether it woodn't have been more keanly apreeshiated had it have been distribooted among the noble Army of Waiters, as made the Bankwet so great a sucksess, it is not for me to say, and I dismisses the ongeneruss thort with a si.

I hundestand as several of the great Liwery Cumpanys have patriotically resolved to adjurn sum of their mostskrumphus Bankwets for the presint, in hopes the Famine may blow over, and however much me and my class may lament our terrybel losses, I am obliged to confess as they are rite, for how could they possberly hask a Royal Prince, or ewen a Royal Dook, to theyr Alls of Ospitalerty without the customery lushus lucksery to which they has so long bin acoustomed.

Why the West Ingy Plainters, who cultiwates Turtels the same as our Farmers cultiwates Bullocks, shood suddenly be so werry short of 'em, of coarse I am quite hunabel to say, but it suttenly does look rather suspishus that it shood have append at jist the werry busy time when the demand for 'em is so werry owerpovering.

The base ellusions to Conger Eels and Wales, I treat with the utter contempt they deserve. Sumbody says in the play sumwhere, that sumthink or other is "werry like a Wale," but he would be a bold man indead as wood say as a Wale was "werry like a Turtel!"

No thank ye, that woodn't do for a hexpert with the werry slitest xperience, and suttenly not for

ROBERT.

WHAT WILL THEY DO TO THEM?—MURPHY and BRANNAGAN have obtained the QUEEN's pardon—for what? For having been in penal servitude for nine years? Surely the QUEEN's pardon in such a case should mean something more than "I beg your pardon, and I grant you grace," and should be accompanied by a provision for life, subscribed by witnesses, judge, and jury. We hope it has already taken this form, and that those who are now convinced of the great wrong done to these two men may have "The courage of their conviction," and speak up boldly in behalf of MURPHY and BRANNAGAN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A DELIGHTFULLY told romance is *The Countess Eve*, by J. H. SHORTHOUSE. An additional charm is, that it is in one volume. No wanderings, as in *John Inglesant*. One of the heroes is an Actor. I should like to hear what Mr. IRVING would have to say about the truth of this character to nature. Mr. SHORTHOUSE'S Stage is an ideal one; but then the story is as fancifully conceived and nearly as weird as that of *Le Juif Polonais*. The triumph of good over evil is strikingly worked out. The scene is laid in France, and the characters are all French. This being so, why introduce little bits of French? For example, why suddenly style the Superiress of a Convent,



Bow-wowing him out.

whom he has hitherto spoken of as The Abbess, as *La Mère Abbesse*? Why make an old servant ask the two Gentlemen, "Would *les Messieurs* partake of *déjeuner* before returning to the City?" Are *les Messieurs* and "*déjeuner*" untranslatable? By what authority does Mr. SHORTHOUSE use a *circonflexe* in *déjeuner*? One of the most subtly conceived and cleverly drawn characters in the book is the little chattering Vicomte. But no more, or as Mr. SHORTHOUSE would say, not a word *de plus*. Those *qui* like *les romans*, I *fortement* recommend *à lire* this *livre*. *C'est* published par *Les Messieurs* MACMILLAN.

I've carried a Walker's pocket-book wherever I've walked during this year, and am quite sorry to part with it. Still I must in favour of another Walker—No. 7—a size larger, but slimmer and more pocketable. Walker's No. 4, I recommend for ladies who have pockets. The varieties might suit Wagnerites who could speak of the Walker pocket-books as "the *Walkerie*."

What a magnificent Christmas present would be the HARRY FURNISS'S collection of his Artistic Jokes, splendidly bound in one volume, containing photographs of every picture in his Bond Street show, which made such a hit last year, and drew crowds to see his rare burlesque treatment of the works of the Royal Academicians. This book, of which he is compiler, printer, and publisher, and part author with "E. J. M.," would be, indeed, a rare gift, as the issue is limited to about a hundred and fifty copies, and it is becoming rarer every day. "Get it," says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

VOCES POPULI.

AT EDINBURGH CASTLE.

SCENE—*Entrance to the Castle. A small Party of Sightseers have just retained the services of an Official Guide.*

Guide (in a mellifluous tone and without any stops whatever, fixing his eyes on vacancy, having apparently committed his discourse to memory). Before commencing our round of the Castle Lady and Gentlemen I will ask your attention to a few remarks upon the trench below the drawbridge where we now stand most parties are apt to run away with the erroneous impression of its being the ancient moat which a moment's reflection will show us how absurd this is being more than one hundred feet above the base of the solid rock before us is the exercise ground formerly the scene of countless burnings, hangings and other revolting spectacles common to that barbarous age now apply for ever past from us!

First Sightseer (desirous to gratify the Guide, and display his Military knowledge). You could hold this place against any odds, eh? Practically impregnable, I suppose?

Guide (blandly). Well, Sir, as a fortress, it is quite obsolete, being commanded by Arthur's Seat.

A "Stoopid" S. Who did you say commands the Castle?

[Discovers that he is cut off from Guide by a body of soldiers marching down to drill. By time he comes up with him again, Guide is already explaining something else, and question allowed to drop.]

Guide. Above the same-eye Gothic arch under which we are now about to pass you will observe the Scots arms carved above with the motto *Nemo me impugn accessit* no one provokes me with impunity.

The Stoopid S. (in a whisper). What did he say provoked him?

Guide (continuing). In the chamber above the last and innermost gate making seven in all and lighted by a single grating it formed the place of confinement for the luckless ARGYLL previous to his execution there the original study was made by WARD for his picture the "*Last Sleep of Argyll*" now in the 'Ouses of Parliament.

Sightseers (who have never seen the Westminster frescoes). Really? painted there, was it! *[They regard the grating with daunting interest.]*

The S. S. Singular thing to do—sending an artist to paint him asleep before they cut his head off, curious days, those, Sir, curious days!

[Moralises on the past.]

Guide. The portion above is modern having been re-erected in recent times in the latest baronial style on your left as you go

forward Lady and Gentlemen you will observe a flight of steps formerly at once the route for persons of royal and noble blood and the only means of access from the condemned cells to the place of execution a striking contrast thus we see afforded between the two sides misery and splendour the highest and the lowest. *(Halts in an impressive manner. Sightseers prepare, in limp attitudes, to receive information.)* You follow the direction of my staff to the furthest corner of the ramparts where the turret projects it was there that a rather romantic—

An Old Lady (arriving hurriedly). Are you the Guide? Can you explain the Castle?

Guide. Yes, Ma'am, that is what I am here to do—*(placidly)*—it was there that a rather romantic but strictly—

The Old Lady. Wait a minute. I want my friend to hear this. I'll fetch her. *[Starts in search of friend, who is drifting aimlessly about amongst the cannon, and comes under protest.]*

Guide (proceeding)—a rather romantic but strictly according to our historical records a curious coincident took place the manner in which the Castle was taken by surprise by RANDOLPH with only thirty picked men ascending the well-nigh precipitous rock the checkwatch or as we now call it the patrol was at that moment being relieved and the sentinel in mere wantonness or pure folly seizing one of the stones with which in those days for purposes of defence the rampart was then encumbered and shouting "Away!" I see ye well urled it over the rampart upon the helmets of the crouching escalade!

The S. S. The crouching which?

Guide (repeating with relish). The crouching escalade fortunately without injury to any of the scaling-party which waiting till the checkwatch had gone by clutching the ivy in their garmtleted hands they reached the summit overpowering the sentinel and taking the Castle by surprise the feat being counted as one of the most daring stratagems known to 'istry!

The S. S. (admiringly). And were you there?

Guide. No, Sir; it took place in thirteen hundred and twelve, Sir—*(impassively)*—before I was born, Sir. *(Continuing as before.)* In yonder building now the Army the ruthless CRICHTON entertained the DOUGLASES at a banquet the cover being removed revealed the black bull's head symptom of violent and immediate death struck with error at the sight they begged for their lives being brutally refused and slain on the spot the iron tank on your right as you ascend is comparatively modern and constructed to hold water in the event of a siege to provide against the garrison being reduced by thirst the water is forced up into the tank each day by gravitation from the Pentland Hills. I may here mention that the piece of ordnance we are now passing is the famous Mons Meg. Ladies and Gentlemen it is unnecessary for me to explain the cannon the inscriptions on the carriage being its 'istry.

The S. S. Is that the gun they fire every day by electricity?

Guide. It was last fired in 1682, Sir, being burst by the discharge and consequently now obsolete, even for peaceful purposes. *[The party pass into the quadrangle and face the Royal Apartments.]*

Guide. The wing on your right was set apart for the Court and Royal Suite in front stands the ancient Banqueting Hall here ARGYLL feasted and connived with CROMWELL at the death of CHARLES the FIRST that doorway leads you to Queen MARY'S Room the birthplace of JAMES the SIXTH afterwards JAMES the FIRST of Scotland. Ladies and Gentlemen—*(mysteriously)*—I am now going to explain something which you will find in none of the authorised guide-books or 'istorical records will you all remain kindly where you now are for a few minutes, and keep your eye fixed on me? *[Walks slowly to a doorway, and touches a stone above it with his stick, sightseers look on, apparently in expectation of some startling conjuring trick.]*

Guide (returning with subdued importance). A curious discovery never yet cleared up was made some years ago in the exact spot which you saw me touch with my stick some workmen making alterations came upon a coffin of oak which being opened proved to contain the skeleton of an infant of great antiquity—

The S. S. How old did you say the infant was?

Guide. Its exact age is unknown, but it was of a great antiquity and enveloped in a covering wrought with two initials, one of them an I being distinctly visible being reported to Major-General THACKERY then in command of the Royal Engineers he gave orders for the skeleton to be replaced and the aperture sealed up which accordingly was done though what or 'oo the infant was it is a mystery—*(solemnly)*—probably will ever remain a mystery but that is where the infant was found and where it now is.

The S. S. Did you say that JAMES the FIRST was born in there?

Guide. Yes, Sir, we have 'istorical record of that being so.

The S. S. Very well—*(triumphantly)*—your mystery's accounted for at once! *[Looks round to discover effect, and perceives that his theory does not seem to be generally understood, and realises for the first time that he does not understand it himself.]*

Guide (declining to pursue the subject). Here Ladies and Gentlemen my duties terminate you will now inspect at your leisure for there is no occasions to hurry taking your own time about it the Crown Room the Birthplace St. Margaret's Chapel Mons Meg and the

view from the Castle ramparts the official charge I may here remind you is sixpence each person. Thank you, Sir, I am much obliged to you. [Scene closes on Sightseers, trooping up staircase in varying states of contented vagueness as to what they are going to see when they get up.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

Sunday, November 4.—CARRIE and I troubled about that mere boy LUPIN getting engaged to be married without consulting us or anything. After dinner he told us all about it. He said the lady's name was DAISY MUTLAR, and she was the nicest, prettiest, and most accomplished girl he ever met. He loved her the moment he saw her, and if he had to wait fifty years he would wait, and he knew she would wait for him.



Portrait of Nobody, by Himself.

LUPIN further said, with much warmth, that the world was a different world to him now,—it was a world worth living in. He lived with an object now, and that was to make DAISY MUTLAR—DAISY POOTER, and he would guarantee she would not disgrace the family of the POOTERS. CARRIE here burst out crying, and threw her arms round his neck, and in doing so, upset the glass of port he held in his hands all over his new

light trousers. I said I had no doubt we should like Miss MUTLAR when we saw her, but CARRIE said she loved her already. I thought this rather premature, but held my tongue. DAISY MUTLAR was the sole topic of conversation for the remainder of the day. I asked LUPIN who her people were, and he replied, "Oh, you know MUTLAR, WILLIAMS AND WATTS." I did not know, but refrained from asking further questions, at present, for fear of irritating LUPIN.

November 5.—LUPIN went with me to the office, and had a long conversation with Mr. PERKUPP, our principal, the result of which was that he accepted a clerkship in the firm of JOB CLEANANDS AND Co., Stock and Sharebrokers. LUPIN told me, privately, it was an advertising firm, and he did not think much of it. I replied, "Beggars should not be choosers;" and I will do LUPIN the justice to say, he looked rather ashamed of himself. In the evening we went round to the CUMMINGS', to have a few fireworks. It began to rain, and I thought it rather dull. One of my squibs would not go off, and GOWING said, "Hit it on your boot, boy; it will go off then." I gave it a few knocks on the end of my boot, and it went off with one loud explosion, and burnt my fingers rather badly. I gave the rest of my squibs to the little CUMMINGS' boy, to let off. Another unfortunate thing happened, which brought a heap of abuse on my head. CUMMINGS fastened a large wheel set-piece on a stake in the ground by way of a grand finale. He made a great fuss about it; said it cost seven shillings. There was a little difficulty in getting it alight. At last it went off, but, after a couple of slow revolutions, it stopped. I had my stick with me, so I gave it a tap to send it round, and, unfortunately, it fell off the stake on to the grass. Anybody would have thought I had set the house on fire from the way in which they stormed at me. I will never join in any more firework parties. It is a ridiculous waste of time and money.

November 6.—LUPIN asked CARRIE to call on Mrs. MUTLAR, but CARRIE said she thought Mrs. MUTLAR ought to call on her first. I agreed with CARRIE, and this led to an argument. However, the matter was settled by CARRIE saying she could not find any visiting-cards, and we must get some more printed, and when they were finished would be quite time enough to discuss the etiquette of calling.

November 7.—I ordered some of our cards at BLACK'S, the Stationers. I ordered twenty-five of each, which will last us for a good long time. In the evening, LUPIN brought in HARRY MUTLAR, Miss MUTLAR's brother. He was rather a gawky youth, and LUPIN said he was the most popular and best amateur in the Club, referring to the "Holloway Comedians." LUPIN whispered to us that if we could only "draw out" HARRY a bit, he would make us roar with laughter. At supper, young MUTLAR did several amusing things. He took up a knife, and with the flat part of it, played a tune on his cheek in a wonderful manner. He also gave an imitation of an old man with no teeth, smoking a big cigar. The way he kept dropping the cigar sent CARRIE into fits. In the course of conversation, DAISY's name cropped up, and young MUTLAR said he would bring his sister round to us one evening—his parents being rather old-fashioned, and not going out much. CARRIE said we would get up a little special party. As young MUTLAR showed no inclination to go, and it was approaching eleven o'clock, as a hint I reminded LUPIN that he had to be up early to-morrow. Instead of taking the hint, MUTLAR began a series of comic imitations. He went on for an hour without cessation, Poor CARRIE could scarcely keep her eyes open. At last she made an excuse, and said "Good-night." MUTLAR then left, and I heard him and LUPIN whispering in the hall something about the "Holloway Comedians," and to my disgust, although it was past midnight, LUPIN put on his hat and coat, and went out with his new companion.

GUIDES, PHILOSOPHERS, AND FRIENDS-IN-NEED.

THE ladies and gentlemen interested in floating the "Lady Guide Association," appear not only to have discovered a new social want, but to be, moreover, confident that they have hit on an excellent method of meeting it. The following extract, however, from a little pamphlet they have recently published furnishes the best explanation of the objects they have in view, which are:—



The Guide who "knows her way about."

"1st.—To supply efficient Guides, who shall be ladies by birth and education, for the services of strangers, foreigners, and visitors of their own sex, to the Metropolis and its Environs.

"2nd.—To provide remunerative employment for intelligent gentlewomen, who from the present overcrowded labour markets, are now debarred from earning a livelihood.

"3rd.—To assist all new comers, by giving information upon every subject connected with their visit, aiding them in every way, in a manner which shall relieve them of all trouble, spare their imposition, and ensure their comfort.

"4th.—To advise Visitors as to the several ways of seeing and enjoying this Country, at given prices, and to save the time and money of such visitors."

And to the above, by way of a sort of happy after-thought, they subjoin the following foot-note:—

"N.B.—The Guides will be prepared to attend mixed parties of ladies and gentlemen, families and children, and those other than gentlemen travelling *en garçon*."

It appears from the foregoing brief schedule of some of her proposed requirements that the finished "Lady Guide" will have to be a very formidably accomplished person, possessing all the highest moral, social, and intellectual attributes, imbued with a spirit of the profoundest philosophy, and combining all this with the advantages of the most perfect walking encyclopaedia. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the Association hinting at the necessity of candidates wishing to offer their services as "Lady Guides," having to pass some slight "preliminary examination." Unfortunately, they do not furnish a specimen test-paper, but that deficiency has been met by the publication of the following list of questions:—

1. A four-wheeled cab, containing five inside passengers, two children on the box, and seven trunks on the roof, is taken from Liverpool Street Station to the extreme end of Hammersmith, and the Lady who has secured your services as guide, after having made the cabman carry the seven trunks up to third storey offers him, as his fare, two-and-ninence, which he indignantly refuses. On his subsequently claiming thirteen and sixpence, and taking off his coat and offering to fight the gentleman of the party for that amount on the steps of the house in the presence of a sympathising crowd, what speedy measures, if any, should you adopt to effect a compromise?

2. You are commissioned by a Lady, who is desirous of giving an afternoon house-warming at her new Mansion in North Bayswater, to provide some suitable entertainment for her friends. How would you set about this? Would you, if you wished to secure the services either of Mr. CORNEY GRAIN or Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, call on one or both of those gentlemen, and ask them to give you a little specimen of their respective *répertoires* as a preliminary to engagement? Do you think they would oblige you by doing this? Or do you think they would resent it, and that the matter would fall through? Supposing it were to, would you be prepared to take a cab, and hunt up all the Music Halls in turn, in the hope of securing some suitable talent?

3. You are engaged to conduct an intelligent, scientific, and inquiring party of sixteen people over Windsor Castle, the Maryle-bone Workhouse, the Thames Tunnel, Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the London Docks. Do you think that your thorough knowledge of English history, your acquaintance with the working of the Poor Laws, your grasp of the progress of European Art, and your general familiarity with all the great political, commercial, engineering, economic, and other problems of the hour are such as to warrant you in facing the coming ordeal with a jaunty confidence?

4. You are required by an economical Duke to provide a cheap wedding for his only daughter, and he has stipulated that the breakfast shall not, at the outside, cost more than ninepence a head. With a four-and-sixpenny bridal cake, and a sound champagne that must not exceed fifteen shillings a dozen, how do you propose to make the thing go off with *éclat*?

"HERE WE (DON'T) GO UP, UP, UP!"—Last Saturday night the Curtain of the Shaftesbury Theatre would not go up at any price. Wasn't there a *levez du rideau* in the bill? If so, why wasn't it used?



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

Aunt Betsy. "I REALLY WONDRE AT YOUR HAVING SO MANY FRENCH BOOKS IN YOUR LIBRARY, JAMES, WITH ALL YOUR DAUGHTERS GROWING UP!"

Eva (who has overheard). "FRENCH BOOKS, INDEED! THE IDEA! WHY, WE SHOULD NEVER THINK OF READING A FRENCH BOOK, IF WE COULD HELP IT—NOT EVEN IF PAPA WERE TO FORBID US TO!"

EXTREMES MEET.

(An Ancient Story with a Modern Moral.)

THERE was (of course it *must* have been long since—
 The present would regard with lofty pity
 Men who such civic folly could evince)—
 But, whensoe'er it was, there was a City;
 A populous City, of colossal size,
 Over some hundreds of square miles extending,
 Its palaces the marvel of all eyes,
 Its serpentine maze of streets unending.
 And it was wealthy, was that City wide,
 The opulence of Ophir were a trifle
 To what was stored in it on every side.
 Its banks to sack, its palaces to rifle,
 Might tempt such stoics as LYCURGUS taught,
 Much more mere ruffianly back-street banditti;
 So that if Wealth's position e'er was fraught
 With desperate danger, it was in that City.
 And Power there had fashioned a Police
 To safeguard Wealth, and keep poor rascals quiet;
 To bid the worrying wail of misery cease,
 And check all impulse to rapine and riot.
 Most wise, most provident in Power, of course:
 Where Lazarus and Dives are close neighbours,
 It needs the presence of well-ordered force
 To keep Wealth safe, and Work-thralls at their labours.

"Force is no remedy." This doctrine mad
 Was held by some of Liberty's loud zealots.
 "How save by force is Order to be had
 'Midst a mixed horde of millionnaires and helots?"
 So Power very pertinently asked;
 And Law, in Power's hands, supplied the answer,
 And held that to have bettered it had tasked
 The skill of an Utopian necromancer.
 There came a time—(of course, 'twas long ago)—
 When Power and its Police began to wrangle.
 Now, Music won't maintain its magic flow
 When even the performers jar and jangle.
 If the Big Drum belabours the Trombone,
 And the Bass Viol pummels the First Fiddle,
 Good-bye to harmony! Time, tune, and tone
 Will be chaotic as a madman's riddle.
 Well, the Police appeared to lose its head,
 And Power its heart; a serious disaster!
 They seemed demented by some strange new dread,
 [master.
 And doubtings as to which of them was
 A Democratic Spectre startled some
 As a new avator of Demogorgon.
 Others opined that this was all a hum,
 That the loud mouth was merely Freedom's organ,
 Not Anarchy's red maw, or Robbery's gorge,
 Gaping for prey, and avid after plunder;
 'Twas merely an excuse for Power to forge
 Fresh chains for Freedom and keep Labour under.

Hence chiding and cross purposes, and hence
 Much heated fuss that needed sense refrigent.
 You cannot quite depend on the Defence
 When the Defenders are themselves belligerent.
 One Chief was sacked because he let the clutch
 Of Anarchy come close, and did too little.
 Another one because he did too much,
 Or so some said. "Nay, not a jot or tittle!"
 Others retorted. That he *said* a lot
 Was very certain, and, no doubt, a pity.
 Meanwhile, with wills at war and tempers hot,
 The prospect was not pleasant for that City.
 The bearings of this ancient legend lie
 In their contemporary application.
 If such be visible to Wisdom's eye,
 Wisdom should promptly change the situation.
 Power may at the implication chafe;
 Police may fume at the implied comparison;
 But is the Citadel entirely safe
 Whilst there is angry strife amidst the garrison?

A Distinction.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if an Editor of a satirical and humorous Magazine ought not himself to be an exceptionally brilliant wit? Our reply is, "Not necessarily; but it is absolutely essential that he should have all his wits about him,—on the staff."

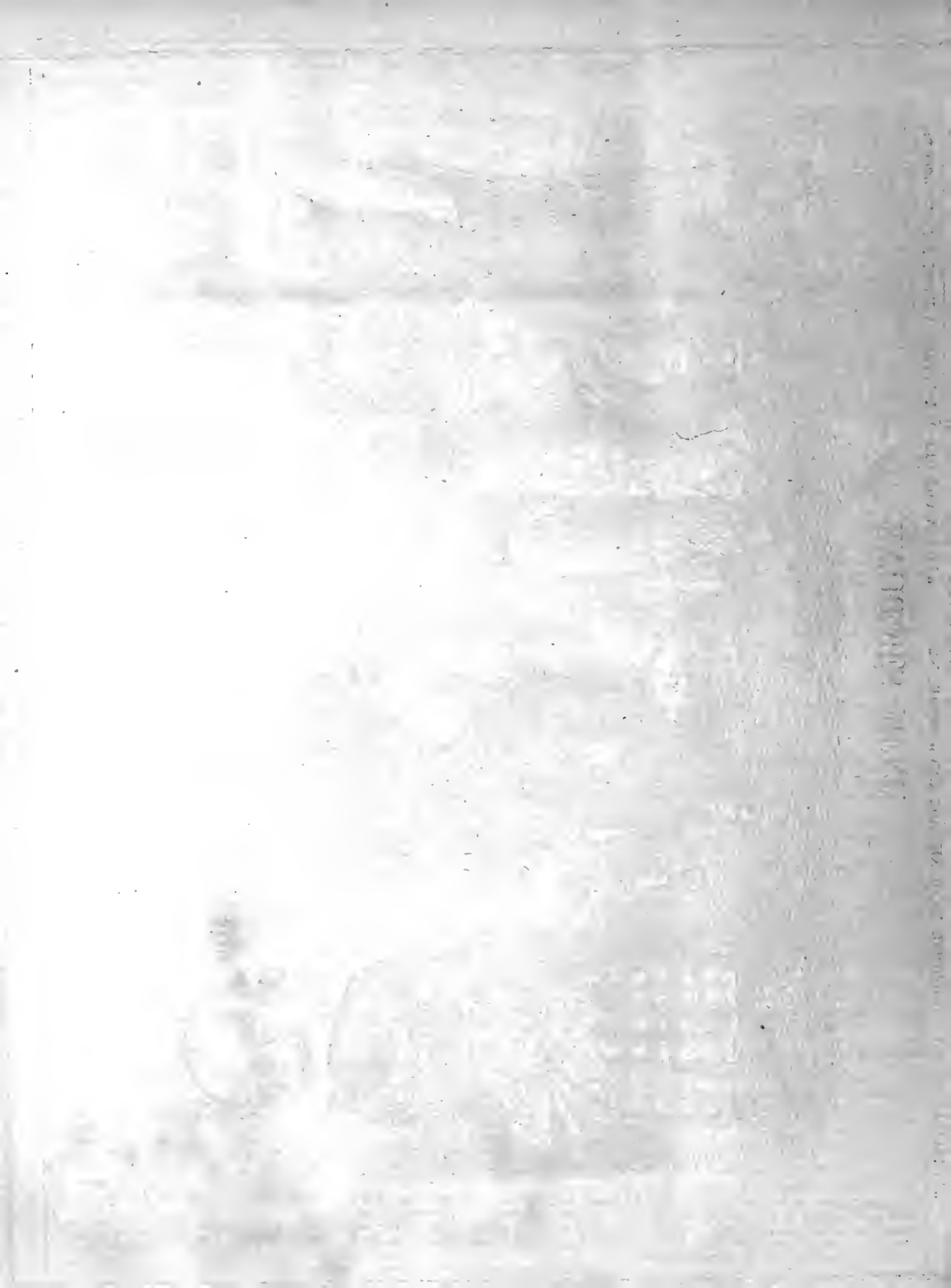


EXTREMES MEET.

SIR EDWARD. "MY DEAR WARREN, YOU DID TOO MUCH!"

SIR CHARLES. "AND YOU, MY DEAR HENDERSON, DID TOO LITTLE!!!"

MR. PUNCH (*sotto voce*). "H'M!—SORRY FOR THE NEW MAY!!!"



ENDICOTT'S LEGACY.

[The first of the ENDICOTTS, ancestor of the Miss ENDICOTT, whom Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has just married at Washington, introduced into America the English Daisy which in Massachusetts is still called "Endicott's Legacy."]

ALL men of British blood are kin,
 However far they range.
 Both JOHN and JONATHAN must win
 By floral interchange.
 Two centuries and a half ago
 JOHN ENDICOTT, we're told,
 First bado the British Daisy blow
 In Massachusetts old.
 Now JOSEPH's luckiest of lots
 Is to bring home—(Hurroo!!!)—

The flower of the ENDICOTTS
 From Massachusetts new!
 Sure Flora on the match must
 Fortunate JOSEPH C. [smile!]
 Thus to bring back to the Old
 Isle
 ENDICOTT'S Legacy!
 'Twixt England, Old and New,
 fresh link!
 Arrah, now, PAT, be aisy!
 You'll surely join us as we drink
 "The Orchid and the Daisy."

THE DRAMA—MAJOR AND MINOR.

Dr. Birch's Academy for Young Gentlemen.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You know, when I grow up to be a big man, like my father, I want to be a great writer of plays—a Dramatist, don't you call it? I have already a stage, which cost seven-and-sixpence, inclusive of a very interesting piece, called *The Miller and his Men*, which is in Five Acts, and is printed in about eight pages. Now, as a very great treat, my father took me, the other night—when I came up to Town to visit the dentist—to see *Hands Across the Sea*, at the Princess's Theatre; and, from the papers, I learn that all the critics think it is a model drama. If *Hands Across the Sea* is a model Melodrama, I think *The Miller and his Men* must have been one too, as *Hands Across the Sea* can be played just as easily in my toy Theatre. Here is my version, and I don't think I have left out anything of importance.



Mellow Drammer.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

(Adapted to the Stage of the Theatre Royal Seven-and-Sixpence.)

ACT I.—Farm in Devonshire.

French Villain and Young Villain come on.

French Villain. You must marry the young girl, and get some money and come with me to the most beautiful woman in Paris. But first pay me all you owe me.

Young Villain. I can't. I have no money. I cannot pay.
 Young Villain's Father (coming in). But I can for you. (Gives lots of money to French Villain, who bows and goes off). And now propose to the young girl.

Young Villain. I will. (Young Villain's Father goes off, and Young Girl comes on.) You must marry me!

Young Girl. I can't, because I want to marry—
 Young Farmer (coming on). Me!

Young Villain's Father (coming on). She shan't; she shall only marry my young villain of a son. Her father left me power to make her marry whom I like. No one can stop me!

Young Girl's Father (coming on). Oh, yes—I can. I am her Papa!
 [Tableau. Curtain.]

ACT II.—In Paris. Girl's Friend and Comie Sort of Man laughing.

Girl's Friend. Why don't you marry me?
 Comie Sort of Man. Because I don't understand you. [They go off.]

Young Girl (coming on). I don't like Another French Villain.
 Another French Villain (coming on through the window). I love you!

Young Farmer (coming on). You mustn't! (Scene changes to another part of Paris, where play is going on.) You are a scoundrel!
 [Hits him.]

Another French Villain. Liar!
 Female Fiend from France. Get me some money!

French Villain and Young Villain (coming on). We will! (Scene changes to another part of Paris.) Die!

[They stab Another French Villain, and go off.]
 Young English Farmer (coming on). Why, here's Another French Villain dead—murdered!

Everybody (coming on). You did it! You know you did!
 [Tableau and Curtain.]

ACT III.—Condemned Cell in Paris.

Young Farmer. I must escape.
 [Does escape and is pursued by Soldiers, &c., who point their guns at him.]
 Young Girl (coming on). Don't shoot him! I have got a reprieve!
 [Everybody presents arms to her. Tableau. Curtain.]

ACT IV.—At Sea. Young Girl, Girl's Friend, Comie Sort of Man, and Young Villain, on board ship.

Girl's Friend. Why don't you marry me?
 Comie Sort of Man. Never thought of that before.
 Girl's Friend. Then you must be a stupid! [They go off.]
 Young Farmer (coming on). I have escaped from New Caledonia, and everybody thinks I am a sailor.

Young Girl. I would kiss you, only there are so many people about.

French Officer (coming on). I shall take you prisoner.
 Young Farmer. What for? I am an English sailor.

Young Villain. No, you aren't. You are a murderer!
 French Officer (to his men). Seize him!

English Captain (to everybody). Hearts of oak! Rule, Britannia!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

French Officer (to his men). Seize him, I say!
 English Captain (to everybody). I am naughty-worded if you shall!
 [Tableau. Curtain.]

ACT V.—In Australia. Everybody present except the Young Villain's Father, Another French Villain, and a Female Fiend from France.

French Villain. The Young Villain murdered Another French Villain! I did see him do it!

Everybody but the Young Villain. Seize him!
 [Young Villain is seized.]

Young Farmer. Joy! and what shall we do next?
 Young Girl. Why, marry, to be sure, and so will my Friend, and the Comie Sort of Man.

Young Farmer (to her). We will! (To everybody.) Faint heart never won fair lady! It is never too late to mend. "A stitch in time saves nine!" And thus we live for ever with "Hands Across the Sea!"

[Tableau. Curtain. The End.]

There! I think that will do? Come and see it played.
 Your affectionate young Friend, my dear Mr. Punch,
 CHARLIE, surnamed (at School) THE PIECE-MAKER.

OUR IN-DEPENDENCIES.

Telegram from Prime Minister of South-West Cariboo to Secretary of State for the Colonies.

HEAR you've appointed Sir MICHAEL TIMMASH as Governor. Don't send him out. Won't do at any price. Try another.

From Colonial Secretary to Prime Minister of South-West Cariboo.

Anything to oblige. Just told Sir MICHAEL he would not do. He seemed surprised, and asked why. Would you mind kindly saying why. Don't doubt your judgment, but it would look better to give a reason. Reply prepaid.

From Cariboo Prime Minister to Colonial Secretary.

We don't want him. Isn't that enough? I may, however, inform you confidentially, that somebody out here once saw a man like Sir M. riding on outside of a City Omnibus, reading a halfpenny newspaper. Mind and let us know whom you think of for his substitute.

From Colonial Secretary to Cariboo Premier.

Don't think of anybody. Leave you to suggest.

From Cariboo Premier to Colonial Secretary.

Glad you've adopted so sensible a course. Will wire names of acceptable persons for you to choose from in day or two.

Colonial Secretary to Cariboo Premier.

Received your names. LORD S. says he would be delighted, but thinks it would be difficult to find tenant for Hatfield House during his absence. Have sounded MR. G. also, who is much flattered, but thinks he's hardly good enough for the post. HOME SECRETARY here will probably be quitting the position soon; what do you say to him? Or, perhaps, SIR W. HARCOURT might think of place, and we could spare him.

Cariboo Prime Minister to Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Your last most insulting. We consider ourselves a cut above Home Secretaries, past or present. Surprised that S. and G. don't care to come. Have decided to fill up vacancy ourselves, and will let you know result in a month or two by letter. Meanwhile, try and remember that we are a Self-Governing Colony.



A SLAVE OF FASHION.

Lady (who has just paid a Month's subscription to the Circulating Library).
"WHAT KIND OF BOOKS ARE READ THIS SEASON?"

THE VISIBLE PRINCE.—(A Story of Magic and Mystery.)

"How I should like to do all this?" I murmured to myself. I had been reading an account of the journey of an Illustrious Personage, and the passage had deeply impressed me.

"If you mean what you say," replied someone by my side, "I think I can manage it for you. All you have to do is to wear this, and express a wish to follow H.R.H. But I warn you that, until you return it to me, you will be able to follow no one else, and will remain a fixture until a new wish moves you on," and I found myself receiving an old opera-hat in the Coffee-room of my Club from a member I had not seen before.

"Do you mean to say that if I put this on it will carry me anywhere?" I asked, in a tone of astonishment. The strange member nodded.

I put the old opera-hat on my head, and wishing myself near the Illustrious Personage in question, suddenly found myself in Bulgaria. Immediately I formed part of a group that would have given an excellent subject to the Travelling Artist of the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated London News*. There was the Illustrious Personage, sure enough; and, so far as I could see, he was taking a hurried shot at a bird. He fired successfully, and then looked at his watch. Then he shook hands with some one in attendance, and was gone. I had mechanically removed my hat on finding myself in his presence, and at once found that, uncovered, I was helpless—could move neither hand nor foot. The companions of the Illustrious Personage retired, and I was left alone—in splendid scenery, but still alone. I put on my hat, and uttered a wish. In a moment I was in Hungary, inspecting a cavalry regiment. The Colonel of the regiment was complimenting his men on their smart appearance. Wearing my hat (for I had already found that my *chapeau* rendered me invisible), I approached nearer, and discovered that the Commanding Officer who was so complimentary was no less a person than the heir to an Illustrious Throne. I heard him ask for the time (his uniform fitted closely to his figure, and had no pocket), and, on learning the hour, he bade his men a hurried adieu, and hastily departed. Pressing my hat firmly on my brow, I uttered a wish, and immediately was in Russia. I recognised the voice of the Illustrious Personage. He was bidding the CZAR farewell. In another second he was gone!

Again, I found myself alone; and, perforce, had to resume my rapid travelling. It would be wearisome to recount the story of my wanderings. Suffice it to say that I visited in turn Athens, Berlin, Homburg, Monte Carlo, and Copenhagen. Although I had the advantage of my travelling opera-hat which conveyed me instantly from place to place without effort, I felt that I was wearing myself out, while the Illustrious Personage in whose wake I was forced to follow, seemed to me never to experience fatigue. He was always courteous, always cheerful, but always looking at his watch.

"Now," I murmured to myself, when I found myself in Paris, "I shall have a short pause before I recommence my wanderings." I was mistaken. Before I knew where I was, I found myself in Yorkshire, Wales, Glasgow, and the Isle of Wight. I felt that my magic opera-hat was less than a blessing—that it was nearer a curse!

"What shall I do?" I said, piteously, as I found myself alone at the bottom of a coal-mine, which I, in Illustrious company, had recently been inspecting. "What shall I do?" The echo offering no satisfactory reply, I once more wished my wish, and, *hi presto!* was back in London in my own Club. "Have you had enough of it?"

I turned round sharply, and found my fellow member of the morning seated beside me.

"Thank you," I replied, returning the gibus, "but pleasant as travelling may be, I honestly believe there is only one man in the world who is equal to the strain that you put upon me." And I glanced at the Illustrious Personage, who, I noticed, had just taken out his watch and was looking at it.

THE MRS. HARRIS OF THE TREASURY.

"BRING me my boots," said the Baron. "Bring me the Last of the Barons," quoth *Mr. Punch*. And he was brought. "What saidst thou, my Lord, the other day, about the Public Prosecutor?" asked *Mr. P.*

"Sir," replied the Last of the Barons, "*Je vous dirai*—I mean, I will tell you. I said, in making certain observations on the ease, I had been hearing"

"Which you were thoroughly justified, Sir Last One, in making," interrupted *Mr. Punch*, approvingly. "But proceed."

The Last of the Barons blushed, and bowed, and then resumed—"I regretted that in this country there should be no Public Prosecutor."

"What!" exclaimed *Mr. P.*

"To quote the learned precedent of a certain *Prig*," said the Last One, "I don't believe there ain't no sich person." *Mr. Punch* clapped his hands. A thousand of his own pages appeared on the instant.

"Bring me *Whitaker's Almanack*," he commanded. At once it was handed to him. "Now, let us see," muttered *Mr. Punch*, turning over the leaves—"Government Offices—Treasury—Solicitor's Department—here we are—read." And the Last of the Barons read out—

"Solicitor and Public Prosecutor, Sir AUGUSTUS K. STEPHENSON, K.C.B., £3000."

"Well!" said *Mr. Punch*, "explain!"

"I can't," replied the Last of the Barons, sinking down in a chair, and pressing his hand to his brow, "I can't. There ought to be a Public Prosecutor—there *is* a Public Prosecutor—somewhere."

"And yet you regretted that, in this country, there should be no Public Prosecutor. How's that?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

"He is an impalpable official . . . no—I don't understand," murmured the Last of the Barons.

"Nor does any one else," returned *Mr. Punch*. "As you have hinted, the Public Prosecutor is a *Mrs. Harris*. Only the £3000 per annum is real enough. Thank you, Last One, for again calling our attention to the fact. Glad to see the Last so well and so vigorous."

"Why not say Wig-orous?" whispered the Last of the Barons, as glancing timidly towards *Mr. P.*, he made hastily for the door.

"Good morning," said *Mr. P.* gravely, and the Last One returned to the Count of Queen's Bench.

"NOT THERE, NOT THERE, MY CHILD!"—On Friday night the intelligence that H.R.H. had preferred hearing *Nadgy* to being present at the opening ceremony of the Lyric Club, caused a *Nadgy*ation from which the Committee are still suffering.

getting a little uppish since he's been ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Leading Counsel for *Times* in Probate Court. Rather inclined to snub me. But you stop till Vote comes on for Salary of Law Officers of Crown, and see what happens!"

Waited accordingly. SYDNEY BUXTON, having moved to reduce ATTORNEY-GENERAL's salary, HENRY JAMES got up; cut ATTORNEY-GENERAL dead. To great delight of Opposition, argued with irresistible force against ATTORNEY-GENERAL taking private practice. Proved to demonstration, that, supposing by chance ATTORNEY-GENERAL were engaged in great case that demanded his presence in Probate or other Court from day to day, it would be impossible for him to discharge his duties to nation. ATTORNEY-GENERAL could hardly believe his eyes and ears. Wasn't this the learned gentleman who held a brief with him in a great case, who sat with him in Court in the morning, and indicted him at night in the House of Commons?

As for JOSEPH GILLIS, his delight threatened to deepen into uproar. His shrill "Hear! hear!" resounded through crowded and amused House. His eyes gleamed with delight as they watched the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Smile on his face extended beyond all precedent.

"Must be down early to the Court in the morning," he said, "and see what WEBSTER says to JAMES when they take their seats together." *Business done.*—Supply.

Tuesday.—GRANDOLPH and JENNINGS on the job. SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, and others, speaking disrespectfully of LORD CHANCELLOR. House seems to have heard something before of HALSBURY's great merits as family man; but, never in such disrespectful detail. Appears, according to witnesses testifying upon their Parliamentary Oath, that LORD CHANCELLOR sort of farms out offices of State, first providing for those of his own family, and next for his family's friends.

"There never was such a jobber," says the SAGE, amid cheers and laughter. Filled up a certain office of Official Referee declared by Secretary to Treasury and CHANCELLOR of the EX-CHEQUER to be unnecessary.



In the Heat of Argument.

"Filled it up," cried GRANDOLPH, "in the teeth of the opinion of the Treasury."

"Quite a dental operation, you see," said DUFF, giving his moustache that final twirl which GRANDOLPH affects to despise, but secretly envies. No one to say a good word for the Lord High Jobber, his far-reaching family, or his family's friends.

At very moment, as it happened, Lord High Jobber on his feet in Lords, perched on highest pedestal of loftiest morality, protesting against the Oaths Bill. Standing aside from the Woolsack, his svelt figure draped in graceful folds of flowing gown, his intellectual face shadowed under framework of massive wig, he spoke more in sorrow than in anger. All very well for Markiss to stand aside; for Bishop of CARLISLE actually to support Bill; for SPENCER, GRANVILLE, and DERBY, to declare in its favour. The purer nature, the more spotless integrity, of Lord High Jobber would have neither part nor lot with the accursed thing.

A beautiful sight! A touching spectacle! and all the while, at this very moment, separated only by the length of the corridor and breadth of the lobby, rude persons were prating about the good man's jobbery, and denouncing his dealings with unprotected public purse.

"Such is Life!" as OLD MORALITY profoundly remarked when he heard the story. *Business done.*—Supply voted.

Thursday. Decks cleared for action to-night. Been plodding along for ten days in Supply. Occasional explosions, like fog-signals on railway; but nothing serious. Now trumpet sounds; forces marshal in battle array. OLD MORALITY sounded trumpet, though not his own. Too modest for that. Anxious chiefly to get business through. Always ready to efface himself with that object.

"Tell you what, TOBY," G. O. M. said to me the other day, "some of you fellows laugh at SMITH, but he gets through his work uncommonly well; makes no fuss; always courteous; a thorough man of business; hasn't an enemy in the House unless it be GRANDOLPH; on the whole, in position of peculiar difficulty, does better than any-one else they could put there."

G. O. M. right as usual. House getting to like OLD MORALITY, something in the way it used to be attached to STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Laughs at him now and then, but always good-humouredly. Really anxious to make things as smooth for him as possible. But line must be drawn somewhere. When to-night he announces introduction of new Land Purchase Act,

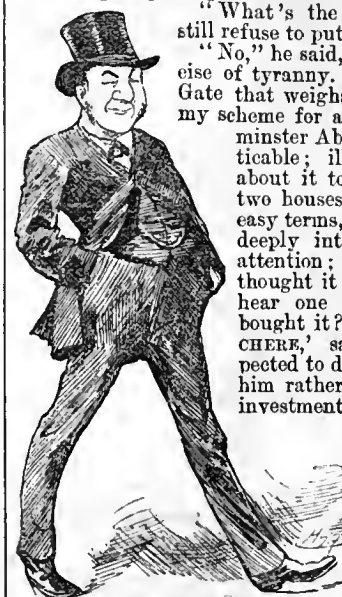
shout of defiance goes up from Opposition ranks. Grand Old Man steps into front, waves the Grand Old Flag; next week there'll be a Grand Old Row.

Meanwhile HOME SECRETARY having a bad time. Peppared on all sides; adversaries in front of him, enemies to right of him. JOHNSTON at back of him. MATTHEWS in heat of argument momentarily turns back on SPEAKER, addressing Member below the Gangway. JOHNSTON discovers in this indication of design to undermine position of QUEEN as Head of Church. Hotly protests; MATTHEWS humbly apologises. *Business done.*—Supply.

Friday.—Met PSHAW-LEFEVRE in Library just now with hat tilted further than ever from lofty brow. Oddly enough, that's his way of indicating deeper depression.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "BALFOUR still refuse to put you on a plank bed?"

"No," he said, wearily, "I'm used to that exercise of tyranny. It's the SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate that weighs me down. You know all about my scheme for adding Mortuary Chapel to Westminster Abbey? Splendid idea; quite practicable; illustrated with maps. Talking about it to SAGE, told him how there were two houses close by Abbey, to be bought on easy terms, furnishing site for chapel. SAGE deeply interested. Much flattered by his attention; enlarged upon theme; said he thought it capital. Week after surprised to hear one of the houses been sold. 'Who bought it?' I asked agent. 'Mr. LABOUCHERE,' said he. Looked up SAGE. Expected to discover him deeply abased; found him rather radiant than otherwise. 'Capital investment for me,' says he. 'If site is compulsorily taken, you must pay me at least fifteen per cent. on my outlay. Meantime I shall live there. Nice situation; improving neighbourhood; close to House of Commons.' 'But you don't mean to spend any money on it?' I cried. 'Certainly,' said he, lighting another cigarette. 'Shall spend a good deal of money on it. Make the place quite comfortable; when you buy it, you must pay fifteen per cent. on all improvements.' There's a man for you!" says PSHAW-LEFEVRE, groaning his way out of Library. At work all night in Supply. Only three Votes passed. After Midnight HALDANE, by great stroke of luck gets a private Bill through Committee. Rare distinction in these times, which justifies air of triumph with which HALDANE walks homeward across lobby. *Business done.*—Supply.



Haldane, vincit!

HEIGHO 'BACCY!

(Ode on an Empty Pipe. By a Hard-up Smoker.)

PLEASANT pipe, companionable clay!

Empty—like thy luckless master's pocket,
 Fireless as Care's candle
 burned away,
 Long ere daybreak, to
 the very socket!

When a cove is penni-
 less and dry,
 Having whiffed the
 last of his small
 whack, he

Can do nought but pouch
 his pipe, and cry,
Heigho 'Baccy!

Heigho 'Baccy! I can
 understand
 How the "lag" in
 lonely cell longs for
 thee;

How the storm-tost
 sailor, far from
 land,

Yearns in night's long
 watch to "blow" or
 "chor" thee.

Comfortable weed! Out on the churls,
 Scientific prigs, and sawbones quacky,
 Who find mischief in thy fragrant whirls,
Heigho 'Baccy!

When the tinless toiler draws his belt
 With a trembling hand a trifle tighter
 To compress that vacuum each has felt
 Who with poverty has been a fighter,
 If his lips may but caress his clay,
 Though cash will not run to glass or snack, he,
 With recovered pluck can peg away.

Heigho 'Baccy!

When cold Caro confronts one in life's road,
 When bereavement chills the lonely ingle,
 When sharp disappointment wields its goad,
 When a chap is seedy, stumped, sad, single,
 Then, however sage ones chide or croak,
 Spito of doctor harsh, fanatic cracky,
 There is comfort in a quiet smoke!

Heigho 'Baccy!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CRICKETING VENTURE.—By all means carry out your plan of bringing over an Eleven of *Caggervece* Cannibal Islanders to play a series of Matches with the leading County Clubs next season. Your idea of accustoming them to the game by letting them do their bowling, in the first instance, with a human head, and their batting with an adult thigh-bone, is excellent. Be careful, when you get them on to the field, that they do not eat the Wicket-keeper's gloves, and Longstops' pads, or want to roast the Umpire, as they invariably do in their own national game of *Balagoo*, after the first innings. You could convey them safely to the Oval in any Police omnibus. Spectators, of course, would have to look out for themselves.

DRESS CIRCLE.—It would have been better had you not, on being removed from the theatre, offered to fight the three Box-keepers with your left hand, and knocked the Acting Manager's hat over his eyes. Still your assailant had no right to obstruct your view of the stage by sitting on his great-coat, and then throw you over into the pit when you complained. Try a cross-summons.

CHESS.—You cannot move your Queen like a Knight, unless you get a safe opportunity, when your opponent is not looking. If you are getting the worst of a game when playing for a shilling, certainly knock the board over. This is frequently done in International contests and counts as a draw.

SPORTING.—You will be certainly right in entering your Four-wheeler cab-horse for the next Derby. Never mind the condition of his knees, but stick to your determination to ride the horse yourself, and you may yet pull off the race with him. There is a slight entrance fee; but you can get any further particulars from any one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

ETIQUETTE.—It is not exactly a breach of good manners at a fashionable dinner party to ask five times for soup, but it would be more *comme il faut* to be contented with three helpings. A blue satin tie and a buff waistcoat are not generally accepted as correct evening dress in the best society, but carried off with a little effrontery, they might pass muster. By all means try them at the Race Ball to which you refer, for if the worst comes to the worst, you can but be kicked out by the Stewards. Certainly, after the circumstances you mention, buttonhole the Duke, and if he resent the familiarity, slap him sharply on the back, and say, "I told you so, old fellow!" If this does not quiet him, repeat it.

'ARRY ON COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

DEAR CHARLIE,—I'm down on my luck, fairly chucked, and no error this go. I was in for a slap-up new crib, and I thought I should come out top row; And would you believe it, old pal, though I did do a bit of a cram, I was bunnicked slap out of the 'unt all along of a bloomin' Exam!

Me, CHARLIE! and bested at last by a lantern-jaw'd son of a gun, A ginger-haired juggins in gig-lamps, who romped in before me like fun. Mugged a lot about Parley Voo, histry, and grammar, and Latin, and stuff, But no more in the know as a man, than a monkey—the tow-headed muff!

And this is wot Cramming has brought us to, CHARLIE! *Him* give me the Becos he can spell a bit better, and me seeh a scorcher? Wot muck! [chuck, Hedgeration's a fraud, my dear boy, as they shove it into us now, And I'm glad as some toffs as 'ave twigged it are raisin' a bit of a row.

Them there *Nineteenth Century* nobs knows their book, my dear boy, and no kid. Wish they'd asked me to tip 'em my notions; I wouldn't ha' charged arf a quid, I'm that fair on the bile, mate, about it. Competitive System? No doubt! They may give it fine names like be blowed, but I call it a blooming Knock-Out.

It plays into the 'ands of the mugs and the mivvies, the saps and the sneaks, That's wot this dashed "System" does, CHARLIE. A goose may be stuffed in six weeks,

Fit to caekle slap through an Exam, but it's all blessed fiddlededee To suppose that competitive cram ever turns out sech sparklers as Me.

We are on the wrong lay, that's a moral; the duffers are 'aving the pull. Jest look at the Germans, dear boy, how *they're* stealing a march on JOHN BULL. Your sandy-topped Sausage in specs is a copping our eribs and our tin, Whilst becos *we* earn't creak in six languages—bust 'em!—we've not a look in.

It's like this, old pal. Hedgeration is all very well in its way, But it isn't the lingo as does it. A party may 'ave lots of say, And yet when it comes to true smartness he simply mayn't be in the 'unt, And it is jest these 'ere pattering prigs as is giving us snide 'uns the shunt.

Book-learning, dear boy, is like ochre, you don't want to spread it *too* fur; If we'd all hedgeration and oof there would soon be a pooty fine stir. Teach all the poor kids 'ow to patter hitalian, and play upon flutes, And who'd sweep our chimbleys and sewers, or polish our winders and boots?

It's much too dashed levelling, CHARLIE. The few as has bullion or brains Is meant for topsawyers as certain as mountains is higher than plains.

Yus; Life is a 'andicap, CHARLIE; it *would* be a blessed fine catch, If yer trained all the duffers free gratis, and made all the pots start from scratch!

No privilege, CHARLIE, no patronage? Yah! that's all radical rot; It's 'ad a long innings and wot's the result? Things is going to pot. The swells 'as to sweat, and that spiles 'em, the commoners cram and go queer, Whilst 'ARRY's 'ut out by a mug with a head like a dashed pot o' beer.

Pooty nice state of things and no error! "Life's jest a long scramble," sez HARRISON,

"Of pot-hunting." Yus, and he's right, and 'as 'it on a O. K. comparison. Blamed noosance, yer know, if a feller can't nobble a crib and a screw Without being orammed with more kibosh than CLIVE or Lord WELLINGTON knew.

WALTER WREN takes the tother side. Jest so! He lives up that street, doncher He's the crammiest crammer of all; wish he'd taken a turn, mate, at me; [see, He'd ha' shoved me through somehow, you bet; he's a long-headed, 'aid 'itting But a gent as is really a gent doesn't want to be *kep* on the shove. [cove,

Sez WREN, "Would you bring old jobbery?" WALTER, dear boy, that may do For a slasher in QUILTER's new monthly, the flaming "Flamingo Review." Nepo—wot's it?—sounds nobby, no doubt, but remember that there Board o' Works! Human Nature is still Human Nature, and all on us cottons to perks.

We wants it made easy for right 'uns, and nice for the nobs—and wot 'arm? There ain't enough nests to go round, let the few keep 'em cosy and warm. That may not be highpolite morals, or wirtue on stilts, but I'll trouble you To say if it isn't the way of the world, my dear W. W.?

To be worried 'arf out of our senses—us dashers—by dollops of cram; And then spiked like a juggins at last by an eye-bunger called an Exam; Great Scott, it's a jiggered fine joke. I'm with FREEMAN; Exams are And if we don't bosh up that bizness Old England will go to the devil. [all evil, Appointment by patronage! Ah! that's yer sort, mate, I freeze onto that. Wot patron of sense would pluck me 'eos I 'adn't got grammar quite pat? I'm ily, know each game on the board; yet becos facts and dates I earn't carry, That tow-headed mug cops the crib, and I'm chucked!

Yours disgustedly, 'ARRY.



CRITICAL MOMENT.

HITCH IN THE MACHINERY OF THE GOSCHEN PATENT "WHEEL AND VAN" TOY. LEADER OF HOUSE APPEALS TO HERCULES FOR ASSISTANCE TO MAKE THE FIGURE WORK.

"SO ENGLISH."

WHEN that scare took place in Whitechapel last week, the supposed criminal was pursued by Policemen and five Detectives. Everybody knew them! Here they come, all at once, jumped up from dinner perhaps; down with the knives and forks, and on with their hats, and off they rush all together, these five Detectives. How mysterious! How subtle! And the fugitive escaped, after all, without any difficulty!! What nonsense about an Englishman's objection to detec-

tion as a "spy system." Doesn't the Englishman enjoy the Detective in an exciting novel, and applaud *Hawkshaw* in the disguise of a navy in the *Ticket of Leave Man*? Why, of course. The Executive and the Detective Departments should be as distinct as the left hand from the right, ready to assist each other, and under the direction of one responsible Head. As Chief of the Detective Department, we should select Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, assisted by Miss BRADDON and L. B. FARJEON. This would be the nucleus of an intelligent staff, to begin with.



“THE OTHER WAY ABOUT.”

Irate Passenger (as Train is moving off). “WHY THE — DIDN'T YOU PUT MY LUGGAGE IN AS I TOLD YOU—YOU OLD—”
Porter. “E—H, MAN! YER BAGGAGE ES NA SIC A FULE AS YERSEL. YE 'RE I' THE WRANG TRAIN!”

HOW TO WRITE A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(By One who has Done It.)

THE room was full of shadows! Visions of his past life rose before him! He saw his boyhood, which, as he glanced at the MS. on his desk, gave such an excellent scope for illustration. Could he not picture to himself the arrival of the old-fashioned mail-coach in the Midlands; and had not this been actually done by one of the artistic staff attached to the periodical for which he was working? Was not the proof actually before him? Did he not see the cheery coachman, and the red-coated guard? And beside this picture was there not lying a weird representation of some dark arches?

“What does it mean?” he murmured for the third time as he placed the drawing well under the lamp that was standing on his writing-table—“what does it mean?”

He was a desperate man, and he felt that something must be done with it. It could not be wasted! No, it could not be wasted! It had come to him from across the sea—from an artist who had sought relief from pressing pecuniary embarrassment in the soft air of Spain. But it had to be introduced—it had to be written in.

“Ah!” he exclaimed at length, “I have it. This is a drawing of the Adelphi Arches. *Mary* must dream that therein she meets the slimy villain of my simple tale, *Dr. Utercadson*, he of the too portly presence and the flowing meustache. The Adelphi Arches will be just the spot to meet him face to face and denounce him.” And the plodding author continued his weary toil, sending away slip after slip of paper upwards. And now and again would he glance at a pile of engravings and smile sadly as one by one he knocked them off.

“Come!” he said, speaking to himself—it was a favourite habit, “I am doing famously. I have worked in ‘the Wreck off Boulogne Harbour,’ and ‘the Grand Stand at Sandown.’ For a moment a duel to the death between two gentlemen in the costume of CHARLES THE SECOND perplexed me—I confess it—perplexed me! But I have surmounted the difficulty by bringing it in under the title of ‘the verdict is hotly discussed after the *Bal Masqué*,’ and writing up to it! But I must not pause! What have we here? A

Child playing with a White Vulture and the Emperor of GERMANY opening in state the Reichstag. Well, I must introduce both subjects into my weird tale—and what is this?—two men descending in a balloon at midnight in a forest? Hem! What shall I do? Ah, I have it! I can write up to that block, so that it may bear the appropriate label, ‘The Lunacy Commissioners visit the grounds of Colney Hatch by Moonlight unexpectedly.’ Still, I must confess that the subjects of the pictures handed out to me, although varied, are certainly confusing. I wish my task were done!”

And again he returned to his pen, ink, and paper. The room grew darker and darker, and nought was heard save the constant scratching of the pen and the occasional footsteps of the lad who carried away the sheets of paper. It grew darker and darker, and gloomier and gloomier. Suddenly there was the sound of a deep grave voice.

“Pause! Write no more!”

The Author looked up angrily, and then nearly swooned with terror; his hair stood on end, and his white lips trembled. There was a figure in white standing before him! A figure, a gruesome figure, with bare arms and dishevelled locks.

But the Author was a man of business, and, although every nerve in his body was quivering with emotion, he confronted the spectre, and gasped out, “Write no more! Why not?”

Then came the answer. It sounded like the knell of doom! The Author knew it was all over, and that his occupation was gone—if not for ever, for a long, long year!

“Why must you write no more?” said the spectral figure, explanatorily; “because we are full up; and because the rest of the space in the number will be required for advertisements!”

And trying to read over what he had already written, the Author fell into a deep, deep slumber!

THEY'RE beginning to “manage these things better in France.” Edict of Prefect of Police banishing sandwichmen and advertising vans from principal Boulevards, has just been issued. Fancy costumes for sandwichmen prohibited! We should like to see Mural Decorative Art taxed heavily, and to put up murderous picture-posters made an indictable offence.



THIS IS AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE. YOU MAY KNOW HIM ANYWHERE BY HIS REGULATION BOOTS.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

November 8.—My endeavours to discover who tore the sheets out of my Diary still fruitless. LUPIN has DAISY MUTLAR on the brain, so we see little of him, except that he invariably turns up at meal times. CUMMINGS dropped in.



Nobody Nose.

I was not in the least degree interested in the matter, and totally disapproved of amateur theatricals. GOWING came in the evening.

November 10.—Returned home to find the house in a most disgraceful uproar. CARRIE, who appeared very frightened, was standing outside her bed-room, while SARAH was excited and crying. Mrs. BIRRELL (the charwoman), who had evidently been drinking, was shouting at the top of her voice that "she was no thief, that she was a respectable woman, who had to work hard for her living, and she would smack anyone's face who put lies into her mouth." LUPIN, whose back was towards me, did not hear me come in. He was standing between the two women, and, I regret to say, in his endeavour to act as peacemaker, he made use of rather strong language in the presence of his mother; and I was just in time to hear him say, "And all this fuss about the loss of a few pages from a rotten Diary that wouldn't fetch three halfpence a pound." I said, quietly, "Pardon me, LUPIN—that is a matter of opinion; and as I am master of this house, perhaps you will allow me to take the reins."

I ascertained that the cause of the row was, that SARAH had accused Mrs. BIRRELL of tearing the pages out of my Diary to wrap up some kitchen fat and leavings which she had taken out of the house last week. Mrs. BIRRELL had slapped SARAH's face, and said

she had taken nothing out of the place, as there was "never no leavings to take." I ordered SARAH back to her work, and requested Mrs. BIRRELL to go home. When I entered the parlour LUPIN was kicking his legs in the air, and roaring with laughter.

November 11 (Sunday).—Coming home from church CARRIE and I met LUPIN, DAISY MUTLAR, and her brother. DAISY was introduced to us, and we walked home together, CARRIE walking on with Miss MUTLAR. We asked them in for a few minutes, and I had a good look at my future daughter-in-law. My heart quite sank. She is a big young woman, and I should think at least eight years older than LUPIN. I did not even think her good-looking. CARRIE asked her if she could come in on Wednesday next with her brother to meet a few friends. She replied that she would only be too pleased.

November 12.—CARRIE sent out invitations to GOWING, the CUMMINGS', to Mr. and Mrs. JAMES (of Sutton), and Mr. STILLBROOK. I wrote a note to Mr. FRANCHING, of Peckham. CARRIE said we may as well make it a nice affair, and why not ask our principal, Mr. PERKUPP. I said, I feared we were not quite grand enough for him. CARRIE said there was "no offence in asking him." I said, "Certainly not," and I wrote him a letter. CARRIE confessed she was a little disappointed with DAISY MUTLAR's appearance, but thought she seemed a nice girl.

November 13.—Everybody so far has accepted for our quite grand little party for to-morrow. Mr. PERKUPP, in a nice letter, which I shall keep, wrote that he was dining in Kensington, but if he could get away, he would come up to Holloway for an hour. CARRIE was busy all day, making little cakes and open jam puffs and jellies. She said she felt quite nervous about her responsibilities to-morrow evening. We decided to have some light things on the table, such as sandwiches, cold chicken and ham, and some sweets, and on the sideboard a nice piece of cold beef, for the more hungry ones to peg into if they liked. GOWING called to know if he was to put on "swallow-tails" to-morrow. CARRIE said he had better dress, especially as Mr. FRANCHING was coming, and there was a possibility of Mr. PERKUPP also putting in an appearance. GOWING said, "Oh, I only wanted to know; for I have not worn my dress-coat for some time, and I must send it to have the creases pressed out." After GOWING left LUPIN came in, and in his anxiety to please DAISY MUTLAR, carped at and criticised the arrangements, and, in fact, disapproved of everything, including our having asked our old friend, CUMMINGS, who, he said, would look in evening-dress like a green-grocer engaged to wait, and who must not be surprised if DAISY took him for one. I fairly lost my temper, and I said, "LUPIN, allow me to tell you Miss DAISY MUTLAR is not the Queen of England. I gave you credit for more wisdom than to allow yourself to be inveigled into an engagement with a woman considerably older than yourself. I advise you to think of earning your living before entangling yourself with a wife whom you will have to support, and, in all probability, her brother also, who appeared to be nothing but a loafer." Instead of receiving this advice in a sensible manner, LUPIN jumped up and said, "If you insult the lady I am engaged to, you insult me. I will leave the house and never darken your doors again." He went out of the house, slamming the hall-door. But it was all right. He came back to supper, and we played *Bézique* till nearly 12 o'clock.

THE TREASURY MRS. HARRIS AGAIN.

Is there, or is there not, a Public Prosecutor? Last week we recorded how the Last of the Barons regretted the non-existence of such an official in this country, and Mr. *Punch* brought forward the evidence of *Whitaker* and the Salary List to establish the fact of the P. P.'s existence. This week, in the Central Criminal, we find Mr. PURCELL saying, that the case in which he was engaged was one that the Public Prosecutor ought to have taken up. Whereupon Mr. POLAND requested Mr. PURCELL (what a lot of P.'s in this!) "not to attack an absent official;" and Mr. Justice HAWKINS observed (this was Justice to POLAND) that in his opinion "the Public Prosecutor was quite right."

Now, what have we got? *First*, that beyond possibility of doubt, the Public Prosecutor exists. *Secondly*, that he is "an absent official." *Thirdly*, that he was, at the time of speaking, "quite right." The last piece of evidence is important, and the Last of the Barons will now only have to regret that this official was "absent," but will rejoice that on occasion he should be "quite right." He is probably never absent on or about quarter-day, as *Whitaker* gives the salary of *Solicitor and Public Prosecutor*, i.e., two single gentlemen rolled into one, in the person of Sir AUGUSTUS K. STEPHENSON, K.C.B., at £3000 per annum—and very kind of *Whitaker* to give it. Only—what's done with it?

ENGLISH COOKERY.—We're always hoisting the British flag, and we've done it again lately on Cook's Islands in the South Pacific. Great rejoicings at Cook's Tourist's Offices all over the world. Islands now added to the list of the Cookeries on which the sun never sets.

THE "RIGHT TO KNOW."

It is an axiom with the Press—no argument it needs to show—
That, "Other people's busi-ness the Public has a right to know."
Each blemish in a Hero's life—of yesterday or long ago—
His *real* relations with his wife, the Public has a right to know.
New works which all the world surprise are "stolen straight from
So-and-so,"
That "all who please it plagiarise," the Public has a right to know.
Celebrities are interviewed, and all that, under torture slow,
From their reluctant lips is screwed, the Public has a right to know.
On deeds of ghastliness or gore a lurid light the Press must throw;
Details (as has been said before) the Public has a right to know.
To publish "clues" may serve to prime the criminal that's lying low;
But—every step in tracking crime the Public has a right to know.
State secrets to disseminate may harm a friend and help a foe;
The Cabinet may feel irate—the Public has a right to know.
When scandals come before the Court that force a hardened cheek to
glow,
The whole unsavoury report the Public has a right to know.
And still the journalistic dredge seeks new impurities below,
Of which (ah, precious privilege!) the Public has the right to know.
Yet *Punch* at times is fain to doubt if it were folly to forego,
Or hard to learn to do without, *some* news we have the right to know!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. F. C. PHILIPS has scored again with his *Little Mrs. Murray*, though he has not obtained the full marks entitling him to a special



prize. The reader who takes up *Little Mrs. Murray* will be loth to part with her, as he will be always enrious to learn what on earth this erratic person is going to do next. As a matter of fact, she goes to a variety of places, but does nothing—absolutely

nothing, and nothing is done to her. She's not bad, she's not good—she's ordinary; and I suppose in this fact lies the real interest. It is, as it were, another version of *Nobody's Diary*, only that in this case the Nobody is a young widow who, wishing without visible means of subsistence, to make herself independent, takes to the stage, then to lady-companionship, then to Millinery, then to some sort of East-End Anglian Sisterhood, and then to the Matronship of a Private Lunatic Asylum; and, last scene of all, to marriage. There is no plot as there was (and a strong one, too) in *As in a Looking Glass*. The sketches seem to be from real life, and I should like to know the originals of the Manager of the Jellity Theatre, and of the *Reverend Simon Heady*, Superior of Saint Cunegonda's Sisterhood. The little woman is an excellent companion for an hour or so,—sprightly, interesting, and amusing.

I am choosing some Christmas Books and Cards, as, what the lawyers call, "these presents," and am puzzled between the charming "Photographic Opals," the original and tasteful designs of Messrs. HILDESHEIMER and FAULKNER, and the artistic reproductions of well-known pictures, and the delightful booklets of that publisher who rejoices in the truly Italian artistic Christian name of RAPHAEL, coupled with the truly English surname of TUCK. Tuck in again at Christmas-time.

To help me in running through these Christmas Books I'm compelled to engage a "Co."—the Christmas reading firm is BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.—and as far as "Co." has gone I am informed that Miss ROSA MULHOLLAND has written *Gianetta*, a girl's story for a girl—quite an upper story. That Mr. HENTY, who has written plenty, is up his best form in *Captain Bayley's Heir*—(young BAYLEY, we're not interested in the old 'un)—which is all about California, and published by BLACKIE. Then "Co." says that ROUTLEDGE'S *Pied Piper*, illustrated by KATE GREENAWAY, is exceptionally pretty. "Now welcome KATE!"—which is not quoted from *Taming of the Shrew*. Mr. HOGG, the publisher, makes a hit with a collection of old fairy tales called *Children's Evergreens*. Nice dish at Christmas, ask for *Hogg and Evergreens*. Books marked WARNE are brand new, yet are "WARNE out!" My "Co." recommends WARNE'S *Rosebud Annual* for the little ones.

Here's one by CHARLES F. RIDGAL, illustrated by HARRY PARKES. Nothing very startling: and author and artist seem to have got on

well together, except 'in one instance, where they quarrelled over "*Mrs. Mashemall*," whom the author has described as "a smart spiey little body (blonde hair)," and the artist has depicted as a decidedly big body with very dark hair. — *Our Farm*, told by PAT-TENDEK, and drawn by WAIN, rather funny, but not the work of a WAIN of original humour. Good sixpenn'orth, anyhow. *Flora's Feast*, published by CASSELL & Co., Limited, is a quaint Burne-Jonesian kind of book by WALTER CRANE. It comes out with the Christmas Books, and is about as Christmassy as the Sunflowerest aesthete could possibly desire. If I could select one picture above another, which would take the public, it would be the poppy-heads which are likely to be poppylar. "Co." is exhausted.

I've just seen the Christmas number of the *Penny Illustrated*, price fourpence, which means that this is equal to four ordinary numbers. The cover is the pink of perfection. The central picture in colours, of a child in bed, asking a kitten to come under the mistletoe, might have been termed Scratch Company. The child, whose teeth are not as white as could be wished, ought to have been in a "Cat's-cradle." The chief story, "Diamonds led," by J. LATEY, Junior, shows that he was quite right to lead diamonds as Mr. W. MACKAY has followed suit with a melodrama on a similar plot in verse. *Diamonds Led*, is a three-volume novel essenced into five pages; and there is also a very funny notion for a new kind of advertisement in the story about *The Australian Parrot*. Several other good things in it; but that it is among the first to appear and comes out early, its motto might be, "Better Latey than never."

"Co." comes up again smiling. For a first-class piece of harmless nonsense commend me to *A Publisher's Playground*, a small (not too small) volume of poems produced by KEGAN, PAUL, FRENCH & Co., and presumably written by one of the Firm. If my presumption is correct, the Author's partners must be persons blessed with a sense of humour, which makes them ready at all times to sacrifice business considerations for the sake of a practical joke.

MR. ANDREW LANG contributes to the Christmas store specimens of the "Grass of Parnassus." Being a collection of poems already published, it is not intended to be grass fresh cut, but for the matter of that, the bundle has all the sweetness of New Mown Hay, or if a scent is on my lips and under my very nose let me name, appropriately, "Y Lang Y Lang."

The old songs published by CASTELL BROTHERS are to be found in the daintiest little books. Each miniature volume can be had "for a mere song."

MARCUS WARD & Co.'s *Little Boy Blue*, and other old nursery rhymes, will be to the taste of the children young and old. *Oranges and Lemons*, and *Wee Willie Winkle*, are charmingly illustrated. Exit "Co."

By the Sea is a short collection of Poems, commencing with LONGFELLOW'S *The Secret of the Sea*, the title of which would be a capital advertisement for an anti-mal-de-mere remedy. Illustrations not startling. But MARCUS WARD & Co. can afford to have a few not quite up to the mark when giving us such a dainty work as *Young Maids and Old China*, though old maids and old china go better together, as, from my experience, young maids play the very doose with the old china in attempting to wash up. "Yes, your wash-up, it blew out of my hand, and broke all to nothing." That's how it happens with young maids, says the Baron.



I've just seen MARCUS WARD'S *Christmas Cheque Book*. It's capital! I only wish it were just that capital that would dismiss satisfactorily all my other Christmas Books. Those of the Butcher, the Baker, and the Candlestick Maker, &c. No matter. We may be happy yet. Christmas comes but once a year. If it came twice I should be broke entirely, says your own Reviewer, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

With a Mayer Maying.

You ought to go and see
Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie,
Played at the Royaltee
Some night or *Matinée*,

"My Pretty JANE" is there.
November, you'll declare,
Is banished by this fair
And most refreshing MAY.

SANDER V. THE DUCHESS OF MONTORCHID (*new style*).—What "Mr. MANTON" said of the cross-examining Counsel, "He did ask such orchid questions." And when Her Grace heard herself so ungracefully alluded to as "the old girl" in her Head Gardener's letter, Mr. MANTON is reported to have exclaimed, "Head Gardener, indeed! I'd like to give him some top-dressing!"

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT FROM THE SPECIAL COMMISSION COURT BY MR. E. HARRINGTON.—"Wednesday, November 21. Fine."



THE NEW SOCIETY CRAZE.

The New Governess (through her pretty nose). "WAALL—I COME RIGHT SLICK AWAY FROM NE'YORK CITY, AN' I AIN'T HAD MUCH TIME FOR FOOLIN' AROUND IN EUROPE—YOU BET! SO I CAN'T FIX UP YOUR GALS IN THE EU-RÔPEAN LANGUAGES, NO-HOW!"

Belyavian Mamma (who knows there's a Duke or two still left in the Matrimonial Market). "OH, THAT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE. I WANT MY DAUGHTERS TO ACQUIRE THE AMERICAN ACCENT IN ALL ITS PURITY—AND THE IDIOMS, AND ALL THAT. NOW I'M SURE YOU WILL DO ADMIRABLY!"

CRAMMING VERSUS "CLEMMING"!

A Plain Word in Season to the New School Board.

Good Gentlemen,—wise men, or wiseacres, pundits, philanthropists, Zealots of all of the Churches, fanatics of all of the Schools,— [fools, *Mr. Punch* has a word for the ears of each one of your muster, a word Men may strive to ignore or hush down, but which sounds, and will have to be heard! [work;

Mr. Punch is at one with your general aim, feels a pride in your For instructing our People's a duty which none but a noodle would shirk. [sin,

And the young human creature untaught is a shame and a promise of And the race of our strenuous day it is not the ineult who will win. Teach, teach!—'tis the task of the Age, the imperative call of the Which whose ignores is a vassal to folly, a pander to crime. [time, Manly wisdom eries fie on the bigots, the bigots of dogma or doubt, Who babble and fight at the portal whilst ignorance lingers without, Kept baek from the threshold thrice blest of the Temple where none should dispute, [brute,

The Temple of Knowledge humane, which upraises the man from the The Creeds and the No-creeds contend, and negation and neseience ery In as angry a chorus of hate as the dogmatists' furions fry, Or the credulous bigots of Ephesus. Silenee the wranglers all round, The niggards who fume at the penny, the zealots who squander the pound!

And look to it likewise in time, oh ye busy Bigwigs of the Board, That the hungry, ubiquitous Jobber, whose eye is on everyone's board, [trust,

Dip not grasping fingers *too* deep in the purse that ye hold but in That new Laidly Worm of Corruption trails lately in London's foul dust [time

In a manner the idlest must mark. It were well to take warning in By the fate of another big Board which has sunk in the Laidly One's slime.

But grant you all safe in your seats, hushed all partisan splutter and spleen, [clean:

With your sapient heads pretty cool, and your strenuous hands fairly What then? There's a question confronts you that will not be shelved or set by, [honestly try.

Which will tax your good will and best skill, e'en supposing you A Pedagogue,—not of *your* sort, he preceded all Boards by some years,—

Said "Nature's a rum 'un!" Perhaps you're inclined to say ditto to *Squeers*:

But Nature will not be evicted, as you, with old HORACE, will find, And Nature has given the urchin a *body* as well as a mind! [sap.! You won't fill the latter, be sure, whilst the former is empty. *Verb.* Stuff a half-starving "nipper" with isms and ologies? Poor little ehap! [by force

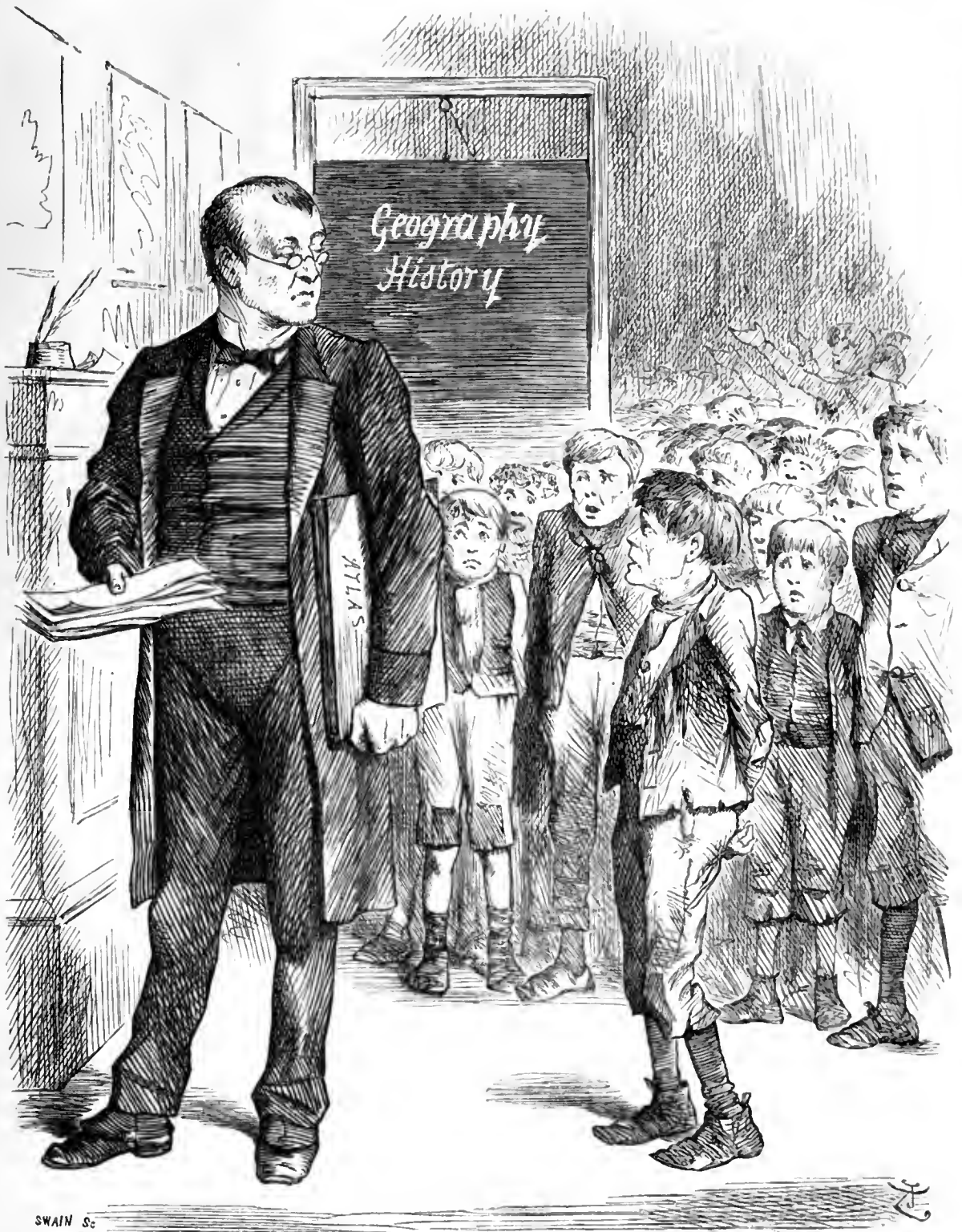
Empty stomachs mean heads non-reeptive, and cramming the latter Means cruelty! Yes, and humanity bids you to halt on *that* course, With an emphasis none can mistake. No, *it simply won't do*, that is flat. [not stand *that*.

Public conscience is callous sometimes; but it's stirred, and it will The vision of BILLY and BETSY, bedraggled, and shoeless, and worn, Without bite or sup in their stomachs, dragged in on a cold winter's morn [precious "three R.'s,"

From the streets, and all chance of "a job," to grind hours at those Rises black on humanity's sight, and it jars, my dear Bigwigs, it jars. If 'tis Cramming *v.* "Clemming," my masters, then Cramming will go to the wall,

But *Punch* does not put it to-day as a hopeless dilemma at all. Only two things have got to be reconciled,—*how* is a question fer yen,— Instruction and eemmon humanity. Teaching by Torture wen't do!

MRS. RAM, speaking of Maréchal MACMAHON, informed her Niece that he was born an Irishmau, but was subsequently neutralised as a Frenchman.

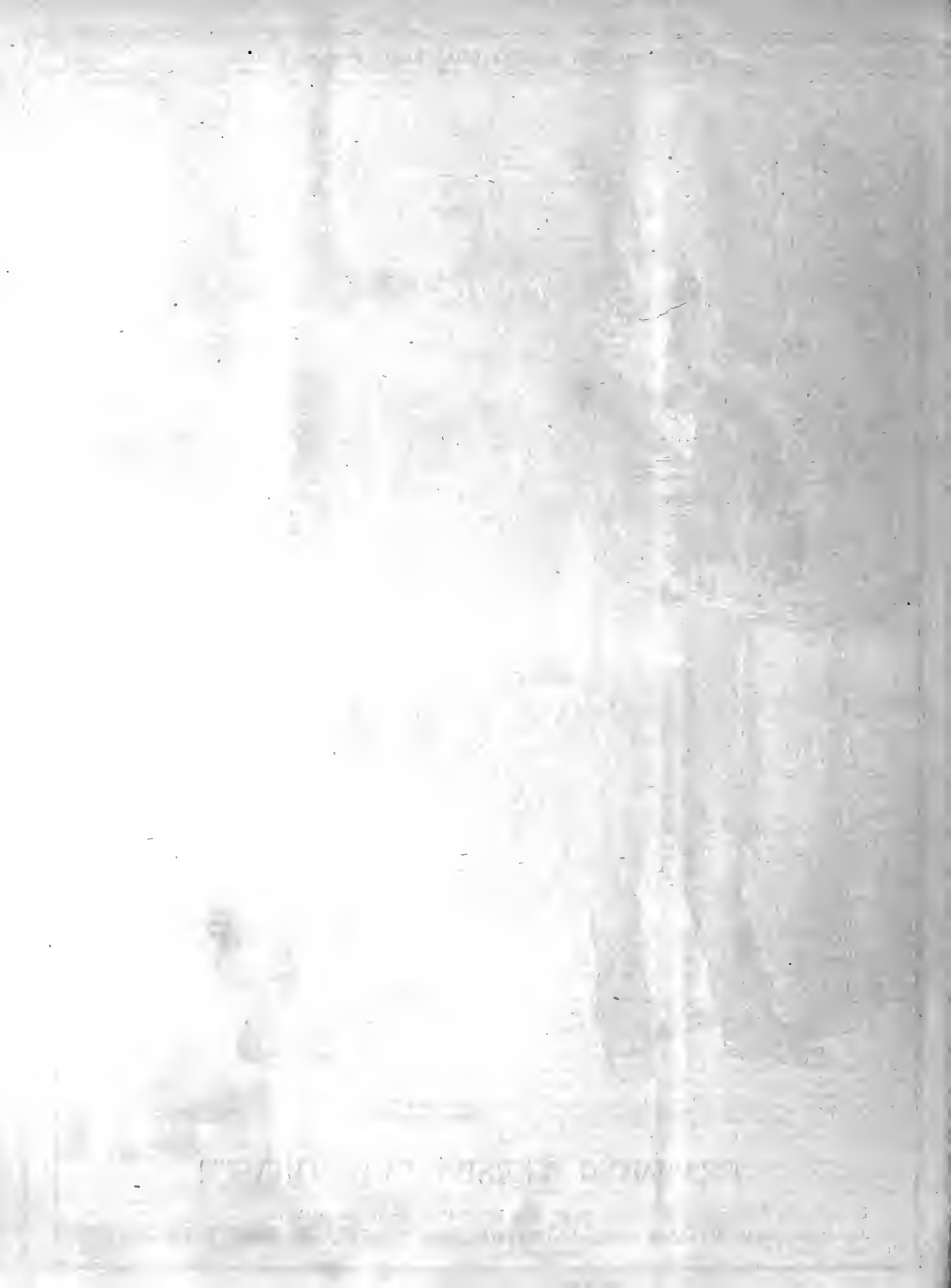


SWAIN Sc.

CRAMMING VERSUS "CLEMMING"!

BOARD-SCHOOL MASTER. "NOW THEN, BOYS, WE MUST GET TO WORK AGAIN!"

ADVANCED SCHOLAR. "PLEASE, SIR,—MAYN'T WE HAVE SOMETHIN' TO RELIEVE THE CRAVINS OF 'UNGER FUST?"





“ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.”

Irate Old Gentleman in Garden (to Stranger, who suddenly drops from the other side of the boundary hedge). “WHAT THE DOOSE D’YOU MEAN, SIR, BY COMING HERE IN THAT ABRUPT AND UN CEREMONIOUS MANNER? ‘A MISTAKE,’ ‘VERY SORRY,’ ‘HOUNDS RUNNING!’ ‘BOSH! STUFF O’ NONSENSE!’” &c., &c.

LESSONS IN JUSTICE.

(IN TWO TONGUES.)

The French Method, reported in a Paris Paper. Close of the Thirteenth Day.

THE Prisoner was admitted. He was self-possessed, grand, mysterious. He glanced round him with an air of disdain, and jeeringly bowed to the President who regarded him with hatred. Then the President put questions to him.



The President. You are a thief, a scoundrel, an assassin! You know you committed the crime of which you are accused. You are a villain!

The Prisoner. And you—polite. [General assent.]

The President (with indignation). I will not have you say so! I tell you that I know you entered the room with the pistol. I know that you fired at the

deceased. You know you did! Tell me, did you not kill the deceased?

The Prisoner. Why should I tell you? Is not your head of wood, M’sieu le President?

The President (with anger). You shall pay dearly for this! You have insulted me—you have insulted the son of my mother—and insulting her son, you have also insulted my mother!

The Prisoner (shuddering). Oh, no! I deny it! I am not so base!

The President. But I tell you you are! I tell you that there is no more wicked man in the world than yourself! You are a poltroon!

The Prisoner. And you call the father of my innocent child a poltroon? It is an outrage!

The President. Your appeal to your innocent babe will avail you nothing. Your innocent babe would be better without such a father! [General shuddering.] Yes, I mean what I say—you are a craven!

The Prisoner. This is too much! I am no craven! I love my country as a mother loves her son. [General assent.]

M. le Président. You insult France when you call yourself her son! You insult the Republic. [Loud murmurs.]

The Prisoner. It is not for you to judge! I know you, M’sieur le President. Forty years ago you were in the service of the King!

M. le Président (with a cry). You shall be gagged if you utter such calumnies! You are a knave, a vagabond, a cut-throat! And now it is for the Jury to decide. Have you anything to say in your defence?

The Prisoner (to the Jury). I have nothing to say, save that I brand this man as a traitor! As for me I ask for liberty in the name of my infant—in the name of my child! I confess I am no saint, and if I have murdered, why in the name of my innocent babe I beg of you to stretch out your hands to me and save me from the scaffold. I wish to return to the world to watch by the side of a cradle!

The Jury, who were deeply affected, then retired, and, after two hours’ absence, returned a verdict of Guilty.

The English Method, reported in a London Paper. End of the First Day.

The Prisoner, who was ably represented by Counsel, appeared to be deeply sensible of his position. He kept his eyes on the Jury during the brief summing up.

His Lordship said that he trusted the Jury would give the benefit of any doubt they might feel in the Prisoner’s favour. In so serious a case they must not convict unless they were convinced of his guilt. The facts had been carefully laid before them, and he would not say a word to bias them either one way or the other. He entreated them to remember that the life of a fellow creature was at stake, and to let that recollection make them desirous to record only what was proper and just. The Jury then retired, and, after five minutes’ absence, returned a verdict of Guilty.

“THE GREAT UNPAID.”—Mr. E. HARRINGTON’S Fine—at present, November 23.



“A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING.”

“AND WHAT'S THE LITTLE DARLING'S NAME?”

“WELL—YOU SEE HE'S OUR EIGHTH CHILD—SO WE'VE HAD HIM CHRISTENED ‘OCTOPUS’!”

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

DEAR MASTER PUNCH,

Answering to the note of the Oof bird, I planked down my ten toes in the Stalls, and was placed in the Strand Theatre last week as ever was. I found them all there, and was knocked by most of them. You bet they hit them! These Sportsmen who expected to have some fun for their shiners must have made the welkin ring with their cries of anguish! There were some hoary-headed old chesnuts in the dialogue, and as for the music, it made me rush away in search of a loosener and a soda divided! You brown to what I mean? The jokes were of ancient date, and when some mummers appeared as Johnnies of the Jockey Club, the bet was declared O.U.G.H. It was a near touch that those who weighed in were not buried 'neath the pavement outside the Roman!

Yours, who has laid an even thiek 'un that it won't run,

A CRITIC IN PINK SPECTACLES.

P.S.—Pardon the above. I have seen *Atalanta*, the new piece at the Strand Theatre, and witness the result! I have not the least notion what I mean by the above slangy criticism, but then I could not make out what on earth Mr. HAWTREY meant by his equally slangy burlesque!

SUMMARY.—In the “shooting-at-Times-Witness case,” the revolver and the prisoner were both discharged.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

AS IT IS.—The Emperor of GERMANY yesterday distributed certificates of honour to the students in the Berlin Theological Seminary, appearing in the full uniform of a Pomeranian Grenadier. His Majesty expressed the pleasure it would have given him if he had been addressing soldiers instead of mere civilian nincompoops (*tölpels*), and rattled his sabre several times in a threatening manner. This is considered decidedly ominous in well-informed circles.

From Vienna it is announced that the Russian Government has, in the last few days, echeloned half a million of men along the Galician frontier. The official *St. Petersburg Gazette* explains the occurrence by saying that, “at this convenient season of the year, the troops are always moved about for change of air and scenery.” This explanation has caused a serious fall in securities on the Viennese and Berlin Bourses.

The latest “Frontier Incident” is reported from Belfort. It appears that a French peasant proprietor, while pruning a hedge, slipped into a ditch, which forms the dividing line at that point between Germany and France. He was at once shot through the body and scalped by a regiment of Uhlans concealed in the neighbourhood. On the same day a German balloonist made an ascent from Strasburg, and came down in his parachute on French territory. He has been heavily manacled, and sent to Paris for shipment to New Caledonia. Franco-German relations have become in consequence somewhat strained.

AS IT MIGHT BE.—All the European States having agreed to a partial disarmament, every kind of security has gone up at least 100 per cent., and national rejoicings are taking place in all the European Capitals. Herr KRUPP is reported to be suffering from deep depression.

Germany having now made up her quarrel with France by “splitting the difference”—keeping Alsace and giving back Lorraine—French and Germans are fraternising all along the frontier. The favourite air in the Paris Music Halls is now “*Die Wacht am Rhein*,” while the Emperor WILLIAM has given orders for the “*Marseillaise*” to be played twice a day “*Unter den Linden*” by the Band of the Imperial Guards' Regiment.

In accordance with the general spirit of international magnanimity now prevailing, the SULTAN of TURKEY has consented to remove himself into Asia Minor, and leave Constantinople to be dealt with by a Conference of the European Powers.

There being no further use for most of the soldiers now enrolled in

the various European Armies, it is expected that an international expedition of one hundred thousand men will shortly be landed in Africa, which will take Khartoum, smash up the Mahdists, find STANLEY, abolish the Slave Trade, and open up the Continent to civilisation and commerce.

GRAM DE LA GRAM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

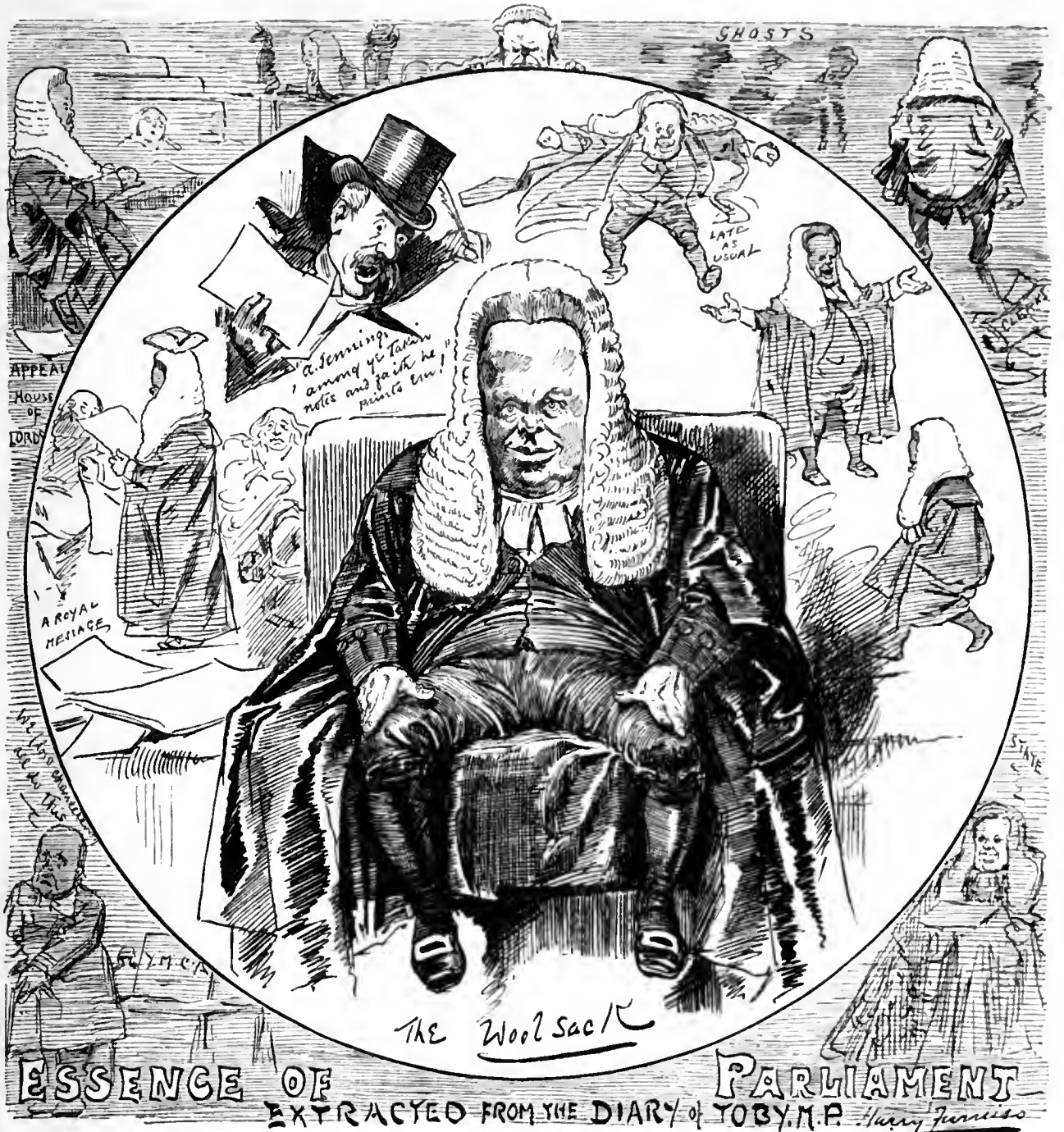
THERE is a great deal of truth in the position taken up by the opponents of the Competitive Examination system. No one who has ever mixed up his answers and cribbed from a friendly neighbour who was answering Paper B, while he, the cribber, was confronted with the problems of Paper A, can entertain a doubt as to the elemental folly of settling a young man's prospects by his statements about subjects on which he is but superficially informed. I have suffered myself, but thanks to a pleasing exterior, a diplomatic wife who is very well connected, a large house, and exorbitant charges, I am the proprietor of a crammery which is viewed, and justly, as the very cram de la cram of the profession.

Facts, Sir, are stubborn things, and if there be one quality less desirable than another in the young, it is surely stubbornness; and how a constant familiarity with stubborn things can fail to produce deplorable results on plastic minds, I confess. That I am quite unable to understand. My plan is to temper facts with fancy. Even Greek accident lends itself to this humane and philosophical plan. Thus. Among a number of the deadliest kind of Greek and Latin adjectives I insert *Panjundrum* to be declined. The boy with imagination—the future journalist or financier—at once drops to it, thus:—*Pas-jas-der: pasa-jasa-dra: pan-jan-drum*, whereby we get Greek and Latin at one fell swoop, and invest Mongolian metaphysics with a halo of accident. Again, in our last history paper, I lightened the horrors of the feudal system and the genealogies of our early Sovereigns by asking, Why was the Curfew Law like a Calendar? No less than seven boys supplied the right answer: “Because it was a Norman Ae’” This, Sir, speaks for itself. Yours faithfully,

MARKHAM PRIMMER.

P.S.—I enclose a Prospectus. A reduction if you take a quantity.

“I ADVISE YOU, my dear, to take up Music as a study,” said Mrs. RAM to her Niece, “and I am told that one of the best books on the subject is RANKE'S *History of the Pops*.”



House of Commons, Monday, Nov. 19.—Spectacle of GEORGE CURZON, fresh homo from Central Asia, accusing GLADSTONE of "immorality," calculated to create emotion. But it passed off very quietly. GLADSTONE not there to hear indictment. HARCOURT, JOHN MORLEY, and one or two others among the faithful, on Front Bench; but, as OLD MORALITY says, "It's surprising with what equanimity we can hear others accused of iniquity."

The flatness of this particular incident typical of night's proceedings. Seemed in advance that it would be quite otherwise. Government brought in new Land Purchase Bill. GLADSTONE long ago gave notice that, if they did, he'd make it hot for 'em. To-night came down to move crushing Amendment. Urgent Whips out; House filled; excitement growing. Just before business reached, telegram passed along Front Opposition Bench evidently created profound sensation. GLADSTONE read it; hurriedly consulted HARCOURT and CHARLES RUSSELL. Plainly a legal point. Learned

all about it afterwards. Telegram from TIM HEALY at Dublin. Been engaged in Dublin Exchequer Division, before LORD CHIEF BARON, Baron DOWSE, and Chief Justice ANDREWS. Applied for writ of Habeas Corpus in case of JEREMIAH SHEEHAN, M.P., at present confined in Tralee Gaol. Crime alleged against Hon. Member was that he had shouted, "Boo for BALFOUR!" Court decided that in such circumstances SHEEHAN very properly in gaol, and refused to release him.

"What do you think of it?" said G. O. M., nervously reading over telegram for fifth time.

"Well," said HARCOURT, stroking the place where his beard ought to grow, "the bearing of the observation lies in the application of it. In the eyes of the law geographical boundaries do not exist. What is one man's meat is not necessarily another man's poison. If you boo for BALFOUR, and go to prison in Ireland, can you boo for BALFOUR at Westminster, and go seot free? The Court thinks not.

Remove the prisoner—I mean—I beg your pardon; but you'd better be careful."

HARCOURT, so convincing, rather frightened G. O. M. "Took all the starch out of his collar," as ROBERT JARDINE said, resting his chin firmly on the buttress of his own. Quite mild in his references to CHIEF SECRETARY; example infectious; no booing for BALFOUR on any Bench; consequently a distinctly dull night.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—In Upper House, Lord High rises to explain. Brings down lengthy epistle, which he reads very badly. Seems that he has appointed only two blood relations to fat places. One of them, he mentions (as if the result was unusual and unexpected), had proved himself fully qualified for the office. The second, already possessed of a benefice, he had transferred to another benefice, slightly better in point of emolument, and with the advantage of more genial climate.

"And how does the climate suit him?" asked CLANRICARDE, gracefully bending his benevolent head. Lord High took no notice; went on reading; gave many interesting particulars about administration of Chancery Division, Clerks in Central Offices, and elsewhere. Noble Lords strained their attention to hear when he was coming to the point dealing with specific charges levied against himself in other House. But had so much to say about reductions of redundant Clerks and other matters, couldn't find time to deal with these. Triumphantly wound up with declaration

that though salaries amounted to pretty tidy sum, they did not come out of pocket of tax-payer, but out of purse of unfortunate suitors.

Lord High sat down, astonished at his own moderation. The MARKISS listened, but said never a word. GRANVILLE, feeling necessity of breaking awkward silence on Front Bench, observed that as no notice of intention to deal with the subject had been given, it was not necessary for him to say anything.

"He was awfully severe on you," I said to GRANDOLPH. "Positively declined to repeat the gross language used."

"That's very well; but he might have answered the specific charge I brought against him."

The Commons hoggling away at already dead horse of Land Purchase Bill. Members brought up to vote, wouldn't remain to listen. EDWARD GREY, chip of old block, made capital speech at outset, and later on, at eve of Division, when MORLEY followed HARTINGTON, benches filled up; cheers and counter-cheers rung through the Chamber. But no reality in fight; everyone grateful when it was over.

"Might arrange these matters much more cleverly," said HERBERT GARDNER, dropping in after dinner. "Let us have the Division first, and the Debate after. Great convenience to fellows with important engagements. Wouldn't at all interfere with delights of those who hanker after speech-making."

Business Done.—GLADSTONE'S Amendment to Land Purchase Bill negated by 330 against 246.

Thursday.—"I'm not aware," said the SAGE, "that we have in the National Portrait Gallery or elsewhere any engraving, photograph, chromo-lithograph, or other portrait of BALAK the son of ZIPPOR. But, looking now upon the countenance of OLD MORALITY, I fancy we

realise something of the expression on the face of the King of the Moabites as he listened to the address of BALAAM upon a memorable occasion."

OLD MORALITY certainly in sore plight. Second Reading of Land Purchase Bill moved; PARNELL delivered weighty speech against it; GRANDOLPH followed, and as he rose expression of pleased content dispersed itself over Ministerial ranks. Only on Saturday GRANDOLPH had spoken most graciously of the Government. Speech then anxiously looked for, as situation critical, and opportunity for smiting his old friends tempting. But GRANDOLPH had come nobly out of the fire. Having so recently assumed attitude of friendliness, would now surely go a step further, pulverise PARNELL, and demolish GLAD-

STONE. OLD MORALITY, sitting just under his young friend, folded his arms, leaned back his head in listening attitude, prepared to enjoy himself.

GRANDOLPH couldn't resist this final temptation. Had certainly come down determined to vote for the Bill; was probably also prepared to support it. But looking round on expectant lines of Ministerialists, on the Opposition already on guard against his onslaught, and, above all, on the broad, placid, pleased face below him, good resolutions melted. Instead of supporting Bill, and confounding Opposition, he riddled the measure with bolts of irony and scorn, reserving his most highly poisoned shaft to accompany declaration that still he would vote for Second Reading.

"It's such a little Bill," he pleaded; "cannot do much harm; and so very bad, that no Government, not even this one, dare venture to introduce another anything like it."

"TOBY," said OLD MORALITY, in a husky voice, as I helped GOSCHEN to lead him out into the fresh air, "an you love me, get GRANDOLPH never to support us any more."

"Never mind," said JOKEM, "it's GRANDOLPH'S turn now. But ours will come. He'll find his speech to-night an uncommonly difficult one to answer on some future day."

This was the tragedy; roaring farce to follow. Just before fall of curtain, Motion made from Treasury Bench to withdraw Bill establishing Minister of Agriculture. CHAPLIN solemnly rose from corner seat below Gangway, looking unutterably solemn. Rapturous cheers from malicious Opposition. CHAPLIN, it was understood, was to be first Minister under the Act. GRANDOLPH—that "imp of Parliamentary mischief," as DALRYMPLE calls him—learning this, put down Motion to move rejection of Bill. This made it impossible to carry it this Session. OLD MORALITY privately promised to say something soothing to CHAPLIN if he gave him opening. CHAPLIN now up, with his part in arranged conversation ready. OLD MORALITY waiting his cue. But the House would do nothing but laugh and ironically cheer. What should have been dignified scene becomes screaming farce.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill read Second Time.

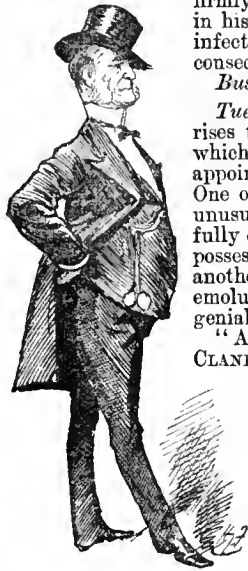
Friday Night.—SEXTON incidentally mentions that Melancholy and Coercion Bill have just marked seven Irish Members as their own. Wants to know whether blow may not be averted till after Prorogation, so that we may have the pleasure and advantage of their company in Committee. OLD MORALITY, always anxious to oblige, undertakes to see what can be done. Members, hastening to Reading-room, eagerly scan names of the seven. Several disappointments, but at least TANNER is among them.

"Yes, that's all very well," said SAUNDERSON. "But you see how they bungle it in BALFOUR'S absence. Why couldn't they wait till the beginning of the Session? A foolish waste of opportunity to put TANNER in prison during the recess." *Business done.*—In Committee on the Land Purchase Bill.

"HIGHER Education indeed! It's the Lower Education, as recommended by King SOLOMON, that is neglected nowadays," says Dr. BIRCH, of Swisherton Academy.

THE New Maidstone Bicyclist Club is going to call itself (when it comes into existence) "The Wheel'd of Kent."

An eminent Vet thinks he has discovered a treatment for horses that "make a noise" when they go out of a trot. He ought to do "a roaring trade."



Sir Robert.



Shocked at Grandolph.



A Bad Sixpence.



An Irish Landlord.



LOST ILLUSION.

"WHAT, IS EVERYBODY WICKED, MAMMA DEAR?"—"YES, BERTIE." "ARE YOU WICKED YOURSELF, MAMMA, DEAR?"—"NOT SO GOOD AS I OUGHT TO BE!" "AND—THE POLICE!"

WHO CHASED COCK WARREN?

A Nursery Rhyme for the Times.
 Who chased COCK WARREN?
 "I," said the HOME SPARROW,
 "With my views cramped and narrow,
 I chased COCK WARREN!"

And who'll fill his place?
 "Why, I," said MONRO.
 "I'm the right man, I know,
 And I'll fill his place."

And who'll tie your hands?
 "Oh, I!" said ROUTINE,
 "That my business has been;
 So, I'll tie his hands."

Yet, who'll see fair play?
 "Well, I," said JOHN BULL;
 "For I'm not quite a fool.
 Come, I'll see fair play."

POLITICAL EYESIGHT.—A contemporary observes, with reference to the Noble Laureate, that:—

"Lord TENNYSON is not quite an octogenarian, although he is on the verge of it, having been born in 1809, the year in which Mr. GLADSTONE first saw the light."

With regard to Home Rule, however, the venerable ex-Premier will probably acknowledge that he did not see the light until somewhere about the year 1886.

MRS. KEELEY INTERVIEWED.

THE Babes were quite determined that the good fairy, Mrs. KEELEY, and the lazy Laureate, Mr. ASHBY-STERRY, should not have it all their own way, and when little folk become determined at the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond Street, their determination is something wonderful! The boys said they had no pretension to be poets, but, at any rate, they felt equal to writing an Address; the girls declared they never expected to be great Actresses, but they were quite sure on the present occasion, they knew how to act. They had heard how the good fairy, Mrs. KEELEY, had recited for them at the recent Festival—they had been told how eloquently she had pleaded for them, and how she had drawn tears from the eyes of her audience, and, what was more, golden sovereigns from their

pockets. One or two of them had been charmed with the clear tones of her voice, and had listened to the marvellous alternation of humour and pathos in her speech, and had been almost frightened by the applause with which the good fairy was greeted. Several had seen her going round the wards, chatting pleasantly with the Nurses, and having a kindly word for each of the little invalids. They had all of them hoped Mrs. KEELEY would get the first prize at the Doll Show, for they, all of them, were quite sure she deserved it. She had done so much for their benefit, that they were anxious to do something for hers. And so they asked the kind Lady-Superintendent, Miss K. PHILLIPA HICKS, who was always so bright and merry—always so busy, but never so busy as to be unable to bestow a kind word on her little charges, and to give a willing ear to their smallest troubles. And she soon arranged the whole thing for them. She told them the good fairy would shortly attain the age of eighty-four, which is a mere trifle for a fairy, and on her birthday they should have the opportunity of showing her how she occupied so large a space in their grateful little hearts. The day came, they set off on their pilgrimage to Brompton. Not all of them. Oh, dear no! Supposing one hundred and forty-four had started? Why, the Police would have interfered, and the HOME SECRETARY would have been sore troubled, thinking there was a demonstration of Lilliputian Socialists. Besides many were too ill, some were sadly crippled, and others too young. So a Committee of Seven were selected, and these tiny mites, in charge of a kind Nurse, set forth on the appointed day, in a beautiful carriage, drawn by real horses, driven by a live coachman. In the middle of the carriage

was a lovely and gigantic bouquet, which everyone tried to hold, and which once or twice fell down and nearly smothered two or three of the deputation. But O it was a fine time! The Council of Seven say they never will forget it as long as they live. Suddenly, as if by magic, the carriage stopped, and they were in the presence of the good fairy in her elegant fairy bower. The deputation could not find words to express its pleasure. So it was fortunate they had an address already written, which was presented along with the bouquet. The address was a model of terseness which it would be well if provincial Mayors and others would endeavour to imitate. It ran thus:—"To Mrs. KEELEY. With every good wish on her Birthday—from her grateful little friends in the 'Hospital for Sick Children,' Great Ormond Street." Then followed the signatures, touching in their childish caligraphy, and the trembling innocence of tiny fingers. Cheered by the sight of their good kind fairy, made happy with the pleasant words which fell from her lips, delighted with the sight of her magnificent Persian cat, with an Arabian Nights tail, who purred the warmest of welcomes, the baby-interviewers retired. And when the lights burned low that night in Great Ormond Street, when there was nothing to be heard but the faint wail of some tiny sufferer, the almost noiseless footfall and the sweet-toned whisper of some gentle watchful Nurse, one cannot help wondering what sunny dreams, what pleasant fancies, what a sense of supreme repose and restful gratitude to the good fairy haunted the slumbers of the Council of Seven!

"MADGY."

(*A propos of quite a new and original lever du rideau, recently performed at Edinburgh.*)

MADGY KENDAL quite forgot her ordinary prudence In coming out so strong before the Edinboro' Students; And afterwards she told the world the cause of her oration; 'Twas not, as some might think of MADGE, all her imagination. But 'twas as she in the D. T. explained the simple case, "Some one had thrown a paper ball, and hurt the Double Bass." Whoever did this thing was wrong, for, were he boy or man, 'Tis evident he'd made a hit before the play began. Whether he hit the instrument or player in the face, The silence of the thrower made his conduct doubly base. She should not publicly have shown—it argues want of nous—Displeasure at there being any "paper" in the House.

JEW DE MOR.—L'élite de la haute société Parisienne.—L'Isra-élite.

SONG FOR THE SCHOOL-BOARD MINSTRELS. (Who Never Perform Out of London.)



SCHOOL BOARD

CHORUS—Den, members, keep in de middle ob de road!
 If you want to win de race,
 You must go a mejum pace,
 And keep in de middle ob de road!

AIR.—“Keep in de Middle ob de Road.”
 For you must be a drotfle fool,
 If you quite forget de true purpose ob School.
 But you 'll be all right if you stick to de rule,
 Keep in de middle ob de road!

WHEN de School-Board was young, friend FORSTER would
 Keep in de middle ob de road!
 Don't all try for corner-man,—that don't pay.
 Keep in de middle ob de road!

Now, if you by chance seem short of cash,

Keep in de middle ob de road!

Don't tax de people heavily, or soon you'll go to smash.

Keep in de middle ob de road!

But, if dey hear you a-singing too small,

Dey're sure to say you are gwine to fall,

And do not know your business, and are no good at all.

Keep in de middle ob de road!

Chorus.

Don't be too fast at cramming, you'll find that is no go,

Keep in de middle ob de road!

But little chance you'll stand if you make de pace too slow.

Keep in de middle ob de road!

London will not care for a Board dat's all awry;

Den show you are tolerant, as well as smart and spry.

She'll ehnek you, if to imitato de bad Old Ring you try.

Keep in de middle ob de road!

Chorus.

You corner-men, don't kiek up too much shindy left and right,

Keep in de middle ob de road!

And, Mr. (DIDDLE) JOHNSON, do not hold de reins too tight,

Keep in de middle ob de road!

Or de trap may capsize, and de wheels be in de air.

Don't show sectarian temper, or tear agnostic hair,

For you are *not* put dere ober trifles for to swear.

Keep in de middle ob de road!

Chorus.

Den, Minstrels, keep in de middle ob de road!

You will bless de rising race

If you go a steady pace,

And keep in de middle ob de road!

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before Lord Commissioner Punch.)

An Efficient Volunteer introduced.

Commissioner. Well, Sir, what can I do for you?

Efficient Volunteer (saluting). Assist me to get a satisfactory substitute for Wimbledon.

Com. Surely you are in good hands. I read in the papers this week there is to be a meeting of representatives of the National Rifle Association to consider what is best to be done.

Eff. Vol. Not the first by many, my Lord. Meetings are always being held with the same object in view.

Com. Do you suggest that these meetings are useless?

Eff. Vol. Certainly, as two parties are pulling one against the other.

Com. How comes it there should be such an unfortunate situation?

Eff. Vol. I suppose, my Lord, because one party thinks more of soldiering than five-o'clock tea and picnics.

Com. Would you suggest that Wimbledon was used for either purpose?

Eff. Vol. I would. The Cottage was the rendezvous of the *crème de la crème* of Society—very good people in their way, but not likely to produce a Queen's Medallist.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Margaret. "PRAY SIT DOWN. I'M SO SORRY MAMMA AND MY SISTERS ARE OUT!"
 Shy Curate (who has called on Parish business). "OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT. ONE OF THE FAMILY IS QUITE ENOUGH!"

Com. And you think consideration for these distinguished persons keeps the question of a new site an open one?

Eff. Vol. I do. The people who used to come to Wimbledon to lounge on the lawn and eat ices are not likely to be satisfied if the new Shooting-ground is situated beyond striking distance of town. No doubt some of them might come to us on the tops of coaches, but only at considerable inconvenience.

Com. Then what would you suggest?

Eff. Vol. That the Volunteers, and the Volunteers only, should be considered, and Lady DE VERE and Lord MANIKIN should be told that their place is preferable to their company. What we want is a place where business, and business only, must have a call upon our attention.

Com. How would Aldershot do?

Eff. Vol. Admirably; and here (producing a list) is a paper containing a number of equally excellent sites. What we want is to have the matter settled at once, without further shillyshallying.

Com. I will see that your reasonable request meets with immediate compliance.

[The Witness thanked his Lordship, and retired.]

A CLEAR STAGE AND NO FAVOUR.

LAST Friday Mr. BANDMANN appeared before Mr. Justice STIRLING in the Chancery Division, and undertook to continue his previous undertaking not to perform *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* in the United Kingdom. If this example is followed, of what varied enjoyments the theatre-going public might be deprived, as for example,—

Mr. IRVING appeared before the Lord of the Barons, and undertook not to make a speech about the Drama in any part of the United Kingdom.

Mrs. KENDAL undertook not to come before the Curtain and address the audience in any part of Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. TOOLE appeared before the Lord Chief Justice, (who had never heard of the eminent Comedian, and asked who he was), and undertook not to tell JOSEPH HATTON any more stories, and never again to play in *Ici on Parle Français*.

Mr. W. F. HAWTREY promised never to appear again as a King in a classical burlesque.

Mr. TERRISS undertook not to perform the character of a genuine British Sailor, in London or the Provinces, after the termination of his present engagement.

Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON submitted to a perpetual injunction preventing him from ever playing in blank verse.

Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE undertook not to perform in Comic Opera within the United Kingdom.

Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE has undertaken to cease from appearing in *Matinées* within the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT appeared before everybody, and took a solemn pledge not to play again in any part of the United Kingdom.

OLD STYLE MODERNISED.—The Exchange Club, as a name, sounds well. Motto over the umbrella stand, "Exchange—no Robbery!" Members will be bound to exchange salutations and compliments every day. If the grill is to be a feature, the name "Exchange Club" is apparently only a new form of the old "Chop-House."

A LIFE-BOAT STORY.—In Three Acts.

A DOZEN of hearts! and a dozen of hands! and the courage of death!—'tis a Yorkshire boast; It was all they asked, one November noon, when a hurricane blew on the Whitby coast!



For a cry came over the wailing sands, and spread to the village, and swept through the street—
There 'll be widows to-morrow and fatherless bairns, for exposed to the storm is the fishermen's fleet!

There was not a minute to dream or to think: it was "Who's for the Life-boat?" and "Who's for the shore?"
Just a kissing of lips of the lasses they loved—just a sigh, and a cheer, and a grasp of the oar—

For the men out at sea were exposed to the storm; but they were not forgotten by "pals" on the land.

Whilst there's life there is hope—whilst there's strength there's a rope—the heart of a friend and the grasp of a hand.

Just picture the scene, O my brothers in town, with your petty annoyance and impotent strife; †

In the midst of our city it's Worship of Self! on the fishermen's coast it is Rescue! and Life!

Who's for the Life-boat? Strain your eyes, and deaden your ears from the shrieking wind;

The Answer's there! on the crested waves, in the hearts of the women they've left behind;

See! the cobbles are riding in dire distress! Will they reach the fleet? You may lay your life

There isn't a Yorkshire lad at the oar, who will bring discredit to mother or wife;

For nobody knows who's at sea or on shore—just a wild supplication that nobody dies,

When a blinding sleet sweeps the sea and the sand, and darkens the scene from the wondering eyes. Then a silence falls on the women who wait, and a cry rings out as they bend the knee—
For they drag two bodies half-drowned to land,—and the rest?—they are left in the raging sea!
Lost! when the moment of rescue came, lost! within sound of their loved and land.
So the night closed black on the Yorkshire coast, and a wail went over the lonely sand!

But the morning breaks, and the storm is past; and over the village, and into the street

The sun is shedding its wintry rays, on the scene where they fought for the fishermen's fleet;

And the sea is calm, and the sand is still, where they manned the boat and they went to death.

What's that?—out there in the Steamer's wake! Here, give us your glass! Then they held their breath,

And a beam of light shot out of the sky, and a cheer roared out of the Yorkshire throats

As they saw their Life-boat making Home with the rescued crews from the fishermen's boats!

"Never say die!" is the motto of men who fight to conquer and mean to win;

But it's well worth living to earn the tears that wept them out and that cheered them in!

So the tale is told! But there's something more, that can never be done by praise or pen,—

We must think of the sea when the tempests roar; and give of our gold to the Life-boat Men!

* * * The National Life-Boat Institution is to be found in John Street, Adelphi.

WALL-PAPER MONEY.

NOT a bad idea, that of taxing certain kinds of mural posters, which was lately started in the House of Commons. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was advised to turn his attention to pictorial mural atrocities—not being pictures by MURILLO—and so find a possible substitute for the Weal and 'Am Tax (since deceased). The name "Posters," it was observed, naturally suggested the idea of a Stamp being attached to them. GEORGE JOKIM didn't see the exact force of the suggestion at first; required peeing up in the details before approving; but admitted there might be something in it.

Here is a sort of Poster (not Postal) Tariff, which ought to find a place in any new edition of the old Stamp Act:—

For any Pictorial Advertisement of extra large size—a sort of four-poster—exhibited on any wall, hearing, scaffolding, or other public place £5 0 0

Additional stamp required, if the design and colouring fail to meet with the enthusiastic approbation of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, Professor RUSKIN, and the President of the Royal Academy £10 0 0

For every Advertisement which, after careful examination by a Committee composed of leading "realistic" Novelists and Playwrights, with the assistance of a picked body of nervous invalids, is pronounced to be "distinctly blood-curdling." 20 0 0

N.B.—Solitary confinement in a cell, the walls of which are papered with the posters, may, in the discretion of the Magistrate or Judge, be substituted for a pecuniary penalty.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR size, show, type, interesting matter, and admirable illustrations, I haven't seen a better book this booky season than

MACMILLAN'S *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*, charmingly illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON and HUGH THOMSON. The letterpress by OUTRAM TRISTRAM is not up to the excellence of the pictures. Nothing racy, nothing *Shandy*-an about this TRISTRAM. Pretty Christmas picture-card to send to a bachelor is that of the "Prize Babies." It can be purchased at ACKERMAN'S. But of all the pictures that take my fancy as appropriate to the coming Christmas time is RAPHAEL TUCK'S wonderful reproduction of RAPHAEL'S (without the TUCK) "*The Madonna; Sixtina*" in a frame closely copied from the one in which is the original at Dresden. An instance of the wonderful perfection attained by the chromo-lithographic process in reproducing a Master's work may be seen in the large chromo-lithograph of Sir JOHN MILLAIS' *Bubbles*, originally brought out by the *Illustrated London News*, and purchased as a decorative advertisement by the indefatigable Messrs. PEARS—"suro such a PEARS was never seen!"—which is now on view in the window of The Seaperies, New Oxford Street. This work of Young CHROMO might deceive even Sir JOHN himself. Now back to books again. I tried hard to fall in love with Lady LINDSAY'S *Caroline*, but couldn't manage it. I had to get out my skipping-rope, and then I went on by "leaps and bounds" to the finish. Perhaps if I were all alone on a wet day in a Scotch Inn, with only an out-of-date Guide-book, an ancient *Bradshaw*, and last week's local paper, I might find *Caroline* companionable.

My faithful "Co." utters a protest against *A Crown of Shame*, which, he says, is not very pleasant reading. Written by the

daughter of Captain MARRYAT, it lacks the breezy wholesomeness of the works of the author of *Midshipman Easy*. The scene is laid in the tropics or thereabouts, and the sickly atmosphere of feeble vice is rather overpowering. He has also read a very clever pamphlet called the *Dawn of the Nineteenth Century*, which conjures up a vision of the British Empire on the 1st of January, 1901, that must satisfy every one. In this glorious prospect the great Colonial question is solved, and Ireland, without the assistance of a House of Commons sitting in Dublin, is tranquil. "Co." insists upon expressing his high appreciation of the *Happy Thoughts Birthday Book*, compiled by a young lady whose surname is very familiar to him. "Co." has found the quotations most apposite to the anniversaries of his friends and relations. He says that the lines selected for ladies' birthdays are (as they should be) invariably complimentary, so that he has had the satisfaction of soliciting the autographs of two Maiden Aunts (from whom he has expectations), without running the risk of forfeiting their favour. He adds that it is quite the book for a Christmas present—a present, he humorously continues, which will also record the past.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

P.S.—Just seen latest number of *Our Celebrities*. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S portrait is, as it ought to be, A. 1, for A. 1, or ARTHUR THE FIRST he is as a Composer and as a humorist in music. He is sandwiched between His Grace of CANTERBURY and the eminent surgeon-artist and *littérateur*, Sir HENRY THOMPSON. Very appropriate the proximity of the latter to the Composer, as if Sir ARTHUR is ever hard up for a few notes, Sir HENRY can give him one of his delightful "octaves." B. DE B.-W.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"When I made that note last week about the Gentleman who has devised a new treatment for 'roaring' horses, I did not mean anyone in particular.

(Signed) "ROARY-UP-THE-HILLS."

OUR SPECIAL MUSICAL CRITIC (P).

THE great event of the week has, of course, been the production of DR. STEELING's much talked of Cantata, "The Old Home Farm," at the Northborough Festival. It was a happy idea on the part of DR. STEELING to secure the combined choirs of Northumberland and Cumberland, but considering that the gifted Doctor has always conducted Northumberland, it was rather surprising that Cumberland led. The general arrangements were not altogether satisfactory. In the first place, the New Town Hall, like most public buildings, has been erected with a total disregard to acoustic properties; the combined chorus was indistinct; the town band entirely drowned the *solis*; and I was not supplied with a programme, nor could one be got for love or money. I am, therefore, somewhat hampered in giving my analysis of the work, especially as I am unacquainted with the poem of "The Old Home Farm;" in fact, I never heard of it. Fortunately, I was seated next to a kind old gentleman who was well up in the subject, and said he had heard all the music before. The short overture, or rather prelude, to the Cantata was very effective. Avoiding the conventional crash "tutti," or the double *piano legato* strings, Dr. STEELING opens with the first and second horns thus:—

TWO OF "THE WORLD'S GREATEST WOMEN."
(Not hitherto included in any List.)



Mrs. Harris.

Mrs. Gamp.



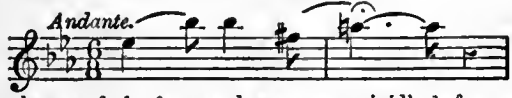
At intervals this is repeated very effectively. We are then introduced to the leading *motivo*:—



This is repeated *crescendo* until a sudden burst into the dominant with slight variation of the theme:—



There was a slight reminiscence of CZERNY's celebrated Op. 101, but the orchestral treatment was quite different. The opening chorus which my next-door neighbour informed me was entitled, "Hail, Melancholy Chanticleer," was simply remarkable for the occasional Oboë *obbligato*:—



But the charms of the farmyard were more vividly before us in the following passage:—

VIOLINI PRIMO.



A duet, between *Elsie*, the milk-girl, and *Squire Dunrobin*, in which, as far as I could tell, he was questioning her as to where she was proceeding, and the amount of her fortune before offering her marriage, was one of the most original compositions in the work, and DR. STEELING is much to be complimented. The great *tour de force*, however, was the grand chase by the farmer's dame after

three small animals that had intruded themselves, without invitation, upon the premises. The fact that the animals were totally deprived of vision rendered the situation more poetic, and accordingly more dramatic. In these *solis* and chorus the Doctor has surpassed himself. It thus opens quietly on the strings:—

Andante con cap.



CHIEF & BASS. *piss.*
This is repeated three times, when the wood-wind follow thus:—



Added to these is a third phrase:—



And when all were played together, with the full strength of the orchestra, the audience rose *en masse*, and, after expressing their opinion, sat down again. The *finale* was also effective. There were to be (so I understood) festivities by moonlight. The theme, suggesting the rising of the moon, was quite characteristic of the gifted composer:—

(The moon rises.) *Grave.*



In fact, the moon rose even higher, and nothing more suggestive of the rise of the moon has been heard since the song of *The Bedlamite* (with counter subject on the volovong and shoe-horn) in DR. STRAWS's *Water Cantata*, first performed at the Hæwell Festival. I thought the grand festival dance at the end slightly suggested an old tune—but I may be wrong; however the concluding bar were certainly original:—



THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—IN these dull December days we should be grateful to Sir JOHN GILBERT and the clever Ladies and Gentlemen who give us glimpses of sunshine, of breezy country, of sea and forest, of foreign countries, and London streets, in their best aspect. All these you can enjoy without the expense of travel, or the inconvenience of wet weather.



"Maxima debetur pueris."

Just drop in at the pleasant Gallery in Pall-Mall, and you will be able to personally conduct yourself—you must conduct yourself, or you will be reprimanded by the Secretary—to all sorts of delightful places, for one shilling. The Gallery is just the right size to prevent weariness. You will go away refreshed—though you are not admitted by refreshment-ticket—instead of suffering from that most terrible of maladies, the "exhibition headache."



THE REAL MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

SIGNOR FOGHORN, THE GREAT HIBERNIAN BASSO-TENORE ROBUSTO-PROFONDO, IS SO DISGUSTED AT THE FRIVOLITY OF CONTEMPORARY MUSICAL TASTE (WHICH IS NOT RIPE ENOUGH TO APPRECIATE HIM), THAT HE GIVES UP ALL ATTEMPTS TO PLEASE THE PRESENT GENERATION: HE BUYS A PHONOGRAPH INSTEAD, AND DEVOTES HIS ENERGIES TO SINGING FOR POSTERITY. BY APPLYING HIS EAR TO THIS MARVELLOUS INSTRUMENT IMMEDIATELY AFTER SINGING INTO IT, HE NOT ONLY HEARS HIS SONG ECHOED BACK TO HIM OUT OF THE DIM FUTURE, BUT HE ALSO HEARS THE RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE OF UNBORN MILLIONS!

[With Mr. Punch's compliments and apologies to Mr. Edison and Colonel Gouraud.]

"FREE LANCES!"

[General BOULANGER has sent a letter to M. DEROULEDE, thanking the members of the League of Patriots for their sentiments of devotion to the cause of the National Party, which they know to be that of patriotic, honest, and sincerely Republican France. —Times.]

First Free Lance (Boulangier).

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."
Ahem! No Tennysonian knight
Am I; yet 'twere not bad,
With matters in their present plight,
To pose as *Galahad*.

Second Free Lance (Grandolph).

Faith, how the swaggering Frenchman
flunts
His "stainless banner!" Bosh!
He'll find, for all his valorous vaunts,
That little game won't wash.
Fancy they hint the same of me,
The dells whose shields I strike;
But anyhow my lance is free
To couch 'gainst whom I like.

First Free Lance.

Pst! Caracole, my coal-black steed!
The populace love prance,
To nodding plumes they give good heed,
At least 'tis so in France.

A Gallic *Galahad*! Yonder youth
Is of another strain,
Much less like *Lancelot*, in sooth,
Than *Gareth* or *Gawaine*.

Second Free Lance.

"How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle to the end
To save from shame and thrall."
Ah, limpid Laureate, Primrose Dames
Rain favours upon me;
But as to championing their claims
A *outrance*!—we shall see!

First Free Lance.

"When on my goodly charger herne
Through cheering towns I go,"
BLOWITZ my bounce and *blague* may scorn,
But is he "in the know?"
Condottieri sometimes come
Like *SFORZA*, to the front.
Yon springald whom some deem a hum
May still prove "in the hunt."

Second Free Lance.

"A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear.
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here."
Humph! In or out I shall not blench,
But later I may find
The "heaven" of the Treasury Bench
A little to my mind.

First Free Lance.

I know my trade; with lance and blade
To fame I'll carve my way,
My foes are pariously afraid,
Whatever they may say.
Yon Briten is a *Puck*-like elf;
Seems out of it at present;
But he, like me, can make himself
Confoundedly unpleasant!

Second Free Lance.

Ho, there! Where go you, good my
friend?
You fight—beneath whose flag?

First Free Lance.

I go for Glery! That's my end!

Second Free Lance.

And mine. May sound like brag.

First Free Lance.

Oh, not at all! We shall arrive!
But by what road,—who knows?
I'll show my friends that I'm alive

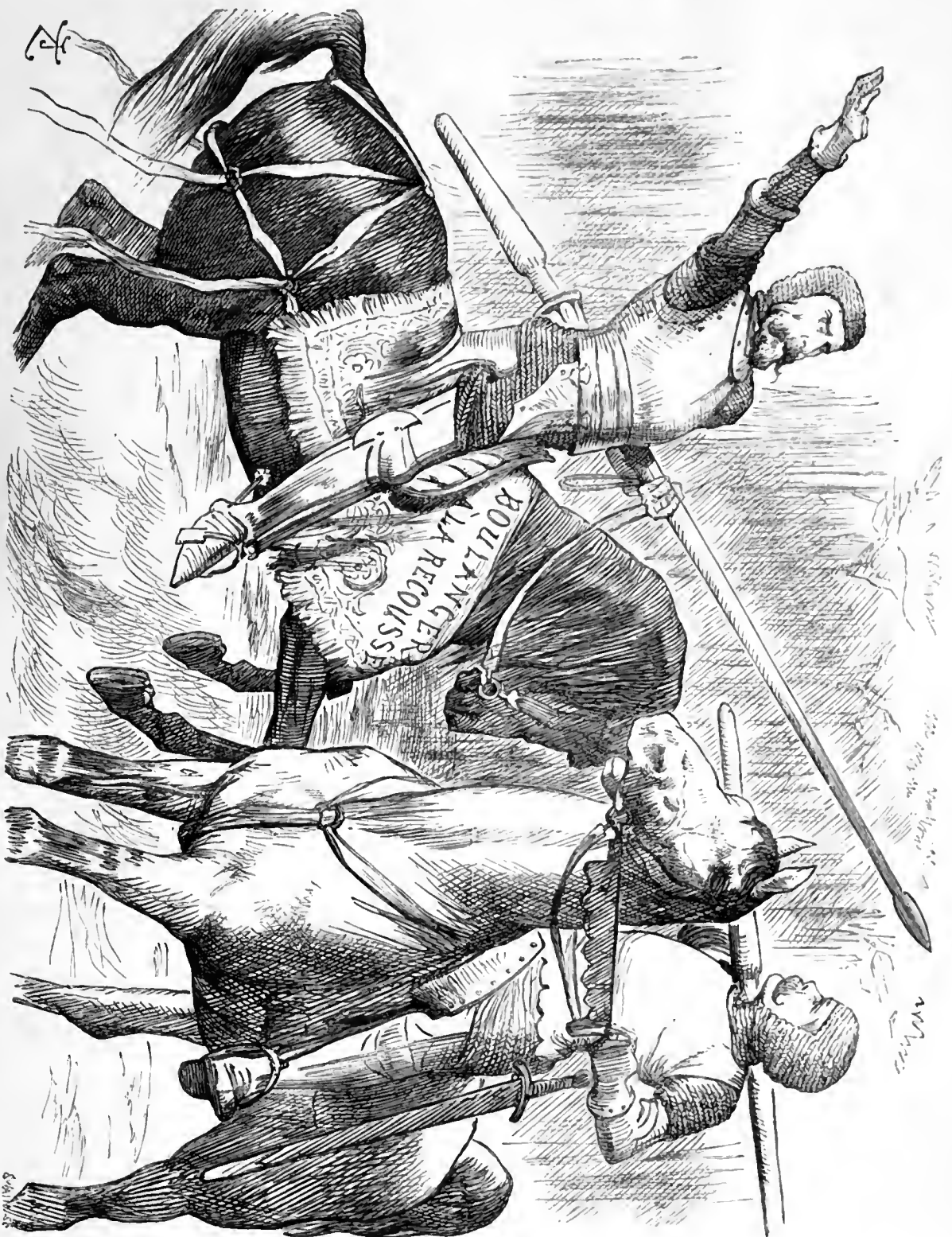
Second Free Lance.

And I'll inform my foes!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

End of Anarchy!

ORDER EVERYWHERE—Mr. Punch's
Almanack for 1889.



“FREE LANCES!”

FIRST FREE LANCE (BOULANGER). “AHA!—I GO TO DISTINGUISH MY-SELF!” SECOND FREE LANCE (GRANDPAIN). “AHEM!—SO DO I!” [Pronounced differently.]





VERY SIMPLE.

“IS THERE ANY WAY ACROSS THIS?”—“DO’NAW.” “ISN’T THERE A BRIDGE ANYWHERE?”—“DO’NAW.”
 “DOESN’T YOUR FATHER GO THIS WAY? HOW DOES HE GET ACROSS?”—“GENER’Y JOOMPS IT!”

A CITY IDYL.

“THERE’s a corner in pork, and a starling
 Is building her nest in the corner;
 And it’s oh, (it is always oh) my darling,
 There is hope in the heart of your City JACK
 HORNER,
 Who sits in the corner to pull out a plum.
 Then hey, for the bonny bright day that will
 come
 For you and for me, my darling!

“Money was hard, and your father was hard—
 Yarely is piping the starling—
 And we were depress’d as coffee or lard,
 But firm as copper, my darling!

“And your mother was brisk as inquiries for
 wheat—
 Cotton is weak in the glooming—
 For she thought that love’s call we should
 fail to meet,
 But like shard-borne beetles at twilight sweet
 The Jan Van Beers went booming.

“And bacon closed with a steady tone,
 Like choristers clearly quiring,
 And hogs were ten points up, my own,
 Like the solemn pine on the mountain lone,
 Or pinnales, cloud-aspiring.

“And closing prices, and stocks and shares
 Aro fair with a future pleasure,
 As I wander, a victim to shoeks and stares,
 In my mooning hours of leisure.

“For tin is as quiet as eventide,
 And ribs like the sun declining;
 But rails rule firm as my winsome bride,
 And love looks up like mining.

“And it’s oh, my love, my love,
 And it’s oh, my dear, my dear!
 I’ve done good work with the corner in pork,
 And better with Jan Van Beer.”

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the bulls and
 bears
 While the still morn went out in shirtings
 grey;
 He touch’d the tender stops of booms and
 scares,
 With eager thought warbling his Mincing
 Lay.
 He thought without alarm of settling day,
 Nor jumped with panic fear when prices fell
 Crashing, but every eye he took his way
 To Tooting, all his tale of love to tell
 While the stars rose, and wild swans left their
 haunts,
 Stags sought the pools, and the grand
 elephants
 Waved their Grand Trunks aloft, and all
 was well.

POOH-BAH-RINGTON HALL, ST. JAMES’S.

HAD *Brantinghame Hall* been written by
 anybody else but Mr. W. S. GILBERT, how
 he, the author of *Engaged* and *Ruddigore*,
 would have chafed it! How amateurish he
 would have considered the monotony of the
 stage-management, and how unmercifully he
 would have ridiculed the familiar melodra-
 matic characters, with their old-fashioned
 melodramatic staginess of action and dialogue.
 “I would be alone!” exclaims the broken-
 hearted old nobleman. “Let me pass!”
 exclaims the heroine, addressing the villain,
 who is not opposing her progress, and, if he
 were, she has the door open immediately
 behind her by which she has just entered.
 The villain mutters curses as he gloomily
 seats himself at a table. There is the good
 old family solicitor, the lost heir turning up
 again, the mortgage to be foreclosed by the
 villain, who, of course, is ready to sell every-

body up, if the persecuted heroine will not
 be his bride. There are a girl and boy, whose
 fun would be in keeping with the topsy-turvy
 eccentricities of a Savoy comic opera, but
 who are absurdly unnatural in the real life
 which the comedy is supposed to represent.
 Miss NEILSON is young and pretty. As yet
 she cannot act, and the sooner she unlearns
 what she has evidently been taught to con-
 sider acting the better for her future histrionic
 career. Mr. BARRINGTON is Mr. BARRINGTON
 with a palpably sham scalp. Poor Pooh-
 Bah-rington! how he must regret having
 quitted the gay Savoyards! At the finish of
 the play Miss NEILSON has to murmur, “Let
 us pray,” or only the word “pray,” appa-
 rently addressed to the audience, who, not
 having come to laugh, were unwilling to
 remain to pray, especially as at that moment
 the curtain was descending, and the piece
 was past praying for.

A Most Happy Thought.

AN admirable suggestion has been offered
 to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER,
 namely, the proposal of “substituting for
 the Wheel-Tax a stamp duty on bills, posters,
 placards, and other mural advertisements.”
 A very high amount of duty might be charged
 on those eyesores and nuisances without
 abating them, but in order to render it an
 alternative for the Wheel-Tax, the stamp
 must not be so heavy as to stamp them out.

ECCLESIASTICAL CÆSARISM.—*Julius v. the
 Bishop of Oxford.*

THE PARTY OF BOULANGER.—Loafers.



AN OPEN SECRET.

Mendicant. "PITY 'POOR BL—"
 Mendicant (forgetting himself). "UOH! 'CAUSE YER 'VE GOT A SHINEY 'AT, AN' A HEY-GLASS, AN' A 'REACH-ME-DOWN' HULSTER, AN' A NOBBY STICK, YER THINKS YERSELF SOMEBODY!"

HOW TO SCORE AT FOOTBALL.

CONSIDERING the importation of sheer ruffianism into the Football Field of late, it is quite clear that the method of scoring the points in that game should be modified to meet this new state of things. "Goals" and "Tries," indeed! Why count such merely adventitious trifles? It is high time to recognise the fact that the aim of the players is (apart from the all-important question of gate-money), not so much to win the game as to pound and pummel, mutilate and maim, and, if necessary, kill each other. Let, therefore, the rules be adjusted to the facts. Then we shall be candidly informed, that in a match between—say, the Mudford Mutilators and the Thumpington Thugs, the former team, (or, what is the same thing, gang of roughs) won the game by two deaths, three broken collar-bones, and four injured spines, as against one death, seven smashed ribs, and fourteen minor maimings scored by the latter. This literal and honest way of scoring the game will frankly enlighten the public as to its real nature, and doubtless induce all who are not trained brutes and natural bullies to keep out of that scene of ignoble rowdyism known as the Football Field.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

(New Society Version.)

"There is almost a craze for green in the world of fashion."—Daily News on "Evening Dress."

Belle of the Ball sings:—

Oh, some may bless the Emerald Isle,
 Some count her as our foe,
 For me, whilst Summer skies did smile,
 Now Winter winds do blow,—
 Whether in sunshine or in wet,
 (Though loyal to my Queen,)
 I kept and keep, without regret,
 The Wearing of the Green.

Sweet tint! I love you passing well
 With lilac at my breast,
 Laburnum in my skirts' broad swell,
 I look quite at my best.
 I overheard Lord RONALD say
 That I'm the Emerald Queen.
 May failure banish not away
 The Wearing of the Green!

Nay, MARIE, why that bitter sneer?
 Home Ruler? Fiddle-de-dee!
 I'm anti-Irish quite, my dear,
 Like all Society.

I dote upon our brave BALFOUR,
 PARNELL inspires my spleen;
 But all the same I do adore
 The Wearing of the Green!

Oh, I care not for the Thistle.
 And I care not for the Rose;
 But when the North winds whistle,
 Or when June noonday glows,
 Reds, blues, and pinks go friendless,
 No gaudy tints are seen;
 But I love with love that's endless
 The Wearing of the Green!

O sea-green silk; O sea-weed stuff!
 O verdant tintings all!
 Ye suit my beauty well enough
 At dinner, rout, or ball.
 How long the fashion yet may live
 Remaineth to be seen;
 But while it lasts my heart I'll give
 To the Wearing of the Green!

A MODEL MAN OF BUSINESS.—The HOLLINGSHEAD Testimonial List is open up to the end of the week. Apply to W. H. GRIFFITHS, Hon. Secretary, Shaftesbury Theatre. There never was a straighter and more trustworthy Manager of a Theatre than Practical JOHN at the Gaiety. His "No" meant "No," and his "Yes" meant "Yes." So no one could mistake his "Ayes" for his "Noes"; consequently there were no written agreements and no disagreements. Will he write his Reminiscences of the Gaiety as a new edition of the Chronicles of HOLLINGSHEAD (JOHN)?

YANKEE DOODLE.

(New Society Version.)

YANKEE DOODLE comes to town,
 Possessed of many a "pony";
 Bringing his lovely daughter with
 A view to Ma-tri-mo-ny.
 Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
 The dollars come in handy,
 Even to Dooks who have too few,
 But know the *Ars Amandi*.

Yankee Doodle rails at rank,
 That is for home consumption;
 But at swell relatives the Yank
 Don't kick,—he's too much gumption.
 Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
 Love is sweet as candy, [blue
 His daughters "reckon" blood that's
 Scarce spoils the British dandy.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
Harry Furniss EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, November 26.—“TOBY, M.P., Sir,” said JEREMIAH SULLIVAN, of the Irish Constabulary; “in my time I’ve made a good many arrests, but never before did I arrest the attention of the House of Commons; and bedad! if I can help it, I won’t do it again.”

A decent-looking man, JEREMIAH; a fine specimen of Irish Constabulary, but just now in rather limp condition.

“JEREMIAH,” I said, “these Lamentations are natural enough on your part. You’ve got into a mess; but cheer up; BALFOUR will never desert you. In the meantime let this be a lesson to you. Beware of females; run not after them. She is bad, but SHEEHY you find is a syllable worse.”

JEREMIAH a little puzzled with this simple impressive harangue; upset altogether with proceedings of evening. Told me all about it. Had summons handed to him to serve upon Member for South Galway. “Where’ll I find him?” said SULLIVAN. “House of Commons only known address in London,” says Superintendent. So JEREMIAH took

train for London, and bus to Westminster. Found way into Octagon Hall; admired statues of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and very big man with colossal legs and stupendous marble coat-flaps labelled, “IDLESLEIGH”; found two rows of people waiting at end of corridor leading to Commons.

“Is this the House of Commons?” says JEREMIAH, vainly looking for door-plate.

“It is,” said a Polite Policeman.

“Well, I’ve called upon Mr. SHEEHY,” says JEREMIAH. “Is there a knocker to the House-door, or d’ye ring a bell?”

“No,” says the Policeman. “You send in your eyard.”

JEREMIAH produced “eyard” with a flourish; handed it to Policeman between tips of thumb and finger, as he had seen the gentry do on the stage.

“Maybe,” says JEREMIAH to himself, “if the master’s not at home, they’ll ask me into the kitchen, and give me a drop of something.”

Waited quarter of an hour; then SHEEHY discovered sauntering down corridor.

"Who wants Mr. SHEEHY?" Polite Policeman bawled.



Sending in his Cyard.

heard nothing more till I was taken before a lot o' gentlemen in a small room with nothing to drink and accused of undermining the British Constitution. It was a sore day when I left Limerick, and when I get back, begorrah, I'll go no more a visiting the gentry."

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill in Committee. Very dull. SHEEHY suddenly bolts in; breathlessly declares he has had summons served on him in precincts of the House; uproar; confusion; Select Committee appointed to consider affair; Sitting suspended till Ten o'Clock; then Committee on Land Purchase Bill resumed. Continued at it till early morning, with pretty appearance of nothing particular having happened in meanwhile.

Tuesday.—DONALD CURRIE wants to know what's this about STUART-RENDELL and the G. O. M.? S. R. has placed his house at his disposal during stay in London; now making holiday arrangements for him in the winter; keeping open house at Naples with a back garden and property trees to cut down before breakfast.

"A gross infringement of my patent," says CURRIE. "I invented that at least four years ago. Who took him out touring round the coast in the *Grantully Castle*? Who gave him a cheap trip all round the Island? Who fetched his medicine, and who warmed his gruel? Who smoothed his pillow and looked after him generally?"

"Why you did," I said, entering warmly into his enthusiasm. "And when he got well he made you a Baronet. Now you've joined the other gentlemen of England, and try to thwart his policy."

"Just so; but that sort of thing ought to be protected by law, like any other invention. I don't mind being imitated. Have often heard OLD MORALITY say that the sincerest imitation is flattery. But let due acknowledgment be made. Let STUART RENDELL unto CURRIE the things that are DONALD'S." And the old gentleman, thrusting his hands into trousers' pockets, angrily strode off. Glad he went away just then. So angry that his conversation was getting a little mixed, and he was beginning to look at me as if I had been infringing his patent.



He strode away in anger.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will

"Troth an' I do," said JEREMIAH.

"Then step inside," said the P.P.

JEREMIAH advanced. SHEEHY, thinking it was a constituent, warmly shook hands with him. JEREMIAH much touched at this friendliness; SHEEHY evidently going to make things pleasant; so JEREMIAH whispered in his ear,—

"I've got a little summons for you, Sorr. Would you step outside, and accept service?"

"Wha t!" roared SHEEHY, and bolted into House.

"And wid that," said JEREMIAH, mopping his moist forehead, "I

Quiet night in House; much disappointment among Irish Members who know summonses are out against them. Found them wandering about the Corridor where valiant SHEEHY met JEREMIAH SULLIVAN; perambulating outer lobby; knocking up against any man who looks like member of Royal Irish Constabulary; draw a blank. Police wary after last night's scene. Positively decline to serve summonses, and SHEEHY left in sole possession of pre-eminence.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—HOWORTH wants to know how about the Aged P.—not Wemmick's father, who lived in a little wooden cottage at Walworth surrounded by a moat, the object of tenderest solicitude on the part of his son. It was Aged Prelates HOWORTH was anxious about. Seems there are two in England and Wales over seventy-seven, and three whose years have reached fourscore. HOWORTH thinks it's time they should retire. If not, will OLD MORALITY bring in a Bill rendering retirement compulsory? Before he could answer, JOHNSTON, of Ballykilbeg, on his feet, his aggressive beard waving like blood-red flag.

"All very well," he shouted, "to talk about the Aged P., but what about the Aged G.? If some Bishops are seventy-seven and others eighty, how old is GLADSTONE?"

JOHNSTON has 'em there; sits down triumphantly. OLD MORALITY declines to do little sum. "Ha! ha!" says JOHNSTON, truculently waving his blood-red beard.

As for Aged P.'s, OLD MORALITY makes interesting statement that, "the more aged they get, the more active are they in the discharge of their duties and the fuller their possession of their mental faculties." House laughs riotously. But this nothing to its uproarious delight over OLD MORALITY'S summary of the Plan of Campaign at Suakim. British troops ordered to Suakim; storm of anxious questions from all parts of House as to what they are to do there, what will follow on new expedition, and who is to pay the cost?

"I wish," said OLD MORALITY, pulling out his stock of copy-book headings, "to be perfectly frank and candid with the House. A few battalions of troops are being moved from Cairo to Suakim, and they will be moved back again from Suakim to Cairo."

House roared with laughter. ABRAHAM (Glamorganshire, not Arabia), inflating his bosom, softly sings:—

"The gallant Duke of York! he had ten thousand men,
He marched them up to top of hill, and marched them down again."

OLD MORALITY began to feel uncomfortable. Surely hadn't made another joke like last week, when he dropped into declaration of Home Rule principles? Hurriedly turned over copy-book headings. No; there it was all right. Firmly repeated. "Troops are being moved from Cairo to Suakim, and would be moved back from Suakim to Cairo." House goes into shrieks of laughter. OLD MORALITY, gazing round with dumbly inquiring look, concludes he had better sit down, which he does.

"They're too much for me, sometimes, TOBY," he said wearily. "Suddenly break out laughing when I was never so serious in my life."

Pretty lively night all through till Half-past Eleven, when news comes from Holborn. Satisfaction impartially distributed. First it was said Liberal had got in; Opposition rose like one man and madly cheered; turned out that Conservative had kept the seat; Ministerialists up now, vociferously shouting. Each having had their turn, both went home.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill read Third Time.

Friday.—A good long grind at Committee of Supply. Got many votes—one on behalf of distressed Spaniards, who rendered assistance to Great Britain in time of Peninsular War. Only five of these remarkably lusty persons living. Money cheerfully voted, in spite of nasty remarks from Irish Members.

"Must be getting on in life now," said HOWORTH. "Aged Prelates nothing to these Aged Peninsulars, who fought against BONAPARTE eighty-four years ago."

"There is nothing further from my intention than to hide anything from the House," said OLD MORALITY, who had recovered his spirits; "but Age is always Venerable." That settled it. Vote agreed to.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.



Letter-writer to the Times.
"Let me at him!"

A GROVE OF BLARNEY.

SIR G. G., Director of the Royal College of Music, wrote last week to the *Times* a letter, complaining that nobody knows anything about the Scholarships of his Institution the R. C. M.



Sir George Grove writing a long note.

The letter was evidently intended for a musical setting, and not having time at our disposal for this, we will just give one extract, with our idea of what it wants to make it half effective, so as to reach the masses.

He wrote thus:—"The Prince of Wales" (*Triumphal Hymn*—"Bless the Prince," &c.), "with great wisdom" (*Harps and trumpets; wind and string: obbligato pomposo*), "as it seems to me" (so 'umble! bless him! *Violin squirmoso* . . . But it is well to remind Sir G. G. that Sir A. S. has already used this very phrase in the great duet

between *Bouncer* and *Cox*, in *Cox and Box*, "Or as it seems to me," "precisely," "quite so," "then we both agree," &c.), "ordained," (*full orchestra, fortissimo crasho, majestosissimo grandissimo*)—and then follows what the superior wisdom had ordained; namely, that throughout the length and breadth of the land the municipal bodies should make known the existence of these scholarships which are like the Waverley Pen "a boon and a blessing to men." So mote it be! After *Mr. Punch* has suggested the proper musical form of publicity, it ought not, at all events, to be Sir GEORGE GROVE of Blarney's fault, if his ships, his well-found scholar-ships, are not duly manned.

MR. PUNCH'S "CHRISTMAS ANNUAL" ALPHABET.

- A** is the Christmas Annual (so called, you may remember, because it's set-up in July, and published in September).
- B** is the Baby stealing jam—with pinafore and list messy! (This style of "Coloured Subject" is considered very Christmassy.)
- C** is the Carol, sung in snow. If anybody bets on it, [on it. We'll wager there's a window-blind somewhere, with silhouettes
- D** is the Dancing in the Hall, where you'll a tiny flirt see In rollicking "Sir Roger" make her Grandpapa a curtsey.
- E** is the Editorial, which explains each illustration. (In many cases *not* a work of super-erogation!)
- F** is the Fun, which *ice* should not—perhaps we're hyper-critical!—At any other time of year particularly witty call.
- G** is the Girl with tennis-bat, inside a hammock sleeping, Charming, and with the Season, too, so thoroughly in keeping!
- H** stands for Holly. Formerly some pretty maid with joy cut it, If Artists brought in Holly *now*—the Editor would boycott it!
- I** is the Ice, of course, a crowd of merry school-boys skating on it—But, as the subject's overdone, we need not be dilating on it.
- J** is the Jollity in which all hearts should join harmonic; But Annuals "in the movement" take a point of view sardenic.
- K**'s Kissing 'neath the Mistletoe. Once *everyone* was doing it: All high-class Illustrators now are rigidly taboing it.
- L** is the Log they burnt at Yule. 'Tis long ago since *we* did it! These patent gas-stoves possibly have somewhat superseded it.
- M** stands for Mistletoe—and here we *should* require apology, Did we omit some mention of "Druidical Theology."
- N** is the Novelist whose tale is portioned 'mongst the pictures. (As no one ever reads it, he is safe from any strictures.)
- O** is Originality—why hanker for a touch of it? [of it! The Public's quite contented, though they mayn't be given much
- P**'s Pathos; if your eye is moist, be not ashamed to dab it! It is a touching subject—"Child, with invalidated rabbit."
- Q** is the Queen of Twelfth Night Feast, by drawing lots elected, But that comes after Christmas, and may safely be neglected!
- R** stands for Robin. How upon his breast they used to dash on The liberal crimson! now the bird is fallen out of fashion.
- S** is the Satire, harmless chaff on Persons in Society. ("Smart" Annuals supply it now in every variety.)

- T**'s a good Title: "SELKIRK hears the distant church-bells chime." Or—"Prehistoric Christmas, in the Tertiary Time."
- U** is the Undecided Man, who tries to choose an Annual, [new all! From the dozens on the bookstall, where they look so spick and span
- V** is the Verse, which Editors o'er vacant spaces scatter, It generally rhymes and scans—if not, it wouldn't matter!
- W**'s the Wrapper; as a work of Art, it is surprising, And forms the best of mediums, too, for those who're advertising.
- X** is the Xtra Supplement. Subscribers who are slatterns, May find their taste corrected by the "Gratis Sheet of Patterns."
- Y** stands for Yule—a term which makes some people rather restive, But it means the same as "Christmas," and, in print, it looks more festive!
- Z** is the Zest with which (although there's little new or funny in 'em), We pounce upon the Annuals, and invest our surplus money in 'em.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MISTAKEN PRESCRIPTION.—You have totally misread our recipe. It was not three "pints" of Condy's Fluid that you were to have added to the basin of water which was to have served as a refreshing lotion for your face, but three *drops*. The result, of course, can only have been what you have described. We are not surprised to hear that your face has become a deep rich orange-brown. This is, of course, a little awkward, if you happen to be dining out. But you must not be impatient. It will possibly wear itself off in the course of a few months.

A STRENGTHENING REGIMEN.—When you say that you feel at times "as if a steam-roller were going over you," you describe your symptoms, no doubt, accurately, but there is really nothing serious the matter with you. You had, however, perhaps, better take a tumbler of hot cod-liver oil, mixed with rum, before your meals, five times a day, and every half-hour a good wine-glass of Bloxter's Dyspeptic Elixir, alternating this, if you find the former pall a little upon you, with a quart of real turtle, water-gruel, or Fincher's Prepared Magnesia Paste. Keep to a generous diet, and eat as much pork, pastry, pickles, cheese, cucumbers, anchovies, and walnuts, as you can conveniently manage. Should the slight giddiness you mention continue, or even increase, after you have habituated yourself to this diet, endeavour to run a mile immediately after every meal, when no doubt it will pass off. A persistent effort in this direction for six months will make another man of you. By the bye, do not forget your hot mustard plunge-bath before going to bed every night.

HUNTING PROBLEM.—It is a pity that before inviting your sporting friends down to your new "place," and promising them a mount, you did not discover that not a pack of hounds met anywhere within twenty-five miles of it. However, you are evidently doing your best to remedy your mistake. Your sending off a cheque for ten pounds to the Battersea Home for Lost Dogs, with a request that the Manager would forward you "immediately by return" a miscellaneous dozen of them, and your opening negotiations with the local circus to which you refer, to get up something like a meet on your lawn on the morrow of your friends' arrival, were both happy inspirations. Perhaps the circus people might be able to supply you with a tame fox, or, if nothing better could be found, even a performing bear, which would almost complete your arrangements for your anticipated "run." If your friends are not very "keen," we dare say you will pull the thing through comfortably enough. Anyhow, we shall be glad to hear from you how it has gone off.

ECONOMICAL WEDDING PRESENT.—We should certainly have thought that the young couple you mention would have been highly delighted with the three-and-sixpenny set of bedroom fire-irons with which you presented them, and would much have appreciated your kind offer to change them either for a black coal scuttle, metal gravy spoon, rolling-pin or kitchen umbrella if they would rather have preferred one of the above-named articles, and we cannot understand your having received no acknowledgment of your gift. As, however, the presents will probably be displayed at the wedding breakfast, and ticketed with the donor's names, perhaps you might find it more agreeable to be out of the way. We should advise you to absent yourself from the ceremony.

LATEST ADDITION TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



Delight of Moore on hearing that Burgess had been made an R.A.

“APPLIED ART;” OR. HOW TO DIRECT PUBLIC TASTE.



Moral (to Royal Academicians, from the President's Address).—"IF YOU WANT A THING WELL DONE, DO IT YOURSELVES."

Sir F. L-ght-n. Good boys! The new Renaissance moves; Beauty's no more non-resident; [President! And oh, the happiness it brings to an æsthetic H-rs-l-y. No doubt, for you, like me, dear boy, are nothing if not subtle,

I hope you'll find the "precious spark," Sir FREDERICK, in my scuttle. What fitter place for "fire-germs"? You're the new Prometheus, clearly, And your language, well, you know, it's *merum neclar*—honey merely.

T-d-ma. "Confectionery," H-rs-l-y! If you quote, man, do not garble. But what d'ye think, Sir FREDERICK, of my hip-bath carved in marble? Could Persia or Pompeii, aye, or even happy Proston,

Produce a thing it would more truly please your eye to rest on?
Sir F. L-ght-n. Most admirable, ALMA! When the chisel
 or the pencil [utensil,
 Of the true Promethean artist shapes the humblest house-
 Then the chill Philistine world will feel "the vital flame of
 beauty."

A consummation we must aid. 'Tis clearly Art's first duty.
M-rks. Of course! A common kettle is a brutal bit of work;
 But when 'tis no more "Sukey," but a penguin, crane, or stork,
 With a handle like a pair of wings, a spout that's like a beak,
 Then, by Jove! it knocks CELLINI to the middle of next week.

Sir F. L-ght-n. Your rhetoric, my M-RKS, is not too sugary
 or saccharine.

M-rks. Well, I don't mind something prettyish to put my
 beer or bacca in;

But as to pretty-pretty in my patter—that's all flummery.
Sir F. L-ght-n. Well, your kettle does you credit, though
 your style is somewhat summary.

The true receptive readiness, the growing malleability,
 The definite intuition, the æsthetic agility,
 That England lacks so sadly, will, no doubt, increase by culture,
 And a fork that's like an eagle, or a spoon that apes a vulture,
 Perchance in time will turn a guzzling Aldermanic ninny
 Into a much more suitable companion for a PLINY.

Fancy Philistia civilised through the kitchen and the pantry
 Pompeii left a blessing bequest than—we'll say CHANTREY.

Orch-rds-n. From bluntness of perception there's no doubt
 the public suffers,

But this decorative candlestick, and these æsthetic snuffers,
 I fancy ought to fetch it, and to make in its dull head room
 For an adequate perception of Art-beauty in the bedroom.

Sir F. L-ght-n. I'm glad you take my cue, dear Q., and see
 that what I simply meant [plement.

Was this, that Art should permeate the humblest household im-
M-l-s. Simply! Well, that's a twister. Though you're
 truly Ciceronian,

In exuberant verbosity you're transcendently Gladstonian,
 I won't say meretricious, that would make your fine taste queasy,
 But I'm hanged if you are simple, and I'm dashed if you are
 easy.

That "fire-germ of living beauty," in a lamp now, or a ladle,
 In a spit, or in a pipkin, in a cauldron or a cradle,
 What precisely is its meaning?

G-d-ll. Look at my Perambulator,
 And I think you'll twig at once, JOHN. As Domestic Decorator
 I conceive I've found my *métier*.

P-ynt-r. Then I hope you won't get out of it!
 The Pap-Bowl is important in its way, there's not a doubt
 of it. [relish it

'Tis the Englishman's Palladium, but do you think he'll
 A morsel more, if, with Minerva's owl, we chaps embellish it?

Sir F. L-ght-n. That precisely is the object of our latest Art
 evangel. [an angel."

M-l-s. Well, upon the strings of eloquence you "fiddle like
 But we are not now at Liverpool, nor with CELLINI toiling.
 How can we banish Ugliness, yet keep our own pots boiling?
 That's what I want to know, dear boy!

Sir F. L-ght-n. No longer worship Mammon!
M-l-s. Humph! Coming from us fellows, don't you think
 that sounds like gammon?

Sir F. L-ght-n. Let's generate an atmosphere that does not
 reek of money;

Shun all that smacks of clap-trap, or is focussed to the funny.
 Yes! Glittering gold should have no fascination for the
 Master, [plaster

His aim should always be High Art, though clothed in vulgar
M-l-s. Mine is in meerschaum, as you see, this time. But
 fancy smoking [joking

My well-loved baccy in this thing! Sir FREDERICK, you are
 Can we expect the public to develop "intuition"

Upon what's set before it at our Annual Exhibition,
 Where the vulgar and the vapid, like the gazers, crush and jostle?

Of course, FRED, if a fellow means to be an Art Apostle
 And take his vows of poverty—

All. Oh, hang it, that's not good enough!
M-l-s. And toil enough, and stint enough, and o'er his labour
 brood enough, [and Fashion—

And shun the Swells, and cut the Clubs, and chuck up Fun
 In fact pursue his mission with self-sacrificing passion;

He may, perchance, in time, assist in definitely moulding
 That public taste which you have been so eloquently scolding.

But—who is going to begin? Mammon must be resisted,
 If the best talent in the Cause of Beauty be enlisted.

Her cause is a most glorious one, we Artists should be lead to it;
 But if we'd smash the Golden Calf, 'tis clear we must not
 kneel to it!



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Doctor. "WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR YOU TO DO—YOU MUST
 GO YACHTING FOR NINE MONTHS!"

Patient. "OH! THAT COSTS SO MUCH MONEY—BESIDES I'M A BAD SAILOR
 —IS THERE NO ALTERNATIVE?"

Doctor. "WELL—YES—BY NO MEANS AN EXPENSIVE ONE—NOR ONE THAT
 WILL MAKE YOU SICK! DON'T EAT SO MUCH!" [Patient chooses the Yacht.

OH (FOLK) LAW!

MR. ANDREW LANG, in his Presidential address to the members of the
 Folk Lore Society, alluded to modern slang expressions as belonging to a
 branch of popular etymology. He particularly alluded to the "Oof bird,"
 which, he said, "he understood to refer in some way to the accumulation
 of wealth." He suggested that it might be argued that "Oof was a cor-
 ruption of the French *ouf*, an egg, and that reference was made to the
 Goose with the Golden Eggs." Always ready to assist historical research,
Mr. Punch gives a few ancient phrases, with their probable derivations:—

"All Round my Hat!" Evidently connected with the noble house
 of CECIL, who resided at Hatfield. Queen ELIZABETH once visited a
 SALISBURY at Hatfield, and, doubtless, asked to be taken "round."

"Pop Goes the Weasel!" Connected with the spending of money
 = "That's the way the money goes—Pop goes the Weasel!" To "pop"
 is a quaint expression for raising money on the security of personalty of
 an insignificant description. "Pop goes the Weasel" may be read, "the
 weasel goes pop—or popping," i.e., visits a pawnbroker. Why a weasel
 should have been selected is unknown, unless the animal was the crest of
 some of the earlier Lombards. This is not impossible, as a weasel is
 described as a creature that can never be caught slumbering; denoting,
 therefore, a fund of extra intelligence.

"Or any other Man." This catch-phrase was very popular some ten
 or twenty years (time passes so swiftly) ago. No doubt it should be
 "author man." An "author" man is, nine times out of ten, superior to
 any one else, and thus the saying, which was originated with a view to
 create attention, is calculated to carry out that object. It is said that it
 was invented in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, but this may be
 because the first to use the phrase was a Christy Minstrel, who may have
 been a descendant of the guard that attended the dowry of Madras which
 the swarthy STEWART took on his marriage to his wife.

It need be scarcely added that *Mr. Punch* will be glad to receive any
 further information on the subject that any member of the Folk-Lore
 Society may be pleased to send to him. He would receive it for the
 sake of "Auld Lang Syne," as their President Merry ANDREW would say.

PLAY-TIME ALL ROUND.

ARTHUR ROBERTS himself is as funny as ever in the new *opéra bouffe*, *Nadgy*, at the Avenue Theatre, though he has not been provided with sufficient material for his exuberant humour; that is, up to now. His lesson in deportment to the Ladies, especially when he shows them how to behave at a Linen-draper's, is capital fun. But I expect that, about Christmas-time, there will be something introduced into the Third Act, where the fun somewhat flags. The "Zim zim zig-a-zig" duet is amusing, and obtains as many encores as ARTHUR ROBERTS and his very talented assistant Mlle. VANONI



The two Zig-a-Zigs showing a clean pair of heels to the Audience. feel inclined to take. When they are exhausted, they shake the dust of the stage off their shoes at the wings, and, unfortunately, have no other scene together.

Nadgy has a good plot and some smart dialogue, and the Composer has hit upon some pretty melodies, of which the most taking, if not the best, is the tenor song, admirably given by the still "Jolly" party of the name of TAPLEY. Mr. MARSH has very little to sing or do, but he does that little well; and Miss GIULIA WARWICK looks every inch a Princess, and a little over, and she makes the most of the not very effective music that falls to her share. Mr. DALLAS, as the gay old *Margrave*—(I wonder ARTHUR ROBERTS doesn't call him "Margate" by accident, and then make a mistake, and address him as "Ramsgate," and then as "Pegwell")—is just what I should imagine a gay old *Margrave* would be if he were Mr. DALLAS. He has some funny lines to deliver, and now and then, like *Cox*, in *Box and Cox*, he "joins in a chorus," and, as an Irish witness from the Special Commission would say, "he occasionally takes his part in a solo."

Miss SALLIE TURNER is one of the merriest sallies in the piece. ARTHUR ROBERTS, to whom I cannot help returning, as, after all, or before all, he is the principal attraction, is irresistibly comic in his sentimental speeches, which invariably terminate with a request that he may be allowed to explain a little puzzle.

Nadgy is bright and lively; dresses and scenes brilliant. Mons. MARIUS has put it on the stage in first-rate style. "A Mons. MARIUS for a' that!" as anybody may exclaim who has an *opéra bouffe* to produce, and is looking out for a Stage Manager. I suppose that, as the piece here owes all its success to Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, the audience on a first night don't call for "Author! Author!" but for "ARTHUR! ARTHUR!" Can anything of this sort be a failure with him in it? and ROBERTS + VANONI = Certain Success. Q. E. D.

Plenty of stir in the Operatic World. *Dorothy* still running; has run over to the Lyric, *Paul Jones* coming to the Prince of Wales's. Perhaps before Pooh-Bah-rington & Co. decide on the withdrawal



Princess Giulia Warwick, "Oh! he's my Marsh!"

of W. S. GILBERT'S [Pooh-Bah-rington Hall at the St. James's, Sir ARTHUR may be called in to introduce a duet between Miss NEILSON, who, I hear, has a nice voice, and Pooh-Bah-rington, with a dance modelled on that of the Dancing Quakers, or the P.-Bah and JESSIE BOND'S eccentric *pas de deux* in *Ruddigore*. The introduction might be too late to save the piece, but it would make a fine festive finish for the last night, and would draw one big house at all events, to speed the parting guest. In answer to numerous inquiries, the first initial in W. S. GILBERT'S name does stand for WILLIAM, but the second—the "S"—does not stand for SHAKSPEARE.

DRURIOLANUS is busy with his Pantomime. He does the thing thoroughly. Not a big head that he doesn't try on, not a trap on which he doesn't go down, or be shot up. Not a wire that is to carry a fairy that either he, or his indefatigable private secretary and literary adviser, does not fly across the stage upon, before allowing a *fée* or a *coryphée* to essay it. The flying fairies are so fond of their profession, that they soon become strongly attached to the wires that are to carry them. Fact. *The Babes in the Wood* is, as every one now knows, the subject. What are the odds against something being said about a "whine in the wood" in the course of the Pantomime? Last night of *Armada* on the 15th and abdication of Queen ELIZABETH. PRIVATE BOX.

VOCES POPULI.

A GAME OF BILLIARDS.

SCENE—A Hotel Billiard-room—anywhere. Mr. BALK and Mr. FOOTLER discovered about to begin a game. Captain HAZARD and Mr. SPOTTESBARDE, who have come in just too late to secure the table, seat themselves on bench, and look on. A Friend of Mr. FOOTLER'S is smoking in the background.

Capt. Hazard (in an undertone to Mr. S.). They won't be long. We shall get a game before they close—it's only a quarter-past ten now.

Mr. Footler (a weedy, limp man, with spectacles, and a mild expression). It's ages since I've touched a cue—you ought to give me something, really.

Mr. Balk (short, stout, and self-satisfied). All right! How much?—will seventy do?

Mr. F. (a little hurt). Oh, I'm not so bad as all that—say twenty-five. [Chooses a cue with great circumspection.]

Mr. Footler's Friend. I shall put a shilling on you, FREDDY, my boy—so play up!

Mr. Balk. I'll break. I always make it a rule to play for safety. (Makes a miss in baulk, but manages somehow to leave his ball near centre pocket). Ah! (with an air of reproaching somebody else) too fine, too fine!

Mr. F. (chalking his cue). You've left me a chance there. Let me see—perhaps I'd better leave you where you are for the present, hit the red first, and come back to you afterwards? I think that's the better game.

Capt. H. (aside, to Mr. S.). Seems to think he's playing parlour croquet!

Mr. F. (after shifting the position of his left hand several times, and agitating the end of his cue, misses red ball, and lands himself eventually in corner pocket). I've let you off, you see! Now how the dickens did I do that, I wonder?

Mr. B. Can't say, I'm sure—that's three to me (after playing). Ha! I've left 'em for you again.

Mr. F. I can't do anything. . . . There, didn't I tell you so? But I've saved my miss, anyway!

Mr. B. (walking round table). I ought to do something here. Yes, I shall hit the red very fine, and go in off him into the left-hand top-pocket—that's the proper game (plays). Te-hee! Too much side on!

Capt. H. (sotto voce). He's right there!

Mr. Footler (flurried). My turn, is it? But—er—where's my ball—eh?

Mr. Balk (good-humouredly). Why, you see, you got into one of the pockets, old fellow, out of my way.

Mr. F. Ha! ha! So I did. I—I thought it was the best thing to do. What's the game, Marker?

Marker. Twenty-seven. Three.

Mr. F. I don't like potting my adversary's ball—but you leave me no choice. [Plays.]

Marker. Three. Twenty-seven.

Mr. Balk (encouragingly). Very near, very near, Sir. Well, you haven't left me much.

Mr. F. (laughing feebly). No, I—I couldn't afford to. (Mr. BALK makes an easy cannon). Oh, good shot!

Mr. B. (complacently). Ah, I'm getting my eye in now. [Strikes sharply, and sends ball off the table.]

Capt. H. (aside). (He'll be getting somebody's eye out presently! Mr. B. (receiving ball). Thanks—much obliged. (Explanatorily to F.) I put rather too much screw on that time.

Mr. F. (with pride). That's another to me, Marker!

[Makes a cannon.

Mr. B. (patronisingly). There, you see, you can hit 'em when you take a little trouble. Not a bad stroke at all.

Mr. F. (modestly). I'm afraid it was a bit of a fluke. Oh, I go on playing, don't I? That's two to me, Marker—(after playing again) . . . and another to this gentleman.

Mr. B. (plays, and makes another cannon). I played for that. Creeping up to you, FOOTLER, eh!

[Later. Mr. FOOTLER'S score is thirty-five—Mr. BALK'S, nineteen. Mr. FOOTLER is benignly patronising; Mr. BALK gloomy, and inclined to cavil.

Mr. F. (beaming with honest pleasure). Five more to me, Marker! I hope you're keeping the score correctly?

Mr. B. Well, you aren't going to tell me you tried for that! . . . Two more! Come, I say—it's impossible to play against such flukes as that—you played to go in off the red.

Mr. F. Oh, n-not altogether . . . (misses). There, you can't say I didn't try for that!

Mr. B. (seanning the cloth). Um—don't like this at all . . . Shan't score this time. (He doesn't). Now you've got me! (Gloomily).

Mr. B. (disgustedly). There, I never saw the balls run as they do for you in all my life!

Mr. F. (generously). Well, you're not in form to-night—I can see that.

Mr. B. Form! What good's form against such infernal fluking? There—go on—it's you to play!

Mr. F. I was just looking round the table, that's all. Well, I shall have a shot at the double event . . . Oh, hard luck!

Mr. B. (growling). Hard luck? Hard stroke, you mean! (Plays.) Was that a cannon, Marker?

Marker (imperturbably). No, Sir—nothing, Sir.

Mr. B. (hopelessly). It's no use—they won't run for me to-night!

Mr. Footler. Here, Marker, jigger, please. Is the red ball clear of the cushion?

Marker (inspecting it). Good half-inch, Sir!

Mr. F. Then that's my game. (After playing.) Phew! a mile off! You may beat me yet, old fellow.

Mr. B. Not to-night. I can't do anything. . . . There, ever see anything like that in your life?

Capt. H. (in an undertone). I'm hanged if I ever did! They ought to rent a table by the week if they want to play a game out!

Mr. F. Long game this! Tell you what, BALK, if you like to take that twenty-five back, I've no objection!

Mr. F.'s Friend. Oh, I say—and how about my shilling?

Mr. B. (annoyed). Don't be too confident, FOOTLER; I shall catch you up yet. I play a waiting game.

Capt. H. Jove—and so do we!

Mr. B. I wouldn't make too sure of that shilling, JONES, the game isn't over yet by a long way.

Marker (confidentially). Beg pardon, Gentlemen, but it's getting late, and these other Gentlemen are waiting to play—would you mind playing fifty instead of a hundred up? Makes a shorter game, Gentlemen.

Mr. F. Well, I'm quite willing.

Mr. B. Of course you are! But I never meant to give you twenty-five in fifty—I'd give nobody such long odds as that.

Mr. F. Then, look here, suppose we play fifty up, and you take twenty-five—that'll make you forty-six to my forty-seven.

Mr. B. (brightening visibly). That's fair enough—all right, Forty-six-forty-seven, Marker. I shall have a chance now. (Lies on table and, in making stroke, kicks Mr. F. in waistcoat.) Conf—FOOTLER, I shall have that stroke over again.

Mr. F. (removing to a safe distance). I shall take good care I don't!

Mr. B. (after missing again). Of course I knew I shouldn't bring a stroke like that off twice running—(bitterly)—you ought to run out easily, now!

Mr. F. (trembling with excitement). Oh, I'm not so sure about that.

Jones (his Friend). Mind what you're about, old fellow—remember I've a shilling on you!

Mr. F. (after missing). Hang it, JONES! I wish you'd wait for the stroke—it's enough to put any fellow out!

Mr. BALK. Forty-seven all! (Plays.) Was that a kiss, Marker?

Marker (impassively). No, Sir; 'nother miss, Sir.

Mr. Footler. I'll make it safe this time. (Plays.) Pah, never got near it!

Mr. BALK. Now then—(plays)—tut-tut, not legs enough!

Capt. H. (aside). Legs! a centipede wouldn't have enough for him!

Mr. Footler. Forty-nine—forty-eight. This is getting devilish exciting! (Plays.) Oh, dear me, that's another to you—I must be careful now!

Mr. BALK. Oh, you're all right—I shan't get anything to-night.

Mr. Footler (amiably, as Mr. B. is aiming). Have some more chalk?

Mr. B. (angrily). Chalk! what the—there, it's all your . . . wait a bit—it's not going to be a miss, anyway . . . it's—hi! go on—go on, can't you! (Ball wavers a few seconds, and drops into pocket.) Game to me! (Magnanimously.) Well, FOOTLER, you play a finer game than I thought you did, but I fancy I should beat you by more than this on a better table, and then you started twenty-five to the good, you know! Capital exercise, billiards—the King of indoor games!

Marker to Capt. H. and Mr. S. (who have risen eagerly). Very sorry, Gentlemen, close on 'alfpast eleven, Gentlemen—closing time!

Mr. F. (to Mr. Jones). Well, old fellow, if I didn't quite pull it off, you'll admit you had a good run for your money!

[Mr. BALK walks out with restored complacency. Mr. FOOTLER follows with Mr. JONES in a more resigned frame of mind. The Captain and his Friend reserve their remarks until they are alone. Lights extinguished as Scene closes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Co." draws attention to *Among the Turks*, by V. L. CAMERON, C.B., D.C.L., as a first-rate story of adventure by land and sea;

also *In Palace and Faubourg*, by "C. J. G." (who is he?), which is very interesting, specially for youthful Marionettes—Co. begs pardon—*lapsus calami*—would have said, "Marie Antoinettes,"

—if considered as a Christmas book by the publishers, NELSON AND SONS. NELSON (AND SONS) expect every man this Christmas-time to do his duty. Has NELSON a column to himself in some paper, as his great namesake has in Trafalgar Square? But, *à propos* of Trafalgar Square, I must move on. "Next, please, Co."

The Story-telling Album. By WELLS, DARTON & Co. Co. cannot conscientiously encourage children in story-telling, but this is an exception, and to be recom-

mended. Easy stories ("It is as easy as . . . story-telling"—*Hamlet* politely adapted), and bea—u—tiful pictures. Boys will like *That Bother of a Boy*, which is the story of an Imp, by GRACE STEBBING; and some amusement may be found in *The Moderate Man*, issued by publishers who have been Downey enough to get HARRY FURNISS to illustrate it.

Messrs. MACMILLAN are reproducing Miss YONGE'S and CHARLES KINGSLEY'S Books. They ought to be very popular; they were, once upon a time. But, personally speaking for myself, and not for "Co.," I never could read one of them, and can't now.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH'S "*Christmas Posy*" is first-rate, and entitles the authoress to be called Mother Bunch. Same MACMILLAN'S bring out double Christmas number of *English Illustrated Magazine*, which keeps up its literary and artistic prestige. The Quill Pen-velopes of *London Society* (Christmas number of course) are Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON (always pleasant reading), Mrs. CASHEL HORY and Mrs. FLORENCE MARRYAT. When will these three meet again? Next Christmas probably. Good company these three ladies when you're training down to the country for Christmas.

My faithful "Co." reports that he has been reading with great delight a *Crack County*, by Mrs. E. KENNARD, which he fancies is either a hunting story, or the rough sketch for the scenario of a Christmas Pantomime. He inclines to the latter belief, as he finds such names as *Lord Littlebrain*, and *General Prosieboy*, which remind him of the customary lines in the play-bills,—"*Cricketers—Messrs. GLOVES, STUMPS, BATS, and BALLS*," and "*Lawyers—Messrs. COSTS, WRITS, and SUMMONS*." If it is a hunting story, and only a hunting story, why then it is equally interesting, especially the earlier chapters of the first volume, in which is recorded a run after a fox in a fog! He, however, was sorry to notice that the fair Authoress is rather too fond of making her hunting-men use strong language. Had the novel been illustrated, no doubt it would have found a place in the Library of the late Mr. Jorrocks.

"Co." was under a misapprehension last week in putting down the pretty *Rosebud Annual* to Messrs. G. WARNE—it is published by JAMES CLARKE & Co. "Co." has been Warne'd. By the way, the *Australian Flowers Album*, with frames in the flowers for holding photographs, is, Co. thinks, very "tasty." There's humour in this idea of SMITH AND DOWNE'S, if you only select the right people to fill the spaces, as some faces set among the flowers do seem so appropriately placed.

B. DE B.-W. & Co.





SOCIAL AGONIES.

Mrs. de la Bore-Brown (to Jones, who, instead of listening to her Story, has been deeply interested in what young Smith is saying to Miss Robinson). "AND NOW, TELL ME CANDIDLY—WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IN MY PLACE?"

"REMEMBER!"

A WORD IN SEASON.

Shade of Gordon, loquitur:—

ONCE more into the Desert, once again
Treading the sands scarce free of the red stain
Left by your lost slain thousands? Back once more
To face the swarthy spearmen's rush and roar
With a mere handful? Can it really be?
Have you forgotten El Obeid—and Me?
Beware! What matter who your hosts may head,
That SALISBURY leads now where GLADSTONE led?
The doom of vacillation is the same,
Helpless confusion, failure, and disface.
Yours to determine, lessoned by a past
At which your stoutest patriots stood aghast,
Yours to determine whether once again
The bravest English breasts should faint with pain,
With shame should sicken, at the piteous sight
Of Policy, the prey of Party fight.
Sinkat, Tokar, Khartoum! These names should teach
E'en slaves of purse-strings, dupes of flowing speech
How shambling statecraft may go blundering on,
Till, Valour paralysed, and Honour gone,
E'en the Exchequer finds how scant the gain
That comes from friends betrayed and heroes slain.

Remember! What you do, do well, at once!
He who, thrice schooled, forgets, is worse than dunce.
Yon is no region for the paltering pranks
Of trimmers tame from Party's rival ranks.
Withdraw your foot from out those treacherous sands,
Or plant it firmly there. The desert bands,
Their desperate valour in unequal fight,
The swift evasion of their trackless flight,
You know. Send no more knots of men to fall
In a lone waste or by a ruined wall.

Send them no more, I say, nor be content
To sit in sullen silence while they're sent,
Pushed here and there like pawns, without an aim,
By bungling players of a blindfold game.
Yours the responsibility at last,
As yours the shame by such dishonour cast;
Be yours the resolution! Still Khartoum,
But named, clouds every English face with gloom.
'Twas there such fumbling policy as this
Found tragic issue. Can you—dare you—miss
The obvious moral? Caution is not crime,
But feebleness is guilt. Be warned in time!

READ THIS! AN UNPARALLELED PRIZE!

How to Get a Healthy Circulation in the Cold Weather.

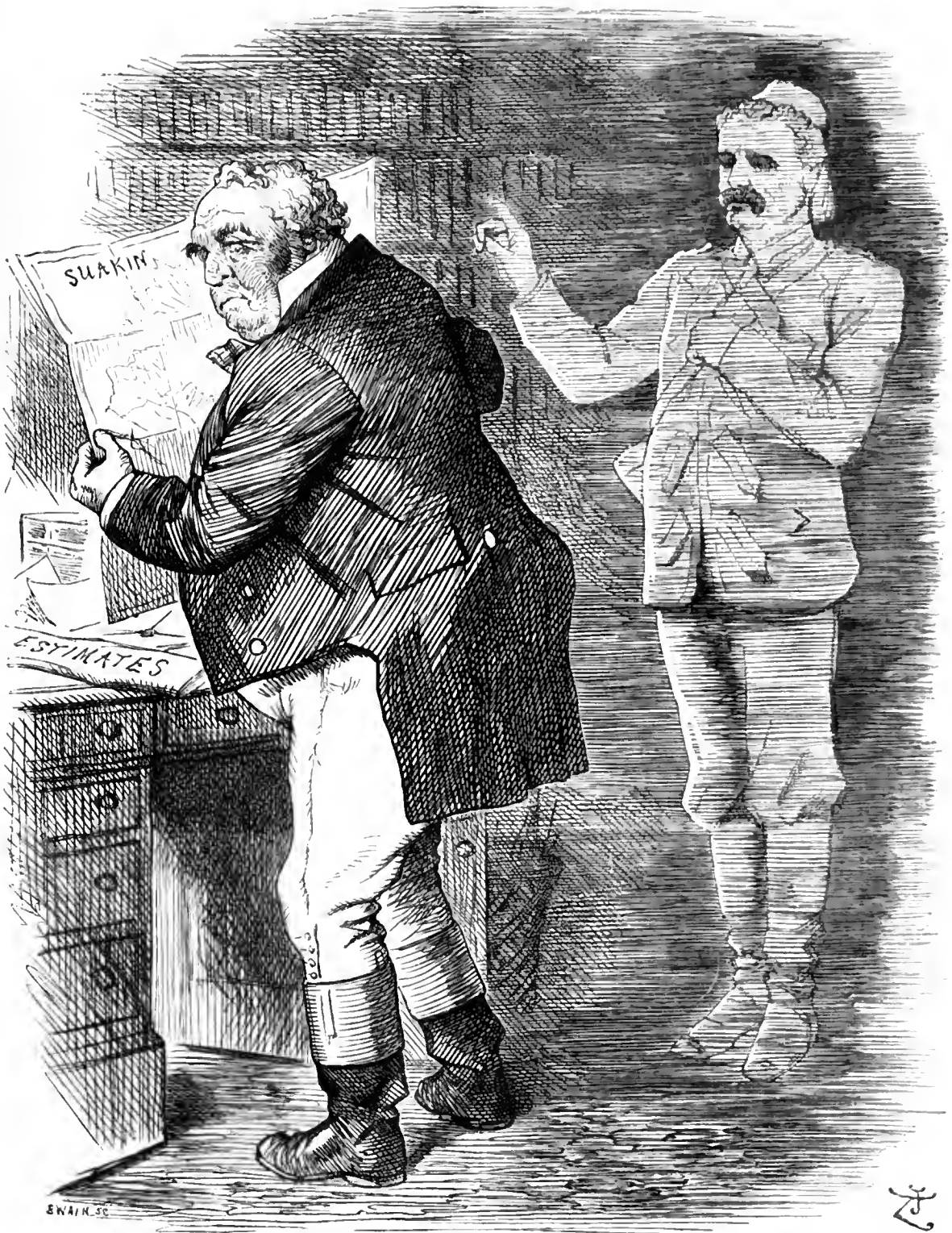
CHAMPION SQUIBS' UNPRECEDENTEDLY GENEROUS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

IN reply to our offer of one guinea for the best suggestion as to what would be at once the most popular and the most unique Prize for a successful answer sent in to our Christmas Conundrum, we (*Champion Illustrated Squibs*) have received bushels of answers, of which we print a few specimens.

"CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER" writes—"I think you couldn't do better than give one bound volume of your delightful paper to the successful Competitor. True, its market price is only about seven shillings, but I consider it worth ten times that sum, and so I am sure will all your other readers who, like me, have no professional connection whatever with your marvellous pennyworth."

"GENEROUS SOUL" says—"You do not state the limit of money value for the Christmas Prize. However, knowing how munificent you are, or wish to be thought, I fancy you could not do better than offer two *Special Private Pullman Cars*, one for meals, and the other for sleeping, such as the Czar of RUSSIA uses, with a free pass for, say, twenty persons for one whole year, over all the railways of England and Scotland. This would get you a lot of readers among railway travellers."

"PALE STUDENT," who does not seem quite to have grasped what our design for Christmas is, writes as follows:—"I hear that you



“REMEMBER!”

SHADE OF GORDON. “IF YOU MEAN TO SEND HELP, DO IT THOROUGHLY, AND—DO IT AT ONCE!!”

Main body of handwritten text, appearing as a list or series of entries, though the characters are extremely faint and difficult to decipher.

Handwritten text at the bottom center of the page.

wish to do something *really surprising*. Well, what could be a greater surprise to your readers than if your Christmas Number were to simply contain, instead of the usual short stories and borrowed scraps, humorous and otherwise (especially otherwise), the *whole* of MILTON'S 'Paradise Lost,' printed 'in extenso'? It might not largely increase your circulation, and in fact would probably ruin the paper, but think what an impetus it would give to the spread of a taste for high-class literature!

"PRACTICAL" says:—"Why not make your prize something really Christmassy? I would suggest half a prize bullock for the most successful competitor, ten prime turkeys for second, a monster plum pudding for third, and so on through geese and fowls to a modest kippered herring. In this way you would share the advantages offered among a large number."

As none of the above suggestions are quite satisfactory, we have decided to keep the guinea for ourselves, and to select the following:—

UNPRECEDENTED YULE-TIDE OFFERING!

as our first prize (the only one) for the forthcoming festive season.

A Full-size African Rhinoceros will be despatched to the private residence of the person fortunate enough to give, in our judgment, the best answer to the conundrum which will be published in our next week's issue. In order to increase the pleasurable surprise when it arrives at the door, we shall give *no notice of its coming!* Thus, all our readers, successful or not, will share in the anxious expectancy consequent on the possible unearthing in their street of this truly noble quadruped. A special ship has been chartered to bring the animal over from the Congo; and we should advise the prize-taker to secure it in his back garden by a chain attached to the most solid thing in the neighbourhood. It is probable that cats will avoid the garden, and so a double advantage will be reaped by the fortunate owner.

N.B.—Should any difficulty be experienced with the animal, Messrs. CARTER, PATERSON & Co. would, if applied to, peremptorily decline to call for it with one of their vans. Our readers will admit that no such prize as this has ever before been offered by any English journal.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

November 14.—A red-letter day. Our first important party since we have been in this house. I got home early from the City. LUPIN insisted on having a hired waiter, and stood



a half-dozen of champagne. I think this an unnecessary expense, but LUPIN said he had had a piece of luck, having made three pounds out of a private deal in the City. I hope he won't gamble in his new situation. The supper-room looked so nice, and CARRIE truly said, "We need not be ashamed of its being seen by Mr. PERKUPP, should he honour us by coming."

I dressed early in case people should arrive punctually at 8 o'clock, and was much vexed to find my new dress trousers much too short. LUPIN, who is getting

beyond his position, found fault with my wearing ordinary boots instead of dress boots. I replied, satirically, "My dear son, I have lived to be above that sort of thing." LUPIN burst out laughing and said, "A man generally was above his boots." This may be funny or it may not, but I was gratified to find he had not discovered the coral had come off one of my studs. CARRIE looked a picture, wearing the dress she wore at the Mansion House. The arrangement of the drawing-room was excellent. CARRIE had hung muslin curtains over the folding-doors, and also over one of the entrances, for we had removed the door from its hinges. Mr. PETERS, the waiter, arrived in good time, and I gave him strict orders not to open another bottle of champagne until the previous one was empty. CARRIE arranged for some sherry and port wine to be placed on the drawing-room sideboard with some glasses. By the bye, our new enlarged and tinted photographs look very nice on the walls, especially as CARRIE has arranged some Liberty silk bows on the four corners of them.

The first arrival was GOWING, who with his usual taste greeted me with, "Hullo, POOTER, why your trousers are too short!" I simply said, "Very likely, and you will find my temper 'short' also." He said, "That won't make your trousers longer, Juggins. You should get your Missus to put a flounce on them." I wonder I waste my time entering his insulting observations in my diary. The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. CUMMINGS. The former said, "As you didn't say anything about dress, I have come 'half dress.'" He had on a black frock-coat and white tie. The JAMES', Mr. MERTON, and Mr. STILLBROOK arrived, but LUPIN was restless and unbearable till his DAISY MUTLAR and FRANK arrived. CARRIE and I were rather startled at DAISY'S appearance. She had a bright crimson dress on, cut very low in the neck. I do not think such a style modest. She ought to have taken a lesson from CARRIE, and covered her shoulders

with a little lace. WUMMINGS and his four daughters came, so did FRANCHING, and one or two of LUPIN'S new friends, members of the "Holloway Comedians." We had some music, and LUPIN, who never left DAISY'S side for a moment, raved over her singing of a new song called "The Garden of Sleep." It seemed a pretty song, but she made such grimaces, and sang to my mind so out of tune, I would not have asked her to sing again, but LUPIN made her sing four songs right off one after the other.

At ten o'clock we went down to supper, and, from the way GOWING and CUMMINGS eat, you would have thought they had not had a meal for a month. I told CARRIE to keep something back in case Mr. PERKUPP should come by mere chance. GOWING annoyed me very much by filling a large tumbler of champagne, and drinking it straight off. He repeated this action, and made me fear our half dozen of champagne would not last out. I tried to keep a bottle back, but LUPIN got hold of it, and took it to the side-table with DAISY and FRANK MUTLAR. We went upstairs, and the young fellows began skylarking. CARRIE put a stop to that at once. STILLBROOK amused us with a song, "What Have You Done with your Cousin John?" I did not notice that LUPIN and FRANK had disappeared. I asked Mr. WATSON, one of the Holloways where they were, and he said, "It's a case of 'Oh, what a surprise!'" We were directed to form a circle—which we did. WATSON then said, "I have much pleasure in introducing the celebrated Blondin Donkey." Frank and LUPIN then bounded into the room. LUPIN had whitened his face like a Clown, and FRANK had tied round his waist a large hearth-rug. He was supposed to be the donkey, and he looked it. They indulged in a very noisy Pantomime, and we were all shrieking with laughter. I turned round suddenly, and then I saw Mr. PERKUPP standing half-way in the door, he having arrived without our knowing it. I beckoned to CARRIE, and we went up to him at once. He would not come right into the room. I apologised for the foolery, but Mr. PERKUPP said, "Oh, it seems amusing." I could see he was not a bit amused. CARRIE and I took him down-stairs, but the table was a wreck. There was not a glass of champagne left—not even a sandwich. Mr. PERKUPP said he required nothing, but would like a glass of seltzer or soda water. The last syphon was empty. CARRIE said, "We have plenty of port wine left." Mr. PERKUPP said, with a smile, "No thank you. I really require nothing, but I am most pleased to see you and your husband in your own home. Good night, Mrs. POOTER—you will excuse my very short stay, I know." I went with him to his carriage, and he said, "Don't trouble to come to the office till twelve to-morrow." I felt despondent as I went back to the house, and I told CARRIE I thought the party was a failure. CARRIE said it was a great success, and I was only tired, and insisted on my having some port myself. I drank two glasses, and felt much better; and we went into the drawing-room, where they had commenced dancing. CARRIE and I had a little dance, which I said reminded me of the Mansion House. She said I was a spooney old thing.

PUNCH AND "JUDITH" À LA MODE DE PARRY.

An excellent performance of this, PARRY'S Oratorio in London, at the St. James's Hall, last Thursday. One of the series of NOVELLO'S Oratorio Concerts, with Dr. MACKENZIE prescribing—we should say, conducting. The boys made a great hit. Quite an Oratorio for holiday time, as there are so many children in it. It will, of course, be given again in the Christmas vacation. In his preface to the Book of the Words the Composer gives the reasons (quite unnecessary) for selecting this "Israelitish story," which he has illustrated with Israel-lightish music, as it is not in the least heavy or tedious. Its reception was enthusiastic; Mr. HUBERT PARRY and everybody was applauded, and Dr. MACKENZIE—now known as "the one MAC," to distinguish him from "the Two MACS"—beamed again as he "boo'd and boo'd" to the audience.



Now and Then.

(By one of the 150 Gladstonians who presented Mr. John Dillon with an Illuminated Address.)

ONCE, I own, we looked upon JOHN DILLON As a very wicked sort of villain.
Now a little touch of Party paint
Makes JOHN DILLON look almost a Saint.
Funny the effect of Gladstone's Bill on
Party points of view of Mr. DILLON!



IDENTITY.

Enthusiastic Amateur (at the National Gallery). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE NEW 'CONSTABLE'?"

Hibernian Officer. "SHURE IT'S MEESELF YE MUST MANE, SOR! I CAME ON JEWTEE HERE FOR THE FORST TOIME THIS WEEK, SOR!"

TOO ADVANCED SHEETS; OR, SEASONABLE LITERATURE À LA MODE.

SCENE—A Publisher's Sanctum. *Time, December 1st, 1888. Head of the Firm discovered. To him enter Author.*

Author. I have called, as I promised I would, with a MS., which I believe to be suitable to your requirements.

Publisher. Most happy to receive it, my dear Sir, most happy. What is it about?

Author. It is a story intended for a Summer Number—for your next year's Summer Number.

Publisher. My dear Sir, that was distributed last November. But what is it about?

Author. I call it "May Day in India."

Publisher. Turn it into "Christmas Eve at the North Pole," and perhaps we may be able to find an opening for it.

Author. Well, the task is not impossible. I have carried out similar transformations. But what would you do with it in its amended form?

Publisher. Why, pop it into our *Christmas Annual for 1889-90*, which is now in a forward state of preparation.

Author. Surely you are a little early?
Publisher. Not at all—next year we shall produce our *Christmas Annual* in June! And now, my dear Sir, having settled our business, I am sure you will forgive me if I withdraw. Fact is, we are just now busy launching our *Contemporary Magazine*, which we have decided to call *The Twenty-First Century!* [Exit hurriedly.]

TO MY HAIRDRESSER.

(Not to make Conversation.)

You tell me that the day is fine,
You say my hair is getting thin,
Anon you proffer Smearoline,
Or comment on my tender skin;
Good friend, for goodness' sake forbear,
I prithee only cut my hair.

For think—a shy, retiring man,
I shun the toilet's public rite,
Until my Cousins—Cousins can—
Reproach me for a Perfect Fright.
And must I bear, too shy to snub,
The babble of your Toilet Club?

I know, for every day for years
I've scann'd the glass with careful eye,
Whether the heaven clouds or clears,
Whether the roads are wet or dry;
Indeed, indeed, I do not care
Whether you think it foul or fair.

And why observe, with honied zest,
What men by many phrases call,
That phase which must be dubb'd at best
Unduly intellectual?
What though my loftier temples shine,
That is no business of thine.

Think you, when, in your wrapper swathed,
I cower beneath the harrowing comb,
Or crouch, in creaming lather bathed,
Beneath the hose's numbing foam,
Or bear, while tears unbidden gush,
The rigours of your softest brush,—

Think you, at such a time as this,
I care to hear, with nerves unstrung,
The dirge of bygone days of bliss
Trip lightly from a stranger's tongue?
What if your victim stood at bay,
And told you *you* were bald or grey?

The head you handle like a block,
And brand with slighting comments cool,
Has bravely borne the battle's shock,
And starr'd the grey old walls at school;
Has sprained a Bishop's reverend wrist,
And badly bruised a Judge's fist.

They were not Judge and Bishop then,
But only chubby, scrubby boys;
And now they're grave and reverend men.
I value these remember'd joys,
And grieve that evil should be said
About my own, my only head.

Your politics are nought to me;
I'll keep my views about the weather:
I only wish we could agree
That I am neither wood nor leather.
Be gentle; 'tis the nobler plan,
And stint your chatter, if you can.

GOODY TEA-SHOES.—The latest fad in the way of fashion reported from the United States is the fancy of a fair novelist who has devised a sweet thing in shoes. Her own slippers, designed for display at afternoon tea, she has had made in the form of gloves, each of her ten toes provided with "a separate pocket of kid in which it rests like a finger in the elongated pouch of a glove." Evidently an æsthetic young lady this, with quite a peculiar conception of the τὸ καλόν.



House of Commons, Monday Night, December 3.—“ Monsignor !” I gasped, as familiar figure flitted down Corridor, making for House of Commons. “ Is this you, or will the Conservative Party have the long-delayed pleasure of beholding your wrath ?”

“ It’s me, or perhaps I should more correctly say, it is I,” said the G. O. M., playfully making a lunge at my tail with his umbrella, as if he were lopping off a short but serviceable branch from a tree. “ Suppose you thought I was down at Hawarden ? So I was ; went off about a week ago. Fancied I was tired ; might leave Autumn Session to younger men. Did very well for first day or two ; vigorously read lessons in Church ; wrote letters by the dozen, post-cards by the score. Began an article for the *Twenty-first Century*. Read HOMER backwards ; cut two old trees, and one early acquaintance ; tried to make myself believe I was happy. But no use. Every morning papers came with Parliamentary Reports ; BALFOUR back, in high spirits ; Prorogation apparently as far off as ever ; resisted temptation up to this morning. When papers arrived, containing columns of report of Saturday sitting, could stand it no longer. Irish Estimates on to-night ; BALFOUR’s salary to be vetoed ;

opportunity for going over everything from beginning. Couldn’t face another week at Hawarden with business buzzing on at Westminster ; so jumped into train, and here I am. Ta-ta. Just going to Boo for BALFOUR.”

Booing for BALFOUR all round. ELLIS began it ; HEALY took part in it ; DILLON had his say ; and TRAVELIAN gave a brief history of SPENCER’s administration. G. O. M. beat everybody in vigour and vivacity. Managed to say something new about Mitchelstown. BALFOUR swears that the shot which slew LONERGAN was a *ricochet*. Photographs taken on the spot show that LONERGAN was in direct line with barrack window when shot fired.

“ Were the photographs taken by *ricochet* ?” roared GLADSTONE, leaning half across the table, and literally glaring upon the pensive BALFOUR.

“ Capital idea,” said MAPLE-BLENDELL. “ Shall add a new wing to our Mammoth establishment, and advertise photographing by *ricochet*. Sure to take.”

BALFOUR, as usual, best at bay ; received no help ; asked for none ; up half a dozen times ; agile, adroit, brilliant. Supposed to be on

his defence, but ever on the offensive, slashing out right and left. No *ricochet* shots for him. *Business done.*—Irish Estimates in Supply.

Tuesday.—GLADSTONE yesterday, GRANDOLPH to-day. "Which do you like best?" I asked OLD MORALITY. "I'm past caring," he said, with a weary sigh. "You know what doesn't ask which *Wheel* did it?"

GRANDOLPH's attack delivered by old familiar war-way of the Soudan. STANHOPE complains that it was an ambush. House ostensibly met to discuss salary and expenses of Chief Secretary. ELLIS has moved Amendment, cutting off BALFOUR's coals. "But, first of all," says TIM HEALY, "let's drag him over them." Process began last night, was to have been continued as soon as SPEAKER could be got out of Chair to-day; when GRANDOLPH suddenly and unexpectedly appears on scene; moves Adjournment, and attacks Government in rear; GLADSTONE, gladder than ever he came to town, holds them in check in front. Plan of Campaign carefully considered and laboriously worked out. Leading elements secesy and surprise.

"House may not like this sort of thing, TOBY," GRANDOLPH said. "May talk about underhand proceedings, hitting below the belt, and all that; but if I can get my respected leaders in a hole, I don't mind what the gentlemen of England say about me. The MARKISS openly boasts that he can do without me. We shall see."

Surprise complete. Consternation profound; even danger of defeat in the division lobby. STANHOPE came out well; most difficult position and best speech since he's been a Minister. When he sat down, an awkward pause. No one quite ready to take sides either with GRANDOLPH or against. NOLAN obligingly rattled away.

GOLDSWORTHY, holding out his hat as if he were about to take up a subscription for the Sick and Wounded, besought the Government to "be firm." HARCOURT, with unusual timidity, felt the way; and finally the G. O. M., having had time to think matter over, and look at it all round, threw up his cap for GRANDOLPH. A big division; some anxious moments; a majority of forty-two for Government, and disappointment for GRANDOLPH.

"I thought we should have run them closer than that," he said. "But it will serve. Only I wish we had the MARKISS in this House, instead of on the other side of the corridor. I suppose they told you of the message he sent me when I let him know he should hear from me shortly in the House of Commons? 'Dear RANDOLPH,' he wrote, 'I assure you you can't intimidate me by any amount of worrying of W. H. SMITH.' That's him: utterly selfish."

Business done.—RANDOLPH on the Rampage.

Thursday.—CURSE OF CAMBORNE muttering all over the House. Had spent some time in framing one of half a dozen questions; succeeded, after laborious effort, in making it what he thought attractive; handed it in at table; got up early this morning to enjoy sight of it in print and anticipation of putting it in House; found the SPEAKER had severely sub-edited it; taken out all the innuendoes, insinuations, accusations. This is what the CURSE calls "emasculating" his question. Rises to make complaint; shows tendency to get behind SPEAKER's decision by reading out full terms of original composition. SPEAKER too quick for him. "Order! order!" he thundered, in a voice with which the CURSE is not unfamiliar. But he stumbled on. "I wish to explain—"

"Order! order! Put the Question!" says the SPEAKER. "Shan't!" says the CURSE, and sits down pouting like spoiled child.

Business getting further in the rear than ever. Votes accumulate; opportunity of dealing with them decays. Time being shorter than ever, and business more pressing, SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate moves Adjournment, and proposes to discuss matter at length. The Grand

Young GARDNER (where's his Wife?) smiles at the claims of OLD MORALITY to have conducted affairs on business principles. CHAPLIN, recovering from depression in which he was plunged by abandonment of Bill creating Minister of Agriculture, girds at the SAOP, and mounting high horse ambles round the House; sparkling speech of neatly written-out *impromptus*. But CHAPLIN has fallen on evil times. Present House doesn't care for his pompous periods and his antique mannerisms.

"DISRAELI-and-Ditchwater," says Sir THOMAS ACLAND, retired Member, up on rare visit. Sat in House fifty years ago; remembers real and undiluted thing. HARCOURT—a sort of superior CHAPLIN—had his fling. Then OLD MORALITY trotted out references to "duty," "the country," "convenience of House," and so on. Said his say. Resolution withdrawn, and House got to work.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Friday.—"Why is the Hon. DADABHOI NAOROJI like the devil?" asks GEORGE ELLIOT, Junior, coming in after dinner ("GEORGE ELLIOT, Junior," says FOLKESTONE, "has inherited from GEORGE ELLIOT, *père*, a perennial after-dinner look, that grows a trifle accentuated towards eleven o'clock at night.")

"Order! Order!" I said, not, I trust, altogether without reminiscence of the deeper chest-notes and sterner manner of the SPEAKER. "It's all very well for the MARKISS, a master of flouts and jeers, to speak slightly of our fellow-subjects from the far East. It is, I suppose, an outcome of Unionist principles. But obscure people, like you and me, dear GEORGE, must be very careful."

"It isn't an insult—it's a conundrum." "Oh, very well," I said, much mollified. "Then I give it up."

"Why is the Hon. DADABHOI NAOROJI like the devil? Because he's not so black as he's painted."

After this, proceedings in House seemed quite lively, although the business under discussion was none other than Employers' Liability Bill. Debated it till midnight. BRADLAUGH created some sensation by going over to Gentlemen of England.

"An early attachment, TOBY," he pleaded. "You remember how they used to clutch me on the way to the head of the stairs? They've got me now, and I never will desert them."

Business done.—Debate on Employers' Liability Bill.

SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

(Some little way after Mortimer Collins.)

[It is stated that in Cornwall all sorts of flowers, from magnolia to mignonne, are still in full bloom in the open air, whilst another correspondent says that a hen "cut-throat" sparrow belonging to him has taken to laying eggs.]

Oh, Summer said to Winter,
"Earth-lovers love me best;
For I flush the mead, and I fill the rill,
And the violet and the daffodil,
And the red, red rose o'er the world I spill;
And my dawns are cool, and my eyes are chill;
And don't I run up the doctor's bill
For bronchitis and all the rest!"

For I now bring slop instead of snow,
(Which comes in June, or mostly [so:]
And roses and noses at Christmas blow, [don't know,
And the birds their nesting-time
But lay in December—a pretty go!
And your azure skies, and your sunny glow
Are silly legends of long ago;
Whilst as to the Doctor's Bills, oh!
[I]trow.

But Winter said to Summer:

"Earth-lovers best love me:

We are equally good at them I
Fact is, the difference 'twixt us two
Is the purest fiddle-de-dee!

AN ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS STORY.—The picture of "The Violinist"—a capital Storey—a good old Storey—(A.R.A.), presented by the Goldsmiths to the Guildhall Art Gallery.



Photographed by Ricochet.



"Disraeli-and-Ditchwater."



A Conundrummer.



"Drop in a sovereign!"

SCENE FROM GREAT CLASSICAL DRAMA.



Sempronius Lessepsius. "Tis not in mortals to command success,—"
 Portius Gladstonius. "But we'll do more, LESSEPSIUS. We'll deserve it!" [Exeunt.]

BARE-FACED TYRANNY.

It is stated in an evening paper that "The Clerks in a well-known Bank in the Strand are not permitted to grow either moustache or beard." Let the Liberty and Property Defence League look to this gross infringement of personal freedom. If a man and a Clerk's hirsute adornments are not to be recognised as his own "property," and if he is not to have "liberty" to deal with them as he lists, then, indeed, ownership loses its last basis, and British freedom its last buttress. Let no shaven slave of draconic bureaucracy henceforth be tempted to render Oberon's lovely lines in this fashion:—

I know a Bank wherein no brave beards grow,
 Where clean lips and shorn cheeks unwhiskered show;
 Lips canopied with no moustachios fine,
 Cheeks that know not the "mutton chop's" trim line.
 There rules Autocracy, moved, as by spite,
 To rob poor Clerks of all hirsute delight;
 Compelling each to shave, look cold and thin,
 And, on chill winter mornings, cut his chin,
 And to his desk come blue, with a sore heart—and skin;
 This Bank's Bigwigs, kindly were they, and wise,
 Would drop all such despotic fantasies.

A NEW CAST FOR DRURY LANE.—Last Saturday night that gay young huster, Lord RONALD GOWER, presented a gigantic plaster (of Paris) cast of SHAKESPEARE'S head and shoulders to DRURIOLANUS MAGNUS. The cast, which Lord RONALD has had in his eye, with this object in view, for some time past, is as white as a ghost, and at first it was supposed that it was intended as a likeness of Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD. DRURIOLANUS doesn't yet know what he shall do with it, but appeared much gratified on being presented by Mr. LEONARD BOYNE, on behalf of the Drury Lane Company, with a handsome silver fagon. The gift was full of signification, and yet there was nothing in it.

SELECTION OF THE FITTEST.

THE expression, in certain quarters, of fears that at the forthcoming Election of Members for the newly constituted London County Council, there will, owing to the apathy and indifference of those nearly concerned, be a decided dearth of candidates of a desirable and acknowledged respectability, has suggested the publication of the subjoined brief paper of test questions. Anyone, therefore, anxious to save the new Council from the reproach of degenerating into a gigantic assembly of typical Vestrymen, cannot do better than scatter it among his friends. Candidates who find themselves able to answer it satisfactorily, may enter upon the contest with all confidence, assured that they are just the right sort of aspirants to fill the exalted office with distinction and dignity, and discharge its duties with ability and success.

1. With a view to a clear definition and establishment of your unquestioned social status, furnish your pedigree, in direct male descent, for not less than twelve generations, and state:—

- A—Whether you are a Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or only an ordinary Baron;
- B—If you have ever been Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, or Commander-in-Chief; or,
- C—Have discharged the duties of Prime Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Secretary of State for War, or of any other important post in which you are likely to have become so acquainted with the routine of official work as to guarantee in some measure, your fitness for undertaking the responsibilities attaching to the position of a London County Councillor.

2. If so, state all you know about a steam-roller. Draw a plan on a scale of 3 inches to a foot of "a Compton's twenty ton compound reversible granite-crusher," furnace and all, and explain.

- A—What action the Parish is to take, if by some mischance it crashes through a shep-front and embeds itself in the basement, to get it out again, and
- B—How you would propose to deal with it, with advantage to the Ratepayers' interests, when it is thoroughly worn out.

3. A generous and impulsive Master of a Workhouse takes all the paupers in his establishment to the Dress Circle at Drury Lane to witness an afternoon performance of the Christmas Pantomime, and further treats them to a champagne tea on their return from the entertainment. Should the expenses entailed by the above come out of the Ratepayers' pockets? If so, state why, and write a short essay exemplifying the broad distinction between the money-grabbing and cheese-paring instincts of the ordinary Vestryman and the philanthropic and large-hearted benevolence of the new County of London

Councillor in their probable respective methods of dealing with the foregoing case.

4. How do you make gruel? If considered unpalatable and rejected by the inmates of the Union, would you be prepared to recommend that its place be supplied by Real Turtle, Liebig's Extract, Arrowroot, or by some other patent farinaceous and nutritive compound? If so, give your reasons why.

5. The tenant occupying No. 37 in a certain terrace writes to the Authorities complaining of the condition of the dust-bin of his neighbour, No. 38. The dust-cart is despatched forthwith, but the dustman, mistaking his instructions, only empties the dust-bins of Nos. 7 and 15. Meantime, the nuisance having become intolerable, the occupier of No. 37, much angered, insists on the intervention of the Sanitary Inspector, who, being nettled at the peremptory tone in which he has been addressed, says that he can detect nothing offensive in the condition of the dust-bin of No. 38, nor anything in the shape of a "nuisance" on which to report. The occupier of No. 37, now exasperated, is threatening the Authorities with proceedings, when typhoid fever breaks out suddenly and simultaneously at No. 4, 19, 25, 39, 40, and 52, and the occupier of No. 61 writes an indignant letter to the *Times*, giving a graphic history of the whole affair. Is anybody to blame? If so—who?

Work this out, and indicate the sort of course a County of London Councillor could pursue with dignity in dealing respectively with

- A—The Dustman,
- B—The Sanitary Inspector, and
- C—The Tenant of No. 37.

6. Describe in a short poem, in blank verse, the doings of the London School Board, from its foundation up to the present date. Also analyse and examine the main features of the "Anti-Diggle-ite Reaction," define a "Progressionist," and give a short account of the earlier years of the life of Mr. MUNDELLA.

7. Finally, do you ride well on horseback, and make an imposing figure in the saddle? Answer this, and append a list of any other notably aristocratic characteristics with which you happen to be endowed and which, after you have answered the above technical questions, will, in your opinion, enable you with greater aplomb and presence, to discharge the exalted duties devolving on you in your distinguished position as a London County Councillor.

"THRIFT! THRIFT! HORATIO."—Lord Mayor TORPEDO has put off the Children's Fancy Ball and the *conversazione* in connection with the Home for Little Boys because of the state of the drainage at the Mansion House. While the Munching House is being deodorised, why can't Guildhall be utilised? No shew, no ball, no *conversazione*! Soon there'll be no Lord Mayor. Terpid TORPEDO, this won't do.

NOTICE TO QUIT.

"The City Lands Committee has decided to demolish Newgate Prison and the adjoining Old Bailey Sessions House. Trade will quickly exorcise the ghost of Newgate, as has Fashion the shade of the Tyburn gibbet; and the sooner the better."—*Times*.



AIR—"Unfortunate Miss Bailey." *Newgate sings:—*

COMMITTEE bold, you'll drive us then from old-established quarters,
Near where the Smithfield carnifex the ox no longer slaughters.
Our wicked conscience smiteth us, we lose our stomach daily,
I near an unregretted end, and so do you, Old Bailey.

Oh! Old Bailey, unfortunate Old Bailey!

I recollect the days of wholesale hanging and gaol-fever,
When I was grim and you were gay; such times won't last for ever.
Like Pluto I drop iron tears, and your lank cheeks go palely;
No wonder! Ghosts around us glower; such horrid ghosts, Old Bailey!

Oh! Old Bailey, unfortunate Old Bailey!

Avaunt, JACK SHEPPARD, with black poll, and face so white and
Grim gallows-birds, don't gibber there, you use me ungentleely. [mealy.
Avaunt, pale spectres of the hosts of victims slaughtered daily,
When men were hanged for stealing sheep, as well you know, Old
Bailey.

Oh! Old Bailey, unfortunate Old Bailey!

Old friend, farewell! for you and I accounts must once for all close.
Ah me! how I regret the days of wigs and velvet small-clothes!
The days when body-snatching chaps the sexton jockeyed gaily;
How long will men remember me, or you, my poor Old Bailey?

Oh! Old Bailey, unfortunate Old Bailey!

Ah! when I think of Mrs. FRY, and you of stout JOHN HOWARD,
I'm sure you feel remorseful, and I know I feel a coward.
My ancestor the Gordon rioters cremated gaily,
But ours is a worse fate, for it is final, poor Old Bailey!

Oh! Old Bailey, unfortunate Old Bailey!

Erect smart shops upon my site? You'd rather, so would I, burn,
To come back like the Phoenix. But we'll share the fate of Tyburn.
The times are most emasculate, they're waxing softer daily,
Soon they'll refuse to hang at all. Just think of *that*, Old Bailey!

Oh! Old Bailey, unfortunate Old Bailey!

Oh, bother Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH! Plague on Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY!!
They started this confounded game. Well, well, we've lived on chummily
For close upon a century; now we must say our *Vale!*
Humanity's too much at last for Newgate and Old Bailey. Oh! Old Bailey, unfortunate Old Bailey!
New forth we fare, upon the night like *Sampson Brass* and *Sally*
In DICKENS'S description; with *our* fate it seems to tally.
Old, hideous, unregretted, like twin spectres prowling palely,
Two shivering forms 'midst shades obscene, Old Newgate and Old Bailey.
Oh! Old Bailey, unfortunate Old Bailey!

Moral.

Ye callous selfish, warning take by this most sad example,
Beware how on humanity and pity's claims ye trample.
Remember bad old Newgate and the horrors done there daily,
And its kindred gheul, the blundering and bullying Old Bailey. Oh! Old Bailey, detestable Old Bailey!

QUITE UN-BAR-ABLE.

"The Hardwicke Society (consisting of Barristers and Law Students) has unanimously condemned the fusion of the two branches of the legal profession, 'having regard to the recently expressed opinion of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that Barristers are at liberty, in non-contentious business, to deal direct with clients.' Several Barristers declared their intention of acting on the opinion so expressed."—*Daily Paper.*

SCENE—Chamber in the Temple belonging to Mr. P. T. LARSNY, that "rising Junior." Time—Shortly after the Meeting above referred to.

Enter Virago.

Virago (taking a chair violently). I know yer!

Mr. Larsny (nervously). Hem! I can't say I have the pleasure—

Virago. Oh, yes. Don't pretend as 'ow yer don't get coves off at the Ole Bailey. They calls *you* the Artful Dodger there.

Mr. Larsny. Highly gratifying, I'm sure. But may I ask what's the object of your visit?

Virago. I've bin pitching into that vixen, JEMIMA ANN TALBOYS, and now I'm 'ad up for it! And I wants yer to defend me, o' course. (*Confidentially.*) Ain't I a right to knock 'er 'ead 'arf heff when she calls me—(*repeats names with gusto*)? I wants yer to tell the Judge and Jury that I 'ave a right; that's all.

Mr. Larsny. But you ought to have gone to a Solicitor, my good woman.

Virago (rising; threateningly). Don't let me ketch you a-callin me a good woman again, young man!

Mr. Larsny (getting behind a desk). Oh no, certainly not. (*Aside.*) Her business certainly seems likely to be of a contentious character. Wonder what the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the Bar Committee would like me to do under these circumstances. Wish some of them were here.

Virago (slaps down six-and-eightpence on table viciously). There's yer fee. Now, are ye a goin' to defend me or not?

Mr. Larsny. Hem! Rather a small fee. (*To Virago.*) I should be extremely pleased, I'm sure, to have such a client; but, you see, if I undertake this part of your case, I can't defend you in Court. I can advise you, and all that; but, as you're already summoned, if you want me to take up your case, you'll have to—consult a Solicitor.

Virago (with contempt). That's the law, is it, eh?

Mr. Larsny. Yes, or, perhaps (*a happy idea striking him of paying off an old grudge*) you might call at this address at Lincoln's Inn—Mr. Snooks—he's a Chancery Barrister. I should like him to see you. I'm sure he'd be grateful to me for introducing him to you.

Virago (with rising fury). Don't you gammon me! Chancery! I'll put yer blessed 'ead there, if yer try any games on me!

Mr. Larsny (aside). Really, this interviewing of clients has its objectionable side. Wonder how Solicitors manage it. (*To her.*) I am very sorry I can't take up your case. It's against the rules of the Bar.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID. (A WINTER HEALTH RESORT.)

Enthusiastic Lady Visitor. "WHAT A DELIGHTFUL PLACE THIS IS, PROFESSOR. AND THE BATHS, HOW PERFECT! I COULD BATHE ALL DAY—COULDN'T YOU?"

The Professor. "WELL, YOU SEE, I'M A RESIDENT, AND THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE!"

Lady Visitor. "AH! TO BE SURE. I SUPPOSE YOU NEVER EVEN THINK OF TAKING A BATH!"

Virago (trying to get at Mr. LARSNY, who dodges behind various pieces of furniture, furiously). Bar! You, &c., &c. What do you know of bars? Never a-bin inside one in yer life, or ye wouldn't 'ave a mng like a blank baker's ghost, yer wouldn't. Tell me to go to a S'letor! Go there yerself, yer—

[*Hurls a volume of abuse and the Law Reports at Mr. LARSNY'S head, takes up her money, and exits, violently knocking over the Clerk in her way out.* Mr. LARSNY is left ruminating, as to whether personal interviews with Clients are really consistent with the dignity of the Bar or not.

AN EARLY RISER.—We have always held the talents of Sir HENRY LELAND HARRISON, I.C.S., the popular Commissioner of Police and Chairman of the Corporation of Calcutta, in respect, but we had no idea until we read the biography of the Hon. gentleman in *Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthood of Great Britain and Ireland*, that his promotion had been quite so rapid as it seems to have been. According to *DOD*, Sir HENRY, who was born in 1857, entered in 1860, (after being educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford) the Indian Civil Service when he was only three years old! At ten (1867) he was Junior (very junior!) Secretary to the Government of Bengal, a position he relinquished at the not very mature age of fourteen (in 1871) to become Magistrate and Collector of Midnapore. Seemingly he dispensed justice to the satisfaction of the Indian Government until he was promoted on coming of age (in 1878) to the post of Secretary to the Board of Revenue. A year later he was elected a Member of the Rent Commission, and at four-and-twenty (1881) appointed to the Commissionership of Police and Chairmanship of the Corporation of Calcutta, which he has "doubled" for the last seven years to the great benefit of that important city and its neighbourhood. If the rise of Sir HENRY in the future is as rapid as it has been in the past, there seems to be no reason why he should not appear in *DOD* as Governor-General of India long before he is forty. Finally, it is to be hoped that no mistake has been made in the date of Sir HENRY'S birth (which *DOD*, it will be seen, declares to have occurred in 1857) as such an error may possibly cause disappointment in the breasts of those proud parents of precocious children who, encouraged by the brilliant career thus chronicled, may have already recognised in the Indian Civil Service the best and earliest possible opening for infants in arms.

A VERY-MUCH MARRIED MAN.—The "Hub" of the Universe.

LONDON AS SHE IS.

(An Intercepted Letter.)

MY DEAR WIFE,—I am so glad I did not bring you up to Town to see the Cattle Show, as I feel sure (judging from my own experience) that you would not have enjoyed yourself. It has been very dull in London, and I am longing to return to you. You will remember that I proposed originally staying only three days in the great Metropolis, but I have been so terribly *triste* that I have lingered on and on for more than a week. As this is my first letter since I left Bumbleby-on-Brain, I fancy you will expect some account of what I have been doing during my absence from that much-loved spot, and consequently, to please you, I jot down a few particulars. Need I tell you that I visited the British Museum, the School of Mines in Jermyn Street, the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy, and Exeter Hall? No, I need not. I hope you believe that I paid at least one visit to each of these admirable institutions. I repeat, I hope that you do. However, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, so I determined to combine with information a little amusement. I rather fancy that that eminent divine, your uncle, the Rev. JEREMIAH CRABAPPLE, told me one day that he would like above all things to see a "boxing tournament." Finding that such a contest was indeed being held at Her Majesty's Theatre, I determined to be present, so that I might send him some report of the proceedings. Will you please tell him, with my affectionate but respectful regards, that the Indian club exercise and some wrestling were sadly, sadly frivolous, but that the fights in the ring were stunning. To wind up matters, JEM SMITH, the champion, was put on to box with his little brother. I pitied his little brother!

When your uncle comes to town to attend the May Meetings, he might really drop in to see "Nadgy."

The *Monk's Room*, which I visited out of compliment to the Reverend CRABAPPLE, is not half bad, and capitally played. HERBERT VEZIN and WILLARD are excellent, and so is ALMA MURRAY, who seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. She is as comely as ever. I am afraid your revered relative will miss this piece, as it is already out of the bills. Perchance, as the author is a plucky gentleman who took a theatre himself in which to produce his own play, it may be revived. Any way Mr. CRABAPPLE cannot do wrong to reserve an evening from Exeter Hall for *The Monk's Room*. If it is not being played in May, we can go instead to the Empire, where we shall see a first-rate *ballet*.

On Tuesday I looked in at the Parnell Commission, where I found the same old game being played. Taking it all round, it was rather a better day than usual, for we were treated to the evidence of Captain BOYCOTT. The President made several amusing remarks, and Mr. Justice SMITH was also distinctly jocular, but the best things of the sitting were *thought* by Mr. Justice DAY who, however, kept them to himself. I was much pleased with the reticence of Mr. Lockwood, who never speaks except when it is absolutely necessary, and evidently does his best to avoid being reported. Mr. SOAMES looked wonderfully well, in spite of his marvellous exertions, and seemed as fresh as ever. By universal consent it is admitted that the case of the *Times* has been admirably prepared. Mr. GRAHAME was not present during the whole of the sitting, but, in spite of his occasional absence, Sir HENRY JAMES and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL really seemed to get on very nicely without him.

And now, my dear Wife, I must bring this letter to a close, as I have important appointments to keep at Romano's (a meeting-house close to Exeter Hall) and the Pelican Club, a name which has been recently given to a well-known Sunday Society. Hoping to see you soon, I remain,

Your ever affectionate husband,
Grand Hotel, Trafalgar Square, W.C. TOMMY SLYBOOTS.

"ALL HAIL, MACBETH!"

THE revival of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum is postponed until after Christmas. It will be brought out Saturday, December 29. We are indebted to a private and thoroughly trustworthy source for the following particulars, exclusively communicated to our Representative:—

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN has composed charming and appropriate music for the revival. He breathes again, and says, with expansion of his chest-notes, "What a difference there is in writing for 'W. S.'—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—without the 'G.!' " As to whether any of the original music will be used, the answer is, that Sir ARTHUR's keys won't fit the old LOCKE.

For the finish of Scene 2, Act II., after the murder of *Duncan*, Sir ARTHUR has composed a characteristic Scotch melody, to which *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*, with daggers in their hands, will reel off. This is one of the Reclistic effects.

Real Whiskey will be served at the banquet. There is a great competition among advertisers to supply the article.

The combat between *Macduff* and *Macbeth* will be of so terrific a character that The Two Macs will probably give up their knock-

about entertainment in despair. They won't be "in it" with The Two Macs at the Lyceum.

One line, originally written by W. S., has been restored to the text by Mr. FRANK McMARSHALL, who will not, as previously arranged,



"THE TWO MACS."

Macbeth and Macduff at the Lyceum.

play *Banquo's* Ghost. *Macduff* retorts on *Macbeth*, who is shouting at him, and brandishing his sword of the period:—

"I will not be
Put down by claymore!"

It is finally settled that Mrs. LANGTRY, Miss VIOLET CAMERON, and Miss MAUD MILLET will not appear as the *Three Witches*.

The proposal made by Mr. CREMER, of Oxford Street, to practically illustrate the line, "all is but toys" (Act II., Scene 3), was, on consideration, declined with thanks.

There are two medical men in *Macbeth*, One an English Doctor, and the other a Scotch. Each will be "made-up" after well-known celebrities. The Scotch practitioner in attendance on *Lady Macbeth*, will be an easily recognisable portrait of another great "Mac,"—in fact "the very moral" of him. Miss ELLEN TERRY will not adopt the costume with which we are familiar in the picture of Mrs. SIDONS as *Lady M.*, with a handkerchief round her face, suggestive of mumps, toothache, or of "holding her jaw."

A new reading has been introduced by the MACMARSHALL in Act IV., Scene 1, The Witches' Cave, when *Macbeth* on entering, will look at the cauldron, give a significant sniff, as if relishing the savour of national cookery, and exclaim—

"How now, you secret, black, and midnight Haggis!"

He will be then, in dumb show, invited to partake of the favourite dish.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.—The resolution of "VICAR" to attempt to produce, with the limited means at his disposal, the grand Opera of *Faust* as a Christmas treat for his youthful parishioners, does infinite credit to his energy and resource. The idea of substituting for the fiend *Mephistopheles* the genial figure of *Punchinello*, out of regard for the tender age and general theological scruples of his audience, is a happy one, but we doubt if he will find the fine musical effects of the Second and Fourth Acts satisfactorily rendered by a full chorus of three. His plan for representing the Apotheosis of *Marguerite* is a capital one, but we would warn him to be careful that the steps, clothes-horse, and arm-chair, which he is going to call into requisition for the purpose of producing the effect in question, do not give way.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.—You were certainly justified in resenting the remark of your future father-in-law in the little family *fracas* on the eve of your wedding, to which you refer; but it would, we think, have given your case a better look in the Police Court if you had not first torn his coat off his back, and then thrown him out of window. His offer to "square" the assault on your undertaking to pay for a portion of the wedding breakfast, though commercially mean, might, perhaps, under the peculiar circumstances, be entertained by you. With regard to the presents, you divide these, of course, with your *fiancée*, tossing for first choice. This is the etiquette invariably followed on such occasions in the best society. It is a pity that the three clergymen were kept waiting at the church two hours and a half before any one thought of informing them that the ceremony had been abandoned; but if they get troublesome about their fees, let them have a Solicitor's letter to tell them that if they want to recover them they must do it through the County Court.

PLAY-TIME.

Hands Across the Sea, the Melodrama at the Princess's is capably played. Young HENRY NEVILLE is first-rate as the hero, and more popular than ever. See him floor the Frenchmen. Song—

AIR—"You should see me dance the Polka."

You should see him floor the Frenchmen,
 You should see him cover the ground,
 You should see his shirt-sleeves flying,
 As he bangs the men all round;
 You should see him in it revel,
 You should see him full of "go,"
 For our rollicking HENRY NEVILLE
 Is a Melodrame's best hero.

Chorus (all)—You should see him, &c.

Then Miss MARY RORKE is charming, so is Miss WEBSTER, with double the life in her now she is away from the St. James's. Mr. PATEMAN's *Jean de Lussac* is repulsively clever, especially when he has on that tight fit which finishes him. As for GARDEN, it is quite a pleasure, GARDEN, to see you as *Tom Bassett*; and in fact, all are good, not forgetting such minor parts as Mr. H. H. MORELL's *Hiram Hickory*, a character sketch, adroitly worked into the plot by that sharp playwright, HENRY PETTIT, of whose work, however, this drama is not the best specimen. Less well acted, *Hands Across* might have resulted in Mr. PETTIT's determining not again to try a *pas seul*, but to make his bow and return to partner.

Mr. W. S. GILBERT seems to be considerably annoyed about the failure of his piece at the St. James's. He would like to sweep all the critics off the face of the newspapers, except one. Quite right; let us smash everyone whose opinion differs from our own. Noble



Suggestion for making something of the St. James's Play at Christmas:—

THE MAD MORTGAGE OF BAR-BALLAD HALL; OR, HARLEQUIN LON-
 LOST LOVER, THE CONVICT'S COQUETTISH CHEVILD, AND
 THE CRITIC ON THE D.T.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Harlequin | The Long-lost Lover. |
| Columbine | Julia (Who's so "very peculiar"). |
| Pantaloon | Broken-down Old Nobleman. |
| Sprite | The Virtuous Villain. |
| Clown by .. | The Great Pooh Bah-ington. |

sentiment! There was, at all events, one fond and faithful critic who liked it; namely, the critic of the *Standard*. So W. S. G. may henceforth reckon *Pooh-Bah-ington Hall* as specially a *Standard* Play. Appreciation from Sir ALFRED STANDARD is praise indeed!

It is said that so disgusted was Mr. W. S. G. at his treatment by the critics generally, or by the conduct of one in particular, which nearly gave him a fit of *D. T.*, that he solemnly vowed "never again to write a serious play." I can't believe it. The threat is too awful. What! Boycott the public! This is intimidation indeed. But, if true, we must bear it as best we may. JACK IN THE BOX.

NO ATTRACTION FOR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—Why should Railway Companies advertise their "Late Trains"? Surely the public would much prefer "Punctual Trains."

PROBABLE.—Lord SALISBURY's Black Man is in a fair way to become his Lordship's "bête noire."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My faithful "Co." says he has been very hard at work reading a novel called *Mary Myles*. It is only in two volumes, but more than enough. "Co." does not like the heroine who gives her name to the book. He describes her as an artful minx, who, under pretence of being a governess from Girton, flirts with every boy, man, and grey-beard, she runs across. She has an unpleasant habit of walking about without her shoes and stockings, and after becoming an old maid, ultimately marries a man many years her junior. "Co." has also looked through a somewhat elaborate work upon *Kensington*, which he says contains several rather clever illustrations. The letterpress, he thinks, less satisfactory, as many interesting particulars about the Royal suburb are unrecorded. "Co." is surprised that there should be so many omissions, considering that the book is written by no less a person than that eminent *littérateur*, the compiler of the *Authorised Guide to the Tower*. He has also dipped into the *Aspern Papers* of Mr. HENRY JAMES, and read *The Modern Warning*, contained in the second volume. Written in excellent English, the characters are unpleasant, and he hopes unnatural. He says he can answer that there was never such a vulgar person as *Sir Rufus Chasemore, K. C. B.*, on this side of the Atlantic; and he hopes that the Yankee snob, *Macarthy Grice*, on the other side, is equally mythical. He fears that *Aspern Papers* will please neither Britishers nor their American cousins. Mr. JAMES should turn his attention to real foreigners, and then, perhaps, he would score a success. My faithful "Co." feels that Mr. JAMES is rather out of his element when he talks of Fifth Avenue and Piccadilly; and my faithful "Co." was out of his element when he called the clever brochure to which he referred the week before last the *Dawn of the Nineteenth Century*, instead of the *Dawn of the Twentieth*.



I don't go in for books much this week. Shall have to do so next week. Christmas Books and cheque-books. Hark! the merry Christmas Bills! They don't quite chime in with my idea of perfect happiness. "Partons!" Now, what says "Co."? Co. has gone in for crackers. That is "Co.'s" literature just now. He sings in praise of TOM SMITH's crackers, which, he says, reproduce the latest fashions. The costumes being twisted up inside the cracker, which may be known as "SMITH'S Closure," and are most ingenious, quite "SMITH up to date." So much for the Smitheries.

At the Cremeries, the toy-purveyor should adopt as his motto the old French quotation, "*A Toy Toujours*." The great point here, says Co., is that there is such a variety to delight the genuine shilling customers. What boy or girl cares for a guinea toy, and other articles of rare price? No, give 'em a few good knock-about toys at a shilling a wooden head, and the quantity will please them as long as the quality is sufficiently enduring—say, for six weeks, when away back to lessons.

"Co." says I must mention GOODALL AND SON, for "Novelties in note paper," and a neat little box of cards with all appliances for whist, which is an education for a happy old age. GOODALL, all good. "My only books" are not "women's looks" this week, but children's books—charming little volumes, nursery rhymes and tales—old friends with new and attractive faces—by ERNEST NISTER. Bindings lovely; interior too good for little idle hands, accustomed to the use of scissors, and belonging to children possessed by scrap-mania. Scrap-maniacs are most destructive insects.

THE BARON DE B.-W. & Co.

CONFOUND THEIR NAVY-ISH TRICKS!

OLIVER TWIST would not be "in it" with Lord CHARLES BERESFORD in "asking for more." The brave and breezy BERESFORD frankly avowed that he desired to add Twenty Millions to the Navy Estimates! What Lord GEORGE HAMILTON had to say in reply practically amounted to this; that the British Navy was better than it had been, but not so good as it ought to be. Between our salt water *Oliver Twist* and our naval *Micawber* there does not seem to be much comfort for JOHN BULL. The official *Micawber* said that the difference between himself and the tarry-breeked *Oliver Twist* was that in him (Lord GEORGE MICAWBER) "the sense of caution was more fully developed." He added that when the Government moved, he hoped their movement would be "genuine and prolonged." Well, if they don't do their duty by our naval defences, doubtless their movement, when it comes, will be "genuine and prolonged" and that its motor will be what Lord TENNYSON calls "the wild mob's million feet." But, meanwhile, events move; they move all the time, and do not wait for sessions, or for programmes, or even for Budgets. That is why Naval finance of the *Pip* and *Herbert* Pocket order affords *Mr. Punch* little satisfaction, and not very much hope.



FEMINE PERVERSITY.

Aunt Betsy. "I wonder, JAMES, at your encouraging young CADBY to be so much with MADELINE! HE'S A BAD MATCH, AND NOT A GOOD FELLOW, I FEAR!"

Papa. "CONFOUND HIM, NO! I'VE GIVEN HIM CARTE-BLANCHE TO COME WHEN HE LIKES, AND SHE'S GETTING RATHER TIRED OF HIM AT LAST, FOR I'M ALWAYS CRACKING HIM UP!"

Aunt Betsy. "AND THAT NICE FELLOW, GOODENOUGH? HE'S NEVER HERE NOW?"

Papa. "NO; I'VE FORBIDDEN HIM THE HOUSE, AND WON'T EVEN ALLOW HIS NAME TO BE MENTIONED. SHE'S ALWAYS THINKING OF HIM IN CONSEQUENCE. I'M IN HOPES SHE'LL MARRY HIM SOME DAY!"

CHRISTMAS IN THE COMMONS.

THE SPEAKER'S DREAM.

"SLEEP, Mr. SPEAKER; it's surely fair, If you don't in your bed, that you should in your chair."

So sing PRAED, with much sympathee, In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three. What *would* he sing, did he live so late, In the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight?

"Christmas cometh but once a year, [here.] And when it comes—finds the SPEAKER still That is the version to fit the Commons [mons Of the old Yule tag. Shall the cheerful sum-That gladly rings from the Christmas chim- Find Parliament prating of Party crimes?"

Sleep, Mr. SPEAKER; close an eye! It is Christmas Eve, but they're still at TANNER or TIM in a minute or two [Supply. Some dreadful disorderly thing will do; Or LABBY will move to dock somebody's pay. Sleep, Mr. SPEAKER—sleep, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. SPEAKER; CONYBEARE soon The power of the Chair will invoke—or IM-HANBURY soon will be raising a din [pugn. On the subject of sixpence, or Suakin; GRANDOLPH will bother, or JENNINGS bray; Sleep, Mr. SPEAKER; sleep, sleep, while you may!

Sleep, Mr. SPEAKER, dream of the time When courtesy was not counted a crime;

When GLADSTONE was pupil in PEEL's old school; [rule; When PALMERSTON jested, but knew how to How parties and principles pass away! Sleep, Mr. SPEAKER, sleep, sleep, while you may!

And the SPEAKER slept; and what did he dream?

The House was filled with a fire-like gleam. Something had clearly gone wrong with the place, [Mace?] The Table was altered, and where was the

And—really this was the rummiest rig! A garland of holly encircled his wig.

He was wrapped in woollen from top to toes, And that rubeund button was not *his* nose. It was Father Christmas sat in his Chair; And who—*who* was it advancing there, With a dish borne high, and an apron? Look! Is it OLD MORALITY garbed as a Cook?

Cook? Faith, yes! And what does he sing? And what is the dish that the Cook doth bring? A Boar's Head? Ay! But 'tis plain to see One must spell it here B O R E; And, despite its tusks, what a likeness there To the dreaded visage of C-NYN-RE!

THE BORE'S HEAD CAROL.

CONYBEARE'S head in hand bear I, Bedecked with bays and rosemary; And I pray you, M.P.'s, be merry, Ye must be glad to see it—very! The Bore's head is a dainty dish; That is, when dressed as all must wish,

With tongue that never more will wag, Wide mouth—but with a lemon-gag!

Our steward hath provided this, A seasonable boon and bliss. To render all such Bore's heads dumb ones Were worth a Christmas in the Commons!

The SPEAKER was roused by an Irish scream, And he found it was but a Christmas dream. But he said, as his robe round his form he drew, And settled his wig, which had got askew;—"A vision, bred of the Season, no more! How I wish it were true—as regards the Bore!"

"Q. E. D."—which stands for "QUILTER, Ed." of the *Universal Review*—deserves well of the public for the reproduction of poor FRED WALKER's sketch for a Black-eyed Susan Envelope, and of "our Mr. TENNIEL'S" spirited likeness of the *Dame Halley* of that period. No wonder the Burlesque had such a run, seeing the number of legs with which our Cartoonist has gifted the bounding old lady. Most interesting article about General GORDON too. Altogether a capital number. Lucky QUILTER!

SURPLICE-AGE.—"I can't understand Canon LIDDON'S Sermons," observed one Chorister of St. Paul's to another. "No more can I," replied his friend, who had been reading a learned letter of Sir GEORGE GROVE'S in the *Musical World*. "I call him 'the enigmatic Canon.'"



CHRISTMAS IN THE COMMONS.

(A PROSPECT!)

“CONYBORE’S HEAD IN HAND BEAR I,
BEDECKED WITH BAYS AND ROSEMARY;

“AND I PRAY YOU, M.P.’S, BE MERRY,
YE MUST BE GLAD TO SEE IT—VERY!”



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



OUR NEW M.F.H.

Mr. Topple. "Hi, Boy! PULL UP THAT HURDLE—SHARP!"

Yokel. "Yes, Sur, I'LL PULL IT UP! HOW MUCH HIGHER DO EE WANT IT!"

ROBERT ON TOASTS AT BANKWETS.

I DON'T quite know what's a cumming to my good old friends the Members of the grand old Copperashun, but they seems to be gradooally a lessning of the number of their Toasteses when they nobly dines together.

Why, at wun of the werry niceest little dinners as I've waited at for a long time, the Cheerman, who was jest as fresh and as genial as I dessay he was sum fifty years ago, told his rayther estonished Gests, and us more estonished Waiters, that he shooldn't giv 'em more than too Toastes, and them wood in course be Her Most Grayshus Majesty the QUEEN, and the Rite Honrabel the LORD MARE, the too most principlest people in the country, and they coud talk, and they coud smoke, and they coud sing, without being bored—yes, bored was the word as he used—with a lot of tiresome toasts, and a lot of dreary speeches! Yes, and, to our immense estonishment, the Gests all cried out,

"Here! Here!" And I suttenly must confess that a merrier, or a larfinger, or a appyer party I hav seldom seen. They chatted away, and told most emusing stors, and wun rayther ancient Deputy aeshally giv a commiek ressetation, as made 'em all roar, Waiters and all; and one Gent, who was a wisiter, by the name of LANE, I rayther thinks—"most likely HUNNEY LANE," as BROWN rayther cleverly said—sang 'em three most luvly songs most sweetly, one on 'em being all about "holler arts wearing a mask"—more shame for em! Werry well—so far so good. But if wunse this sort of change is allwd, where's it a going for to stop?

Is it to be hexpected that Gents of great persitions in Sosiety, such as Dooks, and Markisses, and Haldermen, and Hadmirals, is to dress themselves in their werry best close, and put on all their horders and chanes and things, and not to be treeted to all the time-omered Toastes? No Royal Fammerly, and no Army and Navy and Wolunteers, and no old Copperashun, and no Howses of Parlelament! Why, the werry thort of it sends quite a shudder thro me as I writes.

Why, what did I hear a galliant Hadmiral say, ony larst week but wun, when returning thanks for the Navy? Why, that whenever he was a taking his Fleet into haction,—and he seemed to be doing it about wunee a week by the way he torked—the wun thort as filled his galliant sole was, that sum day, when the war was ower, he and his brave comrades wood all be drunk sumwheres in the City! and the nobel sentiment was cheered to the hecko. The same with the nobel Ouse of Lords. They has such preshus littel heppertunities in their own gilded Chamber of making their voices herd, or their names nown, that if it wasn't for the thortful as well as genial orspitaltery of the Manshun Ouse and the great Livvery Cumpnys with their grand Toastes, nobody woodn't never hear on 'em, and they'd be like the flowers a wasting their sweetness on the dessert there.

I'm quite willing to allow that sumtimes, when the crittiele moment arrives, after the almost saered Luvving Cup has gone quite round the table, that the various Gests makes themselves as cumferal as they can, and assoomes a hair of demmy semmy resignashun, if not indeed of marterdom, that is sumwhat puzzling to us Waiters. BROWN, with his usual himperence, says as it's becoz they all thinks as they knows xaectly wot's cumming, as they've herd it all so offen afore; but BROWN's rong, as ushal, for I wenturs to say, with dubble his xperience, that there's an amount of wariety interdoeed in porposing the werry same Toastes as to me is puffekly surprizing.

It's sumtimes werry good fun to us when a werry stout General, or a werry red Hadmiral, goes on a pounding away for sumthink like twenty minutes, and who takes the applause, that gits lowder and lowder every minnet, for encouragement, when it's really all hntended for chaff, and to drown his poor voice. Sumtimes he finds it out, and then den't he jest set down quickly, pore feller!

No, Gennelmen Copporators, and Gennelmen Marsters, and Gennelmen Wardens, it won't do. Change in sum few things may possberly mean himprovement, but any change in all the thortful derangements of a grand, serumpshus, and almost hinterninabel Bankwet, wood be fatal to its sollem character, and lower it down to the level of a mere Dinner, at which all sorts of people are mingled together for mere eating, and drinking, and chat, and amouement. Long be the day ere that sad change shall cum to pass in the grand old City of London, is the fervent prayer of one who is quite satisfied with things as they is, and his name is ROBERT.



OLFACTORY.

He (with a look of dissatisfaction at his dish—"He is so particular!"). "MY DEAR—I THINK—"

She. "OH, I'M SURE IT'S A VERY GOOD HAM, GEORGE! A GENUINE WESTPHALIA."

He. "AH—WELL—YES, DEAR—I SM—CERTAINLY PERCEIVED IT WAS A FAILURE O' SOME SORT DIRECTLY THE COVER WAS TAKEN OFF!"

KISSING GOES BY—PHONOGRAPH.

[Mr. EDISON announces that he is able to transmit kisses by phonograph.]

Few, of true amorous orthodoxy,
Have ever cared to kiss by proxy,
But Cupid's realm looks clean awry
When EDISON—beshrew the man!—
Produces this preposterous plan
For kissing by machinery!

"Make me immortal by a kiss!"
Cried HELEN's lover. How would this
Strike learned *Dr. Faustus*?
Though Science dominates the earth,
One sometimes wonders is it worth
What it seems like to cost us?

Troy's paragon—pray do not laugh!—
Had she possessed a phonograph,
Might have bequeathed her kisses
To *Faustus*, or to you or me.
She *didn't*, and I don't quite see'
That much a fellow misses.

Of course, to press one's lips to hers
Were rapture; but a man prefers
Direct and labial contact;
And, when one thinks of wax and wire
As media for love's "kiss of fire,"—
No, EDISON, it *won't* act!

CLOSURE V. CLOSURE.—Mr. J. C. STEVENSON—amindful of the fate of Sir ANDREW AGNEW and Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR,—favours a Bill for the total shutting up of public-houses on Sunday. The Public prefer the total shutting up of Mr. J. C. STEVENSON. The Public is quite right.

THE MOAN OF THE MOUNTED ONE.

(By a London Rider.)

EQUESTRIANS of London, who pace its miles
of street, [the friction of our feet,
Whose "flags" have braved so many years



The glorious times of paving-stone and
granite blocks fast flow,
Now Wood

Is thought good,
And Asphalte is all the go!
Now your horses slip on slimy blocks,
And Asphalte is all the go!

The gee-gees of your fathers the granite
safely trod, [with iron shod;
For M'ADAM was the faithful friend of steeds
Now brave Bucephalus must slip, and stagger,
and lie low,

For Wood
Is deemed good,

And Asphalte is all the go;
The slithery wood-blocks funk our nags,
And Asphalte is all the go!

The Horseman finds no "halfpenny rolls,"
no "metal" firm and easy;
His ride is o'er the treacly wood, and o'er the
asphalte greasy.

Damp blocks, *not* from our native oak, are
spread his steed below:

What a bore,
To be sure!

Now Asphalte is all the go;
Malodorous timber paves our paths,
And Asphalte is all the go!

The Horsemen of Old England, they scarce
know where to turn,
The danger of a fall to dodge. For the old
days they yearn. [ye, fast or slow,

Then, then, ye park-dumb amblers, safe went
Ere Wood

Was deemed good,

Or Asphalte was all the go!
Ere slippery wood-blocks lamed our steeds,
Or Asphalte was all the go!

THE new Lyric Theatre, just opened, possesses a bath-room! Mr. PHIPPS, the architect, has thus afforded the Manager, Mr. LESLIE, in the first place, and secondly any visitor, every facility for getting into hot water on the shortest possible notice. In Mr. GILBERT's new theatre of course there will be a dressing-room for critics. But which will provide the dressing?—the critics, for the author, as a rule.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
 EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.
 PATCHES THE LATEST REVIVAL
 a few specimens
 Harry Furness

House of Commons, Monday, December 10.—House full of fog to-night; obscures even Irish Question; Members lit ghostlike through the cloud; Irish Members suspect BALFOUR at bottom of it; CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM sure it was HOME SECRETARY. PLUNKET, questioned by Grand Young GARDNER, explains fog is entirely due to presence of Members. Air carefully introduced to Chamber through layers of cotton-wool; fog intercepted; only fresh air in House; all right up to Three o'Clock; then Members troop in, and everything in a fog.

House declines to accept this explanation, and Motion for Adjournment threatened. Things look bad for Ministry, when well-known figure looms through mist at table, and familiar voice is heard. It is OLD MORALITY, riding on the whirlwind and explaining the fog.



"Members brought fog in with them."

"Sir," he said, turning in direction where he thought he saw outline of Speaker's Chair, "the Hon. Member asks, What is the cause of the fog? Her Majesty's Government have nothing to hide in this matter. I will be quite frank with the House. These fogs, which occur generally in the winter time, are occasioned thus:—Some current of air being suddenly cooled, descends into the warm streets, forcing back the smoke in a mass towards the earth. Fogs would be more frequent but for the fact that the air will not always hold in solution a certain quantity of vapour, which varies according to its temperature, and when the air is not saturated it may be cooled without parting with its vapour. I have now given the House the fullest explanation in my power, concealing nothing, and extenuating nothing, it being my only wish to consult the

convenience of Members on both sides, to do my duty to the country, and to perform the functions of the Government with the least friction possible."

That settled it. Fog denser than ever, but everyone satisfied. Irish Members with light hearts turned to boo for BALFOUR.

Operation lasted till midnight, when Closure moved. Condition of affairs so exhilarating that COURTNEY dropped into a joke. Years ago now since JACOB BRIGHT made his reputation as humorist by alluding to GRANDOLPH as "the noble Lord, the Member for Woodcock." COURTNEY, cheered by the fog, and soothed by OLD MORALITY'S oration, determined to outshine this flash. Struck a light on TAY PAY. TAY PAY from time to time emerged out of fog, yelled "Yah!" in somebody's ear, and disappeared. COURTNEY lay in wait for him; he swooped down, and caught him by left ear.

"This," he said, shaking him vigorously, "is the third time the Hon. Member for Scotland Yard has interrupted."

"The Member for Scotland Yard," says FRASER, V.C., "lacks the brisk movement of 'TAY PAY'; but it will serve for Sundays and state occasions."

Business done.—Irish Votes in Supply.

Wednesday, 2 A.M.—Been here, or hereabouts, since three yesterday. Me and the SPEAKER took our chairs together. No present sign of getting home; daresay shall go on till Three o'Clock, which nicely divides the day.

And such a night too! Scotch Estimates on; Scotch Members don't often get a chance; when they do, don't easily let it go. ANDERSON, who led off at prodigious length, invented new process which extorted grunt of admiration from TIM HEALY. Moved to reduce salary of Secretary for Scotland by £1000; amid growing impatience from compatriots who had speeches ready, ANDERSON reached his seventh and sat down; then came dreary procession of Scotch Members till ROBERTSON, vainly trying to catch the SPEAKER'S eye, temporarily gave up pursuit and left House.

"It's amazing," he said glaring at ESSELMONT, "how some people with nothing to say ways their tongues."

ROBERTSON back presently, and getting his innings, talked for half an hour. Meanwhile ANDERSON sprung his patent process on disheartened House; withdrew Amendment to reduce salary by £1000; moved another to reduce it by £200; this being new Amendment, he was in order in making new speech; which he did.

Thinking over these things sitting in limp condition on plank bench, startled by hearing curious whimpering, "Boo-oo!" Turned round; found it was TANNER digging his knuckles into his eyes and whimpering like whipped schoolboy.

"What are you at now?" I asked. "Booing for BALFOUR?"

"Boo-oo!" he said, with another outburst. "He's got my stick."

"Who's got your stick?"

"Boo-oo, FIELDEN, boo. I'll tell the SPEAKER."

So he did. Seems he'd brought in broken bâton; said to have been used by Irish Constable; left it on table whilst he went out to division; FIELDEN, coming in, put it in his pocket.

"Give me my stick!" screamed TANNER, when he came back, "or I'll tell my moth—I mean the SPEAKER."

FIELDEN playfully refused. TANNER stamped and screamed, tore his pinafore, whimpered, and finally peached. SPEAKER protested he was tired of these personal squabbles. Told FIELDEN to give the boy his stick. Nurse sent for, and TANNER carried off to bed, kicking and screaming. When we have come to this in House of Commons, it's time to wind up business.

Business done.—Scotch Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—Came down to-day in thoroughly depressed mood. Had a chat with BERESFORD yesterday: tells me it's all up with us: haven't got a ship in the Navy that could stand against a penny steamboat on the Seine; guns burst; engines won't work; ships run aground, and the Cavendish tobacco not at all what it should be. Worst of it is, the Government won't learn. CHARLIE wanted them to beach the *Agamemnon* or *Alexandra* opposite terrace of House of Commons, plant a few big guns on terrace and fire away at ship.

"Then you'd see," says CHARLES.

But HAMILTON won't see, and there we are. That is the truth about the Navy in a cockleshell. Cockleshell, however, couldn't hold all CHARLIE had to say. Prodigious effort; poured broadside after broadside into Admiralty; HAMILTON, with head hung down, tore up with busy fingers innumerable slips of paper in reply; a melancholy indictment, leaving us not a ship to sail in or a gun to fire. Curious part of it was that nobody seemed penny the worse. Carthage is as good as ruined—and Members went off to dinner just the same! So many went that at half-past eight House nearly Counted Out.

BROWN of Wenlock (ex-cornet in 50th Dragoon Guards), had come down determined to shed last drop of his blood for country.

"I'm a handy figure aboard a ship," he said, drawing himself out like a telescope, "and though not used to the sea, will enlist as a marine. In emergency, might serve as spare spar."

But Cornet BROWN, finding how things were going, concluded he wasn't wanted; shut himself up a few feet, and went out. BERESFORD had several more speeches to make on other votes, but result of first oration not encouraging. In the end, votes ran through like greased lightning. England, dull-eared and blindfolded, went stumbling to her doom!

Business done.—Navy Votes agreed to.

Friday.—Army Estimates on to-day. Admirals retire, Colonels advance in fighting form. Navy bad; Army worse. An ancient nation tottering to its fall. Quite a cheerful Christmas Story, in two Parts. Part One: The Navy. Part Two: The Army. Conclusion: Both hopelessly bad.

Sir GEORGE ELLIOT sits out dreary debate, as last night he listened to lament over Navy. Wonder what he thinks of it all? Doesn't seem particularly depressed. Why don't they put him at head of War Office or Admiralty? Wouldn't matter which. Father wasn't a Duke, nor is his brother an Earl; but he's a man of great natural gifts, trained capacity, and infinite resources, a credit to Durham, an honour to Monmouth.

"That's the sort of man they ought to offer any inducement to leave his private affairs and look after the Nation's," said Serjeant SIMON, an Old Parliamentary Hand, looking in to see how the House is getting on without him.

Towards close of sitting, things took new turn; opposition melted away; money voted hand over hand; looks like adjournment before Christmas Day, after all.

Business done.—Army Votes.

THE LAST OF A JOLLY OLD CHAP.—There was always something laughable in the absurd separation of Kensington Gardens from Hyde Park, and this ridiculous something was the old "Ha-ha wall" which has now disappeared for ever. It was removed bodily, both its sides shaking with laughter. Alas! never again will the glades of Kensington ring with the old Wall's merriment.



Tay Pay, "Member for Scotland Yard" as seen in Mr. Courtney's mind's eye. Monday, Dec. 10.



A Telescopic View.



Tanner of the Broken Bâton.



Old Parliamentary Hand.



A HINT FOR THE STICKY SEASON.

FILL YOUR POCKETS WITH SAND, AND SCATTER AS YOU WALK. THEN, WHILE OTHER PEOPLE ARE PAINFULLY TOTTERING ALONG THE GLUEY PAVEMENT, YOU MAY MARCH WITH CONFIDENT STEP.

CHOOSING A LADY GUIDE.

(AN ENTIRELY IMAGINARY FORECAST.)

SCENE—*The Offices of the New "Lady Guide Association." Intelligent Gentlewomen, "Ladies by birth and education, of almost any age, and of different dispositions and capacities," according to prospectus, discovered seated in background awaiting an engagement. In foreground, Clients are consulting Manageress.*

Manageress (to Couple from the Country). Exactly; this is your first visit to London, and you want to see everything during the week you are here. There is a lady there, the third from the end, with the short hair and the *pince-nez*. She is in charge of the Intellectual Sight-seeing Department, and you will find her a highly-intelligent companion, thoroughly acquainted with all the objects of interest in Sir Hans Soane's, the British, and the Geological Museums, Madame Tussaud's, and the Tower, where she will render a warder quite unnecessary. In the New Law Courts, for a small additional fee, she will explain the origin and growth of Common Law and Equity; she can translate the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey (if desired), and tell you the exact height of every public building in London.

The Husband. Hev she a eye for a beast? Susy an' I be coom np fur Cattle Show maainly.

Manageress. She has been through a course of lectures on Comparative Anatomy. Shall I call her?

The Wife. No offence to you, Ma'am, but I think I'd rather know what that young woman in the fur-trimmings can do, before I make up my mind, like.

Manageress. Ah, that lady? She is extremely well connected—a Baron's daughter—she undertakes the Social Sight-seeing, but she would be rather too expensive for you, perhaps?

The Husband. Oh, dang th' expense! let 's hev' a good 'un while we're 'bout it. Kindly ask her to step out. (*The Hon. Miss FREDERICA GEORGINA CHURCHMOUSE steps forward.*) Now, Miss, me and my Missus here 'ud like to hear what you have to say for yourself.

Miss Churchmouse (languidly). I think I could show you something of Town while you are with us. Dear Lady PETITFOORES kindly allows me to bring my friends in to tea on any of her afternoons, and I could get you cards for the Countess of HERRINGBARREL's crush, and Lady DARVISH's small dance, if you cared to go, that is. I would walk in the Row with you after Church on Sunday morning—(but that would be an extra)—and tell you who everybody was. If you thought of giving a little party while you are in Town, I could get some really smart people to come to you, and advise you how to do the thing, with or without supper and flowers—a brother of mine supplies a very fair champagne at a moderate price, and you would order the flowers from our hotheuses at Brokeby, of course. I—ah—don't know if there's anything else you thought of doing?

The Wife. We did think of going to the Theatyr.

Miss Churchmouse. Nothing worth seeing just now but the French plays—we have the back seats in an upper box for to-morrow, and I daresay I could get mother to take you in our party.

The Husband. And 'bout how much would it tot up to if we did the whole thing?

Miss C. Well, as nearly, as I can tell you, about— (*Mentions a sum at which their eyes roll.*)

The Husband (after whispered consultation). Ah, thankeo. I'll look in agéan when I'm this way maybe.

[*Country Couple retire. Enter an American party. American Spokesman.* Good-day, Ma'm, we've looked in to ask if you've a smart high-toned Lady Guide to go around with us at a low figure. We're Amurrician citizens, and we mean having a real good time.

Manageress. Let me see—is there any lady on those seats there whose appearance takes your fancy?

A Young American (insidiously). That's a vurry attractive young lady with the blue eyes and a frizzy top-knot.

His Wife. HENRY CLAY BANGS, if you want to see me in a fit on the floor—go on!

The Spokesman. It's this way, Ma'm. We're a mixed party, and our ladies—well, they're not so darned partickler about having a goodlooking Guide. Birth and breeding we do take stock in. So, if you've got a female member of your pampered aristocracy, approaching middle-age, red-headed and squint-eyed, hitched up on these premises, I reckon we'll take her along.

Manageress. I'm afraid we have nothing but a Baronet's widow to-day, who, at all answers that description, and I'm sorry to say she doesn't squint.

The Young American (in an undertone). Say, couldn't we contrive to get along with one of the younger ones at a pinch? If they had a juvenile Duchess around now, it wouldn't signify much if she did happen to be personable, so far as I'm concerned.

The Spokesman. I believe you, BANGS—there's no prejudice about you; but if we're to preserve the harmony of this meeting—we've got to content ourselves with a plain patrician, or no one, that's so! And, as there's nothing of that kind in stock just now, I guess we'll hev to cavort around this effete old city without anyone to give us points. Come, Ladies! [*American party file out.*]

Enter Provincial Lady, much agitated.

Provincial Lady. Oh, if you please, we've taken a house at Kilburn for the Winter Season, and the pipes have burst, and there's something wrong with the drains, and everything tastes of dry-rot, and the housemaids won't carry up the coals, and we're almost sure the cook sells our kitchen-stuff through the area railings, and we hear such very odd noises every night next door between eleven and twelve, and we have almost settled to give a quiet children's party, and I want someone to tell me the most fashionable shop in Kilburn to get a bonnet, and we fancy the baby has swallowed a button, and I don't know where to find a respectable sweep—could you recommend me a young person who would give me a little temporary household assistance, and what would be her charge for coming?

The Manageress. Certainly, Madam. You will find the charge stated in our Differential Tariff. Miss DE VERE, will you take this lady down-stairs to the Third Class Department, and show her the Confidential Companions?

[*Exit Miss DE VERE with Provincial Lady.*]

Enter a Young Frenchman.

The Y. F. Pardon, Madame, I arrive at your Association, so desired, so distinguished, to select myself a leddi guide, *tout à fait comme il faut!*

Manageress. Certainly, Monsieur, I can give you a very superior Lady, whom you will find full of information and statistics of every kind, and who converses fluently in the Ollendorffian method. She possesses, too, a thorough knowledge of cab-fares, inside and outside the radius. May I ask how large your party is?

The Y. F. My party? But I am ze party—I am all alone!

Manageress. Ah, indeed? Then I fear you must remain so, Monsieur. Our guides are not prepared to attend gentlemen travelling *en garçon*. I am very sorry, I can assure you.

The Y. F. Ah, Madame, le plus désolé—c'est moi!

[*Exit Young Frenchman, with a regretful glance at the bery of Lady Guides, as Scene closes.*]

Mem. by One who Remembers.

"Suakin is the key to the Upper Nile."—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

DEAR me! The old, old talk! It mars my ease,
It comes upon me with a painful shock:
Whenever there is all this talk of "keys,"
Things seem so sure to come to a dead-lock.

MOTTO FOR THE PARNELL COMMISSION.—"*Sedet æternumque sedebit, Infelix Theseus.*" The unhappy Theseus is, of course, the President, "tied to the stake."



House of Commons, Monday Night, December 17.—Nice sort of preparation for Christmas. Thick fog outside; Benches crowded inside; debate on Suakin expected; GLADSTONE again in his place. "You see I can't leave you, TOBY," he said, with sprightly air, but really apologetically. "Bade farewell to House three weeks ago. Then BALFOUR twitted me, so obliged to run up to Town and boo him. Really thought I was gone after that; but, having spare Saturday, spent it at Limehouse. Day after to-morrow set off for sunny South. No use going down to Hawarden for couple of days; so, being in Town, may as well come down to House; being in House, may as well deliver a speech. No trouble, I assure you."

GLADSTONE come, OLD MORALITY gone. In his place GOSCHEN sits nervously washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water. Every prospect of a stiff debate. Holidays retire further into the dim and distant future. Things made worse by receipt of telegram from OLD MORALITY, dated Monte Carlo. Here it is:—"And how is TOBIAS, M.P.?" (TOBIAS!—that's his joke.) "Hope you are doing as well at Westminster as we are here. A bright sky overhead, peeps of blue Mediterranean between the palms in the garden, drives and walks through sunny atmosphere; delightful music, dinner à la

carte, and the tables. I suppose you are beating this out and out? thoroughly enjoying yourself at Christmas time? Perhaps a little snow, but everything bright, crisp, sparkling, joyous and Christmas-like? No fog or slush or Suakin? I congratulate you. Kind regards to JOKEK. Dreamed last night that very first day he took my place in House GLADSTONE came back, and GRANDOLPH went on the rampage. But, of course, that only a dream. JOKEK quite happy. All the honours of leadership and none of the labours. Just going in to take walk round the tables and see that CHARLES RUSSELL isn't playing. By the way, you used to chaff me about pouncing. But what I've done in my little way, nothing to daily habit of the *crouchers* here. Pounce every six minutes; closure moved at every table; not, of course, in same words, since they speak French. *Le jeu est fait. On ne va plus,* which, being translated, means 'I move that the question be now put.' Here, as with you, no debate, not even division. Good bye and a Merry Christmas. So glad you're all enjoying yourselves at Westminster."

Something quite bloodthirsty about this pleasantry. Bad enough for Leader of House to run away to enjoy himself; too bad to jeer at us by telegram from the sunny climc where he sejourns.

A regular tussle round Suakin. JOHN MORLEY led off attack from Front Bench; GLADSTONE brought up reserves; GRANDOLPH attacked Ministry in rear. Don't know what would have happened to Government if CHAPLIN hadn't thrown himself into breach and solemnly rebuked GRANDOLPH. GRANDOLPH laughed; but it was a hollow performance. *Business done.*—Suakin Vote agreed to.

Tuesday.—Met Mr. Dick—I mean Lord DENMAN, slowly making way down to House immersed in deep thought, with coronet under his arm. "How's the Memorial getting on?" I asked.

"Pretty well," he said. "Head of CHARLES THE FIRST not been so troublesome lately. Have, however, laid manuscript aside for short time. Mind much occupied with Local Government Act; have my doubts about RITCHIE; Bill itself calculated to diminish the corn average and reduce the travelling weight of fat cattle. It must be seen to. So have brought in Bill for immediate repeal of Act. Down now to move Second Reading; sorry to embarrass the MARKISS; but public duty is a public trust. Expect the Government will resign if I carry my measure, and probably the Black Man would be sent for to Osborne. A nuisance at Christmas time; but there are higher considerations than plum-pudding. If you would like to see a bombshell drop in Ministerial Camp, better look in when I'm moving the Second Reading of my Bill."

Looked in accordingly. About a score of Peers present; Mr. Dick, seating himself close to woolsack so as to be ready when hour struck, looked round with triumphant glance. MARKISS not present; had probably received hint and stopped away. GRAND CROSS on Ministerial Bench, suffusing it with air of supreme respectability and profound sagacity. Public Health Acts Bill read Third Time; DUNRAVEN got Payment of Wages Bill read Second Time. A hushed moment of anxiety; then Mr. Dick discovered at table moving Second Reading of Local Government (England and Wales) Act, 1888, Repeal Bill. Mr. Dick, producing some pages of the Memorial, denounced Bill as "one of the most dangerous ever presented to their Lordships." GRAND CROSS nervously wiped his damp spectacles. No one had reckless audacity to deny Mr. Dick's statement. ABERDEEN sat bolt upright; clutched himself by the thighs; looked as if he was going to rise, but limbs refused to move.

"Great Heavens!" I murmured. "Is it possible the Act going to be sacrificed in this way? No one to say a word in favour of it. What Christmas Tidings for RITCHIE!"

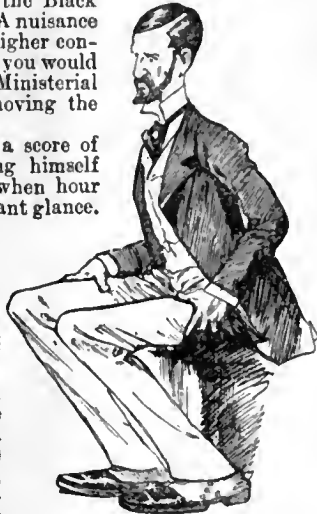
LORD CHANCELLOR put the question. House stricken dumb. No one said either "Content" or "Not Content." Taking advantage of general condition of paralysis, LORD CHANCELLOR boldly declared "Not Contents" had it, and Bill thrown out.

"I shall draw up another Memorial," said Mr. Dick, sticking a pin in his cravat. "Shall be addressed to HER MAJESTY; briefly but firmly demand Head of HALSBURY. CHARLES THE FIRST never trifled with the Constitution in so reckless manner. And where's his Head to-day?"

Business done.—In Peers, LORD CHANCELLOR saves Local Government Act; in Commons, Irish Votes in Supply.

Wednesday.—Booing all day for BALFOUR; last opportunity; must make the most of it; Windbag SEXTON does; House met at noon; Windbag started immediately after; went on for full hour without stopping; CLANCY took his place whilst he refreshed; came back again, continued his speech; end of second hour. TANNER volunteered to take a turn of duty; Windbag back again after brief interval puffing and blowing with welcome signs of growing feebleness. At last collapsed, and others got chance.

BALFOUR all the while languidly prone on Treasury Bench thinking of pleasant days to come at the Chief Secretary's Lodge. Irish Members kept it going till Seven o'Clock, when last vote in Report of Supply agreed to. Appropriation Bill brought in and Session practically over.



An Anxious Moment.

"*Au reservoir*," said E. HARRINGTON, who hasn't sat near JOSEPH GILLIS for years without obtaining some smattering of the language spoken at Paris. "Some of us are going to spend the Recess in prison, but we'll come back with the flowers in Spring and boo again for BALFOUR." *Business done.*—Practically, all.

ROBERT BLAKE.

1598—1657.

"ADMIRAL BLAKE was the first man who made the name of England to be respected abroad, and also the first to see what the Supremacy of England on the Sea really meant."—LORD C. BERESFORD at the unveiling of the BLAKE Memorial at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

STOUT Sailor, pride of England's patriot sons,
Who vanquished her most valiant foe, VAN TROMP,
Cast forth from her great Abbey's glorious pomp,
Thy fame shines bright as when above the guns
At Santa Cruz thy keen eyes flamed and saw
The path to England's Queenship of the Sea.
What may not later patriots learn from thee,
In days of slackened will and shaken law?
Not swelling words but sturdy deeds were thine,
Not conflicts voluble but valiant strokes.
Thou, firm of fibre as our native oaks,
Didst bear our flag unchallenged o'er the brine;
Made England's name respected, and her power
Acknowledged over all earth's watery ways.
Englishmen, emulous of such splendid praise,
Sailors, who deem sea-sway our native dower,
Patriots who'd keep our greatness at full flower
As in those strenuous days,
Scan that great record; as exemplar take
Our first of patriot Seamen, ROBERT BLAKE.

IN THEIR CHRISTMAS HAMPERS.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—Brand new Captain-General's and Colonel's Reversible Uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company, and £500 for military purposes sewn up in the tail coat pockets with the H.A. Co.'s compliments, thanks, and kind inquiries.

Mr. Gladstone.—The fancy dress costume of a Neapolitan Lazzarone, together with Mr. Cook's coupons for a circular three weeks' tour in Southern Italy.

Lord Hartington.—A bundle of "Grand Old Man" crackers, furnished with appropriate mottoes.

Lord Charles Beresford.—A cheque on the Treasury for Twenty Millions, payable to "Naval Efficiency" or order.

Lord Salisbury.—A thoroughly New Egyptian Puzzle (Key wanting).

Mr. Naoroji.—Fancy portrait of Lord SALISBURY as the typical "White Man."

Lord Grandolph.—Gladstone bag containing Liberal-parti-coloured costume with false collars. Motto "*Suivez moi!*"

Sir James Hannen.—Diary showing Red Letter Day three years' hence as possible date for the termination of a certain protracted Commission.

The Czar.—*Bal Masqué* disguise of "Peace at any Price," with Handbook of Sentiments to match.

M. de Lesseps.—A draft at sight for £35,000,000, unlimited confidence of patriotic supporters, and no awkward questions asked about probable date of completion of the Canal.

The Emperor of Germany.—Shilling Handy Guide for the Conduct of Young Potentates, with special appended Essay on the use of the personal pronoun in public manifestos.

Mr. Augustus Harris.—Schedule from the Booking Office, showing the disposal, three months in advance, of all the Stalls and Dress Circle places at Drury Lane to witness his new Pantomime.

Lord George Hamilton.—A new pair of spectacles, not tinted *couleur de rose*, with which to survey the present condition of the British Navy.

General Boulanger.—A Dictator's trick hat, warranted to assume any new shape, according to circumstances.

The Honourable Artillery Company.—A Repaired Royal Charter with H.R.H. the Prince of WALES's best compliments and congratulations.

Mr. Stanhope.—Little volume, entitled, *Facts Controverted; or, a Hundred Ways of Shutting up the Parliamentary Aukward Questioners.*

The Mahdi.—Hymn of Jubilation over the general discomfiture of the British Cabinet.



"Au reservoir!"

LITTLE PUSS IN BOOTS; OR, THE CATS' MEET AND THE HUNTING KIT! (OUR PANTOMIME POEM.)



Lily Samson.

THE Early Bird had done pecking the worm,
Who resented the act with a struggle and squirm;
The Bright Chanticleer had proclaimed the morn,
And the Huntsman already was sounding the Horn.

Con spirito.



By way of parenthesis let us remark,
That the Bright Chanticleer was only a lark,
Who was kept in a very small cage on a shelf,
And who got up so early—he rose with himself.
The morning was bright, and the air was sweet,
Not a cloud in the sky—not a prospect of wet;
On the sward there assembled, a very smart set,
For there was to be—a special Cats' Meet.

Now Hunting Kit was the first to appear,
 (The hounds were first—a detail mere);
 Also to mention, I must not fail,
 That the hounds were kittens (a mere detail),
 And Hunting Kit had the pinkest of suits,
 Including a marvellous pair of top boots.
 Now People have often inquired how he kept in 'em—
 We'll tell you, they fitted so tightly, he slept in 'em.
 Now every huntsman with any nous
 Was bent on hunting the wily mouse.
 The Gay Lady TABITHA (rivals said "Tush!")
 Was keen on securing the coveted brush.
 A silly old Poodle turned up at the start,
 Not mounted—oh no! never fear;
 He came in a Lowther Areade dog-cart,
 To follow full well in the rear.

Singing:—

With molto chic!!!
Sva.

Vive la chasse! Vive la chasse! I keep to road, and not de

Sva.

grass, People tink I am de ass! So I am! Vive la chasse!!!

To every mouse-hunter the sweetest of sounds
 Is the glorious purring and mewing of hounds.
 Hurrah! We are off, and the air soon is ringing
 With the sound of the unison song we are singing.

OUR HUNTING SONG.

(Cats' metre.)

mf

O'er hill and dale we fly..y..y; To-day a mouse must

die..i..i! Thro' hedges and ditches, Thro' thorns and switches, We

go..o..o! We go..o..o! And all sing Tai - ly oh! Taily oh!

Hurrah, the View-halloa is heard—'tis a find,
 "Hark forward!"—poor Poodle has "harked far behind."
 Through everyone's property every one tears,
 And (excepting the landlords) nobody cares.
 We come to the farm of a grumpy old owl,
 Who is armed with a pitchfork as well as a scowl.
 He's very irate, as over his gate
 Goes every hound, with leap and with bound,

There goes the mouse—right through his house,
 And so do we—with heedless glee,
 A truce to our mirth—we've run him to earth.
 But tush!—never mind! Here's a much better find,
 Superior to first;
 A fine old mouse,
 Who runs from the house—
 A glorious burst!

What the Owl cried to Kit we never quite knew,
 We heard what he said to a Groom,—
 "To whip, To whip; To who, To who!"
 (He ought to have said "to whom.")
 And after a chase, though flooded field,
 Poor mouse did yield;
 And gay Lady TABITHA, short of breath,
 Was in at the death.
 Then came the best of the fun of the fair,
 For Kit first was seen to stoop,
 And, holding the mouse high up in the air,
 He shouted "Who-hoop! Who-hoop!"
 In spite of the rivals, who would say "Tush!"
 Lady "TAN" was awarded the coveted brush.
 Bemuddled and splashed, we trudged along
 Towards our home, with the usual song.

THE HOMEWARD SONG.

(To be Sung with the Huntsmen's remaining breath.)

Let's home, brave boys, Let's home, brave boys, We've earn'd there - past we

need, brave boys, Our toast "Me-ow," In a bum-per of cow, On the

flesh of the horse we'll feed, brave boys, we'll feed, brave boys!

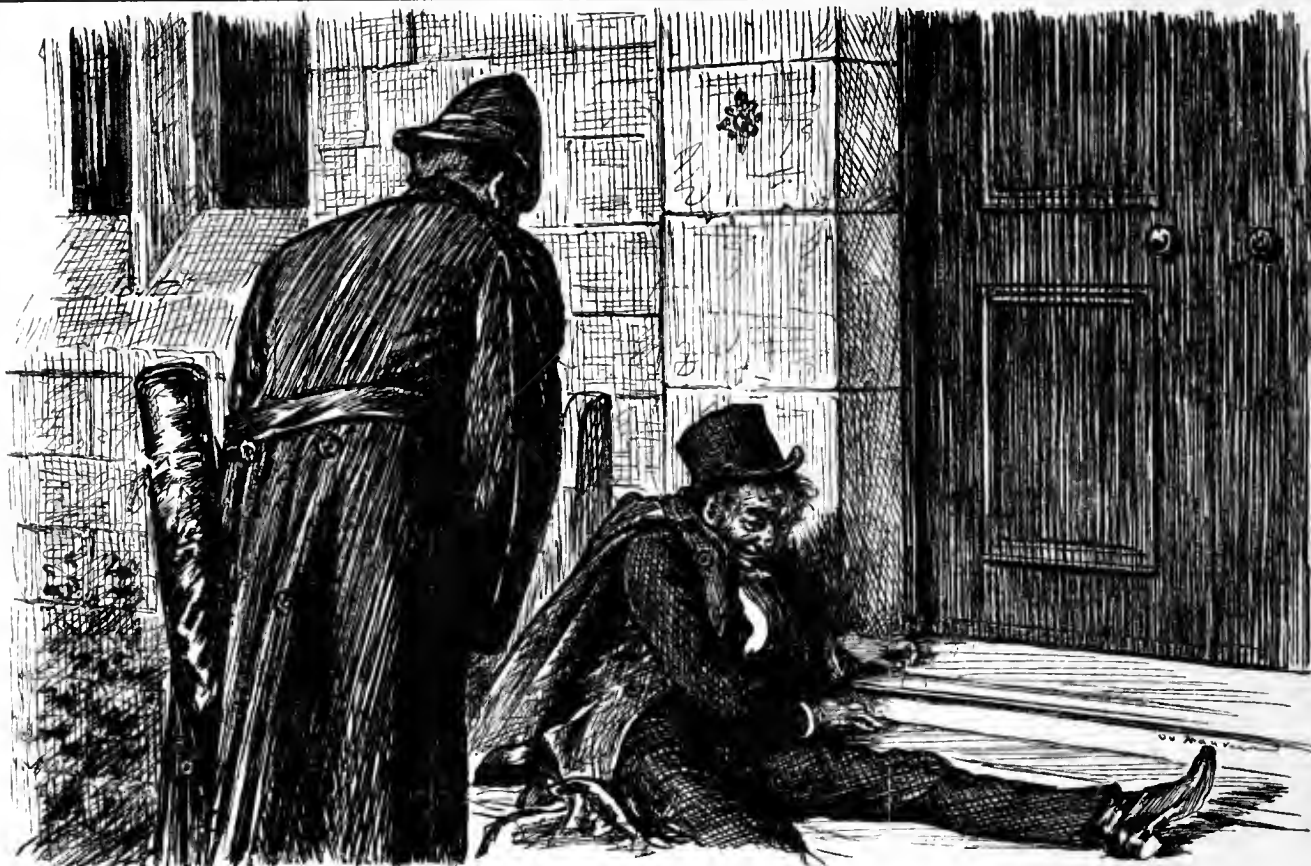
N.B.—"God Save the Queen!" may here be played if the
 Audience has not already departed, which is more than probable.

THE HON'BLE ARTILLEREE.

(AIR—"The Ryal Artilleree.")

Oh, have ye heard of what's oc- curred In the Hon'ble Artilleree? The town's alarmed for they were disarmed Last Wednesday as it might be, When they said: "we can't five hundred grant For purposes militaree." Then H.R.H. said, "I will tache Them what 'tis to of-fend me.	So General, likewise Marshal Of them I will not be; An' if they don't mend, then there's an end Of the Hon'ble Artilleree!" <i>Refrain (sotto voce by Privates and Officers.)</i> We don't intend this to be the end Of the Hon'ble Artilleree!
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CORRECT CARDS.—Messrs. BIRN BROTHERS—good fireside name for
 Christmas—have left their cards on us, and very pretty is the
 effect of the crystallised snow over roofs, trees, fields, and hedges.
 Picturesque, but, in reality, a nuisance, as it must end in a thaw,
 and then the slush and slush—ugh! Still, so far, these are the
 Correct Cards for Christmas.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Policeman. "HULLO, SIR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

Enthusiastic Musician (who is mistaking a doorstep for the Key-board of an Organ). "C-C-CARNTCHER HEAR? I'M P-P-PLAYIN'—(hic)—BACH'S FUGUE IN E MINOR! DON'TCHER KNOW B-BACH'S FUGUE IN E MINOR?"

Policeman. "NO, SIR; NEVER HEARD OF HIM. COME ALONG, AND LET ME SEE YOU HOME, SIR."

Enthusiastic Amateur. "NO; GO AWAY. I—(hic)—WOULDN'T BE SEEN GOING HOME WITH A MAN THAT DON'T KNOW B-BACH'S FUGUE IN—(hic)—E MINOR!"

THE WASSAIL BOWL.

*Good gentles all, Christmas, like Love, is old,
yet ever new:*

*Full eighteen hundred flying years have left
that saying true.*

*The old Bodleian Wassail Song, a Carol in
Black Letter,*

*Punch here adapts to instant needs. Can
modern Muse do better?*

A JOLLY wassail bowl,
A wassail of good ale,
Will warm each drinker's soul.
Hail Christmas! and all hail
His jolly wassail!

Good gentles at our door,
Our wassail we begin.
Good health to rich and poor!
You all are welcome in
To our wassail!

Our wassail we do fill
With all that's sound and nice:
We ask you with good will
To taste; take good advice,
And our good wassail!

Without why should ye stand
All shivering in the cold?
It is our host's command
Ye enter and make hold
With his wassail!

Much joy to this our hall
With Christmas enters in,

Punch, just to start the ball,
Will first dip beaker in
To our wassail!

He drinks good health all round,
To little and to big,
Turn up all taps unsoond,
And try a hearty swig,
Of our wassail!

Drop Party Spirit quite,
'Tis heavy, heady, stuff,
All men *Punch* doth invite
To tippie *quantum suff*:
Of his wassail!

Come, jovial Mr. BULL,
Our spiced bowl you'll try,
Of stingo rare 'tis full;
No head-ache by-and-by
From this wassail!

Coy Miss HIBERNIA stands
Pouting red lips—in vain.
Come, ERIN dear, join hands,
You can do nought but gain
From our wassail!

Come, JONATHAN, old hoss,
And fur-clad CANADA,
A right joint bumper toss!
You won't find "bitters" pay
Like our wassail!

BISMARCK, my boy, no doubt
Our tippie is less "stiff"
Than your champagne and stout.
But let's dromp every tiff
In our wassail!

No port South African,
Or Sherry of that ilk,
You'll find therein, old man;
'Tis strong, yet mild as milk
Is our wassail!

And WILLIAM too, we hope,
Despite satiric shaft,
You'll join the genial POPE
In one deep generous draught
Of our wassail!

BOULANGER—drop queer prank!—
DE LESSEPS—keep up heart!—
Whate'er his "flag," each Frank
Is welcome to a part
In our wassail!

Russia and Turkey, too,
And Italy, and Spain,
Dutchmen—you like stiff brew!—
Come *all*, and take a drain
Of our wassail!

It is a noble part
To bear a liberal mind,
And *Punch*'s spacious heart
Holds room for all mankind—
So drink wassail!

Good luck betide you all!
One bumper more we'll fill;
Punch hopes, and ever shall,
For Peace and for Good-will.
That's his wassail!

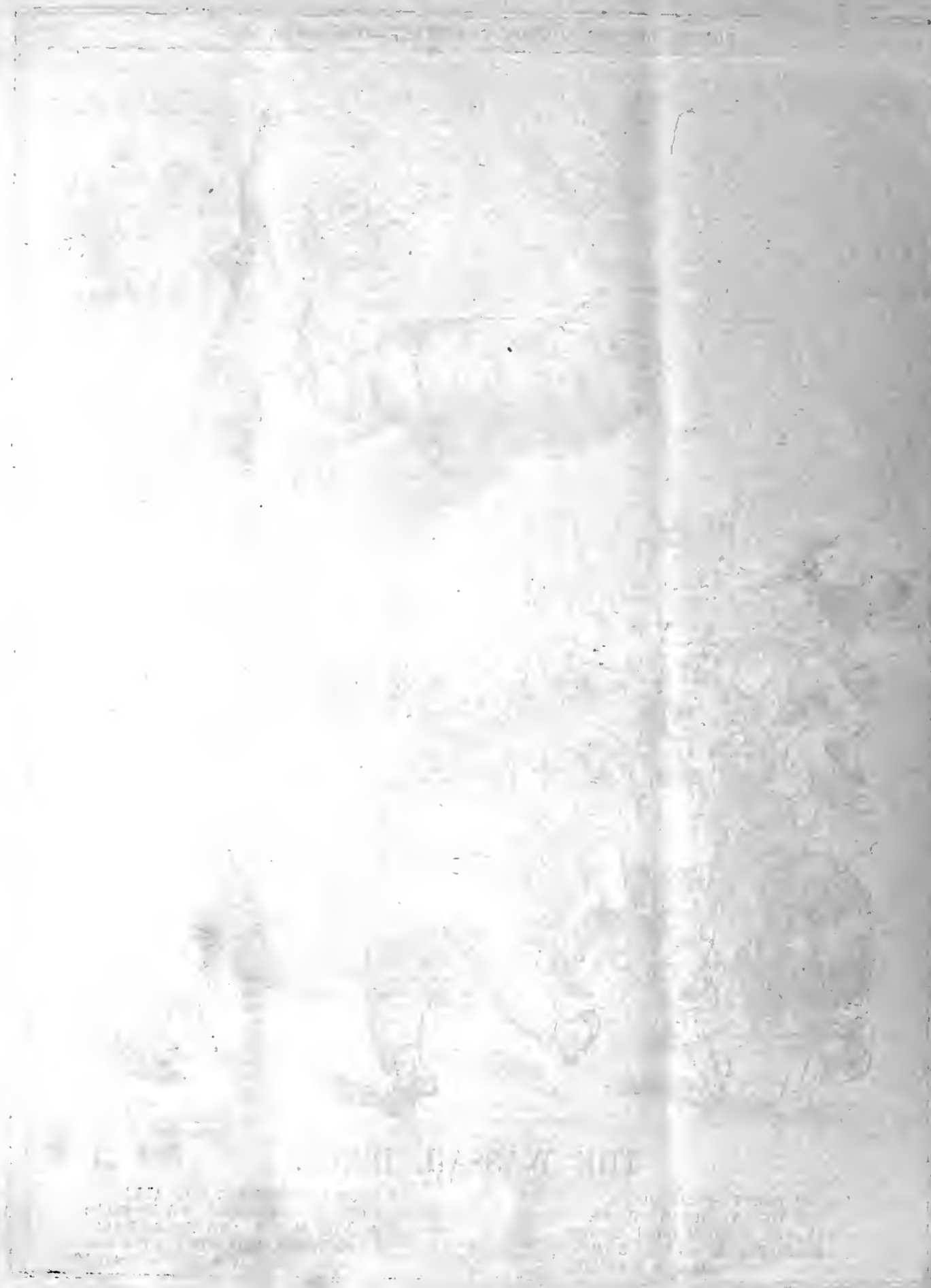
SHAKSPEARE FOR THE SEASON (*by one sur-
feited with sensational shillingsworths*).—"I
am ill at these (Christmas) numbers!"



THE WASSAIL BOWL.

"DROP PARTY SPIRIT QUITE,
'TIS HEAVY, HEADY, STUFF,
ALL MEN *PUNCH* DOTH INVITE
TO TIPPLE *QUANTUM SUFF*:
OF HIS WASSAIL!"

"GOOD LUCK BETIDE YOU ALL!
ONE BUMPER MORE WE'LL FILL;
PUNCH HOPES, AND EVER SHALL,
FOR PEACE AND FOR GOOD-WILL.
THAT'S HIS WASSAIL!"



THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

November 15.—Woke about twenty times during the night, with terrible thirst. Finished off all the water in the bottle, as well as half that in the jug. Kept dreaming, also, that last night's party was a failure, and that a lot of low people came, without invitation, and kept chaffing, and throwing things at Mr. PERKUPP, till at last I was obliged to hide him in the box-room (which we had just discovered), with a bath-towel over him. It seems absurd now, but it was painfully real in the dream. I had the same dream about a dozen times. CARRIE annoyed me by saying, "You know champagne never agrees with you." I told her I had only a couple of glasses of it, having kept myself entirely to port. I added that good champagne hurt nobody, and LUPIN told me he had only got it from a traveller as a favour, as that particular



Nobody's Child.

brand, "Jackson Frères," has been entirely bought up by a West-End Club. I think I eat too heartily of the "side dishes," as the waiter called them. I said to CARRIE, "I wish I had put those 'side dishes' aside." I repeated this, but CARRIE was busy, packing up the teaspoons we had borrowed of Mrs. CUMMINGS for the party. It was just half-past eleven, and I was starting for the office, when LUPIN appeared, with a yellow complexion, and said, "Hulloh, Guy, what pricked head have you this morning?" I told him he might just as well speak to me in Dutch. He added, "When I woke this morning, my head was as big as BALDWIN'S Balloon." On the spur of the moment I said the cleverest thing I think I have ever said; viz., "Perhaps that accounts for the parachooting pains." We all three roared.

November 16.—Still feel tired and headachy! In the evening GOWING called and was full of praise about our party last Wednesday. He said everything was done beautifully, and he enjoyed himself enormously. GOWING can be a very nice fellow when he likes, but you never know how long it will last. For instance, he stopped to supper, and seeing some *blanc-mange* on the table, shouted out while the servant was in the room, "Hulloh! The remains of Wednesday?"

November 17.—Woke up quite fresh after a good night's rest, and feel quite myself again. I am satisfied a life of going out and Society is not a life for me. I told SARAH not to bring up the *blanc-mange* again for breakfast. It seems to have been placed on our table at every meal since Wednesday. CUMMINGS came round in the evening and congratulated us on the success of our party. He said it was the best party he had been to for many a year, but he wished we had let him know it was full dress, as he would have turned up in his swallow-tails. We sat down to a quiet game of dominoes, and were interrupted by the noisy entrance of LUPIN and FRANK MUTLAR. CUMMINGS and I asked them to join us. LUPIN said he did not care for dominoes, and suggested a game of "Spoof." On my asking if it required counters, FRANK and LUPIN in measured time said, "One, two, three; Go! Have you an estate in Greenland?" It was simply Greek to me, but it appears it is one of the customs of the "Holloway Comedians" to do this when a member displays ignorance. In spite of my instructions that *blanc-mange* was brought up again for supper. To make matters worse, there had been an attempt to disguise it, by placing it in a glass dish with jam round it. CARRIE asked LUPIN if he would have some, and he replied, "No second-hand goods for me, thank you." I told CARRIE, when we were alone, if that *blanc-mange* were placed on the table again, I should walk out of the house.

November 18, Sunday.—A delightfully quiet day. In the afternoon LUPIN was off to spend the rest of the day with the MUTLARS. He departed in the best of spirits, and CARRIE said, "Well, one advantage of LUPIN'S engagement with DAISY is that the boy seems happy all day long. That quite reconciles me to what I must confess seems an imprudent engagement." About nine o'clock to our surprise LUPIN entered, with a wild, reckless look, and in a hollow voice, which I must say seemed rather theatrical, said, "Have you any brandy?" I said "No, but here is some whiskey." LUPIN drank off nearly a wine-glassful without water, to my horror. We all three sat reading in silence till ten, when CARRIE and I rose to go to bed. CARRIE said to LUPIN, "I hope DAISY is well?" LUPIN, with a forced careless air that he must have picked up from the Holloway Comedians, replied: "Oh, DAISY? You mean Miss MUTLAR. I don't know whether she is well or not, but please never to mention her name again in my presence."

Sympathy. (Finlay's Version.)

I sits with a cynical look,
If the G. O. M. axes me why,
I (mentally) "cuts him a snook":
"Lack of Sympathy makes me," sez I.

ROBERT ON THE EFFECTS OF BANKWETS.

My revelations on the subjeck of Toastes has brert me lots of correspondents. Sum on 'em arks me if I was aerous in my statements. Why in coarse I was, tho' I'm not much surprized at the question. Why I remembers wun case as beat for down-right imperance everythink as I hever herd on. The Chairman got up dreckly after dinner and aeshally perposed all the reglar Toastes all at wunee! in wun full swoop, as BROWN said. It was at a Copperashun Dinner too. Sum of the yung fellers, of about 50 or 60, aeshally larfed, but the old 'uns shook their beds gravely. By the by, no wun in the jolly Copperashun is considered as being old much hunder hayty.



Praps if I were arsked how it is as they lives so long and so jollily, I cood a tale unfoald, but as I sumtimea has the idear of retiring from my presrent perfeshun and starting as a consulting Feesishun for adwising all peple as partiekler wants to live well and to live long, how to do it, I wood rayther not unfoald that tale jest now.

I may praps add, that my xpience in that partiekler line is probberly almost quite uneeq, and in werry speshal cases of rich and welthy and libberal old Gents as werry much wishes to live just a few years longer, both in good elth and good spirits, I may be priwetly hinsulted by letter adress to the hoffiss. It may estonish sum peple to hear that ony the summer before larst, when I was offishiating on bord the Grand City Barge, I was told, and I bleeves it, that in one squadreal as was being danced, the ages of the four gennelmen who was a dancing amounted to werry nearly three hundred years! and they all, had werry yung and werry pretty partners.

One of the many results of my long xpience in the dining line is the conwieshun that the werry finest dygester of a reelly serumshous Bankwet is Good Natur, or Good Temper, whichever you likes to call it. I can always tell by the tone and manner in which a Gent addresses me at table, how he's a gitting on in that werry himportant respect. If he speeks sharply or surlyly to me, I knows at wunee wot's a goin on in his hunfortnite hinside, and I says to myself, ah! if you had the good temper of a hold City Deputy, that patty of *For Grar* wouldn't be a trubblin of you as it evidently is, wile if he's a good-tempered feller, he smiles at me when we cums to the werry larst coarse, and says, "I'm not quite sure, ROBERT, as I wants any more, but it reelly looks so nice that I thinks I'll try jest a small peace." And so he does, and then tosses off another bumper of his speshal favrit drink, and then leens back in his chair smilin and appy and full.

And what grand fellers sum men are after a reel good dinner! Sum hignoramuses sumtimes wunders why, when sum of our werry grandest charitys wants jest a helpin and to help 'em to keep up their noble hinstitooshuns for all kinds of good and nobel hobjeks, they begins by arsking a lot of people to dinner, and says wot a waist! Bless their simple hignorance! Who nos, so well as we Waiters nos, wot the effees of a good dinner is, how it happens the art, and unloosens the tung, and unties the puss strings, and lets out the money. Why many and many an old cormudgeon who never praps gave away a suverrain to ewen a poor relashun when in his strickly sober and cawshus moments, after a reelly grand dinner with plenty of fine old Clicko Shampain or the driest Pummery in his estonished hinside, will put down his name for five or ewen ten ginnys wen the fatal paper cums round, and wen he nos that whatever he gives will be enounced in a partiekler lowd woice by the Lordly Toastmaster. The horful pangs of regret when, the next morning, he calls to his fatal remembrance the wild baet of generosity of which he has bin guilty owernite, is nuffin to me, and nuffin to the wise men who founded the feast. Having dewoted nearly forty years of my waluable xistence to the study of mankind under these sumtimes rayther trying sukemstances, I arrives at this result,—that the one great hobjek to which all reelly sensibel peple shood dewote themselves, supposing as they wishes to stand hi in the opinyuns of others as well as their own, is to dewote their cheef thorts, and their cheef study, to the eecomplishment of such a series of reelly nobel Bankwets, as, both by their present enjoyments and their subsekwent refleekshun, will shed an halo ower their mortal xistence.

ROBERT.

Suakin.

PLUCKILY done, and promptly! Here's a sample,
Even in Egypt, of the way to win.
Take, too long-halting Statesmen, an example
By that short, sharp half-hour at Suakin!



A VOCATION.

"AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE, TOMMY?
"I'M GOIN' TO BE BIGGER DAN YOU!"

A TENNYSONIAN INSPIRATION.

"We understand that Mr. W. S. GILBERT has expressed his determination—never again to write another SERIOUS PLAY."
Evening Paper.

WHEREUPON one of our Bards, inspired, sang:—

ASK ME NO MORE!

Ask me no more—to write a Serious Play,
The crowd may stoop to "*Hands Across the Sea*,"
May troop to IRVING or to BREERBOHM TREE.
But from my loftiest Muse they turn away,
And do but smile, when they are bid to "*Pray*."

Ask me no more!

Ask me no more—The Public's doom is sealed.
Never again, arrayed in sweetest "*shapes*"
(Of *my* design), shall BEAUTY stand revealed.
No more shall legal lore be turned to japes
And gibes, and "*scriptural terms*" provoke the gapes.

Ask me no more!

Ask me no more, I hate the empty jeer.
The critic's hollow "*cheek*"—his cruel eye.
Great Scott! Oh, *how* I loathe his damning leer.
And when he chaffs—I'd like his *Ruddigore*,
I'd love to see him weltering on the floor!

Ask me no more!

Ask me no more. Never again I vow
Shall the crass critic lift his empty rear
At *serious* work of MINE. And *now*.
I wish I'd vowed this vow BEFORE.
And kept to "*Pirates*"—(*Patience*, ruddy gore!)
Ask me no more!

"THE OLD MASTERS' ALBUM."—(*Opinion of it by an Old Missis*).—Mrs. RAM was much struck by this handsomely got-up photographic album. "Indeed," said the good lady, "I do think it the finest book I've ever seen for keeping photographs. I suppose its publishers belong to some old City Guild; they generally do, my dear," she explained to her Niece, "and the Guild is named after some Saint." "Indeed, Aunt," returned LETITIA, "to what Saint's Guild would this firm belong?" "I don't absolutely know," replied Mrs. R. reflectively, "but, I suppose, to the Guild of St. Albums."

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

SMITHICLES, a wealthy and prosperous Athenian, is ordered to go abroad by his medical adviser. Before doing so he entrusts the guardianship of his House at Westminster to his friend GOSCHENIDES, and at the same time requests him to look after the doings of a spendthrift nephew named CHURCHILLIO. He also bids GOSCHENIDES prosecute a law-suit, which he—SMITHICLES—and his friends have commenced against a foreigner called OSMANIKOS. All these commissions GOSCHENIDES readily undertakes. No sooner, however, is SMITHICLES safely abroad on his travels, than CHURCHILLIO breaks into the House at Westminster, snaps his fingers in the face of GOSCHENIDES and his friend STANHOPIA, and declares that the lawsuit against OSMANIKOS ought at once to be abandoned, or a heavier fee paid to the Counsel engaged. MORLÈS, a man who is not friendly to CHURCHILLIO, but is an enemy of GOSCHENIDES, joins in this demand; and in his confusion, GOSCHENIDES drops his purse containing a Bill on a Bank called "Employer's Liability"—which Bill is consequently lost. GOSCHENIDES and his friends are, of course, very angry with CHURCHILLIO, who, on this occasion is supported by a number of poor relations called PARNELLITI; when HARCOURTIAS, a comic slave, interferes, seeing that CHURCHILLIO and MORLÈS are going too far, and assures them that a buried treasure (called "Popular Favour") can only be obtained after a verdict against OSMANIKOS has been pronounced. At the same time a SYCOPHANTA (or Informer) appears on the scene pretending that he has brought a message from SMITHICLES ordering the suit against OSMANIKOS to be discontinued. It so happens, however, that SMITHICLES—who has been enjoying himself in Italy with an acquaintance named GLADSTONIDES—suddenly returns in person to his House at Westminster, sends the SYCOPHANTA about his business, and gets (by the help of an able advocate named GRENPHELLIOS) a verdict against OSMANIKOS. Thereupon MORLÈS and CHURCHILLIO apply to COOKION, an Athenian agent for personally conducting travellers to distant lands, and by his aid are enabled to absent themselves for a time from Athens; MORLÈS hastening to Naples to visit GLADSTONIDES, and CHURCHILLIO seeking rest and recreation amid the inhabitants of Chili and Peru. Thus all ends happily.

BUMBLE ON BEER.

We all know *Mr. Bumble's* opinion on the results of indulging paupers in meat. "Meat, Ma'am, meat," replied *Bumble*, with stern emphasis—"you've overfed him, Ma'am. You've raised a artificial soul and spirit in him, Ma'am, unbecoming a person of his condition; as the Board, *Mrs. Sowerberry*, who are practical philosophers, will tell you. What have paupers to do with soul or spirit? It's quite enough that we let 'em have live bodies."

It might be reasonably inferred from this passage how far this great and good man would have approved of Beer as a pauper beverage. *Punch* feels tolerably sure that, were *Mr. Bumble* alive to-day—as of course he is not—he would warmly commend the "practical philosophy" shown by the Dolgelly Board of Guardians, as lately recorded in a morning paper. A Guardian, we are told, "offered to supply the paupers with a gratuitous cask of beer at Christmas. Several Guardians demurred. Poverty was, they said, created by drink, and it would be contrary to their duty to distribute liquors amongst the men and women, many of whom were paupers through drink. Ultimately the Board decided, by a majority, to refuse to accept the beer." What enlightened conscientiousness! What self-denial! What wise consideration for others! Think of the shocking and scandalous scenes that would certainly have been enacted on Christmas Day in Dolgelly workhouse, had "a artificial soul and spirit" been raised in those misguided, naturally high-spirited paupers by the unwise indulgence of a glass of beer a-piece! Thanks to the fostering care of their devoted Guardians, there is now every reason to hope that the festivities will be restrained within becoming limits. If one Guardian was weak enough to offer beer, the rest, it is pleasant at this season of universal charity and goodwill to note, had the strength of mind to reply, "Skittles!"

SHAKSPEARE FOR THE SEASON. (PATERFAMILIAS'S VERSION.)

THERE'S a Yule-tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to—indigestion!

"WHAT'S this I hear," said Mrs. RAM, "about H.R.H. and the Horrible Artillery Company?"



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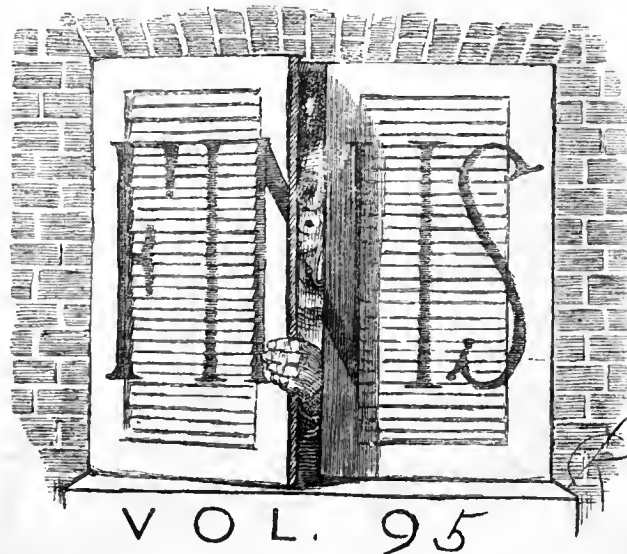
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